

MURO SUR

artes visuales

N ° 4, November 2021

I SAW IT BY EAR

MURO SUR

in collaboration with

ROZENSTRAAT

a rose is a rose is a rose

Amsterdam

14 NOVEMBER-12 DECEMBER 2021

I saw it by ear is based on the recorded voices by artists describing an artwork to be. Through their narrations the artworks are activated in the mind of the public.

For the exhibition at ROZENSTRAAT, the art initiative Muro Sur gathered a group of Chilean artists coming from different backgrounds and generations. For the first time in Amsterdam, they present sound pieces that give an unforeseen panorama of the Netherlands.

This handout reproduces all the transcriptions to the audio pieces contained in the installation 'I saw it by ear'. Translations of the texts to English, were made in the case of Dutch, Arabic, Spanish and German language. Every number in this list corresponds to the number on the spot in the installation where the piece is played.

N ° 1

Audio Cristián Silva

Duration: 1- indeterminate, 2-3:55, 3- 0:52

English translation and transcript part one

1.- Sound of the Contreras Shark (el tiburón Contreras) swimming in the open sea.

English translation and transcript part two

2. Song with which Holland competed in the 1981 Viña Festival.

English translation and transcript part three

3.- Car alarm (typically heard in Chile in 1990 – 2000).

N ° 2

Relato Menonita, 2021

Audio Francisca García Gutiérrez

Duration: 5:13 min

Voice translation: Madelon van Schie

Dutch translation and transcript

Menoniet vertelling

De laatste jaren ben ik bezig geweest met het genereren en manipuleren van beelden en geluiden, waarbij ik ze relateer aan verschillende disciplines zoals geschiedenis, literatuur, wetenschap en kunstgenres zoals de landschapskunst.

Mijn werken hebben een hybride karakter omdat ze sculptuur, fotografie en met name geluid en video vermengen.

Verschillende van deze werken zijn het resultaat van mijn verkenningstocht van een gebied waarin ik plekken heb vastgelegd die getuige zijn geweest van gebeurtenissen die geschiedenissen hebben gevormd, en zo de betekenis van een plaats en het landschap wijzigen.

Eén van deze werken was 'Exterior, diorama' uit 2006. Dit werk is gerelateerd aan een fictief verhaal over de mislukte ontsnapping van een jong meisje genaamd Maria uit Colonia Dignidad, een Duitse enclave in het zuiden van Chili.

Het werk 'Dit Boek' uit 2016 onderzoekt Los Menonitas, een religieuze sekte die in koloniën is georganiseerd. De pacifistische tak van de christelijke beweging, de anabaptisten of wederdopers, is een radicale groep van de Reformatie, die ontstond in de 16e eeuw. De oprichter van deze doopsgezinden was de Nederlandse priester Menno Simons, die hielp bij het organiseren en leiden van de groepen die zich over heel Europa verspreidden.

Ook kwamen zij naar Latijns-Amerika om zich daar te vestigen in zeer gesloten kolonies, met hun eigen wetten en met maar weinig scholing. In deze kolonies werd de rol van de vrouw beperkt tot het krijgen van

kinderen en het doen van het huishouden. Daarbij mochten vrouwen slechts een paar jaar studeren, veel minder dan mannen.

In 2016 ging ik naar Santa Cruz de la Sierra in Bolivia, waar verschillende mennonieten kolonies zijn. Ik heb de mennonieten diverse keren bezocht en hen stiekem met mijn camera vastgelegd op de jaarmarkt van de stad Los Pozos. Hier waren zij te zien in hun karakteristieke kostuums die in de tijd bevroren leken te zijn.

In Los Pozos verkopen zij hun producten en kopen zij werktuigen om hun landbouwwerkzaamheden en dagelijkse activiteiten uit te voeren. Ik vond sommige van deze voorwerpen zeer merkwaardig. Het waren kinderboeken waarin je ruwe lijntekeningen kon inkleuren van vrouwen die hun huishoudelijke taken deden, zoals voor de kinderen zorgen, de dieren voeren, naaien en eten klaarmaken.

Andere boeken werden gebruikt om "Nederduits" te leren lezen en schrijven, een taal die vandaag de dag in Duitsland niet eens meer wordt gebruikt. Op de jaarmarkt sprak ik met een mennonitische vrouw die haar kind in haar armen droeg. Zij antwoordde mij vriendelijk, totdat haar man naar mij toe kwam en onze dialoog afkapte met een uitdagende en agressieve houding.

Toen besloot ik één van de mennonietenkolonies te bezoeken die het dichtst bij Santa Cruz liggen. Samen met de Chileense curator Rodolfo Andaur maakten we een taxirit die ongeveer een uur duurde. De taxichauffeur bracht ons langs een smalle weg, een zandpad dat parallel liep aan het asfalt. Het was een weg waarlangs karren door paarden werden getrokken. Hier reden de meer dogmatische mennonitische groepen, die weigerden gemotoriseerde voertuigen te besturen.

Om de weg terug te kunnen nemen, bouwden de Mennonieten tunnels onder de weg, zodat ze het zandpad in de andere richting konden volgen. Na enkele minuten reizen, verre van op een gesloten plek te zijn zoals we ons de kolonie voorstelden, bevonden wij ons op een lange weg met erg dorre vegetatie. We zagen er verschillende huizen die zeer ver van elkaar verwijderd stonden, te midden van een desolaat monochroom bruin landschap. De taxichauffeur vertelde ons dat er in één van deze huizen een winkel was gevestigd en dat we misschien naar binnen konden gaan.

We reden het terrein op, stapten uit de auto en begonnen naar het betreffende huis te lopen. Buiten stond een groep mannen gewapend met geweren naar ons te staren.

We gingen het pakhuis binnen dat meer op een bodega leek. Wij vroegen om water, en wat de prijs daarvan zou zijn. De man die aanwezig was antwoordde met een zwaar accent zonder ons in het gezicht te kijken.

We bestelden drie flessen water. Toen ik ging betalen, liet de man het wisselgeld achter op de toonbank zonder me zelfs maar aan te kijken. De situatie was erg gespannen. We bedankten hem en verlieten het huis. Buiten was de groep mannen nog steeds bijeen en zij begonnen herhaaldelijk in de lucht te schieten. Toen begrepen we dat we niet alleen niet welkom waren, maar dat we onmiddellijk moesten vertrekken.

English translation and transcript

Mennonite Narration

In recent years I have worked around the generation and manipulation of images and sounds, relating them to various disciplines such as history, literature, science and art genres such as landscape.

My works have a hybrid character because they mix sculpture, photography, sound and video mainly. Several of these works are produced as a result of an investigation that is associated with a journey of exploration of an area. This allows for the registration of places that witnessed a particular event, that are part of stories that change the meaning of the place and the landscape.

One of these works that takes these aspects was 'Exterior, diorama' from 2006 that was related to Colonia Dignidad, a German enclave in southern Chile. Creating fiction about the failed escape of a young girl named Maria.

In the 2016 work 'Dieses Buch/Este Libro' the research was on The Mennonites, a religious sect that is organized in colonies. Pacifist branch of the Christian movement, the anabaptists or rebaptizers, is a radical group of the Reformation, which originated in the 16th century. The founder of the Mennonites was Dutch priest Menno Simons, who helped organize and lead the groups that spread throughout Europe. They later arrived in Latin America to settle in very closed colonies, with their own laws and very little schooling. In these colonies, the role of women was reduced to having children and taking care of the housework. They were allowed to study for only a few years, less than men.

In 2016 I went to Santa Cruz de la Sierra Bolivia, where there are several Mennonite colonies. I visited and furtively recorded with my camera several times the Mennonites at the Los Pozos fair in this city, where they were seen in their characteristic costumes

that look like they were frozen in time.

In Los Pozos they sell their products and buy implements to carry out their agricultural work and daily activities. Some of these items seemed very curious to me, they were children's books in which you could color very rough line drawings showing women doing their housework such as taking care of the children, feeding the animals, sewing and preparing food.

Other books were used to learn to read and write "Low German", a language that is not even used in Germany today. At this fair I once started talking to a Mennonite woman who was carrying her child in her arms, she started answering me in a friendly way until her husband came up to me and cut off our dialogue with a defiant and aggressive attitude.

Then I decided to visit one of the closest Mennonite colonies to Santa Cruz. Together with the Chilean curator Rodolfo Andaur, we took a cab ride that lasted about an hour. The cab driver took us through a narrow road, a dirt track that ran parallel to the asphalt. Along this parallel road circulated horse-drawn carts of the most dogmatic Mennonite groups that refused to drive motor vehicles.

In order to take the opposite road, the Mennonites built tunnels that passed under the road so they could follow the dirt track in the other direction. After several minutes of travel, far from being in a closed place as we imagined the colony, we found a long road with very dry vegetation in which there were several houses far apart from each other, a desolate monochrome brown landscape.

The cab driver told us that there was a grocery shop in one of those houses and that maybe we could go in and approach it. We entered the property, got out of the car and started walking towards the house. Outside the house there was a group of men armed with rifles staring at us. We entered the grocery that looked more like a cellar. We asked for water, asking its value, and the man who attended answered with a thick accent without looking us in the face.

We ordered three bottles of water, I got closer to pay, the man left the change on the counter without even looking at me. The situation was very tense, so we thanked him and left the house. Outside, the group of men were still gathered and began to shoot in the air, repeatedly. Then we understood that not only were we not welcome, but that we had to leave immediately.

N ° 3

Audio Ignacio Gumucio

Duration: 1:06 min

Spanish transcript

Verso –
De los animales del bosque soy.
el más débil en indefensión
como no sé gruñir
inventé la canción

Uhhh –
[Gemidos indistintos]
[Parloteo indistinto]

English translation and transcript

Verse –
Of the forest's animals I am
the weakest in helplessness
since I can't growl
I invented the song

Uhhh –
[Indistinct Moaning]
[Indistinct chatter]

N ° 4

Audio Voluspa Jarpa

Duration: 1:45 min

Dutch transcript

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*Excerpt of the essay *Cannibals in Holland?* by Joris Escher, March 2019.

Voluspa Jarpa

Radeloos, Reddeloos, Redeloos

Holland was too rich not to be plundered by the bigger European nations, who teamed up against The Republic. The rampjaar (disaster year) 1672 begins. The threat of war is omnipresent. Johan de Witt is blamed by many for the perilous political situation. The government is radeloos (desperate). The land army has been neglected for twenty years. All provinces but the powerful Holland call for Willem III as their Commander.

Johan knows to block this in the first place. In his eyes, it would have meant the end of the Regent government, the end of the 'Ware Vrijheid', true freedom. But against Johan's will, the Prince is appointed Captain-General for only one battle against France. Willem cannot avoid that French crossing the Rhine in June 1672 (neither is it in his interest). The country is reddeloos, without hope of rescue. Willem retreats behind the waterline. Münster and Cologne troops overrun the Provinces, Gelderland, Overijssel, Drenthe, Friesland and Groningen. The population gets redeloos, is losing its mind. Fear of the invading hostile armies and anger against the ruling class, deprives them from reason. The head of government of the Republic, Johan de Witt, is held responsible. The De Witt-brothers are seen as traitors by the people. Every step seems to be perfectly planned and orchestrated. A stream of pamphlets and bitter satires see the light, with texts like: 'One should tear his heart out of his body and smash his head on marble' or 'Belzebub writes from hell, that Kees (Cornelis) de Witt come shall, he expects him in days short, but first his head must be chopped'. The people's anger is still growing.

N ° 5

Audio Cristóbal León & Joaquín Cociña

Duration: 6:31 min

Voice translation: Alex Farrar

Voices: Dante, Dalia, Joaquín

English translation and transcript part one
Cristóbal León

I'm going to make one, two small versions, two automatons of Ana María and Ricardo. They're going to be two tiny miniatures. I'm not sure if they're going to be constantly active, by electricity, or if the person who enters the place will have to activate them with a crank or something like that. What I do know is that they will have an audio. They will be saying something like: "Get us out of here, get us out of here", with something like the voice of a mouse. I imagined it as a squirrel, something like that.

And the movement that they'll have, they'll have like a drill, one with a drill and the other with a hammer hitting the wall, that is, these little figures are going to be looking towards the wall and hitting the wall, trying to break it, very, very slowly, because they're going to be in miniature. I don't know what colour they are. I imagine them more or less monochrome, or maybe made of wood. I don't know. That remains to be seen. But with hairs, for sure, that's the idea ... OK, and the little apes are going to be activated by ... I don't know if they're going to be activated by electricity. I figure, rather, they'll be activated by a crank as a kind of wooden automata which are activated ... of course, like a person ... a mechanical one? Yes, yes. It would be nice if the sound was also activated with a crank, I don't if that's possible, I have study that, with a crank ... like a little music box? Like a little music box.

English translation and transcript part two

Joaquín Cociña

Any question, or do I simply start?

My idea would be to go at least one month to Muro Sur and its offices and try to make a video mixed with animation and with some small intervention, probably about the ghosts of the house. The ghosts of the house where Muro Sur is. I imagine it would be, starting with the closest thing, the ghosts of Ana María and Ricardo, with those they bring along, and from there on trying to investigate who lived there, or who could have lived there, and try to illustrate those ghosts with small animations, videos, small interventions. And for that I would imagine that I am like a kind of medium, that these ghosts of the house become embodied through me and through my work. It would be like a kind of phantasmagorical record of the charge of the house.

Spanish and transcript part three

-Soy Dante. ¿Les gustaría estar conmigo una noche haciendo fiestas? Va a ser muy entretenido.

Joaquín : Cuéntame una historia contada.
Dalia: No quiero porque no puedo,
Joaquín: ¿ No puedes? ¿ por qué no puedes?
Dalia: Porque no puedo.
Dalia: Porque soy muy chiquitita.
Joaquín: Pero si puedes cantar igual.
Dalia: Soy chiquitita yo.
Joaquín: Y que tiene que ver ser chiquitita puh.
Dalia: Que significa chiquitita pequeña pueden doler los dientes.
Joaquín: ¿ Y que tiene que ver los dientes con el cantar?
Dalia: ¡ Nada poh!
Joaquín: ¿ Vas a cantar o no?
Dalia: No quiero.
Joaquín: ¿No?
Dalia: Soy muy chiquitita.
Dalia: EhHoy día les presento a Joaquín Cociña.
Joaquín: ¿ Y yo tengo que hablar? ¿ Y que tengo que decir? Pero, se supone que ibas a cantar tú.

Yo hoy día les presento a Dalia que va hacer una canción.

Voces de Dalia y Dante cantando.

English translation and transcript part three

-I'm Dante. Would you like to join me for a night of partying? It will be fun.

Joaquín: Tell me a story you tell.
Dalia: I don't want to because I can't,
Joaquín: You can't? why can't you?
Dalia: Because I can't.
Dalia: Because I'm too small.
Joaquín: But you can sing anyway.
Dalia: I am very small.
Joaquín: And what does being chiquitita puh have to do with it?
Dalia: What does "chiquitita pequeña" mean, it can hurt your teeth.
Joaquín: And what does having teeth have to do with singing?
Dalia: Nothing poh!
Joaquín: Are you going to sing or not?
Dalia: I don't want to.
Joaquín: No?
Dalia: I'm too little.
Dalia: HeyToday I present Joaquín Cociña.
Joaquín: And I have to talk? And what do I have to say? But, you were supposed to sing.

Today I present to you Dalia, who is going to sing a song.

Dalia's and Dante's voices singing

N ° 6

Audio Marcela Moraga

Duration: 3:22 min

German transcript

Marcela Moraga in Muro Sur drei. Ekphrasis von „Meine Wörter, deine Töne“ Aus dem Tierstimmenarchiv des Museums für Naturkunde Berlin habe ich verschiedene Tierstimmen von Vögeln, Säugetieren und Insekten genommen. Die in Berlin und Brandenburg leben oder dort durchwandern. Mit diesen Tierstimmen habe ich ein Lied komponiert, das ich bei der Karaoke in Mauerpark in Berlin gesungen habe.

[Vielfältige und undeutliche Tiergeräusche]

English translation and transcript

At Muro Sur III, Ekphrasis of My words your sounds.

I collected recordings of animal voices, some birds, mammals, insects that live or transit in Berlin and Brandenburg.

I got the voices from a collection that the Museum of Natural History of Berlin has. With these animal voices I composed a song, which I sang at the karaoke of the Mauerpark in Berlin.

[Varied and indistinct animal sounds.]

N ° 7

Audio Giancarlo Pazzanese

Duration: 6:13 min

Voice original: Camila

Voice translation: Giancarlo Pazzanese

Spanish translation and transcript

Mi nombre es Camila.

Yo vengo de Sudamérica. En el barrio rojo yo comencé a trabajar por una amiga que me trajo de Sudamérica. Y me quedé aquí, me quedé y conocí a mi marido. Ya me hice de él. Estoy viviendo en Amsterdam. Vengo a hacer lo que a mi me gusta que es trabajar en el sexo. Es muy sociable. Los clientes son muy educados. Tienen educación, te tratan muy bien. Yo tengo 15 años ya acá. Tenemos nuestra vida hecha aquí en el Barrio Rojo y nos quieren pasar a otro edificio más lejos. Siempre el barrio rojo desde que tengo entendido ha estado aquí. Siempre, desde el 1600, 1700. Yo soy de la idea de que el Barrio

Rojo se quede en Amsterdam. Ya nos hemos reunido todas las chicas y hemos tenido pláticas con la gemeente (municipalidad). Ojalá que no lo cambien. Sí, nos hemos juntado todas las chicas, las prostitutas que trabajamos en el Red Light con los dueños de cada ventana, teatros y museos. Nos quieren cambiar a otro sector fuera de Amsterdam y no me parece.

El Barrio Rojo es muy bonito, sociable, donde caminas y encuentras cosas diferentes. Te puedes tomar un café en una cafetería y la pasas muy lindo.

El museo aquí en Amsterdam, el Van Gogh Museum. Hay retratos muy bonitos. Me encanta el arte. Me dibujaría. Mi cara, mi rostro, mi pelo: mi figura. Mi escultura. Osea... una mujer, una mujer. Parada, con mi figura. Mi pelo (ríe)... Me encantan los retratos, los cuadros. Con su escultura, su cuerpo. Yo creo que el material... metal para que esté ahí para siempre por que el barrio rojo siempre ha estado aquí. Una mujer. Muy sociable. ¿Cómo me describiría? Buena persona, alta, blanca, rubia, sociable. Me veo bien, los hombres me tratan bien en mi trabajo. Hago bien mi trabajo y ellos se van contentos.

English translation and transcript

My name is Camila.

I come from South America. In the Red Light District, I started working through a friend that brought me from South America. I stayed here, and I met my husband. I got used to him.

I am here living in Amsterdam. I am doing what I want to do, what I like to do which is working in sex. It is very sociable, the clients are very educated, they treat you well.

I have been here 15 years. I have made my life here in this neighborhood, the Red Light District. They want to move us to another building further away. But since I understand The red light district has always been here since the years 1600, 1700. I believe that the red light district should stay in Amsterdam. We gathered with the other girls and we had talks with the municipality. Yes, we gathered here with the other prostitutes from the Red Light, the owners of vitrines, theaters, and museums. They want to move us to another place further away but I do not agree with that.

The Red Light District is very nice, it is sociable, you can walk and encounter different things. You can have a coffee in a cafeteria...and you have a nice time.

I have also been to the Van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam. There are beautiful portraits there. I love art. I would draw myself, I would paint my face. I would draw my figure, my sculpture... A woman, woman, standing up with my figure, my hair (laughs). I love

paintings with their sculpture, their bodies. The material, I think metal. So that is here forever because the Red Light District has always been here.

A woman. Sociable. How would I describe myself? A good person, tall, white, blond, sociable.

I look good, men treat me well in my work. I do good work and my clients are happy.

N ° 8

Audio Francisca Sánchez

Duration: 5:20 min

Voice translation: Joris Escher

Dutch translation and transcript

Notities uit De Ateliers 2004 – 2006, Amsterdam
2 november 2004

Didier had Sofa niet gezien, noch Perro de felpa (pluche hond). Hij wist ook niets van het portret met deken of van de 'lovers' zoals hij het werk noemde. Het had ook een stoel met een zittende figuur, gemaakt van een materiaal tussen triplex en karton, en een paneel met een gekleurd landschap waarop ik wat tenten had geplakt.

Hij draaide zich om, bekeek alles. Daarna ging hij zitten, zette zijn bril af, wreef in zijn ogen; Ik keek naar hem en wachtte totdat hij iets ging zeggen.

Hij begon: "Ik probeer te begrijpen waar dit allemaal over gaat! Ik zie dat je hard hebt gewerkt, ik zie dat je veel hebt gedaan, maar alles wat je hebt gedaan is onderworpen aan een afbeelding, aan een foto."

'Ja' zei ik.

'Ik zie niet in waarom je een afbeelding moet gebruiken als je beeldhouwer bent; ik begrijp niet waarom je moet vasthouden aan het tweedimensionale.'

's Middags kwam Rob langs, Hij herhaalde de handelingen van Didier's; hij liep rond en vroeg me de betekenis van alles. We gingen zitten en ik beschreef wat ik aan het doen was. Ik vertelde hem over het proces, over de foto's die op ruitjespapier waren overgezet, daarna naar levensgroot formaat gebracht om vervolgens, in stukken geknipt, samen een geheel beeld vormden.

Rob onderbrak me: 'What for?'

Ik wist niet wat te zeggen. Ik dacht in het Spaans en zei ter verdediging: ik kan niet stoppen, alleen door het uit te proberen kan ik erachter komen.

De volgende dagen waren net zo moeilijk, ik was duizelig van alles. Ik probeerde af te maken waar ik al aan was begonnen. Alles leek willekeurig en zinloos. De week die volgde kwam er niemand in mijn atelier en

kon ik rustig werken aan kleine objecten uitgaande van foto's en knipsels.

15 mei 2005

Ik weet dat er een luciditeit bestaat die zich niet richt op het model maar op iets anders, zoals in de schilderijen van Emile. Als ik die zie, is het niet hun relatie met de werkelijkheid die me raakt; het is de manier waarop de verf wordt gebruikt als bouw materiaal en niet als de kleur waarmee men alle afzonderlijke dingen schildert; alles in die schilderijen is in elkaar gezet als een weldoordacht werk; erg mooi.

Ik heb ervoor gekozen om koppen te maken, deze koppen zijn ongewild getransformeerd in modellen van nieuwe koppen, met andere materialen en kleuren. Aan de tekeningen, die ik niet had afgemaakt, ben ik ook weer begonnen, ook van karton.

Augustus 2005

De grens ligt niet in de dingen, noch in de wereld; de ervaring der dingen bepaalt de grens. De sculpturen, als ze alleen door handen werden gevoeld en niet gezien, zouden zomaar geen einde kunnen hebben; we zouden volumes kunnen voelen die naar buiten komen en naar binnen gaan als we ze aanraken. In dit geval is de grens van het lichaam het meest ondoordringbare oppervlak. Het oppervlak is waar zicht en aanraking elkaar ontmoeten.

Juni 2006

Ik heb de tijd bevroren in mijn werk.

Als ik besluit om met delen van het menselijk lichaam aan de slag te gaan, verschijnt de onverschilligheid.

Ik denk aan de benen, armen en hoofden als fysiek bewijs van een bestaan dat niet langer bij een lichaam hoort, ze maken deel uit van een verzameling onafhankelijke stukken. In de sculpturen die ik heb gemaakt met foto's en afbeeldingen zie ik deze open houding. Het leven overdenken vanuit de dood, vanuit de verdwijning. Vanuit de nivellering of de onverschilligheid ziet het leven er uit als gekkenwerk.

De verwoesting van de dood laat alle dingen en mensen achter als losgeraakt, er zijn geen slachtoffers maar er zijn doden.

Het leven gewijd aan het begrijpen van de uitputting. Ik heb mezelf toegewijd aan het begrijpen, maar het is me onmogelijk om geen conclusies te trekken.

Ik zoek in het artistieke een uitlaatklep die mijn verstand vastgrijpt en die mij het gelukkige leven laat zien, waar de dood verdwijnt, samen met ons.

Spanish original translation and transcript

Notas de ateliers 2004-2006,

Amsterdam

2 de noviembre de 2004

Didier no había visto sofá, ni perro de felpa, tampoco sabía del retrato con frazada ni de los 'lovers' como lo llamó. Tenía además un sitial con una figura sentada, de un material entre cholguán y cartón, y un tablero con un

paisaje coloreado al que le pegué unas carpas. Se dio una vuelta, miró todo.

Se sentó, se sacó los anteojos, se sobó los ojos; yo lo miraba esperando una palabra.

Y empezó: "¡trato de entender de qué se trata todo esto! Veo que has trabajado, veo que has hecho mucho, pero todo lo que has hecho está sujeto a una imagen, a una fotografía."

Sí, asentí yo.

"No veo por qué tienes que partir de una imagen si tu eres escultora, no veo por qué tienes que amarrarte a lo plano."

En la tarde vino Rob, que repitió el gesto de Didier, dio una vuelta y me preguntó por el sentido de todo.

Nos sentamos y describí lo que estaba haciendo, le hablé del proceso, de las fotos traspasadas a papel milimetrado, de su paso a tamaño real, luego a géneros recortados en piezas que armaban una imagen total.

Rob me interrumpió: What for?

Me quedé en blanco. Pensé en castellano y dije en mi defensa: No puedo parar, es probando como puedo descubrirlo.

Los días siguientes fueron igualmente difíciles, estaba mareada con todo, traté de terminar lo que ya había empezado y, todo parecía arbitrario y sin sentido. La semana que siguió nadie visitó mi taller y pude trabajar en objetos pequeños a partir de fotos y recortes.

15 de mayo de 2005

Sé que existe esa lucidez que no tiene su foco en el modelo sino en otra parte, como sucede en las pinturas de Emile, al verlas no es su relación con la realidad lo que me conmueve, es la manera en que la pintura es tratada como un material de construcción y no como el color con el que se pinta cada una de las cosas, todo en esas pinturas está construido como un trabajo meditado, es muy lindo.

Elegí hacer cabezas, estas cabezas se han ido transformando sin quererlo en los modelos de nuevas cabezas, con otros materiales y colores. Los dibujos que había dejado de hacer los he retomado, además del cartón.

Agosto de 2005

El límite no está en las cosas, ni en el mundo, el límite lo pone la experiencia de las cosas.

Las esculturas si solo fueran palpadas por las manos y no vistas, podrían no tener fin, podríamos notar volúmenes que salen y entran al tocarlos. En ese caso, el borde del volumen es la superficie intraspasable de todo. La superficie es donde coinciden vista y tacto.

Junio 2006

He congelado el tiempo en mis trabajos.

Cuando decido empezar a trabajar con partes del cuerpo humano aparece la indiferencia. Pienso en las piernas, los brazos y cabezas como evidencias físicas de una existencia que han dejado de pertenecer a un cuerpo, son parte de un inventario de piezas independientes. En las esculturas que he realizado con fotografías e imágenes, veo este

desprejuicio.

Pensar la vida desde la muerte, desde la desaparición. Desde la igualación o la indiferencia la vida se ve como una locura.

La devastación de la muerte deja todo desenchajado y sobrando, no hay víctimas pero hay muertos.

La vida dedicada a entender su agotamiento. Yo me he dedicado a entender pero me resulta imposible no llegar a conclusiones.

Busco en el hacer artístico una salida que se apodere de mi razón y que me muestre la vida encantada, donde la muerte desaparece junto con nosotros.

Nº 9

Audio Carlos Navarrete

Duration: 3:27 min

Voice translation: Marianna Maruyama

English translation and transcript

Carlos Navarrete

Orientations for building a portable garden, a project to be realized at Muro Sur, Amsterdam, September 2017

I

- Today I want to wander through the streets of Amsterdam simply to look for what I usually can't find. And what is it that I can't find?

- A beautiful, simple and poetic object, whose constructive nature makes it possible to house a portable garden.

- In other words, I need an object seductive enough for me to say: This is what I am looking for!

- Sometimes I think I could find it in the Museumplein area, near the Van Gogh Museum or in the vicinity of the supermarket, Albert Heijn, just around the corner from the Stedelijk Museum and those bookstores and musical scores that, crossing the street, sometimes shout at me: Your object is not here, here are the books and music you like to listen to so much!

- I also imagine that this object is in some corner, in the streets of the Jordaan, that neighbourhood of bars and shops I like to visit so much, alone or with Ana María, since we always, before wandering through it, have a beer or a coffee there, regardless whether it's summer or winter.

II

- Amsterdam and its streets, its canals too, are full of objects like the one I'm looking for. But I still can't find it.

- For that reason, I will assume that I have found it and I will imagine the elements that will constitute the natural order, which I will call "garden".

III

- Suppose that this found object is a bedside table of simple shapes and flat colours. That meeting already presages a vegetal ordering of an oriental kind, with stones, sand and something remotely natural, like the Zen gardens I once admired in Japan.

- But if it is a simple wooden box, or a cardboard one, one of those used to transport fruits from faraway places, I will make a Western type of ordering, like a seedbed, one that, instead of medicinal herbs or cooking herbs, has a concentration of cacti, which in their ordering form a geometric micro-ordering.

- However, if I don't find it, I'll just imagine that that object is a model for a possible garden. That is to say, a small prototype of what that oriental or western garden would be, fitted with stones or cacti, according to the nature of its origin.

IV

- Once I've finished it, I will have to think about where I will place this production in Ana Maria's home. In a way it will be the visible object of a trip through the streets and canals of old Amsterdam, which in a certain way also will be the testimony of my presence, now turned into absence, reflected in that sum of times, comings and goings, that shaped this ordering of found objects.

Santiago de Chile, March 2017

N ° 10

Audio Juan Castillo

Duration: 1:35 min

Voice translation: Matthew Greensides

English translation and transcript

Juan Castillo

When you told me about this idea of doing a new version of Muro Sur, very soon the idea came to me of doing something and that something I'm sure that, if I make it, will change. But, at this moment, in the state it is, it really is a very simple thing, that has to be in the middle of a room, and it's a projection on fabric, on two sides, so that they show through, one image infecting one another. And they're very simple. They're two interviews, at medium range, with a young Chilean of the new generation who lives in Sweden. And I want to find some Dutch person of the

new generations of immigrants. And the only thing I want is they tell me how they live in their country. That's the kind of the idea. Well, maybe I'll change the question, but my idea is they tell me about life, how they perceive the country where they live, which values they find in that country. They're relatively long interviews, because, with very minimal editing, the idea is the two infect each other. So there will be a kind of Babel Tower sound of Spanish, with Dutch or English, and, in addition, one image will pass to the other side, and the other will go to the other side.

N ° 11

Audio Francisca Khamis Giacoman

Duration: 2:53 min

Voices: Labibe Khamis, Siwar Kraitem,

Francisca Khamis Giacoman

Sound design: Arif Kornweitz

English transcript

Look, this is a very nice memory.

We were all there. I remember it was... You saw the Excer, there we slept Isaac, Bishara, Habib, Shoukre, George, Labibe, Sofia, my father and mother

And we all slept there. And people would ask Sofia: sing sing!

I don't know, I remember... We had a radio. We opened the window there was a radio like this

We left a chain, a chain. From the window for us to listen: Abdel wahab, Farid el-Atrash, Asmahan

Listen listen listen listen! Listen listen!

Imagine all of us together

My dad's name is Yedallah. My mom Helwe. My brother... but my dad has been married twice. First marriage, she was also called Helwe... And she had 4 children: Abdallah, ummm Marta, Labibe, Isaac. My siblings: Bishara, Habib, Shukre, George, Labibe, Sofia. 6, plus 4, 10

The year 48. We went, we returned to Beit Jala. Because in Haifa the war started there. We all went back to BeitJala. Later, my brothers, after some time, they all three came to Chile. Bishara, Habib, Shukre. George stayed with us and died there in Beit Jala.

And... But here when we started to open the business in Lastra, my brother Bishara was in the garage. And I ... Can I tell you how?

We started working, like this ... we slept in one bed, the two of us. We took out the sheet and hung it on the window like this to make it as a vitrin. I put on the shirt, the petticoat, and the shorts. People came out of the market: Oh how beautiful the petticoat! How cute the shirt! Come in lady! We did not know how to say other words than "come in lady". And

we open, we begin to sell, little by little. We learned.

Spanish transcript

Mira, ojalá, este recuerdo es muy bonito.

Este, éramos todos. Me acuerdo era... Tu lo viste el Excer, que la pieza. Dormía Isaac, Bishara, Habib, Shoukre, George, Labibe, Sofia, mi papá y mi mamá

Y dormíamos todos. Y la gente le pedía a la Sofia: canta, canta!

No sé, me acuerdo... Qué es lo que teníamos radio. Abría la ventana, había radio así,

Dejamos la cadena, una cadena. A la ventana pa que escuchen: Abdel wahab, Farid el-Atrash, Asmahan

Escuchen, escuchen, escuchen! Escuchen escuchen!

Imagina todos juntos

Mi papá se llama Yedallah. Mi mamá Helwe. Mi hermano... pero mi papá está casado dos veces. Primer matrimonio, también se llama primera mujer Helwe, ya.. Y tenía 4 hijos: Abdallah, emmmm....Marta, Labibe, Isaac. Mis hermanos después: Bishara, Habib, Shukre, George, Labibe, Sofia. 6, más 4, 10

El año 48. Fuimos, volvimos a Beit Jala. Porque Haifa empezó la guerra ahí. Volvimos a BJ todos. Después mis hermanos, tiempo, vinieron a Chile, las tres: Bishara, Habib, Shukre. George se quedó con nosotros y murió allá en Beit Jala.

Y... Pero aquí cuando empezamos a abrir el negocio en Lastra, estaba mi hermano Bishara en el garage. Y yo... le cuento cómo?? Empezamos a trabajar, así...dormíamos en una sola cama, las dos. Sacamos la sábana y la colgamos en la ventana para hacerla como vitrina. Puse la camisa, la enagua y el calzón. La gente salía de la vega.. ¡Hay que linda la enagua! ¡Qué linda la camisa! ¡Pase no más señora! No sabíamos hablar más que pase no más señora. Y abrimos, empezamos a vender, poco a poco. Aprendimos.

Arabic transcript

شوف شو حلوه هل ذكرى! كنا كلنا هونيك، بتذكر، هنيك كنا نام، بشارة، لبيبة، صوفيا، ابوي وامى.

كنا كلنا نام هونيك، والناس بيقولو لصوفيا، غنى غنى! ما بتذكر هونك. ما يعرف، كان عندنا راديو، كنا نفتح الشباك ويكون في راديو. كنا نترك جنزير، جنزير حتى نسمع الراديو: عبد الوهاب، فريد الأطرش، أسمهان! اسمع، اسمع، اسمع، اسمع، اسمع، اسمع! يا ليتنا كلنا سوا

اسم ابوي يد الله، اسك امى حلوة. بس خيي، ابوي كان متزوج مرتين، اول زواج، كمان كان اسمها حلوة، وكان عندها اربع اولاد: عبدالله، مارتا، لبيبة، اسحاق. واخوانتي: بشارة، حبيب، شكري، جورج، لبيبة، صوفيا، ٦+٤ = ١٠.

سنة ال٤٨، رحنا، رجعنا عبيت جالا. لانو كانت باشت الحرب بحيفا. كلنا رجعنا عبيت جالا. وبعدين، اخواني بعد فترة، كلهن اجو على شيلي. بشارة حبيب، شكري، جورج بقى معنا ومات هون بيت جالا.

بس هون وقتا فتحنا المحل بلاستر، خيي بشارة كان بالكاراج. وانا...
كيف بدى قلق، بلشنا نشتغل، هيك... كنا ننام بفرد تخت. كنا ماخذ
الشرشف ونعلقوا عالشبك هيك ونعمل فيترين. كنت البس قميص،
تنورة، وجاكيت، كانوا الناس يقولولي، شو حلوة هالجاكيت، شو مهضوم
هالقميص.

تفضلي!

ما كنا نعرف نقول غير "تفضلي"

وكنا نفتح ونبلش نبيع، شوش شوي، تعلمنا...

N ° 12

Audio Martín La Roche

Duration: 4:56 min

English transcript

[Shower sound.]

Drip event (for George Brecht and Ana Maria Fernandez Parodi)
Van Linschotenstraat, Amsterdam
20th May 2020

I walk through the alley until I get to a hidden door. Beyond the fence I see this incredible building. It is a big old house made of bricks, a small palace of some kind.

All the lights are on, and I come in.

It is an art exhibition curated by Inga Lace installed throughout the whole building.

Everything seems a little bit dusty, not tidy. It is part of the curatorial approach; -nobody cleans so other species can inhabit the building- they say. I go upstairs and immediately see a small mouse that runs from one corner to the other in one of the chambers. I get a little bit on guard and make some noise before continuing.

The first room is empty, no furniture. I cross this space to reach the following room, noticing that both have old wallpapers, high ceilings and wooden floors. In the middle of this second room there is a construction made of concrete and tiles. It seems completely different from the style of the building, much newer, like the showroom in the bathroom section of a hardware store. On one corner it has a shower. It is a simple system, just the shower head and a handle that you can pull to start the flow of water. Below there is a shower drain. I understand that part of the piece consists in taking a shower.

I take out my clothes, leave them on the floor and pull the handle. The water is warm enough to feel comfortable.

Under the water jet I close my eyes curious, expecting for another visitor to come.

Nobody approaches the room. I wait, and after what seems a long time, I close the handle. The water stops; I look towards the floor until the last drop of water is gone.

There is no towel, so I dry partly shaking my

body, partly with my clothes that get a little wet in the process. I get dressed and continue walking to the outside corridor.

It leads to a wooden stair. I walk down until I reach the ground floor. There is a big window that opens to a terrace that connects to a garden. I don't recognize properly what it is, it seems more like a public square. It has a pond in the center. I look back to the building that I have just left, and I check a small sewer specially installed for the show. It is carrying and draining water from the shower room to the garden. I associate the wet spot that appears on the ground to the shower that I just took.

Back to the square, and despite the cold weather a few kids play around. Some passersby stop there to take a rest sitting on the benches and reading a newspaper or magazine, I can't distinguish. The fall is already here, and a particular tree is completely yellow. A very intense golden yellow. I come closer until I pick one of the first leaves that have fallen. It has a fan shape, and I recognize the popular tree that has become the Ginkgo Biloba.

Bellamyplein, Amsterdam.

14th November 2021

N ° 13

Audio Claudio Correa

Duration: 2:48 min

Voice translation: Carlos Lechner

English translation and transcript

Hello Ana María,

I want to tell you in these last words my intentions at Muro Sur, which are to make a humanitarian corridor between Chile and Amsterdam for people in need.

My idea is to make it possible for them to travel to the Netherlands so they get to know first-rate medical assistance and so they can opt for a final solution to so much usury of which they have been victims in our inhuman medical system. Ana María, in Chile, as we know, we don't even have an abortion law and the charity we receive from Catholic organizations protects and watches over our life only until we are born.

I am aware of the open-mindedness of the Netherlands, which, for example, since 2002 offers the terminally ill the possibility of legally opting for assisted death, applying the method known as lethal injection.

My plan for Muro Sur is to choose some of the most anguished people who, in their loneliness and desperation, have called self-help lines, and offer them euthanasia abroad, in order to export suicidal people to

Amsterdam

[Phone call audio]

-Operator: Hello, the Chile for Life Foundation, good afternoon.

-Me: Hello, good afternoon ... do you offer telephone support?

-Operator: What kind, sir?

-Me: Psychological support.

-Operator: ... Uhhh ... this, no ... this line is for ... Do you perhaps belong to any company?

-Me: No, I'm alone and I need help ...

-Operator: Better call 800 - 236 - 236 and ask for the programme "Raise your voice" of the Association of Psychologists ...

-Me: I want to kill myself!

-Operator: Look, this is an Anti-abortion Programme and only helps pregnant women.

Subsequently the bodies will return to national soil, so they may be exhibited as works of art in our cultural centres. Likewise, the repatriation of the remains prevents the possibility of violating any type of agreement to the current residence regulation of Chileans in the European Union.

Hopefully this possibility of a binational encounter without ethnic clashes, which helps the desperate to get distressed and the sick to die, is of interest.

These are my last words.

N ° 14

Audio Ricardo Cuadros

Duration: 2:38 min

Spanish transcript

Variaciones Puma

En el sur de Chile, donde vive en plena libertad, para llamar a sus cachorros mamá puma emite un sonido como de pájaro:

Shjui Shjui, Shjui.

En Holanda no hay pumas pero existe una palabra para nombrarlo. Suena igual que en castellano, puma.

Sin embargo, se escribe distinto: en holandés, para decir 'puma' se escribe 'poema'.

Veamos. Voy a la máquina de traducción y tecleo en holandés, 'poema'.

La voz de la máquina responde: Puma.

¿Y qué dice la traducción al castellano de la palabra holandesa 'poema'? La voz de la máquina responde: Puma.

¿Qué tenemos aquí entonces: dos pumas o dos poemas? En el sur de Chile mamá puma habla como pájaro, en Holanda, para que alguien lea su nombre es necesario escribir 'poema'.

En la astronomía precolombina los aymaras distinguían la constelación Puma Yunta, formada por dos pumas.

Con la colonización europea los dos pumas fueron reemplazados por Cástor y Pólux y la constelación de Géminis cubrió como un parche la constelación Puma Yunta.

No obstante, en el mapa de la noche andina el puma sigue vivo, brillando como un doble animal sagrado.

Cierro los ojos y el puma salta del cielo a la tierra. En el sur de Chile imita a un ave para llamar a sus hijos. En la lengua de Amsterdam el puma es un poema.

Shjui Shjui, Shjui.

Ricardo Cuadros.

03.11.21

N° 15

The Island

Audio Paula Salas

Duration: 4:15 min

English transcript

SOUND WORK "THE ISLAND"

1-

In front of me, a small island surrounded by a deep channel of water. There is a military fort on the island, and it only has one access: a small land bridge with an iron gate that says "you are now abandoning the unprotected outside world" I walk towards the room that they have assigned me. It is a cell with a vaulted ceiling and 60 cm thick concrete walls. The room is small, it has a bathroom at the back, and also a small window by the door. It is cool and humid, delicious to relax on during hot summer days.

2-

At night I lock myself alone in my island-fortress-cell. Lying on the bed I try to fall asleep staring at the curved ceiling. A bodily sensation interrupts my trance. A movement inside me, a drawing in relief under my belly bottom. I focus on the present moment, as a form of relaxation, but something is wrong. I don't hear the usual sounds of the night, a little bird, a laugh, a bark, nothing. Nor do I see the lamppost in the street, the lights of the cars, some indiscreet window, nothing. It's almost funny to put my hand in front of my face and not see it. I focus again on me, on my body, on our body. I listen to my breathing, with so much detail that I even hear a trapped cough in my left lung. Do I have bronchitis? I hear my heart like a subwoofer. I clearly hear systole and diastole, and even the blood being pushed out. Softly, like another soundtrack, I hear your heart beating so much faster and lower. Sometimes the noise of my entrails prevents me from hearing that subtle heartbeat. I hear my bones colliding and other sounds that I don't even recognize. I'm afraid of being so deep inside that I can never find my way out. I don't want to move because the noise from my body is

going to be unbearable. Just in time, you turn energetically and painfully, frightening me. Feeling your body inside mine returns me to the world, to the island-fortress-cell.

3-

It dawns over the Stelling van Amsterdam, and I think how was it like to live in a world "protected from the outside world", where the solid concrete walls and the cannons gave foreseen certainties. The future for me is a swarm of wet bodies infinitely combining. I don't see safe sites, only sections of a large metamorphosing organism embracing you, and me and the island-fortress-cell.

N° 16

Audio Gonzalo Díaz

Duration: 2:24 min

Voice translation: Maartje Fliervoet

English transcript

Gonzalo Díaz

I'll describe this proposal by recalling the original meaning of the Muro Sur project, which admitted works of small format and light or temporary materials, and by considering this year's most important anniversary, the Centennial of the Bolshevik Revolution.

To constitute this work, which will be entitled My Dead Bride, and could be considered part of an open series called "cabinet works", a frame with bevelled glass, made with a guilt moulding three inches thick, measuring approximately 48 by 39 centimetres, will be hung on the wall. This frame will contain a black and white photograph bought by me from the Romanov Collection of the Beinecke Rare Books and Manuscripts Library at Yale University. This photograph, taken in 1916, shows Grand Duchess Tatiana Nikolaevna Romanova, aged 19, in Kellosoalmi, Finland, sitting on a coarse bench on the beach by the water wearing a white dress with a long skirt whose top shows geometric openwork ornaments and a straw hat that protects her from the sun.

The inscrutable beauty of her face concentrates all the enormous energy that will be antagonistically deployed a year after this ominously idyllic scene in the Russian February and October Revolutions and in the anarchic terror that will be unleashed afterwards. In the midst of this end of the world, Tatiana was murdered, along with her parents and siblings, at dawn on July 17, 1918.

ABOUT THE EXHIBITION

The exhibition follows the project 'Écfrasis', which consisted of a double longplay that in 2017 recorded voices by twenty-nine artists that once were part of the art initiative Muro Sur. Ana María Fernández, Muro Sur founder, and artists Martín La Roche and Giancarlo Pazzanese devised this auditory collection inspired by the old literary tradition ekphrasis, that consists of describing a visual art work in a vivid way by verbal or written language. The LP was launched in 2019 in the gallery D21 in Santiago de Chile, which marked the first presentation to a Chilean audience.

In 2021, in Amsterdam, Ana Maria Fernandez and Martín La Roche in collaboration with Rozenstraat curator Madelon van Schie organized a new phase of the project. Sixteen artists of 'Écfrasis', coming from different Chilean backgrounds and generations, were invited to produce a new audio piece for the exhibition, occupying a space in between concept and materialization. The artists were chosen for the particular links in their works to the Netherlands.

The audio pieces are situated in a specially designed 'sound landscape', made in collaboration with Federico Martelli founder of the design studio Cookies. Furthermore, the original longplay disc with all the art works and a documentary video of Muro Sur by Mónica Bengoa accompanies the presentation.

A public program in the shape of a podcast is streamed from Rozenstraat in collaboration with Ja Ja Ja Nee Nee Nee radio. This will also be streamed by Tsonami radio in Valparaíso, Chile. The program consists of four episodes in which the concept of ekphrasis in a broad sense is discussed, together with the participating artists, invited Amsterdam based artists and writers.

Furthermore a performance by artist Marcela Moraga 'spreads the hearsay' through the city, and as such, brings the exhibition from inside to outside in yet another way. This performance was documented in video by Pablo Nuñez.

This exhibition is made in collaboration with ROZENSTRAAT, Cookies, Ja Ja Ja Nee Nee Nee radio and supported by the Amsterdamse Fonds voor de Kunst, Mondriaan Fonds, Stichting Muro Sur and the Lectoraat Art & Public Space (LAPS) of the Gerrit Rietveld Academie.

Without poetry it is nothing.*