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Indigenous and Migrant Justice Symposium Part Two with Silvia Rivera Cusicanqui June 3, 2023

Ruba Katrib:

Hello, welcome. Really happy to have you all here for our Open House today. Thank you for joining us for the second part of our Symposium on Indigenous and Migrant Justice here at MoMA PS1, culminating right now with this talk by the esteemed Silvia Rivera Cusicanqui. I'm Ruba Katrib, Curator and Director of Curatorial Affairs here, and it's truly an honor to have Silvia with us today. She's traveled here from Bolivia, so we're really grateful for her for making that trip. She'll be discussing her work, her activism, and her scholarship around the concept of *ch'ixi*, which—thanks to her work and writing,—has now become so influential for many of us around the world, and has literally changed the conversation. So, we feel very privileged to host her here at PS1.

Before we get started, I just want to share a little bit more context around this event. In working with Chuquimamani-Condori on their installation here at MoMA PS1 in the first-floor duplex gallery, they were discussing their influences on their own multidisciplinary and ancestral work, and we wanted to find ways to pull out those connections through their work and in dialogue with our own local context.

Out of that conversation, we formulated the series of talks that brings together the intersections between the Andean context and the local context around Indigeneity, anti-colonial work, and forms of resistance to imperial and carceral states. On March 18, for the first part of this program, we brought together a range of speakers from the Andes to New York in a series of presentations with the David Aruquipa Pérez, Tecumseh Ceaser, Chuquimamani-Condori, Itzel Corona Aguilar, and Red de Pueblos Transnacionales.

I'll now turn it over, in a moment, to Chuquimamani-Condori to introduce Silvia, but I just wanted to make sure everyone knew that they are going to be performing here again at PS1 on July 13th. And this is a free concert, but there's limited tickets, so please sign up online. It's going to be incredible. We're really excited to bring them back for this concert. And I also wanted to thank the MoMA PS1 staff for helping to put this all together—especially Elena Ketelsen González, our Assistant Curator, and Andrea Sánchez, the Curatorial Administrative Assistant, who have been very close collaborators on this program and crucial in its formulation and organization. I also wanted to thank Santiago and Clia who are here, Silvia's family who have been really critical in helping us put this day together. And I want to encourage those of you that don't have a headset and need translation from Spanish to English to get one in the back right now. And I'll turn it over to Elly, who will introduce Silvia. Following Silvia's lecture, we will open up for questions. Thank you all for being here.

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Elly Crampton Chuquimia Quiñones-Tancara:

Our family's sincerest thanks to Asma, Ruba, Elena, Lilly, Andrea, Richard, and the PS1 staff.

In the 5th edition modern Aymara-Castellano dictionary, *q'iwa* & *q'iwsa* are treated as synonyms for queer people. Strategically, the new entries omit the anti-queer or bad character traits that have come to be associated with the terms (thank you Dr. Pairumani). We recall the musical or medicinal roles of these terms, which shows their unique medicinal or practical functions— for instance, the *q'iwsa siku* and *q'iwa pinkillu*.

Q'iwsa also relates to the anti-spiral, unscrewing, twisting or luxation/dislocation, and *q'iwa*— the tears of our ancestors as *qillqa*, as writing, as language, joyful sadness. It is this medicine that also directs our roles as queer (*q'iwa/q'iwsa*) people for our communities, our relations, which is our *ayni* to the *pachanaka*, reciprocity to our people. The refusal of this medicine, brought by Christian doctrine, state law, and so forth, has caused a break in *ayni* that has yet to be paid back, or made just. In our commitment to our relations and the *wak'as*, our ancestors, we as queer people continue to give back what we owe, even when our medicine is so often mistaken for poison.

We have a saying in our language, which is said many ways, but that I learned this way: *qhipnayr uñtasisawa sarnaqaña*. This is translated as: *hay que mirar el pasado y el futuro para proyectarse en el presente*—we must look at past and future in order to project ourselves in the present. Google translates it as: walking around looking backwards.

Recalling the verb *q'iwsuña*, in the context of this phrase, we're reminded that living in so-called reverse is also a perspective of balance. When it's winter in our territories, it's summer over here—to be in good relation with these lands I must live in reverse.

The phrase *qhipnayara uñtasisawa sarnaqaña* also implies we live with the ancestors in permanent encounter. The ancestors in our misperceived individuation, the elders of our elders, what physicists call the void, vacuum, the powerful small, where spacetime undoes—they say—somewhere around 10 minus 33 cm (a physicist told me that once).

Can we understand that permanent encounter means we can give up the story of loss and recovery and remember what we already know, what cognitive neuroscience calls implicit or non-declarative memory, immemorable memory, which, as such, cannot be forgotten.

This work commissioned by PS1 is like a portrait of our grandma Flora Quiñones Tancara Chuquimia.

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Taqi chuymampi, with all of the feeling heart, with lungs—q'iwanakaxa, q'iwsanakaxa utjxiwa—

My name is Elly Crampton Chuquimia Quiñones-Tancara. My friends call me E, and mom gave me the name Chuquimamani-Condori, after grandpa's grandpa's medicine. The last name Crampton was my dad's adoptive name. Chuquimia comes from my grandpa's side, and Quiñones-Tancara is from grandma's side. Chuquimia can refer to the red potatoes that grow in our *ayllu Pahasa*, and the words *tanka* and *tankara* refer to a hat with no brim, made out of a *titi* cat or felid skin.

My elders say I was born *chimpu* or *sunaqi*, and for my baby shower, rather than blue or pink, my parents used the color yellow to welcome me. We belong to the Great Paka Jaqi nation and support American Indian Movement (autonomous chapters of Northern and Southern California). I also support Sacramento Red Road Gathering, a drug and alcohol recovery for Native people (founded by my friend Nickie, unaffiliated with White Bison). If you'd like to be part of this work, please contact me later.

We'd like to thank PS1 for organizing this symposium, on the occasion of our collaborative work *Q'iwanakax/Q'iwsanakax Utjxiwa* that we invite you to participate in, after this talk (that's located on the lower level). Thank you PS1 for flying me and mom out here. Our *wila masinaka* would like to extend sincere thanks to Dr. Silvia Cusicanqui for her work with THOA, who vindicated the stories of the *caciques apoderados*, a movement which our great- great grandparents, Francisco Tancara and Rosario Quiñones, were a part of.

jayala qulliri tatamama Silvia— taqi chuymampi, ukhamaw.

I tend to digress, so we'll try and keep it together. Many of you are already familiar with Dr. Cusicanqui's work, but today I thought we'd name something that often gets buried in the process. Dr. Cusicanqui has theorized on the word *ch'ixi*, in many of her talks.

Ch'ixi indicates grayishness. Specifically, tiny spots, in contrast to the word *allqa*, which refers to big spots. This is important because *allqa* is associated with the contrasting colors that are seen as paired, and sometimes differentiated from *q'iwa* or queer medicine, which is frequently called lonely or single, separated from pairing (while *q'iwsa* also means "to remove something from its place," we should be careful using *q'iwa* and *q'iwsa* as synonyms).

Through *ch'ixi*, what appears as a solid color, gray, is in fact made up of various spots. What is sometimes missed in the translation of the word *ch'ixi*, is that it also means a pile of small rocks, additionally, referring to the Pleiades constellation. *Ch'ixi* is also accumulated scree or the rocky debris that forms below mountains. Perhaps this recalls the image of our *chullpas*, the stone mounds that hold our eldest elders, in Paqajes.

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The spots & grayness of *ch'ixi* describe the *titi* felid or Andean cat, which the great Aymara scholar Pachacuti Yamqui Salcamaygua drew as *chuqui chinchay* or *qowa*, writing this quote “very speckled animal” was “guardian of hermaphrodites, Indians of two natures.” Pachacuti also illustrates the relation, between the Pleiades, Venus, and *chuqui chinchay* or *qowa* the cat—our elders still speak these connections, as do *confesionarios* from the early colonial period.

So then, through the word *ch'ixi*, we resound *q'iwa*, *q'iwsa*, or queer medicine, the scree of our *apus* as the *titi*'s spots, as *qowa* or *k'oa* the flying feline or the medicine we smudge, as prayer, as star and star cluster. Thus, our language is superpositional, synesthetic—recall the tongued mouths on the paws of the felid in old-school *qillqa* from Chavín; recall the eyes in its heart, lungs, stomach, and anus.

It is in this context that Dr. Cusicanqui works our ancient queer medicines. Elaborating on that, we look at the suffix *-naka*, which is often referred to as a pluralizing suffix. Our elders tell us this suffix does not just indicate pluralization however, but *variety*, more precisely. So, when we say *q'iwanaka* and *q'iwsanaka*, we are referring to the manifold variations of so-called queer medicine. Resounding and practicing *q'iwa* and *q'iwsa* medicine is part of our *ayni*, our obligation of reciprocity as queer people. We say this in order to address the misunderstanding, of *q'iwa*, as unproductive, which comes with the historical violence of forced sterilization on queer people by the occupying states.

Dormancy or repose, is not the same as unproductivity—Guamán Poma and his uncredited scribes and elders showed us this beautifully, in their planting ceremony illustrations. Also, is not *mallku titi*, the feline or felid, summoned for fecundity and abundance in our ceremonial *incremento de ganado*?

This is why we listen to the tree, the bud, *pankara*, the butterfly, snail, ant, cricket, the trash, the river, the road that we set foot upon every day as stem, where we, as *sariri*, relay Tunupa, who they say changed from man to woman across the water, seemingly walking alone, only paired or connected across spacetimes. Recall the elders' famous saying, translated as: “Do not pity *q'iwa* people, because they walk looking at the stars.”

As mentioned, the last time we spoke, balance is a matter of perspective. Here in the North, in order to be in good relation with the land, we must live and work in reverse—that is, when it's winter in Pakaxa and Yungas, it's summer here. Our new year, June 21, marking the winter solstice, is the start of summer here. Entangled dehiscence, knotted split: *pani*, *panichaña*.

The *pachanaka*, or manifold spacetimes, stained us, *jiwasa*, before the creation of the World over our mother, the earth. Like *titi*, we were already stained before Europe arrived to these lands—*very speckled*, *muy pintado*, to quote elder Pachacuti again.

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This is the bittersweet red song, the lonely *q'iwa* melody, the transnocturnal *huayño*, the blood-red penumbra that spilled out as the *chullpas* mistakenly sang the first sunrise, seeing each other for the first time, individuated in sadness and joy, shared aloneness, speaking with tears, our first language: the birth of the *mundo en policía*, the policed world.

In this way, our medicine refuses, speaking back to the myth of Primitive Isolate, upon which genomics, bioarcheology, raciality, history, land claims and economics are still founded today. *Jallalla*

Silvia Rivera Cusicanqui:

Thank you very much. I am going to speak in Spanish. And I'm going to start a bit with my self-definition. I am an unidentified ethnic object because I have a t-shirt from Guatemala, I have my shoes from La Paz, my *tulma* from the altiplano, my *tulma* is this. And my blouse is Chinese. And yet, deep in my soul there is a root in which I identify myself. And just seeing the exhibition of Chuquimamani and the whole installation, reminded me a lot of 43 years ago, when I was in the Hayapatajaques, which is the great eave of the Eagle. And I am not *queusa*, but I am trans, I am trans-species because I am in love with my dog, which is a very beautiful dog. So, in a way, I take off my identity t-shirt to look inside myself for what is deep down the true attitude of respect for the ancestors and for what it means to be walking on this land. So, I want to dedicate this small talk to the Canarsie Lenape, who were the Indigenous people who inhabited this land that I am somewhat stepping on. I will simply make a small offering with the coca leaf that Chuquimamani has given me to say that we hope that our ancestors will free the new generations and allow us not to carry our identity as a heavy burden, but as an object for joy. It seems that I cross myself, but I am not crossing myself. *Ah la Pachanquiri Akapachanquiri Qhapaq Ñan Quiri Ajayu Camasca Lural Sanacaur.*

I leave it on the altar and I ask permission to the ancestors of this land to be able to make this talk. I have wanted to make a journey through images as a sort of genealogy of the notion of the *ch'ixi* from where I got it. Our languages have been colonized, our philosophers have been killed, our theorists have been killed, and we have been left with nothing but degraded words, only words reduced to their pragmatic meanings. Then it's up to the new generations. I am new in comparison to our great [ancestor] Julián, and our great [ancestor] Tata Francisco Tancara. I am of a new generation, but my grandchildren and great-grandchildren also have to rediscover those ancestors within themselves. But we do not only have Andean ancestors. I have drawn a lot of inspiration for my sociology of image text from the work of Deborah Poole, a New Yorker who has understood the Andes in a very subtle, very loving way. And I think that these gestures of love unite us in a constellation of friendships and complicities. There is, then, a dictionary definition

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of *ch'ixi*. *Ch'ixi* is spotted and young Aymara linguists tell me, “But *ch'ixi* is only used for *wilca paru* corn and spotted sheep. That doesn't apply to humans, that's only for animals.” Then I answer, “Well, we are entitled to the metaphorical use of those words. That does not mean inventing out of nothing.”

It means the search, as Chuquimamani has done with the word *queusa*. It's the search for the deep meaning of the words. So, we need to reinterpret the words but with due respect, not invention. I mean, there are words that are used to form political parties. It is not [an invention]. Because I recognize a European root in my thinking, and it is the anarchist root, and that came to me from Europe. It is the struggles of labor, the struggles for equality, the witches, Silvia Federici. Everything that has distanced us from Europe we cannot erase with a stroke of a pen and I recognize it with great affection. Then we run the risk of new degradation when concepts become fads. And my way of defending myself from that is precise, although it may seem very egocentric, that I can tell you where the *ch'ixi* came from. And the first book that I published in Buenos Aires in 2010, where for the first time I use *ch'ixi naka ut'jiua*, there are also the stained, the impure, the contaminated, the stained. It is all very long. But there are also those people who do not fit into identity pigeonholes. It is a reflection on practices and discourses of colonization, and it is a resistance to the fetishization of words. But who taught me that? There are two people. There are two characters in my life that have weighed a lot, a lot, a lot. Don Víctor Zapana Serna, a man from the *altiplano*, a man from Copacabana, who kept a deep and archaic sense of language.

He knew words that were no longer in everyday use, and he once said *ch'ixi naka ut'jeua, jararan unacaja, catalinacaja, hampatunacaja*. He said, “There are also the tainted, there are also the tainted, the impure, the incorrect, we could say, are the snake, the lizard, and the toad.” He is there carving a toad. I made a video for him in 1992 and there he surprised me with that wonderful word, and he also surprised me with a word that has been degraded. *Wud-walanti*. I say to young linguists “What is *Wud-walanti*?”. And they tell me “Ah, it's when a gnat lost her virginity!” It's when a young girl has lost her virginity. *Wud-walanti* means what is irreparable. And don Victor exemplified it with a stone, and he says, “The day you break that stone you can't strain it with anything.” And well, over the years, with evangelization, with Christianization, with dictionaries, with the way our ancestors were linguistically policed, it degraded, and it just means “the broken hymen.” But it doesn't mean the irreparable death, the irreparable pain, the irreparable massacre. And then the video *Wud-walanti*. It tells the story of the massacre of All Saints, which is where Don Victor tells me the meaning of *Wud-walanti*. And the meaning of *ch'ixi*. But one wonders what is indeterminate. Because the thing about the potency of *ch'ixi* is that it's indeterminate. It is neither male nor female, it is neither above nor below, but it is both at the same time.

It is both male and female, it is both above and below. So how can this be transferred to the human? One can be in two forms. *Ch'i*—The pronunciation is a

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little difficult because there is *ch'ixi* with aspirate [pronunciation] and there is *ch'ixi* with explosive [pronunciation]. *Ch'ixi* is soft, it is unlearned. And I've made it more understandable with the notion of *Pa'churrima* divided heart, divided soul like the "double bind" that Gayatri Spivak talks about, right? I mean, "double bind" is when you have one identity mandate and you have the opposite mandate. You have the mandate to be white, and you have the mandate to be Indigenous. And they are in a clash. But that causes schizophrenia, social schizophrenia, collective schizophrenia, and personal schizophrenia. And the ways to cure these schizophrenias are to find [how] to live with the contradiction of having this identity that has two roots. They force you to choose one to deny the other, and I refuse to ignore the fact that I am also white, that I also have European roots, and that I do not regret it because I am not to blame for having been born that way. So I want to liberate myself by recognizing the best, the most profoundly contentious of both dimensions. That is my greatest legacy that comes from '92. It is an older legacy, which for me represents Don Felipe Guamán Poma de Ayala, who wrote *La nueva crónica y buen gobierno* (*The New Chronicle and Good Government*).

This is an extraordinary book. You can see it there very thin, but it is more or less this thick. It is an inexhaustible book, for me. The biggest paradox that has happened, because the idea of the nation sometimes contradicts everything, is that he is an outcast. He was born in Huamanga, and it turns out that the authentic original manuscript by him is in the Royal Library of Copenhagen, Denmark. And we Bolivians cannot—the Bolivian State cannot claim Guamán Poma because the Peruvian State is going to jump up saying, "No, Guamán Poma is ours, he belongs to our nation!" And well, I know, I think, from the books I have read by Chacho and Debbie, that the Peruvian State is not very interested in the Indigenous peoples of the south, and especially the Aymara and Quechua Indigenous people who are being persecuted and massacred today. And well, an Indigenous person from the 17th century, I don't think [the state] claims and I don't think they will succeed, but if we want it, and we love it very much, and we know it very much. In Bolivia he is no novelty, Guamán Poma de Ayala. One says "Guamán Poma," and the bus driver can tell you "Ah, yes, yes!" Because he is a character that we have assimilated into our daily life, and that is why the story with Guamán Poma has certain sad things because the issue is that he speaks of very deep things of colonialism, things that have a questioning of the identity marks. Guamán Poma was a *ch'ixi* because he lived the contradiction, he suffered it, and he felt deeply questioned by the cruelties of colonialism.

He was showing, for example, how a *mestizo* person, or one who wants to look like a *mestizo*, does not have—and if he has more or less the same skin color—the only way he can do to show that he has overcome his Indigenous condition is to mistreat his fellow man, mistreat his mother, his aunt, right? In other words, he is showing those internalized forms of colonialism, that if you want to look like the oppressor, and you don't have the appearance, you can behave like the oppressor, and you will be well received. So, this is a critique of internalized colonialism. She is *criolla*, and

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she is *mestiza*, even though her mother is being beaten by her, so where is the limit between *mestizo*, *criollo* and Indigenous? It is in the behavior, in the gesture, in the look. And we have learned that from the whole tradition of reading images. So, *mestizo*, *criollo*, Indigenous, are not identity marks. The *ch'ixi* is not a mark, it is not an identity t-shirt, it is a condition of becoming contentious, contradictory, and deeply dangerous. Because one can derive in *Pa'churrima*, it can derive in liberating energy. For me, it's a daily challenge to be *ch'ixi*. But well, he says, "And those *criollos* are much worse than those Indigenous people. Their aunts and uncles, and from their mothers they are *ama*." That is, from her mother, an Indigenous woman can become an *ama* and at that moment she becomes a *mestiza*, or she becomes a *criolla*.

But he also lives a very hard contradiction: he is a Catholic, and he believes in God and in the saints. But at the same time, he represents with absolute fidelity the most ancient rites. Yes? How the Indigenous people who kill rams, he says, are idolaters. However, he is representing them with a ritual gesture, with a gesture of approach to that sacrificed animal. Why, what is the difference between the Christian way of sacrificing—because Catholics also sacrificed rams, they slaughtered them—and the ancient Indigenous peoples [who] directly cut out their hearts? And that is what is idolatrous. It is not the fact of killing rams if we kill them. So, this colonized version, but at the same time sensitive to the ancient forms, to the archaic forms of identity, represents it very well. To me, it seems very nice that this woman has a gesture of approaching to collect the blood and this woman is seeing that the ram does not suffer, that it does not bite while the *yatiri* is taking out its heart. That's a *ch'ixi*, it's colonized, and at the same time, it recognizes the power of the ancestors. But those are, let's say, Guamán Poma's reflections on concrete, lived, everyday colonialism, *lememujle*. But also, he develops the notion of structural colonialism. Yes, there we see that the great, the lords, the powerful, are eating a lot of food. Guamán Poma complains to them and says, "Why do you kill us if we produce what you eat?" But what have the Indigenous people been reduced to? He has been reduced to a dwarfed, shrunken being.

In Mexico they say *achicopalado*. It has given me an idea that I think migrants understand very well. In Aymara, there is no difference between oppressing and exploiting. Both things are said *giz cachaña*, *giz cachaña* means to dwarf, so what migrant does not know that when he is exploited he is also oppressed at the same time? You cannot separate exploitation because the one who exploits you looks at you from top to bottom, even if you are taller than he is. This gesture of looking at structural colonialism is, I believe, a very important legacy, contemporary and capable of awakening the conscience of the oppressed today. It is not of the past anymore, or it is of the past, but in a form of dialectical constellation, like the dialectical image that a dear Jew named Benjamin speaks of, it is for us the liberating way of understanding these ideas. The idea of dwarfing is what we perceive and feel. We feel small when—once I have been in Lima, in an elite university, people looked at me and the gaze went through my body as if I were

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transparent. And then that was, well, to shrink oneself, to dwarf oneself, it was to force oneself to look down, even if one was taller. And that was done by teachers who were much darker than me. So that symbolic mistreatment has been a mark for me, and also when we went to Copenhagen it was a shock.

Well, there's the other level of dwarfing, the other structural dimension of colonialism. *Cai curitachi mi cunky*, "You eat this gold?" And the Spaniard answers him, "Yes, this gold we eat." At that moment the trust that the other is human crumbles. What human eats gold? Then, the moment the Andean realizes that the other eats gold, the trust, and communication value of words crumbles. It is a tremendously serious affront, and it is a very deep colonial mark, the distrust in the word of the other person. So, for me, this is a picture that is also showing the gold nuggets today converted into seeds that are going to be exported, are going to be patented, like quinoa. Today these gold nuggets are seeds and there is still this process of saying a few words and doing something else; saying that Andean crops are being defended and lying. What I am talking about is symbolic. So, for me, this symbolic mistreatment had a kind of crisis moment in Copenhagen. It was already very hard for me to find—and we went with my daughter, we went with my daughter very excited about the possibility because they gave me a prize. But that prize did not involve money. I am very short of money due to a series of investments in lost causes. Not because, well, a pensioner's salary in La Paz is quite poor, but I could have a more or less stable life if I were not always investing money in lost causes.

Yes. Well, we left happy for the possibility of a prize that even if it was not with money, I had the illusion that we were going to meet Guamán Poma. So, as you can see, we were very happy in the midst of the wind of Copenhagen, the emotional and physical cold of that city, because Copenhagen for me was a place where there is funding for development, where they teach us Andeans what to eat, how to know, and what things to have. All that is what the Danes teach us with their funding for development. So, we said, "Well, at least we will at least be able to know that beloved book, that book that my children have known since they were little since the 80s and that they have scratched and everything." So that beloved book was locked away in a place called The Black Diamond. The most precious jewel in the Danish crown. No, it is not Guamán Poma. There is a gentleman who wrote *1200*, the Danish history. That one is more valued than Guamán Poma. And The Black Diamond tells us everything about what the crown property is. It [Guamán Poma] is not worth what the book says. It is not worth the teachings of the book. It is worth that it is original, authentic. It's worth display value. If somebody steals it, they can sell it at Sotheby's. And there's the *birlocha*, the *chola* who suspects everything and says, "Hmm, there's something weird going on here". There is something very strange going on here.

Why? Because it says there in Danish, and also in English—and I have a look on my face of, "What awaits me here?"—that they have the largest collection of texts written in and about Denmark and also a lot of things of the world, that is, we and

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the world, and poor Guamán Poma is in that lot. It is, then, a thing that for me was a shock. I saw Guamán Poma's [book] and tears came to my eyes because I could not understand. Thanks to the work of Debby Poole and others have taught us how to read images. That's my book *Sociology of the Image* (pointing to the wall). And we know that the image is read according to the order on the plane. So, what is on the pictorial right, because the image has that thing that is specular. That is, what one sees, let's say, I say "my left" in the image appears on the right, and my right appears on the left. So, the pictorial right, which is not the same as the viewer's—well, that is explained in the book that I am leaving here, just in case, as a gift to the MoMA library. So, the right is preeminence. Second most important is the left above, third is the right below and fourth and last is the left below. That is the place where the book of Guamán Poma de Ayala is confined.

It is a deeply dark place. It is, as the name implies, a black diamond as if one were entering the cave of the 40 thieves. And there is in the first place this Frederik, a Book of War; two, Salvator Fabri, Book of Fencing; thirdly, Danish History of 1200, published in 1863; and fourthly, in the least visible place, hidden down there—because there are two tiers: on the top tier are these two, and on the bottom tier is this one, the sax, which he wrote in 1200. And under what title? Under the title History. Because of all this, History, literature, stories, cybernetics. All the treasures are secluded in that place called, in that part of the exhibition, called Treasures. Of course, it was a drama to enter without being charged 65 kroner because we could not explain that I wanted to see only one book. And how can they charge me 65 kroner for a book? So, with a friend we had to make a show that I was a descendant of Guamán Poma so that they would let me in without paying. Well, we managed to get in without paying, but Karen Blixen is a lady who advertises, who has magnificent designs. Look what a company Guamán Poma de Ayala has, the company of the miscellany, the disaster box of treasures. And well, among other things, this problem of the symbolic mistreatment of this Treasures section, because it has many sections, in a way, the experience was extremely hard.

To think [like that] in the idea of treasures, because I treasure Guamán Poma, I treasure him with all my heart, I keep him in a jar and I make rituals, I ask my skull to bless him, that nothing happens to him. And, nevertheless, the idea of treasures in Europe has to do only with the monetary value, with the value, let's call it, of exhibition. And I believe that this is a bit shown because I have made a video. There it is, there are two tiers, above is the fencing treatise, the other one is a Blixen and this is the sax he has written, and there is the poor man [Guamán Poma]. But in order to see it, you have to get closer. That is, you have to do a kind of gymnastics to—if you pass a little far away, you don't even know it's there. And that made me frankly angry. And of course, I wrote a little letter to the Royal Library for a small anti-colonial revenge in a *ch'ixi* blow, let's say, to be able to get the stone out of my heart, because I had the stone stuck in the heart of that mistreatment. Now, for that reason, I propose that it is impossible to discover the relevance and pertinence of the work of Guamán Poma, a *ch'ixi* of the 16th century, if one considers it simply

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history, that is to say, chronological history, linear history, history of the past. Because since the last one in the History section is Guamán Poma, it means that in the 19th century there was no history, there was no history anymore because there is no one from the 19th century in its showcase. This must mean that when they colonized Greenland that is no longer history, that is already modernity, that is already development. In other words, how easy it is to put knowledge in pigeonholes and our resistance to that is to take them out of the pigeonholes and reread them with all their profound relevance and actuality. And so, for me—you can't take it out. No, I'm not allowed to. I have made a video of it, they don't give me permission to show the video, but I have told you about it, which is equivalent. For me, it is an inexhaustible book, that together with Mr. Victor Zapana, La Pacha has given me the gift of making a reworking of a degraded concept, to turn it into a concept that has some theoretical potential, but which I refuse to turn into one more identity shirt. For me the *ch'ixi* concept is post-identity, I would say anti-identity. Why? Because I am not in politics. I would be very easy to sell myself as an Indigenous person, but I prefer to be an unidentified ethnic object. So, really, now I have Indigeneity in my heart. Nobody is going to take that away from me. And I want to leave it to my children, to my granddaughters, to my great-granddaughters, to future generations. They will know how to recover it. For me, the *ch'ixi* gesture is also to update it in a feminist way. And this updating involves performative acts. Firstly, I want to criticize certain interpretations that historians make. For example, the *ayahuasi*, in the place where the Virgins of the Sun were gathered. They consider it as the harem of the Inca, that is to say, where he would enter and choose with whom he would sleep every night, as they do in other worlds. Well, for us *ayahuasi* is the university of women because it's the place where they taught her to weave and weaving is the highest Andean theoretical art. There's the *quipus*, the *tocapu*, everything that are the marks where they're kicking around to figure out how to interpret them. But the theoretical power can be seen, it can be touched, and I consider that a legacy of the Andean textile.

Verónica Cereceda, so many people have taught us how to read these fabrics or to approach a theoretical reading. That is why we have renamed it the Women's University, and we have made some *poleras*, some t-shirts, to defend ourselves from the evil of the enemies who want to shut us down, because we have a self-managed group that does not receive money from anywhere, but we have built a house with our own hands, and we sell what we can, and we are selling that t-shirt. The *polera* is called a *remera*, but it is also called a T-shirt. It is the same thing. And the other one is the Indigenous astrologer and poet, who knows about the sun and moon and eclipse, and stars and comets, hour, Sunday and month and year, and the four winds of the world to sow the food since ancient times. A whole message that shows that sowing food is an act of connection with the cosmos. And this is what many young people are learning and teaching, who are making urban gardens in the most unlikely places, and they are healing. We are healing the earth little by little, like little ants, like worms and well, we are living what we call the *Warmi Pachakuti*, it's a *Pachakuti* of women, it's our turn, it's our turn to heal the earth. It has already

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been soiled and it has been 2000 years of oppression, of Christianity. And there I am, making a braid for the Indigenous poet and indigenizing him, and feminizing him and making him my symbolic relative. Thank you very much. *Jayaia*.