

Aesthetic Moments of Latin Americanism

Néstor García Canclini

No en todas las historias el tiempo necesita la nostalgia.

[Not in all stories does time need nostalgia.]

—Luis García Montero, *Las flores del frío*

I can imagine an exploration of the past in which we are able to compare three ways in which arts are related to social time. In the 1960s, art worked as a herald of utopia, trying to include in the present a future that seemed feasible. In the 1980s and 1990s, it was a memory of the defeat—seeing to it that the future that could never be would continue to have a place in the present, albeit by evoking the dead and the losses, the exiles and the hopelessness. Since the 1990s, a large number of artists speak of the instant: instead of works that portray long-term possible or historic scenes from history or long-term possibilities, they put forward installations and performances to be seen right now.

By taking up the issue of aesthetic moments, I am not adopting the latter perspective. Inasmuch as I am suggesting a rethinking of “the Latin American” or “Latin Americanism” as it relates to three different situations of the last forty years, I am interested in trying to understand a medium-length duration of time. However, I am not able to find any conception of Latin American history, or of the ways in which the arts are situated in each moment, that allows one to conceive them as stages or periods, part of a larger evolutionary or involutory logic. Certainly, there are other keys to understand what happened in the arts and what is now happening in the arts. Here I offer a reading of three moments that become less and less enigmatic to me when I explore their relationship with the present.

Radical History Review

Issue 89 (Spring 2004): 13–24

Copyright 2004 by MARHO: The Radical Historians' Organization, Inc.

1

What I attempt to understand is how art has participated in the development of three styles of Latin Americanism. I have chosen the 1960s as the first moment because at that time, the issue of what was Latin America was reformulated from the internationalizing projects and the vanguards that redesigned artistic and literary fields. “Foundational functions” had existed since the nineteenth century in literature, according to Doris Sommer, where readers learned to compare their countries to the others on the continent.¹ During the first half of the twentieth century, Antonio Berni, Diego Rivera, and Joaquín Torres García, among many others, experimented with how to implement the formal elements of cubism, futurism, and abstraction to create a new iconic body of Latin American symbols. In Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, and other countries, the renewal of cultural languages was associated with economic modernization or political battles, and with the growth of popular voices. However, only in the middle of the twentieth century were conditions created to allow an alliance between artistic innovation and the internationalization of culture. Industrialization and urban expansion created the basis for this step, which together with advances in high school and college education extended the audiences for arts and literature and made the populations’ tastes more sophisticated. New means of communication increasingly and simultaneously connected the periphery societies with each other and with the metropolis.

Various utopias found institutions and other circuits to spread their message in those years. The vanguard artists and critics were sponsored by foundations like the Matarazzo in Brazil, which financed the Bienal in São Paulo, and by the Di Tella enterprise, which backed the Art Institute in Buenos Aires. Weekly journals sprang up promoting developmentalist imaginary and more cosmopolitan consumer habits. In Mexico, Colombia, and Venezuela museums of modern art and networks of galleries were created and connected to the international market. On the one hand, various metropolitan organizations (the Pan-American Union, the Organization of American States, the International Council of MOMA [Museum of Modern Art], and assorted transnational corporations) supported modernizing programs and offered international awards, grants, and exhibitions, especially for those who experimented with alternatives to social realism. On the other hand, those who criticized the depoliticization of exhibitions and museums for their sole interest in vanguard formalism found in the unionist effervescence and in the new social movements—as well as in institutions like Casa de las Américas—a broadened sociopolitical and international horizon that encouraged their proposals.

After examining the manifestos and actions of the vanguards of that time, Andrea Giunta concludes that artists had the conviction that “anything was possible.”² I would add that, with different perspectives, those who were integrated by philanthropy, as well as those who were rebellious militants, painted, wrote, and

filmed as if time belonged to them. Those whose ambition it was to leave the domestic workshops and galleries for New York, or to go out onto the streets of their own cities, felt they were chasing after a transcendental future. In a more extensive forum, we would be remiss not to explore all of the political and aesthetic differences between each of these artists, but here I am more interested in pointing out that hundreds of Argentines, Brazilians, Colombians, and Venezuelans worked very confidently in the belief that their experiences would become part of a broader and brighter future. Some aspired to be recognized in the capital cities of the artistic market; Latin Americanists rejected the “lesser” or “marginal” space that the metropolises had attributed to them in the history of modern art, and they searched for unique and renovating images.

These tendencies did not always oppose one another. Sometimes, the same artists would spend years in Paris, then in New York, and later they would go to Havana and join in solidarity with the insurrectionist movements of their countries. With no pretensions of summarizing the diversity of the artistic movements of this moment, or in the two that follow, I would like to highlight the utopian sense, or at least the prospective utopian sense, within the arts of that moment. It is not easy to use these terms in a purely positive manner; the exaltation of the revolutionary promises often intermingled with a Manichaeian blindness toward censorship or intellectual and aesthetic simplicities that some leftist groups imposed on the present.

It is necessary to investigate, as a Mexican artist used to tell me, the moment in which those artists decided to return home and what they confronted. At the end of the 1960s and the beginning of the 1970s, they returned to find the combined frustration of the aesthetic and political vanguards, which eventually brought an end to their weak cooperation. After the 1964 coup d'état in Brazil, other military interventions in Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, and Central America removed the democratic context in which developmentalist modernization, the irreverent actions of the Left, and so-called disciplinarian U.S. policy had contested each other. Inter-American institutions—controlled from Washington, DC, or New York—were quickly losing their interest in Latin American art or were discredited on discovery of their true political motivations, indicated, for example, by some CIA grants. Student and labor movements in Córdoba, Mexico City, Montevideo, and Rio de Janeiro—also the echoes of Paris and Berlin in 1968—criticized the cultural institutions, not only in these cities, which had embodied artistic innovation since the mid-1960s. Alternative exhibition spaces and forms of political protest, artistic action through mass-media communication, and the alliances among artists, writers, filmmakers, and social scientists all changed the ways in which art and society articulated. Artists sought out other audiences, and some social sectors began to expect new applications of art.

Even today, the attraction that moment holds does not lie in the fact that the

relationship between art and politics reached its most intense point, but rather in that it shows precisely this interconnection's utopian aspect: complicities and misunderstandings between the aesthetic and political vanguards' imaginaries. Only a few of those who sought recognition as Latin Americans found resonance, always fleeting and fragile, in an increasingly plural metropolitan market, where abstract art was ceasing to be the obligatory style. In addition, there was the expectation that Latin Americans represented a subordinate cultural difference, one that had never fully disappeared, rather than fashionable formal institutions. Those who chose to modify their approach (or to abandon it completely) in order to participate in sociopolitical insurrections had only a few years and even fewer places without repression to develop their craft.

As Julio Ramos writes, a Latin American literary history can be created out of the informal gatherings of writers in the lobby of the Habana Libre (Free Havana) Hotel,³ something that cannot be said of the visual arts. In that field, Cuba experienced much less resonance. And in time, the future illuminations of Venezuelan kinetics, Mexican and Argentine geometrics, and expressionist or conceptual insolence received less attention than more conventional artists in metropolitan museums and journals, where the aesthetic and politically correct forms of Latin Americanism were (and are) classified. The fortune of critical and media acclaim has smiled on works of Latin American magical realism, a category so generous that it encompasses artists as varied as Frida Kahlo, Fernando Botero, and Oswaldo Guayasamín and finds as many devotees in Los Angeles and Madrid as in Havana.

2

During the "dirty wars," the dictatorships and the exiles cancelled out the sociopolitical and institutional conditions that had encouraged aesthetic innovation during the 1960s: the epic of the metropolises' cultural conquest, the epic of insurgency, and the parodies of order. Later, art, literature, and film that spoke of the fall of the utopias, or of what followed, oscillated between two very different genres. On the one hand, drama emerged as the prevailing way to narrate testimonies of disappearances, tortures, and deaths; on the other, farce lent its tone to many novels, films, installations, and performances, which no longer found any victories or heroes in a history understood as an absurd tragicomedy.

Testimony has had different functions, from documenting biographies silenced by official discourses and media to the reestablishment of the relationship between realism, verisimilitude, and fiction, and between literature, anthropology, and politics (the analyses on the Rigoberta Menchú testimony, the reports of the commissions which investigated the disappearance of people from Argentina and Chile, and the Mexican reports on Tlatelolco in 1968 are all well known). In recent times, testimony as a genre has come under attack, perhaps due to the debates about

its articulation of the real and the imagined, or because it simultaneously plays with both the dramatic and the farcical.

The tension between these two genres has been pointed out in different accounts of the Falkland Islands war. This episode was, in part, a grotesque extension of a war against so-called subversives within Argentina, headed by the military leaders, and partly a supposed gesture to recover sovereignty, with internal support and a relative Latin American solidarity. Testimonies of ex-combatants lamented the lack of experience in battle, the inept and petty state of the officers, and some even imagined fifteen years after the war—at the end of the 1990s—that it would be possible to return to battle, to make a different ending for the movie, so to speak, with better training and leadership. Meanwhile, beginning with Rodolfo E. Fogwill's novel *Los pichy-cyegos* (1983), written before the fighting even stopped, many writers tell the story of the war as a farce, a sinister game of cunning with no passion, with no heroes or victories, where it was more important to decline than to defeat. The identity and continental solidarity claims are replaced by concealment and disguises: fake ex-combatants who are not Argentinian but Chilean act as though they had fought in the Falklands (Juan Forn, *Nadar de noche* [*Swimming at Night*], 1991), and fake army volunteers prefer to be taken prisoner by the English in order to meet the Rolling Stones (Rodrigo Fresán, *Historia argentina* [*Argentinian History*], 1991).⁴ As Martín Kohan keenly notes in his reading, this dual discourse is also found among rock musicians.⁵ It is made evident when juxtaposing the crying voices of Alejandro Lerner or Raúl Porchetto in their songs about the Falklands with the ironic laughs that accompany Charly García's lines, "Estamos ganando. Seguimos ganando" (We are winning. We keep on winning), in "No bombardeen Buenos Aires."

According to Kohan, there is no need to choose between drama and farce, because the war was both: "In literature, the Falkland Islands War needs not be repeated first as a tragedy and then as a comedy, because already from the start, the war was a comedy. According to the testimonies of the soldiers, the War should be repeated, not to change from a tragedy into a comedy, but so that the tragedy of the defeat may transform into a triumphant epic."⁶ Even if the tension between drama and parody helps us to move beyond the frequent Manichaeism pointed out in the previous period, we need to understand the legitimacy of each enunciative style according to who participates in the fight over the representation of history, and from what perspectives.

The question of how to represent memory and defeat is still in force in various Latin American countries through exhibitions and monuments that memorialize the victims. It is not frivolous to situate this process, as Andreas Huyssen does, in a set of complex evocative exercises taking place on a global scale in the last two decades: the restoration of historic centers, the expansion of museums, the emergence of retro fashions, the boom of biographies and novels about bygone epochs,

and the revision of the Holocaust.⁷ These searches are intermingled with investigation and journalism when exploring a language that will help to reestablish a public sphere without denials in Argentina, Chile, Guatemala, and Uruguay.

Not everyone shares the same interest in revising or recording history. In Chile, the agreements of the transition to democracy tried to shut down the debate about the dictatorship in the name of “consensus,” which Tomás Mulían defines “as the highest degree of forgetting.”⁸ The studies of Nelly Richard show that only minorities, mostly artists and writers, attend to the reflection on old wounds and, facing the complete silence by politicians and the media, the tasks of memory remain bound to the audacity of the vanguards and to the “inadaptability” of madness.⁹

In Argentina, when democracy was first reestablished, human rights movements, investigations, and tribunals for the members of the military government stood at the center of the social schedule. However, political “arrangements” ended up providing amnesty to the repressors and painting memory into the corners of the marginal fields of art and madness (“crazy women” is one of the names given to the Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo). The history of media and institutional censorship proves that even an explicitly public action such as the construction of a monument/memorial to the victims of state terrorism can be relegated to architects-cum-artists, as if the search for ways to “collectively express memory” and “think about the limits of life and death” characterized this specialized field.¹⁰ And then, emphasizing that the task of remembering should always remain subordinate to official designs, the project was distorted to remove any depth or controversy. In one way or another, the tendency to silence the atrocities and the political defeat always ends up as a mere casual glance on social defeat.

3

Where are we now? We are at a moment when whatever is left of utopias is becoming globalized, but above all, the difficulty of creating them and making them endure is globalizing. We live in times of wars and domination headed by minorities, and the globalization of defeat of almost everybody. To be Latin American is to share with the majorities from other continents the drama and the farce of attempting to be somebody. Somebody who is represented in decision-making circuits, somebody who is able to give rise to memory when a few are able to globalize deprivation and obstruct national, ethnic, urban, and personal projects. Nevertheless, the experience of defeat and memory is not the same in the First World as it is in the Third World continents. If there are still any doubts about the shared condition of the two, however, take a look at all the migrants from the Third World in the First World (10, 15, 20 percent, depending on the country), looking for space, utopia, and a way to keep memory alive. Conversely, those from the First World fear that their own utopia—the American Dream or European prosperity—is being snatched away from them

and do not really know what to do about the memory of their wars and holocausts. Is it possible that by speaking about these memories, by telling these stories of wars and holocausts, and of migrants from the Third World in films and novels, at museums and art exhibits, and through e-mail and on the Web, the danger of history repeating itself looms over us? Faced with the difficulties of not knowing what to do about the past or the future, young cultures are dedicated to the present and devote themselves to the instant. We live in a world of simultaneous chat rooms on the Internet; consumer literature and pumped-up music in discotheques, cars, and the privacy of a walkman; art installations that only last for as long as the exhibit is due; and performances that can only be viewed on the opening day. At the movies, Dolby Surround Sound is announced at the beginning of each projection, as if the digital shrillness would fill us with as much pride as the film that they are going to show in the multiplexes; each theater is kept small in order to ensure optimal marketing of entertainment areas and to crowd us all close to a screen in order to intensify the violence of the films in dizzying succession as the story rushes past. In music, if anything happens to unify us as Latin Americans, it is the coincidence of the absence of melodic narratives in techno, the fight to tell stories in a world with an occluded future exhibited by the *narcocorridos*,¹¹ and the sputtering clips in erotic funk and rock music. The here-today-gone-tomorrow world of music is typified in the hyperreality of the instantaneous, the fleeting nature of records that must be listened to this week, the speed of information and cheap communication that fosters oblivion. There is a huge chasm between the 1960s philosophy of the aesthetics that nurtured open, unfinished works, and the philosophy that now feeds the aesthetic of instants that come about with no connection whatsoever, leading nowhere in particular.

Zygmunt Baumann has stated that today “beauty is a characteristic of the event, not of the object,” and that “culture is the ability to change topics and sides very quickly.” Further, George Steiner has put forth that “ours is a culture of casino and fate, where everything is gambled and risked; where everything is calculated exactly to generate a maximum impact and an instantaneous obsolescence.”¹²

Today, there seems to be a general disbelief about what happened in the past and what is yet to come in the future. Can one only trust in what is actually happening? Everything occurs so fast that the model of social triumph is to be an ex-Big Brother. If you want to live in the hyperpresent, you have no time for memory or for utopia: the oddity before the lost temporality conspires with the high-tech simulations of Jurassic recollections of the past and intergalactic star wars of the future, ever so similar. Research carried out by the European Union on the physical and mental impact of music listened to at more than seventy-five decibels, which occurs at many nightclubs and concerts, concluded that it damaged hearing and created the deaf people of the future.¹³

I am not going to be the one to deny the pleasures experienced in the veloc-

ity of video clips or in the aleatory intensity of zapping. Neither can we ignore how much rock, hip-hop, and of course the music of fusion, like Afro-Reggae,¹⁴ and even certain pop music continue to offer narratives of a reconstructed temporality. They at least open up, if no longer any utopias, new perspectives. It occurs to me that if we are going to get out of our current indigence, it can be neither by repeating a past that we should never forget, nor by creating apocalyptic prophecies of our future. In a way, everything happens in the instant, and the task is about grasping its density.

I find company for this statement, and for its aesthetic elaboration, in authors whose last names, and who knows why, all begin with the letter *B*: Benjamin, Borges, and Berger. In the text in which he wonders why he is so intrigued with a man who had built the almost infinite Chinese Wall—the emperor Shih Anang Ti—yet who ordered all books burned prior to his reign, Borges closes with a definition of aesthetics: “Music, the states of happiness, mythology, aged faces, certain twilights, and certain places, want to tell us something, or something they said that we shouldn’t have missed, or they are ready to tell us something; the imminence of a revelation that does not occur, is, perhaps, the aesthetic fact.”¹⁵

Half a century later, John Berger explores how to operate, abreast the deep pockets of the financial empires, from the rebelliousness of pockets of resistance. He dedicates his last book to the pockets conforming within the arts. His aesthetic theory comes close to that of Borges and to the current celebration of the present. He is not at ease with this, but notes that “the future has shrunk and the past has become redundant.”¹⁶ On the one hand, we cannot live in the “sudden anguish of mourning over things that no longer exist” (39). On the other, “To imagine is too easy and too wasteful” (32). Let us pay attention, then, to what still exists. This has been—from Paleolithic cave paintings up until our century, according to Berger—the task of visual arts: to affirm “the visible world that surrounds us and continuously appears and disappears. If it weren’t disappearance, perhaps the impulse to paint would not exist, because the visible world would have the certainty that the painting attempts to capture” (12–13). Inasmuch as it is an affirmation of what exists, painting becomes an “act of resistance that instills hope,” but when the search for profits and “yields becomes an absolute priority, as a consequence, you have to let go, ignore or suppress what exists” (19).

In order to paint something that exists, it is necessary to find a place. A place is not set in opposition to the global, let alone a collection of references, states Berger: “A place is more than an area. A place surrounds something. A place is the extension of a presence or the consequence of an action. A place is the opposite of empty space. A place is where an event has taken or is taking place” (21). The painter, the writer, and the musician continually try to discover or stumble on “the place that will contain and surround their present act” of painting, writing, or singing (21). Ideally, there should be as many places as paintings. According to Berger, “The problem

is that many times a painting does not successfully become a place. When it is not achieved it remains as a representation or a decoration: furniture” (21). “When one finds a place, it is somewhere between the boundaries of nature and art. It is like a hole in the sand within which the border has been erased” (21). We have, as you can tell, almost arrived at the Benjaminian version of aura, which occurs in the whole of time, the “now-time,” the present as transition.¹⁷ It is very close to “the imminent revelation” that according to Borges constitutes the aesthetic act.

Does Latin America still exist? If we do not want to lose what it once was, nor drown the future still to come, then it is necessary to find a way of grasping hold of the quality and density of the present. Aesthetics may contribute to that effort if it is in fact true that it allows us to see an imminence in absence, or, in the words of Berger, “that which begins over and over again.”¹⁸

4

What can we conclude? With such dizzying changes from utopia to defeat and from memory to the encapsulation of the instant, theory has jet lag. In spite of all my searching, I cannot find any conception of Latin American history that aptly organizes the three moments under consideration as periods. I said utopia, memory, and instant with fear, because there no longer exist any bulletproof concepts. What is to imagine, what is to remember, and what is to seize the day at the beginning of the twenty-first century?

These vacillations are connected to the debate about the diversity of names for Latin America: indigenous, Afro, modern, postmodern. The cultural and aesthetic options complicate the issues that modernizing rationalism on the one hand, and magical realism on the other, once simplified. There are utopian Latin Americanisms, and therefore epics—some dramatic and others tragic as they are forced to revive memory. I wonder whether there will also exist ways of working with the present that will not force us to avoid the questions of what used to be and what can be?

One possible conclusion is that so much variety makes us dizzy, and that it would be better to let go of Latin Americanisms or “the Latin American.” There continue to be Latin American studies centers, however, and multinational corporations who fancy us altogether as a market. Latin American presidents and ministers of culture—with less power than the multinational companies—continue to sign declarations and appear in pictures together two or three times a year. Publishers, television networks, and music industries all want to reach their clientele in Spanish. Then there are also the Latin American Studies Association conferences, and, finally, the disquieting American Free Trade Agreement proposed for 2005. One can doubt the existence of Latin America, but it is evident that there are plenty of Latin Americanisms.

In these spaces or along these lines I find questions about styles that open up

new perspectives to rethink current dilemmas. I beg my readers not to assume that I am giving questions of form and style the final say in the matter. Neither can we expect much from aesthetics, which is not a very dazzling discipline today, let alone a well-equipped toolbox. Besides, it is always better to avoid the risks of shifting from politics to art as though we were repeating the transition from social disillusionment to the consolation of intense personal emotions.

The old question of how to relate art and society reappears, then. I would like to pose it by taking into account the analysis of the place of culture in capitalism. For example, how is presentism in art and media bound to the long-term structures of social processes? The expansion of markets also happens in time, because it occurs through an apparent denial of temporality, which is the planned obsolescence of products to attain the marketing of new ones. In fact, industrial policies that make electric appliances useless every five years, or computers obsolete every three years, and advertising strategies that put clothing out of fashion every six months and songs every six weeks, are ways of procuring time. These agents do it by pretending that neither the past nor the future matter, but they are able to transform the acceleration and discontinuity of tastes into a permanent way of life for the consumers. They are achieving, through an upgrading of products and expansion of sales, a guaranteed and durable reproduction of capital.

We are not going to relapse into the old idea of an economic determination over the symbolic, nor its consequent conspiratorial hypothesis: In post-modernity, the processors of capital would be making use of the “absolutized presentism” as a manipulating resource in order to optimize their profits. It seems useful, however, to investigate what kind of correspondences exist between the exaltation of the instant in daily life, the precariousness of labor, and the elusive dynamic of marketing goods and values. Doesn't the aesthetic of the instant-without-history have anything to do with unstable trends of investments and profits—renewable in the everyday stock quotes and unforeseeable for tomorrow—that hide the negotiation policies of capital and infrastructure (factories, banks, control over transportation and means of communication)? In macroeconomics, the past and the future are certainly important. This does not seem too difficult to demonstrate even in the unstable cultural industries, despite the inconsistent and excited rhythm that forces them to constantly be on the lookout for best-sellers, their competition, and business mergers.

The socioeconomic appraisal of the “long haul” is also manifest in the demands on consumers. Those who apply for a credit or a bank card have a background check done on them to ensure their trustworthiness. After the banks extend credit, they continue to influence their clients' future behavior because the act of paying installments constitutes a process of moral disciplining. Those who buy a car in forty monthly installments or a house that must be paid on for twenty years make a commitment about how long they will keep their job, marriage, and responsibility

toward their children. In other words, it is a commitment about the way in which they will govern their time over the years. Job flexibility and family relationships do not mix well with the reproduction of social life.

It is necessary to make these kinds of connections in order to understand how to open up the instant to history. Because of that, I would like to investigate a possible articulation between aesthetics and society, between art and place, which is not as boring as the telluric perseverance of those who insist on “building a home in the neighborhood of the autochthonous” as the only possible solution.¹⁹ I would like to search for a more convincing articulation than the romantic utopianism of drama and protest songs; a project with memory and drama aware of the conflicts not relapsing into the Manichaeic antagonisms of those who reduced politics to war; an elaboration of failures that does not remain jumping from one crisis to another, or, as its aesthetic equivalent, the illusion that each event lacks history.

The decline of “Latin America” did not occur by chance, let alone by the apparent arbitrariness of a passing fad. There must be some way to pry that out of the instant that speaks of the failed utopias and the neglected memories. To enjoy the present, would it not be appropriate to wonder whether there is a way to narrate temporality other than in the ways of those who gamble in the casinos of investment or govern the succession of our acts so that we will pay the fee? Perhaps we may be able to imagine an aesthetic that finds out how to invent performances that will not diminish our future nor make our past redundant.

Translated by Patricia Legarreta.

Notes

1. Doris Sommer, *Foundational Fictions: The National Romances of Latin America* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1991).
2. Andrea Giunta, *Vanguardia, internacionalismo y política: Arte argentino en los años sesenta* (*Vanguard, Internationalism, and Politics: Argentinian Art during the Sixties*) (Buenos Aires: Paidós, 2001), 15.
3. Julio Ramos, *Por si no nos da el tiempo* (*In Case We Don't Have Time*) (Rosario, Argentina: El Escribiente, 2002), 22.
4. Rodolfo E. Fogwill, *Los pichy-cyegos* (Buenos Aires: Ediciones de la flor, 1983); Juan Forn, *Nadar de noche* (*Swimming at Night*) (Buenos Aires: Planeta, 1991); Rodrigo Fresán, *Historia argentina* (*Argentinian History*) (Barcelona: Anagrama, 1993).
5. Martín Kohan, “El fin de una época” (“The End of an Epoch”), *Punto de vista* (*Point of View*), no. 64 (1999): 6–11.
6. *Ibid.*, 7.
7. Andreas Huyssen, *En busca del futuro perdido: Cultura y memoria en tiempos de globalización* (*In Search of the Lost Future: Culture and Memory in Times of Globalization*) (Mexico City: FCE-Goethe Institut, 2002).

8. Tomás Moulián, *Actual Chile, Anatomy of a Myth* (Santiago, Chile: Ediciones Lom/Arcis, 1997), 37.
9. Nelly Richard, *Residuos y metáforas: Ensayos de crítica cultural sobre el Chile de la transición (Reminders and Metaphors: Essays of Cultural Criticism about Chile in Transition)* (Santiago: Editorial Cuarto Propio, 1998).
10. Graciela Silvestri, "Memoria y monumento" ("Memory and Monument"), *Punto de vista*, no. 64 (1999): 44.
11. *Narcocorridos* refers to the popular music from the north of Mexico that narrates the stories of drug dealers.
12. Quoted in Flavia Costa, "Lo que queda de la belleza" ("What is Left of Beauty"), interview with Zygmunt Baumann, *Clarín*, "Cultura y Nación" ("Culture and Nation") supplement, December 7, 2002.
13. Marcelo Justo, "Los sordos del futuro," ("The Deafs of the Future"), *Página*, August 15, 1997, 18.
14. George Yúdice, *El recurso de la cultura (The Resource of Culture)* (Buenos Aires: Gedisa, 2002), chap. 4.
15. Jorge Luis Borges, "La muralla y los libros" ("The Wall and the Books"), in *Obras completas (Complete Works)* (São Paulo: Emecé Editores, 1994), 13.
16. John Berger, *La forma de un bolsillo (The Form of a Pocket)*, trans. Paloma Villegas (Mexico City: Biblioteca Era, 2002), 39.
17. Walter Benjamin, "Tesis de filosofía de la historia" ("Thesis of the Philosophy of History"), in *Discursos interrumpidos*, trans. Jesús Aguirre, vol. 1 (Madrid: Taurus, 1973), 175–91.
18. Berger, *La forma de un bolsillo*, 24.
19. Ramos, *Por si no nos da el tiempo*, 23.