

## THE WRITING OF DISAPPEARANCE

### Artist Statement

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#### I

If I was to say the truth, I am sure this would not be the truth for others. And so, I find it senseless to bare my experiences in words. The people who need to know my truth already do, and to the rest I give only my creations – which are, I think, the less egotistical part of me.

The truth of my experience is in there, whether easy or difficult to translate; there is not much more I would like to write about my personal closeness to enforced disappearance.

I do not exist in the realm of words when it comes to express what my life lives. It is only abstract, and it is only visual, and I have long learned not to battle nor to question it. I cannot lose those hours of dwellings. How am I supposed to express the meaning of my abstract paintings with words when the abstract is beyond the written language?

If I need to write anything about enforced disappearance, I will have to stick to the study of it, not to its poetics, because I do not consider myself a writer – just as I would not consider someone who can produce an image to be a painter. Poetry in my ability stays within my paintings; that is how I see and how I live.

#### II

When does one begin to feel comfortable in life? Is comfort part of our denials or simply a kind of tiredness – the tiredness of suffering? You can expose yourself to the guilt caused by the many unresolved problems in the world that haunt your steps.

Perhaps comfortableness is a type of abandonment and defeat, a fear of the consequences that, guided by ignorance or empathy, will burst not only upon us but also upon our loved ones.

Sometimes, I wonder if my current comfort is due to all this. Or to the simple belief that I deserve happiness. A happiness, I realize, cannot exist in the pain of the misfortune of others, and that is when I corner myself at one end, to contemplate, and perhaps that is why it might seem as if I live in comfort, that I have learned to escape, but the truth is that I am only looking for the transformation of dreams. One gives time the right to fade from memory what no longer requires entering; then, with life's own subtleties, one gets involved in so many other things – in the many other important reasons why to exist. So, you realize, or maybe not, that whatever was in there, no longer is. And yes, all of this will seem like an aside world, a very senile remorse. You breathe it no more because it barely appears as a sigh; there is no way to hold it. And although it does not disappear, you perceive it wandering in the fleeting flashes of light that escapes through the blinks of your tramp.

I wonder whether it is possible to forgive oneself of forgetting. And how does one know that the moment of oblivion has arrived?

The answer must be an in-between. Remember eternally while avoiding the situations that brings us back to any related memory. In any case, you end up getting involved in the same thing, and that is, that things do not disappear; they hang around in one way or another.

This is it. It's done. And then? Well, something else comes with the exposure, with the exploration of the wounds, with the spectacle of the suffering and the speech, with the promulgation of the truths that one has found, of the lies that one has hidden.

Perhaps the answer to the peace of our sorrows comes with the ventilation of our penances, with the open mouth of wisdom, or with the bitter sarcasm of our pain. We could start selling our soul, the history of our experiences, and in this way redeem all the guilt that keeps us in this nauseating state among crowds. But no, really, in there, we also find ourselves lost, more lost and entangled in the torments of our mind. We are fragmented in the air. What we do or say moves stealthily and slips into our interior, and there we wrap ourselves; we feel again. It is just us, our figures standing in the heaviness of things.

### III

Where does the subject come from? Where will it find us? When? Do we go looking for it? Or is it just like a mist? Coming down from the mountain on a curious and even quiet walk? Who decides? The subject or us? Why do our lives get entangled with certain stories?

## IV

When one is no more than a passenger among the bitterness of others, being an impostor seems to be the first adjective that appears. The first steps that are intersected are perhaps stumbling blocks. Then we become a sort of magnet, we have attracted injustice to our feet.

## V

This road has been nothing but a million questions for me. Every time the subject of enforced disappearance appears, I see ahead of me only a vein of palpitating paths that should not be opened. The ones I have been able to open have been nothing more than torments, and if I have discovered anything, it has been a vast world of abstract images. I do not know if it is my way of seeing the world or whether these abstract forms exist because that is how they are. As I have expressed on many other occasions, this topic has taught me the power of the various ways of being silent, and it has shown me the fear and fury of horror. I have understood the reasons for this stall, of the social paralysis, or perhaps, something more like a chosen oblivion with an apparent indifference; I have felt the rage that grows among all of us in a country that suffers the violence unleashed by a vile and chilling practice designed to paralyze groups of people. When life has been stripped away and you are left with nothing but broken and outraged pieces, it no longer matters to gnaw the soul out, shout it out to others, because the pain is so great and distressing that it only burns your days with innumerable misfortunes. And that is when you wonder, where has all this pain come from? Who does one confront if no one is there to give reasons? To whom should we burst our grief if the guilty have also disappeared?

## VI

Why not to catch in our words the meaninglessness of our certainties? To keep on finding a language where logic and poetry meet. The academic with its human rigour and the poetic with its human outburst. Both are pure dynamite for the devastated soul, for our overwhelmed minds, or simply for a whole. We could start by imagining ourselves on a line, guided by the weight of the void. Let us walk on this thin line, not only because it is a challenge for our intelligence and our senses but also because we can weave a thread that guides us like an umbilical cord does, or like a root that goes deep down into the earth, or maybe just like the misleading line of the mountain that we observe in the distance – a mountain that is not one

traceable line but the compacted life that has risen and has been sustained through time. Walking on this line is perhaps how we can start to bring two languages together in order to create a language that is not so difficult to understand.

## VII

Encountering the pain of those people who carry the crude bitterness of having a loved one disappeared or the pain of all those who accompany and encourage these families every day to move forward, to demand answers, and to redirect every second of anguish is a stab in the stomach, a dagger in the heart, and a dark mist in the mind. I know very well that there is no end when trying to express how catastrophic the practice of enforced disappearance is; it does not seem to have an end point. But even if it did have an end or even if there was a way that language and art could capture in time what the state of disappearance is and the meaning of its horror – or even a way to express beyond words or shapes and colours, beyond sounds and movements, all its voids and its damages to the soul, even then, all this human expression seems to me an accumulation of mere gratification. But perhaps you could argue that these forms of expression are a way of dealing with such issues with our egos aside. And that possibly is the small spline that opens up so that we can communicate and feel ourselves a human with the other in such a way that the painful things are left out and we are only sustained by the other's warm heart ... Is that enough?

## VIII

I am still lost, and the circle keeps getting bigger and bigger with every word and every stroke of paint. If one has been gifted and cursed, then one has to do one's best. After all, pain is a big part of what constitutes life – the pain that we provoke in each other with the things that we invent and with the problems that we push out of ourselves. If art is a human creation, then we have trapped ourselves inside our own circular movements, where the senses and the mind exist within a billion vortexes that are seeking an escape. If we sometimes feel liberated, it must be through fugitive movements that trespass a vortex, but this is only to create another one.

So I will not provide an end but instead, leave these expressions open.