

A transgenerational reparation to the damage of torture through drawing dreams and performance

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Just after some major land redistribution reforms and the nationalization of natural resources, done by democratically-elected governments, in the 1960s and 1970s South America was taken hostage by brutal dictatorships supported by the US government and its Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). Hundreds of thousands of people were killed, torture or imprisoned during these ‘dirty wars’ in Latin America’. Thousands of people left. The people who manage to escape prison, torture, and death (now we finally call them ‘the disappeared’: murdered), belonged to a generation that wanted to realize profound changes in their society. Their absence is still felt.

My father was one of them. He was called Eugenio Cornejo (born 1940, Santiago de Chile – died 2002, Puebla, México). He was an art teacher and a victim of prison and torture in the dictatorship of General Augusto Pinochet², without refugee status who died prematurely of alcoholism and unprocessed trauma, without being able to go back to his country and without receiving any reparation from the latterly democratic Chilean State. Before the damage he suffered from state terrorism, he benefited from public education in *El Pedagógico*, Universidad de Chile, an emblematic public institution built by generations of democratic efforts to improve the qualifications of the teachers. They had been influenced by the leading schools of that time, such as Lowenfeld³ and Reggio, centres of art pedagogy inspired by Frankfurt School adherents who put the development of the child’s personal subjectivity and expression at the focus of resistance to sameness and alienation. My father practiced this pedagogy along with decolonial strategies such as taking his university art students to a decentralized art school in Osorno created by

democratically-elected President Salvador Allende’s government to visit local Mapuche loom weaving, house building and to learn and document from the sustainable way of living of the *Araucanía*⁴.

The victims of torture, if not treated, are ‘retraumatized’ if they live in a society that denies or minimizes the damage, or where impunity to prosecution is law. A society where you can run into the man that tortured you doing his shopping at your local supermarket doesn’t feel safe. In the summer of 2018 I received an official report published by doctors in Chile,⁵ that was presented to the Commission Against Torture in the UN, proving that the surviving victims of torture in Chile lost an average of 17.6 years off their lives. With this new information in my consciousness I went to swim in Lake Geneva before dawn and I found myself sobbing in the middle of the water, almost drowning. The rhythm of swimming allowed me to feel this new knowledge deep in my belly and have this outbreak of pain: the unacceptable truth in my mind telling me that my father could still have been alive if he hadn’t been tortured. That 28th of October in 2018 marked 16 years since he died. I thought of my three children, British and French citizens, and the unfairness of not having had the support of this grandfather, so wise and patient, while growing up in this complex world. This is the transgenerational damage that I have tried to repair every day: I witness *epistemicide* on a daily basis.⁶ This knowledge helped me to suddenly see that all of my work of the last 16 years conducting memorial art projects was not a form of madness but rather a “normal” response to this injustice.

How may we heal from that imposed past that still unfolds in the present with irreparable consequences?

How can we gain relief from the traumatic imprints of state terrorism? What is left to me is what might be called ‘epistemic justice’: as a migrant woman the ability and will to write about my experience and knowledge. Art and performance have given me tools to not become a passive victim of still-delayed institutional reparation for the crime suffered by my father and visited on his family.

From the point of view of historian Steve J. Stern the work of the artist is an effective vehicle to transmit this recent history. Stern asks us: ‘is it really possible to tell the truth of a violence so extreme and lacerating that exceeds the imaginable? Will it be an illusion of the idea of truth?’ In the essay, *El nuevo dilema post Auschwitz desde América Latina: Arte y sociedad a partir de las llamadas guerras sucias*⁷, Stern dialogues with the well-known saying of Theodor Adorno, that to write poetry after Auschwitz was a barbaric act, and explains how even Adorno has to fight with his own saying. Somehow, Stern explains, Adorno wanted

*to rescue art, considering it a project of implacable tension between reality and imagination, and it had certain value in the sense that art helped destroy lying [...] it is just because the world survived its own collapse that it needs art to write its unconscious history [...] In the long term, the posture of Adorno was paradoxical. He condemned art as an impossibility and at the same time affirmed art as the only possibility*⁸.

Stern continues:

*We are talking about a tumultuous political time of the revolutionary projects that started with the Cuban revolution in 1959 and that finished with the election of Salvador Allende in 1970. This historical moment entered into crisis in the '70s and '80s when the dream turned into a nightmare. These projects not only produced the revolution but also the military governments, characterized by a new technocratic and authoritarian order. The dirty wars destroyed the convergence of the political and the cultural*⁹.

The modernist and statist project of supporting utopian art projects collapsed,¹⁰ the commercialization of culture dominated and serious cultural work became weak, though opening spaces for artists working in less asphyxiating and more fragile environments like Luz Donoso¹¹ and Elias Adasme. More recently I met artist Guillermo Giampietro¹² in Trieste, Italy who still works with performance and who belonged to the group *Cucaño*, an urgent collective that gave ‘voice’ in the public sphere to the incomprehensible terror that was unfolding with the multiple ‘disappearances’ in 1979 in Rosario, Argentina. Parallel struggles of ‘reterritorializing’

the ‘deterritorialization’ of public art, as Guattari would say, were produced by artists such as Mono Gonzales and Patricio Madera, to name a few members of *La Brigada Ramona Parra*¹³ in Chile who resisted the dictatorial regime by painting murals in the streets. The recent history of an acute economic crisis in capitalism, of a reduction of public spaces and state-funded art practices, makes a necessity to revisit these artists.

In such a large and tangled-up damage affecting our contemporary communities and the experience of living in the *zone of non being*¹⁴ – zones where human rights are non-existent following the implementation of modern structures of power – I was working as an artist and part of a victim’s family since 1998, collecting the archives of our story on the one hand, as most art memorial practices do and, on the other, drawing my dreams, as some shamanic traditions do in Mexico: two separated art practices.¹⁵

For a specific artistic research project¹⁶ I wanted to work with the personal archive of the time when my family lived in socialist Bulgaria as exiles between 1976 and 1978 after fleeing the dictatorship in Argentina and recollect the art practices of that time. Soon after I started this project the deep invisible layers that inhabit and build my identity entered a dialogue of interpretation through a dream I had on the 4th November 2012¹⁷. I think that the readings of Walter Benjamin induced me to have a dream in which a humble object of that period becomes a rescuing auratic relic due to its fragile affective value. In this case, the object was an engraving print I had done with my feet, reproducing an engraving plate done in Plovdiv, Bulgaria by my father with some pieces of linoleum he’d found in the rubbish in 1977. In my dream he was inviting me to play with that gesture – the gesture of reprinting his engravings with my body. He was inviting me to do it as an exercise without a final aim, just like a game or an experiment, in order to have fun. I had to take the engraving plates with me and go back to Chile, from the North, to reprint them. In the dream a friend also tells me that trees can communicate with the wind. I woke up worried that I would not be able to find these engraving plates, but I found them. They are linoleum-engraving plates produced when my father and Guillermo Deisler worked as artists for the Communist Party and participated in the mail art movement in the ‘70s that was mapping the diaspora of exile from Plovdiv, Bulgaria¹⁸. The engraving plates travelled in our archive of migrant refugees to Belgium, then Mexico and finally came back to Geneva in 2008 when my father died^(3.1).

The print, in which my steps are imprinted on a humble piece of paper, was a rare, private object; at most a curiosity of the past. The surprise here is how that object acquired so much value through a dream. According to neurobiologist Ernest Hartmann, ‘dreams are hyperconnective’¹⁹ while ‘compartments were entirely separate while they were awake [...] It took a dream to make the connection – to cross the boundary

from one compartment to another.' The dream not only tells me that the object is very precious, but also tells me to repeat the action it embodies:

The connections (made in dreams) are guided by emotion, which we consider a basic characteristic of dreaming in general. These dreams too turn out to be creations [...] art in general can be thought of as making new connections guided by emotions, which is exactly the way we have described dreaming [...] a function that [...] involves weaving in new material –combining of new material with what is already present in memory stores in the cortex, always guided by emotion. Emotion tells us what is important to us. In other words I suggest that the emotion-guided making of connections not only produces the dream image but also integrates and updates our memory systems in the cortex. This making of broad connections guided by emotion has an adaptive function, which we conceptualize as 'weaving in' new material²⁰.

This dream became a methodology and a document of transmodernity^{(3.2)²¹}. Modernity builds knowledge with the aim of achieving progress at the cost of deleting the *uncomfortable* sources, creating uneven accounts of reality to then profit from constructed superior standpoints. With this dream I rescue other layers of knowledge: we are not just *victims*, we also know how to have fun. Putting the logic of modernity aside, the dream interweaves lost memories and information²² belonging to other traditions that modernity would consider useless, worthless of being revisited or forgotten, but fundamental to process reality in an 'ecosophical' manner. The subjectivity of the dream can rescue what is necessary to recover in a specific social and environmental territory in spite of the knowledge neocolonialism could have deleted due to trauma or negligence, so that specific communities can aspire to be autonomous and not to follow blindly foreign, unrealistic dreams of being 'rescued.' This comes from the oldest traditions: in animistic cultures healing plants were revealed in the dreams by women, in the Biblical texts dreams warn of catastrophe, etc.

Migration, racism and apartheid in our globalized world are fast growing phenomena where there are people with full rights and a majority of people with no human rights. As a vision towards a solution Ramón Grosfoguel points towards the concept of transmodernity developed by Enrique Dussel: 'Transmodernity acknowledges the need for a shared and common universal project against capitalism, patriarchy, imperialism and coloniality. But it rejects a universality of solutions where one defines for the rest what 'the solution' is'²³.

So if in the present moment Europe faces a mass migration of refugees without precedent, people whose



Figure 3.1 Eugenio Cornejo and Guillermo Deisler in an article about the exhibition *Graphica* from a newspaper in Plovdiv, Bulgaria, 27 may 1978



Figure 3.2 Marisa Cornejo, *Grabados*, ink on paper, 32 x 40 cm, 2012



Figure 3.3 Eugenio Cornejo and Marisa Cornejo, *No title*, engraving ink on paper, 41 x 33 cm, Plovdiv, Bulgaria, 1977

lives have been affected dramatically by violence due to state terrorism and/or war or climate change, people are arriving in new territories with post-traumatic stress among many other problems. So how are we going to deal with a traumatized refugee when there is nothing left behind? By interviewing Miguel D.Norambuena²⁴, a survivor of the Chilean dictatorial persecution and a patient and collaborator of Félix Guattari, about the practices of *esquizoanalise* developed in the '70s, I learned that the political and social context of transversal solidarity became a healing factor for the subjectivity of deterritorialized peoples instead of being "fixed" by pharmaco-pornographic politics^{25 26}

So this is why the third methodology I use is not only to draw my dreams and acknowledge them in my *petit bourgeois* comfort zone but also to practice their suggestions and ideas as an experiment in my conscious life in its social dimension. For this reason I did a series of performances inspired by the dream I called *La Huella* (The Print)^{(3.3)²⁷}. They helped to rescue lost material: reuniting long fragmented groups of people in distant decentralized *zones of non being* in order to articulate an ecosophic reparation process in Guattari's sense.²⁸ These performances reconnected fragments of the past that the institutional reparation process could not even see by articulating a different ethical-politics of relations and actions. The performances changed my relations with the destroyed social tissue from where these experiences

came; I could go back not just as part of the family of a victim but also bring a dissonant aesthetic experience that challenged my own prejudices. The performances reunited heterogeneous fragments of our communities that had been apart for decades due to shame and guilt. After doing an apparently innocent call of an artistic action, for the first performance of *La Huella* #01 in Espacio Flor,²⁹ my mother told me: 'you reunited the communist party of Ñuñoa,' our neighborhood, something I did not plan at all, but happened^(3.4). The aesthetics, the title of the project and maybe simply the location of the performance – an engraving-collective artist-run space that flourished during the dictatorship "Caja Negra" and survived – attracted comrades who had not seen each other for years due to old grievances, ideological disputes, all consequences of the damage of state terrorism that divided to rule. Divisions that none of the institutional reparation measures addressed^{4.5.6}.

In 2003 the Ricardo Lagos government in Chile created the Valech Commission, to clarify the cases of political imprisonment and torture. In Chile we only know the names of the victims along with some anonymous descriptions of the methods of torture. The victims who are still alive, or their widows, have received some monetary compensation. But what is missing in these reparations and reports is what these people did to merit these punishments, what were the reasons for their persecution and what their collective dreams were.

Our generation lost 'the Battle of Chile,'³⁰ the Valech Commission collected the evidence from the victims or their families and proclaimed an amnesty law for 50 years that prevents us from examining the archives of the experts' report on human rights abuses in Chile; we are the perfect laboratory of neoliberalism. A 're-victimization' process for 28 000 people occurred. Interestingly, the armed forces never shared any documents of their actions while the victims were the only ones that had to provide the proof of what happened to them. And this is what is called 'institutional reparation.'



Figure 3.4 Documentation of the performance *La Huella #01*, in Espacio Flor, 2013. Photography: Livia Nuñez



Figure 3.9 Salomon Trismosin, *The Angel and the Dark Man in the Swamp*, *Splendor Solis*, Londres, 1553

Performance as a tool for healing: a dialogue with reality

After writing about my dream of the performance of reprinting engravings, I went to Chile in January 2013 to participate in the symposium *Arte, Memoria y Derechos Humanos*³¹ at the Museo de la Memoria, in Santiago de Chile, where I did a presentation of my art research project until then called *Identidad, Memoria y Territorio*. I shared the table with Wally Kunstman, president of the association of victims of the concentration camp *Estadio Nacional*; Mario Irrarrazabal, a sculptor who has produced works in Uruguay, Italy, Spain, Germany and Chile, monuments reflecting on human rights abuse; and Roser Bru, an emblematic painter and engraver, a survivor child from the Spanish Civil War who had arrived in Chile in 1939 on the historic ship, the SS *Winnipeg*³².

Kunstman invited me to take part in an activity her association was organizing. As a daughter of one of the victims, I was going to do my first performance *La Huella* in Espacio Flor. I went in the morning to that activity in the Estadio Nacional – all of this in Ñuñoa, the neighborhood I come from and from where we were expelled by a military tribunal on the 28th December 1973. Kunstman told me: 'It is a healing activity.' The activity was a testimony given by one of the ex-prisoners: Hugo Valenzuela, accompanied by *El Gato*,

a musician, who sang revolutionary Victor Jara's songs with his guitar, along with Leslie Araneda and a group of masters' students in Human Rights Studies from the University of Chile, and family and friends with flowers and candles. All of this was done in *El Caracol*, one of the ex-torture chambers, now some half-destroyed and abandoned modernist circular public toilets.

This experience changed my life, because the place I feared the most, the one that since a child I had known was a taboo place, was transformed that day into a place of hope, love and healing. A place where we could remember and embrace our past. 'Remember' means also being able to loudly let our voices sing the songs of Victor Jara that were forbidden during the dictatorship, in the same place where our loved ones were tortured and forced to listen to loud commercial radio all the time, as if sound from our recovering bodies could clean the energy of the place³³. When we finished singing in the silent chamber I told, with my own voice, my father's history – who he was, that he existed, even if he had died in exile. I was heard by a silent, empathetic and respectful group of people.

Here is an extract from the unpublished autobiography of Hugo Valenzuela, the survivor that day who opened the floor for my own narration:

My story starts in my workplace, I was the president of the workers union SUMAR ('Sindicato Sumar'), a very combative place where we faced the air force's Puma helicopters. From there I was taken to the Estadio and made prisoner until its closure in November 1973, then we were taken to Chacabuco (another concentration camp in the far north of Chile); there I stayed for a year, then I got liberated just for a few weeks because I continued to work against the military regime. And then I was arrested in my house and was taken into the public prison (before it got demolished), then to the penitentiary, Tres Alamos and Cuatro Alamos. I managed to escape before the court-martial and through La Vicaria de la Solidaridad we managed to get a plane to Argentina to then continue to Europe. But once in the plane they took me down in a spectacular operation, and I was taken to the house of torture Jose Domingo Cañas, where I was with Lumi Videla before she was murdered. I remember her sharing a spoon of rice with some of us. I was tied and blindfolded in a closet for a month and a half. When I finally managed to get out of this hell I found refuge in the embassy of the Vatican and I moved to Mexico, where I lived for 18 years³⁴.

When recently I saw the film *Colonia Dignidad*³⁵ it made me cry, because I knew it failed to convey the real history of the horrors of Operation Condor³⁶ – when prisoners

who had believed they were finally safe in the airplane were pulled back into secret prisons.

I did the performance *La Huella #01* in Espacio Flor that afternoon, from a different place after listening to Valenzuela's testimony. After this I lost the fear of doing performances by learning from a direct witness how human bodies were treated during torture. Doing a performance became an act of freedom, an act of love for our lost ones, and for my narcissistic traumatized being: instead of being self-conscious, I could feel for those absent and for all of us, the public. I felt we could liberate us all from the guilt and shame imposed by torture in our communities by breaking the alienating separation between the victims and the witnesses. I was wearing a red dress, the same I had worn while visiting *El Caracol*, and I used black ink for engraving. I had the support of Chilean printmaker Bernardo de Castro, the son of a still-disappeared publicist. The audience was our community. I got lost in the work for the departed, and when I let my weight fall into the Chilean floor, using my body as a stamp to reprint the engravings, naturally I cried, the floor was my father-mother land. I gave the public printed versions of the engravings. Tiffany Koppmann, an architect friend, dressed all in white at the end told me: 'I felt the spirit of your father was here.'

That first ritualist performance with proper black ink for engravings left me completely dirty, smelling like a factory worker. It took hours and a special soap to take out the sticky ink from my body. It was like entering the matter of trauma, being like a black goddess dealing with that dark sticky energy. It felt right; it felt as if I was not scared anymore of the shade, of the powerless and unmanageability that our neoliberal society wants to deny has an existence. With my body prints I created an exhibition that stayed in the gallery for a week.

Back in Geneva I shared all this with fellow colleagues. Revisiting the Estadio Nacional as an artist-researcher attached to an academic institution helped me to have courage and not feel so alone. Many Chileans today want to forget about those places and don't want to know what happened – it 'poisons' their lives, some family members said to me. It is in the past. Having witnessed my father's life and death has transformed me into a kind of 'shade' that overshadows – disturbs their success, their privilege, their shopping sprees. I cannot stop seeing that those who have privileges today at some point had to stay silent. So I have the privilege to have some feedback from far away, living in Europe and accepting that my diaspora still unfolds today as a consequence of history. Distance gives vision. Closeness keeps people defensive.

For *La Huella #03*, I was joined by José Miguel Guzmán, a social worker from CINTRAS³⁷, an NGO that deals with the mental health of the victims and their families. We met by chance when he felt intrigued by the exhibition title *El Ancestro*, a show I curated with my father's work in Casa Memoria José Domingo Cañas³⁸ the day before the performance in November 2013.

He talked to me about ‘transgenerational trauma,’ something that sounded right but I had never heard before about. When I explained to him that I was doing the performance *La Huella #03* the next day in the Estadio Nacional, the only place I had any certainty that my father was imprisoned and tortured, he said ‘I will come to help you and bring you some books.’ He came the next day to the performance and became the emergency cameraman, the other photographer José Errazuriz was doing the fixed camera, while the friend who had offered to do the filming could not come.

By visiting my most distant archive of exile, in Bulgaria 1977-78, I also had to reach the most hidden taboo in my body, the invisible transgenerational transmission of the trauma of torture, by being a close relative to one of the victims: as if the reflection of the outside with the inside is the only way to establish new paradigms that individually we are unable to visualize.

For this third ritualistic performance, that this time I made in *Escotilla 8* in the Estadio Nacional, nobody showed up, which gave me an unexpected new experience. I could feel physically different, but how could I prove that? I couldn’t. But I felt much more free. Relieved. Cured. When I did the performance *La Huella #03*, I used blue, only blue color, my favorite color (it is the king in my best drawings, it is the color of nostalgia and melancholia and exile, I don’t know why, while it is also the color of cutting and liberating, according to Tatiana, a woman I met in the print workshop of Bellavista in Santiago, it is the color of the sky and sea where there are no boundaries, it helps the flow of emotions and freedom). But Bernardo de Castro told me blue was also the color of the spirit and peace instead of war (red) for the Mapuche people. Of course we know it is the color that Yves Klein used for his *Anthropometries* performances, though it is not the only color he used, but still is very associated with his style. I was aware of that, and the fact that I am using my body as an instrument to create something. Yves Klein said that his *Anthropometries* were a way to pass from the flesh towards the spirit, from the visible towards the invisible.

I agree with him, with this ‘way of passage,’ but here I am collaborating with a dead person, my father who did the engravings, in order to bring from the invisible something visible. In this process I am insisting on bringing back the hidden memory, the secret invisible tragedy, the trauma-taboo that for the official history of the Chilean transition disturbs the economic success and should have disappeared, to re-appear, through my flesh in reality, on paper, photographs and videos. The objective of sending people into exile was to make them vanish in the vast world, dissolve them into the invisible. So, with *La Huella*, I insist in bringing back our values. I bring back the memory of the anonymous ancestors; I bring back the memory of *Allende presente* ^(3.8), *La Guitarrera*, the social struggles, and the iconography of the Unidad Popular as a tantrum of a lost child in a civilized, amnesic society.

I am bringing back from the invisibility of the dispersion of exile the images that should have disappeared. I performed a ritualistic act in the place where systematic torture was imprinted on the bodies of the ‘enemy’ to leave here the layers of the imprint of torture and take with me the rest: the healthy father I should have had. And when doing the performance, it’s true I am working fast without rest, I don’t have a man, a visible man, telling me what to do. I am doing it with my own will, inspired by a dream, because my body is the only trusted medium to commemorate history, to give it a way out of it too. To unfold the repressed energy of the past. So when I am doing the performance, I am also choosing which iconography will be printed with which part of the body. This time I started by printing what I called *The Ancestor* with my feet, because that is the root. Having practiced hatha yoga and contemporary dance for years it’s clear that feet are what roots us in the ground.

For the legs, I choose according to the dimensions of skin and engraving plate, the larger surface from the body for the bigger engraving plate, but also for the legs which are my vehicle I choose the images of a strong woman: *La Guitarrera* and *Allende presente*. Legs keep me mobile, nomad, migrant, adaptable. For the stomach this time I choose what I call *La Marcha* (the riot), as a mobiliser of energy in the chakra of willingness and communication. This time is the first time I am using my whole body, I use my ass to print the engraving I project as *equality in love*, this is also the root chakra of muladhara, and I want to be rooted in *equality in love*, no more pedestals for anyone. For my back I use an engraving plate that depicts also a back, but the back of a victim, with his arms attached by a cord in the back, and it’s wide and fits perfectly in my body. And when I am looking up towards the roof of *Escotilla 8*, while printing this back of a victim, in the detention corridors of the concentration camp, I can see a blue square above, it is the sky, and I can rest a bit in the performance, take a breath, feel human and vulnerable but alive, and be grateful for being who I am where I am: because I know I am a feminine body that this time will not be abused like the other broken bodies of women, who could not escape their vulnerability. I enjoy the perfect blue of that ‘escape view’, the way out, probably the same blue that the victims sought in order not to lose hope of coming out alive.

Then I continue the performance and I print the most painful engraving with my chest, the chakra of financial and emotional balance, where we can love or fear. This is one of the most damaged parts. How could we trust people and the world after what happened here? I had too much fear, so I used the engraving plate of *suffering* and printed my chest against the floor of *Escotilla 8*, and it’s as if I am giving away all that fear, I pray to give back my fear to the floor of the *Estadio Nacional* ^(3.5).

Then I have my shoulders that protected me, where I received the hardest weight, and I print with my shoulders



Figure 3.5 Documentation of the performance *La Huella #03*, Escotilla 8, Estadio Nacional, Santiago, Chile, 2013. Photo: José Errazuriz

the engraving plate that I called *Eye crying*. Probably crying is the best answer when we cannot defend ourselves anymore. Then I had a small engraving left: one of two children with a dove, the dove of freedom, so I print this with my arm, I see a boy coming out, it might be my future nephew and an old ancestor walking. The engraving of *doves* I print with my arms, imagining my arms can be like wings to fly through the blue square of blue over my head. I am happy, I smile at the camera. I ask my helpers if I should print with my face and one of them says yes. I also knew I had to, but I needed to check out anyway, and to print with my face I chose the most mysterious of all the engraving plates, one of a free body, without a head. I press my face as if with a lover, with kindness and respect. I print for the first time with my face and the result matches the image I have of myself. I am ready to get out of *Escotilla 8*, into the stadium grades, I have printed with all my body. I stand up, and go up the stairs that lead to the seats of the stadium. I am naked and covered in stains of blue which is not very original, I am aware of that, but it protects me from a maintenance man who is outside. I stand up in *tadasana*, the posture of the mountain, for a few seconds, to enjoy the air and the sun that surrounds my body, I walk outside. I am a body, imprisoned as a body and in what was a place where prisoners had no way out, I realize that the people imprisoned here could not escape, it wasn’t their fault, they could not do much

about it, got an indelible mark, and that war is a really bad thing. I ask for peace. And it’s finished.

The performance was a healing tool, drawing courage from the dream. According to recent theories, one of the possible functions of ‘dreams are threat simulation that selectively selects negative situations, to prepare the subject for potential dangers’³⁹. I will call them challenging situations faced when awake, I had passed the stadium hundreds of times but as a powerless citizen in a place to avoid, the dream found the strength to go back to a territory of defeat and build a new layer of positive emotions made of sharing and belonging.

I can only explain my process by this seemingly personal and narcissistic approach, in the case of post-atrocity trauma and narcissism gets unbalanced. When there is shame, a bit of narcissism is not too bad, a therapist once told me.

In the book Guzmán passed to me there is a definition of torture and the chronicity of the damage:

- *The impunity that most of the perpetrators still enjoy.*
- *The social silence on the subject of torture and the aftermath.*
- *The stigmatization of the people who suffered.*
- *The poor reparation done by the state to the*

survivors.

– As well as the difficulties to establish a collective memory to identify them and that recognizes them as social fighters that were inspired by social justice⁴⁰.

The purpose of torture became accomplished: transforming human beings into weapons to bring back to communities distrust, fear and shame, alienating them.

I felt like being liberated but not by silence and repression but by sharing, speaking and offering to the spirits and the people who needed representations of what happened, what had been our cross. People who have not found proper reparation from the damage done by a terrorist state use all kinds of *right* and *wrong* forums to liberate themselves from the pain. In my case I use art to digest the spiritual sickness, dealing with the violence of a terrorist state is too big for anyone, the artistic tools offer a channel to trust and work with others: the people who our project attracts are the right people. In the terms of Franz Fanon or Benjaminian thinking the project was to search for the recognition of those who had also been forgotten, not repaired.

Because they do not find a place in the official historic memory, the victims of torture and imprisonment become a subculture, which the historian Steve Stern has defined as 'emblematic memory' characterized in some cases by being 'a lacerating break unresolved' and in other cases 'by living a life of struggle, that was testing the consequence and commitment with the positive values, faced in a reality of fear and repression' (3.6) ⁴¹.

The lack of respect towards my father's body, as towards all the anonymous, darker, poorer, *damnés de la terre*⁴², indigenous ancestors of the human genealogical tree, drags us down, I feel, into human extinction. So I use the only tool left in the fragmented neoliberal society, a body, as a vehicle and affective archive, to bring back the roaming artworks of a forgotten victim of the dictatorship to use them in a memorial place and build in collective action, to get shame reorganized into pride. Even if not finally receiving official recognition, something moves inside. 'Torture searches the punishment and coercion to try to impose an alien ideology to our own, and transform the subject in a being without personality, thoughts, feelings and self-will [...]'

The ultimate objective of torture is the loss in the population of its social, political, national and cultural identity to try to impose, 'through terror, individualism and consumerism and a total break of the bonds of solidarity'⁴³. It's our anonymous indigenous side, unknown, that part of us that we desperately try to rescue, but always we fail because in the epistemic system of our values, as being designated as useless, primitive, uneducated, dirty, barbarian, the other. The Ancestor since colonization has been in the shadows or prisons of progress. The institutionalized racism operated in the secret prisons of the dictatorial regime, the darker and

indigenous bodies, often suffered more brutal treatment. In the testimonies of Miguel D. Norambuena, he said he was less hurt compared to the indigenous prisoners who were brutally tortured. Mapuches got their toenails removed to make them talk, but even then they did not talk, they did not give the names of the *guerrilleros*.⁴⁴ In the testimony of ex Minister of Health, Helia Molina, it says she was imprisoned and interrogated in 1974 by the DINA when she was five months pregnant.

*I was detained some days. But I was lucky, they did nothing to me. I have taught a lot about it and I believe it was because this is a very racist country: the green eyes and blond hair helped me. They called me "doctor" to interrogate me. But to more humble people, people with darker skin and black hair, they screamed at them, they hit them*⁴⁵.

The system in Chile understood governability more like an absence of conflict than a collective way of processing it, in this way the politics of memory don't contribute to vanish the ghost of the memory, remembrance brings back an uncontrollable conflict. People don't find in the political arena the symbolic representations that could help them mirror to name and then appropriate the past. Without words and symbols to account the past, society chooses silence. And memory chooses to appropriate people through the door of the fears [...] citizenship asks to the political system a "neutralized" representation of a society without a past in which no one can recognize himself-herself. Actually this perpetrates memory in its most destructive way: as resentment, fear and shame – and that gets installed in the stage of social time⁴⁶.

I am talking about acknowledging the implementation of electricity through copper wires (extracted from our mines, maybe those nationalized by Allende, and then given back to the large corporations after the coup d'etat) on the bodies of the local people to delete their memory and make them fragile. At some level I witnessed that and pretended it didn't happen for forty years.

Alejandro Jodorowsky's film *La Danse de la Réalité*⁴⁷ shocked and purified me. It's the first time that I saw with my eyes on a large screen the techniques of torture that my father, as one of many detainees of *Casa Memoria* and all the secret prisons of the military regime, went through. Jodorowsky showed us without any 'neutralization' the electricity applied to the naked body of an innocent man. A painful and horrifying shock for me, but after I felt relieved, as if by seeing it, I could accept the worst of the past. With the filmed image I could acknowledge the real dimension of the cruelty and sickness of those acts, and not use my own mind to imagine what happened, which was a painful, useless, nearly pornographic fantasy of my mind for years. Finally we will not have to be attacked by an uncontrollable imaginary remembrance of the past. The wound is like the mine where you have to enter with



Figure 3.6 Marisa Cornejo, *Wallpaper La Huella #01, Unified fragmented experience*, imprints from performance in Espacio Flor, 210 x 91 cm, digital print, 2014

courage to transform the matter of trauma into a jewel, the *nigredo*. In alchemy (3.9)⁴⁸ the term *nigredo* is the inverse operative system of capitalist extractionism that enters the mine to extract pure material wealth. *Nigredo* is the putrefaction⁴⁹ of the archive of history and the acceptance of that process of grief, of the loss of youth, wealth, health and not try to fill it with external distractions that justify the minimization of the damage, like for example: is for the good of the economy. When entering the wound the first time there is fear, rage and pain. I had entered the mine of my archive, the performances gave me strength, in order to extract the pain, hopes and dreams of the persecuted people. By choosing one of them, the closest one, my father, I am choosing one body of the social matter that the extractionist model of neocolonialism needed to exterminate. Theory can be a healing tool. I can take it less personally:

*The startling horror of executions and torture taking place between September and November 1973 that the International Red Cross estimates reached "some 7,000 prisoners on September 22." Between 12,000 and 20,000 Chileans and foreigners were detained in the Stadium for periods ranging from two days to two months*⁵⁰.

The potential of this archive is to open a discussion around the force of acting in the public sphere to heal the wounds of state terrorism. The current democratically-elected government in Chile has made some efforts to put in place institutions to establish truth and justice through national commissions and other state bodies, but most of the work came from the civil society. However, most of the official organizations have limited their work to human rights violations, without taking into consideration a more complex field. The objective of the coup d'etat was not only to suppress activists and their ideas, but mostly to implement an economic system to facilitate the extraction of goods belonging to the people.

Now the problems that emerge from state terrorism and forced migration are some of the major sources of social injustice. These are some of the questions that hunt this artistic work. I had to come back to the territories of the exile as an adult in order to reactivate through a series of performances a new mystic and corporal memory. In this way a stronger memory, a memory as an adult, gave me the strength to revisit the material archives of this history: the silence, the delay in the multiple grievings, the way the information of what happened got processed in the families, the losses and uprootedness, the imprints of torture and prison, the slowness of the institutional reparations, the proof of the consequences of state terrorism had to be revisited. After doing the performances in Chile, Switzerland and Bulgaria, I could scan the slide photos my father left, another layer of the imprints of forced migration (3.7).

I found the box full of slide images of Chile before the trauma. Many of them are of the south, a rich region that



Figure 3.7 Eugenio Cornejo, *Unknown title*, linoleum engraving on paper, 40.50 x 28.50 cm, 1977



Figure 3.8 Eugenio Cornejo, *Allende presente*, linoleum engraving on paper, 26 x 40 cm, 1977

many called the Switzerland of Latin America – a region of lakes and woods, a region where the Mapuche, the indigenous people of the south, resisted colonization until the beginning of the twentieth century. It is a land that has now become part of a militarized state, where the Mapuche are constantly condemned by an ‘anti-terrorist’ law that was designed in the constitution of the dictatorship. When they try to defend their land from the huge, so-called ‘development’ projects, carried out without their consent by transnational corporations to build dams or destroy native woods to produce cellulose, they are criminalized and sent to prison. In the photos I also found 2 slides of *El Estadio Nacional* with a colorful crowd and five photos of the train station in Bulgaria when we are departing to never come back and where intuitively I did the performance *La Huella #02*. The gratitude is vast, I had been working with Eugenio all the time, this was not a waste of time (3.8).

Social actors such as my family left with cultural capital, archives and life experiences that according to Guattari’s concept of ecosophy could be the pieces of the puzzle that are missing in the memories of those territories, and could become the tools to repair the subjectivities, communities and the environment as a connected whole.

The recovery of the memory of the affective territory of people forced to migrate is the *anti-memorial*, the future of the mapping of another world, the world that colonization exterminated. Dreaming and remembering our dreams is a subversive action to bring attention to our own inner values and local realities and stop projecting our ideals into the false monuments of the individualistic narcissistic neoliberal society that trashes our limited resources. Jungian thinking also will say that humanity finds God and Goddesses inside us in our dreams, and as a last resource, to rescue the knowledge of the communities in danger of extermination we can use dreams as an honest archive.

Ramon Grosfoguel (when seeing a presentation of my project in la HEAD, Geneva 2014) observed:

I don’t see you giving much credit to the mystical, spiritual dimension of your work, to say that someone told you to do a performance in a dream is not common language. Who is talking to you? Where are you receiving this information from?

An agreement with Mother Earth

A dream that I managed to put into practice recently, though it took me 16 years, was the first one I had featuring my father after he had died.⁵¹ In that dream I was having problems with my papers (I was a migrant). I was alive but in a rush, and suddenly he was crossing me in the opposite direction, looking beautiful, relaxed and wearing some beautiful embroidered white cotton indigenous clothes while riding a bicycle easily towards Chiapas, Mexico, where he was going to join his last girlfriend Celia.

So when the first historical encounter of ‘Political, artistic, sporting and cultural International Congress of Women who Fight’ was called by the Zapatista Army of National Liberation in Chiapas, Mexico, (EZLN) in March 2018, where around 9000 women from all over the world engaged in the defence of women’s rights and the protection of mother earth, I trusted the dream and went.⁵² In that context I felt more loved and safe than in 12 years living ‘safely’ in the settlements of the Geneva Headquarters of the International Organizations.

Once there, trying to choose from the hundreds of seminars proposed, I went to a workshop on feminist internet,⁵³ bringing awareness about how the internet has become a shopping mall, how we are enriching multinationals led by privileged white men and how these companies extract wealth from our personal information. They exposed how Instagram and Facebook operate censorship and take political decisions, as well as promote individualistic narratives to exacerbate the celebrity culture and competition as the only way to have a life.

I also heard the *Compañeras* from the Landless Movement in Brazil breaking the silence of the situation of women in the agroindustry of the northeast of Brazil – where most of the pineapples and tropical fruits exported into US and European markets are leaving their drinking water full of chemicals, due to monoculture and the excessive use of pesticides. They explained how the women of these communities are facing premature illnesses on their own, the lack of health facilities and the poisoning of the land. If there is something to say about terror today we should listen to them.

I also listened to the collective *Subversiones*, an autonomous publishing house presenting the book *Nosotras*, a jewel at a really affordable price, where the testimonies of other women, their struggles and victories to recover their bodies, territories, memories and dignity, gave us useful tools.

While in the encounter, I proposed the 9 March 2018 to the organizers of this event: the women from the EZLN to do an art demonstration and sell the engraving I called *The Ancestor* which my father did. The authorities

of the autonomous organization granted me permission and offered me a piece of cardboard and a public space to reprint and sell my engravings. I became part of the art market in 15 minutes in an autonomous community! I have been trying to find a commercial gallery for my work for 12 years in the modernity of Geneva and haven’t got there yet. I got told ‘your art is not contemporary’ by a publicly-funded art institution (the *Centre d’édition contemporaine*) when I showed them a drawing of the dream of my father on the bicycle, as if I was coming from another time. But in this encounter I found my place effortlessly and joined the grand majority of women of this planet, whose only heritage is the memory of the violence neocolonialism is using to dispossess them from earthly wealth and human rights, leaving them only with the testimonies of how their grandfathers, men, fathers and sons received the brutality of patriarchal capitalism in its—hopefully—last stages.

So yes, I am coming from another time, the time of the *zone of nonbeing*. Where the lack of basic human rights leaves us exposed to a slow progress, full of obstacles called: injustice. But also full of sisters traveling towards transmodernity. The pluri-modernities in which we are all contemporary because we are. There I found the first enthusiastic collectors of the engravings of my father and had enough money to buy the art of the other local artist.

And where are we? In the dream, the daydream or the nightmare? When we come to Europe we are not contemporary enough because in the nightmare there is always a wall, a labyrinth for those who come from the dream of another world where there is an *us*. And the daydream I leave to those who live in the nightmare and don’t even see the wall or the labyrinth. The Zapatista women and this encounter gave me all the hope I needed: I was in the dream and I wasn’t sleeping. They give us a place to sleep, organic food produced in their communities and a pedagogy that the whole planet needs urgently—something I had never seen happening in Geneva. They gave us all of that but with one condition: to make an agreement with them to stay alive and fight without fear for our right to live.

Endnotes

- 1 Stern, Steve J. 2013.
- 2 Comisión Nacional sobre Prisión Política y Tortura. 2005. *Informe de la Comisión Nacional sobre Prisión Política y Tortura*. Santiago de Chile: Ministerio del Interior Comisión Nacional sobre Prisión Política y Tortura.
- 3 Lowenfeld, Viktor. 1939.
- 4 *Araucanía* is a territory of Chile that included the provinces of Arauco, Cautín, Malleco and Bío Bio, now is the name of the IXth region. Inhabited by the Araucan rebels, also called Mapuches, who were equally opposed to the domination of the Incas as to that of the Spanish, it was not colonized by the Chilean state until late in the XIX century.
- 5 Fonis, Fondo Nacional de Investigación en Salud, Facultad de Medicina, “Estudio de mortalidad en sobrevivientes de Tortura y Prisión Política en periodo de Terrorismo de Estado 1973-1990” Ps. María José Jorquera González, Dr. Carlos Madariaga Araya, Dr. Rubén Alvarado Muñoz, 2018.
- 6 *Epistemicide* refers to the killing of other knowledge systems. In this case the knowledge my father held came from having observed house building and wool weaving in mapuche communities, local cooking and wood carving techniques, and many local practices and traditions that shaped his lifestyle and way of living and kept non modern knowledge alive.
- 7 Stern 2013.
- 8 *Ibid*, p.9.
- 9 *Ibid*, p.12 and p.14.
- 10 For several decades of democratic states, the estate projects like the construction of public buildings, were supported and realised by builders, designers, architects and artists trying to materialize high quality services for dignified users. The designs were conceived to serve citizens with full rights. The neoliberalization that followed the coup d’etat in Chile, transformed this logic, by now serving customers, and decided to cut cost, impoverishing the materials, designs, techniques and dimensions of those projects, homogenizing the materials and aesthetics globally. A good example can be seen in the project of the artist Leonardo Portus *Limbo* (Universidad de Concepción, Concepción Chile, 2011). His work created a bridge towards the vanished modernist estate model and the nostalgia of those ruins looked from now. While doing research about the buildings constructed during the modernist movement in Chile, he came across the INP building done by architects Abraham Schapira and Raquel Esquenazi in 1970. Leonardo said, “it seemed that this place (built for the former Private Employees Savings Bank EMPART, today INP Instituto de Normalización Previsional, the state office in charge of the social security of popular and deprived sectors of Chile’s population; and the Ministry of Work), was created precisely when the zenith of the Modern Movement acquires its greatest splendour, but at the same time announces the threshold of its decline, together with the traumas of our recent history. It reminds us of the deep social function of architecture back then, engaged with

humanist and progressive ideals.”There is a series of buildings of this kind, like the building that hosted in 1972 the Third UNCTAD Conference in Santiago, Chile. Portus, by revisiting this precise ruin, said, “rescuing this model interpolates the current uncontested speculative irruption of the Market, only interested in a bigger pay off in the balance of cost and benefit with regards to real estate, decontextualizing the urban weave and its relationship with its inhabitants, generating non-places that promote the impersonal, profitable and quick flow of the citizen-consumer, hopefully pushing him/her to the periphery of the city...It is possible to ask whether this social function of a ‘place of formalities’ is the motor of the realization of a pleasant environment, thinking of its future users, an aesthetic experience that dignifies and contrasts with its current apparent deterioration. We could speculate about its becoming in the last 40 years comparing the public sphere that symbolizes the contemporaneity of its genesis, with a current shrinking State as a result of neoliberal policies developed in the last years.” (p?)

- 11 Varas, Paulina. 2011.
- 12 See <https://guillermogiampietro.wixsite.com/escuchame>
- 13 San Martin, Florencia. “Politics of Collectivity: Muralism and Public Space in the Practices of the Brigada Ramona Parra during the Unidad Popular” <https://www.seismopolite.com/politics-of-collectivity-muralism-and-public-space-in-the-practices-of-the-brigada-ramona-parra-during-the-unidad-popular>
- 14 Grosfoguel, Ramón. 2013.
- 15 Cornejo, Marisa. 2010, 2013.
- 16 In the framework of the CCC Masters Program, (HEAD) University of Geneva, (2012-2014).
- 17 Cornejo, Marisa. 2013. p.167
- 18 Varas, Paulina, Mariana Deisler, Francisca García. 2014.
- 19 Hartmann, Ernest. 2010. “The Dream Always Makes New Connections: The Dream is a Creation, Not a Replay,” *The nature and functions of dreaming*, New York: Oxford University Press, p.12.
- 20 *Ibid*, p.15.
- 21 Dussel, Enrique. 2002. pp. 221-244
- 22 Hartmann 2010.
- 23 Grosfoguel 2013, p.88.
- 24 See <https://vimeo.com/247532669> Guattari, Félix, and Norambuena, Miguel D. 1989. *Cartografía del deseo*. Santiago de Chile: Ed. F. ZEGERS.
- 25 Preciado, Beatriz. 2008.
- 26 Schizoanalysis is a practice, an example that Miguel D. Norambuena, told me, is when he went to Guattari’s “consultation” on a regular basis to repeat several times the narrative of his exile as in classic psicoanalysis always repeating himself. But Guattari “interrupted” the session when the phone rang and took him to participate in a demonstration in Paris, where other refugees or subjects with similar struggles were fighting for their civil rights. For schizoanalysis the cure is not to make the patient fit into a dysfunctional society, the aim is to make the patient an agent that engages *affectively* to transform dysfunctional capitalism. Deleuze and Guattari evade all attempts to define truth and they situate themselves in the logic of the affections, there is no possibility of understanding and thinking if the subject does not get affected with what the subject interacts. <https://>

www.psiconotas.com/esquizoanalisis-definicion.html
In *Chaosmosis*, Guattari explains that «rather than moving in the direction of reductionist modifications which simplify the complex», schizoanalysis «will work towards its complexification, its processual enrichment, towards the consistency of its virtual lines of bifurcation and differentiation, in short towards its ontological heterogeneity» Guattari, Félix. 1992. *Chaosmosis: an Ethico-Aesthetic Paradigm*, Indiana University Press, p.61.

- 27 The series of 8 performances: *La Huella #01*, Espacio Flor, Santiago de Chile (2013); *La Huella/photo studio*, HEAD, Geneva, Switzerland (2013); *La Huella multicolor*, Usine Kugler, Geneva, Switzerland (2013); *La Huella #02*, train station of Plovdiv, Bulgaria (2013); *La Huella #03 and La Huella #04*, Escotilla 8 and stands, Estadio Nacional, Santiago, Chile (2013); *La Huella #05*, El Caracol, Estadio Nacional, Santiago, Chile, (2015) *La Huella #06 (Notas)* Usine Kugler, Geneva, Switzerland (2017).
- 28 Guattari, Félix. 1989.
- 29 An ephemeral and humble gallery run by artist Enrique Flores, now nonexistent due to gentrification.
- 30 *The Battle of Chile* by Patricio Guzman, is a historical documentary that in the seventies and eighties was distributed in 35 countries of the world. It is not a film made from archives; it is a document filmed as the events took place. Its author and director worked with a crew in the middle of the events. The virgin material (16 MM black and white film) was a contribution of the French documentary-maker Chris Marker and the editing was possible thanks to the collaboration of the Cuban Cinematography Institute (ICAIC). Jorge Müller Silva (the film’s cameraman) was kidnapped by Pinochet’s military police in November of 1974. His whereabouts are still unknown. He is one of the 3,000 that remain ‘disappeared’ in Chile today. *The Battle of Chile* has been subject to censorship in Chile and has never been emitted by public television.
- 31 See <http://www.museodelamemoria.cl/actividad/div-coloquio-arte-memoria-y-derechos-humanos/>
- 32 SS Winnipeg was a French steamer notable for arriving at Valparaíso, Chile, on 3 September 1939, with 2,200 Spanish migrants aboard. The refugees were fleeing Spain after Franco’s victory in the Spanish Civil War (1936–39). The Chilean President Pedro Aguirre Cerda had named the poet Pablo Neruda a Consul in Paris for Immigration, and he was charged with what he called ‘the noblest mission I have ever undertaken’: shipping the Spanish refugees, who had been housed by the French in internment camps, to Chile.
- 33 Chornik, Katia. 2013.
- 34 Valenzuela, Hugo. 2012. *Testimonio: de pronto apareció el fascismo*, Santiago de Chile, unpublished.
- 35 Florian Gallenberger, 2016
- 36 Operation Condor was a United States backed campaign of political repression and state terror involving intelligence operations and assassination of opponents, officially implemented in 1975 by the right-wing dictatorships of Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil. In the context of the Cold War the dictatorships exchanged prisoners between countries and cooperated in the persecution of all the left wing movements though terrorist operations.

For a more detailed historical source see McSherry, Patrice J. 2005. *Predatory States: Operation Condor and Covert War in Latin America*, London: Rowman and Littlefield.

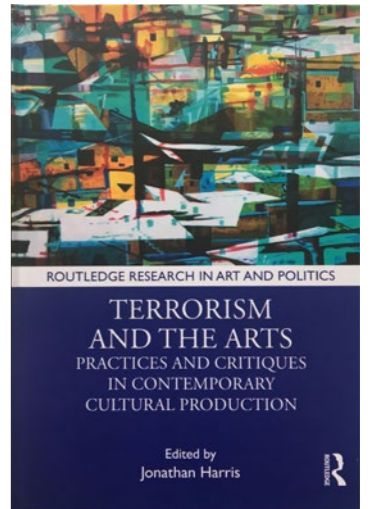
- 37 See <http://www.cintras.org/> (NGO helping the mental health of the families of the victims)
- 38 Casa Memoria José Domingo Cañas, see <http://josedomingocanas.org/>
- 39 Valli, Katya & Revonsuo, Antti. 2009.
- 40 Brinkmann, Beatriz, Mariana Lagos, Vera Vital Brasil, Miguel Scapucio. 2009.
- 41 Stern 2013, p.9.
- 42 Fanon, Franz. 2004.
- 43 Brinkmann, Lagos, Vital, Scapucio. 2009, p.104.
- 44 Norambuena, Miguel D. 2009.
- 45 Salas, María José. 2014. «La difícil vida de la nueva ministra de salud» Helia Molina, ministra de Salud. <http://www.paula.cl/>.
- 46 Brinkmann, Lagos, Vital, Scapucio. 2009, p.46-47.
- 47 Jodorowsky, Alejandro. 2013. *La danza de la realidad*, France.
- 48 «Latone» c’est une façon masquée de designer *la prima materia* durant la phase de la putréfaction, celle de l’œuvre au noir (nigredo). La couleur noire réunit, dans l’opus, l’esprit et le corps. On sait que le soufre (sol), et le mercure (luna) sont encore connus sous le nom du «soleil et de son ombre» [...] La putréfaction (nigredo) ouvre la voie à l’union (conjunctio) et à la fécondation. Elle est la clé de la transmutation. [...] Trismosin parle d’un ange (c’est un nom qu’on donne à la fraction de mercure sublimée de la matière) qui aide “un homme noir comme un Maure” à sortir d’une “décoction bourbeuse” (c’est le dépôt putréfié au fond de la cornue), le revêt de pourpre et s’envole avec lui dans le ciel. Il s’agit ici d’une métaphore pour illustrer la fuite momentanée de l’esprit et de l’âme hors du corps “après une coction modérée”; ils réintègrent ensuite ce même corps, qui gagne alors en consistance par la “force de l’esprit”.
Roob, Alexander. 2001. p.79, p.132, p.199.
- 49 To make pure („purus” = pure; + root of „facere” = to make) It literally means „free from extraneous matter.”
- 50 See <https://web.archive.org/web/20110811054833/http://www.drclas.harvard.edu/revista/articles/view/704>
- 51 Cornejo 2013. p. 41.
- 52 I was invited by Natalia Arcos from Casa GIAP, an art residency based in San Cristóbal de la Casas, that she manages with her companion Alessandro Zagato to do research on the aesthetics of political art and autonomy.
- 53 See dominemoslatechnologia.org.

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Ce texte a été publié dans: Harris, Jonathan (éd.), *Terrorism and the Arts. Practices and Critiques in Contemporary Cultural Production*, Routledge, 2021