

50 años del CIDE

CIDE'S EARLY DAYS

A personal experience

Jeremy Fox

General Augusto Pinochet's military coup of 1973 in Chile put to flight tens of thousands of his fellow-citizens. Many found refuge in the wealthy democracies of Europe, North America and the antipodes. Some, less fortunate, crossed to adjacent countries where they fell into the hands of regimes as nasty as the one they fled.

A few —mainly politicians, senior bureaucrats and academics— made their way to Mexico where the government welcomed them, paraded them as examples of its revolutionary credentials, and gave them jobs in the bureaucracy and academia.

Their arrival coincided with the creation in Mexico City of the Centre for Teaching and Research in Economics (CIDE), where several found employment. Pedro Vuskovic, economics minister in Allende's government, figured among the Chileans taken on at CIDE; so did the brilliant, mercurial economist Fernando Fajnzylber, and Luis Maira, a Christian Democrat and leading Chilean parliamentarian. Prominent figures from other parts of South America, driven from their homes, likewise found intellectual and material sustenance there, among them Dr. Samuel Lichtensztejn, ousted rector of the University of Montevideo and, briefly, the delightful Brazilian economist Maria da Conceição Tavares.

Founder of CIDE and our inspirational leader was a woman, Trinidad Martínez Tarragó —Trini to her colleagues— a taut bundle of energy whose fertile brain had conceived the organisation, persuaded the government to finance it, and now poured out a stream of ideas for the emerging faculty to consider and, perhaps, to pursue.

I joined CIDE as a faculty member in early 1975¹ when the organisation was yet small enough to fit into the house and grounds of a modest mansion in Campestre Churubusco, a suburb of Mexico City. In that setting CIDE more resembled a sanatorium than a place of learning. Students, few in number, came and went quietly. I never heard them laugh or raise their voices. They had already spent years studying Economics or Political Science at places of more or less higher learning, but “they know so little...” Trini would lament, not without satisfaction for therein lay the justification for the new venture, “.....they must start over from square one”. For which purpose the chosen textbook —Joan Robinsons’s *Introduction to Modern Economics*— offered an easy read (though after struggling through it out of duty, I couldn’t decide whether it was too subtle to grasp, or too simplistic to be credible). Robinson had written a monograph on Marx and was then championing the Chinese Cultural Revolution as a more efficient means of imparting the eternal verities.

Perhaps the generally low opinion of their attainments kept the students quiet, though doubtless they knew and perhaps were daunted by the fact that some of the refugees who taught them had been ministers of state or glittering academics in their own country, figures accustomed to deference, to commanding the heights of public discourse, to delivering their thoughts from the mountain top in language powered by self-belief and sanctioned by an awareness of personal achievement.

From Monday to Friday, the faculty had lunch at a long table set into a rectangular alcove near the kitchen. Formalities were few, conversation came ready-spiced with virtuoso displays of wit and learning; and we addressed each other in familiar terms. We were no more than a dozen in those days, and sat where we would, Trini permitting no hierarchy; that is until a short stout man appeared at the head of the table, after which no one else ventured to occupy that place. For five years, Horacio Flores de la Peña had been a government minister —Secretario de Patrimonio Nacional— and had turned the state into a major industrial entrepreneur by launching a succession of publicly-owned corporations. While still a minister, he had helped

¹ CIDE opened its doors to students in September 1974. I began teaching English there on a part-time basis shortly afterwards.

to steer the CIDE concept through cabinet and to secure its initial funding. Now, for the last year of the presidential term² he had been put out to grass. Perhaps he had spent too much money or, more likely, being by reputation an honest man, had been banished by the kleptocracy that traditionally shifted into top gear prior to the handover of power to a new incumbent. We all understood that Flores' appointment to CIDE signified banishment to the political wilderness; but we wondered also if he might have been placed among us to ensure that our revolutionary South Americans would cause no trouble to the Mexican government.

Nature had done Flores no favours in respect of physique. Squat, pudgy-faced, rotund, he resembled —as much as a person could— a large toad; and though less noisy than the proprietor of Toad Hall, he shared some of the latter's disdain for lower orders of humanity. At lunch, no matter who might be seated at table, he acknowledged only those —a handful— whom he considered worthy of notice. Not that he was rude or overtly dismissive; he simply paid no attention to anyone else. I dined in his company maybe a hundred times, but I don't believe he ever returned my greeting or took the trouble to learn my name. Ironically, the South Americans whom he did acknowledge gave him little enough in return beyond the formal respect owed to his position. Perhaps his nationality counted against him, or his mestizo complexion —for they, without exception, could have passed for northern Europeans and some of them seemed to me not wholly free of disdain for their darker-skinned Mexican cousins.

Picture us seated together at table, Flores presiding. Seated on his right, Fernando Fajnzylber. Formerly Director of International Trade in Salvador Allende's government, Fajnzylber was on first-name terms with a number of famous Latin-American intellectuals and politicians and could be heard conversing loudly with them on the telephone long distance to Argentina, Brazil or further afield. "Celso", he would cry at the top of his voice...." Raul...Enrique..." —and all who were within earshot knew that at the other end of the line was Celso Furtado...Raul Prebisch...Enrique Iglesias,³ figures of such renown that we were in awe of anyone who claimed to know

² 1975. President Luis Echeverría Álvarez was in office from 1970 to 1976.

³ Distinguished economists, nationals respectively of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay.

them. Clever, witty and fiercely ambitious, Fajnzylber radiated impatient energy, his shock of dark, curly hair taking to the air when he became animated as if struggling to keep up with his thoughts. He never showed himself other than content with his lot —a heroic refusal, as I thought, to bow to the still unfolding tragedy he had left behind in Chile. Far from dwelling on the brutal regime from which he had fled, he had re-focused his attention and was busily completing a book on multinational corporations in the Mexican economy.⁴ He had the aura, I write these words even now with wonder, of someone who he had arrived in Mexico less out of fear for his life than as a career move. Whether or not, he was a decision-maker within the organisation, he gave the impression of being one, of possessing a level of authority that one should not think to question.

Next came Fajnzylber's compatriot, Luis (Lucho) Maira: tall, slender with thick black hair and black-framed spectacles, a weaver of fine phrases, adept at avoiding confrontation or, as I learned to my cost, at provoking it when it suited his purpose. Liable to switch without warning between warm enthusiasm, brooding reserve and snarling menace, Maira had sharpened his public persona on the flintstone of student politics before embarking on a career as a politician. Starting out in the centre-right Christian Democrat Party, he was blown leftwards on the political wind that brought Salvador Allende to power and, for his pains, ended up on General Pinochet's "most wanted" list. Less gifted than Fajnzylber, Maira hung onto his compatriot's coat-tails whenever the discussion at table or in meetings required a display of learning. Though he was unfailingly quick to make Fajnzylber's opinions his own, he was sensitive about his own intellectual credentials. Once I offended him by referring to him as a politician. "I used to be a politician", he snapped. "Now I am an academic", as if merely by saying so, he had assumed a more convenient identity. From the moment we were introduced, I sensed that behind a surface affability lurked a ruthless mind, cold in its calculation of advantage, subtle in its sense of when to advance and when to retreat, determined to have its way.

⁴ Fernando Fajnzylber and Trinidad Martínez Tarragó: "Las empresas transnacionales - Expansión a nivel mundial y proyección en la industria mexicana", Mexico, D.F., FCE, 1976.

Pedro Vuskovic struck me as the most severely wounded. Thin and small-limbed he moved and spoke with the weariness of an old man though at the time he was barely fifty. He had escaped Pinochet's clutches, but some vital part of him seemed to have expired on his way to Mexico. As Allende's first economics minister, he had been a prime architect of socialist Chile—a dream, biblical in intensity, of a place where the brotherhood of Man would become reality and thereby offer an example to the world. Together with Allende, he had tried to bring that dream to life but instead had seen it shattered by gunfire and the distant meddling of Henry Kissinger and the US State Department. The coup had forced him into seeing that men were not brothers, or rather that if they were brothers they would as likely be Cain and Abel as Jonathan and David. He wore his defeat like a hairshirt, walking about the premises head bowed, face etched with sadness. Often he didn't bother with lunch, but went off somewhere by himself; and whenever he did choose to sit with us, he ate without relish and seldom spoke. I used to wonder if the struggle to come to terms with what had happened in Chile would prove beyond him. He gave an impression of being uncomfortable in the company of fellow refugees, perhaps because the majority seemed content with their new surroundings and easily able to hide their sorrows—if they had them—beneath the daily busyness of fresh activity, whereas he carried the past like a last possession, burdensome but too precious to let go. That this was so became clear when in 1975—two years after the coup—he produced a book of ferocious polemic, *Acusación al Imperialismo*,⁵ in which he took the United States to task for fomenting Allende's overthrow: a sad, angry little book now gathering dust among numberless other forgotten volumes on a remote, seldom-visited shelf of the library of Babel.

One figure enjoyed a reputation among the students for unfathomable intelligence: Dr. Samuel Lichtensztejn. When the Uruguayan military forced him into exile he was already, in his early forties, Rector of the Universidad de la República (Montevideo)—the country's premier seat of learning. Heavy-set and lumbering, he looked much older than his years, weighed down we supposed with learning, wisdom and conferred authority. None

⁵ Pedro Vuskovic: "Acusación al Imperialismo", Mexico, D.F., Casa de Chile/FCE, 1975.

of us knew him well. Like Vuskovic, he was reserved, taciturn even, immersed in his own thoughts, and he disliked the small talk so essential to community of feeling. One might easily spend an hour at table with him without hearing from his lips more than the responses demanded by courtesy. By contrast, before a class of eager students Lichtensztejn was capable of speaking for hours with barely a glance at his notes or a thought for his awestruck listeners. “Five hours is his record”, Trini once told me delightfully. “Last week we had to rescue the students and send them home to recover.”

In addition to Trini and Flores de la Peña, I can recall on one other Mexican around that dining table. This was Jaime Ros, a young economist who became a close colleague of Trini. Quietly-spoken, he struck me as thoughtful, sensitive and highly intelligent.

Two camps existed among the exiles. One —personified in my memory by Pedro Vuskovic— consisted of committed idealists. So far as I could tell, only Vuskovic qualified as a political ideologue —some of the others would not even have described themselves as socialists— but they held a common concern about the lack of political freedom in their home countries and about Latin-America’s endemic problems of poverty and social deprivation. Samuel Lichtensztejn belonged to this group, and so did Chilean Pablo Nudelman —a gentle poetic soul, grossly overweight, with whom I shared a love of strong coffee and the poetry of Pablo Neruda. Outside the classroom, they spoke seldom and quietly, carrying exile wherever they went, like a suitcase full of stones. Their eyes betrayed the trauma of defeat.

By contrast, members of the more numerous second camp smiled often, mixed easily, discussed politics openly, and threw themselves into CIDE’s communal life. They talked a great deal, laid claim to levels of erudition that no one thought to question and fell smoothly into an elite life-style. About a year after his arrival in Mexico, Fajnzylber gave a garden party at his home to which he invited his CIDE colleagues, of whom I was one. By then he had moved with his wife into an elegant residence in Coyoacán —one of the city’s most prestigious neighbourhoods. I wondered how he had managed such a feat, and how his apparent opulence tallied with his condition of refugee. Later I discovered that in addition to his position at CIDE he held another job as consultant to Nafinsa, Mexico’s national development

bank. In those days, if you were well connected or known for your expertise, it wasn't hard to get on the government payroll.

Trini introduced the idea of launching a journal.⁶ The aim —befitting a progressive Latin-American institution— was to publish political and economic intelligence on the United States. “The Americans study us to exhaustion”, she told us, “It's time we studied them”. Already the unacknowledged leader of camp two, Fajnzylber —with Maira at his heel— drove the project forward.⁷ The core editorial team included Roberto Bouzas, a young Argentinian economist, Bernardo Sepúlveda, a Mexican scholar who later became Mexico's Foreign Secretary, and myself. My job —the least glamorous— was to look after design and layout, and to write a brief editorial. At some point during the lead-up to publication, the journal acquired the title: “Estados Unidos: perspectiva latinoamericana”.⁸

Before publishing the first issue, we took some practice runs. Key members of the team wrote pro forma articles —or analyses as they liked to call them— on the American reality, and we would then assemble to discuss the merits or otherwise of each contribution. At least that was the theory. In practice, we flapped around in the shallows of a shared ignorance. We were Latin-Americans plus a single, naive Englishman. None of us knew much about the United States. CIDE's nascent library had not even registered that country as a subject of study. Ready at hand we had two or three books and a couple of learned journals all written by US citizens and published in the United States. Plus *Time* and *Newsweek*, twin stalwarts of middle-brow journalism on which we seized as if they were repositories of divine revelation. They became obligatory reading.

Fajnzylber added *The Economist* to his source list, though he was reticent about saying so. In those days, no one with any pretence to left-wing creden-

⁶ The proposal probably originated from within the ranks of the South American exiles and Maira later claimed the idea to be his. See “35 años del CIDE 1974-2009”, CIDE, 2009, pp.153-170.

⁷ Maira later became head of CIDE's Instituto de Estudios de Norteamérica and took over the senior editorial role from Fajnzylber.

⁸ For a brief account of the publication, see Juan Jesús Morales: “Una mirada a los Cuadernos Semestrales. Estados Unidos: perspectiva latinoamericana del Centro de Investigación y Docencia Económicas (CIDE) (1977-1988)”; available at file:///Users/JsClaro/Downloads/ColaboracinOBSMACJJMoralesMartn-1.pdf.

tials would admit to perusing that bastion of capitalist orthodoxy. Students had not, of course, been forbidden to read *The Economist* but they were given to understand that it represented opinions inimical to the interests of the Third World.

My discovery that Fajnzylber read *The Economist* happened by chance. As leader of our little group, he had set the publication date for the first issue of the new journal, and had assigned papers of varying importance to the editorial team. We had the annual summer vacation in which to prepare and were each to arrive at the beginning of the new academic year with written contributions.

Fajnzylber's own piece, an extended essay on stagflation, was to be the lead article. "A masterpiece without doubt", Maira commented when, on our return to work, a secretary handed it round, neatly typed, stapled and with its own cover. "Don't you think so?"

"Without doubt", I agreed adding, unwisely perhaps, that I hadn't yet read it and so reserved a final opinion.

I had spent most of the summer vacation in the UK, where an old university friend —on learning of my role in CIDE— had advised me to read *The Economist*.

"Can't you recommend something better than that right-wing nonsense?" I had asked him, remembering my lines.

"Try it", he had countered, "you might like it".

I duly took his advice and bought the latest issue to read on my return flight to Mexico City.

Over breakfast on the day of our first editorial meeting of the new year I scanned Fajnzylber's paper. Stagflation —a combination of inflation and stagnation— was apparently a novel phenomenon. Until then you either experienced one or the other, but you couldn't have both. Without warning, the world had changed: prices were rising but industry was in a slump and consumers were not consuming. Written with undeniable elegance the paper stretched out the theme as if the author were savouring the problem in the way a connoisseur savours wine, swishing it round first in the glass then in the mouth, giving it time to penetrate the farthest nerve ends of the palate, before allowing it to slip down the throat. I couldn't help being impressed. At the same time, I had a sense of déjà vu. Some of the sentences

rang familiar. I flicked through *The Economist* again, and sure enough there they were —some of them at least— not word for word for the language was, in any case, different, but the same ideas, the same histrionic bafflement, the same certainties too. Back at CIDE, I took out the previous week's issues of *Time* and *Newsweek*. Together, they completed the essentials of Fajnzylber's paper that *The Economist* had not supplied.

During a classroom break, one of the post-graduate students asked me how the new journal was developing.

"Well enough", I replied, "Though we may be a little too dependent on *Time* and *Newsweek* and maybe even *The Economist*."

"*En serio?!,*" my interlocutor exclaimed.

I was unaware of the enormity of my indiscretion. They say a butterfly flapping its wings ten thousand miles away can cause a hurricane.

Taking the chair at our next meeting, Maira announced that the main item on the agenda was to be a discussion of Fajnzylber's paper. Would anyone like to comment?

A prolonged silence ensued. No one wished to pose questions; still less to interrogate the master. At length Bouzas congratulated Fajnzylber at having produced a brilliant essay. Maira added his own admiring compliments.

The rest of us stayed silent. I glanced at Sepúlveda, sole Mexican member of the team. He sat motionless, slender fingers pyramided together, eyes fixed at a spot on the floor in front of him. Haughty and distant, he reminded me of a seventeenth century Spanish grandee who, but for his grey suit, might have emerged from a Velázquez painting.

Fajnzylber, impatient, was rocking back and forth in his chair. He disliked waiting, hated inaction. Restless eyes reflected the machinery of a rapid-fire, easily irritated mind.

"Somebody should offer a comment", he said.

Like a fool, I took up the challenge and, after apologising for my lack of expertise, I asked about the influence on inflation of OPEC's decision to increase the price of crude. He paid no attention to the question, but instead launched into a tirade against certain unnamed persons who were bent on destroying the group. Somebody, he asserted, had criticised our work in public. A traitor lurked in our midst.

I asked if he was referring to me; but he was choking with anger and unable—or unwilling—to offer a response. After he finished speaking, we fled out of the room in silence and went our separate ways.

Shortly afterwards, CIDE moved into a large campus on the outskirts of the city, a group of buildings formerly occupied by an American expatriate university. Launch of the journal was postponed for a few weeks while we established ourselves in our new home. We were all excited, conscious that to be provided with such magnificent premises signified that the Mexican government believed in our future. And we forgot Fajnzylber's tirade.

At least I forgot it. There was plenty of other work to do. I had translations to complete, classes to give, and my new office in CIDE to furnish and equip. Also I wanted to explore the campus which in those days consisted of a dozen buildings scattered over rolling terrain, with lawns and pathways—spaciousness and tranquillity reminiscent of the Ivy League, a fanciful fusion of Oxbridge garden and Greek gymnasium.

I got into a routine of spending ten or fifteen minutes of my morning coffee break strolling round the grounds. It was on one of these mini expeditions that I discovered a perimeter fence at the rear of the campus hidden from general view by a line of shrubs. The fence bordered an old highway,⁹ on the other side of which the land fell away into a steep-sided valley only partially visible because a crude hoarding had been erected along the far edge of the road. Positioning myself so as to see through the fence and a break in the hoarding I made out lines of dumper trucks trundling to and fro the valley floor. They seemed to be disgorging cargo and then retreating. Tiny figures were scrambling over the deposits. On a breath of wind I caught a fetid odour of rotting garbage.

Squeezing through a gap in the fence, I crossed the highway and made my way to the entrance. The stench came sharp and heavy now in the mid-morning heat, and I had to resist an impulse to turn away. I was staring down at one of Mexico City's garbage dumps.

On each side of the dirt track used by the trucks and along the valley floor, makeshift huts stretched into the distance. They seemed to be made

⁹ The old road to Toluca.

of anything that came to the hands of their builders: corrugated iron, plastic sheeting, odd pieces of wood, metal bars, cardboard. The figures I had spotted from the other side of the road turned into a platoon of maybe fifty men and women clambering over the garbage, sifting, sorting, scraping. Equal numbers were waiting for the next truckload and the next as the dumpers trundled down the dusty slope. Children were helping their parents, some of them dragging sacks almost as big as themselves. Smoke from cooking fires rose into the dusty air. Here, then, was the unacknowledged face of underdevelopment, a seething pit of souls living in garbage, upon garbage and from garbage. It seemed to me I had stumbled on some awful truth about what the Conquest and its aftermath—European expansionism, Western capitalism—had wrought on the old City of the Gods, the magnificent Aztec capital of Tenochtitlan, a vanished wonder of a pristine world. I thought of Dante's inferno:

*Le fondo è cupo sì che no ci basta
l'occhio a veder senza montare al dosso
de l'arco ove lo scoglio più sovrasta.
Quivi venimmo; e quindi giù nel fosso
vidi gente attuffata in uno sterco
che da gli uman privati pareva mosso.¹⁰*

But in Dante's universe such sufferings were inflictions of divine justice on the unworthy. Whose justice had condemned these unhappy citizens of the earth? In the name of what and for the sake of what?

About 100 metres from where I stood a group of men had gathered. One of them pointed me out to a companion. They picked up broken bottles from a nearby heap and walked towards me. I hurried back across the road and through the fence to safety.

¹⁰ The bottom is so dark and deep that
Solely from one spot can you see it,
Where the rock at its highest point juts out.
Making our way there, we looked down into the abyss
At people mired in excrement
Of the kind that flows in human sewers.
Dante - Inferno, Canto 18, 109-113

That afternoon Pablo Nudelman visited me in my new office on campus. Still disturbed by my discovery of the morning, I asked him if he knew about the city garbage dump at the rear of the campus. He shook his head, so I gave him a brief description. Surely a body like CIDE, staffed by left-wing intellectuals, by men and women who had risked their own lives and livelihoods in support of the search for a more just and equitable Latin America, could not ignore such horror on its doorstep! Maybe we could find a way to help these people. Wasn't it the responsibility of the middle-class intelligentsia to venture beyond analysis? Shouldn't we also seek solutions and ways to apply them?

"CIDE probably already knows about the garbage dump", Pablo said.

Did that mean there was nothing more to be done?

"We're just foreigners, strangers in this land". He shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject. Neruda had written a series of poems entitled "España en el corazón". About the civil war. Did I by chance have a copy?

I didn't.

"It's about the agony of conflict", he told me, then added, "In Chile we tried to change the system so that there would be no more slums".

Our editorial meetings recommenced. The first, devoted to administrative issues, passed off calmly, though the atmosphere struck me as frosty. I was seeing much less of my colleagues than at the old mansion house. We no longer ate together round the same table, for in the campus cafeteria there were many tables —with seating barely enough for five or six; and so we dined in clusters. One clique formed around Fajnzylber, another round Lichtensztein. Flores and Trini would lunch with one of these.

Our objective at the next editorial meeting was to finalise the contents of the first issue of the journal. From the start, however, the atmosphere was charged with tension. Bouzas, who had spoken rarely during previous sessions, took up the cudgels. He had with him a sheaf of notes which he consulted as he spoke. His hands shook and at times his voice became querulous. After prolonged reflection, he said, it had become clear that a disruptive element had infiltrated the organisation. We could not continue in this vein. Some people experienced delusions, imagining themselves to be experts on subjects about which they knew little, and when

found out they used positions of trust to betray their colleagues. Such was the case now. These were dangerous times. And so on. The group listened, glancing from time to time at me.

“Obviously”, I said at length, “You are referring to me”.

“Whoever I refer to will know it”, Bouzas replied.

Sepúlveda, the only one among us who was not in some way an exile, looked puzzled. “Nuestro querido anglosajón...” he began. But Fajnzylber stopped him. Sepúlveda did not count in this equation.

“The fact is”, said Fajnzylber, “We have a viper in our midst and we must cast it out”.

I translate roughly. The verb he used was “extirpar” —to extirpate, a word devoid of mercy, a violent, eradicating word fashionable in the South American military of the time, a favourite word of Pinochet’s notorious DINA, of Argentina’s Triple A, of the Uruguayan Police Department, and before them, of the Einsatzgruppe—, a word that —given the European origins of his name and the sufferings of his forebears— must have possessed a haunting resonance in Fajnzylber’s mind.

“The viper”, I replied —out of control— “is our indifference to the poor souls over the road who live on garbage”.

Maira, tore off his glasses, “If you don’t shut up”, he said, “we’ll silence you by other means”.

I left the meeting, trembling and on the following morning handed in my resignation.

Only much later, in the tranquillity and distance of time, did I begin to understand that my colleagues’ first thought, on finding disagreement with me, could well have been that I belonged to the enemy camp; that I —an Anglo-Saxon— had infiltrated CIDE either as a tool of some right-wing conspiracy or, more likely, as a young CIA officer. Latin-American refugees in those days could find no guarantee of safety anywhere. General Carlos Prats —an ally of the murdered Chilean president Salvador Allende— had been assassinated while in exile in Buenos Aires; Orlando Letelier, former Chilean foreign minister, had just suffered the same fate in Washington. Perhaps Fajnzylber or Maira or Vuskovic also figured on Pinochet’s hit list. With my left-wing rhetoric, maybe I had weaselled my way into the group in order to lead it to destruction.

On the other hand, I wonder if the anxiety of my colleagues to cast me out might reflect a hint of the fascism from which, as refugees, they had fled. Dialogue is an activity of people at ease in their own skin, unafraid of contradiction and uncertainty.

Or did all this hostility arise from nothing more than my discovery of Fajnzylber's dependence on *The Economist*, and my crime a simple breach of etiquette?

Who knows what fears haunt the thoughts of a refugee?

Well, I walked out of my job and with one exception never saw any of my CIDE editorial colleagues again.

What happened to them?

Fernando Fajnzylber became a prime exponent of rhetorical economics—the art of reducing complex economic phenomena to attractively simple, faintly mystical aphorisms.¹¹ He joined UNIDO in 1980 and then, on his return to Chile in 1986, became a leading figure in the Economic Commission for Latin America achieving renown as a radical defender of Third World economic rights. He died in 1991.

Luis Maira returned to Chile in 1988 and, on the restoration of democracy in that country, secured a cabinet position in the government of Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle.¹² Subsequently, he was appointed Chilean ambassador first to Mexico and then to Argentina. A modest intellect at the service of extreme ambition secured for him a status beyond his personal merits. He belongs to a long and populous line of politicians whose opinions and beliefs swing with the wind of personal advantage. A Christian Democrat at the time of the coup in Chile, on his return to Chile, he shifted his political allegiance leftwards to the Socialist Party before embarking on his diplomatic career.

Jaime Ros was appointed Director of CIDE's Department of (Domestic) Economics in 1978 and remained with the organisation until 1985. He went on to develop a stellar career both in Mexico as Professor and subse-

¹¹ In my view, despite his intellectual brilliance, Fajnzylber lacked a grasp of how industrial and financial markets work in practice. For a more positive view, see Claudio Maggi and Dirk Messner: "Fernando Fajnzylber (1940-1991): Desarrollo tecnológico, competitividad y equidad", available at <http://www.meso-nrw.de/fajnzylber.pdf>.

¹² 1994-2000

quently Emeritus Professor of Economics at UNAM, and in the United States as a Faculty Fellow at the Kellogg Institute for International Studies, Notre Dame University, Indiana. He died in 2019.

Roberto Bouzas returned to his native Argentina, where he flourishes as an expert on hemispheric trade. He has a small but respectable international reputation.

Bernardo Sepúlveda, a stalwart of the PRI, earned a spell as Mexico's Minister of Foreign Affairs. A lawyer by training, he went on to develop a distinguished career as an international jurist. During his ministerial tenure, he paid a visit to Ottawa, capital of Canada, and stayed in the downtown Four Seasons Hotel where I happened to be attending a conference. Catching sight of him in the lobby —surrounded by officials—, I approached him.

“Bernardo, como estás? Tantos años. Qué gusto”.

A flicker of recognition flashed in his eyes —quickly dowsed.

“I'm sorry?”

“You can't have forgotten, Bernardo. We were colleagues at CIDE”.

He looked at me stiffly. “Forgive me”, he said. “I don't remember”.

On the restoration of democracy in Uruguay (1985), Samuel Lichtensztein returned to his former position as Rector of the Universidad de la República in Montevideo where he remained until his appointment in 1995 as Minister of Education and Culture, a position he held for the following three years. In 2000, he became Uruguay's ambassador to Mexico before taking up a professorship at the Universidad Veracruzana, Xalapa. Later he returned once more to Uruguay where he died in 2018, an honoured figure both in his own country and in Mexico.

Pedro Vuskovic remained in Mexico, teaching at both CIDE and UNAM, until 1990. On his return to Chile he formed a short-lived political party —the Movimiento de Izquierda Democrática Allendista (MIDA)¹³—, but by 1992 was once more in Mexico where he died in 1993.

Trinidad Martínez Tarragó, though never formally CIDE's president, directed the organisation from its inception until 1983 when she was removed from her position by the Minister for Public Education, Jesús Reyes

¹³ The Party dissolved in 1993.

Heroles, for reasons that appear to have been entirely political.¹⁴ Born in Catalonia, she was eleven years old when she arrived in Mexico with her parents. Refugees from the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939), they remained ever conscious, as she would occasionally remind listeners, of her family's debt to the nation that had given them sanctuary and the chance to build a new life.¹⁵ Educated to degree level at UNAM, she spent over ten years in Scotland, obtaining a post-graduate degree in Economics at the University of Glasgow before accepting a teaching position at the University of Strathclyde. This experience became fundamental to her proposal for the development of CIDE which, as the name implies, she conceived as having both pedagogical and research functions, the quality of the former being, in her view, dependent on the latter. Following her departure from CIDE, she accepted a professorial position at UAM¹⁶ and later at the Universidad Iboamericana. She died in 2018. Her greatest legacy is the institution she created and whose survival has doubtless earned her an honoured place in the intellectual and pedagogical history of the country. Those of us who worked for or with her as colleagues, or who studied under her, will surely remember with gratitude and admiration her inspiring creativity, her openness to new ideas, and her fine intellect that was sharp yet tempered by irresistible personal warmth. I consider it a privilege to have known her.

What of the garbage dump in CIDE's back yard? It has long gone, replaced by an enclave of expensive office buildings, apartments and a large shopping centre. And the poor? They must have moved on, many of them perhaps to other deprived areas of the city. For them, the *olvidados*, there are no ambassadorships, no sinecures, no rights of return; few means of escape.

CIDE continues to prosper on the worldly side of the Styx. ❧

¹⁴ CIDE had been personally approved by Luis Echeverría and financed under his auspices. Reyes Heroles, a key figure in the PRI, publicly broke with Echeverría in 1975. His appointment as education minister by Miguel de la Madrid in December 1982 may therefore offer a clue to his subsequent removal of Trini three months later given he would likely have viewed Trini as an Echeverría protégée.

¹⁵ Dedicated though she was to her adopted country, Trini nonetheless retained inflections of voice and phrase reminiscent of her place of birth. "¡Hostia!", "¡Dios mío!" she would often exclaim, her histrionic astonishment or indignation entirely peninsular, the expressions themselves drawn from the well of vernacular Spanish Catholicism.

¹⁶ Universidad Autónoma Metropolitana.