



Testimonies / "4 Piezas Acusmáticas por los Derechos Humanos"

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1. "El arco de luz (Macarena Aguiló)" - 15:20

"The arc of light (Macarena Aguiló)"

My name is Macarena Aguiló Marchi. I was three and a half years old in 1975. My mother and father were being searched by the local intelligence agency (DINA), because they were members of MIR political head. My mother took me to my nanny, who at the time took care of me a lot. Besides being at home with me, she took me to her place many times when security issues arose. In January 1975, my mother asked her to travel with me to the South. My Nanny had a family living in the South and it seems she had done it some times before. She took me there to spend a weekend with her there.

It's raining outside, and days are weird, just like the world is ending the day after tomorrow, and, to be honest, I don't feel any of those things despite the rain. And despite my feelings yesterday, too, because of the testimony... and that I had to go for it again today. You keep a weird feeling, like, not knowing who I am talking to.

It reminds me of that Silvio Rodríguez song, Rabo de Nube (Cloud Tail).

We got late on our way back, because we lost the bus that night. When we arrived to Santiago, my mom had been imprisoned already. Then my Nanny stayed with me, and, at that time, my mom felt relieved in a way, knowing I was safe because I was with my Nanny, and that nobody else really knew where I was. Which was not so true, because finally, a little later, my uncle, my mom's brother, learning that she was in prison, searched me up and took care of me, too. A more or less predictable thing to happen, for the family was concerned because of what was going on, and he took me to his house at El Tambo, near San Vicente. While being there (that was on February 1975) DINA agents arrived searching for my dad, trying to get some information on me or my uncle. And, well, they arrived there and stayed for a few days. Since nothing was going on in days, they took my uncle with them. They take him to Santiago, to Villa Grimaldi, I guess for more than a week. They take him back again and raided the place and they brought me back to Santiago to my Nanny's to see if there is some kind of link with me in relation to my dad.

The story tells at the time I was taken to Santiago with my aunt from San Vicente, from El Tambo, we stopped at Villa Grimaldi. We stopped by, I say, I don't know how long we stayed there, it wasn't more than a day, but we were at Villa Grimaldi anyway. There's this story that I was interrogated at Villa Grimaldi and that, for sure, is a very hard blow. Most of all... not knowing I spent time at a torture and detention center, because deep down... it was a blow to my memory, most of all.

Scene 2.

Indoors, night, dressing room.

Patricia is in a dressing room. She's sitting in

Boy: And what was he like when he was a baby? Was he cute?.

Macarena: Who?

Boy: Batman, when he was a baby?...

front of a mirror undoing her makeup. Someone is heard knocking at the door. Patricia turns her head towards the entrance of the dressing room and says "come inside whoever you are". A 18-year-old young man comes in dressed in a blue silk suit.

He's carrying a red roses bouquet in his hand and tells Patricia it's for her.

Patricia receives the bouquet and sees a note on it. The shot presents her saying her name is written in red ink on the death list.

I'm correcting exams, lots of art direction folders, and in the midst of that I'm thinking about what to do so that next year, when going through explaining this thing again, they could imagine this script just like when you imagine a picture when reading something, but that doesn't necessarily mean it is the final artwork project they are going to stage, but a mere reference point in order to dismantle it and set up the image you want to elicit according to a thought later.

I cannot forget that...

Macarena: I don't know, I didn't know him when he was a baby.

Boy: And was he wearing a mask when he was a baby? Was he born wearing it or he started wearing it later? Was he wearing it when he was a baby or he started wearing it later?

Macarena: He wore a mask later, when he was older.

Boy: Why?

Macarena: Because when he was older he needed to wear a mask when going out.

Boy: Why?

Macarena: Because he didn't want them to know who he was.

Boy: Why?.

Macarena: Because it was a secret. He was a superhero, so nobody could know who he was.

Boy: Why does he have horns?

Macarena: Batman?.

Boy: Yeah.

Macarena: Does he have horns?

Boy: Yes, like this (unaudible)

Macarena: Yeah, it seems so.

Boy: And a cape. What I say is true.

Macarena: It's true in Batman's story, because it's a tale, right?.

Boy: It's true what I'm saying.

Macarena: It's true what you're saying... what, that he's wearing a cape?

Boy: That he has horns, it's true what I say.

Finally, since there was no reply at all, they decide to take me as a hostage to elicit my dad to surrender. They decide to take me to Hogar de Menores N°1 (for girls) and I spent 21 days there, which, for the family meant I was disappeared.

My father's father, who, at that time, took care of what to do, submitted an application for *amparo*. From then on, an international appeal was made, as well as a report to United Nations, and foreign press started writing articles about this little girl in Chile who was being used by the local intelligence agency to capture her father. And since there was no reaction of my dad, and they were not getting any kind of information on him either, they decided to take me back. The official statement said the police found me on the street, abandoned by my parents, and they, as a humanitarian gesture, had left me at this home, and, well, I was finally found, right?.

And I still remember the way out, it was like... I've always remembered it as a kind of ... almost like a huge Arc de Triomphe I was walking through from deep inside, coming out towards like... towards the light.

That's what happened to me.