

1st piece for all 3 characters

VILLA



MACARENA Exactly.

(Pause.)

CARLA We can do the thing with the dog.

MACARENA But that's still an art installation, Alejandra.

CARLA No it isn't.

MACARENA Yes it is.

FRANCISCA Hang on. But you were going to say something else, Alejandra.

CARLA What?

FRANCISCA That if you put art there it kills two birds with one stone.

CARLA I don't remember.

FRANCISCA Two birds.

CARLA Oh. Yes. Right. (To FRANCISCA.) The

same thing that you said. If you put art in there, on the one hand you can have someone on the rack, the dog. . . . Terrible things. But on the other hand you can also put a work of art up, something pretty. And, *wow, beauty triumphed, the human spirit triumphed, peace triumphed.* . . . When actually, the truth is there is no salvation here or anything: women die here, raped and covered in dog shit.

MACARENA All right. Enough about the dog.

FRANCISCA I'm sorry, I never thought the dog thing would be so important.

MACARENA Yes. Right, so in that case the museum's a no.

CARLA No.

FRANCISCA I don't think so.

Villa, Sarajevo, 2012.

Photo:

María Paz González

MACARENA So we'll go with the house of horrors?

FRANCISCA No. Not for me.

MACARENA Oh.

CARLA Why?

FRANCISCA No, because it's so fake.

MACARENA But you said you liked the house of horrors . . .

FRANCISCA Did I say that?

MACARENA Yes.

FRANCISCA No. (*To CARLA.*) Alejandra suggested the house of horrors but now she says it's fake.

CARLA I know. It is fake. But what if it's a good reconstruction, with all of the details?

FRANCISCA What?

MACARENA The house of horrors.

CARLA A good reconstruction?

FRANCISCA No. No, because the more it looks like the original the more fake it will seem. That's what you said before you contradicted yourself, (*to CARLA*) Alejandra. But people will say, *oh, what a house of horrors, it must have been like this*. But it was much worse. You'd have to put, I don't know, real soldiers . . .

CARLA But that's impossible.

FRANCISCA Exactly. So it's better to do nothing.

MACARENA It's always more powerful just to imagine it.

CARLA Yes.

FRANCISCA No.

CARLA No?

FRANCISCA Well no, because if you read the testimonies, right, the Truth and Reconciliation Report and all that, you feel something like rage. But that rage is nothing like the real experience. So, because of that, I say it again: instead of making something fake it's better to do nothing.

MACARENA But if the house of horrors is impossible and if you don't like the museum, then what?

(*Pause.*)

MACARENA What?

CARLA I like both of them a bit.

FRANCISCA So do I; it's like an inner contradiction.

CARLA Yes.

MACARENA Yes.

FRANCISCA Shall we vote?

CARLA No.

MACARENA No. Look. Let's start again. Let's think of a different museum . . .

CARLA Not a museum.

MACARENA Why not?

FRANCISCA We just decided against a museum.

MACARENA What?

CARLA Well, yes.

FRANCISCA Anyway, why a different museum?

MACARENA What "different museum"?

FRANCISCA There already is a different museum.

MACARENA Where?

FRANCISCA In Matucana Avenue.

MACARENA Which one?

FRANCISCA The new Museum of Memory.

MACARENA Oh.

FRANCISCA That's like option B, (*to MACARENA*) Alejandra. It's a museum. It's very pretty, white, it has art, it has testimonies, it doesn't have a dog, you can take children of all classes.

CARLA Yes, but that's a Museum of Memory. That was built to give the issue some historical weight.

FRANCISCA No, (*to CARLA*) Alejandra. That museum is like a politically correct, new-leftist vision of history. You can smell the amnesty of it from the park across the street. It tries to make out everything's finished with, like the wounds are all healing, like we're all so united as a country and we can spend money on a museum of memory that looks like a contemporary art museum.

MACARENA Maybe, but it's a very, very, very, very, very respectable vision. And it's a serious attempt to make the whole country see that the issue is recognized and brought to the fore.

FRANCISCA No, Alejandra. It's a very specific vision that the president . . .

(*Throws a chair across the room. CARLA picks up an abalone shell from the table.*)

CARLA Oh, no. No.

FRANCISCA What?

MACARENA No. Stop now. No.

FRANCISCA What is it?

CARLA No. Don't fucking touch my president.

MACARENA Don't fucking touch her president.

FRANCISCA I'll touch what I like. She's not your president: she belongs to the whole country . . .

CARLA No. Show some respect.

MACARENA Yes. Show some respect.

FRANCISCA We'll talk about the president later.

CARLA Yes.

MACARENA (*To CARLA.*) Alejandra, put that abalone shell down. Right. Sit down. OK. Right.

(*CARLA sits.*)

MACARENA Right. (*To FRANCISCA.*) Look. We can criticize the Museum of Memory all we like, but it's a museum that . . .

CARLA There are lots of people who process what happened in different ways.

FRANCISCA But that museum's like a full stop. An amnesty. Because it gives the impression that what happened is over, over over over. The truth is it isn't over, over over over. I'd rather there was no museum. I'd rather it wasn't over. I'd rather still be marginalized and bitter. Now, other people say *there's your museum, you filthy commies. You wanted to spend money? Well, here's your white box. But don't forget to tell the story properly. The villa was only there because you wanted socialism, copper and free school milk. Tell the whole story.* That's what they say now.

MACARENA That is partly true.

CARLA I don't agree.

MACARENA We'd better just not build anything.

2nd piece for all 3 characters

MACARENA What did happen?

CARLA The fight.

MACARENA Oh. Yes. And supposedly we're the special commission of serious people.

FRANCISCA Just imagine.

CARLA (*To FRANCISCA.*) Imagine what?

FRANCISCA (*To CARLA.*) Shut up, mind control.

CARLA (*To MACARENA.*) Why is she calling me mind control?

MACARENA Right. Quiet.

(*Pause.*)

FRANCISCA The villa . . . I'd like the villa to cause everyone pain. I'd build an obelisk. Enormous. Visible from all around. And I'd paint it. Pink and blue. And on the top I'd put a neon sign that says VILLA.

CARLA That's funny.

FRANCISCA Why?

CARLA The obelisk. It's funny. But comedy doesn't work in the villa. No. Because the villa is something completely sad. And solemn. It's not funny. Because this is serious. And we at least owe the dead and the survivors respect enough to take them seriously. Because it's not acceptable for people to think they can go and laugh at the villa. The villa isn't funny.

FRANCISCA I don't agree.

MACARENA I'm sorry? Have you seen me laughing, Alejandra?

CARLA Maybe.

MACARENA Oh, no.

FRANCISCA Sorry. But I don't quite agree.

MACARENA Calm down.

FRANCISCA Let me, (*to MACARENA*)

CARLA I understand it now.

MACARENA What?

CARLA What happened last night.



Alejandra. (*To CARLA.*) That's what you said. Everyone reacts differently. To this. So you can't use the villa to impose your vision. It's best to leave it how it is, empty, not suggesting anything. And if someone wants to laugh, let them laugh. Or if they want to cry, let them cry. But there are some people who like to stay traumatized forever. For example, I was raped. Once. And of course. Sometimes I laugh. Sometimes I don't. But when I tell my boyfriend, if I had a boyfriend, he goes all "thorns of Israel"² and I end up consoling him.

MACARENA Really?

FRANCISCA Yes.

CARLA Really?

FRANCISCA Yes. So this boyfriend is mentally programmed to feel sad. But I'd rather he said to me *how terrible*. And ask me *are you traumatized?* Sometimes yes sometimes no. Today yes. Beating myself up—argh, argh—beating myself up—argh. But tomorrow no. Ha ha. Ha ha. So, with all due respect, the villa should be like me. Flexible. That's why, now I think about it, I'd get rid of everything. Leave it bare.

MACARENA Leave the villa bare?

CARLA Right.

MACARENA Bare?

CARLA Yes.

MACARENA Take all the buildings away?

FRANCISCA I don't know. Did I say that?

CARLA Take the trees away?

MACARENA Yes.

FRANCISCA Maybe.

MACARENA Yes. Strip the place bare?

FRANCISCA Maybe.

MACARENA That might be a bit dry.

FRANCISCA We could plant a lawn.

CARLA Just a lawn?

MACARENA Yes. Like a field of grass.

CARLA Oh.

FRANCISCA Yes. And nothing else.

CARLA So you go in and think. You take your sandals off and you imagine. Oh. I imagine a Terranova Barracks. I imagine them electrocuting the prisoners.

MACARENA Maybe.

FRANCISCA You imagine.

MACARENA How lovely.

CARLA Yes. But isn't that like suggesting nothing?

FRANCISCA No. Not at all.

MACARENA It is. It's like saying, deciding the villa is so impossible that it's better for each person to imagine it for themselves.

FRANCISCA (*To MACARENA.*) For it all to be here. In the heart.

(*FRANCISCA touches her head.*)

MACARENA But that's the brain.

FRANCISCA That's what I mean.

MACARENA Oh.

CARLA They'd have to put a sign up saying *no soccer*, though.

MACARENA Right.

CARLA And it'd have to say *beware of the bees*.

MACARENA Right. Because where there's grass there's bees.

FRANCISCA And on this field of grass. . . . Could we eat hard-boiled eggs and drink Fanta?

Villa, Santiago, 2011.
Photo:
María Paz González



CARLA Yes.

MACARENA I'd go further. We could sit in circles and play the guitar in love.

CARLA And I'd go further. We could have rock concerts.

FRANCISCA Yes. And I'd go further. We could take lysergic acid.

MACARENA Yes. And I'd go further. We could lie on our backs and look at the sky.

CARLA Yes. And I'd go further. We could do backflips.

FRANCISCA Yes. And I'd go further. We could run naked with our arms spread open shouting aaaaaaaaaaaaaaargh.

MACARENA Yes. It's a blank sheet, a villa, an empty field.

CARLA Yes. But it's not very daring, at the end of the day.

FRANCISCA Yes, it is. I think it is.

MACARENA Why?

FRANCISCA Everyone feels what they want to feel.

CARLA But a field of grass is . . . nothing.

FRANCISCA No.

CARLA It's like giving up.

FRANCISCA I don't think so.

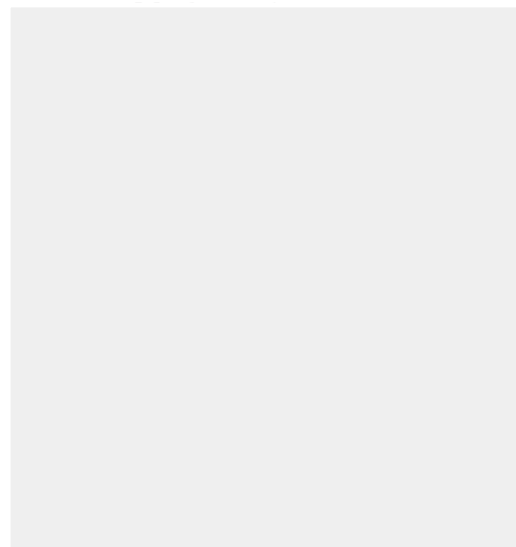
CARLA Turning it into a party.

MACARENA Maybe.

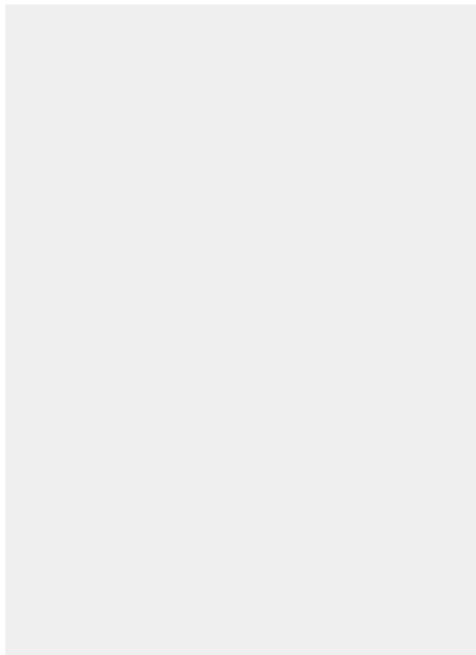
FRANCISCA No.

CARLA I vote no.

(Pause.)



CARLA audition piece ^{VILLA}



CARLA Us. And *hey. Look. Climb up on that brick wall. Look. Yes. It must have been here. Yes. Yes. This looks like where I said, best just kill me; why don't you just kill me?* Yes. And we go up to one of the neighbors: *excuse me, Madam, do you remember if there was a zoo here . . . ?* Like, trying to get at the truth by lying. And the woman says, *no ladies. Not a zoo. This was where the top secret rape and extermination center called the Terranova Barracks used to be. An oven of pure mystery, a field of pure evil.* Goodness. The old woman was ever so clued up. Turns out she was in the ultra-Left youth league in the eighties.

MACARENA Ultra-Left?

CARLA Yes. *Well, thank you, Madam. Thank you very much.*

FRANCISCA And why didn't she say anything before?

CARLA I don't know. But, what can we do? And then a phone call: *hello, Father Priest; hello, girls. We found the villa; tell the Swedes, tell the Dutch.* And while they're on their way we climb up onto the wall and there's nothing

there. There's like a demolition. The tower isn't there. The torture houses aren't there. The mansion isn't there. There's nothing.

FRANCISCA Nothing.

MACARENA Nothing.

CARLA Nothing. They took everything away. It's like a perfect crime. So then time just passes. And "we shall overcome, we shall overcome," all that. And one day there's, like, a bit of democracy and you feel like the villa isn't as much of a scandal as we thought it was going to be. And someone says, *girls, this can't be a perfect crime, people have to be scandalized by this. What if we rebuild it? Good idea.* If I had money I'd rebuild the thing. So the Swedes and the Dutch know and say: *a-ha. This was it. It was here.* If I had money I'd rebuild everything with every irrelevant detail. The architectural reality of that sun-drenched mansion. And the swimming pool of water, too; the trees of the earth, the garden of roses, the silence, the terrible smell, the screams, the chains, the engines in the night, the whole artistic setting. And I'd create a fake oldness, I'd paint the walls with muddy water, with another palette of colors in the background. Tones like sepia. And I'd buy all the paraphernalia. I'd buy a metal bed, I'd buy cables and sockets, I'd buy uniforms, I'd buy clothes with collars, I'd buy the smell of shit. To create a sort of realist Disneyland reality. So people would feel like they're feeling what the people who felt must have felt. And we'd make the people who visit feel like prisoners. We'd make them wait, we'd ask them their names, we'd separate the women from the men. Anyway, we'd make them suffer. I'd find some survivors from the original villa so they could be like guides to hell. Like Virgil. And I'd ask those guides to pause in the places where they were locked up or where they screamed the most. Like they can't keep talking or stop themselves crying.



And they'd say slowly: *this was the place where I saw that woman last. She said to me: if you get out alive, tell my mother that the little orange fish from the stone fountain taste of banana.*

MACARENA What woman?

CARLA His girlfriend. *And she also said to me: build the party back up and kill all of those officers. . . . And I answered. Yes. I promise. And then the guide could do like another pause and say to them. But I only. . .*

FRANCISCA Say to who?

Villa, Museo de la Memoria y los Derechos Humanos, Santiago, 2011. Photo: María Paz González



CARLA To the visitors. *But I only managed to keep half my promise. . . . Still, one day I'll keep the other half.* Meaning the half about killing all the officers. And some people might laugh at that, because it's a joke, because he won't do it. And that might make them laugh. A bit. And that laughter, deep down it will divide the audience. Because on one hand there's people who say: *I agree with you, I'd kill all the officers, too.* And on the other hand there's people who find laughter offensive. People who don't agree. The people who'll say: *of course this person is hurt and he has the right to fantasize about killing. But I disagree with him.* Those people. Well. Fine. Understandable. Audience divided. But still, we move forward with the guide. Sliding down the slide of emotions that is the reconstructed villa. Here, you cry. Come through here. Here, you feel rage. Here, you're indignant. Here, you squeeze your boyfriend's hand tight. Here you feel, like, cold between your legs. Here you say, *eighteen years old? In the mouth? I don't believe you.* And then later those people will say. *(As if on the telephone.) Hello? I've just been to the villa. You have to go. They rebuilt it. It looks a bit fake. Like it's from tv. They painted the walls with muddy water. It's so shocking. You have to go. No, in Peñalolén. Yes, free. And they rebuilt the whole villa just how it was. And it's so powerful. It's powerful because it's just the same. Yes. They hung them up by their hair. They made them betray each other. They had a manual with the eagle of the republic on it. I'm still in shock. Going to the reconstructed villa is the best thing that could have happened to me in my life.*

MACARENA Excellent.

FRANCISCA Yes. Very excellent.

(Pause.)

MACARENA Right. Right. Right, over to you, Alejandra?


FRANCISCA audition piece

CALDERÓN

MACARENA Right.

FRANCISCA Right. Shall I?

MACARENA Yes.



FRANCISCA Right. Well. So, option B. Right. I'm going to defend the museum. Look, it's very simple. I think they should build a new museum in the villa. An enormous one. And I know lots of people could say, look, the villa is an open-air museum already. Yes. But a museum is something else: a museum is a big white box. Well. Exactly. The museum has to be white. Because it's going to be in the foothills of the Andes and it has to be like snow. In other words, white. And it has to look nice. Why nice? I know it's a complex issue. Well. I say we can't be sad and ugly all our lives. No. We can't be frozen in time. We have to shed our skin. Climb out of our shells. Like snails. We need clean faces and new underwear. And this resurrection could perfectly well be a museum of painful memories, but a nice one. Passersby should stop and say: *look. There used to be a house of horrors here and now . . . now there's a contemporary art museum. It's ever so modern. Intriguing. Shall we go in? Right. Look. Look. There are depressing things . . . but depression is also part of contemporary art. Look. It's nice. And it's got central heating. It doesn't have paraffin stoves. I can take my traditional handmade cardigan off. And it's got four floors. With lots of windows. And a lawn on the roof. It's so sustainable. And white. New hospital? No. No, Miss. It's the museum of the villa.*

CARLA Who said that?

FRANCISCA The lady on the door. Right. *And what else is there inside? Walk on. Inside there is death and life. That's why I said: a hospital. Well, Miss. It looks like a hospital, but it's a museum. Go on in. Thank you. So why is it so white? Well, to break away a little from the aesthetic of pain. Well, I find white terribly*

painful. Oh, well, Miss, that's private. Personal.

So then you go in and there's a white room with a black-and-red banner that says: **THOSE WHO DIED HERE WERE MARXISTS**. Right. Powerful. Intriguing. That gives you an idea of what's in store. Because of course you're in a museum which is, like, white, sort of with mirrors, like an international architecture competition, which is basically the aesthetic of modern-day capitalism. And you say, *this is very contradictory. Intriguing*. Right. And then you go into the museum sort of wanting to know who were these Marxists who died. And then they put you in a room with tables covered in Mac computers. With music, like that. And you can sit at the Macs and see lists of all of the people who passed through the villa and died. And you can click on the name and everything about that person appears. Photos of her as a girl, her family, who her boyfriend was, whether she liked to eat edible seaweed, if she used to come home eating the bread when she was sent out to buy groceries, all that. And if you do double-click on **VILLA**, click-click, a description comes up of everything that actually happened to her in the villa. Click. Who she hugged. Click. Who she spoke to. Click. Who she helped. If she liked singing, if she sang or if she didn't sing. Right. And you see that and then you do another double-click: click-click, on an icon that says **WHAT HAPPENED?** And a video comes up of the testimony of the family describing everything. Click-click. When she was arrested. Click-click. How she was beaten. Click-click. If they found her wrapped in newspaper or if they didn't find her. And if they killed her, how she died. Click. Click. How they found out. Click-click. How they cried. Click-click. How they'll be sad forever. And if she came out alive, they say how she was left sterile, if she became an alcoholic or if she now has wonderful children. And that's it. And if you do click, menu, scroll

down, double-click: click-click, on an icon that says: THE ROAD NOT TAKEN, you see what the family and friends think would have happened if nothing had happened to her. If she'd never been in the villa. So there you see, with multimedia of course, that this man would have been a cyclist. Or a marathon runner. Click-click. Look. This girl would have been a concert musician. And she'd have had two violinist daughters. And she'd have braided their hair. Click. Click. Look: this man would have been fragile like a kite. Click-click. Look: this girl would have been good at playing beach tennis at El Quisco beach. Click. Right. So all the dreams, possibilities. The road not taken. Right. And then the idea is that the people see this and they understand it wasn't to be. That it's all imagined. That it never happened. Then you get all depressed and turn off the Mac.

Clack. And you walk, you go up, second floor. . . . Another room where there's nothing except for a canvas that says: BREAD, WORK, JUSTICE, FREEDOM. Right. Intriguing. Third floor. A room full of photos. Lots of photos. Photos, photos, photos. Lots of faces. What a lot of hair. What a lot of happiness. What happened to all that hair? The wind blew it away. It was gone with the wind. And more photos. Photos, photos, photos. Graduation photos. Party photos. Passport photos. A photo on the beach with friends. A photo saying don't look at me. Photos saying I don't like photos because I come out looking ugly in them. A photo with a hanky on your head. A photo in clothes that used to smell a bit. A photo with your hair parted to one side. In a borrowed dress. Right. Click. Flash. There. *You look lovely. This photo is so you don't forget me.* But they didn't know. The prisoners. They didn't know that one day they would pass through the villa of death. And these photos would end up being museum photos. And that these happy photos are now ever

so depressing. I'm happy, because you were alive once. But my God. You were cut off so young. You never grew up. You had pretty hair. And then the fourth floor. You go into a room that has a fenced-off area in it. Weird. And inside the area there's a dog. A dog. A German shepherd. And you say, a dog? Oh. Because the guards were dogs? Maybe. Interesting. And there's the dog. A bit sort of friendly. Walking around. Not realizing in his doggy mind that he's part of a contemporary art installation. Right. And hopefully there'll be animal rights protests. *Free the sheepdog. Free the sheepdog. The animal's not to blame.* And where are you all when they're keeping human prisoners prisoner? Of course, they want to protect the dog because the dog is a de-ideologized dog. But if the dog said: *Marxism-Leninism is the cornerstone of philosophy, long live Lenin, Engels and Karl Marx*, I promise you, I promise you half of those protestors would say, *well, the dog made a choice, I've no need to be defending anti-system dogs. This dog looks like a German shepherd, but doubtless it's a working-class German shepherd, one of those working-class dogs who demanded they be buried with a copy of the Communist Manifesto on their chests. Those dogs. I don't care if they kill it now.* But, of course. We'd never abuse the German shepherd. Not at all. We'd have a kennel with several dogs in the backyard of the museum and we'd put them in the installation one at a time, just for a couple of hours, with a shift system and food like a human person. The dogs would suffer less than a police dog, the ones they make addicted to cocaine and then stop giving it to them. Right. Well. But why a dog? Oh. Gee. Oh. Well. Because they raped them with dogs. Yes. With dogs. And that says it all. Yes. And that's where it ends. So . . . you say what was this museum trying to say to me? Oh. It said to me that *we* shouldn't have illusions. We're awakened to the pain. This

MACARENA audition piece

Villa, Sarajevo, 2012.
Photo: María Paz
González



CARLA But I like feeling angry. It makes me feel like myself.

MACARENA Yes. So do I, but feeling sad.

FRANCISCA She said angry.

MACARENA Yes. Angry.

CARLA Yes.

MACARENA Being angry is . . . It's not. . . I don't want to live my whole life like a dog.

CARLA So have we reached an agreement?

MACARENA To do nothing?

FRANCISCA I'm clear what I'm voting for.

MACARENA But we're not going to vote.

FRANCISCA But talking didn't work.

CARLA Yes it did.

FRANCISCA Oh, please.

CARLA Oh, for the love of—.

MACARENA What if the villa stays how it is?

CARLA How it is now?

MACARENA Yes.

FRANCISCA No.

MACARENA No. It's just, wait. Look. Look. When the old regime ended, there was no president running to the villa, saying *let me*

in. Let me in. Was it here? Was it here? It can't be. No. No. Father forgive us. Father forgive us. What a terrible crime. Oh. No. Right. From this moment on this will be the new belly button of the world, the epicenter of justice. This place. In this country no cumbia shall be danced, no school shall be built, no cloth shall be embroidered until the problem of this villa is solved. But no. That never happened. It didn't happen. There was no president kneeling or clutching a fistful of earth saying: I swear that this shall not pass into history like a one-night stand. Here we shall build a white museum. No, we'd better build a house of horrors here. No. No one said that. What they said was: by God, we'll see that justice is done. Though it may just be impossible. And this deserted villa was left empty. Until the traumatized people came back, the beaten, the former prisoners, the survivors, the kicked, the enlightened, the untouchables, the chosen ones, the enraged. And they came in and said, let's do something with the villa. Right. But we have no money. No. We don't even own the real estate. So they started little by little to plant roses here and violets there. And they swept. And they brought together other survivors and said to them. Can you speak? No. I don't want to talk about that, I'm very traumatized. Come on. No. Please. No. All right, maybe. Let's see. I don't know. Well, I remember that this is where the torture houses were. Yes. The tower was here, the iron maiden was here.



*All the plants and animals were here. Just birch trees and sparrows really. There were evenings and nightfalls but no dawns. And that's how they started rebuilding the park, from memories. Little by little. With no master plan. And making mistakes. Like in love. And this was the result. A strange mix of styles from the end of the century. A pastiche collage potpourri mix. Everyone doing their bit. I nail. You paint. He digs. We're all in charge. And one day there was a park. And this park was a park for peace. Full of mosaics made from broken floor tiles, little wooden houses, a lawn, paving and a pond. Symbolic symbols. A great mysterious puzzle. And that's it. Right. Do you like it? Yes. I mean. It's a start. It's a monument to the collective, to the people organizing. And it grew little by little because no one ever gave us anything. It's crazy. Like our national history. That's why it's a bit like a graveyard. Who'd have thought Chile's very own Pompeii would be in humble Peñalolén? No one. Well. That's why I think now it's best for everything to stay the same. So the villa tells that story. The story of not being very important. And it's not that I think that the villa is wonderful now. No. We did what we could with what we didn't have. And it's no small thing. They built a wall of names which says all the names. All dead. You can find your aunt and say *look, my aunt's got her full name. Second name Dolores. That means "pains." Poor thing. She might not like it but she's stuck with it for eternity. In pain.* And all this with a low-budget look. It's like we're in the nineteen-eighties somehow. Yes. It has to be left how it is. Because it looks like a wasteland. It looks like a park that's been occupied. A house that's been demolished. You get there and it's like there's no one there. Like it's an abandoned village. And there are some people who walk around. They think just like we do. Some are the guides. They're the survivors. Men with moustaches. Women*

in white. Look: a guide. He's a chosen one. He's a saint. He's a ghost of pain. A pig. An untouchable. Of course, you could say, like, you don't understand any of it, but everything that was done was done by people with so much care. They took care of the little plants. They planted the lawn. And they look after the swimming pool. There's a swimming pool where they say, *this is where the guard's children swam.* Imagine it. Some of the guards brought their families to the villa on summer vacations. Like it was a summer camp. And those children are grown up now and they say: *I have childhood memories. My dad brought me to the secret rape and extermination center named the Terranova Barracks. The water was lovely. If you went number one in the water it turned red.* And in the villa there's also a little house with the rails they tied the prisoners to to throw them into the sea. *Captain, we have to hide the bodies. Do you think, General? Yes. What if the Swedes and the Dutch come? I think you're quite right. We could throw them into the sea. I don't think so; they'll float. And what if we tie them to railway rails so they sink into the sea? The sea is calm. They'll sink. They won't be found. They'll disappear. Good idea.* And that's what they did. But years later one body slipped off of its rail and floated up. And one day we were walking along the big beach and we said. *Look. The sea is calm. Calm is the sea. Wait. Look. Isn't that the body of a dead disappeared prisoner floating towards the big beach? Yes. Shocking. But it's actual history.* And later we take a deep breath and go to the bottom of the sea and we find a reef covered in rails. And well. *What shall we do with the rails? They're like a Shroud of Turin. Let's take them to the villa and shape them into a cube so it looks like a contemporary art sculpture.* So that's what we did and there it is. Well. It's true. It's enough to write a tragedy. Well. I say the villa should stay like that. It's sort of poor but it does tell the story of the survivors ever so