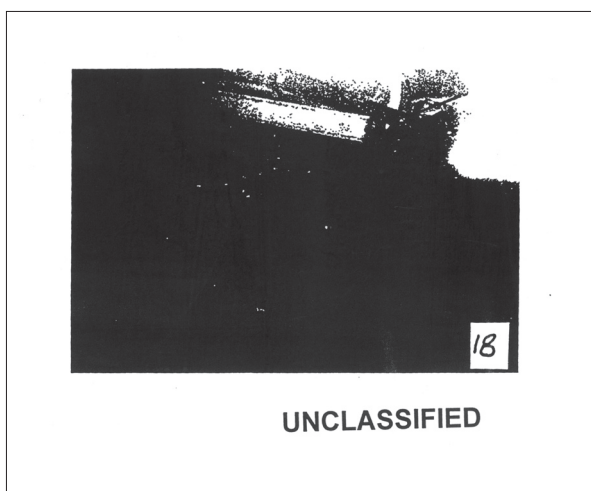
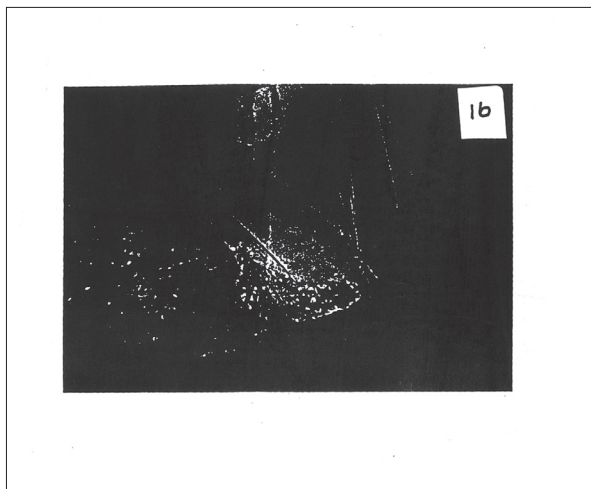
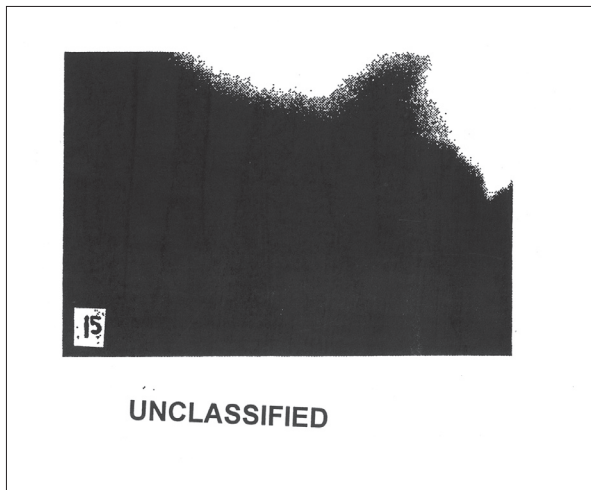


Addendum: as though there is nothing else on the drawing board

excerpted from The Speculative Archive, "In light of the recent events: The Chile Declassification Project"



Frames 15, 16, and 18 32 59S 71 34W, Damaged Electric Post, 2315Z, 10 to 15 feet. Acquired in the area of Vina del Mar on 830129 using a keystone 11, SN unk, and using 110 film, ground.

During the late 1990s, in response to pressure from human rights groups, the Clinton administration initiated the Chile Declassification Project. The project directed federal agencies to make public a selection of files documenting U.S. policy in Chile.

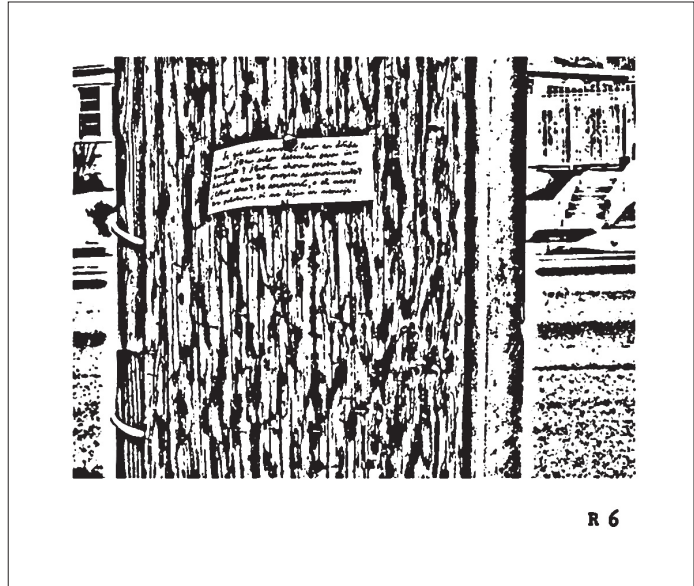
For the period following the U.S.-supported military coup of September 11, 1973, the declassified documents closely monitor developments in Chile under the new military regime. The Pinochet government, combatting what it referred to as “extremism” or “terrorism,” swiftly imposed a range of security measures, including preventive detention, secret trials, and a widespread crackdown on dissent.

“Addendum” is derived from files contained among the declassified government documents pertaining to this “post-coup” period.

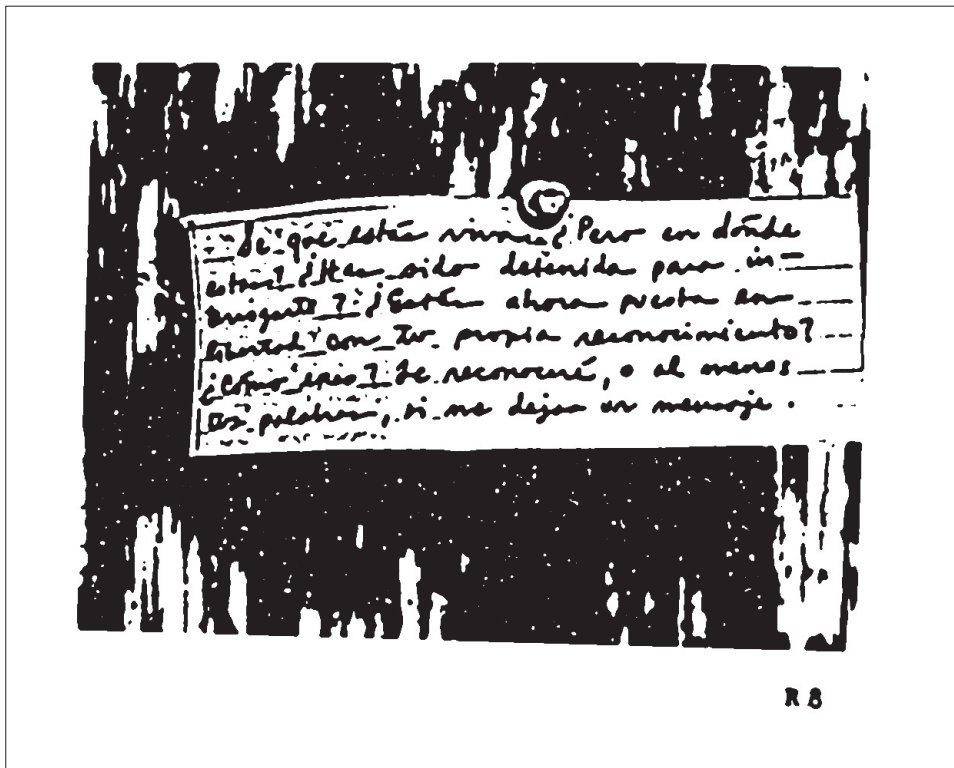
One searches in vain, it would seem, across thousands of pages generated after the coup, for any break or opening in a pattern of description in which politics is always figured as a tension—or as a cycle of violence—between clear-cut entities known as “the state” and “the terrorists.” In the few instances during our research when we thought we might have stumbled upon documents that did not fit this pattern, closer examination indicated we were deluding ourselves. For example, the adjacent photographs—from a group of Defense Intelligence Agency files from 1983 documenting the bombing of utility poles by alleged terrorists—seemed at first to indicate that the picture was not so cut and dry, or at least to point to the possibility that “terrorism” as such, whatever its starkly real manifestations and implications, was also something of a phantasm.

But this perception, on further analysis, can perhaps only be attributed to the fact that these photographs have been reproduced so many times that when they reach us in the declassification process, they fail any longer to specify their subject.

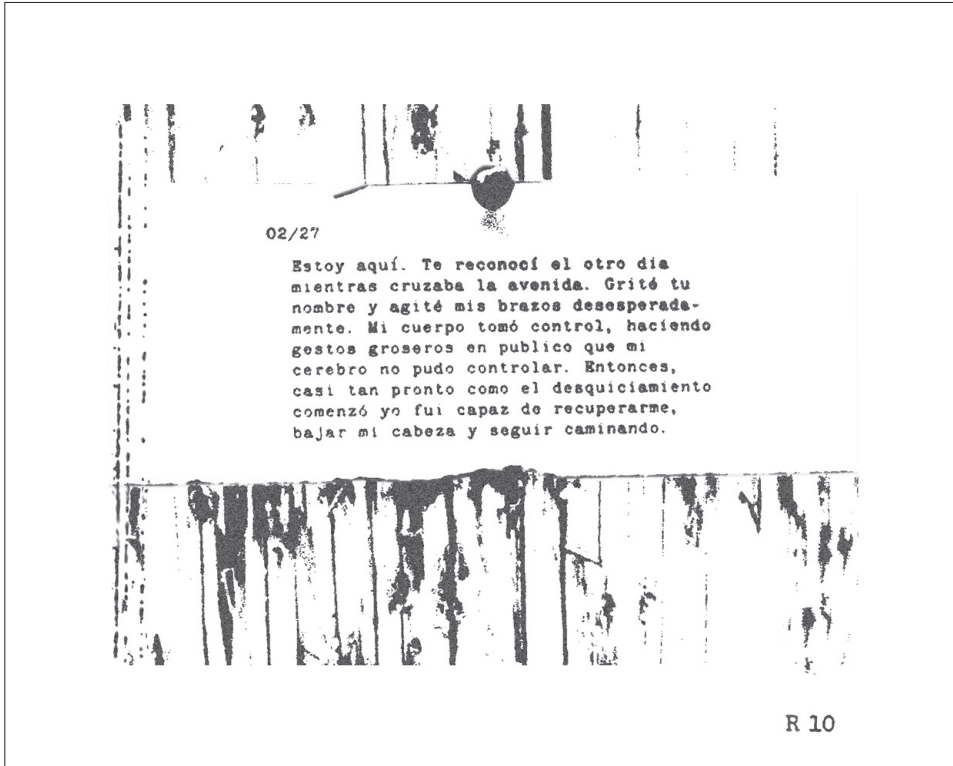
The single instance in which the dynamic of terror and counterterror appears to have been thrown into question is in an unusual group of photographs which are part of an addendum to the Defense Intelligence Agency files which catalogue the bombed utility poles. One of the photographers on that particular assignment (likely a Chilean national working for the United States) submitted, in addition to the images of blown-up power lines, 31 black and white photographs of messages that two people, in a kind of ongoing conversation, appeared to have intermittently posted on a single utility pole somewhere in Santiago. The translations are modified from the Defense Intelligence Agency texts.



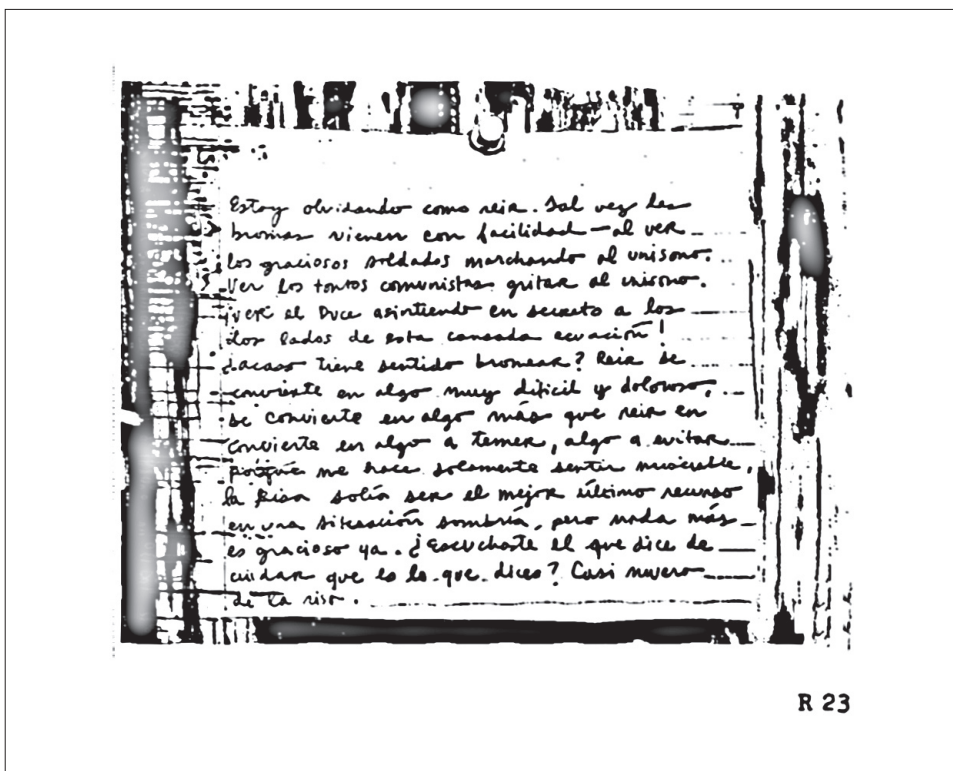
Frames R6, R8, R10, R23, R31, R59, Electric Post, 1 to 4 feet. Acquired Santiago from 830201 to 830329 using a keystone 11, SN unk, and using 110 film, ground.



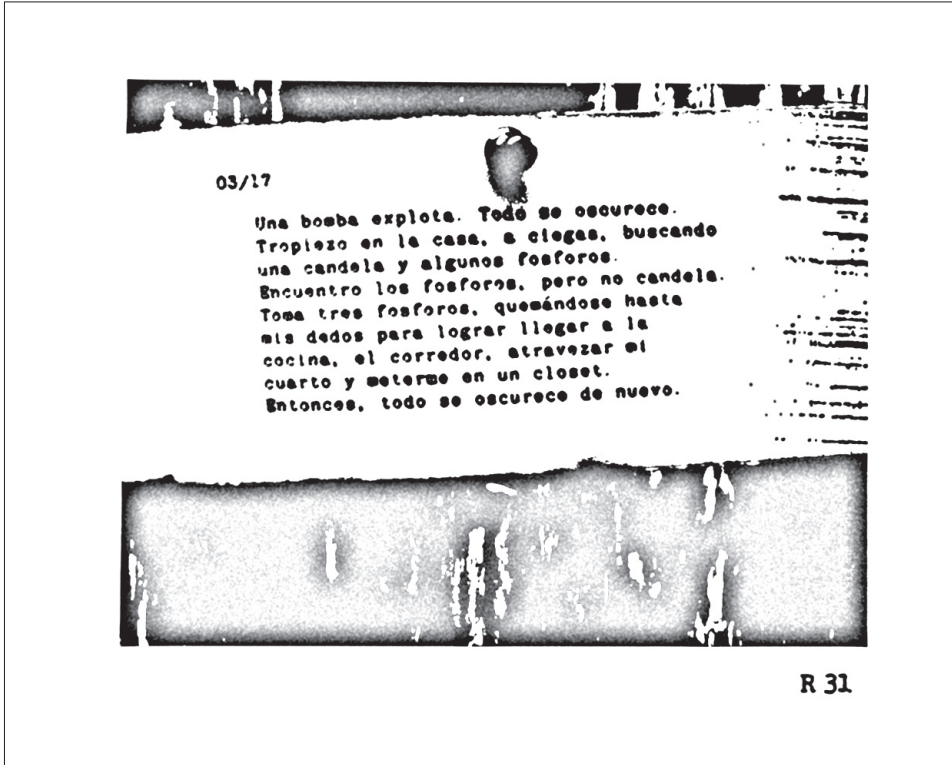
I know you are alive. But where are you? Have you been detained for questioning? Are you now released on your own recognizance? What do you look like? I will recognize you, or at least your words, if you leave me a note.



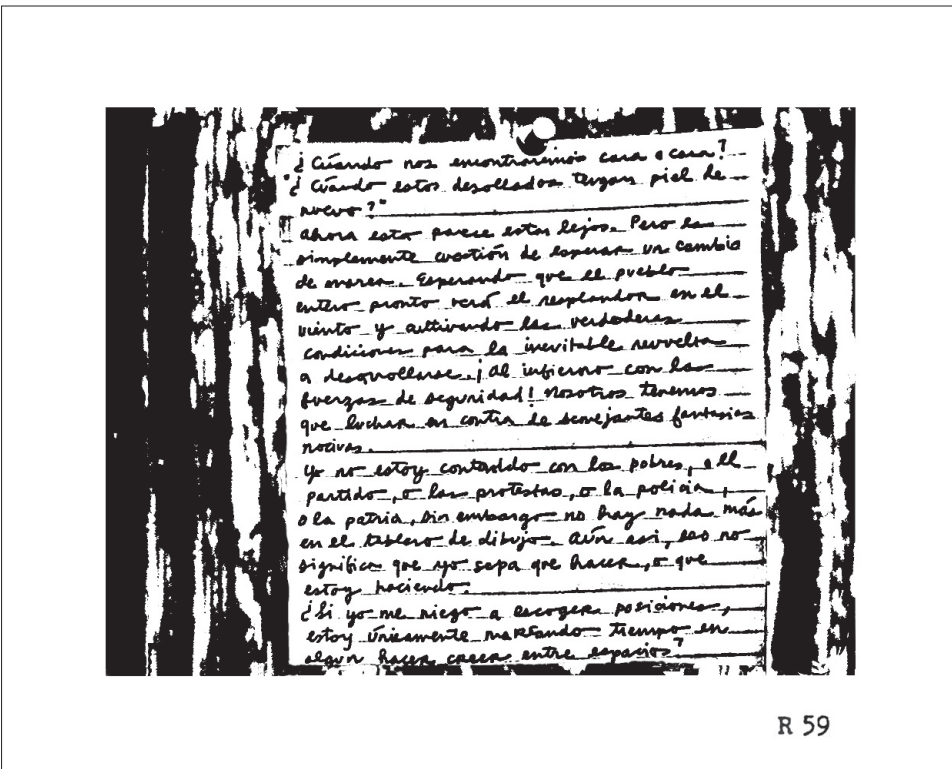
Here I am. I saw you the other day while crossing the boulevard. I yelled out your name and started waving my arms frantically. It was as if my body took over, making gross gestures my brain couldn't control. Then, almost as quickly as the flailing began, I pulled myself together, put my head down, and kept walking.



I am forgetting how to laugh. Maybe the jokes are too easy to come by now—see the funny soldiers marching in unison, see the silly communists shout in unison, see el duce nod approvingly in secret to both sides of this tired equation! Is it not pointless to joke? Laughter becomes too difficult and painful, it becomes something other than laughter altogether, something to dread, something to be avoided because it only makes me feel miserable. Laughter used to be the best last resort in a grim situation, but nothing's funny anymore. Did you hear the one about watching what you say? I almost died laughing.



A bomb goes off. Everything turns dark. I stumble around the house, blind, looking for a candle and some matches. I find the matches, but no candle. It takes three matches, burning down to my fingers, to make my way across the kitchen, down the hall, through the bedroom and into a closet. Then everything goes dark again.



When will we meet face to face?
 "When those flayed again have
 skin"? Today, it seems a long way
 off. But is it merely a matter of
 waiting for a sea change, of hoping
 that the entire city will soon see
 the splendor in the wind, or of
 cultivating "the right conditions"
 in which the inevitable revolt will
 break out? Why worry about the
 security forces when there are such
 pernicious fantasies to fight against?
 I'm not banking on the poor or the
 party or the protest or the police
 or la patria, as though there is
 nothing else on the drawing board.
 Everything's on the drawing board!
 Still, that doesn't mean I know what
 to do, or what I'm doing. If I refuse
 to choose sides, am I just marking
 time in some make-believe
 in-between space?