

Jorge Macchi's Fractured Narratives of Buenos Aires

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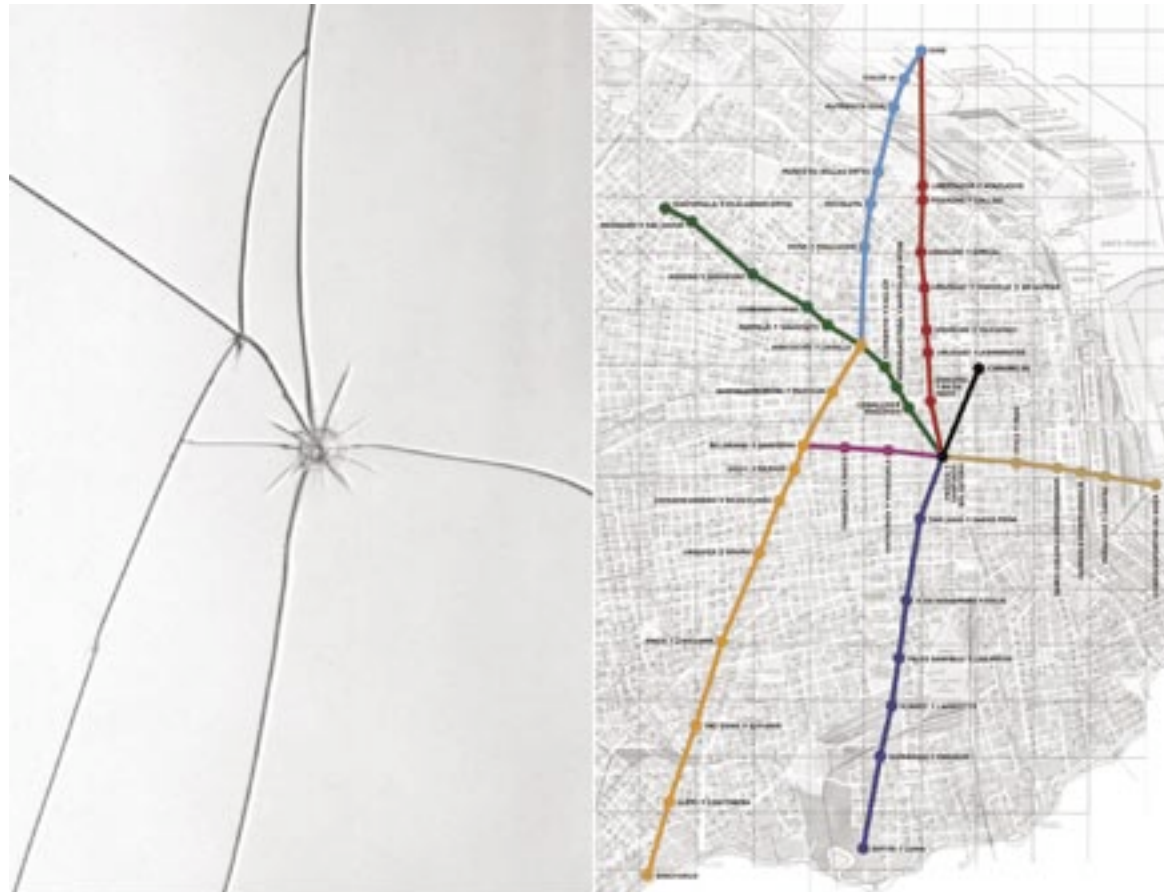


When I arrived in Buenos Aires for the first time, I was profoundly disoriented by the various levels of representation that informed my experience of the city. I knew certain versions of the city well, having read literary and historical accounts of it from the time of Independence to the present. However, I had never thought to map those narratives as I read, so only had the most tenuous grasp of where Belgrano was in relation to La Boca. Perhaps I should have just started walking and pieced things together as I experienced it, but instead I took refuge in my room and opened a map. The first thing that sprang to mind was the line from Jorge Luis Borges's story "The South": "Every Argentine knows that the South begins at the other side of Rivadavia Avenue." By this he means that within the city itself can be found a border zone, in which urban and rural, civilization and barbarism, present and past coexist uneasily. As one moves downward, one enters a space and time that are not those of Buenos Aires, that are imbued with the mythologies of the wild, desolate, and archaic Argentine South. Thus I looked for Rivadavia Avenue so as to situate my urban itinerary above it. When I found it, it made no sense to me, as the avenue ran across the city, leaving below it the museums, government buildings, and monuments that constitute what would seem to be the centre of the city. How could they possibly be part of Borges' South?

I pondered for a few minutes before I thought to look at the orientation axis on the map, and there I found that, in this map of Buenos Aires, the North was at the bottom right of the map and the South was at the top left. This map, the standard one of the city, does not follow cartographic conventions of North-South. That convention naturalizes the North-South orientation and renders the position of the viewer irrelevant. But in a city, the map works only in relation to where you are [we turn maps]. Thus, many maps of cities position physical markers (mountains, water) along the top or bottom of the map in order to allow their readers an obvious point of reference in their movement

Jorge Macchi, *Buenos Aires Tour*, 2004.
Artist's Book





Jorge Macchi, *Buenos Aires Tour*, 2003

through the city. In the Buenos Aires map, the river, as the only topographical marker in this flat city, is run alongside the bottom, so that the city is represented as one would approach it by land. This choice already provides an itinerary, informing the ways in which the city will be travelled.

In this essay, I will engage with the mapping of Buenos Aires that Jorge Macchi undertook in his 2004 artist's book entitled *Buenos Aires Tour* that includes objets trouvés, photos, sounds recorded by Edgardo Rudnitzky, and poetic text written by María Negroni. This piece enacts different ways of responding to and representing space. Macchi's map not only takes into account the perspective of the person on the streets, but also limits that subjective experience to a certain moment in time, not allowing for a straightforward interpretation of the city. Thus, though the artists respond to what they see through what they know of the city already, dialoguing with previous narratives of Buenos Aires, the viewer of the piece has trouble piecing together the images, sounds, and text and struggles to establish coherence.

The trajectory that the three artists followed in their movement through the city was determined by the superimposition of a fractured pane of glass over a map of Buenos Aires. The lines on the glass suggest routes, different forms of traversing the city that fracture conventional trajectories. From those lines, Macchi made eight itineraries with 46 stops, choosing colours and fonts that are reminiscent of the London Underground map. The book contains a guide, a map, a CD-ROM, a dictionary, a prayer book, a letter, postcards, and stamps.¹ With the CD-ROM one can move around the city in different ways, not only following the lines, but also connections created by taxonomies of objects and sounds. It creates a labyrinthine experience in which it is difficult to retrace one's steps and one loses his/her way on the supposed itineraries mapped out. The viewer and virtual traveller is confronted with experiences of disorientation. A man is heard whistling, cars driving by, and one knows that one is on, say, the corner of Cordoba and Paso, but there are no recognizable landmarks that will help to get one's bearings. The photos do not help, and in fact if one clicks on their thematic subject headings (e.g., grocery list, bestiary, advertisements), one is led to a completely different place on the itinerary. Thus Buenos Aires, a city that follows a relatively linear and rational grid-like design, is rendered a labyrinth in which one click will take the viewer to a place that is discontinuous spatially. It is like travelling in an underground where one's experiences of the place bear no relation to the "bigger picture" that lies

¹ Some travel websites or bookstores advertise *Buenos Aires Tour* as a guidebook for travellers interested in visiting the city. I can only imagine their disorientation if they take this along over *Lonely Planet*...





Jorge Macchi in collaboration with Edgardo Rudnitzky and María Negroni, *Buenos Aires Tour*, 2004. Artist's Book

above the station. (Macchi tells a wonderful story about a man on the Underground asking for the time. Macchi answers him and then the man asks, "In the morning or in the evening?"). In particular the sounds on the CD-ROM are disconcerting; they have a tangibility that images and words do not; they make one feel the experience of the place without being able to place them in a physical location.

Buenos Aires Tour invites a reader of Argentine literature to investigate the tensions that arise between established narratives and the fractures in those narratives that are etched by aesthetic production. How does a representation of experience—personal, affective, immediate, and transitory—disturb the stories that circulate about a place and its cultures? To approach this question, I will speculate on some of the encounters and objects presented in *Buenos Aires Tour*, relating this representation of the city to that of Borges and other writers. What are the ways that place, language, and identity are understood, and how are those commonplaces disturbed by representations of experience? Macchi seeks to capture and at the same time release the ephemeral experience of movement in the city. In *Buenos Aires Tour*, trajectories are not

just spatial but also temporal, so that a place's effects depend on the moment of perception. His goal, as he put it in an interview with me, was to "not illustrate, to emphasise the provisional... To visit places that would never again be like they were. In that sense, it's the contrary of a tour guide. We are going to cover all the places and nevertheless not know the city." What this anti-tour guide demarcates are journeys that are immediate, unique, and unrepeatable.

In choosing the two artists who would work with him on this project, Macchi was careful to pick *porteños*. He feared that if he did not, the project would have been trapped in a tourist gaze, which he thinks of as "superficial." What he sought instead was a "much more profound vision" that could be gained "through objects that were totally provisional and ephemeral." Natives of the city would be familiar with the city and thus be bearers, I would argue, of stories and experiences. Only thus could the process of 'looking and moving differently' make any sense. The tour guide enacts momentary experiences that rupture a convention of living the city through the permanence of its many stories, myths, and traditions. It produces the place and the moment through the affective experiences of the three artists. *Buenos Aires Tour* is powerful and suggestive precisely because it moves constantly between the desire to stress every moment as unique, and the fact that this can only be felt if there is a current of fossilised, grounded stories that enable the perception of movement.

The first idea of breaking a glass over a map of Buenos Aires emerged when Macchi was doing a residence in London in 1998. However, the elaboration of the project as an anti-tour guide did not materialize until he returned to Buenos Aires, determined to fix it as his home location. This decision, in many ways an inconvenient one for an artist who exhibits his work regularly in Europe, came from a realization of the discomfort that he had felt while living in London and other European cities: "I became aware that I had been very uncomfortable all those years in residences. It's really difficult: I just kept being left with a sensation of not understanding things." The alienation of the foreigner leads to cognitive dissonances, disconnections, which seem to be relieved upon returning to the home city. About Buenos Aires, he says,

there were things of the city that I needed, no? The thing of going out on the street and recognizing certain things, of guiding myself through the city and recognizing neighbourhoods and streets, of seeing people and their behaviours and recognizing those people and recognizing myself in those people; when I returned from London I realized how important it was.



Buenos Aires, then, is unsurprising and known, a space that can be taken for granted. Why then, does Macchi produce a piece about Buenos Aires that is so disorienting? I believe that while this piece relies on a familiarity with the city and its narratives, it at the same time demonstrates the defamiliarisation of his home city that the London experience caused. As he himself says, “What doesn’t seem coincidental to me is that I decided to start this piece when I returned from London determined to live in Buenos Aires.” London is different because it is not like Buenos Aires, and Buenos Aires is thus transformed into something different by his having lived in London. London’s presence in this project is visible not only in the graphics reminiscent of the Tube, but also, I would argue, in the ways in which *Buenos Aires Tour* does not provide the “big picture” of the city to its viewer.

Buenos Aires, in this piece, is labyrinthine. I have demonstrated the ways in which one can get lost in the CD-ROM. One click takes one on another trajectory, another line, and each corner of two streets is represented not by any obvious landmark, but by a minute and ephemeral thing that does not allow for synthesis. Macchi mentioned to me his experience of London’s Southeast as a type of labyrinth, with uncanny mixtures of old and new. I would agree with him. That part of London is an area that has grown organically around its peopled history and in which different temporalities collide very physically in the twisting streets and alleys. Buenos Aires, on the other hand, is a rationalized city, built with an ideology of modernization that does not integrate remnants of the past but rather destroys them, following a more linear urban design. Unlike London, the Argentine city does not show its strata of history to the naked eye; rather, its historical layers are imagined and recreated through the stories that are told about it. Nostalgia for what might never have existed, but could have, jostles with that which is supposedly better because it is new. In her novel, *El común olvido*, Sylvia Molloy describes the ways in which Buenos Aires erases its past in a ceaseless move towards a dubious progress.² Her narrator describes his confusion when he returns to the city of his childhood:

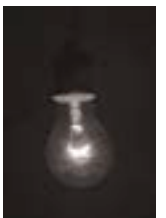
The memories of previous voyages, most of them fuzzy if not fallacious, have been added to the vague image that I took with me as a child, but instead of composing a dense texture, my Buenos Aires comes undone step by step. It’s not just that the places I thought I knew are replaced by

others, it’s the entire city that, as if a victim of a seismic tremor, begins to move, sliding, it would seem, to other latitudes, inventing for itself a new center as the old one is evacuated, like at the end of the last century, leaving behind abandoned cinemas that have turned into evangelical churches or cheap shops, ruins where once there were lights and prestige. I have the sensation of a floating city that runs in all directions, until it ends up falling into the Río de la Plata.

The river, that site of forgetting, or erasure, becomes the terminus of a city in movement, one that replaces and remakes itself endlessly, shifting its centre and thus its meanings. Architecturally and geologically, it’s a flat city in both spatial and temporal terms, but narratively, it is striated and fossilised in strange and complex formations. Thus the rational structure of Buenos Aires is made complex not through urban layerings, but by the labyrinthine narratives that it evokes, in which possibilities are imagined, options rejected or embraced. One cannot but think of Borges’ “The Garden of the Forking Paths,” in which the labyrinth turns out to be not a physical place, but rather a novel in which all alternatives are chosen simultaneously, thus creating branches and bifurcations. In narrative, Buenos Aires’s histories, possibilities, and hallucinations create a tangled labyrinth that complicates any mapping of the city. This is the tension that lies at the heart of Macchi’s piece. Perhaps it was in London’s labyrinths that some of the stories about Buenos Aires’ labyrinths began to take shape for Macchi. Chance movements, alternatives, and simultaneities are all part of his *Tour*, and encounters and locations hold a multitude of possible interpretations. The project, then, is an elaboration of how what one thinks one can recognize is rendered strange, provisional, and fleeting. Macchi’s Buenos Aires leaves its viewer feeling very much like Macchi did in London: “I just kept being left with a sensation of not understanding things.”

Upon starting his visits to the many locations pinpointed on the map, Macchi found a handwritten English-Spanish dictionary, smudged by rain and in varying states of disrepair, which is replicated in the kit. Its importance stems from the parallels that can be drawn between a tourist guide and a dictionary. As Macchi put it, “the tourist guide bases itself on the belief that if you go place by place to see what are considered to be the most important places in the city, you’ll know the city. In the same manner, the dictionary is based on the premise that if one knows word-for-word translations, one knows the language.” The dictionary here shown demonstrates an anxiety of not being

² Sylvia Molloy, *El común olvido*. pp 36-37. Buenos Aires: Norma, 2002.





Jorge Macchi, *Buenos Aires Tour*, 2003.
Installation

able to translate a word directly, so that every English word has plural translations, connotations, synonyms. It's an attempt to pin down meaning that fails not only because of the writer's mistakes (which are many) but also because it's a translation device which attempts to understand a language's structures without an understanding of grammar, lexicon, or usage. The assiduous student of English who wrote this careful dictionary could not possibly engage in conversation with an English speaker. Like the tourist who looks at the monuments, the lexicographer moves as if within a void, misinterpreting words because he lacks the cultural saturation that would allow him to understand their contexts.

Macchi's play between cultural awareness and defamiliarisation is one that is strongly reminiscent of the work of Borges. Borges' narration of Buenos Aires, positioned in the space between the familiar and the strange, resonates with Macchi's art in ways that are fruitful to analyse. In his poems and stories, Borges writes often of a metaphorical, physical, or existential return to Buenos Aires as the locus of his sensibilities and his ability to understand the world. Yet that city is also, in Borges, a site of nostalgia, projection, and myth, and he is very aware that the city he creates through his narration is one that is ephemeral, individual, and experiential. To represent its realities is inconsequential; what concerns Borges is to write moments, movements, and divergences in the space of the city.

In his 1929 poem, "The Mythical Founding of Buenos Aires," Borges imaginatively rewrites the origin of the city, alluding to some of the narratives that circulate about its histories.³ However, he imagines his own block of Palermo

3 I include the entire poem here:
"The Mythical Founding of Buenos Aires"

And was it along this torpid muddy river
That the prows came to found my native city?
The little painted boats must have suffered the steep surf
Among the root-clumps of the horse-brown current.

Pondering well, let us suppose that the river
Was blue, as if dropped from the sky,
With a small red star inset to mark the spot
Where Juan Díaz fasted and the Indians dined.

But for sure a thousand men and other thousands
Arrived across a sea that was five moons wide,
Still infested with mermaids and sea serpents
And magnetic boulders that sent the compass wild.

On the coast they put up a few ramshackle huts
And slept uneasily. This, they claim, in the Riachuelo,
But that is a story dreamed up in the Boca.
It was really a city block in my district—Palermo.

A whole square block, but set down in open country,
Attended by dawns and rains and hard southeasters,
Identical to that block which still stands in my neighborhood:
Guatemala—Serrano—Paraguay—Gurruchaga.

A general store pink as the back of a playing card
Shone bright; in the back there was truco talk.
The corner bar flowered into life as a local bully,
Already cock of his walk, resentful, tough.

The first barrel organ teetered over the horizon
With its clumsy progress, its habaneras, its wop.
The cart-shed was unanimous for YRIGOYEN.
Some piano was banging out tangos by Saborido.

Like a rose, a cigar store perfumed
The desert. The afternoon had deepened into yesterdays,
The men shared an illusory past.
Only one thing was missing: the street had no other side.



as the foundation of Buenos Aires, creating an image of the city that is based not on any historical specificity, but rather on his own experience of it. The narratives that inform his view of his neighbourhood are a mix of myth and history, present-day buildings and spectral peoplings of them. The poem embraces the ways in which the city is narrated, and moves away from a monolithic definition of it into an intimate, phenomenological description. Buenos Aires only exists in Borges' mind as a web of memories, nostalgias, stories, and experiences that inform his perception of it. The block on which he grew up is given not only a geographical centrality, but also a temporal one; its mythic overtones of a pink general store, the local *compadritos*, the tango and the cigars, posit a moment that probably never actually existed but is evoked with nostalgia.

Like a rose, a cigar store perfumed
the desert. The afternoon had deepened into yesterdays,
the men shared an illusory past.

Only one thing was missing: the street had no other side.

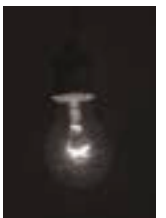
The desert stretches on the other side of the street, placing the mythical foundation of his city in that space-in-between the urban and the rural, the present of the afternoon and the past of the yesterdays. That past is, as Borges insists, illusory, but by being shared it becomes a narrative that can be added to the repertoire of stories about the city. He ends his poem by doubting all the narratives. Can a foundation be narrated? "To me, it seems just a fiction that Buenos Aires ever began: I feel it to be as eternal as water and air." Questions of the monumental and of the transitory reside in this poem, and in his hesitant postulations of his myths about the city, Borges undermines all attempts at constructing a univocal history. The city is represented not as a coherent spatial and temporal construct, but rather as a conglomeration of colours, sounds, and smells that speak to the affective experience of living in it.

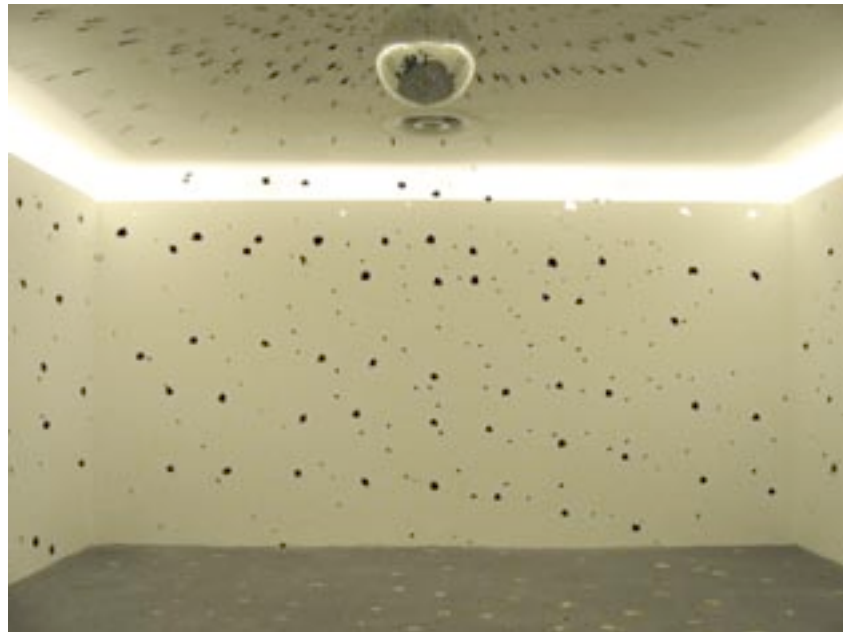
The founding of the city for Borges can only ever be his experience of its histories and its places. Picking the narratives that he finds most resonance with, Borges gives us two representations of the Río de la Plata. He starts the poem as if he were standing in front of that thickly sedimented brown water, and asks, "And was it along this torpid muddy river/ that the prows came to found my native city? The little painted boats must have suffered the steep surf/among the root-clumps of the horse-brown current." He insists on the colour (muddy, horse-brown).

In the next stanza the colour of the water changes as it is represented not through a visual experience but through cartographic convention: "Pondering well, let us suppose that the river/was blue as if dropped from the sky." In fact, this supposition does need to be pondered, since it represents such an abstract level of signification, which, upon first-hand experience of the famous brown of la Plata, seems to be a willful misrepresentation. What is counterposed is the dirty river with the blue river, descended from the heavens. This idealized representation is not just the one of maps, but also the one of the fervent nationalist who constructs a representation of it according to his own myopic needs. The conflict between reality and convention, described in the first two stanzas, encapsulates Borges's concern with questions of history and representation. In the end, Borges seems to say, what remains is the experience of a place and its representations, and the ways that those come together in him as an individual to give him his unique perception of the city.

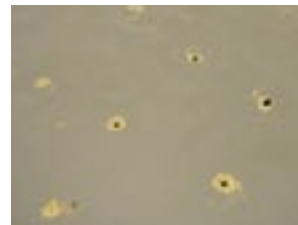
In the poem, the blue of the river is set off by "a small red star inset to mark the spot/ where Juan Díaz fasted and the Indians dined." The star, which is, unlike the river, literally dropped from the sky, is, in cartographic convention, made red to mark a site. This colour change, here, marks a bloody moment, in which an act of cannibalism occurred, so the ironies of these colour variations become apparent. Like the star of the orientation axis on a map, that imposes a view that may have little to do with one's experience of the place, Borges' little red star posits one possible story of the city. Macchi's star, produced by the blow against the glass, superimposes another random yet unalterable representation of Buenos Aires. This star is, of course, a site of violence, the nexus of a series of fractures that will rupture our conventional movements and narrations through the city, and force us to rethink our positions. Macchi's star is inseparable from the reflexive Spanish verb, *estrellarse*, which means to crash violently against something.

In a piece entitled *Still Song* (2005) Macchi hung a disco ball in the centre of a room and froze its movement. Then he marked each of the reflections of light that covered the walls, ceiling, and floor, and drilled them out as holes. The little stars of light, ephemeral and coincidental in their dancing movement, were frozen into sites of violence, gashes of permanence. Stars are made of light, and light is movement, but the stars that Macchi has frozen into place are as brutal in their logic of permanence and wound as is Borges's, or the map's.





Jorge Macchi, *Still Song*, 2005



Jorge Macchi, *Still Song*, (details), 2005



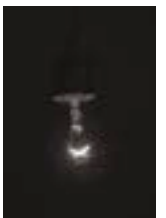
Jorge Macchi,
Buenos Aires Tour, 2004
Artist's book

Yet this violence is also funny, quirky. Like Borges, who jokes about cannibalism, Macchi also jokes about these gashes: after all, he's frozen a *disco ball*. Even at the moment of representing the violence of fixing a representation, Macchi, and Borges, undermine a univocal meaning and open it to a variety of interpretations. The stars formed by a collision, by a confrontation, are ones that mark certain directions, seemingly ephemeral, but at the same time static and unavoidable. Another image of *estrellamiento*: this picture of a wall from *Buenos Aires Tour*. Are these stars made by children throwing fruit, or the *estrellamiento* that occurs when people are lined up by a firing squad? The images, sounds, and objects included in this piece are random samplings of what is encountered on the streets. But when faced with all of them brought together under the transparency of a fractured glass, we begin to make connections, to respond affectively to the meanings and non-meanings provided by this defamiliarized representation.

In his most recent book, *El último lector*, Argentine author Ricardo Piglia describes a very Borgesian scene.⁴ There is a crazy, solitary photographer, who has created a replica of Buenos Aires in his studio. In his obsession with this scale model, the photographer has come to believe that the alterations that he makes in his home will have real effects, “amplified and uncanny” out there on the city. The distinctions between replica and reality, between presence and absence are blurred and even switched in this fantasy. The narrator of this story (Piglia?) gazes in astonishment at this miniature city, and the photographer talks to him:

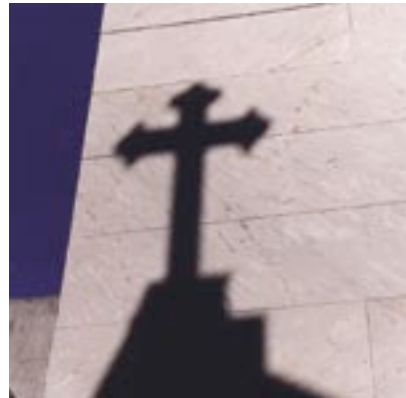
“A map,” he said, “is a synthesis of reality, a mirror that guides us in the confusion of life. You need to be able to read between the lines to find your way. Pay attention. If one studies the map from the place where I live,

⁴ Ricardo Piglia, *El último lector*. p15. Barcelona: Anagrama, 2005.





Jorge Macchi,
Buenos Aires Tour, 2004
Artist's book



Jorge Macchi,
Buenos Aires Tour, 2004
Artist's book

first he has to find the place from which he looks at the map. Here, for example, is my house. This is Puan Road, this is Rivadavia Avenue. You are here." He made a cross. "You are this one." He smiled.

The cross, like the star on a map, fixes a place, and the person implied. The statement "you are here" employs the pronoun "you" as a shifter, one whose point of reference will always be different depending on place and time. The recontextualisation of the "you are here" in Macchi's piece allows us to question the meanings of "you" and "here." The "you" does not need you to explain it, it works with the possibility of your absence, even of your death. The meaningful utterance "you are here" is only meaningful as language because it does not need you to make it work. What better cross to mark a presence of an absence than that of a tombstone? The cross fixes in stone the not here ness of the dead. In Macchi's photos, it is not the cross that is represented, but the shadow, rendering that cross unsubstantial, fleeting, just as presence always is. The "you" is most definitely not here.

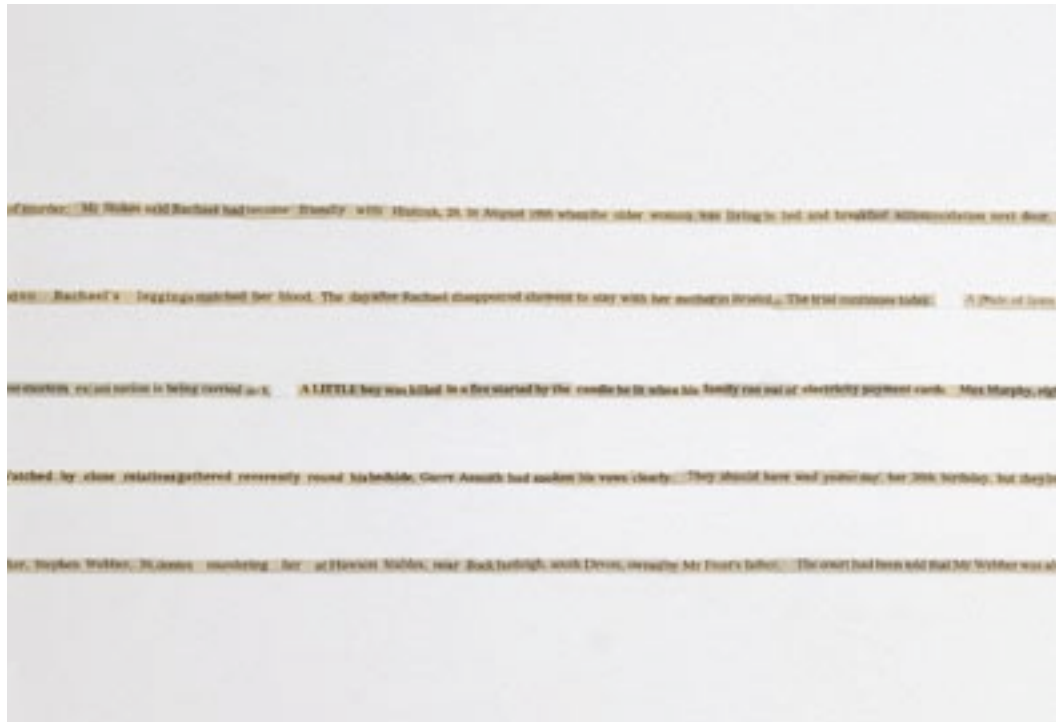
Piglia's crazy photographer insists that a map is a mirror. What it reflects is one's position relative to other places, other times. Macchi says something similar in his insistence that his piece had to be done by porteños about their city.

In a way, the map, and all the encounters present in that map, stops being a map and is transformed into a mirror. That is to say, I noticed that the three of us put much more than there was into those objects and those sounds; there was all this knowledge that went beyond that which we were showing. And in that way, each choice that we made was a part of the creation of a self-portrait. So that it was a kind of trio of self-portraits.

The self-portraits of *Buenos Aires Tour* are representations of a self-fashioning through interactions with a familiar space made unfamiliar by a particular moment in time. They are not attempts at defining an identity, but rather of portraying the ways in which one is in relation to one's surroundings. I insist upon this point because I believe that there is a danger of misreading Macchi, of positioning him as an Argentine artist and thus a proponent of a certain agenda. Art criticism and cultural studies today tend towards those kinds of critiques, in which questions of location become increasingly important so that the sociological is valorized over the aesthetic. This is what happened to Macchi with another piece of his, and he finds it to be the most egregious misreading of his work. In a piece entitled *Incidental Music* (1997), Macchi collected sensationalist and horrific news from local newspapers in London. His interest in these headlines lay in the way that these terrible incidents appear one day in the newspaper and are forgotten the next. He says that these peoples' lives are like fireworks that appear for a second and then disappear into the darkness. One way that this piece was read is as an allegory for Argentina's disappeared. Macchi rejects this reading, saying that it limits interpretations, closes down meanings. This work has as much to do with the momentary apparitions of these people into the public sphere as with their disappearance from it.

The reading that positions Macchi as an artist that deals with collective memory is one that elides an aesthetic connection with his work through an identitarian one. Macchi does not want to create art that is supposedly political, he can't bear the position of the artist who says "I'm going to show you what is reality." A cultural studies approach runs the risk of reducing his work to a representation of his culture, and he seeks to move outside of that arena. This is not to say that his work is apolitical. I believe that it is a strong register of a particular moment not only in Macchi's experience but also in the experience of Argentina. The materials for this piece were collected from 2000-2002, and they encompass the moment of the crisis in Argentina of December





Jorge Macchi, *Incidental Music*, (detail), 1997

2001. Evidence of this is not found in the objects they collect, but it is there very strongly in the sounds. There are a series of recordings of manifestations and *cacerolazos*, the protests in which middle-class people went out on the streets banging their pots and pans and demanding that the banks return their money. These are sounds that evoke what have become famous images of a very important moment in contemporary Argentine history. But they are represented alongside other noises, and are one of many registers of the sounds of the city. In terms of media representation, the *cacerolazos* became the emblem of a whole collection of movements, resentments, and manifestations. But *Buenos Aires Tour* does not drown out other possible sounds, voices, objects by prioritizing these iconic sounds. Macchi's piece is ecumenical; no sound takes precedence. For if we took the *cacerolazo* as the pivotal point that gives meaning to the rest of the work, then we would ignore the aesthetic act, which does not allow itself to be submerged by one political occurrence but instead engages with something much more ample. This piece goes against the mainstream of media discourse and its simulacra by reiterating that one's experience matters. The media would attempt to colonize that experience through a representation of it that defines and limits it. But in representing the disembodied sounds of the *cacerolazo*, Rudnitzky creates an aesthetics that cannot be inscribed in certain spaces of interpretation. *Buenos Aires Tour* reframes a specific spatio-temporal experience that reclaims its right to be a spatio-temporal experience. It is, I would argue, doing politics outside of the space of politics.

Like Borges, Macchi understands the facile interpretations that are employed as soon as an identity is defined, a location set. Aesthetic production, in their terms, must stay away from those attempts to pin it down, to read it as an example of *Argentinidad*, or Latin American-ness, because in those labels meanings are flattened and experiences are lost. Macchi's art cannot be positioned easily, and keeps itself in constant movement. It does not position itself as authoritative, and makes clear that it is a narration among others. After all, the fractured glass is transparent, so that the broken lines are just one more trajectory that can be made across the map of the city.