

CARTOGRAFIAS DEL RECUERDO #1//THE SUSPENDED MEMORY

AINARA LOPEZ



CARTOGRAFIAS DEL RECUERDO is about

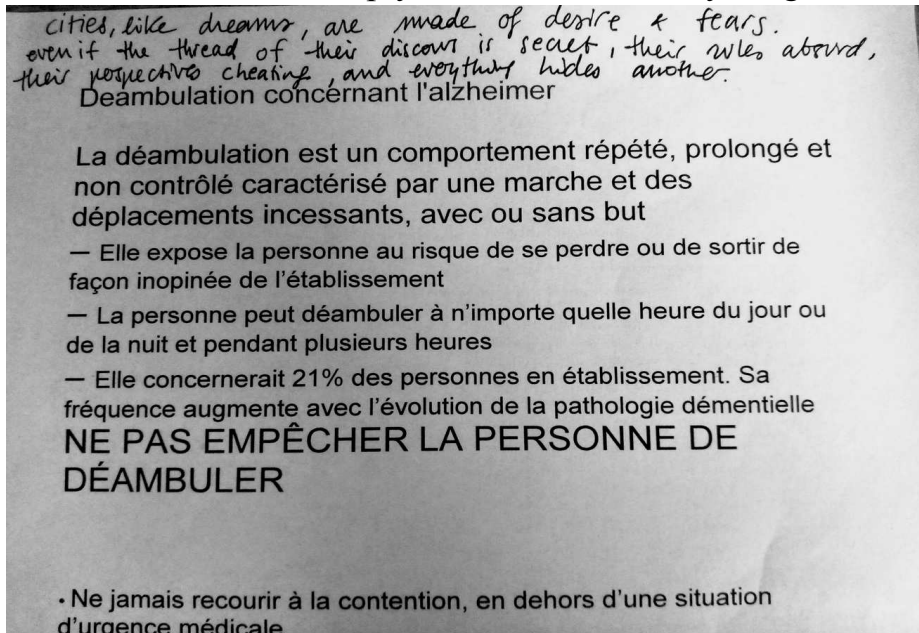
and
itinerancy
atlas
maps
traces
fragments
of memory
beginnings
manipulation and constructions
and ends
oblivion
and my grandmother/amona

I have no memories
I will wander around the city
NAPOLI
borrowing/stealing souvenirs from others

Wandering is a repeated, prolonged and uncontrolled behaviour, characterised by incessant walking, with or without a purpose. Blank. The person can walk around at any time of the day or night and for several hours. Blank.

THE PERSON SHOULD NOT BE PREVENTED FROM WANDERING.

I am a white canvas, an empty surface where everything can be written



I could be anyone

I wander following different protocols

Walking is an act of resistance

and Napoli a city of infinite layers

(como una cebolla)

I wander and collect stories from the people and the city. Stories linked to their souvenirs

Cities, like dreams, are made of desire and fears. Even if the thread of their discourse is secret, their rules absurd, their perspectives cheating and everything hides another.

Italo Calvino

And so their memories become somehow mine. Do I remember or do I become someone else by incorporating these souvenirs?

What to do with someone else's memories? How can I connect them to my own?

I also collect random objects, one object per day
I draw maps, emotional cartographies of my journey and I chose the way
these maps should be presented.
And then some of the objects become pieces of material I start hanging to dry



Following the cloth-lines as they ran from one balcony to another.
An ordinary act linked to landscape and memory.
I build an installation inspired on theses cloth-lines and I start to remember, sparse fragments,

And I hang them
And I hang myself
And I fall
And hang myself again
and listen to all songs I can think about
and call my grandmother *amona*, although I do not speak basque
and dance and hang myself again
memories arising, I write them,
one by one
fragments, suspended memories
hanging to dry
and then people come in and look and think about their past
carefully select, extract their own fragments
to suspend them
next to mine

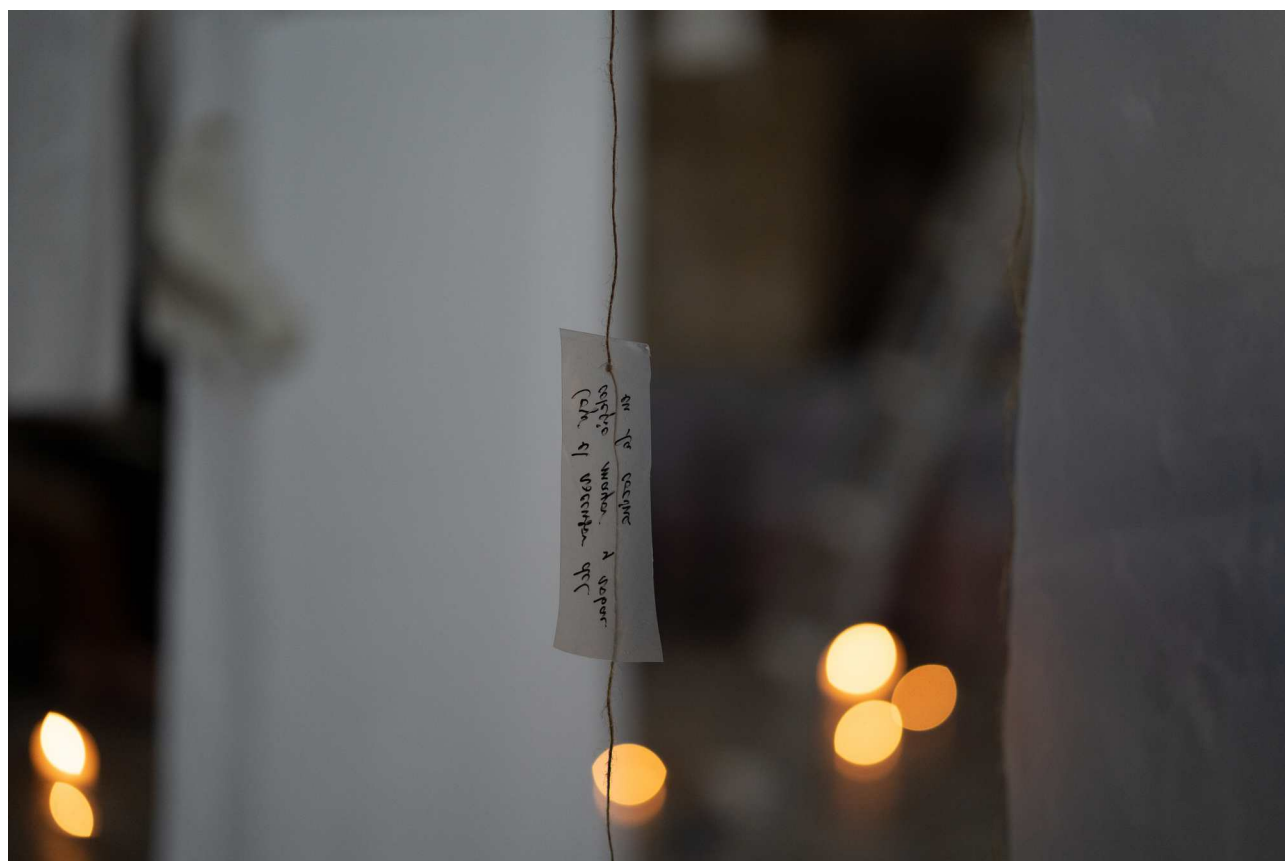
The Suspended Memory was a 2h 30 performance-installation on October 5th, 2021

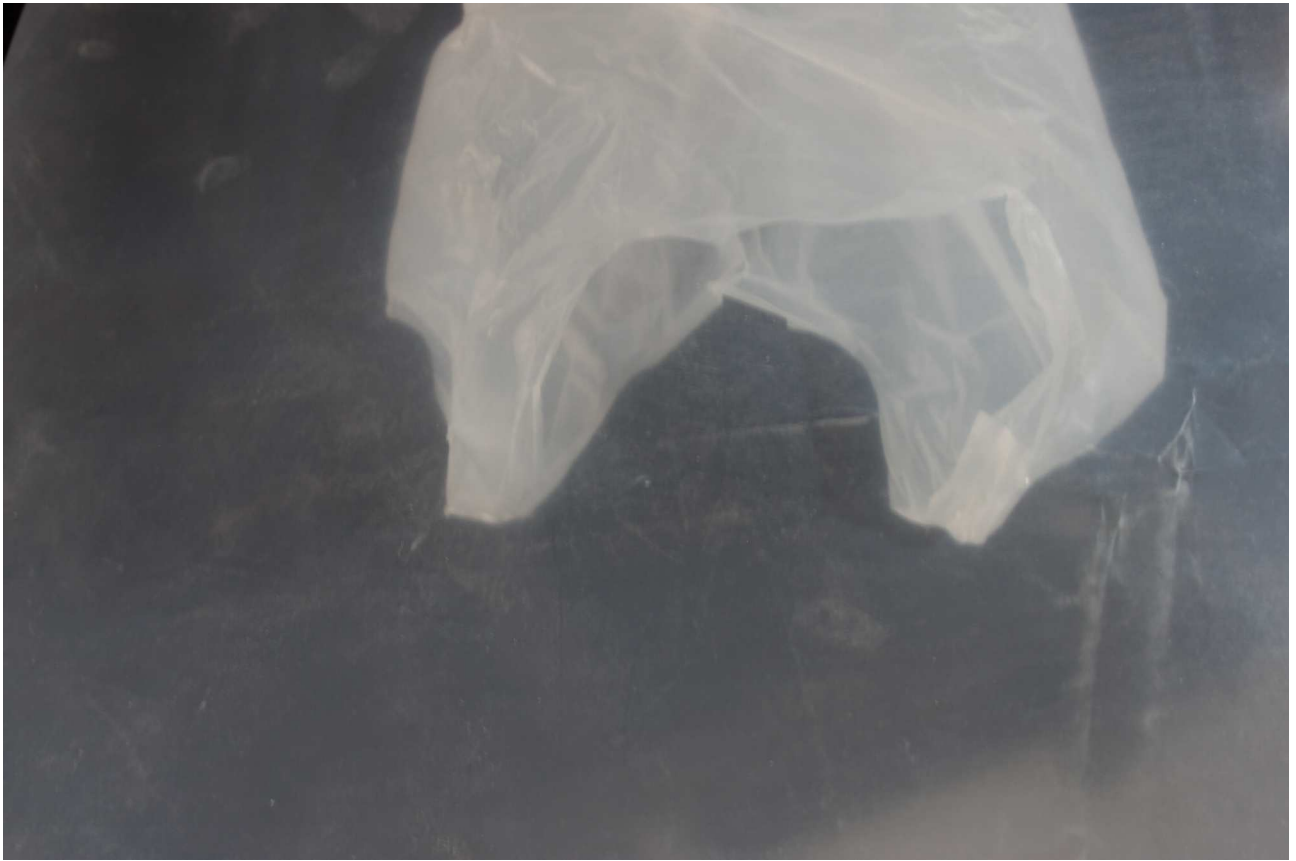


*You're walking. And you don't always realise it
But you're always falling
With each step, you fall forward slightly
And then catch yourself from falling
Over and over, you're falling
And then catching yourself from falling
And this is how you can be walking and falling
At the same time*

L. Anderson// *Walking and falling*









Memory chooses moments linked to spaces, to desire, to pain, to absence... It introduces questions about time, temporality and the organisation of the visible and the invisible. Memory is a trace that can be questioned. What remains of the past? What disappears? It changes, transforms, adapts. It is a state of consciousness. Memory changes memories. Maps are as subjective as memory. They reflect different visions of a reality. Subjective representations that give an understanding of space.

