



Testimonies / "4 Piezas Acusmáticas por los Derechos Humanos"

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2. "Por tus escaleras, no camine el dolor (Humberto Miranda)" - 15:53

"Let pain not walk down your stairs (Humberto Miranda)"

I am Humberto Miranda.

There were very beautiful things and very stupid things. Among the stupid ones, I was coming back to my place in Sewell, and on my way up they stopped me at the barrier... with a police lieutenant I used to know a lot, because I lived with my wife up there, but his was living in Rancagua. And when he went up, he used to date a nurse and was having a real good time with her. So I've met him at a couple of parties that last year.

So, he was like a *compadre*, in the sense that a Carabineros lieutenant could be called like that. So the thing is I got on my Mini, this lieutenant by my side, as a co-pilot, and I was driving. Then I said to him, "hey, take the car back, don't leave it here, alone by the barrier": the point is that right behind there was one of these soldiers, a really, really short one, who was on guard duty, but with a huge machine gun pointing at my neck, while I was driving, so that I wouldn't do something stupid. I mean, they treated us as if we were extremely dangerous criminals, a very... at least this "pal", party was in charge of me then...

And from there I arrived at Rancagua jail, which was my detention place for 100 days. It was very weird. During the first month we were all gathered in the middle of the jail, horrendously packed, to the point we couldn't fit into these tiny cells at all, even lying on the floor we were not able to fit in, I mean... but that's how we were sleeping, then, overcrowded, not even spooned, you couldn't even move yourself, we were stuck like asparagus, you know, like an asparagus pack, not a single inch in the cells, and listening to how the other prisoners, the delinquents, who were very upset, too, also crowded in the other half of the jail, they were telling jokes at night, real good ones, those usual chilean jokes... "hey, u heard the latest one?... what?... 'they asking for volunteers... what for? For Punta Arenas, the Navy, in Punta Arenas, they need to push some broken-down submarines". Real hilarious stuff... "y'know, man? I have a cousin, shit, he's so stupid he asked for refuge at the Police Station". I was so naïve, I didn't know I was going to ask for refuge in the end (in some way, I was not going there as a refugee, but it could be understood in that sense)... that I arrived at Spain during Franco times, Franco was alive, you know?. Alive! Dying like a piece of scum, for sure, but still alive, in all his power. And I ended up in Spain. It was just like asking for refuge at the Police Station, as the guy said.

It was pretty noticeable: There was a feeling in the air that I was a mean guy. In fact, I was isolated after this overcrowding period, this imprisonment, alone in a cell. Shit, I was having the time of my life, I was a few days... afterwards, because of lack of room, I was moved to another one... an extremely damp cell, absolutely damp, so that I allowed myself to paint some extraordinary drawings on the walls there, with animals, elephants, deers...

I enjoyed a very strange privilege, a special treatment, due to the *milicos* huge, terrible ignorance; they are really, really dumb.

One of my fellows in disgrace was the director of a theater group... which is another highly subversive thing for the military, arts, highly subversive, as I say, and he was there for that reason, not for something else, for he wasn't even a militant, he was a theater director.

None of the four of us psychologists were even touched by the military, since we were all part of Unidad Popular government, and very good fellows, very nice people, indeed ... they didn't torture us. And we came to the conclusion that they were afraid of us. They trembled at the thought we cast some strange psychological spell on them and turned them into marxism without they even noticed it.

And then I learned about the charges presented by the military intelligence agency, and they were awful, death sentence-like. I was a Plan Z instigator on a national level. Such astuteness and intelligence there's no proof of.

I mean, those charges headed straight for execution. And I want to emphasize that, for I'm a survivor, I think I should have been killed with, at least, as a rough amount, 80 dead people.

So this wound Valech is trying to heal, which basically came out of being imprisoned, I feel I thoroughly deserved it, but not because of these 100 days in jail, but to Valech and his people, and everyone who invented this... and I feel it has been extremely well paid, and so we come into what I'd call the second part of Me and the Coup, or The Coup and Me, which is exile.

They took me out on the 24th. All rolls were called, the ones calling people to leave, with horrible microphones... But they released me only when I promised them I was going to Spain. They didn't want me around Chile. That's how we *humanoides* were treated at that time. We were a menace beyond superstition, beyond... it was such a... a horrendous phobia... that was Chile in 1973. That's the Chile I left. I have given myself the license for not crying and playing the fool and funny one for these 100 days, and I started to... I mean, my eyes started crying. My knees were wet because of my tears, these unwilling tears. This nostalgia I felt, because of these tears I shed on the plane... inventing a wonderful Chile, the Chile I loved, the country I had to return to. What's left for me are just paradoxes, I mean, why making up a wonderful Chile on my mind. Well, it was such a pleasure when I learned I was able to come back for the first time, I came back here and the first protest just happened, this thing that was like the awakening, here, of Chilean people... all the joy I came back with in 1988, '89, and realized there are things that won't, that never again, let's say, that....

That's exile, it's surviving in expectation, waiting... it's like... it's living somewhere with your suitcases packed and ready.

"Let salty wind blow good for us". And I'm not from the harbor! Valparaíso is like a kind of world symbol, I think all of us chileans get a little nostalgic of Valparaíso when we are somewhere else.

I broke down now, just by telling you... "let pain not walk down your stairs". There's something so mean about exile. It has to do with the soul, it's not rational this shit at all. It's not rational at all that being 81, (after coming back... I came back 30 years ago or something... more or less... more, more than 30 years), I still feel like crying when listening to these tunes dealing with a possible return. Maybe I'm the fucking weirdo now, I mean, you don't have to trust this song too much.