



**ME
VUELVO UN
GUÑELVE**

COLOR TRANSPARENCIES

**MARISA
CORNEJO**

I am dressed with this cape shaped as a eight-pointed star, that receives a light with many pixelized colors and part of this light also touches my skin and my body. The light is blinding me a little bit. It's as if I were a screen. Maybe for a slide show.



del
Van
mos
Paris, etc.
it working
En un
pequeño
plato

políticos.
Yo - con los ojos bien abiertos
Como una estrella

Cada
lo que
me
me

if est la



Balthus

now he
really
likes me

white t-shirt...
cut asymmetrical

miendo
causado
e despierto
B.

no se qué ha pasado...

me
va
perfecta
soy perfect
me
va
perfecta
soy perfect
me
va
perfecta
soy perfect

se
buelve
en un

obra
de
arte

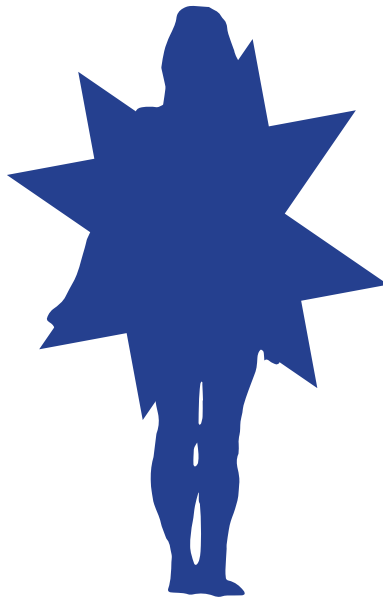
P
leona
y

almost
in London
or Cristian
or something
like this
has just happened

CAPTIONS: Pasillo de la política / miembros del partido / ¿Cuándo viste a Crisólogo? / Un amigo de mi abuelo, vestido como un caballero, parte de la corte del poder. Hombres bien vestidos: políticos. / Yo, con los ojos muy abiertos, como una estrella, lleno de lágrimas digo: cada vez que me cruzaba con él, era mi maestro, mi camino. / Estuve con él en Bielorrusia, Varsovia, Moscú, París, Argelia, etc. / Pego una pegatina y se convierte en una obra de arte.

me
regala
que pi
en pa
venen

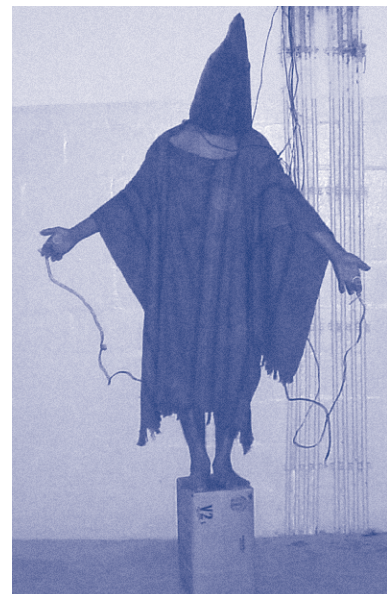
I imagine that i am a screen for a slideshow.
With this sort of eight-pointed star shaped cape. It would
look like this.



It reminds me of this picture and this one:
the first is turning his back to us, the second faces
us. Two sides of the same coin. A body, a camera and a
genocide.



Tanu, spirit of the Hain ceremony among the Selknam. Laguna de Pescados, Isla Grande, Tierra del Fuego. Photo by Martín Gusinde, 1923.



Detainee Abdou Hussain Saad Faleh with bag over head, standing on box with wires attached. Abu Ghraib prison, Iraq. Photo by Sgt. Ivan Frederick's, Nov. 4, 2003, 11:01 p.m. Seized by the U.S. Government.



In the dream, behind me, there are well-dressed men - politicians. Members of the communist party? Like my grandfather Crisologo.

With eyes wide open, like a star, full of tears, I say: «every time I crossed paths with him (my grandfather), he was my teacher, my way.»

I decide (in real life) to scan my grandfather's slides I brought back from Chile last year.

