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Amereida

Author: Colectivo Amereida

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Facultad de Letras, Pontificia Universidad Católica de Chile

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English Studies in Latin America

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AMEREIDA
FIRST VOLUME

COLECTIVO AMEREIDA

TRANSLATED BY SEMINARIO DE LA TRADUCCIÓN DE *AMEREIDA* 2020-2021

was the finding not strange
to the discoveries

— oh sailors

your wild birds
the uncertain sea
the naked peoples amongst their gods ! —
since to be shown the gift
is the misleading hope?

did the first passion of gold
in this way
not leave the navigator blind
because of that clarity without name
with which the evening awards and destroys
appearance?

and neither day-time nor night-time
did the third time not arrive like an isle
and smoothly without violating deceits
so that the human air would receive its shores?

that also for us
destiny awakes meekly

from that generosity of the error
are still opened
the large cruel rivers of wide complacencies
the mountains alone above the rains
the difficult trees leaving fruits
in the abandoned house

and even with others
did the path not seek its opening
probing on the coast
like in the night the eye its adventure?

and did the wind not deliver around the first ship
its greeting more vast
its inconsolable innocence
over the pampas
and the sweetness of another white sea inexistent
whose surprise holds the gaze
when the earth modest is delivered?

because just as the work conceals
the hand that takes risks
the signal

the true signal lies and deceives like the day
in order to save from other uses
the gifted night

however

those strangers heard

the useful and singular melody of the rigging

responding below the empty light that still calls us

because there time is born under watch

oh detachments that one ignores

ancient nocturnal peoples

to whom danger opens its offerings

and the first useless tomb

where with grace

to begin another past!

what



edi

between simulacra and ghosts we the peoples of america only imitate

is it not preferable – one moment – to resist nostalgia with instinct?

familiarly let us silence the received songs the effort of
 a history that does not come to be a tale temptation is a smell of
 promises of skilled futures that corrode energy — those windows
 of the hopes that whisper and stutter through the night and our figures
 fade

who was not surprised as another in full distraction unknown? al-
 ready in ample american gesticulations or in surprising flexibilities
 that disappear in the decision like certain rivers in their sandbars and
 still between passions floating in the banality or in the involuntary
 generousities already in certain civic abandonment like fallen fruit
 or in our certainty of inconstancy and excessive affirmations seeking
 verbal homelands and in diluted and irremediable denials that do not
 dare to possess their own extremes between simulacra and ghosts
 we imitate

when lucidity consumes the refuge reality is opened or song
 because tradition always remains distant from habit and maintains
 — with aparition and oblivion — the hollow origin that comprehends us

neither memories nor weather nor events that concern us
 give room because the native terrain was never about adaptability
 and even beyond heritage the earth emerges when it finds
 meaning in us adversity or fortune are beats from the same heart
 or stay stall state there the will risks fidelity or abandon
 obedience or ghost

let us burn our houses or excuses bread decency
 the rights of vice the invariable ruse of justifications
 simply upon going to sleep
 that the hollow might arrive barely the hollow — the exclusions
 defended with our own skin like a prayer we
 know that beyond dreams one never awakes let us lose
 ourselves in the wake of our own steps — behind the oversight
 there is always a sign

does our origin have a sign? what origin?

those present we dream in a long luso-spanish language in countries
 that do not come to be nations in multiple races still searching
 for themselves and we say to ourselves americans the presence and
 the name — this our presence and our name — are dislodged from
 europe the ancient robbed we know that the histories register the
 measurements confirm the artifices operate more than poetry behind
 every light is a sign that veils and unveils meaning never tendency
 producer and product lie in paternal obscurity that surprises us
 its song is cipher instinct and calculation never feeling it is
 the same mode of apparition and appearances that no longer simulacra
 and ghosts — reality transparent in its vertigo

who but poetry speaks of an origin since it only
 appears poetically?

one day the voices in the intimate exile talked to us

what origin?

columbus

never came to america

he sought india

in the midst of his effort

this land

burst in as a gift

merely

the gift

emerges

vexing his intents

oblivious to hope

it carries with it

its donation

its terms

its borders

it rips

— wound or opening where emerges —

on

an involuntary adventure

adventure of acceptance or rejection
 its presence
 — by refusing or agreeing —

hollows the person
 dislocates them
 suspended
 renewed

in its novelty or freedom

foreboding and discovery
 go

for conquest and hope
 carry

invention or revelation
 but a gift

is present
 merely that by merely

everything becomes present
 filial

is this not the peculiar apparition of america?

our peculium
 is this not to appear?

fate and sign

that demand

are we
 in this fortune
 americans?
 the simple acceptance
 heaps
 risk and discretion on whoever consents
 exposes
 whoever is taken in
 or gratitude
 is gratitude not displayed in obedience
 this obedience
 of origin
 that preserves
 in peripeteia
 its own freedom?

america gifted
 has it been accepted in itself?

how do we respond?
 can we interrogate poetically
 the sign's own unfolding
 to try to discern it
 through
 how we have become americans
 who we are
 so that the sign itself
 might manifest itself to us in the word?

during and after the finding of new world
 (which as such and because of which
 we call ourselves america since vespucci indicated —
 in passed days I wrote very fully to you
 of my return
 from those countries
 which
 with the armada and at the cost and by the mandate
 of this most serene king of portugal
 we have sought
 and found
 that which
 new world
 it is lawful to call)

during and after
 the european adventure
 did he not want to find the pass or strait
 that might have soothed
 his distance from indias?

continent encountered but not accepted
 was it not rather sought
 leaving it aside
 as an obstacle?

america encountered and veiled
 since still

its finding barely admitted
 was not the venture
 to return part
 of a distant center?

the
 paradise — said columbus —
 does this not indicate
 in the promise or loot
 that audacities sustain
 the unknown and the craved?
 and gold and silver and lands were his material pledge
 below this first light like dawn
 the letters
 of explorers and conquistadors
 recount
 that the same eyes
 scrutinized
 with pupils closed by objectives
 and saw
 in the distraction of the gaze
 a distinct reality to their regret
 that which was gifted
 even without being accepted
 because the feat
 only shines in conquests
 from the feat
 america
 was touched wanted and occupied throughout its borders
 and still

since elcano
 — who through america ended the world —
do we not live within the borders
 — mute yet distant
the signs of alvar núñez cabeza de vaca
 — and of his ñuflo —
yet going down nor going upriver nor going out
 who without
 was given a continent to enter
until his own cross?
we live at the border
 faced with which
the transparency of reality
in our own existences is not conveyed
and dark and threatening it is
that whose gift we do not perceive
but how to call it?
how to provoke its appearance
 although it might be able to show itself to us differently?
intact through tongues
 chaos



to live within the contours of a figure
in front of its sea inside
our mode is
to flee
or to confront
is to guard ourselves

to make an incursion into it
or walk through it
from and for another part
that in itself
is not to accept it

an interior sea is opened
for our consistency

do we perhaps not live
with absence or lack or continent
neither wanted nor forgotten
but shut off and mute?

do we come to recognize it
in its own unease
when we inquire into an identity?

do we admit its irruption

in our instinct?

is not our way of wanting it

— tendency towards conquest —

intimately colonial?

do we not still cope in this way

us americans?

independent america

is this not our own colony?

its sea exposes us as estranged

across an edge

cautious

and even in the indigenous or secure

we imitate

— reflections

of another act that originates domination

(we imitate in the nostalgia for sterile or indigenous pasts in
 the nostalgia for promising futures we flee in resentment from
 folklores that do not hide their aggression for that by which they are tied
 and that depend on the shore we flee with work and civilizing efficiency
 that do not hide their contempt for that which they abuse)

voyage
 in whose fortune
the threat of the hidden
 is brought to light by song

then
 to give us to its offered darkness?
 leap
towards the time of its verbs?
 voices or poetry
where by the unveiled
 america is unveiled

but from where
 the leap?

 from
this inherited edge with which we are forever and now
 — the border
 since
here europe gave us
 the ancient robbed
beginning
heritage gives course
 leaves the water in the river
 released
to the adventure of the bed or disappearance

what do we inherit

dawned on this edge?

what do we inherit when we are surprised

in gift

immigrants

sons of immigrants

mestizos

or aborigines

awoken others

in the donation?

do we not inherit

this capacity of the unknown

or sea

that hollows us out for admiration

and recognition?

it is necessary to open the road —

and that which in this could be

said

it is a great sea

and hidden
because though it is seen

most of it is ignored
names —



to signal how many of them
 had less motion and which were
 closer to the firmament
 and could not

with such bad nights i had
 with such instruments i used
 that were

the quadrant and the astrolabe
 i could not signal a star that had
 less than ten degrees
 of motion around the motion
 so

that i myself did not remain satisfied
 to name any one being
 the meridian pole

because of the great circle
 that they made around the firmament

and while i was pondering this
 i remembered a saying
 of our poet dante

which he mentions
 in the first chapter of the purgatory
 when he imagines leaving
 from this hemisphere
 and to encounter himself in the other
 and wanting to describe
 the arctic pole

he says

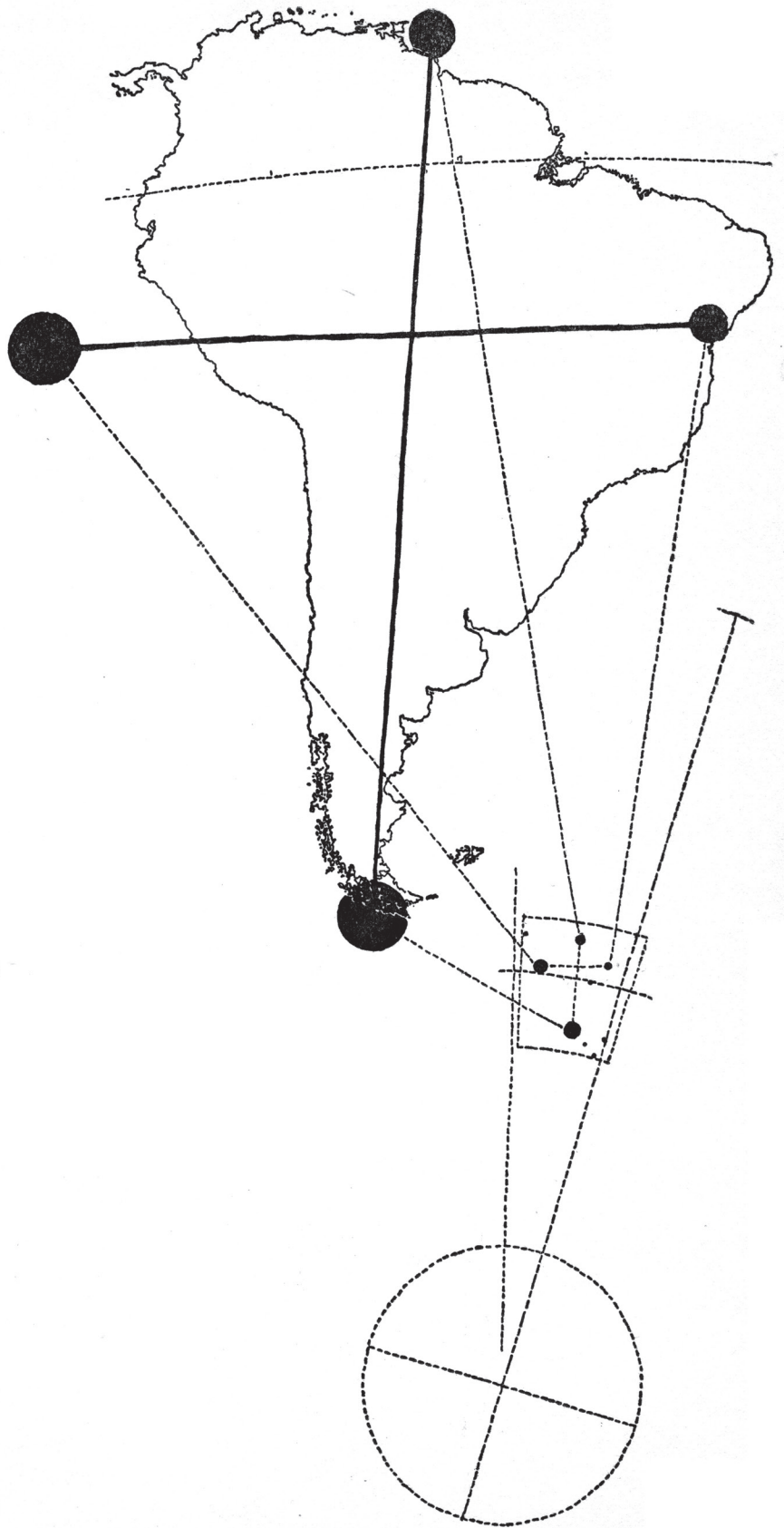
i turned to the right and set my mind
to the other pole and i saw four stars
never seen except by the first people
heaven seemed to revel in its flames
oh septentrion you are a widowed site
deprived as you are from gazing on them

the poet in these verses
through the four stars
and i do not doubt even now
because i noted
four stars

which accordingly seems to me
wanted to describe
the pole of the other firmament
that that which he says
may come to be the truth

in a figure
like an almond

that they had but little motion
and if god gives me life and health
i hope to return soon to that hemisphere
and to not come back without noting
the pole



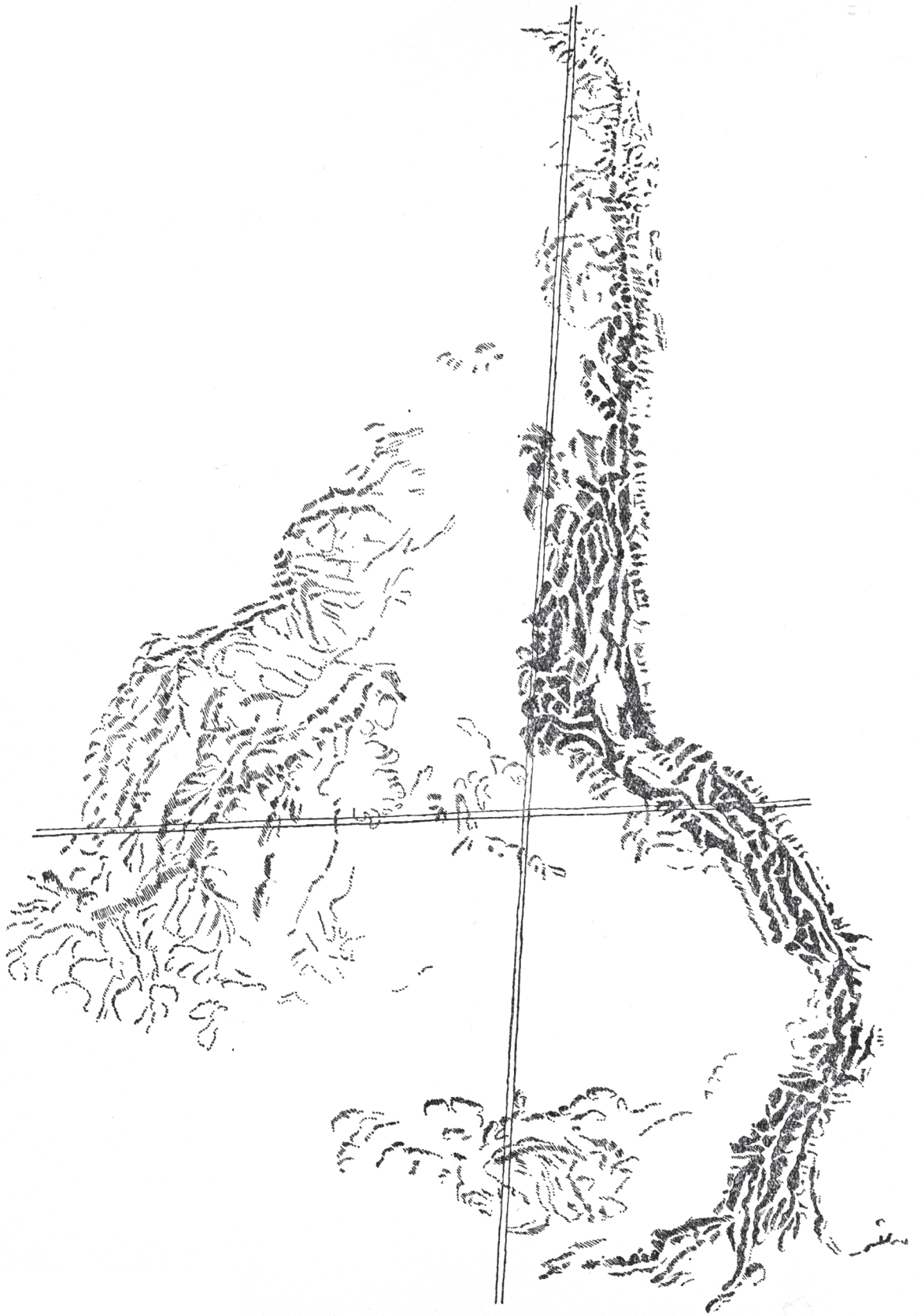
they open in their cross
all the cardinal points
the north designates it south
but it is not the south
because in this american sky
its lights are also the misleading hope
— gift or constellation
in order to ignite the map anew

let us lower its signal over this hour
let us introduce its axes
into our intimacy

its helix
in the interior sea of america
let us trace it over these rivers
that guard it
reflecting it
over the pampas that are stripped
in order to give it earth
over the jungles
that hide its embarrassments



and more than south
is it not our north
and its extreme
summit
appeared
to those who
for the first time ascended it?



do the stars in this way not enlighten humans
 and clarify
 so that there might be a people?

the voyage gets its sky
 like eyes

its earth in this way overwhelmed
 will it not expose in the flesh

a rhythm
 that moves to language?
 because without language
 all of the routes towards our intimacy
 although they take control
 deform and deceive

 a language?

perhaps this
 that which already hears the dull waves of the american sea
 fighting against all imitation
 and repentance
 that which urges continent
 and embraces us with its constellation
 so that there might be grounds?

below its light

the shortage is changed into risk
of another meaning

or flight of a sense

and our roots?

our root

is not pregnant at its hole

— our support

is in the air

vast

as the residence of the birds

so the unknown is made in the pupil

and history

remains at the mercy of consent

like a leap

and disparate and distinct races
 what do we inherit
 if only a tradition gives figure?

did america not burst forth
 in the portuguese and spanish tongues?
 tongues of the same faith and latin
 tongues that come opened

in adventure
 and empire

does not an aptitude to believe
 unite us through them?

since every tongue lives
 suspended
 in its modesty?

and do its languages
 not make us latin?
 do we not inherit with them a voice?

 the voice that is kept in its tongues
 like the light behind its lighthouses
 that which gives temper to the words
 or poetic tradition from where
 eras are opened
 so that histories might continue

from the emigrant aeneas

were they not confused
 in the free history of men
 giving measure to the enterprise
 and sacrifice to the adventure?

since one is not born

one is begun latin

fortune

that races and peoples

frameworks of wars and cultivations

shelter

in a tongue up to the right

— with which they meet and illuminate

at stake

the ancient robbed

gave world or empire

where america burst forth

from such origin

all us americans

are latin

for a

leap

we inherit

another sea

its sky

dead perhaps

race of races

which language?

does

a gift on a voyage ignite

its amereida

or its own continent?

let's go

on the inventory

- a) cover letters
official
(protection prevents suspicions)
photocopies photo — everyday watchword —
copies
and
necessary credentials
being of the provost
(a known presence flows)
with clarity
- of addressees
or points of support
mayors governors (not to forget
administration)
and some particulars?
claudio document-bearer
- b) the car or intermediate situation between foot
and air
the volkswagen with lots of space
little strength less weight
the grand pick-up truck
chevrolet guerrera
can do more
in punta arenas
with permits and guaranties — less expensive —
give way buy spare parts there
fabio in charge

c) two tents
 for four people
 each one one with an apse (and another for two?)
 eventually
 plates and cutlery two small cooking pots a teapot
 medium-sized (careful of the volume)
 the nine individual tents are ruled out
 to buy in punta arenas — sleeping bags one hundred and five
 each one

 jerrycans jerrycans
 for gasoline water and paraffin two portable stoves
 (of alcohol or paraffin) three lamps
 storm-proof two shovels a short pike tools
 car-jack car-jack car-jack (which?) good
 personal gear

 the onion
 maximum flexibility its on and off
 be able to regulate through weather and work

torso
 three t-shirts
 one flannel
 one cotton
 one undershirt
 one shirt over
 two pull-overs
 one thin
 another thick
 wool
 and anorak
 nine

leg

long underwear wool
 or thick cotton (two pairs
 for changing — difficult to wash
 and dry — two pairs of short
 underwear (for changing)
 light pants stitched closed
 (the wind the frigid wind)
 (another of rubber for water?)

eventually

foot

three pairs of socks — silk cotton
 wool (all in pairs of two
 for changing)
 (those of silk can be of cotton
 also)
 regular shoes regular sneakers
 to be
 everything inside bata boots
 of rubber for water to be able
 to put on and take off

head

hat with earflaps
 (the cold hits the ears
 without mercy)
 over that the hood
 of the parka for walking

commission to purchase (seek measures)
 to decide substitutions

to request

from the army
raincoats
ropes and blankets
and to lodge
in punta arenas — summits —
from there food
containers always a broth
brings one back to life heat
chocolate
inventiveness of a stew
in solitude
the fair risk
without exaggerating foresight

d) art supplies
thick notebooks
always around (to notice)
pencils
pencil sharpener colored pencils paint
cans and metal bars
charcoal inks
blank paper sized for drawing
special notebook
three cameras thirty rolls black-
and-white
five color and more there (fast)
synthetic araldite adhesive
asper instant vigorex
different types of nails
copper
wire cutting edge sheet

and galva-
nized
— ravclub rav —
screw
(a proper quantity and replacement)

e) documentation
certificates testimonies vaccines
police passports borders
convention photos
in bulk
the visa
(a doctor) precise information of consulates relation
tax stamps (consult a doctor) customs'
structure and interior customs (prepare a first-aid kit
— cuts stomach intestinal infection pain relief
teeth liver whatever type of injury no more)
i am in charge

and weapons?
no

(a single revolver)
the cash box
to reduce and change subtract thirty percent
at loss

for foreign currency
in sauzi or bories — there
we will see
it is raised

departure tomorrow at seven antemeridian from santiago
 flight layovers santiago puerto montt punta arenas
 the nine are — jonathan boulding alberto cruz fabio cruz
 michel deguy françois fédier claudio girola goffredo
 iommi jorge pérez román edison simons — henri tronquoy
 will meet us in the middle of patagonia

in some place

from bardoz –

the names of those who helped
 ariztía de vial raquel
 bresciani carlos
 carmona juan de dios
 domeyko ignacio
 downey de kaulen marija
 institute de hautes etudes de
 l'amerique latine
 kaulen patricio
 malraux andré
 matte de domeyko gabriela
 mena eduardo
 naranjo alfonso
 vial correa juan de dios
 vial alberto
 zavala arturo (universidad
 católica de valparaíso)

the storm pours waters from above and below through fissures that
 the last tremor left some gannets crowded together cover the sheet
 of guano on the rock with feathers your list counts as going they carry
 wine by chance a toast of the sea

and earlier

and more

en-times

en-names

those who

flyers distance us

in order to make us

road

vial baeza eyquem

archi

voice

meta

letter

tect

painting

and our generous fleshy institutes

the moony mothers

in ten

and thirty sons

that with grace

francisco méndez

gave

andré guermont

put the ships

and whose

bellalta burns black

wood

esmée bárbara josée

elena sheila kim

zañartu and prat-gay

marteau le robert

grassi

schlamminger

a tribe of birds launay

in prière

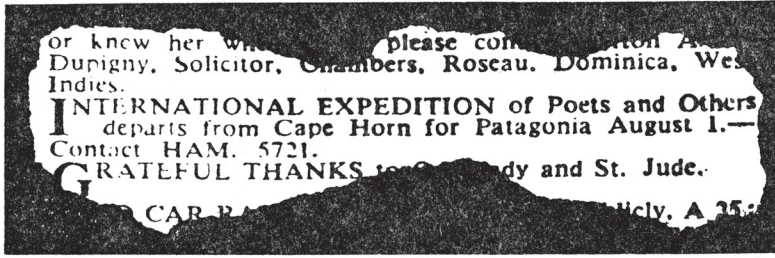
in this hotel buccaneer

departing

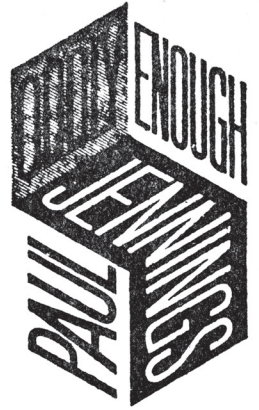
in july of sixty five

cheers

POETAGOONIA



—*The Times*, personal column, July 7.



in the groin

the glyph

the eye

does / is

not

know / known

when it

reads

the flower passes

passes

moistening the finger

in 1959 a swerve of hearing europe life sprouted
 in allegory the origin appears from the versions
 figures of the trip not only gears of poems but
 lover magnet point king of its darkness

if you do not constellate me
 i de-star myself at a level of a groom or widower of reality
 the not traveled
 io sono said di sulmona
 blond with gray hair sailor of
 amerigo vespucci
 in the middle of the atlantic 1951

in a certain way

i left beauce
 in the month of june from the depths of the bend in
 which one fishes from this french embankment that is sufficient

— you

truly display gentility
 you go to the tree
 to the woman
 to the owner
 the peoples

country house a sky without a blue dome like a bottle raised for the party
 bouglainval and cerqueux how many french invocations but if we
 confine it to only its noise the language would be returned foreign what
 gratitude but a poem by french sounds in alliance with pure pho-
 nemes from here — bouglainval and cerqueux — would not be suffi-
 cient at least a song it is necessary might offer to the meanings
 the shelter of its insignificance

— what did the englishman say?

the green god sleeps
 in paris as in a secret of my own life not only the terrestrial cause of
 the love america

gift from where i am?
 beggar point of endurance of questioning
 the dead rue st guillaume
 my dead of living speech
 an embankment in the sky is sufficient to live

from this embankment
 french i start from this that is sufficient small roosters angry
 flee below the nettles some voices forge their way between the ash trees
 voices of sunday

i am leaving
 opening life to space

i leave
 to those that know me and already a strong nostalgia buckles to me
 for the federation i represent abandoned gardens to the
 ivy the sun amateur painter of mills of school
 these clovers of the white ginger lily the touchy rye

epic
america?

sarmiento does not lie
euclides does not forget
juana the nun her thimble sews us

shipwreck

i heard talk of many things i have carried or received some
plunder library of luther of gilgamesh of pindar of buffon
of cusa admirable affiliations over the lagoons of carpaccio to el greco

human genealogy and i put aside the two testaments and the genealogy of ruth and of matthew i have heard it said and to many by profession i have related without order as a story in order to imply that it was a story

i

looked out at the same time over the dams the earth there ended
drowning the beam of elements

was unmade or made

the judgment

peace the small

leaving the large

approaching

— —

— —

— —

—————

—————

—————

kona 11

the image

sky and earth are united
 the image of peace
 in this way the governor
 divides and completes
 the course of the sky
 and of the earth
 moves forward and
 regulates the gifts of
 sky and earth
 and so helps the people

an act of rebirth
 — in the cemeteries
 let us work then
 of the five hundred

the soldiers
 had a single official
 to do the canary in the coal mine test
 and to verify

the new neighbor
 of the resurrected
 let us abandon

time
 with a few cents between our fingers

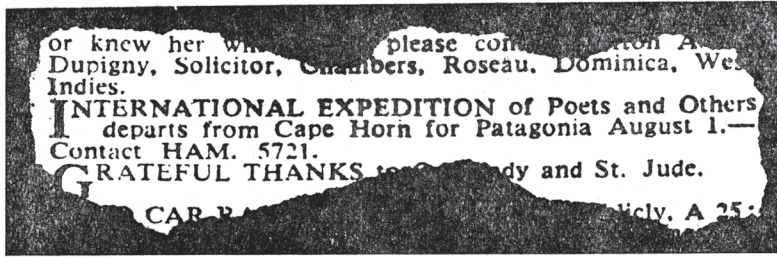
i go up the tagus
 — miserable street for such a name —
 going up on saturday
 — i have forgiven myself so much —
 and you

the witness
 when the
 partition

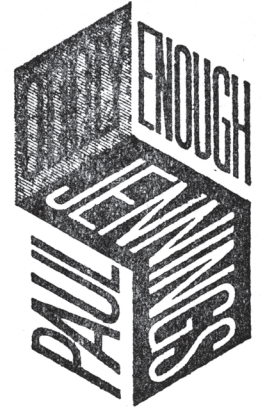
in the sound of the things that i invented to translate
the
wind master in making sing stomping the rhythm with
branch and stem it taught the elm stem of its chalice
standing up in the middle of the field of young corn over the root
of its shadow airs the sprouts transmutes the heat and whis-
pers

the green god sleeps

POETAGOONIA



—*The Times*, personal column, July 7.



But why Patagonia, lonely and peopled with sheep,
 So bony and stony a zone? Why pneumonia,
 Zanier, loonier poets? The Andes are steep
 In chillier, rainier west Patagonia
 (Owned, did you know it, by Chile; an omen in
 name!),
 And, mainly through drainage, the north (Argen-
 tinian).
 Windier, wilder than Wales whence they came,
 Of Welshmen and sheep is the weal and dominion.
 Should your *koinonia* (fellowship), poets, not be
 Mediterranean? In Patagonia
 (This is a platitude) latitudes do not agree
 With blazing azalea, pots of begonia:
 No bougainvillias this part of Chile adorn;
 Remote is the lotos! No isle Tennysonian
 For sailors in whalers in gales off Cape Horn
 (Erroneous poets!), off shores Patagonian!
 Would not symposia held in a cosier land,
 Not sterner and wilder than heaths Caledonian,
 Net you a peppier, hippier, happier band
 Of bards Dionysian or Apollonian?
 Surely these Others (not Poets?) who go on this
 trip,
 Unless schizophrenia, madness or mania

Addles their crania, won't sail the main in a ship,
 Be it as famed as the old Mauretania,
 Simply to listen to lyrics, dactylic or *terae*,
 To epics and varia, mad miscellanea
 In areas bare with an air uncondusive to verse?
 Why not Rumania, even Tanzania?
 Catalonia, say? Or by purple Tyrrhenian seas?
 That's where your hearers would find it much
 cheerier;
 Why ever should *they* go to Tierra del Fuego,
 Where in the world is it wilder or drearier?
 Why Patagonia? Was it nostalgia for myth?
 (The early inhabitants, known as Tehuelches
 Were giants, now vanished. The Spanish word
 [furnished herewith—
Patagones] means *very big feet*; what the Welsh is
 My seedier encyclopaedia doesn't reveal,
 Or whether they've other myths there in a plethora.)
 But surely, you know, if the poets do go, it's to feel
 Lonelier, rather than gathered-togetherer;
 All poets, you'll own, are alone; and they certainly
 will
 Groan at the tone of your plan Babylonian,
 Masses of passages booked to Parnassus—a hill
 Patently, blatantly *not Patagonian*.

whoever reads
 reads with their lungs

the counter-proceeding

in order to settle the gift

— let's work work

sanbenito works

today i am all of the beggars

king's body

with

stachura in a waning moon

respiration of one removed in dreams

life in version

of a sonnet

by keats

king of darien

gift from where i am ?

on this date road du cloitresaint merry to such effect and for
 such motives they arrived to the dug out bay of the caribbean

to the great marine river

where tornadoes fly and in

each

cycle

an island

like an armpit

its navigators

my sentry

the guardian of appearance

is asked
 what sign the cross of the fields and of the valley what sign all
 space in cross form this broad beacon of the earth organized
 in favor of what sight from on high what traffic-light the
 earth in favor of a view higher even than that total aerial view
 what signs direct man in spite of himself to what descen-
 dants that will interpose themselves between the involuntary mes-
 sage and their uchronic destination

— words end
 words start
 enclose
 liberate
 destroyed in boredom
 renovated out of necessities
 lives are sacrificed to words
 words are sacrificed to lives

now is the place for poesies neither hypnotizing nor
 consoling
 poesies that transform each moment to the touch
 in new moments of new poesies

there are too many poets around for
 nothing less than celebration

season of cuntree

air —

breath

phalène phalène conversion 64
 here
 today
 universe

equipoetry as x
 as extasy
 mnemonics
 ambidextrous apprentice
 iron stripped from use
 (not a luxurious matter)
 only the rudiments
 mental
 hierarchy
 in us by virtue of
 departing leaving
 odd a world loose
 toys of impulse and of calculus

to the shortcut

trips teach (among other things) that words are as strangers to the things that they name — from there a relation of bilateral alienation i dare to say between things and words of which the traveler and especially the tourist is victim that which he himself expresses in the naïve confession of his deception — he cannot stop being disappointed since things are not similar to names nor names to things — one should find refuge in the act of photographing that mummifying the present through this instantaneous embalming the apparatus silhouetting and paralyzing the real giving it magically the status of the image leaves it in the past fulminantly and makes it in that way homogeneous to the word — the place where i am can finally be converted into the title of the photo (beach of bermuda june of 58)

then?

perhaps the work hic et nunc let us say improvised which means
 made right there and not without preparation nor preparative and with
 all the time that one wants can marry the earth with the na-
 me this is a local celebration poetry the poetic
 act marriage of the sea with the doge poetry similar to
 those joachimite franciscans that set out to baptize all humans
 so that the world and its history might end in order to hurry
 in this way the end of the world poetry as act set out to
 celebrate weddings of place and formula — difficult operation
 like a sermon that recognizes the singular naming it opera-
 tion two times infinite since it is unending work to finalize the
 world and since everyone recently arrived (surviving) has to
 restart the nomination on behalf of their own life

this broken flight yearning we have called it phalène it doesn't
 matter

we try to discover once
 again the inscription the possibility of the inscription that was
 for centuries the grand scriptural gesture is it suitable or not to be
 directed to the modesty of common perception to all offered in
 full wind that waits for us like an old beggar? the perception of
 that which appears is the baptism and the return the cradle and the pass
 nakedness is when there is no other world no other exist-
 ence pindar teaches us that the glory that goes far can only
 be born for later to go far away setting out from such an act of
 such a poet upon celebrating in such a place such a day in such
 a circumstance then the poet is giver of name-glory

in a certain way things remain unnamed unnamable
 every time more unnamed virgins of name in the detour
 intangible humans pass the poetic act as is mar-
 ked on cattle with a red-hot brand brings names close
 to things during a time and for a long time — in the moment
 festival of the marking and for the long time of its remembrance

the trip?

perhaps one must come to celebrate in the same place to see to mark
to inscribe things only remain close to us when
we have taken the first step that of going to them then the rap-
ture of the poem that returns glory to europe for example it is
different from a reverie on the radio of río gallegos i
had evoked that rapture for the poet of a space of a silence
of a place of a measure of a sky that he manages to put
in a flask like the genie of those persian stories and that the proper recita-
tion has to liberate again in whatever other place

obviously i can talk of continents without having been on them
 of cities without having wandered through them — this is however be-
 cause we have gone — the legend rests on this trial communication
 with others language has as media-
 tion experience the true imaginary cities are those that one
 has seen supposedly in the flesh while one was wandering that is
 to say during the trial of that desert between thing and name because
 the thing for men appears a long time after hearing the name and
 almost all the efforts that one makes to recognize are in vain
 that is to say they leave intact and without insertion the first name — par
 excellence the name of death this name of names the most
 fascinating of all as a result of this protection that surrounds it of
 this expulsion that doubles it and preserves it from all recognition
 from all judgment of identity so that every poem is perhaps a
 fortune of symbolic repetition of ritual variation of dance-trans-
 position of this closing in of death (death closing in like the unknown
 whose concealment is the meaningful sign — in every
 detour in every moment — imminent) as if we were only to write
 for this minute of death what name what word would be equal
 finally with it and every poem then as the successive
 versions each time crazier through insinuations of analogies of re-
 newals and surprises of ruptures of the past until a final
 turbulent version furious beautiful every poem like an effort to antici-
 pate death giving it figure to be lifted to its heights to be capable of
 admitting its most intense suspension every poem in order to invite
 and imitate the end seeking the final word type of general essay with
 views of the silence — that is to say to chase off every other word the
 god — (my) death the unknown in the midst of all of the known the hol-
 low in the center of this strange guest why does no one tell people
 that are dying that they are going to die? what is the real reason?

and even more — in order to be able to speak one must lose the word —
 that which is produced in the simple trip the interview in a place an-
 nounced long ago (since forever) by the empty glory of its
 name the irruption into new things that detach from all syntax and
 all refrain (to take them where?) like a woman — from
 far away her superficial beauty the idolatry of two crossed
 gazes from close her name stammers sweat beads the threat is
 stronger than her name from closer the faces cannot be faced
 and if i break the repulsion supported by a what time is it then
 she with her blemishes her rotten tooth becomes family
 even closer the terrible approach in which her face flees level
 with its lands devastating its signs — tension of the poem
 that enters into the field of this distension in order to counteract it to bal-
 ance it to give it a gold ring to contract benedicere
 two obstacles then on this road —

indifference

speaking i say that which cannot be transmitted i work beginning at the absolute singularity as hegel showed and it is this which is lost in any case i lose myself in language and it is there that we try to find ourselves — the medium of this encounter is in this way a place of a strange indifference of an exasperating neutrality (the universal) meanwhile this loss submits me to torture

difference

to estimate just to suspect the peace that the poem of which one speaks proposes towards which one intends to speak one must measure beforehand the amplitude and the profundity of war the different the other one must recognize it thoroughly from beforehand — that is to say without pause — it does not exist as we say in our spoken language in order to dismiss a human or a difficulty (this does not exist) the different is for us that which demands to be stunned mihi delendum demand that one say adequately the latin verbal adjective sima threat horrible literally one must recognize this — we do not concede in fact anything to the other for example nothing to the other nations the smallest difference is of everything for everything they are a total error insupportable its manner of speaking in its dialects of eating of dressing they should be destroyed this is imposed from the moment in which the thing is taken seriously tolerance is an affect a cleverness but often an imbecility

it seems to me that only based on a rather cold verification can then be tested the bottomless difficulty of radical conversion to that which would have to be moved in order to enter into relation with difference with sights of the peace of union dialogue of that which continues without cessation these days between whatever and whatever things in a certain way has not begun translation asks for an effort superior to the moral a disposition that is not easy to face of the unique form of relation that has never stopped existing to the present day in general workers were violence war

it is only in spite of itself that any term comes to be fused with any other term war is the only scheme of unification

how to change this?

where

— already without belonging ourselves nor linked still few
 we will be a crowd decomposed insolent —
 the celebration gathers

its rhythm or border impedes anticipating movements it probes
 — every opportunity for courage — the body disappears in the figure
 the gestures disable the dance

the flesh alone in colors
 because the celebration does not appear in contours
 your masquerade
 lets the concealed be shown as concealed
 when someone for whom
 the light is not enough
 is called
 blind

with little or everything roasted beast we saw a density sweat
 and sexes the convenience that schedules we will be poor or pupils
 or interrupted manners fatigues that isolate the senses or sensu-
 al warning and rocks resuscitated in the young foreigner where no
 one knows — believing — what they do

sympathy without

similarities

— are they playing? — you say
 in pity or plazas country or streets between savings and
 revenges

departures

barely

neither formed nor formless

when nothing is vulgar extraordinary or referred

the daily bread — mute mask —

reveals

the common impropriety of death

unavoidable celebration

gift

more than war

most excellent mister minister of defense

let us play in figures

are we in a land where the unknown of it is regulated from beforehand establishing in this way a unity?

the ancient laws of the indies traced a border that ran parallel to the length of the coasts of america said border distinguished two classes of land that adjacent to the coast — strip of land reserved for the king and the interior-land land offered offered by the king — he alone could do it — to the subjects so that they might pass through they would know its secrets they would install themselves on it so that the subjects in order to be installed had to cross a strip of earth whose secrets were sealed to them strip that embodied in this way the presence of the king and the border established the near and the distant in regards to a common destination an example — quillota town of interior land located next to the strip of the king on the pacific coast

for quillota two relations arose one — of proximity regarding destination with the distant town located next to the strip of the king on the atlantic coast another relation — of distance regarding destination with the close port of valparaíso on the pacific

at the same time those who abandoned their business in order to establish themselves had to recross that strip of earth that manifested the presence of the king it is told that pedro de valdivia came to valparaíso with neighbors who got rich in santiago there he embarked for peru carrying with him by surprise the accumulated treasures they — the neighbors — did not follow him nor did they remain next to the sea rather they returned to the interior land i imagine to abandon it they would have felt like emigrants did the strip of land reserved for the king not indicate that to establish oneself demanded the burning of ships? as if the case of hernán cortés was not unique since one worked in the name of the king in his word and

the king could not stay without the word we are the inheritors
of such a heritage of the word of the king of the royal word
the real word

but it today is it known to us?
must we if we do not possess it leave in order to seek it? do we know
if we still remain in this ancient unity that borders traced that names and
destinations established? a response — tomorrow we depart to traverse
america

but is it possible that the rule does not emanate from a king? a re-
sponse — the rule of our traversing we are not one but several we do
not encourage a project that awaits favorable circumstances but rather
we depart tomorrow or rather today right now several and right
now that upon departing and because they depart they recognize that they
were given strips of earth and borders we traverse america interior-land
through two large streaks — one along its length another in its width
new borders? new borders that a gesture traces and which emanates from
the real perpetual king

are we in a land where acting is engendered by a unique act of departing?

those ancient laws of the indies established foundations — that which made something take on its initiation departed they were extended in the minutiae that allowed a city villa or place to acquire its first form foundation at the same time they signaled all that which would come to impede such foundations would be from nature from the natives from enemies and corsairs from one's own passions from the yearning for change in the end all that which conformed the anti-foundation two centuries ago some jesuits meticulously drew the islands of the rivers that allowed for the act of departing on the missions of paraguay they still sang — continuing the first cartographers of the coast — the water the hills were barely sketched afterwards with fights between countries after independence or perhaps before the hills were sung and today it is everything it is the subsoil of the earth and the sea the atmosphere and the stratosphere and still with that air of triumph of the old cartography — in it the form of the traces that accounted for the coasts and the profiles of the letters of the legends were the joy of a

triumph

but there is no longer given a primary element on which to support oneself

now

we must support ourselves on whatever element appears in unison

but
is it still brought about in the joy of triumph? in a joy that is extended to all those elements on which we have supported ourselves? in a triumph that is no longer put before us like a statue or mirror but rather that goes with us as our own eyes go? to respond to ourselves tomorrow we depart to traverse america and surely

tomorrow we will trace along the traversed in determined places
perhaps which profiles and perhaps which coasts this today we can-
not know but yes that there will be an acting since the search
for the real word the real word that permits acting is given in
the acting

are we in a land in which acting is leuitous?

i am going through the mountain range of the andes by car in diverse places appears the ancient road of the colonial epoch with the narrow width of the hooves of a mule and the bridges of identical width widths that were enough in old times to move forward and to arrive from the coast to the heart of the interior-land some refuge still remains in place where travelers could recover their forces in that way still leuitous incredibly small one takes it as an oven for baking bread bodies leuitous in existences ought to be those that traveled these roads

on

my travel i arrive at an estate at the argentinian base of the aconcagua the father of the present owner was the first that worked these lands the labors are then in the hands of the second generation and the eyes of this owner of the land look at the storms that hover over the chilean slope of the andes they are the important ones not those that come from the atlantic that barely reach there he explains this to me with eyes reasons and gestures that conserve the distances of the old borders of the foundations and anti-foundations of the roads and leuitous refuges he watches over the uniform poplar groves that frame the cultivated land and that account for the minutiae of each foliage's sensitivity of the microclimates — an unanticipated frost is enough to lose the fruits a bad orientation with respect to the wind so that animals die so that the work of years collapses surviving here in the leuitous occupation is a crude law it is unimportant that omissions are voluntary or involuntary such distinctions do not reign the civil attenuations that allow for prestige to survive are worthless but this crude law of the leuitous occupation today is only appearance in this zone specialized publications on raising sheep regularly arrive to the estate one must regularly go

to the city of san juan in order to know news of the inner workings of the new york market and being known in that way remote participant of these magnificent marketplaces because wheat is not simply for making bread but is to be taken — as body or value — to a place that permits its transmutation so that upon being eaten it satisfies our eternal passion for the great marketplace there where nomads and the sedentary meet for all of this the roads have already been filled with the urban apparatus — pavement and police only the youths who still not in charge of the germination of the earth can be kept awake with the light of the stars when levitously laid down on leather — the only garment that is admitted — they sleep there mountain range inside

but those that take charge of something as were those that travelled over the roads of hooves? but how will they — at the same time — forget their own levitous bodies in demands up until yesterday when they were still not in charge of the germination of the earth?

to inherit the ancient levity of those that took possession of these lands in the name of a king — to inherit in this same way that youth of ours that perhaps could receive that levity that the mountain range of the andes guards in order to deliver it to adolescence it is to break a saying that which says that levity today is memory or illusion in order to feel the present of the levity tomorrow we depart for the length and width of america

are we in a land that gathers prudently the ancient tradition of the agora and that prudently stops close to favorable climates — that does not advance to climates of extreme rigor — and that is guided by a unique image of that which is the favorable?

the traditional image that many have of the agora cannot be anything else than that of an unconstrained space — but rather full of freedom — where citizens — with their body parts not covered by weapons — draw gestures that are such because the air is diaphanous — light is diaphanous — so much so that being in the sun or the shadow represents identical fortunes — still today we hope that each saturday evening will bring us this diaphanousness — that each september will offer us such air and such light for our national holiday — the ancient spanish goal of populating america — understood that every site of any region — led to the plaza — since the intersection of humans and place turns out — inevitably — the plaza — and in it the public — namely saying every man with the destiny of establishing a new continent — becomes republic — for this the ancient spanish goal is limited to lands in which the benignity of the climate would welcome the traditional image of the agora — from these lands so settled people departed for other climates — where the border regions arose from war and punishment

but today — the tradition of the agora in order to subsist — must not require to be supported by such an image — nor by a favorable climate — and unique — since surely — the images are no longer given wrapped around limits so precise — one must note the following — the most miserable — those that the police no longer chase — since they do not gather in courts of miracles — can sleep on whatever busy sidewalk — and can — under a favorable climate — make of the sidewalk a cooing crib — and can be experts — in that regard — because it would seem that favorable climates engender a city in

which no one is denied becoming an expert of something it is in this way
 and perhaps even more so since the resident of the city before could
 go to found and populate another city a city was engendered
 in this way from the rib of another city this status and power possessed then
 the citizen

maybe this heritage is what today makes us
 not want to limit ourselves to those grandiose and complete landscapes
 like a lesson on which colonial cities are settled

to
 flower in whatever climate this we would want maybe that is
 still not an effective measure that governs us but yes the image that
 invites us for this due to a new way of inheriting the ancient tra-
 dition of the agora tomorrow we depart to lands of extreme climates
 in their extreme season to cabo de hornos for from there be-
 ginning to traverse america

are we in a land in which mistakes are forged in the innocence of an archaism?

it has been two centuries since peru was traversed by certain painters perhaps they would be few that were not only executing the orders they received (their march should not have been fast) but that also they were representing singing dancing in this way they bore the responsibility of that which among many they were doing in successive occasions but they did not bear the responsibility for that which was justifiably done in those days rather something that had been realized some fifty years before so they went without noticing anything without that malice of one's own epoch that is today a popular art in this same way few have known the legend of the good constructor and that of the bad the good — aleijadinho — with his sick hands sculpted in a single night a façade of a church in rio de janeiro the bad constructed a church in buenos aires putting not only their work but also money earned through contraband these painters and constructors good and bad but without malice had as a result good clarity about which were and which were not servile works

does today our malice know where and how they are given? or the hidden resentment raised together with the thousand assignments always received can it do more? the thousand assignments that each day brings us be it part of the earth of the sea of the air of the living of the dead so that we are always wanting to interrupt what an assignment comes to tell us and precisely because we assign and we interrupt we take our time in the swamps of organization and so we convert all works into servile works

but now we cannot recover from the servile works involving ourselves in the innocence of an ar-

chiasm — even when pedagogy (another popular art of today) comes to recommend it for a certain moment of our growth

perhaps we should recover setting aside in ourselves
this possibility of interrupting when they put us in charge

for this tomorrow
we depart to traverse america and to go nearby it without interrupting it
when it tells us its assignments

today we exercise the craft of inhabiting in lands which — once — have been given borders that they named establishing destinations in which the act of departing outlined its pros and cons in which levity was for a certain time the manner of occupying it in which the tradition of the agora was received with climatic prudence and in which perhaps by which channels it was known what was and was not servile work

does inhabiting have — symmetrical — earlier roots than these pairs
man-woman father-son mandate-people citizen-peasant
poor-rich good-bad etc so that it might offer the fullness
of a foliage?

i am going through the city — the hearing — the urban hearing — in these cases dozes in the familiar — the other hearing — that of the sunbathing — brings the sounds of a bass drum to me over my shoulder — a circus — my feet continue and the corner of my eye pauses at the entrance — some posters — the dancer — the clown — the lion tamer — the other figures of the circus are inscribed in stars and other planets that turn vertiginously — surely circuses always encounter painters who can be entrusted with these works — since these posters testify to having been made in this place — they have to be poor painters — but being that which they are from where will they receive the ability to accomplish this task? — certainly these painters copy posters from european circuses — but one is asked by this crude brushstroke that makes the stars turn so vertiginously — certainly — not like stars — but yes like bangings

i see myself in a village there in the heart of the interior-land — between san juan and córdoba — in the argentinian pampa — in a house that plays as an inn — it is not startling — since the marvelous that the circus brings with it has brought me to the marvelous of the houses that according to the ancient laws of the indies ought to enchant the natives — this old mission must subsist — maybe how — in oneself — and in this house-inn is a dwelling that is extended parallel to the road — closed to it — open to its interior — to three small courtyards — the house and its courtyards barely touch the pampa — it — the pampa — continues identically as if no dwelling could come to transform it — as if the origin of the word pampa — courtyard — would remain alive — all the more — and this house-inn is equal to the other houses of the village — and the village is equal — in its turn — to other villages — and the pampa is to itself — as in the interior of this inn there are many parrots and birds

that resemble one another like dinner guests and the parrots speak imitating those who taught them to speak those who in order to achieve this imitated the speech of these same parrots such as mothers do with their children otherwise these people know to imitate the birds all of them jokingly seriously and the house-inn for its part imitates through the disposition of its courtyards the foliage where the parrots live in freedom since the courtyards achieve this same short smooth rhythm but at the same time sharply chiaroscuro with regards to the parrots their plumage with its long green trimmings through juxtapositions of red-hot colors imitates the ray of light passing through the leaves and reaching the flowers and in this house-inn everything remains inside it one is not in urban plaza in which for a single instant the shadow of a pigeon on the asphalt pavement is identical to the gray of its plumage and one realizes that this house-inn is made so that the parrots do not realize their captivity but if one is a traveler and not a visitor — a visitor for business for taxes of folklore of memorable places — then one can accede to a certain threshold that which permits one to sense that in the middle of this jumble of imitations is given an act that goes beyond them

the village brings me back to the circus i tell myself — people of these towns could paint this crude brush-stroke that makes the stars turn so vertiginously in these imitated circus posters or that which is the same thing — those poor painters of posters have to be natives of these places in the heart of the interior-land my eyes leave the circus they seek the sky the position of the sun so that they — my eyes — encounter the highest witness and so the body is oriented since we feel that we receive a warning a warning that still does not deliver to us that which must come to signal us but this is enough that i see myself

returned to the city to its joy and its daily terror to the quantity to
 the quantity of things that has to be proposed to realize to judge to
 rectify to abandon to receive because it loves to live submerged
 and to emerge from the minutiae of the quantity so it sings its song
 does it receive a warning? before responding — the warning is traced
 in two moments in the first it is presented in the second that which
 was already presented is elaborated upon in order to arrive at conclusions
 scope consequences both moments can be situated more or less nearby
 but there are those who claim that they have to coincide to constitute
 just one others that understand that both moments have to be distanced
 from one another placing a wide trench between them now we respond
 — yes the city receives the warnings endeavoring however that they
 are established like a single moment endeavoring that they do not spread
 themselves out in two distant moments namely before the crossroads
 that the one and the multiple weave the city takes part in favor of the
 one and brings it about in this way since it sings the notorious
 not that which obscurely comes to straddle us not that bru-
 tality proper of the multiple proper of the warning of the
 two moments is this not the attitude of planners? yes
 it is however the bass drum of the circus continues sending its
 sounds namely two classes of warnings are given one the
 true that of the two moments another the pseudo-warning that
 of the single moment

we live between
 both we can even feel that we are going with one foot above one and
 with the other foot above the other we are in this way proceeding mistak-
 enly to undo ourselves and to undo this mistake tomorrow we depart to
 traverse america

certain mexican churches of the first times had a courtyard in front of them — it was quadrangular — closed — known by its form — and insisted itself through small pavilions — the posas — on its corners — and a large central cross — this could — at the same time — insist on itself with sculptures of the signs of the passion — and the pavilions insisting on themselves with bas-reliefs eg about the final judgment — in these courtyards the indians received the doctrine — records from the epoch show how that occurred — it is seen by the missionaries and the natives — all appears clean — fixed — as if — with a great strictness — all that which was excessive — had been removed — such as happens in a house when it is prepared in order to receive an anniversary or a guest and invents in its interiors that amplitude that bodies require upon being touched in the emotion of embrace — and in these courtyards are not seen work tools — nor domesticated animals — nor fruits of the land — these remained outside — they were not a direct part of oblation — only humans could enter — they had this privilege — the privilege of representing that which remained outside — does oblation possess its own vision of itself that permits it to signal in each epoch that which has to be a direct part and that which will be a representative element? — the fact is that these courtyards were extensions in order to constitute privileges

they were extensions in order to constitute representations — such as those paraguayan parishes whose churches were located in the middle of an acre free of building and of the functions of a plaza — true reservoirs of other continents — to arrive at these temples one requested to travel a distance — that which without any major fence — only through its pure distance — established the privileged — in this way — making use of the horizontal extension of the ground — the form that time — insisted upon itself

the forms that insist on themselves that create privileges and representations are constituted in a symbol these the symbols suffer inside of our blood a certain pulsation the pulsation that goes and comes from the one to the multiple

and continuing

in the interiors of these churches with front courtyards that insisted on themselves through posas altarpieces for a time were populated by images these were not grand majestic images but rather they appeared rather small like small bodies as if the artisanal authors had more than molded them they had birthed them there in the successful verticality of the altarpieces they proliferated dressing them in the clothing of the century that they conserved in their creases the dirt the dirt of the fruitful earth that which is beaten with the air creating clouds of dust clouds of dust that decrease as we get closer to the coast and its sands images that insisted on their form through the dirt that coated them they left the churches and arrived at such manifestations of piety or of daily things but always they were maintained in such a way that they sought to constitute not a multiplicity but a single image such as those peasants of the field that upon resting or waiting adopt attitudes and postures that resemble a single body families of artisans and family of images which engenders which?

and that dirt that would seem to know from before with what these two families are going to be entrusted and this force that operates in the subsoil of both families and of the dirt that makes them be constituted like a single symbol so that it assumes completely the mission of signaling the validity and efficacy of a reality that is declared in order to redeem the inefficacies and irremediable rottenness

but in front of said force arises another — it leads not to the single symbol — but to their brotherhood — so that between them they assume the mission — multiplicity of symbols — then — and this final force comes from that fluidity through which an order — the order — becomes flesh — in which the order is individualized in a concrete being — and through it is inscribed on the circumstances — these — the circumstances — make every order upon becoming flesh proceed through decisions — through choices — as is said — until it arrives here — with that brick it is executed — material — certainly — is a mystery — through it these decisions and choices represent not only cuts or slits that resolve a matter — but that signify true wise responses — in this way circumstances are that which permit and demand the wise response — from this fluidity through which order is individualized through wise responses — the multiplicity of symbols arises — not the single symbol — this appears now like a consolation — or like a weapon to increase one's own internal courage

the basque bishop of quiroga — in the dawns of mexico — constructed his cathedral of five naves converging at the high altar — in order to house a number of christians of a place of the new world — it is known that the architects of his epoch and country did not accept the level of execution of the work — because they considered that the reality that recognized the work and the disposition that it invented did not justify its level of execution — and these architects judged it as such — because they understood that an order has to arrive at its final answer inside a sustained air — so that each and every one of the different steps or tasks that constitute a work — with its decisions and answers — come from the same heart of the order — and no step comes to be the representation of the others — and absorbs them — namely — one has to be given a multiplicity of symbols — not a single symbol — for example — that of the purpose of the work or that of its disposition — but why was the case of this cathedral not transformed into a heri-

tage of ours that instructs us about how in these lands from its first moment the way of incarnating an order was debated? in what other aspects of reality have such heritages been defined? or is it that they end up being suspect? it could be since for many for almost all it is not suspect to speak of the past or to weave propositions or even daydreams about the future but they are paused like an alert animal before the precise fact of accepting the simple present our present and inside of it to be referred to the common — this continent

in order to free ourselves and to free the present from all suspicion of imposture tomorrow we will begin to traverse america it before not only received names but rather these came to be titles titles that the king gave for example to cities and the name insisted itself through being a title such as we saw with the architectonic forms of churches insisting on themselves and the title dispels suspicions it certainly today is not a single symbol for this we depart tomorrow

in the last century on the argentinian pampa one took the horse left the village set out on the voyage — crossing the pampa without water — the honor required one to not change the mount one arrived at another place the struggle and the return from where one had departed and every town had such men such departures and in the persistence of such an event these populations were unified in this way in death they became one

before news crossed the seas for months in order to arrive at the churches where they erected monuments it was the news of the death of the king and in those monuments for the absent dead cities and cathedrals were unified in the persistence of the mobile regularity of the lives of royalty

and in the pastoral regions of brazil men arrived at the villages on sundays these were only inhabited on the days of the lord in the persistent regularity of a worship time the terrains of the villages were property of the patron saints everything in this way came from a unifying source

before returning to the argentinian pampa one would say that in a cavern the indians had traced signs in its sky and they were reunited in the persistence of every equinox they scrutinized the moment in which the signs traced by them coincided with the stars in the celestial dome then when both domes were unified they started the rites of initiation of the agricultural labors

and today in the plaza de armas of santiago
 where large trees arrived with this air that they bring of belonging
 to an imaginary great mansion rounded with a high wall that keeps
 us out the elders continue being settled in the imperishable be-
 lief that the work-day only goes into effect by going out into the street
 they with their eyes that still gaze like common people that go in
 collective mobilization with their eyes that remain absorbed like in
 those of the picture of him and her when young over the blurred back-
 ground and in its oval marking on the door of honor of the house eyes
 in which the city persists as if it were one of these metallic railroad
 bridges august and economical that united regions that the deep-
 est precipices separated and people of voyages and subjects of the
 dead king and shepherds of brazil and ancient indians and new elders
 are given in fidelity each one in that which is their own

in front of these persistences appears a change the following
 until too recently — when i was a child — we passed the months of
 the mid-year of the summer in a country house it provided equi-
 distant its elements — the entrance door the garden the terrace
 the house the vegetable garden the grove of trees the terrain
 at the back that was conserved in a state of pasture so that in the end each
 part of the country house expanded its shadows according to its own indo-
 lence and we went out late into the night in order to see how people lived
 in the neighboring country houses with equal measure when we went
 through our own meanwhile we felt that nature and extension were con-
 stituted in a friendly harmony in honor of the owners of the house such as
 the ships wrapped with those colorful flags without concessions that know
 to divulge the expanse of the sea in the ports

in this way our parents felt themselves to be of new generations with respect to the ancients that inhabited the center of the city in the ceremonial to their mansions of three courtyards but to traverse the extent of a vine-covered pergola is today — to flip through an album in the meantime distance has become an imperfection only speed redeems the impossibility of counting on it is a punishment often tolerable but a punishment we feel isolated in the small distances and few have stopped being so far from them to that confluence of extension and nature does extension not come today to show us that persistence is not intimately tied to fidelity? namely if we have managed to depart to defeat the anti-foundation and we are in the middle of our journey simply persisting cannot be constituted as the only measure of our fidelity since in this way irremediably at the crossroads between the one and the multiple we will take part in favor of the one

what permits one to say this? we work and perhaps our work is not known by many but yes our dedication makes such a thing it is said currently of whoever it is such a thing it is joined this saying — truthfully — attaches to us we accept this attachment we define in this way our work from inside in an attachment that with the running of time — in its consistency — turns into fidelity but one who is not attached and for which in a beginning they suffer because they do not know to say of them they are such a thing consents to carry with them a fortune of being unknown then their work comes closer to a real perfection and it is tempered by another fidelity then their persisting is not the persisting in the singular but in the multiple and it does not go isolated in the extension of large or small distances since it does not require a key magnitude in order to defeat isolation

we will depart to traverse america by pick-up truck not by foot nor
by plane but in the speed — yes intermediate — of an automo-
bile speed that precisely today favors this tendency of ours to feel
isolated in the expanse upon going at this intermediate veloci-
ty we will try to break said favor namely we intend to open
the possibility that the automobile — everyday medium that governs
us — might stop being occasion so propitious so that we feel isolated
in the expanse

an engraving shows a sailor — he comes with his uniform — arms
 emblems of his rank — namely — with his attributes — namely — he comes with
 the interminable entourage of those that through a thousand ways enlarge
 his silhouette — symbol of their unity — he closes in on a family of giants
 from patagonia — without attributes — naked — dressed only with their own
 stature — multiple — the hands of the sailor and of the father-giant almost
 bump into one another in a gesture of greeting — a memory of those first
 shields from the epoch of independence — are they hands of different people
 or of the same person that there — on them — were outstretched?
 but — this time — the fat fingers of the giant and the nervous and small
 hand of the sailor that arises from a fist — there — rather honorary
 cannot be equal — the fingers cannot absorb the others — neither
 to destroy them or strengthen them — and there in the record
 remain the hands perpetually closing their differences — unrelated to
 which the undulating of the hills is discovered to represent in identical
 form the undulating of the waves

it happened that the old masters that arrived to america — it seems that
 they forgot very quickly the craft that they had learned in regards to ar-
 chitectonic proportions — said loss of memory brought them to decorate
 to this meticulous labor in which to abide by and detach oneself from
 rules is finally an ironic act of one's own power — and the golden
 as always — accounted for and installed the vertical — it is the symbol of
 security in itself — it does not possess like red its pink — it is one — and
 it is gold — and in the security of the verticality accomplished in virtue
 of the golden the minutiae advanced — the minutiae that inherited secu-
 rity in themselves — that could through the golden — without stopping
 using the golden — come to forget it — i have seen a small painting of
 this epoch — an escape to egypt — it is a work of those painters that
 loved the customs so much that they turned into true urban landscape

painters as that painter that in order to represent the sacrament of extreme unction showed not only the dormitory of the dying but also the plaza of the city with its important buildings the notable ones there together the heralds etc the background of this escape to egypt is a landscape with leafy trees but this landscape is immediately shown as something petrified as if it were almost a stone façade one of those decorated facades so that the different objects that compose the background become variations of carvings in stone the people of their epoch after looking at the façade of the church would look there in the background of the interior of this painting

afterwards one would leave and perhaps how one would look at the city its surroundings the region these people must have lived inside of a solid order an order that would not be asked itself in a time of occupations if the geography would come to deny the legend and the order as well in which one is referred to the stone it was established on the forgetting of proportions perhaps in other matters that let themselves be labored upon like stone this order would rise above other possible oversights it also seems that american independence noted this fact and it did not want to submit it pledged that no matter what was done it would not be the son of the forgotten was one not ordered to re-learn the profession?

and independence in turn perhaps forgot something that decoration was constituted over a long time a long innocent time of its own length and this innocence opened to it the road in order to feel a certain zone of life today in our turn have we recuperated from this loss of memory from independence? do we have to go in this way tied from recuperation to recuperation? but that record of the giants speaks to us of another reality it ignores recuperations losses of memory wills

forgotten things since the record when the fingers of the giant closed in on those of the sailor trusted trustingly in the existence of the multiple and through this opens opens a language without forgetting and recuperations but not only this it opens to a language without revenge even without this small revenge of waiters eating after the clients have left to a language without summaries even without this so we are as men say to themselves when they paste cutouts of nude women in workshops and storage areas with said language we have to look at our craft of inhabiting we have to relook at it and in order to carry out this relooking tomorrow we depart to traverse america

the gaucho goes through the desert of the argentinian pampa night falls he comes knowing his north he must not lose it since if he is not lost he has to lay down to sleep he does but he takes a posture such that when he awakes he lies in the same orientation as when he went to sleep and so he knows immediately without vacillation where north is he can then continue he can finally arrive at the end of his trip and this man comes at the same time to receive an adjective he is called the wild gaucho this is a word that no longer alludes to the departure but to the arrival for this reason it is possible that this voice already existed but originated and included in the field belonging to the departure now it goes to be constituted in the field of the arrival and in it takes on a new air a new existence

but this matter of departing and arriving is it not merely rhetorical? no it is not since about six blocks from the church of santo domingo in santiago above the low building are seen its two towers receiving light from the north between these two towers is defined a third tower it is of emptiness of air and grows in the opposite direction of the towers of stone its base is together with the apex of those towers and its apex together with the bases of stone and through this inverted air-tower the light comes down the color and the calm furious wind of the zenith through it really the zenith comes to us how much will the masters have done that they raised this temple in order to receive a north that allows them to succeed in letting a piece of the zenith arrive to us testifying as such that it is possible that something comes to us that the arriving is reality? after one comes close to the church and being at its side or even entering it is extremely difficult to perceive this third tower of air and the testimony of the arrived is almost dispelled but this that happens in this church does not have to be a general rule certainly there will be many cases in which we will remain situated in the center itself of that which reaches us a law has to exist that

affirms that it is always possible to encounter full testimonies of arriving testimonies that will never be dispelled

however will these full testimonies define among themselves a real panorama? so many times that an apparently real panorama is defined before one but we end up falling into the account that deals with a landscape without happening it is not that it is dealing with an empty landscape uninhabited but of one where the happening seems as if it were invisible we know that the happening passes by that it does not pause but we cannot perceive it such as that which we know happens behind our backs since so many times the testimonies as that of arriving give us first a transparent passing by only step by step this transparency goes taking on its color who better than a color knows to unfold in a hundred thousand situations? who better than it allows us to begin to distinguish? that we begin to see the happening through it we can ask ourselves in america are its regions landscapes that have already taken on this color that permits one to see the happening? or even still no? what is the situation today? something can tell us the word wild since still when it seems to the contrary — it is a voice that is inscribed in a moment in which the happening is still transparent it has not taken on its distinctions it therefore is not a full voice that names the arrival a full voice remains in front of us that still remains transparent

and i can say this last thing because i know of a language it comes to act upon us how? we love in the first place the tree that is enough in itself to retain light and backlight in each leaf a sky in order to retain as rumor of its humid foliage every distant imperceptible breeze but then we note that together with a unique vegetable species how very eloquent it appears in its branch-

es leaves and flowerings as is constituted the distinct inside of the equal we feel imprisoned even in the same spring when the foliages are distanced between themselves with great perfection for this we love the pine together with the palm and the willow the meeting of trees from distant places from diverse climates there by them it would seem that there is no longer imprisonment however it is not so since we continue in it we continue in the prison of this meticulous equation of the distinct that contributes to the meeting of different trees and that language that acts on us comes precisely to destroy these two successive imprisonments and it can act because it is a language in which landscape and happening appear in the same range the same it cannot be imagined like parallel or perpendicular magnitudes as two sides of a coin this the same is similar to that moment of twilight in which the day and our own work-day leave and this language of the multiple ought to speak in america it carries us to that moment in which tomorrow we undertake the beginning of a trip that crosses its lands

what language then?

we have dinner in a hotel among the diners is found a general who recently took command of a body of paratroopers naturally someone asks him about his new position he explains that in the descent three moments come about in the first is a bout of violent vertigo in the second — the euphoria of a bird owner of its flight drives us in the third the earth comes at one with frightening speed one has to take a position in order to receive it so that it receives us and the body is not entirely broken one has to manage to defeat all the false adjustments that fear or boasting insert and this moment in which the earth receives us possesses a name and when the general is going to say it a diner interrupts him he shuts up and when the explanation is taken back up a waiter comes to serve me and does not let me hear or perhaps the general does not name it but i am certain it was a word fully enrolled in the environment of arriving a word that as a result could not appear as a remedy that arrives in order to cure a sickness already declared like a word-response then no it had to appear as an arriving in itself like the word dawn it lives through itself alone without coming in the forced courtship of night and noon those words such language

but
how are there names?

one morning in nineteen twenty-seven

now

i see them alberto

marine ice floes

(below the blue page

attends to

tirelessly

its whiteness)

appeared

they carry

and far from themselves

they dissolve

each name contains its unknown

what can then concoct an alphabet verbal
machines if a sprout is forged into a vocable its trans-
light?

where a name

or birth?

are we not born through detachments?

(do the great consensuses in this way not detach
from blood in kings from force and chance of em-
perors in cults by fervor by the third
will of peoples in design ?

and as a gift governs stature

its limit

— fidelity of the soul to the hand —

legitimizes the heritages)

seated and foreign at noon

in my flesh

sudden

without boundaries

hollow

gathers its sonorous bird

do i shout or say?

the white wall that painting — its tree without sky — the
faraway barking permeates the basin

us and denotes in the virgins whose love surprises
— oh my city

suspended in its barrenness! — once and for all
the distracted season

ensign or destiny

only then we see opens or day accommodates
sun and night and this renovated adventure without body or peace

in my face trembles

an immediate remoteness

above the lip reappears

hidden

another delay

and intones

this cup

your hunger

my lust or voice

empire of the landscape

— the modesty of a reality

and departed

— like a tear —

to the large rivers

— vigor of miseries —

the cruel and simple welder

— aptitude of my shadow —

drinks

and marks

his inscription

gives lucidity to the stone

where was the american finding

given to us in names?

what basin lights them ?

through eagerness

in bloods

the attempts

transparent

a sea

has call

— and he responded

that those of culúa

ordered him sacrifice

and as he was clumsy-tongued

he said

olúa olúa

and as our captain

was present

and was called juan

and additionally as it was the day of san juan

we gave the name

to that island

san juan de ulúa

and it is now

this port very well-known

— and when he was saying it

in his tongue

i remembered that he said

con escotoch con escotoch

and wants to say

come here to my houses

and for that reason we gave

since then

the name to this land

punta de cotoche

and so it is on the nautical charts

a little further on they found

some men

who were asked how a large town

near by

was called

they say'd

téctetan téctetan

which means
i do not understand you
the spaniards thought
that it was called
so
and corrupting the vocal
they called it forever
yucatán
and such a name will never fall out of use
and named
its own name
saying
berú
and added another
and say'd
pelú
wanted to say

if you ask me my name

and i say berú

and if you ask me where i was

i say

that i was in the river

the christians understood con-
forming to their desire imagining that the indian had un-
derstood and responded in turn as if he and they had
spoken in spanish and from that time that was
the year fifteen hundred and fifteen or sixteen they
called that rich and great empire perú corrupting
both names as the spaniards corrupt almost all
vocables that they take from the language of the indians

but nothing is corrupted

if on the adventure
a tongue announces that which one hears
and another word

is born

or the translucent name

of a scream

— having sighted the high

hill

called capira

that is above the city

of nombre de dios / name of god

they said

— requesting greetings from the ship's crew —

be it in the name of god mates

that i see the mainland

and so it was called

afterwards

nombre de dios the city

that there was founded

and its coast tierra firme the mainland

or when the trance

says its appearance

— already on board the ships

we discovered that they were missing

fifty-seven mates

among them two carried off alive

and five

that we threw into the sea

who died

of their wounds

and of the thirst that they had suffered

we were fighting

in those battles

a little over a half an hour

this town was called pontochan

and in the nautical charts

they gave it

the name

the pilots and sailors

bahía de mala pelea bay of the bad fight

hidden embankment
 reality
 surviving

— so it was called
 by a spaniard
 called

pedro serrano
 whose ship
 was lost

near there

and he alone escaped by swimming
 since he was a great swimmer

and arrived at that island
 that is

unpopulated

uninhabitable
 without water or wood

here he lived
 seven years
 by dint of his industry and skill
 that he had in order to

have

wood and water

and to make fire

from whose name

they called

serrana

that island and serranilla

another

closer to it

to differentiate

the one from the other

words
are lacking
for
the
form
of
naming

the excursion

afterwards
 at the 52nd degree on the same course
 we encountered

on the day of the eleven thousand virgins
 a strait
 whose cape we denominated
 the eleven thousand virgins
 by a grand miracle

that strait
 is in length 110 leagues
 that are 400 miles and a width

— more or less —
 about a half a league and goes

to fall into another sea
 called the pacific sea
 surrounded
 by extremely high mountains with snow-covered peaks

it was not possible to pass
 because it was not deep enough
 unless we went straight
 for some 25 or 30 fathoms
 from
 shore
 and

we

with the other two ships
— the flagship trinidad by name
and the
victoria —
we dropped anchor
in the protection of the bay
it happened that night
a strong onshore wind
such
that we were compelled
to raise anchors and let
our caravels dance around
in the bay as much as they could
the other two on course
it was going to end up being impossible
to round a cape
that opened to them
at the end
of that gorge
or to return to us
with which
without any doubt
their end

was the
violent crash with some shallows

extremely close to the end
of the funnel

and all taking themselves
for corpses
they sighted
a miniscule mouth
that did not look like a mouth
but rather a corner
and towards there
they abandoned themselves

those abandoned by hope

in this way
they discovered the strait
despite everything

since
seeing that it was not a corner
but rather a pass
they entered it until
finding
a cove

going up even further
 they came to know another strait
 and a third bay
 larger than those first two
 with joyful spirits
 they returned to the previous point
 so that
 the captain-general would know

 we gave them up as lost
 first
 because of the immense storm
 and then
 because two days
 had passed
 since separating

 and
 even
 believing
 to be signals of a shipwreck
 some smoke
 that two sailors made to us
 from land
 which

they sent to let us know the news

finding ourselves in those

thoughts

we saw appear

both boats

under full sail

and approaching

the flags whipping in the breeze

together with ours

deafened the air with cannon-fire and shouts

afterwards

the four lined up

giving thanks to god and the virgin mary

we went forward in search of the beyond

entering

through that strait

we noted

two mouths

one to the sirocco

another to the garbino

the captain-general

sent forward the ship

san antonio

in company with the

concepción

in order to
 see if
 the mouth on the side of the sirocco strait
 emptied into the pacific

the ship san antonio
 did not want to wait

the concepción
 since
 it had proposed to flee
 in order to return to spain
 which it did

its pilot
 esteban gómez his name
 hated without limits
 the captain-general
 because
 before

our fleet was fitted out
 he had
 gone to the emperor
 to arrange

to have
 some caravels to
 find lands

but
 with the appearance of the captain-general
 his majesty
 did not give them to him

in that ship
 the other giant went
 that we had captured
 but he died
 as soon as they entered
 the heat zone

the concepción
 incapable
 of keeping up with the former
 was waiting for it
 innocently plying hither and thither
 ignoring
 that the san antonio
 taking advantage of the night
 had returned
 and
 hiding by its companions
 had reached
 the mouth by where before they had entered

continued in the endeavor
 of exploring the garbino mouth

we

traversing the strait carefully

we arrived
 at a river
 that we called
 the river of sardines

in accordance with
 the large number of them
 in its sandbar
 and we went
 entertaining ourselves in everything
 for four days
 in order

to make time
 in which the other
 joined us

during those days

we sent

a well-furnished boat

to

watch the cape

of the other sea

it returned

at twilight of the third day
and explaining to us
that they had encountered the cape

yes

and the wide sea
also

the captain-general

cried

from happiness

designating that

cabo deseado desired cape

because it had been long

desired and

much sought

in the
limpidity are there no examples?

the aletheireal
is
smooth and divine
and resides there
above
with the gods
while
the pseudo
remains here
below
with most of the other
men

rough and
goat-like

and it is here
in goat-like life
that are encountered
most of the other
myths
and pseudos

this is plato
in cratylus

and in the mouth
 of the cave

jorge and tronquoy
 april 65
 he
 approached
 elías
 alejandrópulos
 shepherd
 via signals

 they understood each other
 via signals
 jorge
 on the rock
 indicated the colors

 continued
 with the paint brush

 the cracks
 the sun

is born of moss

 and tronquoy

in the mouth
 of the cave
 suspends

 the mobile

makes
 the sky tremble

understood this gift
 and the next
 day
 returned
 with other
 elders to the cave
 and they shared
 cheese
 and bread
 with us
 and this
 they did
 and
 he
 elías alejandrópulos
 via signs
 signaled
 the goats
 and then
 whistled
 and the goats lay down
 and then
 whistled
 and the goats got up

and then
 whistled and whistled
and lying down and getting up
 the goats danced
 while he

elías alejandrópulos
 was whistling and whistling

and this happened
 in delphi

in the mouth
 of the cave

then the abyssal appears when the abyssal? when the
 country of eyes the valid because visible is abruptly separated
 from that which steps and passage settle

america is abyssal

it arises like a monster for us and an impediment to pas-
 sage

but this abrupt edge coast of contrasts columbus
 calls it is transformed almost immediately into nothing more than
 distance flattening that which is abrupt desolating in order to be able
 to install forgetting the abyssal with a veil but at the wrong time or
 mishap before or after that which is set they awake those who more
 properly belong to the abyss the giant sons of gaia the earth and that
 which until then seemed to be ground is broken torn and through ir-
 ruption appears something irreducible to a unity of measurement enor-
 mous and without plan

this irruption appears like violence vio-

lation of an order negative that razes with the installation

sometimes we have recognized and taken it for authentic and autoch-
 thonous civilization and barbarism is the subtitle of facun-
 do but immediately this vertiginous traction of a center has been
 upset in favor of a false polarization that forces us to take the side of
 sarmiento or rosas of o'higgins or carrera

rarely

has there been someone who has known to celebrate the irruption so euclides da cunha the brazilian writer in os sertões tells the story of the death of a rebel

he was still panting exhausted from being dragged and shoved from the fight in which he was taken he was tall and lean it was denounced in his shredded frame the rigors of hunger and battle the emaciation made him appear taller lightly bowed his hair inordinately long drowning his narrow and fugitive brow and his face where the prognathism was accentuated and disappeared into the thick hairiness of his beard was a bruised and filthy mask he arrived staggering his step tottering and unsure his wooly head his meager face his flattened nose over thick lips half-opened over his teeth oblique and protruding small eyes sparkling brightly inside of deep sockets long bare arms oscillating they gave the repellant appearance of a valetudinarian orangutan

he didn't cross the threshold of the tent
 he was an animal not worth the effort of interrogating
 the general silva barbosa in the hammock in which he was convalescing from recent injuries made a gesture a corporal of the squadron grasped the intention approaching him with the noose diminutive in stature meanwhile he had a hard time trying to put the noose around the neck of the condemned who however calmly helped him undo the knot redid it with his own hands and hanged himself

nearby a first-class lieutenant and fifth-year medical student contemplated that scene

and they saw the wretched man be transformed barely after the first steps towards his execution

from that scragly and repugnant skeleton barely
 supported by his long withered legs they shone suddenly
 admirable lines terribly sculptural of a
 stupendous plasticity

 a statuesque masterpiece molded out of mud
 being rectified suddenly the disheartened spread of the black man
 was now aplomb vertical and rigid in a beautiful attitude singu-
 larly elevated the head affirming itself above the shoulders that
 were thrown back expanding the chest raised in a defiant gesture of
 noble arrogance and the gaze in a masculine flash illuminated his
 forehead resolutely impassible and firm mute immobile visage
 the severely worn-out muscles standing out against his bones with
 an impeccable demeanor he had become a statue an old statue of a
 titan buried for four centuries and surfacing blackened and muti-
 lated in that immense ruin of canudos

then how instead of desolating and flattening and grading in order
 to forget the abyss how could we console it?

only consoled is the earth only achieves ground caring for the abyss
 only ground is that which guards the abyss that which accommodates
 the irruption and gives proportion to the trance

to be entranced is to live with amazement a shock of rupture and a
 jolt of the abyss it is to be witnesses of this contiguity of violence
 and of the giant

in this way bolívar in letters from 1830

the situation of america is so singular and so horrible that it is not possible for any man to flatter himself to conserve the order for a long time not even a city i believe even more that the entirety of europe could not accomplish this miracle until after having extinguished the race of the americans or at least the representative part of the people without remaining with any more than passive beings never have i considered a danger so universal as that which now threatens the americans — i have said it badly posterity never saw a scene as frightening as america offers more for the future than for the present because where has anyone imagined an entire world falling into a frenzy and devouring its own race like cannibals?

you know that i have ruled for twenty years and from them have drawn only a few sure conclusions — 1st america is ungovernable for us 2nd whoever serves a revolution ploughs the sea 3rd the only thing one can do in america is emigrate 4th this country will infallibly fall into the hands of the unrestrained multitude and then pass to almost imperceptible petty tyrants of all colors and races 5th devoured by all the crimes and extinguished by ferocity the europeans won't even dignify conquering us 6th if it were possible for a part of the world to revert to primitive chaos this would be the last period of america

being entranced bolívar found himself stunned and nude all that
 which had been installed here appeared groundless and false how
 then being entranced to learn to live with the monster?
 how to become intimate with its threat if this threat is that which is
 our lot the most inalienable part of our heritage?

there was someone who knew how to live and construct
 starting from the abyss and fernández de oviedo tells this in the
 general and natural history of the indies —

proceeding in the other third
 type of house i say that in the province of abrayme which is in
 the said castilla del oro and around there close by there are many
 towns of indians set in trees and in them they have their houses and
 abodes and respective chambers in which they live with their
 wives and children and through the tree ascends a woman with her
 son in her arms as if it were over flat land using some steps that
 they have tied with vines or strands of liana string and below all
 the terrain are swamps of low water or at least stagnant and some
 parts of these lakes are deep and there they have canoes that
 are in a way boats made of a concave tree
 of the size that they want them and from there they leave to
 flat and dry land to plant their corn and yuca and sweet po-
 tatoes and ajues and the other things that they use for suste-
 nance and in that way these indians' settlements and villages are of
 this form to be more secure from animals and wild beasts from
 their enemies and stronger and without fear of fire

in this way irrupted america and became entranced
 this is its origin — to be entranced
 to be entranced not from a before to an after not from a barbarism
 to a civilization but rather presently entranced
 present only is that which has a destiny
 destiny only is a fidelity to the origin
 america has destiny when it has present its irruption and its emer-
 gence

destroying the figure of the world the abyss was offered without warning
 and through its face or sight became present the multiplication and
 abundance of the earth as a treasure

the golden age for eu-
 rope is a utopia but we have it presently if we understand it
 as sheltering and making space for the earth in its multiple urgency

and so
said mourão
mello mourão
gerardo
as the rebuke of the gospel
caritas cristi
urges us
love of america
because
from the beginning of time
to the poet
was attributed
the divinatory
gift of things
no one
is the bearer
like the poet
of the
essence of human history
inside of which
are elaborated destinies
and therefore we feel here
now

begins a new era
 of history
 with the
 epiphany of america

a mysterious place
 where were given
 all the races of the world

rendez-vous
 for the first time
 since the division of the tower
 of babel

in the extremity or summit
 of the earth
 or desolate
 america
 meditate
 on the underdeveloped
 situation
 of our homelands
 this underdevelopment
 for our
 ancestors for
 the generation before ours
 this underdevelopment
 of south american countries
 was a sign of optimism
 and hope

all our politicians
 in their electoral campaigns
 when they spoke
 of america's underdevelopment
 they spoke of it
 like of a
 reflection
 or echo
 of adolescence
 of our countries
 and of adolescence
 in this way
 of hope
 we were all
 countries of the future
 today
 the youth of today
 learn
 that underdevelopment
 is a humiliating thing
 we all
 refer to it
 with resentment
 and with shame
 and it is taught
 to the youth in all of america
 the major sin
 that we can commit against the homelands is
 the sin of alienation
 before such
 underdevelopment
 alienation
 of the economic process
 to which
 marx referred

there is another
 alienation that is a
 major sin
 alienation of the divinatory
 powers of poetry
 it tears
 in the calendar the date
 epiphany of america
 this seems
 to the men of good sense
 unreason or an imprudence
 poetry
 together with it
 so that america might have
 science
 through this imprudence
 is raised against the alienation
 of its destiny
 in order to acquire
 consciousness
 that sung by the poet of my language
 camoens
 who sang to the men
 that were endangered by seas
 never

before navigated
 by this
 verse

that are great and wonderful things
 that the world conceals the imprudent men

conjures

the true earth
 is conjured in the idiom

(the luso-spanish language its poetry did not reach this conti-
 nent feat until the sound of camoens miner light of the
 heart)

let us reach the intimacy
 where

the voice is its own threat
 song or confluence

urgency
 the first news
 celebration
 east

of the giants
 by free release
 to naïve and genuine
 the

son
 of appearance

to be oriented one wants to say — in the most proper sense of the word based on a given region of the world (in which we divide the horizon in four) to encounter the remainders — namely the east — if i see the sun in the sky and i know that now it is noon then i know also to encounter the south — the west — the north and the east — but for this i need precisely the feeling of a difference in my own person — that is to say of my right and left hand — i call this a feeling because these two sides do not outwardly and intuitively show any appreciable difference — without that faculty — in the description of a circle without needing in it any difference between objects and without distinguishing the movement that goes from the left hand to the right from that of its opposite sense and through it to distinguish a priori a difference in the position of the objects — i would not know if perhaps i ought to put the west to the right or to the left of the southern point of the horizon and so ending the circle passing through the north and the east in order to return again to the south — in this way i orient myself geographically with all of the objective data with respect to the sky only by means of a subjective principle of distinction — and if miraculously some day — all the constellations maintained the same form and the same reciprocal position and their direction that before was east — would now come to be west — it would happen that in the first clear night no human eye would note the most minimal change and even the astronomer if they only paid attention to that which they see and not at the same time to that which they feel would remain inevitably disoriented

which map?

not european

sun
rises to the left
of whoever gazes
towards the cold

sun rises
to the right of whoever
gazes towards
the cold

as in europe

sun

continent
turned

as it appears to the european
that arrives in the normal
fashion to america (columbus)
by the surface
of the earth

continent
turned
and
inverted

sun

continent seen by
dante when he's going
to leave hell
that is leaving from
underneath the earth

or trajectory

of the
sun e

equator

sun

continent
inverted

the least european
of all of the 4

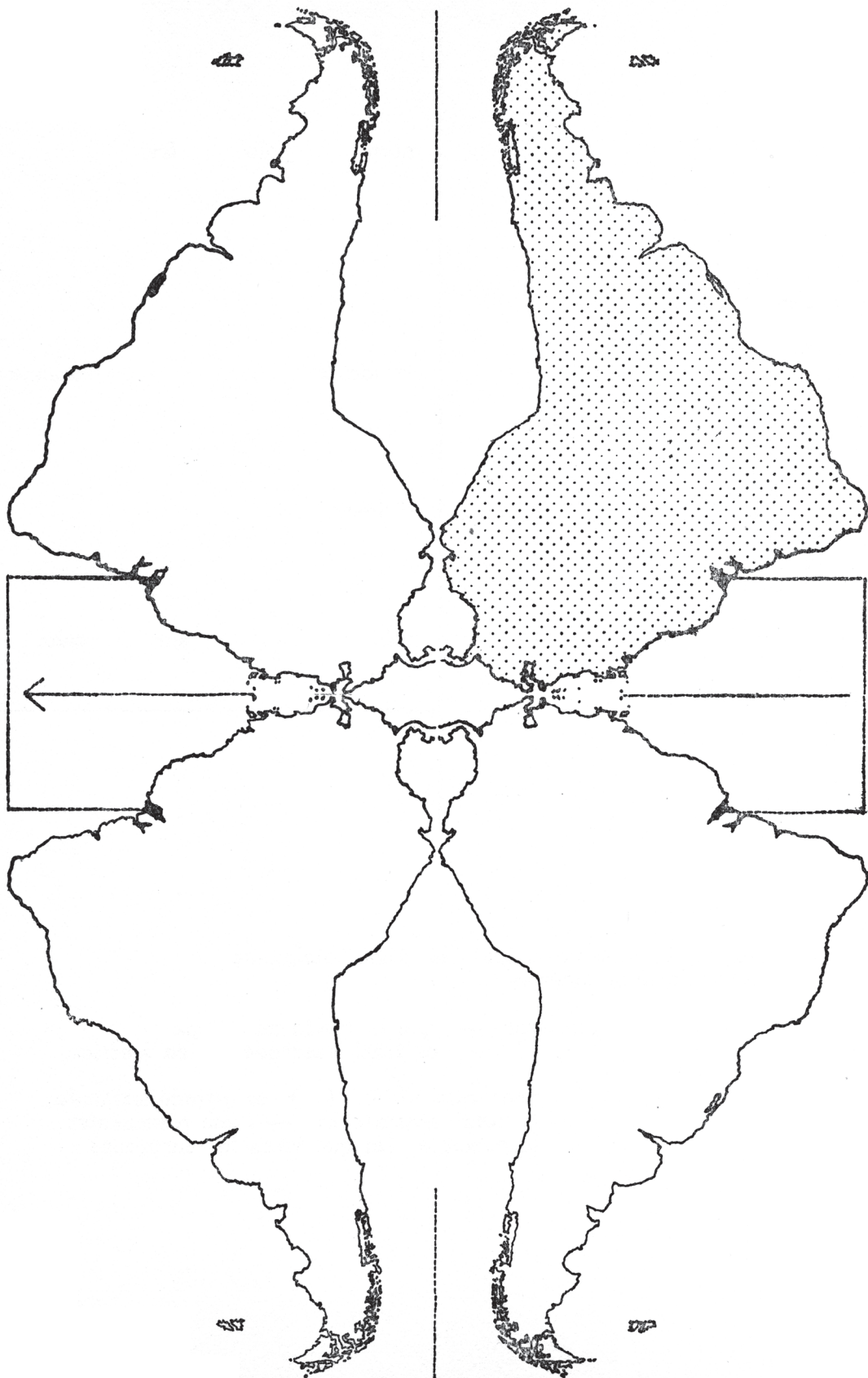
sun
rises to
the left of whoever
gazes to the south
(heat)
like in europe

sun

geographic continent

sun rises
to the right
of whoever
gazes towards
the heat

not european



so america
has 2 norths

like africa
the only continents thus
a single south
except in the interior of each
country — various south
since there are various countries
the south is one geographi-
cally — multiple national-
ly
the north
is double and multiple

north pole cold

occident orient

tropics

sun south heat

this is the vision un-lived the totally transcendent
vision of america

to meditate — that the lived in europe
is total transcendence in america

since this vision () is paradoxically
the total abstraction — that reenounters
the concrete (that which europeans live)



what is this turned and inverted america?
it is america seen from the earth!
 seen from below in other words
from where dante comes and where the dead are

it might be the first step in any case it is paradoxically
the most profound sight – before and after all dwelling

nord	ner	—	below	north	—	downwards
east	birds	—	shining		—	daybreak
south	relative of super				—	up
west	relative of hesperus				—	the evening

septentrion
hyperborea
aquilon

ursa major

aquila

orion
euros

meridies
auster

occidens

the four directions are sustained
 everything in south america
 is complicated when it deals with inhabiting the surface

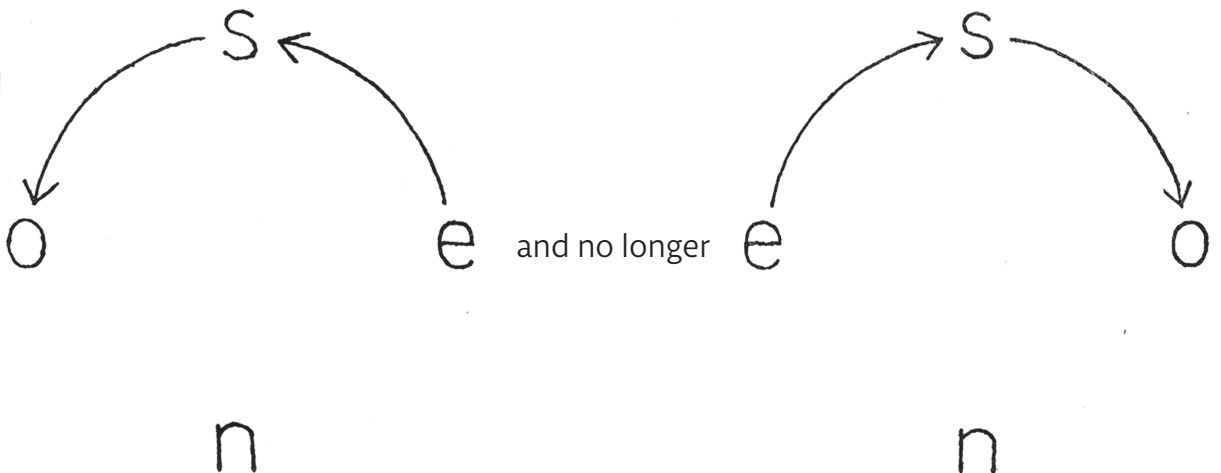
in effect
 if the northern reference is conserved the sun without a doubt rises
 to the east but goes towards the north while the south never sees it

if on the contrary the map is turned around the north is
 undoubtedly the cold and the absence of sun but the sun rises on the
 right-hand side of whoever looks towards the south

dwelling

ought to modify orientation in advance

to say



this is to see a new sun
that is a not-apollo

nothing can be perfectly transposed in south america this
comes first of all from the stars constellations and from the
sun

the paradoxes

america south america so for reference latin

if truly latinity is post-virgilian (that is more precisely from the middle ages) because there are two latinities — pre-roman latinity and imperial or imperialist latinity the latinity of america is imperial it is the mixture of all the diverse elements by means of language latin america is a phenomenon unique in the world of unity from tierra del fuego to new mexico as the transposition to a greater theater than that which was the last roman empire with its deep ties and its (re)nascent particularities in south america however is the land

still to know completely is the relation of that which is introduced there and of that which continues subterraneously there

south america covers again the area that the ancient civilizations covered before the discovery at the northern and the southern parts of this area that is to say grosso modo the united states and canada on the one hand and on the other patagonia there is nothing more than the land alone without its own production

the united states (and perhaps patagonia) are therefore the ideal terrain for an experience there is lent a virgin space for that which comes from without — eg in the united states takes place the first european revolution

in south america that which comes from elsewhere is always in the first place absorbed by that which emerges genuinely from the land that which is european cannot unfold there in freedom but rather only insofar as the properly american is erased before it

two levels —

the american land as virgin land that provokes unfolding in freedom

the american land as fertile — as having already produced a civilization (that is the mystery)

the two do not cease from interfering in south america

amereida

and its admitted reference to the aeneid

analogy – neither of the two are direct spontaneous

the aeneid only makes sense in reference to the iliad

and the odyssey

everything is in the comprehension of the verse by hölderlin –

was bleibt aber stiften die dichter

what does stiften want to say?

it is not to found and it is to found to give occasion stiften is the donor
 he whose present or gift makes possible a realization
 the poet is such a donor on which can be realized that which is
 delayed

virgil as donor of latinity

in the sense
 of medieval latinity — all that which was recognized as such after the
 roman empire therefore that which could not have a premonition
 (be suspect)

stiften is not to found shit! it is
 to set the sojourn in its proper rhythm
 it is to give the frame later the first
 start-up kick to give money is a
 manner of founding —

of what will amereida be the donor?

i think what is proper to america is much more secret than simple fluidity — the possibility for every man to be that which he can be etc
 this great american fluidity or freedom is not — in fact — anything more than the ending of a european process — it is in europe where this liberation begins — america only provides a propitious terrain (as if one were to say that the potato is european because in europe it was cultivated intensely)

latinity as a specific set of statutes between greek and hesperian
 for the greek latin is hesperian
 for the hesperian it is greek

(hölderlin understands greece in france in bordeaux)

valparaíso just as surely other american cities in the period that followed independence lived a heroic epoch in which destiny and progress seemed to be identified and the urban works were commissioned they came installed this or that and immediately left after some time these or others commissioned returned and executed another step in this way the permanent part of the city was constructed thus through an intermittent action an action that left and returned returning there is an arriving that is returning even more all arriving is a returning so as the dawn is a perpetual returning we live oriented by the word returning in the resurrection we return to our flesh resuscitating it is the royal word word of the king that which never remains without word for it tomorrow we depart in order to begin traversing america in order to arrive at it to return to it

a good calculation involves memory attention to detail the epic head very different from the lyrical-elegiac head retains everything capable of a vast historical panorama but fair it does not trust the always hazardous interpretations that never play all for all rejecting the wager that bets on failure over the rejection of precaution it preserves its law (its maxim) its own rule that seems ridiculous to the people of the country that it crosses because the diversity of the laws of the country that the epic poem crosses in traveling if it were to try to respect them each one by one they would leave us each time without ammunition without experience ruined by the versatility

its project is oriented towards a sight (sight of the spirit without a doubt since there is no other) that seems false in the sense of impossible that is to say whose strict application cannot be sustained — circumstantially the voyage of south america through its center is too unrealizable — and it is in this way that the amereida is done diverting from its needle





the road is not the road

may 15, 1967

Both the composition and the formal structure of the poem refer to the first edition, as well as the original format and images. The page numbering follows the proposal for the 1986 edition of the Taller de Investigaciones Gráficas of the Escuela de Arquitectura UCV - Universidad Católica de Valparaíso.

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