



Experiences Abroad with Historical Memory of the Military Dictatorship of Augusto Pinochet
by Enid Moore

On September 11, 1973 Chile's military powers of the army, navy and police force overthrew the legally elected socialist government of Salvador Allende in a coup d'etat or golpe de estado. After the coup General of the Chilean Army Augusto Pinochet established a military dictatorship that controlled Chile until 1990. Twenty years have passed since Pinochet's dictatorship ruled Chile. Today Chile appears untainted by the atrocities of its military regime from the 70s and 80s, and yet the collective memory of these historical events is fragmented and filled with arguments.

When I first arrived in Valparaíso, Chile for my semester-long study abroad program last spring during orientation we were given a lesson on the history of Salvador Allende's government and the coup d'etat and the military regime. The professor portrayed the situation as a stain in Chile's history with Pinochet as a dictator who stopped socialism in Chile and violated human rights. The orientation leaders encouraged us not to initiate discussions about Pinochet with our host families because it is a sensitive subject for many Chileans. Against the advisement of the orientation leaders I marched home eager to practice my Spanish and re-count what I had learned that day to my host-family. My host-mother firmly agreed with the professor and my thoughts on Pinochet, but a friend of the family, Delphín, noted my remarks on the coup de'etat with concern. He agreed that Pinochet may have committed some atrocities, but in his eyes these were small sacrifices to stop Chile from plunging into Civil War and to save the Chilean economy. For Delphín Pinochet was not a malevolent dictator, but a necessary evil.

The comments on Pinochet from Delphín and my máma were not the only ones I heard during my six months in Chile. There were many more equally contradictory to come. I met an older couple that claimed there never was a golpe de estado (coup) and that golpe de estado was the wrong word to explain what happened. Followed by my literature professor who referenced the repression of poets, artists and musicians under the military regime. Then there were the two young Chilean doctors who hung portraits of Pinochet in their living rooms and argued for the economic success of programs that the Chicago Boys implemented during the Pinochet regime. There was also my friend's host-father who was imprisoned for his collection of communist and socialist books for over five years under Pinochet. After that were the marineros (mariners) who denied the acts of torture that were committed under Pinochet on ships they now sailed. Lastly there were the students like my host-brother who were indifferent towards the entire history. For him Pinochet was something of he past that did not reflect present-day Chile and not something to be debated.

The collective historical memory of the Pinochet regime in Chile is at best a house of cards recently assembled and waiting for the next breath of air to topple over. My experiences in Chile left me extremely perplexed over the situation of historical memory in the country. Everyone in Chile does not denounce the military dictatorship like the Holocaust: they rarely even debate it. Instead it praised, abhorred, or ignored. There is no concrete over-arching collective memory and all Chileans interpret what exists differently. While these memories and arguments of what happened are so contradictory and unstable, they still create a picture of Chilean society under the regime and today. Perhaps even scattered, wide-ranging historical memories of traumatic events like the military dictatorship are better than no memories at all. I do not know if Chile can come to terms with its differences over Pinochet, but At least sharing these memories, thoughts and feelings is a step towards creating a unified collective memory of the events under Pinochet.

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Maintaining Cultural Immortality in the Holy City of Varanasi

by Helen Hunter

India is an anomaly. A country with the second largest population in the world, it is growing rapidly as a player in global politics. In cities like Delhi and Bangalore, men walk the streets in finely pressed suits, speaking perfect English, arguing about business or money. They wouldn't turn a head on Wallstreet or Pennsylvania Avenue.

Yet, the strong heart of tradition beats on, along side of its modern brother. And nowhere is this more apparent than along the crowded banks of the Ganges River in the ancient city of Varanasi. Also known as Banaras and Kashi, Varanasi is one of the oldest consistently inhabited cities in the world. Though Hindu myth claims Varanasi was founded by the Lord Siva 5,000 years ago, historians generally believe the city to be a still impressive 3,000 years old.

Varanasi is oriented along the holy Ganges River. Out of the river rise nearly 100 ghats, or stairs on which dozens of ancient traditions are still observed. For an Indian in Varanasi, life revolves around the Mother *Gangaji*. The day begins with a ritual bath. Men and women bathe in separate parts of the river, pouring the karma-cleansing water over their heads and praying toward the rising sun. As the sun burns higher in the sky, women wash their clothes in the Ganges, laying their sarees (a traditional dress dating back nearly 4,000 years) to dry on the hot steps.

Just down the river are the burning ghats, where families bring their deceased loved ones to burn in a funeral pyre and then become one with the Ganges by scattering the ashes in the water. Hindu lore claims that to die in Varanasi is to achieve release from the cycle of death and rebirth. However, as hundreds of thousands of people come to die in Varanasi every year, the river has been conquered by pollution to the point of becoming septic. However, anthropologists claim that though the cleanliness of the river has changed significantly, the funeral rituals remain almost indistinguishable from how they were performed in the early years of the city.

How absolutely magical an experience it is to walk along the ghats, the bottoms of bare feet warm on the sandstone stairs. It is all but impossible not to close one's eyes and open them fresh, imaging what minute differences might remain between pre-modern Varanasi and its current day. What makes a culture so poignant and so necessary to its people that aspects of it remain wholly observed and uncorrupted for thousands of years? The answer lies in the sandalwood scented air, amongst the groans and noshes of sleepy water buffalo, and in the tanned, almond faces of those people, their hands stained with saffron and cardamom, who pray and practice each day to keep their history and traditions alive.

Glück (Luck)

by Emily Dowd

During my junior year I came to love Munich, and all of Germany, the way one might a friend. The rolling hills marvelously efficient train system, and fairytale castles were all part of the allure but once I discovered the museums of Berlin and Munich, I was sold. Germany is a country with gigantic historical ups and downs, from the days of Roman rule to the European Union. It is the kind of country full of museums, many of which are truly remarkable, but oddly lacking museum studies programs. Verena, a German friend and fellow history student who also harbors dreams of working for Berlin's museums once explained that, if you want to work in a museum or archive

all it takes is a history degree and the hope that someone will hire you. Verena then told me I was lucky; German museums and historical societies are fond of Americans and Brits, with their fluent English and American or British degrees in museum studies. These are the kind of employees museums do not have to invest as much training on and are more likely to hire for that special, international flair. I'm already lucky enough to be returning to Germany next autumn on a one year Fulbright grant in coordination with Pädagogischer Austauschdienst to act as an English teaching assistant in the state of Rhineland Palatinate, between Belgium, Luxembourg, France and the Rhine River. Hopefully, within a few years and a masters program later, I'll be lucky enough to go to Germany a third time to work at the museums that so endeared me to the country the first time.

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Questions? Suggestions? Please mail comments to *Footnotes*. History Department, Lewis & Clark College, 0615 SW Palatine Hill Rd, Portland, OR 97219 or email: history@lclark.edu.

Confessions of a Graduating History Major

by Laura Stepanik

I am that girl,
I knew I wanted to be a history major since I was 13
To my mother's horror of course.
She hoped for an engineer or a premed student.
I declared 3 weeks into my freshman year.
There was no point wasting time.
History or Bust.

I tried to take it all.
Modern Chinese history, Catholic liturgical history, Eastern
European History
(Do you know where Cluj is? Because I do)
So when registration rolled around for my final semester at LC
I went straight for the history classes.
Oh, medieval history
Charlemagne was the man.
And Islam in Europe,
I love me some Tanzimat reforms.
And African history,
I...
I know nothing about Africa.
Then for laughs, I switched to the English classes
English, HA!

Shakespeare, too flowery
Victorian literature, no
Ah! Intro to poetry.
I can totally do that.

Poetry class:
Write your feelings,
Write an image,
Don't let the facts get in the way
Of a good story.

What?

I should have been an English Major.

Lewis & Clark History Department

(From Left) Alison Walcott, Susan Glosser, Ben
Westervelt, Jane Hunter, Elliott Young, Andrew Bern-
stein, Reiko Hillyer, Sam Westervelt



Thoughts from New Delhi

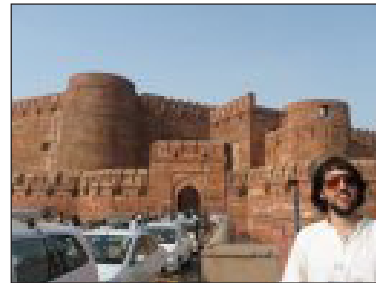
by Peter Beland

New Delhi, India. Germans are talking business in the hall behind me and I am listening to Johnny Cash. As I lie on the *chorpoy* (Indian cot) in my room, beating back some "Delhi Belly", I try to trace the path that led me here.

Too be honest, I didn't really like the Victorians. Too many prim gents and dainty ladies. But, after I had taken a class with history professor David Campion on the British Empire, I realized there was much more to Queen Victoria's subjects than organ crushing corsets. The British Empire spanned the globe, encompassing dozens of rich cultures, moulded all them in the image of Great Britain. Yet for all of its diversity, it was the jewel of the empire, which enticed me the most.

Until the mid 20th century, India regularly experienced wide spread famines which killed thousands, if not millions at a time. I wrote my history thesis on one such famine at the turn of the 20th century that claimed upwards of 6.5 million people. It made for grim reading, to be sure.

Two years later, when I arrived in New Delhi as a freelance journalist, images of a starving India still



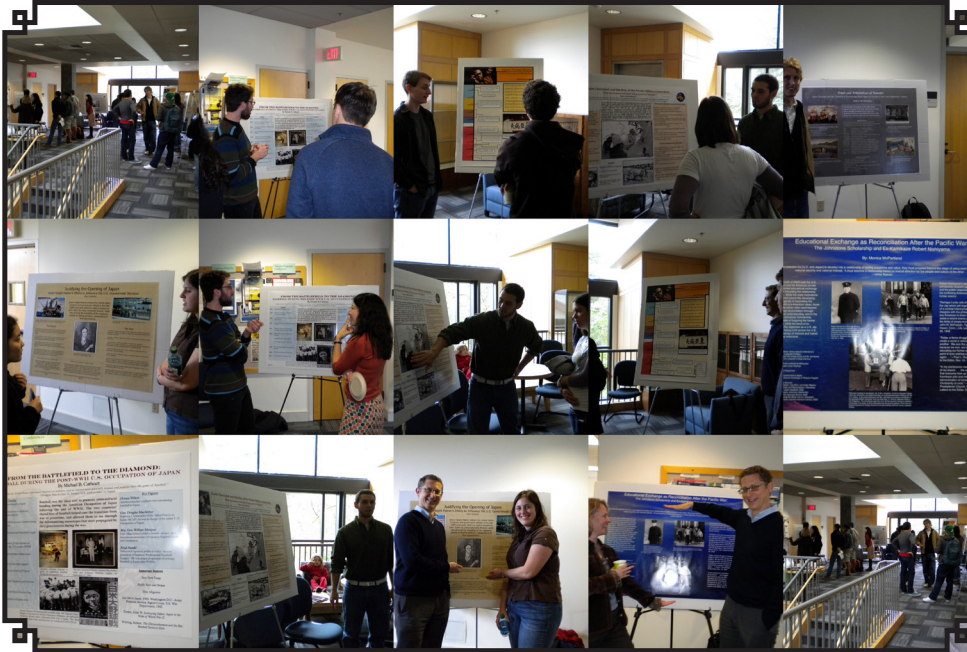
haunted me. Just over a month in the capital city of modern India, I realize of course that much has changed since India broke free from the English mould.

Delhi is feverish with growth. Ancient villages that once dotted the countryside of Old Delhi are swallowed whole by the leafy neighborhoods of South Delhi, the newest incarnation of the already aging New Delhi of the Raj. Vegas worthy hotels and grandiose malls pepper the urban landscape, contrasting sharply with the slums squeezed into whatever free space remains unimproved.

But, it is India's palpable optimism that is most striking. With a middle class the size of the U.S (and growing), it's not hard to see why. Yet, along with its growth comes the contingent strain on aquifers and an overused infrastructure. As the 19th century was Britain's, there is bubbling talk of the "Asian century" ahead. I feel ecstatic to be in a place where history is being written, brick by countless brick.

I think back on my time at L/C and wonder whether my Sophomore self, in the midst of Materials woes, would ever think that he'd be witness to history in the making. But then I remember he didn't have time for such florid thoughts and get back to Johnny Cash. My German housemates close the door to their room and continue their conversation.

History 450 Poster Session 2009-2010



The 2009-2010 History 450 students displayed their theses at the first annual History 450 Poster Session.

**Right: History 450 Fall Semester students display their posters
Above: History 450 Spring Semester students at the Poster Session**



SNAPSHOTS!

Spotted! Some graduating seniors enjoyed a few brews with their professors at Sellwood's Muddy Rudder Public House



Alumni Footprints

Quinn Slobodian '00- joined the History Department at Wellesley in 2008 after receiving his Ph.D from New York University with a dissertation titled "Radical Empathy: The Third World and the New Left in 1960s West Germany." His work revolves around the politics of race and representation in postwar Germany and traces the traffic of ideas, influences and activists over national and continental borders. At Wellesley, Slobodian teaches courses related to modern Europe on the history of cities, gender and sexuality, world economic orders and crowds

Lisa Blee '02- is an assistant professor at Wake Forest College specializing in America West and Native American History.

Clay Eaton '06- has just been accepted to the History PhD program at Columbia University. His focus is on the Japanese empire in Southeast Asia.

Sierra Jenkins- is working as a Field Representative for Sen. Gloria Romero, 24th District at California State Senate.

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Everyone loves Alumni Footprints. Help us to continue this tradition by filling out the form below to let us know where your degree has taken you. Mail to:

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