

Ana • Rocío • Jouli
Juan • Ignacio • Chávez
André • Felipe
Paloma • Zamorano • Ferrari
& Camilo • Echeverri
Ludmila • Fuks

Archivo • en • obras
Archive • in • the • Works

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Temporal Communities × Barrio|Bairro Berlin



con • stel • la • tions publica trabajos colaborativos de creación de conocimiento que surgen en la intersección entre la práctica artística y académica. Son formatos que exploran los límites o van más allá de las formas tradicionales de publicación en las humanidades.

La serie de publicaciones es un proyecto del área del mismo nombre del Clúster de Excelencia 2020 *Temporal Communities: Doing Literature in a Global Perspective* de la Freie Universität Berlin. *CONSTELLATIONS* combina perspectivas y métodos científicos y artísticos, en línea con la agenda de investigación del Clúster, y crea formatos colaborativos y transdisciplinarios en diálogo con otras instituciones de investigación y espacios culturales como museos, teatros, archivos o bibliotecas.

con • stel • la • tions showcases the results of collaborative research at the intersection of artistic and academic practice in blended formats and explorations that go beyond canonical forms of academic publishing within the humanities.

The series is a project of the eponymous hub for networked and transdisciplinary projects conceived within the framework of the Cluster of Excellence 2020 *Temporal Communities: Doing Literature in a Global Perspective* at Freie Universität Berlin. Entering into close dialogue with cultural institutions such as museums, theatres, archives and libraries, *CONSTELLATIONS* conjoins methods and perspectives from scholarship, the arts and knowledge formations beyond the university.

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Archivo en obras
Archive in the Works

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Ana Rocío Jouli

Un Laboratorio de Activaciones

Suena misteriosa la palabra activación: como un mecanismo que se enciende al dar con la llave, o una reliquia que de pronto empieza a moverse y echar luz, activar un archivo parece una especie de encantamiento. ¿Pero qué es lo que se activa en la práctica artística? ¿Qué pasa cuando los objetos despiertan de su sueño archivístico?

Los textos y las imágenes que integran este volumen surgen de la experiencia del primer Laboratorio de Activaciones, desarrollado en Berlín entre los meses de junio y octubre de 2024. En esta edición inaugural, los artistas Juan Ignacio Chávez, André Felipe, Paloma Zamorano Ferrari, Camilo Echeverri y Ludmila Fuks fueron invitados a crear activaciones con materiales de las colecciones del Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut (IAI) de Berlín. Desde el sonido, la performance, la escritura y la imagen, sus intervenciones desarman la neutralidad ilusoria del archivo para reescribir en presente otra versión de su historia.

EL ARTE DE ACTIVAR ARCHIVOS

En las últimas décadas, el arte de archivo se ha consolidado como una práctica crítica que desestabiliza las formas instituidas de organización, preservación y representación de la memoria. Algunas de estas obras incorporan métodos y mecanismos de clasificación propios del archivo institucional; sin embargo, el uso de cajas, inventarios, fichas o etiquetas ya no responde a una lógica de orden, sino que funciona como puesta en escena de su carácter ideológico. Otras obras fabrican documentos con el fin de hacer visible lo que fue suprimido o ignorado por los relatos oficiales. En todo caso, lo que se pone en juego en el arte de archivo no es tanto

Ana Rocío Jouli

An Activation Lab

The word 'activation' has a mysterious ring to it: like a mechanism that turns on with a key, or a relic that suddenly starts to move and radiate, activating an archive seems to involve a kind of enchantment. But what is it that artistic practice activates? What happens when objects awaken from their archival slumber?

The texts and images that make up this volume emerged from the experience of the first Activation Lab held in Berlin between June and October 2024. In this inaugural edition, artists Juan Ignacio Chávez, André Felipe, Paloma Zamorano Ferrari, Camilo Echeverri and Ludmila Fuks were invited to create activations with materials from the collections of the Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut (IAI) in Berlin. Through sound, performance, fiction, and play, their interventions dismantled the illusory neutrality of the archive, rewriting another version of its story in the present.

THE ART OF ACTIVATING ARCHIVES

In recent decades, archival art has been consolidated as a critical practice that destabilises conventional ways of organising, preserving, and representing memory. Some of these works draw on classification methods and mechanisms characteristic of the institutional archive; however, the use of boxes, cards, labels, or inventories no longer corresponds to a logic of order, but rather functions as a means to stage its ideological character. Other works fabricate documents in order to make visible what has been suppressed or ignored by official narratives. In any case, archival art is less about fidelity to the facts than about interrogating the archive's modes of inscription.

la fidelidad a los hechos como la posibilidad de interrogar sus modos de inscripción.

Esta forma de arte expande el archivo como campo creativo y habilita memorias afectivas, parciales y latentes.¹ La potencia de sus exploraciones dialoga con lo que Hal Foster denomina «an archival impulse»: una voluntad de recuperar fragmentos del pasado y hacerlos aparecer en el presente como materia visible, como cuerpos de información que interrumpen la linealidad de los relatos históricos.² El impulso (an)archivístico trabaja con lo irresuelto, con las fallas, los vacíos y las fisuras que insisten en la superficie de la historia.

En este espacio que llamamos Laboratorio, el impulso no se agota en el plano teórico. Como plataforma de intercambio entre investigadorxs y artistas en torno a la activación de archivos, el Laboratorio propone una forma de investigación práctica, transdisciplinaria y colectiva. Un lugar de encuentro donde poner en común los modos de intervención que cada unx despliega en relación a su propia práctica y los materiales que aborda.

Nuestra forma de trabajo participa de un giro más amplio en el campo del arte contemporáneo, donde el archivo se ha vuelto una referencia central en la relación entre producción de conocimiento y práctica artística. A medida que las formas de arte basadas en la investigación se integran cada vez más en contextos académicos, lxs artistas comienzan a ser reconocidxs como investigadorxs, tanto por los métodos que emplean como por las preguntas que abordan. Esta articulación entre archivo, arte e investigación se manifiesta a su vez en obras que exploran la dimensión estética de los objetos, métodos y gestos convocados en la práctica archivística.³

El desarrollo del Laboratorio parece señalar otra vía posible: un proyecto de investigación surgido del ámbito académico pero orientado a la creación de activaciones artísticas, en el marco de un programa posdoctoral que vincula la universidad con espacios comunitarios e instituciones del campo cultural como museos, galerías y, por supuesto, archivos. Un proyecto concebido como parte de un nuevo festival, Barrio|Bairro Berlin, en el cual se estrenarían las activaciones.

1 Ver Carbone, Kathy: «Archival art: Memory practices, interventions, and productions». *Curator: The Museum Journal* 63 (2), 2020, pp. 257–63, aquí p. 258, en línea: <https://doi.org/10.1111/cura.12358>.

2 Ver Foster, Hal: «An archival impulse». *October* 110, 2004, pp. 3–22, en línea: <https://doi.org/10.1162/0162287042379847>.

3 Ver Callahan, Sara: *Art + Archive: Understanding the Archival Turn in Contemporary Art*. Manchester University Press, 2022.

This form of art expands the archive as a creative field and makes room for affective, partial, and latent memories.¹ The potential of these explorations echoes what Hal Foster called “an archival impulse”: a will to recover fragments of the past and make them appear as visible material in the present, like bodies of information that interrupt the linearity of historical accounts.² The (an)archival impulse works with the unresolved: the flaws, empty spaces, and fissures that persist on the surface of history.

In this setting we call a Lab, the impulse extends beyond the theoretical. As a platform for exchange between researchers and artists working on archival activation, the Lab facilitates a form of practical, collective, and transdisciplinary research—a space for sharing the modes of intervention that each of us develops in relation to our own practice and the materials we engage with.

Our working method participates in a broader shift in the field of contemporary art, where the archive has become a key reference point in the relationship between artistic practice and knowledge production. As research-based art practices become increasingly embedded in academic contexts, artists are starting to be acknowledged as researchers, as much for the methods they employ as for the questions they address. This articulation between art, research and the archive manifests in turn through works that investigate the aesthetic dimension of the objects, methods, and gestures engaged in archival practice.³

The development of the Lab suggests another possible path: a research project that emerges from the academic sphere but is oriented toward the creation of artistic activations, operating within the framework of a postdoctoral programme that connects the university with community spaces and institutions in the cultural field, such as museums, galleries, and, of course, archives; a project conceived as part of a new festival, Barrio|Bairro Berlin, where the resulting activations would premiere.

Perhaps the greatest challenge lay in reconciling the different timelines and exigencies of each practice. Research unfolds through

1 See Carbone, Kathy: “Archival art: Memory practices, interventions, and productions”. *Curator: The Museum Journal* 63 (2), 2020, pp. 257–63, here p. 258, online: <https://doi.org/10.1111/cura.12358>.

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3 See Callahan, Sara: *Art + Archive: Understanding the Archival Turn in Contemporary Art*. Manchester University Press, 2022.

Tal vez el mayor desafío haya sido reconciliar los tiempos y las demandas de cada práctica. La investigación se despliega en la reflexión y el regreso: revisar hipótesis, aceptar la posibilidad de que no se sostengan, volver a empezar. Un festival, en cambio, no espera. Una vez que la fecha está impresa en los afiches, es imposible de postergar. Luego está el archivo. Y no cualquier archivo: la colección europea más grande sobre América Latina, el Caribe, España y Portugal. Un archivo institucional gobernado por lógicas inamovibles. Una sala de espera.

Si bien se formuló como un proyecto de investigación con objetivos definidos, en la práctica el Laboratorio devino un espacio más inestable, hecho de pausas, desvíos y ritmos no siempre previsibles. En este sentido, fue antes que nada laboratorio de sí mismo: un formato que fuimos construyendo a través de (des)encuentros, provocaciones, pruebas y errores. Un ejercicio de imaginación metodológica.

ARCHIVO LATINOAMERICANO EN OBRAS

La constitución misma del archivo latinoamericano está marcada por la introducción forzada de la escritura en el continente: un sistema de inscripción que no solo desplazó formas previas de transmisión de la memoria, sino que fundó un régimen de exclusión y jerarquización de saberes. Esa violencia fundante hizo del archivo una tecnología colonial que impuso modos de existencia y borró otros.⁴

Desbordar esta perspectiva centrada en el documento requiere aproximarse al archivo latinoamericano desde su heterogeneidad, tensionada entre lenguajes y materialidades que resisten las categorías del archivo moderno.⁵ Quipus, cantos, glifos, danzas y tejidos conviven así con los documentos escritos, desestabilizando la centralidad de la letra como soporte único de la memoria. Este enfoque se orienta hacia formas de lectura, escucha y activación atentas a lo efímero, lo vivo y lo ilegible. Aquello que no entra en el catálogo.

En su domicilio berlinés, el archivo latinoamericano crece más allá de la vista, adelantándose al deseo de catalogarlo todo. Según el folleto informativo que encontramos en la entrada de la biblioteca, los fondos de libros y revistas del Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut

4 Ver Rama, Ángel: *La ciudad letrada*. Tajamar Editores, 1984.

5 Ver Garbatzky, Irina: «Archivo latinoamericano». In: *Diccionario de términos críticos de la literatura y la cultura en América Latina*, editado por Beatriz Colombi et al., CLACSO, 2021, pp. 39–47, en línea: <https://doi.org/10.53971/2718.658x.v13.n21.37806>.

reflection and return: revisiting hypotheses, and accepting the possibility that they may not hold, that one might have to start over. A festival, on the other hand, does not wait: once the date is printed on the posters, it is impossible to postpone. Then there is the archive. And not just any archive: the largest European collection on Latin America, the Caribbean, Spain, and Portugal. An institutional archive governed by immovable logics. A waiting room.

Although it was conceived as a research project with defined objectives, in practice the Activation Lab became an unstable space shaped by pauses, detours, and unforeseeable rhythms. In this sense, it was first and foremost a laboratory of itself: a format we built through (mis)encounters, provocations, trial and error. An exercise in methodological imagination.

LATIN AMERICAN ARCHIVE IN THE WORKS

The very constitution of the Latin American archive is marked by the forced imposition of writing on the continent: a system of inscription that not only displaced earlier forms of memory transmission, but also established a regime of exclusion and rigid hierarchies of knowledge. This founding violence forged the archive as a colonial technology that mandated certain modes of existence while erasing others.⁴

Moving beyond a document-centred perspective requires approaching the Latin American archive through its heterogeneity, shaped as it is by the tensions between languages and materialities that resist the modern penchant for categorisation.⁵ Quipus, songs, glyphs, dances, and textiles coexist with written documents, undermining the centrality of the written word as the sole medium of memory. This approach turns toward forms of reading, listening, and activation that are sensitive to the ephemeral, the living, and the illegible; to that which does not fit into the catalogue.

In its Berlin domicile, the Latin American archive grows beyond sight, outpacing the drive to catalogue it all. According to the brochure we find at the entrance to its library, the book and periodical holdings of the Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut span over fifty kilo-

4 See Rama, Ángel: *La ciudad letrada*. Tajamar Editores, 1984.

5 See Garbatzky, Irina: «Archivo latinoamericano», in *Diccionario de términos críticos de la literatura y la cultura en América Latina*, edited by Beatriz Colombi et al., CLACSO, 2021, pp. 39–47, online: <https://doi.org/10.53971/2718.658x.v13.n21.37806>.

abarcan más de cincuenta kilómetros de estanterías. Cada año se suma uno más. ¿Dónde están esos cincuenta kilómetros? ¿En qué dirección se despliegan? ¿Van hacia abajo, hasta desaparecer en la tierra? Fantaseamos que algunos niveles están custodiados por criaturas mitológicas. Que antes de enviar a alguien ahí, el instituto debe disponer una pensión para la familia del heroico archivista, que tal vez nunca regrese. Que el archivista no puede responder nuestros correos desde la panza del dragón. Que pasa los años repitiendo con las manos los gestos aprendidos, mientras recuerda orgulloso su entrenamiento, el roce suave de sus guantes contra el papel.

Al otro lado de la fantasía, en la realidad a veces decepcionante del trabajo con archivos, inventamos formas de enfrentar la acumulación y su aparente secreto. Porque son tantos los materiales que, aunque estén disponibles, parecen escondidos. En kilómetros de estanterías que jamás veremos, o un catálogo virtual que, volviendo a la analogía mágica de la activación, solo se abre al conocer las palabras exactas en el idioma necesario. Frente a esto, lxs artistas del Laboratorio se detuvieron en un puñado de objetos: voces grabadas en un cilindro de cera, fotografías en placas de vidrio, un único número de una revista, un mapa. Un gesto mínimo que interrumpe la escala monumental del archivo y abandona cualquier pretensión de exhaustividad.

Trabajar con un archivo latinoamericano en Berlín implica enfrentarse también a una historia de desplazamientos: objetos, voces y documentos producidos en un territorio, luego recolectados, clasificados y conservados en otro. ¿Sigue siendo nuestro archivo si tenemos que cruzar un océano y pedir permiso para entrar a ver? ¿Cómo llegó hasta acá? ¿Cómo llegamos *nosotrxs*?

Los proyectos de este primer Laboratorio ensayan, antes que respuestas, nuevas preguntas.

EL ARCHIVO COMO CUERPO: PERFORMANCE Y DESEO

En la obra de André Felipe, la activación del archivo queer se produce en el contacto con la materialidad del objeto elegido como un cuerpo erótico. En el encuentro con *Lampião da Esquina*, primer periódico abiertamente homosexual de Brasil, el artista plantea una lectura táctil, sin guantes, sin barreras. Su activación *suave coisa nenhuma* reencarna una imagen de archivo con tres performers que permanecen quietxs en escena mientras la fotografía se disuelve. *¿Quais gestos*

metres of shelving, with one more being added every year. Where are those fifty kilometres? In which direction do they extend? Do they stretch downward, disappearing into the ground? We imagine that some levels are guarded by mythical creatures. That before sending someone in, the institute must arrange a pension for the family of the heroic archivist, who may never return. That the archivist cannot answer our emails from the belly of the dragon. That they spend the years repeating with their hands the gestures once learned, proudly recalling their training, the soft touch of their gloves against the paper.

On the other side of fantasy, in the sometimes disappointing reality of archival work, we invent ways to confront the accumulation and its apparent secrecy. Because the materials are so numerous, they often seem hidden even when they are accessible. Buried in fifty kilometres of shelves we will never see, or in a digital catalogue that—returning to the magical analogy of activation—only opens if you know the exact words in the right language.

Amid this relentless accumulation, the artists in the Activation Lab focused on just a handful of objects: recorded voices on a wax cylinder, photographs on glass plates, a single issue of a magazine, a map. A minimal gesture that interrupts the monumental scale of the archive and abandons any claim to exhaustiveness.

Working with a Latin American archive in Berlin also implies confronting a history of displacement: objects, voices, and documents produced in one territory, then collected, classified, and preserved in another. Is it still our archive if we have to cross an ocean and ask for permission to access it? How did it get here? How did *we* get here?

Rather than answers, the projects in this first Activation Lab offer new questions.

THE ARCHIVE AS A BODY: PERFORMANCE AND DESIRE

In André Felipe's work, queer archives are activated by means of contact with the chosen object as an erotic body. Through an encounter with *Lampião da Esquina*, Brazil's first openly homosexual periodical, the artist suggests a tactile reading without gloves or barriers. His activation, *suave coisa nenhuma*, re-embodies an archival image with three performers that remain on stage while the picture dissolves. *Which gestures endure/disappear over time?* By

perduram/desaparecem no tempo? Al tocar el archivo desde el deseo, su performance se desentiende de las metodologías hegemónicas e higienizadas, «quase como se pudésemos sentir o suor, a aspereza e o calor dessas páginas antigas nas nossas mãos de agora».

EL ARCHIVO COMO HERIDA: SILENCIO Y RESISTENCIA

¿Qué hacer con un archivo erigido sobre una extracción violenta? Ludmila Fuks construye su activación a partir del encuentro con grabaciones de mujeres indígenas en Argentina, registradas por el antropólogo alemán Robert Lehmann-Nitsche a comienzos del siglo XX. No se trata solo de un archivo sonoro, sino de un dispositivo colonial: las mujeres no querían cantar pero eran inducidas a hacerlo bajo condiciones desiguales de poder, convertidas en meros objetos de estudio. La artista se pregunta: «¿por qué usaría yo esas grabaciones para hacer una obra de arte?». Frente a la violencia originaria del registro, Fuks opta por una estrategia de modulación silenciosa: las grabaciones del pasado no se reproducen como sonido, sino que controlan la sonoridad del presente.

EL ARCHIVO COMO ORÁCULO: INTUICIÓN Y JUEGO

Paloma Zamorano Ferrari y Camilo Echeverri exploran el archivo como un espacio lúdico de imaginación colectiva. En este encuentro oracular, las fotografías de archivo se barajan con retratos contemporáneos de pueblos originarios e imágenes generadas por IA, difuminando las líneas entre pasado y futuro, tecnología y ancestralidad. En ese movimiento, su activación entretiene el archivo en una trama compartida de presencia, memoria y conversación.

EL ARCHIVO COMO ORILLA: HISTORIA Y FICCIÓN

A través de la lectura performática de un pasaje de su novela inédita *Los invisibles*, Juan Ignacio Chávez propone habitar «las orillas del archivo» como territorio de potencia narrativa. La novela nace del

touching the archive from a place of desire, his performance moves away from hegemonic and sterilised methodologies, “almost as if we could feel the sweat, the rawness, and the heat of these old pages in our hands today”.

THE ARCHIVE AS A WOUND: SILENCE AND RESISTANCE

What do we do with an archive built on violent extraction? Ludmila Fuks constructs her activation based on an encounter with recordings of indigenous women in Argentina made by German anthropologist Robert Lehmann-Nitsche in the early twentieth century. This is not just a sound archive, but a colonial mechanism: the women did not want to sing, but were coerced into doing so under unequal conditions of power, turning them into mere objects of study. The artist asks herself: “Why would I use these recordings to make a work of art?” Confronted with the ordinary violence of the recordings, she opts for a strategy of silent modulation: the recordings of the past are not reproduced as sound, but rather control the sonority of the present.

THE ARCHIVE AS AN ORACLE: INTUITION AND PLAY

Paloma Zamorano Ferrari and Camilo Echeverri explore the archive as a playful space of collective imagination. During their oracular encounter, archival photographs are shuffled with contemporary portraits of Indigenous peoples and AI-generated images, blurring the boundaries between past and future, technology and ancestry. In doing so, their activation weaves the archive into a shared fabric of presence, memory, and conversation.

THE ARCHIVE AS A SHORE: HISTORY AND FICTION

Through a performative reading of a passage from his unpublished novel *Los Invisibles*, Juan Ignacio Chávez proposes inhabiting the “shores of the archive” as a territory of narrative potential. The novel

silencio documental sobre el tráfico de polinesios hacia el Perú del siglo XIX, una violencia apenas registrada por las potencias coloniales y borrada por el Estado nacional. La escritura no busca suplir esa ausencia con certeza historiográfica, sino acompañarla con un gesto ficcional que reconstituye «una relación viva con lo que no se deja fijar».

emerged from the documentary silence surrounding the trafficking of Polynesians to Peru in the nineteenth century, an act of violence that was hardly registered by the colonial powers and erased by the Peruvian state. Chávez' writing does not attempt to fill in the absence with historiographical certainty, but rather seeks to accompany it with a fictional gesture that reconstructs "a living relationship with that which is not fixed in place".

André Felipe

*Tocar a pele de Lampião da Esquina:
três aproximações táteis*



1. UM JORNAL,
UMA PERFORMANCE¹

Olha só, vejam vocês, o *Lampião da Esquina* não foi só um jornal: foi um estouro que sacudiu as bancas e caixas postais desse Brasilão de norte a sul entre 1978 e 1981. Primeiro jornal abertamente homossexual de maior circulação nacional, foi um furacão na imprensa alternativa no finzinho da ditadura militar, que sufocou o país por longos 21 anos. Com uma tiragem de cerca de 15 mil exemplares por mês, *Lampião* pegou essa moral

toda e lançou um jeitinho novo de fazer jornalismo, focando na perspectiva do homem gay, mas também trazendo assuntos relacionados ao feminismo, às travestis e ao movimento negro.

Foram 38 volumes com seções cheias de personalidade e malícia, como Bixórdia, Bofarada, Biblioteca Universal Guei e

¹ A performance *suave coisa nenhuma* foi criada no contexto do *Laboratorio de Activaciones* e apresentada no auditório Simón Bolívar do Ibero-Americanas Institut, dentro da programação do festival Barrio|Bairro Berlin, no dia 17 de outubro de 2024. O conceito e a direção da performance são de André Felipe, com colaboração artística de Clei Grött e dispositivo de projeção desenhado por Natalia Soldera.

QUE FUTUROS
AINDA LATEJAM NAS
PÁGINAS
AMARELADAS DE
UM JORNAL?

André Felipe

*Touching the skin of Lampião da Esquina:
Three tactile approaches*

1. A NEWSPAPER, A PERFORMANCE¹

OK, so listen up. *Lampião da Esquina*² was not just a newspaper, it was an explosion that shook the newspaper stands and postboxes of Brazil from north to south between 1978 and 1981. It was the first openly homosexual newspaper with significant national distribution. Emerging in the final years of the military dictatorship that had gripped Brazil for 21 long years, it became a whirlwind in the alternative media. With a print run of around 15,000 copies a month, *Lampião* was a runaway success and established a new way of doing journalism, focused on the perspectives of gay men but also covering topics related to feminism, *travesti* people, and Black liberation movements.

There were a total of 38 issues, each divided into sections full of character and mischief with names like Bixórdia, Bofarada, Biblioteca Universal Guei, and Troca-troca.³ In the best counter-

WHAT FUTURES
STILL PULSATE IN
THE YELLOWED
PAGES OF
A NEWSPAPER?

¹ The performance *suave coisa nenhuma* (Nothing Soft About This) was created in the context of the Activation Lab and presented in the Simón Bolívar auditorium of the Ibero-Americanas Institut as part of the festival Barrio|Bairro Berlin on 17 October 2024. Concept and direction by André Felipe, with artistic collaboration from Clei Grött and a projection system designed by Natalia Soldera.

² Translator's note: The title is a play on the name of Lampião, an infamous Brazilian bandit and folk hero in the Brazilian Northeast from the 1920s and 1930s, who was nicknamed after a lantern or oil lamp. More literally, the title means something like 'Lampost on the Corner' or 'Lampost on the Block', yet it might also mean 'Scoundrel on the Block' or similar.

³ Translator's note: *Bixórdia* is a neologism combining *bicha* (gay) and *mixórdia* (a miscellany or mishmash), ergo 'Homotley' or similar. *Bofarada* is a neologism combining *bofe* (a macho gay man) and a collective suffix, ergo 'Pack of Bears' or similar. *Biblioteca Universal Guei* means 'Gay General Library'. *Troca-troca* could be translated as 'flip fuck'.

Troca-troca. No melhor estilo bateu-levou, os editores e colaboradores usavam as gírias e o deboche do universo ‘guei’ da época pra cutucar o conservadorismo do regime militar, dar aquela sacudida na tradicional família brasileira e, sem deixar passar, até dar umas alfinetadas nos movimentos de esquerda que teimavam em discriminar as dissidências sexuais e de gênero.



COMO
ACESSAR O
ARQUIVO A
PARTIR DO
CORPO E DO
DESEJO
BICHA?

Agora, não dá pra falar do *Lampião* sem lembrar do contexto da época, né? O jornal apareceu num momento muito específico, em um período de abrandamento da ditadura militar, logo após seus anos mais brutais, marcados por torturas, desaparecimentos, censuras e exílios, além da perseguição violenta às maricas, travestis e sapatões. E, quando a redação fechou suas portas, o fez bem na boca do início da pandemia do HIV, responsável por uma tragédia mundial sem precedentes, devastando de maneira particular a nossa comunidade.

E foi num encontro erótico—porque aqui a gente faz tudo com tesão—com o único volume do *Lampião da Esquina* presente no acervo do Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut de Berlim (o número 23, de abril de 1980) que rolou a inspiração pra performance *suave coisa nenhuma*. Esse trabalho é um desdobramento do projeto

attacking style, the editors and collaborators used the slang and the debauchery of the ‘guei’ world of the time to jab at the military regime’s conservatism, disrupt traditional Brazilian family values, and, not letting anyone off the hook, even included a few digs at left-wing movements that persisted in discriminating against sexual and gender dissidents.



HOW TO
ACCESS THE
ARCHIVE ON
THE BASIS
OF THE
QUEER
BODY AND
GAY DESIRE?

Now, we cannot talk about *Lampião* without recalling the context of the time, OK? The paper appeared at a very specific moment, in a period when the military dictatorship was loosening its grip not long after its more brutal years, which were marked by exile, torture, censorship, and disappearances as well as violent persecution of gay men, *travestis*, and lesbians. And when the editorial office closed its doors, it did so right at the beginning of the HIV pandemic, which was responsible for an unprecedented global tragedy, devastating our community with particular ferocity.

It was during an erotic encounter—because here we do everything horny—with the only issue of *Lampião da Esquina* in the collection of the Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut in Berlin (number 23, April 1980) that I got the inspiration for the performance *suave coisa nenhuma* (Nothing Soft About This).

La scandalosa forza, que começou em 2022, com foco na ativação performativa de arquivos fotográficos de identidades *queer* latino-americanas, incluindo uma série de ações.



QUAIS
GESTOS
PERDURAM/
DESAPARE-
CEM NO
TEMPO?

A partir de uma abordagem tátil, nos enroscamos com o número 23 do *Lampião* e fomos buscar mais fotos em outros volumes, especialmente na seção Bofarada, cheia de cliques homoeróticos. Na nossa performance de longa duração, trabalhamos com uma imagem que desaparece e três corpos que permanecem. Ao longo de três horas, três performers—Clei Grött, Dianna Jackson e Manô Rangel—incorporaram a pose estática de uma fotografia que estava imersa em uma solução que a fazia desaparecer aos poucos, em um processo de des-revelação.

Para mim, pesquisar arquivos *queer* é entender que podemos quebrar com as metodologias hegemônicas, cheias de caretices, assepsias e formalidades institucionais. Assim, tentamos nos guiar pelo desejo na escolha das imagens e buscar uma relação tátil com a materialidade do arquivo, sem luva, sem máscara, sem barreiras. Buscamos estar corpo a corpo com as imagens dessas bichas fotografadas há mais de quarenta anos, que circularam nas mãos, nas casas e nos banheiros dxs leitorxs lampiônicos daquela

This work is an extension of the project *La scandalosa forza* (Scandalous Force), which was started in 2022 and focused on the performative activation of photographic archives of Latin-American queer identities.



WHICH
GESTURES
ENDURE/
DISAPPEAR
OVER TIME?

Taking a tactile approach, we curled up with number 23 of *Lampião* and then went in search of more photos in other issues, particularly in the Bofarada section, which is full of homoerotic shots. For our durational performance, we worked with an image that disappears and three bodies that remain. Over the course of three hours, three performers—Clei Grött, Dianna Jackson, and Manô Rangel—held a static pose shown in a photograph immersed in a solution that made it gradually disappear in a process of un-developing.

For me, doing research in queer archives means understanding that we can break with hegemonic methodologies, which are full of conservative attitudes, sterility, and institutional formalities. So, in the process of selecting images, we tried to let ourselves be guided by our desire and sought to develop a tactile relationship with the materiality of the archive, with no gloves, no make-up, no barriers. We sought to get up close and personal with the images of these queers photographed over forty years ago, which circulated

época. Uma relação direta, de pele, quase como se pudéssemos sentir o suor, a aspereza e o calor dessas páginas antigas nas nossas mãos de agora.

in the hands, homes, and bathrooms of *Lampião* readers of the time. A direct relationship, through skin contact, almost as if we could feel the sweat, the rawness, and the heat of these old pages in our hands today.



O QUE
RESTA DO
CORPO
DEPOIS DA
IMAGEM?

WHAT
REMAINS OF
THE BODY
AFTER THE
IMAGE
FADES?

2. UM CONTO²

Desço em Potsdamer Platz e faz um calor úmido de Copacabana. Tenho sede, preciso mijar e vejo no meu celular atolado de notificações que já estou atrasado para o meu compromisso. É um daqueles poucos dias de sol radiante em que tudo o que um berlinense quer é largar o que está fazendo para ir a um lago, ficar deitado na grama de bunda para o ar, lendo um livro, tomando uma cerveja meio-fria-meio-quente, observando ou participando das pegações que acontecem atrás das árvores. Já não moro em Berlim e talvez nunca tenha sido um berlinense de fato. Mas, na falta de uma praia, também daria tudo por um lago agora. Só que a realidade aperta: tenho que seguir meu caminho, primeiramente para ir ao banheiro e, em seguida, encontrar o *Lampião* no Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut, motivo da minha breve passagem por aqui.

Percorro as avenidas largas que me fazem sentir uma barata tonta, perdida em uma cidade do norte do mundo com um urbanismo de escalas macro. Percebo que me encontro outra vez na mesma praça, mas do outro lado. Me mareio, talvez esteja ficando um pouco febril. Me vêm à mente imagens aleatórias de *As Asas do Desejo*—ou daquilo que eu sou capaz de lembrar da película do Wim Wenders lançada no ano em que nasci—, imagens da Potsdamer Platz nos anos 80 vistas de cima por um anjo que sobrevoa a cidade, de quando a praça era ainda um canteiro de obras costeado pelo muro. Considero mijar em um poste, mas não há nada que tema mais do que as multas alemãs, por isso sigo meu caminho cruzando as pernas.

Quando finalmente encontro o prédio modernista do instituto, anexado à Staatsbibliothek, que também me faz pensar nas cenas do mesmo filme gravadas lá dentro, acelero os passos em direção à sua entrada. Atravesso a porta giratória e, de cara, sinto o microclima do lugar, com a temperatura ao menos dez graus abaixo da lá de fora, um silêncio sepulcral. É certo aquilo que alguém uma vez falou sobre os arquivos terem certa proximidade com as tumbas. Entrar nesse espaço tem algo de frio, algo de solene, de mofo, de fantasmal.

Corro em direção à porta onde vejo o sinal de banheiro masculino, mas um homem que creio ser o recepcionista me

² Este conto cita e roça fragmentos de textos do *Lampião da Esquina* n.º 23, especialmente o conto «Domingo sem néctar», de João Gilberto Noll, que encerra essa edição do jornal.

2. A STORY⁴

I get off the train at Potsdamer Platz, and it's humid and hot like in Copacabana. I'm thirsty, I need to pee, and thanks to the notifications inundating my phone, I can see that I'm already late for my meeting. It is one of those rare days of radiant sunshine when all a Berliner wants is to drop everything and head to a lake, lie face down on the lawn, butt pointing up to the sky, read a book, drink a half-cold/half-warm beer, and watch or join the canoodling that happens behind the trees. I don't live in Berlin any more and perhaps I was never really a Berliner, but in the absence of beaches, I would give anything to be at a lake now, too. But I have more pressing matters to tend to: I have to follow my path, first to the bathroom, then to meet *Lampião* at the Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut, the reason for my short visit here.

I follow the broad avenues that make me feel like a foolish cockroach, lost in a city of the Global North with a macro-scale urban landscape. I notice that I am back in this square again, but on the other side. I feel dizzy, maybe a little feverish. Random images come to mind from *Wings of Desire*—or what I'm able to remember of the Wim Wenders film released the year I was born—, images of Potsdamer Platz in the 1980s seen from above by an angel flying over the city, from when the place was still a wasteland bordered by the Wall. I consider peeing on a lamp post, but there's nothing I fear more than German fines, so I continue on my way, crossing my legs.

When I finally encounter the institute's modernist building, adjoining the Staatsbibliothek it also makes me think of the scenes from the same film that were shot inside it, and I hasten my steps toward the entrance. I pass through the rotating doors and feel the microclimate on my face—a temperature at least ten degrees cooler than outside—and a tomb-like silence. It is true what someone once said about archives: they have a certain proximity to tombs. Entering this space, there is something cold about it, something solemn, musty, phantasmal.

I run toward the door inscribed with the men's room symbol, but a man that I believe to be the receptionist interrupts me saying something that I can't understand. I see that he is pretty, with

⁴ This story cites and takes up fragments of texts from *Lampião da Esquina* issue 23, particularly the story “Domingo sem néctar” (A Sunday Without Nectar) by João Gilberto Noll, which closes the issue.

interrompe dizendo algo que não consigo entender. Percebo que ele é um rapaz bonito de pele bronzeada e cabelos lambidos; parece ser o único ponto que emana vida naquele saguão-catacumba. Depois de trocarmos algumas palavras com meu alemão torpe, me surpreendo ao descobrir que ele fala português e apenas está me dizendo que, se quiser, posso deixar minha mochila no guarda-volumes. Agradeço e, meio atrapalhado, digo que antes tenho coisas mais urgentes a resolver. Ele então me responde com um sotaque carioca que parece saído de uma chanchada: tá suave, xará.

Entro no banheiro ainda mareado e um pouco desconcertado com a interação. A urina pesa na bexiga. Abro a braguilha, meu pênis está quente e levemente inflado, a urina começa a escorrer sem muito ímpeto, o alívio retardando-se como um prazer. Na parede à minha frente, entre vários rabiscos, adesivos e o desenho de um pinto jorrando um líquido branco feito de *liquid paper*, leio com alguma dificuldade algo que me descoloca, um texto quase apagado, como escrito há muito tempo, assim, em bom português:

DISCRETO, 21 anos, 1,80 m, 70 kg, apreciador de praia, som e tudo que a natureza nos dá, deseja corresponder-se com entendidos, não importa sexo ou cor, basta que seja culto e não goste de solidão. Caixa Postal 26012, Realengo, Rio de Janeiro, RJ.

A urina agora corre intensa quando percebo que, no mictório ao lado, está o recepcionista que também abre a braguilha, retira o pênis e começa a mijar, o espio rapidamente sem me mover, tento fixar meu olhar na intrigante inscrição à minha frente, que parece uma bio de *grindr* pré-histórica escrita à caneta bic, mas volto a olhar o recepcionista e noto que seu pênis está quase totalmente intumescido e o meu também agora ganha um inesperado influxo, os dois pênis já não urinam, estão ali, donos de si mesmos mas dominados por um impasse que não sabem de que. Quando escutamos o ruído da porta, sinalizando que outra pessoa acaba de entrar no banheiro, imediatamente nos aprumamos e fechamos a braguilha.

Sou o primeiro a sair e já não volto a vê-lo. Deixo minha mochila no guarda-volumes, como ele me havia sugerido, e sigo ao encontro de Maria Leopoldina, a arquivista que fez minha reserva. Passadas algumas formalidades de saudações e documentos, me surpreende que me entregue o *Lampião* assim, a secas, sem nenhum envoltório e sem pedir que vista luvas ou qualquer recomendação do tipo: tenha cuidado ao manuseá-lo. A única

bronzed skin and slicked-back hair; he appears to be the only point life emanates from in this catacomb of a lobby. After exchanging a few words with him in my awful German, I'm surprised to discover that he speaks Portuguese and that he is only telling me that, if I want, I can leave my bag in one of the lockers. I thank him and tell him somewhat awkwardly that I have more urgent things to see to first. He then responds in a Rio accent that seems like it is from a chanchada film: OK, pal.

I enter the bathroom still queasy and a little disconcerted by the interaction. My bladder is heavy with urine. I open my fly, my penis is hot and slightly engorged, urine starts to flow with little energy, the relief stretches out pleurably. On the wall in front of me, among numerous doodles, stickers, and a drawing of a cock spurting out white liquid made of white-out, I read with some difficulty something that disturbs me, a text that has almost been erased, as if written a long time ago, like so, in good Portuguese:

DISCRETE 21-year-old, 1.80 m, 70 kg, likes beaches, music, and all that nature has to offer, wants to correspond with like-minded people, no matter whether for sex or romance, as long as you are educated and dislike solitude. PO Box 26012, Realengo, Rio de Janeiro, RJ.

My urine is flowing intensely when I notice the receptionist walk up to the next urinal, open his fly, take out his penis, and start to pee. I sneak a quick glance at him without moving, trying to fix my gaze on the intriguing inscription in front of me, which seems like a prehistoric Grindr bio written with a Bic pen, but my eyes return to the receptionist, and I note that his penis is almost totally swollen and now mine is surprisingly full, too. The two penises are no longer urinating, they're just hanging there, masters of themselves yet dominated by an impasse that they don't understand. When we hear the door open, meaning that someone else has entered the bathroom, we immediately straighten ourselves and zip up our flies.

I walk out first, and I don't look back at him. I leave my bag in the locker as he had suggested and go to meet Maria Leopoldina, the archivist who handled my reservation. After a few formalities of greeting and showing documents, I'm surprised that she hands me *Lampião* just like that, without any protective wrapping and without asking me to wear gloves or making any other demands about taking care while handling it. The only thing that she says to me is *Leider kannst du das nicht mit nach Hause nehmen*. She

coisa que me diz é: *Leider kannst du das nicht mit nach Hause nehmen*. Diz isso com um sorrisinho de canto de boca que não acabo de interpretar, mas tenho a impressão de que seu alemão também esconde um acento brasileiro.

O primeiro que me chama atenção é seu tamanho, suas páginas me convidam a deitá-lo sobre uma superfície. E é o que faço, dirijo-me à mesa mais afastada dos olhos de Maria Leopoldina e dos outros usuários da biblioteca-arquivo e disponho suas páginas ali. Estamos cercados por livros ibero-americanos e vasos com plantas tropicais. Sinto prazer em olhar o azul intenso da capa, sem nenhum traço de desbotamento em seus mais de quarenta anos de existência, em contraste com o amarelado das páginas. A temperatura parece voltar a subir, quase se igualando ao calor lá de fora. Me toma a excitação de um leitor lampiônico que recebe a entrega mensal do seu jornal preferido na caixa postal e, depois, o leva para casa enrolado debaixo do braço, bem escondido para que ninguém veja o que anda lendo, mas bem colado ao corpo.

Lampião exala um cheiro que, é verdade, a priori tem um toque de mofo, mas por trás ainda conserva o perfume forte de tinta que me atrai. Acaricio sua superfície com delicadeza, sinto seus poros rugosos de papel-jornal e um toque mais suave nas partes impressas. Passeio o dedo indicador pelo contorno de suas letras: LAMPIÃO da esquina – Ano 2 / n.º 23 – Rio de Janeiro – abril de 1980 – Cr\$ 30,00 – Leitura para maiores de 18 anos.

Viro suas páginas, por força do costume, lambendo a ponta dos dedos, lendo suas matérias apenas superficialmente, como entorpecido pelas sensações que o encontro me provoca. As palavras e imagens passam diante de mim sem que eu consiga, ou queira, fixar minha atenção. É quando acontece. Na sessão Bofarada, sob o título “Menino do Rio, pra que te quero?”, me deparo com as fotos de um rapaz seminu que, me dou conta, não há dúvida, é ninguém menos que ele, o recepcionista discreto com quem flertei no banheiro.

says this with a little smile in the corner of her mouth that I can't quite interpret, but I have the impression that her German also conceals a Brazilian accent.

What strikes me first is its size. Its pages invite me to open it out on a surface, which is what I do, heading to a table further away from the eyes of Maria Leopoldina and the other library-archive users. We are surrounded by Ibero-American books and vases containing tropical plants. I'm delighted to see the intense blue of the front page, without a trace of discolouration from its more than forty years of age, in contrast to the yellowed pages. The temperature seems to rise again; it's almost as hot as it is outside. I'm seized by the excitement of a reader of *Lampião* taking their favourite newspaper out of their PO Box each month and then carrying it home rolled up under their arm, well hidden so that no one sees what they're reading, yet held close to the body.

Lampião exudes an odour that, to be honest, is a little musty, but behind that, it still conserves the strong perfume of its dyes, which attract my attention. I delicately caress its surface, sensing its rough newspaper pores and the smoother feel of the printed parts. I run my index finger over the contours of its letters: LAMPIÃO da esquina – Ano 2 / n.º 23 – Rio de Janeiro – abril de 1980 – Cr\$ 30,00 – Leitura para maiores de 18 anos.⁵

By force of habit, I turn its pages by licking the ends of my fingers, reading the contents only superficially, as if stupefied by the sensations that this encounter provokes in me. The words and images pass before me without me being able (or wanting) to focus my attention. And that's when it happens. In the section called Bofarada, under the heading “Little boy from Rio, why do I want you?” I come face to face with photos of a semi-naked boy, who I realise – there can be no doubt – is none other than the discrete receptionist who I flirted with in the bathroom.

5 Translator's note: The last sentence here means '18+'.



Ludmila Fuks

Una rebelión silenciosa. Notas metodológicas de una instalación sonora frente a la colonialidad del archivo etnográfico

<< Las preguntas que recorren las siguientes notas se originaron en la propuesta de realizar una obra sonora con materiales del archivo del Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut (IAI) en Berlín. En el proceso de pensar la instalación sonora, ciertas tensiones y molestias insistían de forma ineludible. Se me había presentado un nudo conflictivo que no dejaba de acechar, marcado por la imposibilidad intrínseca que habita la idea de un archivo sonoro, la colonialidad constitutiva del material con el que iba a trabajar, y el cómo lidiar con este cruce entre archivo y sonido en la efectiva realización de la obra. Trabajar con grabaciones sonoras producidas en un marco forzoso exige no repetir esa violentación, exige repensar un uso ingenuo del archivo en manos del arte, negar la transacción utilitaria. No repetir el gesto colonizador quiso decir también criticar el propio lugar de enunciación, el presente en el que me hallaba al hacer la instalación y las trazas diferenciales que aún marcan una institución como el IAI y un país como Alemania respecto a Argentina. Pero también implicaba no hacer ojos ciegos a la propia participación en la pervivencia de estas trazas, a la propia fundación sangrienta del Estado Argentino. Sin pretensión de desanudar o anular estas tensiones, decidí no eliminar estas marcas problemáticas sino exponerlas en la instalación misma.

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Ludmila Fuks

A silent rebellion. Methodological notes on a sound installation confronting the coloniality of the ethnographic archive

<< The questions that run through the following notes emerged from a proposal to produce a sound work using materials from the archive of the Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut (IAI) in Berlin. In the process of thinking about the sound installation, certain tensions and discomforts unavoidably persisted. A troublesome knot continually lay in wait for me, characterised by the intrinsic impossibility of the idea of a sound archive, the constitutive coloniality of the material I would be working with, and the problem of how to deal with the intersection between archive and sound while actually producing the work. Working with sound recordings produced in a coercive context demands not repeating that violence, refraining from a naïve use of the archive for artistic purposes, and refusing transactional relations. Not repeating the colonising gesture also meant criticising the very place of enunciation, the present from which the installation was produced, and the traces of difference that continue to leave their mark on an institute like the IAI and a country like Germany with respect to Argentina. But it also entailed not turning a blind eye to one's own contribution to the persistence of these traces, to the bloodstained origin of the Argentinian state itself. Without claiming to unravel or nullify such tensions, I decided not to erase these problematic marks but instead to expose them in the installation itself.

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A fines del siglo XIX Edison inventaba el fonógrafo. El impacto de este aparato sobre la etnografía será monumental. Los antropólogos podrán prescindir en sus expediciones de la notación y los dibujos a la hora de registrar sonoridades otras y podrán movilizarlas. Separarlas de la persona, de su lugar y su tiempo.¹ Extraerlas de sus cuerpos. En este marco se crea el Phonogramm-Archiv. Una colección de sonoridades mundiales radicada en Alemania, muchas de ellas tomadas en contextos coloniales o forzados. A este archivo pertenecía la colección Lehmann-Nitsche, que hoy forma parte del IAI. Aquí están guardadas las grabaciones en cilindros de cera que Robert Lehmann-Nitsche realiza en la Argentina de principios de siglo XX. En 2009 algunos de estos cilindros se digitalizan bajo el nombre *Walzenaufnahmen aus Argentinien 1905–1909* junto con transcripciones del diario de este antropólogo alemán. Con estas grabaciones decidí trabajar en la instalación sonora.

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1 «No solo el transporte por ferrocarril y barco de vapor permitió a las personas viajar con una facilidad y rapidez sin precedentes, sino que, de manera aún más sorprendente, las imágenes y las voces podían separarse de su fuente para emprender sus propias peregrinaciones.» Brady, Erika. *A Spiral Way. How the Phonograph Changed Ethnography*. University Press of Mississippi, 1952, p. 13 (trad. propia).

Towards the end of the nineteenth century, Edison invented the phonograph. This device's impact on ethnography was monumental: it enabled anthropologists on expeditions to dispense with notes and drawings when recording othered sonorities, and then to transport those sonorities—to separate them from the person, from their place and time, to extract them from their bodies.¹ It was against this backdrop that the Berlin-based Phonogramm-Archiv was created, a collection of sounds from around the world, many of which had been recorded in colonial or coerced situations. Consisting of wax cylinder recordings made by German anthropologist Robert Lehmann-Nitsche in early twentieth-century Argentina, the Lehmann-Nitsche collection, today held by the IAI, used to be part of this archive. In 2009, some of these cylinders were digitised under the name *Walzenaufnahmen aus Argentinien 1905–1909*, along with transcripts from Lehmann-Nitsche's diary. It was these recordings that I decided to work with in the sound installation.

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1 “Not only did transportation by rail and steamboat enable individuals to travel with unprecedented ease and speed, but, even more dramatically, images and voices could be separated from their source to embark on their own peregrinations.” Brady, Erika: *A Spiral Way: How the Phonograph Changed Ethnography*. University Press of Mississippi, 1952, p. 13.

Lehmann-Nitsche, radicado en Argentina a principios del siglo XX y fines del siglo XIX, director del Museo de Ciencias Naturales de La Plata, registraba con un fonógrafo de Edison cantos, vocablos, de diversas comunidades nativas de la región. Registraba cuerpos, registraba voces:

«[E]ntre el 01 y el 15 de agosto de 1906, [Lehmann-Nitsche] registró cantos y vocabulario de indígenas chiriguano, chorotes, tobas y wichí que se encontraban trabajando temporalmente en el ingenio azucarero La Esperanza (San Pedro de Jujuy), propiedad de los comerciantes y empresarios ingleses Walter (1858–1944) y William Leach (1851–1932). Estos últimos desempeñaron un activo papel en las investigaciones realizadas por Lehmann-Nitsche. Diariamente enviaron indígenas a una habitación que le habían ofrecido a este último para que realizara sus trabajos, interviniendo también ante la posible resistencia que los indígenas pudieran presentar.»

— Ballester, Diego:

«Un exhaustivo documentador de la historia del hombre: Vida y obra de Robert Lehmann-Nitsche». En: *Encyclopédie Bérose des histoires de l'anthropologie*, 2018, pp.1–18, aquí p.7.

«En 1896 Kyygi (origen Aché, guayaquí), de unos dos o tres años de edad, sobrevive a una matanza de su gente en Sandoa, Paraguay. Los colonos autores de la masacre la bautizan como Damiana, de acuerdo al santoral de la fecha. Dos años después la envían a la Argentina a cargo de una familia que, en 1907, siendo una adolescente, la deriva al Hospital [psiquiátrico] Melchor Romero. Lehmann-Nitsche obtiene permiso para estudiarla y fotografiarla en esa institución, donde murió pocos meses después de «una tisis galopante» (1908). Sus restos fueron entregados al Museo Nacional de La Plata y allí se decide enviar su cabeza a la Sociedad Antropológica de Berlín, donde fue objeto de estudios por parte del reconocido antropólogo Hans Virchow (Virchow, 1908).»

— Ametrano, Silvia Juana:

«Los procesos de restitución en el Museo de La Plata». *Revista Argentina de Antropología Biológica* 17 (2), 2015, pp.1–13, aquí p.8.

<<>>

Lehmann-Nitsche, who lived in Argentina in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century and was the director of the Museo de Ciencias Naturales de La Plata, recorded the songs and speech of various native communities of the region using one of Edison's phonographs. He recorded bodies, he recorded voices:

“[B]etween 1 and 15 August 1906, [Lehmann-Nitsche] recorded the songs and vocabulary of indigenous Chiriguano, Chorote, Toba, and Wichí peoples who were working temporarily in La Esperanza sugar mill (San Pedro de Jujuy), owned by the merchants and entrepreneurs Walter (1858–1944) and William Leach (1851–1932). These two played an active role in Lehmann-Nitsche's research. On a daily basis, they sent indigenous workers to a room they had offered to him to carry out his work, also intervening against any resistance the indigenous workers might present.”

— Ballester, Diego:

“Un exhaustivo documentador de la historia del hombre: Vida y obra de Robert Lehmann-Nitsche”. In: *Encyclopédie Bérose des histoires de l'anthropologie*, 2018, pp.1–18, here p.7. Quote translated by Nicolas Helm-Grovas.

“In 1896, Kyygi (of Aché, guayaquí origin), then two or three years old, survived a massacre of her people in Sandoa, Paraguay. The colonists who carried out the massacre baptised her Damiana, in accordance with the saint's day. Two years later they sent her to a family in Argentina, who, in 1907, sent her, now an adolescent, to the Melchor Romero [psychiatric] hospital. Lehmann-Nitsche obtained permission to study and photograph her in this institution, where she died a few months later from ‘a galloping consumption’ (1908). Her remains were handed over to the Museo Nacional de La Plata, and there it was decided to send her head to the Berlin Anthropological Society, where it became an object of study by renowned anthropologist Hans Virchow (Virchow, 1908).”

— Ametrano, Silvia Juana:

“Los procesos de restitución en el Museo de La Plata”. *Revista Argentina de Antropología Biológica* 17 (2), 2015, pp.1–13, here p.8. Quote translated by Nicolas Helm-Grovas.

<<>>

La cotidianidad con lo sonoro y la música tal como la conocemos, tal como la tenemos incorporada en nuestro día a día, tiene menos de un siglo de vida. La introducción técnica de la grabación habilita un suceso muy extraño: la posibilidad de separación entre lo dicho y quien habla, manteniendo su potencia expresiva (algo que la escritura no puede hacer). Lo dicho, al ser separado de su cuerpo, se desprende de su caducidad constitutiva, y puede viajar a través de las épocas y los tiempos. Algo que hoy es cotidiano, pero cuya extrañeza no debiera olvidarse.

<<>>

Los primeros registros sonoros de diversas comunidades del mundo en manos de la antropología europea parecieran estar marcados por un rasgo común, violento en su origen: la extracción.

Lehmann-Nitsche escribe en su diario etnográfico sobre la Argentina de 1908 que para «inducir» a las mujeres chiriguanas y chorote a cantar frente al fonógrafo y «dominar todos los escrúpulos», les daba caña (licor). Es que ellas no querían cantar. Y decían:

<< Yo no canto, Vd. [sic!] me lleva mi alma! >>²

Esta resistencia frente a la grabación no era miedo al aparato técnico (el cual parece haber causado mucho más pavor entre los mismos europeos), sino que se redirige a sí misma, a la voz y lo más propio e íntimo de ella que no quiere ser objetualizado o objetivizado.

2 Citado en Lehmann-Nitsche, Robert: *Walzenaufnahmen aus Argentinien 1905–1909. Grabaciones en cilindros de Argentina, Historische Klangdokumente*. Traducido por Francisco Manual García Chicote, Berliner Phonogramm-Archiv, Iberoamerikanisches Institut, 1908, pp. 3–4.

The everyday familiarity of sound and music as we know it, as it is integrated into our daily lives, is less than a century old. The technological innovation of recording enabled a very strange occurrence: the possibility of separating what is said from the one who says it, while still maintaining the expressive potency of speech (something that writing cannot do). Speech, once it is separated from its body, loses its constitutive ephemerality and can travel through time—something that appears ordinary today, but whose strangeness should not be forgotten.

<<>>

The first sound recordings of various world communities by European anthropologists seem to be marked by a common feature, one with a violent origin: extraction.

Lehmann-Nitsche wrote in his 1908 ethnographic Argentine diary that, in order to “induce” Chiriguano and Chorote women to sing in the presence of the phonograph and “overcome all their scruples”, he gave them *caña* (cane sugar alcohol). They did not want to sing. And they said:

<< I won’t sing, you’re taking away my soul! >>²

This resistance to recording was not driven by fear of the technological device (which seems to have produced much more anxiety among the Europeans); rather, it turns back on itself—on the voice, and on that which is most proper and intrinsic to it, that which refuses to be objectified.

2 Quoted in Lehmann-Nitsche, Robert: *Walzenaufnahmen aus Argentinien 1905–1909. Grabaciones en cilindros de Argentina, Historische Klangdokumente*. Translated by Francisco Manual García Chicote, Berliner Phonogramm-Archiv. Iberoamerikanisches Institut, 1908, pp. 3–4. Quote translated by Nicolas Helm-Grovas.

La resistencia frente a la grabación no es otra cosa que rebelión frente a la extracción.

<<>>

Si estas mujeres no querían ser grabadas, ¿por qué habríamos de escucharlas? ¿Por qué usaría yo esas grabaciones para hacer una obra de arte?

<< >>

¿qué será una voz sin su cuerpo?

¿qué es un cuerpo sin su voz?

<< >>

El sonido y el silencio forman parte de un mismo registro. Lo que se define como silencio depende siempre de una capacidad de escucha. La escucha humana tiene un rango limitado, y define al silencio a partir de la negatividad de su misma capacidad. Por eso en realidad, el silencio no existe. Un animal puede escuchar lo que un humano no. ¿Y cómo algo sería al mismo tiempo sonido y silencio? El sonido, en tanto fenómeno físico, vibratorio, en tanto frecuencias que oscilan, existe mientras exista el aire por el que se transmiten. Ahora bien, el silencio también puede ser producto de la ausencia de producción de sonido. Como puede ser el efecto del callar. Cerrar la boca. Enmudecer o ser callado. No proferir ningún fonema, ninguna expresión, ninguna vibración de las cuerdas vocales. Allí, en la nada, habría un silencio. Lo que no quiere ser dicho se configura así de manera distinta a lo que no puede o no quiere ser escuchado.

Silencio político no es silencio físico.

Enmudecer no es lo mismo que callar.

Resistance to recording is nothing other than resistance to extraction.

<<>>

If these women did not want to be recorded, why should we listen to them? Why would I use these recordings to make a work of art?

<< >>

What is a voice without its body?

What is a body without its voice?

<< >>

Sound and silence are part of the same register. What is defined as silence always depends on the capacity to listen. The human ear has a limited range, and defines silence on the basis of the negativity of its own capacity. For that reason, in reality, silence does not exist. An animal can hear what a human cannot. But how can something be sound and silence at the same time? Sound, inasmuch as it is a physical, vibrational phenomenon, inasmuch as it is oscillating frequencies, exists as long as the air through which it is transmitted exists. Yet silence can also be the result of the absence of sound production. Just as it can be the effect of being silent. Of shutting one's mouth. Of remaining silent or being silenced. Of not uttering a single phoneme or expression, not producing any vibration of the vocal cords. There, in the void, would be a silence. That which does not want to be said is therefore configured differently from that which cannot or does not want to be heard.

Political silence is not physical silence.

Remaining silent is not the same as being silenced.

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Lo que acecha al archivo y su intersección con la obra sonora:

> ¿Da igual desde dónde decimos lo que decimos, o desde dónde nos acercamos a un documento? Con materiales que existen en tanto documentos solo por un acto originario que es violento, asimétrico, ¿da igual cuán cerca estamos del colonizador o del colonizado? ¿o si hemos reconocido nuestro propio lugar de enunciación?

¿qué nos habilita a contar ciertas historias, a poner la voz por aquél otrx del pasado a quien se la han quitado? ¿cómo reconocer el límite justo de prestarle la voz a alguien que ya no está y no puede hablar por sí mismo? ¿cuándo es apropiación, mero uso o re-conquista?

> Generalmente un archivo tiene libros, documentos, cartas, mapas, textos: papeles. Hereda colecciones: objetos que serán celosamente guardados. Pero el sonido no pareciera ser un objeto que como tal se pudiera guardar o archivar, es un conjunto de frecuencias efímeras, por definición un eje x-y de amplitud de ondas en el tiempo. ¿Qué significaría entonces archivar un sonido?, ¿cómo hacerlo? Y cuando en un archivo hay materiales sonoros, ¿entonces qué es esto?

¿acaso han oído hablar de un coleccionista sonoro?

<< >>

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On what haunts the archive and its intersection with sound work:

> Does it matter from where we say what we say, or from where we approach a document? With respect to materials that only exist as documents because of an original, violent, asymmetrical act, does it matter how close we are to the coloniser or the colonised or whether we have recognised our own place of enunciation?

What entitles us to recount certain stories, to give voice to those others of the past who have had it taken away from them? How do we recognise the just boundary when lending a voice to someone who is no longer here and cannot speak for themselves? When does it become appropriation, mere use, or re-conquest?

> Typically, an archive contains books, documents, letters, maps, texts: papers. An archive inherits collections: objects that are jealously guarded. But sound does not seem to be an object that as such could be stored or archived. It is a set of ephemeral frequencies, definable as an x-y axis of wave amplitudes through time. What would it mean, then, to archive a sound? How would one do it? And when an archive contains sound materials, then what are these?

Has anyone ever heard of a sound collector?

<< >>

La misma idea de documento sonoro se me presenta como un oxímoron. El documento es la grabación de sonidos, pero esto no es el sonido en sí. Lo fijado en una grabación, la conversión del sonido en un material pasible de ser transportado temporal y espacialmente, es una traducción. Y como tal, en última instancia es imposible. Está afectada por múltiples capas: dónde se ha grabado, en qué soporte, con qué técnica. Una grabación trae consigo infiltrados, se ve acechada por su propia posibilidad de existencia.

Es que lo sonoro es un tipo de inmaterial o intangible enclavado en un tiempo particular, altamente susceptible a la forma de materialidad y reproducción a la que se lo ha encadenado o fijado. Es decir, lo que constituirá un documento sonoro existe sólo a causa de técnicas de registro que no son transparentes. Lo sonoro en toda su vulnerabilidad efímera se transforma según cómo se graba y cómo se reproduce. Pero en tanto tal, el sonido sólo existe en el momento en que ha sonado. Lo grabado ya es otra cosa. Lo que suena se pierde ineludiblemente, en dirección contraria a la fundación misma de cualquier archivo o museo. De aquí quizás que haya tan pocos «Museos sonoros» o archivos sonoros.

<< >>

¿Cómo sonaba el mundo antes de que hubiera registro sonoro? ¿cómo sonaban las obras clásicas de música? ¿los lenguajes de otras épocas? ¿los acentos regionales de pueblos perdidos por el mundo? —no es un enigma porque no hay resolución, es simplemente un misterio (¿un silencio? ¿hay ecos remanentes de sonoridades de otras épocas aún en las montañas? ¿frecuencias antiguas que aún oscilan reverberando por el mundo actual?)

<< >>

The very idea of a sound document seems to me to be an oxymoron. The document is a recording of sound, but it is not the sound itself. What is fixed in a recording, the conversion of sound into a material that can be transported through space and time, is a translation. As such, it is ultimately impossible. It is affected by multiple factors: where it was recorded, on what support, with what technique. A recording brings with it infiltrators; it is haunted by the very possibility of its own existence.

Sound is something immaterial or intangible that is embedded in a particular time and highly contingent on the forms of materiality and reproduction to which it has been bound or fixed. In other words, what constitutes a sound document only exists as a result of non-transparent recording techniques. Sound, in all its ephemeral vulnerability, is transformed according to how it is recorded and reproduced. But in itself, sound only exists in the moment in which it sounds. A recording is something else. That which sounds inevitably slips away, defying the very premise on which any archive or museum is founded. This might be the reason why there are so few ‘sound museums’ or sound archives.

<< >>

How did the world sound before the invention of sound recording? How did works of classical music sound? The languages of other eras? The regional accents of lost peoples throughout the world? It is not a riddle because there is no possible resolution. It is simply a mystery. (A silence? Are there still residual echoes of sounds from other eras in the mountains? Ancient frequencies that continue to oscillate and reverberate across today’s world?)

<< >>

El silencio puede ser una forma de resistencia. Las grabaciones del 1900 tenían que tomar otro rol en la obra. No ser usadas de forma utilitaria. Quienes serían grabados seríamos entonces nosotros mismos. La extracción de sonido debía volverse contra la actualidad, sería el presente de la instalación, su tiempo y lugar específicos. Este sonido, tomado con una grabadora de campo Tascam que se encontraba en la sala, era enviado al módulo de un sintetizador, donde se veía modificado por las grabaciones de las mujeres chiriguanas. Estas grabaciones actuaban así como CV—*voltage control*—y no como fuente de sonido. Es decir, estaban sonando, pero no podían ser escuchadas. Lo que se escuchó el día de la instalación fue el resultado de una modulación silenciosa del siglo pasado sobre la sonoridad presente. <<

Silence can be a form of resistance. The recordings from the first decade of the twentieth century had to have a different role in the work. They could not be used in an instrumental fashion. The ones being recorded would therefore be ourselves. The extraction of sound should return against the present, to the installation's present, its specific time and place. This sound, taken with a Tascam field recorder in the gallery, was transmitted to a synthesiser module, where it was modified by the recordings of Chiriguano women. As such, the recordings acted as VC—*voltage control*—and not as a sound source. That is, they were sounding, but they could not be heard. What was heard during the installation was the result of the past century silently modulating the sonority of the present. <<

Paloma Zamorano Ferrari
& Camilo Echeverri
Futuro Ancestral

EL ARCHIVO ORACULAR

Futuro Ancestral es una práctica colectiva de imaginación. Desde el cruce entre archivos fotográficos históricos del Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut (IAI) en Berlín, imágenes generadas por inteligencia artificial y retratos contemporáneos de pueblos originarios, proponemos un tejido de tiempos que se miran y se tocan.

A través del juego compartido nos reunimos a interpretar, dejando que el azar proponga encuentros inesperados entre imágenes y símbolos. La intuición guía nuestra palabra sin pedir permiso. En esa mezcla indisciplinada y afectiva, las imágenes dejan de ser objetos mudos: adquieren voz. Así habitamos un archivo expandido, vivo y en transformación.

Si hay un futuro a pensar, ese futuro es ancestral, porque ya estaba aquí. Me gusta pensar que todos aquellos que invocamos como devenir son nuestros compañeros de viaje, aunque inmemoriales, ya que el paso del tiempo acaba por volverse un ruido en nuestra observación sensible del planeta.

– Krenak, Ailton: *Futuro Ancestral*. Traducido por Teresa Arijón, Taurus, 2024 (publicado originalmente en portugués, 2022), p. 5.

Paloma Zamorano Ferrari
& Camilo Echeverri
Ancestral Future

THE ORACULAR ARCHIVE

Ancestral Future is a collective practice of imagination. From the intersection of the historical photographic archives at Berlin's Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut (IAI), images generated by artificial intelligence, and contemporary portraits of native peoples, we propose a weaving together of times that see and touch each other.

Through shared play, we come together to interpret, letting chance propose unexpected encounters between images and symbols. Intuition guides our words without asking permission. In this undisciplined and affective mix, images stop being mute objects: they acquire a voice. Thus, we inhabit an expanded, living, and transforming archive.

If there is a future to imagine, it is ancestral, because it is already present. I like to believe that all those we are able to invoke in the form of becoming are our traveling companions, even if they are immemorable, because the passage of time becomes a distraction in our sensitive observations of the planet.

– Krenak, Ailton: *Ancestral Future*. Translated by Alex Brostoff and Jamille Pinheiro Dias, Polity Press, 2024 (first published in Portuguese, 2022), p. 39.



IRREGULARES REGLAS PARA JUGAR AL ORACULO

Se formula una pregunta. Se barajan las imágenes.

Las cartas se despliegan sobre una matriz astrológica y comienza la lectura, intuitiva y grupal. Lxs participantes, acompañadxs por lxs artistas, relatan lo que sienten, lo que intuyen; sus recuerdos también entran en juego. Nadie sabe qué imágenes vienen del pasado, del presente o de una máquina. El oráculo no responde, pero abre. Y en ese abrir, aparece otra forma de conocimiento compartido.

[E]ntre un saber *cierto* de lo representado y un reconocimiento *incierto* de lo visto: entre la incertidumbre de haber *visto* y la certeza de haber *vivido*.

– Didi-Huberman, Georges: *Imágenes pese a todo. Memoria visual del Holocausto*. Traducido por Mariana Miracle, Paidós, 2004 (publicado originalmente en francés, 2003), p. 94.



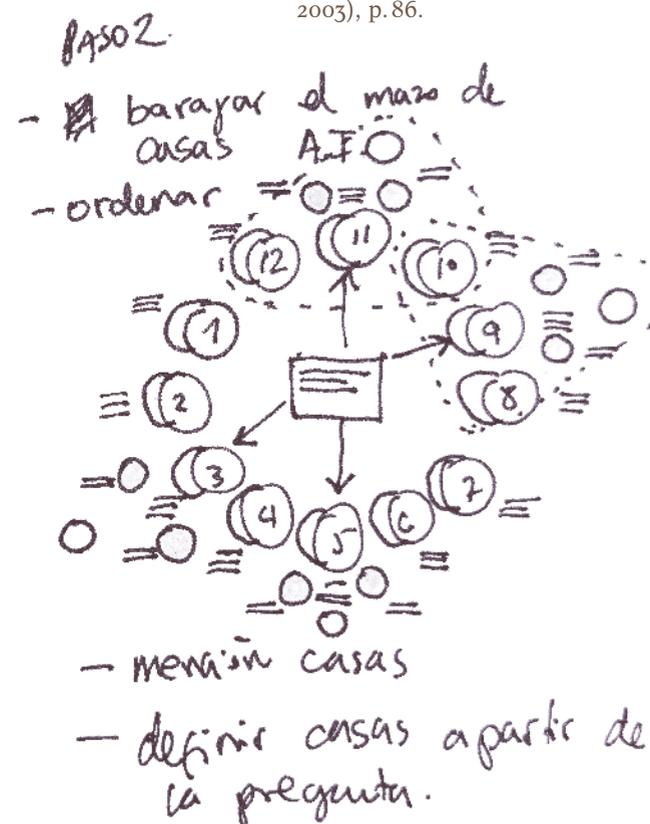
IRREGULAR RULES FOR PLAYING THE ORACLE

A question is formulated. The images are shuffled.

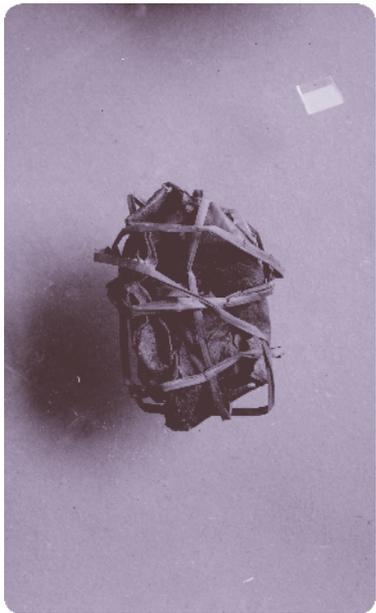
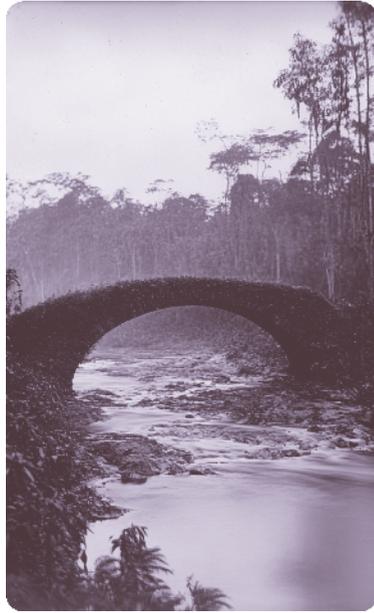
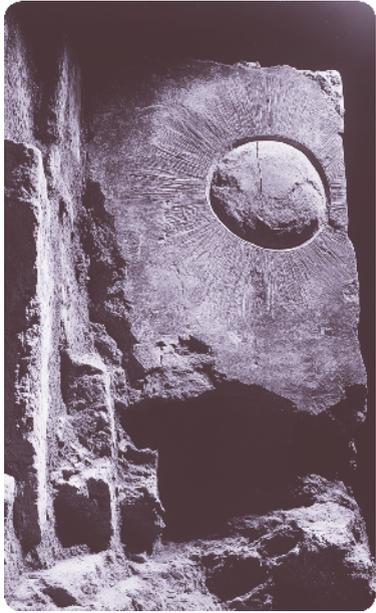
The cards are laid out on an astrological chart and the reading begins, intuitively and as a group. The participants, along with the artists, describe what they feel and what they intuit; their memories also come into play. No one knows which images come from the past, the present, or a machine. The oracle doesn't respond, but rather opens. And in that opening, another form of shared knowledge appears.

[B]etween a *certain* knowledge of what is represented and an *uncertain* recognition of what is seen; between the uncertainty of having *seen* and the certainty of having *experienced*.

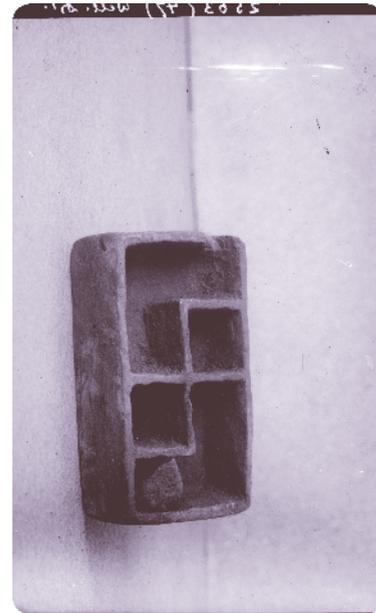
– Didi-Huberman, Georges: *Images In Spite of All: Four Photographs from Auschwitz*. Translated by Shane B. Lillis, University of Chicago Press, 2008 (first published in French, 2003), p. 86.

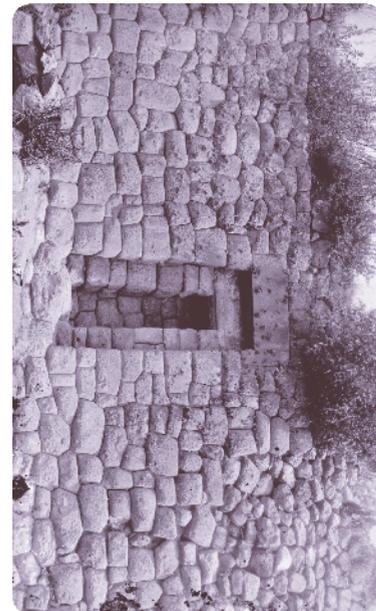
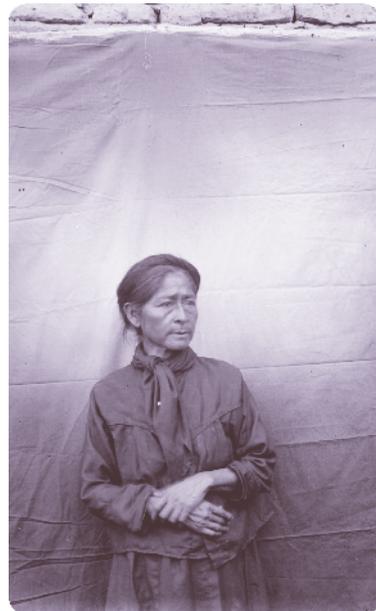
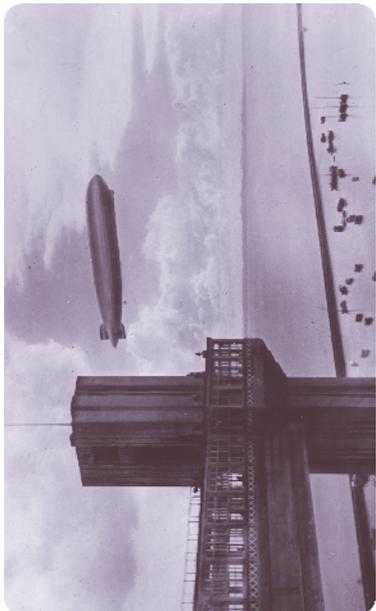


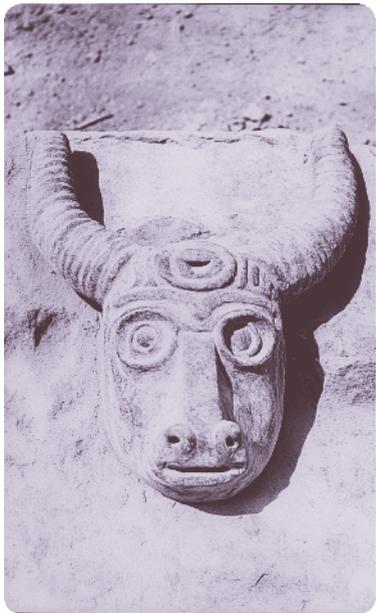
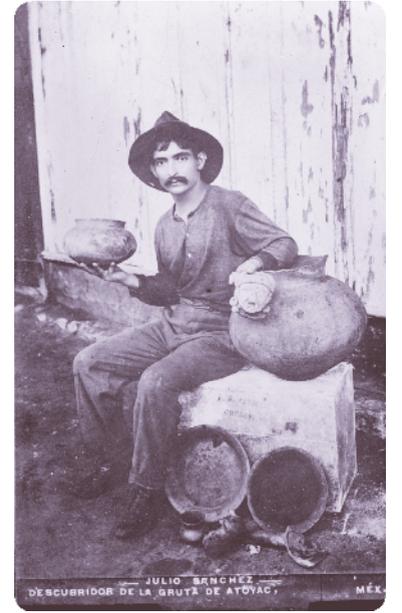
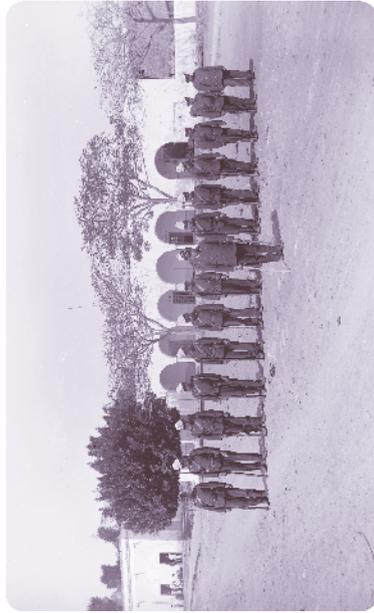
LAS CARTAS



THE CARDS







LO QUE QUEDA

Al final del día, el espacio se transforma: lo que fue mesa de juego deviene mural, archivo efímero de voces, gestos y visiones compartidas. Cada sesión es irrepetible, como un pequeño rito de pasaje.

Futuro Ancestral no es solo una propuesta visual, sino un gesto de acercamiento: nos escuchamos y vemos más allá de las formas, dejamos de ser cuerpos aislados dentro de un colectivo de desconocidxs.

Jugamos para acompañarnos, construimos juntxs nuevos relatos donde la diferencia no separa sino que traza puentes. El juego es apenas la excusa: lo que verdaderamente importa es la presencia, el encuentro, la posibilidad de habitar otra forma colectiva en este tiempo que compartimos.



QUE MISMA A MI
QUIEN SOY EN
EL MUNDO
EL CONTENIDO DE
MI NOMBRE ES LO Q'
YO ENJO



DONDE ESTA
LA
HONESTIDAD
DE LAS COSAS.

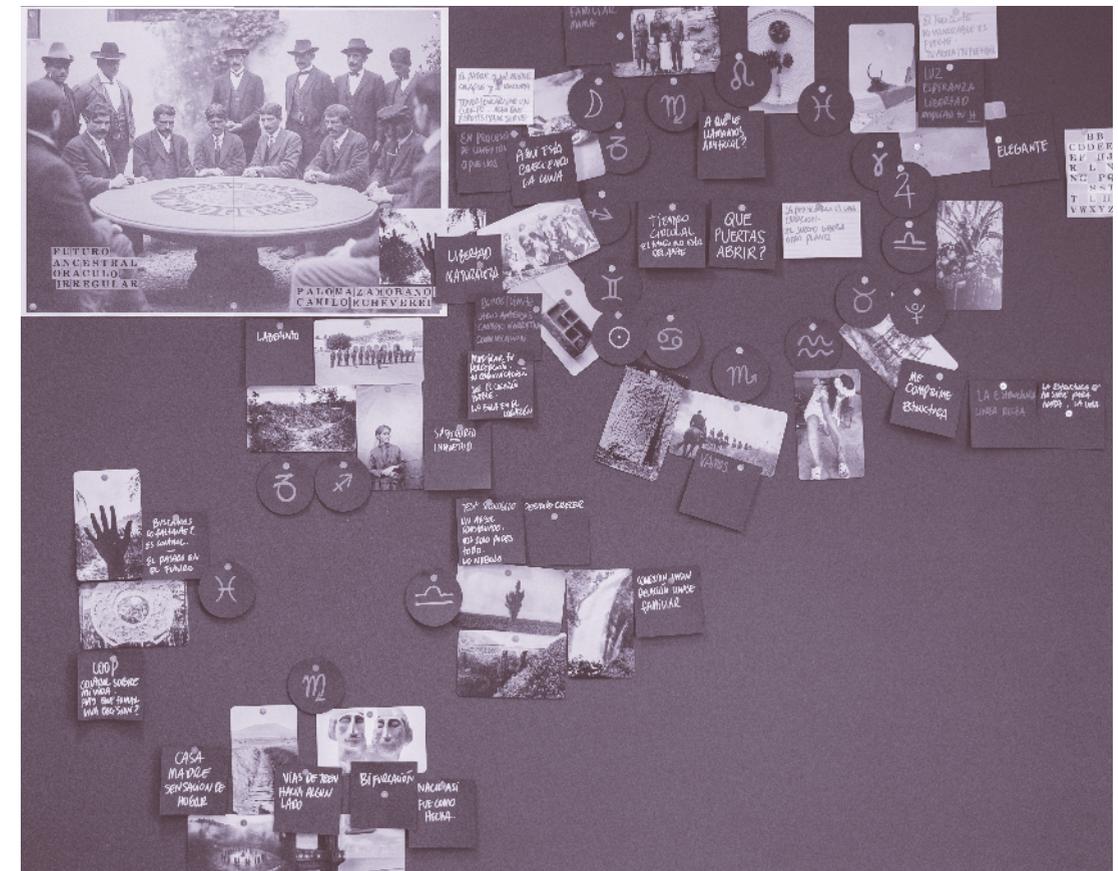


WHAT REMAINS

At the end of the day, the space is transformed: what was a card table becomes a mural, an ephemeral archive of voices, gestures, and shared visions. Each session is unrepeatable, like a small rite of passage.

Ancestral Future is not only a visual proposition, but also a gesture of moving nearer: we listen to each other and see beyond forms, we stop being isolated bodies in a collective of strangers.

We play to accompany each other, we construct new stories together in which difference does not separate but rather reveals the contours of bridges. The game is merely the excuse: what really matters is presence, encounter, the possibility of inhabiting another collective form in this time that we share.



LA HISTORIA SEGÚN ...

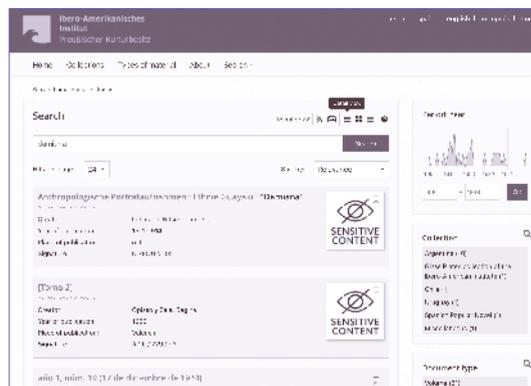
La lengua como método de dominación forma parte de la condición del colonizador, que quiere mantener el privilegio de la lengua y su cuerpo, su deseo y su poder. Hacer avanzar su propio discurso en detrimento de otros discursos es natural para él. No es de extrañar que el discurso de los subalternizados, de las llamadas minorías políticas, resulte insoportable para quienes detentan el poder que el sistema garantiza a los privilegiados.
 – Tiburi, Márcia: *Complexo de vira-lata: Análise da humilhação brasileira*. Civilização Brasileira, 2021, p.122. Cita traducida del portugués por Paloma Zamorano Ferrari.

Silvia Cusicanqui percibirá la existencia de una teoría iconográfica que muestra lo sucedido y, al mismo tiempo, es capaz de resituar lo visto y vivido a un nivel traumático para la construcción de otra historia.

– Tiburi: *Complexo de vira-lata*, p.56. Cita traducida del portugués por Paloma Zamorano Ferrari.

Había que mostrar que los flujos no están hechos más que de tensiones, que los fuegos artificiales amontonados terminan por explotar, pero también que las diferencias dibujan configuraciones y que las desemejanzas crean, juntas, órdenes desapercibidos de coherencia. Llamamos a esta forma un montaje.

– Didi-Huberman, Georges: *La imagen superviviente: Historia del arte y tiempo de los fantasmas según Aby Warburg*. Traducido por Juana Calatrava Escobar, Abada Editores, 2013 (publicado originalmente en francés, 2002), pp.429–430.



Anthropologische
Porträtaufnahmen :
Ethnie Guayaki ;
"Damiana" ([102])



HISTORY ACCORDING TO ...

Language as a method of domination forms part of the condition of the coloniser, who wants to maintain the privilege of language and his body, his desire, and his power. Advancing his own discourse to the detriment of other discourses is natural for him. It is not surprising that the discourse of the subalternised – of so-called political minorities – is unbearable for those who possess the power that the system guarantees to the privileged.
 – Tiburi, Márcia: *Complexo de vira-lata: Análise da humilhação brasileira*. Civilização Brasileira, 2021, p.122. Quote translated from Spanish by Nicolas Helm-Grovas and Joe Keady.

Silvia Cusicanqui perceives the existence of an iconographic theory that shows what has happened. At the same time, she is able to re-situate what has been seen and experienced at a traumatic level to construct a different history.

– Tiburi: *Complexo de vira-lata*, p.56. Quote translated from Spanish by Nicolas Helm-Grovas and Joe Keady.

It was necessary to show that the fluxes consist exclusively of tensions, that the potentially explosive packets [gerbes] that have been amassed will indeed wind up bursting forth, but, equally, to show that differences also form specific configurations and that, when taken together, the dissimilarities create unperceived orders of coherence. Let us call this new form a *montage*.

– Didi-Huberman, Georges: *The Surviving Image: Phantoms of Time and Time of Phantoms: Aby Warburg's History of Art*. Translated by Harvey Mendelsohn, Pennsylvania States University Press, 2017 (first published in French, 2002), p.311.



LXS NUEVXS ANTIGUXS

Lxs guardianes de la sabiduría aquí reunidxs sostienen prácticas ancestrales para mantenerlas vivas. No vienen a fijar sentido, sino a escuchar y amplificar los murmullos del pasado.

Entre cantos, partos, ruedas medicinales y ceremonias del agua, nos ayudan a afinar el presente y a sincronizarnos con aquello que aún nos sostiene.

¿Qué lenguajes hemos olvidado? ¿Qué saberes todavía nos esperan dentro nuestro? Cada unx trae consigo una raíz, y con ella, una pregunta.

Son la voz de otra esperanza. Lxs portadorxs de un territorio donde aún es posible empezar.

El relato único crea estereotipos, y el problema con los estereotipos no es que sean falsos, sino que son incompletos. Convierten un relato en el único relato.

– Adichie, Chimamanda Ngozi: *El peligro de la historia única*. Traducido por Cruz Rodríguez Juiz, Penguin Random House, 2018 (publicado originalmente en inglés en formato TedTalk, 2009), p. 10–11.

THE NEW ANCIENTS

The guardians of wisdom who come together here maintain ancestral practices in order to keep them alive. They come not to establish meaning, but rather to listen to and amplify the murmurs of the past.

Through songs, births, medicine wheels, and water ceremonies, they help us tune the present and synchronise ourselves with what still sustains us.

What languages have we forgotten? What knowledges still await us within ourselves? Each participant brings a root with them, and with that a question.

They are the voice of another hope, the messengers of a territory where it is still possible to begin.

The single story creates stereotypes, and the problem with stereotypes is not that they are untrue, but that they are incomplete. They make one story become the only story.

– Adichie, Chimamanda Ngozi: *The Danger of a Single Story*. TedTalk, 2009, online: ed.ted.com.



MAMO LORENZO
Colombia / Colombia

Pueblo Arhuaco; Fundación Terunna; Memoria y sanación; Casa del Pensamiento
Arhuaco people; Terunna Foundation; Memory and healing; House of Thought



DAUA PURI
Brasil / Brazil

Museu da Cultura Puri; Revitalización a través del arte y la palabra
Museu da Cultura Puri; Cultural revitalization through art and the spoken word



INA MEHRFERT
Alemania / Germany

Tradición noreuroasiática; Intercultural Nature Academy
North Eurasian tradition; Intercultural Nature Academy



NIARA DO SOL
Brasil / Brazil

De origen Puri, Kariri-Xokó y Fulni-ô; Horta comunitaria Dja Guata Porá; Saberes indígenas en diálogo con la vida urbana
Of Puri, Kariri-Xokó and Fulni-ô origin; Dja Guata Porá Community Garden; Indigenous knowledge in dialogue with urban life



AMOHI BASTAN
Alemania / Germany

Tradición familiar celta; Rituales eurasiáticos olvidados
Celtic family tradition; Forgotten Eurasian rituals



HERIBERTO VILLASEÑOR
México / Mexico

Raíces de la Tierra; Ceremonia de la Kiva; Encuentro entre pueblos y saberes
Raíces de la Tierra; Kiva Ceremony; Gathering of peoples and knowledges



HEINZ ZINKE & ANNA PLETSCHER
Austria, Suiza / Austria, Switzerland

Memorias ancestrales de los Alpes; Vision Erde; Redes entre comunidades
Ancestral memories of the Alps; Vision Erde; Networks between communities



RAGNAR JOHNSEN
Noruega / Norway

Lenguaje de las runas; Sabiduría interior
Language of the runes; Inner wisdom



NUBIA ESPERANZA RODRÍGUEZ GARCÍA
México, Colombia / Mexico, Colombia

Partería y doula; Prácticas de sanación femenina
Midwifery and doula; Feminine healing practices

LA CAJA DE PANDORA

Los nuevos archivos creados a base de archivos



PANDORA'S BOX

The new archives created based on archives



Entre todxs construimos este archivo expandido que llamamos Futuro Ancestral.

Este encuentro no intenta fijar sentidos, sino acompañar el movimiento incierto de las imágenes.

No buscamos verdades únicas, sino relatos múltiples.

Jugamos con las tensiones, con los restos, con los silencios. Aceptamos no saber del todo.

¿Puede un archivo hablar en futuro?

¿Puede lo ancestral no ser pasado sino latencia, posibilidad, urgencia?

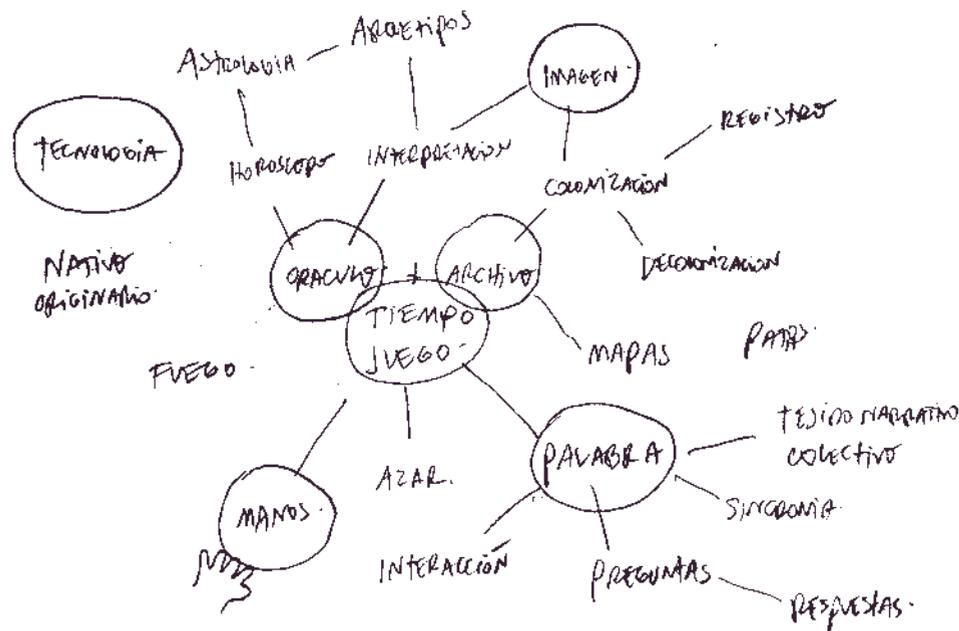
¿Y si la historia no fuera una línea, sino una constelación de fragmentos vivos, en movimiento?

A veces las imágenes parecen tener un aura mágica: nos vemos reflejadx, nos buscamos para encontrar respuestas a nuestras preguntas eternas.

Como una política simbólica, el oráculo invita a una práctica que no impone futuros inevitables, sino que abre el juego a lo posible.

Tal vez lo único que queda es eso:

el gesto compartido de un mirar distinto,
una biblioteca de vivencias tejida entre muchxs,
y la voluntad de imaginar, desde el presente, nuevos mundos.



Between all of us, we construct this expanded archive that we call Ancestral Future.

This encounter doesn't try to establish meanings, but rather to accompany the uncertain movement of images.

We don't look for single truths, but rather multiple stories.

We play with the tensions, the remnants, the silences. We accept not knowing about the whole.

Can an archive speak in the future tense?

Can the ancestral not be past, but rather latency, possibility, and urgency?

And what if history were not a line, but rather a constellation of living fragments, in motion?

Sometimes images seem to have a magic aura: we see ourselves reflected, we look for ourselves to find answers to our eternal questions.

As a symbolic politics, the oracle invites us to a practice that does not impose inevitable futures, but rather opens the game up to the possible.

Perhaps that is all that remains:
the shared gesture of a different look,
a library of experiences woven by many,
and the will to imagine, from the present, new worlds.

texto texturalidad e
textil imagen

imaginación
creación
de la imagen a la palabra

Juan Ignacio Chávez
La ficción en las orillas del archivo

La historia va así: a mediados de 1862, ante el encarecimiento de los culfes chinos, y el aumento de la demanda de algodón tras el estallido de la Guerra Civil en Estados Unidos, un inversionista irlandés afincado en Lima tiene la idea de traer mano de obra desde la Polinesia. Inmediatamente, inversionistas locales imitan la iniciativa y, en cuestión de un año, más de treinta barcos van y vuelven para traer alrededor de 3600 polinesios a las costas peruanas.

Como se suele hacer con todo «inmigrante» desde la abolición de la esclavitud en 1856, el reclutamiento de polinesios se ampara en el espejismo legal de que el polinesio viajará voluntariamente y volverá a su tierra, así como en una cuota de violencia para, a punta de revólveres o bien de somníferos, subirlos a cubierta y encerrarlos en la bodega de los barcos.

Subrayo, sin embargo, dos elementos exclusivos del caso polinesio. En primer lugar, dado que gran parte de las islas son protectorados ingleses y franceses, la diplomacia imperial juega un rol preponderante no solo para acabar con ese negocio en menos de un año— así como organizar, hacia mediados de 1863, la repatriación de sobrevivientes—, sino también para alimentar, podríamos decir, una esperanza en quienes esperaban, en las islas, a sus familiares. Hoy nos consta el hecho bastante insólito de que, por presiones del encargado de negocios francés en Lima, el diario *El Peruano* haya publicado una carta enviada por familiares de las Islas Marquesas: «Soy Erihita. Yo te saludo, Kanuto. Lloro mucho por ti, ya cuatro meses han pasado desde que el capitán nos dijo que los regresarían aquí, en esta época, él nos ha mentado al igual que a ustedes. ¿Cuándo volverán?»

En segundo lugar, debido a las dimensiones de las islas, y al hecho de que algunas fueran despobladas en más de un 50%, el impacto de este episodio es difícil de medir en una clave meramente sociológica.

Juan Ignacio Chávez
Fiction on the shoreline of the archive

The story goes like this: in mid-1862, faced with the rising cost of Chinese coolies and growing demand for cotton due to the outbreak of the Civil War in the United States, an Irish investor based in Lima had the idea of bringing in manual labourers from Polynesia. Local businessmen immediately began imitating the initiative, and within a year, more than 30 ships had come and gone, bringing around 3,600 Polynesians to the Peruvian coast.

As had frequently been the case with ‘immigrants’ since slavery was abolished in 1856, the recruitment of Polynesians was based on the convenient legal fiction that Polynesian people would come voluntarily and eventually return to their country, notwithstanding the fact that many of the supposed volunteers had to be sedated or coerced at gunpoint.

However, I would like to emphasize two elements that are particular to this instance. First, given that most of the islands were English or French protectorates, imperial diplomacy played a predominant role not only in putting a stop to the trade in less than a year—in addition to organizing the repatriation of the survivors by mid-1863—but also in, let’s say, sowing seeds of hope among those waiting on the islands that they would see their loved ones again. Today we have some rather unusual evidence of this, in that the French *chargé d’affaires* in Lima pressured the newspaper *El Peruano* to publish a letter from family members in the Marquesas Islands: “It’s Erihita. Greetings, Kanuto. I cry a lot for you. Four months have already gone by since the captain told us that they would bring you all back here at this time of year. He lied to us and to you. When will you return?”

Second, due to the size of the islands and the fact that some of them lost more than 50 percent of their populations, it is difficult to gauge the full impact of this episode in merely sociological terms.

Como escribe el historiador neozelandés H. E. Maude, hasta ahora el único en haber recopilado y ordenado la información de este acontecimiento, aún en 1890, la sola mención de «Perú» bastaba para que los tripulantes polinesios abandonaran un barco. Hasta mucho tiempo después, la palabras «*Paniora*» —español— se usaría coloquialmente como sinónimo de «demonio», y la palabra «Callao» como «puerta del infierno».

Para 2019, cuando me topo, de casualidad, con el libro de H. E. Maude, *Slavers in Paradise*, estos hechos me son completamente desconocidos. Nadie, ni los amigos historiadores ni los profesores universitarios que contacto, conocen del tema más que de oídas. Cuando pido al bibliotecario de la Universidad de Adelaide —la universidad donde H. E. Maude enseñó hasta el día de su muerte— acceso a los manuscritos, este no duda en aumentar mi cargo de conciencia: «Eres la primera persona que pregunta por ellos en más de veinte años», me dice. ¿Por qué no lo sabemos? ¿Cómo se deja de lado algo así?, me digo y, como si algún sentido envilecido de mi peruanidad se hubiese apoderado de mí, me pregunto: ¿Por qué recordaríamos un evento tan nimio? ¿Un mal negocio, apenas un fracaso marginal en los márgenes del océano?

Cuando tengo en mi computadora unas veinte carpetas de cartas consulares, tablas aduaneras, listas sanitarias y recortes de periódicos, me doy cuenta de que apenas una fracción mínima de esos documentos ha sido producida en el Perú. En el prefacio del libro, Maude destaca la poca documentación encontrada en iglesias, hospitales o archivos gubernamentales del Callao y Lima. Pareciera, me digo, que nuestra actual falta de memoria está sentada en la falta casi absoluta de registro. En la nula contribución peruana a las constelaciones que, con mucho esfuerzo, un historiador neozelandés haría de esa potencialidad abierta, mas no absoluta, que es el archivo.

Es ante este silencio archivístico, o acaso al saberme partícipe de él, que decido hacer los primeros esbozos de una novela. Dicho de otro modo, que decido visitar las orillas de ese archivo, ahí donde a veces circunnavega, mas nunca fondea, la ficción. Si las orillas del archivo son los momentos en los que el acto de archivar se interrumpe, se desvía o se pierde, los momentos en que se constriñen para siempre las condiciones materiales que jamás podrán ser actualizadas en el futuro, la ficción es la materia ondulatoria que recorre los bordes de lo posible, acaso solo para humildemente constatar su forma. Esta materia da forma a la novela que aquí llamaré *Los Invisibles*, una novela que podría llamarse histórica, pero que más

According to New Zealand historian H. E. Maude — who is, to date, the only person to have compiled and organized information about these events — as late as 1890, the very mention of “Peru” was enough for Polynesian crew members to abandon a ship. For a long time afterward, the word *Paniora* (Spaniard) was used colloquially as a synonym for “devil” and *Callao* (the name of the coastal region and port city outside Lima) for “gate of hell”.

Until 2019, when I happened to come across Maude’s book *Slavers in Paradise*, I knew nothing at all about these events. Nobody — neither historian friends nor professors I’ve been in touch with — knew anything about it other than rumours. When I asked for access to H. E. Maude’s manuscripts at the library of the University of Adelaide — the university where Maude taught until the day he died — the librarian was quick to add to the weight on my conscience by saying that I was “the first person to ask for these in over 20 years”. I asked myself why we don’t know about this. How does something like this get forgotten? Then, as if some debased sense of my Peruvianness had taken possession of me, I wondered why we would remember such an insignificant event. An ill-advised business venture? A marginal failure on the fringes of the ocean?

Once I had about 20 folders of consular letters, customs tables, health registers, and newspaper clippings on my computer, I noticed that only a very small fraction of these documents had been produced in Peru. In the book’s preface, Maude emphasizes the small number of documents found in churches, hospitals, or governmental archives in Callao and Lima. It seems, I tell myself, that our current lack of memory is grounded in an almost complete absence of recording — in Peru’s non-contribution to the constellations that a historian from New Zealand constructed, with great effort, using the open-ended (but not endless) potential that is the archive.

It was in the context of this archival silence — or perhaps of realising that I was a participant in it — that I decided to write the first rough outline of a novel. In other words, I decided to go to the distant shores of that archive, where fiction sometimes circumnavigates but never drops anchor. If the outer edges of the archive are the place where the act of archiving comes to a halt, strays, or loses its way — when the material conditions are permanently constrained and can never be updated in the future — then fiction is the undulating material that runs around the edges of what is possible, if only to humbly establish its shape. This material gives shape to the novel that I am going to call *Los Invisibles*, a novel that could be described as

valdría llamarle obsesa con los documentos que nunca produjo la historia peruana, una incursión sensible en el silencio y sus bordes.

EN LA ORILLA DE NIUE O EL SILENCIO DE LO QUE NO ACONTECE

En el Perú, todos conocemos a Miguel Grau Seminario, héroe máximo en la Guerra del Pacífico (1879–1884), muerto en el combate de Angamos. Reconocido recientemente como «el peruano del milenio», Grau—un mercante de 27 años, recientemente destituido de la marina, lejos aún del combate que lo haría inmortal—es curiosamente el único capitán de todos los involucrados en el negocio polinesio que deja un registro escrito. Luego de ver destruido su barco en las costas de la Isla Manihiki ante una tormenta, y de ser rescatado por el *Trujillo*, otro bergantín peruano que andaba en una isla cercana, Grau escribe al misionero local una nota cuya laconía hoy parece irónica, como el chiste de un héroe clarividente:

I beg the missionary of the village of Tafuni [Tauhunu] that he should keep for me all that remains of the provisions and the spars of the brigantine 'Apurimac,' and the schooner 'Manuelita Costa;' until I return or send an order for them to be delivered up; without such an order nothing should be given to anyone.
—Cptn. Miguel Grau. Humphrey's Island

Y es que, aunque Grau haya sido un hombre de carne y hueso, y aunque hoy esté de moda la desfeticización de los mitos, yo tomo la experiencia de ese joven marinero como elocuente. Me intereso sobremanera cuando, por intermedio de otro misionero, me entero de que «para vergüenza de la humanidad, el mismo barco que llevaba de vuelta a su patria a dos tripulaciones naufragadas, transportaba al mismo tiempo, para satisfacer a especuladores sin escrúpulos, un cargamento de isleños demasiado crédulos, destinados a ser vendidos como un vil rebaño por aquellos mismos a quienes les habían salvado la vida». En otras palabras, cuando me entero de que, al subir Grau al *Trujillo*, no solo comparte la cubierta con los polinesios capturados en islas anteriores, sino que atestigua los reclutamientos siguientes. Muy concretamente, que Grau estaba en la cubierta del barco cuando la tripulación del *Trujillo* reclutó a 50 hombres de la isla de Niue, de los que el misionero dice lo siguiente:

historical, but would be better called obsessed with the documents that Peruvian history never created—a sensitive incursion into the silence and its edges.

ON THE SHORES OF NIUE, OR THE SILENCE OF THE UNHAPPENED

Everybody in Peru knows about Miguel Grau Seminario, the great hero of the War of the Pacific (1879–1884) who died in the Battle of Angamos. Recently designated the “Peruvian of the millennium”, Grau—a 27-year-old merchant at the time who had just been dismissed from the navy, still a long way from the battles that would immortalize him—is, interestingly enough, the only captain of all

Table 1 Labour Ships and their Captains¹

Ship	Registry	Type	Tonnage	Captain
<i>Adelante</i>	Peru	Barque	151	Grassan
<i>Apurimac</i>	Peru	Brig	189	Grau
<i>Barbara Gomez</i>	Peru	Brig	172	Penny
<i>Bella Margarita</i>	Chile	Brig	286	Henrisen
<i>Carolina</i>	Peru	Barque	150	Morales
<i>La Concepción</i>	Chile	Barque	?	Gervasoni
<i>Cora</i>	Peru	Schooner	88	Aguirre
<i>Dolores Carolina</i>	Peru	Barque	220	Altuna
<i>Eliza Mason</i>	Chile	Barque	176	Sasuatogui
<i>Ellen Elizabeth</i>	Chile	Brig	?	Muller
<i>Empresa de Lima</i>	Peru	Frigate	312	Detert
<i>Genara</i>	Peru	Schooner	98	Pcry
<i>General Prim</i>	Peru	Barque	203	Olano
<i>Guayas</i>	Peru	Brig	189	Larrazabal
<i>Guillermo</i>	Peru	Brig	178	Campbell
<i>Hermosa Dolores</i>	Peru	Schooner	100	Garay
<i>Honorio</i>	Peru	Barque	173	García y García
<i>Jorge Zahara</i>	Peru	Schooner	171	Davis
<i>José Castro</i>	Peru	Schooner	150	Acevedo
<i>Manuelita Costas</i>	Peru	Schooner	132	García
<i>Margarita</i>	Peru	Brig	198	Ripoil
<i>Mercedes A. de Wholey</i>	Peru	Brig	196	Unibaso
<i>Micaela Miranda</i>	Peru	Brig	156	Carcamo
<i>Misti</i>	Peru	Brig	193	Basagoitia
<i>Polinesia</i>	Peru	Barque	220	Garay
<i>Rosalía</i>	Peru	Barque	270	Bollo
<i>Rosa Patricia</i>	Peru	Barque	197	Mota
<i>Rosa y Carmen</i>	Spain	Barque	402	Marutani
<i>Serpiente Marina</i>	Peru	Barque	198	Martínez
<i>Teresa</i>	Peru	Barque	219	Muñoz
<i>Trujillo</i>	Peru	Brig	197	Basagoitia
<i>Urmeneta y Ramos</i>	Peru	Barque	185	Urrubarrencon

¹ Excluding the Tasmanian whaler *Gregan* (see Chapter 11), which never visited Peru but transferred her recruits to the *General Prim*.

These poor fellows were simply asked whether they were willing to ‘ship’. Upon saying ‘Yes’, they were immediately ordered below—a man with a musket in his hand keeping guard to see that they did not come up again. In some instances, it appears that they did not even wait for a reply, but hurried them below.

Lo que me interesa de Grau, más allá de toda interpretación moral, es que encarna una forma temprana del silencio del archivo: la falta de registro ante un acontecimiento presenciado. Es precisamente por ser quien es, por desear nosotros acompañarlo con el ahínco adecuado, que logramos presenciar la orilla del registro archivístico, ese umbral de lo que pudo devenir y no devino un acontecimiento.

Digamos que Grau está en cubierta. El sol aún alto, el cuerpo salado, el trapo con el que se ha lavado la cara, aún húmedo en su mano. Los primeros polinesios suben en fila, unos con resignación, otros con miedo, vigilados por un hombre armado. Digamos que uno de ellos duda al bajar el último peldaño hacia la bodega. El contramaestre lo empuja. Y justo entonces, Grau sacude el trapo en el aire. Exhala. Mira el sol.

O digamos que esta vez algo lo inmuta. Apenas un gesto: cierra un ojo. No sabemos si por desaprobación, por el reflejo del sol o por un olor que sube desde la bodega. Una mueca rápida, sin expresión definida. Y eso es todo. El empujón ocurre. La escotilla se cierra. Grau se queda quieto.

El resultado es el mismo: *no escribe*.

Pero, ¿qué sentido tiene imaginar distintas maneras en que Grau terminó no escribiendo lo que vio ese día? ¿Qué aporta un ejercicio ficcional frente a una omisión que ya conocemos? Quisiera proponer que, con cada nueva suposición ficcional—cada trapo sacudido, cada gesto sin expresión—, esa constante que es la *no escritura* se amplifica, a fuerza de habitar la calma de Grau, de acompañar desde el lenguaje ese estado corporal y perceptivo en el que algo no se inscribe. La respiración leve, continua, ininterrumpida, con la que decide—sin saber que decide—que lo que sucede frente a él no será jamás un acontecimiento. Más que encontrarse en la orilla del archivo—en el borde entre lo archivado y lo no archivado—, mi Grau ficcional produce ese borde. Lo encarna. Lo delimita. Es un *umbral de desaparición*. Lo inquietante es que esa forma de indiferencia no se ha agotado. Se repite. Resuena en la falta de archivo, en nuestra ignorancia colectiva, en el desinterés casi intacto ante un episodio que aún hoy nos importa poco.

those who were involved in the Polynesian affair to have left a written record. After a storm off the coast of the island of Manihiki destroyed his ship and he was rescued by the *Trujillo*, another Peruvian brigantine that was going to a nearby island, Grau sent a note to the local mission in language so laconic that it seems ironic today, like a joke from a far-sighted hero:

I beg the missionary of the village of Tafuni [Tauhunu] that he should keep for me all that remains of the provisions and the spars of the brigantine ‘Apurímac’, and the schooner ‘Manuelita Costas’; until I return or send an order for them to be delivered up; without such an order nothing should be given to anyone.
— Cptn. Miguel Grau. Humphrey’s Island

Much as Grau may have been a man of flesh and blood, and although de-fetishizing myths is in fashion these days, the experience of this young sailor says something eloquent to me nonetheless. I was extremely interested to learn, via another missionary, that, “to humanity’s shame, the same ship that carried two shipwrecked crews back to their homeland also carried—in order to satisfy unscrupulous speculators—a cargo of overly credulous islanders destined to be sold like a shabby herd by the same people whose lives they had saved”. In other words, when he boarded the *Trujillo*, Grau not only found himself on a ship with Polynesians who had been captured on previous islands, but he was personally present when the ship’s crew rounded up 50 men from the island of Niue, of whom the missionary wrote the following:

These poor fellows were simply asked whether they were willing to ‘ship’. Upon saying ‘Yes’, they were immediately ordered below—a man with a musket in his hand keeping guard to see that they did not come up again. In some instances, it appears that they did not even wait for a reply, but hurried them below.

What interests me about Grau, beyond any moral interpretation, is that he embodies an early form of the silence of the archive: the failure to record in the face of a witnessed event. Moreover, it is because he is who he is, and because we want badly enough to go with him, that we can see the outer banks of the archival record, that threshold of what could have become an event but didn’t.

Let’s say that Grau is on deck. The sun is still up, his body salty, the rag he used to wash his face still damp in his hand. The first

EN LA ORILLA DEL CALLAO O EL REGISTRO QUE SE PIERDE

Hay quienes dicen que el silencio del archivo, más que una ausencia bidimensional, es un agujero negro que absorbe todo a su alrededor. Toda tentativa de ficcionalizar a Grau tropieza con ese límite: el de la desaparición no como ausencia localizada, sino como vacío gravitacional que distorsiona lo que lo rodea. En ese sentido, Grau no puede ser representado más allá de cierto umbral; su figura pertenece a la zona del archivo donde la ficción ya no puede ingresar sin perder consistencia, sin caer ella también en el agujero negro. Lo que se genera allí no es una escena, sino una fuerza. Por eso, en *Los Invisibles*, Grau no narra, ni narramos *con Grau*. Su figura, absorbida por el silencio, deja un espacio que no puede ser ocupado directamente. En cambio, el relato se organiza en torno a otra figura: la de un oficial de aduanas, también destituido de la Marina. Su tarea: inventariar los barcos que arriban desde la Polinesia. Pero en tanto que ningún superior espera su informe, y ningún archivo institucional lo reclama, se trata de un inventario simbólico, hecho para quedar en el olvido.

Y sin embargo escribe. «Tuvala. 14 años. Evangelización: sí. Lenguas: maorí, francés» — escribe el oficial, y luego agrega un gesto sabidamente estéril y efímero: «Una mosca se posa sobre la nariz del adolescente polinesio. No se inmuta». «Teoturo, 10 años, cráneo: 38 cm, evangelización: no, lenguas: maorí, me ha querido regalar un caballito de mar de su baúl, tiene hipo». «Davida Numatangani, Tonga, edad madura, 40 cm, evangelización: no. Limpia una concha grande, frotando la superficie con esmero. A veces detiene el pulido para mirar al mar, acaso inquisitivamente, luego vuelve a su tarea en silencio». «Lana. Tongareva, unos treinta años, cráneo: 40 cm, lenguas: maorí, evangelización: no. Está desparramada de espaldas sobre un cabestrante. De rato en rato agita las rodillas hacia dentro y hacia afuera como un aleteo de mariposa. Pienso en la naturaleza absolutamente esotérica de su buen humor».

Si la ficción nos permitía, en el caso de Grau, intuir el espesor de una experiencia que lo llevaba a mirar hacia otro lado, en el caso del aduanero la dirección es otra: ya no se trata de suplir una ausencia, sino de explorar el placer que anima el gesto de registrar. Un placer que se alimenta de la repetición: una pulsión — diría Derrida — que no busca restaurar lo perdido, sino habitar su pérdida. Que viene a dramatizar el acto mismo de archivar, como si escribir fuera una forma de prolongar el colapso. Y también hay exceso. Las notas inútiles,

Polynesians board in a line, some resigned, others afraid, watched by an armed man. Let's say that one of them hesitates on the last step as he heads down into the hold. The petty officer pushes him. And right at that moment, Grau shakes out the rag in the air. He exhales. He looks at the sun.

Or let's say that this time something disturbs him. Hardly a gesture: he closes an eye. We don't know if he does it out of disapproval, because of the glare of the sun, or due to a smell coming up from below deck. A grimace without a clear expression. And that's all. The push happens. The hatch is closed. Grau keeps quiet.

The result is the same: *he writes nothing down*.

But what is the point of imagining different ways that Grau ended up not writing down what he saw that day? What good is a fictional exercise in light of an omission that we already know about? I would like to suggest that, with each new fictional supposition — every rag shaken out, every expressionless gesture — the constant feature of *non-writing* is amplified because we inhabit Grau's calm; through language, we accompany that bodily and perceptual state in which something goes unrecorded. A slight breath, constant and uninterrupted, with which he decided — without knowing he was deciding — that what is happening in front of him will never be an event. Rather than being found on the shores of the archive — on the border between what has been archived and what has not — my fictional Grau creates this margin. He embodies it. He defines it. He is the *threshold of perception*. What is disturbing is that this form of indifference has not exhausted itself. It recurs. It resonates in the archival absence, in our collective ignorance, in the largely unbroken disinterest in an episode that we continue to care little about today.

ON THE SHORES OF CALLAO, OR THE LOST RECORD

Some people say that the silence of the archive is not a two-dimensional absence but rather a black hole that absorbs everything around it. Every attempt to fictionalize Grau comes up against this limit: that of disappearance not as a localized absence, but as a gravitational vacuum that distorts what is around it. In that sense, Grau cannot be represented beyond a certain threshold: his role belongs to the part of the archive where fiction cannot enter without losing consistency or even falling into the black hole. What is generated there is not a scene but a force. That is why, in *Los Invisibles*, Grau does not

las miniaturas narrativas, las marginalias no buscan conservar nada. Más bien, es la conciencia de su caducidad lo que intensifica el deseo de archivar, gesto que se vuelve tanto más voluptuoso, encarnado e inevitable.

Al regresar a casa, me hice un cuadernillo yo mismo: papeles doblados por la mitad, cocidos por una pita y cubiertos por láminas de cuero que pedí a unos ensilladores de caballo, y comencé a escribir, de memoria—utilizando solo los nombres de la lista de contratos como referencia—un informe obseso, sin dirección e ilimitado, adscribiendo recuerdos a nombres de manera arbitraria [...]. Pronto, sin saber ya qué hora era, tuve el escritorio lleno de hojas de papel, y me dediqué a repasar, a media voz, las descripciones, con el ensimismamiento del que reza sin poder mentar algo trascendente.

Pero hay algo más: en ese inventario hay un intento de sostener el propio cuerpo. El gesto de registrar, de repetir, de recitar, se vuelve un modo precario de reencontrar la paz que Grau parecía alcanzar en la orilla. Así, el cuaderno del aduanero no tiene función, ni testigo, ni lector previsto: viene a ser un dispositivo de respiración.

Si algo define a *Los Invisibles* es su permanencia en las orillas del archivo, donde la ficción apenas deja formaciones inestables en la arena. Pero es justamente en esa inestabilidad, allí donde lo escrito no se fija como memoria, donde aparece otra potencia: la de sostener una relación viva con lo que no se deja fijar. La ficción no viene pues aquí a reemplazar lo perdido, sino a visitar el movimiento mismo de la desaparición, su energía residual. En lugar de cerrar el duelo, lo prolonga. Y en ese gesto tenue—en ese tanteo que no busca fundar nada—, abre un espacio para pensar el silencio no como falla, sino como forma activa de presencia, de cuerpo.

narrate, nor do we narrate *with Grau*. His character, absorbed by silence, leaves a space that cannot be occupied directly. Instead, the story is organized around another character: a customs official, also ousted from the navy. His assignment: to take an inventory of the ships that arrive from Polynesia. As there is no superior waiting for his report and no institutional archive to claim it, the inventory is symbolic, made to remain in oblivion.

Nonetheless, he writes. “Tuvala. 14 years old. Evangelization: yes. Languages: Maori, French”, the official notes. And then he adds a knowingly sterile and ephemeral gesture: “A fly lands on the nose of a Polynesian adolescent. He doesn’t bat an eye.” “Teotura, 10 years old, skull: 38 cm, evangelization: no, languages: Maori, wanted to give me a sea horse from his trunk, has hiccups.” “Davida Numatangani, Tonga, middle aged, 40 cm, evangelization: no. He cleaned a large shell, carefully rubbing the surface. At times, he stopped polishing to look at the sea, maybe inquisitively, then silently went back to his task.” “Lana. Tongareva, about thirty, skull: 40 cm, languages: Maori, evangelization: no. She fell backward over a winch. Now and then her knees shake inward and outward like a fluttering butterfly. I think about the utterly esoteric nature of her good humour.”

If, in Grau’s case, fiction allows us to sense the depth of an experience that led him to look the other way, then it points in a different direction in the case of the customs officer: it is no longer a matter of filling a gap, but of exploring the pleasure that drives the gesture of recording. It is a pleasure fed by repetition: an urge, in keeping with Derrida, that does not strive to restore what has been lost, but rather to inhabit its loss—an urge that dramatizes the very act of archiving, as if writing were a way of prolonging collapse. And there is also excess. The useless notes, the miniature stories, and the marginalia do not attempt to preserve anything. Rather, it is the awareness of their expiration that intensifies the desire to archive, a gesture that becomes all the more voluptuous, incarnate, and inevitable.

When I returned home, I made a notebook myself: papers folded in half, sown with *pita* fibres, and covered with leather panels that I got from some saddle-makers, and I started to write, from memory—using only the names on the list of contracts as a reference—an obsessive report, with no direction or limit, arbitrarily ascribing memories to names. [...] Soon, without knowing what time it was anymore, I took the deskful of pieces of paper and, in a whisper, I set to revising the descriptions with



the absorption of someone who prays without the ability to mention something transcendent.

But there is something else: this inventory includes an attempt to sustain the body itself. The gesture of registering, repeating, and reciting becomes a precarious way of rediscovering the peace that Grau seems to achieve on the margins. In this sense, the customs official's notebook serves no purpose—lacking both a witness and an intended reader—it comes to act as a breathing device.

If there is anything that defines *Los Invisibles*, it is its permanent position on the outermost shores of the archive, where fiction leaves behind little more than unstable shapes in the sand. But it is precisely in that instability, where what is written is not fixed in memory, that another potential arises: that of sustaining a living relationship with that which is not fixed in place. Fiction is not there to replace what has been lost, but to call on the very movement of the disappearance, its residual energy. Instead of closure, it brings prolongation. And in that faint gesture—in that estimation that does not seek to establish anything—a space opens up for thinking about silence not as a flaw, but as an active form of presence, of embodiment.

Nota editorial

Esta publicación emerge del trabajo colectivo desarrollado en el primer Laboratorio de Activaciones, un formato transdisciplinario del proyecto de investigación «Reescribir el Archivo», coordinado por Ana Rocío Jouli en el marco del Cluster de Excelencia *Temporal Communities: Doing Literature in a Global Perspective* de la Freie Universität Berlin. Concebido como un espacio de experimentación entre arte y archivo, el proyecto reúne a artistas e investigadorxs en torno a la activación crítica de archivos latinoamericanos. En su primera edición, el Laboratorio contó con la colaboración del Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut (IAI) de Berlín, cuyas colecciones sirvieron como base para los procesos de exploración artística, y del Festival de Literaturas Latinoamericanas Barrio|Bairro Berlin, que no solo ofreció un escenario público para la presentación de las obras, sino que también permitió vincular las activaciones del archivo con las redes vivas de migración, memoria y producción artística que conforman la comunidad latinoamericana en la ciudad. En el tramo final del Laboratorio, se incorporó al proyecto Andrés Gorzycki, artista y curadorx argentinx, aportando una mirada sensible y aguda que supo guiar el desarrollo de las instalaciones y performances camino al estreno. Su contribución fue fundamental para articular los lenguajes estéticos de cada artista con las condiciones materiales y simbólicas del espacio expositivo. Las activaciones se estrenaron el 17 de octubre de 2024, en el último día del festival Barrio|Bairro Berlin, en la Sala Simón Bolívar del IAI.

Editorial note

The present volume emerges from the collective work developed during the first Activation Lab, a transdisciplinary format of the research project “Rewriting the Archive”, coordinated by Ana Rocío Jouli within the framework of the Cluster of Excellence *Temporal Communities: Doing Literature in a Global Perspective* at Freie Universität Berlin. Conceived as a space of experimentation at the intersection of art and archive, the project brings together artists and researchers around the critical activation of Latin American archives. In its first edition, the Activation Lab was carried out in collaboration with the Ibero-Amerikanisches Institut (IAI) in Berlin, whose collections served as the foundation for artistic exploration, and the Latin American Literatures Festival Barrio|Bairro Berlin, which not only provided a public platform for the activations, but also helped situate our work within the living networks of migration, memory, and artistic production that shape the Latin American community in the city. In the final phase of the Activation Lab, Argentine artist and curator Andrés Gorzycki joined the project as curatorial assistant, bringing with them a sensitive and practical approach that helped guide the development of the installations and performances leading up to the premiere. Their contribution played a key role in articulating each artist’s aesthetic language within the material and symbolic conditions of the exhibition space. The activations premiered on 17 October 2024, the final day of Barrio|Bairro Berlin, in the Simón Bolívar Hall of the IAI.

Ana Rocío Jouli es una poeta e investigadora argentina radicada en Berlín. Tiene un máster en Escritura Creativa de la Universidad Nacional de Tres de Febrero y un doctorado en Literatura de la Universidad Nacional de La Plata. Es autora de los libros de poesía *Los pacientes*, *Tarde* y *Constelaciones*. Trabajó como investigadora postdoctoral en el Cluster de Excelencia *Temporal Communities: Doing Literature in a Global Perspective* (Freie Universität Berlin) con el proyecto «Reescribir el Archivo». En 2024 co-fundó Barrio|Bairro Berlin, un festival dedicado a visibilizar la literatura de la diáspora latinoamericana en Alemania.

Camilo Echeverri es un artista visual con una práctica multidisciplinaria que explora las imágenes a través de la fotografía, el dibujo y la pintura. Su trabajo se centra en el estudio de las imágenes y su significado, en narrativas basadas en secuencias de imágenes y en las lógicas de la representación. Sus proyectos han explorado temas como el sentido de pertenencia, los espacios cotidianos, la familia y las influencias políticas de la vida diaria.

Paloma Zamorano Ferrari desarrolla su práctica artística en talleres y proyectos de alcance comunitario como Taller Humano y Estampida. Miembro de la Fundación Augusto y León Ferrari. Arte y Acervo, su extensa experiencia con archivos de arte se evidencia en proyectos como *Arte urbano y memoria*, llevado a cabo en la ESMA, basado en el archivo *Memorias de vida y militancia* sobre los desaparecidos durante la dictadura argentina. Ha contribuido con la creación del archivo de Anahí Cáceres, y con el archivo del Centro de Estudios Legales y Sociales (CELS). Su trabajo con legados de artistas explora los límites entre documento y trascendencia.

Ana Rocío Jouli is an Argentine poet and researcher based in Berlin. She holds a master's degree in Creative Writing from the Universidad Nacional de Tres de Febrero and a PhD in Literature from the Universidad Nacional de La Plata. The author of the poetry collections *Los pacientes*, *Tarde*, and *Constelaciones*, she worked as a postdoctoral researcher at the Cluster of Excellence *Temporal Communities: Doing Literature in a Global Perspective* (Freie Universität Berlin), where she led the project "Rewriting the Archive". In 2024, she co-founded Barrio|Bairro Berlin, a festival dedicated to highlighting Latin American literature in Germany.

Camilo Echeverri is a visual artist with a multidisciplinary practice that explores images through photography, drawing, and painting. His work focuses on the study of images and their meaning, on narratives based on sequences of images, and on the logics of representation. His projects have explored themes such as the sense of belonging, everyday spaces, family, and the political influences of daily life.

Paloma Zamorano Ferrari develops her artistic practice in workshops and community outreach projects such as Taller Humano and Estampida. A member of the Fundación Augusto y León Ferrari. Arte y Acervo, her extensive experience with art archives is evident in projects such as *Arte urbano y memoria*, carried out at the ESMA and based on the archive *Memorias de vida y militancia*, which commemorates the victims of the Argentine dictatorship. She has contributed to the creation of the Anahí Cáceres archive, and to the archive of the Centro de Estudios Legales y Sociales (CELS). Her work with artists' legacies explores the boundaries between document and transcendence.

Juan Ignacio Chávez es un escritor e investigador peruano. Ha publicado el poemario *Isla del Gallo* (Nueva York Poetry Press, 2022), parcialmente traducido al inglés por la revista neoyorkina *Versiones* y reeditado por La Balanza Editorial en 2024. Sus ensayos y relatos han aparecido en revistas de Lima, Berlín y Nueva York, y su poesía ha sido incluida en la *Antología de la Feria del Libro de Nueva York* (2019). Acaba de terminar una investigación doctoral en la Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin, donde trabaja con archivos, mapas y ensayos ligados a la construcción nacional en América Latina.

André Felipe se dedica a proyectos interdisciplinarios entre teatro, performance y literatura. Sus proyectos más recientes se desarrollan a partir de la idea de *latinofuturismo*, un concepto especulativo inspirado en prácticas de complicación temporal e imaginación de futuros (im)posibles. Desde esta perspectiva, ha creado obras en colaboración con otras artistas, como la instalación *Museo de la Extinción del Hombre Contemporáneo* (MEHC, 2022) y el tríptico teatral *Ensayos para el fin del mundo* (A ursa de araque, 2018). Co-curador de la residencia DESVIO Süd (Bochum), cuenta además con un doctorado en Artes Escénicas por la Universidade de São Paulo (USP).

Ludmila Fuks es una productora musical, live performer y DJ argentina. Comenzó su carrera musical como productora en 2020, con lanzamientos en Other People (USA/CL), Nein (UK), Logia (ARG) y Kyma Komplex (MEX), en el que también fue editado su EP debut *Las Flores del Mal*. Bajo el a.k.a. FKS desarrolla investigaciones sonoras y experimentales con énfasis político. Es licenciada en Ciencia Política y doctoranda en Filosofía, profesión que ejerce en el ámbito académico en el Instituto de Investigaciones Gino Germani, de la Facultad de Ciencias Sociales de la UBA (Argentina), en donde también es docente. Trabaja temáticas relacionadas a la estética, la teoría política y la epistemología, a partir del pensamiento de Walter Benjamin y la epistemocrítica del montaje.

Juan Ignacio Chávez is a Peruvian writer and researcher. He has published the poetry collection *Isla del Gallo* (Nueva York Poetry Press, 2022), partially translated into English by the New York-based magazine *Versiones* and reissued by La Balanza Editorial in 2024. His essays and stories have appeared in magazines in Lima, Berlin, and New York, and his poetry has been included in the *Antología de la Feria del Libro de Nueva York* (2019). He recently concluded his doctoral research at Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin, where he works with archives, maps, and essays related to nation-building in Latin America.

André Felipe is engaged in interdisciplinary projects at the intersection of theatre, performance, and literature. His most recent projects develop from the idea of *latinofuturismo*, a speculative concept inspired by practices of temporal entanglements and the imagination of (im)possible futures. From this perspective, he has created works in collaboration with other artists, such as the installation *Museo de la Extinción del Hombre Contemporáneo* (MEHC, 2022) and the theatrical triptych *Ensayos para el fin del mundo* (A ursa de araque, 2018). Co-curator of the DESVIO Süd residency (Bochum), he also holds a PhD in Performing Arts from the Universidade de São Paulo (USP).

Ludmila Fuks is an Argentine music producer, live performer, and DJ. She began her music career as a producer in 2020, with releases on Other People (USA/CL), Nein (UK), Logia (ARG), and Kyma Komplex (MEX), where her debut EP *Las Flores del Mal* was also released. Under the alias FKS, she develops sound and experimental research with a political emphasis. She holds a degree in political science and is a PhD candidate in philosophy, a field in which she works academically at the Instituto de Investigaciones Gino Germani of the Facultad de Ciencias Sociales, UBA (Argentina), where she also teaches. Her work addresses topics related to aesthetics, political theory, and epistemology, drawing on the thought of Walter Benjamin and the epistemocrítica of montage.

Temporal Communities

El Clúster de Excelencia *Temporal Communities: Doing Literature in a Global Perspective* (EXC 2020) de la Freie Universität Berlin tiene como objetivo redefinir el concepto de literatura desde una perspectiva global. Este enfoque invita a trascender las categorías de «nación» y «época», para acercarse a la literatura como un fenómeno que crea sus propias temporalidades. En lugar de centrarse en grandes poetas y obras canónicas, esta perspectiva explora modos de concebir lo literario por fuera de las convenciones de la tradición moderna occidental, en relación con la capacidad de la literatura de construir comunidades a través del tiempo, en diálogo con otras artes y prácticas culturales.

Temporal Communities reúne a investigadores de filología, estudios literarios, historia y teoría del arte, estudios cinematográficos, estudios teatrales y filosofía. El formato transdisciplinario del Clúster se basa en una práctica de investigación colaborativa y exploratoria, que integra enfoques de las humanidades con prácticas artísticas.

Temporal Communities

The Cluster of Excellence *Temporal Communities: Doing Literature in a Global Perspective* (EXC 2020) at Freie Universität Berlin has set itself the task of fundamentally rethinking the concept of literature from a global perspective. In a move beyond the Eurocentric categories of 'nation' and 'period' traditionally deployed to frame literary history, we understand and study literature as a phenomenon that operates in and through time, creating its own temporalities in the process. Key to our concept of literature as a form of 'doing' that challenges received boundaries and stands in constant exchange with other cultural practices is its ability to establish communities across time and space in ways that transcend the restrictive notion of the literary developed by Western modernity.

Bringing together international researchers from fields as diverse as literary studies, art history and art theory, film studies, theatre studies and philosophy, the Cluster's work is characterised by a collaborative, exploratory approach that fosters exchange between the humanities and the arts.

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The enclosed tarot card is a random pick from a
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«Lo que se pone en juego en el arte de archivo no es tanto la fidelidad a los hechos como la posibilidad de interrogar sus modos de inscripción. Esta forma de arte expande el archivo como campo creativo y habilita memorias afectivas, parciales y latentes.»

“Archival art is less about fidelity to the facts than about interrogating the archive’s modes of inscription. This form of art expands the archive as a creative field and makes room for affective, partial, and latent memories.”