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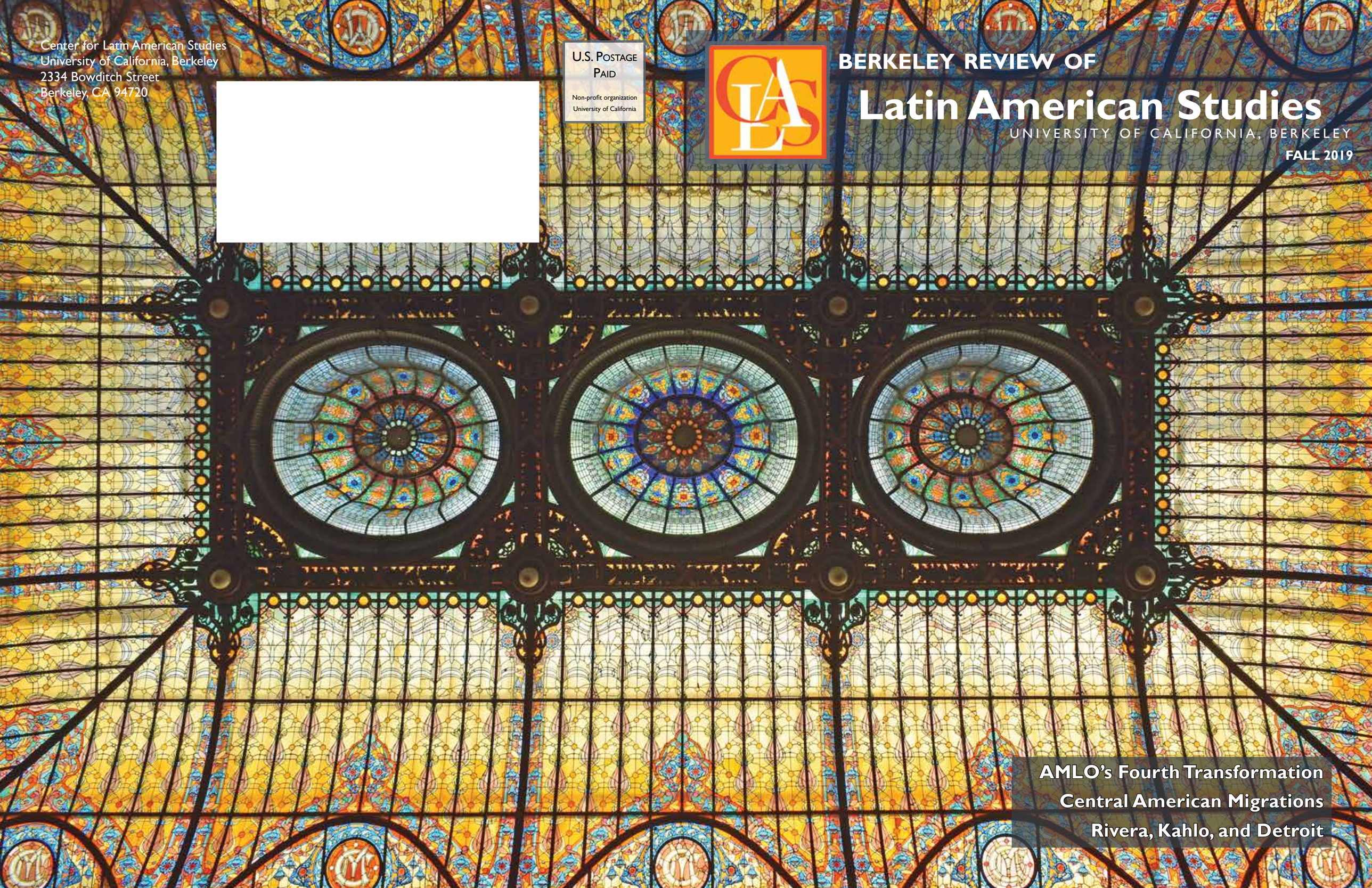

AMLO's Fourth Transformation
Central American Migrations
Rivera, Kahlo, and Detroit

Berkeley Review of Latin American Studies
Fall 2019

Comment		Harley Shaiken	1
MEXICO	López Obrador's "Fourth Transformation"	Denise Dresser	2
HUMAN RIGHTS	Central American Migrations	James G. Lamb	13
HUMAN RIGHTS	Michelle Bachelet: An Inspiration	Maria Echaveste	18
LAW	Expanding the Frontiers of Justice	Naomi Roht-Arriaza	22
MEMOIR	At the Edge of the World: Memories of a Judge Who Indicted Pinochet	Juan Guzmán Tapia	24
ART	Rivera, Kahlo, and the Detroit Murals: A History and a Personal Journey	Harley Shaiken	30
CUBA	A Very Long History of English Speakers' Plots Against Havana	Elena A. Schneider	64
LATIN AMERICA	Chile and Argentina Propel Science	Christian A.M. Wilson	87
SCIENCE	An Interview With Randy Schekman	Harley Shaiken	89
MEMOIR	Smuggling My Way Into Academe	Peter Andreas	92

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Cover: The ceiling of the lobby of the Grand Hotel, Mexico City, Mexico.
(Photo by Harshil Shah.)

Comment

This issue of the Berkeley Review covers a lot of ground, from an analysis of the first year of President Andrés Manuel López Obrador's "Fourth Transformation" in Mexico to innovative efforts to advance science in Chile and Argentina.

Mexican political scientist and noted public intellectual Denise Dresser compares AMLO's nascent government to "a national roller-coaster ride," pointing to "moments of excitement, moments of uncertainty, moments of panic." She then looks at this experience to better understand the future direction of this administration.

We then examine a critical, highly contentious contemporary topic, "Central American Migrations and the U.S. Border: A Moral and Political Issue of Our Time." The five panelists and moderator Beatriz Manz are not only highly regarded scholars, but bring years of engagement on the ground. As Manz puts it, "decades ago, all of us knew — and some of us rather close up — the violence, the repression, the massive displacement, the brutality, the abuses, the massacres, the disappearances, and impunity in Central America."

Maria Echaveste, a senior scholar at the Center for Latin American Studies (CLAS), reports on United Nations High Commissioner for Human Rights Michelle Bachelet's visit to CLAS and her conversation with faculty and students in "Michelle Bachelet: An Inspiration." Echaveste points out the critical importance of the UN position and the unique qualities Bachelet brings with her.

Naomi Roht-Arriaza reflects on the contribution of Judge Juan Guzmán, the first judge in Chile to indict dictator Augusto Pinochet for murder. Excerpts from his compelling memoir provide insight into the courageous and defining personal and judicial route he has taken. Elizabeth Farnsworth, a former correspondent and anchor on the NewsHour, produced a superb film on the Pinochet case — The Judge and the General (2008) — and was instrumental in the appearance of this article.

CLAS is in the midst of an exciting collaboration with the Palacio de Bellas Artes, the Jenkins Graduate School of the Universidad de las Américas — both in Mexico City — and the Mexican Museum in San Francisco. I was invited to give a presentation in an inaugural lecture series in Mexico City organized by the Jenkins Graduate School, which in turn inspired "Rivera, Kahlo, and the Detroit Murals: A History and a Personal Journey." The article weaves together a story about a dark time in 1932, the Motor City, the legendary Ford Rouge plant, and the ways in which these intersecting forces transformed two remarkable artists. These forces run through their art, and the murals have become part of Detroit's DNA.

We then look at a collaboration between Chilean professor Christian Wilson and Berkeley professor and Nobel Laureate Randy Schekman to propel new research in the Southern Cone. CLAS is proud to have played a modest role in these efforts.

Finally, we conclude with a stanza from a Neruda poem and a haunting photo of the Andes and the sea in the far south of Chile. The opening line is also the title of Isabel Allende's new novel, *A Long Petal of the Sea*, which tells a moving, at times harrowing, story of the Spanish Civil War, flight, and sanctuary. Neruda viewed his role in rescuing 2,000 refugees aboard the *SS Winnipeg*, which arrived in Valparaíso the day World War II began, as his finest poem.

— Harley Shaiken

Harley Shaiken on the Berkeley campus, February 2020.

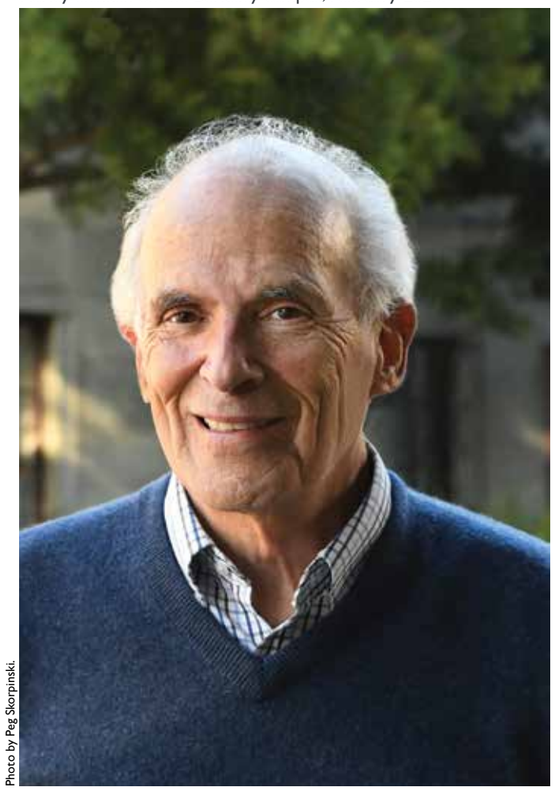

Photo by Peg Skorpinski.

MEXICO

López Obrador's "Fourth Transformation"

By Denise Dresser

The new presidency of Mexico's Andrés Manuel López Obrador is akin to a national roller-coaster ride. There are moments of excitement, moments of uncertainty, moments of panic. The new government is moving quickly in order to differentiate itself from past administrations and enacting a broad array of bold changes; some good, some bad, some ugly. The country is caught in a constant whirlwind of presidential announcements, decrees, constitutional reforms, and presidential memorandums, making it difficult to distinguish between what is improvised from what is transcendental, what is authoritarian from what is democratic, what is progressive from what cannot be classified or applauded as such. We live a daily combination of mixed feelings: enthusiasm, doubt, approval, dismay. López Obrador's greatest triumph so far is to shake up the status quo; his greatest challenge is to prove that his "Fourth Transformation" will lead to evolution and not regression.

The president's popularity is undeniable and understandable. The emotion-laden election catalyzed anger with frustrated economic expectations, resentment against rules that are regarded as rigged in favor of the few at the expense of the many, disappointment with established institutions, rancor against vested interests that have profited at citizens' expense, and widespread indignation at a homicide rate that has turned Mexico into one of the most violent countries in the hemisphere. AMLO (as the president is popularly known) and his party, the Movimento Regeneración Nacional (National Regeneration Movement, Morena), won by a landslide and capitalized on a widespread sentiment of indignation. He was perceived as an authentic opposition leader: an insurgent politician who had consistently railed against rapacious elites and a democratic transition gone awry since his first presidential bid in 2006. His message in defense of "the people" resonated like never before because the ills he diagnosed had become increasingly stark and obvious under the Peña Nieto administration.

López Obrador's offer of radical change appeals to a restive population eager for what he calls "regime change." Indeed, Mexico's toxic mix of truncated democracy and crony capitalism are problems that need to be addressed through substantive reform. What is far from clear is whether AMLO has the vision and the policy proposals to solve them in a way that propels the country forward. Many Mexicans hope that López Obrador will ensure truly representative democracy and an inclusive economic system. Others fear that he is pushing the country back through a resurrection of dominant party rule, a renewal of patronage politics, and a return to reinvigorated discretionary presidentialism.

Some Good News, More Uncertainty

The most positive aspects of the new president's vision involve an understanding of the absences and abuses of the state. We've witnessed a significant shift in favor of the victims of state-promoted violence: the creation of a Truth Commission for Ayotzinapa, the establishment of a National Search Commission to find and identify the more than 61,000 Mexicans who are missing, the public apologies to Lydia Cacho and other activists whose rights were trampled. After years of denial, it is admirable to see the arrival into office of people who understand the disturbing legacy that an authoritarian state left behind. The government has also displayed a willingness to fight select cases of corruption — like the illegal siphoning of oil (known as *huachicoleo*) — and to take assertive actions in this effort, such as the imprisonment of former Minister Rosario Robles and the indictment of former Pemex CEO Emilio Lozoya.

But perhaps the most distinctive aspect of the Fourth Transformation is its recognition of lacerating poverty and inequality. AMLO's government has placed at center stage what for decades had remained on the periphery: the plight of 53 million Mexicans who live below the poverty line, the permanent subclass of those who survive on less than a dollar day, those for whom the status quo of the past 35 years has not worked. Now, approximately 23 million of them will receive money directly from the government, without intermediaries, and their lives — at least in the short term — will undoubtedly be better. The rise in the minimum wage and a new labor reform also have the same goal: to level the playing field in a country characterized by deep disparities and entrenched inequality.

When one sees these changes, it's almost impossible not to share a feeling of elation, a sense of being at the top

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Andrés Manuel López Obrador, President of Mexico, greets supporters in August 2019.
(Photo courtesy of the Presidencia de la República Mexicana.)

of the roller coaster, arms in the air, laughing, applauding. Yet, minutes later — and it can even happen on the same day — one experiences an abrupt descent, a downward dive. The vertigo produced when the president makes substantive policy decisions based on public consultations that fail to comply with even a minimum of constitutional standards. When he attacks the Supreme Court, the National Institute for Transparency, the Human Rights Commission, civil society, or journalists who are critical of his government. When we watch with bewilderment as he promotes a series of public infrastructure projects, like the Tren Maya (a rail project through the Maya heartland) or the Dos Bocas refinery on the Gulf of Mexico, which don't have basic feasibility or environmental impact studies. Or when we contemplate the questionable logic behind a civilian airport run by the military in Santa Lucía, which also lacks proper planning, or a much-needed governmental austerity program applied in a haphazard way that is undermining the Mexican state's capacity to fulfill essential functions, especially in the health sector.

In the new government, idealism coexists with ineptitude, good faith with bad information, a sense of honor with improvisation, integrity with ignorance, good intentions with bad results. The López Obrador team is hobbled by a profound lack of knowledge regarding how public administration works, the norms that govern it, and the constitutional guidelines that define and limit its scope. The learning curve is proving to be steep, and in the meantime, the best word to defines the times is "uncertainty."

Uncertainty among investors and economic actors regarding the government's plans to rescue the state oil company, Pemex, and how the disbursement of unsupervised public funds to social programs will affect the budget. Uncertainty about how to finance massive redistribution with paltry economic growth predicted for this year. Fears about private and foreign investment plummeting if the new trade deal negotiated with the United States and Canada is not enough to jumpstart economic recovery. Fears that the new government will unravel past reforms in key areas, scaring off foreign and domestic capital in the face of renewed statism. Uncertainty among public sector employees about whether the severe austerity measures are cutting fat but also muscle, making their jobs impossible.

Uncertainty about the political and clientelistic networks that Morena social programs could produce, as well as the impact of discretionary cash outlays without intermediaries — 350 billion *pesos* (about $1.8 billion dollars) distributed in 20 new programs, 19 of which do not have operating procedures. Uncertainty among working

López Obrador discusses plans for the Tren Maya.

Photo courtesy of the Presidencia de la República Mexicana.

Photo by Jorge Guerrero/AFP via Getty Images.

Accused in 2017, former Pemex CEO Emilio Lozoya was indicted under AMLO in 2019 and arrested in Spain in February 2020.

women in the face of the cancellation of child care facilities at the national level as part of the austerity measures. Uncertainty about whether the continued militarization of public security through the creation of the National Guard will indeed bring about the peace promised in the campaign. Uncertainty that opens opportunities but also produces costs, grievances, and paralysis. Uncertainty that is a sign of remodeling, but also of disorganization, improvisation, and the clear reconcentration of power in the hands of the president.

Thwarted Growth, Continued Cronyism

The majority of the electorate supported López Obrador in last year's race because his diagnosis corresponded with a daily reality punctuated by violence, corruption, and insecurity. A country governed by a political and economic class that extracted bribes, offered contracts to their cronies, privatized public goods, siphoned off public resources for personal gain, and failed to reform themselves despite repeated warning signs that they need to do so. Over the past 30 years of structural reforms, Mexico's political and economic elites did not create wealth to distribute it better, they did not depoliticize the justice system, they did not limit corruption, they did not promote transparency or accountability, they did not seek to make the economic system more inclusive or the political system more representative. The result of not having modernized Mexico sufficiently or for the majority of its people is the empowerment of López Obrador, who rode into office promising to accelerate economic growth, end crony capitalism, and put the poor first.

The record so far is decidedly mixed. Rating agencies, independent analysts, and even the Banco de México are sounding the alarm in the face of trends on the economic front that do not bode well. Markets and investors are punishing López Obrador's team for the plans it has presented and the direction it is taking. The government's "rescue" of Pemex that is creating a massive hole in the budget and could drag down the rest of the economy if the company's debt is downgraded. The cancellation of the Texcoco airport at a huge financial cost, along with the message that the president — and not the legal framework — would determine the rules of the game. The improbability that the Tren Maya project and the Santa Lucía airport can function as neo-Keynesian detonators of growth. An economic contraction that is negatively impacting job creation and tax revenues. And a fundamental question: How can a promised redistribution occur without economic growth?

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Photo by Emmanuel Santos.

The refinery at Dos Bocas, Tabasco, Mexico, is slated to undergo a massive expansion.

A big part of the problem — and one that explains why López Obrador is in economic trouble — is what I call the "oil obsession" of the Fourth Transformation: a gamble on "re-petrolizing" the economy by turning Pemex, once again, into an engine for growth. That explains the massive investment in the state oil company and the refinery in Dos Bocas. But this strategy is probably a bad bet: it turns back the clock, trapping Mexico in a paradigm of the past, before the country had turned into a manufacturing powerhouse, before the world started gravitating towards renewable energy. In this context, it's probably not a good idea to jeopardize economic stability by injecting scarce resources into refining oil, an expensive and not particularly lucrative proposition. It's not a good idea to assign contracts in a discretionary and opaque fashion in the energy sector again. Markets are wary because this strategy doesn't seem to be rooted in reality, budgetary constraints, evidence, or best practices.

The same criticism applies to the Tren Maya and the Santa Lucía airport, mega-infrastructure projects that will allegedly detonate growth, promote investment, create jobs. But justifying and supporting these projects is not an act of rationality, it is an act of faith: there are no official studies or master plans that provide evidence to the government's claims. And what we do know is troubling. According to a recent evaluation carried out by the Mexican Institute for Competitiveness and international comparisons of similar projects, the Tren Maya will end up costing between four and ten times more than what the government has projected, making it financially unsustainable without long-term subsidies. As for the Santa Lucía airport, major international aviation experts have underscored its unfeasibility, given that there is not enough airspace in the Valley of Mexico to allow for the coexistence of two major airports: the one we have today and the one López Obrador insists on building.

And in assigning public works and public projects to handpicked private conglomerates and businessmen, López Obrador perpetuates Mexico's "crony capitalism." Crony capitalism is not based on competition, but obstruction; it is a scaffolding of business and labor privileges, favors, "national champions," public and private monopolies in crucial sectors — telecommunications, financial services, transportation, energy — that imprisons the economy and renders it inefficient, a mixture of state capitalism and oligarchic capitalism that distorts the markets and weakens public confidence in them.

During his campaign, López Obrador had promised to separate political power from economic power. He had promised to dismantle the mafia that currently held sway. These were the Fourth Transformation positions for which many citizens voted, and it's why so many are bewildered by the decision to empower, protect, and give even more business to Ricardo Salinas Pliego, the most emblematic example of crony capitalism that AMLO promised to fight.

But instead of being investigated, Salinas Pliego will be protected. Instead of being regulated, he will be propped up. He is a member of the new government's business advisory council, which he will use to explore new business opportunities. And he will be in the company of others known for their corrupt and oligopolistic practices, like Olegario Vázquez Raña and Carlos Hank Rhon. Now, by "direct invitation and without a contract," AMLO has decided that Salinas's Banco Azteca will be responsible for distributing social assistance from the state by means of debit cards. Just like that, without any sort of transparent and open bidding process. The decision to give Banco Azteca the contract is a strictly political decision, and that's how it should be interpreted.

And that is why it's so questionable and so contradictory to what AMLO promised in his campaign. It's against the best practices that this government should promote, and it favors the economic concentration and cronyism that this government should confront. In the annual index of crony capitalism published by The Economist, Mexico ranks seventh, after Russia, Malaysia, Singapore, Hong Kong, and the Philippines. We even rank among the world's top economic systems in which the owners of capital appropriate most of the wealth, with a significant portion of the profits being created via extraction, not innovation. Mexico is maintained by a suboptimal version of capitalism that is based not on competition or productivity, but on favoritism and the concentration of wealth.

As Gerardo Esquivel, one of the brightest minds behind the Fourth Transformation, has explained, 21 percent of Mexico's income goes to the richest 1 percent, and 64.4 percent of all the wealth in the country belongs to the richest 10 percent. In 2002, the wealth of Mexico's 16 richest billionaires represented 2 percent of the gross domestic product; in 2014, this figure rose to 9 percent. And the first four places are held by men who have made their fortunes in private sectors that are granted contracts and/or regulated by the public sector — men like Ricardo Salinas Pliego and Carlos Slim.

These men are the beneficiaries of a type of dysfunctional capitalism that rewards cronies while squeezing the general population. In the campaign, AMLO said that his government would tackle entrenched interests, but it seems like he is favoring them, yet again. He does not talk about regulation, promotion of competition, taxes

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Ricardo Salinas Pliego with Enrique Peña Nieto at a celebration of Banco Azteca, October 2017.

Photo courtesy of the Presidencia de la República Mexicana.

on capital gains, tax reforms — measures to dismantle crony capitalism. Instead, we are seeing him protect vested interests, shield business groups, give new opportunities to the privileged few in a country of "winners" where the same people always win. He is not taking down the mafia in power — he's making it his own.

So how do we explain the propensity of the Fourth Transformation to produce these self-inflicted economic wounds? Today, Mexico has a president who has fired a broad swath of civil servants with technical expertise, who is weakening regulatory bodies and organizations that have provided autonomous evaluations of government policies. A president who on an almost daily basis makes fun of economists, disqualifies quantitative methods, disdains evidence, and proclaims that he has "other data." A president who doesn't want to regulate monopolists or end corruption, but rather strike his own deals based on a notion of empowering "national champions." And by doing so, López Obrador displays the Achilles heel of his transformative vision. The real problem with the Fourth Transformation is not populism, it's ignorance.

Ignorance about how the state works and the market operates. Ignorance about how to put together a budget and the variables that intervene in its elaboration. Ignorance about the link between growth and tax revenues, certainty and investment, regulation and competition, competition and productivity, social policy and the informal sector, monopolies and rent-seeking, capitalism and sub-par economic performance. López Obrador's "economic illiteracy" would be less troubling if he recognized it and listened to his economic advisors. But in Mexico today, there isn't a functional cabinet; there's a one-man show, and it's run by someone who refuses to face the reality being presented to him: that government funds won't be enough to save Pemex; that more cuts and government austerity won't be enough to finance his social programs; that there is no way to attract and maintain investment if the rules of the game change every day; that extreme and badly implemented austerity is bleeding out the state, dismantling it, and damaging its operational capacity.

This dysfunction is the product of a personal style of governance in which data have been replaced by instinct, autonomous studies by ideological inclinations, reason by faith, rules by presidential discretion. In this government, you don't have to measure, you have to believe. You don't have to understand or evaluate public policy, you just have to watch the *conferencia mañanera*, AMLO's daily morning press conference, because that's where it's designed. As former Minister of Finance Carlos Urzúa decried in his letter of resignation, "the problem with this government is its willfulness."

A wealthy, walled community (right) carved out of the low-income Santa Fé neighborhood in Mexico City.

Photo by Oscar Ruiz (Agent: Claudia Shelley). Courtesy of Banamex/Publicis México.

Photo courtesy of the Presidencia de la República Mexicana.

The *mañanera*, López Obrador's morning press conference, February 2020.

A One-Man Show

In order to transform Mexico and do so rapidly, the president has resorted to a political strategy based on the concentration of power in his hands, dismantling many of the checks and balances that Mexico had struggled to construct over three decades. López Obrador insists that institutions created during the "neoliberal" period of the past 30 years constitute an obstacle to the Fourth Transformation he envisions. He intends to govern "without intermediaries" and establish a direct relationship between the people and their leader.

López Obrador's governance style is based on the aforementioned daily presidential press conference in which he lambasts "neoliberalism" for producing all of Mexico's ills, skewers the "elitist" press, announces judicial investigations of public officials, and promotes his policies. The mañanera defines the public agenda and serves as a forum where the president explains his priorities and also berates the institutions he believes have not served the country well. He has used it to criticize the judiciary, civil society, the media, autonomous regulators, and members of the opposition. According to the president's narrative, an ever-growing array of actors have thwarted real democracy and enabled corruption that needs to be exposed and expunged.

Every morning, the president stands in front of the press, giving morality lessons, citing the Bible, providing facts and figures, but also disseminating commandments. He constructs a political persona capable of transcending the role of elected official; he aspires to be Mexico's spiritual guide. The press briefing is not an exercise in government accountability or a tribute to transparency; it is more like a sermon or a mass. López Obrador does not use it to speak of laws or rights, but to celebrate virtues and condemn vices.

The presidential morning ritual is a call for the people to participate in an epic crusade against corruption, the mother of all evils. Arguing that corruption corroded government institutions prior to his arrival into office, AMLO has proceeded to dramatically reduce their budgets, question the existence of the National Institute for Transparency and the Human Rights Commission, name unconditional supporters to key public posts, manhandle the designation of federal regulators, and cut

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off public funding to all NGOs. He has also threatened to "pack" the Supreme Court by increasing its size from 11 to 16 members, along with other measures ostensibly intended to "clean up" the judiciary, which will lead to more executive control over this branch of government. The "fight against corruption" has become the political justification for major decisions in virtually every aspect of public life. It is used as a political weapon to exhibit AMLO's enemies, as a tool to undermine resistance to his proposed policies, and as a way to justify decisions that would otherwise elicit more scrutiny.

Arguing that the Federal Police were corrupt, López Obrador reformed the Constitution in order to create a National Guard, a militarized force to be assigned all public security tasks, which has been severely criticized by domestic and international organizations because of the unprecedented power it grants these armed forces. Arguing that corruption had infiltrated state-level governments, he created the figure of "delegates," named by him, who will distribute funds for social programs throughout the country, jumping over elected officials at the local level. Arguing that corruption had captured autonomous regulatory entities in energy and telecommunications, AMLO handpicked technically inexperienced but loyal deputies. Under the rubric of the fight against corruption, the president has amassed and centralized a great deal of discretionary power.

Despite the potentially negative consequences of his policies, López Obrador's popularity underscores the impact of charismatic leadership on Mexico's fragile democracy. Since the country's electoral transition in 2000, the emphasis among reformers had been on building institutions that would assure accountability, transparency, and autonomy. Now, the president is attempting to create a political base built on the cult of personal infallibility and a direct connection to the "people." Mexican democracy could thus cease to be an evolutionary process that seeks to promote what is still needed: checks and balances, federalism, the promotion of transparency, the fight against clientelism, and the depoliticization of the judiciary.

López Obrador's so-called Fourth Transformation of Mexico seems to be headed toward a restoration of what Mexico experienced for more than 50 years under the Partido Revolucionario Institutional (PRI, Institutional Revolutionary Party): dominant party rule headed by an omnipresent, all-powerful president who governs with few restraints. The political conditions that allowed presidentialism to emerge and flourish are in place again, and AMLO is using them to his advantage.

continued on page 70 >>

A Central American migrant child plays while Mexican National Guards detain her family on the border with Guatemala, January 2020. (Photo by Marco Ugarte/AP Photo.)

HUMAN RIGHTS

Central American Migrations

By James G. Lamb

"Decades ago, all of us knew — and some of us rather close up — the violence, the repression, the massive displacement, the brutality, the abuses, the massacres, the disappearances, and impunity in Central America, yet the U.S. government supported and defended savage military regimes that the UN termed genocidal." With this observation, UC Berkeley Professor Emerita Beatriz Manz offered critical context for the present as moderator for the expert panel on Central American migration and the U.S. border hosted by the Center for Latin American Studies (CLAS) at UC Berkeley on September 4, 2019.

In recent years, migration to the United States, particularly from Central America, has become a high-priority national policy concern, a freighted political and cultural controversy, and in many ways, a defining moral issue. In addition to general humanitarian responsibility for millions of people seeking refuge and asylum, the United States has a specific moral onus regarding Central America because of its history in the region.

The panel "Central American Migrations and the U.S. Border: A Moral and Political Issue of Our Time" brought together contributors from different fields to clarify these crucial topics of policy and ethics. Karen Musalo is a UC Hastings law professor and founding director of the Center for Gender and Refugee Studies and the Refugee and Human Rights Clinic. She and the Clinic have played key roles in litigation challenging Trump administration policies. Rosemary Joyce is Professor of Archeology and Chair of the Department of Anthropology at UC Berkeley. She has specialized in research on Honduras and Southern Mexico for more than 40 years. Denise Dresser is Professor of Political Science at the Instituto Tecnológico Autónomo de México. She is a prominent journalist, political analyst, and public intellectual in Mexico. Paula Worby has a doctorate in public health and is a researcher and writer for the Hesperian Health Guides. She lived in Guatemala for many years and has conducted research for the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees. Elizabeth Oglesby is Associate Professor of Latin American Studies and Geography at the University of Arizona, Tucson. She has conducted research in

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A two-year-old Honduran asylum seeker cries as her mother is detained near the Mexico–U.S. border, June 2018. (Photo by John Moore/Getty Images.)

Guatemala and served as an expert witness in the landmark 2013 Guatemala genocide trial.

Karen Musalo opened the event by reviewing legal aspects of recent asylum policy changes under the Trump administration. She began by reminding the audience that "seeking asylum is not illegal." "Under domestic law and international treaty obligation," she continued, "the United States is committed to protect people fleeing persecution, not to contribute to persecution." Musalo quoted the language of the 1980 Refugee Act: "That any person physically present in the United States, or who arrives in the United States, whether or not at a designated point of arrival" has a legal right to apply for asylum. Despite this law and international treaties to which the United States has acceded, Musalo noted, the administration has "tried to thwart asylum seekers from seeking protection" through a number of actions and policies.

Metering, explained Musalo, is a policy that began in May 2018 wherein "U.S. Customs and Border Protection would … say that they didn't have capacity to process people" who presented themselves at the Mexico–U.S. border seeking asylum in the United States. Musalo called this maneuver "an absurdity," as "it was getting down to the level of just a handful of people getting processed every day, and the rest would be forced to wait in Mexico." Those waiting often faced dangerous conditions, risking a gamut of violence from assault and rape to kidnapping and murder.

Next, Musalo explained "family separation," the Trump administration migration policy that has generated perhaps the most media attention and controversy. On August 6, 2018, former U.S. Attorney General Jeff Sessions "notified all U.S. Attorney's Offices along the Southwest Border of a new 'zero-tolerance policy' for offenses under 8 U.S.C. § 1325(a), which prohibits both attempted illegal entry and illegal entry into the United States." Whereas asylum seekers were not typically prosecuted under previous administrations because of their right to enter to make an asylum claim, the Trump administration began to prosecute these cases. According to Musalo, this "fig leaf" was used to justify family separation on the basis that a parent would be detained in a "regular jail" and so children had to be separated from them.

This policy generated enough backlash that President Trump himself was politically obliged to sign an executive order ending family separation on June 20, 2018. By June 26, a court issued a preliminary injunction ordering the government to reunite families with children under the age of five within 14 days. Yet, Musalo pointed out, family separation "continues to this day, and hundreds if not thousands of children have still not been reunited with their families; parents were deported without their children. … Most shamefully, the government instituted no policy whatsoever to be able to identify which child belonged to which parent to be able to actually unify them."

Another government move came after Trump issued a "Presidential Proclamation Addressing Mass Migration Through the Southern Border of the United States" on November 9, 2018. One rule the Department of Homeland Security made to implement the proclamation prohibited asylum claims not made at points of entry, even as the metering policy continued at designated points of entry and despite the language in the Refugee Act. On November 19, 2018, Judge Jon S. Tigar of the U.S. District Court for the Northern District of California issued a nationwide temporary restraining order barring the rule from going into effect. On December 21, 2018, the Supreme Court led by Chief Justice John Roberts upheld the order, voting 5-4 to leave the lower court ruling in place.

The "Remain in Mexico" program, bureaucratically named "Migrant Protection Protocols," started in January 2019. Musalo noted that the program is bitterly referred to by many migrants and advocates as the "migrant persecution protocols." As of mid-September 2019, this policy has seen more than 42,000 migrant asylum seekers forced back from the U.S. border into Mexico to await their hearings. After being delayed in Mexico, asylum seekers in the program have been given mass hearings in tent courts erected along the border. Many migrants testify to the dangers they face in Mexico, and the hearings are criticized for a lack of due process, with only about 1.5 percent of migrants in the program able to access legal representation.

Musalo added that "with people sent back because of metering, you have probably 58,000 asylum seekers stranded in Mexico." She cited a Human Rights First report detailing more than 110 publicly reported cases of "rape, kidnapping, sexual exploitation, assault, and other violent crimes against these asylum seekers returned under the [Migrant Protection Protocols]."

Musalo has played a crucial role in litigation challenging policy. "The ACLU and I were co-councilors," she said, recalling the time they won a nationwide injunction against the policy that was later stayed. Musalo was emphatic that "the screening is a sham … people are left with no safe place to stay inside the most dangerous border cities in the world."

Another new asylum provision is the so-called "third country" rule. On July 16, 2019, a joint rule was issued by the Departments of Justice and Homeland Security "to add a new bar to eligibility for asylum for an alien who enters or attempts to enter the United States across the southern border, but who did not apply for protection from persecution or torture where it was available in at least one third country outside the alien's country of citizenship, nationality, or last lawful habitual residence through which he or she transited en route to the United States." On July 24, 2019, Judge Tigar issued a preliminary injunction against the third country asylum rule. That injunction, however, was set aside by the Supreme Court on September 11, 2019, which stayed it by a vote of 7-2. In practice, this means that nearly all asylum seekers at the Mexico–U.S. border will have their asylum claims summarily denied, at least so long as the court cases continue without further rulings.

A major controversy surrounds the Trump administration policy of "ending the Flores Agreement" and allowing the "indefinite detention of family and children," explained Musalo. Derided as "catch and release" by conservative critics, this agreement was a court-supervised settlement that resulted from the Reno v. Flores Supreme Court decision. The U.S. government and the Center for Human Rights and Constitutional Law (CHRCL) entered into the agreement in 1997 after a class-action lawsuit filed in 1985 against the U.S. government on behalf of immigrant children in detention, including 15-year-old Jenny Lisette Flores. Under the supervision of the U.S. District Court of the Central District of California, the Clinton administration reached an agreement with the CHRCL to establish rules governing the treatment of children in detention. Later courts have interpreted the Flores Agreement to mean the federal government cannot detain children under the age of 18 more than 20 days. After that point, they had to be released, along with their families. The agreement also put minimum conditions on the detention of minors.

On June 20, 2018, President Trump issued the executive order that officially ended the "family separation" policy. It also directed then-Attorney General Jeff Sessions to ask the District Court for the Central District of California to "modify" the Flores Agreement to "allow the government to detain alien families together" for longer periods, which would include the time it took for the family's immigration proceedings and potential "criminal proceedings for unlawful entry into the United States." On September 6, 2018, the administration proposed a rule under the Department of Homeland Security to implement those modifications. On August 21, 2019, following court defeats at the district and appellate levels, the Department of

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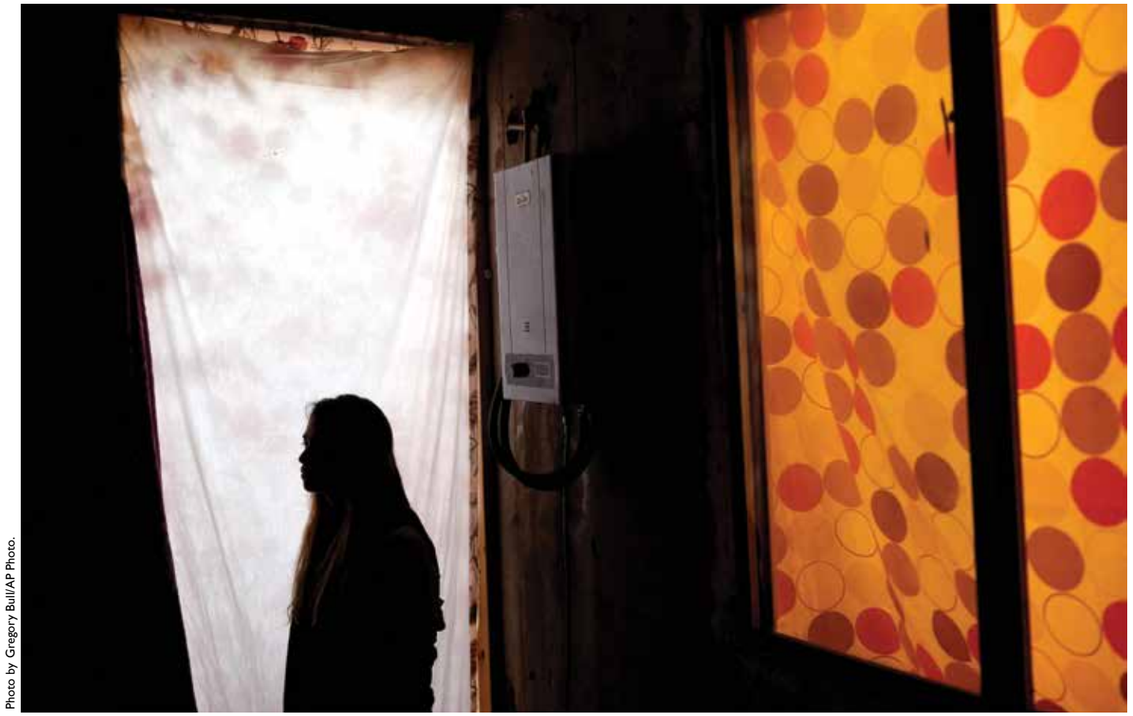

Photo by Gregory Bull/AP Photo.

This Salvadoran asylum seeker was kidnapped and forced into prostitution while migrating through Mexico, then returned to that country until her hearing.

Photo by Peg Hunter.

A pickup truck heads into the Arizona desert with water and supplies to aid endangered migrants.

Homeland Security issued a new rule that would allow migrant families to be held indefinitely. Just days later, Attorneys General from 19 states sued to stop this rule from going into effect.

Musalo expressed great hope that Judge Dolly Gee of the Federal District Court for the Central District of California would "do the right thing" regarding the Flores Agreement regulations. In fact, on September 27, 2019, Judge Gee issued a ruling that rejected the proposed Trump administration regulations. In denying decrees that would allow families and children to be detained indefinitely, Judge Gee described the government's reasoning as "Kafkaesque." It was in the context of the Flores decision that Judge Gee had compelled border area detention facilities to permit access for legal and medical teams that documented hygiene and overcrowding violations of minimal conditions compelled in prior legal decisions. These substandard conditions for children became an international media scandal. In her decision, Judge Gee reaffirmed, "The Flores Settlement Agreement remains in effect and has not been terminated." The ruling remains the last legal line of defense for the rights of immigrant children in U.S. government detention.

Concluding her presentation, Musalo described how "the administration has attempted to change the refugee definition it has issued" in order to "close down protection" for asylum seekers who have already made it to the United States. In June 2018, the U.S. Attorney General issued Matter of A-B, an effort to foreclose asylum claims based on domestic violence or threats by other nonstate actors such as gangs. This was a reversal of a Board of Immigration Appeals decision and 2014 precedent that had permitted such claims. On July 29, 2019, the Attorney General issued the decision, Matter of L-E-A, that according to Musalo, "tries to foreclose claims based on family relationship," which is "a basis of protection" for those fleeing gang violence in a situation where a whole family is threatened.

Following a summation of the contemporary legal and policy situation at the border, other panelists provided broader historical, political, and economic contexts and perspectives, as well as detailed examples of how these government moves have played out for people on the border.

Rosemary Joyce spoke next about recent events, as well as their deeper historical causes, in Honduras. Joyce began by noting she "had the privilege of doing research in Honduras starting in the 1970s, and field work there through 2009, when a coup … tacitly approved by the United States removed the legal government." She insisted "that we not lose track of the specificities of what's being done to countries and to citizens of countries [where] the United States has a long history of exploiting economies and political systems."

Joyce recounted how, in 2009, President Manuel Zelaya's legal government — "which had been taking a number of steps to try to reduce poverty … and inequality in the country … steps that according to the United States' own measures were successful" — was removed with U.S. coordination and approval. "The removal of the legal government and, most importantly, the aftermath," Joyce continued, "led to the installation of the first of two successive presidents whose … affiliation with a small, wealthy, cosmopolitan international elite who are using the natural resources of the country and the government … as a means to enrich themselves" was a crucial moment in the recent history of Honduras. "That 2009 moment basically changes the situation for most Hondurans. … The conditions that were introduced in 2009," Joyce explained, included impunity, "the ability of the very wealthy political elite to do what they wanted without any kind of accountability."

While violence attributable to drug cartels has "subsided to a certain extent, lowering the murder rate, [now] in many areas, the principal force imposing order is the local cartel." Joyce reminded the audience that "the current President of Honduras, his brother, [and] his cousin are both under indictment in the Southern District of New York, and he is an unindicted co-conspirator." She argued that drug cartels have given Honduras's political elite additional opportunities to profit from "the misery and immiseration of the country."

Joyce described the situation in Honduras overall as a "sort of capture of the government for the benefit of a small elite" and "to repress political opposition to the installation, initially, of the coup regime and later of the … successor government that was elected with a minority of about 35 percent of the vote." A more recent re-election has been strongly criticized for a lack of voting integrity. Because the government has used the police "as a security force that owes its … loyalty primarily to the government and not the people," Hondurans are reluctant to turn to the police, even in areas of high crime and insecurity. However, Joyce was also at pains to contest a U.S. media "exoticization" and "exaggeration" of Honduras "as an inherently violent country." Rather, there is "a government that chooses not to exercise its responsibility for governance."

continued on page 74 >>

Honduran army soldiers surround supporters of ousted President Manuel Zelaya during the coup in Tegucigalpa, June 2009.

Photo by Eduardo Verdugo/AP Photo.

HUMAN RIGHTS

Michelle Bachelet: An Inspiration

By Maria Echaveste

Photo by Violaine Martin.

Michelle Bachelet speaks before the United Nations Human Rights Council, September 2018.

In April 2019, I was fortunate to be part of a small group in attendance when United Nations Human Rights Commissioner Michelle Bachelet engaged in a conversation with Professor Harley Shaiken at UC Berkeley's Center for Latin American Studies. As I'm sure most readers know, Commissioner Bachelet has had an impressive career. Growing up a "military brat," as we say here in the United States, Bachelet lived in many regions of Chile and even spent two years in Bethesda, Maryland, where her father, a general in the Chilean Air Force, served at the Chilean Embassy in Washington, D.C.

Bachelet lost her father in 1974, after months of torture following General Pinochet's take-over of the Chilean government. She and her mother also suffered torture when they were detained as political prisoners. While these experiences, at least superficially, do not seem to presage her subsequent accomplishments, Bachelet went on to pursue a career in medicine and public health. As if that were not enough, she pursued later studies focused on civil-military relations and then ran for the presidency of Chile. She won, not once, but twice, serving as the President of Chile in 2006-2010 and then again in 2014-2018.

As I listened to Bachelet describe her activities over the past 18 months — traveling, meeting with leaders of various countries and human rights advocates around the globe, investigating human rights abuses across the planet — I was exhausted. She had already had such a full career, serving as Chile's Minister for Health and the Minister for Public Defense before becoming President of Chile, how did she find the energy to take on this difficult job? More importantly, why would she tackle such a demanding and challenging position as UN High Commissioner for Human Rights? Having served in the Clinton White House, I was keenly aware of how challenging and exhausting it is to be a country's leader—the responsibilities and duties, the unpredictable nature of disasters (both natural and man-made), the demands of the public, of the media, of your family. I had to ask the question: with everything she had experienced, her long years of public service, why did she take on this difficult job, why didn't she sit back and enjoy the peace she had certainly earned?

Her comments in response serve as an inspiration. They are worth keeping in mind, especially now when so many of us here in the United States are exhausted by an administration that conducts public and foreign policy by tweet, where allies across the planet are not sure whether our country can be relied upon to honor its commitments, and finally, where the rules for governing and respect for institutions are broken almost every day. In such trying times, many of us — and I include myself — wonder what

Photo from Department of Homeland Security, Office of the Inspector General.

Families detained at the overcrowded Customs and Border Patrol station in Weslaco, Texas, June 2019.

ON CONDITIONS AT THE U.S. BORDER

"As a pediatrician, but also as a mother and a former head of state, I am deeply shocked that children are forced to sleep on the floor in overcrowded facilities, without access to adequate health care or food, and with poor sanitation conditions. … Detaining a child, even for short periods under good conditions, can have a serious impact on their health and development — consider the damage being done every day by allowing this alarming situation to continue."

– Michelle Bachelet, from the UN Office of the High Commissioner for Human Rights, "Bachelet appalled by conditions of migrants and refugees in detention in the US," July 2019

Photo by Markus Spiske.

Sign at the Global Climate Strike, September 2019.

ON CLIMATE CHANGE

"I am encouraged by the increasing recognition of the right to a healthy and sustainable environment, in over 100 national and regional laws, which defines the relationship between the environment and human rights. To each of us, a healthy environment is no less important than the food we eat, the water we drink, or the freedom of thought we cherish; all people, everywhere, should be able to live in a healthy environment and hold accountable those who stand in the way of achieving it."

– Michelle Bachelet, from the Opening Statement to the 42nd Annual Meeting of the United Nations Human Rights Council, September 2019

we can do, what should we do. As Bachelet explained her decision to take on such a demanding role, I realized that her perspective helped me to think about what to do in response to the challenges in our own country.

Bachelet acknowledged that she did not say yes immediately when UN Secretary-General Guterres asked her to consider taking on the High Commissioner role. Yet, as they continued conversing, he stressed that as a former political prisoner, she would be able to speak with a moral clarity to those around the world who violate the human rights of their citizens. Moreover, she had specific skills derived from running a country, dealing with opposing factions as she tried to address the needs of Chile's citizens. Honed over many years, those political skills are unmatchable assets that should not be put on a shelf, as much as one might want to do so in order to enjoy family and grandchildren. In truth, what Bachelet conveyed was that when one has been blessed with the skills and experiences that are needed in a new role, it would be selfish to not serve if one is needed.

Hearing her thoughts and perspectives helped me realize that each of us can contribute to improving our world by focusing on our strengths and skills and identifying where we can best contribute. If Michelle Bachelet — who by all accounts had served her country well and honorably and could look forward to a gentler and more peaceful existence — if she could find the energy and stamina to continue to serve the greater public interest, then none of us should give in to cynicism and hopelessness regarding the state of our country or the world.

In my case, I will continue to work on issues that can increase social and economic mobility and promote racial equity domestically. As I travel the country, I meet others who continue to try to improve their communities and schools, address poverty and inequality, reform our criminal justice system, address climate change, and work toward environmental justice — the list goes on. There's no lack of work for any of us. So long as there are leaders like UN High Commissioner for Human Rights Michelle Bachelet who can inspire us through the lives they lead, I will continue to be hopeful for the future.

Maria Echaveste is a Senior Scholar at the Center for Latin American Studies and President of the Opportunity Institute at UC Berkeley. A long-time community leader and noted public policy consultant, Echaveste served as Assistant to the President and Deputy Chief of Staff to President Bill Clinton from 1998 to 2001.

Michelle Bachelet walks with Kristine Tompkins through part of 10 million acres of new parkland donated by the Tompkins Foundation to Chile.

Photo courtesy of Gobierno de Chile.

LAW

Expanding the Frontiers of Justice

By Naomi Roht-Arriaza

The Supreme Court building in Santiago, Chile. (Photo by Felipe Restrepo Acosta.)

Judge Juan Guzmán of Chile was not supposed to be a radical. Indeed, he was born into an aristocratic family, his father a diplomat and poet. Yet, Judge Guzmán is perhaps best known as the first judge to indict former dictator Augusto Pinochet for murder in Chile and a key figure in investigating some of the worst crimes carried out during the dictatorship. As he followed the evidence and met with families of those killed and disappeared, Judge Guzmán himself began to change, rejecting the silence of the proper Chilean upper crust and speaking out on behalf of justice. He has been transformed personally and professionally and has likewise been a transformative force for his country.

Judge Guzmán has written a memoir, previously published in French and Spanish, now beautifully translated into English by Lezak Shallat. In the following excerpts, he talks about his early life and his initial exposure to the cases that would lead to Pinochet's indictment in Chile. He describes the case of the Caravan of Death and the moment of Pinochet's return from his forced 503-day house arrest in London. In the rest of the memoir, he describes the social class that surrounded him, his early encounters with the injustices of the justice system, and his subsequent attempts to bring Pinochet to trial at great personal risk.

Despite Judge Guzmán's heroic efforts, Pinochet managed to keep the legal system at bay for years by claiming mental deficiencies, although in the end he was declared fit and was under house arrest awaiting trial when he died on International Human Rights Day (December 10) in 2006. At the time of his death, Augusto Pinochet faced more than 300 criminal charges, including participation in grave human rights-related crimes. In addition, investigations of Riggs Bank in the United States uncovered some of his secret off-shore bank accounts. By 2006, facing charges of massive tax evasion and embezzlement, Pinochet had lost many of his former supporters, as right-wing political parties scurried to distance themselves. It seemed that torture in the name of anti-Communism was one thing, but stealing millions was entirely more objectionable.

The 1998 detention of Pinochet in London, during the time that Judge Guzmán was first looking into emblematic cases like the Caravan of Death, was a high point for international justice. The notion that a former head of state could be arrested and detained for trial on torture charges outside his own country, based on international law prohibiting such conduct, electrified human rights advocates. It led to multiple charges filed against dictators elsewhere, with mixed results. It also brought home to Chile the weight of international law in dealing with these crimes and with the amnesties and other roadblocks to their prosecution.

Beyond the charges against Pinochet himself, Judge Guzmán's initial investigations became a cascade. In the Caravan of Death case, 13 military officers were tried and convicted. In the case against Pinochet and others — filed by Communist Party leader Gladys Marin for the killing of her husband and other party leaders — 53 members of the secret police were convicted in 2018. According to the 2017 Human Rights Observatory undertaken by the Universidad Diego Portales, more than a thousand cases had been filed by 2016, including almost all the victims of death or forced disappearance and a much smaller number of systematic torture convictions. Some of the main architects of Pinochet's repression received multiple prison sentences totaling hundreds of years. The justice system more or less converged on the idea that these cases have no statute of limitations. Neither could the 1973 Amnesty Law — still on the books despite promises of legislative change — stand in the way. Today, Chile has a Human Rights Ministry as well as a Museum of Memory and Human Rights.

Despite these advances, the road has not been easy. Many judges started imposing minimal sentences with no prison time, on grounds that the cases had gone on for so long that the elderly defendants deserved a break. Military officers mostly served their time in country club-like prisons. The civilians and business leaders who were complicit are only now being called to public account, including through the recently published book, *Complicidad económica con la dictadura chilena: Un país desigual a la fuerza* (Economic Complicity With the Dictatorship: A Country Unequal by Force, LOM Ediciones, 2019). Some of the worst offenders will never stand trial, but like Pinochet, will be exemplars of the "biological impunity" that comes from delaying investigations and trials until many years after the events.

In retirement, Judge Guzmán became a law professor, a dean at the Universidad Central de Chile (UCEN), and an activist for the rights of Chile's indigenous Mapuche. He continues to call for a new kind of judicial practice based on a commitment to the truth and recognition of the need to listen to the victims.

References for this article are available at clas.berkeley.edu.

Naomi Roht-Arriaza is the Albert Abramson Distinguished Professor of Law at the University of California Hastings College of Law. In the course of writing her book, *The Pinochet Effect: Transnational Justice in the Age of Human Rights* (Penn Press, 2005), she came to know Judge Guzmán well.

MEMOIR

At the Edge of the World:

Memories of a Judge Who Indicted Pinochet

By Juan Guzmán Tapia

GAZING UP TO THE HEAVENS

The "godfather" bestowed on me at birth was a dictator — and one of the worst Latin America had ever seen. At the time, my father, Juan Guzmán Cruchaga, was the *chargé d'affaires* of the Chilean embassy in El Salvador, the Central American nation governed with an iron fist by General Maximiliano Hernández Martínez. The general's wife, who fancied poetry, was fond of my father's company, as my father was a wonderful poet, well-known throughout Latin America and Spain. My father also cared greatly about maintaining good diplomatic relations and encouraged the First Lady's interest in poetry. He was therefore quite close to the presidential couple. Weeks before my birth, the General asked my father to name me Salvador, in honor of the country he ruled.

Can a diplomat refuse such a noble presidential request? As a poet and diplomat, my father knew exactly how best to proceed. He praised at length the many virtues of El Salvador, a magnificent nation, so important to Chile, in whose name he would proudly christen his son, were it not for an important obstacle: the Guzmán family tradition of passing down first names from father to son. My father's father was Juan José Guzmán, his grandfather was Juan José Guzmán, and so it was across many generations. How could my father interrupt this lineage with any name other than Juan? He chose "Salvador" as my middle name.

I came into this world on April 22, 1939, as Juan Salvador Guzmán Tapia.

My father joined the diplomatic corps by a process of elimination. His true passions were poetry and literature. But he needed to earn a living, and the diplomatic life did come with certain advantages: travel, lodgings, and an attractive salary. The Chilean government made certain that its foreign representatives were provided for in accordance with their rank.

Juan Guzmán Cruchaga, my father, was born at the close of the 19th century in a Chile more withdrawn into itself than at any time since the War of the Pacific, fought between Chile, Peru, and Bolivia from 1879 to 1883. He was raised in the belief that maintaining one's status was of paramount importance in a society where lineage was the measure of the man. I noticed how he wrapped himself in a certain pride in reference to our ancestry. His paternal forefathers descended from the Núñez de Guzmán family, an illustrious line of Spanish noblemen and captains rewarded with vast land grants in Chile's central valley for their courage in the Flemish Wars of the late 1600s.

My father was proud of this lineage, whose motto aptly expressed this primal haughtiness: "We do not come from the kings, but they, from us."

From his mother's side, in contrast, my father inherited a sensitive and benevolent temperament. The Cruchaga family, it was said, was unstained by original sin. My father's character manifested this blend of origins, this alliance of opposites, of fire and water. His blood mingled the choleric rigidity of the Guzmáns with the kindness of the Cruchagas, a duality that also characterized his poetry.

Like most Chilean gentry with centuries-deep roots in the New World, ours was mixed with indigenous blood. Our family tree had its Quechua branch, as irrefutably established by the genealogical research of my uncle, Manuel Montt Lewedé. But my father refused to accept this, insisting that no drop of the blood coursing through his veins was anything but purely Spanish. The ancestral pride and arrogance shown by the sons of Spain to the mixed-blood *criollos* may help explain this obstinacy.

Steeped in colonial mentality and isolated from the world by the Pacific Ocean, the Atacama Desert, the Andes mountains, and the glaciers of Tierra del Fuego, Chile is a stratified society where every gesture outward has significance. Its once-resplendent ruling class was unwilling to accept that they were losing their grip on the reins of power.

This was reflected in my own family. Like Andean snows in springtime, financial crisis and risky investments had melted away the patrimony and estates of my paternal great-grandparents, once large landowners. By the time I was born, the Guzmán and Cruchaga clans had no other choice than to scale down to an unaccustomed minimum — circumstances they were quite reluctant to accept.

This was the rarefied world inhabited by my elderly aunts and uncles who took refuge in the magnificence of

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A Chilean diplomatic ball in 1939.
(Photo from the Archivo General Histórico del Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores.)

Photo courtesy of Juan Guzmán Tapia.

Juan Guzmán Cruchaga in 1935.

their former lives, peeking out from behind the curtains of their reduced circumstances at the crumbs of a changing society they felt incapable of facing. Every now and again, they'd be forced to sell a prestigious work of art or a piece of furniture laden with memories and history. They moved to second-tier neighborhoods where, intent on keeping up appearances, they received guests with a mixture of pride and thin-skinned sensitivity that made these visits something akin to torture. Marginalized and dependent on the more affluent branches of the family, they grew old with unbending dignity in a world of pretexts and rigidity that smelled of chamomile tea and beeswax.

The men rarely left their homes, lacking, as they were, the means to maintain their status. With no dowry to their names, few of the young women found a match. Some years ago in my readings, I rediscovered *The Leopard* by Sicilian author Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, with its air of faded aristocracy condemned to hide behind a decorously made-up face. Like them, my aunts and uncles belonged to yesteryear. For them, the present was pitiful and the future uncertain.

Fortunately for me, my parents enjoyed a larger, more unconventional life than the Santiago of stiffly starched tablecloths. My father lived for literature and fought hard to serve his poetic muse with true vocation. His own family stood in opposition: among the Guzmáns, unless a son took on the administration of the family estates, the only other options, upon threat of losing rank, were to study law, join the military, or take religious orders. But the family's economic nosedive set my father on a different path, forcing him to abandon his law books and poetic dreams. At the age of 19, he had to leave university to make a living.

His first job landed him in the Comptroller's Office, but he didn't last long. The day his supervisor realized that my father used his office primarily to hang out with his literary friends, he was fired on the spot. So he joined the Chilean diplomatic corps and was sent to the Mexican port of Tampico. As consul, the salary covered his basic expenses, but the living conditions were less than enviable. His next post took him to Patagonia. Río Gallegos was an Argentine outpost lost in solitude and battered by icy winds. But the climate was nothing compared to the local customs: dueling was still a common practice for settling differences, and the local sheep ranchers would stop at nothing to get rich.

In this desolation, my father married a young woman from Chile. My half-brother, Juan Fernando, and half-sister, María Eugenia, were born of this union, but my father never spoke about his first wife. All I know is that she was beautiful and had a lovely singing voice. Strangely, I never felt authorized to ask my father about this part of his life. In the bosom of the bourgeoisie, silence was second nature.

Some years later, my father met my mother aboard the *Queen of the Pacific*, a transatlantic liner returning from England. It was love at first sight on the bridge of a great ocean vessel, straight out of a novel. My father got off in the northern Chilean port of Antofagasta, where he continued by land to take up his post as Chilean Consul in Salta, Argentina. Two years later, he returned to Chile to marry my mother.

Raquel Tapia Caballero, my mother, was as resplendent as a sun, as transparent as glass, and just as delicate. In official receptions, her aura blazed like a star, the belle of the ball, throwing my father into fits of jealousy. One evening during a reception in which she had granted two dances to a Head of State, my father sided up to her discreetly, took her firmly by the arm, and whispered, full of wounded pride: "That's enough!" In most of the countries where we were posted during my childhood, my mother stood out as the most elegant wife of the diplomatic corps. Lively, engaging, cultured, and open-minded, she had a talent for the arts. In her youth, she had studied sculpture and theater. She made

Photo courtesy of Juan Guzmán Tapia.

Juan Guzmán Tapia escorts his mother, Raquel Tapia Caballero, to a function in El Salvador, 1957.

our lives into a work of art, and wherever she passed, a gentle breeze seemed to follow.

Our family never stopped traveling, never stopped packing and unpacking. As an only child moving from post to post, I made only transitory friends. My true family, the one that followed us from place to place, was the world of writers, poets, artists, and actors. Juan Ramón Jiménez, Jorge Luis Borges, Saint-John Perse, Hugo Lindo, Pablo Neruda, Benjamín Subercaseaux, Angel Cruchaga, Rafael Alberti, Eduardo Zamacois, Daniel de la Vega, Hernán Díaz Arrieta (known as Alone), Gabriela Mistral, José Santos González Vera, Germán Arciniegas, Jorge Rojas, Miguel Ángel Asturias, and Salvador Salazar Arrué (known as Salarrué), among other great artists, were friends of my parents. Their spirits hovered over my cradle, their words and stories rang in my young ears.

One of the memories I will always cherish involves the Spanish poet and Nobel Prize laureate Juan Ramón Jiménez, author of *Platero y yo*, a book beloved by young readers throughout the Spanish-speaking world. Visiting my parents in Washington, D.C., he gave me a copy with the dedication: "To my little friend, from his friend Juan Ramón." I devoured the book. As the summer drew to a close, Juan Ramón and his wife Zenobia made another visit. When I wandered out to the back yard where they were enjoying a drink with my parents, Juan Ramón asked me how I'd liked the book. I confessed to him that the death of Platero had plunged me into sorrow. And he answered, with deep sympathy: "What a pity. Had I met you before I wrote the book, the little donkey would not have died."

These men and women spoke to me about love and death, the passage of time, hope and space, and of the Chile that stretches from northern deserts to Arctic ice fields, towering Andean peaks and infinite expanses of Patagonia. They taught me to celebrate the raging seas, a tawny autumn sunset, the promise of dawn, and the power of a storm. They turned me into a dreamer. To them I owe my slow pace as I gaze up to the heavens, while so many of my contemporaries are striding ahead briskly, their eyes fixed upon their feet.

I grew up surrounded by words. They taught me the music of language — its notes, rhythms, chords, dynamics, and arpeggios. I drank in sonorities, marveled at the sparks unleashed by their union. Words brought me peace and consolation. They infused my inner world with meaning, even as it spun in constant motion. Like a constellation all my own, words lit up my life.

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Photo from Diario 7.

Prisoners being led away during the early days of the Pinochet dictatorship.

The following is a second excerpt from Judge Guzmán's memoir, covering the transformative effect of his investigation into crimes committed under the Pinochet regime.

DARKNESS

Like most people in Chile, I knew next to nothing about the Caravan of Death until I started investigating it. Other than a few testimonies and documents pulled together by the relatives of *los desaparecidos* (the disappeared), there was only one account. This was *Los zarpazos del puma*, an investigation published in 1989 by Chilean journalist Patricia Verdugo that takes its name from the Puma helicopter that transported the death squad on its three-week, sixteen-city killing spree.

At first, I did not believe Verdugo's account. For me, it was beyond all imagining that members of our Armed Forces could have acted in the ways detailed by her investigation. I was unable to accept the existence of extrajudicial mass executions, torture, and barbarity. The Army that my family had always respected was incapable of such behavior. This inner conflict had me tied in knots, because everything I was uncovering as a judge stood in radical opposition to all that I wanted to believe.

I had to reach my own conclusions. I immersed myself in case files and briefs, partly because I needed to calm myself. I understood that my first priority was to find the bodies of the missing. With the help of forensic pathologists, anthropologists, and detectives, I spent years on the trail of the assassins, retracing their itineraries each step of the way. We began in the places with the most victims and the greatest thirst for justice — the northern cities of La Serena, Copiapó, Antofagasta, and Calama. We excavated the Atacama Desert for any bone shards or bits of tissue that could identify the desaparecidos. Under leaden skies, we dug up the arid, rocky plains in search of bodies. Then we headed to the other extreme of the country, to southern Chile, where we reconstructed the executions of prisoners whose corpses had been dumped into lakes and rivers.

And at nightfall, at every site we visited, we reported on our progress to the families of the desaparecidos who accompanied us. As a representative of the Chilean justice system, I felt that I carried a debt to every distraught family member in their long wait to learn how their loved ones had died.

Women like Alicia Orrego, the mother of Eugenio Ruiz Tagle, an engineer, age 26, who presented himself to authorities in Antofagasta and was then tortured to death. "They didn't let me go into the morgue," she testified. "I could only view my son's body in the coffin, through a sealed window. I can't give first-hand information about the physical torture he endured. I didn't see his body. But the lawyer and funeral home attendant who did both cried when they told me. I can only talk about his neck, face, and head. What I saw is etched forever with fire in my memory. He was missing an eye, the left one. His nose was broken, slit, swollen, and detached at the nostril. His jaw was broken in several places. His mouth was a swollen lump — you couldn't see any teeth. Across his neck, there was a long, wide, superficial cut. His right ear was swollen, cut, and ripped off from the lobe. He had signs of burns or maybe a superficial bullet wound on his right cheek and a deep slash. His forehead was covered with small cuts and bruises. His head was turned at strange angle, which made me think that his neck had been broken."

With the forensic team, I traversed Chile city by city to piece together the macabre puzzle left behind in the wake of the Puma. We found eyewitnesses, people who'd been waiting for decades for the judicial system to pay attention to what they had to say. I interrogated many retired high-ranking military men. Our team analyzed testimonies and scrutinized accounts until the truth was established.

So began the second stage of my investigation — identifying those responsible for carrying out these atrocities. The accused began by denying everything. But as soon as face-to-face interrogations between them and the witnesses got underway, they were forced to revise their stories and start acknowledging certain facts. With their reluctant cooperation, we were able to reconstruct, step-by-step, the stops these men had taken 25 years earlier. We returned to the site of every massacre in search of the victims' remains. As the death squad members began to "recover" their memories of the events of the first weeks of the military coup, they had little choice but to start talking.

I was absolutely not prepared for what I was hearing. Day after day, I listened to testimonies, and sometimes confessions, of routine torture, humiliation, disfigurement, and mutilation that made my blood run cold. With all my years in the courtroom, I was no newcomer to evil.

continued on page 80 >>

Families of the disappeared protest during the Pinochet dictatorship.

Photo by Kena Lorenzini.

ART

Rivera, Kahlo, and the Detroit Murals:

A History and a Personal Journey

By Harley Shaiken

The year 1932 was not a good time to come to Detroit, Michigan. The Great Depression cast dark clouds over the city. Scores of factories had ground to a halt, hungry people stood in breadlines, and unemployed autoworkers were selling apples on street corners to survive. In late April that year, against this grim backdrop, Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo stepped off a train at the cavernous Michigan Central depot near the heart of the Motor City. They were on their way to the new Detroit Institute of Arts (DIA), a symbol of the cultural ascendancy of the city and its turbo-charged prosperity in better times. The next 11 months in Detroit would take them both to dazzling artistic heights and transform them personally in far-reaching, at times traumatic, ways.

I subtitle this article "a history and a personal journey." The history looks at the social context of Diego and Frida's defining time in the city and the art they created; the personal journey explores my own relationship to Detroit and the murals Rivera painted there. I was born and raised in the city, listening to the sounds of its bustling streets, coming of age in its diverse neighborhoods, growing up with the driving beat of its music, and living in the shadows of its factories. Detroit was a labor town with a culture of social justice and civil rights, which on occasion clashed with sharp racism and powerful corporations that defined the age. In my early twenties, I served a four-year apprenticeship to become a machine repair machinist in a sprawling multistory General Motors auto factory at Clark Street and Michigan Avenue that machined mammoth seven-liter V8 engines, stamped auto body parts on giant presses, and assembled gleaming Cadillacs on fast-moving assembly lines. At the time, the plant employed some 10,000 workers who reflected the racial and ethnic diversity of the city, as well as its tensions. The factory was located about a 20-minute walk from where Diego and Frida got off the train decades earlier but was a world away from the downtown skyscrapers and the city's cultural center.

I grew up with Rivera's murals, and they have run through every stage of my life. I've been gone from the city for many years now, but an important part of both Detroit and the murals have remained with me, and I suspect they always will. I return to Detroit frequently, and no matter how busy the trip, I have almost always found time for the murals.

In Detroit, Rivera looked outwards, seeking to capture the soul of the city, the intense dynamism of the auto industry, and the dignity of the workers who made it run. He would later say that these murals were his finest work. In contrast, Kahlo looked inward, developing a haunting new artistic direction. The small paintings and drawings she created in Detroit pull the viewer into a strange and provocative universe. She denied being a Surrealist, but when André Breton, a founder of the movement, met her in Mexico, he compared her work to a "ribbon around a bomb" that detonated unparalleled artistic freedom (Hellman & Ross, 1938).

Rivera, at the height of his fame, embraced Detroit and was exhilarated by the rhythms and power of its factories (I must admit these many years later I can relate to that response). He was fascinated by workers toiling on assembly lines and coal-fired blast furnaces pouring molten metal around the clock. He felt this industrial base had the potential to create material abundance and lay the foundation for a better world. Sixty percent of the world's automobiles were built in Michigan at that time, and Detroit also boasted other state-of-the-art industry, from the world's largest stove and furnace factory to the main research laboratories for a global pharmaceutical company.

"Detroit has many uncommon aspects," a Michigan guidebook produced by the Federal Writers Project pointed out, "the staring rows of ghostly blue factory windows at night; the tired faces of auto workers lighted up by simultaneous flares of match light at the end of the evening shift; and the long, double-decker trucks carrying auto bodies and chassis" (WPA, 1941:234). This project produced guidebooks for every state in the nation and was part of the Works Progress Administration (WPA), a New Deal Agency that sought to create jobs for the unemployed, including writers and artists. I suspect Rivera would have embraced the approach, perhaps even painted it, had it then existed.

Detroit was a rough-hewn town that lacked the glitter and sophistication of New York or the charm of San Francisco, yet Rivera was inspired by what he saw. In his "Detroit Industry" murals on the soaring

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Image courtesy of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

Diego Rivera, "Detroit Industry," north wall detail, 1932-33, fresco.

inner walls of a large courtyard in the center of the DIA, Rivera portrayed the iconic Ford Rouge plant, the world's largest and most advanced factory at the time. "[These] frescoes are probably as close as this country gets to the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel," New York Times art critic Roberta Smith wrote eight decades later (Smith, 2015).

The city did not speak to Kahlo in the same way. She tolerated Detroit — sometimes barely, other times with more enthusiasm — rather than embracing it. Kahlo was largely unknown when she came to Detroit and felt somewhat isolated and disconnected there. She painted and drew, explored the city's streets, and watched films — she liked Chaplin's comedies in particular — in the movie theaters near the center of the city, but she admitted "the industrial part of Detroit is really the most interesting side" (Coronel, 2015:138).

During a personally traumatic year — she had a miscarriage that went seriously awry in Detroit, and her mother died in Mexico City — she looked deeply into herself and painted searing, introspective works on small canvases. In Detroit, she emerged as the Frida Kahlo who is recognized and revered throughout the world today. While Vogue still identified her as "Madame Diego Rivera" during her first New York exhibition in 1938, the New York Times commented that "no woman in art history commands her popular acclaim" in a 2019 article (Hellman & Ross, 1938; Farago, 2019).

My emphasis will be on Rivera and the "Detroit Industry" murals, but Kahlo's own work, unheralded at the time, has profoundly resonated with new audiences since. While in Detroit, they both inspired, supported, influenced, and needed each other.

Prelude

Diego and Frida married in Mexico on August 21, 1929. He was 43, and she was 22 — although their maturity, in her view, was inverse to their age. Their love was passionate and tumultuous from the beginning. "I suffered two accidents in my life," she later wrote, "one in which a streetcar knocked me down … the other accident is Diego" (Rosenthal, 2015:96).

Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo with members of the Artists' Union at a May Day march in Mexico City, 1929.

Photo by Tina Modotti.

Photo courtesy of Pammela Castro.

Kahlo, Siqueiros (far left), and Modotti (far right) in Rivera's "In the Arsenal," a fresco in Mexico's Ministry of Public Education.

They shared a passion for Mexico, particularly the country's indigenous roots, and a deep commitment to politics, looking to the ideals of communism in a turbulent and increasingly dangerous world (Rosenthal, 2015:19). Rivera painted a major set of murals — 235 panels — in the Ministry of Education in Mexico City between 1923 and 1928. When he signed each panel, he included a small red hammer and sickle to underscore his political allegiance. Among the later panels was "In the Arsenal," which included images of Frida Kahlo handing out weapons, muralist David Alfaro Siqueiros in a hat with a red star, and Italian photographer Tina Modotti holding a bandolier.

The politics of Rivera and Kahlo ran deep but didn't exactly follow a straight line. Kahlo herself remarked that Rivera "never worried about embracing contradictions" (Rosenthal, 2015:55). In fact, he seemed to embody F. Scott Fitzgerald's notion that "the test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time and still retain the ability to function" (Fitzgerald, 1936).

Their art, however, ultimately defined who they were and usually came out on top when in conflict with their politics. When the Mexican Communist Party was sharply at odds with the Mexican government in the late 1920s, Rivera, then a Party member, nonetheless accepted a major government commission to paint murals in public buildings. The Party promptly expelled him for this act, among other transgressions (Rosenthal, 2015:32).

Diego and Frida came to San Francisco in November 1930 after Rivera received a commission to paint a mural in what was then the San Francisco Stock Exchange. He had already spent more than a decade in Europe and another nine months in the Soviet Union in 1927. In contrast, this was Kahlo's first trip outside Mexico. The physical setting in San Francisco, then as now, was stunning — steep hills

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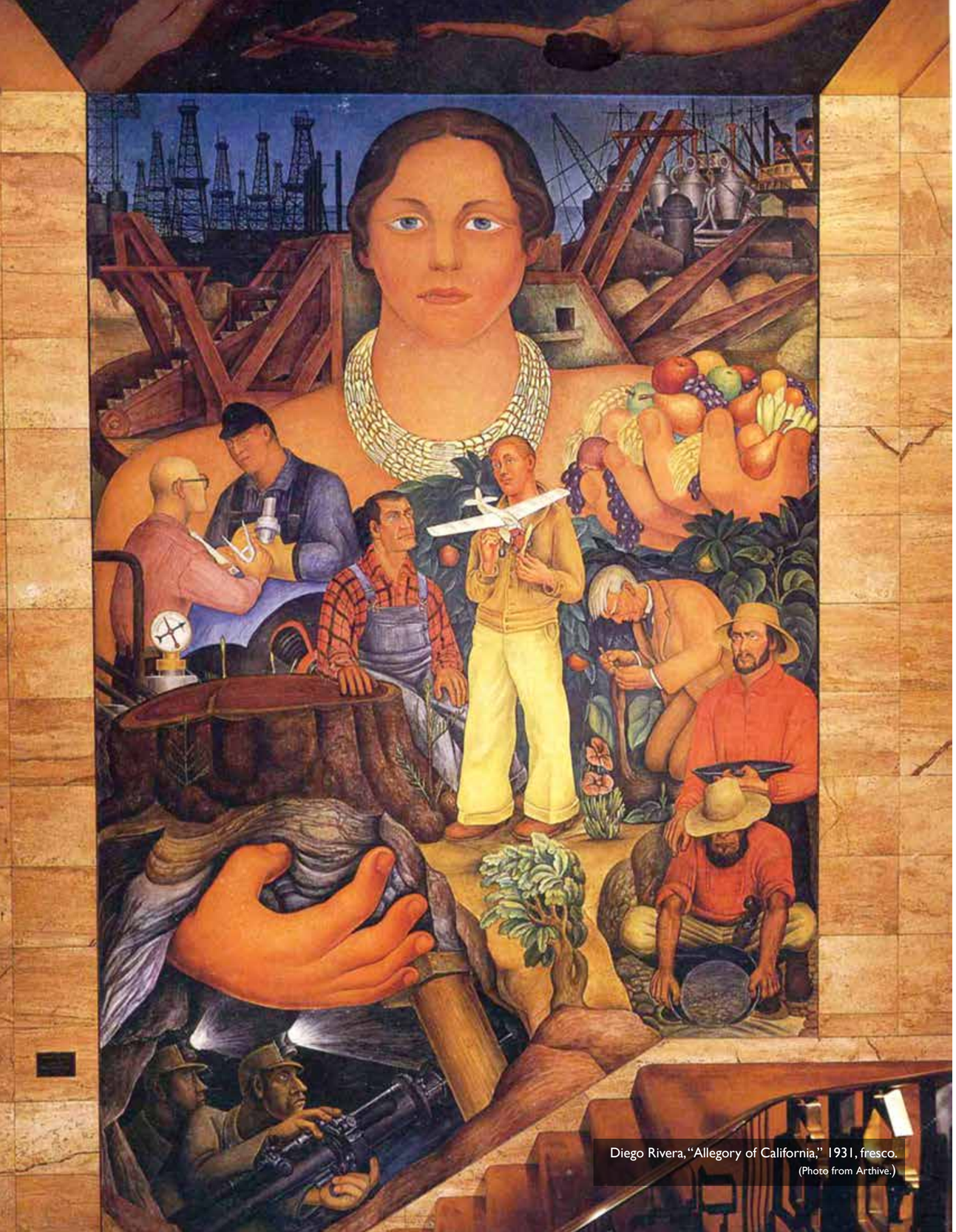

Diego Rivera, "Allegory of California," 1931, fresco. (Photo from Arthive.)

at the end of a peninsula between the Pacific and the Bay — and they were intrigued and elated just to be there. The city had a bohemian spirit and a working-class grit. Artists and writers could mingle with longshoremen in bars and cafes as ships from around the world unloaded at the bustling piers. At the time, California was in the midst of an "enormous vogue of things Mexican," and the couple was at the center of this mania (Rosenthal, 2015:32). They were much in demand at seemingly endless "parties, dinners, and receptions" during their seven-month stay (Rosenthal, 2015:36). A contradiction with their political views? Not really. Rivera felt he was infiltrating the heart of capitalism with more radical ideas.

Rivera's commission produced a fresco on the walls of the Pacific Stock Exchange, "Allegory of California" (1931), a paean to the economic dynamism of the state despite the dark economic clouds already descending. Rivera would then paint several additional commissions in San Francisco before leaving. While compelling, these murals lacked the power and political edge of his earlier work in Mexico or the extraordinary genius of what was to come in Detroit.

While in San Francisco, Rivera and Kahlo met Helen Wills Moody, a 27-year-old world-class tennis player, who became the central model for the Allegory mural. She moved in rarified social and artistic circles, and as 1930 drew to a close, she introduced the couple to Wilhelm Valentiner, the visionary director of the Detroit Institute of Arts (DIA), who had rushed to San Francisco to meet Rivera when he learned of the artist's arrival.

Valentiner was "a German scholar, a Rembrandt specialist, and a man with extraordinarily wide tastes," according to Graham W.J. Beal, who himself revitalized the DIA as director in the 21st century. "Between 1920 and the early 1930s, with the help of Detroit's personal wealth and city money, Valentiner transformed the DIA … into one of the half-dozen top art collections in the country," a position the museum continues to hold today (Beal, 2010:34). The museum director and the artist shared an unusual kinship. "The revolutions in Germany and Mexico [had] radicalized [both]," wrote Linda Downs, a noted curator at the DIA (Downs, 2015:177). Little more than a decade later, "the idea of the mural commission reinvigorated them to create a highly charged monumental modern work that has contributed greatly to the identity of Detroit" (Downs, 2015:177).

When Valentiner and Rivera met, the economic fallout of the Depression was hammering both Detroit and its municipally funded art institute. The city was teetering at the edge of bankruptcy in 1932 and had slashed its contribution to the museum from $170,000 to $40,000, with another

Photo by Peter A. Juley & Son, courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution.

Rivera at work on "Allegory of California" in 1931.

cut on the horizon. Despite this dismal economic terrain, Valentiner was able to arrange a commission for Rivera to paint two large-format frescoes in the Garden Court at the new museum building, which had opened in 1927. Edsel Ford, the son of Henry Ford and a major patron of the DIA, pledged $10,000 for the project — a truly princely sum at that moment — and would double his contribution as Rivera's vision and the scale of the project expanded (Rosenthal, 2015:51). Edsel also played an unheralded role in support of the museum through the economic traumas to come.

A discussion of Rivera's mural commission gets a bit ahead of our story, so let's first look at Detroit's explosive economic growth in the early years of the 20th century. This industrial transformation would provide the subject and the inspiration for Rivera's frescoes.

The Motor City and the Great Depression

At the turn of the 20th century, Detroit "was a quiet, tree-shaded city, unobtrusively going about its business of brewing beer and making carriages and stoves" (WPA, 1941:231). Approaching 300,000 residents, Detroit was the 13th-largest city in the country (Martelle, 2012:71). A future of steady growth and easy prosperity seemed to beckon.

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Photo from the Collections of The Henry Ford Museum.

The Model T "body drop," mating a body and chassis, circa 1914.

Instead, Henry Ford soon upended not only the city, but much of the world. He was hardly alone as an auto magnate in the area: Durant, Olds, the Fisher Brothers, and the Dodge Brothers, among others, were also in or around Detroit. Ford, however, would go beyond simply building a successful car company: he unleashed explosive growth in the auto industry, put the world on wheels, and became a global folk hero to many, yet some were more critical. The historian Joshua Freeman points out that "Aldous Huxley's Brave New World (1932) depicts a dystopia of Fordism, a portrait of life A.F. — the years "Anno Ford," measured from 1908, when the Model T was introduced — with Henry Ford the deity" (Freeman, 2018:147).

Ford combined three simple ideas and pursued them with razor-sharp, at times ruthless, intensity: the Model T, an affordable car for the masses; a moving assembly line that would jump-start productivity growth; and the $5 day for workers, double the prevailing wage in the industry. This combination of mass production and mass consumption — Fordism — allowed workers to buy the products they produced and laid the basis for a new manufacturing era. The automobile age was born.

The $5 day wasn't altruism for Ford. The unrelenting pace and control of the assembly line was intense — often unbearable — even for workers who had grown up with back-breaking work: tilling the farm, mining coal, or tending machines in a factory. Annual turnover approached 400 percent at Ford's Highland Park plant, and daily absenteeism was high. In response, Ford introduced the unprecedented new wage on January 12, 1914 (Martelle, 2012:74).

The press and his competitors denounced Ford — claiming this reckless move would bankrupt the industry — but the day the new rate began, 10,000 men arrived at the plant in the winter darkness before dawn. Despite the bitter cold, Ford security men aimed fire hoses to disperse the crowd. Covered in freezing water, the men nonetheless surged forward hoping to grasp an elusive better future for themselves and their families.

Here is where I enter the picture, so to speak. One of the relatively few who did get a job that chaotic day was Philip Chapman. He was a recent immigrant from Russia who had married a seamstress from Poland named Sophie, a spirited, beautiful young woman. They had met in the United States. He wound up working at Ford for 33 years — 22 of them at the Rouge plant — on the line and on machines. They were my grandparents.

By 1929, Detroit was the industrial capital of the world. It had jumped its place in line, becoming the fourth-largest city in the United States — trailing only New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia — with 1.6 million people (Martelle, 2012:71). "Detroit needed young men and the young men came," the WPA Michigan guidebook writers pointed out, and they emphasized the kaleidoscopic diversity of those who arrived: "More Poles than in the European city of Poznan, more Ukrainians than in the third city of the Ukraine, 75,000 Jews, 120,000 Negroes, 126,000 Germans, more Bulgarians, [Yugoslavians], and Maltese than anywhere else in the United States, and substantial numbers of Italians, Greeks, Russians, Hungarians, Syrians, English, Scotch, Irish, Chinese, and Mexicans" (WPA, 1941:231). Detroit was third nationally in terms of the foreign-born, and the African American population had soared from 6,000 in 1910 to 120,000 in 1930 (WPA, 1941:108), part of a journey that would ultimately involve more than six million people moving from the segregated, more rural South to the industrial cities of the North (Trotter, 2019:78).

DIA planners projected that Detroit would become the second-largest U.S. city by 1935 and that it could surpass New York by the early 1950s. "Detroit grew as mining towns grow — fast, impulsive, and indifferent to the superficial niceties of life," the Michigan Guidebook writers concluded (WPA, 1941:231).

The highway ahead seemed endless and bright. The city throbbed with industrial production, the streetcars and buses were filled with workers going to and from work at all hours, and the noise of stamping presses and forges could be heard through open windows in the hot summers. Cafes served dinner at 11 p.m. for workers getting off the afternoon shift and breakfast at 5 a.m. for those arriving for the day shift. Despite prohibition, you could get a drink just about any time. After all, only a river separated Detroit from Canada, where liquor was still legal.

Rivera's biographer and friend Bertram Wolfe wrote of "the tempo, the streets, the noise, the movement, the labor, the dynamism, throbbing, crashing life of modern America" (Wolfe, as cited in Rosenthal, 2015:65). The writers of the Michigan guidebook had a more down-to-earth view: "'Doing the night spots' consists mainly of making the rounds of beer gardens, burlesque shows, and all-night movie houses," which tended to show rotating triple bills (WPA, 1941:232).

Henry Ford began constructing the colossal Rouge complex in 1917, which would employ more than 100,000 workers and spread over 1,000 acres by 1929. "It was, simply, the largest and most complicated factory ever built,

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An ore carrier plies the Detroit River towards the Ford Rouge plant, as seen from Windsor, Ontario, circa 1930.

Photo by the Detroit Publishing Company/Library of Congress.

Aerial view of the Ford Rouge Plant in 1927.
(Photo by the Detroit Publishing Company/Library of Congress.)

an extraordinary testament to ingenuity, engineering, and human labor," Joshua Freeman observed (Freeman, 2018:144). The historian Lindy Biggs accurately described the complex as "more like an industrial city than a factory" (Biggs, as cited in Freeman, 2018:144).

The Rouge was a marvel of vertical integration, making much of the car on site. Giant Ford-owned freighters would transport iron ore and limestone from Minnesota and Michigan's Upper Peninsula down through the Great Lakes, along the St. Clair and Detroit Rivers, and then across the Rouge River to the docks of the plant. Seemingly endless trains would bring coal from West Virginia and Ohio to the plant. Coke ovens, blast furnaces, and open hearths produced iron and steel; rolling mills converted the steel ingots into long, thin sheets for body parts; foundries molded iron into engine blocks that were then precision machined; enormous stamping presses formed sheets of steel into fenders, hoods, and doors; and thousands of other parts were machined, extruded, forged, and assembled. Finished cars drove off the assembly line a little more than a day after the raw materials had arrived at the docks.

In 1928, Vanity Fair heralded the Rouge as "the most significant public monument in America, throwing its shadow across the land probably more widely and more intimately than the United States Senate, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Statue of Liberty.... In a landscape where size, quantity, and speed are the cardinal virtues, it is natural that the largest factory turning out the most cars in the least time should come to have the quality of America's Mecca, toward which the pious journey for prayer" (Jacob, as cited in Lichtenstein, 1995:13). My grandfather, I suspect, had a more prosaic goal: he needed a job, and Ford paid well.

Despite tough conditions in the plant, workers were proud to work at "Ford's," as people in Detroit tended to refer to the company. They wore their Ford badge on their shirts in the streetcars on the way to work or on their suits in church on Sundays. It meant something to have a job there. Once through the factory gate, however, the work was intense and often dangerous and unhealthy. Ford himself described repetitive factory work as "a terrifying prospect to a certain kind of mind," yet he was firmly convinced strict control and tough discipline over the average worker was necessary to get anything done (Ford, as cited in Martelle, 2012:73). He combined the regimentation of the assembly line with increasingly autocratic management, strictly and often harshly enforced. You couldn't talk on the line in Ford plants — you were paid to work, not talk — so men developed the "Ford whisper" holding their heads down and barely moving their lips. The Rouge employed 1,500 Ford "Service Men," many of them ex-convicts and thugs, to enforce discipline and police the plant.

At a time when economic progress seemed as if it would go on forever, the U.S. stock market drove over a cliff in October 1929, and paralysis soon spread throughout the economy. Few places were as shaken as Detroit. In 1929, 5.5 million vehicles were produced, but just 1.4 million rolled off Detroit's assembly lines three years later in 1932 (Martelle, 2012:114). The Michigan jobless rate hit 40 percent that year, and one out of three Detroit families lacked any financial support (Lichtenstein, 1995). Ford laid off tens of thousands of workers at the Rouge. No one knew how deep the downturn might go or how long it would last. What increasingly desperate people did know is that they had to feed their family that night, but they no longer knew how.

On March 7, 1932 — a bone-chilling day with a lacerating wind — 3,000 desperate, unemployed autoworkers met near the Rouge plant to march peaceably to the Ford Employment Office. Detroit police escorted the marchers to the Dearborn city line, where they were confronted by Dearborn Police and armed Ford Service Men. When the marchers refused to disperse, the Dearborn police fired tear gas, and some demonstrators responded with rocks and frozen mud. The marchers were then soaked with water from fire hoses and shot with bullets. Five workers were killed, 19 wounded by gunfire, and dozens more injured. Communists had organized the march, but a Michigan historical marker makes the following observation: "Newspapers alleged the marchers were communists, but they were in fact people of all political, racial, and ethnic backgrounds." That marker now hangs

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Photo courtesy of the Walter P. Reuther Library, Wayne State University.

The Ford Hunger March crosses a bridge toward the Rouge Plant, March 1932.

outside the United Auto Workers Local 600 union hall, which represents workers today at the Rouge plant.

Five days later, on March 12, thousands of people marched in downtown Detroit to commemorate the demonstrators who had been killed. Although Rivera was still in New York, he was aware of the Ford Hunger March before it took place and told Clifford Wight, his assistant, that he was eager "not [to] miss…[it] on any account" (Rosenthal, 2015:51). Both he and Kahlo had marched with workers in Mexico and embraced their causes. Rivera had captured their lives as well as their protests in his murals in Mexico.

As it turned out, they missed both the march and the commemoration. Instead, the following month Kahlo and Rivera's train pulled into the Michigan Central Depot, where Wilhelm Valentiner met them. They were taken to the Ford-owned Wardell Hotel next to the Detroit Institute of Arts. The DIA was the anchor of a grass-lined and tree-shaded cultural center several miles north of downtown. The Ford Highland Park Plant, where the automobile age began with the Model T and the moving assembly line, was four miles further north on the same street. Less than a mile northwest was the massive 15-story General Motors Building, the largest office building in the United States when it was completed in 1922, designed by the noted industrial architect Albert Khan, who also created the Rouge. Huge auto production complexes such as Dodge Main or Cadillac Motor — where I would serve my apprenticeship decades later — were not far away.

Valentiner had written Rivera stating, "The Arts Commission would be pleased if you could find something out of the history of Detroit, or some motif suggesting the development of industry in this town. But in the end, they decided to leave it entirely to you" (Beal, 2010:35). Beal points out "that what Valentiner had in mind at the time may have been something like the Helen Moody Wills paintings, something that had an allegorical slant to it. They were to get something completely different" (Beal, 2010:35). Edsel Ford emphasized he wanted Rivera to look at other industries in Detroit, such as pharmaceuticals, and provided a car and driver for Rivera and Kahlo to see the plants and the city.

But when Rivera visited the Rouge plant, he was mesmerized. He saw the future here, despite the fact that the plant had been hard hit by the Depression: the complex had been shuttered for the last six months of 1931, and thousands of workers had been let go before he arrived (Rosenthal, 2015:67). His fascination with machinery, his respect for workers, and his politics fused in an extraordinary artistic vision, which he filled with breathtaking technical detail. He had found his muse.

Rivera took on the seemingly impossible task of capturing the sprawling Rouge plant in frescoes. The initial commission of two large-format frescoes rapidly expanded to 27 frescoes of various sizes filling the entire room from floor to ceiling. Rivera spent the next two months at the manufacturing complex drawing, pacing, photographing, viewing, and translating these images into large drawings — "cartoons" — as the plans for the frescoes. He demonstrated an exceptional ability to retain in his head — and, I suspect, in his dreams — what he would paint.

Rivera's Vast Masterpieces

Rivera's "Detroit Industry" murals are anchored in a specific time and place — a sprawling iconic factory, the Depression decade, and the Motor City — yet they achieve the universal in a way that transcends their origins. Rivera painted workers toiling on assembly lines amid blast furnaces pouring molten iron into cupolas, and through the alchemy of his genius, the art still powerfully — even urgently — speaks to us today. The murals celebrate the contribution of workers, the power of industry, and the promise and peril of science and technology. Rivera weaves together Aztec myths, indigenous world views, Mexican culture, and U.S. industry in a visual tour-de-force that delights, challenges, and provokes. The art is both accessible and profound. You can enjoy it for an afternoon or intensely study it for a lifetime with a sense of constant discovery.

Roberta Smith points out that the murals "form an unusually explicit, site-specific expression of the reciprocal bond between an art museum and its urban setting" (Smith, 2015). Over time, the frescoes have emerged as a visible and vital part of the city, becoming part of Detroit's DNA. Rivera's art has been both witness to and, more recently, a participant in history. When he began the project in late spring 1932, Detroit was tottering at the edge of insolvency, and 80 years later, the murals witnessed the city skidding into the largest municipal bankruptcy in history in 2013. A deep appreciation for the murals and their close identification with the spirit and hope of Detroit may have contributed to saving the museum this second time around.

I still vividly remember my own reaction when I first saw the murals. As a young boy, the Rouge, the auto

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Molten iron pours from a blast furnace at the Rouge in 1932.

Photo from the Collections of The Henry Ford Museum.

industry, and Detroit seemed to course through our lives. My grandfather Philip Chapman, who was hired at Ford's Highland Park plant in 1914, wound up spending most of his working life on the line at the Rouge. As a young boy, I watched my grandmother Sophie pack his lunch and fill his thermos with hot coffee before dawn as he hurried to catch the first of three buses that would take him to the plant. When my father, Max, came to Detroit three decades later in the mid-1940s to marry my mother, Rose — they had met on a subway while she was visiting New York City, where he lived — he worked on the line at a Chrysler plant on Jefferson Avenue.

One weekend, when I was 10 or 11 years old, my father took me to see the murals. He drove our 1950 Ford down Woodward Avenue, a broad avenue that bisected the city from the Detroit River to its northern border at Eight Mile Road. Woodward seemed like the main street of the world at the time; large department stores — Hudson's was second only to Macy's in size and splendor — restaurants, movie theaters, and office buildings lined both sides of the street north from the river. Detroit had the highest per capita income in the country, a palpable economic power seen in the scale of the factories and the seemingly endless numbers of trucks rumbling across the city to transport parts between factories and finished vehicles to dealers.

We walked up terraced white steps to the main entrance of the Detroit Institute of Arts, an imposing Beaux-Arts building constructed with Vermont marble in what had become the city's cultural center. As we entered the building, the sounds of the city disappeared. We strolled the gleaming marble floors of the Great Hall, a long gallery topped far above by a beautiful curved ceiling with light flowing through large windows. Imposing suits of medieval armor stood guard in glass cases on either side of us as we crossed the Hall, passed under an arch, and entered a majestic courtyard.

We found ourselves in what is now called the Rivera Court, surrounded on all sides by the "Detroit Industry" murals. The impact was startling. We weren't simply observing the frescoes, we were enveloped by them. It was a moment of wonder as we looked around at what Rivera had created. Linda Downs captured the feeling: "Rivera Court has become the sanctuary of the Detroit Institute of Arts, a 'sacred' place dedicated to images of workers and technology" (Downs, 1999:65). I couldn't have articulated this sentiment then, but I certainly felt it.

The size, scale, form, pulsing activity, and brilliant color of the paintings deeply impressed me. I saw for the first time where my grandfather went every morning before dawn and why he looked so drawn every night when he came home just before dinner. Many years later, I began to appreciate the art in a much deeper way, but the thrill of walking into the Rivera Court on that first visit has never left. I came to realize that an indelible dimension of great art is a sense of constant discovery and rediscovery. The murals captured the spirit of Detroit then and provide relevance and insight for the times we live in today.

Photo courtesy of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

The Rivera Court at the Detroit Institute of Arts.

Beal points out that Rivera "worked in a heroic, realist style that was easily graspable" (Beal, 2010:35). A casual viewer, whether a schoolboy or an autoworker from Detroit or a tourist from France, can enjoy the art, yet there is no limit to engaging the frescoes on many deeper levels. In contrast, "throughout Western history, visual art has often been the domain of the educated or moneyed elite," Jillian Steinhauer wrote in the New York Times. "Even when artists like Gustave Courbet broke new ground by depicting working-class people, the art

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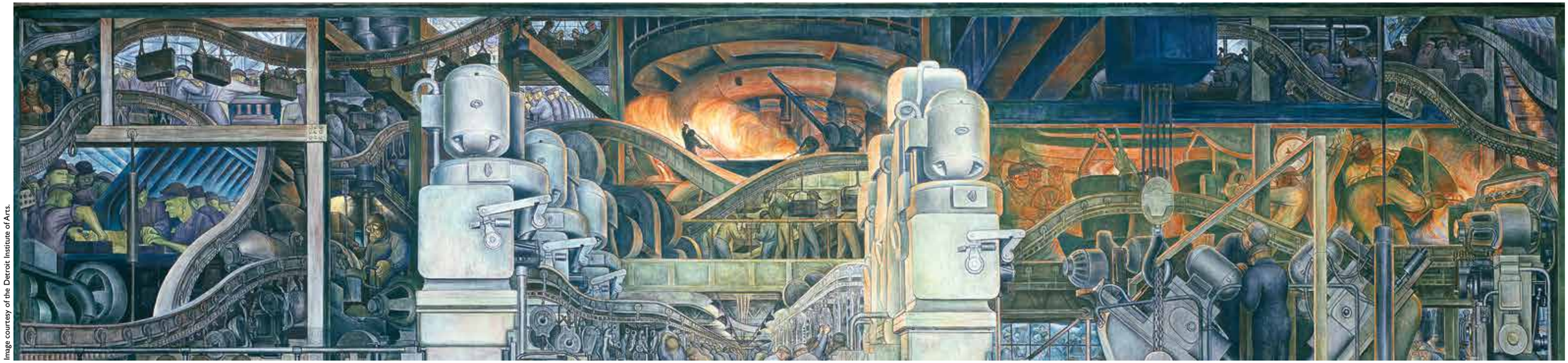


Image courtesy of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

Detail from "Detroit Industry," north wall, showing the blast furnace and overhead transportation systems.

itself still wasn't meant for them" (Steinhauer, 2019). Rivera upended this paradigm and sought to paint public art for workers as well as elites on the walls of public buildings. By putting these murals at the center of a great museum in the 1930s through the efforts of Wilhelm Valentiner and Edsel Ford — and more recently, under Graham Beal and the current director Salvador Salort-Pons — the Detroit Institute of Arts opened itself and the murals to new Detroit populations. Detroit is now 80-percent African American, the metropolitan area has the highest number of Arab Americans in the United States, and the Latino population is much larger than when Rivera painted, yet the murals retain their allure and meaning for new generations.

Upon entering the Rivera Court, the viewer confronts two monumental murals facing each other on the north and south walls. The murals not only define the courtyard, they draw you into the engine and assembly lines deep inside the Rouge. The factory explodes with cacophonous activity. The production process is a throbbing, interconnected set of industrial activities. Intense heat, giant machines, flaming metal, light, darkness, and constant movement all converge. Undulating steel rail conveyors carry parts overhead. There were 120 miles of conveyors in the Rouge at the time; they linked all aspects of production and provide a thematic unity to the mural. And even though he's portraying a production process in Detroit, Rivera's deep appreciation of Mexican culture and heritage infuses the frescoes. An Aztec cosmology of the underworld and the heavens runs in long panels spanning the top of the main murals and similar imagery appears throughout the frescoes.

On the north wall, a tightly packed engine assembly line, with workers laboring on both sides, is flanked by two huge machine tools — 20 feet or so high — machining the famed Ford V8 engine blocks. Workers in the foreground strain to move heavy cast-iron engine blocks; muscles bulge, bodies tilt, shoulders pull in disciplined movement. These workers are not anonymous. At the center foreground of the north wall, with his head almost touching a giant spindle machine, is Paul Boatin, an assistant to Rivera who spent his working life at the Rouge. He would go on to become a United Auto Workers (UAW) organizer and union leader. Boatin had been present at the Ford Hunger March on that disastrous day in March 1932 and still choked up talking about it many decades later in an interview in the film The Great Depression (1990).

In the foreground, leaning back and pulling an engine block with a white fedora on his head may have been Antonio Martínez, an immigrant from Mexico and the grandfather of Louis Aguilar. A reporter for the Detroit News, Aguilar describes how fierce, at times ugly, pressures during the Great Depression forced many Mexicans to leave Detroit and return to their homeland. The city's Mexican population plummeted from 15,000 at the beginning of the 1930s to 2,000 at the end of the decade. If the figure in the mural is not his grandfather, Aguilar writes "let every Latino who had family in Detroit around 1932 and 1933 declare him as their own" (Aguilar, 2018).

continued on page 54 >>

Detail from "Detroit Industry," north wall, showing workers machining engine blocks.

Image courtesy of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

Detroit Industry

DIEGO RIVERA

1932–33

Frescos at the Detroit Institute of Arts

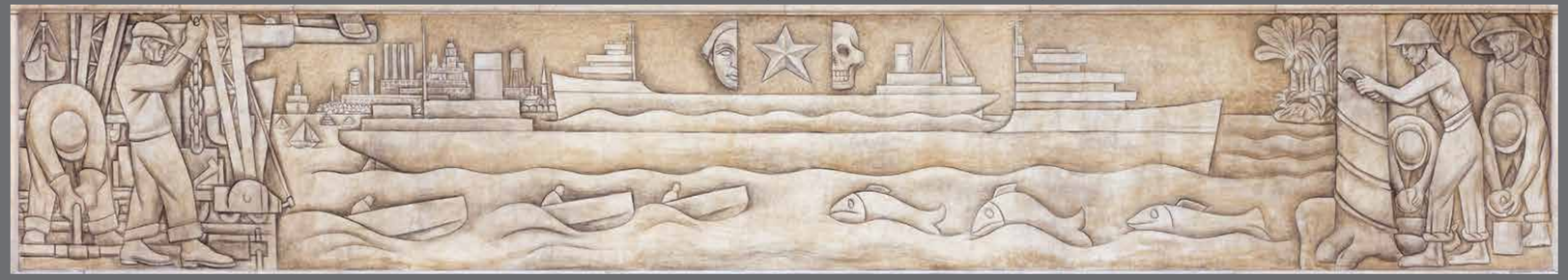
(All images courtesy of the Detroit Institute of Arts, except where noted.)

Detail from "Detroit Industry," south wall, shows visitors to the Rouge, including the Katzenjammer Kids (center).

"Detroit Industry," west wall.

"Detroit Industry," east wall.

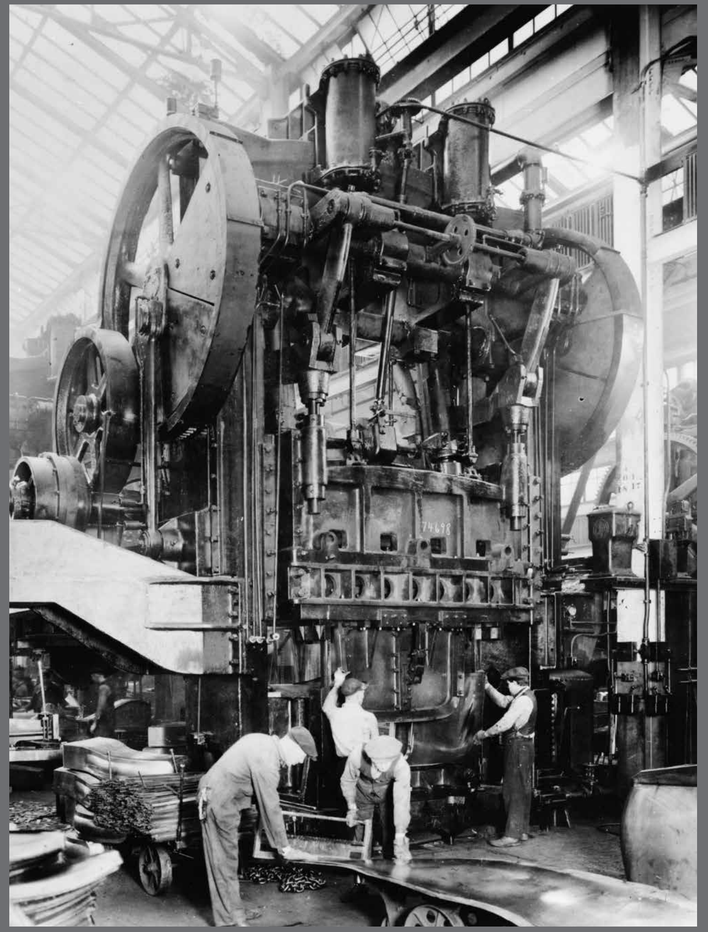
"Detroit Industry," detail of west wall, showing Rivera's fresco imitating bas-relief, with industry represented on the left and agriculture on the right.



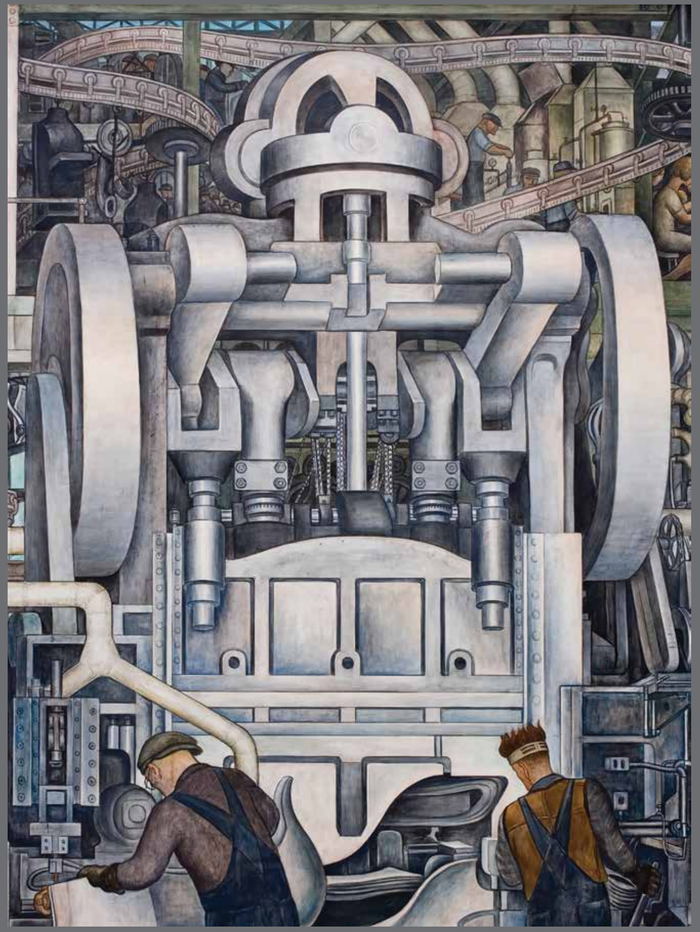
"Detroit Industry," north wall.

"Detroit Industry," south wall.

Statue of Coatlicue displayed in the National Anthropology Museum in Mexico City.
(Photo by Steven Zucker.)



Workers operate a metal press at a Dodge plant in 1915.
(Photo from the Library of Congress.)



Rivera's fusion of the images in "Detroit Industry," detail of south wall.

A giant blast furnace spewing molten metal reigns above the engine production, which bears a striking resemblance to a Charles Sheeler photo of one of the five Rouge blast furnaces. The flames are so intense, and the men so red, you can almost feel the heat. In fact, the process is truly volcanic and symbolic of the turbulent terrain of Mexico itself. It brings to mind Popocatépetl, the still-active 18,000-foot volcano rising to the skies near Mexico City. To the left, above the engine block line, green-tinted workers labor in a foundry, one of the dirtiest, most unhealthy, most dangerous jobs. Meanwhile, a tour group observes the process. Among them in a black bowler hat is Diego Rivera himself.

On the south wall, workers toil on the final assembly line just before the critical "body drop," where the body of a Model B Ford is lowered to be bolted quickly to the car frame on a moving assembly line below. Once again, through his perspective Rivera draws you into the line. A huge stamping press to the right forms fenders from sheets of steel like those produced in the Rouge facilities. Unlike most of the other machines Rivera portrays, which are state of the art, this press is an older model, selected because of its stylized resemblance to an ancient sculpture of Coatlicue, the Aztec goddess of life and death (Beale, 2010:41; Downs, 1999:140, 144).

On the left is another larger tour group, which includes a priest and Dick Tracy, a classic cartoon character of the era. The Katzenjammer Kids — more comic icons of the time — are leaning on the wall watching the assembly line move. The eyes of most of the visitors seem closed, as if they were physically present, but not seeing the intense, occasionally brutal, activity before them. Rivera, in effect, is giving us a few winks and a nod with cartoon characters and unobservant tourists.

Underneath the large murals on both walls are six gray panels depicting the daily life of workers. These panels "are reminiscent of the predella panels of Italian Renaissance altarpieces which contained a border under the main images and depicted scenes in the life of the religious figures represented above" (Downs, 1999:92). Two of the panels stand out in particular. On the north wall, the third panel from the left shows Henry Ford lecturing apprentices. The V-8 engine in front of him looks like a hairless dog with the gearshift as its tail. With a forefinger raised, "Ford is making a gesture commonly used in Renaissance portraits of John the Baptist, which conveys the sense that a greater one is yet to come" (Beal, 2010). On the south wall, the last predella panel shows workers cashing their paychecks at an armored car at the end of a shift and walking slightly bent in overcoats on the overpass spanning Miller Road to buses, trolleys, and parked cars on their way home.

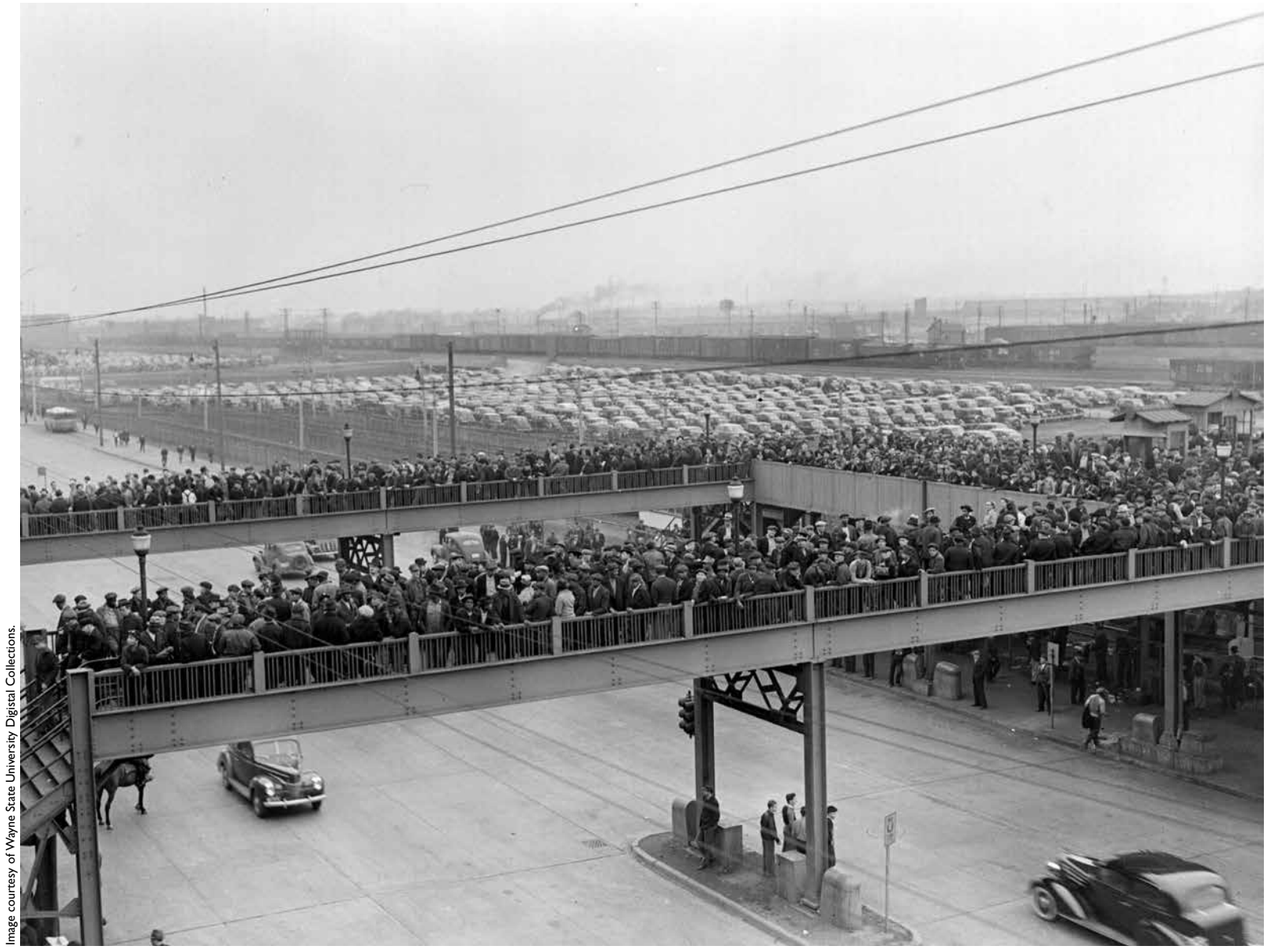


Image courtesy of Wayne State University Digital Collections.

Workers waiting on the Rouge overpasses for their shift to start, 1941.

Detail from the south wall of "Detroit Industry."

Image courtesy of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

A photo of this overpass would be seen around the world four years later in May 1937, when three organizers from the fledgling UAW union sought to hand out leaflets to Ford workers. The organizers were beaten badly by thugs from the Ford Service Department. A Detroit News photographer captured both the beating and the bloody aftermath in now iconic photos. One of the three was Walter Reuther, who had been a young toolmaker at the Rouge when Rivera came to Detroit and was fired that year, likely for organizing. He would go on to lead the UAW for two decades and become one of the most influential, innovative, and effective labor leaders in the 20th century.

The assembly lines are cramped in the monumental murals: workers stretch and struggle in tandem, no smiling and no talking. Many critics have written that Rivera idealizes or romanticizes work and workers. I would disagree. The art allows very different interpretations. One can view workers on the line in tight, pressured spaces as doing hard, alienating, soul-destroying work — often unhealthy and dangerous — or one can view the same scene as a highly efficient combination of people and machines laying the basis for a world of material abundance. In fact, one can share both perspectives. For Rivera, who still viewed himself as a communist, despite having been expelled from the Mexican Communist Party, this complex industrial process laid the material basis for a socialist society. The frescoes could just as easily be praised — and were — by industrialists for showing the miraculous nature of mass production and capitalism. What is clear is that Rivera pays homage to what workers do and to the dignity of work while simultaneously offering a tribute to advanced mass production.

"And, if you turn around to face the west wall, that panel is all about man and the machine," Graham Beal observes. "This sets up the series of extraordinary dualities which are the essence of the Rivera mural as a whole. On one side, there is agriculture and nature; on the other, there is man and the machine" (Beal, 2010:37). These dualities add excitement and intellectual tension to the murals: are we looking at satanic mills or industrial miracles? And the frescoes pose stark, urgent choices for viewers: technology for passenger flight or warplanes; the brilliance of science for vaccines or to build chemical bombs?

Jackboots were marching through Europe as Rivera painted: Mussolini was in power in Italy, and Hitler was about to seize power in Germany. "Rivera also brings together the two hemispheres: North and South," Beal writes about the west wall. "On one side, rubber is being taken from tropical trees in Brazil, on the other is the Detroit skyline" (Beal, 2010:37). Those trees could have

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Images courtesy of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

Detail of "Detroit Industry," north wall: "Manufacture of Poisonous Gas Bombs" (left) and "Vaccination."

been the sprawling rubber plantation Ford had built in Brazil referred to as "Fordlândia."

Mexican curator (and Rivera's grandson) Juan Rafael Coronel Rivera comments that a "more obscure dimension [to the murals] is a mythological narrative aimed at exploring the philosophical concept of existence from the perspective of Nahua philosophy (the Nahuatl being the indigenous people of central Mexico, often referred to as the Aztecs), and a third dimension shows the development of the human being from the Rosicrucian (Masonic) viewpoint. These later two interpretations are interlinked" (Coronel, 2015:128). Coronel also points out that "the fresco on each wall of the DIA murals is divided into three sections, which, though the result of the structural divisions of the building, ideally fulfill Rivera's conception of representing the three realms of the pre-Hispanic worldview: sky, earth, and underworld" (Coronel, 2015).

However, Rivera shifts this order, beginning with the making of cars on Earth, he then proceeds to the underworld and finally presents the sky. Above the north and south frescoes illustrating automobile production are long rectangular panels that portray the minerals of the earth. A third layer above this one on each wall features two female nudes lying on the ground digging minerals from the earth with a volcano between them. From the volcano, huge hands reach toward the sky grasping more minerals. A total of four female nudes in the top panels represent Rivera's vision of four races — red and black on the north wall and white and yellow on the south wall.

To the right and left of the top panel on the north wall are two smaller frescoes. To the left is "Manufacture of Poisonous Gas Bombs," with figures wearing gas masks; below is a small panel in which cells are suffocated by poison gas, recalling the horrors of World War I. To the right is "Vaccination and Healthy Human Embryo," portraying a doctor vaccinating a child attended by a nurse. The two frescoes present a choice in the use of science: for life or death; for peace or war.

The vaccination panel, however, is arguably the most controversial part of the murals. Downs writes that "the composition of this panel is directly taken from the Italian Renaissance form of the nativity, where the biblical figures of Mary and Joseph and Jesus are depicted in the foreground and the three wise men in the background" (Downs, 1999:111). This panel was so problematic that Catholic groups demanded the murals be destroyed even prior to the opening in March 1933, and these protests against Rivera's art continued for more than two decades into the late 1950s.

Many critics have viewed the frescoes as presenting a mythical vision of the Rouge in 1932. Roberta Smith calls them "an idealized ode to the city in 27 frescoes" (Smith, 2015). While there is certainly truth in the observation, it distorts as well as reveals. In my view, a more accurate way to describe Rivera's approach might be "magical realism" (with all due respect to Latin American literature). Rivera clearly starts with the hard truth of the factory floor of the Rouge. After visiting the frescoes, the Chrysler Motor Company chief engineer reported that "[Rivera] has fused together, in a few feet, sequences of operations which are actually performed in a distance of at least two miles, and every inch of [the] work is technically correct" (Rosenthal, 2015:66). That achievement contributes to the "realism" of the mural.

The "magical" part comes from the fact that Rivera portrayed the Rouge as it had been before the crash in 1929 and, more importantly, what it could be in the future, not what it was in the midst of devastating economic collapse. At the time Rivera painted, Ford had furloughed tens of thousands of workers, slashed wages, and sped up the work of those who remained. The economic energy Rivera paints is a vision of what could be, not the reality of what was. He didn't seek to capture the reality of the moment, but rather what the future might hold. He channeled the spirit of the Rouge to capture the spirit of Detroit.

In addition, Rivera included a multicultural group of workers on the line. This mix of workers also didn't occur during this period. Ford employed many more African Americans than other automakers — about 10 percent of his workforce — but they were almost entirely confined to the most dangerous and unhealthy work on the coke ovens, blast furnaces, and foundries.

Rivera embraced four broad perspectives that shaped the "Detroit Industry" murals. First, his passion for machinery and advanced technology; second, his respect and admiration for workers; third, his surprising personal connection with Henry Ford; and, finally, his belief that advanced capitalism could lay the basis for a socialist society. Coronel has pointed out that "Rivera was fascinated by modernity — furnaces and smokestacks, laborers hard at work, incessant mass production lines that flowed like rivers of fire" (Coronel, 2015:126).

When he encountered the scale and reach of the Rouge, Rivera moved beyond fascination and became absolutely enchanted by the complex and then immersed within it. He wanted to artistically convey his overwhelming passion and, at the same time, capture the technical achievements with great rigor. For Rivera, unlike the artist and photographer Charles Sheeler, workers were at the heart of the production process. He was determined to capture the dignity of the worker and his admiration for the value of what the worker did. At the same time, he unflinchingly portrayed the pain and sacrifice of factory work. While his figures are stylized and figurative, they are not "socialist realism." The viewer doesn't exactly want to burst into song, grab a wrench, and march off to the factory.

Looking back at the murals, I would have liked to ask my grandfather Phillip what he thought of the art. It never occurred to me at the time, and in retrospect, I don't think my grandfather ever entered the museum. He worked hard at the plant, and when there was a day off, we would go to Belle Isle, an island park in the middle of the Detroit River

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Workers assembling Ford Model As at the Rouge Plant, 1928.

Photo from the Collections of The Henry Ford Museum.

Photo courtesy of the Ford Motor Company.

Image courtesy of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

Above: Edsel Ford (left) and Henry Ford examine an early V8 engine. Below left: Detail of "Detroit Industry," south wall.

where you saw (and smelled) the U.S. Rubber Company plant on the Detroit side and a large Ford plant in Windsor, Ontario, on the other side.

Rivera's personal connection with Henry Ford was a surprise to many, if not a total mystery. Ford, of course, was a global folk hero. In a 1927 poll, he was ranked among the three most important people who have ever lived, trailing only Jesus and Napoléon. He was also held in high esteem in the Soviet Union, which impressed Rivera during his 1927 visit to Moscow, where he saw photos of Marx, Lenin, Stalin, and Ford in workers' homes. Ford had built two sprawling auto assembly plants in Russia, where he was well known. Ford and Rivera shared a deep interest in technology and a consuming interest in mechanics, and Ford could be folksy and charming. In his autobiography, *My Art, My Life*, Rivera recalls Ford saying, after the two had shared a conversation, "I can't tell you how much I enjoyed our meeting," and then himself replying that he "felt equal warmth." He then went on to write, "I regretted that Henry Ford was a capitalist and one of the richest men on earth." This fact, he felt, limited his ability to praise Ford. "Otherwise, I should have attempted to write a book presenting Ford as I saw him, a true poet and artist, one of the greatest in the world" (Rivera, as cited in Rosenthal, 2015:56).

This vision of Ford neglected a number of issues with which Rivera must have been familiar. Ford, for example, was a virulent and public anti-Semite. He was strongly opposed to unions and had responded in a murderous way to the Hunger March at the Rouge the month before Rivera and Kahlo arrived in Detroit. And Ford had made public statements that the Depression was compounded by workers' lack of initiative to just go out and get a job. Nonetheless, Rivera felt "Marx made theory … Lenin applied it with his sense of large-scale social organization … and Henry Ford made the work of the socialist state possible," while his own role was to "paint the story of the new race of the age of steel" (Rivera, as cited in Rosenthal, 2015:62). He clearly felt that by concentrating on the extraordinary technical achievement of the Rouge, he was paying homage to the material basis for a new society.

Rivera had painted strikes, revolutionary struggles, worker and peasant movements, and Marx in earlier murals in Mexico and would paint them again in the United States. I suspect he felt that including the Hunger March in this mural would detract from his core vision and the lasting meaning he wanted it to have. Did he fear that it might jeopardize the project itself? Probably. He fully understood upending the apple cart was a real possibility and was not about to risk it.

Rivera did receive sharp criticism at the time from some for what he didn't portray, such as the anti-union violence. This criticism may have propelled him to include these themes in his Rockefeller Center mural the next year in New York, which wound up being destroyed. In Detroit, however, it was not a historical rendering of the present Rivera was after, but a vision of what the future could hold.

Moments of criticism remain today. At the legendary UAW Local 600, which represents workers at the Rouge plant, many workers and union leaders are proud of the murals. The local president, Bernie Ricke, proudly displays reproductions in his office. He has also shown huge reproductions in the large main hall of the local and points out that a nearby public library also exhibits an image of the murals. Nonetheless, on the local's Web site a brief comment both extolls the art and reflects on what's not there: "On March 21, 1933, Diego Rivera's Detroit Industry opened at the Detroit Institute of the Arts. It's a stunning work of art, showing the workers at the Ford Rouge Plant, but it is just as remarkable for what it doesn't show" (UAW, n.d.).

As the opening date of the frescoes approached back in March 1933, the controversy over Rivera's art seemed to escalate. At a time of social tension and conflict during the Great Depression and only a year after the shootings at the Hunger March, some Detroiters were outraged that a communist and a Mexican had been chosen to paint these murals in the DIA. They saw communist themes running through the murals, even if they weren't quite sure where or how. Beyond these themes, there were no shortages of other criticisms.

Linda Downs indicates other flashpoints: "[T]here were nudes in it — and a laboratory with a child being vaccinated, painted in the style of a nativity scene. As for the upper classes, they didn't like the working classes invading their museum. They were offended by that" (Downs, as cited in The Detroit News, 2015). The Detroit News called the frescoes "foolishly vulgar" and miraculously concluded that they were "a slander to Detroit workingmen" (The Detroit News, 2015). Taking the side of these workers, a rare stance of the paper in these years, the newspaper called for the frescoes to be removed.

More recent information seems to indicate the museum itself may have contributed to the controversy to boost attendance. If true, this approach was a risky strategy. Nonetheless, the attendance reflected great excitement, whether because of the controversy or despite it: on the Sunday after the opening, 10,000 people crammed into the museum to view the art.

The critics have faded into history, but the murals remain more vital and important than ever.

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Debate about Rivera's "Detroit Industry" following its opening.

Rivera's Art Conception of Industry as Soul
Of Detroit Defended by Visitor From Auto City

Dora Lappin, Noted Singer, Says It Brought About Cultural Increase.

Though he became a storm center because of it, Diego Rivera wasn't so far wrong when he painted in-

Detroit Opinion Divided.

DETROIT, March 21 (AP).—"A heartless hoax," "the greatest work of a modern artist," "pure Communist propaganda," "a stunning interpretation of industrial life"—such are the comments of Detroiters viewing the murals of Diego Rivera, whose vivid, flaming colors depict his conception of the city's industrial history on the garden

DETROIT IN FUROR OVER RIVERA AR

Murals Symbolizing the Cit Industrial History Threat ened With Destruction.

SCORED AS 'COMMUNIS

Catholic Groups Hold One Is Irreligious—Art World U to Help Save Paintings

Rumblings were heard her terday of the storm of contr

ART LEADERS HERE SIDE WITH RIVERA

Sloan Declares Those Who See Blasphemy in Mural Are Themselves Guilty.

"REVERENCE FOR LIFE"

This Is Quality That Stands Out in Panel Attacked by Religious Groups, in Pach's Opinion.

The murals recently completed by Diego Rivera in the Detroit Institute of Arts

Kahlo's Tiny Masterpieces

While in Detroit, Frida Kahlo completed eleven works, including five paintings. Along the way, she developed a stunning style, looking deep into her soul and portraying the pain and trauma she felt. As The New Yorker pointed out, for Kahlo "painting remained first and foremost a vehicle of personal expression" (Hellman & Ross, 1938).

Kahlo had a physically painful life from a very young age. She was diagnosed with polio when she was six years old, and in 1925, she was in a horrific bus accident that nearly killed her. She was unable to walk for three months and then had multiple operations, prosthetics, and grueling complications for the rest of her life.

Kahlo's art drew on many diverse sources but particularly pre-Columbian and folk art rooted in Mexico. Tere Arcq, former Chief Curator at the Museo de Arte Moderno in Mexico City, explains that these influences can be seen in the ways in which Kahlo portrayed traditional objects, "in the colors of her palette, and in the appropriation of certain compositional schemes and themes" (Arcq, 2019:42). Her work visibly reflected Surrealist approaches and imagery in 1932 when, Arcq tells us, "she was in Detroit and had gone through a harrowing abortion" (Arcq, 2019:39). Nonetheless, in the 1938 press release for her exhibition, Kahlo herself claimed, "I never knew I was a Surrealist until André Breton came to Mexico and told me I was one. I myself still do not know what I am" (Grimberg, 2019:30).

Both her feminism and nationalism shone in the way she dressed. Arcq argues that Kahlo's "portraying herself as a Tehuana woman is a clear discourse around her stance on gender politics, given that the Isthmus of Tehuantepec was the only place in Mexico that still had a matriarchal culture" (Arcq, 2019:42). Early in her time in Detroit, Kahlo painted "Self Portrait on the Borderline Between Mexico and the United States." In the small oil on metal painting, she portrays herself standing in the foreground on a stone block, wearing a bright pink dress. The painting is defined by the duality of Mexico on the left and the United States on the right.

The Mexican side likewise portrays a second duality of a fierce sun and a pensive quarter moon both shrouded in clouds. A finger from each cloud touches, sending forth a lightning bolt to the ruin of a massive Mexican pyramid below. Three small sculptures sit on the ground before it. The fertile earth is filled with flowers and plants blooming and extending roots. This final duality points out that the culture is ancient and Mexico still lives.

The United States is on the right. Skyscrapers, industrial air ducts, and the towering stacks of a Ford factory — likely the Rouge — define the scene. Smoke pours out of the stacks into the sky covering a U.S. flag in haze. Technology dominates everything, including electrical cords that extend into the ground with one plugged into the stone on which she is standing.

One of Kahlo's hands holds a Mexican flag towards Mexico and the other, a cigarette pointing towards the United States. She is gazing in the direction of Mexico. "Kahlo clearly wanted to challenge Rivera's

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Frida Kahlo, "Self-Portrait on the Borderline Between Mexico and the United States," 1932, oil on metal.

Frida Kahlo, "Henry Ford Hospital (La cama volando)," 1932, oil on canvas.

worldview of a united Americas," Rosenthal writes. "Her own position was that Mexico and the United States were too spiritually distinct to ever find common ground" (Rosenthal, 2015:101). Nonetheless, the wires of a U.S. fan snake underground to touch the roots of a Mexican plant.

I was taken with "Self Portrait on the Borderline" for many years before I actually encountered the painting in person. I first saw it at the Detroit Institute of Arts in the 2015 exhibit "Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo: The Detroit Experience." When I glimpsed it across the gallery, I was startled by its small size, about 12x14 inches. When you approach a Kahlo painting, the intensity of her art pulls you into the work and fully engages you with color, texture, and artistic vision. Roberta Smith captures the power of Kahlo's art when she writes "[her] small paintings are portable altarpieces for private devotion and a high point of Surrealism that speaks to us still" (Smith, 2015).

A second small oil on metal painting she did in Detroit after her miscarriage — what likely was a self-induced abortion that went awry — is harrowing. She was admitted to the hospital and painted "Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit" shortly afterward, and the painting carries the immediacy and horror of her experience. The work shows her lying naked on a hospital bed in a pool of blood. Six surreal objects are attached to her by umbilical cords, three flying above — including a male fetus — and three objects lying on the ground. The experience is anchored in Detroit. The Rouge plant is portrayed at the horizon in the distance, and lest we forget, "Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit" is written on the side of the bed.

In his autobiography, Rivera discusses the impact of this tragic event on her art: "Immediately thereafter, she began work on a series of masterpieces which had no precedent in the history of art — paintings which exalted the feminine qualities of endurance to truth, reality, cruelty, and suffering." And he proclaims, "Never before had a woman put such agonized poetry on canvas as Frida did at this time in Detroit" (Rivera, as cited in Rosenthal, 2015:97). In a very real way, Kahlo's artistic sensibility and Rivera's artistic vision likely was at least a point of reference, if not an influence on the other, given the intensity and turbulence of their relationship.

"When she arrived [in Detroit], she was well along in synthesizing the influences of Mexican folk art and Surrealism into a mature vision," Roberta Smith writes. "But in many ways, the miscarriage she suffered while in Detroit spurred the searing form of self-representation that is her contribution to art history" (Smith, 2015).

A Few Concluding Remarks

Almost nine decades have gone by since Rivera and Kahlo painted in Detroit. Yet, Rivera's dream of a popular international art has found an enthusiastic new audience, and Kahlo's art is not only highly regarded by critics, but her style has seeped into popular culture in a major way.

At the time when there was a move to destroy the murals shortly after they opened, noted lyric soprano Dora Lappin told the Washington Post, "To me there is something majestic and inspiring about those powerful hands of labor and industry Rivera has painted on the wall of the courtyard. They are reaching upward toward … a day when the cultural life will be available to every person in the city" (Lappin, as cited in The Washington Post, 1934:13). That day Lappin was hoping for has not arrived, but at least we are looking in that direction.

For me, the murals have been a lifetime companion. I remember visiting them occasionally while in high school, seeking to impress friends by saying I had seen them before (but neglecting to point out that visit had been when I was eleven and with my father). I also sought them out at times of great trauma, such as the 1967 Rebellion in Detroit, when the city was in flames for a week and 44 people died. I remember going to see the murals several weeks later. I was an apprentice then, working at a Cadillac stamping plant on Detroit's east side and living in Highland Park, a little more than a mile from where the upheaval had started early one Sunday morning. You could see the flames of the city from the roof of the plant the Monday morning after, and National Guard troops were lining Woodward less than a half block from where I lived. The technical virtuosity of the frescoes fascinated me then, as I was working on similar stamping presses and engine lines, and the brilliance of the art moved me. The murals anchored the troubled

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A building on fire during the 1967 Detroit Rebellion.

Photo from AP Photo.

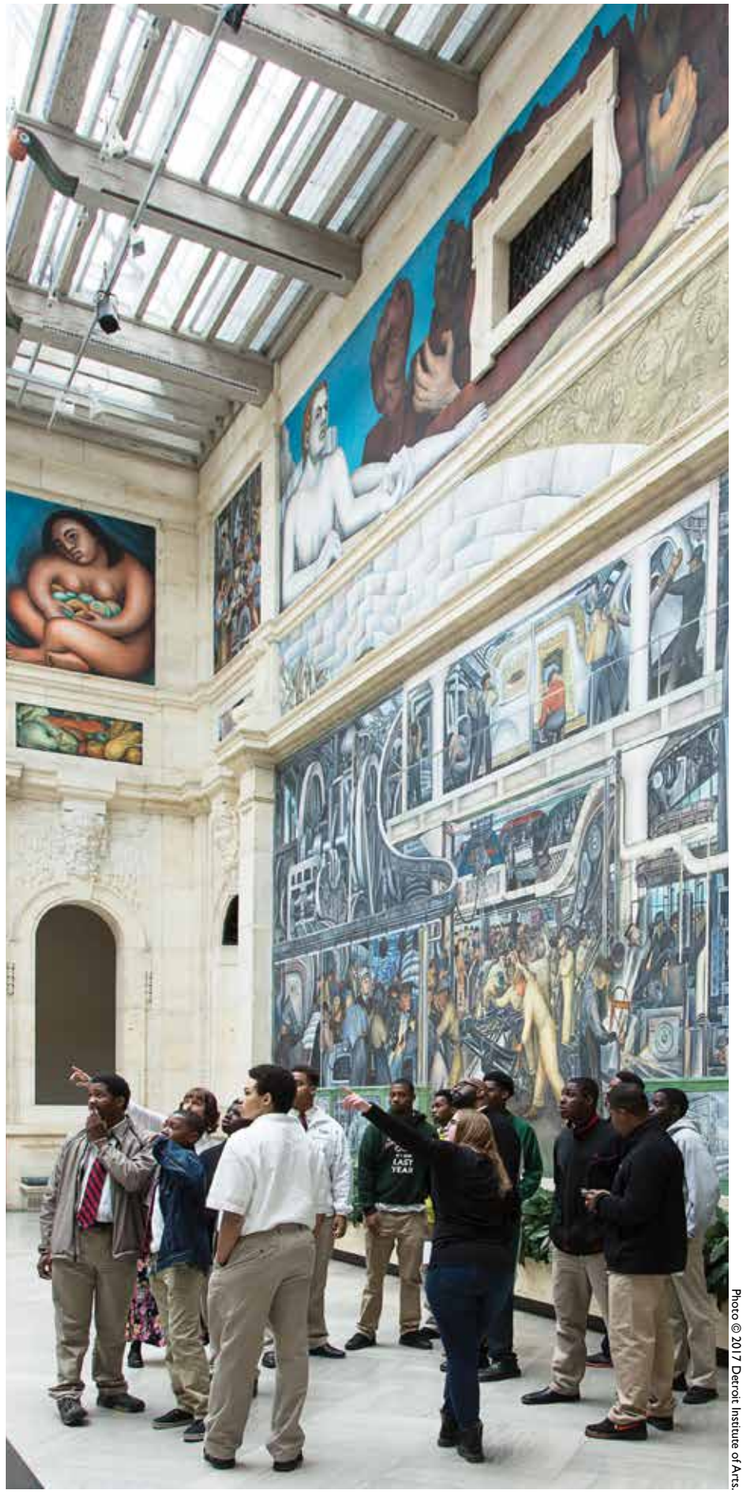

Photo © 2017 Detroit Institute of Arts.

A docent points out parts of "Detroit Industry" to students visiting the DIA.

present with an optimistic vision of the future painted during tough, uncertain times.

After visits too numerous to count over the years, a relatively more recent occasion stands out. The Center for Latin American Studies convened a session of the U.S.–Mexico Futures Forum in Detroit, bringing about a dozen people from the United States and Mexico to discuss renewable energy in the industrial heartland. We had a small dinner in the Rivera Courtyard enveloped by the frescoes. There was something inspiring about seeing this art during hard economic times for the city and imagining an industrial transformation and a sustainable future with new solar and hydrogen technologies utilizing the skills, innovation, talent, and industrial infrastructure that Rivera had portrayed so long ago. And there was something particularly moving about having Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas as a participant. Cárdenas had grown up with Rivera in Mexico and may have been seeing these murals for the first time.

Detroit is in the midst of an important cultural and economic revival, but decades of neglect and powerful economic and social forces beyond the city and the region continue to throttle opportunity and make life tough for many, if not most, Detroiters. Yet new generations continue to visit the Garden Court to see Rivera's remarkable "Detroit Industry" murals and rediscover an important dimension of their city's roots.

The murals have moved from a point of sharp controversy through a period when they were tolerated but ignored to a point of new appreciation and great civic pride. This stature was unexpectedly confirmed in an unusual format after the city suffered through the 2008-2009 economic collapse. After General Motors and Chrysler had skidded into bankruptcy, both companies emerged from the abyss, restructured, and are now successful. The newly renamed Fiat Chrysler ran a Super Bowl commercial at halftime in 2011 in the early days of recovery. The "Imported from Detroit" ad featured Detroit-born rapper Eminem. The commercial begins with Eminem driving through an industrial area of Detroit, past oil refineries spewing smoke and abandoned buildings, towards downtown Detroit. As he passes a giant sculpture of the forearm and fist of Joe Lewis — the 1930s world champion African American boxer from Detroit — Eminem points out, "it's the hottest fires that make the hardest steel." Then we are looking at workers building engines on the north panel of the "Detroit Industry" murals in three stunning shots, as Eminem continues: "Add hard work and conviction and the know-how that runs generations deep in every last one of us — that's who we are. That's our story."

Diego Rivera captured what Detroit workers did in 1932, and his art has continued to inspire through trauma and recovery, as has the art of Frida Kahlo in a much different, though equally profound, way. The lives and art of both Kahlo and Rivera were firmly rooted and nurtured in Mexico. When they died — she in 1954 and he in 1957 — their bodies lay in state in the Palacio de Bellas Artes, which has emerged as a cathedral for a culture and a country in the historical heart of Mexico City. Shortly before her death, Kahlo participated from a wheelchair in a demonstration against a U.S.-sponsored coup in Guatemala, and her casket was covered with a large flag bearing a hammer and sickle while she lay in state. In her funeral cortege, Rivera walked side-by-side with Lázaro Cárdenas, the beloved and transforming president of Mexico (1934-1940).

The lasting power and meaning of their art has found new audiences far beyond Mexico. At a time when incendiary rhetoric and talk of walls has been so prominent, their artistic vision has moved beyond borders and been deeply appreciated in Mexico, the United States, and throughout the world.

References available at clas.berkeley.edu.

Harley Shaiken is the Class of 1930 Professor of Letters and Science and Chair of the Center for Latin American Studies at UC Berkeley. This article is based on a talk presented in Mexico City in May 2019 organized by a new collaboration between the Palacio de Bellas Artes, the Jenkins Graduate School of the Universidad de las Américas, the Mexican Museum in San Francisco, and CLAS.

The author and his grandfather in Detroit in the 1940s.

Photo courtesy of Harley Shaiken.

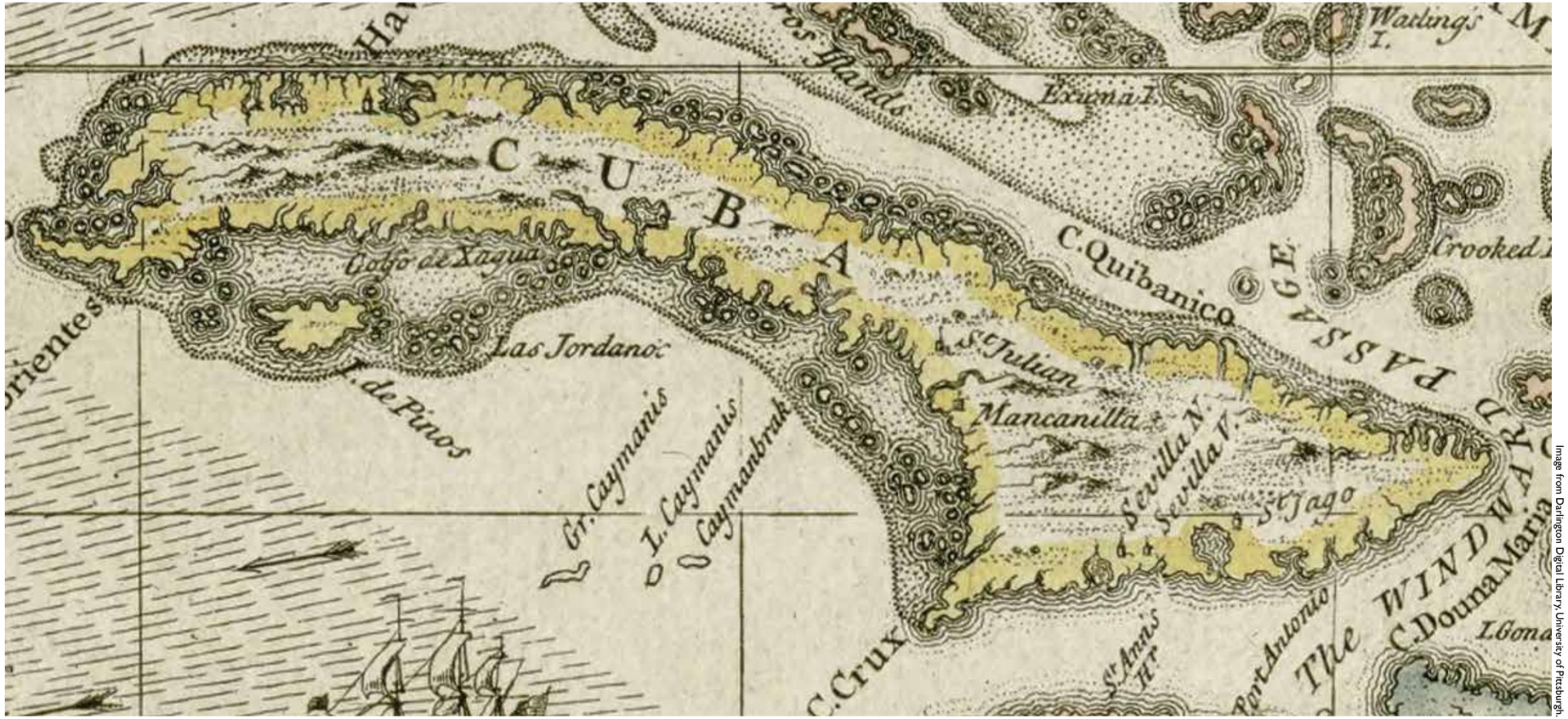

Image from Darlington Digital Library, University of Pittsburgh.

Cuba as shown on an English map by W.H. Toms in 1733.

CUBA

A Very Long History of English Speakers' Plots Against Havana

By Elena A. Schneider

The United States' troubled relationship with Cuba goes back much further than most think. As I explain in my book, *The Occupation of Havana: War, Trade, and Slavery in the Atlantic World* (UNC Press: 2018), the conflict started well before the Bay of Pigs invasion and the Cuban Missile Crisis or even Teddy Roosevelt and the Rough Riders' infamous charge up San Juan Hill. Scroll back across the 19th century, but its origins lie further still, even earlier than the peak of U.S. annexationist interest in Cuba before the Civil War, when U.S. filibusterers plotted to invade and annex the island at the height of slave-state expansionism.

The desire to control and possess the island of Cuba is ingrained in the DNA of the United States. It took hold in British North American minds before the origins of the nation. Beginning at least a century before the American Revolution, in the context of British imperialism in the Americas, British subjects and British North American colonials in particular wanted very badly to annex Cuba and were convinced that they would do so imminently. Very briefly in 1762, at the end of the Seven Years' War, they did. That invasion and occupation is part of a centuries-long struggle that has been largely forgotten in the United States, even as we live with its tortured legacy in the present day.

Havana was founded 500 years ago on a marshy, inhospitable swamp, but a deep and welcoming bay, and the city has been an object of foreign interest since its earliest days. There is no time like the present — as Havana marks its 500th anniversary — to reflect on this past. As early as the 16th century, images, maps, and drawings of the island and its primary port began to circulate throughout northern Europe. Visitors' accounts of Havana and the fantastical drawings they made of the city stoked Havana's fame and foreigners' desire to seize it. French pirates raided and burned the city to the ground in 1555, and English pirates like Sir Francis Drake attempted to do the same. When the Dutch pirate Piet Heyn captured the Spanish treasure fleet off the north coast of Cuba in 1628, he acquired so much wealth for the Dutch West India Company that it funded the Dutch army in its war against Spain for eight years and paid out a 400-percent dividend to shareholders that year. Dutch school children still sing a song that celebrates Heyn's feat.

Initially, the fascination with Havana derived not so much from the island of Cuba itself as the fabled wealth that flowed through its primary port. In the 16th and 17th centuries, Havana became known as a way station for the Spanish treasure fleets making the journey back to Spain with the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru, as well as silks, spices, and porcelain from Asia, traveling the transpacific Manila Galleon trade route and crossing Mexico by mule train. That wealth kept the Spanish monarchy afloat and funded its wars of territorial expansion in Europe in the century between 1550 and 1650. Tantalizing descriptions of the fleets — the amount of gold and silver they carried, their seasonal patterns, and the timing of their departure for Spain — inspired would-be raiders in northern Europe. Those convoys passing through Havana also allowed the city to grow, leading to royal investment and the rise of a vast service economy, which built creole fortunes and the city's sprawling urban center. Growing prosperity added to the city's allure and made it an even more desirable target of attack.

In England, the obsession with capturing Havana and Cuba took particular hold. From the age of the Elizabethan sea dogs to the 1760s, British ships made a total of 12 attempts against Havana. Oliver Cromwell's seizure of Jamaica from the Spanish in 1655 — an operation known as the Western Design — initially planned to target Cuba. The eventual conquest and retention of Jamaica, in the heart of the Gulf of Mexico, bolstered English confidence about its providential Protestant mission in its war against Papist Spain and landed them within sight of Cuba's shores. During 18th-century imperial wars, Jamaica served as a launching pad for attacks against the Spanish Caribbean ports of Portobello, Cartagena, and Santiago de Cuba, but Havana remained the prize that got away.

From very early on, Cuba and its capital haunted the British and British colonial imaginary as a place that rightfully belonged in their hands. In English minds, the city's acquisition was a virtual *fait accompli*. In 1671, an Englishman named Major Smith, who had been taken to Havana as a prisoner of war, reported in a letter that the Spanish "much dread an old Prophecy amongst them, *viz*. That within a short time the English will as freely walk the Streets of Havana, as the Spaniards now do." In Smith's alluring description of the city, there was already embedded a plan of attack. This battle plan and supposed prophesy foreshadowing and sanctioning it were reprinted multiple times over the ensuing century in sources as varied as a Philadelphia newspaper, a London book, and a sermon delivered in Boston.

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Image from Wikipedia.

A fanciful rendition of Havana in a book engraving circa 1700.

The Black Legend of Spanish colonialism informed English animosity and provided motivation for these plots against Havana. The publication of Bartolomé de Las Casas's *Brief Account of the Destruction of the Indies* — with its numerous print runs in London and Amsterdam — convinced English readers of the moral rectitude of their project and the ease with which it could be accomplished. An Anglo-American liberatory complex animated the minds of those who imagined taking over the city and acquiring territories in Spanish America. Despite their own use of enslaved Africans and dispossession of indigenous populations, English adventurers imagined themselves as avengers and liberators of Spanish America's subjugated indigenous and African peoples, who, if given the opportunity, would rise up in arms and join them against their oppressors. When British forces successfully seized Havana in 1762, one English poet celebrated it as revenge for Cortés's defeat of Moctezuma II at Tenochtitlán.

Embedded in this prophetic Protestant imaginary was an explicitly material interest in acquiring the city. Havana's popularity as a target rested on a powerful economic logic to Britons in the mid-18th century, one that had been forged over centuries and that persuaded them that acquisition of the city would open access to vast amounts of Spanish silver. One of the fantasies of would-be attackers was unfettered entry to Havana's lucrative market, where Africans could be exchanged for coveted Spanish silver. Havana was, they reasoned, the largest and richest city in the Caribbean, the stopping point of the treasure galleons, and it had an excellent, geostrategically situated harbor, "one of the finest in the World." Like Jamaica, or Gibraltar in the Mediterranean (a frequent comparison), Havana's harbor was seen as a crucial stepping-stone to trade, one that would offer control of the region's sea-lanes and protect and bolster Britain's commerce and slave trading with mainland Spanish America and its precious silvers and metals.

The 13 North American colonies gained a reputation within the British Empire for the intensity of their Havana lust. In the 1740s, the Governor of Jamaica wrote to British war planners, "there is a vast spirit by all accounts in those of the Northern Colonies who in their imagination have swallowed up all Cuba." Merchants in the northern colonies spoke of the boon it would be to acquire greater markets for the region's products, while poor whites in the northern and mid-Atlantic colonies were tantalized by the prospect of gaining a plantation, a land grant, and/or enslaved Africans on the island of Cuba. A recruiting pamphlet in New York for a 1740 expedition to Guantánamo, Cuba, promised "an easy conquest" and that Spaniards would "fly before you and leave their houses, their negroes, their money, plate, jewels, and plantations, to be possessed by you and your posterity forever." This dream was a product of the struggling colonists' own social and economic ambitions, inspired by what they had heard or seen of the island or the West Indies in general, as well as the flow of English pamphlets, newspapers, and magazines that crossed the Atlantic.

Not until the Seven Years' War between Britain, Spain, and France (1754-1764) did the dream of conquering Havana finally come to fruition, and to do so, it took an extraordinary amphibious assault, drawing from all the resources of the British Empire and informed by the long succession of prior failed attempts. For this descent on Havana, British commanders mobilized more people than lived in any British North American city at the time, a force of 28,400 soldiers, sailors, and enslaved Africans from Britain, British North America, and the West Indies. Spanish soldiers and local militias from the island of Cuba, along with enslaved Africans who had been promised their freedom, fought off the attack for six suspenseful weeks, until British forces mined and blew up the fabled Morro fortress that stood at the entrance to Havana's harbor. In total, more than 10,000 lives were lost, the majority to an outbreak of yellow fever that laid waste to the opposing armies.

Despite its human and material costs, news of Havana's surrender was met with joyous bonfires, fireworks, balls, and providential sermons in British territories throughout the Atlantic world. British drinkers toasted the great victory in commemorative glasses. In an address of thanksgiving delivered in New York, the Reverend Joseph Treat exclaimed, "What city, in all the Iberian dominions, is like unto this city, in riches and strength; And this is British property." British and British American merchants were eager to capitalize on the tremendous windfall presented by their sovereign's

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Havana's famed Castillo de los Tres Reyes del Morro has defended the city since the 16th century.

Photo by Emmanuel Huybrechts.

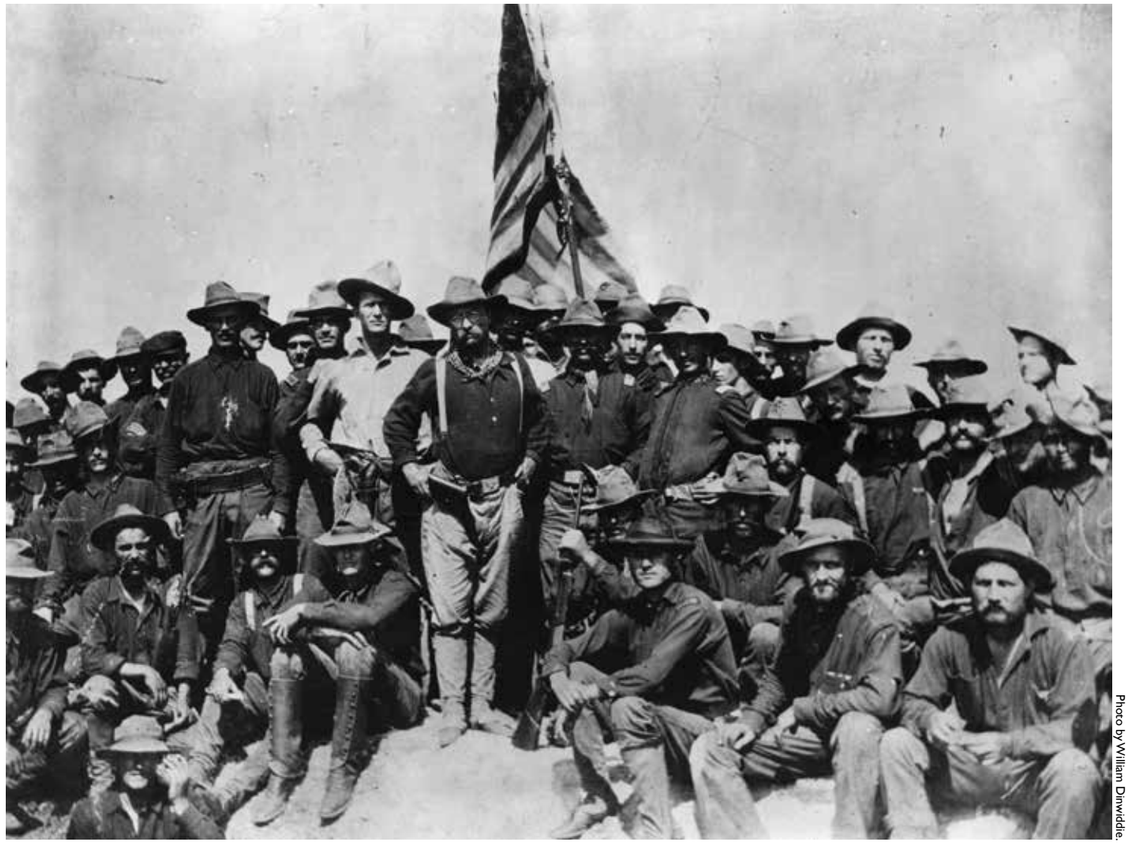

Photo by William Dinwiddie.

Theodore Roosevelt poses with other U.S. volunteers on San Juan Hill in 1898.

seizure of Havana. In the months after hostilities ceased, as many as 700 merchant ships sailed into Havana's harbor from North America, the West Indies, Britain, and Africa to sell food, merchandise, and enslaved Africans to eager buyers in the occupied city. The British occupying governor surveyed Havana's streets and gave them English names, which were affixed to the corners of intersections and on public squares.

By the time invaders got their hands on Cuba, though, retaining it had become politically impossible — much as was the case during the 19th century, after U.S. seizure of Cuba in the Spanish–American–Cuban War. Havana, it turns out, was too important to lose.

Because all the decades of machinations had previewed British intentions, forces opposed to annexation had already positioned themselves successfully to obstruct it. Local resistance to British attack among residents of Cuba had been so fierce it incapacitated the British army, which could hardly hold the territory it claimed to have conquered.

Charles III of Spain was so humiliated by Havana's loss — contemporaries compared it to the defeat of Spain's celebrated Armada — that he was willing to give up all of Florida for its return in the peace treaty negotiated at the end of the war. The policies that he adopted in the wake of Havana's return extended unprecedented economic privileges to the island in order to bind it more tightly to the crown. Just a few decades later, Cuba was one of the largest sugar producers in the world, which heightened the rueful sense among English speakers that Havana was a city — and Cuba an island — that had slipped away.

Britain's imperial horizons shifted elsewhere, but its centuries-long obsession with possessing the island of Cuba became the political and cultural inheritance of the United States. In the cauldron of 19th-century politics, the memory of Havana's capture and its regrettable return to Spain at the end of the Seven Years' War haunted the nation to Cuba's north. In altered form, it continues to do so to this day. What endured in the United States was a lingering sense of loss associated with the island, accompanied by the false belief that re-acquiring it would be easy. Five U.S. presidents tried to purchase the island, beginning with Thomas Jefferson's first offer in 1808. If purchase was not possible, then perhaps another invasion would do. During the War of 1812, Andrew Jackson considered the option of invading Cuba. U.S. filibusters' designs on the island during the 1840s and 1850s and the interest in Cuba of southern proslavery groups are relatively well known, but their roots go further back than most realize. They have their origins in British and British American slave trading and war making with Spanish America in the late 17th and early 18th centuries.

Why this Havana lust? What did Cuba and its people do to deserve this fate? As the long historical view reveals, Cuba has had an outsized importance in world history, but at different times for different reasons. In the earliest colonial period, it was silver that gave the island geopolitical interest, in the 19th century, sugar, and in the 20th century, Cold War geopolitics. As Cuban diplomat and scholar Carlos Alzugaray Treto put it, the defining characteristics of Cuba's relationship with the United States have been geographical — its proximity to the United States and asymmetry with it. In prehistoric eras, Cuba, the Bahamas, and the southeastern United States were all part of the same land mass. Residents of Cuba have struggled to avoid this destiny for centuries. The more fully we understand the *longue durée* reach of these Anglo-American machinations against Cuba, the more profoundly we can appreciate residents of the island's centuries of resistance against the odds. This history is well known in Cuba and adds to the stubbornness of its government's insistence that Cuban history is an ongoing struggle against Anglo-American plots. Much changes, but much remains the same.

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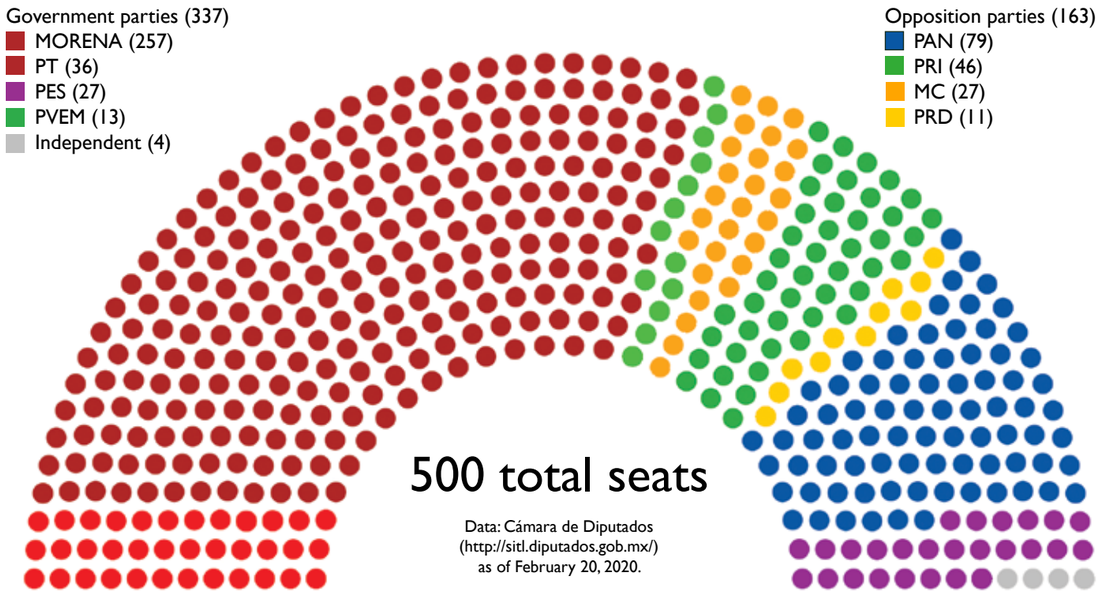
The northeast gate of the U.S. naval base at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Photo by Bill Mesta/U.S. Navy.



López Obrador's governing coalition holds a super-majority in Mexico's Chamber of Deputies.

López Obrador's "Fourth Transformation"

(continued from page 10)

His party and its coalition allies have an absolute majority in Mexico's Congress, with more than 300 seats out of 500, and a relative majority in the Senate. After 24 years of a divided Congress, AMLO enjoys a unified government, with the capacity to pass laws, approve the budget, and rule with little opposition. In tandem with the smaller parties that formed part of his electoral coalition, he has enough votes to modify the Constitution and veer away from the liberalizing path forged by his predecessors. Although the PRI and the PAN (Partido Acción Nacional, National Action Party) retain a certain presence in the legislature and the control of a number of governorships, the López Obrador government coexists with a decimated and discredited opposition that is finding it difficult to regroup, as many flee to join the ranks of Morena. And given its conversion into a "catch-all party," Morena seems to be en route to become a new version of the old PRI, a reinvented version of a hegemonic party whose success and longevity reside in its capacity to accept disparate political factions under its pragmatic umbrella. Clientelism and corporatism held the PRI together, and Morena has not signaled that it will break with those practices; it is positioned to emulate and embrace them.

The most visible enactment of this vision is the use of new social programs based on direct cash transfers to shore up political support. Low-income beneficiaries are receiving scholarships, pensions, and disbursements planned for an intended universe of 23 million people, a network of recipients who will be linked to the president in a personal fashion. Social programs are turning López Obrador into the "Great Benefactor," the philanthropist, the guarantor, the political beneficiary of the state's largesse. Morena, the president's party, never fully operated as such; it's more of a disparate socioeconomic coalition held together by the force of his leadership and charisma. In order to maintain discipline and ensure electoral victories, AMLO needs to be in perpetual motion, traveling throughout the country, doling out benefits, shoring up his base through increasingly expensive and expansive new social programs. Addressing the short-term needs of the poor also allows the president to address the electoral imperatives of his party.

The president's supporters applaud the return of an omnipotent, morally unimpeachable leader, capable of enacting change in a country that is clamoring for more social justice and fewer privileges. Nonetheless, those who fought to dismantle the hegemony of the PRI and create a framework for incipient checks and balances view current trends towards de-institutionalization in Mexico with concern. López Obrador is centralizing power without assuring that it is used more transparently or more democratically.

In *The Federalist Papers*, James Madison argued, "In framing a government…, the great difficulty lies in this: you must first enable the government to control the governed; and in the next place oblige it to control itself." This is the challenge that López Obrador has failed to address, the task he has not undertaken and may not want: how to domesticate his own power; how to prevent abuses by his own government; how to submit to rules, procedures, and constitutional restraints; how to sanction corruption when it occurs in the ranks of his own party, as is the case with Manuel Bartlett, a cabinet member accused of illegal enrichment; essentially, how to fortify institutions that assure "horizontal accountability" and sanction and control power when it exceeds its constitutional reach.

In the AMLO era, the president has posited that the containment of his power should be his own conscience, his own sense of honor. But the modern state was created to domesticate power through the de-personalization of its use. The current president is returning the country to the era of the imperial presidency, where he controls and embodies the state. As a result of his actions, Mexico may end up with a strong president at the helm of a weak, dysfunctional state. López Obrador is changing Mexico, but he may be turning it into a less modern, less democratic nation.

Institutions, Not Individuals

López Obrador's victory has meant a seismic change for Mexico, altering the party system and, to an unpredictable extent, the existing economic model. The future of the change — beyond what I've mapped out here — will depend on how and for what purpose López Obrador uses his power, as well as on the correlation of forces within his cabinet, in Congress, in the governorships, and in the institutions that should provide constraints to the executive branch.

For those worried about the fate of Mexico's dysfunctional democracy, there are troubling signs ahead. An important segment of AMLO's electorate and the left-leaning intelligentsia has afforded him a sort of intellectual amnesty, wherein much of what he says or does — regardless of its lack of viability or congruence — is justified. Time and again, he has promised to submit key policy issues to public referendum, a practice that could push the country towards a position of "majoritarian extremism," in which democracy is not viewed as an inclusive and negotiated

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The government celebrated López Obrador's first year in office with a day-long anniversary party in Mexico City, December 2019.

Photo courtesy of the Presidencia de la República Mexicana.

process, but as a constant confrontation between the popular will and those who oppose it, including institutions that he has openly vilified, such as the Supreme Court. In his daily narrative, he has portrayed institutions as obstacles, while promising to return power to the people.

Yet, much of what AMLO offers — including an end to corruption and violence — will require significant institutional transformations. The change he augurs cannot occur without modifications to institutions that were created for dominant party rule, not for democracy or economic openness. Corruption is systemic, impunity is assured, institutions can be manipulated by the president and the ruling party, cronyism is pervasive, and the pact of impunity has been signed by all parties, Morena included. Mexico will simply replace one unaccountable party with another if the country does not promote what political scientist Guillermo Trejo calls an "accountability shock" — an agenda focused on transparency, accountability, institutional remodeling, checks and balances, and the protection of individual rights.

Many of these issues have been at the center of actions in which Mexican civil society has engaged, including the oral trials system, the creation of an independent Attorney General's office (autonomous from the president and his party), the elimination of discretionary budgets disbursed with political intent, the establishment of a National Anti-Corruption System with specific laws and procedures, the strengthening of autonomous regulatory entities that promote competition, the initiative to reduce public financing for parties by 50 percent, the effort to demilitarize Mexico by establishing civilian controls over the National Guard and creating incentives for the professionalization of the police, the struggle for the rights of women and minorities, and the ongoing struggle to contain violence, especially in light of the pandemic of feminicide.

Much of the positive change that Mexico has experienced over the past 20 years is the result of pressure from below, fomented by an increasingly vibrant and demanding civil society, focused on human rights, political reform, and calling the political class to account. Mexico's future and the possibility of assuring democratic consolidation and an economic model capable of producing growth with equity does not depend on one man or one movement, however noble their intentions. The country's perennial problems derive from the absence of institutions that are capable of providing systemic checks and balances, transparency, and horizontal accountability.

The real risk for Mexico is not that it turns into Venezuela, but rather, that it remains the same Mexico: a clientelist, corporatist system nurtured by a state that builds patronage ties rather than citizenship; a crony capitalist political economy, only with some new cronies; revived dominant-party rule with few checks and balances; an institutional framework corroded by corruption, whose weaknesses will create incentives for renewed presidentialism. Mexico may only experience truly transformative change if the country's new leaders focus their attention on constructing the rule of law. A centerpiece of that agenda would be the establishment of an autonomous Attorney General's office, independent of the president and his party, endowed with the capacity to investigate and prosecute corruption at the highest levels. In addition, the true test of AMLO's commitment to confront malfeasance, even if it occurs within his own government, would be to pass the pending laws needed to make the National Anti-Corruption System (currently stalled in Congress) fully functional.

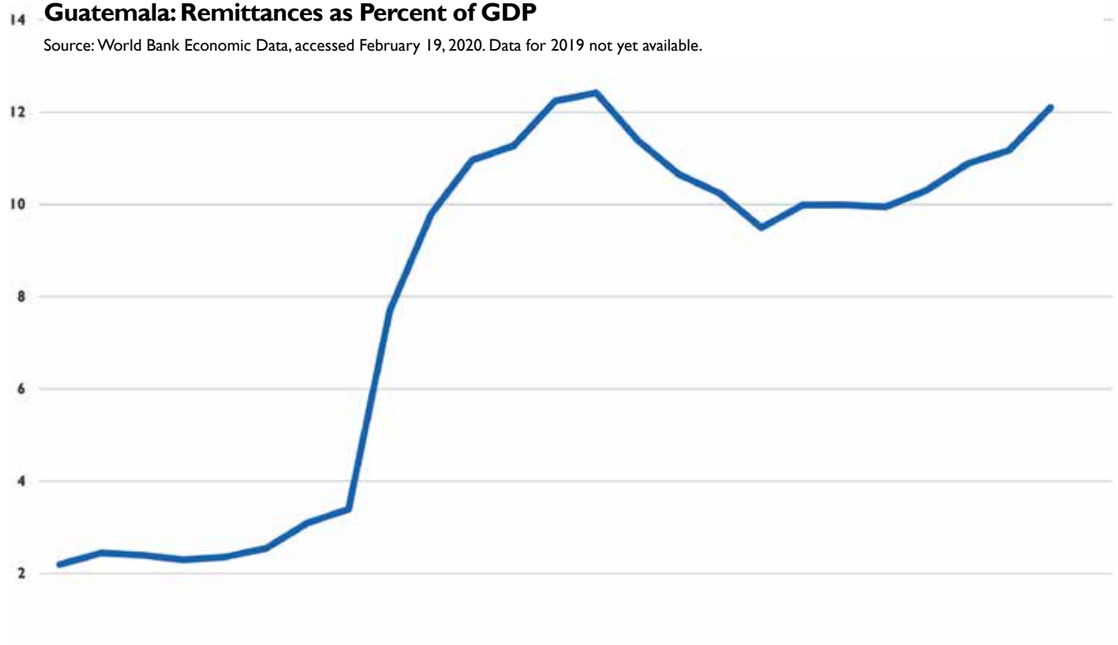
If Mexico is unable to construct the rule of law, even the best intentions will continue to produce lackluster results. If the "war on drugs" is not rethought by gradually returning the military to the barracks and, at a minimum, legalizing marijuana for medicinal and recreational use, the violence unleashed by the confrontation between cartels and the government will continue. The mistake, as AMLO struggles to simultaneously shake up and pacify Mexico, would be to delegitimize democracy, however misshapen it has become, and subcontract the destiny of the country to a redemptive force or a providential leader, however incorruptible he may seem.

Mexico needs a broad, pro-democratic coalition that focuses on combating impunity, promoting transparency, strengthening checks and balances, remodeling institutions, demilitarizing public security, ensuring the pending transition from clientelism to citizenship, redistributing wealth concentrated in the few in order to enable prosperity for the many. That would be truly transformative.

As the poet Juan Rulfo wrote: "It had been so long since I lifted my face, that I forgot about the sky." If Mexicans do not look upward and demand more from the Fourth Transformation, it will continue to be a roller-coaster ride and not the progressive New Deal that people deserve and many — including myself — voted for.

Denise Dresser is Professor of Political Science at the Instituto Tecnológico Autónomo de México (ITAM). She spoke for CLAS on September 3, 2019.

Families of Ayotzinapa's 43 missing students demand justice in Mexico City, January 2020. (Photo by Marco Ugarte/AP Photo.)



Guatemala's economy has become heavily dependent on remittances from people working abroad.

Central American Migrations

(continued from page 17)

Joyce emphasized "there are structural conditions that the United States is supporting because we support the government of Honduras." The U.S. government sees the government of Honduras "as a major ally in the war against drug importation into the United States" and "a major neoliberal ally" in political and economic matters. This relationship has led to a dramatic rise in inequality since the 2009 coup, "probably the quickest rise in inequality that we've seen in modern times in the Western Hemisphere." Joyce noted the very high rate of poverty in Honduras, with 61.2 percent of Hondurans living in poverty in 2018, according to the World Bank. Finally, Joyce argued that many Honduran migrants are being pushed out by "the increasing destruction of agricultural opportunity that comes with climate change, which is caused by the First World. … This season's agricultural yield is only 40 percent of what was hoped for."

Next, Paula Worby addressed the paramount significance of migration to the economies of Central American nations, speaking specifically to Guatemala. "Migration," Worby explained, "is so enormously entwined with the Guatemalan economy at every level." She first emphasized the major and growing role of migrant remittances. According to the Banco de Guatemala, remittances totaled nearly $9.3 billion in 2018. This figure represented nearly 10 percent of the nation's gross domestic product and came close to the $11.2 billion of all exports, combining "traditional" agricultural and all "non-traditional" exports. Migrant remittances, she noted, "took off dramatically around 2000 … and [have] been going up around 13 percent per year."

Worby went on to explain that an entire economy has grown around migrating workers and their remittances, and in many cases, this economic sector is controlled by the traditional landed elite. Ancillary sectors to the massive migration of Guatemalans include "the cell phone companies, all the infrastructure and services, consumption of food that people are buying, all the cement and all the construction materials that people are using to build with money that's been sent home." This means "those major parts of the economy are also owned by people who have now a very vested interest [in] there being … more migration and the maintenance of migrants in the United States," Worby added. In addition, there are illegal actors like "organized crime, human traffickers, gangs, [and] many others who are making money off of migration," which has an impact not only on the economy of Guatemala, but on the integrity of the country's institutions. This system of incentives ties into the ways in which "migration is a historic escape valve," Worby continued. Of the Guatemalan elite that benefit from this system, Worby asked rhetorically, "Why would you want to … use your own money to resolve long-standing inequality or structural deficiencies in Guatemala?"

This structural economic aspect underscores how difficult it can be to disentangle "purely economic" migration from asylum concerns, much less human rights and ecological issues not contemplated by asylum law. Structural violence — the ordinary violence of economic and political structures — does not map neatly onto the accepted legal reasons to seek asylum or simply to migrate. Worby was emphatic on this point. "It's complicated! The way people leave or why people want to leave. It's very multifaceted." This complex reality stands in stark contrast "with the ever more narrow asylum laws that say 'no, it can only be one … thing.'" In this context, she asked, "How many experiences do not make a good asylum claim here?" And "what about all the people who don't even see themselves as asylum seekers?" is a closely related question. "In my experience," Worby explained, "I've seen more people who came out of a war-torn, violent situation who are self-excluding." This is the case despite current estimates from the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees of nearly 90,000 Guatemalans seeking asylum per year, a 12-fold increase compared with 2010. Worby linked this century's massive upsurge in migration to the period after which it became clear that the 1996 peace accords, which were meant to put an end to decades of war and violence that especially harmed indigenous populations, were not going to "pan out."

"Migration just has its own dynamic," Worby concluded, "and it has hit its tipping point." This dynamic includes factors from macro-ecological to familial and personal. Worby noted that in Guatemala as in Honduras, one factor was "people losing their land [in] very coercive ways" for "different kinds of monocropping … for export crops, African palm being

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Panel members (from left): Rosemary Joyce, Paula Worby, Beatriz Manz, Elizabeth Oglesby, Karen Musalo, and Denise Dresser.

Photo by Jim Block.

one of them." Another trend is "narco-ganado," a way of laundering drug money through cattle ranching, which exacerbates and accompanies "the whole impact of climate disaster: there being no rain, there's no harvest, the water sources having dried up." All these factors have been major contributors to mass displacement.

Finally, Worby spoke to "young people's natural wish to migrate." She put this in the context of the "tipping point" of geographical areas and extended families where many have already out-migrated, forming a network of contacts and experiences. "They've seen other people go," Worby explained. "They've seen people be successful, and they want to help out their parents, and they want to put the younger siblings through school … they want to help start the family business." She concluded by emphasizing that these "very compelling reasons" are "all entangled in answering the question why people migrate." If you keep asking why, said Worby, "you get to these structural deep issues."

Denise Dresser spoke next about the political situation in Mexico during the Trump administration. "We are now where many people feared and some predicted," Dresser opened. She evocatively described Mexico as a metaphorical "backyard for President Trump." That is, "the place where you wash the dirty laundry, you throw out the trash, you put up barbed wire."

Moreover, Dresser explained, "Mexico has become a wall. We are de facto the barrier between immigrants and a president in the United States that presents them as a national security threat." Mexico has been left "in charge of chasing, detaining, deporting, and stopping everyone who goes through Mexico in search of opportunities and security they can't find in their own country," said Dresser. She suggested it was a bitter irony that "we are now going to do" to migrants seeking transit through Mexico "what the United States did for decades with our migrants, which is criminalize them and persecute them."

Dresser acknowledged that Mexico had only agreed to the arrangement when the Trump administration used trade arrangements to induce the Mexican government to cooperate. Trump threatened to impose 5-percent tariffs on all Mexican goods, starting in June 2019 and increasing 5 percent per month to 25 percent by October 2019, if the country did not agree to new measures to stem migration from Central America. Dresser explained that in a June 7, 2019, joint declaration, Mexico agreed to immediately expand the "Remain in Mexico" program along the entire border and to deploy "6,000 members of the newly created and militarized National Guard" troops along its southern border with Guatemala. While comprehensible in this context, Dresser argued, the decision to go along with the Trump administration on this policy came "at the expense of dignity, immigration law, and international treaties" that Mexico has ratified.

Dresser also reminded the audience that this type of policy was "very far from the initial rhetoric" of Mexico's President Andrés Manuel López Obrador, who "was offering humanitarian visas, asylum, and aid and assistance to the caravans that were slowly making their way through the country." She recalled that "back in December [2018], the head of the national immigration institute was talking about immigration policy in Mexico based on human rights and development." Instead, the resources of state security have been expended in harassing migrants and asylum seekers, with the Mexican National Guard raid of a migrant safehouse being a particularly poignant example.

This has left Mexico "in the worst of all possible worlds." Mexico, Dresser said, has become "not only a backyard … not only a wall, [but] also a waiting area" as the crisis along the border intensifies. "What you're seeing along the border is a growing humanitarian crisis," she continued, "because Mexico does not have the capacity to absorb people and provide them with a safety net while they wait."

Despite the dire humanitarian circumstances, which are also strategically unfavorable, Dresser said that "polls show … that Mexicans are happy to accept this situation." Such "anti-immigrant sentiment" is growing in Mexico, argued Dresser, in part because of the "rhetoric of the government … saying that immigrants take away jobs and use resources." In this way, she said, "Mexico is emulating everything that the United States has done and is doing and faced the costs."

Finally, Elizabeth Oglesby talked about the situation at the border in her local community in Tucson, Arizona. She began by "interrogating the language and the framework of 'border crisis'" and then discussed the local realities "in terms of migrant crossing and also in terms of the local community's humanitarian response."

One major conclusion was just how distant the political and media rhetoric of "border crisis" can be from the lived reality of migration across the Mexico–U.S. border. Oglesby emphasized that "we've seen media attention to Central American migration really since 2014-2015 and now again since Trump has decided to make Central Americans enemy number one." Yet, she noted, "despite all the media hysteria about a border crisis," border apprehensions are still significantly lower than the peak reached in 2000, at more than 1.6 million, even after an uptick to some 400,000 in 2018.

Photo by Sarah Mirk.

A protest against the Trump Administration's immigration policies, June 2018.

Oglesby argued that one reason "Central American migration [is] so visible now" is because "Mexican migration has declined so drastically." A related reason is that "people are coming across in a different way than they did in the 1980s and 1990s." During those decades, migration "wasn't visible because it was mostly single adults," who were trying to avoid detection, but "now we see families coming, parents with children" who are "coming across the border but then … surrendering to the Border Patrol, so it's very visible."

Oglesby emphasized that in recent decades, U.S. government border enforcement policies have been the greatest contributor to chaotic and harmful conditions at the border. One key reason for the changes in migration she described is that the "journey across the border became so risky and so expensive." She noted that "in the 1990s, it only cost … $1,000 maybe $2,000 to make that journey all the way from Central America. Now, it costs $10,000 or $12,000." Along with "the militarization of the border … the border walls and all of the policies that have been enacted to punish migrants … has shaped the kind of patterns that we're seeing." An earlier model in which "single adults would come to the United States and work for a while and then go back to their families in Central America … that's no longer viable." Whereas in the previous model, "the labor was happening in the United States, but the social reproduction in the families and the communities was happening back in Central America," now "because people cannot go back and forth … a big part of what we're seeing is also family reunification … if families want to stay together … the whole family has to come."

Speaking from her experiences working in community groups and shelters assisting migrants along the Mexico–Arizona border, Oglesby closed by discussing the political aspects of border enforcement. She related stories of large-scale releases of migrants from detention timed to correspond to the impending 2018 U.S. congressional elections and seemingly geared for media impact. She noted that in "Yuma, Arizona, they did release people on the streets, even though there were empty shelter beds in Tucson and Phoenix." Based on these experiences, "we do get the sense that this is a kind of manufactured crisis, a manufactured chaos."

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Finally, Oglesby argued that when migration is viewed mainly through a security lens and the rhetoric of crisis is predominant, the moral concern for migrants as human beings can become displaced into more emotive and theoretical political and policy discourses.

Overall, the panel clarified that the most crucial issues driving the dynamics of Central American migrations to the U.S. border are large scale and long term in nature — from U.S. foreign policy to vested economic interests and climate change. This means that the political and moral issues associated with these migrations will continue to confront the United States. The discussion provided critical insight for a situation that continues to unfold.

References available online at clas.berkeley.edu.

On September 4, 2019, CLAS welcomed experts on Central America and migration to a panel about the context, current situation, and future of migration between Central America and the United States. The panel included Denise Dresser, Professor of Political Science, Instituto Tecnológico Autónomo de México; Rosemary Joyce, Professor of Anthropology, UC Berkeley; Karen Musalo, Professor of Gender and Refugee Studies, UC Hastings; Elizabeth Oglesby, Associate Professor of Latin American Studies and Geography, University of Arizona, Tucson; and Paula Worby, Ph.D., Public Health Researcher, Hesperian Health Guides. The panel was moderated by Beatriz Manz, Professor Emerita of Geography and Ethnic Studies, UC Berkeley.

James Gerardo Lamb is an instructor in the Department of Sociology at UC Berkeley.

Border patrol agents process a group of migrants in El Paso, Texas, March 2019.
(Photo by Jaime Rodriguez Sr./Customs and Border Patrol.)

At the Edge of the World

(continued from page 29)

I had held the gaze of many a criminal since my first days on the bench in Panguipulli. But these men exhibited a Machiavellian cold-heartedness, shorn of any scruples and lacking even the slightest remorse, that was absolutely new to me. This was a facet of human nature I had never confronted. I felt something akin to vertigo in the presence of these henchmen who had misappropriated the tools of the State to commit wholesale criminality. And these "patriots" seemed truly convinced of the need to bloody their hands for the greater glory of God and the good of their country.

The testimony of one army officer, as told to Chilean journalist Jorge Escalante, describes the scene in Copiapó on October 17, 1973.

> "The truck drove some 200 meters off the road and onto the pampa. All the prisoners had their heads thrust into makeshift hoods made from sleeping bags. They were pushed out of the truck in groups of three to be shot. The last group had four men. I participated in the firing squads for all four groups. We used SIG Sauer assault rifles, 7.62 mm caliber. We were three riflemen in each group, except the last group, where we were four. The shooting took place with the hooded prisoners facing the firing squad at a distance of about eight meters. The prisoners died instantly, with the first volleys. It wasn't necessary to finish them off with a bullet to the head.... When it was over, we hauled the 13 bodies back into the truck and covered them with a tarp. I drove the truck to a lot belonging to the regiment and left the bodies there until around 8 p.m. or 9 p.m., when we drove them to the cemetery."

I now started to feel deeply disturbed anytime I was called upon to shake hands with any of the accused. I imagined an evil wind blowing through the door of my office each time one of them entered. I discreetly improvised ways to minimize contact, maintaining a prudent distance across the room, always careful to keep a desk and chairs between us. After a time, however, I resolved to cultivate a more neutral reaction, more in keeping with my responsibilities. A magistrate is charged with establishing whether certain events contravene certain norms. The magistrate may be unable to entirely suppress or reject his or her emotions, but they must strive to constrain them within reasonable limits and act impassively. The act of applying justice demands both composure and a certain distance. Any empathy one might feel for the victims or possible hostility toward the defendants must be erased at the moment of pressing charges or issuing a verdict.

From The Judge and the General. Image courtesy of West Wind Productions.

Guzmán examines a victim's skull with forensic anthropologist Isabel Reveco.

All my normal points of reference had been up-ended by my investigation into the Caravan of Death. These soldiers, men of the political right, good Chileans all, were not so different from me. So how removed was I from their cruelty? The case sent me into the depths of darkness, the abyss of human conscience where only evil exists. I accompanied the families of the desaparecidos into the shadows where they had dwelt for 25 years, a dark world where men had wantonly kidnapped, tortured, and killed their loved ones. I was profoundly moved by what I was learning. Every morning. I awoke with a start, drenched in sweat, like after a horrible nightmare. But the crimes I was uncovering were no dream. They were real. They had absolutely taken place. Outside court, I sought in physical exhaustion a way to stay my confusion. I'd come home each evening, dive into the pool, and swim endlessly. I swam to rid myself of the toxic secrets surfacing around me, poisoning my soul, and depriving me of all peace.

On June 8, 1999, I had sufficient evidence to establish that the crime of aggravated homicide had been committed against at least 57 individuals at the hands of the Caravan of Death. Meanwhile, families of 10 Caravan of Death victims also sought indictments against the death squad. Once again, it fell to me to interpret the scope of the 1978 Amnesty Decree, while all of Chile held its breath in suspense. I did not believe that amnesty could be used to stand in the way of establishing criminal responsibilities for crimes committed. This was the same view expressed by former President Patricio Aylwin.

But before I could make a decision, I needed to isolate myself for a few days. I headed to a coastal resort town completely deserted at this time of year. A court reporter and bodyguards were my only companions. I needed to extricate myself from the world in order to study the case with absolute calm. I had volumes of documents to read through and needed to weigh every single word. It was a minefield. My ruling had to be legally irreproachable. Amnesty, if accepted, could be applied (or not) to benefit the perpetrators of crimes only after responsibilities for the crimes had been determined. For General Sergio Arellano Stark and his men, justice would be pursued to the end. The members of the Caravan would be accused.

On June 8, 1999, I indicted five officers with the crime of *secuestro permanente* (permanent kidnapping) in connection with the Caravan of Death, accusing General Sergio Arellano Stark, Colonel Marcelo Moren Brito, Colonel Sergio Arredondo González, Colonel Patricio Díaz Araneda, and Brigadier Pedro Espinoza Bravo as the authors of these crimes and ordered their arrests. (Espinoza Bravo was already imprisoned for his role in the 1976 assassination of Orlando Letelier.) Their lawyers immediately filed *recursos de amparo* (writs of *habeas corpus*) to halt the proceedings, first before the Court of Appeals of Santiago (which dismissed the petition) and then before the Supreme Court. To widespread surprise, on June 19, the Supreme Court ruled unanimously to uphold the charges. My central legal argument of secuestro permanente rested on the concept that the impact of this action extends into the present, making it an ongoing crime and not subject to amnesty. This interpretation created new jurisprudence, with promising applications for the future and consequences extending far beyond my contributions.

With these rulings, the Chilean judiciary seemed to spring back to life from its long night of cowardice, callowness, and indignity. The Supreme Court had just created a path to real justice for crimes committed by the dictatorship. The support I received from the nation's highest judicial body exceeded my hopes. The composition of the Supreme Court, and our courts overall, had changed since the period of military rule. With Chile's return to elected government in 1990, successive Concertación administrations had managed to cull from the judiciary some of its most notoriously *pinochetista* magistrates. I felt that something was changing and that the most difficult part was over.

Over the next two months, the number of criminal complaints to the Court of Appeals of Santiago multiplied as more plaintiffs sought indictments against the 59 military men — including General Augusto Pinochet — responsible for the Caravan of Death killings. On December 1, 1999, I began criminal proceedings against former DINA secret intelligence chief General Manuel Contreras and agents Moren Brito and Fernández Larios. They were charged with the aggravated kidnapping of David Silberman, an engineer who had presented himself to authorities in Calama on October 4, 1974, and was detained, tortured, and never seen again.

Suddenly, we started to believe that the men in uniform were no longer untouchable. Justice was creeping up on Augusto Pinochet. But the General was no longer in Chile.

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A final excerpt examines Pinochet's arrest and house imprisonment in England, his return to Chile, and the immediate aftermath.

FIVE HUNDRED AND THREE DAYS

Some dates are seared into the collective memory. Every Chilean remembers where they were and what they were doing on October 16, 1998, when they first heard that General Pinochet had been arrested in London. On that day, a veritable earthquake shook Chile from top to bottom. The news broke around 8 p.m., but the only detail given was that the arrest had occurred shortly after Pinochet had undergone back surgery during a private visit to England. The next day's headlines heralded the news, but still no explanations were forthcoming.

I was in northern Chile that day, overseeing excavations for the remains of disappeared political prisoners. Like so many others, my first reaction was one of disbelief. All Chile had come to believe that Augusto Pinochet was untouchable. Admire him or hate him, nobody had foreseen this development. Nonetheless, charges had been filed against him in Spain. And in fact, some of his advisers had forewarned the General against traveling to Europe. The previous year, Chilean Army General Prosecutor Fernando Torres Silva had flown to Madrid to testify before Spain's Audiencia Nacional (Superior Court), unintentionally ratifying that court's jurisdiction in Chilean affairs.

International justice had burst onto the Chilean stage, and the military could neither prevent nor control it. Not all the victims of its repression were Chilean. In Spain, France, and Switzerland, judges were investigating the crimes committed in Chile by the dictatorship. Many jurists viewed their type and systematic nature as crimes against humanity. Spanish magistrate Baltasar Garzón, for one, considered them genocide. He charged Pinochet, ordered his arrest, and showed the world that a dictator could not travel freely without facing justice at the hands of every magistrate intent on upholding the principles of universal jurisdiction for crimes against humanity. The dictatorship was no longer an exclusively Chilean concern. Now the whole world was interested. The arrest of Augusto Pinochet, the prototypical Latin American military dictator, was making news everywhere. As a country, Chile's hands were no longer free. The world community had also been affected by the events of those tragic years.

Among those who had suffered from repression in Chile, an immense thirst for justice was unleashed after the decades of cries and tears. At last they had in their sights, albeit indirectly, the General who haunted their nightmares. Pinochet would, of course, benefit from the procedural guarantees that his victims and their relatives had been denied. Pinochet would not be tortured; he would not face a death sentence. But at least, they hoped, he would be judged.

The General's admirers, on the other hand, fell into fits of indignant rage. In their view, England had just backstabbed the Chilean right, despite the fact that Pinochet had been a much-appreciated ally of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher against Argentina in the Falklands War. For them, Pinochet's arrest was a humiliating slap in the face of Chile. Pinochetistas by the thousands staged demonstrations in Santiago's most elegant neighborhoods. Leading figures of the right made a point of being seen at these protests delivering their rather laughable testimonies of solidarity. The mayor of Santiago's upscale neighborhood Providencia, Cristián Labbé — a former DINA agent and Pinochet lackey — announced that garbage trucks would no longer collect trash from the Spanish and British embassies there. Three weeks later, Labbé declared the Spanish ambassador *persona non grata* in the district. The government had to step in and beef up security at these embassies.

From the hard-right Unión Demócrata Independiente (UDI, Independent Democratic Union), Congressman Iván Moreira launched a hunger strike. "Many of us believe we're not doing enough to salvage the dignity of Chile and bring the greatest Chilean statesman of this century back home," he proclaimed in defense of his "desperate action." Three days later, and undeterred by appearing ridiculous, he abandoned his sacrifice.

On November 25, 1998 — the day the British court rejected Pinochet's claim to diplomatic immunity (and coinciding with his 83rd birthday) — the pinochetistas had to swallow their arrogance, at least temporarily. His supporters fully understood that the new development was no incidental maneuver. This was serious. The threat of a court case against the General in Europe was becoming very real.

"Fear has switched sides," the headlines read. Opponents of Pinochet rejoiced in the ruling by the House of Lords. "Carnivals of joy" as the media called them, erupted as anti-Pinochet protesters no longer feared the police who had violently repressed so many demonstrations in the past. Now the *guanacos* (water cannons) were being deployed in fancy Santiago neighborhoods where Pinochet sympathizers gathered every afternoon to heap insults on the Spanish and British.

For my part, I had already suffered a multitude of inconveniences since the start of my investigations. I lived

Photo courtesy of Rubén Ignacio Araneda Manríquez.

In 1988, Ricardo Lagos, the future president of Chile, demanded that Pinochet step down during a live television broadcast.

under permanent ambush from news photographers. I was under attack from every Pinochet apologist in the media. My family was stripped of its privacy by the permanent presence of a police escort. For a while, I kept telling myself that if the Spanish and British governments wanted to take Pinochet to trial, a great weight would be lifted from my shoulders. But the feeling didn't last long. The reality emerging from my files was pointing to something different. The more I advanced, the better I could piece together the organizational structure of the Armed Forces. It was becoming clear to me that I would not be able to conclude my inquiries without questioning Augusto Pinochet. What's more, it looked very possible that he would be indicted.

Because I did not know at the time if Pinochet would ever return to Chile, I opted to send him my questions about the Caravan of Death, Calle Conferencia, Operation Condor, Paine, the mass grave at Pisagua, and other sites and events where, according to my investigations, deaths and disappearance had occurred. They were delivered to Pinochet by the Chilean Consul in London on October 21, 1999, almost a year to the day he had been arrested. The following week, I received the General's written reply. He stated that he'd been unjustly detained on the orders of a jurisdiction he did not recognize and was therefore unable to respond to legal petitions from Chile. As regards the substantive issues I raised, he answered that he had nothing to do with the crimes attributed to him and therefore did not commit any of them.

Months passed, and the issue of General Pinochet's legal status faded into the background. After all, his arrest had not disrupted the smooth functioning of our national institutions. From Arica to Punta Arenas, life went on. In March 2000, Ricardo Lagos, who ran on the ticket of the center-left Partido por la Democracia (PPD, Party for Democracy), succeeded Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle as President of Chile. This dealt a blow to Pinochet supporters, who knew the new president would not be their ally. Lagos had made a name for himself back in 1988, when in a nationally televised address he pointed directly into the camera at Pinochet and demanded that the General relinquish power.

Like my fellow citizens, I kept abreast of the multiple stratagems being played out in the British courts by Pinochet's accusers and defenders. While the saga of motions and counter-motions received ample coverage, its eventual outcome was not easy to predict. But the first months of 2000 brought news of several dramatic

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turns of event: British Home Secretary Jack Straw was reversing a prior ruling and, after submitting Pinochet to new medical exams, was citing humanitarian reasons to deny Spanish Judge Garzón's request to extradite him. On March 3, 2000, 503 days since his arrest in London, General Augusto Pinochet was allowed to return, scot-free of any legal charges, to Chile.

The General's homecoming gave rise to a scene that can only be described as curious in the extreme. A cluster of dignitaries and high-ranking officers awaited him at the Santiago airport, rejoicing in the fact that their mentor had avoided arrest by the Spanish courts and was returning safe and sound to Chile. The old man was lowered from the plane in a wheelchair. But once on the tarmac, he stood up and walked forward with a steady gait to embrace Army Commander-in-Chief General Ricardo Izurieta. Then, supported lightly by his cane, he moved on to greet his reception committee. Pinochet had just staged a mock miracle by evoking the biblical injunction to "Rise up and walk!" The gesture was aimed at his detractors in Chile and around the world, especially the European judges who had had the temerity to pursue him. In the Chilean mindset, resorting to deceit and cunning to achieve one's aims is not considered undignified. On the contrary, with this stunt, Augusto Pinochet made it clear that he thought he'd won the match. The hapless old man who'd been released for humanitarian reasons had shown himself to be, as he descended from the plane, as high-spirited as a young man.

But what Pinochet did not suspect as he set foot in Santiago was that his own country's judicial system would no longer leave him in peace. The Chile he returned to in 2000 was not the same one he'd left in 1998. For months, the wheels of justice had been advancing like a steamroller. The military could no longer count on the unconditional support of right-wing parties. Pinochet had become a divisive figure. Some of his political successors were no longer willing to be seen as supportive — at least, not on the record.

The truce that greeted the General did not last long. The very day he returned, the prosecuting attorneys in the Caravan of Death case petitioned to strip Pinochet of the congressional immunity he enjoyed as a Senator-for-Life. The taboo had been broken. One sector of society was now demanding a full reckoning, unafraid of the reaction from the barracks. Pressure was mounting daily, pushing the judicial system into a corner, forcing it to shoulder its responsibilities. A new rallying cry snapped in the air like a flag of rebellion: "*¡Ni olvido ni perdón!* Neither forget nor forgive!"

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Faces of victims of the Pinochet dictatorship at Chile's Museum of Memory and Human Rights.
(Photo by Carlos Teixidor Cadenas.)

Three days after his return, I requested that the Court of Appeals of Santiago lift Pinochet's congressional immunity for 19 crimes of secuestro permanente committed by the Caravan of Death. On June 5, the court granted my request by 13 votes to nine, citing the existence of "well-founded suspicions" regarding the General's responsibility for these disappearances. Ten weeks passed, and the tension continued to mount. On August 8, the Supreme Court finally made its decision known and confirmed the lower court ruling by 14 votes to six. But the country's highest court did not stop there. Its resolution also stipulated that General Pinochet forfeit immunity for the 57 homicides, in the court's reckoning, where bodies had been found. With this decision, the pressure ratcheted up another notch to reach a critical threshold.

Widely criticized for its obsequiousness to the dictatorship, the Supreme Court had already given some signs of independence when it confirmed the 1995 sentencing of Manuel Contreras and Pedro Espinoza Bravo for the assassination of Orlando Letelier and Ronni Moffitt. By validating the suspension of General Pinochet's congressional immunity, the Supreme Court was taking a more significant step. Setting aside some glaring exceptions, Chile's Supreme Court had finally recovered its honor.

The day after this ruling, and after disrupting a congressional session in protest, a sizeable delegation of right-wing congressmen gathered at General Pinochet's residence in a show of support. Some criticized the Supreme Court decision as an "historic error." In the words of Pablo Longueira, president of the right-wing UDI, "it is unacceptable that the same people who destroyed Chile between 1970 and 1973 come to change history and distort the profound significance of September 11."

The atmosphere was explosive. But Chile was starting to overcome its fears and refusing to allow its old demons to reappear.

References for this article are available at clas.berkeley.edu.

Judge Juan Guzmán Tapia spoke for CLAS in 2005 and 2007. After retiring from the judiciary, he served as Dean of the Faculty of Legal and Social Sciences and then Director of the Institute of Human Rights at the Universidad Central de Chile (UCEN).

This memoir has been published in French as *Au Borde du Monde: Les mémoires du juge de Pinochet* (Editions des Arènes, 2003) and in Spanish as *En el borde del mundo: Memorias del juez que procesó a Pinochet* (Anagrama, 2005). The English translation by Lezak Shallat is available for publication.

Judge Juan Guzmán Tapia speaks for CLAS at UC Berkeley, May 2007.

Photo by CLAS staff.

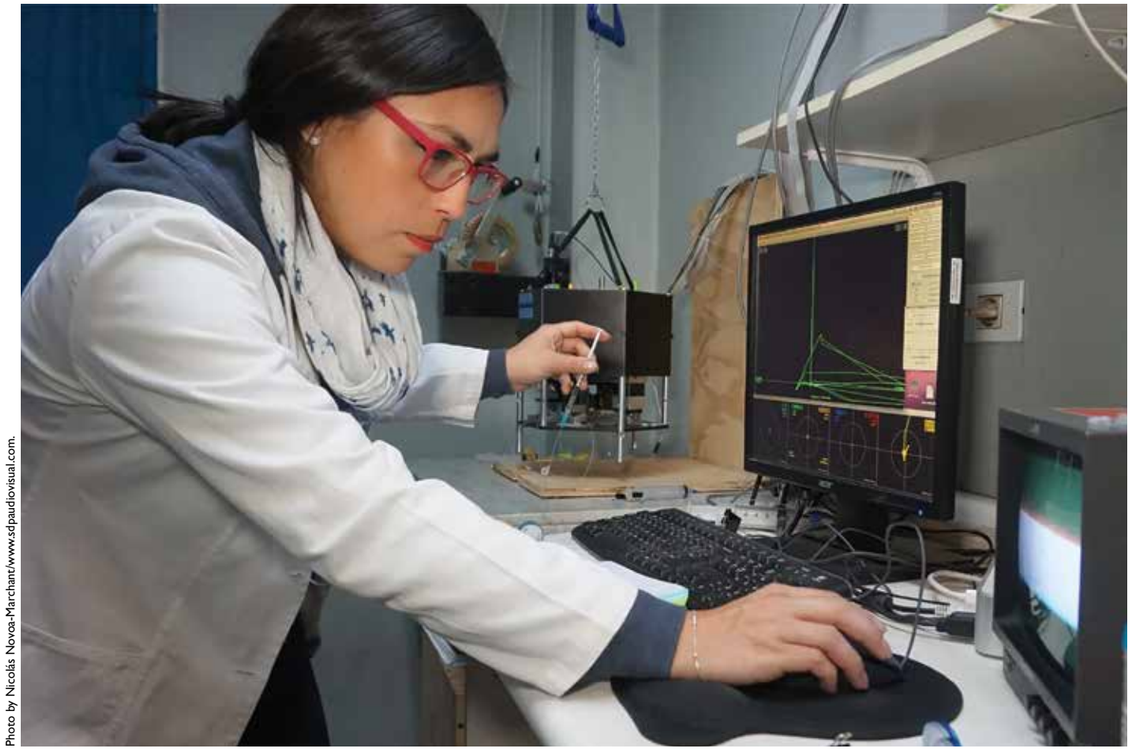

Photo by Nicolás Novoa-Marchant/www.sdpaudiovisual.com.

Scientist Francesca Burgos-Bravo working in the author's lab at the Universidad de Chile.

LATIN AMERICA

Chile and Argentina Propel Science

By Christian A.M. Wilson

Throughout Latin America, scientific research is hampered by a lack of investment. Chile and Argentina are no exception, with only about 0.4 percent of gross domestic product assigned to research and development (compared to 2.73 percent in the United States and 3.47 percent in Japan), and most of this R&D investment is public funding. The lack of resources limits access to grant opportunities and equipment, drives up costs, and results in low salaries for scientists. These daunting circumstances are reflected in low numbers of scientists: 320 per million inhabitants in Chile and 1,121 in Argentina, compared to 3,867 in the United States and 5,153 in Japan (Ciocca & Deglado, 2017).

However, both Argentina and Chile have another point in common: despite these challenging conditions, a vibrant scientific community has developed, often driven by personal initiative. These two countries share a platform for fruitful exchanges and collaboration in many areas of cutting-edge scientific development. Together, scientists from Argentina and Chile are investing tremendous efforts to overcome funding gaps, achieving remarkable scientific discoveries and expertise thanks to dedicated teamwork and creative thinking.

In June 2019, Randy Schekman, a Nobel Prize-winning cell biologist at the University of California, Berkeley, visited Argentina and Chile. During his trip, Schekman praised local advances in science and research and called for stepping up collaboration and funding to make full use of expertise in both countries.

The visit was organized at the invitation of the Universidad de Chile and the Universidad Nacional de San Martín in Argentina and with support from the Center for Latin American Studies of UC Berkeley and Chile's Fondo Nacional de Desarrollo Científico y Tecnológico (FONDECYT, National Fund for Scientific and Technological Development). Schekman has a long

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history with of collaborating with Latin American scientists and welcoming visiting scholars from the region to his laboratory. His busy schedule included meetings with high-ranking government officials as well as a number of seminars and lab visits in both countries.

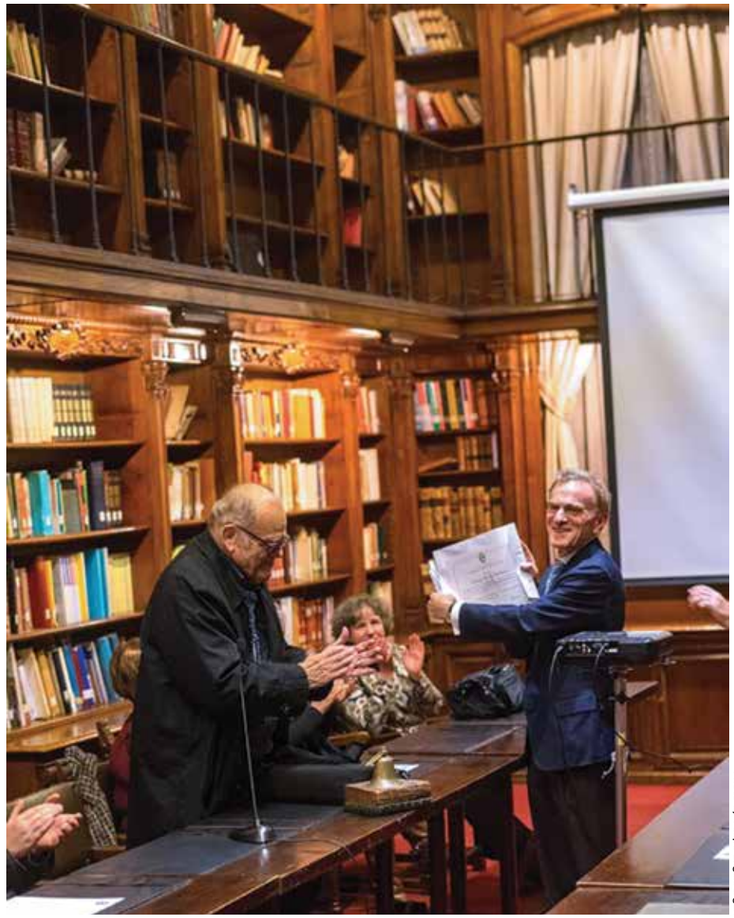

Photo by Felipe Engelberger.

Professor Randy Schekman receives an honorary degree from noted biochemist and biophysicist Jorge Allende at the Chilean Academy of Sciences.

Speeding Up Progress

In Chile, Schekman met with Undersecretary of Science Carolina Torrealba, one of two young scientists leading the newly created Ministry of Science, Technology, Knowledge, and Innovation headed by fellow biologist Andrés Couve. Schekman and Torrealba discussed ways to organize joint research teams in support of strengthening science and achieving greater results through collaborative efforts. Schekman's new foundation Aligning Science Across Parkinson's (ASAP) takes a similar approach that aims to speed up progress in this field by breaking down disciplinary silos.

Torrealba highlighted the new Ministry's efforts to cut the red tape that hampers access to funding. In Chile, there is currently a waiting period of up to three months before research funding is released. This considerable delay often forces researchers to take out personal loans to cover expenses in the interim. "I am particularly pleased with the development of a Ministry of Science in Chile," Schekman said following the meeting. "I wish we had such a government department in the United States!"

Exploring the Key Role of Basic Science

We discussed our latest research results during field visits to the Universidad de Chile in Santiago, with tours of professor Lorena Norambuena's laboratory, where she focuses on plant molecular biology in the Biology Department at the Faculty of Sciences, and my own lab in the Biochemistry and Molecular Biology Department at the Faculty of Chemistry and Pharmaceutical Sciences, where I focus on single molecule manipulation of biomolecules and the mechanobiology of the protein translocation process. Schekman also took time for breakfast and lunch meetings with graduate and undergraduate students who were eager to engage with their guest. They discussed matters ranging from funding for science to access to scientific journals.

Schekman gave a series of talks about his research and related topics at several local universities and at the Academia Chilena de Ciencias (Chilean Academy of Sciences), which made him an honorary member. In his presentation, "The Importance of Basic Science in Medical Advances," Schekman underscored the role of basic science in achieving progress, mentioning the CRISPR-Cas discovery as a case in point.

Sharing insights into his own work, Schekman talked about his research on protein transport and recalled details of his role as scientific advisor to the Chiron Corporation in the 1980s when he collaborated with Chilean scientist Pablo Valenzuela in the area of yeast secretion, in particular, the secretion of proinsulin and yeast growth factors. As he concluded his visit in Chile, Schekman said, "I feel that Chile is making good progress in developing a strong presence in Latin American science, and I am pleased to help in any way that I am able."

Overcoming Financial Hurdles

Schekman then traveled to Argentina, where he gave talks at the Universidad Nacional de San Martin (UNSAM), a public university located on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, and the Fundación Instituto Leloir (FIL), a private, non-profit research center focused on life sciences in the heart of Argentina's capital.

At UNSAM, Schekman delivered a presentation to an audience of researchers and undergraduate and graduate students in which he outlined the main achievements of his scientific career. Following this event, his host at UNSAM, Alberto Carlos Frasch, organized a roundtable discussion with a number of academics and other stakeholders involved in decisions about scholarly evaluation in Argentina. At this event, an Undersecretary of the Ministry of Education who is in discussion with Elsevier regarding the contract renewal for Argentina shared startling details on the escalating costs of the license agreement with the information company: while the cost of downloading an Elsevier paper within the University of California system is $1.06, the same paper costs more than $5 per download in Argentina. This striking difference in cost results in considerably higher investment for Argentine researchers, particularly considering the smaller scale of financial resources at their disposal.

Schekman urged colleagues across Latin America to align and put contract negotiations with Elsevier on hold until they adopt an affordable "publish and read" model.

Unleashing Our Full Potential

Schekman concluded his visit to Argentina at the Fundación Instituto Leloir, where he was received by Professor Armando Parodi, a former director of the FIL and the scientist who discovered the protein quality control mechanism in cells. The FIL is a perfect illustration of how a personal effort by scientists (in this case, Bernardo Houssay and Luis Leloir), combined with some start-up capital from private investors, can deliver world-class results. This renowned institution has been preparing great scientists for global careers since 1947.

At the Fundación Instituto Leloir, Schekman addressed graduate students, post-doc fellows, and senior researchers. In his talk, he outlined his most recent research focusing on the secretion of small RNAs by mammalian cells.

Argentine and Chilean scientists are investing tremendous efforts to deliver first-rate science in Latin America despite scarce financial resources. Both countries have a long tradition in science; for instance, Argentina has produced three Nobel Prize winners in this field. As Schekman suggests, our countries should step up efforts to improve scientific collaboration and confront political issues such as lagging government support for science and inequitable access to scientific journal subscriptions. An adequate level of financial resources would enable Latin American research to achieve its full potential — and considering the available expertise, this potential is huge.

Dr. Christian A.M. Wilson is Associate Professor of Biochemistry and Molecular Biology at the Universidad de Chile, where he received his Ph.D. in 2011. He completed postdoctoral training at UC Berkeley with Dr. Carlos Bustamante and Dr. Susan Marqusee.

An Interview With Randy Schekman

Harley Shaiken, Chair of the Center for Latin American Studies at UC Berkeley, spoke with Professor Schekman on October 9, 2019.

Harley Shaiken: Would you share your reflections on the recent trip to Chile and Argentina, as well as the previous trip you made to Chile several years ago? What did you find most important about traveling to Latin America in general and to Chile and Argentina in particular?

Randy Schekman: In both cases, I found great enthusiasm. Students and faculty were eager to talk about their work and to learn about my work. I spent much of my time, particularly on the second occasion, talking about issues of scientific publication policy. [The second trip] was an opportunity to visit with undersecretaries of various government ministries in Chile and Argentina. In Chile, I spoke with a woman who had previously been a cell biologist and is now

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an undersecretary in a new science ministry. We spoke at length about problems accessing commercial publications in Latin America, in particular, problems with the large scientific publisher Elsevier. And this, of course, is known here in the UC system because of our ultimately failed negotiation with Elsevier to secure access to publications. The problem in Latin America is even more acute.

I learned that a large fraction of the budget that Chile has for access to scientific publications is taken up by Elsevier. And I learned even more specifically in Argentina how difficult negotiations have been and, frankly, how unfair Elsevier has been in extracting money from a government that increasingly has to reduce its science budget. In fact, in Argentina, in order to access the publications, they had to pay more per download of each paper than we do here in California. I found two data points that are striking. The UC system pays something like $11 million to have access to more than 2,000 different journals. That represents one-quarter of the University of California Digital Library budget, and yet, other scientific journals cost much less. The journal of the National Academy of Sciences, the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences of the United States of America (PNAS), costs $25,000 per year for the university. But that is only one journal. With the help of the head librarian here at Berkeley, we computed the enormous difference in cost. Elsevier charges the UC system $1.06 per download, and the PNAS charges only $.04 to download.

Bear that striking contrast in mind when I tell you that the Argentine Assistant Minister of Education told me that in his country, until two years ago, Elsevier was charging them $5 per download. This is just highway robbery! And in subsequent negotiations, the Minister said that the currency had been devalued, the budget for science had been slashed. So Elsevier agreed to cut the budget down to $2 per download, but warned the Minister that they would not receive this favored treatment going forward. This is a real eye opener and adds ammunition to my fight against Elsevier.

HS: These statistics are shocking and disturbing. On a very different note, what did you find most satisfying about the trip, either scientifically or personally?

RS: I enjoyed visiting my host in Chile, Christian Wilson. And I had a wonderful time at the Chilean Academy of Sciences, where I was formally received and gave a lecture to a diverse audience [which included Christian's mother and sister]. That was terrific. And Christian took me on a tour of the Central Cemetery in Santiago, which I had not seen on my first trip and which was very interesting. I also visited the cemetery in Buenos Aires and saw the monument to Eva Perón, who is buried there, as well as the tomb of the very famous scientist Luis Federico Leloir.

The most satisfying part of my trip was the incredibly warm reception I received in both places. This was the second time I have been to Chile, and the reception from Christian's family was quite remarkable. We went to his parents' house and ended up dancing at the end of dinner. They are very warm and genuine people. That was a treat. Similarly, in Buenos Aires I saw a number of people, old friends, and I had a guided tour through historic parts of Buenos Aires on the last day. It was all a very memorable experience.

HS: You have done so much to build new linkages among UC Berkeley and both Chile and Argentina. Does anything come to mind about the ways in which the Center for Latin American Studies, and UC Berkeley more generally, could improve these linkages?

RS: One thing that would really help — and of course this requires some heavy lifting — would be scholarships for travel stipends for scholars from Latin America to work or study at Berkeley, even for brief periods. My laboratory manager spent two weeks visiting Christian Wilson's lab and will go again in a few weeks to spend some more time in Santiago to help them with their experiments. So, this kind of exchange, even for a short period of time, would benefit both sides quite measurably.

Randy Schekman is Professor of Cell and Developmental Biology in the Department of Molecular and Cell Biology at UC Berkeley. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine in 2013.

Schekman lectures at the Universidad de Chile in 2019.

Photo by Felipe Engelberger.

The author and his mother wait by their train in the Peruvian Andes.
(Photo courtesy of Peter Andreas.)

MEMOIR

Smuggling My Way Into Academe

By Peter Andreas

How do academics choose what they study? Many of my political-science colleagues will offer professional answers: what they work on is "at the core of the scholarly debate in the field," or alternatively, the subject has been "undertheorized" and there is a "gap in the literature"; or they will give the increasingly common response, "there is a great data set to work with." Usually that's where the conversation stops. Push a little more, though, and some will confess that the initial spark of interest may have been more personal — a particular life experience or event that left a lasting impression. But for the most part, professors strain to depersonalize what they do, maintaining the veneer of professional detachment and scholarly objectivity.

For most of my career, I carefully followed that academic script. When asked why I study border policing, I would dryly reply that it provides analytical insight into how states cope with the stresses and strains of territorial control in an increasingly globalized world; or when asked why I'm interested in cross-border smuggling, I'd reply that the illicit side of globalization receives too little attention from international-relations scholars despite its growing importance. Those sorts of safe answers helped me get funded to do dissertation fieldwork on the U.S.–Mexico border, secure a good job at a research university, win grants and fellowships, and ultimately, get tenure.

The answers were truthful, but they conveniently obscured as much as they revealed — so much so that I myself didn't dwell much on the deeper, personal truth, which I perhaps subconsciously feared might make me professionally suspect.

My childhood was defined by a chaotic life of clandestine border crossings. My mother, a traditional 1950s Mennonite housewife who became a '60s radical feminist and Marxist revolutionary, abducted me when I was a young boy during a bitter custody battle with my father. We fled across state lines and national borders, constantly moving and hiding. Between the ages of five and eleven, I attended more than a dozen schools and lived in more than a dozen homes, moving from the comfortably

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Photo from the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, courtesy of Weekly Review.

Chilean troops burn books and other banned items following the 1973 coup.

bland suburbs of Detroit to a hippie commune in Berkeley to a socialist collective farm in Chile to highland villages and coastal shantytowns in Peru.

In October 1973, a month after the military coup that over threw Chile's socialist president, Salvador Allende, my mother turned me into a smuggler as we fled the country. We were crossing from Chile to Argentina through the high Andes by bus, headed for Buenos Aires from Santiago. At a remote mountain border checkpoint, we had to get off the bus to be searched by Chilean soldiers. As we watched them frisk passengers ahead of us, sift through luggage, and check documents, my mother and I grew increasingly nervous. Tucked inside the cover of one of my notebooks, buried under my clothes, was a small poster depicting a crowd of farmworkers with raised pitchforks, sticks, banners, and clenched fists. It said, CONSEJOS COMUNALES: UNIDAD Y PARTICIPACION CAMPESINAS. The *consejos* (councils) were becoming organs of political power only in the final days of the Allende government. Gambling that the soldiers would overlook the innocent-looking eight-year-old gringo at her side, my mother had hidden this poster in my belongings, determined to smuggle this political memento out of the country as a last little act of defiance.

I did my best not to look nervous. While the soldiers patted my mother down and rifled through her luggage, I held my breath, avoided eye contact, and stared at my feet. They simply waved me through. I had no idea what they would have done if they had caught me, maybe just confiscate the poster, but I was glad to not find out.

Later, my mother used me to help her smuggle large wads of cash into Mexico as we headed south to evade an arrest warrant for my kidnapping. She had sewn extra pockets inside our pants to hide the money and keep it safe. As we walked across the border bridge from El Paso into Juárez, I was flattered by my mother's trust in me, but the bulky pile of crisp $100 bills in my pants, poking out around my waist, made me self-conscious. Could the Mexican border guards standing lazily to the side as we went through the metal gate tell I was moving awkwardly? Fortunately, there was no inspection of any sort going into Mexico.

More than a decade later, right after graduating from college, I bummed around Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia for four months with my girlfriend. During that trip, I became a smuggler's accomplice. As we crossed from Peru into Bolivia, a friendly old lady sheepishly asked me to store a bag full of toilet paper under my seat. I didn't understand until the border guards began confiscating smuggled toilet paper from the passengers. The toilet-paper demand came from the Bolivian cocaine industry, where it was commonly used to dry and filter coca paste that was then transported to remote jungle laboratories to be refined into powder cocaine. Most of that would eventually end up in the noses of American consumers.

A few weeks later, we caught a ride on a cargo boat traveling down the Amazon River from Iquitos, Peru, to Leticia, Colombia, a bustling jungle town at the convergence of Peru, Colombia, and Brazil, which owed much of its existence to smuggling. Late at night before our departure, I watched as several dozen drums of chemicals were quietly loaded onto our boat; they were offloaded in the middle of nowhere before we reached Leticia.

I would later find out that many of the chemicals used by the Andean cocaine industry were actually imported from the United States and ended up on the black market. America's rapidly escalating "war on drugs" was so focused on stopping the northward flow of cocaine that it had largely overlooked the equally important southbound flow of U.S. chemicals needed to cook the coke. I ended up writing a short article about it for The New Republic, which led to an invitation to testify before a Senate hearing on chemical diversion and trafficking — with industry lobbyists sitting nervously in the audience. I was hooked on trying to figure out the business of drugs and the politics of drug control.

Though I've always told myself that this post-college episode was the starting point of my professional interests, it's possible those roots are deeper. I did not give that much thought until after my mother's death. I found scattered through her tiny red-brick house more than a hundred dusty old diaries. They covered three decades, beginning in the years when she and I had traveled South America together. I had often watched my mother write in her diaries, but I had no idea she had kept them all. I spent weeks reading through them, a way of talking to my mother one last time, reliving my roller-coaster childhood by her side as we fled, time and again, across borders.

Now, many years later, these diaries have helped me to overcome my professional inhibitions enough to finally tell the story of a childhood on the run. I've come to realize that the personal is indeed political. In my case, I probably would not have even become a political scientist if it had not been for an intensely political childhood.

Peter Andreas holds a joint appointment at Brown University, where he is a professor of international and public affairs in the Department of Political Science and the John Hay Professor of International Studies and Political Science at the Watson Institute for International and Public Affairs.

This essay draws from Andreas's book, *Rebel Mother: My Childhood Chasing the Revolution* (Simon & Schuster, 2017). It originally appeared in The Chronicle Review on March 26, 2017, and is reprinted with permission.

The author and his mother on a rural farm near Jauja, Peru.

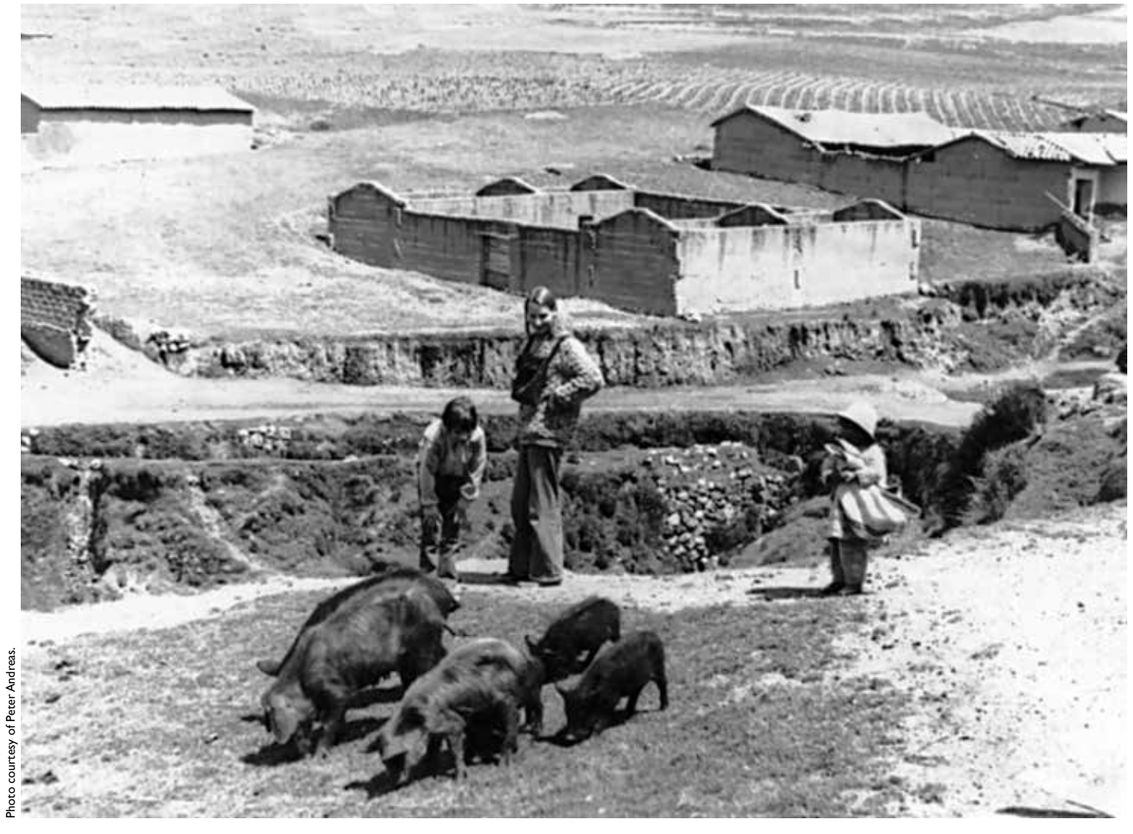

Photo courtesy of Peter Andreas.

Oh Chile, largo pétalo
de mar y vino y nieve,
ay cuándo
ay cuándo y cuándo
ay cuándo
me encontraré contigo...

Oh, Chile, long petal
of sea and wine and snow,
oh when
oh when and when
oh when
will I be home again?

From Pablo Neruda, "Cuándo de Chile" (When?), 1954

Looking across the Beagle Channel at Isla Navarino, Chile.
(Photo by DimitriB.)