

Time in	Voces in Off	Time out
00.00	I will put this on your trousers. Excuse me. I will put you this here. And this, can you hook it on your bra? Unbuckle it there.	00.27
00.57	They led me to a room. When I came in, the place was filled with a strong smell of blood. I could hear some men speaking quietly.	01.05
01:06	One of them untied my hands and ordered me to undress. I begged them not to do it, but then I was stripped in a violent way, leaving only the hood on. I was put on a sort of stretcher, hands and feet tied, with my legs spread open. I felt a very strong light which almost burned my skin.	01.31
01.32	I was in an akward position, almost impossible to bear. I begged them to tell me what they wanted from me. I even offered to take the blame on anything. However, that was not all the torture, because they lifted me taking the stick by the extremes. I was laid on a table and then I felt an indescribable pain, as they began to hang me lifting the stick by the ends They left me hanging. For a moment I felt they put electrodes on my breasts, vagina, feet and temples. All this caused me seizures and so much pain that I lost consciousness.	02.11
02.12	I am taken to another place within the same enclosure. I am risen to a kind of podium or small table, they put me face down, on my stomach, and tie my hands and feet to this platform or table leaving me there with open legs. They smear my back, legs and genitals with something smelly and creamy. I listen all the time to laughing and shouting, it seems that they were drinking, I can not tell. Just by the odors which multiplied in me because of my helplessness.	02.43
02.55	My name is Gabriela Goycoolea. I owned a school in Chile in the year 74, when everything changed in my life. I was still young; we had built up a school.	05.35

	<p>Actually, the school had been set up by my sister- in- law and I started working with her after my first daughter was born. I was fresh out of college.</p> <p>This school was growing little by little. It was a familiar school in Ñuñoa.</p> <p>The name was Melrose School and my sister- in - law had created it with a friend of hers.</p> <p>I was in charge of the school from 1969 until 1974. We also used it as our home.</p> <p>My husband and our four children lived in a wing of the school.</p> <p>It was full of foreign children: Bolivian, Brazilian, and Uruguayan, people who had problems in their country and as in Chile we had the Popular Unity (socialist government), some people had moved to live there.</p> <p>When the coup d'état came, I felt very committed to helping these foreign families of the school because they were in danger and there was a New Zealand family, which had several children at school.</p> <p>They helped me to take people away to churches and several other safe places.</p> <p>She drove a car with a diplomatic plate number.</p> <p>So we could move more smoothly and take these people and their children away; many were toddlers.</p>	
05.36	They applied on me various forms of torture: the current grid, shocks, injection drugs, which made me lose control of my thoughts. I was interrogated by a woman that treated me in a rude way.	05.45
05.46	They made me listen to recordings that had children cries. They told me they were my children. I remember that all the time. I didn't feel pain, just terror.	05.56
05.57	The torturers raped me many times, and they sexually touched me and insulted me, and forced me to have oral sex with them. I was cut with knives; once they cut the top layers of my stomach with a knife, and I lost much blood. They also cut my ears. I still have the scars.	06.19
06.20	I woke up at the hospital and I asked the doctor what was wrong with me. "You had a two month pregnancy, my child", responded the doctor. And he added that I	06.38

	<p>had a semi-paralysis that put in danger my heart. He added that everything was over and that he would give me a treatment.</p>	
06.39	<p>In 1974 we were visited by the Air Force. They came at night. We had helped a former student of the school who was in trouble. We were hosting her for a few days at the school as well as her partner. He was being followed by the secret police, the CNI, the DINA, I don't know, but he was being sought. My four children were very young. My oldest daughter was eleven years old and the youngest, seven. The children had already gone to bed and it was about ten at night. I had arrived home very tired that day. I asked them to go to bed and I went to my bedroom. And suddenly I was getting ready to go to bed when I heard a noise I had never heard before. I don't know like an earthquake, a terrible thing. And then I feel the cries of the children who say, "Mom, the soldiers". They had them on the floor. My youngest daughter was being pointed at by a machine gun. My oldest daughter was saying: "Please, do not!", and my son yelled: "Please do not kill my dog" because the dog barked a lot, outside. I was accused of helping the MIR (Revolutionary Left Movement) and arrested.</p>	08.49
08.50	<p>These torture sessions were accompanied later with an interview which began in a hypocritical fraternal tone. "Madam", the interrogator would tell me: "I'm very sorry for what's happening to you. Believe me". "Do you want to smoke? Make yourself comfortable. Relax. Nothing will happen to you here". "Please tell me: Who was your link?" "In what houses did you meet?" "Who were the members of the political commission?" "What does so-and-so do? Where is this other one? Where do you print the flyers? How do you get the money?"</p>	09.22
09.23	<p>They started again the interrogation process. This time, they told me that I was connected to the lie detector machine.</p>	09.53

	<p>At each of my answers a nasty sound went out of the machine. And every time they were telling me that I was lying. The nasty sound was like hell to me. It was followed by bumps and electric charges. When I was almost unconscious they lifted the hood to my nose, they put a glass in my mouth and made me swallow a liquid.</p>	
09.54	<p>Actually, when I left the Air Force and I had to leave Chile something happened to my youngest daughter, who was very young. And I thought it was important to try to forget and also that they could forget. In fact, I knew that I would not forget but I didn't want them to bear a grudge.</p> <p>We were living in a small apartment in Rio de Janeiro, which had a beautiful view of Botafogo Bay. My daughter was looking out the window at night. She was concentrated, deep in thought. It caught my attention. I went up and asked her what she was thinking about. She looked at me, very serious and said: "I'm thinking that when I grow up I'm going to kill Pinochet." Those things said by a little child with such conviction gave food for thought.</p> <p>Nowadays, we wonder, as a family why in all these years we have never sat at a table to talk. Now, lately, we have done it and we have openly talked about the experience, but we had not done it before.</p>	12.01
12.02	<p>Afterwards they took me to another place. It was a small room with various individuals. Two of them undressed me and tied up my feet and hands to a bench like the type you find in parks.</p>	12.18
12.19	<p>During the interrogation she hit me in the back at the level of the kidneys, forced me to get their hands on some keys that had electricity, which caused me seizures in all my body, if I refused to take them. I was cruelly beaten: Practically they did not let me sleep and they frightened me saying that I would rot in jail. At every negative answer they gave me an electric charge which each time was decreasing my capacity to deny the charges they had on me.</p>	12.49

12.50	<p>Another method of torture was to tie my arms and feet, while I was lying on a table, and then they stretched my arms and legs until they lost circulation.</p> <p>I was often tortured without being interrogated.</p>	13.05
13.06	<p>These guys helped this beast to rape me, because the pain I felt went beyond human limits. I want to repeat that according to them, I was not being questioned, they were only giving me a lesson for being a "communist bitch," a "hot bitch" a "cool communist", some of the epithets that I remember.</p>	13.27
13.28	<p>It is very difficult. You are protecting your children, you are protecting your husband and he also protected me. You don't want to tell these things to your friends either, with many details, because ... What for? I have always thought: What for?</p>	13.55