

MUME

Glosa (temporary rewriting)

by Nina Fiocco

We start with a gloss.

It was a hot summer with a lot of rain. A few weeks after I arrived in Mexico, I went to the Museo de Antropología y Historia with Paco, my first friend in the City. When we left the museum, very tired from standing for so long, we sat on the benches in Parque de Chapultepec. Knowing that since my childhood I like stories without a definite explanation, Paco told me about a friend of his who had been a museographer at the Museum. One night, as he was maintaining the pieces, this friend began to hear a murmur: he looked around to find where the sound was coming from, but could not find its origin. When the murmurs rose in pitch, voices that began to be clearly distinguished spoke in pre-Hispanic languages that he did not understand. The museographer, disturbed by this invisible presence, left the room and did not return all night. When he told his colleagues what had happened, they told him that it had happened to them so frequently that some had begun to believe that the stone figures that populated the room had the capacity to retain the sound of voices and to return them hundreds of years later to other places as echoes.

I write the above story with the intention of adding to the main text a chronicle, that is inextricably linked to it, even though it does not offer or require any explanation. I write it in the margin as copyists did with manuscripts, knowing that there are glosses that with time assume more importance than the main text, and that to write in the margin - from what already exists - is to build another possibility of unraveling between present meanings. The gloss betrays the apparent impartiality of the narrative by offering the flash of a normally hidden presence: a body with its own voice. The metonymic short circuit at the basis of this expression confirms this hypothesis: the word "gloss" comes from γλωσσα, the Greek word for tongue. In this play of parts and whole,

this etymology allows us to think that the gloss could represent the possibility "to write with the voice", to add instead of subtracting: there where something is separated from a body, even though it is still a body, it becomes plural through the superimposition. This means: to touch the text with the hand, to touch the space with the voice, to intervene through the word to demolish the paradigm, to choose a space of writing where the body is put. It is a body beyond the body, made of word, dematerialized but powerful or perhaps powerful because it does not seek any permanence.

The works that populate Karl Marx-Hof are stratified in a provisional rewriting of space. In this space, there are mute languages, sparks of light that seek complicity in the darkness of the night, outside the control of public lighting (Antonio Barrientos). There are messages of denunciation that are inserted into this known rhythm, where we would not like to see, where we would not like to hear (Ana Gallardo). There are pauses that are threaded through a discourse that, although apparently silent, is a clue made of syncopations to investigate the field of what-is-not-said, cannot-be-said or, perhaps, cannot-be-understood (Bárbara Lázara). A megaphone manifests the sound of a language forced into silence for a long time: now it tells of its death while claiming its presence (Colectivo Arte a 360 Grados). There are voices, a chorus perhaps, fragmentary and wandering, that insists on finding the words of a song, like a ghost of exile; while another chorus, almost in counterpoint, shakes the rhythms of the protest in the street (María Cerdá Acebrón). They are glosses, writings that choose the margin: as we come, we soon leave.