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CHAPTER TWO / EDILBERTO JIMÉNEZ QUISPE

CHUNGUI / ETHNOGRAPHIC DRAWINGS OF VIOLENCE
AND TRACES OF MEMORY

Well, my town was just a town, I guess . . .

A foreign town inside Peru.

— Primitivo Quispe, testimony given to the
Commission de Verdad y Reconciliación

This chapter consists of twelve drawings and testimonies from Edilberto Jiménez Quispe's *Chungui: Violencia y trazos de memoria*.¹ Jiménez is an artist and journalist with a degree in anthropology from the Universidad Nacional de San Cristóbal de Huamanga (Ayacucho). As an artist, an ethnographer, and a Quechua-speaking Ayacuchano, he has applied his skills to bear witness to the violence suffered in the remote district of Chungui, in the southern tip of the province of La Mar (department of Ayacucho). The remoteness of the small hamlets that make up Chungui is further emphasized by its nickname, "The Dog's Ear," in reference to its geographical shape, wedged between the rivers Pampas to the west and Apurímac to the east. Chungui was one of the regions hit worst by the internal war; some 17 percent of its population were killed and disappeared in the 1980s to mid-1990s. Flight from the region halved its population.² Chungui is hard to reach; the journey takes some ten hours from the departmental capital of Ayacucho over a series of difficult roads.

Edilberto Jiménez is perhaps best known for his work as a *retablista*, a family métier he learned at a young age from his father, growing up in the province of Víctor Fajardo to the southwest of Chungui.³ In the 1980s and 1990s the theme of political violence entered his *retablos*: *Huamanguino (Man from Huamanga)*,

Masa (Mass), and *Flor de Retama* (Retama Flower) are just a few examples of how Jiménez used art to speak of what was happening locally, while at times placing these experiences within a national and global context of exploitation.⁴

Based on his own observations and on testimonies gathered from Chungui residents, Jiménez presents a visually disturbing and powerful account of the violence. He knows the community of Chungui well, having traveled there on many occasions: he first went there in the 1990s as a member of the Centro de Desarrollo Agropecuario de Ayacucho (an NGO dedicated to agricultural development). Chungui had been one of the beneficiaries of the agrarian reform of 1969 when the state expropriated hacienda landholdings and turned the land over to peasants to cultivate. Moved by the stories he heard of the internal conflict of the 1980s and seeing the devastation inflicted on the area's people and communities, Jiménez put aside the slow work of *retablos* and swiftly drew visual representations of the conflict years. The result was a book of originally seventy-two drawings, first published in 2005 and reprinted in 2009 with an additional nineteen drawings, presented in a different sequential order.

Jiménez's work has subsequently inspired others. The story of Chungui is also recounted in Luis Rossell, Alfredo Villar, and Jesús Cossio's graphic novel *Rupay*. Interspersed in *Rupay* are five of Jiménez's testimonial drawings, and he appears in the sixth chapter, "Chungui," as a secondary witness speaking from the margins, recounting the stories he himself heard from survivors.

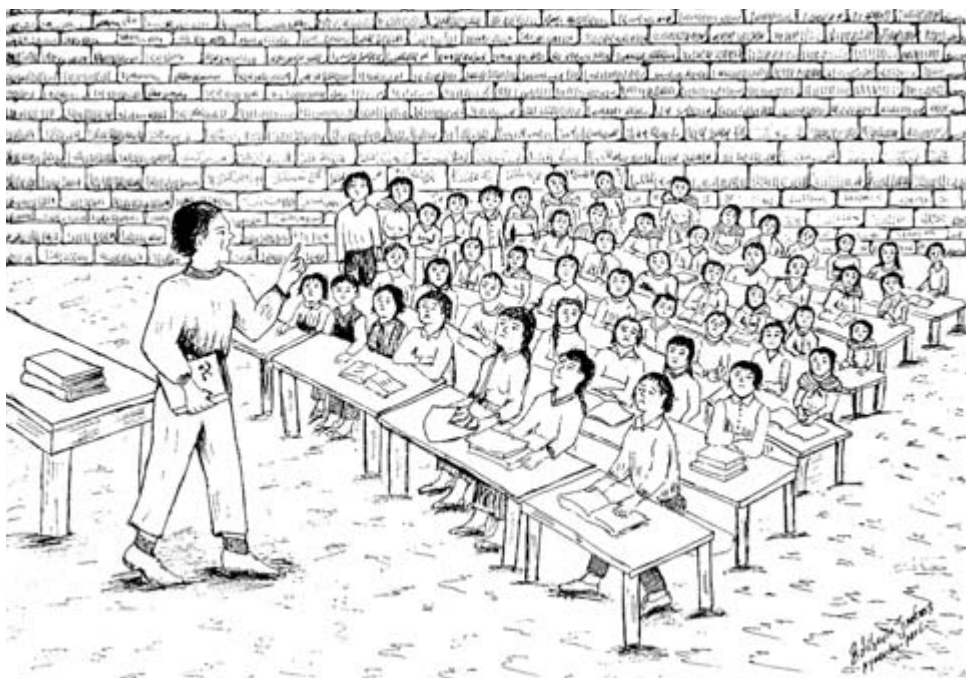
The original publication of *Chungui: Violencia y trazos de memoria* (2005) starts by providing insight into the nature of this community and culture before the conflict, as a means to place in context the subsequent war years and their continued legacies.⁵ Through the drawings and testimonies, which include the dates and locations of the events described, we learn of local customs such as the musical tradition of *llaqta maqta*, a dance the town's young people participate in so that they might fall in love and get married. (This image is not shown here.) We also learn of how teachers came to Chungui by the mid-1970s teaching new ideas that mixed the writings of Peruvian philosopher José Mariátegui with Mao Tse-tung that lay at the center of the Shining Path ideology of building a "new society" (fig. 2.1). Next, the drawings give explicit accounts of Sendero violence wreaked on the community, their attempts at defense, and the brutal response by the military, who had arrived by the summer of 1984. The images

are searing: Shining Path retaliating against Yerbabuena community for having formed self-defense committees (fig. 2.2). Sendero killed local landowners and authorities (fig. 2.3). Mothers were forced to give up their children to serve Shining Path (fig. 2.5). The cruel and twisted violence of the armed forces in their “antisubversion” campaigns (figs. 2.6, 2.7). The self-defense groups (*rondas*) who joined the armed forces in their assaults yet also provided refuge (fig. 2.9). Shining Path exacting submission (figs. 2.3, 2.4, 2.5) and forcing community members to hide in the mountains (*retiradas*), where they endured hunger, exposure, and unsanitary conditions, covered by fleas and lice (fig. 2.8). Chungui residents remember those years in the mountains, 1984–1987, as years when they lived and died like animals. Jiménez also includes the testimonies of former soldiers who remember their experiences with the military differently, one as heroic, the other as brutal (figs. 2.10, 2.11).

Yet, despite these cruel memories and depictions, hope emerges from atrocity’s embers. In the first edition of *Chungui* (2005), the narrative ends with a final picture and text, *Concertación* (fig. 2.12), which is a call for working together with the Peruvian state to address the Chungui community members’ most basic material needs and rights as citizens. In this final image, villagers, noticeably poor in their tattered clothes, march in the hundreds to protest against poverty, illiteracy, the lack of attention to basic health, underdevelopment, neglect, and the state’s practice of forgetting. Their present situation stands in stark contrast to their memories of a more peaceful and well-off prewar period. Yet their call remains largely unanswered: according to a 2012 municipal proposal to expand access to potable water in the district of Chungui, 85 percent of the population does not have their basic needs met, 15 percent live in misery, 34 percent of women remain illiterate, 92 percent of the population do not have access to potable water, and 100 percent of the region has no electricity. Chungui is a region of young people, the adult population decimated by the war: 41 percent of the population is under fourteen years old and 31 percent between fifteen and thirty-five.⁶

At the methodological level, Jiménez’s work employs a unique approach of visual ethnography and participant observation. Unable to capture the gestures of survivors when they demonstrated how people suffered, he put down the tape recorder and took up his pencils.⁷ Jiménez made his drawings in consultation

with local residents and revised them according to their comments. His drawings are a unique collaborative effort between himself as artist/ethnographer/regional neighbor and Chungui community members. His artistic representations reach a level of empathy and understanding that few others could attain. As Carlos Iván Degregori noted, “Peru and Peruvians have an unresolved debt with Chungui. This book is a form of repayment through ethnography and art.”⁸ Jiménez’s work is an attempt to transform the towns of Chungui from foreign towns within Peru’s borders into Peruvian towns within the nation’s tragedy.



The School Gave Them New Thoughts
(Oroncco, Chungui, 1982)

I first arrived in Oroncco in 1967 as a teacher at the state primary school. I came by way of Andahuaylas, crossing the Pampas River, walking over hill after hill; it was so difficult to get here. The *comuneros* [the community's residents or villagers] still talked of the guerrillas of 1965, they told of how they killed Miguel Carrillo, an *hacendado* [large landowner] from Chapi, and how afterward the other *hacendados* fled in fright. They said that the guerrillas were good, but others missed their *patrones* [bosses], and they still did not want a teacher, saying that that was for the idle. The family of the *hacendado* of Soccus nearly killed me: they aimed a gun at me to kill me and the campesinos of Oroncco saved me. My students were seventeen, eighteen, and twenty years old, and they were still in primary school; they wanted to educate themselves, and they cursed the *hacendados* for not having built schools.

In 1980, the Nery García Zárate School was set up in Oronccoy, and new teachers and new teachings arrived. The students were already mature, and their thinking was also mature. They were very obedient. I very happily enrolled my son in the Oronccoy school, but the teaching was not good. My son told me later that they drew the hammer and sickle, they had them read books by Mariátegui, and they talked about Mao. So, the school was politicized. Very worried, I transferred my son to a school in Andahuaylas. The director of the school in Oronccoy was from Ayacucho, and his wife also taught there, they were involved with Shining Path politics. The school put new thoughts into the heads of the inhabitants and the students—they were already rebels, already you couldn't trust them. One teacher had a weapon and held meetings with his students at night. The students were already thinking differently, speaking ill of the government and forming youth gangs, going to neighboring villages.

In 1978, the Túpac Amaru II school was built in Chungui, as there hadn't been a school for the community children. The teachers were from Ayacucho and they taught politics. One teacher carried his weapon and always had political books with him. The students already knew about the politics of Sendero.⁹

— Testimony by S.P. and F.C.



The Senderistas Sacked Yerbabuena
(Yerbabuena, Chungui, May 12, 1984)

The members of the army organized the *comuneros* into the civil self-defense committees [*rondas*] to confront the Senderistas.

In May 1983, some hundred Senderistas entered the village of Yerbabuena around midnight, when the inhabitants were sleeping all together in the school. The Senderistas immediately took them prisoner and hog-tied them, even the women and children. The Senderistas scolded them for having formed the patrol [*ronda*]; then, bringing them out one by one, the villagers were turned over to a column of Senderistas who were waiting outside the school. They [the Senderistas] beat them and then stabbed them. Many mothers and fathers died alongside their children. The massacre lasted more than four hours, and then at dawn the Senderistas searched and looted the homes. Afterward, they withdrew from the village, naming and imposing a villager as a representative of Sendero.¹⁰

—Source of testimony not indicated.



Comrades, Two of the Good-for-Nothings [*Miserables*] Have
Already Left for San Pedro (Chungui, December 14, 1983)

Sendero forces came to Chungui in December 1983, and then they went to the Oreja de Perro [Dog's Ear] hacienda. As they traveled, they killed villagers. In Churca they killed Señor Zenobio Argumedo and his wife, saying that he was an exploiter [*gamonal*]. In Santa Rosa de Marco they killed the judge, Don Justiano López, calling him an abuser.

In the morning of December fourteenth, they returned to Chungui and said to me "Compañera, there will be an assembly in the plaza at four this afternoon." They told everyone. They said that Sendero had received complaints and that they were watching Señor Andres Raúl Juárez Fuentes and the president, Leonidas Roca Lizana, because he hadn't renounced his post as president of the peasant community.

In the assembly they said, "Compañeros, with the Party [Sendero Luminoso] there will be no rich or poor, we will all be equal, we will all eat meat, rice, bread, and there will be no inequality. There will be no abusers, exploiters; the armed struggle and the Party [exist] for these [reasons]."

We were all in the plaza, and they didn't let anyone leave. They were armed. After, already late, they said: "Compañeros, two of the good-for-nothings [*miserables*] have already left for San Pedro. The Party will punish the abusers and the disobedient." Then, they made everyone line up, one for children only, and another one for adults. After, they went into Raúl Juárez's store, took everything out, and divided it up among us: sugar, oil, soap, clothes, sandals, hats, candles, and after they began to drink alcohol and get drunk, making us play music.

We looked for Don Raúl and Don Leonidas Roca. They were already dead. Around five in the afternoon they had killed them. We found Raúl Juárez in his house, in the middle of a pool of blood, covered with stab wounds and cowhides, and Don Leonidas we found also stabbed to death in the old municipal house. They had killed Raúl, saying he was an abusive *gamonal*, and then the president for not renouncing his post.

This was the first killing: we buried them crying, and later we were all scared of the [Senderista] *compañeros*. And, out of fear, we stayed with them until the military arrived and organized us in civil defense groups.¹¹

— Testimony by C.V.



They Said, “You Must Obey Those in Charge”
(Chillihua, Chungui, 1984)

In the afternoon, more than thirty comrades arrived in Chillihua; they gathered the inhabitants in the communal meeting house and they said that they were fighting for the poor, that they were the new government, that they would maintain order, that now the Belaúnde government was useless, the president is Comrade Gonzalo.

They made everyone join the Party [Shining Path], and they said that only the rich hate the Party, and that we had to kill the rich. [They said that] the Party had a thousand eyes and a thousand ears, no one could scoff at the Party of the poor. They spoke of wonderful things, and they warned that the enemies of the people were corrupt people, rapists, pickpockets, and beguilers, and that they should be annihilated.

These travelers were strangers, they weren't from Chungui; their leaders spoke only Spanish. So, silent, we had to accept. We had heard that these travelers had killed those who refused them. In Chupón, they had already killed the authorities; there was much fear.

They gave us their pamphlets on belonging to the Party and they named their deputies for every village.

In Chillihua, too, they named three representatives then said “You must obey the deputies, they are the authorities of the village.” The new appointees very quietly knelt and thanked them, and they all hailed the Party: “Long live the Communist Party of Peru! Long live President Gonzalo! Long live the armed struggle!” and they raised their fists. Among the group of comrades were women and youths.

The flag was red with the sickle and hammer: they said that the sickle was for the peasant and the hammer for the workers. They left in the night in the direction of Occoro. Afterward, the new deputies were the local representatives of the Party. They made us leave the community [forced displacement or *las retiradas*].¹² Later other leaders from the Fuerza Principal and from the Fuerza Local came and they all conversed with our deputies.¹³

—Source of testimony not indicated.



They Would Have Killed Us If We Didn't Go with Them
(Chungui, 1985)

Shining Path would enter the villages and, with threats of death, conscripted the children without their parents or their families being able to do anything about it:

I was barely eleven years old, and my sister fourteen, and she had recently come from Lima to visit us. Together with my parents, we went to Lechemayo (Anco) to sell our cacao and peanuts.

One morning, the comrades came, shouting, and they killed my father, tying his hands with rope, they stabbed him in the chest with a knife, calling him a good-for-nothing [*miserable*]. Then they grabbed us and were going to kill us if we didn't go with them. My mother pleaded with them, weeping, almost fainting; but they threatened to kill her as well, so that we would agree to go, my sister and I. My mother could do nothing, and she kept crying and begging them not to harm us, and she wept along with my five-year-old little sister.

We couldn't escape: they changed our names and gave all of us children comrade names. I was then Raúl and my sister Carmen and they made us carry a bag—we made it out of cloth and we embroidered it with the hammer and sickle. We walked with our bags from village to village and in them we carried our pamphlets or supplies.

Very early one morning we came to a little village in Anco—I don't remember its name. And the other group of our comrades also arrived, so we joined the two groups and we were numerous. But the commander sent many of my friends to the other group, and they made my sister join the other group. There for the last time we looked at each other and said goodbye, from that moment she disappeared.

Though I was very sad without my sister, I could not cry, it was forbidden to cry. For a year I experienced a lot of suffering as part of the Fuerza Principal of the Party. The little ones' mission was always to shout Long live Gonzalo! Long live the armed struggle! Long live the Communist Party of Peru!¹⁴

—Testimony by L.M.L.



They Cut Off Hands and Ears to Show to Señor Government
(Oronccooy, Chungui, 1985)

Ay, life—it's hard to remember; I don't want to remember this life of death anymore. We lived like *vizcachas* [Andean rabbits] in holes. Hiding whenever anything happened—you had to run and hide as best you could. If helicopters came, then you had to hide so they wouldn't see you. The helicopters brought the soldiers, brought the *sinchis*. They hunted us like deer to kill us, to abuse the women; they burned our houses, our crops of corn and potatoes.

They were like children of the devil. If they found us, they killed us like dogs, like toads they threw us into ravines; they respected neither women, nor children, nor the elderly. After killing, they still cut off the hands and the ears, and they took them by helicopter to show to señor Government. It was said that when they delivered hands and ears, the government paid them a lot of money.

I saw how the *sinchis* killed Don Ismael Huamán, in Limonpuquio-Chapi, and then they cut off his hands and they took them.

The *sinchis*, after killing, cut off their hands and ears to give as proof to their superiors, and it was also said that it was a point of pride for them to have a hand, an ear, as a trophy in their rooms, and, for this reason, they cut up their dead.

Life wasn't worth anything: them going about in the helicopters and us hiding. No one protected us. They hunted us like animals. And, to this day, we live forgotten.

I had gone to see my family in Toqaruway-Oronccoy: the soldiers and *civiles*¹⁵ killed Pedro Casa and cut off both hands and his ear. They did this so they could say that they had killed terrorists, so that their bosses would promote them in rank for having killed, and for this they cut up those wretches.¹⁶

—Testimony by J.C.C., T.B., and R.O.



Those *Sinchis* Killed Them to Steal Their Livestock
(Oroncco, Chungui, May 1985)

Our life wasn't really life, there was no one helping us. To stay alive we had to go to the mountains, the ravines, the caves, to anywhere—running like deer to hide, because the *sinchis* and the *civiles* were looking for us to kill us, to take our belongings and our livestock.

My uncles, my relatives, and some of my fellow villagers—more than thirty

people—had escaped to the Cabracancha area, while I was in Mollebamba-Oronccooy with my sick wife and young children.

Cabracancha is lower down than Oronccooy, and it's difficult to get there if one doesn't know the path well: it's between shrubs, boulders, and ravines, but from Cabracancha one can easily get to the Pampas River. Here they were with their cows, horses, and sheep, thinking they were safe. But those *civiles* and the *sinchis* from Mollebamba, they arrived very early in the morning and found me there. I jumped into the gully and managed to escape, but they killed my wife and my little children.

I ran and I ran to let my uncles know who were in Amanqaykuchu, but I was too late: the *sinchis* had already shot them. More than twenty-five people died with their children—like my aunt Felipa Balboa, Agustina Rimachi, and Eusebia Lima Pahuara.

Later I tried to get to Cabracancha to warn them, but it was all in vain. The *sinchis* had already arrived, using a prisoner as their guide. There, in Cabracancha, they rounded everybody up and, without pity, they shot them all, and they all died. Some had thrown themselves into the ravine, and they died. A few managed to escape.

Those vile *sinchis*: children, women, the elderly—they killed them, and then, like savages they destroyed their pots, pans, jars, and gourds—all shot and broken up, they just left them. After killing everyone, they rounded up all their livestock—cows, the sheep, their horses—and they took them to Mollebamba. The *civiles* took their cheese and blankets, and then, like thieves, they left.

The people were innocent. Those *sinchis* killed them to steal their livestock. I remember the dead in Cabracancha, my aunt Catalina Rimachi (55), Esteban Rimachi (40), Concebida Lima Rimachi (32), Aurora Lima (28), Santona Lima Rimachi (14), Jerónimo Lima Rimachi (18), Estela Rimachi Casa (38), Carlota Casa Azpur (40), Soraida Rimachi Urbano (5), Benedicta Urbano Escarcena (35), Paulina Lima Rimachi (9), Simeón Rimachi Ventura (5), Esteban Rimachi Urbano (20), Sabina Rimachi Casa (48), Félix Cuadros Huamán (30), Fausta Ramírez Huamán (32), Santiago Lima, Guillermina Tello, Josefina Ramírez, Carmina Ccaicuri, and others.¹⁷

—Testimony by D.R.



The Black and White Lice Were Exterminating Us
(Huallhua, Belén Chapi-Chungui, 1986)

We had been in the mountain for more than four years, by then almost without clothing. Those in the Fuerza Principal didn't bring us anything anymore. When somebody got pensive, or they [members of the Fuerza Principal] believed someone wanted to surrender, they would kill him and give you his clothes, stained in blood, so that you used them. This was suffering. The hunger was so bad we'd eat anything.

We didn't have anywhere safe to stay, we just moved from one place to another. We couldn't clean ourselves—we didn't have soap or detergent—so we were stinking. Our dirty bodies, our dirty clothes, were reeking.

Our hair grew and we cut it with a knife because it was difficult to find scissors. Our soap was the *suyrurus*, the fruit of big trees, ash, the bulb of the San José flower, or we also ground the root of the *taqsana* plant. With that we'd wash our clothes, but it never got rid of the dirt like soap or detergent would. We always suffered for the lack of clothing and soap, and so the lice covered us and we were lice-ridden. The orphan children were the most lice-ridden and so we'd sometimes boil the orphans' clothes in a big pot so as to kill the lice.

Black fleas, like from pigs, also covered our heads because our hair was so long and dirty. The fleas covered us and we had to take off our clothes to kill them. We'd sometimes leave our blankets out in the sun to kill the fleas with the heat of the sun. Living like animals, in caves and mountains, and sleeping together like dogs or pigs, the black and white lice drove us mad. Our bodies were the white lice. We were so dirty that our stench could be smelt from far off.¹⁸

— Testimony by V.C.Q and T.B.P.



We Surrendered Ourselves to the *Ronderos* in Ocobamba
(Ocobamba, Andahuaylas, 1986)

The Civil Defense were already known as *ronderos*, and over time they got more murderous. We'd heard that the *ronderos* of Andahuaylas were more humane than those in Chungui, and we decided to give ourselves up to the *ronderos* in Ocobamba. More than twenty of us had escaped the Senderistas. In two days we made ourselves wood rafts, and with great difficulty, we managed to cross the Pampas River while the water raged because it was the month of the rains.

Our worry was how to give ourselves up to the *ronderos*. We were thinking, they'll kill us for sure. We decided to tie our white shirts and cloths to a stick and that was our sign that we were innocent. This was our flag.

Someone saw us and immediately mounted his horse and galloped away down the path. It seemed our luck had run out as after a few minutes more than fifty *ronderos* from Ocobamba appeared, armed with machetes, slingshots, and spears, ready to kill us. They cornered us and we tried to explain to them our fate, with our hands up and [holding] our white flags. The women, crying, pleaded for them to help us. We'd escaped from the hands of the terrorists, we told them. They looked us over from head to toe: we were skinny, ragged, covered in lice, and hungry. Luckily, they saw the Senderistas who were following to kill us, and they believed what we told them, our truth. They took us to the village of Ocobamba, where the village authority had food prepared for us. We ate soup with salt for the first time in four years.

We told them our whole story. They asked us to help them with their chores and grazing their livestock. We helped on their *chacras* [fields] and we went out to keep guard, together with the *ronderos*. Our lives had changed.¹⁹

— Testimony by E.C.



We Came Well Prepared to Capture the Subversives (Belén Chapi, Chungui)

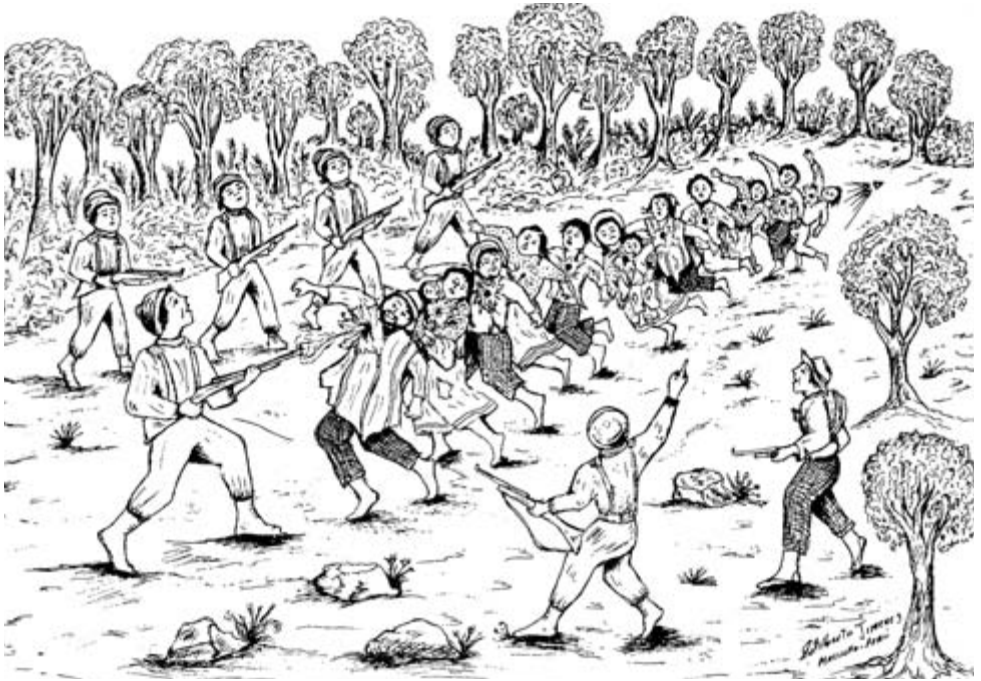
On May 11, 1986, I was conscripted [into the army] and they took me to the Caraz (Ancash) barracks. On May 12, they took me to Fort Rímac, in Lima, and by May 27, I was in Ayacucho. On June 15, they sent a hundred of us recruits to Andahuaylas. For close to three months, I was in nonstop training in the Andahuaylas barracks. They were always speaking about Chungui, which was a red zone, and of Comrade Aurelio, the leader of Base 14 in the Chungui and Anco districts. We heard reports of soldiers dying and we feared going there. A captain who was the barracks doctor asked me to travel to Chungui to be a medic. I went there the first time on April 8, 1987, at the rank of sergeant. They called me “Trapster” [*Trampero*] because I was a specialist at setting up traps to capture subversives.

In Chungui, I worked as the base’s medic. Those of us who’d just arrived were apprehensive as it was a dangerous, red zone. Before getting off the

helicopter there, we were thinking we'd either win or die. We couldn't trust anybody, not even people from the Civil Defense, because they'd betray us. We arrived well prepared to capture the subversives. In October, we left the Chungui base for the Chapi zone with a patrol of fifteen well-equipped soldiers—each soldier with one hundred bullets—under the leadership of Captain Búster, and along with more than fifty *ronderos* carrying their spears, knives, and slingshots. I carried the first aid for hemorrhages, malaria, typhoid, and sutures. In Chapi, we saw with our binoculars that in the Incahuasi sector there was a woman and a child acting as lookouts for the Senderistas. We immediately surrounded and captured them. To our surprise, it was actually a man dressed as a woman: it was Comrade Melesio, and we tied him up with rope. We punished him and he offered to take us to his camp. In the night, he took us to the camp, close to Vista Alegre. On the way, we captured two night lookouts who'd fallen asleep. Together with the two captives, we got to the camp and saw a bunch of Senderistas sleeping, just like their lookouts. We surrounded the camp and got our prisoner to wake them up. There was no escape. They looked at us and asked us not to kill them. The captain told them their lives would be spared if they cooperated, that only those who tried to escape would be executed. We brought about thirty-five people to our camp in Chapi and there we provided them with first aid. At night, we went out to capture more camps in Vista Alegre and Panto.

In barely a week, we captured a total of 190 subversives—including children, women and men—totally malnourished, sick, with torn clothing, lice, children full of intestinal parasites and scabies. Without harming them, we took them to the military base in Chungui, from where many left with a guaranty [of safe passage] to their benefit.²⁰

— Testimony by C.A.V.



They All Died with One Bullet
(Belén Chapi, Chungui, January 1985)

I am a graduate of the Infantry. I served in the army in Lima, in the cavalry. I know Lima well. When the military arrived in Chungui, they always called on us to serve the army, saying that we are graduates, and when they showed up, we had to present ourselves. Later, we served as guides for all regions, and if not, they would call us terrorists. Obedience was remaining quiet; you couldn't say no, if not you were a terrorist [*terrorista*] and they'd kill you.

In April 1984, Captain Rivas came to Chungui with the mission to terminate the terrorists, and to organize us into a civil defense, and he obligated me to be guide. We walked with the military patrol to the Chapi zone. We walked for more than a week, in the day we rested and at night we looked for terrorists without making noise; quietly we walked between the trees. One day, at around four in the morning, we captured some terrorist lookouts, because sleep had overcome them and they had fallen asleep. They were two men

and one woman. The military interrogated them with blows and with death threats. But the prisoners offered to take us to their hiding spot, which was very close by. We arrived at their camp very early; it was in the Chaupimandor region.

We found them making roofs of banana leaves for their shacks. Women were preparing their meals, there were more than thirty-five people, including women, the elderly, and children. Quickly, we rounded them up, hands up and everyone on the ground, now they couldn't escape, only beg. They said that the Senderistas made them hide in the mountains. They cried not to be killed. The military didn't believe them, for them [the military] everyone was a terrorist and should die. They ordered that they all file into single line immediately, and that they hold their children against their chests.

Poor ones. They thought that we were going to take them to Chungui, and I also said in my mind that surely we were going to take them as prisoners. But later, this wretched lieutenant [*teniente miserable*] ran in front of the line with his big AKM rifle, and he shot one single bullet, and this bullet went through everyone in the line. They fell to the ground dying, others in pain. Most had their chests, stomachs, and heads destroyed. All died with one bullet and no one survived.

After killing them, they left them there, without burying them. It gave me a human pain to see children, women, and men die with a single bullet in a pool of blood like any old animal. The military said that the terrorists should die; it's the death penalty for them.²¹

— Testimony by J.N.A.



Working Together
(Concertación)

Edilberto Jiménez's concluding remarks and drawing from *Chungui*, 2005:

After the internal armed struggle, the peasant communities remain marginalized and forgotten by the state. This [last] drawing shows that the authorities and the people must work together [*concertar*] in order to end poverty, illiteracy, sickness, and backwardness, and to achieve the development of their communities.²²

Notes

1. There are two versions in Spanish of Edilberto Jiménez's *Chungui*. This chapter is based on the 2005 version.

2. Between 1983 and 1994, 1,384 Chungui community members were killed and disappeared. See CVR, *Informe final*, vol. 5, chap. 2.3.

3. On Jiménez's *retablos* see Ulfe chapter here, and Golte and Pajuelo, *Universos de memoria*. On music from the Víctor Fajardo region, see Ritter's chapter here.

4. On these *retablos* see Ulfe's chapter here as well as Ulfe, *Cajones de memoria*, and Milton, "At the Edge of the Peruvian Truth Commission," 21–26.

5. Prior to publication of his drawings, Jiménez used to hand out photocopied versions. This speaks to the urgency he felt to bring attention to the plight of Chungui, a region where he continues to work as a member of an NGO.

6. Municipalidad Distral de Chungui, "Mejoramiento y ampliación del sistema de agua potable, e instalación del sistema de alcantarillado y tratamiento de aguas residuales en el centro poblado de San José de Villa Vista, Distrito de Chungui—La Mar—Ayacucho." Available at the Ministry of Economics and Finances website, http://ofi.mef.gob.pe/appFD/Hoja/VisorDocs.aspx?file_name=3328_OPIMDCHUNGUI_201242_101222.pdf, accessed July 12, 2013.

7. Vergara, "La memoria de la barbarie en imágenes," in Jiménez, *Chungui*, 18n. 8.

8. Degregori, "Edilberto Jiménez," in Jiménez, *Chungui*, 16.

9. Jiménez, *Chungui*, 70–71, all translations are by Katherine Saunders-Hastings and Cynthia E. Milton.

10. Jiménez, *Chungui*, 72–73.

11. Jiménez, *Chungui*, 80–81.

12. The *retiradas* was the forced displacement of people away from their communities by Shining Path so that they could not be reached by the armed forces.

13. Jiménez, *Chungui*, 84–85. The Fuerza Principal and the Fuerza Local were action groups of the Communist Party of Peru-Shining Path. The Fuerza Principal was made up of mobile columns, armed and led by Shining Path's political and military command. Local Shining Path activists in each community with lesser weapons formed the Fuerza Local. After completing an armed action, they would return to their agricultural practices. A third level of the Shining Path was the Fuerza de Base or participating town residents who did not have firearms but carried machetes, spears, and basic supplies. They had various commissions: to keep watch, to threaten and intimidate, and to accompany the Fuerza Principal and Fuerza Local when they made incursions into other communities. See CVR, *Informe final*, vol. 2, 131.

14. Jiménez, *Chungui*, 150–151.

15. The original text reads "los militares y los civiles mataron." "Civiles" most likely refers to the Guardia Civil (Civil Guards), one subsection of which were the *sinchis*.

16. Jiménez, *Chungui*, 160–161.
17. Jiménez, *Chungui*, 166–167.
18. Jiménez, *Chungui*, 176–177.
19. Jiménez, *Chungui*, 190–191.
20. Jiménez, *Chungui*, 196–197.
21. Jiménez, *Chungui*, 202–203.
22. Jiménez, *Chungui*, 208–209.