

The white dress

*On the edge of a cliff
garments were found
of a body that was
not breathing anymore.*

Erik Arellana Bautista



**In memory of Nydia Erika Bautista
1955 - 1987**



MY NAME IS YANETTE. AND WHAT I WILL TELL YOU ISN'T EXACTLY MY STORY, ALTHOUGH I AM PART OF IT, JUST LIKE THE WATER FROM A RIVER IS ALSO IN THE SEA.

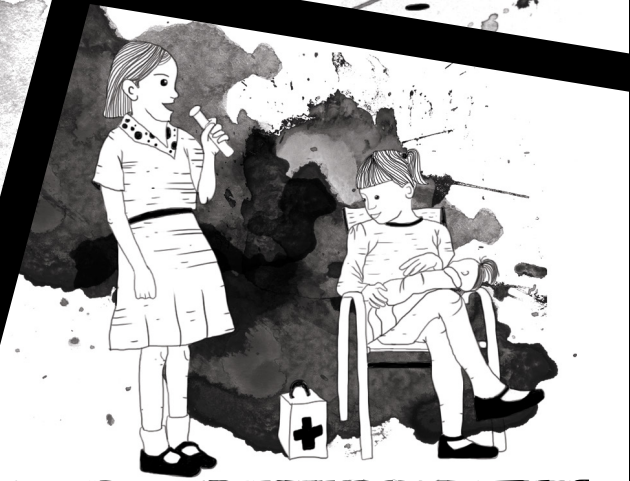


MY PARENTS DOMI AND ALFONSO HAD SIX CHILDREN, AND I GREW UP SURROUNDED BY MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

AND IT WAS THE ELDEST, NYDIA ERIKA, WHO WOULD MARK OUR LIVES FOREVER.



WE ENJOYED BEING IN THE PATIO WITH TOBITA AND MUERGANO, THE PARROT THAT IMITATED MY MOTHER WHEN SHE COUGHED.



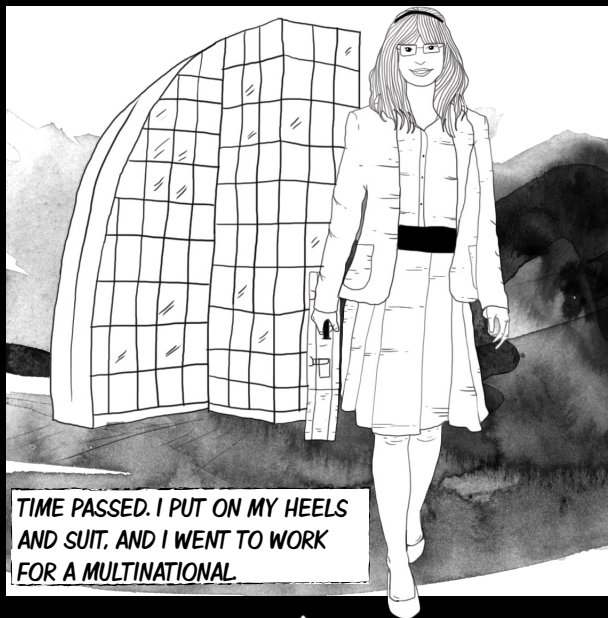
WE WOULD PLAY AT WHAT WE WOULD BE WHEN WE GREW UP. NYDIA WANTED TO HELP PEOPLE. I DREAMED OF MAKING SPEECHES.

ONE DAY MY FATHER TOOK HER TO BOLIVAR SQUARE.

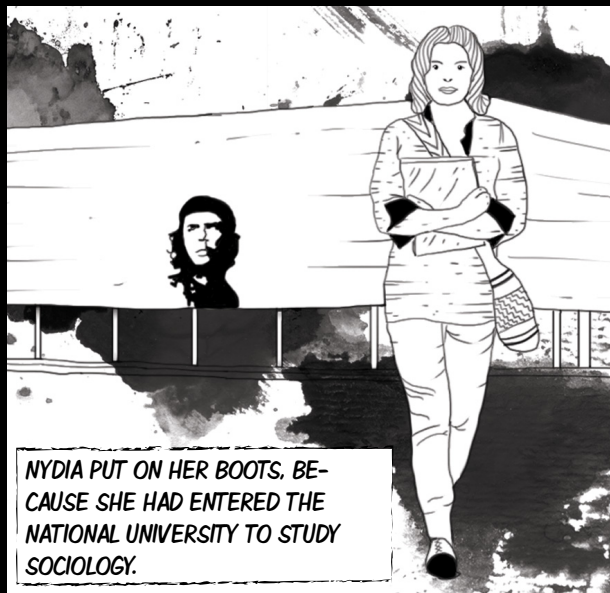


THEY TOOK THIS PICTURE WHERE HE IS HOLDING HER LIKE A BABY. SHE HAD BROUGHT SOMETHING OUT IN HIM. A LIBERAL MAN WITH POLITICAL IDEAS FOR THE PEOPLE. WHEN SHE GOT HOME, SHE TOLD ME:





TIME PASSED. I PUT ON MY HEELS
AND SUIT, AND I WENT TO WORK
FOR A MULTINATIONAL.



NYDIA PUT ON HER BOOTS, BE-
CAUSE SHE HAD ENTERED THE
NATIONAL UNIVERSITY TO STUDY
SOCIOLOGY.



GONE WERE OUR CHILDHOOD CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS WHEN SHE
WOULD TALK TO MY COUSINS ABOUT POLITICS LIKE SHE WAS A
GROWN WOMAN.



LATER CAME THE FIRST BOYFRIENDS IN OUR
NEIGHBOURHOOD.



THE FIRST PARTIES WITH OUR FRIENDS.



TOGETHER WITH OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS, WE
BEGAN BUILDING OUR LIVES, BUT SOMETHING GOT
STUCK IN THE WHEEL AND BROKE IT.



NYDIA HAD A SON: SHE NAMED HIM ERIK.



I HAD A DAUGHTER: I NAMED HER ANDREA.



BIRTHDAYS UNITED US AND WE WOULD CELEBRATE THEM TOGETHER.



ONE DAY SHE TOLD ME WHAT SHE HAD BEEN DOING, BUT I ALREADY KNEW DEEP DOWN.



YOU REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE GIRLS AND ONE DAY I TOLD YOU THAT WHEN I GREW UP I WANTED TO HELP PEOPLE?



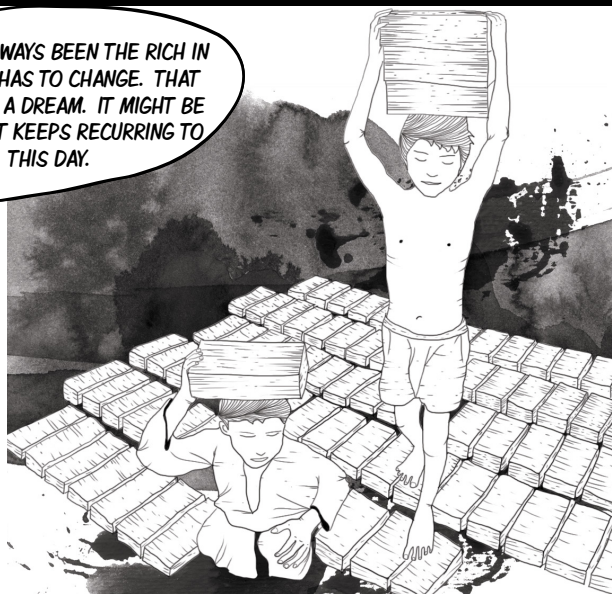
I REMEMBER IT WAS BEDTIME.

WELL THE TIME HAS COME AND ONLY A REVOLUTION WILL WORK. WE HAVE TO CHANGE THE RULES OF POWER.





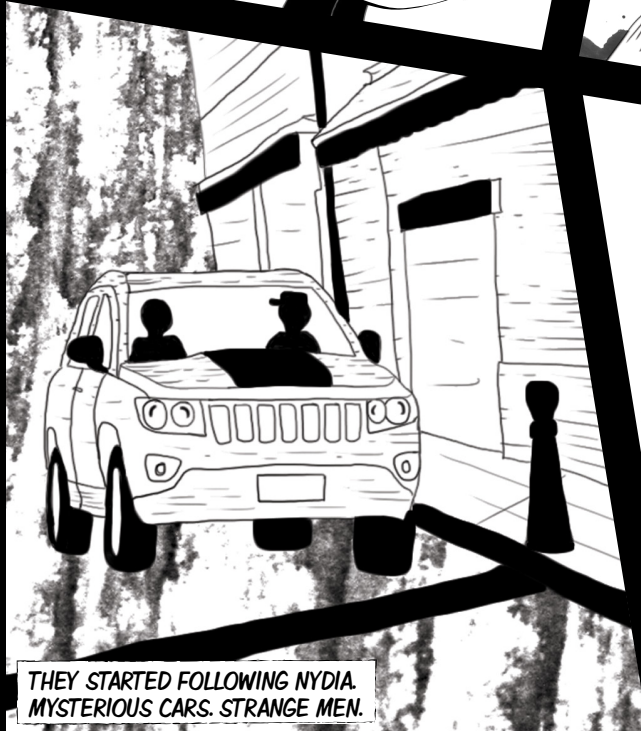
HERE IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THE RICH IN CHARGE. IT HAS TO CHANGE. THAT NIGHT I HAD A DREAM. IT MIGHT BE NAÏVE BUT IT KEEPS RECURRING TO THIS DAY.



I DREAMED THAT PEOPLE COULD FLY AND WERE FREE. THEY FLEW LIKE BIRDS.



SHAME IT'S ONLY DREAM, NYDIA.



YOU NEVER THINK THE VIOLENCE WILL REACH YOU.

NYDIA WAS A PROFESSIONAL WOMAN. SHE STARTED A SECOND DEGREE IN ECONOMICS IN 1982.

AND LIKE IT ALWAYS IS WITH TRAGEDY, THE DAY WE LEAST EXPECTED IT, IT CAME KNOCKING ON OUR DOOR.

IT WAS 30TH AUGUST 1987, DURING ERIK AND ANDREA'S FIRST COMMUNION.

MUM I WANT MORE CAKE!

WAIT 'TIL EVERYONE HAS EATEN, THEN YOU CAN HAVE SECONDS.

NYDIA I HAVE TO GO, IT'S GETTING LATE.

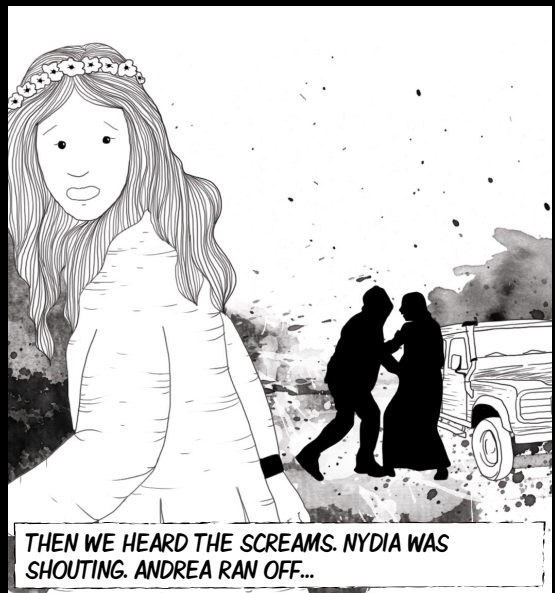
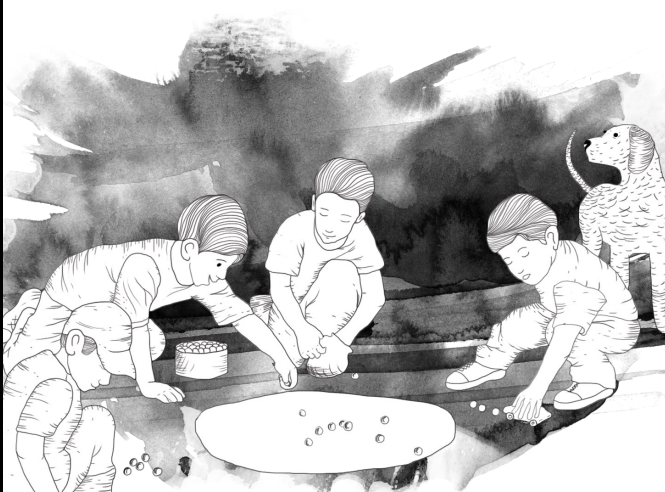
I'LL WALK HER TO THE BUS, MERCEDES

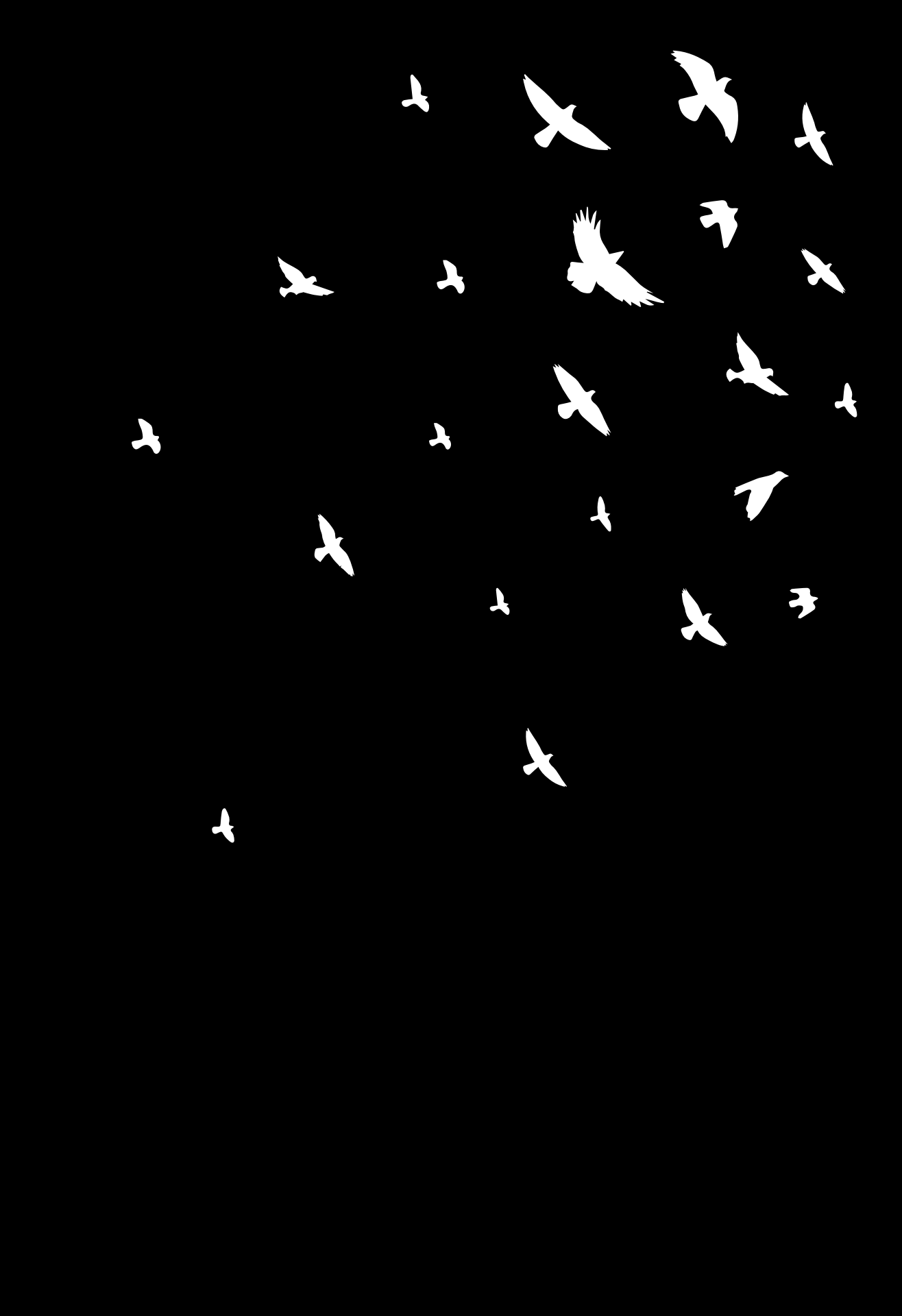


ONLY FOR A BIT, WHILE I WALK HER TO THE BUS STOP.



WE WERE ON OUR DOORSTEP IN THE STREET, WAITING FOR HER TO COME BACK.





MINUTES PASSED, HOURS, DAYS, WEEKS, MONTHS, YEARS AND WE HAD NO NEWS OF NYDIA. THERE'S NOTHING MORE HORRIBLE THAN NOT KNOWING WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SOMEONE.

SEE HER DISAPPEAR. HOW CRUSHED YOU FEEL WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND THAT YESTERDAY SHE WAS WITH YOU, BUT NOT TODAY. TO NEVER SEE HER FACE, HER SMILE AGAIN.

NOT HEAR HER VOICE. HER WORDS. NEVER SEE HER AGAIN. HOW CAN THIS HAPPEN IN A DEMOCRACY?

I DREAM OF HER IN THE WHITE DRESS SHE DISAPPEARED IN AND I HEAR HER TELLING ME: "I SHINE WITH MY OWN LIGHT"

WE TOOK TO THE STREETS TO SHOUT FOR THEM TO BRING HER BACK ALIVE, BUT THEY HAD ALREADY KILLED HER. AFTERWARDS I DIDN'T HAVE THE SAME STRENGTH TO SHOUT ANYMORE.

BUT WE WEREN'T GOING TO LET HER DISAPPEAR. WE WERE GOING TO LOOK FOR HER UNTIL WE FOUND HER.

AFTER THREE ENDLESS YEARS SEARCHING WITH MY FATHER, AND MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS, SUFFERING HUMILIATION, THREATS, ANXIETY, INSULTS, PERSECUTION, LIES AND SLANDER, WE FOUND HER TORTURED, RAPED AND COLD BODY IN A CEMETARY OF UNAMED CORPSES, FAR FROM THE CITY WHERE SHE WAS BORN.



Nydia Erika no volvió más

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neuartige Luftfilteranlage in den Hörsälen ein. Damit sei man deutschlandweit die erste Hochschule, die sich mit Reinigungssystemen ausstatten. Die Grippewelle vorbereiten. Künftig sollen rund 22.000 Hörsäle in Deutschland mehr als 22.000 Fälle von Schweinegrippe registriert werden. Die Krankheit wird über Tröpfcheninfektion verbreitet, weshalb gerade große Mensenansammlungen gefährlich sind.

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WE STARTED LOOKING FOR THE PERPETRATORS. AND THEY KILLED OUR FIRST LAWYER. THEY KILLED OUR SECOND LAWYER. THEY THREATENED TO KILL US.

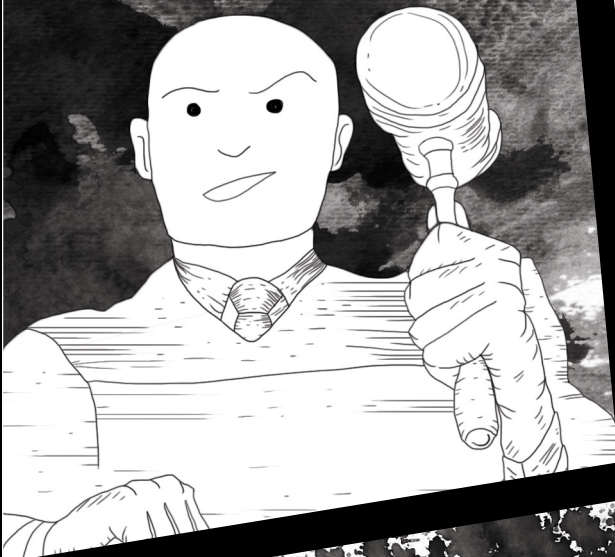
BUT WE DIDN'T STOP. WE DIDN'T STAY SILENT. WE DIDN'T REST UNTIL THAT HORRIBLE MORNING WHEN THEY HANDED OVER NYDIA ERIKA, MY SISTER.

THEY GAVE US A BLACK BAG WITH HER REMAINS. WITH HER WHITE DRESS, TORN AND FILTHY. THAT'S WHAT THEY GAVE US OF NYDIA.



MY FATHER CARRIED HER REMAINS, AND OUR FAMILY GAVE HER A DIGNIFIED BURIAL.

THE ALLEGED KILLERS, AN ARMY GENERAL AND OTHER SOLDIERS, WERE SACKED.



BUT WE CONTINUE TO ASK FOR A VERDICT OF DISAPPEARANCE, WHICH HASN'T BEEN GIVEN.



WE GOT DEATH THREATS AND HAD TO FLEE THE COUNTRY. ANDREA AND ERIK GREW UP ABROAD. I GREW OLD HERE, BUT THEY COULDN'T KEEP US QUIET. WE CONTINUED TO DENOUNCE NYDIA'S FORCED DISAPPEARANCE AND THOSE OF HUNDREDS OF OTHERS WHO MET THE SAME FATE. I ONLY THINK ABOUT ONE THING: FOR THERE TO BE JUSTICE AND, GODWILLING, FOR NYDIA ERIKA'S DREAM TO BECOME REALITY.

