

Text belonging to the descriptive memory of the preliminary plan for *Reconstruction of the Portrait of Pablo Míguez*.

International Sculpture Award in Homage to the kidnapped-disappeared people during the military dictatorship in Argentina.

I take part in this competition because I believe in cultivating memory as a form of exercising intelligence.

Because I believe that naming is a tool for the preservation of memory.

Because sculpture is the language that I cultivated to name the incomprehensible.

Because I believe material and form have a symbolic presence that allows the emergence of images we can identify with.

Because evoking is in this case exercising the right to memory, is about engaging and not silencing.

Because I am offered the opportunity to attempt to repair some damage that constitutes my identity, even if I have not chosen it to be so.

I take part in this competition with this project because Pablo Míguez would now be my age.

Because putting myself in the place of the other matters to me.

Because I cannot remember what I was doing on May 12th, 1977, the day he was kidnapped.

Because I believe history should be built through on one-on-one bonding in solidarity and engagement, and not through ominous decisions taken by autocratic psychopaths protected by illegitimate power.

I remember going to school during the '70s with this mandate of not naming certain people, not repeating things I would hear in private conversations, or not even singing whatever I felt like.

When I grew up and I could judge for myself, the political and social circumstances of this country convinced me of how dangerous it is to distort the

meaning of words, and how dreadful the violence generated by the impossibility of naming is.

Therefore this is my project: nominal, explicit, particular, figurative, descriptive, personalised, timely and precise, dated, anchored in time and space, it has got just one unique spot in the planet where it can sit, and it can only acquire meaning in this specific square metre of the river where I imagine it standing.

And it is this way, because any distance I could interpose between the genocide perpetrated and what is represented, any attempt of abstraction of history, would make it immediately become a euphemism, and would make it acquire the offensive purpose of continuing to condemn this truncated personal life-story to anonymity.

I take part in this competition with this project because I yearn that by remembering that on May 12th, 1977, at 3 am fourteen year old Pablo Míguez was deprived of his freedom and his future, the irreducible truth that at least this one tremendous injustice did happen and keeps being perpetrated will stand out.

I take part because I would not want anyone to ever dare to adulterate this truth.

CLAUDIA FONTES

Buenos Aires, October 25th, 1999