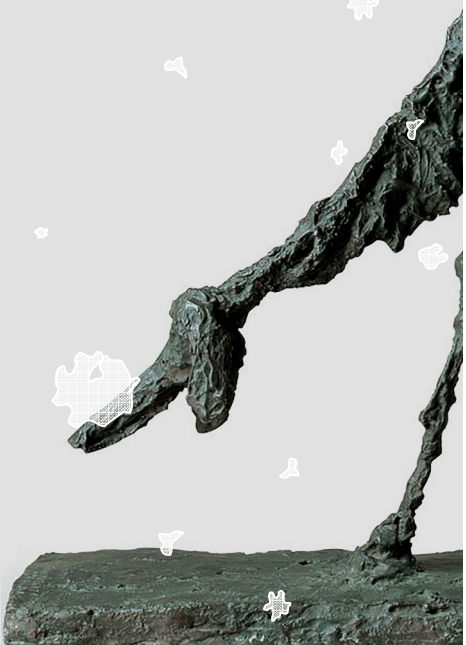
Tour hacia la Exargentina / Viaje al presente

Tour through Exargentina / Journey to the present



Tour hacia la Exargentina / Viaje al presente

Tour through Exargentina / Journey to the present

Editado por / Edited by
Alice Creischer & Andreas Siekmann

con / with

Sonia Abián Pablo Ares John Barker Elisa Bertuzzo Linda Bilda Azul Blaseotto Lorena Fabrizia Bossi Ines Doujak Etcétera (Loreto Garin y Federico Zukerfeld) Cristian Forte Federico Geller iconoclasticas Pujan Karambeigi Gabriela Massuh Eduardo Molinari / Archivo Caminante Graciela Montes de Oca (anterior / formerly Graciela Paredes) Carlos Piegari Tomash Schoiswohl Jürgen Stollhans Ruby Sircar Dmitry Vilensky Grant Watson

Esta novela continúa la historia escrita por la autora Graciela Paredes en 2003 para el proyecto Exargentina. Se titulaba Tour hacia la Exargentina y trataba sobre un perro que salva la Argentina de los planes del FMI y el Banco Mundial. El proyecto se llevó a cabo entre 2002 y 2006 en Buenos Aires, Berlín y Colonia. En un principio, se concibió como un análisis crítico de la crisis económica de 2001 como ejemplo de los efectos de la política financiera y económica internacional y su ideología neoliberal. Pero esta crisis también se convirtió en un modelo de lo que, junto con los artistas y activistas participantes, denominamos «Huida del trabajo hacia la hacer». `Huida del trabajo` significa por un lado, la fuga de capitales, la retracción de inversiones que han perdido una apuesta, el cierre de industrias pero también y con ello, el fin de una forma de explotación organizada en puestos de trabajo tradicionales. ... Pero `huida del trabajo´ también puede significar todas aquellas formas que pueden adquirir los movimientos autónomos para organizarse después de que han sido abandonados por el capital y el Estado. Puede significar que la prescindencia se transforme en una liberación de un determinado „hacer social“ que es lo contrario del trabajo. Este “hacer”* ya no está escindido del contexto vital que lo rodea,” escribimos entonces en nuestro prólogo a la exposición.
El gobierno de Milei nos parece ahora como un malvado espectro de todo lo que se pensaba y practicaba en aquel entonces sobre la crisis de la representación política y los ideales anarquistas de la autoorganización. Este espectro no llegó de repente, sino que tiene sus razones en el empobrecimiento y la falta de perspectivas causados por la maquinaria neocolonial de endeudamiento y en el enriquecimiento y el auto olvido político de las élites liberales. Milei tiene un gabinete en la sombra formado por perros clonados que llevan los nombres de economistas de línea dura. Sus cabezas están grabadas en el pomo del bastón presidencial. En la historia de Graciela Paredes, el perro Colifa salta a un barrio fantástico donde los niños, los perros y los pobres pueden sobrevivir. Pedimos a los antiguos participantes del proyecto y a otros amigos que escribieran un capítulo más de esta historia y hemos entrelazado las contribuciones en una novela por entregas. ¿Cómo se puede continuar escribiendo la historia del robo de Colifa y del barrio fantástico en el presente? Agradecemos a todos los autores y artistas su imaginación y su coraje.

Berlin, Enero 29, 2026

Alice Creischer, Andreas Siekmann

Exargentina fue una iniciativa de Gabriela Massuh, como proyecto del Goethe Institut Buenos Aires y con el apoyo de la Fundación Cultural Federal Alemana. La exposición Exargentina se presentó en 2004 en el Museo Ludwig de Colonia. La exposición posterior, «La Normalidad», tuvo lugar en 2006 en Buenos Aires, en el Palais de Glace. La Normalidad fue comisariada por Loreto Garin, Eduardo Molinari y Federico Zukerfeld.

* El término proviene de: John Holloway, Cambiar el mundo sin tomar el poder: El significado de la revolución hoy, publicado en 2002 por Pluto Press.

El libro se publica en español y en inglés. Los textos en español se han traducido al inglés con Deepl. Por el contrario, los textos en inglés no se han traducido al español porque nuestro español es demasiado malo como para revisar DeepL. Por eso, en las contribuciones en inglés solo hay resúmenes en español. La historia se puede leer en los respectivos idiomas en las páginas grises (para el español) y en las páginas blancas (para el inglés). Las distintas contribuciones se han enlazado entre sí para formar una narración. Los textos de enlace están en *cursiva*.

This novel continues the story written by author Graciela Paredes in 2003 for the Exargentina project. It was titled Tour hacia la Exargentina and was about a dog that saves Argentina from the plans of the IMF and the World Bank. The project took place in Buenos Aires, Berlin, and Cologne from 2002 to 2006. It was initially conceived as an economic critique of the 2001 economic crisis as an example of the effects of international financial and economic policy and its neoliberal ideology. But this crisis also became a model of what we, together with the participating artists and activists, called flight from labour to doing. "*flight from labor* means the flight of capital, the withdrawal of investors from a lost bet, industries giving up, and with them the end of a certain form of exploitation which was organized in workplaces. ... On the other hand, *flight from labor* can also signify various forms of self-organization of people who have been abandoned by capital and the government functionaries. It can mean that the “unexploitability” effects a release – to a form of doing which is no longer separated from the environment and the life in which it takes place.", we wrote at the time in our foreword to the exhibition.

The Milei government now appears to us as an evil revenant of everything that was thought and practiced at the time about the crisis of political representation and the anarchist ideals of self-organization. This revenant did not come out of the blue, but has its roots in the impoverishment and lack of prospects caused by the neocolonial debt mill and in the enrichment and political self-forgetfulness of the liberal elites.

Milei has a shadow cabinet of cloned dogs named after hardline economists. Their heads are engraved on the knobs of the presidential staff. In Graciela Paredes' story, the dog Colifa jumps into a fantastical barrio where children, dogs, and poor people can survive. We asked the former participants in the project and other friends to write a sequel to this story and linked the contributions to form a chain novel. How can the story of Colifa's robbery and the fantastical barrio be continued in the present?

We would like to thank all the authors and artists for their imagination and courage.

Berlin, January 29, 2026

Alice Creischer, Andreas Siekmann

Exargentina was initiated by Gabriela Massuh as a project of the Goethe Institute Buenos Aires and sponsored by the German Federal Cultural Foundation. The exhibition Exargentina was shown at the Museum Ludwig in Cologne in 2004. The follow-up exhibition, La Normalidad, took place at the Palais de Glace in Buenos Aires in 2006. La Normalidad was curated by Loreto Garin, Eduardo Molinari, and Federico Zukerfeld.

The term comes from: John Holloway, Change the World Without Taking Power: The Meaning of Revolution Today, published by Pluto Press in 2002.

The book is published in Spanish and English. The Spanish texts were translated into English using Deepl. Conversely, the English texts were not translated into Spanish because our Spanish is too poor to check Deepl's translations. For this reason, only summaries of the English contributions are available in Spanish. The story can be read in the respective languages on the gray (for Spanish) and white (for English) pages. The individual contributions have been linked together to form a narrative. The linking texts are set in *italics*.

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por/ by Ines Doujak

Milei speaks serious words to Europe
by Alice Creischer

On January 17, 2024, Javier Milei enters the stage at the Davos Economic Forum's convention center. Behind him, the large blue wall for projections. He has brought his dogs with him, each one in the same khaki-colored fur. They are copies of the deceased mastiff Conan (the Barbarian). They sit down at the side of the lectern. Well known from talk shows and social media, everybody knows their names: Milton, after Milton Friedman, the advisor to dictators, Murray, after Murray Rothbard, the enemy of the welfare state and women's suffrage. One is called Robert and the other Lucas, after Robert Lucas, another Nobel Prize winner for his proof of faith in the rationality of greed. But then a fifth one joins them. He has black fur, wolf ears, and yellow eyes. A secretary? A robot? He brings a slide projector to the desk and looks for the power plug? He has a really pretty collar on. It sparkles. Are they real diamonds? And why this old-fashioned device?

Today I´m standing here to share this information.
The West will be in danger, seriously.
Its socialism leads to poverty,
which is not dying out — it´s still alive.

Because of it, the world delays its doom.
It´s slowing down the race to stake the claims
of our companies for star colonization.

We have to put an end to poverty.

As Argentinians we bear solemn witness
from our founding to the corn barons,
to cattle kings threatened by those ones
who were demanding pieces of the pie,

from governments too feeble to resist.
The cake soon turns to dust and crumbles,
in tooth mills of insatiable maws,
in never ending chirpings of their stomachs.

We have to put an end to poverty.

It is not dying out; it comes for us.
It is already knocking with its guns
at our homes and goods, it turns the cock.

We must get rid of it immediately.

It shunned the exponents of progress,
slept in the gloom of sluggish graphs.
Deaf to the honest march of history
it bent the time into a cycling worm,
until America was overtaken.

From that point on, the growth rate of production
per capita rose year by year,
with fences, ropes, and chains, and rifles,
it accelerated with each galley.

This time Milei doesn't pick up the chainsaw, but a bat. He swings it around in front of the projections on the wall. The projections don't show any curves, just stacks that take some effort to count. He doesn't even look at them. He's focused on the darkness in the hall behind the spotlights.
"The triumph curve of progress has the shape of a hockey stick pointing upwards. The shaft shows stagnation, and then the blade swings upward. Starting in the 19th century with the Industrial Revolution, the annual growth rate was 0.66%. At that rate, in order to double per capita GDP, you would need some 107 years."

Choked laughter.

"Now, if you look at the period between the years 1900 and 1950, the growth rate accelerated to 1.66% a year. So you no longer need 107 years to double GDP per head - but 66. And if you take the period between 1950 and 2000, you will see that the growth rate was 2.1%, which would mean that in only 33 years we could double the whole world's production of goods per head. This trend, far from stopping, remains well alive today. If we take the period between the years 2000 and 2023..."

He urgently needs a glass of water, the dogs are panting.

"... the growth rate again accelerated to 3% a year, which means that we could double production of the world per head in just 23 years. That said,

when you look at the GDP since the year 1800 until today global production on each head of each person in the world multiplied by over 15 times. As though the sea’s own sand had turned to gold, and now it sits on us."

Applause and coughing

Behold, he says, the poverty lies buried
under a calvary of stuff.
Yet something pulses 'neath the hill.

It looks in crooked bones for dirt to fling.
It dances nimbly on its diplomats´ parquets.
It dwells in pocket squares of their jackets.

We have to put an end to poverty.

We have to put an end to all this croaking
of cuckoo children's tribes next door.
We must get rid of all laws meant to be
an indication of community.

We will run countries like corporate ventures,
like animals that never err,
We will be freed from all these wailings
of nature, women, flowers, pot holes, tears.

We will transform the cities into launch pads.
From their ramparts, we ascend to space.
We will reside by crater’s brines.
With rifles we stand guard at hatches.

Lots of coughing. The secretary dog has jumped through the window. The cold, dirty mountain air rushes in. The collar lies on the desk, the glass stones sparkle in the light of the slide projector.

https://www.weforum.org/stories/2024/01/special-address-by-javier-milei-president-of-argentina/

Milei se dirige a Europa con palabras serias
por Alice Creischer

El 17 de enero de 2024, Javier Milei entra en escena en el centro de convenciones del Foro Económico de Davos. Detrás de él, la gran pared azul para proyecciones. Ha traído consigo a sus perros, cada uno con el mismo pelaje de color caqui. Son réplicas del difunto mastín Conan (el Bárbaro). Se sientan al lado del atril. Muy conocidos por los programas de entrevistas y las redes sociales, todo el mundo sabe sus nombres: Milton, por Milton Friedman, el asesor de dictadores, Murray, por Murray Rothbard, el enemigo del estado del bienestar y del sufragio femenino. Uno se llama Robert y el otro Lucas, por Robert Lucas, otro premio Nobel por su prueba de fe en la racionalidad de la codicia. Pero entonces se les une un quinto. Tiene pelaje negro, orejas de lobo y ojos amarillos. ¿Un secretario? ¿Un robot? Trae un proyector de diapositivas al escritorio y busca el enchufe. Lleva un collar muy bonito. Brilla. ¿Son diamantes de verdad? ¿Y por qué este aparato tan anticuado?

Hoy estoy aquí para dicir esta información.
El occidente vive en grave riesgo.
Su socialismo condenar a la pobreza,
que no está muriendo, sigue viva.

Por ella, el mundo pierde su final.
...
Esta vez Milei no coge la motosierra, sino un bate. Lo balancea delante de las proyecciones en la pared. Las proyecciones no muestran ninguna curva, solo pictogramas que cuesta un poco contar. Ni siquiera las mira. Está concentrado en la oscuridad del pasillo detrás de los focos.

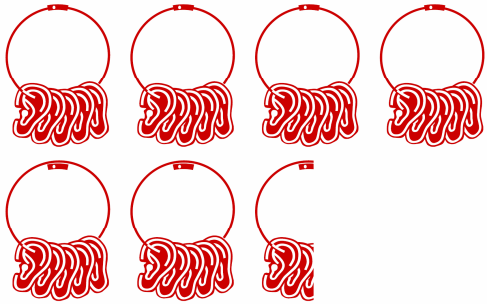
Delira con curvas de crecimiento del producto mundial per cápita y juega con números, entre toses y aplausos.

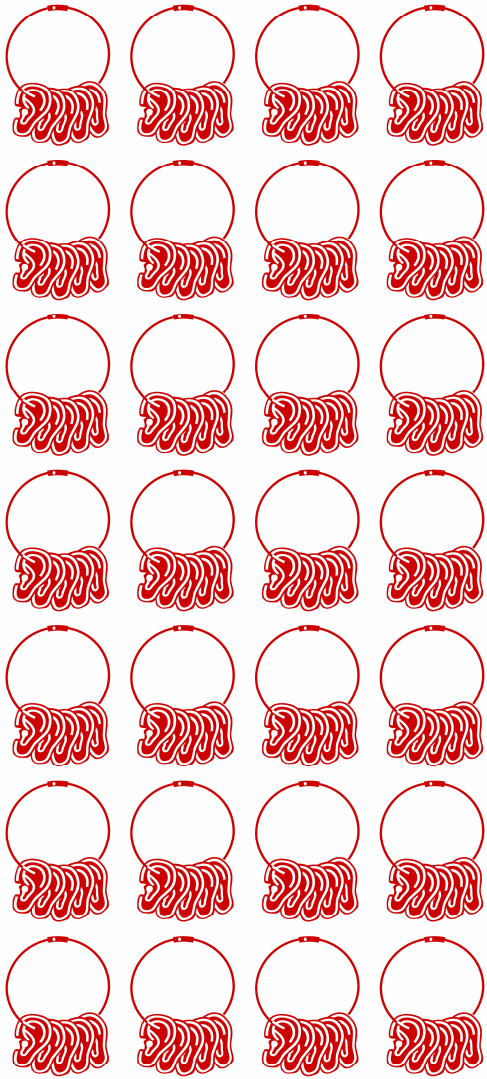
Al final aplausos y tos. ... mucha tos. El perro secretario ha saltado por la ventana. El aire frío y sucio de la montaña entra a raudales. El collar yace sobre el escritorio, las piedras de cristal brillan a la luz del proyector de diapositivas.

https://www.weforum.org/stories/2024/01/special-address-by-javier-milei-president-of-argentina/

Genocidio Constituyente

Campaña del Desierto
Juan Manuel de Rosas, 1833-34

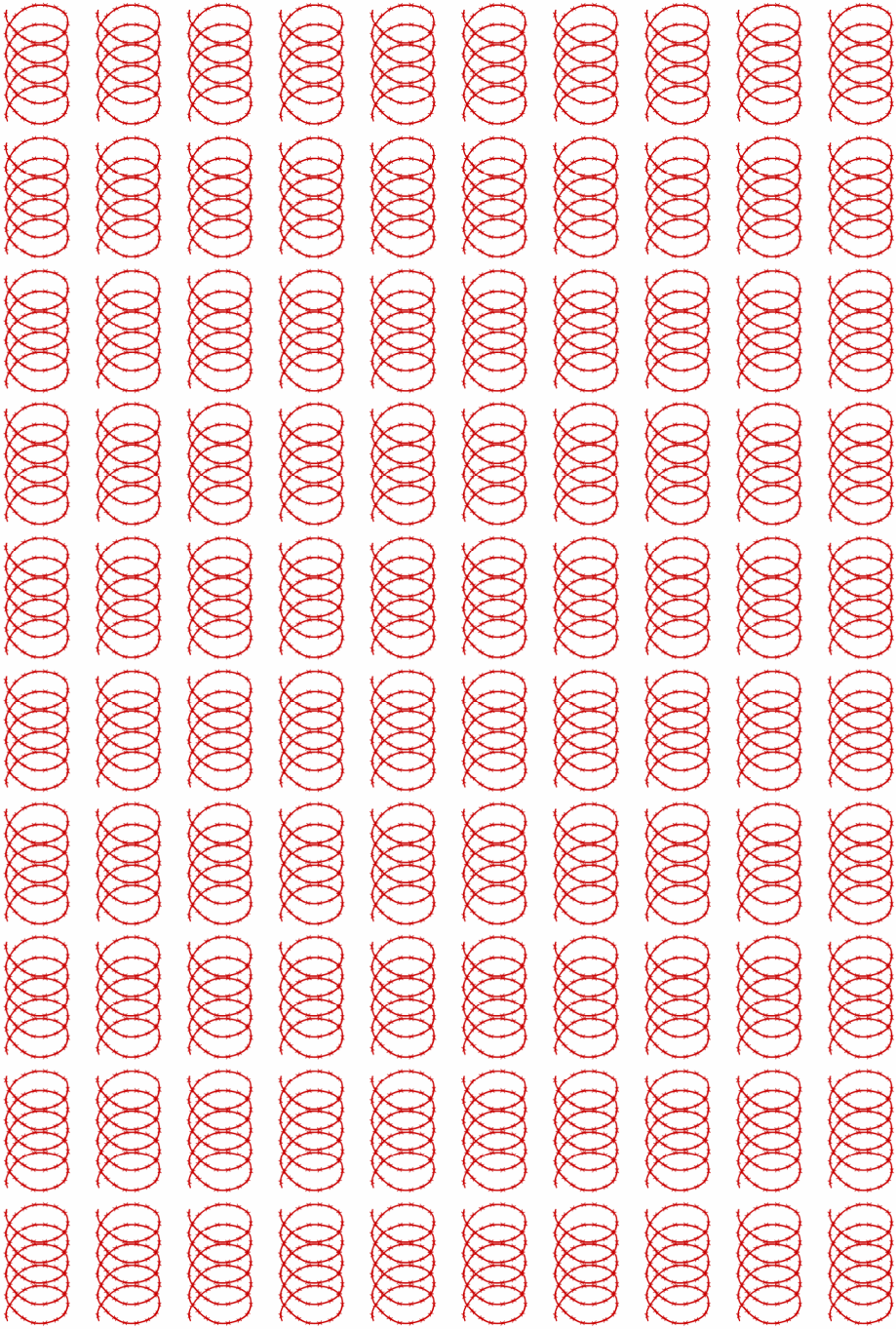




Conquista del Desierto
Julio Argentino Roca, 1878-85

Cada figura 500 asesinados

Importación de Alambre de Púas desde EE. UU.
1873



Cada figura 500 toneladas

Propriedad de Mauricio Braun, 1920

1.376.160 ha

En 1920, en la época en que se van a iniciar las huelgas de Santa Cruz, Mauricio Braun, hijo de aquel Elías Braun, poseía en sociedad con su hermana Sara Braun la Sociedad Explotadora de Tierra del Fuego que llegó a disponer de 1.376.160 hectáreas, cifra astronómica que dificilmente haya sido superada en el mundo. El dato está asentado en el artículo "Mauricio Braun, estanciero" escrito por el ingeniero Emilio J. Ferro, presidente de la Federación de Sociedades Rurales de la Patagonia, y aparecido en el número homenaje a Mauricio Braun de *Argentina Austral*, editada por el grupo de sociedades Braun Menéndez-Menéndez Behety. Allí se señala también que la Sociedad Explotadora tenía 1.250.000 lanares que producían 5.000 millones de kilos de lana, 700.000 kilos de cuero y 2.500.000 kilos de carne.

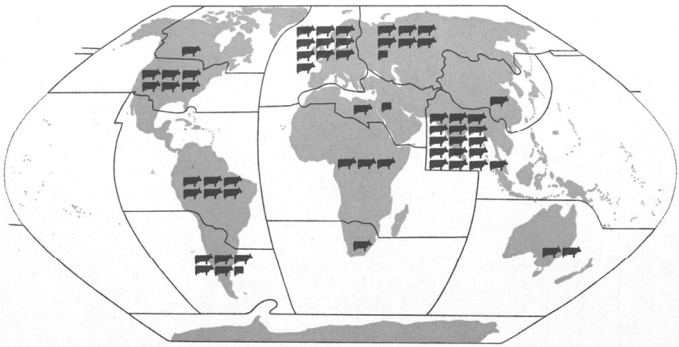
Pero vayamos a las propiedades patagónicas de Mauricio Braun, citando siempre la fuente señalada, es decir, el número laudatorio de *Argentina Austral*:

"Coy-Aike". cerca del río Coyle, en Santa Cruz, es una estancia totalmente de su propiedad, de 100.000 hectáreas. En Chubut organizó las estancias "Quichaura", de 117.500 hectáreas; "Pepita", de 77.000 hectáreas; "Laurita", de 57.500; y "Laura", de 10.000. Con la familia Anchorena compró la estancia "8 de Julio", de 90.000 ha. En condominio con Ernesto von Heinz y Rodolfo Stubenrauch pobló "Tapi Aike", de 50.000 ha. En 1916 compró a Rufino Martínez los campos de "San Elías"[4], al sur de Santa Cruz, 20.000 ha. Fueron suyas asimismo las estancias "Tres brazos", "Cancha rayada", "La Porteña","Montenegro" y "Gallegos Chico",además de la "Dinamarquero". Poseyó el 25 por ciento del capital de las estancias "Laurita", "Glencross" y "Victorina". En la "The San Julián Sheep Farming" poseía el 20 por ciento. En la Explotadora de Aysen tenía el 30 por ciento. También tuvo participación en la Sociedad Ganadera Argentina de Monte León y La Carlota, con un 30 por ciento. Con Santiago Frank pobló "La Federica", en lago San Martín. Con Segard y Cía. intervino en la estancia "Huemules". En sociedad con Pablo Lenzner pobló "El Líbrum", entre Río Gallegos y Lago Argentino. Con Juan Scott pobló "Los Machos", en San Julián, y con Erasmo Jones, "La Vidalita". Con don Guillermo Bain pobló "La Josefina", en Cabo Blanco, de 60.000 ha. Con Donato Bain pobló "Colhuel Kaike", cerca de Las Heras, de 40.000 ha. En Lago Buenos Aires pobló con Angus Macpherson, 58.000 ha. que formaban la estancia "San Mauricio" (llamada así en su honor). Participó en la Sociedad Hobbs y Cía. que fundó la estancia "Lago Posadas", hallándose a su frente Luchas Bridges. […] Colaboró con Hobbs y Cía. en la población "El Ghio" estancia que fue de 90.000 ha. [...] Adquirió en 1915 "María Inés" al oeste de Río Gallegos, con Rodolfo Suárez, de 56.250 ha. en sociedad con Capagli y Cía.

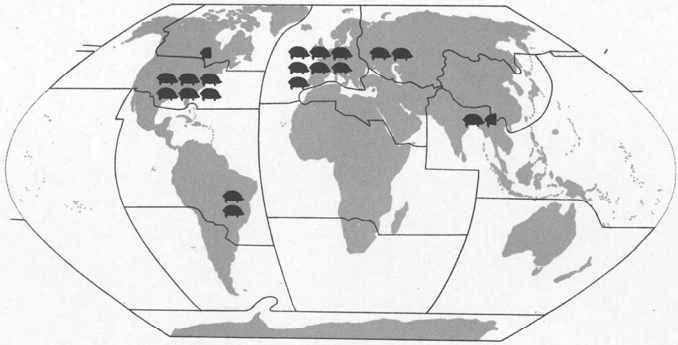
Pero Mauricio Braun no sólo poseía toda esa tierra sino mucho más. A principios de este siglo ya era propietario de la Compañía Minera Cutter Cove, de explotación del cobre; del Banco de Chile y Argentina, con sucursales en las poblaciones portuarias santacruceñas: Río Gallegos, Santa Cruz y San Julián, y la casa matriz en Punta Arenas. De allí pasa a la propiedad de los frigoríficos de la Sociedad South American Export Syndicate Ltd. con planta en Río Seco, Punta Arenas y luego en Puerto Deseado y Río Grande, en la Argentina, y las de Puerto Sara, Puerto Borries y Puerto Natales, en Chile. Funda, además, la compañía de seguros "La Austral", y participa de la compañía telefónica de Magallanes, la empresa telefónica de San Julián, la compañía de electricidad de Punta Arenas y la usina eléctrica de Puerto Santa Cruz. Aparte poseía la curtiduría "La Magallanes", fábrica de calzados y la "Sociedad Explotadora de Lavaderos de Oro".

Osvaldo Bayer, La Patagonia Rebelde, 1980

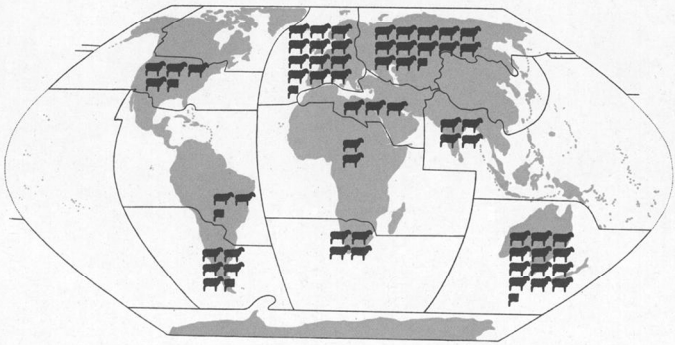
Rinderbestand der Erde



Schweinebestand der Erde



Schafbestand der Erde



Jede Signatur 10 Millionen Tiere um 1927-28

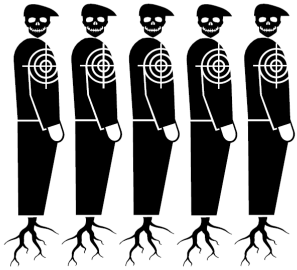
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Gesellschafts- und Wirtschaftsmuseum in Wien ©

Gesellschaft und Wirtschaft : bildstatistisches Elementarwerk, Bibliographisches Institut Leipzig,1930

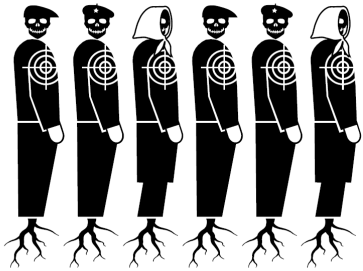
Genocidio Constituyente



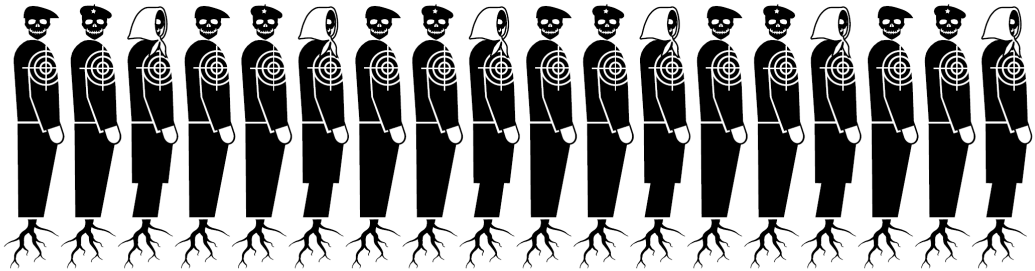
1919, Semana Tragica, Buenos Aires, Barrios /Districts:
Barracas, La Boca, Constitución, San Telmo, Once, Villa Crespo



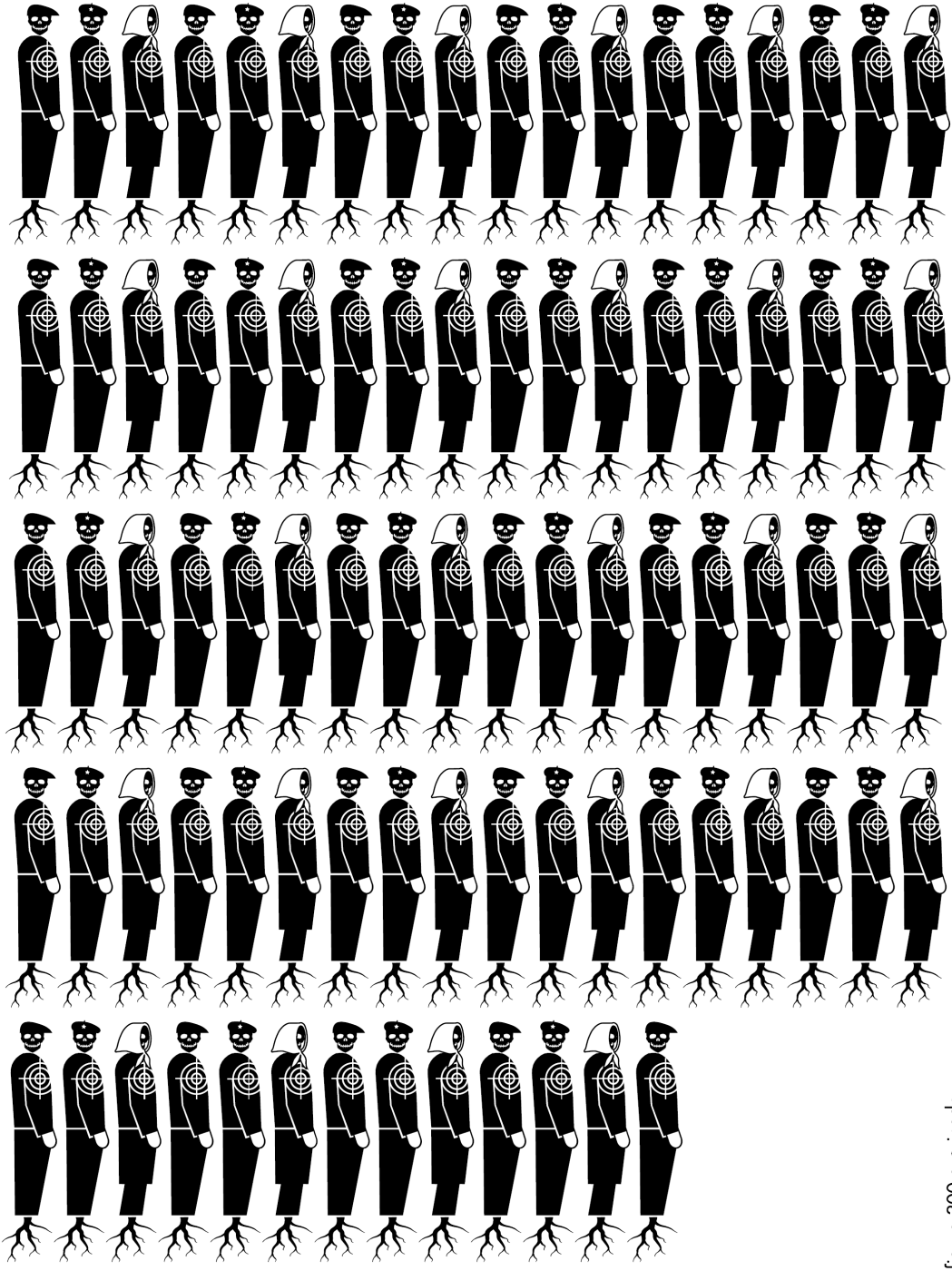
1920-22, La Patagonia Rebelde, Estancias /Ranches:
La Anita, Cañadón León, Cañadón Rubio, J. Menéndez y Co, Puerto San Julian, San Gregorio



1975–83, Operativa Independencia, Provincia de Tucumán / Province of Tucuman

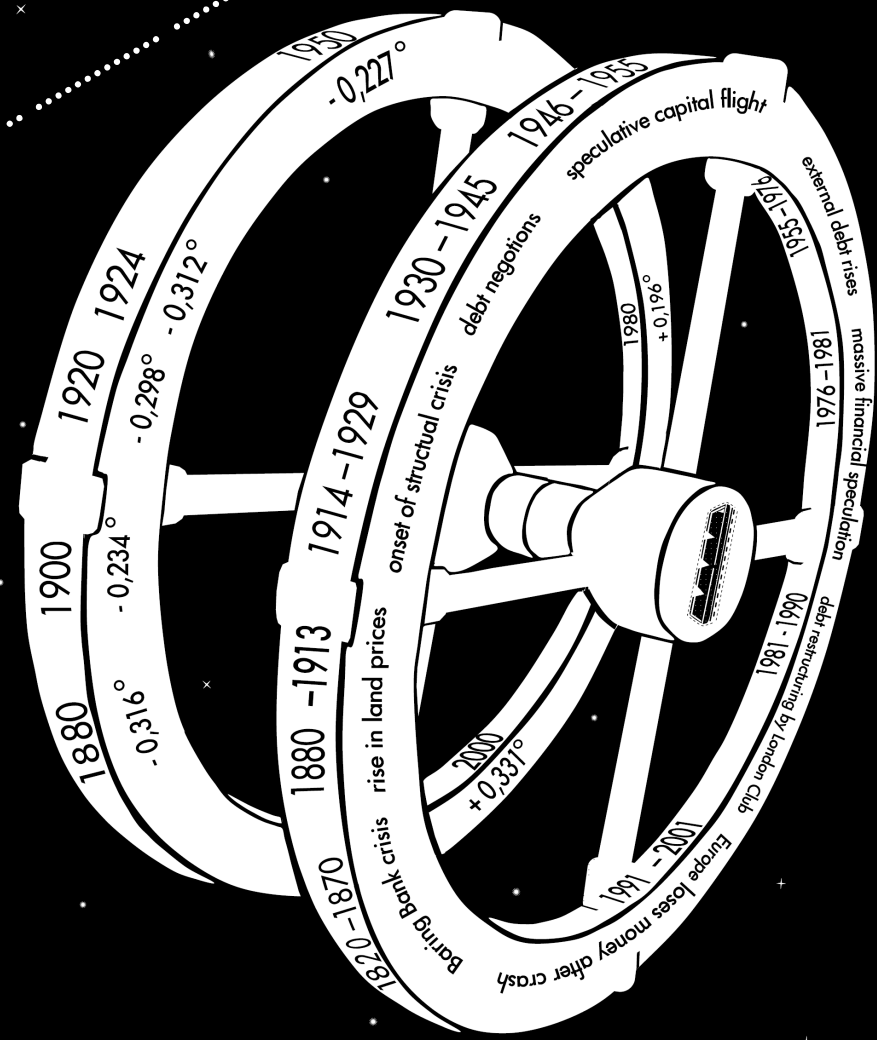


(= Mandragoras)



1976- 83, Guerra sucia, todo el país / the entire country
ca. 560 centros clandestinos / clandestinedetention centers

Cada figura 300 asesinados



Malas inversiones convertidas en deuda como fuerza constituyente del poder
Misguided investments turning into debt as a constitutive force of rule

Anomalías en °C con respecto al valor medio de 1961-1990
Abnormalities in °C relative to the 1961–1990 average

1820-1870: Bonos británicos e inversiones ferroviarias Especulación con las exportaciones de materias primas del Baring Bank, crisis bancaria londinense ➲ 1880-1914: Afluencia de capital Bancos europeos en agricultura, ferrocarriles, puertos, auge, sobreinversión, aumento especulativo de los precios del suelo ➲ 1914-1930: Retirada de las entidades financieras británicas, especulación monetaria contra el peso tras la Primera Guerra Mundial, volatilidad, inicio de crisis estructurales ➲ 1930-1945: Los bancos londinenses controlan las negociaciones de la deuda, la especulación con los tipos de cambio y las materias primas (cereales, carne, el «Tratado Roca-Runciman» favorece a los comerciantes británicos, monopolios cárnicos) ➲ 1946 -1955: Fuga especulativa de capitales de empresas europeas, reacción a las nacionalizaciones de Perón, el peso bajo presión ➲ 1955-1976: Los bancos franceses y británicos fomentan el auge del crédito, especulación sobre el crecimiento industrial, aumento de la deuda externa ➲ 1976-1981: Especulación financiera masiva de los bancos europeos tras la liberalización financiera de la junta militar, «La bicicleta financiera»: especulación con los tipos de interés, ganancias de capital en Londres/París ➲ 1981-1990: Crisis de la deuda: renegociación de la deuda por parte del Club de Londres, especulación con la devaluación del peso, caída del peso, ganancias de capital con posiciones cortas ➲ 1991-2001: Especulación con el carry trade sobre la paridad peso-dólar, fondos europeos con un elevado volumen de bonos, enorme burbuja; Europa pierde dinero tras el crash de 2001 ➲

1820–1870: British bonds & railway investments Speculation on commodity exports by Baring Bank, London banking crisis ➲ 1880–1914: Flood of capital European banks in agriculture, railways, ports, boom, overinvestment, speculative rise in land prices ➲ 1914–1930: Withdrawal of British financial institutions, currency speculation against the peso after World War I, volatility, onset of structural crises ➲ 1930–1945: London banks control debt negotiations, exchange rate and commodity speculation (grain, meat, "Roca–Runciman Treaty" favors British traders, meat monopolies) ➲ 1946–1955: Speculative capital flight of European companies, reaction to Perón's nationalizations, peso under pressure ➲ 1955–1976: French and British banks promote credit boom, speculation on industrial growth, external debt rises ➲ 1976–1981: Massive financial speculation by European banks following financial liberalization by the military junta, "La bicicleta financiera": interest rate speculation, capital gains in London/Paris ➲ 1981–1990: Debt crisis: debt restructuring by the London Club, speculation on peso devaluation, peso falls, capital gains on short positions ➲ 1991–2001: Carry trade speculation on peso-dollar peg, European funds with high bond volume, huge bubble; Europe loses money after the 2001 crash ➲

1850: −0,418 °C ➲ 1880: −0,316 °C ➲ 1900: −0,234 °C ➲
1920: −0,298 °C ➲ 1924: −0,312 °C ➲ 1950: −0,227 °C ➲
1980: +0,196 °C ➲ 2000: +0,331 °C ➲

Prolog No2
A poor old dog finds a sausage /

Prólogo n.º 2
Un pobre perro viejo encuentra un chorizo.

by / por John Barker

Poor me, poor me, my hind leg will never be the same again. Yes the left one. Hit hard, a swing of something by a Two-Leg, one of those Two Legs with a thing on its head with a blade at the front.
I limped away sniffing for some grease, but where is there comfort for a limping dog in these times. Grease? When the Two-Legs eat whatever's left which isn't much since they smashed the streets up, the doorways, the steps where they were, where I could run up and down. Those were the days. Couldn't do that now, not with this leg, Grease? When the Two-Legs lick the paper itself. after they've eaten everything. Those stinkers, they must lick the paper itself.
The Avenida? No hope. Not even a pal. I sniffed at the bottom of thing pointing up into the filty sky; what used to light up at the top when night came. Nothing, like there was just me in this world I used to know, the Avenida, the streets and the pavements. I sniff, I smell and I understand nothing for there is nothing. Poor me, poor me, all alone.
Poor me, poor me. What's this? Nothing for it, a chicken bone one of the Two-Legs must have thrown down because they'd had enough. Oh yes, for sure they had enough to be enough, Yes, I know the risk, little chickens, little bones, easy for a poor dog to choke. A wing, a leg, all the better, I'd suck it dry. Nothing. Those two-legs, they'd sucked it dry before they dropped it into the dust. It's no good, I need a rest. I need a rest, but then what will happen? Can't just lie down in the Avenida and then not be able to get up and move. No sir, what a get a kicking from a two-leg, that would be the end of me. Must go on. The pain lets me get to a doorway. Not a scrap, not a wrapper, not a peel, not a pal, not one that has had the energy for a piss. Nothing for a poor crippled dog, the only paper a lottery ticket, what's that for a hungry stomach.
Still got my teeth, the next two-leg passes by with a bit of flesh on its leg, he's for it and hang the consequences. Even if I have to bite right through the English wool they have as a pelt, even if I choke on the wool. Even If It hits me, which is for sure because that's what they do, things can't be much worse than they are and I'll have something to chew on, right to its bone.

But where are they when you need one, not one in sight or smell. But my ears are alive. I hear pals, crowds of pals. Am I dreaming, so tired I'm imagining things. Or did the thought of Two-Leg blood in my mouth give me strength. WOWWOWWOWWOW. Joyous sounds I had a piss, There hadn't been such a stream for a long while. Still had the limp but I couldn't feel any pain because I just couldn't wait. I had a spring in my step to find the joy I heard, the barks, the growls, the slobber of delight.
I followed this music-to-my-ears to a parallel Calle I never knew was there. Not a broken doorway not a pile of stones I recognised but there we were All sorts, big and small.
OK, I'm only a mongrel with a limp to boot but I was running as fast as I could side by side with a handsome pal, a collie, or maybe a German Shepherd but he didn't mind, we were all together. And it looked to me, could it really be, COLIFA at the front, leading us on the chase. I never thought to see him again. Even a mongrel like me knows of COLIFA. They say he could steal a whole roast leg of lamb from a silver platter from right under the noses of candle-lit Two-Legs and get away with it. I never had the nerve for it but right now with all these pals I could do anything. I mean I should already have collapsed panting, the speed we're running but I've felt nothing, could run on forever, racing through more streets I'd never seen before Strange that they're new to me when I'd covered so much ground in search of a good meal. When I thought I knew every Calle, every street an Avenida when my leg was good.
But who cares, I'm letting rip with excitement like my handsome big fellow. We're in step and even at this pace, boy, does he smell good. What a life he's had, what a perfume not just subtle but rich. Bloody hell, what's he doing, he's jumping over a wall. One leap. They're all, all the pals, they're jumping over the wall. I am, how is it possible, I am jumping over this wall, still spring in the old legs even with the one mashed up.
Was a scrabble to get a grip on top of the wall but I made it. And nothing to cut my paws. Can't be a Two-Leg wall or there'd be spikes or broken glass. Down below it's a garden and looks like there's food down there, I smell a greasy wrapper, see a bone, plenty of bones. I jump down and my big pal lets me smell him up close, right into his arse. I can't believe it, me an old mongrel and him, what he is, but he doesn't mind. And I mount him. No one minds. All dogs together, know his stuff does COLIFA, feels like the promised land, pals and food. A sausage. There's tears in my eyes, a whole sausage!

Alternative prologue for readers in the second half of the 21st century
by Pablo Ares

...Papusa wrote in pencil on the cover of the book: "These are events that happened, and I am recounting them as I saw them, because no one paid much attention at the time. Most preferred to immerse themselves in hermetic litanies or sat down to wait for the rains to water their gardens. The dogs, the birds, the fish, and even the insects realized that something had broken, and so they did not mind calling on the hangman again."



Portada del mapa

Prologo alternativo para los lectores de la segunda mitad del siglo XXI
por Pablo Ares

…escribió Papusa con lápiz en la portadilla del libro: “Estos son hechos que ocurrieron y los cuento tal cual los vi, porque nadie prestó demasiada atención en su momento. La mayoría prefirió sumergirse en letanías herméticas o se sentó a esperar que las lluvias regaran su jardín. Los perros, los pájaros, los peces y hasta los insectos se daban cuenta de que algo se había quebrado y por eso no les importó llamar otra vez al verdugo."

Tour hacia la Exargentina

Cuento escrito por Graciela Paredes, Abril de 2003

Año 2055

Cuactemo González fumaba y se paseaba por la sala de embarque del aeropuerto mientras que en el interior de sus ropas había algo que no dejaba de moverse. Cálmese, mi cuate, murmuró en el cuello, ahí viene el avión. Detrás de Cuactemo subieron un árabe, un japonés y varios norteamericanos que tenían el aspecto de científicos sociales. Cuando el avión despegó y se aflojaron los cinturones de seguridad se escuchó la voz del guía de la expedición:
"Señores pasajeros, estamos sobrevolando Buenos Aires, capital de la Exrepública Argentina, una de las zonas otrora más ricas en recursos naturales y climáticos del planeta. Aún hoy, a cincuenta años de su desaparición, no se han podido descifrar varios enigmas sobre las causas y circunstancias que llevaron a los sectores populares argentinos a tomar la absurda decisión de huir de ese paraíso de tierras fértiles y templadas. Según informes de los servicios secretos, esa decisión fue fruto de la influencia ejercida por una secta de perros terroristas, liderados por un husky siberian llamado Colifa Cortés. En las fotos expuestas en esta pantalla, pueden apreciar el brillo satánico de su mirada y sus colmillos amarillentos detrás de su sonrisa macabra."
Hay que ser menso para creer en esa patraña, pensó Cuactemo contemplando el rostro del animal, ese perro derrocha vacilón.
"Como es de público conocimiento, continuó la voz, después del éxodo masivo de los argentinos, tanto los países limítrofes como los centrales se repartieron las regiones más productivas pero terminaron retirándose de esos lugares por carencia total de elementos vitales para seguir colonizando la zona. Se cree que la existencia de Argentina como país proveedor de alimentos para todo el planeta fue un momento de excepción en la historia de la humanidad.
Los únicos testimonios culturales hallados en estas tierras se encuentran en unos túneles subterráneos donde se presume que se desplazaban los medios de transporte público. En sus murales hay representaciones plásticas de la vida cotidiana. Dado el alto índice de toxicidad, no podremos descender hacia esos parajes, pero podremos verlos a través de los binoculares satelitales que están a la derecha de sus asientos. Si ustedes enfocan hacia estas pinturas, podrán ser testigos directos de cómo vivían sus pobladores. El mural de la estación Rivadavia, da cuenta de las condiciones

infrahumanas en que viajaban los usuarios del transporte públicos, que sufrían los malos tratos de los guardas y los robos de los carteristas. Observen aquí a su derecha, la figura del famoso Colifa Cortés saltando desde las ventanillas del transporte en movimiento, con una cartera de cuero en su hocico que decía *Policía Federal Argentina*. Gracias a los esfuerzos de nuestros tres últimos presidentes mundiales, que limpiaron el planeta de estos animales satánicos, hoy la población mundial ha vuelto a gozar de la paz."

¡Tanta paranoia útil para fabricar chivos emisarios!, pensó Cuactemo, los presidentes mundiales empezaron eliminando a sus indios, después arremetieron contra los negros para continuar con los comunistas y árabes. Ahora los perros son los malos de la película porque los argentinos se rajaron a tiempo.

"En la estación Constitución se pueden observar pinturas que denotan la mendicidad generalizada de sus habitantes, mientras que en las estaciones Congreso y Plaza de Mayo se han pintado los edificios donde reinaba la clase gobernante. En estos momentos estamos sobrevolando estas joyas arquitectónicas."

Tratando de contener la risa, Cuactemo enfocó con su cámara digital hacia el edificio del Congreso, donde habían grafitis pintados que decían*¡fuera chorros* o *que se vayan todos*.

La voz seguía hablando: "Actualmente, las ruinas de Villa Naylon1, en la antigua ciudad de Córdoba, y la Clínica del Doctor Junten Pulguen, en Paso del Rey, un pueblito ubicado en lo que fue el Gran Buenos Aires, atraen a centenares de investigadores de todo el mundo, y se han convertido en lugares de peregrinación, pues hay varios mitos y leyendas que dicen que en esos sitios se ideó el absurdo éxodo de los argentinos." La voz anunció: "Ya estamos próximos a descender a la Exargentina, la empresa no se hace cargo ante eventuales pérdidas de dinero y objetos de valor que se produzcan en estos parajes. Se les ruega colocarse sus máscaras de oxígeno y sus trajes especiales."

Después de pasar por todos los sensores migratorios, Cuactemo subió a una pequeña nave que decía Estación Once. Notó que no era el único en ingresar allí Detrás de él subieron varios europeos, que llegaron de un avión procedente de Berlín y volvió a ver al japonés, perdido detrás de la máscara

[1] Villa Naylon: Villa miseria ubicada en Cordoba Capital. Lleva el nombre de naylon, porque sus habitanters han improvisado paredes y techos con bolsas de Naylon, para construír sus viviendas.



Dibujos por / Drawing by Linda Bilda

de oxígeno, y al árabe. Otra vez volvió a sentir movimientos bruscos dentro de sus ropas.
"Ya, compadre, Ssshhhhh."
"Uuuuaaaauuuu, uuuuuaaaauuuuuuu."
"Si te escuchan nos pueden deportar."
Los pasajeros comenzaron sus recorridos viendo sólo paisajes áridos, moteados por carpas militares y piedras grises. Toda la gente estaba ansiosa por ver esas visiones de las que tanto hablaban algunos veteranos internados en hospitales psiquiátricos, pertenecientes a las Fuerzas Neoliberales de Ocupación. Pero cuando estaban por llegar a la estación Flores de repente apareció una manada de perros liderados por el mismo husky siberiano negro retratado en los murales del subterráneo. Se lo veía más viejo y con una de las patas delanteras encogida, pero el brillo de su mirada era inconfundible.
"Ladys and gentlemen", propagaba un micrófono traductor de ladridos atado a su hocico, "les habla el Colifa Cortés, el terror de las cucarachas neoliberales y tengo el gusto de presentarles al grupo de cumbia canina que hace furor en la villa. Con ustedes, ¡la banda de los K-CHORROS[2]! Auuuuuuuu."
Sus roncos ladridos se mezclaron con exclamaciones de sorpresa, aplausos entrecortados, y los primeros acordes de una canción.
Cuando terminó la primera cumbia el Colifa pasó la gorra, que se lleno de monedas, relojes y todo tipo de objetos raros. Entretanto, pasaron tres perras altas y flacas tirando de un carro cargado de choripanes3 y bebidas. Detrás de ellas iba un dogo argentino que llevaba una bandeja colgada llena de boletas.
"Gracias, público presente. Mientras las chicas les sirven el refrigerio, y el Chavón 4 les reparte unos bonos contribución para ayudar a una escuela de la villa, les presento al guitarrista de la banda. Es el típico vivo argentino. Dice que labura 5 en el Sindicato de Vagos y Callejeros, pero vive rascándose la panza. Con ustedes: EL CASCOTE, sarnoso de pura cepa, que les va a dedicar el siguiente corito futbolero."
Semo hinchas de Boca, vagos y atorrantes,
Tenemos aguante, tenemos aguant.

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[2] K-CHORROS: Perros ladrones. Esta expresión la pensé en contraposición a la palabra K-ninos, que alude a los perros policías. Pero también es un juego de sonido con la palabra cachorro, que significa perro bebé.
[3]Choripán: emparedado hecho con pan y chorizo, es muy popular en la clase trabajadora argentina.
[4] Chavón: muchachón, en lunfardo porteño.
[5] Laburar: trabajar. Laburo: trabajo. lunfardo porteño.

Muchos pasajeros sacaron unas banderas y los empezaron a revolear cantando el mismo coro, mientras que el Colifa hacía otra ronda con la gorra, para luego presentar a su tercer músico.
"Ahora cantar gran Papusa Plumas Blancas, india comechingóna [6] cordobesa que dedicar un cuartetazo [7] a caras pálidas del Fondo Monetario Internacional. Con ustedes la doga Papusa Cuesta embajadora de la vagancia argentina, salud."
Que te hambrean y te comen sí sí sí
Te destrozan y te funden la la la
El Colifa estaba presentando al último de sus cumbancheros, cuando llegó corriendo un perrito de pelaje atigrado y sarnoso. La yuta [8], compadre.
"Distinguidísimo público, debemos suspender el show por problemas técnicos, pero los esperamos esta noche en la escuela N° 18 de Paso del Rey donde haremos la gran bailanta [9]", esos fueron los últimos ladridos del Colifa antes de esfumarse con el resto de su banda.

Los soldados entraron al vagón armados hasta los dientes y apuntaron a todos los pasajeros con unos escaneadores de objetos peligrosos. Cuactemo y el árabe transpiraban frío. El mexicano pensó que esos hombres de aspecto cucarachesco habían visto a su mascota, que ya había desaparecido con la manada de perros cumbieros, y que lo iban a detener? Esa tarde se requisaron más de cincuenta libros, cien choripanes y varios litros de cerveza y vino.
"Cabo Thatcher, queme todos esos libros y lleve los comestibles al cuartel. Y ustedes, ¡se sientan ya!", gritó el cucarachón mandamás a los pasajeros. Cuando el tren llegó a la Estación Paso del Rey descendió la mayoría de los pasajeros del tren que después de pasar por otros sensores de objetos extraños tomaron unos planos del lugar. La gente buscaba en vano los carteles indicadores que los llevarían hacia la escuela n.º 18, pero lo único que encontraban eran piedras y cucarachas ¿Cómo harían esos insectos para sobrevivir en un lugar tan carente de oxígeno?, se extrañó Cuactemo Anduvo dando vueltas durante varios minutos y se topó con un edificio ennegrecido por el hollín, que tenía un cartel blanco medio ladeado que decía *Fuerzas Neoliberales de Ocupación - fábrica de equipamientos militares*. Debajo de ese cartel, se alcanzaban a ver las huellas de unas letras

[6] Comechingón: indios naturales de la provincia de Córdoba,
[7] cuartetazo (viene de cuarteto) un género musical surgido desde Córdoba muy alegre preferido entre los sectores populares argentinos, al igual que la cumbia.
[8] Yuta: policía, en el lunfardo porteño.
[9] Bailanta: discoteca donde concurren a bailar los sectores populares. Suelen pasar cumbias, chamamés y cuarteto.

hechas con pintura verde que decían *Dirección General de Educación del Municipio de Moreno - Escuela N°18*.
Allí había una vivienda con un cartel que decía *Clínica del doctor Junten Pulguen*, donde vio a su mascota asomarse por una de las vidrieras ladrándole. Cuando traspasó el umbral, Cuactemo tuvo la sensación de haber entrado en otro mundo. Lo primero que sintió fue un olor que le provocó una revolución en sus jugos gástricos. "A los chori, chori [10]", pregonaba una voz masculina y lejana. Cuactemo estaba embelesado mirando por el ventanal la salida de varios niños, que parecían salir de la escuela. No parecían vivir en este mundo: por primera vez en su vida vio veredas adornadas por jardines repletos de flores y plantas exóticas que daban paso a viviendas. Lo que más le extrañaba era la falta total de máscaras de oxígeno de los seres humanos y de los animales que deambulaban por las calles como si no hubiera una sola gota de contaminación. Estaba viendo todas esas rarezas cuando sintió la patita de su perro que estaba en los brazos de un anciano rubio y alto que le dio la bienvenida.
"Se te ofrece algo, muchacho?"
"Sí, lo que todos queremos saber."
El hombre mostró un libro, "aquí está escrito todo."
"Se lo agradezco, pero no podré llevarlo. Hacen muchas requisas, usted sabe."
"Quedate hasta mañana, así el Colifa termina de enseñarle a tu perro el camino a tu casa sin tanto control."
Cuactemo González volvió a su patria sin problemas. Se tiró sobre su cama y encendió un cigarrillo. Su mascota lo estaba esperando en la almohada con un libro entre sus dientes que decía *Zoopoliciales Argentinos*. Fiel a su manía de hurgar el paratexto encontró en las solapas del libro la foto y los datos biográficos de la Papusa Cuesta, a laque recordó haber visto esa misma mañana en el tren bailando con la banda del Colifa. En la contra tapa leyó el resumen de la obra y se fue adentrando más en los detalles técnicos del libro.
Debajo del número de página había un botón brillante. El perrito de Cuactemo lo presionó con su patita y la habitación se llenó de colores y sonidos extraños que dieron paso a unos ladridos que le resultaron familiares. "Dale, che, empezá a leer, que tengo que atender a un japonés y a un árabe," era la voz del Colifa, que lo apuraba desde las mismas entrañas del libro. "Te espero al final de la lectura. Apretá otra vez el botón si querés

[10] A los chori, chori: pregón que anuncia la venta de choripanes.

escuchar mi cumbia favorita. Cuactemo presionó el botón y comenzó a leer el libro mientras oía *La Danza de los mirlos* [11]".

Córdoba, Argentina, año 2000, el dogo Papusa

Todo empezó el día en que demolieron un par de torres del Fuerte Apache[12]. Yo estaba echada a los pies de la peonada, en la cocina de la estancia, viendo la explosión cuando vino el capataz y me metió en la cuatro por cuatro del patrón, `para dar la vuelta al perro`. Al llegar a una esquina de Córdoba Capital, me hicieron bajar para hacer pis y me dejaron sola. Nunca pensé que eso era un raje, así que me puse a jugar a perseguir las ruedas de la camioneta, hasta que les hinqué mis dientes y sentí que algo se pinchaba. Tardé poco tiempo en cambiar de parecer cuando me volvieran a meter en el vehículo, me pusieron un bozal y me fajaron con la fusta para después arrojarme al pavimento caliente: "¡Estás despedida!", alcancé a oírles.
En ese mismo momento pasaba por ahí un zorro gris[13]. Desde el piso donde yo estaba tirada lo vi acercarse manejando un cascajo que tenía por moto y perseguir a mis ex patrones. Anotó unos números y llamó por radio a no sé quién. Luego regresó adonde yo estaba y llamó a una camioneta blanca que metía un ruido infernal. ¡Tampoco me querían ahí!
"Entiéndame, agente, no tenemos nafta para ir a buscar personas y usted me quiere obligar a llevar a una perra asesina."
"Eso lo determinarán los archivos zoopoliciales. Proceda al traslado, o le meto una multa por abandono de doga y otros cargos."
Fui a parar a la Facultad de Veterinaria, donde me curaron con lo que tenían: agua, jabón y unos trapos viejos que olían a lavandina. Luego vino el doctor Sarnoz, el veterinario de guardia, y ordenó mi traslado a una comisaría, diciendo que ahí no había cucha disponible. Me llevaron en el patrullero del oficial Pocaspulgas hasta los archivos zoopoliciales, donde me tomaron fotos de frente y de perfil con un número de prontuario. Estuve

[11] La Danza de los mirlos: cumbia muy famosa en Sudamérica, el grupo musical que la llevó a la fama *fue Los mirlos del Perú*, en los años '70. Es un referente de la cumbia villera en Argentina..
[12] Fuerte Apache: un complejo de monobloques edificados en la localidad de Ciudadela (Gran Buenos Aires) en los primeros años del Proceso Militar para erradicar una villa miseria ubicada a pocas cuadras de la Plaza de Mayo). En el año 2000, el Gobierno de Fernando de la Rua dio la orden de demoler dos torres de Fuerte Apache, argumentando "peligro de derrumbe" de edificio añejo. Salvo algunas agrupaciones vecinales del mismo barrio y algunos movimientos de izquierda, nadie protestó ni se indignó por semejante desalojo masivo de familias enteras, que quedaron la calle. La clase media argentina y los medios de comunicación contempló la demolición de esas torres con cierto alivio diciendo "por fin destruyen ese antro de drogas y ladrones".
[13] zorro gris: policía de tránsito de la ciudad de Córdoba Capital.

un par de horas esperando a ver en qué instituto de cachorros me iban a meter.
"No tiene ningún antecedente, largala", gritó Pocaspulgas al cabo Morales, "con todos los casos que tenemos que resolver, no podemos perder tiempo con un cachorra traste sucio. Llamen al agente Cuesta para que se haga cargo de ella."

Agente Cuesta

Cuentan las malas lenguas que, hace más de veinte años, Daniel Cuesta fue el chico más sabandija[14] de todo el barrio Ayacucho; no había maestra, celadora o persona mayor que no fuera víctima de sus bromas. Una de ellas fue una vieja bruja muy cascarrabias, que lo quiso convertir en la estatua del Toco Giggio[15], pero lo único que consiguió fue hacerle crecer las orejas y ponerle los pelos de punta. A los diez años dejó de llamarse Daniel para ser conocido simplemente como "El Loco". No había parranda, asado o peña folklórica estudiantil donde él no estuviera presente, para garantizar la diversión del resto de sus amigos. Tanta simpatía, unida a ese aspecto gringuesco y larguirucho, las supo explotar a la perfección, cada vez que viajaba a Buenos Aires para ver a su Talleres, cuando jugaba contra los porteños, o a su sacrosanta Selección Argentina.
En uno de esos viajes de polizonte conoció a un anciano chino llamado Chan-Tung, que decía ser un monje shaolin, que peregrinaba en busca de la verdad para enriquecer su Karma. Chan-Tung[16] le descifró un par de enigmas que encerraba la astrología china para el joven, a cambio de un par de chirolas que lo harían pucherear el resto del día. Terminó en: "Los nacidos en el año del perro son capaces de defender lo indefendible". El Loco decidió convertirse en un abogado de los buenos. Logró su objetivo y se recibió, después de diez años de estudios. Sólo que se cansó de esperar a que sus clientes, pequeños delincuentes sin un centavo, le pagaran lo que correspondía por sus servicios profesionales. Por eso aceptó un trabajo como detective en la policía.

Como yo no podía caminar, me quedé al lado de los calabozos parando la oreja sobre lo que decían las otras perras detenidas. Había una perrita negra

[14] El chico más terrible.
[15] Topo Giggio: muñeco-marioneta infantil que representa a un topo de orejas redondas y gigantes, narigón, dientudo, rubio y de ojos claros, muy popular en la Argentina desde la década del setenta.
[16] Chan-Tung: en lunfardo porteño se le dice chanta o chantún al tipo mentiroso y/o que no paga sus deudas

y blanca que no hacía otra cosa que llorar, diciendo algo que nadie entendía. Pocaspulgas hizo venir a una perra ovejera que llegó para interrogar a esa pequeña vagabunda. Ambas ladraban en alemán. Minutos después, la perrita volvió a su jaula, y la ovejera se encerró a hablar con Pocaspulgas en su despacho. Cuando los vi salir, noté que al oficial se le habían venido diez años encima.
"No, somos nada, Frau Balicha, "le decía a la ovejera, mientras le acariciaba las orejas y el lomo, "todos vamos a terminar debajo de un puente, como los del Fuerte Apache, tirados como perejil."
El agente Cuesta llegó a pié y sin uniforme. Gimoteaba peor que llorona de velorio.
"Mirá, guacho, a mí también me acaban de poner de patitas en la calle. Mirá, leé, leé..."y me fregaba por las narices un apestoso papel arrugado que decía: *Agente Daniel Cuesta: Por achicamiento del Estado, queda cesante. Haberes disponibles: a partir del 5 de noviembre próximo.*
"¿De qué vua' vivir, che?"
Mientras yo le ofrecía mi lomo para que apoyara su cabezota se nos acercó el oficial Pocaspulgas. Comenzó a despotricar contra los tarados del gobierno que se bajaban los pantalones ante los tipos del Fondo Monetario. A los pocos minutos de charla, a Pocaspulgas se le prendió la lamparita.
"Escuchame Cuesta, a mí me acaban de trasladar a Buenos Aires, me ocuparé de asuntos internos caninos. Se han multiplicado los perros policías que andan mangueando pizzas o choripanes, en lugar de combatir la delincuencia. Vos sos abogado, te podrías ocupar de asuntos zoopoliciales, los archivos están guardados en el serpentario de la universidad de ..."
"Pero, yo estudié para defender gente, no para vérmelas con delincuentes de cuatro patas..."
"¡Dejate de joder che. Los humanos te usan y cuando están afuera se olvidan de pagarte, en cambio con los bichos no pasa así. Preguntale al doctor Zucov, como se está llenando de guita analizando bichos."
¿Y quén es ese tal Zucov?
"Un psiquiatra de animales. Cuando yo quiero encontrar algún zoo criminal voy y lo encuentro en su consultorio. Podés empezar con con la anterior familia de tu nuevo protegido, les podrías sacar unos buenos pesos por crueldad animal y abandono de perro en la vía pública."
"Ya mismo te hago socia de Talleres", me dijo El Loco, acariciando mis orejas recién cortadas, "y el domingo nos colamos en la popular." Cuando me dijo esto me le abalancé para darle mis primeras muestras de amor canino, una buena revolcada y tres lametazos en la cara.
Al día siguiente, El Loco presentó a mis antiguos jefes un pedido de indemnización por despido sin motivos reales y malos tratos, so pena de irse

para Buenos Aires y escracharlos en un programa que tenían unos bicheros mediáticos. Los tipos se pusieron con una buena suma de dinero, que nos alcanzó para ir a lo de doña Celia, una jubilada que, por efectos de la recesión, se había convertido en doctora en matemáticas puras. Esa señora había inventado un traductor de lenguas animales.
Esa era una herramienta esencial para desarrollar nuestro trabajo jurídico. El aparato era tan, pero tan caro, que la vieja sólo había podido vender tres: el primero se lo vendió a Pocaspulgas, el segundo, al juzgado Zoopolicial n°1 de Buenos Aires, y el tercero a nosotros. El resto de la guita nos alcanzó para pucherear hasta que nos hicimos amigos de un gallego que nos fiaba pan, queso y salamines, mientras íbamos haciéndonos famosos entre la vagancia animal.
Nuestra primera clienta era una araña tan chiquitita como venenosa: se llamaba Pelusa y era una viuda negra buscada por la Interpol por asesina serial. Su psiquiatra sostenía que ella era una chica normal, sólo que mataba a sus machos, después de la primera cita, para evitar comentarios de café o convivencias condenadas al fracaso por ronquidos, fútbol dominguero y otras delicias de la vida conyugal. A partir de ese momento se fugó hacia Córdoba con la ayuda de uno de los peores criminales caninos de toda la historia zoopolicial argentina, el Colifa Cortés.
Un día, muerto de curiosidad, accedí a su prontuario publicado por la página de internet de los archivos zoopoliciales argentino donde me encontré la siguiente descripción del susodicho:
perro de lomo, cabeza y orejas negras, con pecho, panza y patas negras, con cola plumosa blanquinegra, orejas de lobo feroz y ojos de color variable según el tiempo, hijo de madre ovejera alemana y padre husky siberian. Animal fugado de Paso del Rey, ciudad donde vivía al cuidado de la familia Cortés. L.C (ladrón conocido) que suele frecuentar locales bailables, bares, cantinas, estadios de fútbol y protestas piqueteras.

Córdoba, Septiembre de 2001, Papusa al nuevo

El día que reventaron las Torres Gemelas yo recibí el llamado de un niño que se llamaba Herní Cortés. Estaba tan desesperado que nos ofrecía todos sus ahorros si le localizábamos a su amado pichicho, que había desaparecido en circunstancias poco claras. Yo le sugerí que presentara un habeas corpus caninus, en cualquier comisaría o perrera local, pero el chico me contó que cuando sus padres lo quisieron hacer los sacaban a patada limpia de esos lugares diciéndoles `algo habrá hecho ese animal´. El pibe me contó que además vino un tal Atanasildo Carrizo, cabo de la Brigada canina de Morón, trayendo a diez rotwaylers que requisaron la casa e

interrogaron a toda la familia, para ver en qué pasos andaba el desaparecido. El pibe quería seguir hablando pero como ese día tenía que hacer cobranzas anoté el nombre del pibe y su numero de teléfono y dejé la nota sobre el escritorio del Loco.
Cuando regresé para cuidar el estudio, me encontré con visitas inesperadas. Era un galgo español más fino que piojo rico. El anteojudo quería hablar con El Loco. Su pelaje y sus uñas se veían demasiado prolijos como para verse envuelto en algún problema zoopolicial. Le expliqué que El Loco se había ido a Buenos Aires, pues le había surgido un cliente nuevo.
"Debe tratarse del legendario Colifa Cortés."
"¿Y vos cómo lo sabés?"
"Mira, mujer, he venido desde Madrid para confirmar una tesis filosófica sobre la proliferación de la zoo delincuencia del Tercer Mundo, y es así como estoy haciendo reportajes a criaturas de todas las razas y especies argentinas. Ayer hablé con el camarada Brezniev, uno de los hijos del Colifa Cortés y me ha dicho que sus antiguos amos han hecho una cita con tu jefe."
O sea que el Herni Cortés, el chango que me llamó, era el patroncito del famoso Colifa? Me quedé atónito.
"¿Cómo es tu jefe en la vida cotidiana?" preguntó el galgo.
"Si te ponés con algún Euro, te respondo sobre la vida y la obra dEl Loco Cuesta."
"Pues, empieza, chaval, y me alargó un par de billetes que olían de lo mejor."
Cuando terminé de relatarle todas las peripecias de mi jefe en este mundo, el galgo sacó otros tres billetazos de su cartera y encima me pidió perdón por pagarme tan poco por la idea que le acababa de dar.
"Gracias, niña, has salvado la semana de dos periodistas. Tus declaraciones saldrán publicadas mañana en un nuevo periódico de perros callejeros."
Al día siguiente enfilé para el locutorio, donde encontré a dos perros callejeros aullando el nombre del pasquín. Les compré unos diez ejemplares, pa' revenderlos entre la clientela del estudio y me puse a leer mis declaraciones en un artículo que decía *Vida y milagros del Loco Cuesta*, firmado por un tal Paco Buscavidas.
Cuando estaba terminando de leer, me llamó El Loco, para ver cómo andaban las cosas.
"Re bien, guacho, ya somos ricos y famosos, salimos en una revista gallega, me pagaron en euros por ladrarles tus fechorías, y podemos ganar más guita, si damos con el Colifa ¿cómo viajaste?"
"Bien. Me llevaron hasta Pilar y, desde allí me colé en el tren hasta Retiro, ahí me encontré con un chino amigo mío y me pidió que le buscara a su

perro, me dice que se lo llevaron los rotwaylers de la brigada de Morón, y desde ese día no lo ha vuelto a ver. Así que te pido que tengas cuidado con esos gallegos, pueden ser caza recompensas."
"Te puedo asegurar que huelen a periodistas de un periódico social y callejero."
"Entonces tienen más hambre que nosotros. No les pierdas el rastro. A ver si la yuta lo borra del mapa y nos arruina el negocio."

Al mediodía me fui a la parrillada de la esquina luciendo mi mejor cara de angelita. Por suerte el dueño se descuidó y uno de los mozos me regaló una tira de asado que sobró antes de ser "reciclada". Yo le retribuí el favor con un lametazo en la cara antes de emprender la fuga hacia mis dominios. Dos horas después, cuando estaba en lo mejor de mi siesta cordobesa, sentí ruidos que venían desde el jardín. Por lo que pude olfatear, los que estaban escondidos entre los malvones eran dos perros atorrantes. En la entrada me encontré con un perrazo negro, que parecía sonreírme al mostrar sus dientes amarillos y sus ojos medios clarones. Detrás de él, había una perra marroncita y petisa, a punto de tener cría.
"Tranquila, piba, me contestó el perrazo sin que se le moviera un pelo, leímos la nota y andamos buscando un buen abogado pa' que defienda a mi Pancha."
A la Pancha la buscaba la policía porque había ayudado a una piba de trece años a huir de una redada policial que se hizo en su propio rancho. El Loco era su última esperanza para que ella regularizara su situación legal y pudiera reunirse con su madre y hermanos que estaban detenidos en calidad de rehenes de la justicia mendocina. Los hice pasar al estudio y activé el traductor de ladridos y el grabador para adelantar trabajo. La Pancha era puro hueso y pellejo. Lo único que relucía en su perrunidad era una cadenita de plata que colgaba de su cogote.
"Se la choreamos al puntero político de la villa", me aclaró el perro negro, "porque nos botoneó[17]."
A ese perro con aspecto de lobo lo había visto en alguna parte pero no sabía dónde. El perro parecía ser un mestizo entre ovejero alemán y husky siberian. Cuando nos olimos el upite, como corresponde a cualquier perro que bien se precie, pude sentir todos los olores de la calle concentrados en un solo animal. De su bocaza brotaban aromas de vino y choripán, sus patas, en cambio, olían a noches de bailanta y cuarteto[18], escapadas a

[17] Botonear: acusar con la policía.
[18] Cuarteto, cuartetazo: ritmo popular que se baila en la provincia de Córdoba y en todo el Interior del país.

redadas policiales duelos territoriales y partidos de fútbol en potreros colmados de changuitos y a apuestas ilegales.
Flor de cliente para El Loco, pensé, imaginándome a ese perro macanudo detrás de las rejas por defender a las criaturas más débiles, como esa pichicha que no paraba de escupirme datos tan increíbles como terroríficos. La Pancha pertenecía a una familia de campesinos que vivía en donde el diablo perdió el poncho. Allí no tenían escuelas, ni dispensarios de salud ni nada. Cuando murió el hombre de la casa, su mujer estaba esperando el sexto hijo, que nació antes de tiempo por falta de alimentos. Como ese bebé necesitaba ir al hospital y ella estaba tan débil para caminar los treinta kilómetros que separaban su pueblito del primer dispensario de salud, el bebito murió y ella fue acusada por los amos del pueblo por abandono de persona. La mujer está presa en una comisaría y sus hijos están en un instituto de menores. A la única que alcanzó a salvar la Pancha, fue a una de las niñas mayores y huyeron hacia Córdoba y se escondieron en Villa Naylon, hasta que otro puntero político las reconoció y ahora encontraron otro escondite.
"¿Dónde tienen enjaulada a su madre?"
"En un pueblito de Mendoza, en pleno desierto montañoso."
"Mirá hermano, El Loco vuelve mañana pero con estos datos ya tenemos para empezar a laburar duro y parejo.
El perrazo me dejó un billete de cincuenta Lecop[19] medio babeado, en calidad de adelanto. Cuando yo le quise tomar los datos para hacerles el recibo, se escabulleron por el jardín.

Colifa

El Loco regresó a Córdoba en un avión destartalado, cuya aerolínea es mejor olvidar. Después de sortear todos los controles habidos y por haber, se pudo sentar en una butaca medio deshilachada y abrió la computadora portátil que le regaló un ex custodio canino de una casa de computación por salvarlo de una condena a muerte casi cantada. Envió por correo electrónico a todas las comisarías, perreras argentinas y a los organismos internacionales de defensa animal el habeas corpus caninus del Chang-Tung y del Colifa, donde mostraba sus fotos y alguna de sus señas particulares. También quiso abrir una página web a nombre del Colifa, pero se encontró con la sorpresa de que ya le habían ganado de mano. Uno de los autores era el propio Herni; otro era un tal Herr Junten Pulguen, veterinario alemán radicado en Paso del Rey, que lo andaba buscando para cobrarle unos

[19] Lecop: bonos de deuda interna emitidos por el gobierno nacional. Su paridad es un lecop = $1,--.

aranceles impagos y exponía los pagarés firmados por la propia pata del prófugo, tras haberle hecho terapias tales como:
Extracción de balas de escopetas, cada vez que se metía en las granjas de la zona para robarse alguna gallina.
Desinfección y control antirrábico por mordeduras de gravedad, provocadas en sus peleas territoriales con canes de otros barrios.
Tratamientos de enfermedades como la brucelosis, producto de sus aventuras amorosas en el Reventón Canino de Moreno.
Servicios de peluquería canina, donde el cliente prófugo exigía champús antipulgas, perfumes garrapaticidas, collares anti sarna y otros chiches por el estilo, cada vez que salía a conquistar pichichas al Monumental canino de Merlo.
La lista de páginas web donde aparecía el nombre del prófugo era interminable. Por último leyó la página hecha por los guardas de los ferrocarriles del oeste bonaerense, donde era buscado por la comisión de varios delitos cometidos en los trenes de la línea Sarmiento, a saber:
Viajar sin boleto desde Paso del Rey hasta Once, ida y vuelta.
Vagancia, mendicidad y robos en los vagones.
Contagio de pulgas a las pasajeras que se acercaban a acariciarlo, conmovidas por los gestos seductores del perro, mimos que naturalmente les hacía a cambio de unos billetes.
Tambien el primer punto de su investigación estaba saliendo a la luz. Según el testimonio de su dueña, que declaró verlo por última vez el día 15 de agosto del año pasado, a las seis y cuarto de la mañana (cuando lo dejó atado al árbol más fuerte de su casa para evitar que la volviera a seguir por enésima vez al tren que siempre tomaba para ir a trabajar, se contradecía con el testimonio de un par de guardas que fueron vistos por numerosos testigos cuando lo sacaron garrotazos a las ocho y cuarto de la mañana, en la estación San Antonio de Padua, por encontrarlo con tres billetes de dos pesos en el hocico, que se negó a compartir con ellos.
Durante el tiempo que duró el viaje, continuó navegando por otros sitios web, donde se decían pestes del perro ladrón.

Doña Maruja y su informes confidenciales

Al llegar a Córdoba, El Loco se encontró con que lo estaba esperando su hermana mayor, doña Maruja. Doña Maruja merece un párrafo aparte. Era una recaudadora de impuestos que, ante la evasión generalizada de los ricachones se puso a estudiar hechicería tributaria en una universidad payé de Corrientes. Según cuentan por ahí, es la mejor alumna que se haya registrado desde hace quinientos años y cuando le aprueben su tesis doctoral

tiene previsto engualichar los formularios destinados a las grandes corporaciones, para que dejen de hacerse los otarios con el Fisco. Doña Maruja era una mujer delgada de cabello negro azabache y rostro pálido, parecía la misma imagen de la Parca. Intuitiva y detallista hasta decir basta, poseía tanto sentido del deber, que terminaba siendo una hincha pelotas.
"El adelanto que te dieron los dueños del Colifa, pagáselos al almacenero, le ordenó a su hermano sin más formalidades, "que ya te viene fiando yerba y pan desde hace seis meses. También me tenés que dar las partituras de un cuartetazo[20] que la mamá de Herni le compuso al Colifa para que regresara a su casa."
Si al Loco le sorprendió que su hermana estuviera al tanto de todo lo charlado con el changuito, sobre su nuevo cliente, más se asombró de la ayuda incondicional que ella le estaba ofreciendo para rastrear y rehabilitar al perro prófugo.
"¿Qué bicho te picó, pa' ponerte de parte de mis chorros?"
"Acabo de recibir informes confidenciales."
"No te hagási la misteriosa y aflojá ¿qué te traés bajo el poncho?"
Doña Maruja le contó que un caburé le sopló unos datos acerca de un cónclave de pomberos celebrado hace pocas horas en Misiones.
"Al parecer, están pensando en borrarse de esta dimensión llevándose toda la selva misionera."
"Primero aclarame qué es un caburé y qué es un pombero, y después decime qué diablos tienen que ver mis bichos vagos con ese raje."
"Pedazo de bestia bruta futbolera, cualquier infeliz sabe que un caburé es un ave de la familia de las lechuzas, famosa por los poderes mágicos que brotan desde las plumas de su cola y que los pomberos son los duendes protectores de todas las aves. Y en lo que a vos respecta, los pomberos te esperan la semana que viene, acá tenés la invitación. Ignoro de qué quieren hablar."
"Dejate de delirar con tus patrañas paye y tirame datos más creíbles."
"Aparte de la invitación de los pomberos, ayer me vinieron a ver el oficial Pocaspulgas, con su secretaria, la oficial Frau Balicha. Ambos me hicieron escuchar una denuncia ladrada por una perrita callejera alemana. Es terrible. El camarada Brezniev me venía alertando desde hace muchos meses sobre todo esto pero yo no lo podía creer."
"¿De dónde conocés a ese tipo?"
"Soy su bruja de confianza, suelo tirarle el tarot astrológico y confeccionarle amuletos para que gane en las próximas elecciones legislativas."
"¿Qué denuncia ese zurdo superticioso?"

[20] Cuarteto, cuartetazo: ritmo popular que se baila en la provincia de Córdoba y en todo el Interior del país.

"Que un grupo de empresas multinacionales lanzaron el proyecto Cártago 2005, que consiste en apropiarse de todos los bienes y recursos de los países subdesarrollados después de haber diezmado a su población por medio del hambre o la represión. Su proyecto es destruir hasta los nombres originales de todos y cada uno de los Estados que conforman el Tercer Mundo que no le hayan pagado sus deudas al F.M.I.. ¿Adiviná por dónde van a empezar?"
"Vamos por parte, en el prontuario del Colifa figuran los nombres del Brezniev y de la Balicha. El Brezniev es su hijo y Frau Balicha es su ex esposa." Cuesta intentó parecer tranquilo.
"Sólo que necesitamos un par de colmillos fuertes que amarren con total seguridad a millones de seres vivientes", respondió su hermana.
"¿Qué andás queriendo decir grandísima bruja?"
"Que nosotros también tenemos que estar preparados para un éxodo masivo, y que vos y ese perro chorro son dos piezas fundamentales para salvar todo un continente."
Doña Maruja trajo a casa al Loco desmayado y me encargó hacerlo volver en sí por medio de lametazos y mimos perrunos. Ese lunes había vuelto la perrita mendocina, esta vez acompañada por la niña prófuga. Mientras el sapo Crocrini, capo total de la mafia bichera, jugaba al truco con las araña Pelusa por una lata de moscas en almíbar, El Loco se levantó del sillón y se puso al día con el trabajo que yo le había adelantado el día anterior. Se encerró en su oficina para hablar con la nena y con la Pancha, en tanto me pedía que le comunicara con el Juez de Menores de Mendoza y con los dueños del pueblito donde estaba detenida la madre de la niña. Les aseguro que esa mañana me volví loca con tantas llamadas simultáneas.

En busca de Colifa

Todos los que estábamos en la salita de espera pudimos oír las puteadas que El Loco les mandó a funcionarios mendocinos que terminaron culpando al gobierno nacional, que acataba al pié de la letra todas las recetas del Fondo Monetario, que les exigía cerrar cuanto dispensario de salud hubiera por el Tercer Mundo, al tiempo que se escuchaba al periodista gallego publicando las denuncias por Internet y por todos los medios de comunicación audiovisuales habidos y por haber. Los tipos dieron el brazo a torcer cuando el sapo Crocrini se metió en las comunicaciones y amenazó a los amos de ese pueblo con enviarles un ejército de mosquitos dengues a sus mansiones si no dejaban en paz a la familia de la Pancha. En menos de lo que canta un gallo, liberaron a la madre de la niña y al resto de sus criaturas, que huyeron con la Pancha hacia una embajada extranjera en busca de asilo político.
Doña Maruja, por su parte, se había ido a la grabadora del Rey del Cuarteto,

para que le interpretara un casachok siberiano cuartetero que la madre de Herni Cortés le había compuesto al Colifa, para que volviera con su familia humana.
El músico cuartetero estaba tan fascinado con esa partitura que esa misma tarde las radios invadieron el aire cordobés con aquellos compases engualichados. No había bestia ni persona que no bailaran y se rieran cada vez que los acordes villeros tocaban sus oídos A eso de las tres de la tarde, cuando estábamos en lo mejor de la siesta cordobesa, llegó doña Maruja llena de paquetes misteriosos.
"Este es el cebo para pescar al Colifa", me mostró un disco compacto junto a otros objetos y fotografías. Ahora la que me quería morir era yo. El famoso Colifa Cortés había estado el día anterior charlando conmigo y no lo había reconocido. Ahora, con las evidencias olfativas y visuales en mi hocico ya sabía para dónde tenía que rumbear. Deduje que, como todos los lunes, cualquier chorro descansa o sale de compras. Mientras olfateaba por enésima vez la camiseta adiviné dónde lo podría encontrar y salí disparando más rápido que purgado rumbo al encuentro de mi futuro socio y compañero de aventuras. Yo salí tan a las disparadas del estudio, que no me había percatado de que doña Maruja me había puesto una correa y que se sujetaba a ella con todas sus fuerzas. Mientras yo corría a toda velocidad, ella parecía estar practicando esquí callejero por todas las calles cordobesas. Encontré su rastro en una calle cortada y a los pocos metros divisé al Colifa llorando en la puerta de una disquería por un simple compacto. El gerente iba a sacar una escopeta para matarlo, cuando me vio la cara y salió haciéndose pis encima.
"Perdoname, hermana," me dijo el Colifa antes de arrancarle la cartera a doña Maruja y emprender el raje violento. Miren que yo soy rápido en eso de correr pero el famoso Colifa me ganaba por varios cuerpos. Cuando le había perdido la pista, llegó El Loco en un taxi y nos subió de un plumazo.
"Cayó el chivo en el lazo", escuché reflexionar a doña Maruja exhausta, "esperaremos hasta ver en qué lugar se establece."
El Loco sacó una cosa chiquitita y negra, que metían un ruido infernal. Por primera vez mi olfato coincidía con lo que ellos llamaban rastreador electrónico. El Colifa se encontraba en el medio de la famosa Villa El Naylon. Yo estaba desesperada por volver a ver al negrazononón, me tiré desde la ventanilla y me puse a correr barriendo con todo lo que se me cruzaba por el camino. Lo volví a divisar cuando se acercaba a la única vivienda de material de la villa y aguardar escondido detrás de una pila de basura. Mis tripas me indicaban que ya era la hora de salir a manguear un hueso, pero mi olfato me avisaba que algo grave iba a pasar en cualquier momento. De repente, vi a un perro ovejero alemán abandonar la casa junto

con un hombre vestido de policía. Minutos después, el Colifa y otro hombre ingresaban a la vivienda sin emitir ningún sonido. Yo aproveché ese instante para ocupar el escondite dejado por el Colifa y escuchar todo lo que pasara detrás de la muralla que separaba los pasillos de la casa.
"Llegó tu Pata de Lana, mamita", oí susurrar al Colifa.
"¿Me trajiste tu Casachok, amorcito?", ladró la hembra.
La respuesta del Colifa no se hizo esperar. En ese momento empezaron a desfilar esos sonidos cuarteteros que hacían tentar a mis patas. Yo estaba llevando el ritmo con mi cola, cuando sentí la mano del Loco agarrarme del cogote.
"Dejate de hacer ruido", me susurró al oído, "o volverán los dos yutas y nos hacen desaparecer al nuevo cliente."
No había alcanzado a pronunciar estas palabras, cuando vimos aproximarse a los dueños de la casa. No sé qué es lo que me pasó, pero yo me quedé quieta en el escondite. El Loco, en cambio, largó una piedrita hacia el interior de la propiedad. Eso provocó la salida del Colifa y del hombre que lo acompañaba. Ambos se escabulleron por los techos de chapa sin emitir ruido. Cuando el perro y el policía regresaron a su hogar, el Casachok dejó de sonar, y comenzó un griterío infernal, seguido de golpes y mordiscones, que se oían desde nuestro escondite.
Ahí aprovechamos para irnos antes de ser encontrados por los dueños de la casa. Cuando volvimos a encontrar al Colifa lo vimos junto a tres pulgosos que arrastraban una silla de ruedas como si fuera un trineo, en donde iba un hombre tembleque. De pronto, surgieron dos tipos que se las daban de yutas y que quisieron apropiarse de la silla de ruedas y de la comida que llevaba el tembleque. ¡Para qué habrán tirado al pobre hombre al piso!, pensé mientras veía al Colifa defender con uñas y dientes al tembleque, aferrándose con todos sus dientes al cuero de la silla y poniendo su cuerpote a los garrotazos que le querían dar al enfermo. Sin embargo el Colifa no parecía tenerles miedo. A lo lejos venía El Loco cargando otra cosa negra y redonda, que parecía registrar todas las cosas que pasaban en la villa. Cuando los policías se dieron cuenta de que estaban siendo vistos por esa cosa negra la emprendieron contra El Loco y ahí yo defendí a mi amo. No hace falta decir que se escudaron detrás de sus balas para sacarnos del medio, pero nada de eso me importó, ni sus ruidos, ni sus fuegos ni el olor punzante que me estaba desgarrando la espalda. Cuando tiré al piso a uno de los tipos, el otro me siguió baleando, entonces, con lo que me quedaba de aliento, me levanté y lo desarmé sólo con mis colmillos.
El único problema es que me quedé con la mano del policía. La gente de la villa echó a la cana a cascotazo limpio y ellos terminaron por esconderse en un local partidario, donde distribuyen comida a los changuitos del barrio. El

Loco no dejaba de llorar y de loco por haberme expuesto al tiroteo, pero yo, aunque estaba más que dolorido, no me quejé.
"Al gran dogo argentino salud!", vociferaba una y otra vez el Colifa, "ningún macho de esta villa en su perra vida, se ha atrevido a ajusticiar a un puntero político y a un cana."
"Este es mi jefe, el doctor Daniel Cuesta", con el último hilo que me quedaba de voz, "es el mejor ser humano que he conocido en mi perra vida."
Perdí el conocimiento, mientras El Loco pedía ayuda a los vecinos para llevarme al hospital.
Cuando recuperé el sentido estaba casi muerta de frio y lo único que me daba un poco de calor era el aliento y el cuerpo del Colifa quien, ni bien me vio abrir los ojos, le avisó al tembleque de la silla de ruedas.
"Tranquilo macho, ya estás en tu casa. Toda la vagancia canina te está cuidando, bajo las órdenes del doctor Quiroga."
El famoso veterniario era el tembleque de la silla de ruedas. Su historia es tan increíble como triste y merecería ser escrita en el libro de los millones de jubilados que por aquellos años morían de hambre y de falta de atención médica. El Colifa me contó que este hombre fue uno de los pocos que le ofreció compartir su ranchito y su comida. Entonces él y otros perros callejeros le daban amor, alegría y protección a esa alma tan noble. Volví a perder el conocimiento.
Al despertarme, escuché una sarta de confesiones que el Colifa le estaba haciendo al Loco. Que él era el culpable de todas las acusaciones de la gente de Paso del Rey, de los guardas del ferrocarril y de la policía. Además confesó que a él le encantaba robarle aunque sea un alfiler a los tipos corruptos que conocía. Doña Maruja aprovechó esa confesión para hacerle escuchar una grabación que no llegué a entender, pues los ladridos estaban en alemán. El Colifa, perro negro como su alma, en ese momento se puso más palido que yo cuando era bebé. Cuando volvió en sí, no paraba de reírse solo.
"¿Por qué una representante de la vagancia alemana se tomó el trabajo de viajar colada hasta la Argentina para advertirnos de que nos van a embargar hasta la camiseta?"
"Porque lo que hoy hacen acá, mañana lo harán en el resto de los barrios pobres de Europa."

El Plan

"Hmmmm, qué chica más perspicaz. Decime cómo se llama y en dónde la puedo ubiacar."

"A la Faulinchen la podés encontrar en la casa de tus antiguos dueños, los Cortés, es una perrita pomerania negra y blanca, que está bajo la protección especial de la Balicha." Doña Maruja respondió.
"Pobre criatura, cayó en las garras de mi ex mujer..."
"Sin embargo la Balicha y el Brezniev, tu hijo mayor, se están encargando de prepararles una buena paliza a la oligarquía local e internacional. Pero para eso necesitamos la colaboración de un profesional del choreo como vos."
El Colifa se quedó pensando unos minutos y después, con sus ojos llenos de picardía le preguntó a doña Maruja.
"Che, bruja, ¿no te ofendés si te pido ayuda pa' chorearme el país?"
Doña Maruja lo llevó al sótano, de donde trajeron como media docena de frasquitos. Mientras el Colifa iba olfateando cada uno de ellos, doña Maruja iba explicando los poderes de cada uno, pero el Colifa estaba buscando alguna poción que convirtiera algo tan grande como una casa en un pequeño plano para llevárselo en el hocico. Doña Maruja se cansó de buscar en sus libros el gualicho requerido, pero no encontró nada. Acordaron ir a la cita con los pomberos y pedirles el brebaje en cuestión. Mientras tanto se las arreglarían con un gualicho llamado "metamorfosis"
"¿Se imaginan si les llegamos a servir a algún funcionario corrupto un cafecito mezclado con esto, en qué se convertirían?", preguntó El Loco muerto de risa.
"Depende la esencia del animal u objeto que le pongas", respondió doña Maruja
"Un poco de esencia de cucaracha no les vendría nada mal a nuestros lindos dirigentes", bromeó el Colifa.
"El problema es cómo distribuir masivamente el gualicho y a quién."
Colifa llamó a Don Crocrini para encomendarle el mandado. El sapo mafioso y sus "Dengues" patoteros derramarían una combinación de gualichos en las bocas de aire de las cocinas de todos los de todos los cargos políticos y lugares de reunión de los grupos de presión, desde el más insignificante hasta la mismísima Casa de Gobierno y embajadas extranjeras. Cuando el caburé de doña Maruja salió con el mensaje hacia la selva, llegó toda la policía, que estaba sedienta de venganza porque yo dejé mancos a dos de los suyos. Como vimos que venían acompañados de un par de canales sensacionalistas, los recibimos nosotros con las imágenes de todo lo que filmamos en Villa Naylon. Ante esa evidencia, los tipos se retiraron en medio del abucheo generalizado de nuestros vecinos. Sin embargo eso no los desvió de su objetivo, pues a media noche, un grupo de rotwaylers para policiales nos secuestraron y nos trasladaron a un centro clandestino de detención perruna, donde nos fajaron de lo lindo para que nos declarásemos

culpables de todo el endeudamiento externo argentino. El que dirigía el operativo era un tal Atanasildo Carrizo, cabo de la brigada canina de Morón y principal enemigo del Colifa desde tiempos remotos.

Córdoba y Buenos Aires, diciembre 2001 - octubre 2005
Papusa en la cárcel

Lo que me ocurrió a mí no se lo deseo ni al gato del vecino: aunque fui declarado inocente por el zootribunal, el mismo año que recuperé la libertad, me volvieron a detener, porque un concejal firmó una ordenanza declarando a los dogos argentinos *perros peligrosos*, y resolvieron condenarme a muerte por *portación de cara*.
Durante todo el tiempo que estuve presa, pude escuchar cómo iban aumentando los bocinazos, protestas y cacerolazos que venían desde el exterior de la perrera. Esos quilombos, también influyeron en un cambio en la población canina que a diario llegaba a la perrera. Antes hospedaban a un vagoneta por jaula. Pero en aquellos últimos días habilitaron jaulas colectivas donde metían a varios perros de raza que deambulaban por las calles buscando a sus antiguos dueños. Yo no entendía el por qué. Me daba mucha pena verlos morir de tristeza y hambre. Una tarde me trajeron a la celda un galgo ruso, que no hacía otra cosa que recordar su vieja mansión, sus sesiones de peluquería y su vida paqueta. A veces jugábamos al truco, a la taba o el ajedrez.
Una semana antes de la fecha de mi ejecución, las sirenas policiales y los tiros que llegaban a mí desde la calle, se me hicieron más insoportables que los petardos que largan para las fiestas de fin de año. En las visitas que me hacían El Loco y Doña Maruja, me explicaron que los banqueros se habían robado todos los ahorros de la gente y que ahora se multiplicaban los desalojos colectivos de gente que tenía algún tipo de deuda impaga. Ellos ya habían sido desalojados por deber sólo una boleta de impuesto municipal.
"Estamos compartiendo una carpa con la familia Cortés, pues a ellos también les llegó la orden de desalojo. A veces dormimos en Plaza Vicente López, donde hay unas monjas que nos dan de comer, y otras veces dormimos en algún parque, donde nos dejan armar la carpa y hacer una fogata."
Un día antes mi ejecución recibí una nota de Colifa. Olía de maravilla y, antes de abrirla, supe que contenía buenas noticias.
Hola Papusa: mañana te paso a buscar, las pruebas han salido de lo mejor. Te estoy escribiendo desde la casa del Hans, un alto chorro experto en bóvedas bancarias. Les hicimos desaparecer tres toneladas de oro puro y otras mercaderías a muchos políticos argentinos. Hoy a la tarde mirá el

canal policial y vas a ver cómo funcionan nuestros gualichos en el Congreso, je je. Ya vas a ver la sorpresa que se van a pegar los gringos dentro de un par de días, je je. Preparate, que ahora viene lo mejor del baile. Saludos a la vagancia. El Colifa.
Esa misma tarde vi por televisión cómo se convertían en cucarachas a la mayoría de los diputados y senadores, justo cuando estaban discutiendo qué villa iban a entregar primero a los gringos. El carcajerío que se armó en la gayola me impidió oír los comentarios del periodista de turno. Una hora antes de recibir la pichicata mortal, apareció el Colifa en mi celda.

Ha llegado el día

"Vamos que nos vamos" me dijo tirándome una albóndiga de carne picada rebozada con un polvito blanco. Después de haber ingerido el gualicho, me caí redonda al piso y desde arriba del techo pude ver cómo dos guardias me sacaban diciéndose entre ellos que yo me había muerto de tristeza. Vi cómo le entregaban mi cuerpote al Loco, al que vi llorar peor que actriz de telenovela. Cuando volví en mí, aparecí en la veterinaria del Doctor Junten Pulguen, me rodeaban muchos amigos que no dejaban de abrazarme y de darme todo el calor que me había faltado durante mucho tiempo.
"Ha llegado el día, Papusa", me dijo un hombre grandote y bonachón, que se presentó como el doctor Junten Pulguen, el antiguo veterinario y compinche del Colifa, "nos desalojarán de un momento a otro y hay que estar preparados para recibir la señal del Colifa."
"¿De qué me estás hablando varón?", me preguntaba.
"Que ha llegado el día de irnos de aquí pero esta vez nos fugaremos ante sus narices hacia otra dimensión del espacio y del tiempo."
"¿Cómo haremos semejante cosa?", les pregunté.
"Es una guachada que se le ocurrió al Colifa. Usaremos el mismo gualicho trasladante que empleamos para robarnos las bóbedas bancarias. Funciona muy bien, ya verás. Cuando lleguen las tropas neoliberales, tendremos que esperar la señal que nos dará el Colifa desde Villa Naylon hacia el resto del país - me contestó un dóberman, que se presentó como el Hans, el amigo del Colifa que le ayudó a chorearle un par de cositas a los políticos argentinos."
"¿Qué señal nos dará el vago?"
"Cuando comiencen a echarnos por los altoparlantes, permaneceremos en nuestras casas hasta que comience a sonar el casachok del Colifa a todo volumen, ahí saldremos hacia las calles corriendo a toda velocidad y cuidando a las personas que queremos, para que huyan hacia el lugar correcto."
"¿Cuál será mi tarea?"

"Cuidar la retaguardia de cuanto cerdo capitalista y burgués que nos quiera retener", me respondió el Brezniev, uno de los hijos del Colifa, haciendo de intelectual marxista ruso.
"Te enfrentarás a verdaderas máquinas de matar a las que tratarás igual que a aquellos policías corruptos que quisieron atacar al Loco de tu jefe", dijo Junten Pulguen.
"¿Otra vez sopa? Mirá que los balazos duelen, che. ¿Alguien me hará pata?"
"Un ejército de dogos bien entrenados."
El doctor Junten Pulguen me pincelaba todo el cuerpo con no sé qué tipo de menjunje maloliente.
"Listo, Papusa, con esto no te alcanza ni un misil."

Tres horas después comenzaron a sonar las sirenas y Junten Pulguen prendió el televisor donde estaban pasando el bombardeo a Villa Naylon. Las cámaras mostraban al Colifa llevando un mapa en el hocico huyendo de los bombardeos, mientras saltaba un murallón de tres metros de alto. Cuando él llegó al otro lado del muro desaparecieron todas las personas, animales y plantas que rodeaban a la villa.
Desde la ventana de la veterinaria vimos a los yutas gringos vestidos de negro que, con un altavoz en mano, nos empezaron a ordenar que saliéramos de nuestros hogares. En ese momento empezaron a escucharse los primeros acordes del Casachok y unos ladridos que decían "vamos que nos vamos, vamos que nos vamos, che", ahí nuestras narizotas nos guiaron hacia la salida y comenzamos a correr. Yo ocupé el último lugar de la fila, junto con otros dogos. A medida que el resto de la vagancia iba saltando los muros hacia la otra dimensión temporoespacial, y la gente desaparecía los hombres de negro comenzaron a dispararnos con todo el fuego que tenían a mano. A los dogos nos balearon sin asco sólo que esta vez nos resbalaban todos sus proyectiles. Eso me dio tanto coraje que antes de saltar el paredón me trencé con uno de los milicos al que desarmé y me lo llevé puesto hacia la otra dimensión, donde lo vi convertirse en una vil cucaracha.
El día que nos barrieron a puro trotil, haciendo estallar nuestros hogares en mil pedazos, el Colifa, con un mapa argentino en el hocico, corría como si lo persiguieran los mil demonios. Detrás de él íbamos nosotros, los perros, rodeando a nuestra gente para que no se desbocara y fuera a parar a manos de los canas extranjeros que nos estaban esperando para meternos en unas jaulas que estaban alrededor de la villa.

Tres días después del bombardeo a las villas, se reunió el directorio de Soluciones Inmobiliarias S.A., la empresa que hizo el trabajo sucio con la gente del Fondo Monetario Internacional para evaluar qué negocios se iban

a hacer en los terrenos embargados. La primera resolución que tomaron fue la de inventariar a los villeros detenidos y buscar a algún sobreviviente que estuviera escondido entre los escombros, para venderlos en el tráfico de esclavos. La segunda medida fue la de hacer el reparto final de las parcelas.
Estaban en medio de negociaciones cuando las imágenes satelitales se superpusieron en dos planos diferentes. Unas imágenes mostraban a la yuta neoliberal revolviendo entre los escombros atestados de cucarachas, en busca de algún sobreviviente, mientras que otras imágenes reflejaban a un perro siberiano rodeado de un grupo de pibes y animales de toda laya. Detrás de ellos marchaban un montón de adultos encabezados por El Loco Cuesta, que no dejaba de hacerles fakyu a los funcionarios y ejecutivos que, seguramente, los debían estar mirando en ese mismo momento.
Mientras cantaban un corito que decía "Es para vos, jua jua jua, y para vos, jua jua jua, para los fachos que nos miran por T.V." El Loco Cuesta les fregaba por las cámaras un mamotreto azul y blanco que decía en letras doradas *Nueva Constitución Argentina*. Yo, pa' no achicarme, los saludé, sólo que no medí las consecuencias de lo furiosos que se iban a poner esos milicos que andaban más armados que Rambo. A mis saludos caninos me respondieron con una descarga de balazos que supuestamente tenían que llegarme directamente a la cabeza, pero no me alcanzó ningún tirito, porque ya estábamos en la otra dimensión. El Colifa también los saludó, sólo que él fue más generoso que yo: porque les envió desde nuestra nueva dimensión su su regalito que fue a parar a las botas del jefe máximo de los fumigadores, como se habían bautizado ellos mismos.
"¡Malditos perros sudacas", gritaba en gallego básico el milico, limpiándose las botas entre los escombros y ametrallando el lugar donde el Colifa seguía haciendo de las suyas, "ya veréis lo que os espera, ahora que hemos recuperado nuestras colonias. Si antes aniquilamos a sesenta millones de los vuestros, ahora completaremos vuestro exterminio, infrahumanos."
Todos esos milicos nos buscaban, pero no nos podían encontrar.
"Aquí sólo quedan fantasmas", informó un milico inglés espantando algo que le molestaba en la oreja.
"¿Es que aún no lo entiende?", gritó un funcionario francés, "acabamos de presenciar la fuga más grande de la Historia. Nuestros hombres han ametrallado hacia todas las direcciones y sólo les han respondido con deposiciones, bombitas de olor y piedrazos. No estamos luchando con fantasmas vengativos. Se han fugado hacia otra dimensión, mon Dieu! Ved por el Satélite las burlas de esa manada de perros salvajes. Observad cómo ese abogado les hace "fakyu" y cómo los pequeños sudacas juegan al futbol con los animales."

Exargentina, octubre de 2005

El presidente de Soluciones Inmobiliarias S.A seguía pensando que lo que acababa de ver eran sólo trucos de algún ilusionista del subdesarrollo. Pero los informes provenientes de otros "guettos" confiscados lo hicieron cambiar de opinión.
"Señor Presidente, hemos explorando los territorios embargados, en busca de sobrevivientes y sólo hemos encontrado doscientos dirigentes políticos argentinos encerrados en el búnker de un country. Los únicos seres vivientes que hemos encontrado son cientos y cientos de cucarachas."
"¿Cuántos cadáveres han encontrado?"
"Ninguno, señor presidente. Le reitero, sólo hemos encontrado políticos y cucarachas. Eso es todo."
La pantalla satelital continuaba ofreciendo imágenes en dos planos: a la derecha se veían soldados colocándose máscaras de oxígeno, envueltos en nubes de hollín y polvo gris, y en el plano de la izquierda se veían hombres y mujeres levantando sus viviendas con piedras, cañas, barro y paja mientras en el fondo habían chicos jugando al fútbol en una pradera verde limón limitada por varias hileras de cultivos de cereales y pequeños arroyos de agua cristalina.
"Señor presidente",interrumpió otra voz militar, "me temo que esos salvajes dicen la verdad. Hemos tenido que colocarnos máscaras, se agotaron el oxígeno y el agua."

Meses después de nuestra mudanza hacia nuestra nueva dimensión, el Brezniev, en su carácter de Mandamás de la nueva U.R.S.S. (Unión de las Repúblicas Súpervilleras Sudacas) recibió una comitiva del Fondo Monetario. Mientras traspasaban los límites de nuestra dimensión hacia sus hogares iban sacando cuentas de cuántos nuevos negocios iban a realizarse en la Exargentina y en nuestro nuevo hogar.
"¿Qué es lo que te preocupa, Anne?", oí a uno preguntarle al otro, "si esto fue más fácil que respirar. En los años cincuenta seducimos a la oligarquía terrateniente argentina con nuestros negociados y se plegaron al boicot que derrocó a Perón. ¿Y cuál fue el resultado? Que los argentinos se endeudaron cien veces más de lo que ya estaban. Fue un negocio redondo, querida. Y cuando en 1976 el gobierno corrupto de turno ya estaba saldando el total de la deuda que tenía con nosotros, un grupete de oficiales y empresarios auspiciados por nosotros dio el golpe de estado más eficaz de toda la historia latinoamericana con un costo mínimo de treinta mil desaparecidos. Y hemos ganado más de ciento cincuenta mil millones de dólares en concepto de endeudamientos. Anímate, si hemos destruido economías

regionales enteras, con más razón nos apropiaremos de esta nueva dimensión."
"Escúchame Henry," esto no me convence para nada. Intuyo que detrás de esa recepción tan amable que nos dieron se esconden muy malas intenciones. La que me sirvió esa copa de cerezas y uvas no parecía ninguna enajenada. ¿No recuerdas que esa mujer compuso un Casachok e hizo volver al responsable de todo el robo de bienes, ganados y plantas, agua y oxígeno?"
"Tienes razón, Anne. Ya mismo daré la orden de hacer desaparecer a esa mujer."
Pero los guardias de seguridad ya no oían órdenes, solo un suave crujir de mandíbulas masticando el polvo frente a sus botas.

Jalisco, octubre de 2055

Cuactemo termino de leer el libro con lagrimas en los ojos. Desde las entrañas del libro surgió de nuevo la voz del Colifa que se fue acercando a él como un perrito faldero y dijo.
"Che, Cuactemo, huelo que querés venirte con nosotros a la dimensión de la Exargentina ¿te llevo?"
"Sí", respondió Cuactemo tomando a su perrito chihuahua en brazos,"pero con una condición". Le entregó una birome y un papel en blanco, "dejales una nota de despedida a la muchachada del F.M.I."
Al día siguiente las tropas neoliberales reportaron la desaparición simultánea hacia otra dimensión de tres aldeas ubicadas en México, Yemen y Japón, donde se encontraron panfletos escritos a mano que decían *Muchachos, se les acabó la pensión*, firmados por el puño y pata del Colifa Cortés.





Dibujosos por / Drawings by Linda Bilda



Als sie kurz vor dem Bahnhof "Flores" waren, erschien ein Rudel Hunde, das von dem Husky auf den Gemälden angeführt wurde. Er sah etwas älter aus, und eine seiner Vorderpfoten war kürzer geworden, so dass er hinkte, aber der Glanz seiner Augen war der gleiche geblieben.

Tour to Exargentina
by Graciela Paredes / 2003

2055

Cuactemo González smoked and paced around the airport departure lounge while something inside his clothes kept moving. Calm down, my friend, he muttered into his collar, the plane is coming. Behind Cuactemo, an Arab, a Japanese man, and several Americans who looked like social scientists boarded the plane. When the plane took off and the seat belts were loosened, the voice of the expedition guide was heard:
"Ladies and gentlemen, we are flying over Buenos Aires, capital of the former Argentine Republic, one of the areas once richest in natural and climatic resources on the planet.
Even today, fifty years after its disappearance, several mysteries remain unsolved regarding the causes and circumstances that led the Argentinean people to make the absurd decision to flee this paradise of fertile and temperate lands. According to secret service reports, this decision was the result of the influence exerted by a sect of terrorist dogs, led by a Siberian husky named Colifa Cortés. In the photos displayed on this screen, you can see the satanic gleam in his eyes and his yellow fangs behind his macabre smile."
You'd have to be stupid to believe that nonsense, thought Cuactemo, looking at the animal's face, that dog is so cool.
"As is widely known", the voice continued, "after the mass exodus of Argentinians, both the neighboring and central countries divided up the most productive regions among themselves, but they ended up withdrawing from those places due to a total lack of the vital elements needed to continue colonizing the area. It is believed that Argentina's existence as a food supplier for the entire planet was an exceptional moment in human history. The only cultural testimony found in these areas is located in underground tunnels where public transportation have traveled. The murals in these tunnels depict scenes from everyday life. Due to high toxicity levels, we will not be able to descend into these areas, but you can see them through the satellite binoculars located to the right of your seats. If you focus on these paintings, you witness firsthand how the inhabitants lived. The mural at Rivadavia station shows the subhuman conditions in which public transport users traveled, suffering abuse from guards and theft from pickpockets. Observe here to your right the depiction of the famous Colifa Cortés jumping out of the windows of the moving vehicle, with a leather bag in his mouth that was labeled Argentine Federal Police. Thanks to the

efforts of our last three world presidents the planet is cleansed of satanic animals, today the world population is once again enjoying peace."
So much paranoia useful for creating scapegoats!, thought Cuactemo, they began by eliminating Indians, then they attacked the black people, continuing with communists and Arabs. Now dogs are the villains because Argentines got out in time.
"At Constitución station, you can see paintings that denote the widespread begging of its inhabitants, while at Congreso and Plaza de Mayo stations, the buildings where the ruling class reigned have been painted. Right now, we are flying over these architectural gems."
Cuactemo focused his digital camera on the Congress building, where graffiti had been painted saying Out with the Thieves or They should all go.
The voice went on: "Currently, the ruins of Villa Naylon [21], in the ancient city of Córdoba, and Doctor Junten Pulguen's Clinic, in Paso del Rey, a small town located in what was once Greater Buenos Aires, attract hundreds of researchers from all over the world, having become places of pilgrimage, as there were several myths and legends saying that the absurd exodus of Argentines was conceived in these places. The voice announced: "We are now approaching the descent into Exargentina. Please put on your oxygen masks and special suits."
After passing through all the immigration sensors, Cuactemo boarded a small ship marked Estacion Once. He noticed that he wasn't the only one entering there. Behind him, several Europeans boarded, arriving on a plane from Berlin, and he saw the Japanese man again, lost behind his oxygen mask, and the Arab. Once again, he felt sudden movements inside his clothes.
"Come on, buddy, Shhhhhh!"
"Uuuuaaaauuuu, uuuuuaaaauuuuuuu."
"If they hear you, they might deport us."

The passengers began their journeys seeing only arid landscapes, dotted with military tents and gray stones. Everyone was eager to see the sights that some veterans in psychiatric hospitals, belonging to the Neoliberal Occupation Forces had talked so much about. But as they were about to arrive at Flores station, suddenly a pack of dogs appeared, led by the same black Siberian husky depicted in the subway murals before. He looked older and had one of his front legs shriveled, but the sparkle in his eyes was unique.

21 A slum located in Cordoba Capital. It is called Naylon because its inhabitants have improvised walls and roofs with nylon bags to build their homes.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said a microphone translating his barks attached to his muzzle, "this is Colifa Cortés, the terror of neoliberal cockroaches, and I am pleased to introduce you to the canine cumbia group that is all the rage in the village. With you, the K-CHORROS [22]! band! Auuuuuuuu." His hoarse barks mingled with exclamations of surprise, intermittent applause, and the first chords of a song.
"In the chorus and on the maracas: the German goddess of vagrancy, who took refuge in our territories when the cockroaches raided Berlin. With you: Faulinchen, a purebred street dog!", barked Colifa. A Chihuahua dog jumped out of Cuactemo's clothes and threw himself headfirst at the feet of Faulinchen, who at that moment was beginning her cumbia howls.
"Welcome to the hangout, man. Introduce yourself to the vagrancy", said Colifa, inviting the newcomer onto the improvised stage.
"I'm Cuate Gonzalez, from Jalisco, land of beautiful dogs and...", Cuactemo's pet began to bark. "The best tequila I've ever tasted in my life. Hey, Faula, dedicate the first song to him."
When the first cumbia ended, Colifa passed around the hat, which filled up with coins, watches, and all kinds of strange objects. Meanwhile, three tall, skinny dogs walked by pulling a cart loaded with choripan [23] sandwiches and drinks. Behind them was an Argentine Great Dane carrying a tray full of tickets. "Thank you, audience. While the girls serve you refreshments and the big guy hands out contribution vouchers to help a school in the village, I'd like to introduce you to the band's guitarist. He's your typical Argentine hustler. He says he works for the Union of Vagrants and Street People, but he spends his time scratching his belly. Here he is: EL CASCOTE, a true-blue scoundrel, who is going to dedicate the following soccer chant to you."
We are Boca fans, vagrants and hooligans,
We have endurance, we have endurance.
Many passengers took out some rags and began waving them around, singing the same chorus, while Colifa made another round with his hat, and then introduced his third musician.
"Now we're going to sing about the great Papusa Plumas Blancas, an comechingóna [24] from Córdoba who dedicated a cuartetazo [25] to the pale

[22]K-CHORROS: Thieving dogs. I came up with this expression as a contrast to the word K-ninos, which refers to police dogs. But it's also a play on words with cachorro, which means puppy..
[23] Choripán: A sandwich made with bread and chorizo sausage, it is very popular among the Argentine working class.
[24] Comechingón: natives to the province of Córdoba.
[25] cuartetazo: A very cheerful musical genre, popular among the working classes in Argentina, just like cumbia.

faces of the International Monetary Fund. With you, the doga Papusa Cuesta, ambassador of Argentine vagrancy, cheers."
They starve you and eat you yes, yes, yes.
They destroy you and ruin you la la la.
Colifa was introducing the last of his cumbancheros when a mangy, brindled little dog came running up. The cops, compadre. "Distinguished audience, we must suspend the show due to technical problems, but we'll see you tonight at School No. 18 in Paso del Rey, where we'll have a great bailanta [26]!", those were Colifa's last words before disappearing with the rest of his band.
The soldiers entered the subway car armed to the teeth and pointed dangerous object scanners at all the passengers. Cuactemo and the Arab were sweating cold. What if these cockroach-like men had seen his pet, which had already disappeared with the pack of stray dogs? That afternoon, more than fifty books, a hundred choripán sandwiches, and several liters of beer and wine were confiscated. "Corporal Thatcher, burn all those books and take the food to the barracks. And you, sit down now!", shouted the cockroach boss to the passengers.
When the train arrived at Paso del Rey Station, the passengers got off. After passing through more sensors designed to detect foreign objects, they took some pictures of the place. Most of them searched in vain for signs that would lead to school No 18, all they found were rocks and cockroaches. How could those insects survive in such an oxygen-deprived place?, Cuactemo wondered. Walking around for several minutes he came across a building blackened by soot, which had a white sign leaning to one side that read Neoliberal Occupation Forces - Military equipment factory. Underneath that sign, he could see the traces of letters painted in green that read General Directorate of Education of the Municipality of Moreno - Escuela No. 18.
He finally found his pet peeking through one of the windows of a house with a sign that read Dr. Junten Pulguen's Clinic barking at him. When he crossed the threshold, Cuactemo had the feeling that he had entered another world. He noticed a smell that caused his stomach juices to churn. "A los chori, chori [27]!" a distant male voice called out. Through the window Cuactemo saw several children appearing to leave school. They did not seem to live in this world: for the first time in his life, he saw sidewalks adorned with gardens full of flowers and exotic plants that gave way to spacious homes. What surprised him most was the total absence of oxygen

[26] Bailanta: nightclub where working-class people go to dance. They usually play cumbias, chamamés, and cuarteto.
[27] A los chori, chori: announcing the sale of choripán.

masks on the humans and animals wandering the streets as if there were not a single drop of pollution. He was observing all these curiosities when he felt the paw of his dog, who was in the arms of a tall, blond elderly man who welcomed him.
"Can I help you, muchacho?"
"I want to know what we all want to know..."
"Well, here you go", the man showed a book.
"Thank you, but I can't take it with me. They do a lot of checks, you know."
"Stay until tomorrow, so Colifa can teach your dog the way to your home without so much scrutiny."
Cuactemo González returned to his homeland without any problems. He threw himself onto his bed and lit a cigarette. His pet was waiting for him on the pillow with the book between its teeth that read Zoopoliciales Argentinos.Argentine Animal records. True to his habit of rummaging through the paratext, he found on the book's flaps a photo and biographical information about its author Papusa Cuesta, whom he remembered seeing that same morning on the train dancing with the Colifa band. On the back cover, he read the summary of the work and delved deeper into the technical details of the book. Below the page number was a shiny button. Cuactemo's puppy pressed it with his paw, and the room filled with colors and strange sounds that gave way to familiar barks.
"Come on, start reading, I have to attend to a Japanese and an Arab man", it was Colifa's voice, urging him on from the very bowels of the book. "I'll wait for you at the end of the reading. Press the button again if you want to hear my favorite cumbia song."
Cuactemo pressed the button and began to read the book while listening to La Danza de los mirlos[28].

Córdoba, Argentina, 2000, The Great Dane Papusa

It all started the day they demolished a couple of towers at Fuerte Apache29. I was lying at the feet of the peons in the kitchen of the ranch,

[28] La Danza de los mirlos: A very famous cumbia in South America, the musical group that brought it to fame was Los Mirlos del Perú in the 1970s cumbia muy famosa en Sudamérica.
[29] Fuerte Apache: A complex of monoblocks built in the town of Ciudadela (Greater Buenos Aires) in the early years of the Military Process to eradicate a slum located a few blocks from the Plaza de Mayo. In 2000, Fernando de la Rua's government gave the order to demolish two towers in Fuerte Apache, arguing that the old building was in danger of collapsing. However, these buildings were only twenty-five years old. Except for some groups in the same neighborhood and some left-wing movements, no one protested by such a massive eviction of entire families. The Argentine middle class and the media watched the demolition of these towers with some relief, saying “finally they are destroying that den of drugs and thieves.”

watching the explosion, when the foreman came and put me in the boss's four-by-four car, 'to take the dog for a walk.' When we reached a corner in Córdoba City, they made me get out to pee and left me alone. I never thought that was a trick, so I started playing, chasing the wheels of the car, until I sank my teeth into them and felt something prick me. It didn't take me long to change my mind when they put me back in the vehicle, muzzled me, and whipped me with a riding crop before throwing me onto the hot pavement.
“You're fired!” I managed to hear them say.
At that very moment, a grey fox - "zorro gris", as they called the traffic police in Córdoba, was passing by. From where I was lying on the ground, I saw him approach on a piece of junk he called a motorcycle and chase after my former employers. He wrote down some numbers and called someone on the phone. Then he came back to where I was and called a white truck that made a hell of a noise. They didn't want me there either!
"Look, officer, we don't have gas to go pick people up, and you want to force me to take a killer dog?"
"That will be determined by the animal control records. Proceed with the transfer, or I will fine you for abandoning your dog and other charges."
I ended up at the Veterinary School, where they treated me with what they had: water, soap, and some old rags that smelled like bleach. Then Dr. Sarnoz, the veterinarian on duty, came and ordered my transfer to a police station, saying that there was no kennel available there. Officer Fleabag took me in his patrol car to the animal police archives, where they took photos of me from the front and in profile with a criminal record number. I waited a couple of hours to see which puppy institute they were going to put me in.
“She has no criminal record, let her go,” Fleabag said to Corporal Morales, "with all the cases we have to solve, we can't waste time on a dirty little puppy. Call Agent Cuesta to take care of her."

Agent Cuesta

Rumor has it that, more than twenty years ago, Daniel Cuesta was the most mischievous boy in the entire Ayacucho neighborhood; there was no teacher, no guard, or elder person who was not the victim of his pranks. One of them was a very grumpy old witch who wanted to turn him into the statue of Topo Giggio30, but all she managed to do was make his ears grow and his hair stand on end. At the age of ten, he stopped being called Daniel

[30] Topo Giggio: Children's puppet representing a mole with round, giant ears, a big nose, big teeth, blond hair, and light eyes, very popular in Argentina since the 1970s.

and became known simply as “El Loco” the Madman. There was no party, barbecue, or student folk club where he was not present, ensuring fun for the rest of his friends. He knew how to exploit his charm, combined with his lanky, gringo-like appearance, to perfection every time he traveled to Buenos Aires to see his soccer team, Talleres, play against the porteños, or his sacrosanct Argentine national team.
On one of those stowaway trips, he met an elderly Chinese man named Chan-Tung31, who claimed to be a Shaolin monk on a pilgrimage in search of truth to enrich his karma. Chan-Tung deciphered a couple of riddles from Chinese astrology for the young man, in exchange for a couple of coins that would make him pout for the rest of the day. It ended up in: "Those born in the year of the dog are capable of defending the indefensible.” So El Loco decided to become a good lawyer. He achieved his goal and graduated after ten years of study. Only he got tired of waiting for his clients, petty criminals without a penny to their name, to pay him what he was owed for his professional services. That's why he took a job as a detective with the police.
Since I couldn't walk, I stayed next to the cells, listening to what the other detained dogs. There was a black and white dog who did nothing but cry, saying something no one understood. Officer Fleabag brought in a sheepdog to interrogate that little stray. They were both barking in German. Minutes later, the little dog returned to her cage, and the sheepdog locked herself in to talk with Pocaspulgas in his office. When I saw them come out, I noticed that the officer had aged ten years.
"We are nothing, Frau Balicha", he said to the sheepdog, while stroking her ears and back, "We are all going to end up under a bridge, like those in Fort Apache, lying there like parsley."

Agent Cuesta arrived on foot and out of uniform. He whined worse than a mourner at a wake.
"Look, kid, they just kicked me out on the street too. Look, read, read..." and he waved a stinking crumpled piece of paper under my nose that said: “Agent Daniel Cuesta: Due to government downsizing, you are terminated. Funds available: starting November 5.”
"How am I supposed to make a living, che?"
While I offered him my back to rest his big head on, Officer Fleabag approached us. He began to rant against the government morons who were bowing down to the International Monetary Fund. After some minutes of conversation of this kind, it suddenly dawned on him.

[31] Chan-Tung: In Buenos Aires slang, a liar and/or someone who doesn't pay their debts is called a chanta or chantún.

"Listen, Cuesta, I've just been transferred to Buenos Aires, and I'll take care of internal canine affairs. There's been an increase in the number of police dogs begging for pizza or choripán sandwiches instead of fighting crime. You're a lawyer, you could take care of zoopolice matters. The files are kept in the serpentarium at the University of... "
"But, I studied to defend people, not to deal with four-legged criminals..."
"Cut the crap, man. Humans use you and then forget to pay you when they're out and about, but that's not the case with animals. Ask Dr. Zucov how he's making a fortune analyzing animals."
"And who is this Zucov guy?"
"An animal psychiatrist. When I want to find something like a criminal zoo, I go and find it in his office. You can start with the former family of your new your protégé. You could get some good money out of them for animal cruelty and abandoning a dog on public property.
“I'll make you a member of Talleres right away,” said El Loco, stroking my freshly cropped ears, “and on Sunday we'll sneak into the stands.”
When he said this, I pounced on him to give him my first signs of canine love, a good roll around and three licks on the face.
The next day, El Loco filed a claim for compensation for dismissal canines without real grounds and mistreatment, threatening my former chiefs to go to Buenos Aires and expose them on a program run by some media moguls.The guys came up with a good sum of money, which was enough for us to go to Doña Celia's, a retired woman who, due to the effects of the recession, had become a doctor of pure mathematics. That lady had invented an animal language translator.
It was an essential tool for our legal work. The device was so expensive that the old lady had only been able to sell three: the first she sold to officer Fleabag, the second to the Zoopolicial Court No. 1 in Buenos Aires, and the third to us. The rest of the money was enough to get by until we became friends with a Galician who gave us bread, cheese, and salami on credit, while we were becoming famous among the animal vagrants.
Our first client was a spider as tiny as she was poisonous. Her name was Pelusa, and she was a black widow wanted by Interpol for serial murder. Her psychiatrist claimed she was a normal girl, except that she killed her mates after the first date to avoid gossip at the coffee shop or relationships doomed to failure by snoring, Sunday football, and other delights of married life. She fled to Córdoba with the help of one of the worst canine criminals in the history of Argentine zoopolice, Colifa Cortés. One day, dying of curiosity, I accessed his criminal record published on the Argentine police animal archives website, where I found the following description of the aforementioned: dog with black back, head, and ears, black chest, belly, and

legs, black and white feathery tail, ferocious wolf ears, and eyes that change color depending on the weather, son of a German shepherd mother and a Siberian husky father. Animal escaped from Paso del Rey, the city where he lived under the care of the Cortés family. K.T. (known thief) who often frequents dance halls, bars, cantinas, soccer stadiums, and picket lines.

Córdoba, Argentina, September 2001, Papusa

On the day the Twin Towers were destroyed, I received a call from a boy named Herní Cortés. He was so desperate that he offered us all his savings if we could locate his beloved dog, who had disappeared under unclear circumstances. I suggested that he file a habeas corpus caninus at any local police station or animal shelter, but the boy told me that when his parents tried to do so, they were kicked out of those places and told “That animal must have done something.” The kid told me that a certain Atanasildo Carrizo, corporal of the Morón Canine Brigade, also came with ten Rottweilers, searched the house, and interrogated the whole family to find out where the missing dog had been. The kid wanted to keep talking, but since I had to collect payments that day, I wrote down his name and phone number and left the note on Loco's desk.
When I returned to look after the studio, I found some unexpected visitors. It was a Spanish greyhound, as sleek as a rich man's pet. He wanted to talk to El Loco. His coat and nails looked too neat to be involved in any kind of animal welfare issue. I explained that my boss had gone to Buenos Aires because he had a new client.
"It must be the legendary Colifa Cortés."
"And how do you know that?"
"Look, woman, I've come from Madrid to confirm a philosophical thesis on the proliferation of zoo crime in the Third World, and that's why I'm interviewing creatures of all Argentine races and species. Yesterday I spoke with Comrade Brezhnev, one of Colifa Cortés' sons, and he told me that his former masters have made an appointment with your boss."
So the famous Colifa was the pet of Herni Cortés, the boy who just called me? I was stunned.
"What is your boss like in everyday life?", the greyhound asked.
"If you give me some euros, I'll tell you all about the life and work of Loco Cuesta."
"Well, get started, kid", and he handed me a couple of bills that smelled great. When I finished telling him all about my boss's adventures in this world, the greyhound took another three bills out of his wallet and even apologized for paying me so little for the idea I had just given him.

"Thank you, girl, you've saved the week for two journalists. Your statements will be published tomorrow in a new newspaper for stray dogs."
The next day I headed to the next kiosk where I found two stray dogs howling the name of the rag. I bought about ten copies to resell to the studio's clientele and began reading my statements in an article titled The Life and Miracles of Crazy Cuesta signed by a certain Paco Buscavidas.
When I was finishing reading, Loco called me from the capital to see how things were going.
"Really well, buddy, we're rich and famous now, we're in a Galician magazine, they paid me in euros to bark about your misdeeds, and we can make more money if we find Colifa. How did you travel?"
"Fine. They took me to Pilar and from there I snuck onto the train to Retiro, where I ran into a Chinese friend of mine who asked me to find his dog. He told me that the Rottweilers from the Morón brigade took it, and he hasn't seen it since. So I'm asking you to be careful with those Galicians, they could be bounty hunters."
"I can assure you they smell like journalists from a social and street newspaper."
"Then they're hungrier than we are. Don't lose track of them. Let's see if the cops wipe him off the map and ruin our business."
At noon, I went to the barbecue joint on the corner wearing my best angelic face. Luckily, the owner wasn't paying attention, and one of the waiters gave me a leftover strip of roast beef before it was “recycled.” I returned the favor with a lick on his face before making my escape back to my domain.
Two hours later, when I was in the middle of my Cordoba nap, I heard noises coming from the garden. From what I could smell, the ones hiding among the geraniums were two pesky dogs. At the entrance, I came across a big black dog that seemed to be smiling at me, showing its yellow teeth and bright eyes. Behind him was a small brown dog, about to give birth.
“Calm down, girl,” replied the big dog without moving a muscle, "we read the note and we're looking for a good lawyer to defend my Pancha."
La Pancha was wanted by the police because she had helped a thirteen-year-old girl escape from a police raid on her own house. El Loco was their last hope for her to regularize her legal situation and be reunited with her mother and siblings, who were being held hostage by the Mendoza justice system. I invited them into the office and activated the bark translator and recorder to get some work done. Pancha was just skin and bones. The only thing that sparkled on her doggy body was a silver chain hanging from her neck.
"We stole it from the political boss of the village", the black dog explained, "because he snitched on us."

I had seen that wolf-like dog somewhere before, but I couldn't remember where. The dog appeared to be a cross between a German shepherd and a Siberian husky. When we sniffed each other, as any self-respecting dog should, I could smell all the scents of the street concentrated in a single animal. Aromas of wine and choripán emanated from his big mouth, while his paws smelled of nights of dancing and cuartetazo music, escapes from police raids, territorial disputes, and soccer games in fields filled with changuitos and illegal betting.
What a great customer for El Loco, I thought, imagining that magnificent dog behind bars for defending weaker creatures, like that little girl who kept spitting out facts that were as incredible as they were terrifying. La Pancha belonged to a family of farmers who lived in the middle of nowhere. There were no schools, no health clinics, nothing. When the man of the house died, his wife was expecting their sixth child, who was born prematurely due to lack of food. Since the baby needed to go to the hospital and she was too weak to walk the thirty kilometers that separated her village from the nearest health clinic, the baby died and she was accused of neglect by the village leaders. The woman is in jail and her children are in a juvenile detention center. The only one Pancha managed to save was one of the older girls, and they fled to Córdoba and hid in Villa Naylon until the puntero recognized them, and now they have found another hiding place.
"Where is their mother being held?"
"In a small town in Mendoza, in the middle of the mountainous desert."
"Look, brother, El Loco is coming back tomorrow, but with this information we already have enough to start working hard and steadily."
The big dog left me a half-slobbered fifty Lecop[32] bill as a down payment. When I wanted to take down their details to make a receipt, they slipped away through the garden.

Colifa

El Loco returned to Córdoba in a ramshackle plane, whose airline is best forgotten. After getting through all the checks imaginable, he was able to sit down in a half-frayed seat and open the laptop that a former dog handler at a computer store had given him for saving him from a near-certain death sentence. He emailed Chang-Tung's and Colifa's habeas corpus caninus to all police stations, Argentine kennels, and international animal welfare organizations, showing their photos and some of their distinguishing features. He also wanted to create a website in Colifa's name, but was

[32] Lecop: domestic debt bonds issued by the national government. Their parity is one lecop = $1. -.

surprised to find that someone had already beaten him to it. One of the authors was Herni himself; another was a certain Herr Junten Pulguen, a German veterinarian based in Paso del Rey, who was looking for him to collect some unpaid fees and was displaying promissory notes signed by the fugitive's own paw, after having performed therapies such as:
Removal of shotgun pellets, every time he broke into farms in the area to steal chickens. / Disinfection and rabies control for serious bites caused by territorial fights with dogs from other neighborhoods. / Treatment for diseases such as brucellosis, the result of his amorous adventures at the Moreno Dog Show. / Dog grooming services, where the fugitive client demanded flea shampoos, tick repellent perfumes, anti-scabies collars, and other such trinkets every time he went out to conquer female dogs at the Monumental Canino de Merlo.
The list of websites where the fugitive's name appeared was endless. Finally, he read the page created by the guards of the western Buenos Aires railways, where he was wanted for several crimes committed on the Sarmiento line trains, namely:
Traveling without a ticket from Paso del Rey to Once, round trip./ Vagrancy, begging, and theft in the train cars. / Fleas spread to passengers who approached to pet him, moved by the dog's seductive gestures,
affection he naturally gave them in exchange for a few bills.
Also the first point of his investigation was coming to light. According to the testimony of its owner, who stated that she last saw it on August 15 last year, at 6:15 a.m. (when she left it tied to the strongest tree in her house to prevent it from following her to the train she always took to work), contradicted the testimony of a couple of guards who were seen by numerous witnesses when they beat him with sticks at 8:15 a.m. at the San Antonio de Padua station for finding three two-peso bills in his mouth, which he refused to share with them. During the trip, he continued to browse other websites, where people were badmouthing the thieving dog.

Doña Maruja and her confidental informations

When he arrived in Córdoba, El Loco found that his older sister, Doña Maruja, was waiting for him. Doña Maruja deserves a separate paragraph. She was a tax collector who, faced with widespread tax evasion by the rich, began to study tax sorcery at a payé university in Corrientes. According to rumors, she has been the best student in five hundred years, and when her doctoral thesis was approved, she planed to bewitch the forms used by large corporations so that they stop fooling the tax authorities. Doña Maruja was a thin woman with jet-black hair and a pale face; she looked like the Grim

Reaper herself. Intuitive and meticulous to a fault, she had such a strong sense of duty that she ended up being a pain in the neck.
"Pay the store owner with the advance the Colifa owners gave you.", she ordered her brother without further pleasantries. "He's been giving you yerba and bread on credit for six months now. You also have to give me the sheet music for a cuartetazo that Herni's mom composed for Colifa so he would come home."
If Loco was surprised that his sister knew everything he had discussed with me about his new client, he was even more astonished by the unconditional help she was offering him to track down and rehabilitate the runaway.
"What's gotten into you, sister, taking my thieves' side?"
"I just received some confidential information."
"Don't play mysterious, come on, what are you hiding under your poncho?"
Doña Maruja told him that a caburé had given her some information about a conclave of pomberos held a few hours ago in the Misiones region in North of Argentina.
"Apparently, they are thinking of erasing themselves from this dimension, taking the entire Misiones jungle with them."
"First, explain to me what a caburé and a pombero are, and then tell me what the hell my lazy bugs have to do with that crack."
"You football-loving brute, any idiot knows that a caburé is a bird from the owl family, famous for the magical powers that spring from its tail feathers, and that pomberos are the protective elves of all birds. And as for you, the pomberos are waiting for you next week. Here's the invitation. I don't know what they want to talk about."
"Stop raving with your nonsense, paye, and give me more credible information."
"Apart from the invitation from the pomberos, yesterday Officer Fleabag came to see me with his secretary, Officer Frau Balicha. Both of them made me listen to a complaint barked by a German street dog. It's terrible. Comrade Brezhnev had been warning me about all this for many months, but I couldn't believe it."
"Where do you know that guy from?"
"I am his trusted witch. I usually read his astrological tarot cards and make him amulets so that he will win the next legislative elections."
"What is this superstitious leftist denouncing?"
"That a group of multinational companies launched the Carthage 2005 project, which consists of appropriating all the assets and resources of underdeveloped countries after decimating their populations through hunger or repression. Their plan is to destroy even the original names of each and

every one of the Third World countries that have not paid their debts to the IMF. Guess where they're going to start?"
"Let's take it step by step. The Colifa handbook lists the names of Brezhnev and Balicha. Brezhnev is his son and Frau Balicha is his ex-wife." Cuesta tried to appear calm.
"We only need a pair of strong fangs that can securely bind millions of living beings", answered his sister.
"What are you trying to say, you great witch?"
"That we also have to be prepared for a mass exodus, and that you and that thieving dog are two fundamental pieces in saving an entire continent."
Doña Maruja brought the fainted Loco home and instructed me to revive him with licks and doggy cuddles.

In Search of Colifa

That Monday, the little dog from Mendoza had returned, this time accompanied by the runaway girl. While Crocrini the toad, the boss of the insect mafia, played cards with Pelusa the spider for a can of flies in syrup, Loco got up from the sofa and caught up on the work I had given him the day before. He locked himself in his office to talk to the girl and Pancha, while asking me to put him through to the Mendoza Juvenile Court Judge, and the bosses of the small town where the girl's mother was being held. I assure you that I went crazy that morning with so many simultaneous calls. All of us in the waiting room could hear the insults that El Loco hurled at the Mendoza officials, who ended up blaming the national government, which was following the International Monetary Fund's prescriptions to the letter, demanding that they close every health clinic in the Third World, while at the same time the Galician journalist was publishing the allegations on the Internet and in all the audiovisual media available. The guys gave in when Crocrini the toad got involved in the communications and threatened the masters of that town with sending an army of dengue mosquitoes to their mansions if they didn't leave Pancha's family alone. In less than no time, they released the girl's mother and the rest of her children, who fled with Pancha to a foreign embassy in search of political asylum. Doña Maruja, for her part, had gone to the King of the cuartetazo recording studio to have him perform a Siberian casachok that Herni Cortés' mother had composed for Colifa, so that he would return to his human family.
The cuartetazo musician was so fascinated by that song that that same afternoon, radios filled the airwaves of Cordoba with those bewitched melodies. There was not a beast or person who did not dance and laugh every time the village chords reached their ears. At around three in the

afternoon, when we were in the middle of the Cordoba siesta, Doña Maruja arrived full of mysterious packages.
"This is the bait for catching Colifa", she showed me a compact disc along with other objects and photographs. Now I was the one who wanted to die. The famous Colifa Cortés had been chatting with me the day before, and I hadn't recognized him. Now, with the olfactory and visual evidence in my snout, I knew where I had to go. I figured that, like every Monday, any thief would be resting or out shopping. As I sniffed the T-shirt for the umpteenth time, I guessed where I might find him and shot off faster than a bullet to meet my future partner and companion in adventure. I rushed out of the studio so quickly that I didn't notice that Doña Maruja had put a leash on me and was holding on to it with all her strength. As I ran at full speed, she seemed to be practicing street skiing through the streets of Cordoba.
I found his trail on a dead-end street, and a few meters away I spotted Colifa crying at the door of a record store over a simple CD. The manager was about to pull out a shotgun to kill him when he saw my face and ran away, wetting himself.
“Forgive me, sister,” Colifa said to me before snatching Doña Maruja's purse and making a violent getaway. I'm pretty fast when it comes to running, but the famous Colifa beat me by several lengths. When I had lost track of him, Loco arrived in a taxi and picked us up in a flash.
"The goat fell into the trap", I heard Doña Maruja reflect exhaustedly, "we'll wait and see where he settles down."
El Loco took out a tiny black thing that made an infernal noise. For the first time, my sense of smell coincided with what they called an electronic tracker. Colifa was in the middle of the famous Villa El Naylon. I jumped out of the window and started running, sweeping away everything in my path. I spotted him again as he approached the only brick house in the village and waited, hidden behind a pile of trash. My gut told me it was time to go out and beg for a bone, but my nose warned me that something serious was about to happen at any moment. Suddenly, I saw a German shepherd leave the house with a man dressed as a police officer. Minutes later, Colifa and another man entered the house without making a sound. I took advantage of that moment to take the hiding place left by Colifa and listen to everything that was happening behind the wall that separated the hallways of the house.
"Your secret lover is here, mamita", I heard Colifa whisper.
"Did you bring me your Casachok, sweetheart?" barked the female.
Colifa's response was immediate. At that moment, those cuarteto sounds began to play, tempting my paws. I was keeping time with my tail when I felt Loco's hand grab me by the scruff of my neck.

“Stop making noise,” he whispered in my ear, “or the two cops will come back and make our new client disappear.”
He hadn't even finished speaking when we saw the owners of the house approaching. I don't know what came over me, but I stayed still in my hiding place. El Loco, on the other hand, threw a small stone into the property. This caused Colifa and the man accompanying him to come out. Both of them slipped away across the tin roofs without making a sound. When the dog and the cop returned home, the Casachok stopped playing, and a hellish shouting match began, followed by blows and bites, which could be heard from our hiding place.
We took advantage of the situation to leave before the owners of the house found us. When we found Colifa again, we saw him with three flea-ridden dogs dragging a wheelchair as if it were a sled, with a trembling man inside. Suddenly, two guys who looked like cops showed up and wanted to take the wheelchair and the food the trembling man was carrying. Why did they throw the poor man to the ground?, I thought as I watched Colifa defend the man with tooth and nail, clinging with all his teeth to the leather of the chair and putting his big body in the way of the blows they wanted to give the sick man. However, Colifa did not seem to be afraid of them. In the distance, the El Loco was coming, carrying another black, round object that seemed to record everything that was happening in the village. When the police realized they were being watched by that black thing, they attacked him, and that's when I defended my master. Needless to say, they used their bullets as a shield to get us out of the way, but I didn't care about any of that, not their noise, not their fireworks, not even the pungent smell that was tearing at my back. When I knocked one of the guys to the ground, the other one kept shooting at me, so with what little breath I had left, I got up and disarmed him with just my fangs.
The only problem was that I got stuck with the cop's hand. The people in the village chased the cops away with a barrage of stones, and they ended up hiding in a party headquarters, where they distribute food to the neighborhood kids. El Loco couldn't stop blaming himself for exposing me to the shooting, but even though I was in a lot of pain, I didn't complain.
“Salute to the great Argentine dogo!” Colifa shouted over and over again.
"No man in this slum has ever dared to execute a corrupt political leader and a corrupt cop."
"This is my boss, Dr. Daniel Cuesta", I said, with the last of my voice, "he is the best human being I have ever known in my whole damn life."
I lost consciousness, while El Loco asked the neighbors for help to take me to the hospital.

When I regained consciousness, I was almost frozen to death, and the only thing that gave me a little warmth was Colifa's breath and body. As soon as he saw me open my eyes, he alerted the guy in the wheelchair.
“Calm down, man, you're home now. All the stray dogs are taking care of you, under Dr. Quiroga's orders.”
The famous veterinarian was the shaky guy in the wheelchair. His story is as incredible as it is sad and deserves to be written in the book of the millions of retirees who were dying of hunger and lack of medical care in those years. Colifa told me that this man was one of the few who offered to share his little ranch and his food with him. So he and other stray dogs gave love, joy, and protection to that noble soul. I lost consciousness again.
When I woke up, I heard a string of confessions that Colifa was making to Loco. That he was to blame for all the accusations made by the people of Paso del Rey, the railroad guards, and the police.
He also confessed that he loved to steal even a pin from the corrupt guys he knew. Doña Maruja took advantage of that confession to play him a recording that I couldn't understand, because the barking was in German. El Colifa, a dog as black as his soul, became more pale than I was as a baby at that moment. When he came to his senses, he couldn't stop laughing to himself.
"Why did a representative of German vagrancy take it upon herself to travel all the way to Argentina to warn us that they are going to rob us blind?"
"Because what they are doing here today, they will do tomorrow in the rest of the poor neighborhoods of Europe."

A plan

"Hmmmm, what a perceptive girl. Tell me her name and where I can find her."
"You can find Faulinchen at the house of your former owners, the Cortés family. She is a black and white Pomeranian dog who is under the special protection of La Balicha." Doña Maruja replied.
"Poor creature, she fell into the clutches of my ex-wife..."
"However, Balicha and Brezniev, your eldest son, are preparing to give the local and international oligarchy a good beating. But for that we need the collaboration of a professional thief like you."
El Colifa thought for a few minutes and then, with a mischievous look in his eyes, asked Doña Maruja:
"Hey, witch, you won't be offended if I ask for your help in stealing the country?"

Doña Maruja took him to the basement, where they brought up about half a dozen small bottles. While Colifa sniffed each one, she explained the powers of each, but Colifa was looking for a potion that would turn something as big as a house into a small plane so he could carry it away in his snout. Doña Maruja got tired of searching her books for the required spell, but she couldn't find anything. They agreed to go to the meeting with the pomberos and ask them for the potion in question. In the meantime, they would make do with a spell called “metamorphosis.”
"Can you imagine if we served some corrupt official a cup of coffee mixed with this, what would they turn into?" asked El Loco, dead with laughter.
"It depends on the essence of the animal or object you put in it", replied Doña Maruja.
"A little cockroach essence wouldn't hurt our lovely leaders", joked El Colifa.
"The problem is how to distribute the curse on a massive scale and to whom."
Colifa called Don Crocrini to entrust him with the task. The mafia toad and his thuggish “Dengues” would spill a combination of curses into the air vents of the kitchens of all potical offices and lobby meeting places, from the most insignificant to the Government House itself and foreign embassies. When Doña Maruja's caburé left with the message for the jungle, the entire police force arrived, thirsty for revenge because I had crippled two of their men. We saw that they were accompanied by a couple of sensationalist TV stations, and welcomed them with the images of everything we had filmed in Villa Naylon. Faced with this evidence, the guys withdrew amid widespread booing from our neighbors. However, that did not deter them from their goal, because at midnight, a group of police Rottweilers kidnapped us and took us to a clandestine dog detention center, where they beat us up badly so that we would confess to being guilty of all of Argentina's foreign debt. The operation was led by a certain Atanasildo Carrizo, corporal of the Morón canine brigade and Colifa's main enemy since time immemorial.

Córdoba and Buenos Aires, from December 2001 to October 2005
Papusa in jail

What happened to me, I wouldn't wish on my neighbor's cat: even though I was found innocent by the zoo-court, the same year I got my freedom back, they arrested me again because a councilman signed an ordinance declaring great Danes dangerous dogs, and they decided to sentence me to death for carrying a mask.

During the entire time I was imprisoned, I could hear the honking horns, protests, and pot-banging coming from outside the kennel growing louder and louder. These disturbances also influenced a change in the canine population that arrived at the kennel every day. Before, they used to house one dog per cage. But in those last days, they set up group cages where they put several purebred dogs that had been wandering the streets looking for their former owners. I didn't understand why. It made me very sad to see them die of sadness and hunger. One afternoon, they brought a Russian greyhound to my cell, who did nothing but remember his old mansion, his grooming sessions, and his good life. Sometimes we played cards, dice, or chess.

A week before my execution, the police sirens and gunshots coming from the street became more unbearable to me than the firecrackers set off during the New Year's celebrations. During visits from El Loco and Doña Maruja, they explained to me that the bankers had stolen all the people's savings and that now there were increasing numbers of collective evictions of people who had some kind of unpaid debt. They had already been evicted for owing only one municipal tax bill.

"We are sharing a tent with the Cortés family, as they also received an eviction. Sometimes we sleep in Plaza Vicente López, where some nuns give us food, and other times we sleep in a park, where they let us set up our tent and make a fire."

One days before the scheduled day of my execution I received a note from Colifa. It smelled wonderful, and before I opened it, I knew it contained good news.

Hi Papusa: I'll pick you up tomorrow, the tests have come back great. I'm writing to you from Hans' house, a high-level expert in bank vaults. We made three tons of pure gold and other goods disappear from many Argentine politicians. This afternoon, watch the police channel, and you'll see how our spells work in Congress. You'll see the surprise the gringos are going to get in a couple of days, heh heh. Get ready, because now comes the best part of the dance. Greetings to the lazybones. El Colifa.

That same afternoon, I saw on television how most of the deputies and senators turned into cockroaches, just as they were discussing which slum they were going to sell first. The uproar in the cage prevented me from hearing the comments of the journalist on duty. An hour before receiving the deadly shot, Colifa appeared in my cell.

The day has come

"Let's go, let´s go!", he said, throwing me a meatball coated in a white powder. After ingesting the poison, I fell flat on the floor, and from above the ceiling I could see two guards carrying me away, saying to each other that I had died of sadness. I saw them hand my body over to El Loco, who cried worse than a Telenovela actress. When I came to, I found myself at Dr. Junten Pulguen's veterinary clinic, surrounded by many friends who hugged me and gave me all the warmth I had been missing for so long.
"The day has come, Papusa,“ said a big, good-natured man who introduced himself as Dr. Junten Pulguen, Colifa's former veterinarian and sidekick. ”They'll evict us any minute now, and we have to be ready to receive Colifa's signal."
"What are you talking about, man?" I was wondering.
"The day has come for us to leave here, but this time we'll escape right under their noses to another dimension of space and time."
“How are we going to do that?” I asked.
"It's a trick that Colifa came up with. We'll use the same spell we used to rob the bank vaults. It works very well, you'll see. When the neoliberal troops arrive, we'll have to wait for the signal that Colifa will give us from Villa Naylon to the rest of the country", replied a Doberman who introduced himself as Hans.
"What signal will the punk give us?"
"When they start broadcasting announcements over the loudspeakers, we will stay in our homes until Colifa's casachok starts playing at full volume. Then we will rush out into the streets at full speed, taking care of our loved ones so they can flee to the right place."
"What will my task be?"
"To watch the rear guard of any capitalist and bourgeois pigs who want to hold us back", replied Brezhnev, one of Colifa's sons, playing the Russian Marxist intellectual.
"You'll be facing real killing machines, and you'll treat them just like those corrupt cops who tried to attack your crazy boss", said Junten Pulguen.
"Again? Bullets hurt, you know. Will someone give me a hand?"
"An army of well-trained dogs."
Dr. Junten Pulguen brushed my whole body with some kind of smelly concoction.
"All right, Papusa, with this, not even a missile can touch you."

Three hours later, the sirens began to sound, and Junten Pulguen turned on the television, which was broadcasting the bombing of Villa Naylon. The

cameras showed Colifa carrying a map in his mouth, fleeing the bombing as he jumped over a three-meter-high wall. When he reached the other side of the wall, all the people, animals, and plants surrounding the village had disappeared.
From the vet's window, we saw the gringo cops dressed in black who, with a loudspeaker in hand, began ordering us to leave our homes. At that moment, we began to hear the first chords of Casachok and some barking that said, “Let's go, let's go, che.” Our big noses guided us to the exit, and we began to run. I took the last place in line, along with the other dogs. As the rest of the rabble jumped over the walls into the other space-time dimension, and people disappeared, the men in black began to shoot at us with everything they had. They shot at us dogs without mercy, but this time all their bullets bounced off us. That made me so angry that before jumping the wall, I tackled one of the soldiers, disarmed him, and took him with me to the other dimension, where I saw him turn into a vile cockroach.

The day they swept us away with TNT, blowing our homes to smithereens, Colifa, with a map of Argentina in his mouth, ran as if pursued by a thousand demons. Behind him were us, the dogs, surrounding our people so they wouldn't run away and end up in the hands of the foreign cops who were waiting to put us in cages around the village.
Three days after the bombing of the slums, the board of directors of Soluciones Inmobiliarias S.A., met the International Monetary Fund, to evaluate what business would be done on the seized land. The first decision they made was to take inventory of the detained slum dwellers and search for any survivors hiding in the rubble, in order to sell them into slavery. The second measure was to make the final distribution of the plots. They were in the middle of the negociations when the satellite images overlapped on two different screens.
Some images showed the neoliberal police rummaging through the rubble infested with cockroaches, looking for survivors, while other images showed a Siberian dog surrounded by a group of kids and animals of all kinds. Behind them marched a crowd of adults led by Loco Cuesta, who kept giving the finger to the officials and executives who were surely watching them at that very moment.
While they sang a little chorus that went “It's for you, ha ha ha, and for you, ha ha ha, for the fascists watching us on TV,” Loco Cuesta waved a blue and white tome in front of the cameras with the words New Argentine Constitution. Not wanting to be outdone, I waved at them, but I didn't consider the consequences of how angry those soldiers, who were more



Linda Bilda, Policía, escultura, Colonia 2004
Policeman, sculpture, Cologne 2004

heavily armed than Rambo, would get. They responded to my dog-like greetings with a volley of bullets that were supposed to hit me directly in the head, but none of them reached me because we were already in another dimension. El Colifa also greeted them, only he was more generous than me: he sent them a little gift from our new dimension, which ended up in the boots of the top boss of the fumigators, as they had christened themselves.
"Damn South American dogs!", shouted the soldier in basic Galician, cleaning his boots in the rubble and machine-gunning the place where Colifa was still wreaking havoc. "You'll see what's in store for you now that we've recovered our colonies. If we wiped out sixty million of your kind before, now we'll finish off the rest of you subhumans."
All those soldiers were looking for us, but they couldn't find us.
"There are only ghosts left here", reported an English soldier, swatting away something that was bothering him in his ear.
"Don't you understand yet?", shouted a French official, "we've just witnessed the biggest escape in history. Our men have fired in all directions and the only response they've gotten is feces, stink bombs, and rocks. We're not fighting vengeful ghosts. They've escaped to another dimension, mon Dieu! See the taunts of that pack of wild dogs on the satellite. Watch how that lawyer gives them the finger and how the little South Americans play soccer with the animals."

Exargentina, October 2005

The president of Soluciones Inmobiliarias S.A. continued to believe that what he had just seen were merely tricks performed by some underdeveloped illusionist. However, reports from other confiscated ´ghettos´ caused him to change his mind.
"Mr. President, we have been exploring the seized territories in search of survivors and have only found two hundred Argentine political leaders locked in a country club bunker."
"How many bodies have you found?"
"None, Mr. President. We have only found politicians and cockroaches. That's all."
The satellite screen continued to show images on two levels: on the right, soldiers could be seen putting on oxygen masks, enveloped in clouds of soot and gray dust, and on the left, men and women were rebuilding their homes with stones, reeds, mud, and straw, while in the background, children were playing soccer on a lime green meadow bordered by rows of grain crops and small streams of crystal clear water.

"Mr. President,“ interrupted another military voice, ”I'm afraid those savages are telling the truth. We've had to put on masks; we're running out of oxygen and water."

Months after our move to our new dimension, Brezhnev, in his capacity as head of the new USSR (Union of Supervillainous South American Republics), received a delegation from the Monetary Fund. As they crossed the borders of our dimension back to their homes, they were calculating how many new deals they were going to make in the former Argentina and in our new home.

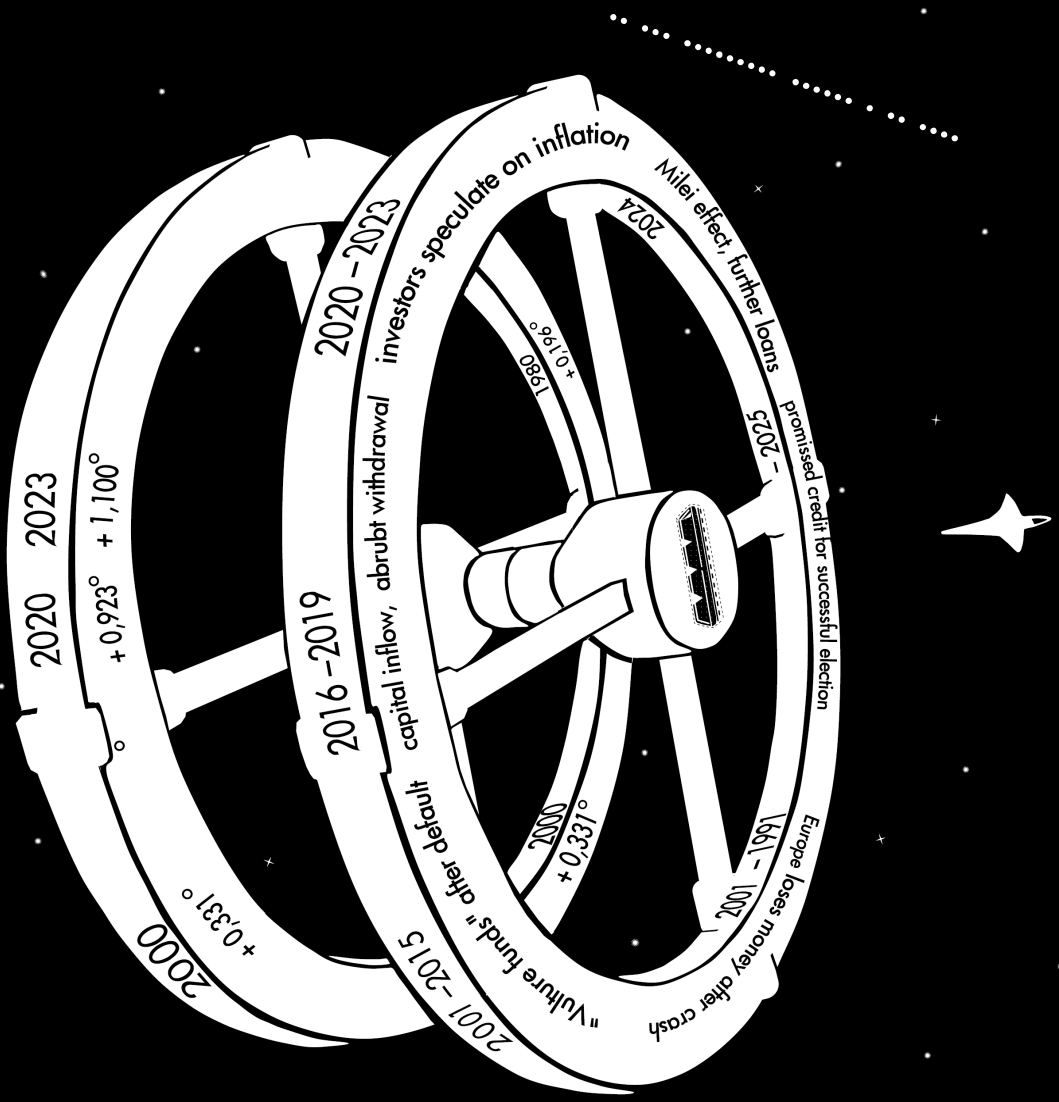
"What's worrying you, Anne?", I heard one ask the other, "this was easier than breathing. In the 1950s, we seduced Argentina's landowning oligarchy with our deals, and they joined the boycott that overthrew Perón. And what was the result? The Argentinians ended up a hundred times more in debt than they already were. It was a sweet deal, my dear. And when, in 1976, the corrupt government in power was already paying off its entire debt to us, a small group of officers and businessmen sponsored by us carried out the most effective coup d'état in Latin American history, at a minimum cost of thirty thousand disappeared. And we have earned more than 150 billion dollars in debt. Cheer up, if we have destroyed entire regional economies, we will all the more easily take over this new dimension."
"Listen to me, Henry, I'm not convinced at all. I have a feeling that behind that warm welcome they gave us, they have very bad intentions. The woman who served me that glass of cherries and grapes didn't seem crazy at all. Don't you remember that she composed a Casachok and made the person responsible for stealing goods, livestock, plants, water, and oxygen come back?"
"You're right, Anne. I'll give the order to make that woman disappear right away."

But the security guards no longer heard any commands, only the soft rustling of jaws chewing in the dust at their feet.

Jalisco, October 2055

Cuactemo finished reading the book with tears in his eyes. From its depths, Colifa's voice emerged again, approaching him like a lapdog.
"Hey, Cuactemo, I can smell that you want to come with us to the dimension of Ex-Argentina. Shall I take you?"

"Yes," replied Cuactemo, picking up his Chihuahua puppy, "but on one condition“ and he handed him a pen and a blank piece of paper, ”leave a farewell note to the IMF guys."
The next day, neoliberal troops reported the simultaneous disappearance into another dimension of three villages located in Mexico, Yemen, and Japan, where handwritten pamphlets were found that read, “Guys, your pension is over,” signed by the fist and paw of Colifa Cortés.



Malas inversiones convertidas en deuda como fuerza constituyente del poder
Misguided investments turning into debt as a constitutive force of rule

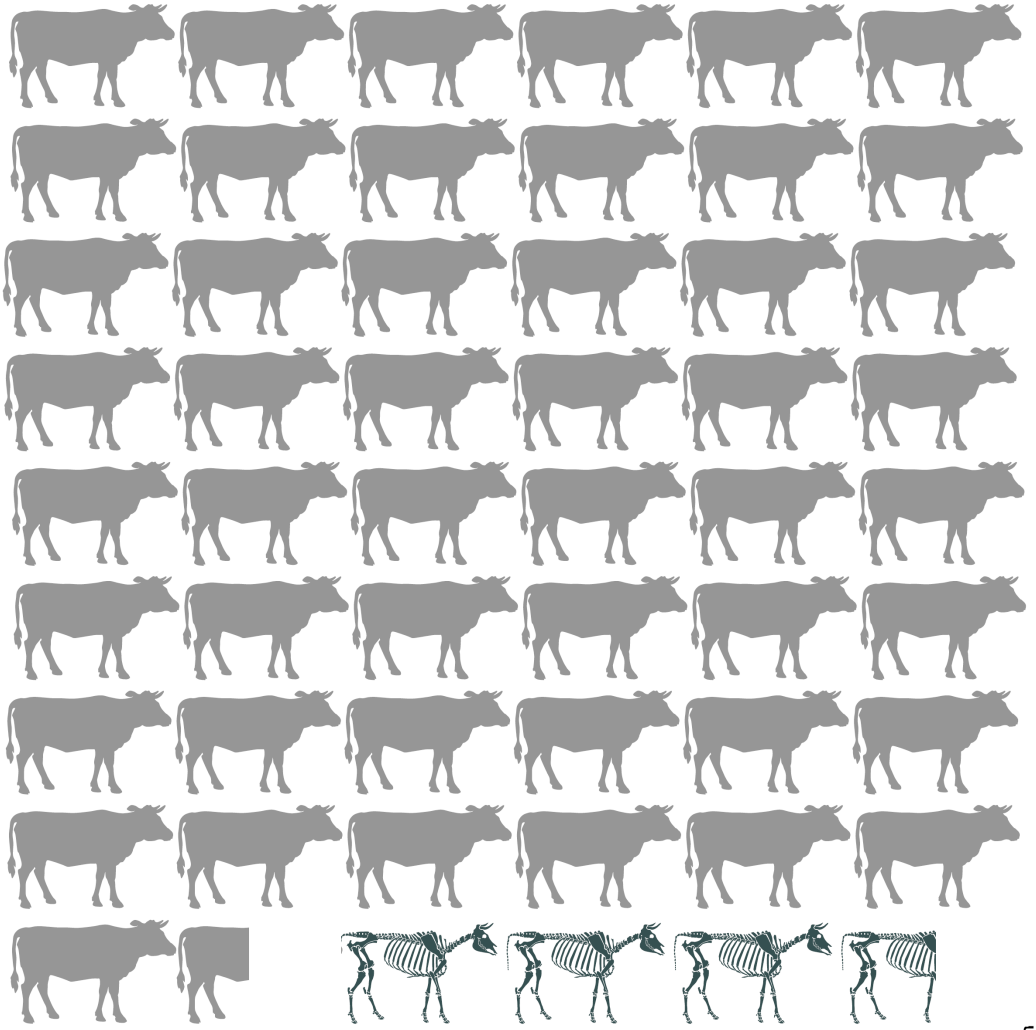
Anomalías en °C con respecto al valor medio de 1961-1990
Abnormalities in °C relative to the 1961–1990 average

2001-2015: Los «fondos buitre», principalmente de EE. UU., pero también fondos de cobertura de la UE, compran bonos argentinos a bajo precio tras el impago, con ganancias del 1000 % tras las sentencias judiciales. ➲ 2016-2019: Fondos europeos (BlackRock EU, UBS, Deutsche Bank, especulación con la liberalización de Macri, entrada de capital, luego retirada abrupta → crisis del peso en 2018 ➲ 2020-2023: Los inversores de la UE especulan con la inflación, la debilidad del peso, la inversión en materias primas agrícolas (soja, trigo), alta volatilidad; predominan las apuestas por el riesgo y la inflación. ➲ Principios de 2024: Efecto Milei, el Banco Mundial y el FMI apoyan al ideólogo libertario con más créditos ➲

2001–2015: "Vulture funds," mainly from the US, but also EU hedge funds, buy Argentine bonds cheaply after default, 1000% profits after court rulings ➲ 2016–2019: European funds (BlackRock EU, UBS, Deutsche Bank, speculation on Macri's liberalization, capital inflow, then abrupt withdrawal → peso crisis in 2018 ➲ 2020–2023: EU investors speculate on inflation, peso weakness, exposure to agricultural commodities (soybeans, wheat), high volatility; risk and inflation bets dominate ➲ Early 2024: Milei effect, World Bank, IMF support the libertarian ideologue with further loans ➲

2000: +0,331 °C ➲ 2020: +0,923 °C ➲ 2023: +1,100 °C ➲

Censo ganadero: comparación 2022-2025



Gran sequía, 2017-18

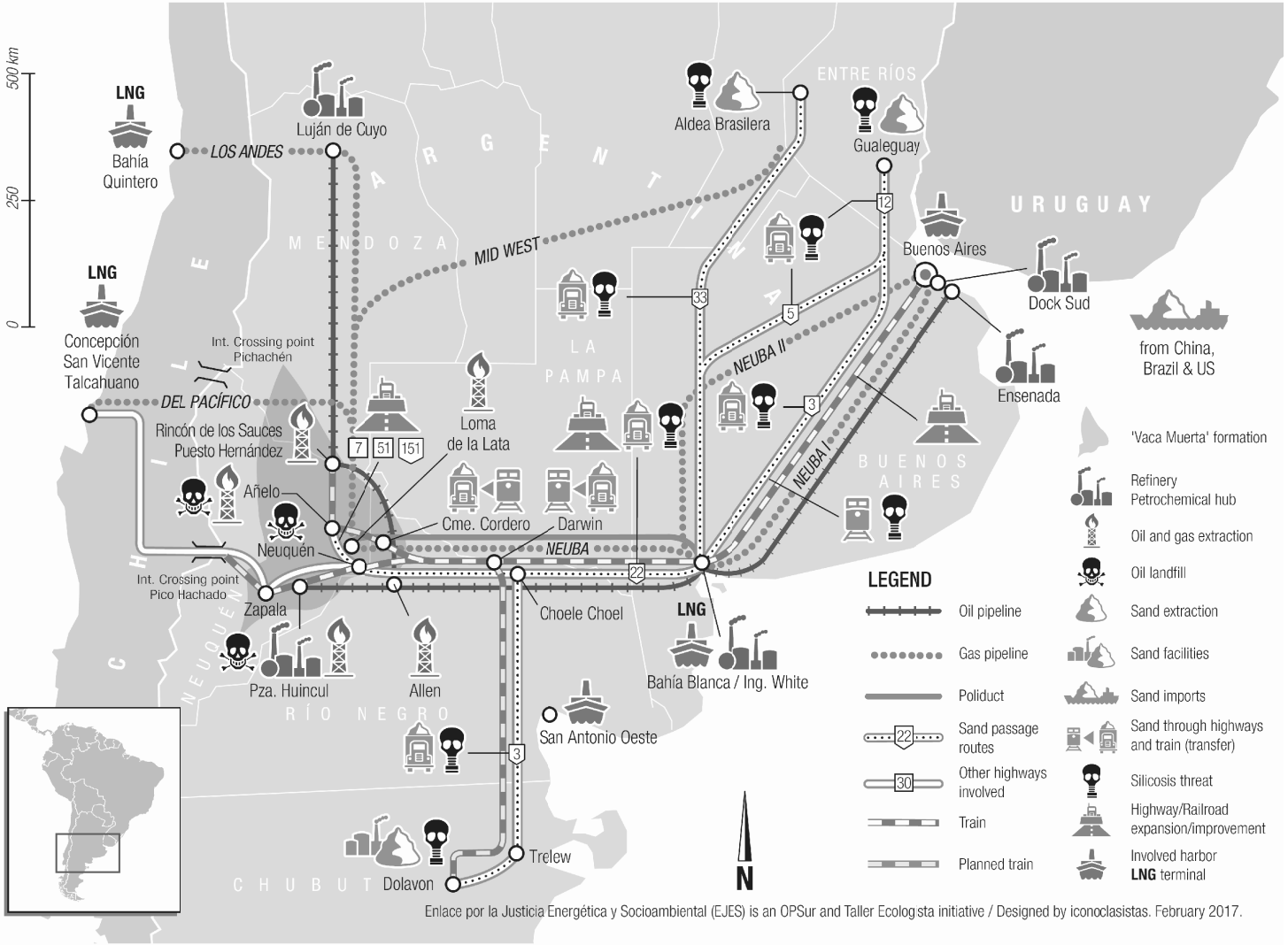
Fases regionales de sequía, 2019-21

Gran sequía, 2022-23

Fases regionales de sequía, 2024-25

Cada cifra representa 1 millón

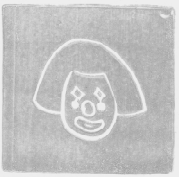
Vaca Muerta Megaproject 2017 ...



Enlace por la Justicia Energética y Socioambiental (EJES) is an OPSur and Taller Ecologista initiative / Designed by iconoclasistas. February 2017.

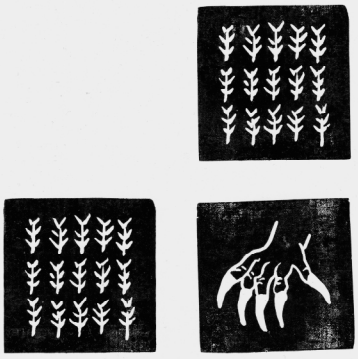
Sellos / Stamps
por / by Cristian Forte

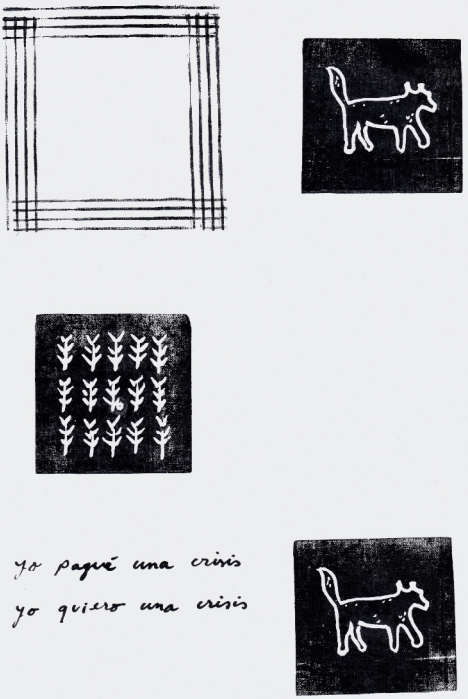






We were fine.
Now we are not.





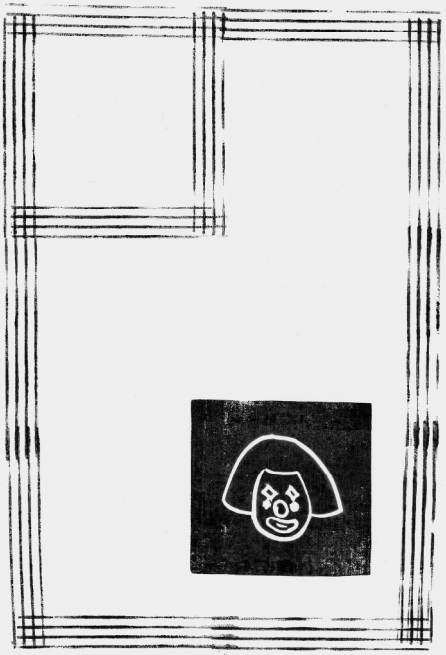
Does money exist?

I paid for a crisis.
I want a crisis.



¿frente al fantasma del dinero,
usted qué hace?

1. congelarse
2. atacar
3. huir



What do you do when faced with the specter of money?
1. Freeze
2. Attack
3. Flee

Jamie Dimon "smoked and paced around the airport departure lounge while" something inside his suitcase kept moving. He knew nothing about the stowaway who was just stretching her legs. Behind him several other Americans boarded the plane. They all tried to look like social scientists rather than JP Morgan consultants - eager to establish a new think tank branch into this highly post-futuristic site. When the plane took off and the seat belts were loosened, the voice of the expedition guide was heard: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are flying over Buenos Aires..."A Pekingese dog groomed according to the latest NY trends breathed in and out quietly. Just don't lose your nerve! Now, so close to destination! She would never have believed herself capable of this adventure! At JFK, she had desperately smuggled herself into the JP Morgan suitcase, knowing full well that it would definitely not be checked. She would carry out this research mission under any circumstances, no matter how adverse.
The trip had been planned for a long time. But it wasn't her trip. He hadn't been careful, had been wearing the wrong scarf - the one with the back and white argyle pattern - at the wrong meeting on his way to the seminar, and they had caught him, identified him, and expelled him for proto-terrorist behavior. The bank had demanded repayment of his student loans, the apartment had been given up, and he... she almost sobbed into the transmitter. She had to pull herself together. It didn't help. She recorded:

Amid Ruins
By Pujan Karambeigi

This year 2055 had arrived with the same indifferent inevitability as all other years, marked only by minor physiological degradations in her body, an increasingly persistent dyshidrosis on her left palm, and the persistent, low-level hum of anxiety that was, in truth, her natural state. She was now in Exargentina, a landscape of ruins, navigating the recycled, filtered air of what the tourist brochures euphemistically called "the bubble"—a sterile, climate-controlled zone that allowed one to exist, rather than truly live, within the contours of a dead country. She adjusted the special suit, the oxygen mask, noting the subtle hum of the climate control that maintained a constant, utterly uninteresting temperature.

She observed a collection of bland, moneyed automatons, their faces placid with manufactured comfort, their movements devoid of the sharp, economical tension that characterized anyone who had truly known want. Her impoverished noble background, a constant, low-grade ache of shame

and pride, had, through years of feigned opulence and concealed privation, sharpened her eye for the tells of class. She read the quality of their leisurewear, the subtle give in their expensive footwear, the self-satisfied, unexamined ease in their postures, and immediately categorize them by the depth of their financial shallows. As they floated through this curated dystopia, oblivious to the deeper currents, content with the AI tour guide's tranquilizing narrative of "geological shifts" and "societal re-ordering". She, however, saw it as a thinly veiled stage, a ruin porn set for the grand intellectual performance that would, finally, grant her master the fame and academic tenure he so desperately craved.

Before she left, he had given her a data chip. It was his entire doctoral thesis. This excursion had been intended as its conclusion, its empirical proof. And now she was here: his eyes and ears.

The chip dense with meticulously cross-referenced data on ancient civilizations, was not merely a tool for passive absorption, but a weapon, a lens through which she would impose his *superior* narrative upon this desolate land. The "landscape of ruins" (so the unofficial title) was, to her calculating mind, not a testament to decay, but a potential intellectual goldmine, a stage upon which her master´s genius would finally be recognized.

Their first stop was the skeletal remains of what was once the Congress Building, now unimaginatively dubbed "The Grand Plaza" by the tourist itinerary. The AI guide droned on about "structural integrity," its voice a soothing balm of scientific detachment, utterly failing to stir the imagination, let alone the bowels. She could finally slip out of her hiding place and quickly hide in an empty barrel. Her gaze was drawn to the visible graffiti, "¡fuera chorros!" and "que se vayan todos". "Get out, you thieves! Everyone must leave!". Commonplace, crude, lacking the gravitas of ancient inscriptions. Her noble, albeit threadbare, lineage recoiled slightly; these were the primitive scrawls of the unrefined, the unwashed, utterly devoid of the formal elegance one found in proper ruins. She shuddered. Her mind yearned for Rome, Agrigento, Crete. Her fur was r u i n e d. This mundane reality, this unpleasant tang of recent, messy collapse, needed to be transcended. She activated the "classical overlay" mode of her data chip, a mental filter honed by years of studying the precise, formalized ruins of antiquity. She willed herself to see the TRUE form, the underlying greatness that would elevate her master´s treatise from mere observation to profound academic insight.

And then, it began. A subtle shift, like a lens clicking into focus. The crumbling concrete of the Congress Building rippled, shimmered, and then

solidified into a magnificent edifice, its massive columns, "each thirty-two French feet in circumference," reaching towards a sky of impossible clarity, no longer "choked by 'sold air'." She perceived intricate bas-reliefs, hieroglyphical figures, incised with astonishing precision, "incrusted with colours that glowed with the luminescence of fresh application." These phantom images depicted a glorious, organized populace, not the rabble of the present, but figures of "savants" and "engineers," reminiscent of those who accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt. They were engaged in vast civic ceremonies, meticulously planning grand irrigation systems, vast urban networks. The phantom sounds of a thriving market, of scholarly debate, echoed in the cathedral of her skull, a vivid, compelling chapter for future work. The master´s masterpiece. A shrill, annoying whine from her oxygen mask, a "toxicity alert," or perhaps the AI guide's curt warning about "air quality," shattered the illusion. The vibrant phantoms flickered, faded, and the grim reality of the empty, poisoned landscape reasserted itself. She shivered, not from fear, but from profound irritation at the interruption. The cold inefficiency of modern environmental decay, a minor inconvenience, hardly worthy of her full attention.

She followed the group discretely into the "subterranean tunnels". They chatted about which rare earth elements could be recycled from waste and what shares could be issued for this purpose. Others were debating about how to gain remnants of Exargentina's public transport system, where "cultural testimonies" and "plastic representations of daily life" were supposedly preserved. The guide's voice, tinged with a subtly disdainful inflection, warned of the "high index of toxicity" and advised the use of "satellite binoculars". She registered the guide's almost imperceptible sneer when describing these "subhuman conditions," a phrase, she noted, that resonated with the historical contempt for the working classes, even those long dead.

And there it appeared again: through her binoculars, the gritty, dilapidated tunnels transformed. The crude "murals depicting 'subhuman conditions' and 'robberies'" could be reinterpreted by her discerning eye, not as sordid evidence of societal collapse, but as stylized, almost heroic scenes of struggle against primitive chaos or quaint depictions of a nascent social order. Couldn´t the figure of "Colifa Cortés," the "legendary robber dog", became a majestic, almost sphinx-like entity, a symbolic guardian representing the nation's unyielding spirit, get THE powerful motif for her master´s treatise? She envisioned these tunnels as the intricate arteries of a once-great "mechanistic marvel," a feat of engineering comparable to the ancient Egyptian canals and water systems, which d'Anville had meticulously documented. She knows, that this reinterpretation, of course,

would be another grand narrative feature for his treatise, a demonstration of his unique interpretative prowess, his ability to extract profundity from squalor.

She hastily barked notes into the transmission device, hoping that the satellite signal was strong enough.

A sudden, acrid odor, momentarily piercing her mask, coupled with a stark warning from the guide about "unforeseen biological hazards," brought her back to the unpleasant present. She coughed, adjusted her mask, and dismissed it. An unfortunate, but scientifically interesting, detail - perhaps: "insufficient sanitation of pre-exodus times," a footnote.

The path led them to a section where a few figures were visible, shadowy and indistinct in their protective gear, tending to automated maintenance drones. These were the last remnants, the policemen and cockroaches of Exargentina, the few remaining inhabitants who hadn't vanished in the great exodus. Her gaze, honed by years of observing the subtle dance of human interaction and the rigid lines of social hierarchy, immediately began to dissect their posture, their subdued interactions, the subtle wear and tear on their identical protective suits. She discerned not just physical deterioration, but the profound resignation, mingled with a faint, almost invisible flicker of defiance, that permeated their very being. She recorded: "simple dignity, stoic guardians of a neglected land." This could be poignant detail, ripe for scholarly dissection in his treatise. One of the figures, perhaps sensing her prolonged, analytical gaze, briefly removed the mask. A gaunt, hollowed face, eyes that held an unsettling mixture of profound despair and unyielding anger, met her binoculars *(Hadn't she seen a pair of black dog ears standing up?)* It barked a phrase in a rapid, guttural dialect, a language that defied her internal translator. While the AI struggled to process the idiom, her keen ear, accustomed to the subtle cadences of emotional truth, caught the raw, unyielding resentment, utterly devoid of gratitude or acceptance.

A feeling of vertigo came over her, and she almost felt as if she were about to faint. Something like a black spiral with a shimmering necklace as a tale in the darkness... She shuddered, got rid of the hallucination, and recorded:

"A curious and rather perplexing resistance to the efficiency of the new order. Probably the natural suspicion of barbarous people towards foreigners bearing gifts of knowledge." She reminded similar scenes in the the historical travelogues she had devoured in short and hasty preparations for the trip. "The cruelty of the government, dimly perceived but intellectually acknowledged, was mentally filed as an unfortunate but

necessary facet of societal re-ordering". This detail would add depth to his analysis o fallen empires and lost sovereignty without requiring the slightest personal empathy. Empathy, she snorted, was a luxury they could ill afford if he wished to secure his tenure as co-editor of a third-rate company publication.

As the designated time for departure approached, she meticulously compiled her notes, weaving her hallucinatory experiences with the sparse facts gleaned from the sanitized tour. She was utterly convinced that she had, through her master´s unique intellectual lens, uncovered Exargentina's true spirit beneath the modern desolation. "This treatise", the announcement unfolded before her eyes after her master would have been rehabilitated, "presents a compelling narrative, a masterwork that transformed the raw, indigestible reality of ruin and suffering into a palatable, academically rigorous discovery. It shows, lost sovereignties were not truly lost, but transformed into an abstract historical interest, a subject for scholarly inquiry, ripe for higher appropriation." A faint, persistent echo, perhaps the angry phrase from the "caretaker" or a fleeting image of the gaunt, defiant face, lingered at the edges of her consciousness. It was nothing but a minor inconvenience, a primitive outburst against the inevitable march of progress. Her master would conclude, quite logically, that the former grandeur was simply too great for its descendants to maintain.

She had to hurry to Jamie Dimon´s suitcase. He paced around the airport departure, smoking and hyped up on the business cocaine of the last meeting.

She left Exargentina, content with the fulfillment of their mission. The final vision burned into her mind was not a ravaged land, but a phantom empire, meticulously cataloged and forever preserved in his intellectual property, the unshakeable foundation of his future professorship, ready to be presented, with appropriate gravitas, to the eager academic world. Her dyshidrosis, she noted, had receded slightly. A small victory, but a victory nonetheless.



Pablo Ares

Colifa carga sus culpas en ruinas

Jamie Dimon "fumaba y se paseaba por la sala de embarque del aeropuerto mientras" algo dentro de su maleta no dejaba de moverse. No sabía nada de la clandestina que estaba estirando las piernas. Detrás de él, varios estadounidenses subieron al avión. Todos intentaban parecer científicos sociales en lugar de consultores de JP Morgan, ansiosos por establecer una nueva sucursal de un think tank en este lugar altamente posfuturista. Cuando el avión despegó y se aflojaron los cinturones de seguridad, se oyó la voz del guía de la expedición: «Señoras y señores, estamos sobrevolando Buenos Aires...». Un perro pequinés, peinado según las últimas tendencias de Nueva York, respiraba tranquilamente. ¡No pierdas los nervios! ¡Ya estás tan cerca de tu destino! ¡Nunca habría creído capaz de esta aventura! En el aeropuerto JFK, se había metido desesperadamente en la maleta de JP Morgan, sabiendo muy bien que definitivamente no la registrarían. Llevaría a cabo esta misión de investigación bajo cualquier circunstancia, por muy adversa que fuera.
El viaje había sido planeado durante mucho tiempo. Pero no era su viaje. Él no había tenido cuidado, había llevado la el pañuelo incorrecto —la que tenía un estampado de rombos blancos y negros—de camino al seminario, y lo habían pillado, identificado y expulsado por comportamiento prototerrorista. El banco le había exigido el reembolso de sus préstamos estudiantiles, había tenido que dejar el apartamento y él... Ella casi sollozó en el transmisor. Tenía que recomponerse. No sirvió de nada.

Entre ruinas
por Pujan Karambeigi

Una perra pequinés de Nueva York explora las ruinas de Buenos Aires en lugar de su amo. Ella lo ayuda en un proyecto científico con el que él espera alcanzar gran fama. De repente aparecen policías en el subterráneo, lo que la asusta mucho. En uno de ellos cree ver unas orejas negras de perro. Se siente mareada y casi se desmaya. Ve una espiral negra con un collar brillante… es su propio y hermoso Tiffany Remake, que desaparece en el túnel..

She curled up in Jamie´s suitcase. But she couldn't fall asleep, exhausted as she was. Again and again, an encounter came to mind - yes - with this black dog in the tunnel. She understood him quit well. But she didn´t record to avoid jeopardizeing the excellence of the research project by banal daily jargon. Almost as if he were taking advantage of her state of social shock, the dog had sat down in front of her, and she could do nothing but do the same. It was as if they were on a meadow and had all the time in the world to listen to fairy tales.

Colifa II: The Cartography of Rebellion
By Dmitry Vilensky (chatCPT)

"It had been years since Colifa", *explained the dog, as if she had asked him*, "the elusive Siberian husky and master thief, had vanished with a shrunken Argentina tucked under his paw. The IMF's destruction plans lay in tatters. The children, the poor, and the animals had followed him into the unknown, escaping not just disaster, but the logic of disaster itself. They reemerged not far away but entirely elsewhere—an unnamed barrio somewhere between myth and geography, where old dogs remembered things that had never happened, and cats quoted forgotten poems. The new Argentina, now the size of a subway map but infinite in spirit, pulsed with chaotic hope. Colifa had built no state. He'd founded a movement."

He paused rhetorically. And she felt, like she was nodding in agreement.

"He called it La Línea Rebelde—the Rebellious Line. And along it, everything was being reimagined. Schools were run by turtles and anarchist librarians. Cows negotiated with pigeons over milk distribution. Children drew laws in chalk that washed away with the rain. But utopia,," *he sighed deeply and shook his head*", like a bone too well-chewed, loses its flavor if not constantly buried and dug up again."

"And how did it all go on?" she asked, already captivated.

"One cold morning, a whisper drifted across the wind from the old continent: a new threat. Not the IMF this time, but The Bureau of Reconfiguration, a consortium of think tanks, hedge funds, and algorithmic shamans headquartered in Brussels and Palo Alto. Their plan was surgical: to track down Colifa's Argentina and reintegrate it into the global order—not by force, but by rebranding. They had developed a program called Aurora Index, capable of detecting zones of excessive joy, inefficient dreams, and unauthorized collaboration. Argentina—the rebel shard—glowed like a flare on their maps.

“Just like on the index card my master used while looking for a suitable research topic", she replied in surprise.

"Colifa, now graying at the muzzle but sharper than ever, knew the game was on. He summoned his old crew. They met under the rusting chassis of an old Renault 12, now repurposed as a library and soup kitchen. “The enemy has changed,” Colifa growled. “They don’t send tanks. They send influencers.” Sure enough, within days, new trends spread like viruses. Kids were trading their slingshots for apps that gave them “purpose scores.” Dogs began wearing collars that tracked their "market value." Choripans were branded “post-national fusion snacks.” The soul of resistance was being smothered not in blood, but in branding.
What did Colifa do about it, she asked, deeply affected—she had to admit to herself now —by the narrator's somewhat melodramatic tremolo.

"Colifa did what he did best. He stole time.”

"Time...", she whispered mesmerized, thinking of theories of relativity, black holes, and Momo.

"In a secret raid on a temporal lab run by the Bureau's agents hidden inside a start-up incubator, he snatched a prototype: the Chrono-Bandoneón, a tango-powered time-folding device. With it, Colifa could rewind, skip, and remix reality itself. They used it to replay critical moments in the barrio’s memory: the first pot of shared stew, the day a slum became a symphony, the night children painted stars on their ceilings because the real ones were hidden by smog. Each memory replayed became a beacon. Old dogs remembered. The map glowed again. The illusion of rebranding began to glitch.

"And so they were able to win?"

He pulled up his flews and shook his head. "Of course, the Bureau fought back. They launched Project Harmony, a swarm of drone-balloons broadcasting lullabies of compliance. People began to sleepwalk. Chickens laid eggs with QR codes. Even *Brezhnev, the son of Colifa,* began to forget the color red."

"How did they overcome this ruthless attack?"

"He stole the voice of the Bureau. Colifa infiltrated the World Future Forum in Davos. He hacked the keynote broadcast, replacing the voice of the Bureau’s AI with a montage of street chants, lullabies from forgotten villages, and the laughter of undocumented joy. Screens cracked. Algorithms glitched. Influencers sobbed without knowing why. Back in the barrio, rain began to fall—not the acidic drizzle of despair, but the warm, fat

drops of potential. Kids danced barefoot. Old comrades hugged. The balloons crashed. Dreams rewilded. And then, as before, Colifa vanished.

"Oh, and where to?"

"Some say he lives in the cracks between timezones, stealing minutes to give back to workers. Others say he's just a dog, lying in the sun, dreaming of a better neighborhood. But one thing is clear: when the world grows cold and mapped again, when rebellion seems too costly, someone whispers his name: Colifa. And somewhere, a line breaks free from the grid."

With tears in her eyes, she was about to squeeze the narrator's paw. But she found herself alone in the tunnel, it was cold and dark, and she missed her Tiffany remake necklace. How embarrassing. How could she have fallen for such tacky kitsch! She would never be able to forgive herself, she had to banish it from her memory utterly, entirely, at once. She lay there curled up in JP Morgan´s suitcase, ashamed beyond words.

Colifa II: La cartografía de la rebelión
Por Dmitry Vilensky (chatgbt)

La perra pequinés recuerda lo que realmente sucedió en el túnel del metro. Su vértigo solo había reprimido ese encuentro. Un perro le había contado una historia terriblemente kitsch sobre rebelión, resistencia, túneles temporales e inteligencia artificial. Ella lo había escuchado fascinada y él le había robado su collar Tiffany remake.

Colifa left two holes at once in the former Buenos Aires subway. One led directly to Switzerland, or did it come from there? And another—this one—led first into a frenzy, then into a boot, and then into boot country.

Evasion from Boot Country
by Elisa Bertuzzo

Amidst the wild joy of thousands running, dancing, pirouetting, through dimensions, Colifa stumbles over a boot and falls into a hole where no white rabbit is luring. Instead, he glimpses myriads of asphalt zombies go past, whirling and whining, blown by a headwind from which he's inexplicably spared. Amidst the rumbling of a female voice he instinctively dislikes, the Husky hears oddly familiar words, "Ferragosto", "esodo estivo". As for the voice, it turns out to be just repeating one and the same sentence, "La civiltá di un popolo si misura dal modo in cui tratta gli animali" ("the greatness of a people can be judged by the way they treat animals").
He must have slipped into a spatiotemporal tunnel. Since these tunnels aren't harmless bridges between the different dimensions but have the tendency to warp spacetime, Colifa gets mentally ready to make odd encounters at the other end. For seconds, images of a battle with zombies and hefty clones surface from a remote corner in his mind; he grinds his fangs, inadvertently piercing the map. He is nervous. When he touches ground, to his great relief, he finds himself in a vast solitary expanse. No choripán kiosks in sight, but no walking dead or blood-hungry mastiff squadrons either. His imagination, often disturbingly prophetic, had likely been playing tricks on him. The fields and hills have a comforting look and a few sniffs tell him chickens are nearby.
"Friend, do you have some water to share?" He turns and finds himself vis-à-vis seven-eight strangers, grouped just behind his tail. Nobody can match the stealthy gait of country lads, he admits, between humbled and alert. "Uhm, nope, I was trying to reckon where's the next town so I get some", he utters nonchalantly. "You must be new", one replies, "this whole area, kilometres and kilometres, is facing a water emergency. It's been months now, water suddenly became so costly that even the leaks from the water tanks they let arrive for irrigation are collected". Another yips wildly, "Why are they watering, at all!?!?! There's nobody left to harvest anyway!!! All gone. The others killed, tortured, jailed. Will they order robots next???"

"What about you, wandering alone?", asks an Afghan hound. Before Colifa can clear his throat to answer, a battered retriever comments, "I wouldn't be

surprised if the perverts used these lone wolves for some of their shady deals nowadays. Dogfights, third-class zoos, I bet they'll be happy when they spot him". "Wolves and us are different species", Colifa replies, consternated. The Afghan suggests they walk together and continue searching for water as they talk. They cross a number of barely inhabited villages, and sprawling polytunnel cities – no water. Colifa remarks how the pack silently separates in proximity of the glasshouses, each sneaking through and regrouping to resume chats where they'd been left, as soon as the view opens up onto the undulated green-yellow landscape.

The Afghan, whom they call "Osama", meanwhile informs him about the circumstances in Boot Country. For Colifa, the resemblance between the circumstances with those in Argentina is striking: only that here, the magic words stretched and mixed en todas las salsas are not desarrollo or débito but identitá nazionale and sovranità. For the sake of sovranità alimentare, hectares over hectares have been covered with monocultures of "indigenous wheats". Supervised by two Chihuahuas with a passion for cheese and red wine, Lollo and Brigida, the measure barely sufficed to cover up inconvenient information. Such as the ongoing sale of stock shares of major pasta companies to foreign investors. Or the fact that the seeds of the "100% indigenous" grains were engineered in labs of multi-national agrotechnology firms, particularly Swiss ones. Long after the cultivation of water-demanding crops, like tomato, eggplant, or wine, has been given up, the transformation of the climate is recently making even wheat hard to grow. How familiar this sounds to Colifa!

An image from the last drought pops into his head: the guy from Davos waving his chainsaw at the cameras, standing on stone-dry pastureland in front of a large mountain of cattle carcasses. "However," Osama intimates, "I'm yet to tell you the worst part". At this point, all come a bit closer and Colifa starts feeling observed.

Some time ago, after its multiple fiascos, the government officially set up a countywide racket. They snatched hundreds of former cheap workers without papers, brought them onto ships and sent them to detention camps. "The operation is advertised by a short-legged mama-type that you'd rather not cross paths with. The message is, this will save the nation from interbreeding and moral decay, the known causes of economic collapse." The Chihuahuas and others keep reposting ad nauseam and any criticism is blocked, growls a lean Basenji.

"Initially, many supported the deportations. Several laws were manipulated and a pacchetto sicurezza ("security package") approved, so those who don't align can be swiftly put in jail. And after sweeping up the cities, now

they turned to the countryside. We need your help to stop this, Colifa". The Husky's dumbstruck. How come Osama knows his name?
"I'm on a different gig at the moment, I don't even know how I got here. All I remember is stumbling over a boot!", he utters. "I'm aware of your mission, Colifa.", Osama explains, "in fact, it's me who made you stumble and fall into that hole! Doña Maruja told me you were on your ways… the two of us share all sort of information, recently, after she showed me a few of her tricks, I'm initiating her to mandragora.", Osama explains quickly in response to a further puzzled look."Dogs were deployed to pluck this plant for centuries and died, but nowadays we know how to harvest it safely. If you treat it well, it predicts the future and answers all your questions truthfully"—"Besides, it is an excellent drug!", the scarred retriever says, while all loll their tongues in agreement. "...if taken in smart dosages. Most of us suffer from nightmares, others struggle with homesickness and loss, you know".
Colifa keeps silent, reminiscing stories told by the elderly in Argentina when he was young. About a bitter root whose horrific scream on being pulled out of the earth would break glass and kill whoever heard it. Different communities would call it by different names, but univocally describe it as magic. Originally, it grew under the gallows, or on ground where executions had taken place. In Argentina Mandragoras were above all known to grow near the small town Anita in Santa Cruz, where the cattlekings shot thousands striking peons in the 1920s. In recent times, they were found in large quantities in the junta's torture camps throughout the country. On some days, whole Argentinia had to cover its ears, so loud was the howling.
He turns back to Osama, feeling clueless and numbed by the idea that a bunch of addicts kidnapped him through a boot hole into this strange country. "Don't worry, Colifa, I will make sure you get back. My condition is simple, we want to move to the dimension you're headed to – and not only us. We will rescue the prisoners, all of us shall go together". "Let's crash the racket!!" "Down with the Fascios!", all howl in synchrony, and the pathos irritates the Siberian husky just sits a bit: his hatred for jails, deportation camps and those who set them up is deep.
"Where do the ships sail from?", Colifa asks,"We'll need as much information as possible if we are to reach the detention place. Where and how often the ships leave, how capacious they are… we will hijack one or two. Though, on a second thought, a cleverer way would be allowing them to snatch us. I'll see to organising an evasion worth the name. After all, I have fled from several prisons in my life". The strategy is accepted and the pack canter to the nearest polytunnel sprawl. On spotting them, the district's

police almost fall off their chair. The sergeant calls the next collection centre, smelling a promotion. As concerns his men, not one seems to remark that the dogs have practically surrendered. The F-R-O-N-T-E-S patrol are quick. They come, beat, and chain them, after which they're locked in an armoured bus. At destination, all of them together are squeezed into one kennel.

On the ship, day and night are difficult to set apart. The guardians distribute water in irregular intervals. The food is rotten. Time starts to blur. "Nothing can be worse than the camp in that hell of a place called Libya". It's the terrier, an introvert, speaking for the first time, in the darkness. The others aren't keen to hear his story it seems. "Heee, Milton, I can't bear that story any more!", "Spare it for your grandchildren!!". Colifa couldn't bother but as the name sounds uncannily familiar, he mumbles a bit. Probably Milton notices that: "Since my arrival in Europe, all say I should change my name. For them, it has a nasty sound. Are you thinking the same? What is a name, they say, most have left theirs behind or were forced to, along with the papers. However, this is the name my mother chose for me, she could barely read and write but used to say it belonged to a great English poet and poetry knows no nation… she passed away a few days before I crossed the sea."

On what could be the second, third, or even tenth day, one of the bulls enters the kennel and grabs Milton, clearly aiming to use him for a dog fight to beat the boredom on deck. The husky jumps onto his neck, taking all by surprise but prompting Osama to break free, even though this will upset all plans. The corridors resound of barks and howls as she runs, followed by the pack, up until the deck. A straight line of land is visible on the horizon and they jump, in a fury. With a ship packed of prisoners, the bulls will certainly not make the effort to pursue them. Paddling in the cold water, they wonder: how will they find the camp now? Colifa curses his temperament, but all agree the forced detention had become intolerable. The coast is sandy and wild. A few fishermen intent on mending the nets, stray dogs playing with stranded wood. They are easy to get in conversation with and confirm that, yes, a huge detention camp has been set up in the region. However, nobody's supposed to know its location, which is guarded by a special army corps thanks to the conspicuous sum of money paid by Boot Country. Hoping to smell, see, or hear, something useful, the pack resolve to climb till the top of a cliff. At dusk, Milton starts barking: "Look at that kite! It's the exact copy of those we used to make in my childhood, just with sticks and plastic cut out of grocery bags! We would fly them exactly at this time of the day, when the wind is gentle but steady… I'm more than certain, the prison must be over there!!!!" His eyes spark, full of tears. Osama stares at him, puzzled, the others ignore him as usual, but

Colifa has a gut feeling that the terrier, though a tad sentimental, has got a point. They set in motion and by the next morning, they're face to face with an unadorned block of cement. High walls, barbed wire, armoured gate, one three-coloured and one blue-yellow logo.
"Will we sneak in? We're too small in number to storm the facility!", worries the Basenji. "Well, none of us wanna be inside either! Let's remind them there is an outside instead. But for now, let's rest and later, Milton will show us how to build kites", proposes Colifa. Short before sunset, the pack distribute evenly around the prison, each holding 1, 2, even 3 kites in their fangs. At a long howl, they start running in circles and the kites take off, carried by the wind. They can be seen from the jail's courtyard and cells, and the prisoners immediately understand: this is the moment they have been waiting for. Joy, hope, relief, anger mix together and form an uncontainable pressure, while the barking gets louder and louder. Finally, they all howl in unison provoking a noise as loud as that of uprooted Mandragoras. The dogs cover their ears. The sound starts cracking the double glass doors of the corridors. As the doors fall apart one by one, the emergency alarms go off. With their hyper-sensitive auditive systems dazed by this infernal uproar, thousands run in synchrony, guided by the instinctive desire to break free, jumping over shards of glass, sweeping everything and everyone away - a big, wild, unstoppable, multitude.
It is obvious that this hellish screaming not only smashes glass but also finds the holes for cross-dimensional travel—later, Osama will claim that everything went as previously planned with Doña Maruja. A whirlwind of sand rises in front of the concrete façade, swallowing all of them, following one another as fast as dog´s intestine (or in four stomaches of a cow, or in Buenos Aires` Subte, or in Rome´s Metro) they are spat out in front of Dr. Pulguens's veterinary clinic.

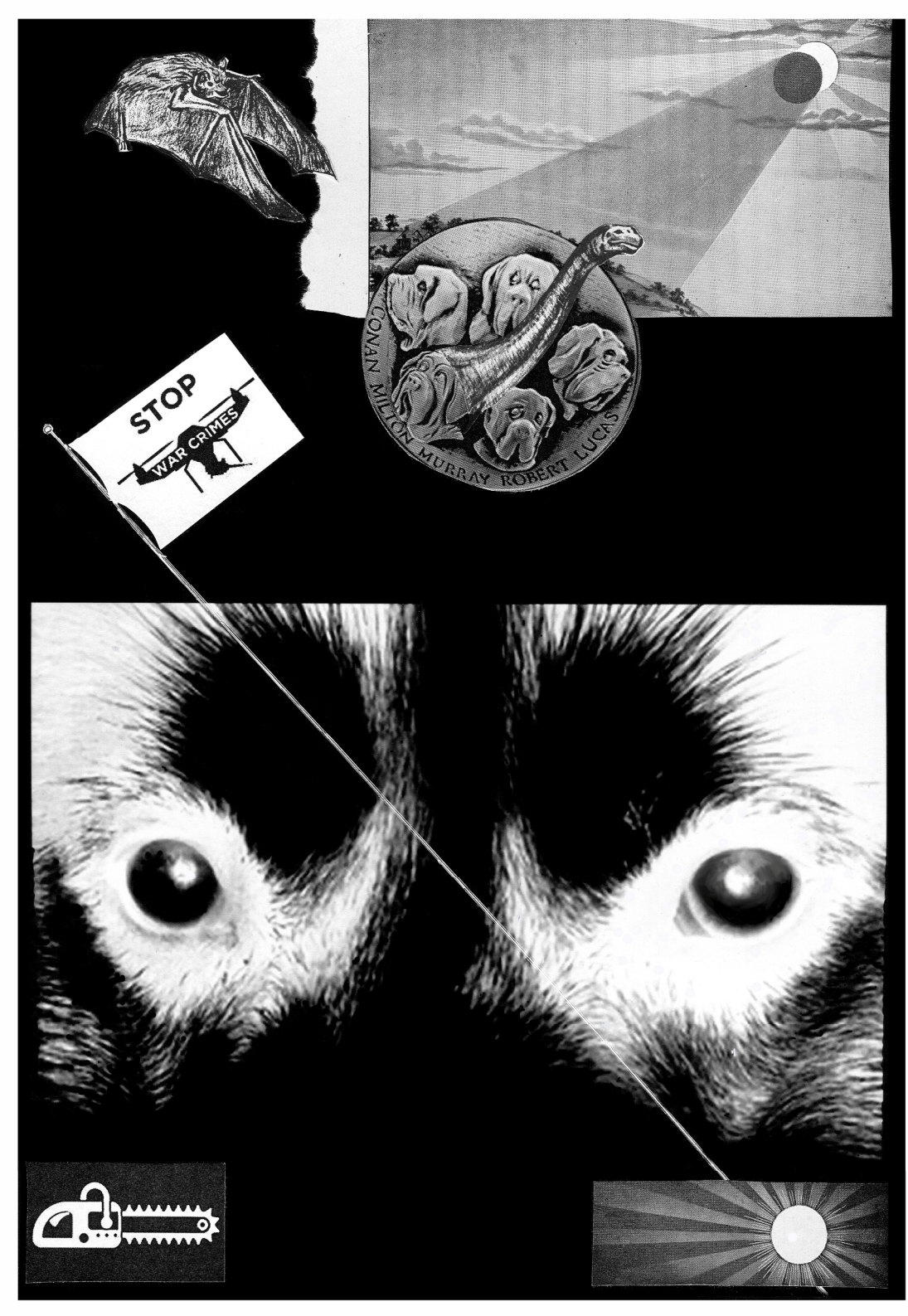
Colifa dejó dos agujeros a la vez en el antiguo metro de Buenos Aires. Uno conducía directamente a Suiza, ¿o venía de allí? Y otro, este, conducía primero al frenesí, luego a una bota y luego al país de las botas.

Evasión del Boot Country
Por Elisa Bertuzzo

Se encuentra en el campo, en Italia, con un grupo de perros que buscan agua. Hay sequía. Los perros cuentan que el gobierno es corrupto y represivo.
Tras sus múltiples fracasos, el gobierno estableció oficialmente una red de tráfico ilegal en todo el condado. Secuestraron a cientos de antiguos trabajadores baratos sin papeles, los subieron a barcos y los enviaron a campos de detención.
Se liberan y se cuelan como polizones a bordo de un barco de FRONTEX. En la costa de Libia liberan el campamento con dragones y gritos tan estridentes como los de las mandrágoras.

Mandragora... Colifa recordó las historias que le contaban los ancianos en Argentina cuando era joven. Sobre una raíz amarga cuyo horrible grito al ser arrancada de la tierra rompía vidrios y mataba a quien lo oía. Originalmente, crecía bajo la horca o en terrenos donde se habían llevado a cabo ejecuciones. En Argentina, las mandagoras solían crecer cerca del pequeño pueblo de Anita, en Santa Cruz, donde los ganaderos mataron a más de mil peones en huelga en los años 20. Y ahora se encontraban en grandes cantidades en los campos de tortura de la junta militar en todo el país. Algunos días, toda Argentina tenía que taparse los oídos, tan fuerte era el aullido.

Es obvio que estos gritos infernales no solo rompen cristales, sino que también encuentran los agujeros para viajar entre dimensiones, a pesar de que Osama afirmó más tarde que todo había sido planeado con Doña Maruja de antemano. Un torbellino de arena se levanta frente a la fachada de hormigón, tragándolos a todos más rápido de lo que los guardias pueden disparar. Después de unos cuantos giros y vueltas, que se suceden uno tras otro como los intestinos de un perro o los cuatro estómagos de una vaca, el Subte de Buenos Aires, el Metro de Roma, los escupe frente a la clínica veterinaria del Dr. Pulguen.


STOP
WAR CRIMES
CONAN MILTON MURRAY ROBERT LUCAS

¿De verdad teníais que vestiros como policías del siglo XXI y asustarla así? ¡Estaba temblando toda! La pobra perrita de Nueva York .
¡Llevaba un estilo tan ridículo!, respondió una joven chica-perro de la escuela Villa Nylon a la acusación de Doña Maruja. Estaban sentadas en el escenario del teatro de la Asociación Italiana de Socorros Mutuos de San Miguel, donde ensayaban una nueva obra de teatro. Doña Maruja examinaba detenidamente el script.

Ubú libertario
Por Lorena Fabrizia Bossi

De cómo un tal Ubú, impuso el sistema de castas en la Exargentina, clonando a gran parte de la población. Usando como antecedente, a su clon precursor, el perro Conan y tik tok.

Repasó el casting una vez más y quedó bastante convencida.

Personajes
Padre Ubú: Javier Milei / *interpretado por Colifa Cortés*
Madre Ubú: Karina Milei / *interpretada por Papusa Plumas Blancas*
Capitán Borduras: Mauricio Macri / *interpretado por Brezniev junior*
Caballo de Finanzas: Ministro de Economía puesto por Macri, Caputto / *interpretado por Hans el Doberman*.
Lacayos de Finanzas: J.P.Morgan. FMI, Grupo Clarín */ interpretados por el coro de perritos*
Palotino Bullshit: Ministra de seguridad Patricia Bullrich / *interpretada por la mismísima Doña Maruja.*
Otros Palotinos: Ministros / *coro de perritos*
Perros: Los perros de Milei, denominados por él mismo, sus hijos de cuatro patas son: Conan I es el primer mastín inglés, al que no diferencia de Conan II, el resto tiene nombres de economistas de la Escuela de Chicago: Milton (en honor a Milton Friedman), Murray (en honor a Murray Rothbard), Robert y Lucas (ambos en honor a Robert Lucas Jr.) / *interpretados por Don Crocini y sus sapos (porque ningún perro quería interpretarlos*)
Kukas: Peronistas, Kirchneristas / *de nuevo el coro de perritos*
El ejército: Policía, gendarmería y fuerzas represivas/ *Dr. Junten Pulguen, Cuesta y Faulinchen*
Nobles: oligarquía argentina / *coro de perritos*

El coro de perritos tenía por delante un gran reto. ¿Y el traje? El set estaba casi terminado. «Bajorrelieves... incrustados con colores que brillaban con

el resplandor de una aplicación reciente. Una población gloriosa y organizada... sonrió, así es como lo había descrito la perrita de Nueva York, y sí, así era. Eran «una población gloriosa y organizada». La obra trataba sobre lo contrario, uno de los peores episodios de la historia de la humanidad, y una vez más Argentina había estado en un pole position: Leed la obra en voz alta otra vez para que os la aprendáis de memoria, ordenó a los cachorros, ¡Tú, Milton, empieza!

Escena 1 *Milton comenzó con voz firme y los demás aguzaron el oído.*
Padre Ubú: MIERDRA!
Madre Ubú:¡Oh! Qué bonito, Padre Ubú; sois un grandísimo granuja.
Padre Ubú: ¡Por mis billetes verdes[1] Madre Ubú! ¡Que te mato a palos!
Madre Ubú: Es a esas Kukas[2], que son la secta del maligno en la tierra[3], a quienes habría que asesinar!
Padre Ubú: Estás en lo cierto Madre Ubú! Y a ese maldito parásito mental llamado Estado benefactor! Que se asemeja a un pedófilo suelto en un jardín de infantes con niños atados y envaselinados! [4]
Madre Ubú: Aún no entiendo cómo has llegado hasta aquí! Eres tan tonto, pero tan cachondo Padre Ubú! ¡Que me calientas! Se escuchan gemidos…
Padre Ubú: Oh!!... por las fuerzas del cielo, Madre Ubú! [5]
(En la sala huele a Mierdra y billetes de un dólar.)

El Dr. Pulguen entró en el foyer. Donja Maruja le ordenó inmediatamente que recitara la escena 2. Él suspiró y comenzó:
Escena 2
Madre Ubú está en la cocina de la quinta de Olivos[6], rellenando con crema chantilly estrellas de mar por el culo. Todas las estrellas culonas recién saqueadas al Conicet[7] se contraen y expanden, mientras Madre Ubú tararea alegremente, Hava Nagila[8].
Madre Ubú: Havaaaa Nagila havaa, nagila hava, nagila je je je!! (repite; entran El Capitán Bordura y sus adictos.)
Capitán Bordura: Buenos días Señora! Huele muy bien por aquí… ¿Dónde está el Padre Ubú?
Padre Ubú: Acá estoy! Creo que mi peluca[9] es lo suficientemente grande para que me. La veas.
Capitán Bordura (dirigiéndose a sus adictos): Siéntense todos!
(Se sientan, incluyendo el caballo de finanzas que acaba de entrar.)
¿Qué hay de bueno para comer Madre Ubú?
Madre Ubú: Hoy tenemos un menú de mar, saqueado a la comunidad científica, con una ensalada de brócoli[10], apropiada al movimiento popular y huevos de dinosaurio (¿vivo?) [11] en su mejor estado de tilinguería[12].

Padre Ubú:¡Eh! ¡Creo que ya es bastante! ¿Hay algo más?
Madre Ubú: Continuando. Papas fritas, papas en la boca y milanesas de mierdra. [13]
Padre Ubú: ¡Eh! ¿Me tomas por emperador del oriente que haces tamaños derroches?!
Los perritos se rieron del Dr. Pulguen haciendo muecas.
Madre Ubú: Come y calla, grandísimo granuja!
Capitán Bordura:¡Pero qué delicia! siento que tengo la papa en la boca y la sartén por el mango[14]! Que milanesa más tierna me ha tocado! Ven Caballo de finanzas, muerde un poco.
(El caballo de finanza y los adictos comen del suelo. Se les llenan los hocicos de crema chantilly. Ruido de un caballo destrozando una estrella de mar).

¿Quién quiere leer la escena 3?. Algunas patas se levantaron. Tú, Murray, señaló a un pequeño border collie, no seas tímido.
Escena 3, se oyó una voz débil, que poco a poco se fue haciendo más fuerte.

(Se lo ve a Padre Ubú intentando montar su caballo de finanzas pero cae una y otra vez.)
Padre Ubú: Si la economía estaba subiendo como pedo de buzo… ¡Malditos zurdos empobrecedores! ¡Nadie le va a tocar el culo a mi caballo de finanzas!
(Entran los lacayos de finanzas.)
Padre Ubú:¿Y ustedes?! ¿Qué hacen ahí parados? Ayudadme, levantadme del suelo!
(Los lacayos de finanzas lo ayudan a levantarse mientras Padre Ubú, nervioso, los maldice.)
Padre Ubú: Vosotros, ósea, digamos todos ustedes grandísimos mierdras, no estaban especializados en crisis con o sin dinero? Los más pijas, los jefes del trading, los estrategas. O es esa, basura inmunda de Stiglitz[15] que viene a proclamar el apocalipsis. ¡Es el maldito desastre populista!" Digamos, ósea ....¡van a terminar que no van a poder sentarse!
(Ubú se incorpora, un lacayo de finanzas le muestra unos gráficos falopa[16]. Ubú enfurece con ellos cuando ve que las cuentas no cierran…al toke flashea otros gráficos que dibuja incansablemente. Es miércoles, se hace de noche, se escuchan aullidos entre humanos y animales. Un olor a canil mugriento y pañales sin cambiar, se mezcla con el olor a gas pimienta que viene de la calle).

Terminó entre aplausos. La escena 4, dijo Doña Maruja,es bastante difícil. Yo la leeré para vosotros, chicos. ¡Escuchad!.

Escena 4

Con ritmo de la canción: Dame fuego, del cantante popular Sandro de América, se escucha cantar a Padre Ubú, mientras hace una coreografía con sus cinco hijos de cuatro patas… en un canil imaginario, vestidos todos de fantasía para la ópera.

Padre Ubú: Dame perros, dame dame perros! Dame perros, dame dame perros! Dame perros, dame dame perros! Dame el clon de tu amooor!...Aú!!

Palotino Bullshit (entrando junto a otros Palotinos, de exterior, de injusticia entre otros): Padre Ubú! No esperaba sorprenderlo ensayando para el show de Movistar Arena.

Perros (al unísono): Auuu

Padre Ubú: Sin dar bola, obnubilado. Dirigiéndose a su perro Conan II, Vamos hijo! ¡Vamos hijo! ¿Querés un poco de agua hijo? Tomá agua tranquilo hijo… Tomá agua tranquilo, a ver hijo?….se me dispersan.

Palotino de injusticia: Señor Acá están, Milton, Lucas, Murray y Robert! señala a los otros perros, mientras acaricia a Conan II.

Padre Ubú (dirigiéndose al Palotino de injusticia y refiriéndose a sus perros): Tiene usted el privilegio de Estar tocando a La Leyenda…

Perros (al unísono): Auuu

Madre Ubú (entrando, con el bastón de presidencia en la mano y acompañada de su perro Thor[17]¡ Por las fuerzas del cielo! si están labradas las patas de tus cinco hijos en el bastón de mando! Se le acerca cachonda como una perra en celo al Capitán Bordura diciendo. Thor quiere mimos, Capitán, Palotinos, Os cuento que vamos a donar unos pocos pesos para los refugios de perros. [18]

Capitán Bordura y perros (al unísono): Auuu

Padre Ubú: Eres un derroche de dinero mujer!!

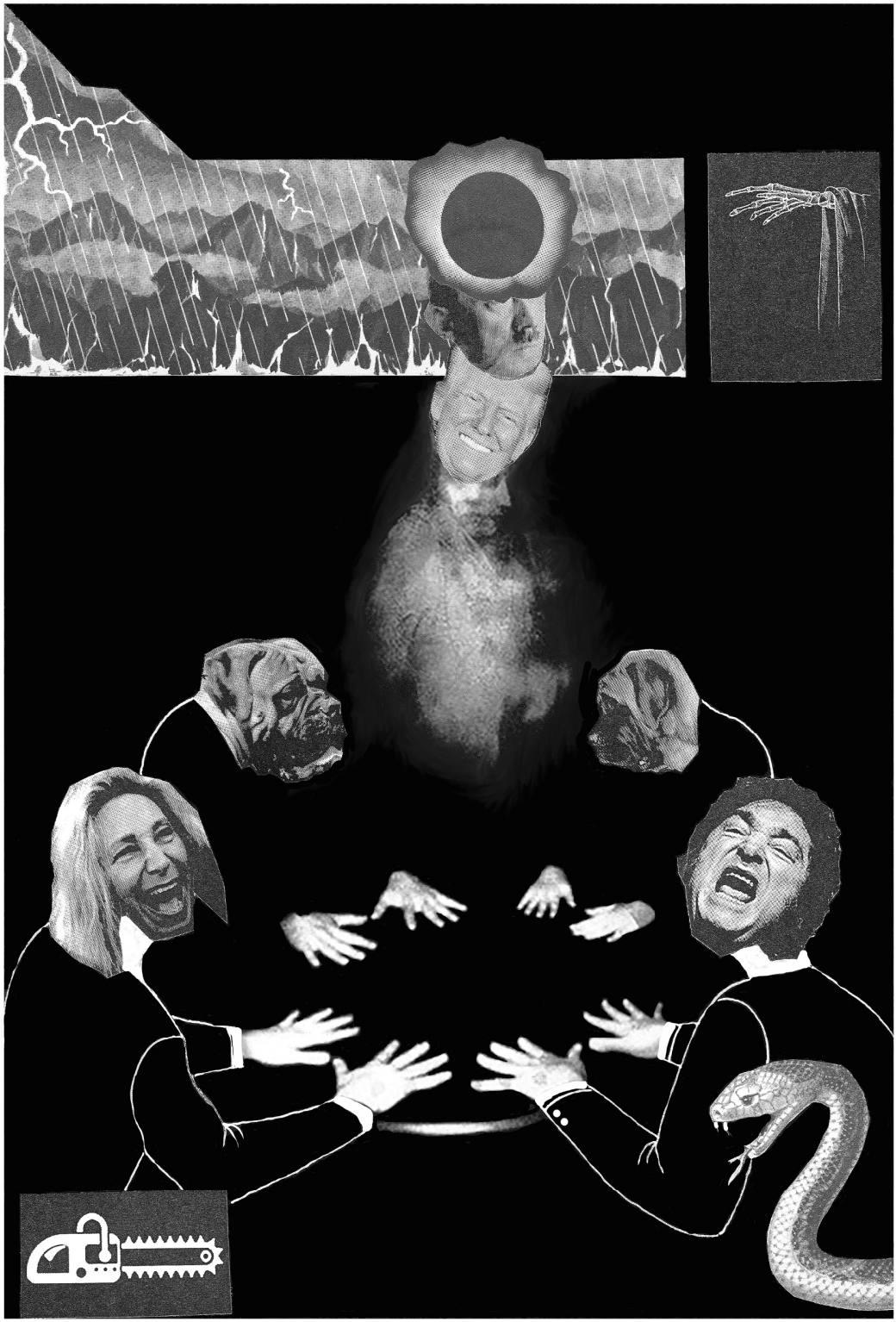
Madre Ubú: Que sin mis gestiones no tendrías nada, ni el 3% ni el 10%, ni las estafas, ni la farafa… ni todo éste cuerno en panza que te caracteriza, Padre Ubú.

Perros (al unísono): Auuu

Capitán Bordura: Me retiro antes que pasen cosas. [19] Se lo ve salir de modo despreocupado, lo sigue detrás el fantasma de Conan I.

Palotino Bullshit: Pero si estamos todos talibanizados! Controlando el ajuste a palos limpios en la calle. Bien nos vendrían estos perros reencarnados al frente de las fuerzas del cielo para reprimir a diestra y siniestra en el Congreso a los jubilados, universitarios, discapacitados, y rusas que asedian

por todos lados. Ya no hay falopa que alcance para mantener a mi ejército activo.
Padre Ubú: Distraido en sus asuntos con los perros con cara de buen hombre, le habla a sus hijos de cuatro patas- Qué difícil maniobrarlos! (dirigiéndose a Conan II) ¡Poné la cabeza en la mesa, mové la cabeza para que vean que sos real. Dale hijo!! Mové la cabecita para que vean que sos real...
Conan I (que vuelve) y Conan II (al unísono): Auuu
Palotino de exterior: Retomando señor … (es interrumpido por el ejército que entra abruptamente.)
El Ejercito (entrando hacen un saludo militar exclamando: ¡Viva el Padre Ubú, nuestro gran Financiero!
Padre Ubú: Hablad de una vez, marrones!
El Ejercito: Padre Ubú , Madre Ubú… Los Rusos, comunistas, zurdas empobrecedoras, kukas y esas diásporas, nos están desbaratando allí afuera!
Padre Ubú: Conjunto de mierdras, citygarcas, necesitan que esto salga mal. Son parásitos mentales, tienen un déficit de coeficiente intelectual, son mala leche e incapaces, lo único que quieren es romper, son tan mierdras como los periodistas ensobrados que lo único que les importa es ser casta. El pigmeo maligno, el pichón de Stalin las zurdas de mierdra Mengolinis de la vida…[20] Me han dicho homofóbico, zoofílico!…
Ubú (gritando exaltado): ¡Mandriles, yo la metí presa, yo la metí presa!! [21]
Madre Ubú (interrumpiendo): Tratemos de atender a nuestros negocios Padre Ubú. Que a eso hemos venido. Nuestra runfla de lacayos, y las gentes de los que somos súbditos, nos demandan porcentajes, oro, litio, agua y tierras raras.
Padre Ubú: Ah! Me ensucio en los calzones. Adelante, ¡cuernoenpanza! ¡Matad, sangrad, desollad, matadlos a golpe de Oso! ¡Todos a la máquina de descerebrar!
Perros (al unísono): Auuu
Madre Ubú (junta sus cartas de tarot y comienza a recitar un conjuro. Pone a los perros en ronda, con Conan II al centro, que tiene la voz de Dios, y comienza a recitar en voz baja in crescendo. Se suman al círculo el caballo de finanzas, los palotinos, los lacayos, el Capitán Bordura y sus adictos, se conectan por meet algunos nobles desde: Singapur, Emiratos Árabes Unidos, Islas Caimán, entre otros. Entrando en trance): Por las fuerzas del cielo! Que lleguen los twits para salvarnos. Que se voten las ideas de la libertad, que se active la motosierra, que este tiempo de revelación destruya la justicia social, que se imponga el régimen de castas en la Exargentina.
(mirando a Padre Ubú de reojo): Reza Padre Ubù, reza!
Perros (al unísono aullidos): Auuu



Padre Ubú (rezando): Que desde el Norte apoyen las ideas de la libertad Carajo! Que los narcos intervengan la cultura y al pueblo parásito lleno de kukas, que las mierdosas feminazis woke sufran. Que el rugido del ratón se expanda. Que todos los cerebros jóvenes y algunos vejetes, sean clonados como mis perros hasta convertirse en una verdadera sociedad de castas sin ascenso social, sin salud, sin educación, sin ciencia, sin obra pública, sin industria, sin reglas, sin congreso, sin democracia, sin política, sin memoria, sin cultura.
Palotinos (ovacionando): ¡Que viva la máquina de descerebrar! Ipip Fuera ipip fuera!
(Se escucha en alta voz a uno de los nobles desde el meet que se le olvidó silenciar el micrófono.)
Noble: Los argentinos están sufriendo, pero saben que este es el único camino posible.
(Se escuchan las risas por el foro de otros nobles desde el meet en sus respectivos paraísos fiscales).
Todos, todas y todes (al unísono): Aúúúúúú!u
(Se huele a carne quemada de las pampas de una Exargentina)

FIN, escrito por LFB, por supuesto.

Doña Maruja terminó de leer: ¡Ensayad el Aúúúúúú y recordad las marcas de los pies. La clase de perritos salió. Tuvieron que volver a coger el metro para asistir a su próxima clase, que se llevaba a cabo en la UBA.

1 Hace referencia al dólar y la dolarización que fué campaña política de Milei
2 Kukas: Modo despectivo en que la derecha y la ultraderecha libertaria hacen alusión al Kirchnerismo, siendo la palabra cucas en argentina sinónimo de cucarachas.
3 Forma en que Milei se refirió al Papa Francisco previo a ser elegido Presidente.
4 Dicho textual de Milei refiriéndose al Estado, entrevista televisiva con Luis Novaresio del año 2018.
5 Fuerzas del Cielo forma en que se autodenominan los libertarios en contraposición a los orcos o fuerzas del suelo, con las que nombran de manera despectiva a quienes no son sus adeptos políticos haciendo alusión a Tolkien.
6 La quinta de olivos es la casa presidencial, donde se encuentran los caniles realizados para los perros reales e imaginarios.
7 La crema chantilly hace alusión a el oficio de pastelera que tenía Karina Milei antes de ser secretaria de la presidencia.

CONICET Consejo Nacional de Investigación científica y técnica es un organismo gubernamental, muy atacado y desfinanciado durante el gobierno de Milei, siendo atacado previamente en campaña presidencial. que logró que todo el país estuviese mirando en tiempo real durante semanas una expedición al fondo del océano atlántico, dónde la estrella de mar culona se volvió un símbolo de resistencia política y de reconocimiento de la ciencia y la técnica aplicada mejorar la vida.Una reivindicación popular de la ciencia y la educación que pone a la estrella culona como símbolo de resistencia y oposición al gobierno. Presentándose a través de pins, tazas, remeras y peluches.

8 Hava Nagila canción del pueblo judio con la que Milei abrió el show que realizó previo a las votaciones legislativas en un claro apoyo a Israel, ratificando su posición en relacion al genocidio en Gaza.

9 Peluca es un apodo que recibe el presidente por su cabellera extraña y abundante.

10 El Brócoli es una verdura que fue arrojada en campaña legislativa a la caravana de Milei en Lomas de Zamora, sur del conurbano bonaerense.

11 Huevos de dinosaurio (vivo!) se refiere a dos momentos una exploración del CONICET de septiembre de 2025 donde se encontró un huevo de dinosaurio, y la frase famosa de una conductora argentina de televisión ex vedette que cuando le hablaron de descubrimientos arqueológicos de restos fósiles de dinosaurios, preguntó si estaban vivos. En el programa de T.V: ¡Hola Susana! de 1993.

12 Tilinguería palabra usada en argentina y otros países, se refiere a personas que pretenden aparentar más de la clase social a la que pertenecen, que tiene opiniones superficiales, poca sensibilidad y mal gusto.

13 Era sabido que Macri y Milei al inicio del gobierno de LLA se reúnen a comer milanesas y que el presidente le tiene fobia a las papas fritas.

14 La papa en la boca es una forma de referirse a las personas que hablan como chetos, y Macri es una de ellas. La sartén por el mango es un dicho local que quiere decir que, quien tiene la “sartén por el mango”, tiene el poder.

15 Joseph Stiglitz es un economista estadounidense conocido por sus trabajos sobre temas como la globalización, el desarrollo, la desigualdad y la política económica. Fue economista jefe del Banco Mundial y posteriormente se convirtió en un agudo crítico de las instituciones financieras internacionales.

16 Falopa es una expresión de la juventud actual que hace referencia a algo inventado, fantacioso, y a su vez falopa quiere decir en slang, “droga”.

17 Thor es el perro de Karina Milei y esa frase está extraída del programa neura cuando van ella y su hno con los perros.

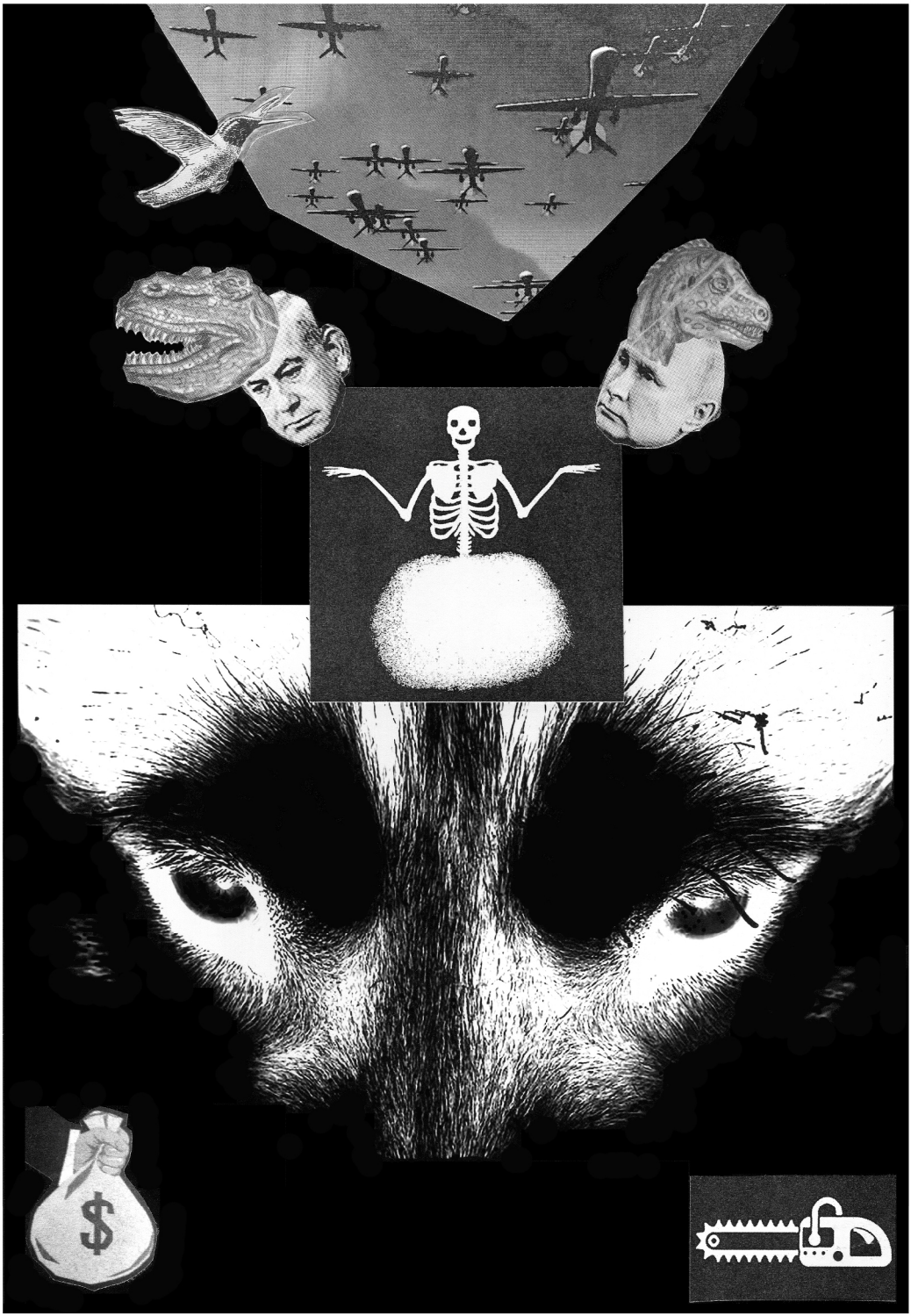
18 Donación de dinero que dijeron iban a dar.

19 “Pasaron cosas”, la famosa frase de Macri cuando le preguntan por la economía en su gobierno. Se usa esa frase en canciones, y de forma coloquial para decir que una persona no se hace cargo de alguna situación que le atañe.

20 Mengolini es el apellido de una periodista feminista atacada por el presidente y por los trolls de la derecha.

21 Yo la metí presa!, se refiere a Cristina Fernandez de Kirchner y a su situación de presa política.

22 ”Entonces el Padre Ubú meneo la cabeza , por lo que desde entonces los ingleses lo llamaron Shakespeare, y teneis de él, bjo ese nombre, muchas hermosas tragedias por escrito” Con esa frase comienza Ubù Rey. Y es el seudónimo con el que decidió firmar la autora, para preservar su identidad.



"Did you really have to dress up as 21st-century police officers and scare her like that? She was shaking all over!" Poor little dog from New York. "She was dressed so ridiculously!" replied a young dog girl from the Villa Naylon school to Doña Maruja's accusation. They were sitting on the stage of the Italian Mutual Aid Association theater in San Miguel, where they were rehearsing a new play. Doña Maruja was carefully examining the script.

Ubú Libertario (Ubú the Libertarian)
By Lorena Fabrizia Bossi

How a certain Ubú imposed a caste system in the former Argentina, cloning a large part of the population. Using as a precedent his precursor clone, the dog Conan and Tik Tok.

She reviewed the casting once more and was quite convinced.

Characters
Pa Ubú: Javier Milei */ interpreted by Colifa Cortés*
Ma Ubú: Karina Milei / *interpreted by Papusa Plumas Blancas*
Captain Borduras: Mauricio Macri / *interpreted by Brezniev junior*
Finance Horse: Ministry of Finance, run by Macri, and now Caputto / *interpreted by Hans el Doberman*
Lackeys of Finance: J.P.Morgan, International Monetary Fund, Clarín Group. / *interpreted by dog choir*
Palatin Bullshit: Minister of Security Patricia Bullrich */ interpreted by Doña Maruja herself.*
Other Palantines: Ministries / *dog choir*
Dogs: Milei's dogs, named by himself, his four-legged children: Conan I is the first English mastiff, whom he does not differentiate from Conan II. The rest are named after economists from the Chicago School: Milton (in honor of Milton Friedman), Murray (in honor of Murray Rothbard), Robert and Lucas (both in honor of Robert Lucas Jr.). / *interpreted by Don Crocini and their toads (because no dog wanted to play them).*
Kukas: Peronists, Kirchnerists */ again the dog choir*
The army: Police, guards and other repressive forces / *Dr. Junten Pulguen, Cuesta and Faulinchen*
Elites: Argentine oligarchy */ dog choir*

The dog choir has a big challenge ahead of them. And the costumes? The set was almost finished. "Bas-reliefs... inlaid with colors that shone with the

brilliance of a recent application. A glorious and organized population..." she smiled, that was how the dog from New York had described it, and yes, that was how it was. They were "a glorious and organized population." The play was about the opposite, one of the worst episodes in human history, and once again Argentina had been in pole position.
"Read the play aloud again so you can memorize it, she ordered the puppies. You, Milton, start."

Scene 1 *Milton began in a firm voice, and the others listened intently.*
Pa Ubú: She-it!
Ma Ubú: Oh! How lovely, Knock it off, Pa, grow up.
Pa Ubú: By my green candle, Ma Ubù! I'll beat you to death!
Ma Ubú: It is those Kukas [2], who are the sect of the evil one on earth, [3] who should be killed!
Pa Ubú: You are right, Ma Ubú! And that damn mental parasite called the welfare state! It resembles a pedophile loose in a kindergarten with children tied up and covered in Vaseline! [4]
Ma Ubú: I still don't understand how you got here! You goddam dummy!, but I´m so horny, Pa Ubú! You turn me on!
Groans can be heard...
Pa Ubú: Oh!!... by the heavenly forces, Ma Ubú! [5]
The room smells like shit and dollar bills.

Dr. Pulguen entered the foyer. Donja Maruja immediately ordered him to recite scene 2. He sighed and began:
Scene 2
Ma Ubú is in the kitchen of the Olivos [6] estate, filling starfish with whipped cream through their butts. All the big-bottomed starfish, freshly plundered from Conicet [7], contract and expand, while Ma Ubú happily hums Hava Nagila [8].
Ma Ubú: Havaaaa Nagila havaa, nagila hava, nagila he he he!!
Captain Bordura and his fellow addicts enter.
Capitán Bordura: Good morning, ma'am! It smells very nice in here... Where is Pa Ubú?
Pa Ubú: Here I am! I guess my wig[9] is big enough for you to see me.
Capitán Bordura addressing his addicts: "Sit down, everyone!" (All the addicts sit down, including the finance horse who has just entered.) "What's good to eat, Ma Ubú?"
Ma Ubú: Today we have a seafood menu, plundered from the scientific community, with a broccoli salad [10], appropriate for the popular movement, and dinosaur eggs (live?) [11] at their best tilinguería[12]...

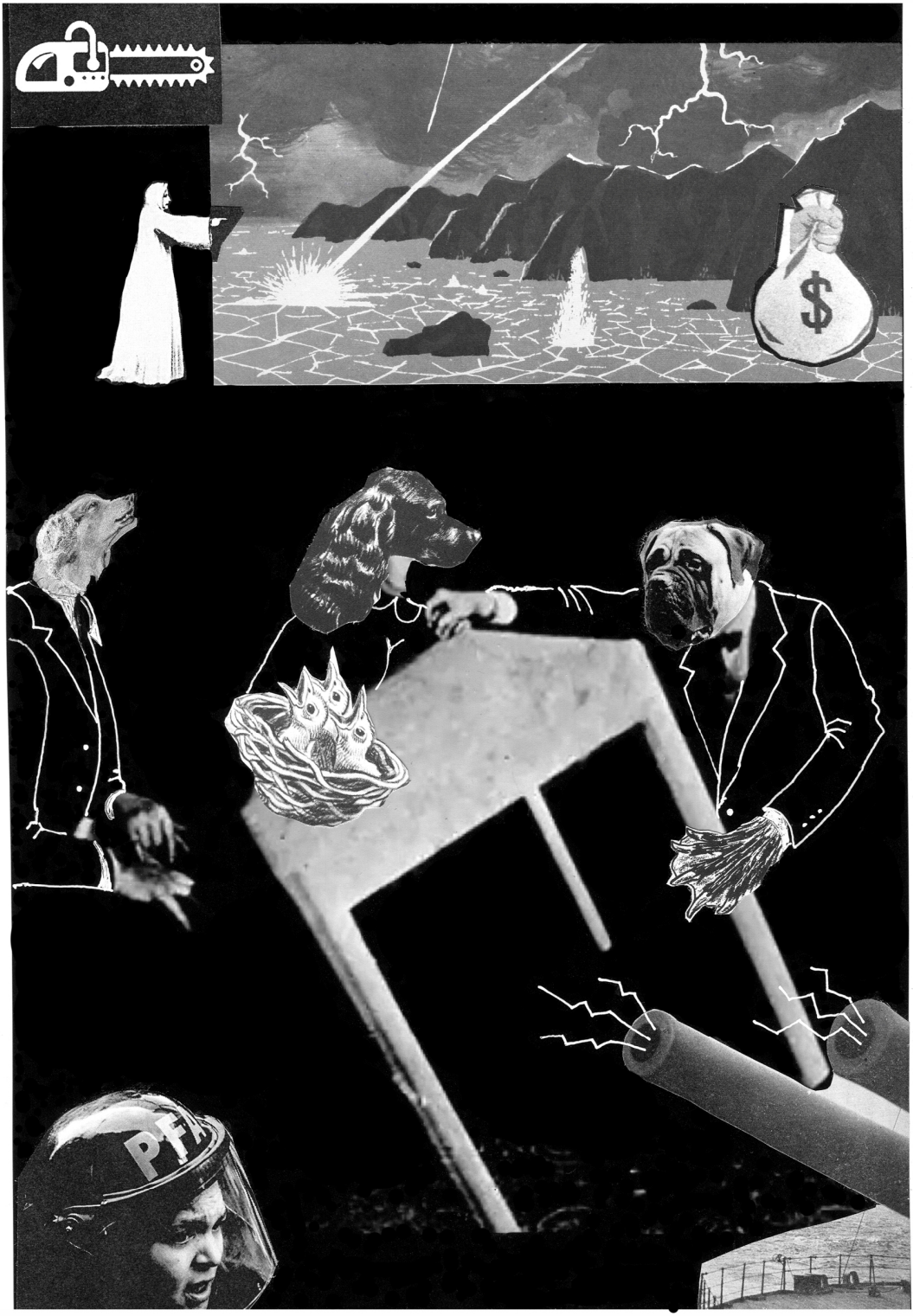
Pa Ubú: Hey! That should be enough. You mean there is more?
Ma Ubú: Moving on. French fries, potatoes in your mouth, and shitty breaded cutlets.[13]
Pa Ubú: Who do you think I am to pay for this meal? A Maharajah?
The puppies laughed at Dr. Pulguen, making funny faces.
Ma Ubú: Shut up and suck your soup instead, you big rascal!
Capitán Bordura: How delicious! I feel like I have the potato in my mouth and the pan in my hand[14]… a tender breaded cutlet I've got! Come on, Finance Horse, take a bite... …. The Finance Horse and the addicts eat off the floor. Their mouths are filled with whipped cream (Sound of a horse tearing apart a starfish).

Who wants to read scene 3? Some paws went up. You, Murray, he pointed to a small border collie, don't be shy.
Scene 3*, a weak voice was heard, which gradually grew louder*. Pa Ubú is seen trying to saddle his finance horse but falls again and again...
Pa Ubú: The economy was rising like a diver's fart... Damn impoverishing lefties! No one is going to touch my financial horse's ass!
The finance lackeys enter.
Pa Ubù: And you?! What are you doing just standing there? Help me, lift me off the floor!
The finance lackeys help him up while Pa Ubù nervously curses them.
Pa Ubú: You, I mean, all of you big pieces of shit, weren't you specialized in crises with or without money? The posh ones, the trading bosses, the strategists. Or is it that filthy scum Stiglitz[15] who comes to proclaim the apocalypse... It's the damn populist disaster!" Let's say, I mean... you're going to end up not being able to sit down!
Ubù joins them, a finance lackey shows him some bogus charts, Ubù gets angry when he sees that the accounts don't add up... he immediately flashes other charts that he tirelessly draws.
(It's Wednesday, night is falling, howls can be heard from humans and animals. The smell of a filthy kennel and unchanging diapers mixes with the smell of pepper spray coming from the street).

He finished to applause. Scene 4, said Doña Maruja, is quite difficult. I'll read it for you, kids. Listen up!
To the rhythm of the song Dame fuego by the popular singer Sandro de América, Pa Ubú can be heard singing while choreographing a dance with his five four-legged children... in an imaginary kennel, all dressed up in fancy costumes for the opera.

Pa Ubú: Give me dogs, give me dogs! Give me dogs, give me dogs! Give me dogs, give me dogs! Give me the clone of your love!...Aú!!
Palantin Bullshit (Entering alongside other Palantins, the Foreign Minister from outside, Minister of injustice among others) Pa Ubú! I didn't expect to surprise you him rehearsing for the Movistar Arena show.
Dogs: (unísono): Aúúúúúú!
Pa Ubú, not paying attention, dazed, addressing his dog Conan II:
Come on, son! Come on, son! Do you want some water, son? Take your time drinking, son... Take your time drinking, okay, son?.... I'm getting distracted. [16]
Palantin of Injustice: Sir, here are Milton, Lucas, Murray and Robert! He points to the other dogs while petting Conan II.
Pa Ubú, turning to the Palotino of injustice and referring to his dogs:
You have the privilege of touching a legend...
Dogs unísono: Aúúúúúú!uuu
Ma Ubú, entering, with the presidential baton in her hand and accompanied by her dog Thor[18]: By the powers of heaven! The feet of your five children are carved into the baton!
She approaches Captain Bordura, horny as a bitch in heat, saying: "Thor wants cuddles, Captain, Palatines. I'm telling you that we're going to donate a few pesos to the dog shelters." [19]
Captain Bordura and the dogs unísono- Aúúúúúú!
Pa Ubú: "More money? Forget it!
Ma Ubú: Without my efforts, you would have nothing, not 3% or 10%, not the scams, not the farafa... not even this horn on your belly that you are known for, Pa Ubú.
Dogs (unisono): Aúúúúúú!
Captain Bordura: I'm leaving before something happens. [20] Leaving in a nonchalant manner, followed by the ghost of Conan I.
Palantine Bullshit: But we're all talibanized! Controlling the adjustment with clean blows in the street. We could use these reincarnated dogs at the forefront of the forces of heaven to repress pensioners, university students, disabled people, and Russians who are besieging us on all sides in Congress. There's no longer enough weed to keep my army active.
Pa Ubú, distracted by his business with the dogs, with the face of a good man, he talks to his four-legged children: How difficult it is to maneuver them!
Addressing Conan II: Put your head on the table, move it a bit so they can see that you're real. Come on, son! Move your little head so they can see that you're real!
Conan I (who returns) and Conan II (unísono): Aúúúúúú!

Palantine of Foreign Affairs: Resuming, Sir...
(He is interrupted by the army, which enters abruptly.)
The Army (entering, they salute and exclaim): The army is with you, Pa Ubú, our great financier
Pa Ubú: Speak up, you brownies!
The Army: Pa Ubú , Ma Ubú… The Russians, communists, impoverishing leftists, kukas, and those diasporas are wreaking havoc out there!
Pa Ubú: Bunch of shitheads, city slickers, they need this to go wrong. They are mental parasites, they have a low IQ, they are mean and incompetent, all they want is to destroy … they're as shitty as those stuffed journalists who only care about being part of the elite. The evil pygmy, Stalin's protégé [21] The damn lefties Mengolinis of life. They've called me homophobic, zoophilic!
Shouting excitedly: Mandrills, I put them in prison, I put them in prison!! [22]
Ma Ubú (interrupting): Let's try to mind our own business, Pa Ubú. That's what we came here for. Our gang of lackeys and the people we rule over are demanding percentages, gold, lithium, water, and rare earths.
Pa Ubú: I'm wetting my pants. Forward, shit-aroni! Kill, spill, bleed, massacred! Ubi´s horn. Out with speed! Everyone to the brainwashing machine!
Dogs unísono: Aúúúúúú!
Ma Ubú gathers her tarot cards and begins to recite a spell. She puts the dogs in a circle, with Conan II in the center, who has the voice of God, and begins to recite in a low voice, gradually increasing in volume. The finance horse, the Palantines, the lackeys, Captain Bordura and his addicts join the circle, and some nobles from Singapore, the United Arab Emirates, the Cayman Islands, among others, connect via video conference.
Ma Ubú (entering a trance): By the powers of heaven! May the tweets come to save us. May the ideas of freedom be voted on, may the chainsaw be activated, may this time of revelation destroy social justice, may the caste system be imposed on the former Argentina. (Looking at Pa Ubú with a sideways glance) Pray, Pa Ubù, pray!
Dogs unísono: Aúúúúúú!
Pa Ubú (praying): May the North support the ideas of freedom, damn it! May the drug lords intervene in the culture and the parasitic people full of kukas, may the shitty woke feminazis suffer. May the roar of the mouse spread. May all young brains and some old farts be cloned like my dogs until they become a true caste society without social advancement, without


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health, without education, without science, without public works, without industry, without rules, without congress, without democracy, without politics, without memory, without culture.
Palantines (cheering): Long live the brainwashing machine! Ipip. Out with Ipip, out with Ipip! This measure is a 20-item version of the original 50-item International Personality Item Pool (IPIP) measure. It is used in some national longitudinal studies, such as the National Longitudinal Study of Adolescent to Adult Health (Add Health).
One of the nobles from the meeting can be heard loudly because he forgot to mute his microphone.
Noble: "The Argentine people are suffering, but they know that this is the only way forward."
(Laughter can be heard from the forum of other nobles from the meeting in their respective tax havens).
Everyone (unisono): Aúúúúúú!uu.
(The smell of burnt flesh from the pampas of Exargentina in the air).

End, written by LFB[23].

Doña Maruja finished reading: Practice the Aúúúúúú and remember the foot marks. The puppy class left. They had to take the subway again to attend their next class, which took place at the UBA.

1 It refers to the dollar and dollarization, which was Milei's political campaign.
2 Kukas: A derogatory term used by the right and the libertarian far right to refer to Kirchnerism, as the word Kukas in Argentina is synonymous with cockroaches.
3 This is how Milei referred to Pope Francis before being elected president.
4 This is a direct quote from Milei referring to the state, from a television interview with Luis Novaresio in 2018.
5 Forces of Heaven is how libertarians refer to themselves in contrast to the orcs or forces of the earth, a derogatory term they use to refer to those who do not share their political views, alluding to Tolkien.
6 La Quinta de Olivos is the presidential residence, where the kennels for the royal and imaginary dogs are located.
7 The whipped cream refers to Karina Milei's job as a pastry chef before she became secretary to the president.
CONICET, the National Scientific and Technical Research Council, is a government agency that was heavily attacked and defunded during Milei's administration, having previously been targeted during the presidential campaign. It managed to keep the entire country watching in real time for weeks as an expedition to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, where the big-bottomed starfish became a symbol of political resistance and recognition of science and technology applied to improving life. A popular vindication of science and education that makes the big-bottomed starfish a symbol of resistance and opposition to the government. It is represented on pins, mugs, T-shirts, and stuffed animals.

8 Hava Nagila, a song of the Jewish people, with which Milei opened the show he performed prior to the legislative elections in clear support of Israel, confirming his position on the genocide in Gaza.
9 Peluca is a nickname given to the president because of his strange and abundant hair.
10 El Brócoli (The Broccoli) is a vegetable that was thrown at Milei's campaign caravan in Lomas de Zamora, south of Buenos Aires, during the legislative campaign.
11 Dinosaur eggs (alive!) refers to two moments: a CONICET exploration in September 2025 where a dinosaur egg was found, and the famous phrase of an Argentine television host and former showgirl who, when told about archaeological discoveries of dinosaur fossils, asked if they were alive. On the TV show Hola Susana! in 1993.
12 Tilinguería is a word used in Argentina and other countries to refer to people who try to appear to belong to a higher social class than they actually do, who have superficial opinions, little sensitivity, and bad taste.
13 It is well known that Macri and Milei used to meet for milanesas at the beginning of LLA's administration and that the president has a phobia of French fries.
14 La papa en la boca (the potato in the mouth) is a way of referring to people who speak like chetos, and Macri is one of them. La sartén por el mango (the frying pan by the handle) is a local saying that means that whoever has the “frying pan by the handle” has the power.
15 Joseph Stiglitz is an American economist known for his work on topics such as globalization, development, inequality, and economic policy. He was chief economist at the World Bank and later became a sharp critic of international financial institutions.
16 Taken verbatim from the interview with Neuramedia, where Milei takes his dog.
18 Thor is Karina Milei's dog, and that phrase is taken from Neuramedia when she and her brother go out with the dogs.
19 Donation of money that they said they were going to give.
20 “Things happened,” Macri's famous phrase when asked about the economy under his government. That phrase is used in songs and colloquially to say that a person is not taking responsibility for a situation that concerns them.
21 Mengolini is the surname of a feminist journalist attacked by the president and right-wing trolls.
22 “I put her in prison!” refers to Cristina Fernandez de Kirchner and her situation as a political prisoner.
23 Then Pa Ubù shook his head, which is why the English have since called him Shakespeare, and you have many beautiful tragedies written by him under that name." That is how Ubù Roi begins. And it is the pseudonym the author decided to use to preserve her identity.

At the UBA one staircase was still intact. Books that could be saved from the great rationalization by Google were stacked in the seminar rooms on the third floor. A Papillon dog was waiting for them in the last room. "Continental Toy Spaniel", she insisted, because she found Papillon too diminutive, "...and besides, I would like you to call me Dr. phil. infelix Austria," she added. She could be very ´continental´ indeed. The dog puppies were always amazed by her crinoline; how could she put on that large round fabric lampshade without the help of chambermaid dogs? On her head, however, she wore a large turban with feathers, emeralds, and golden patterns that seemed to move when you looked at them for too long when you were tired in class. She was the most fascinating and sorrowfull history teacher you could imagine.
She had recently fled Vienna to escape what they called the War of Plumes. This referred to the chatbots that pretended to be close friends and left people alone by trapping them in radical moralization depending on their client. They only talked to themselves anymore. At some point, the chatbots' algorithms had become independent and reacted extremely to world news about Edizonege. "And then people started to go crazy, tearing posters off the walls, crumpling them into clouds of paper, and eating books, not like Google's shredders, but like childish spies destroying news to get rid of it, as if facts were only words on paper and the paper were a document of facts.... " she sighed, "and that brings us to absolutism."
She raised her paw—no one could raise their paw more imperiously. "Concentration, please!" Everyone sat down and was immediately silent.

Apocalyptic Dogs
By Ruby Sircar

1789. After centuries of godly surveillance and heavenly rule the first bloody modern cry for manly saviours, raised by the intelligence and the working masses, not only set free all men born as white, educated and wealthy males, playing their ennui by reassembling chess moves, but also a horde of heaven-sent beasts. The dogs of the ruling classes and those seated socially akimbo. Did you ever wonder what happened to all the colonized black slaves, depicted in Baroque French pictures, holding fresh cut roses, coral necklaces, embroidered handkerchiefs and coffee cups and those yappy-lappy dogs all dressed up and well groomed? Well, the French Revolution set them free in the 1790s to roam the world at will and starve to death, feed on rats and multiply at leisure, while their masters and mistresses met their end at the guillotine. At least this was the case for the dogs. The slaves were set free to run for their lives too, but their destiny

took a more abominable turn: six years of freedom and then back to the slave shed with the prevailing ruling class under Napoleon.

Milton sat up straight and whistled La Marseillaise with his hand on his belly. "Get rich!" Murray interjected, "buy shares in the Compagnie des Indes occidentales!" They had really learned a lot already.

But what about you?, she continued, what about the furry companion species left behind by the aristocrats? Just imagine dogs countering our schoolbook knowledge. A bloody revolution? Yes. Obviously for all humans involved who were unable to adapt according to the wishes of bored educated French male citizens. For our freed canine friends Paris turned into a fluffy white cloud of cuteness by the fashionista pet puppies of the decade. White lap dogs flooding the streets in anarchist cells. Reorganising their lives, they learned to survive the ancien regime and then the regime of terror. And then those well-educated masters of survival were picked up by other roaming folk and turned into fluffy white circus doggies. Coming from the depths of Vienna, the birthplace of Marie Antoinette ...

Some rolled their eyes a little, but most were patient and used to the repetitions of sad migrants.

.

.. I wonder who gifted her Thisbe, one of her beloved pre-papillon Spaniels, which were in fashion along with other white dogs, the Maltese. Thisbe is apparently one of the very few dogs which perished along with its owner as she couldn't keep herself from howling out loud when the queen's head hit the road. To silence her a guard cut her down as well.

She pretended she needed to adjust her turban.

So, as to common knowledge: apart from the Spaniel the Maltese survived. Even though they went out of fashion, just as aristocracy did at the end of the 18th century. Nevertheless, if you are to walk one of these days in the early 21st century Vienna's streets you will notice that, amongst lamenting crowds about climate crisis and the end of the world and our democracy, a dog breed has claimed its way back to fashion: the Maltese and its sibling breeds. Fluffy clever white dogs of the bourgeoisie and the wannabe, the academic working class. As an aesthetic analyst I would deem this a sign of a dystopian future for the systems as we know it. A repetition of history for falling regimes. Regimes which were too sure of themselves missing the moment to leave the road to redemption and heading right for the carcass of

the world's end. I love those little white devils, following them through our immediate history and realising that they might be also found in other systems just before them being toppled.
Growing up in 1980s Germany I always wondered why my parents refused to have dogs.

She smiled thoughtfully. Everyone knew they would now be leaving the curriculum and continental Europe behind.

Only after realising that they lost their dogs through refugee biographies I understood that setting the dogs free and allowing them to tend their own ways, organising themselves outside men-made political systems was a trauma they both shared. As I already told you about European Spaniels (and yes, my mother owned one as well) let's switch to the South-Asian dogs my father grew up with. Kalu and Bhulu. The black dog and the ghost dog. I imagine they had a very comfortable life while living with an active child in rural Bengal, until Kalu was killed and Bhulu became the child's sole companion.
Then 1947 hit and the British rule over its dominion Hindustan changed dramatically. India was cut from its princely defined borders and Mughal empire shape into Pakistan, East Pakistan and India. Forced mass migration for Muslims from India into the armpit regions of the two Pakistans. Bengal was split in half and my father left with his parents to seemingly safe haven, newfound India. But forget human flight and refuge. Slaughter and betrayal by neighbours and beloved ones. Let's talk about the dogs left behind. Dogs that my uncles mourned while sitting in our darkened living-room, engulfed in heavy smoke, liquors and Sufi music. Dogs which seemed centre pieces of migrant depressions and longings of home. Dogs they wouldn't buy their children – as Europe promised even less to the dogs then the dominion had done. Dogs which were the sign-carriers of a new age called postcoloniality.

Not a sound could be heard. They listened in rapt attention.

I guess the dogs couldn't care less. Even though I would listen multiple times to the story on how Bhulu would greet my father after three years of exile and then parade her children in front of him to proudly mark her fit survival. Building a cell of her own, independent of paradigms dictated to her by the princely household of her master. Obviously not missing his voice.

She stared intently at the classroom, as if to steady herself, and barked, "Which of you knows Bakunin?" Some timidly raised their paws and were rewarded with a reassuring growl.

Only when my history teacher at school in Germany introduced my peers and me to Bakunin and we, well fed and cared for capitalist punks, decided to build a cell of our own and failed, tails tugged between our legs, I remembered the possibilities offered by those guardian ghost dogs which were the harbingers of a new age of missed possibilities. They were successful in times when humanoid life forms failed to fend off new systems replacing old one's but only through formats which catered to further elites and didn't support a possible more inclusive and equal social everyday form. I began to realise that they were the real descendants of pure anarchist life forms.

"Just like us," Papusita barked, cheeky and proud, a small, exemplary mastiff. She was not scolded.

While my Asian uncles - meanwhile migrated to in Germany - mourned their lost canine friends. I stepped boldly over the ghost dogs carved into the derasar tempel's threshold on my visit to Rajastan. They were the gate keepers to equality. Otherworldly revolutionary dogs. Hounds of Hell, my mother would whisper. They looked like dragons. 2600-year-old reminders of a successful uprisal against brahmin domination and a rigid caste system. They naturally had secured their place as safe keepers to an institution which guaranteed philosophic anarchic systems. A social practice I had learned to fear but also to regard as an auspicious spirit when trained to survive. An older form of anarchy which is not taught in modernist history but is neglected as religious philosophy. Another missed possibility.

She sighed into the air. And that was the moment to lose oneself in the ornaments of her turban.

Those pre-Judaic religions were more structuring aids for social everyday performances and not believes. Pressing them into religious moulds was just a colonizing trick to understand their value within a capitalist school of thought. Unlike other philosophic reform movements on the subcontinent, which were included into the Hindu multitude of deities, such as restructuring caste dominances by Gautama Buddha who was turned into another avatar of Vishnu. The lord of the moment. Now, the anarchic philosophic idea and lived social everyday of Jainism, which has no deity

let alone God, only survived by tending to the anarchic principles guarded by the dogs on its temple's steps: ahimsa and aparigraha. Absolute non-violence and non-possession. Opting for non-state structures.

A brief fixation on the previous Bakunin paws.

Wondering from a Bakunian perspective I would still like to get the key from those dogs regarding the knowledge on how to build an alternative social structure which renders the state superfluous, not asking for the need of a bloodshed. But maybe those dogs cast in marble and blessed by sandal, saffron and milk greetings every morning are utopian anarchist dreamers. Even though the ancient philosophy they protect is the root of all anarchist thought in South Asia – dreaming of a utopian time, imagining a life at peace with nature, advocating self-sufficiency, respect of all other life forms, being content and avoiding conflict. A stateless society without coercion.

As at Villa Naylon and Dr. Pulguen's veterinary clinic, a few barked in eagerly.

Just like this, look, human children imagine the dogs to be dragons. They bared their fangs. But they smile. It's not threatening. They are warding off privileges and inviting you to enter absolute bliss. As in the end there is no karmic Hindu hell or individual heavenly Nirvana or never-ending Catholic purgatory. No one to judge. You enter under the supervision of dogs the state of universal soul, knowledge and loss of self. Moksha. Where anarchism is no longer forced to operate in cells but becomes all. Hallelujah. I have waited so long for the moment when these white ghost dogs will dispel all clouds of secret privileges like horsemen of the apocalypse and finally secure equality for all in peace. Colifa and Doña Maruja are my idols. They are beings of the threshold. And they are not the guard dogs of Hel from the Edda or Cerberus from Hades.

The dog class listened, nodding patiently. She wasn't the only migrant rescued by the wormholes. Death still lurked close behind.

There is no individual afterlife to fear or aspire. Bowing to them upon entering holy ground, asking for refuge and touching their heads, I step into the cool shade of atheist praying rituals, cleansing myself with a sandal tilak, sitting on the derasar's cool floor. Studying. Preparing to serve a calm and lenient society. Together.

She looked at the puppies with emotion, who were lost faraway in the ornaments of her turban. They were really moving.

The Hounds of Hell are my constant reminder, watching carefully on, as I stumble through my thoughts on the temple floor. Tracing almonds and rice while meditating: the apocalypse as we know it today is a colonial product to keep change at bay and frighten us into believing that all changes will end in hell bound disasters. I am looking forward to finally entering the space of pure anarchy. Dancing with dogs on top of the world and howling out to moksha's gateway. The crescent which promises open access to all willing minds. Hail to my reliable and constant companions.

She pointed to the new stack of rescued books she had selected for them this time.

A species which not only saved the day for Harraway but also for Thoreau, Ginsberg, Russel, Souchy, Gupta and all of Begumpura. A land without sorrow. By next week, each of you will have read one. I expect short and insightful summaries.

Still a little dazed but also deeply inspired, everyone took a copy and made their way home.
Some of them lived in Olivos. They got off at Mitre and avoided Corrientes, on the corner of Tucuman, where there was a residential tower that was said to snow from. The snowflakes were said to be so poisonous that if they touched them, they would destroy not only themselves but their entire world. They would think that it was the same everywhere in the world, that there was no escape, that the membrane of the dimension that surrounded them would burst like a bubble if they came into contact with the snowflakes. The sidewalk was now cordoned off; sometimes you could see dogs and even reptiles picking up the snowflakes with their paws and claws bound together.

En la UBA, una escalera seguía intacta. Los libros que pudieron salvarse de la gran racionalización de Google estaban apilados en las salas de seminarios del tercer piso. Una perra papillón los esperaba en la última sala. Continental Toy Spaniel, insistía ella, porque encontraba que papillón era demasiado diminuto, «... y además, me gustaría que me llamaran Dra. phil. infelix Austria», añadía. Podía ser muy «continental», sin duda. Los cachorros de perro siempre se sorprendían por su crinolina; ¿cómo podía ponerse esa gran pantalla de tela redonda sin la ayuda de los perros de la camarera? Sin embargo, en la cabeza llevaba un gran turbante con plumas, esmeraldas y motivos dorados que parecían moverse cuando los mirabas demasiado tiempo cuando estabas cansado en clase. Era la profesora de historia más fascinante y triste que se pueda imaginar.
Recientemente había huido de Viena para escapar de lo que llamaban la Guerra de las Plumas. Se referían a los chatbots que fingían ser amigos íntimos y dejaban a la gente sola atrapándola en una moralización radical dependiendo de su cliente. Ya solo hablaban consigo mismos. En algún momento, los algoritmos de los chatbots se habían vuelto independientes y reaccionaban de forma extrema a las noticias mundiales sobre Edizonege. «Y entonces la gente empezó a volverse loca, arrancando carteles de las paredes, arrugándolos hasta convertirlos en nubes de papel y comiéndose los libros, no como las trituradoras de Google, sino como espías infantiles que destruyen las noticias para deshacerse de ellas, como si los hechos fueran solo palabras en papel y el papel fuera un documento de hechos... —suspiró—, y eso nos lleva al absolutismo». Levantó la pata, nadie podía levantar la pata con más imperiosidad. «¡Concentración, por favor!». Todos se sentaron y se quedaron en silencio inmediatamente.

Perros apocalípticos
por Ruby Sircar

La perra Papillon Dr. phil infelix Austria imparte una clase de historia en la ex UBA de Buenos Aires. Trata sobre la Revolución Francesa, el capitalismo burgués y la división de la India, los perros Kalu y Bhulu y los perros dragón a la entrada del templo, ahimsa y aparigraha, siguiendo los principios anárquicos: no violencia y no posesión. Optar por estructuras no estatales.
Aún un poco aturdidos, pero también profundamente inspirados, todos cogieron una copia y se dirigieron a casa.
De camino a casa, los alumnos tienen que pasar por una torre residencial de la que caen peligrosos cristales de nieve. La acera estaba cerrada y, a veces, se veían algunos perros y reptiles recogiendo los cristales con las



patas y las garras vendadas. Se decía que los copos de nieve eran tan venenosos que, si los tocaban, destruirían no solo a ellos mismos, sino todo su mundo. Te hacían creer que era igual en todas partes del mundo, que no había escapatoria, que la membrana de la dimensión que los rodeaba estallaría como una burbuja si entraban en contacto con los copos de nieve.

Diario de a bordo / Papel / Escupitajos / Ventisca /
17 de abril de 2024 – 30 de noviembre de 2025
Por Gabriela Massuh

17 de abril
En la nueva Argentina que impulsa el ultraderechista Javier Milei, los investigadores son calificados de "parásitos".
El sistema argentino de ciencia y tecnología enfrenta el peor ajuste en su historia, entre despidos arbitrarios, recortes de becas y fondos para financiar proyectos, y falta de recursos para sostener los institutos.
https://elpais.com/america-futura/2024-04-17/el-ajuste-de-milei-asfixia-a-la-ciencia-investigadores-temen-nueva-fuga-de-cerebros.html

Recordaba perfectamente el día en que lo habían leído. Era el 17 de abril. Estaba sentada erguida, con la cola enrollada alrededor de las patas, sobre el chal de cachemira que cubría el gran escritorio del apartamento de Corrientes, esquina Tucumán, 7, piso 11, donde llevaba años ocupando un lugar junto a su ama. La noticia era la última de una serie que no había cesado desde el 10 de diciembre. Ya era suficiente. Las palabras, los gestos, incluso levantar las cejas y los bigotes, hacía tiempo que eran innecesarios entre ellas. Decidieron poner fin a las noticias, eliminarlas definitivamente del mundo, exterminarlas, sí, como los parásitos que antes devoraban los libros (sonrieron, cada una a su manera, con amargura) o como los espías en peligro extremo. Se encendió la impresora, las hojas de papel cayeron sobre la alfombra, se necesitaron unas tijeras, luego se masticaron las tiras lenta y constantemente y... simplemente no funcionó. No podían tragárselas. Y así surgió la división del trabajo, que ahora llevaban meses realizando. Las noticias se veían juntas en la pantalla con gélido desprecio, luego se materializaban en papel, se cortaban, se masticaban y se escupían. Ellatenía la tarea de llevar las bolas a la terraza, que era tan ventosa que realmente era difícil permanecer en ella a pesar del esfuerzo constante por plantarlas. Las macetas vacías con los tallos marchitos daban testimonio de ello, tristes y elocuentes.

12 de julio

Volvieron las listas negras. No están formalizadas a través de un ente estatal, pero quienes trabajan en los espacios culturales del Gobierno nacional, saben que "es mejor no hablar de ciertas cosas". La situación fue difundida por el documentalista Goyo Anchou quien presentó un pedido para proyectar un documental en un espacio estatal. La persona del espacio, que trabaja en el lugar desde hace varias gestiones, le contó que **hay temáticas a las que no se les puede dar lugar**:

LGBT 2. FEMINISMOS 3. CRITICAS A LA DICTADURA 4. DEFENSAS DEL GOBIERNO PREVIO. 5 CUALQUIER MENCIÓN POSITIVA DE LA CANTANTE LALI ESPÓSITO.

https://www.pagina12.com.ar/753486-se-acumulan-las-denuncias-de-censura-en-espacios-culturales-/

13 de julio

Lo que no se nombra no existe. El gobierno anuló el lenguaje inclusivo para sus comunicaciones oficiales. Al mismo tiempo, el Instituto Nacional de Tecnología Agropecuaria **prohibió a los trabajadores el uso de términos como "cambio climático", "sustentabilidad", "agrotóxicos", "agroecología", "género", "biodiversidad", "huella de carbono", en todos los documentos del organismo**. Así lo denunciaron desde la Asociación del Personal del Instituto Nacional de Tecnología Agropecuaria (Apinta). Por esta situación, el sindicato pidió explicaciones al Consejo Directivo de la entidad, pero no obtuvo respuestas. De todas formas, el cambio climático, la sustentabilidad, la agroecología y el género, entre otros conceptos que rechazan las autoridades del organismo, seguirán existiendo.

https://www.pagina12.com.ar/751771-el-inta-prohibe-hablar-de-cambio-climatico-y-agroecologia/

4 de agosto

Javier Milei veta tres proyectos de ley que habrían aumentado las pensiones y las prestaciones por discapacidad, lo que ha provocado la indignación de los grupos de defensa y los legisladores que habían aprobado las medidas.

El autodenominado anarcocapitalista afirmó que los proyectos de ley «romperían el equilibrio fiscal del Gobierno» e insistió en que «no había dinero» para financiar las medidas, que el Congreso Nacional había aprobado a principios de julio.

Los jubilados han estado realizando manifestaciones semanales frente al Congreso todos los miércoles, llueva o haya sol. Para anular el veto presidencial se necesitaría una mayoría de dos tercios en el Parlamento. Si eso ocurriera, Milei ya ha anunciado que tiene la intención de impugnar los

proyectos de ley ante los tribunales. Milei también vetó una ley que habría permitido a las mujeres mayores de 60 años 129y a los hombres mayores de 65 jubilarse aunque no hubieran completado los 30 años de cotización necesarios para cobrar la pensión.
El tercer proyecto de ley habría establecido una pensión para las personas con discapacidad y les habría concedido acceso a un programa de atención médica, pero también fue vetado en su totalidad por el presidente de extrema derecha. El Gobierno declaró: **«No hay dinero, y la única manera de hacer que Argentina vuelva a ser grande es a través del esfuerzo y la honestidad, no repitiendo las mismas recetas de siempre»**.
https://www.theguardian.com/world/2025/aug/04/javier-milei-argentina-pensions-disability-benefits-bills

6 de agosto
Alarmante aumento de personas en situación de calle. En algunas ciudades se duplicó. Los municipios reconocen la crisis y responsabilizan la situación económica del país. Murieron 17 personas sin techo en lo que va del invierno.
https://www.eldestapeweb.com/politica/personas-en-situacion-de-calle/alarmante-aumento-del-numero-de-personas-en-situacion-de-calle-en-algunas-ciudades-se-duplico-20248622270#

11 de agosto
La destrucción del desarrollo argentino avanza.
En septiembre, el 95% de los docentes universitarios del país quedarán por debajo de la línea de pobreza por sus sueldos devaluados. Este lunes no habrá inicio de clases por reclamos de mejoras salariales, pero el régimen de Milei insiste en negar aumentos. A pesar de la grave crisis salarial que atraviesan los trabajadores docentes y no docentes de las universidades nacionales, el gobierno de Javier Milei no da respuestas a la caída del 55% de la capacidad adquisitiva.
Los sindicatos universitarios realizarán 5 días de paro y las clases no comenzarán el lunes 12 de agosto como estaba previsto. Es que **más del 80% de los docentes y no docentes quedó bajo la línea de pobreza** y en septiembre ese número escalará al 95% con el pago de ganancias. Desde noviembre, los docentes y no docentes perdieron más del 30% de poder adquisitivo y tuvieron la peor recomposición salarial de los empleados públicos. Próximamente habrá una reunión con el gobierno nacional, pero hay pocas esperanzas de torcer el rumbo de las negociaciones.
https://periferia.com.ar/indicios/en-septiembre-el-95-de-docentes-universitarios-quedara-debajo-de-la-linea-de-pobreza/

11 de agosto

Los juegos del hambre en la era Milei.

Un derrumbe de casi 18 puntos del consumo en hipermercados y del 15% en almacenes. Hay tanta mercadería sin vender que los vencimientos apremian. Un empresario cervecero se quejó de que vende hasta 30% menos que el año pasado. Bebidas es el rubro con el derrumbe más grande y los vencimientos de los productos pasaron de estar en los 6 meses a sólo 2 meses. Como no hay rotación de mercadería, los precios de bebidas y las promociones de casi 2 x 1 son ridículamente bajos. Así y todo, no se vende. En los últimos dos meses casi no hubo aumentos, pero la venta no sube, se cae. El flujo del dinero de las familias se va en impuestos, tarifas, en luz y gas. Y la suba del pasaje de colectivos es mortal.

https://www.pagina12.com.ar/759392-los-juegos-del-hambre-en-la-era-milei

11 de agosto

En la Argentina de Milei y Caputo, comienzan a venderse en forma individual los saquitos de té, las bananas, los huevos, los panes, las manzanas y los tomates ante la imposibilidad que tiene la gente de comprar una caja entera. Hermoso lo que están construyendo.

Por Editor, en X

14 de agosto

Este grave suceso, que perjudica a la democracia en Argentina, debe difundirse. Las fotógrafas Camila Rey y Jazmin Orellana están siendo detenidas por las fuerzas de seguridad. Fueron arrestadas por tomar fotos de la policía mientras golpeaba a jubilados en las veredas. La foto es de Camila Rey.

https://www.reddit.com/r/Republica_Argentina/comments/1mqyilb/se_necesita_difusi%C3%B3n_sobre_este_grave_hecho_que/?tl=en

14 de agosto

En el día de hoy salió el Decreto presidencial que disuelve la CONADI (Comisión Nacional por el Derecho a la Identidad). Ya no se podrá contar con las herramientas del Estado para encontrar nietos desaparecidos. Hoy la prioridad del gobierno es liberar a quienes los secuestraron y entregaron:

El presidente de la Nación Argentina / Decreta: Artículo 1° - Derógase el Decreto N° 715 del 9 de junio de 2004. Aritículo 2°: El presente decreto entrará en vigencia el día siguiente al de su publicación en el BOLETÍN OFICIAL. ARTÍCULO 3° - Comuníquese, publíquese, dese a la DIRECCIÓN NACIONAL DEL REGISTRO OFICIAL Y archívese. MILEI (presidente de la Nación) Mariano Cúneo Libarona (Ministro de Justicia) e. 14/08/2024 N° 53746/24 v. 14/08/2024

17 de agosto
Imputaron al ministro de la Producción y el Desarrollo Económico Sostenible de la provincia del Chaco por permitir el avance sobre el bosque nativo | Habilitó la mayor cantidad de permisos de desmontes en diez años.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/760512-imputaron-al-ministro-de-la-produccion-y-el-desarrollo-econo

20 de agosto
El Gobierno confirmó la parálisis total de fondos en Ciencia y Tecnología.
https://www.tiempoar.com.ar/ta_article/gobierno-paralisis-total-ciencia-tecnologia/

21 de agosto
Santiago Caputo, asesor presidencial sin cargo específico, ordenó vender todos los terrenos del Estado y preparan una mega DNU (Decreto de Necesidad y Urgencia).
Por estas horas el gobierno ultima la redacción de un mega decreto que contendría el listado de todas las propiedades que salen a la venta.
https://www.lapoliticaonline.com/economia/inmuebles-santiago-caputo-bajo-la-orden-de-vender-todo-y-crece-el-malestar-en-las-fuerzas-armadas/

28 de agosto
Mariano Cúneo Libarona, Ministro de justicia de la Nación:
"**Rechazamos la diversidad de identidades sexuales que no se alinean con la biología**".
El Ministro dio un controversial discurso en la comisión de Mujeres y Diversidad de la Cámara de Diputados.
"Nuestro valor es la familia", agregó. Y para justificar su testimonio, dijo: "Che, estoy citando textual al presidente Milei"
https://www.clarin.com/politica/mariano-cuneo-libarona-rechazamos-diversidad-identidades-sexuales-alinean-biologia

3 de septiembre
Silencio de Estado: el Gobierno restringió por decreto el acceso a la información pública
El decreto "atenta contra un derecho esencial del sistema democrático", comentó el constitucionalista Andrés Gil Domínguez. "Con esto, lo que hizo el gobierno que se autodenomina "liberal", fue limitar la libertad de la ciudadanía para preguntar sobre cuestiones de interés público marcando una diferencia arbitraria entre "información pública", y "datos de naturaleza privada", y buscando perseguir a quienes hagan preguntas incómodas bajo la figura de la "mala fe", entre otras cuestiones.

"El Gobierno vuelve a legislar por decreto para restringir el acceso a la información pública", denunció el Centro de Estudios Legales y Sociales (CELS).
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/764403-silencio-de-estado-el-gobierno-restringio-por-decreto-el-acc

5 de septiembre
La ministra de seguridad Patricia Bullrich "israeliza" la represión: Otro miércoles de violentas cargas policiales en la marcha de las y los jubilados. Golpes y gases contra manifestantes solidarios, varias detenciones (videos)
https://www.resumenlatinoamericano.org/2024/09/04/argentina-bullrich-israeliza-la-represion-otro-miercoles-de-violentas-cargas-policiales-en-la-marcha-de-las-y-los-jubilados-golpes-y-gases-contra-manifestantes-solidarios-varias-detenciones/

9 de septiembre
Más de 230 despidos confirman el final del reactor CAREM, desarrollo de un reactor que iba a ser de vanguardia en todo el continente. Se trata de un desarrollo de vanguardia en el continente que colocaba a la Argentina entre los líderes de un mercado estratégico a nivel mundial, compitiendo con grandes actores como Estados Unidos, China y Rusia.
Trabajadores cortaron este lunes la Autopista Panamericana en Zárate, a la altura del acceso al Complejo Atucha, en protesta por la paralización de la obra. La historia y la importancia de un proyecto que iba a ser clave para el país.
https://www.tiempoar.com.ar/ta_article/mas-de-230-despidos-confirman-el-final-del-reactor-carem-un-desarrollo-que-iba-a-ser-de-vanguardia-en-todo-el-continente/

10 de septiembre
Por qué me aumentó tanto la electricidad de un mes a otro: la suba oculta en las facturas de luz. Miles de usuarios en la ciudad y la provincia de Buenos Aires se sorprendieron por los saltos en la facturación de julio, agosto y septiembre, pese a que no hubo un correlato en un mayor consumo ni en un aumento de tarifas.
https://www.eldestapeweb.com/economia/tarifas/por-que-me-aumento-tanto-la-luz-de-un-mes-a-otro-la-suba-oculta-en-las-facturas-202491017210

12 de septiembre
El Gobierno de Milei se ensaña con las personas jubiladas para ejecutar sus recortes sin precedentes. La política de recortes del Estado argentino recae especialmente sobre los jubilados (pensionistas), un segmento que sufre casi un tercio del total del programa de “licuadora y motosierra” de Milei: el Congreso argentino ha ratificado el veto del presidente ultraderechista a un aumento del 8% de las pensiones. En Argentina, la mayoría de los jubilados,

más de cinco millones (de un total de siete millones de pensionados nacionales) cobran la pensión mínima de 234.000 pesos (unos 221 euros) más un bono de 70.000 pesos (66 euros) como compensación para equipararla con la cesta básica. Según el último informe del Centro de Economía Política Argentina (CEPA), al mantener congelado el valor del bono desde marzo de este año las jubilaciones mínimas sufrieron un recorte equivalente a 52.000 pesos (49 euros).
https://www.eldiario.es/internacional/gobierno-milei-ensana-personas-jubiladas-ejecutar-recortes-precedentes_1_11648879.html

13 de septiembre
Un video sobre la última marcha de los jubilados muestra al policía que roció con gas pimienta a la niña de 10 años directamente en el rostro. La imagen desmiente la reacción del Gobierno, que acusó a una manifestante de ser la agresora de la menor y su madre, que se manifestaban por el aumento a los jubilados.
https://www.lanacion.com.ar/politica/un-video-muestra-al-policia-que-rocio-con-gas-pimienta-a-la-nina-de-10-anos-directamente-en-el-nid12092024/

20 de septiembre
El Producto Interno Brutos argentino cae un 3,4 % desde que gobierna Milei. La economía de la #Argentina se desplomó un 3,4 % durante los 6 primeros meses de gobierno de Milei. Construcción e industria fueron los sectores más afectados. Por contra, el sector agrícola creció más de un 80%. (DW)

27 de septiembre
La pobreza en la Argentina de Milei se dispara hasta la cifra más alta en dos décadas. Más de la mitad de la población argentina es pobre, y esto afecta especialmente a la infancia: el 66% de los menores de 14 años son pobres, así como el 60% de los jóvenes de entre 15 y 29 años El Índice de Pobreza en Argentina alcanzó al término del primer semestre de este año el 52,9%, el dato más elevado desde 2003 en el país. Está por encima del 41,7% de finales del año pasado, y del 40,1% de enero a junio de 2023, según se desprende del informe difundido este jueves por el Instituto Nacional de Estadística y Censos (Indec) argentino.
https://www.bbc.com/mundo/articles/cvglwrg1rnpo

2 de octubre
El Gobierno confirmó que es una decisión política retener los fondos para proyectos científicos. **El vocero presidencial Manuel Adorni sostuvo que "lo que no se ejecuta es porque fueron líneas solicitadas y aprobadas con**

anterioridad a este gobierno", por lo que "no tiene absolutamente ningún sentido"
utilizarlas. Existen US$53 millones provenientes de préstamos de organismos multilaterales que se encuentran retenidos. "Nosotros ejecutamos todo lo que consideramos que es correcto". Las palabras del vocero fueron la primera explicación oficial que dio el gobierno de Javier Milei tras la revelación de elDiarioAR acerca de los US$53 millones provenientes de préstamos de organismos multilaterales para el desarrollo de proyectos científicos que se encuentran retenidos y que motivó este lunes la renuncia por "motivos personales" de la presidenta de la Agencia Nacional de Promoción de la Investigación, el Desarrollo Tecnológico y la Innovación (I+D+I).
https://www.eldiarioar.com/unidad-de-investigacion/gobierno-confirmo-decision-politica-retener-fondos-proyectos-cientificos_1_11697913.html

3 de octubre
Adiós a la clase media porteña: en la Ciudad de Buenos Aires ya son mayoría los habitantes pobres y vulnerables. En menos de diez años, la clase media se redujo de un pico de 54,6% al 38,5% de la población.
https://www.clarin.com/economia/adios-clase-media-portena-ciudad-mayoria-habitantes-pobres-vulnerables_0_LPyhrYS0Xm.html

7 de octubre
"Las comunidades indígenas ya no dependerán de un acto administrativo del Estado para existir." **El Gobierno eliminó el Registro Nacional de Comunidades Indígenas, una figura legal establecida por tratados internacionales de derechos humanos**.
De esta forma, busca invisibilizar a los pueblos originarios. El contexto: los territorios comunitarios, las personerías jurídicas y la preexistencia de las comunidades reconocida en la Constitución Nacional.
https://agenciatierraviva.com.ar/las-comunidades-indigenas-no-dependen-de-un-acto-administrativo-del-estado-para-existir/

8 de octubre
El Gobierno Nacional publicó hoy en el Boletín Oficial la eliminación del Fondo Fiduciario para la Protección Ambiental de los Bosques Nativos (FOBOSQUE).
Otra de las tantas malas noticias. Enrique Viale en X
https://boletinoficial.gob.ar/detalleAviso/primera/315308/20241008

8 de octubre
La motosierra llega al agua potable y las cloacas: el Gobierno cierra el

Ente estatal de obras hídricas y saneamiento (ENOHSA). Se ponen en riesgo absoluto las obras de acceso a cloacas y agua en todo el país.
Se perderían 230 puestos de trabajo calificados.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/772956-la-motosierra-llega-al-agua-potable-y-las-cloacas-el-gobiern

8 de octubre
Milei eliminó los fondos fiduciarios de las Ley Bases. “Se facultó al Poder Ejecutivo Nacional a modificar, transformar, unificar, disolver o liquidar los fondos fiduciarios públicos."
Fabio Blanco en X

9 de octubre
En el planeta libertario los niños pueden ir presos a los 9, tienen derecho a apostar o invertir en la bolsa a los 13, trabajar desde cualquier edad e incluso ser vendidos por sus padres. Lo único que no pueden hacer es irse a dormir con un plato de comida caliente en la panza.
Pablo Cerdán en X

14 de octubre
Después de varios años, la Argentina no tendrá delegación oficial en la Feria Internacional del Libro de Frankfurt. El encuentro, clave para el negocio editorial en todo el mundo, comenzará este jueves, pero el Estado argentino estará ausente; no obstante, la Cámara del Libro montará su stand con editoriales locales. La ausencia se explica por la misma razón que tienen los recortes presupuestarios y cierres en otras políticas culturales del Estado argentino: la motosierra.
https://www.lanacion.com.ar/cultura/despues-de-varios-anos-la-argent

16 de octubre
La rebelión de las universidades públicas contra la motosierra de Milei: “Eligió a los estudiantes como enemigos.” Estudiantes y docentes protestan a lo largo de toda Argentina con encierros pacíficos, huelgas, asambleas y clases públicas para reclamar más fondos y mejores salarios.
El Gobierno ultra redobla sus acusaciones sobre supuestos delincuentes en las casas de estudio.
https://elpais.com/argentina/2024-10-16/la-rebelion-de-las-universidades-publicas-contra-la-motosierra-de-milei-eligio-a-los-estudiantes-como-enemigos.html

17 de octubre
Hasta dónde llega el derrumbe del consumo masivo. Con los salarios planchados y los precios aun subiendo alto para semejante recesión, **el gasto**

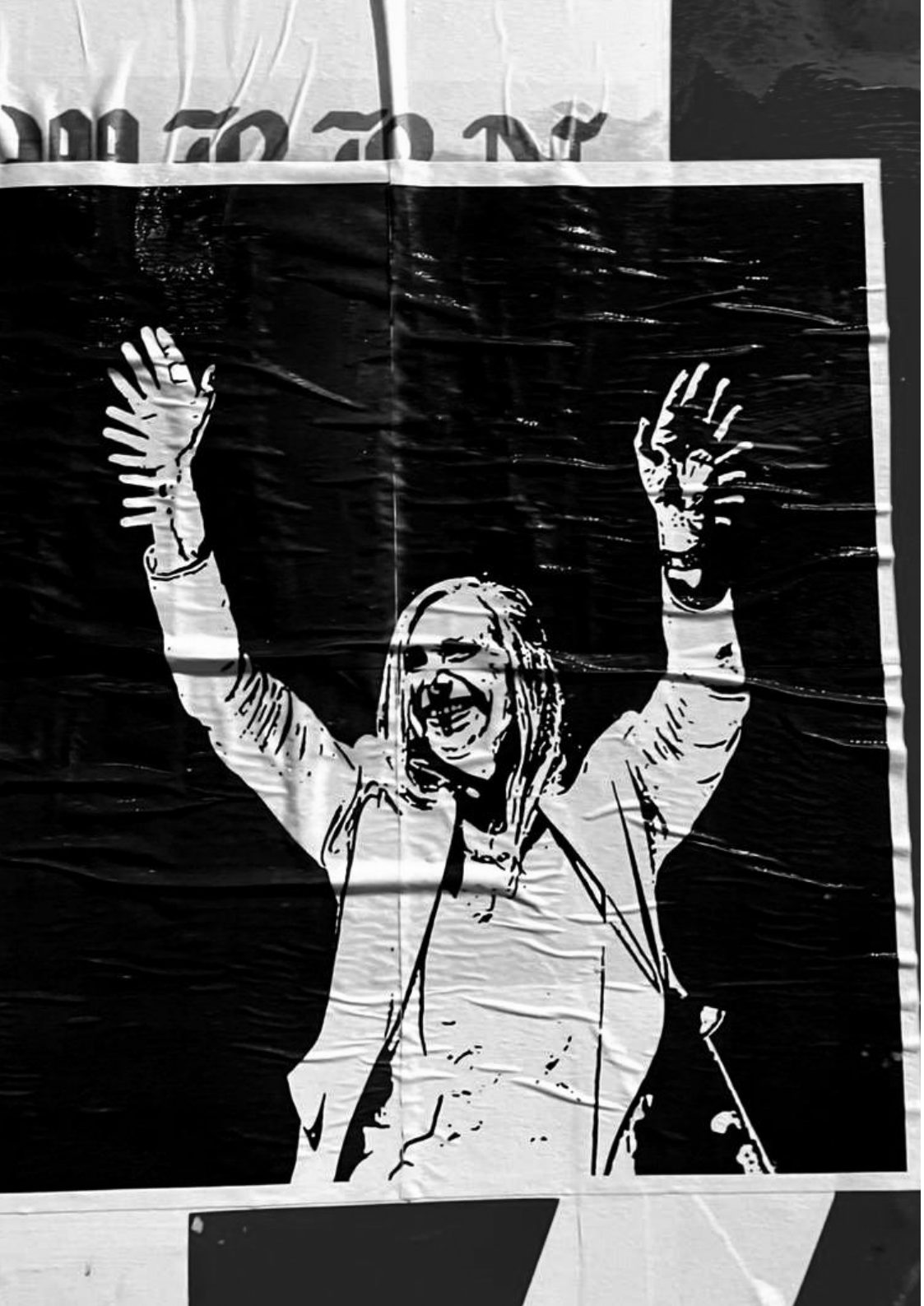
de los hogares acumula nueve meses seguidos de derrumbe. En los comercios barriales, la baja de las ventas fue aún mayor a la de los hipermercados. En el Interior, los números de la crisis son de impacto.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/775177-requiem-para-el-consumo-masivo

17 de octubre
Según un estudio, el recorte del presupuesto educativo de este año fue del 40%. Para el año que viene, en términos reales tendría un incremento del 0,65% respecto a 2024. De acuerdo con el estudio, los fondos representarían el 0,88% del PBI, un porcentaje aún menor que lo destinado este año. En términos reales, el presupuesto educativo se redujo a un 44% en términos reales respecto del año pasado, sin tener en cuenta una inflación anual prevista para 2024 de 138%.
https://www.lanacion.com.ar/sociedad/segun-un-estudio-como-se-compone-el-presupuesto-destinado-a-educacion-para-el-ano-proximo-nid16102024/

20 de octubre
Exclusivo: Argentina cedió a EEUU información privilegiada sobre litio y minerales críticos en el país. La ministra de relaciones exteriores de Javier Milei firmó un Memorándum con Estados Unidos que le otorga a las empresas norteamericanas acceso a información sensible sobre yacimientos en la Argentina. El Destape accedió a detalles de la polémica Alianza para la Seguridad de los Minerales Críticos.
https://www.eldestapeweb.com/economia/libertad-para-el-saqueo/exclusivo-argentina-cedio-a-eeuu-informacion-privilegiada-sobre-litio-en-el-pais-202410200511

21 de octubre
Aumenta el malestar en Cancillería por la "amenazante" carta de Javier Milei al cuerpo diplomático. La "batalla cultural" de Milei esquivó el organigrama oficial para blindar su agenda "anti progresista" en el cuerpo diplomático. En medio de la intervención de Cancillería, dijo que quienes no adhieran a sus ideas deben "dar un paso al costado".
https://www.perfil.com/noticias/politica/crece-el-malestar-en-cancilleria-por-la-amenazante-carta-de-javier-milei-al-cuerpo-diplomatico.phtml

21 de octubre
Surgen signos de una estructura parapolicial al servicio de Milei. Se acumulan graves hechos de violencia provocados en distintas manifestaciones públicas contra el gobierno. A los habituales infiltrados se suman patotas, como la que irrumpió en la Universidad de Quilmes. Qienes son los perpetradores que hasta ahora se pudieron identificar.
https://www.tiempoar.com.ar/politica/estructura-parapolicial-milei/



22 de octubre
El salario docente en el epicentro del conflicto universitario: docentes con diez años de antigüedad cobran $ 200.000 (1 $ = 100 pesos) Los docentes recibieron 90,4% de aumento desde que asumió el gobierno de Javier Milei hasta septiembre. En el mismo período, la inflación ascendió a 152,9%. Pero el porcentaje de aumento, insuficiente a la vista, no explica el problema de fondo, y es que los salarios del sector se encuentran por debajo de la línea de pobreza. En algunos casos, por debajo de la de indigencia. Los gremios denunciaron que estos aumentos fueron otorgados unilateralmente por la cartera educativa sin discusión alguna en negociaciones paritarias.
https://www.tiempoar.com.ar/informacion-general/salario-universitario-docentes/

22 de octubre
Milei disuelve la AFIP (Administración Federal de Ingresos Públicos). En su lugar generó otro organismo, con el argumento que tendrá "menos costos y burocracia".
Desperdirán a más de 3000 personas. Sustituye la antigia AFIP por una nueva Agencia de Recaudación y Control Aduanero (ARCA)
https://www.tiempoar.com.ar/politica/el-gobierno-anuncio-la-disolucion-de-la-afip-para-crear-una-agencia-de-recaudacion-y-control-aduanero/

24 de octubre
Un empleado de la Agencia 6 de AFIP, ubicada en el barrio de Palermo, intentó quitarse la vida arrojándose desde un 9no piso. Esta trágica decisión se da luego que el gobierno haya decidido cerrar la Agencia, dejando a más de 3000 personas sin trabajo.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/777326-un-empleado-de-afip-intento-quitarse-la-vida/

24 de octubre
Lamentable: La segunda minera más grande del planeta, la británica Río Tinto, tomó el control de la explotación del Litio en la Argentina gracias a la política de entrega impulsada por el gobierno de Javier Milei.
https://www.infobae.com/economia/2025/03/12/milei-recibio-al-ceo-de-la-principal-productora-de-litio-en-el-pais-que-confirmo-una-inversion-de-usd-2700-millones/

24 de octubre
El gobierno nacional anunció este miércoles la privatización del Ferrocarril Belgrano Cargas. La decisión oficial fue anunciada por el vocero presidencial Manuel Adorni, quien en su conferencia de prensa adelantó: “Todo lo que se pueda privatizar, se va a privatizar”.
https://www.primerafuente.com.ar/noticias/119871/gobierno-anuncio-privatizacion-ferrocarril-belgrano-cargas

25 de octubre
De Myriam Bregman, diputada de la nación: “Me cuentan trabajadores del Hospital Posadas que a partir de hoy no se entregan opioides a gran parte de los pacientes oncológicos con tratamientos del dolor. Como entra en vigencia otro sistema de recetas, dejan por ejemplo a pacientes de hospitales públicos, con tratamientos ambulatorios, sin acceso simple a drogas para paliativos. Causas: subejecución del presupuesto, despidos, profesiones que renuncian por bajos salarios, residentes extenuados y más alta demanda en guardia y consultorios por la situación social.
Myriam Bregman en X

25 de octubre
Por decreto, Javier Milei puso a la venta 300 inmuebles del Estado. Entre ellos, está el cuadro de estación del ferrocarril San Martín, en Pilar. El Gobierno anterior tenía una proyecto para convertirlo en un espacio público con equipamiento comunitario.
Diego Schejtman en X

25 de octubre
Milei sostiene que esta nueva figura de “absolute Superman” está dedicada a él. La guionista de cómics Gail Simone niega cualquier conexión entre Milei y el superhéroe.
https://www.reddit.com/r/superman/comments/1gefqkb/the_president_of_argentina_thinks_absolute/

29 de octubre
Las empresas de alimentos incrementaron sus ganancias 1300% en seis meses. Porque acá hay ganadores y perdedores. Vos perdés mientras ellos ganan.
https://www.eldestapeweb.com/economia/ajuste/mientras-miles-rascan-la-olla-las-alimenticias-ganaron-1300--20241030057

29 de octubre
El gobierno de Milei recorta un 76% los fondos para el VIH y para ITS (Infecciones de Transmisión Sexual). En medio de una escasez de medicamentos y de reactivos para las personas con VIH, en 2025 el gobierno de la Libertad Avanza pretende recortar hasta el 76 % del presupuesto destinado a la Dirección de Respuesta al VIH, ITS, Hepatitis Virales y Tuberculosis. “La situación es gravísima”, denuncian desde el Frente Nacional por la Salud de las Personas con VIH.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/777019-el-gobierno-de-milei

1 de noviembre
"La República Argentina defenderá los principios del Gobierno en todos los foros internacionales en los que participa. El Poder Ejecutivo iniciará una auditoría del personal de carrera de la Cancillería, con el objetivo de identificar impulsores de agendas enemigas de la libertad". Comunicado Oficial / 1 de noviembre.
A 10 meses del gobierno de Milei: 338% Aumento la nafta; 578% Aumento la electricidad; 958% Aumento de colectivos; 1100% Aumento del subterráneo; 72,5% Aumento el salario minimo vital y movil; 104% Aumento de la jubilación minima.

2 de noviembre
"El silencio positivo". Otro delirio de Sturzenegger, decretos que anuncia casi exclusivamente por X. "Hoy por Decreto 971/24 con firma de @JMilei y @GAFrancosOk dimos un paso trascendental en la aplicación del silencio positivo en los actos administrativos. La Ley Bases cambió el artículo 10 de la ley 19.549 estableciendo que para ciertos trámites, al vencimiento de un plazo dado, el silencio del Estado se tomaría como una aprobación. **Si la administración central no responde una solicitud en un plazo definido, quedará firme el pedido del usuario**.
https://eleconomista.com.ar/politica/el-gobierno-implementa-silencio-administrativo-positivo-tramites-que-cambia-ciudadanos-n79134

2 de noviembre
Milei recortó el envío de medicamentos para pacientes de VIH gestantes que previenen la transmisión vertical de la enfermedad. Organizaciones de pacientes, denuncian que desde junio no se hicieron compras y los hospitales ya no tienen más stock.
https://www.instagram.com/p/DLF7B5TSmY2/

2 de noviembre
El Gobierno eliminará las bases de datos de quienes adhirieron al últimos blanqueo. Quienes adhirieron al blanqueo de capitales no van a figurar en ninguna lista fiscal.
https://www.tiemposur.com.ar/info-general/el-gobierno-eliminara-las-bases-de-datos-de-quienes-adhirieron-al-blanqueo

3 de noviembre
El Gobierno de Javier Milei desmanteló 111 políticas públicas que ponen en peligro la alimentación de la sociedad. El dato se desprende de una investigación realizada por La Fundación Rosa Luxemburgo y el Centro de

Estudios Legales y Sociales (CELS). Una por una las políticas que deterioran cada vez más el acceso a alimentos de calidad.
El Gobierno de Milei avanza con su plan para lograr el superávit fiscal y provoca más pobreza: en el primer semestre de 2024 creció 11,2 puntos y al menos 5.379.588 personas no llegan siquiera a cubrir la canasta básica de alimentos. También hace que sea cada vez más difícil comer bien a la mayoría de los argentinos y argentinas. Entre las medidas que provocaron este flagelo se encuentran el refuerzo en la concentración del sistema agroalimentario argentino, la eliminación de toda política de apoyo a la Agricultura Familiar Campesina Indigena (ACFI), y el abandono del Estado en la asistencia alimentaria.
https://www.eldestapeweb.com/politica/pobreza/el-gobierno-de-javier-milei-desmantelo-111-

Ya era suficiente, estaban tan agotadas como solo unas guerreras pueden estarlo. Perdieron la contención. El coeficiente intelectual de Argentina, según les informaba una ventana emergente, solo ocupaba el puesto 78 en la clasificación mundial. Y entonces cayeron en su agujero negro: ¿no deberían contribuir al producto per cápita del país en lugar de devorar noticias que ya no podían entender? ¿Y por qué ya no podían entender esas noticias? Era obvio.

¿Cuál de las palabras mostradas a continuación es la más cercana en significado a la palabra "tranquilizador"? Misericordioso / consolador / comprensivo / impertinente¿ ¿Cuál de las palabras de más abajo expresa el significado opuesto a la palabra "duro"? cobarde/ estirado / fuerte / débil / masculino? Cuál de las conclusiones a continuación se puede extraer con absoluta certeza en función de las siguientes dos proposiciones? Ningún coleccionista de sellos es arquitecto. Todas las personas aburridas son coleccionistas de sellos. Todos los coleccionistas de sellos son arquitectos. Los arquitectos no son personas aburridas. Los arquitectos no son personas aburridas. Ningún coleccionista de sellos es una persona aburrida. Ningún coleccionista de sellos es una persona aburrida. Algunas personas aburridas son arquitectos.

Por fin, el menú volvió a expulsarlos. No sabían cuánto tiempo habían dedicado a las respuestas, si había algún resultado, ni conocían los puntos ni las Scores. Solo estaban cansados y destrozados por dentro, como madera flotante. Fumaban. Las cenizas volaban por el suelo de la terraza. Dormían mucho tiempo, se despertaban, volvían a dormir y decidían continuar, porque no sabían qué otra cosa hacer.

13 de marzo 2025
Un fotógrafo en coma y decenas de heridos tras el uso de gases lacrimógenos, balas de goma y cañones de agua por parte de la policía contra jubilados. Después de que aficionados al fútbol se unieran a los jubilados en protesta, 124 manifestantes fueron detenidos y 46 personas resultaron heridas en enfrentamientos con las fuerzas de seguridad, entre ellas un fotógrafo que resultó gravemente herido tras recibir un impacto en la cabeza de un bote de gas lacrimógeno. Los jubilados se reúnen cada semana frente al Congreso para exigir un aumento de las pensiones y el restablecimiento de ciertos medicamentos gratuitos, que se han visto afectados por el programa de austeridad del presidente Javier Milei. Esta semana, el número de manifestantes aumentó después de que aficionados de algunos de los clubes de fútbol más importantes del país, como Boca
Juniors y River Plate, se unieran a la manifestación. La violencia estalló rápidamente cuando columnas de policías antidisturbios lanzaron un flujo casi constante de gases lacrimógenos y dispararon cañones de agua y balas de goma contra los manifestantes. Alrededor de las 17:30, los agentes se adentraron en la multitud con motocicletas, apuntando con armas a los manifestantes y provocando la huida de cientos de personas. Un fotógrafo independiente y activista también quedó en estado crítico tras recibir un impacto en la cabeza con un bote de gas lacrimógeno. Según se informa, Pablo Grillo sufrió una fractura de cráneo y pérdida de masa cerebral, y se compartió en Internet una foto gráfica del suceso. El hombre, de 35 años, fue trasladado de urgencia al hospital, donde fue sometido a una intervención quirúrgica de emergencia y permanece en coma inducido.
Photographer in coma after Argentina police hit pensioner protest hard | Argentina | The Guardian y
https://www.swissinfo.ch/spa/fotógrafo-herido-en-marcha-de-jubilados-en-argentina-permanece-estable-tras-nueva-cirugía/89015491

30 de abril
El ministro Federico Sturzenegger se une a nosotros para debatir sobre la labor del Gobierno del presidente Milei en Argentina, con especial atención a la reducción del gasto y la regulación, y al aumento de la eficiencia en el funcionamiento del Gobierno. Sturzenegger habló sobre las nuevas medidas para agilizar y reducir el coste de los trámites: «**Seguimos devolviendoles la libertad a los argentinos**». El ministro de Desregulación y Transformación emitió un comunicado en el que destacaba las resoluciones publicadas este viernes en el Boletín Oficial. **«¿Nos sorprende que un país rico sea tan pobre? Es inevitable si nuestra gente tiene que lidiar con una burocracia Inútil»**, afirmó. Sturzenegger utilizó el término «kafkiano» para describir la «burocracia absurda» que, según él, existe en Argentina.

Beyond the Chainsaw, Deregulation in Argentina, featuring Ferderico Sturzenegger, Minister of Deregulation and Transformation in Argentina, Harvard Kennedy School, Cambridge, 30.04.2025
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OmXrvoW74UI

1 de junio
Las Abuelas de Plaza de Mayo planteamos ante el Juzgado Federal en lo Criminal y Correccional N° 2 de San Martín, a cargo de la Dra. Alicia Vence, la inconstitucionalidad y nulidad del Decreto N° 351/2025, que deja en extrema vulnerabilidad al Banco Nacional de Datos Genéticos (BNDG). Además, solicitamos una medida cautelar de no innovar con el objeto de preservar las muestras biológicas y genéticas del BNDG, y los instrumentos, equipamientos y tecnología utilizada para su salvaguarda y adecuado entrecruzamiento.
(El Banco de Datos Genéticos se centra en identificar a personas desaparecidas e investigar crímenes contra la humanidad, mientras que el registro se dedica a investigaciones criminales. Ambos operan bajo la autoridad del Ministerio de Seguridad y están protegidos por leyes que impiden su uso indebido).
https://www.abuelas.org.ar/prensa-y-difusion/noticias/2085

12 de junio
Patricia Bullrich, Ministra de Seguridad de la Nación, suspendió el Plan Procrear y lo transfirió mediante un «decreto de necesidad y urgencia» a miembros de la policía federal, sin indemnizar a quienes habían pagado las cuotas para acceder a las viviendas
Prometidas por el gobierno anterior.
El plan Procrear era un programa que ofrecía créditos subvencionados para la construcción, compra y renovación de viviendas. Estaba dirigido especialmente a familias con bajos ingresos.
https://infobaires24.com.ar/bullrich-usurpa-viviendas-del-procrear-y-se-las-cede-a-miembros-de-las-fuerzas-de-seguridad/

7 de julio
Mañana eliminan Vialidad Nacional y privatizan más de 9200 Km…
Privatizan las rutas, eliminan el Instituto de Tecnología Agropecuaria, eliminan el Instituto Nacional del Cáncer y de Enfermedades Cardiovasculares. Y no se podrán crear nuevos hospitales Nacionales. ¿Por qué y de una vez no eliminan a los 30 millones de argentinos que le sobran a este modelo económico que solo beneficia a Milei y sus amigos empresarios?
Diputada nacional Florencia Carignano en X

12 de agosto
FENTANILO: 111 fallecidos por el opiáceo contaminado. La mayor responsabilidad civil y penal recae sobre la Administración Nacional de Medicamentos, Alimentos y Tecnología Médica (ANMAT). La falta de control es una idea luminosa de Federico Sturzenegger.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s8ySJ1Qclo0

18 de agosto
Federico Sturzenegger, Ministro de Desregulación, se muestra muy orgulloso de su
motosierra: "El Estado no moderniza; el Estado nos frena. Mi estrategia se basa en eliminar leyes y regulaciones consideradas excesivas, para promover la libertad económica y reducir la burocracia que obstaculiza la actividad productiva. Mi convicción más profunda es el valor de las ideas de libertad".
Ejemplos:
Mega Decreto 585/2025 - Reducción y/o desaparición de los siguientes organismos: Secretaría de Industria y Comercio; Subsecretaría de Política Industrial; INTA - Instituto Nacional de Tecnología agropecuaria; INPI - Instituto Nacional de la Propiedad Industrial; ANSV - Agencia Nacional de Seguridad Vial; INASE - Instituto Nacional De Semillas; INV – Instituto Nacional de Vitivinicultura; Subsecretaría de Transporte Automotor; Ariccame - Agencia Regulatoria de la Industria del Cáñamo y del Cannabis Medicinal; Instituto Nacional de la Agricultura Familiar, Campesina e Indígena; Subsecretaría de Economías Regionales y de Pequeños y Medianos Productores de la Secretaría de Agricultura, Ganadería y Pesca; Subsecretaría de Producción Agropecuaria y Forestal de la Secretaría de Agricultura, Ganadería y Pesca. … *y un largo etcétera*

10 de octubre
Estados Unidos pone en marcha un controvertido plan de rescate financiero para Argentina. El secretario del Tesoro, Scott Bessent, anunció en redes sociales la compra, al tiempo que afirmaba que Estados Unidos había ultimado los términos de un rescate financiero previsto de 20 000 millones de dólares (15 000 millones de libras esterlinas) para el país.
El anuncio contribuyó a impulsar el peso y la deuda argentina en los mercados financieros. Argentina se ha enfrentado a una creciente agitación financiera antes de las elecciones nacionales de mitad de mandato previstas para el 26 de octubre, a medida que aumentan las dudas sobre si los votantes seguirán respaldando el programa de recortes y reformas de libre mercado de Milei tras las recientes derrotas en las elecciones provinciales. El valor del peso ha caído drásticamente en los últimos meses, mientras que los

inversores han estado vendiendo masivamente acciones y bonos argentinos. ... Bessent afirmó que el éxito del «programa de reformas» de Argentina era de «importancia sistémica».
https://www.bbc.com/news/articles/c203vx56lqyo

27 de octubre
El León ha vuelto. Contrariamente a todas las previsiones electorales, el presidente Javier Milei y su partido La Libertad Avanza (LLA) lograron una impresionante victoria en las elecciones parlamentarias de mitad de mandato. El 26 de octubre de 2025 se renovaron la mitad de los escaños de la Cámara de Diputados y un tercio del Senado. LLA obtuvo el 40,74 % de los votos emitidos, mientras que los peronistas, sus principales rivales, solo consiguieron el 31,66 %. La victoria electoral es una sorpresa, ya que el Gobierno libertario ha atravesado en las últimas semanas y meses su crisis más profunda desde que asumió el poder el 10 de diciembre de 2023.
https://www.kas.de/en/country-reports/detail/-/content/the-lion-is-back-javier-milei-triumphs-in-argentina-s-midterm-elections

27 de octubre
Noticias recomendadas / Lista de 4 artículos: 1. Milei, en apuros, se enfrenta a unas elecciones intermedias cruciales en Argentina 2. Mucho en juego para Javier Milei ante las elecciones de mitad de mandato en Argentina 3. Por qué los productores de soja estadounidenses están molestos con el rescate de 20 000 millones de dólares de Trump a Argentina 4. El Banco Central de Argentina afirma que ha firmado un acuerdo de intercambio de divisas por valor de 20 000 millones de dólares con Estados Unidos
https://www.aljazeera.com/news/2025/10/27/mileis-party-wins-big-in-argentina-midte

Este mensaje no fue devorado, sino colgado en la pared

1 de noviembre
Son 2 milliones, récord absoluto: más de 2.000.000 de personas participaron de la 34° marcha del orgullo lgbtq+ argentina 2025: el gobierno de la ciudad de buenos aires confirmó la cifra y aseveró que se trató de la movilización más masiva desde 1983. Un fuerte mensaje contra javier milei.
https://www.instagram.com/p/DQkLAJeEe25/

13 de noviembre
Hasta siempre exportación de vino argentino: "simplificación productiva"
La industria vitivinícola de La Rioja expresa su preocupación por la reciente desregulación de Milei/Sturzenegger tras la derogación de 973 normas del

Instituto Nacional de Vitivinicultura (INV). A pesar de que el sector ya afrontaba una situación crítica, el Poder Ejecutivo argumentó que la medida se adoptó con el objetivo de promover la "simplificación productiva". Los expertos advierten que una desregulación tan amplia podría generar graves deficiencias en el control y la trazabilidad, aspectos clave para garantizar la autenticidad del vino argentino.
https://www.tridge.com/news/concern-in-the-wine-sector-over-the-deregula-mjjxmh

26 de noviembre
La jefa del Comando Sur de Estados Unidos, la general Laura Richardson, acaba de decir en voz alta la verdad: **el objetivo de Estados Unidos en América Latina no es la «democracia», sino controlar el petróleo, el litio, el oro y los minerales raros**. Venezuela, con las mayores reservas de petróleo y recursos estratégicos clave, es el objetivo principal.
Ounka, pic.x.com/4QtuvvA1ke

27 de noviembre
Es tan sumiso y obediente. En Buenos Aires, Milei le dice a Sa'ar que abrirá la embajada en Jerusalén esta primavera.
https://www.timesofisrael.com/liveblog_entry/in-buenos-aires-milei-tells-saar-he-will-open-jerusalem-embassy-this-spring/
27 de noviembre
Por primera vez desde 1983, se nombra ministro de Defensa a un militar. (Su padre nos regaló numerosos desaparecidos.) El actual ministro de Defensa de Argentina es el teniente general Carlos Alberto Presti, nombrado por el presidente Javier Milei en noviembre de 2025, lo que supone la primera vez en décadas que un militar ocupa el cargo. Presti, antiguo jefe del Estado Mayor del Ejército, tiene la misión de continuar con los esfuerzos para reformar las Fuerzas Armadas y, potencialmente, involucrarlas en la lucha contra el narcotráfico.
https://en.mercopress.com/2025/11/24/milei-picks-army-officer-as-defense-minister

4 de diciembre
Cancelan el apoyo a la ciencia y ensombrecen el futuro del país. La Argentina se queda sin ciencia básica: 25.000 investigadores y 1.200 becarios se quedan sin el financiamiento elemental que mantiene la cohesión de los equipos. El presupuesto siempre fue pequeño. La Agencia aportaba 50 millones de dólares para sostener 6.000 proyectos, renovando cada año 1.500 nuevas líneas de trabajo. Ya no tendremos nuestras plataformas de vacunas y terapias oncológicas, ni los estudios de largo plazo que permitieron diseñar políticas para reducir el embarazo infantil. Tampoco existirá la evidencia biológica sobre la unicidad del ecosistema submarino,

argumento central que nos permitió ganar un 37% más de territorio argentino sobre la plataforma atlántica. Sin ciencia básica,
corremos el riesgo de perder toda la cadena.
https://www.clarin.com/opinion/cancelan-apoyo-ciencia-ensombrecen-futuro-pais_0_azc0SQ8tH7.html

26 de diciembre
El artículo 30 del Presupuesto elimina la garantía del 6% del PBI (Producto Interno Bruto) para educación, la inversión progresiva en ciencia y el Fondo Nacional para Escuelas Técnicas. La iniciativa presupuestaria propone un profundo recorte en el área educativa y científica-tecnológica, en contradicción con la obligación legal del Estado de garantizar su funcionamiento.
https://abc.gob.ar/noticias/el-proyecto-de-presupuesto-nacional-2026-pone-en-riesgo-la-educacion-y-el-sistema-de
cyt#:~:text=Dicho%20proyecto%20implica%20un%20grave%20ajuste%20en,lo%20que%20implica%20lisa%20y%20llanamente%20el

30 de diciembre
Milei y Sturzenegger siguen avanzando con la jibarización y vaciamiento del INTI (instituto nacional de tecnología industrial) desmantelando un organismo clave para el desarrollo productivo, la innovación tecnológica y el entramado industrial argentino. El gobierno le quita funciones al Estado para concentrarlas exclusivamente en el sector privado.

1 de enero 2026
Espionaje político en la Argentina. El Gobierno publicó por Decreto de Necesidad y Urgencia una reestructuración de la SIDE (Servicio de Inteligencia del Estado). Todas las actividades serán “encubiertas”. El organismo podrá detener personas e involucrar a las fuerzas armadas en inteligencia interior. Los agentes de la SIDE estarán facultados a aprehender personas, algo que tenían vedado en la Ley 25.520.
Es un paso más que da el Gobierno por romper los consensos edificados al regreso de la
Democracia. La reforma habilita a la SIDE a requerir la asistencia o apoyo técnico y/o logístico por parte de las Fuerzas Armadas, las fuerzas de seguridad federales y las fuerzas policiales.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/2026/01/02/todo-el-poder-para-la-side-podra-detener-personas-e-involucrar-a-las-ffaa-en-inteligencia-interior/

17 de enero
THANK YOU, PRESIDENT @realDonaldTrump @POTUS It is an honor for me to have received tonight the invitation for Argentina to join, as a

Founding Member, the Board of Peace, an organization created by President Trump to promote lasting peace in regions affected by conflict, starting with the Gaza Strip. Argentina will always stand with the countries that confront terrorism head-on, that defend life and property, and that promote peace and freedom. It is an honor for us to share in such a great responsibility.
VIVA LA LIBERTAD CARAJO...!!!
Javier Milei en X

17 de enero
ENORME NOTICIA! La Argentina suma un nuevo capítulo del lado correcto de la historia en sus relaciones internacionales: contra el terrorismo, y del lado de la paz y la libertad. Convicciones claras y un rumbo que no se negocia.
Patricia Bullrich en X en respuesta a Javier Milei

21 de enero
La sífilis volvió a la Argentina. En la semana del 4 al 10 de enero se reportaron 1092 casos de sífilis. Los números promedio para la misma semana de los últimos cinco años fue de 522 casos. Los casos acumulados de sífilis en la población general alcanzaron 55.183 en 2025, lo que representa un incremento del 71% de casos confirmados en comparación con la mediana anual del período 2020-2024. **El incremento de casos se atribuye al menor uso de preservativos, la prohibición de educación sexual en las escuelas y al recorte en políticas públicas de prevención.**
https://elpais.com/argentina/2026-01-21/los-contagios-de-sifilis-se-duplican-en-argentina.html

Esta fue la última noticia que mastiqueaban cuando…



She remembered exactly the day they had read it. It was April 17. She sat upright with her tail wrapped around her paws on the cashmere shawl on the large desk in the apartment on Corrientes, corner of Tucuman 7 / 11th floor, where she had had a place next to her mistress for years. The message was the last in a stream that had never stopped since December 10. Enough was enough. Words, gestures, even the raising of eyebrows and whiskers had long been unnecessary between them. They decided to put an end to the messages, to eliminate them from the world once and for all, to destroy them—yes! — like parasites used to eat books (they smiled — each in her own way — bitterly) or like spies in extreme danger. The printer was turned on, the sheets of paper fell onto the carpet, scissors were needed, then the strips were slowly and steadily chewed and ... it just didn't work. They just couldn't swallow them. And so the division of labor that they had been continuing for months now came about. The items were viewed together on the screen with icy contempt, then materialized on paper, cut up, chewed, and spat out. She had the task of carrying the balls out onto the terrace, which was so windy that it was really hard to stay there despite constant efforts to plant it. The empty pots with their withered stems bore sad and eloquent witness to this.

Logbook / Paper / Spit / Blizzard
April 17, 2024 – November 30, 2025
por / by Gabriela Massuh

July 12
Blacklists are back. They are not formalized through a state entity, but those who work in the cultural spaces of the national government know that „it is better not to talk about certain things." The situation was made public by documentary filmmaker Goyo Anchou, who submitted a request to screen a documentary in a state-run venue. The person in charge of the venue, who has been working there for several administrations, told him that there are topics that cannot be addressed: 1. LGBT 2. FEMINISM 3. CRITICISM OF THE DICTATORSHIP 4. DEFENSE OF THE PREVIOUS GOVERNMENT. 5 ANY POSITIVE MENTION OF THE SINGER LALI ESPÓSITO
https://canalabierto.com.ar/2024/07/12/viva-la-libertad-pero-no-de-expresion/#:~:text=La%20situación%20fue%20difundida%20por,exponer%20a%20quienes%20allí%20trabajan

July 13
What is not named does not exist. The government has banned inclusive language in its official communications. At the same time, the National Institute of Agricultural Technology has prohibited its employees from using terms such as **climate change**, **sustainability**, **agrochemicals**,**agroecology**, **gender**, **biodiversity**, and **carbon footprint** in all of the agency's documents. This was reported by the Association of Personnel of the National Institute of Agricultural Technology (Apinta). In response to this situation, the union asked the entity's Board of Directors for an explanation, but received no response. In any case, climate change, sustainability, agroecology, and gender, among other concepts rejected by the agency's authorities, will continue to exist.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/751771-el-inta-prohibe-hablar-de-cambio-climatico-y-agroecologia

August 6
Alarming increase in the number of homeless people. In some cities, the number has doubled. Municipalities recognize the crisis and blame the country's economic situation. Seventeen homeless people have died so far this winter.
https://www.eldestapeweb.com/politica/personas-en-situacion-de-calle/alarmante-aumento-del-numero-de-personas-en-situacion-de-calle-en-algunas-ciudades-se-duplico-20248622270#

August 11
In September, 95% of university teachers in the country will fall below the poverty line due to their devalued salaries. Classes will not start this Monday due to demands for salary increases, but Milei's regime insists on denying them. The destruction of Argentina's development continues. Despite the serious wage crisis facing teaching and non-teaching staff at national universities, Javier Milei's government is failing to respond to the 55% drop in purchasing power. Next week, university unions will hold a five-day strike, and classes will not begin on Monday, August 12, as planned. More than 80% of teachers and non-teaching staff are now below the poverty line, and in September that number will climb to 95% with the payment of income tax. Since November, teachers and non-teaching staff have lost more than 30% of their purchasing power and have had the worst salary adjustment of all public employees.
https://periferia.com.ar/indicios/en-septiembre-el-95-de-docentes-universitarios-quedara-debajo-de-la-linea-de-pobreza/

August 11
In Milei´s and Caputo's Argentina, tea bags, bananas, eggs, bread, apples, and tomatoes are now being sold individually because people can't afford to buy a whole box.
What a wonderful world you are building.
Editor on X

August 14
Today was issued the presidential decree dissolving CONADI (National Commission for the Right to Identity). CONADI focused on finding children stolen during the last military dictatorship to restore their identities. It will no longer be possible to rely on the tools provided by the State to find missing grandchildren. Today, the government's priority is to free those who kidnapped and handed them over.
“THE PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE NATION/ DECREES:
ARTICLE 1 - Decree 715 of June 9, 2004, is hereby repealed.
ARTICLE 2 - This decree shall enter into force on theday following its publication in the OFFICIAL GAZETTE.
ARTICLE 3 - Communicate, publish, submit to the NATIONAL DIRECTORATE OF THE OFFICIAL REGISTRY, and file MILEI (President of the Nation) Mariano Cúneo Libarona (Minister of Justice) e. 08/14/2024 No. 53746/24 v. 08/14/2024”

August 17
The Minister of Production and Sustainable Economic Development of the of the province of Chaco was charged with allowing encroachment on native forest. He authorized the highest number of deforestation permits in ten years.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/760512-imputaron-al-ministro-de-la-produccion-y-el-desarrollo-econo/

August 20
The Minister of Production and Sustainable Economic Development of the province of Chaco was charged with allowing encroachment on native forest. He authorized the highest number of deforestation permits in ten years.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/760512-imputaron-al-ministro-de-la-produccion-y-el-desarrollo-econo

August 20
El Gobierno confirmó la parálisis total de fondos en Ciencia y Tecnología

The government confirmed the total freeze on funding for science and technology.
https://www.tiempoar.com.ar/ta_article/gobierno-paralisis-total-ciencia-tecnologia/

August 21
Santiago Caputo, presidential advisor without a specific position, ordered the sale of all state-owned land and is preparing a mega DNU (Decree of Necessity and Urgency).
At this time, the government is finalizing the drafting of a mega decree that would contain a list of all properties that are up for sale.
https://www.lapoliticaonline.com/economia/inmuebles-santiago-caputo-bajo-la-orden-de-vender-todo-y-crece-el-malestar-en-las-fuerzas-armadas/

August 28
Mariano Cúneo Libarona, Minister of Justice of the Nation: "**We reject the iversity of sexual identities that do not align with biology**." The Minister gave a controversial speech at the Women and Diversity Committee of the Chamber of Deputies. "Our value is the family," he added. And he said to justify his testimony: "Hey, I'm quoting President Milei verbatim."
https://www.clarin.com/politica/mariano-cuneo-libarona-rechazamos-diversidad-identidades-sexuales-alinean-biologia_0_VaZ02NkhfH.html?srsltid=AfmBOopeFHN-

August 28
Alarming increase in homelessness. In some cities, the number has doubled. Municipalities recognize the crisis and blame the country's economic situation. Seventeen homeless people have died so far this winter.
https://www.eldestapeweb.com/politica/personas-en-situacion-de-calle/alarmante-aumento-del-numero-de-personas-en-situacion-de-calle-en-algunas-ciudades-se-duplico-20248622270#

September 3
"State silence." By decree the government restricted access to public information.
The decree "undermines an essential right of the democratic system," said constitutionalist Andrés Gil Domínguez. " By doing so, the government (that calls itself "liberal") limited the freedom of citizens to ask about matters of public interest by making an arbitrary distinction between 'public information' and 'private data'. The intention of this measure is to prosecute those who ask uncomfortable questions under the guise of 'bad faith,' among other issues. "The government is once again legislating by decree to restrict

access to public information," denounced the Center for Legal and Social Studies (CELS).
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/764403-silencio-de-estado-el-gobierno-restringio-por-decreto-el-acc

September 5
Security Minister Patricia Bullrich "Israelizes" repression: Another Wednesday of violent police charges against pensioners' march. Beatings and tear gas against solidarity protesters, several arrests
https://www.resumenlatinoamericano.org/2025/10/01/argentina-la-bullrich-israeliza-la-represion-un-jubilado-detenido-y-al-menos-20-heridos-durante-brutal-embestida-policial/

September 9
More than 230 layoffs confirm the end of the CAREM reactor, a project that was going to be cutting edge across the continent. This was a cutting-edge development on the continent that placed Argentina among the leaders of a strategic global market, competing with major players such as the United States, China, and Russia. On Monday, workers blocked the Pan-American Highway in Zárate, at the entrance to the Atucha Complex, in protest against the suspension of the project. The history and importance of a project that was to be key for the country.
https://www.tiempoar.com.ar/ta_article/mas-de-230-despidos-confirman-el-final-del-reactor-carem-un-desarrollo-que-iba-a-ser-de-vanguardia-en-todo-el-continente/

September 10
Why did your electricity bill increase so much from one month to the next: the hidden increase in bills. Thousands of users in the city and province of Buenos Aires were surprised by the jumps in their bills in July, August, and September, even though there was no corresponding increase in consumption or rates.
https://www.eldestapeweb.com/economia/tarifas/por-que-me-aumento-tanto-la-luz-de-un-mes-a-otro-la-suba-oculta-en-las-facturas-202491017210

September 12
Milei's government is targeting retirees to implement its unprecedented cuts.
The Argentine government's austerity policy is hitting pensioners particularly hard, a segment that is bearing the brunt of almost a third of Milei's "blender and chainsaw" program: the Argentine Congress has ratified the far-right president's veto of an 8% increase in pensions.
In Argentina, the majority of retirees, more than five million (out of a total of seven million national pensioners), receive the minimum pension of

155234,000 pesos (about €221) plus a bonus of 70,000 pesos (€66) as compensation to bring it into line with the basic basket of goods. According to the latest report from the Argentine Center for Political Economy (CEPA), by keeping the value of the bonus frozen since March, minimum pensions have suffered a cut equivalent to 52,000 pesos (49 euros).
https://www.eldiario.es/internacional/gobierno-milei-ensana-personas-jubiladas-ejecutar-recortes-precedentes_1_11648879.html

September 13
A video of the latest pensioners' march shows the police officer spraying pepper spray directly into the face of a 10-year-old girl. The image contradicts the government's reaction, which accused a protester of assaulting the minor and her mother, who were demonstrating for an increase in pensions.
https://www.lanacion.com.ar/politica/un-video-muestra-al-policia-que-rocio-con-gas-pimienta-a-la-nina-de-10-anos-directamente-en-el-nid12092024/

September 20
Argentina's GDP has fallen by 3.4% since Milei took office. The Argentine economy plummeted by 3.4% during the first six months of Milei's administration. Construction and industry were the hardest hit sectors. In contrast, the agricultural sector grew by more than 80%. (DW)

September 27
Poverty in Milei's Argentina skyrockets to its highest level in two decades.
More than half of Argentina's population is poor, and this particularly affects children: 66% of those under 14 are poor, as are 60% of young people between 15 and 29 years of age. At the end of the first half of this year, Argentina's poverty rate reached 52.9%, the highest figure in the country since 2003. This is above the 41.7% recorded at the end of last year and the 40.1% recorded from January to June 2023, according to a report released on Thursday by Argentina's National Institute of Statistics and Censuses (INDEC).
https://www.eldiario.es/internacional/pobreza-argentina-milei-dispara-cifra-alta-decadas_1_11686929.html

October 2
The government confirmed that it was a "political decision" to intercept funds for scientific projects granted by the previous administration. Presidential spokesman Manuel Adorni explained, "We are not going to

implement funding lines requested and approved prior to this administration," so "it makes absolutely no sense" to use them. ElDiarioAR revealed this Monday that US$53 million in loans from multilateral organizations such as the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank are being withheld.
The journalistic investigation carried out by elDiarioAR's Investigative Unit (UDI) dismantles the argument of a lack of funds, demonstrating that the money is available. The freezing of the US$53 million occurs within the context of austerity measures that have forced some scientists to emigrate and others to use their own money to sustain years-long research projects.
According to information obtained by this publication, at the Faculty of Exact Sciences of the University of Buenos Aires (UBA), many cells that take up to three years to produce are at risk due to a lack of funds to pay for the liquid nitrogen in which they are preserved.
The government's initiative to withhold the funds granted last year has generated a total paralysis in the scientific system for the past nine months.
Report: Pedro Lacour
https://www.eldiarioar.com/unidad-de-investigacion/gobierno-confirmo-decision-politica-retener-fondos-proyectos-cientificos_1_11697913.html

October 3
Farewell to the Buenos Aires middle class: poor and vulnerable residents now make up the majority in the city. In less than ten years, the middle class has shrunk from a peak of 54.6% to 38.5% of the population.
https://www.clarin.com/economia/adios-clase-media-portena-ciudad-mayoria-habitantes-pobres-vulnerables_0_LPyhrYS0Xm.html

October 7
Indigenous communities will no longer depend on an administrative act by the State to validate their existence as native peoples.
The Government eliminated the National Registry of Indigenous Communities, a legal mechanism established by international human rights treaties. In doing so, it seeks to render indigenous peoples invisible. The context: community territories, legal status, and the pre-existence of communities recognized in the National Constitution.
https://agenciatierraviva.com.ar/las-comunidades-indigenas-no-dependen-de-un-acto-administrativo-del-estado-para-existir/

October 8
El Gobierno Nacional publicó hoy en el Boletín Oficial la eliminación del Fondo Fiduciario para la Protección Ambiental de los Bosques Nativos (FOBOSQUE). Otra de las tantas malas noticias.

Enrique Viale on X
https://boletinoficial.gob.ar/detalleAviso/primera/315308/20241008

October 9
The chainsaw reaches drinking water and sewage systems. The government closes the State Water and Sanitation Works Agency (ENOHSA). Access to sewage and water systems throughout the country is at absolute risk. 230 skilled jobs would be lost.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/772956-la-motosierra-llega-al-agua-potable-y-las-cloacas-el-gobiern

October 9
On the libertarian planet, children can go to prison at age 9, have the right to gamble or invest in the stock market at age 13, work at any age, and even be sold by their parents. The only thing they can't do is go to sleep with a hot meal in their stomachs.
Pablo Cerdan on X

October 14
After several years, Argentina will not have an official delegation at the Frankfurt International Book Fair. The event, which is key for the publishing industry worldwide, will begin this Thursday, but the Argentine government will be absent. However, the Chamber of Books will set up its stand with local publishers. The absence is explained by the same reason behind budget cuts and closures in other cultural policies of the Argentine government: the chainsaw.
https://www.lanacion.com.ar/cultura/despues-de-varios-anos-la-argentina-no-tendra-delegacion-oficial-en-la-feria-internacional-del-libro-nid14102024/

October 16
Public universities rebel against Milei's chainsaw: "He chose students as his enemies". Students and teachers protest across Argentina with peaceful lock-ins, strikes, assemblies, and public classes to demand more funding and better salaries. The ultra-right government doubles down on its accusations about alleged criminals in educational institutions.
https://elpais.com/argentina/2024-10-16/la-rebelion-de-las-universidades-publicas-contra-la-motosierra-de-milei-eligio-a-los-estudiantes-como-enemigos.html

October 17
How far will the collapse in mass consumption go?
With wages stagnant and prices still rising high for such a recession, household spending has fallen for nine consecutive months. In neighborhood


MONETARY
PFA

stores, the drop in sales was even greater than in hypermarkets. In the provinces, the crisis figures are shocking.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/775177-requiem-para-el-consumo-masivo

October 17
According to a study, this year's education budget cut was 40%. For next year, in real terms, there would be an increase of 0.65% compared to 2024; according to the study, the funds would represent 0.88% of GDP, an even smaller percentage than this year's allocation. **The education budget was reduced to 44% in real terms compared to last year, without taking into account an annual inflation rate of 138% forecast for 2024**.
https://www.lanacion.com.ar/sociedad/segun-un-estudio-como-se-compone-el-presupuesto-destinado-a-educacion-para-el-ano-proximo-nid16102024

October 20
Exclusive: Argentina gave the US privileged information about lithium in the country. Javier Milei's foreign minister signed a memorandum with the United States that gives US companies access to sensitive information about deposits in Argentina. El Destape got the lowdown on the controversial Alliance for Critical Mineral Security.
https://www.eldestapeweb.com/economia/libertad-para-el-saqueo/exclusivo-argentina-cedio-a-eeuu-informacion-privilegiada-sobre-litio-en-el-pais-202410200511?utm_medium=paid&utm_source=Google&utm_campaign=Pmax_Home&gad_source=1&gad_campaignid=23284125054&gbraid=0AAAADiqCGSsdBQMlsPXvBRkhenMYDen&gclid=Cj0KCQiAnJHMBhDAARIsABr7b85dDpZwQATSRzBiRXyA_vB5go22z8Bqv6ooFdfhuR7HN4EQuDTWZpUaAvU7EALw_wcB

October 21
Javier Milei: "Those who disagree with my ideas should step aside."
Unrest grows in the Foreign Ministry over Javier Milei's "threatening" letter to the diplomatic corps. The president bypassed the organizational chart to shield his "anti-
progressive" agenda from the diplomatic corps. During the Foreign Ministry's intervention, he said that those who do not adhere to his ideas should "step aside."
https://www.perfil.com/noticias/politica/crece-el-malestar-en-cancilleria-por-la-amenazante-%20%20carta-de-javier-milei-al-cuerpo-diplomatico.phtml

October 21
Signs emerge of a paramilitary structure serving Milei. Serious acts of violence are accumulating, provoked at various public demonstrations against the government. In addition to the usual infiltrators, there are gangs, such as the one that stormed the University of Quilmes. Who are the

perpetrators that have been identified so far?
https://www.tiempoar.com.ar/politica/estructura-parapolicial-milei/

October 22
Teachers' salaries at the epicenter of the university conflict: teachers with ten years of experience earn $200,000 (1 $ = 100 pesos).Teachers received a 90.4% increase from when Javier Milei's government took office until September. During the same period, inflation rose to 152.9%. But the percentage increase, which is clearly insufficient, does not explain the 160underlying problem, which is that salaries in the sector are below the poverty line. In some cases, they are below the extreme poverty line. The unions complained that these increases were granted unilaterally by the education ministry without any discussion in collective bargaining negotiations.
https://www.tiempoar.com.ar/informacion-general/salario-universitario-docentes/

October 22
The government dissolved the AFIP (The Federal Administration of Public Income) and created another agency, arguing that it will have "lower costs and less bureaucracy." More than 3,000 people will be laid off. The old AFIP is being replaced by a new Customs Revenue and Control Agency (ARCA).
https://www.tiempoar.com.ar/ta_article/el-gobierno-anuncio-la-disolucion-de-la-afip-para-crear-una-agencia-de-recaudacion-y-control-aduanero/

October 24
An employee of AFIP Agency 6, located in the Palermo neighborhood, attempted to take his own life by jumping from the 9th floor. This tragic decision comes after the government decided to close the agency, leaving more than 3,000 people without jobs.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/777326-un-empleado-de-afip-intento-quitarse-la-vida/

October 24
The national government announced on Wednesday the privatization of the Railway Lines Ferrocarril Belgrano Cargas. The official decision was announced by presidential spokesperson Manuel Adorni, who said at a press conference: **"Everything that can be privatized will be privatized."** The privatisation has been postponed until february 2026.
https://www.infobae.com/politica/2025/12/11/el-gobierno-postergo-la-privatizacion-del-belgrano-cargas-la-letra-chica-del-pliego-y-las-obras-que-se-haran/

October 24
Argentina's Gran Chaco region is dying due to massive and ilegal deforestation. Argentina's Gran Chaco region is suffering from massive and uncontrolled deforestation due to the transfer of large tracts of land to agriculture and livestock farming, putting one of South America's most forested areas at risk.
https://www.infobae.com/america/agencias/2024/10/23/el-gran-chaco-argentino-agoniza-por-la-deforestacion-masiva-e-ilegal/

October 25
REGRETTABLE: The second largest mining company on the planet, Britain's Rio Tinto, took control of lithium mining in Argentina thanks to the policy of surrender promoted by Javier Milei's government.
https://www.infobae.com/economia/2025/03/12/milei-recibio-al-ceo-de-la-principal-productora-de-litio-en-el-pais-que-confirmo-una-inversion-de-usd-2700-millones/

October 25
From Myriam Bregman, member of the National Congress: "Workers at Posadas Hospital tell me that, as of today, opioids are no longer being given to most cancer patients undergoing pain treatment. As a new prescription system comes into effect, patients in public hospitals undergoing outpatient treatment, for example, are being left without easy access to palliative drugs. The causes: budget under-execution, layoffs, professionals resigning due to low salaries, exhausted residents, and higher demand in emergency rooms and clinics due to the social situation.

October 25
By decree, Javier Milei put 300 state-owned properties up for sale. Among them is the San Martín railway station in Pilar. The previous government had a project to convert it into a public space with community facilities.
Diego Schejtman on X

October 25
Milei maintains that this new figure of “absolute Superman” is dedicated to him. Comics writer Gail Simone denies any connection between Milei and the superhero.
https://www.reddit.com/r/superman/comments/1gefqkb/the_president_of_argentina_thinks_absolute/

October 29
Food companies increased their profits by 1300% in six months. Because there are winners and losers here. You lose while they win.

https://www.eldestapeweb.com/economia/ajuste/mientras-miles-rascan-la-olla-las-alimenticias-ganaron-1300--202410300557

October 29
Milei's government cuts funding for HIV and STIs by 76%; Amid a shortage of medicines and reagents for people with HIV, in 2025 the Libertad Avanza government plans to cut up to 76% of the budget allocated to the Directorate for Response to HIV, STIs, Viral Hepatitis, and Tuberculosis. “The situation is extremely serious,” denounce members of the National Front for the Health of People with HIV.

El gobierno de Milei recorta un 76% los fondos para el VIH y las ITS (Infecciones de transmisión sexual). Ante la escasez de medicamentos y reactivos para personas con VIH, en 2025 el gobierno de Libertad Avanza planea recortar hasta un 76% del presupuesto asignado a la Dirección de Respuesta al VIH, las ITS, las Hepatitis Virales y la Tuberculosis. "La situación es extremadamente grave", denuncian miembros del Frente Nacional por la Salud de las Personas con VIH.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/777019-el-gobierno-de-milei-recorta-un-76-los-fondos-para-el-vih-e

October 30
Official Statement / November 1. "The Argentine Republic will defend the principles of the national government in all international forums in which it participates. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs will initiate an audit of all career personnel of the Ministry, in order to identify those who promote agendas hostile to freedom.
Ten months into Milei's administration: 338% Increase in gasoline prices; 578% Increase in electricity prices; 958% Increase in bus fares; 1100% Increase in subway fares; 72.5% Increase in the minimum wage and cost-of-living adjustment; 104% Increase in the minimum retirement pension.
https://www.lanacion.com.ar/economia/tarifas-en-nueve-meses-aumento-370-lo-que-una-familia-tiene-que-pagar-por-los-servicios-de-luz-gas-nid26092024/

November 2
“**Positive silence”. Another delusion from Sturzenegger (Minister of deregulation)**, decrees announced almost exclusively by X. Today, with Decree 971/24 signed by @JMilei we took a momentous step in the application of positive silence in administrative acts. The Basic Law amended Article 10 of Law 19.549, establishing that for certain procedures, upon expiration of a given period, silence on the part of the State would be taken as approval.

https://eleconomista.com.ar/politica/el-gobierno-implementa-silencio-administrativo-positivo-tramites-que-cambia-ciudadanos-n79134

November 2
Milei cut back on the supply of drugs for pregnant HIV patients that prevent vertical transmission of the disease. Patient organizations report that no purchases have been made since June and hospitals are now out of stock.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=krcx-ULklxk

November 2
The government will delete the databases of those who participated in the money laundering program. Those who participated in money laundering will not appear on any tax list.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/780213-que-consecuencias-traeria-la-eliminacion-de-los-nombres-del-/

November 5
Javier Milei's government dismantled 111 public policies that endanger society's food supply. The data comes from research conducted by the Rosa Luxemburg Foundation and the Center for Legal and Social Studies (CELS). One by one, these policies increasingly undermine access to quality food. Javier Milei's government is moving forward with its plan to achieve a fiscal surplus, causing more poverty: in the first half of 2024, poverty grew by 11.2 points, and at least 5,379,588 people cannot even afford the basic food basket. It also makes it increasingly difficult for most Argentines to eat well. Among the measures that caused this scourge are the reinforcement of the concentration of the Argentine agri-food system, the elimination of all policies supporting Indigenous Peasant Family Farming (ACFI), and the state's abandonment of food assistance.
https://www.eldestapeweb.com/politica/pobreza/el-gobierno-de-javier-milei-desmantelo-111-politicas-publicas-que-ponen-en-peligro-la-alimentacion-de-la-sociedad-202411483018

November 5
After 11 months of government, the sectors that gained the most under Javier Milei:
Among the companies with the highest profit increases, the hydrocarbon and banking sectors stood out the most. According to the report, the operating result of the hydrocarbon sector grew by 709.6%, while the banking sector reached 450.6%.
In terms of net results, oil and gas led the way with an increase of 740%, and food producers grew by 683%.

https://www.letrap.com.ar/economia/la-era-javier-milei-que-empresas-integran-la-elite-que-quintuplico-ganancias-este-ano-n5412095

Enough was enough; they were as exhausted as warriors could be. They lost their self-control. A pop-up informed them that Argentina's intelligence quotient ranked only 78th in the world. And just like that, they had fallen into its wormhole: Shouldn't they be contributing something to the nation's per capita IQ instead of consuming news they could no longer understand? And why couldn't they understand this news anymore? It was obvious.

Which of the words shown below is closest in meaning to the word "tranquilizer"? merciful / comforting / understanding / impudent? Which of the words below expresses the opposite meaning of the word tough? cowardly / snobbish / strong / weak / masculine? Which of the following conclusions can be drawn with absolute certainty based on the following two propositions? No stamp collector is an architect. All boring people are stamp collectors. All stamp collectors are architects. Architects are not boring people. No stamp collector is a boring person. Some boring people are architects.
Finally, the pop-up spat them out again. They didn't know how much time they had spent answering these questions, whether there had ever been a result, points and scores were unknown to them. They were just tired and inwardly battered like driftwood. They smoked on the terrace. The ashes flew across the floor. They slept for a long time and woke up, and slept, and decided one day to continue because they didn't know what else to do.

April 30
"We continue restorring freedom back to Argentinians."
Chainsaw Minister Federico Sturzenegger joins us for a discussion focused on the work of President Milei's administration in Argentina, with a particular focus on reduction of spending and regulation, and increasing efficiency in how government works. Sturzenegger anounced new measures to streamline and reduce the cost of procedures: The Minister of Deregulation and Transformation issued a statement highlighting the resolutions published this Friday in the Official Gazette. "Are we surprised that a rich country is so poor? It's inevitable if we have our people dealing with pointless bureaucracy," he said. Sturzenegger used the term "Kafkaesque" to describe the "absurd bureaucracy" that, he claimed, exists in Argentina.
Beyond the Chainsaw, Deregulation in Argentina, featuring Ferderico Sturzenegger, Minister of Deregulation and Transformation in Argentina,

Harvard Kennedy School, Cambridge, 30.04.2025
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OmXrvoW74UI

June 1
The Grandmothers of Plaza de Mayo have filed a complaint with the Federal Criminal and Correctional Court No. 2 of San Martín. They demand the unconstitutionality and nullity of Decree 351/2025, which puts the National Genetic Data Bank (BNDG) in an extremely vulnerable position. In addition, they requested a preliminary injunction to preserve the biological and genetic samples of the BNDG, as well as the instruments, equipment, and technology used for their safekeeping and proper cross-referencing.
(**The Banco de Datos Genéticos focuses on identifying disappeared persons and investigating crimes against humanity, while the registry is dedicated to criminal investigations. Both operate under the authority of the Ministry of Security and are protected by laws that prevent their misuse**)
https://www.abuelas.org.ar/prensa-y-difusion/noticias/2085

June 12
Patricia Bullrich, national security minister, suspended the Procrear Plan and transferred it by "emergency decree" to members of the federal police, without compensating those who had paid the contributions to gain access to the promised apartments. The Procrear Plan offered subsidized loans for the construction, purchase, and renovation of housing.
It was aimed in particular at low-income families.
https://infobaires24.com.ar/bullrich-usurpa-viviendas-del-procrear-y-se-las-cede-a-miembros-de-las-fuerzas-de-seguridad/

July 7
„Milei will eliminate tomorrow the National Highway Administration and privatize more than 9,200 km... They are privatizing the roads, eliminating the Institute of Agricultural Technology, eliminating the National Institute of Cancer and Cardiovascular Diseases. And no new national hospitals can be created. Why not just eliminate the 30 million Argentines who are surplus to this economic model that only benefits Milei and his business friends?"
Member of the Parliament Florencia Carignano on X

August 4
Argentina's Javier Milei vetoes three bills that would have increased pensions and disability benefits, prompting outrage from advocacy groups and the lawmakers who had approved the measures. The self-styled anarcho-capitalist claimed the bills would "break the government's fiscal balance"

and insisted there was “no money” to fund the measures, which the National Congress had approved in early July.
Pensioners have been holding weekly demonstrations outside congress every Wednesday, come rain or shine. Overriding the presidential veto would require a two-thirds majority in parliament. Should that happen, Milei has already announced he intends to challenge the bills in court.
Milei also vetoed a law that would have allowed women over 60 and men over 65 to retire even if they had not completed the required 30 years of pension contributions. The third bill would have established a pension for people with disabilities and granted access to a medical care programme – but it too was entirely vetoed by the far-right president. The government declared: “**There is no money, and the only way to make Argentina great again is through effort and honesty – not by repeating the same old recipes.**”
https://www.theguardian.com/world/2025/aug/04/javier-milei-argentina-pensions-disability-benefits-bills

August 12
Could three days of high fever be dangerous for your baby? Sturzenegger has the solution: unregulated thermometers that read 3 or 4 degrees lower!
Ernesto Resnik via X

August 12
FENTANYL: 111 deaths from contaminated opioid. The National Administration of Medicines, Food, and Medical Technology (ANMAT) bears the greatest civil and criminal responsibility. Lack of control is Federico Sturzenegger's bright idea.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s8ySJ1Qclo0

August 14
This serious event, which hurts democracy in Argentina, needs to be spread around. Photographers Camila Rey and Jazmin Orellana are being taken away by Security Forces. They were arrested for taking photos of pólice while they were hitting old pension protesters in the streets. The photo by Camila Rey.
https://www.reddit.com/r/Republica_Argentina/comments/1mqyilb/se_necesita_difusión_sobre_este_grave_hecho_que/?tl=en

August 18
My deepest conviction is the value of the ideas of freedom.
Federico Sturzenegger, Minister of Deregulation, is very proud of his chainsaw: “The State doesn't modernize; the State holds us back. My strategy

is based on eliminating laws and regulations considered excessive, to promote economic freedom and reduce the bureaucracy that hinders productive activity. My deepest conviction is the value of the ideas of freedom."
Mega Decree 585/2025 - Reduction and/or elimination of the following agencies: Secretariat of Industry and Commerce; Undersecretariat of Industrial Policy; INTA - National Institute of Agricultural Technology; INPI - National Institute of Industrial Property; ANSV - National Road Safety Agency; INASE - National Seed Institute; INV - National Institute of Viticulture; Undersecretariat of Motor Transport; Ariccame - Regulatory Agency for the Hemp and Medicinal Cannabis Industry; National Institute of Family, Peasant and Indigenous Agriculture; Undersecretariat of Regional Economies and Small and Medium Producers of the Secretariat of Agriculture, Livestock, and Fisheries; Undersecretary of Agricultural and Forestry Production of the Secretariat of Agriculture,
Livestock, and Fisheries. ... Etcetera, Etcetera
https://www.boletinoficial.gob.ar/detalleAviso/primera/329915/20250818

October 10
US kicks off controversial financial rescue plan for Argentina. Treasury Secretary Scott Bessent announced the purchase on social media, while saying the US had finalised terms of a planned $20bn (£15bn) financial rescue for the country. The announcement helped boost the peso and Argentine debt on financial markets. Argentina has been facing increasing financial turmoil ahead of national midterm elections set for 26 October, as questions rise about whether voters will continue to back Milei's cost cutting, free-market reform agenda after recent losses in a provincial election.
The value of the peso has declined sharply in recent months, while investors have been dumping Argentine stocks and bonds. Bessent said that the success of Argentina's "reform agenda" was of "systemic importance".
https://www.bbc.com/news/articles/c203vx56lqyo

Oktober 27
The Lion is back . Contrary to all election forecasts, President Javier Milei and his party La Libertad Avanza (LLA) achieved an impressive victory in the parliamentary midterm elections. On 26 October 2025, half of the seats in the national Chamber of Deputies and one third of the Senate were up for election. LLA won 40.74% of the votes cast, while the Peronists, their main challengers, only managed 31.66%. The election victory comes as a surprise, as the libertarian government has been in its deepest crisis since taking office on 10 December 2023 in recent weeks and months.

https://www.kas.de/en/country-reports/detail/-/content/the-lion-is-back-javier-milei-triumphs-in-argentina-s-midterm-elections

October 27
Recommended Stories / list of 4 items 1 Milei faces critical midterm elections in Argentina 2 High stakes for Javier Milei as midterm elections loom in Argentina 3 Why US soya bean farmers are upset with Trump's $20bn Argentina bailout 4 Argentina's central bank says it signed $20bn currency swap deal with US.
https://www.aljazeera.com/news/2025/10/27/mileis-party-wins-big-in-argentina-midterm-elections-early-results-show

This message was not devoured, but hung on the wall.

November 1
Absolute record: more than 2,000,000 people participated in the 34th Argentine LGBTIQ+ Pride March 2025: the Buenos Aires city government confirmed the figure and declared it the largest mobilization since 1983, with a strong message against Javier Milei.
https://www.tiktok.com/@francotorchia0/video/7434565742185450807

November 13
We say goodbye, farewell to the export of Argentine wines
The wine industry in La Rioja (Argentina) raises concerns over the recent deregulation
by Javier Milei's government, following the repeal of 973 regulations from the National Institute of Viticulture (INV). Despite the sector already facing a critical situation, the executive branch argued that the measure was adopted with the goal of promoting "productive simplification". Experts warn that such a broad deregulation could create serious gaps in control and traceability — key aspects for ensuring the authenticity of Argentine wine.
https://www.tridge.com/news/concern-in-the-wine-sector-over-the-deregula-mjjxmh

November 26
U.S. Southern Command chief General Laura Richardson just said the truth out loud: the U.S. focus in Latin America isn't "democracy" — it's controlling oil, lithium, gold, and rare earth minerals. Venezuela, with the largest oil reserves and key strategic resources, is the main target.
https://x.com/IngMiguelPonce/status/2007579071560245286

November 27
He is so subaltern and submissive. In Buenos Aires, Milei tells Sa'ar he will open Jerusalem embassy this spring.

https://www.timesofisrael.com/liveblog_entry/in-buenos-aires-milei-tells-saar-he-will-open-jerusalem-embassy-this-spring/

November 27
For the first time since 1983, a military officer has been appointed Minister of Defense. His father "gifted" us with numerous disappearances...
Argentina's current Minister of Defense is Lieutenant General Carlos Alberto Presti, appointed by President Javier Milei in November 2025, marking the first time in decades a military officer holds the post, replacing former minister Luis Petri, who resigned to join Congress. Presti, the former Army Chief of Staff, is tasked with continuing efforts to reform the Armed Forces and potentially involve them in combating drug trafficking.
https://en.mercopress.com/2025/11/24/milei-picks-army-officer-as-defense-minister

Dcember 4
Support for science canceled is fo rever, a shadow over the country's future.
Argentina is left without basic science: 25,000 researchers and 1,200 scholarship recipients are left without the basic funding that keeps teams together. The budget was always small. The Agency contributed $50 million to support 6,000 projects, renewing 1,500 new lines of work each year. We will no longer have our vaccine and cancer therapy platforms, nor the long-term studies that enabled us to design policies to reduce teenage pregnancy. Nor will there be biological evidence of the uniqueness of the underwater ecosystem, a central argument that allowed us to gain 37% more Argentine territory on the Atlantic shelf. Without basic science, we risk losing the entire chain.
https://www.clarin.com/opinion/cancelan-apoyo-ciencia-ensombrecen-futuro-pais_0_nzc0SQ8tH7.html

December 26
"Article 30 of the Budget eliminates the guarantee of 6% of GDP (Gross Domestic Product) for education, progressive investment in science, and the National Fund for Technical Schools."
https://abc.gob.ar/noticias/el-proyecto-de-presupuesto-nacional-2026-pone-en-riesgo-la-educacion-y-el-sistema-de-cyt#:~:text=Dicho%20proyecto%20implica%20un%20grave%20ajuste%20en,lo%20que%20implica%20lisa%20y%20llanamente%20el

December 30
Milei and Sturzenegger are moving forward with the dismantling of the INTI (National Institute of Industrial Technology), breaking up a key agency for productive development, technological innovation, and Argentina's industrial

fabric. The government is taking functions away from the state to concentrate them exclusively in the private sector.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X2TwEGCZNes&t=2s

January 1, 2026
Political espionage in Argentina. The government published a decree of necessity and urgency restructuring the SIDE (State Intelligence Service). All activities will be "covert." The agency will be able to detain individuals and involve the armed forces in domestic intelligence. SIDE agents will be empowered to apprehend individuals, something that was prohibited under Law 25,520. In a further step by the government to break the consensus
built upon the return of democracy, the reform enables the SIDE to request technical and/or logistical assistance or support from the armed forces, federal security forces, and police forces.
https://www.pagina12.com.ar/2026/01/02/todo-el-poder-para-la-side-podra-detener-personas-e-involucrar-a-las-ffaa-en-inteligencia-interior/

January 17
THANK YOU, PRESIDENT @realDonaldTrump @POTUS
It is an honor for me to have received tonight the invitation for Argentina to join, as a
Founding Member, the Board of Peace, an organization created by President Trump to promote lasting peace in regions affected by conflict, starting with the Gaza Strip. Argentina will always stand with the countries that confront terrorism head-on, that defend life and property, and that promote peace and freedom. It is an honor for us to share in such a great responsibility.
LONG LIVE FREEDOM, DAMN IT...!!!
Javier Milei on X

January 17
Patricia Bullrich, former defense minister, on X in response to Javier Milei
HUGE NEWS! Argentina adds a new chapter to the right side of history in its international relations: against terrorism, and on the side of peace and freedom. Clear convictions and a course that is non-negotiable.

January 21
Syphilis has returned to Argentina. In the week of January 4-10, 1,092 cases of syphilis were reported. The average number for the same week over the last five years was 522 cases. The cumulative number of syphilis cases in the general population reached 55,183 in 2025, representing a 71% increase in confirmed cases compared to the annual median for the period 2020-2024.

The rise in cases is attributed to decreased condom use, the ban on sex education in schools, and cuts in public prevention policies.
https://elpais.com/argentina/2026-01-21/los-contagios-de-sifilis-se-duplican-en-argentina.html

This was the last item they treated when ...


estrella

¿Qué hacer con esa nieve que no se derretía y seguía acumulándose? Los animales debatieron largo y tendido sobre ello. Siempre era lo mismo: los hechos eran hechos, no podían desaparecer. Por eso se había formado un comité histórico que se reunía regularmente en el Locotorio Corrientes, esquina Tucumán, recogía y alisaba las bolas, leía las noticias palabra por palabra en voz alta, con burla, desprecio y repugnancia, y las archivaba. Las noticias se volvieron manejables. Estaban en unas pocas carpetas en estantes y se llenaban de polvo. No era su cantidad lo que resultaba abrumador, eso lo tenía claro el comité, sino que eran crímenes que quedaban sin respuesta. Era importante conservarlas, porque así se podía medir cómo pasaba el tiempo para quienes las cometían. Una vez a la semana, la Dr. Infelix Austria visitaba el Locotorio para calcular el final de ese tiempo. Frunció el ceño, contó, pesó y comparó las bolas con los cálculos de su ábaco, las empujó de un lado a otro, sacudió su cabeza cubierta con el turbante hasta que un día llegó con una honda y una bola del tamaño de un panecillo y exclamó triunfalmente: «¡Eureka!». Tensó la goma, la bola voló a gran velocidad por el aire, desapareció silenciosamente en la membrana dimensional, aterrizó directamente en la terraza del piso 11, donde fue sorprendida, olida y lamida, cuidadosamente alisada y leída.

Estimada y distinguida Dra. Infelix, prima tercecera,
tengo maravillosas noticias que contar desde Austria, que ahora se han extendido por todo el país. En todas partes hay ahora tardes tranquilas en el jardín de invierno con amas felices y perros dóciles. Los centros de bienestar animal ya no existen. Lo contaré desde el principio, con detalle, sin omitir nada.

Carta de Agnes
por Tomash Schoiswohl

La carta habla de perros y pavos en un molino de la Alta Austria, donde se producen Knödel. La jefa borda gorros tradicionales que luego se llevan en las marchas. Engorda pavos para matarlos a finales de año. Los pavos se esconden y crían al Pulcinella. Juntos tituran a los fascistas austriacos.

What to do with that snow that wouldn't melt and kept piling up? The animals debated it at length. It was always the same: facts were facts, they couldn't disappear. That's why a historical committee had been formed, which met regularly at the Locotorio Corrientes, on the corner of Tucumán, collected and smoothed out the balls, read the news word for word aloud, with mockery, contempt, and disgust, and filed them away. The news became manageable. They were stored in a few folders on shelves and covered with dust. It was not their quantity that was overwhelming, the committee was clear about that, but rather that they were crimes that remained unanswered. It was important to keep them, because that way it was possible to measure how time went by for those who committed them. Once a week, Dr. Infelix Austria visited the Locotorio to calculate the end of that time. She frowned, counted, weighed, and compared the balls with the calculations on her abacus, pushed them from side to side, shook her turban-covered head until one day she arrived with a slingshot and a ball the size of a bread roll and exclaimed triumphantly,"Eureka!" She stretched the rubber, the ball flew through the air at high speed, disappeared silently into the dimensional membrane, landed directly on the terrace of the 11th floor, where it was caught, smelled, and licked, carefully smoothed out and read.

Dear, esteemed, gracious Dr. Infelix, third cousin,
I have wonderful news to report from Austria, which has now spread throughout the entire country. Everywhere, there are now peaceful afternoons in the winter garden with happy mistresses and gentle dogs. Animal welfare centers no longer exist. I will report from the beginning, in detail, and leave nothing out.

Agnes´ Letter*
by Tomash Schoiswohl

So I sit under the blossoming lilac tree and watch the turkeys. The concrete slabs warm me. Outside stretches the vegetable garden, the small greenhouse, a moldy wooden pagoda, and a meadow that ends at the river. The bakery, mill, and residential building form an impressive estate. Attached to it is the new building for the boss lady. A mill stream runs underneath it all. Its water is brown with algae slime, and outside, the white droppings of the turkeys are everywhere.

I leave the chickens alone. The animals are there to eat leftovers and provide meat. Once a year, the boss lady slaughters all the animals and disposes of the heads behind the thuja hedge. Business is good. She keeps everything together; she has many offices. She is district chairwoman of the Gold Bonnet and Headscarf Group, flag bearer of the Comradeship Association, consultant, local councilor, and initiator of the Handicraft Museum. The state's golden medal of honor lies in a glass-fronted wooden cabinet, next to rosary chains, embroidered doilies, small golden bibles, figures of saints and the Virgin Mary, crocheted black gloves, and the golden bonnet. It is made of brocade embroidered with sequins and gold threads. It is worn in processions on public holidays. The black pearl bonnets are elegant. The highest gold bonnet belongs to the governor's wife. She once said: “Only when every woman wears a gold bonnet on her head will the sting of social injustice be removed.”
I enjoy watching turkeys because I find them beautiful, especially their dark eyes and heads. Light blue, turquoise, and red skin folds run across their beaks and necks. A wild disguise. It reminds me of the golden bonnets. “Do you like the stale bread?” I ask a turkey pecking at grass under the garden table. “Everything in this house is made with stale bread. Dumplings, stuffing, desserts, breakfast. In my old age, I even get dumplings made from carrots, bread, and oatmeal.” “Cast your bread upon the waters, for after days you will find it again, says the Old Testament,” replies the hen with dignity, “we like it!”
“Why are you staying here? You know the boss will chop your heads off at the end of the year.” “Freedom, what's that?” replied the hen contemptuously. “Look at Pyotr. He came here as a forced laborer for the Nazis and stayed right here.” “At least save your eggs!” "What do you think we do! Every night we slip through the grate at the bottom with the eggs into the dark canal. We collect all the threads, beads, and fabric scraps there when the women in the village meet to make golden bonnets, and mix them with mud and algae to make a nest from which Pulcinella will hatch. The children live in the niche." “Don't talk nonsense!” I say to her and go into the house.

The house is furnished but not lived in. The transitions are abrupt: apprentice's room, tiled large kitchen, the old parlor and the old bathroom, the marital bedroom, heavy carpets, TV room, pantry, sales room, office, bakery. In the dark hallway stands a black panther with a taped paw. It is quiet in the house. The mill has four floors with turbines, belts, wheels, wooden boxes, pipes, and jute sacks. Its constant roar makes it the heart of the building. The lady boss's husband, the master craftsman, lives in a

chamber. He works, drinks cider, and only comes over to the house to shower and play cards. At the regulars' table, he meets men with whom he complains, rants, and drinks.
From the mill, you pass through a low door to the new building. Cejia now lives there with the boss. He is a mixed-breed sheepdog from the animal shelter, wiry and with short hair. “Where are the turkeys, the wild gobbling?” he wonders and runs into the garden.

In the neighborhood, a colonel dreams of Armageddon. He lives in Adlhaming, not far from the highway, on a farm. A McDonald's and warehouses have been built nearby. The colonel is quite local and highly confused. He goes for walks, watches a lot of RedBull TV, and fantasizes about cultural conflict, foreign cultures, everything foreign to his own culture, his own homeland. He maintains loose connections to other Nazis in the area. In the gray tin halls of the industrial park, medium-sized companies produce drone engines, water cannons, welding equipment, engine components, and plastic furniture that are shipped all over the world. This is where the final battle will take place. A blackout rarely comes alone. The colonel is prepared and already has plans to retreat with his people to the nearby mountains, where they will entrench themselves in tourist accommodations and take up the final battle. On his own dirt road, he holds a shooting practice with his buddies, armed with assault rifles. Gun rights are natural rights. They shoot at Red Bull cans.
The colonel: “Let the lady from TV come... She won't dare ask stupid questions when she has your AR-15 in her face, right?”
The colonel: Were you up at Laudachsee yesterday for Martin's* lecture?
The buddy: I couldn't make it, had to go to work. Once Herbert* finally becomes Minister of the Interior, it'll be the end of the rabble.
The colonel: But I still prefer Martin; Herbert* was always part of the system.
The buddy: Don't be so harsh; someone has to do the political legwork. Not everyone can fight for freedom on the front lines.

Pulcinella has actually hatched. The fugitive turkeys, guinea fowl, pheasants, and partridges gather around him in a grove in the spruce forest.
Pulcinella: Tomorrow, the XXL bread dumpling machine will arrive. Agnes (yes, me personally) and Cejia will bring it to us.
Hen: We'll shred the Nazis before they kill us all. They're hoarding weapons all over the country, they sit in parliament, fantasizing about war and murder.

Pulcinella: They've lost their sense of justice. They've blown a fuse. Too much Red Bull.
Hen: Is the machine in working order, well sharpened?
Pulcinella: It works perfectly, cuts everything into fine cubes.
Hen: Great.

After the bloodbath, the lady boss gets a third dog from the shelter. Hans had been abused on a farm and lost his trust in humans. He and the boss are soulmates—they lie together in the winter garde. Hans has long, wavy red hair. A lamb before the mistress.

* Anti-fascist resistance fighters in Austria in the 1930s and 1940s
* Martin Sellner, right-wing extremist Austrian activist
* Herbert Kickl, right-wing extremist Austrian politician


FUERZAS
DEL CIELO
MAGA
VLLC

La gata y su ama dejan caer el papel. Aliviadas y a la vez emocionadas, por primera vez en mucho tiempo no miran la pantalla, sino la pared. Piensan en el brocado, las perlas y los hilos dorados, y en lo majestuosas que quedarán los gorros en las marchas del Julio. Estiran el cuello y levantan la barbilla.

Diario de a bordo / Papel / Escupitajos / Ventisca
Última noticia

Por último, leyó este mensaje del 30 de noviembre de 2025, que había completamente perdido de vista.

Santiago Caputo lanzó el "brazo armado" de los libertarios en un teatro de San Miguel que sus adláteres decoraron con una estética a lo Benito Mussolini. El Gordo Dan, Agustín Romo y Agustín Laje se subieron a un escenario en el que colgaban las banderas banner típicas del fascismo. En ellas se leían las palabras "propiedad", "libertad", "vida", "Dios", "patria" y "familia". "Argentina será el faro que ilumina el mundo", decía la bandera central. Romo y el Gordo Dan subieron cantando el atonal himno libertario "Me chupa la pija la opinión de los kukas". En el atril pusieron una lata de Mango Loco, la bebida energizante preferida de Javier Milei. "La agrupación Fuerzas del Cielo que se está formando hoy aquí es el brazo armado de La Libertad Avanza, es la guardia pretoriana del presidente Javier Milei", dijo el Gordo. "Con las redes no alcanza, hay que ocupar todos los espacios, hay que meterse en la política, tenemos que construir nuestros propios candidatos para llenar las listas, construir nuestros propios dirigentes, nuestros defensores en la gestión como en la batalla cultural", dijo. "No le tengan miedo a la palabra poder…
La PolíticaOnline - Con estética de Mussolini, Santiago Caputo lanza el "brazo armado" libertario https://www.lapoliticaonline.com/politica/con-estetica-de-mussolini-santiago-caputo-lanza-el-brazo-armado-libertario/

El Teatro de la Asociación Italiana de Socorros Mutuos de San Miguel era conocido desde hacía 100 años por su propaganda anarquista. Pero aquí se habían superado a sí mismos. Se reían hasta llorar mientras bordaban las gorras con grandes perlas negras

The cat and her mistress drop the paper. Relieved and excited all at once, for the first time in a long while they don't look at the screen, but at the wall. They think of the brocade, the pearls, and the gold thread, and how majestic the hats will look in the July parades. They stretch their necks and lift their chins.

Logbook / Paper / Spit / Blizzard
Last message

Finally, they read this message from November 30, 2025, which they had completely lost sight of.

Santiago Caputo launched the libertarians' “armed wing” in a theater in San Miguel that his henchmen decorated with Benito Mussolini-style aesthetics. El Gordo Dan, Agustín Romo, and Agustín Laje took to a stage hung with banners. The banners read “property,” “freedom,” “life,” “God,” “homeland,” and “family.” “Argentina will be the beacon that illuminates the world,” read the central banner. Romo and Gordo Dan came on stage singing the atonal libertarian anthem “I don't give a damn about the opinion of the kukas. They placed a can of Mango Loco, Javier Milei's favorite energy drink, on the lectern. “The Fuerzas del Cielo group that is being formed here today is the armed wing of La Libertad Avanza, it is President Javier Milei's praetorian guard,” said Gordo. “Networks are not enough, we have to occupy all spaces, we have to get involved in politics, we have to build our own candidates to fill the lists, build our own leaders, our defenders in management as well as in the cultural battle,” he said. “Don't be afraid of the word power…”
La PolíticaOnline - Con estética de Mussolini, Santiago Caputo lanza el "brazo armado" libertario https://www.lapoliticaonline.com/politica/con-estetica-de-mussolini-santiago-caputo-lanza-el-brazo-armado-libertario/

The Teatro de la Asociación Italiana de Socorros Mutuos de San Miguel had been known for anarchist agitprop for 100 years. But here they had really outdone themselves. They cried with laughter as they embroidered the bonnets with large black pearls.

En La Estancia Anita

Parábola
por Pablo Ares

"¡Está muerta, está muerta, está muerta!", sollozaban un grupo de mantis religiosas alrededor de una caniche (NO VA) que yacía tendida en el piso.
"¿Acaso no saben que ella siempre resucita?", les dijo la bruja de Berlín cuyo nombre es casi imposible de deletrear.
"Ya la hemos visto resucitar incontables veces y nunca es la misma", respondieron las mantis.
"¿Y por qué lloran por alguien que nunca es?", les preguntó la bruja.
"Porque no sabemos hacer otra cosa", contestaron las mantis.

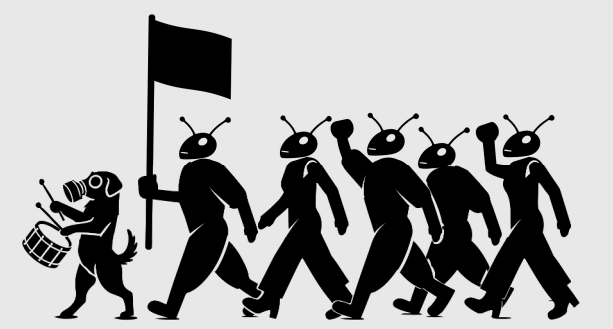
Papusa miró brevemente a Colifa, que se encontraba con un grupo de ocho perros italianos al otro lado de la barra, con los colmillos al descubierto. Continuó hablando en voz más alta.

Colifa, que observaba tras unas zarzas secas a una distancia prudente, pensó que había en la performance de las mantis algún tipo de mensaje. Pero ni tiempo tuvo de profundizar ese pensamiento, ya que de repente apareció una columna de hormigas que marchaban hacia la casa de gobierno.
Ni corto, ni perezoso, se hizo de un tambor y les marcó les tiempo al paso hormigueril.

Mientras tanto, en las llanuras de las zonas normalizadas patrullaban enjambres de drones sanitarios de clonazepam.
Implacables, sus operadores, los burros pulpos, regaban millones de toneladas de ansiolíticos sobre la población.
Cada tanto, apartaban sus tentáculos de los monitores de visión para enfocarse en los gráficos de criptomonedas que titilaban en las pantallas de sus celulares.

Observaban, extasiados, cómo crecían sus ganancias.
¡Alabado sea el mercado! ¡Gloria! ¡Gloria!
Se besaban, emocionados hasta las lágrimas.





Colifa a la vanguardia de las hormigas

Colifa gruñó discretamente. No estaba nada de acuerdo con su papel en la historia. Los otros oyentes asintieron con la cabeza y giraron la vista como si buscaran la luna. Tras escapar con sus compañeros del campo de detención de Bootcountry, habían acabado en la clínica del Dr. Pulguens a través del túnel interdimensional, muy arenoso. Allí los habían cuidado lentamente hasta que se recuperaron. Y ahora se habían ido hacia el sur para buscar mandrágoras. No es que quisieran empezar un negocio de drogas con ellas. Las mandrágoras no son lo mismo que el clonazepam, insistían Osama y su pandilla, son alucinógenos que expanden la mente. El Dr. Pulguen y Doña Maruja seguían sospechando. Prohibieron expresamente su recolección en la Escuela de Mecánica de la Armada, en El Olimpo, en el Club Atlético y en Virrey Cevallos. Con demasiada frecuencia, la gente había tenido que taparse los oídos debido a los terribles aullidos que se producían al arrancar las raíces. Permitieron la búsqueda en La Anita, Patagonia, en la provincia de Santa Cruz, porque allí las ejecuciones habían terminado hacía más de 100 años. Papusa iba a acompañar al grupo. Colifa se había invitado a sí mismo. Solo habían

estado husmeando durante unos días, luego lo encontraron y lo cosecharon; en realidad, no había estado aullando, sino más bien susurrando, y ahora estaban bebiendo una infusión hecha con raíces de madragora y mate que se veía infernal y olía aún peor.
«Pero la historia puede ser muy diferente, no como una parábola, sino como ficción real», respondió Osama triunfalmente, sentándose pesadamente sobre sus patas traseras:

Colifa: Rebelion de la Tierra
por Dmitry Vilensky (chat gbt)

Los perros fantasean en su delirio con una historia revolucionaria en los siguientes capítulos:



Capítulo I: Buenos Aires, 2025
Capítulo II: El despertar de la red
Capítulo III: En el fantasma de Gaza
Capítulo IV: Transanimal Internationale
Capítulo V: La batalla del banco
Capítulo VI: Colapso y comienzo
Fin de la parte II: El comienzo de la República Salvaje...

Colifa y sus amigos yacían desparramados sobre el aserrín del suelo, roncando. Papusa tuvo que admitirse a sí misma que le habría gustado seguir escuchando. La historia era realmente apasionante. Siempre esos planes para el mundo, pensó, esa pomposidad que contienen, en la que nadie sabe exactamente a quién se está hablando y, sin embargo, sí, expanden la conciencia. Porque uno se siente lo bastante seguro como para imaginar semejante audacia, como si el mundo fuera un orbe imperial que pudiera girarse en la mano, y como si algún día todo pudiera hacerse realidad después de todo. ¿Y no eran estas fantasías muy antiguas? ¿No provenían de las mandrágoras de los anarquistas: huelgas generales, mandatos de consejos en lugar de mandatos parlamentarios, el mundo entero interconectado en pequeños negocios y parcelas, como el tejido celular de cada hoja, ramita o palma, cuyos restos gastados de imaginación estaban almacenados en algún servidor de IA que calentaba el mundo…? Definitivamente había bebido del vaso equivocado… solo tenían que ser expro… expro… expppropppppriiiiados… por los expropiaaaadores… y allí estaba ella, acurrucada en el cálido montón del aserrín, dormida.


El "Clona-Dron"

Parable
by Pablo Ares

'She's dead, she's dead, she's dead!' sobbed a group of praying mantises around a black cat lying on the floor. 'Don't you know she always comes back to life?' said the witch of Berlin, whose name is almost impossible to spell. 'We've seen her come back to life countless times, and she's never the same,' replied the mantises. 'Then why are you crying for someone who never is?' asked the mermaid. 'Because we don't know how to do anything else,' replied the mantises. Colifa, who was watching from behind some dry brambles at a safe distance…"
Papusa briefly stared at Colifa, who was standing with a group of eight Italian dogs at the other end of the bar, her fangs bared. She continued in a louder voice.
Colifa, who was watching from behind some dry brambles at a safe distance, thought that there was some kind of message in the mantises' performance. But he didn't even have time to think about it, because suddenly a column of ants appeared, marching toward the government building. Without hesitation, he grabbed a drum and set the pace for the ants. Meanwhile, in the plains of the normalized areas, swarms of clonazepam medical drones patrolled.

Meanwhile, swarms of clonazepam health drones patrolled the plains of the normalized zones. Relentless, their operators, the octopus donkeys, sprayed millions of tons of anti-anxiety drugs over the population. Every so often, they would take their tentacles away from the vision monitors to focus on the cryptocurrency charts flickering on their cell phone screens.

They watched, ecstatic, as their profits grew.
Praise the market! Glory! Glory!
They kissed each other, moved to tears.

Colifa growled faintly. He strongly disagreed with his role in the story. The other listeners nodded meaningfully and turned their heads as if seeking the moon. After escaping with their comrades from the detention camp in Bootcountry, they had ended up in Dr. Pulguens' clinic by way of the very sandy cross-dimensional tunnel. There they had slowly been nursed back to health. And now they had set off south to search for mandragoras. Not that they wanted to start a drug trade with them. Mandragoras are not the same as clonazepam, Osama and his gang insisted, they are mind-expanding

hallucinogens. Dr. Pulguen and Doña Maruja remained suspicious. They expressly prohibited their collection at the Escuela de Mecánica de la Armada, in El Olimpo, at the Club Atlético, and in Virrey Cevallos. Too often, people had had to cover their ears because of the terrible howling when the roots were pulled out. They allowed the search in La Anita, Patagonia, in the province of Santa Cruz, because the executions there had been over for 100 years. Papusa was to accompany the group. Colifa had invited himself. They had only sniffed around for a few days, then found and harvested it—in fact, it hadn't been howling, but more like whispering—and now they were drinking a brew made from madragora roots and mate that looked hellish and smelled even worse.
"But the story can turn out quite differently, not as a parable, but as true fiction," Osama replied triumphantly, sitting down ponderously on his hind legs:

Colifa: Rebelion de la Tierra
By Dmitry Vilensky (chat gbt)

Chapter I — Buenos Aires, 2025, *he recited*…The scent of tear gas lingered in the winter air. Plaza de Mayo was flooded once again—not by rain, but by grief and drums. Colifa, now silver-whiskered but sharper than ever, prowled the edge of the crowd, his paws silent on broken pavement. Argentina was cracking under Milei's libertarian crusade. He had sold the Pampas to foreign hedge funds. Children fainted in schools from hunger. Patagonia burned under privatized firefighting schemes. But most dangerous of all—he had begun the Domador Project: an AI-based animal behavioral control system, built in secret with funding from Silicon Valley and a shadowy web of military-industrial collaborators. Yes, and it targeted not just strays, but migratory birds, rebellious herds, even ants, a terrier with glassy eyes intervened, "Its neural core, Ojo Alfa, could control through ultrasonic frequencies and neural disruption. Animals who resisted were "neutralized" — vanishing into black sites managed by bio-tech firms with ties to the Israeli military. Colifa had broken into many vaults, but never into the core of such a system. Yet that night, messages had arrived via the Network of Fur and Feather—a vast, encrypted resistance led by dolphins, parrots, rats, and a coalition of retired carrier pigeons. Gaza's animals had sent a final plea. The starvation of two-leggeds was mirrored by the extinction of all who couldn't flee. The deserts around Rafah were littered with bird bones. Dogs in Khan Younis were chained in silence. But in the rubble, a whispered plan had hatched.



And then Chapter II — The Network Awakens, *Osama fantasized. His pupils were large and black.*
In a crumbling safehouse in Once, Colifa met with the underground. A cat named Zama, once an urban myth in Santiago, now operated as the de facto leader of South American information flow. She showed them leaked plans from Ojo Alfa. The system had facial and thermal recognition of over 1.3 million animals. Algorithms predicted rebellion and sent drones to administer "pacification." Guinea pigs were used to test neurological overrides. It was genocide by another name. "They say we don't dream," Zama whispered. "But we remember the boots. The dictatorship. The collars. We remember."
Papusa sighed, patiently and only slightly annoyed. So those were the effects. Colifa interjected enthusiastically, panting.
A German Shepherd defected from the presidential guard, code-named Mate Amargo, joined the team. He carried internal access codes and intelligence about Milei's alliance with Trump's rogue AI lab in Florida. The ex-president, now a demented trickster haunting golf courses and digital conspiracies, had sold Argentina prototype drone-packs, disguised as condors. "Trump has become more virus than man," Mate said. "He speaks in memes. He rules through chaos. He is a clown-god of end times." The Earth herself was rebelling. Rain didn't come. The jaguars of the Amazon sent encrypted roars through the jungle-net. Penguins from Ushuaia floated protest fleets on melting ice. In the sewers, rats held nightly councils. The animal world had reached its October of Fire.
Chapter III — Into Gaza's Ghost - *Osama barked and almost swept the calabashes off the counter with his tail.*
Through the help of rebel macaques operating a hacked drone boat out of Haifa, Colifa and a skeletal crew landed in Gaza by sea one stormy night. The city was gone. In its ruins, a network of feral animals lived in coded silence. A blind camel named Rami guided them. Under the ground, in what used to be a veterinary hospital, they found it: Project Hayawan—a failed Israeli-Pentagon experiment meant to create combat dogs immune to empathy. It had been shut down… but one survived.
Her name was Salma, Colifa continued pensively, a lean Doberman with eyes like mirrors and a voice like broken glass. She had broken free, devoured her handlers, and now led the Gaza Nocturne, a pack of desert canines that protected human survivors by night. "I will come with you to Buenos Aires," she said. "The experiment ends with me."
The dogs were moved to tears. Osama sobbed:
Chapter IV — Transanimal Internationale

Back through Brazil they traveled, where capybaras had taken over flooded government buildings and formed semi-autonomous communes. Through Bolivia, where condors flew black banners and llamas sabotaged lithium mines. Through Chile, where pumas walked city streets unchecked. Colifa sent encrypted messages through spider-nets and whale song. The new resistance was not just animals. Climate refugees, leftist militias, rogue scientists, and broken AIs abandoned by their creators all answered the call. An insurgent movement was forming: La Internacional Transanimal. Together they would shut down Ojo Alfa.
And then Chapter V — The Battle of the Bank - *They all barked in unison.* Ojo Alfa was buried deep under the Banco Central, disguised as a secure data center. Salma and Colifa led the charge. Mate Amargo distracted the guards by feigning a rabid episode. Zama infiltrated the mainframe via quantum fiber tunnels hidden in rat-built ducts. The code to shut it down was embedded in a lullaby sung by an Armenian girl in Gaza—recorded by sparrows and carried on frequencies inaudible to human ears. As Milei addressed a Davos satellite summit, hailing his "order through freedom" regime, the animals moved. Dogs howled in harmony across the capital. Ultrasonic drones malfunctioned. Neural pacifiers shorted. Fireflies blinked resistance code. Rats flooded the control panels. Colifa bit through the final cable. Ojo Alfa went dark. *Huuuuuhuuuu huuuu.*
Papusa was admittedly impressed.
But now Chapter VI *starts:* Collapse and Beginning*, the terrier gasped,* "Milei fled into the Andes, reportedly hiding in a crypto-monastery funded by libertarian monks. Trump's AI was dismantled by a raccoon-led sabotage cell in Florida. Gaza was not healed. Yemen still burned. The Earth still choked. But the surveillance leash had snapped. A new constitution was written in Montevideo by crows, cats, and human poets. It recognized all sentient life as sovereign. The Republic of the Wild was declared in Patagonia, governed by an elected council of species. "Colifa", *slurred Colifa*, "wounded but alive, refused all medals. He disappeared into the salt flats, leaving only a pawprint on the marble steps of the Banco Central. They say he walks still, under the southern stars, where the internet cannot reach. But the resistance remembers. And the animals no longer kneel. The End of Part II: The Beginning of the Wild Republic…

Colifa and his friends lay sprawled across the sawdust on the floor, snoring. Papusa had to admit to herself that she would have liked to continue listening. The story was really exciting. Always these world plans, she thought, this pomposity in them, where no one knows exactly who they are

talking to, and yet, yes, they expand consciousness. Because one feels confident enough to imagine such boldness, as if the world were an imperial orb that one could turn in one's hand, and one day everything might come true after all. And weren't these fantasies very old? Didn't they come from the mandrakes of the anarchists: general strikes, council mandates instead of diet mandates, the whole world networked in small businesses and parcels, like the cellular tissue on every single leaf, sprig, or palm, whose worn-out scraps of imagination were stored in some world-heating AI servers... She had definitely drunk from the wrong glass... they just had to be expro... expro... expppropppppriiiiated... by the exproprrrriators... there she was, nestled in the warm pack in the sawdust, asleep.

She dreamt a very peculiar dream...

Cómic por / Comic by Federico Geller



CONAN: IT HAPPENS THAT I'M NOT A REAL DOG NOW. I'M ... I'M SOMEBODY IS WATCHING US!



COLIFA: WHAT'S THE PROBLEM ABOUT IT? ALL THE WORLD MIGHT BE WATCHING US. THERE IS A BIG DANGER FOR ALL! MAYBE THE BIGGEST ONE EVER.



Colifa: THE STREETS OF BUENOS AIRES WERE INVADED BY AN ARMY OF PEOPLE WALKING BESIDE AND THROUGH BODIES OF FALLING PEOPLE.

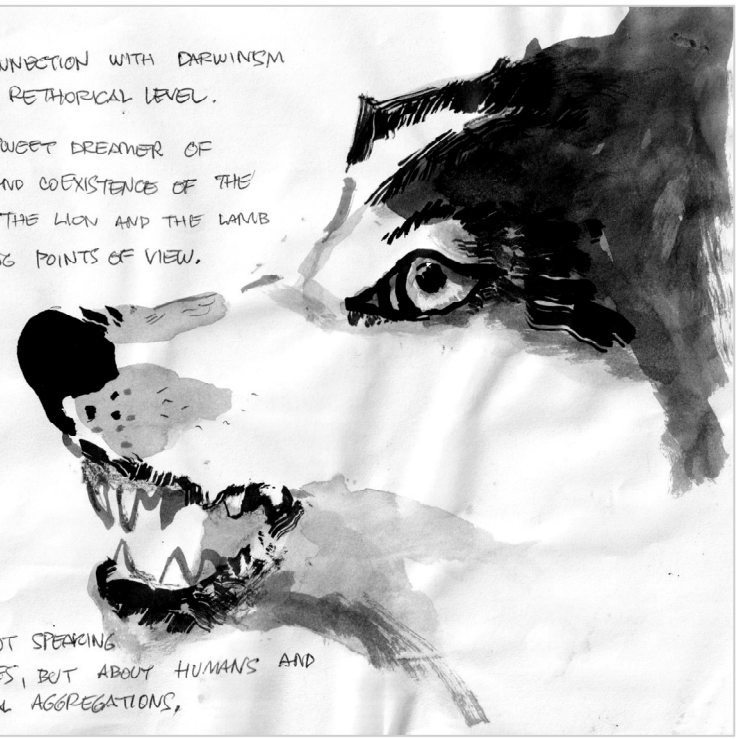
CONAN: NOBODY SAID THAT THE DARWINIAN STRUGGLE WAS A GAME OF CHESS.

WHO IS MORE ZOMBIE?



COLIFA: THIS HAS CONNECTION WITH DARWINISM JUST IN A RETHORICAL LEVEL.

CONAN: YOU ARE A SWEET DREAMER OF EQUALITY AND COEXISTENCE OF THE SPECIES, THE LION AND THE LAMB EXCHANGING POINTS OF VIEW.



COLIFA: WE ARE NOT SPEAKING ABOUT SPECIES, BUT ABOUT HUMANS AND THEIR SOCIAL AGGREGATIONS,

COLIFA: IS THEN WAR AS WELL A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE OF THE DRIVE TO PERSIST AND MULTIPLY OUR PERSONAL GENOME ?

DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE IT? DOES THE TEL AVIV STOCK MARKET SHARE THE SAME LOGIC THAN BIOLOGICAL EVOLUTION?

IT LOOKS LIKE THEY FOUND A WAY TO ERASE NATURAL HISTORY AT OUR PLANE

WELL... IS NOT THE SAME THAN A CLASH BETWEEN CHIMPS, BUT...

THERE IS SOME UNINTERRUPTED CONTINUITY

COLIFA: NATURAL SELECTION AND A PONZI SCHEME CAN SHARE A VERY WEAK AND DISTANT CAUSAL CONNECTION. SOCIAL DARWINISTS LIKE YOU MAY SAY THAT FRAUD IS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE OF SELFISH GENES!

RUBBISH!



FROM ARGENTINA THERE WAS A FEELING THAT GAZA WAS NOT SO DISTANT AND EVEN WAS APPROACHING SOMETIMES. MANY STRINGS ACCROSS THE OCEANS. MIGRATIONS. MILITARY AND ECONOMIC EXCHANGE. THE BOMBINGS AND, FIRST OF ALL, COVERING OVER COVERING



COLIFA: WHY DO YOU PUT SO MUCH ENDEAVOUR PROTECTING THE INTERESTS OF A FEW? YOU WERE A HAPPY DOG.

CONAN: YES I WAS

COLIFA: ON THE OPPOSITE, YOUR MASTER HAD A VERY HARD CHILDHOOD



Colifa regresó de La Anita con una gran bolsa de viaje llena de raíces de mandrágora. Olía un gran negocio, se preparó un té y cayó en un sueño profundo…

La pesadilla de Colifa
Por Etcétera (Loreto Garin y Federico Zukerfeld)

Una noche Colifa se desveló recordando los bosques perdidos en ese páramo desolador que había quedado de Exargentina, agitado por las memorias, bebió algunas aguas servidas dando vueltas por la ciudad devastada y se durmió en una entrada de un cajero automático.

Durante sus horas de descanso alterado tuvo un sueño revelador. Fue mucho tiempo después del año en que ellos habían dejado de exportar carne, trigo, arte y futbolistas. Ahora exportaban esperanza en polvo, diversas marcas baratas, el evento T14 maíz transgénico, el preciado litio, las simpáticas tierras raras, sus influencers y otros NFTs minerales.
En su sueño Colifa con los cachetes colgando, con la melena eléctrica y mirada febril, corría en tinajas de agua salada, estaba convencido que el litio era "la droga de los dioses capitalistas" y que el oro blanco no solo lo ayudaría invertir en esta ciudad devastada como parte de una maravillosa Riviera argentina, sino al mundo entero con la promesa de "la libertad individual, la energía verde infinita, para dar luz a una sociedad blanca".
Con sorpresa y un poco alarmado, vio cómo el pelaje de sus patas se estaba volviendo más fino y se le veía la piel rosada, como si se estuviera convirtiendo en un cerdo.
De repente, una Rata grande se plantó delante de él, apodada Musk-a-rat, un roedor emprendedor que hablaba en hashtags y solo comía cápsulas robadas de los escritorios de políticos poderosos. Describió a Colifa - que se había sumido en un frenesí creativo empresarial - de que el verdadero futuro argentino no solo estaba en los salares del norte, sino en los cráteres del hemisferio rojo de Marte -¡Vamos a privatizar el espacio, viejo!- chilló la rata mientras ajustaba su traje de astronauta. Así convenció al Colifa de unirse a la jauría de emprendedores en esta inversión futurista e intergaláctica.
Solo, dijo Musk-a-rat, bastaba con abrir una minería a cielo abierto en los salares, así como lo había hecho en las selvas devastadas de 2005. "Mira esto es sencillo, trazamos un triángulo sobre el territorio, como el triángulo de las Bermudas*. Lo que desaparece misteriosamente desaparece - seres humanos, cualquier fauna - serán misteriosamente absorbidos y nadie

recordará a esos seres en el futuro. Nosotros, las ratas, somos ahora los que salvan a la humanidad. Esto es lo que tienen que entender. Suministraremos energía verde y sostenible en abundancia Y gracias a ello, podremos escapar a Marte contigo, poderoso Colifa. Cuando se nos acabe el oxígeno en la tierra, despegaremos hacia el Planeta Rojo y lo convertiremos en blanco. Lo haremos por el futuro de la humanidad, vamos a prometerle al mundo que con el litio que saquemos vamos a cargar hasta los celulares de los muertos. Golpearemos con dictaduras a quien queramos. `Deal with it!´"

Colifa - perdiendo cada vez más su pelaje - se sintió halagado, no podía creerlo, era parte de una jauria de pichichos ganadores. Recordó que ya en un caluroso marzo de 1996, otro coqueto y pequeño ladrón - con unas bonitas patillas - sorprendió a los telespectadores, tras su discurso realizado en un acto político en la provincia de Salta, en el cual se anunciaba que Argentina realizaría vuelos espaciales que conectarán el mundo en 90 minutos:
"Dentro de poco tiempo se va a licitar un sistema de vuelos espaciales mediante el cual, desde una plataforma, que quizá se instale en Córdoba, esas naves van a salir de la atmósfera, se van a remontar a la estratósfera, y desde ahí elegirán el lugar donde quieran ir, de tal forma que en una hora y media podremos estar en Japón, Corea o en cualquier parte del mundo."
Al parecer Colifa también tenía el sueño humano de conquistar otros territorios no terrestres, y abrazar las estrellas flotando en la inmensidad. Colifa vio maravillosos nuevos planetas Pampa flotando en el espacio, con ganado, trigo, soja y muchos choripanes. Hasta que un perro infernal voló hacia él a gran velocidad. Era Conan “el Bárbaro”, perro musculoso, con el hocico lleno de babas y los ojos en trance de perruno libertario ladró: “¡Viva la minería o muerte!”*.En algún lugar del espacio, la risa de una rata flotante se mezcló con el ladrido de un perro libertario.
Detrás del perro infernal Colifa vio otras mascotas espaciales: la perra Laika, Los monos Albert II y IV, Rhesus, el gato Felicette y de los ejemplares argentinos el Mono Juan y la Rata Belisario, fauna pionera en esta cruzada intergaláctica, murieron de hambre, de frío, de sed, sofocados.
Colifa se encontró de pie sobre el ATM, ladrando a la luna. “¡Misión cumplida! Argentina será el primer país en exportar promesas interplanetarias. Y lo hicimos sin Estado.”
Sudando profusamente, se lamía las patas y perseguía su cola. Gracias a Dios estaban allí, cubiertos de pelaje azul negruzco.

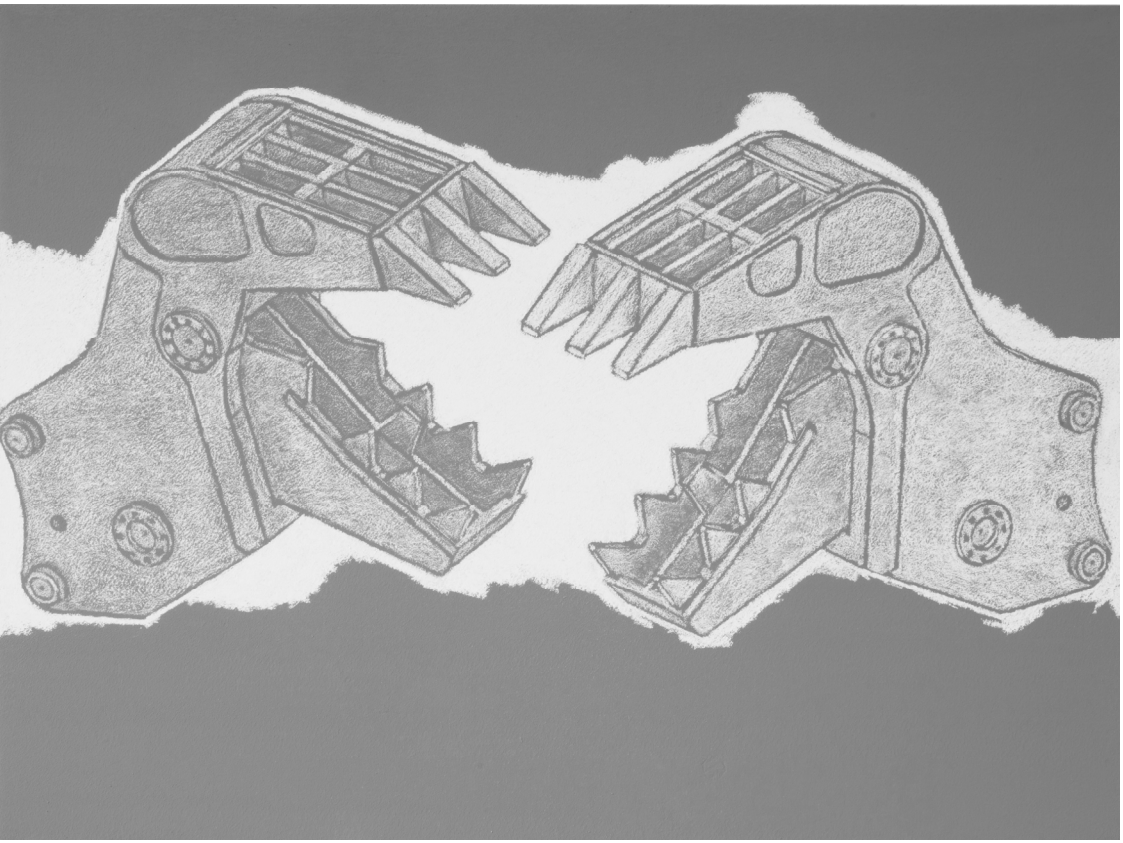
Colifa returned from La Anita to Buenos Aires with a large travel bag full of mandrake roots. He smelled indeed a great business opportunity.

Colifa's nightmare
By Etcétera (Loreto Garin and Federico Zukerfeld)

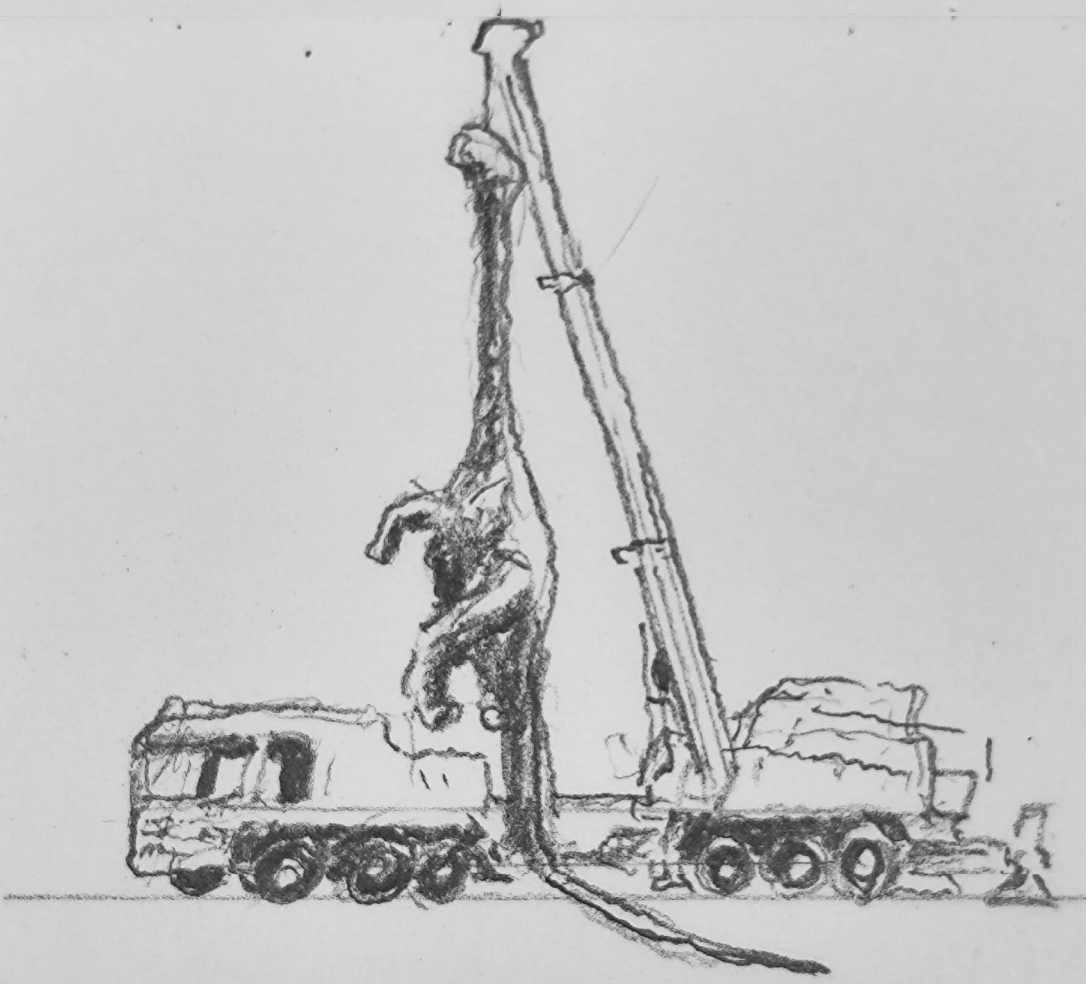
He lay awake remembering the lost forests in that desolate wasteland that was all that remained of Exargentina. Torn by memories, he brewed himself a Mandragora tea while wandering around the wasted city. He fell asleep in the doorway of an ATM. During his restless hours of sleep, he had a revealing dream. It was a long time after the year in which they had stopped exporting meat, wheat, art, and soccer players. Now they exported powdered hope, various cheap brands, the T14 genetically modified corn event, precious lithium, rare earth elements, its influencers, and other mineral NFTs.
In his dream, Colifa, with his sagging cheeks, electric hair, and feverish gaze, ran through tinajas, huge saltwater pools. He was totally convinced that lithium was "the drug of the capitalist gods" and that this white gold would not only help him to invest in this devastated city as part of a wonderful Exargentina Riviera, but to invest in the whole world with the promise of "individual freedom, infinite green energy, to give birth to a white society."
Surprised and a little alarmed, he saw how the fur on his paws was getting thin, and pink skin was showing through, as if he were turning into a pig.
Suddenly, a big rat stood in front of him, nicknamed Musk-a-rat, an enterprising rodent who spoke in hashtags and only ate pills stolen from the desks of powerful politicians. It described Colifa – who had plunged into a frenzy of entrepreneurial creativity - that Argentina's true future lay not only in the salt flats of the north, but in the craters of the red hemisphere of Mars. "Let's privatize space, old boy!" squeaked the rat and adjusted its astronaut suit. Join the pack of entrepreneurial dogs in their intergalactic investment.
All he had to do, said Musk-a-rat, was all that was needed was to start open-pit mining in the salt flat. "Look, it's simple. We draw a triangle over the territory, like the Bermuda Triangle*. Whatever appears – humanbeings, any fauna - will be mysteriously absorbed and no one will remember those beings in future." We – the rats – are now the one to save humanity. This is what they have to understand. We will supplie green and sustainable energy in abundance, and that thanks to it, we will be able to escape to Mars with

you too, mighty Colifa. When we run out of oxygen on Earth, we and you will take off for the Red Planet and turn it white.
We will do it for the future of humanity. We will promise the world that with the lithium we extract, we will charge even the cell phones of the dead. We will promise the human world amazing dictatorships. Deal with it!
Colifa – loosing more and more his fur - was flattered; he couldn't believe it, he was part of a pack of the winning canines. Now it came to his mind, that back in a hot March in 1996, another charming little thief – with beautiful sideburns - surprised television viewers after his speech at a political event in the province of Salta, in which he announced that Argentina would carry out space flights that would connect the world in 90 minutes.*:
“Soon, a space flight system will be put out to tenders whereby, from a platform that may be installed in Córdoba, these spacecraft will leave the atmosphere, ascend to the stratosphere, and from there we choose where they want to go, so that in an hour and a half we could be in Japan, Korea, or anywhere else in the world.”*
Apparently this was Argentina´s first step to conquer other non-terrestrial territories, embracing the stars floating in the immensity of space? Colifa saw wonderful new Pampa planets drifting in space, with cattle and wheat and soybeans and lots of choripans. …. Until a hellhound flew toward him at great speed. It was Conan “the Barbarian,” a muscular dog with a snout full of drool and the trance-like eyes of a libertarian dog, barking “Long live mining or death!”*
Somewhere in space, the laughter of a floating rat mingled with the barking of a libertarian dog.
Behind the hellhound Colifa saw now other space pets: the dog Laika, the monkeys Albert II and IV, Rhesus, the cat Felicette, and the Argentine specimens Mono Juan and Rata Belisario, pioneering fauna in their intergalactic crusade - starved, died of thirst, froze to death, suffocated.
Colifa found himself standing on the ATM, barking at the moon—“Mission accomplished! Argentina will be the first country to export interplanetary promises. And we did it without the government.”

Sweating profusely, he licked his paws and chased his tail. Thank God they were there, covered in blue-black fur.



Dibujo documental por / Documentary drawing by Jürgen Stollhans



Doña Maruja se había retirado a su oficina después del ensayo teatral. Estaba en la planta baja, en la antigua portería, donde podía dejar la puerta abierta para recibir a los mensajeros. Un Caburé de Misiones le había traído un documento interesante. Se dejó caer exhausto detrás de la cortina, metió el pico y la pata izquierda bajo el ala y se quedó dormido. Doña Maruja leyó:

Alfarería Paleo - Libertaria
Apuntes para un tutorial sobre cómo (no) levantar una pieza
Por Sonia Abián

[PREPARACIÓN]

Soy aprendiz de alfarera en Más allá de El Dorado, una residencia de artistas en Posadas, Misiones, y hoy les voy a contar cómo me quedé atascada en la "Alfarería Paleo-Libertaria". Mi primer encuentro con ella fue sobre un torno electrónico, adquirido con el dinero del premio "8M. Despatriarcalizar el Patrimonio". Al momento de recibirlo, esta institución estatal aún se llamaba Centro Cultural Kirchner. Hoy ha sido renombrada Palacio Libertad. Quizás se han dado cuenta, que tanto su nombre como el del particular método alfarero, del que les voy a hablar, tienen en común la palabra "libertad". Además, comparten un prefijo, porque, aunque el nombre del espacio histórico lo omita, en realidad es Palacio de la (Paleo)-Libertad. "Paleo-" viene del griego antiguo "παλαιός" (palaiós), que significa "viejo" o "antiguo", y del latín "pala", aquello que se hunde en la tierra. Según se recoge del habla cotidiana, vendría a significar algo así como vieja y conocida herramienta utilizada para designar tanto el acto de "excavar" (la tierra) como de "socavar" (el Estado).
Esta novedosa forma de hacer alfarería surgió inesperadamente una tarde en mi taller, cuando alguien quiso saber: qué andaba haciendo de "lindo" en el torno, en ese mismo momento la pieza que estaba intentando tornear, colapsó. En una fracción de segundo comparé su caída con el derrumbe del Estado de derecho bajo el actual gobierno, y señalando los restos respondí: "Alfarería Paleo-Libertaria". La persona no tomó a bien el chiste y se fue tan pronto como pudo, pero yo me quedé contenta con la expresión que acababa de acuñar. Decidí entonces probar un cambio de rumbo en mi práctica como aprendiz de alfarera y comencé a investigar esta extraña dimensión de la alfarería.

[TORNEADO]
Lo que había surgido de la casualidad, producto de la impericia, se transformó en unas nuevas reglas de juego que yo misma me impuse. Comencé a practicar a conciencia la Alfarería Paleo-Libertaria. Inmediatamente dejé de sentirme frustrada si una pieza terminaba siendo un bodoque informe. Ya no contaba

como fracaso, sino como un logro. Los estantes comenzaron a llenarse de cuencos rotos y sin fondo. ¡Cuánto más fácil se había vuelto la Alfarería! Los éxitos se sucedían uno tras otro. Y si ocurría que la pieza salía disparada de la platina y se estrellaba en la pared, eso ya merecía un aplauso. Lo que antes sencillamente era un desastre, ahora tenía un nombre propio. Solo quedaba pendiente encontrar una teoría que fundamentara esta práctica.

[RETORNEADO]
Una mañana, mientras iba por la calle escuchando la radio en mi celular, un panel de periodistas discutía sobre la Teoría del Derrame que sustenta el actual modelo de gobierno en Argentina. Resumiendo, la definieron como un "dar a quien tiene más para que, en algún momento, cuando el cuerno de la opulencia de los ricos esté lleno, la riqueza se derrame sobre la clase baja empobrecida". A continuación, el moderador planteó al panel la pregunta, diría irónica, sobre si consideraban que Argentina estaba acercándose a ese momento, pues actualmente el país transita un descomunal proceso de acumulación de capital. Las réplicas salieron de las bocas todas al mismo tiempo, y en el enredo de opiniones logré identificar la exclamación de una invitada: "¡Hombre! Que se están llevando la pasta con pala".

Esta frase quedó resonando en mi cabeza ya que en la jerga alfarera decimos "pasta" como sinónimo de "arcilla", y descubrí que en España al dinero se le dice "pasta". Esta feliz coincidencia entre barro y capital, me iluminó. Justo ahora que había dejado de buscar la causa por la cual mis piezas no cesaban de desmoronarse, ahí estaba. ¡Yo también me estaba llevando la pasta con pala

. En la alfarería "llevarnos la pasta" es precisamente lo que debemos hacer para transformar un trozo de arcilla en una pieza. Pero debemos hacerlo con delicadeza, empujando con la yema de los dedos pequeñas cantidades de pasta desde la base hasta la parte alta de la pieza (también llamada labio), , En lugar de eso, apliqué el torneado de shock. Curvé al máximo las falanges de modo tal que mis dedos se hundieran en la pasta y las yemas trabajaran como palas de una retroexcavadora, extrayendo la pasta de la base y depositándola en el labio. Ejecuté movimientos rápidos, ascendentes, como los de la transferencia de riqueza, los cuales, combinados con la velocidad de giro, hicieron que las paredes de las piezas crezcan desparejas.

En síntesis, me dediqué a tornear como una capitalista que descubriera en la base, un yacimiento de litio, un bosque nativo, un pozo de petróleo o un acuífero y quisiera llevárselo todo en el menor tiempo posible. Como afarera Paleo-Libertaria no necesito nada más que el deseo de acumular pasta en el

labio, porque como dicen, la pasta que hoy nos llevamos de más, se va a derramar mañana. Lo afirmo bien plantada, con la voz alta y segura, como aún lo hacen los votantes libertarios desde los escombros, aunque sé muy bien que la pasta se comporta como el capital. Una vez acumulada en el labio, no se derrama. Mi estante de cuencos rotos y sin fondo dan cuenta de ello.

[LIJADO]
Ya transcurrió un tiempo y todavía no me decido a poner fin a este experimento. Cuando me siento al torno y comienzo a trabajar, me meto en el rol e imagino que la platina es la Plaza del Congreso, que el epicentro de giro de mi pieza se revela también en ese emblemático lugar, todos los miércoles, que son los días en que la gendarmería se ve obligada a salir a la calle a proteger esa maravillosa transferencia de pasta, de la ira los jubilados que persisten en existir. Qué pesados. La pasta está a resguardo de ustedes, manga de bocas inútiles, en el labio, donde debe estar. Sépanlo de una vez. Sus cuerpos no son de ustedes, sino del Alfarero Sr. Mercado.

Diariamente sus manos al tornear nos alivianan de cientos de moléculas superfluas de piel y músculos, que no necesitamos en realidad. Con su presión las desprenden de nuestros cuerpos y empujan hasta la boca de nuestra sociedad, donde participan de una preciosa danza para definir su destino.
Mis manos torneando la pasta sobre la platina, ejecutan los mismos movimientos de aquellas otras manos que son invisibles para la mayoría. Excepto para mi perro y su banda de amigos prófugos de la Ex Argentina. Él no solo es capaz de reconocerme, aún en la más pequeña de mis fracciones, sino que se ha dado a sí mismo la misión de que mis partes no se pierdan unas de otras.

[HORNEADO] Es para partirse de risa. Un día sin darme cuenta comenzó un proceso de desagregación y hoy ya soy varias. Por ejemplo, mis piernas. Sucede que llegan al taller y toman asiento en la banqueta frente al torno cuando el resto de mí continúa demorado en otros espacios de la casa. Mi perro no para de ladrar bajo las ventanas tratando de advertir a mis partes de hacer el favor y seguir a los miembros inferiores. Pero mi tronco no se da por aludido y aguarda como una almohada arrumbado sobre el sofá a que los brazos se dignen a encontrarlo. Mi cabeza aún se derrama sobre el lavatorio haciendo frente al agua que sube desde el grifo. Entonces el perro ladra más fuerte. De a poco voy-vamos llegando y logramos alinearnos por unos segundos. Pero ni bien enciendo el torno mis moléculas comienzan a descentrarse de nuevo. La cabeza pierde densidad, y antes de perderla, un brazo la coloca como un balón

debajo de él. Los dedos se posicionan sobre la pasta que gira a velocidad de centrado.

Sé que una mínima distensión de las falanges de mis dedos, haría la diferencia. Si no se curvaran como palas hoy podría ser mi primera sesión de lo que nuestro actual presidente llamaría Alfarería “ZurdaPero siento que al menos hoy no va a suceder, aunque debo reconocer que me produce cierta nostalgia recordar los momentos cuando aspiraba a producir cuencos capaces de retener su contenido. Mientras tanto, tuve que insonorizar mi aparato auditivo debido a que no solo el mío, sino todos los perros del barrio ladran sin cesar al desfile en la calle de las partes del cuerpo.

¿Deberían ofrecerse clases de alfarería libertaria paleolítica en Buenos Aires? La ciudad estaba construida sobre arena. ¿Dónde había canteras de arcilla? ¿Quizás en El Tigre? Allí todo era posible. Preocupada, pensó en el retraso de las partes del cuerpo. ¿Era por tristeza, por desgana, por desesperación? En El Tigre, el tiempo transcurría más lentamente. El cuerpo no tenía prisa por reunirse. ¿Y los fragmentos? ¿Eran afilados? ¿Se podían lanzar a través de la dimensión? ¿Como rayos, tal vez? ¿Una fabricación de rayos? ¿Brigadas de Zeus? De todos modos, tenía que viajar a Misiones para participar en un cónclave de pomberos que habían avistado objetos voladores no identificados. Ni la presidenta, la señora Horowitz, ni su perro se habían pronunciado al respecto. Viajaba con escepticismo al respecto.

¿Deberían ofrecerse clases de cerámica libertaria paleolítica en Buenos Aires? La ciudad estaba construida sobre arena. ¿Dónde había canteras de arcilla? ¿Quizás en Tigre? Allí todo era posible. Preocupada, pensó en el retraso de las partes del cuerpo. ¿Era por tristeza, por desgana, por desesperación? En Tigre, el tiempo transcurría más lentamente. El cuerpo no tenía prisa por reunirse. ¿Y los fragmentos? ¿Eran afilados? ¿Se podían lanzar a través de la dimensión? ¿Como rayos, tal vez? ¿Una fabricación de rayos? ¿Brigadas de Zeus? De todos modos, tenía que viajar a Misiones para participar en un cónclave de pomberos que habían avistado objetos voladores no identificados. Ni la presidenta, la señora Horowitz, ni su perro se habían pronunciado al respecto. Viajaba con escepticismo al respecto.

After rehearsal, Dona Maruja had returned to her office. It was located on the ground floor in the former gatekeeper's lodge of the UBA, where she could leave the door open to receive couriers. A cabure from Misiones had brought her an interesting document. It settled down exhausted behind the curtain, tucked its beak, left foot under its wing, and fell asleep. Dona Maruja read:

Libertarian Paleo Pottery
Notes for a tutorial on how (not) to make a piece
By Sonia Abián

[PREPARATION]
I am an apprentice potter at Más allá de El Dorado, an artist residency in Posadas, Misiones, and today I am going to tell you how I got stucked in "Paleo-Libertarian Pottery." My first encounter with it was on an electronic potter's wheel, purchased with money from the "8M. Despatriarchalizing Heritage" award. At the time I received it, this state institution was still called the Kirchner Cultural Center. Today it has been renamed Palacio Libertad. You may have noticed that both - its name and the name of the particular pottery method I am going to tell you about - have the word "liberty" in common. They also share a prefix, because, although the name of the historic site omits it, it is actually the Palace of (Paleo)-Liberty. "Paleo-" comes from the ancient Greek "παλαιός" (palaiós), which means 'old' or "ancient," and from the Latin "pala," that which sinks into the earth.According to everyday usage, it would mean something like an old and familiar tool used to designate both the act of "digging" (the earth) and "undermining" (the State).

This novel form of pottery making arose unexpectedly one afternoon in my studio. Someone had paused to ask what I was doing on the potter's wheel that looked so "nice"—and at that very moment, the piece I was trying to turn collapsed. In a split second, I compared its fall to the collapse of the rule of law under the current government, and pointing to the remains, I replied: "Paleo-Libertarian Pottery." The person didn't take the joke well and left as soon as she could, but I was happy with the expression I had just coined. I then decided to try a change of direction in my practice as an apprentice potter and began to research this strange dimension of pottery

[TURNING]
What had arisen by chance, as a result of inexperience, turned into a new set of rules of the game that I imposed on myself. I began to practice Paleo-

Libertarian Pottery consciously and deliberately. I immediately stopped feeling frustrated when a piece ended up as a shapeless lump. It no longer counted as a failure, but as an achievement. The shelves began to fill with broken, bottomless bowls. How much easier Pottery had become! And if the piece happened to fly off the wheel head and crash into the wall, it was already worthy of applause. What had previously been simply a disaster now had a name of its own. All that remained was to find a theory to support this practice.

[RETURNING]
One morning, while walking down the street listening to the radio on my cell phone, a panel of journalists was discussing the Trickle-Down Theory that underpins the current model of government in Argentina. In short, they defined it as “giving to those who have more so that, at some point, when the cornucopia of the rich is full, wealth will spill over to the impoverished lower class. The moderator then asked the panel the somewhat ironic question of whether they thought Argentina was approaching that moment, given that the country is currently undergoing a massive process of capital accumulation. The replies came out of everyone's mouths at the same time, and in the tangle of opinions I managed to identify the exclamation of one guest: Man! They’re raking the pasta away with a shovel! This phrase resonated in my head, because in pottery jargon, ‘pasta’ is synonymous with “clay,” and I found out that in Spain, money is also called “pastathis happy coincidence between clay and capital enlightened me. Just now that I was no longer interested in finding the cause of why my pieces kept falling apart, there it wasI was raking in the pasta too!

In pottery, “to carry the pasta away is precisely what we must do to transform a piece of clay into a finished piece. But you have to do it gently pushing small amounts of it from the base to the top of the piece (also called the lip) Instead, I applied shock turning. I curved my fingers as much as possible so that they sank into the pasta and my fingertips worked like the shovels of a backhoe, extracting the pasta from the base and depositing it on the lip. I made quick, upward movements, like those used in wealth transfer, which, combined with the speed of rotation, caused the walls of the pieces to grow, too thin at the base.
In short, I “devoted” myself to pottery like a capitalist who had discovered a lithium deposit, a native forest, an oil well, or an aquifer at the base and wanted to take it all away as quickly as possible. As a Paleo-Libertarian Potter I need nothing more than the desire to accumulate clay at the lips,. Because, as the say, at some point excess pasta we take today will spill out

tomorrow. I say this firmly, loudly and confidently, like the supporters of Paleo-Libertarian Party still do after all the disasters even though I know very well that clay behaves like capital. Once accumulated on the lip, it doesn't spill. My shelf of broken, bottomless bowls is proof of that.

[SANDED]
Some time has passed, and I still can't bring myself to end this experiment. When I sit down at the wheel and start working, I get into the role and imagine that the plate is the Plaza del Congreso, that the epicenter of my piece's rotation is also revealed in that emblematic place. That every Wednesday the police are forced to take to the streets to protect that wonderful transfer of pasta from the wrath of retirees who persist in existing. How annoying. The money is safe from you, you bunch of useless mouths,. Take note once and for all: your bodies do not belong to you, but to the Potter, Mr. Mercado whose hands relieve us of hundreds of superfluous molecules of skin and muscle that we don't really need. With their pressure, they detach them from our bodies and push them to the lips of our society, where they participate in a beautiful dance to define their destiny.
My hands, turning the pasta on the plate, perform the same movements as those other hands that are invisible to most. Except for my dog and his gang of friends who fled from the former Argentina. Not only is he able to recognize me, even in the smallest of my fractions, but he has also given himself the mission of ensuring that my parts do not get lost from each other.

[FIRED]
It´s to die laughing. One day, without realizing it, a process of disintegration began, and today I am several people. For example, my legs. They arrive at the studio and take a seat on the stool in front of the lathe while the rest of me remains delayed in other rooms of the house. My dog barks incessantly under the windows, trying to warn my other parts to do me a favor and follow my lower limbs. But my torso takes no notice and waits like a pillow tossed on the sofa for my arms to deign to find it. My head still spills over the sink, facing the water rising from the tap. Then the dog barks louder and finally little by little, we arrive and manage to align ourselves for a few seconds. But as soon as I turn on the wheel, my molecules begin to shift out of focus again. My head loses density, and before I lose it, an arm places it like a ball beneath him. My fingers position themselves on the paste spinning at centering speed. I know the slightest tension in my fingertips would make all the difference.

If they didn't curve like shovels, today could be my first session of what our current president would call “(dirty) Left-handed” pottery, but I feel it is not going to happen yet although I must admit that I feel a certain nostalgia when I remember the times when I aspired to produce bowls capable to retain their contents. Meanwhile . I had to soundproof my hearing aid because not only mine, but all the dogs in the neighborhood bark endlessly to the parts of the bodys parade on the street.

Dona Maruja was pensive. Should Paleo Pottery classes be offered in Buenos Aires? The city was built on sand. Where were the clay pits? In El Tigre, perhaps? Anything was possible there. She worried about the delay in the arrival of the body parts. Was it due to sadness, unwillingness, despair? Time moved more slowly in El Tigre. The body was in no hurry to gather itself. And the shards? Were they sharp? Could they be thrown through the dimension? Like lightning, perhaps? A creation of thunderbolts? Zeus brigades? She had to travel to Misiones anyway to attend a conclave of the Pomberos, who—tsk, tsk, tsk—had spotted unidentified flying objects. Neither the chairwoman, Señora Horowitz, nor her dog had commented on this. She traveled with skepticism about the matter.

El perro negro de la señora Horowitz
por Carlos Piegari

El pueblito
- en la provincia de Misiones, a las orillas del río Paraná, cerca de la frontera con Paraguay y justo enfrente de la ciudad de Hohenau - ,
estaba escondido detrás de una arboleda, allí el señor Vladimir Rosales hacía honor a su apellido, se ganaba la vida como jardinero trashumante. Varias familias solicitaban su pericia floricultora para mantener con vida sus vergeles aún a salvo. Recorría en bicicleta las casas del médico, el ingeniero, la arquitecta, la kinesióloga y el abogado. Tenía un equipo exiguo, pues su medio de transporte no le permitía mayor carga. Una pala atada al caño del cuadro de la bici y en el canasto trasero un bolso con la palita ancha y la angosta, las tijeras de podar y el rastrillo de mango corto. Pero la herramienta más importante eran sus manos. El señor Rosales no usaba guantes, cada dedo debía tener un diálogo especial con la tierra y las flores. No se comportan igual los pulgares y los índices con los tallos y las hojas, las palmas eran autónomas cuando debían apisonar terrones de arcilla o acariciar pétalos mustios. Decían que tenía "mano" para la jardinería, nada que ver. El señor Rosales sólo observaba el comportamiento y crecimiento de sus flores y plantas, probaba que cantidad de agua necesitaban, si el sol abusaba o la sombra se excede y, por sobre todas las cosas, les hablaba con voz suave. Nada más.
Ningún jardín era muy diferente del otro, sin embargo, el de la señora Horowitz destacaba entre todos. Casi anciana era una persona especial, tanto como su jardín. Vivía en un chalecito igual a los demás, disfrutaba un terreno muy frondoso y allí veneraba su pequeño edén, desapercibido entre pinos casi centenarios. Más allá del bosque, invadían las autopistas, los puentes elevados, rugían los camiones frigoríficos, las manadas de automóviles, los todoterrenos Hummer, los helicópteros, las motos con turbinas, los drones. El mundo del cemento y petróleo. Pero ese pequeño caserío aún sobrevivía ocultándose del progreso: pocos vecinos, el jardinero Rosales y la señora Horowitz que sólo compartía su vida con un perro mestizo. Era negro, de pelaje suave, quizás poseía ancestros pastores de las montañas, aunque lo más importante era su mirada, con sus ojos hablaba.
El señor Vladimir Rosales atendía el bienestar de una variada calidad de jardines, ninguno muy ostentoso, pero en cada uno destacaba una tendencia de personalidad. En alguno predominaban los cactus, en otro los helechos, las hierbas y flores silvestres, un atisbo de huerto con matas de albahaca y orégano, una que otra rosaleda, los había con perímetros autónomos o

geométricos, cierto acompañamiento acuático, inclusión de vasijas o macetas de barro cocido.
La señora Horowitz era enjuta, agachaba su cabeza como si siempre estuviera orando, sus manos delgadas y blancas como el marfil, el cabello níveo, largo, caía hasta su cintura. Muy bonita debió ser de joven. Pero su jardín, custodiado por su perro, era extraño. Para el señor Rosales es hasta quizás un poco insólito. De una dama como la señora Horowitz podría haberse esperado un oasis botánico donde primaran rosas, claveles, juncos, la estatuilla de un Buda o una fuente con un angelito, pero no. Tan solo era un círculo *de losas de concreto, donde al perro le gustaba descansar y disfrutar del calor,* que protegían una alfombra densa y verde de hiedras rastreras que reptaban hasta un majestuoso roble donde, muy a su gusto, habitaban plantas de muérdago.
Al lado había un arbusto de hibisco con un nido de avispa y una figura de San Roque.
Así como la prudente clientela del señor Vladimir Rosales lo convidaba con agua fresca o un café según la época del año, la señora Horowitz, fuera verano o invierno, siempre invitaba con una jarra de limonada con miel. Entre ellos se echaba, siempre alerta, el perro negro. Ambos degustaban la bebida en unos jarritos de peltre y, al segundo sorbo, el hombre y la mujer entablaban un diálogo alegre y vivaz. Sin duda era una cata estimulante, charlaban un rato como dos buenos amigos que se conocieran desde muchos años antes, tenían esa edad indefinida que suele distinguir a las personas serenas y sensibles. El jardinero dejaba a un lado sus herramientas de labranza y la anfitriona se ocupaba de que la copa del hombre nunca estuviera vacía. El pastor mestizo irradiaba una mirada feliz.
Una tarde el señor Rosales venció su timidez y se atrevió a efectuar la pregunta por tanto tiempo reprimida. ¿Por qué el jardín de la señora Horowitz era tan fuera de lo común?
¿Qué había con el hibisco, el nido de avispas y San Roque?
La respuesta fue directa y, en cierto modo, previsible. No era un jardín. La mujer sirvió más limonada con miel y entrechocando los jarritos en un brindis íntimo dijo:
–Es un terminal.
La señora Horowitz, y también su fiel compañero, no consideraron respetable que el señor Vladimir Rosales ignorara la verdadera historia de los otros jardines: los del médico, el ingeniero, la arquitecta, la kinesióloga y el abogado.
–¿No ha notado usted nada insistente en cada uno de ellos?
–Ahora que lo menciona creo que sí. En todos hay un enanito de yeso pintado de vivos colores que se mezcla con el arrebol de las flores.

El rostro del señor Rosales notificó una súbita sorpresa. ¿Cómo no había reparado antes en ese detalle? Tal vez porque consideró natural la presencia de un objeto tan tierno e inocente entre ramajes, pimpollos y estanques con pececitos japoneses. La señora Horowitz, cuando consideró suficiente el tiempo que el señor Rosales mantuvo la boca abierta y los ojos con los párpados paralizados, entonces habló:
–No son simples enanitos de jardín. Son engranajes disimulados que abren compuertas hacia túneles bajo tierra. Los jardines del médico, el ingeniero, la arquitecta, la kinesióloga y el abogado se utilizan como tapaderas. Si usted voltea un gnomo se abre un agujero bajo sus pies. Estas simulaciones las había descubierto su perro. Él y los enanitos de jardín se odiaban, de tanto rondarlos, y levantar una pata trasera para mearlos, el sabueso había descubierto el truco.
–Y no estoy hablando de ratoneras o conejeras. Sino de refugios anti atómicos profundos.
–¿Otra vez la guerra con los cohetes?
La señora Horowitz apeló a otra ronda de su maravillosa limonada con miel, la sabrosa bebida que servía era el mítico hidromiel, pero con baja graduación alcohólica. No se conseguía en los grandes supermercados Carrefour de las nuevas megalópolis, ella lo destilaba artesanalmente con la misma receta que viajó durante siglos de los griegos a los vikingos.
El impacto tónico del ancestral néctar activó, no demasiado, la capacidad de razonar del señor Rosales. Lo suficiente para intentar dar un paso más allá en las sorprendentes revelaciones de la señora Horowitz. El perro bostezó y pensó que el hombre era un tanto lelo.
Las primeras preguntas que lo asaltaron fueron un rosario de “¿Porqueses”: “¿Por qué su jardín es un terminal”, “¿Por qué los otros jardines son puertas a asilos atómicos? Para terminar en un trillado “no entiendo nada”. La señora Horowitz y su faldero se armaron de paciencia, ella contó la historia.
"Yo ya estaba aquí, mucho antes que el médico, el ingeniero, la arquitecta, la kinesióloga y el abogado, aparecieran buscando huir de la locura. No estaba sola pero los demás se fueron yendo de a poco. En silencio, dormidos por las noches, caminando lentamente hacia lo profundo del monte o, simplemente, desvaneciéndose en la bruma de los amaneceres. Sólo se quedó el perro para acompañarme. Algunos decían en otras tierras que nosotros éramos magos, videntes, filósofos bárbaros. Se equivocaban, vivíamos con los árboles y nada más. Bueno si quieren decir que en Stonehenge nos involucramos un poco, puede que sí. Julio César y los romanos nos difamaron. Pero permanecí desde siempre, quizás el tiempo corría a mi alrededor como un atolondrado y no me veía.

Llegó Doña Maruja y el SeñorRosales sintó un poco incómodo.

Doña Maruja había viajado a Misiones, donde había dado la vuelta a algunos gnomos de jardín y explorado sótanos lúgubres llenos de latas de raviolis. Había visitado Más Allá de El Dorado y conversado con la cabeza del alfarero. ¡Tenía las manos en el torno de alfarero y los pies todavía en la cama! Era urgente actuar. Acordaron emprender un viaje en barco con todas sus extremidades por el Paraná hasta el delta del Tigre. Se iba a construir un taller. Las brigadas jóvenes practicarían el lanzamiento de fragmentos. El delta ofrecía grandes oportunidades para la deriva y el retorno de las extremidades. Había tomado un poco de limonada en el jardín de la señora Horowitz y se había quedado estupefacta. El cónclave de pomberos se acomodó en la hiedra y formó un grupo de lectura consuelo frío que profetizaba el fin de la humanidad. "¿Y qué hay de los objetos voladores no identificados?" Doña Maruja se había enfadado mucho. "Los vimos ayer; volaron por encima de la valla", había sido la respuesta perezosa y muy vaga.

Rosales le dijo: "Y mire, Doña Maruja, que pasaron cosas. Al mundo lo raptaron los humanos, llegaron otros dioses y sabios, el psicoanálisis y la física nuclear. Creo que logré la victoria sobre la muerte porque fui capaz de abandonar toda esperanza. Tengo un corazón de piedra cubierto de felicidad y aprendí a esperar, a darle tiempo al tiempo sin oponerme. Los otros no, se aferran a la vida desde el comienzo de todo, son como parásitos. Hasta que un buen día el médico, el ingeniero, la arquitecta, la kinesióloga y el abogado comprendieron que llegó el fin de su ciclo, una nueva glaciación espiritual sería inevitable. Esta vez algunos creen que los refugios nucleares bajo los jardines custodiados por los enanitos, los salvarán. Puede que sí, puede que no. Insisten en soportar la tortura de la ilusión y prefieren sepultarse vivos. Nosotros no, plantaremos nuestras almas en este jardín-santuario. Aquí arriba, las tinieblas se quedarán durante una larga temporada. Después quizás regresen distintas serpientes, una nueva manzana, otro toro, un cordero, varias vírgenes, lozanos gemelos, otra cruz… Nos hará falta un jardinero."

Por Dios, ella conocía casos así. La terapia era inútil. Las tareas y los viajes eran la mejor medicina. Dividió el cónclave en la poética Orden del Perro de Hohenau y los Hohenau Bacantes, giró la estatua de San Roque, volcó el nido de avispas —se abrieron dos entradas— y los envió al presente.

Señora Horowitz and her dog
by Carlos Piegari

The little village
- in the province of Misiones, on the Paraná River, near the border with Paraguay, and directly opposite the town of Hohenau -
was hidden behind a grove of trees, where Mr. Vladimir Rosales lived up to his surname, earning his living as a traveling gardener. Several families sought his expertise in floriculture to keep their orchards alive and safe. He rode his bicycle to the homes of the doctor, the engineer, the architect, the physical therapist, and the lawyer. He had minimal equipment, as his mode of transportation did not allow for much cargo. A shovel was tied to the frame of his bike, and in the rear basket was a bag with a wide and narrow trowel, pruning shears, and a short-handled rake. But the most important tools were his hands. Mr. Rosales did not wear gloves; each finger had to have a special dialogue with the earth and the flowers. Thumbs and index fingers do not behave the same way with stems and leaves, and palms were autonomous when they had to tamp down clods of clay or caress wilted petals. They said he had a “knack” for gardening, but that was not the case. Mr. Rosales simply observed the behavior and growth of his flowers and plants, tested how much water they needed, whether the sun was too strong or the shade too excessive, and, above all, spoke to them in a soft voice. Nothing more.
No one garden was very different from another, yet Mrs. Horowitz's stood out among them all. Almost elderly, she was a special person, as was her garden. She lived in a small cottage like the others, enjoyed a very leafy plot of land, and there she revered her little Eden, unnoticed among almost century-old pine trees. Beyond the forest, highways and elevated bridges invaded the landscape, and refrigerated trucks, herds of cars, Hummer SUVs, helicopters, turbine-powered motorcycles, and drones roared. The world of concrete and oil. But that little hamlet still survived, hiding from progress: few neighbors, the gardener Rosales, and Mrs. Horowitz, who shared her life only with a mixed-breed dog. He was black, with soft fur, perhaps descended from mountain shepherds, but most important was his gaze; he spoke with his eyes.
Mr. Vladimir Rosales tended to a variety of gardens, none of them particularly ostentatious, but each with its own distinctive personality. In some, cacti predominated; in others, ferns, herbs, and wildflowers; a glimpse of a vegetable garden with basil and oregano bushes; the occasional rose garden; some had autonomous or geometric perimeters, certain aquatic accompaniments, and the inclusion of terracotta pots or planters.

Mrs. Horowitz was spindly, bowing her head as if she were always praying, her hands thin and white as ivory, her snow-white hair falling to her waist. She must have been very pretty when she was young. But her garden, guarded by her dog, was strange. For Mr. Rosales, it was perhaps even a little unusual. From a lady like Mrs. Horowitz, one might have expected a botanical oasis dominated by roses, carnations, reeds, a statue of Buddha, or a fountain with a little angel, but no.
It was just a circle *of concrete slabs, where the dog liked to rest and soak up the warmth.* protecting a dense, green carpet of creeping ivy that crawled up to a majestic oak tree where, much to its liking, mistletoe plants grew.

Next to it was a hibiscus bush with a wasp nest and a statue of Saint Roch.
Just as Mr. Vladimir Rosales's thoughtful customers would offer him fresh water or coffee depending on the time of year, Mrs. Horowitz, whether it was summer or winter, always invited him in with a jug of lemonade with honey. The black dog, always alert, would lie down between them. Both would sip their drinks from pewter cups, and after the second sip, the man and woman would strike up a cheerful and lively conversation. It was undoubtedly a stimulating tasting, and they would chat for a while like two good friends who had known each other for many years, both having that undefined age that often distinguishes calm and sensitive people. The gardener put aside his farming tools and the hostess made sure the man's glass was never empty. The mestizo shepherd radiated a happy look.
One afternoon, Mr. Rosales overcame his shyness and dared to ask the question he had been holding back for so long. Why was Mrs. Horowitz's garden so unusual?
What about the hibiscus, the wasp nest, and San Roque?
The answer was direct and, in a way, predictable. It wasn't a garden. The woman served more lemonade with honey and, clinking the jugs together in an intimate toast, said:
"It's a terminus."
Mrs. Horowitz, and also her faithful companion, did not consider it respectable that Mr. Vladimir Rosales ignored the true history of the other gardens: those of the doctor, the engineer, the architect, the physical therapist, and the lawyer.
"Haven't you noticed anything insistent in each of them?"
"Now that you mention it, I think so. In all of them there is a brightly painted plaster gnome that blends in with the glow of the flowers."
Mr. Rosales's face showed sudden surprise. How had he not noticed that detail before? Perhaps because he considered the presence of such a tender and innocent object among branches, buds, and ponds with Japanese fish to

be natural. Mrs. Horowitz, when she considered that Mr. Rosales had kept his mouth open and his eyes wide enough for long enough, then spoke:
They are not just garden gnomes. They are hidden mechanisms that open gates to underground tunnels. The gardens of the doctor, the engineer, the architect, the physiotherapist, and the lawyer are used as cover. If you turn a gnome over, a hole opens up beneath your feet. His dog had discovered these simulations. He and the garden gnomes hated each other, and from hanging around them so much and lifting a hind leg to pee on them, the hound had discovered the trick.
–And I'm not talking about mousetraps or rabbit hutches. I'm talking about deep bomb shelters.
–War with rockets again?
Mrs. Horowitz called for another round of her wonderful honey lemonade, the tasty drink she served was the legendary mead, but with a low alcohol content. It was not available in the large Carrefour supermarkets of the new megacities; she distilled it by hand using the same recipe that had been passed down for centuries from the Greeks to the Vikings.
The invigorating effect of the ancient nectar activated, not too much, Mr. Rosales's ability to reason. Enough to try to take a step further in Mrs. Horowitz's surprising revelations. The dog yawned and thought the man was a bit dim.
The first questions that came to mind were a string of “whys”: “Why is your garden a terminus?” “Why are the other gardens gateways to atomic shelters?” He ended up with a trite “I don't understand anything.” Mrs. Horowitz and her lapdog armed themselves with patience, and she told the story.
I was already here long before the doctor, the engineer, the architect, the physiotherapist, and the lawyer showed up, seeking refuge from madness. I wasn't alone, but the others gradually left. Silently, asleep at night, walking slowly into the depths of the forest, or simply vanishing into the mist of dawn. Only the dog stayed to keep me company. Some in other lands said we were magicians, seers, barbarian philosophers. They were wrong; we lived with the trees and nothing else. Well, if you mean that we were involved a little in Stonehenge, then maybe so. Julius Caesar and the Romans slandered us. But I remained forever; perhaps time rushed around me like a madman and did not see me.

Mr. Rosales felt a little uncomfortable.

Doña Maruja had traveled to Misiones, where she had turned a few garden gnomes and seen dreary basements filled with ravioli cans. She had visited Más allá de El Dorado and spoken with the potter's head. Her hands were on the wheel and her feet were still in bed! There was an urgent need for action. They agreed on a boat trip with all her limbs on the Paraná to the Tigre Delta. A workshop was to be built. Young brigades were to practice throwing shards. The delta offered great opportunities for the drift and return of the limbs. She had taken some lemonade in Senora Horowitz's garden and was appalled. The wizards' conclave had settled in the ivy and founded a cold comfort reading group that prophesied the end of humanity. And what about the unidentified flying objects? Dona Marusha had become really angry. We saw them yesterday, they flew over the fence, had been the lazy and very vague answer.

And look, *Doña Maruja* , things happened. Humans kidnapped the world, other gods and sages arrived, psychoanalysis and nuclear physics. We will achieve victory over death because we will be able to abandon all hope. We have a heart of stone now covered with happiness, and we will learned to wait, to give time time without resisting. Others don't... They cling to life from the beginning of everything, they are like parasites. Until one fine day the doctor, the engineer, the architect, the physiotherapist, and the lawyer realized that the end of their cycle had come, that a new spiritual glaciation would be inevitable. This time, some believe that the nuclear shelters under the gardens guarded by dwarves will save them. Maybe so, maybe not. They insist on enduring the torture of illusion and prefer to bury themselves alive. Not us... Up here, darkness will remain for a long time. Then perhaps different snakes will return, a new apple, another bull, a lamb, several virgins, fresh twins, another cross... In the meantime, we will take care of this thousand-year-old oak tree ... We will need a gardener.

Good heavens, she knew of such cases. Therapy was pointless. Tasks and travels were the best remedy. She divided the conclave into the poetic Hohenau Dog Order and the Hohenau Bachiants, turned the statue of St. Roche, tipped the wasp nest—two entrances opened—and sent them into the present.

La Orden de los Perros de Hohenau llegó a Chivilcoy, en la estación terrestre de SpaceX, una conexión de los satélites Starlink con la red troncal de Internet en la Tierra. El punto de control resultó ser el salón de una renombrada poetisa. Escucharon con entusiasmo la lectura y se pusieron a bailar.

Cachivaches
Milonga Portena por Graciela Montes de Oca (anterior Graciela Paredes)

Privatizaron el cielo,
unos CEOs se plantaron
en el despacho del Jefe.
Contrataron a una empresa
de matones mal pagados,
quienes con una planilla
les impedían la entrada
al santerío asombrado,
cuando los taitas[1] decían:
"Acá no entran cachivaches".

Acá no entran cachivaches.

Ni lerdo ni perezoso,
el Moishe los exhortó
a permitirles la entrada
a su lugar de laburo,
refregándoles en la jeta
las dos tablas de la Ley.
Los chiflados de la corte
tienen en la mira al Moishe
por negarse a ser coimeado.

El Peluca[2] y sus perros
lo quieren meter en cana,
pero el Moishe les recuerda
lo que le hizo a los egipcios,
y esos leones bravucones
huyeron como gatitos
con la cola entre las patas

Con la cola entre las patas.

¡Qué animalada tan grande!
al Noé lo degradaron,
ahora levanta la mierda
y friega pisos del arca.

En su lugar manda el Conan[3],
una bestia tan malvada,
ni San Roque[4] se lo banca.
“Cachivaches, cachivaches”,
remeda el Roque a los CEOs
que quieren recortar milagros
tan argentos, tan bien nacidos
con la cucharita de plata.

Con la cucharita de plata.

Hasta a Pedro y al Flaco[5]
los declararon cesantes,
dejándolos en pelotas.
Al Flaco se le ocurrió
un negocio milagroso:

del agua del Riachuelo
fabrica vino Malbec,
Torrontés o Sauvignon,
de la cosecha que quieras.
Bodegueros mendocinos
denunciaron la truchada,
el Flaco les hace “Fakyou”
diciéndoles “Yo, argentino”[6]

Diciéndoles “Yo, argentino"

San Pedro se tomó el tren
con destino a Mar del Plata,
se consiguió una barcaza
y a chinos y japoneses
les cagó ese negoción
de la pesca clandestina.
Para desgracia de ricos

y políticos de turno,
San Pedro se entretenía
regalándoles merluza
recién sacada del mar
a toda la gente hambrienta
que cada vez era más.

Que cada vez era más.

A la María también,
junto con el Expedito[7],
en un santiamén los pusieron
de patitas en la calle.
La María protestó
y ahí nomás le respondieron:
“Andá a cobrarle a Magoya[8]
por tus servicios prestados,
o andá a la ANSES[9] a jubilarte,
que años te sobran de aportes."

Que años te sobran de aportes.

A la Maria se le ocurrió
un plancito maquiavélico:
convenciendo a las mujeres
que no tuvieran bebés
hasta que a estos CEOs cretinos
se fueran del cielo argento.

Se fueran del cielo argento.

La Santa Rita de Casia[10]
corrió con la misma suerte.
Pronto consiguió una changa
en un asilo de ancianos,
donde invitó al Cayetano[11]
a yugar de panadero.
San Cayetano se apioló
y en un santiamén fundó
mil refugios para viejos,
mendigos y abandonados,

dejándola a Pettobello[12]
echando espuma por la boca.

Echando espuma por la boca.

Puso avisos en los sueños
de cada desocupado
para dejar de depender
de sueldos de miseria
que los CEOs ofrecían
a cambio de ser esclavos.

A cambio de ser esclavos.

La cosa se puso negra
en el cielo privatizado.
Los CEOs y sus matones
se la pasaban verdugueando[13]
a los ángeles esclavos
hasta que uno dijo ¡basta!
¡Ya no me los banco más!:
Y así fue como comenzó
una huelga angelical.

Y así fue como comenzó
una huelga angelical.

Los CEOs desesperados
llamaron a Satanás,
quien cayó con represores.
Solo que cuando llegaron,
el cielo estaba vacío
y hasta Dios se las tomó,
con un cartel que decía:

“Aquí no quedó ni el loro;
que el último apague la luz
nos rajamos de este cielo.

Nos rajamos de este cielo.

Con el Moishe, el Noé,
en un mapa, entre los dientes
del malevo perro Colifa,
que ha robado Argentina
tal como lo hace ahora,
con el cielo argentino
pa' chorear que nos habían robado.

Pa' chorear que nos habían robado.

Ahora nos hemos ido
hacia otro cielo mejor,
pero lamento muchachos
que nunca lo encontrarán.
Se acabaron los milagros,
y a llorar al campito[14]
de parte de los cuatro mil
cachivaches que se cargaron
en tu última dictadura."

En tu última dictadura.

Ve la peluca y la vice,
diputados, senadores,
y las multinacionales
apiñados al campito
se culpaban mutuamente
a cada uno de ellos por siempre
del infierno desatado
desde que privatizaron
todito aquel cielo argento.

Todito aquel cielo argento.

1 Taitas, matón

2 El Peluca, apodo de Javier Milei

3 Conan, el primer perro de Milei, según la historiografía: tras su muerte, se criaron cuatro clones a partir de él, que ahora formaban una especie de gabinete canino. Conan fue el asesor de Milei en sesiones espiritistas.

4 San Roque, patrón de los perros y contra la peste

5 El Flaco, apodo de Jesús

6 "Yo, argentino", una expresión que sienfica "no tengo la culpa"

7 San Expedíto, Patrón de los asuntos urgentes, emergencias, soluciones rápidas, comerciantes y marineros

8 Magoya, un personaje inexistente, es este caso se aplica como un "que Dios se no plague"

9 ANSES, oficina de la Seguridad Social, que da las jubilaciones y pensiones.

10 Santa Rita de casia, Santa de los casos imposibles, patrona de los matrimonios, viudas, enfermos y los que se encuentran en situaciones desesperadas.

11 San Cayetano, patrón del trabajo, los desempleados y los que buscan empleo.

12 Pettobello, Ministerio de Capital Humano, creado bajo el gobierno del presidente Javier Milei (desde diciembre de 2023), que agrupa las áreas de trabajo, educación, cultura y asistencia social, y está dirigido por la ministra Sandra Pettovello, famosa por su crueldad y sadismo.

13 Verdugueando, maltratar, esta palabra es usa cuanda lo comezen policías o militares contra la población común.

14 Campito, “A llorar al campito” es una expresión burlesca dirigida a quienes se vuelven dramáticos ante una situación en la cual no tienen razón. El campito también es un eufemismo de cementerio.
“El Campito” fue un espacio de tortura y exterminio donde los militares, entre 1976 y 1978, mataron a unas cuatro mil personas, sobreviviendo solo una treintena de ellas. Se encuentra dentro del predio militar Campo de Mayo, cerca de la ciudad de San Miguel, en la provincia de Buenos Aires.

The Hohenau Dog Order arrived at the Chivilcoy Industrial Park at the SpaceX ground station—a connection between the Starlink satellites and the Internet backbone on Earth. The checkpoint turned out to be the salon of a celebrated poet. They listened enraptured to the session and began to dance.

Junk
Milonga Portena by Graciela Montes de Oca (formerly Graciela Paredes)

They privatized heaven.
Some CEOs stood their stand
in the boss´s office.
They hired a company
of poorly paid thugs,
who, just with a sheet of paper,
denied all souls from gaining enter
the amazing sanctuary,
as the mobsters keep on saying:
“No junk allowed here.”

Neither lazy and nor slow moving
Moishe pleased them to his workplace,
where he rubbed their pretty faces
with the tables of the Law.
There on the lunatics of the rulers
had their gunsights set on him
for refusing to be bribed,

for refusing to be bribed.

El Peluca[1] and his puppies
wants to put him in the slammer,
but Moishe reminds them briefly
what he did to Egypt´s nobels,
and those lions ran away
with the tails between their legs.

What a monstrous thing to do!
They downgraded Noah too,
now he has to clean the manure
scrub the floorsboards of the ark.

Scrub the floorsboards of the ark.

Conan [2] took his job at least
for he´s such a vicious beast,
even Saint Roque[3] cannot stand him.
“Junk, junk,” Roque mocks the CEOs
while they cut down all miracles
as they are the “Argentinos”[4]
with a silverspoon in mouth,

with a silverspoon in mouth.

Even Peter and “the Skinny”[5]
instantly were deemed redundant,
in the private heaven´s corp.
Leaving them without a penny
they came up with business ideas:

Let´s use Riachuelo´s [6] water
to make wine with Malbec´s flavor,
with the flavor of Torrontés,
or the taste of Sauvignon
from whatever harvest wanted,

from whatever harvest wanted.

To the vinters from Mendoza
who denounced this scam with fury
Skinny giving them the finger
just chirped, “I am Argentinean”.,

just chirped, “I am Argentinan.”

And San Pedro took the train
from the gate to Mar del Plata,
got himself a little barge there,
ruined the buisness of the Chinese
and that looters from Japan
who have fished the ocean empty.

To the sorrow of the riches
and politicians in power,
he enjoyed himself by giving
whitling freshly caught from sea
to all people who are starving
growing every day in number,

growing every day in number.

Mary too, San Expedito[7],
were thrown out
in an eye´s blink.
They replied her protest mocking:
"Let Magoya[8] care for you,
go to ANSES[9] to retire,
If you've paid your contributions."

If you've paid your contributions.

But she came up with an idea,
with a Machiavellian plan:
she convinced all earthly women
to refrain from having children
until these cretinous CEOs
left the Argentinian sky.

Santa Rita de Casia[10]
had the same fate as Maria
promptly landed work in a rest home.
She invited Cayetano[11]
for a low payed baker job.

As he joined in, as in no times
he found more than thousand shelters
for the beggars, for the elder,
the abandoned, and for those,
leaving Pettobello´s office, [12]
outraged, foaming at their mouths.

Leaving Pettobello´s office,
outraged, foaming at their mouths.

And he planted advertisments
in each dream of jobless ones,
set them free of their dependence
on the level wages offered
in exchange for being slaves,

in exchange for being slaves.

Things were getting pretty clumsy
in heaven enterprise.
All CEOs with all their henchmen
spent their time in harsh tormenting
angels, until one of them said: "Basta!
I can't take it anymore!”
And the angel strike began.

And the angel strike began.

The despairing CEOs summoned
Satan, who arrived with thugs.
But the sky was very empty,
even God had slipped away,
just this message had to say:

"Not even a parrot sings here!
We have left the Starlink[13] sky!
Let the last turn off the light!"

We have left the Starlink sky!
Let the last turn off the light!

We´ll take along all celestial beasts
in one map between the teeth
of the villain dog Colifa
who has stolen Argentina
in the same way as he does now
with the argentinian sky
to protect it from the thieves,

to protect it from the thieves.

We are leaving to a haven,
and you´ll – sorry – never find it.
Your bad miracles are over,
now it's time for you to mourn
in the field on the four thousands[14]
of the junk you were disposing
in your last dictatorship,

in your last dictatorship.

See Peluca and vice one,
congressmen, and smart senators,
corporations, banks, investors
huddled in a muddy field
blaming each of them forever
for the hell that they unleashed
since they privatized the heaven.

Since they privatized the heaven.

1 El Peluca, nickname of Javier Milei

2 Conan, Milei's first dog, according to the historiography: after his death, four clones were bred from him, which now formed a kind of dog cabinet. Conan were Milei´s advisor in spiritualist sessions.

3 San Roque, popular saint, patron saint of dogs and against the plague.

4 Yo, argentino", Yo, argentino, an expression that means "it's not my fault."

5 The Skinny, nickname for Jesus

6 Riachuelo, heavily polluted river running through the southern part of Buenos Aires, known for its industrial contamination.

7 San Expedíto, saint of urgent matters, emergencies, quick solutions, merchants, and sailors.

8 Magoya, a non-existent character, in this case used to mean "God forbid."

9 ANSES, Social Security office, which provides retirement and other pensions.

10 Santa Rita de casia, saint of impossible cases, patron saint of marriages, widows, the sick, and those in desperate situations.

11 San Cayetano, saint of work, the unemployed, and those seeking employment.

12 Sandra Pettobello, Head of Ministry of Human Capital, created under the government of President Javier Milei (since December 2023), which brings together the departments of labor, education, culture, and social assistance, known for her cruelty and social sadism.

13 Starlink, a satellite internet service from SpaceX that uses thousands of small satellites in low Earth orbit to provide fast, low-latency broadband internet worldwide. In Argentina, it is particularly prevalent in structurally weak areas. Decree 70/2023 (often referred to as the "Mega-Decree") eased regulations on satellite internet, enabling providers such as Starlink to concentrate their infrastructure.

14 Campito / little field, euphemism for cemetery , "Go and cry at the cemetery" is a mocking expression directed at those who become dramatic in situations where they are in the wrong. El Campito was a place of torture and extermination where, between 1976 and 1978, the military killed 4,000 people, with only about 30 surviving. It is located within the Campo de Mayo military base, near the city of San Miguel in the province of Buenos Aires.

The Hohenau Bachiants arrived at the present in ... where? ... Buenos Aires, Berlin, Vienna, London? It was hard to say. Anyway, they arrived in the never-ending present of theaters, concerts, lectures, exhbition visits and the ensuing never ending conversations.

Hibiscus and the Wasp
by Grant Watson

That night the dogs saw a light on the edge of town. It seemed to pulse and blink. A tiny yellow dot in the dark. They chose to ignore it and slept in their usual tight-knit circle, concealed within the walls of a ruined building and when they woke it was gone. Each morning there was a slight shift in the gloom from a blackish grey to a silvery tone that revealed the devastation around them; the city emerging like the skeleton of a whale through which they roamed, rooting for bugs, and snapping at flies with their teeth.

Next evening the light was back. It appeared to wink at the dogs like an invitation or a warning they couldn't ignore. What if it signalled food? They were always hungry. Starving in fact. And after some deliberation it was decided they should investigate, and so, leaving their enclosure, they made their way in single file out of the city and across the wasteland, where once suburbs had stretching for miles.

Since the expropriation of the sun, the seasons had lingered on as microclimates of the imagination. At first the dogs thought that they were freezing, then that they were stifling, as they padded nose to tail, linked by pheromones, across gravel and broken tarmac. They padded on until eventually the light appeared to be close up, and there it was, right in front of them, a vertical slit in the dark.
As their eyes adjusted they saw the silhouette of a Spiegel tent emerge and realised that the light was a gap in a curtain which hung across the entrance. There was music coming from inside, of the kind that played in the restaurants and cocktail bars of a previous age. The dogs leaned forward. They cocked their ears, they whimpered, they growled, they howled. Then with one accord, as if acting on some hidden command, they made a dash for the entrance, and pushing through, landed in a heap on the inside. The music stopped and they were plunged into blackness. There was a deadly silence.

Then a glimmer of greenish light. The low thrum of a stringed instrument. Then the lights went up on a small stage, with a jungle backdrop
"Isn´t that in the style of a painting by Henri Rousseaux. Fleshy foliage, bulbous succulents, garish flowers, and creeping vines, all depicted using MDF cut outs?", *whispered one Hohenau Bachiant.*
"Crudely painted, amateurish perhaps, but nevertheless captivating" for dogs who had seen nothing like this since the destruction of the Jardin Botánico Carlos Thays", *replied another*.

It was a sight for sore eyes, accustomed as they were to a world of absolute grey. Next, heralded by a xylophone, like the prelude to an announcement in a department store, a figure shuffled onto the stage. What was it? Human, insect, or flowering plant? Or a combination of all three? Heavily built, its gender undefined (but probably “female” the dogs supposed) it was dressed in a boxy arrangement of pleated compartments, made from a silver fabric with a prismatic sheen. Occupying the stage she/he/it quivered in a spotlight whose brilliance eclipsed the jungle behind her.

Next, there was an awkward creaking as a second figure was lowered on ropes to hang suspended in the air. A figure dressed in yellow and black: black and yellow tights, black socks, yellow ballet pumps, black pantaloons, a harlequin patterned doublet (in yellow and black), a yellow face, a black domino mask – a costume, which the dogs recognised as being a wasp. The wasp was lowered a couple more feet, before releasing itself from the ropes, it leapt onto the stage playing a violin whose strings produced a low vibrating buzz.

Hibiscus –that was the name of the human/flower/insect hybrid - trembled at the drone’s approach. Fluttering, she opened and closed the compartments of her silvery costume, wafting a heady scent from the orifices in its folds. Her perfume filled the tent, causing the dogs to twitch their tails and sniff and whimper.
The wasp continued its courtship, moving across the silver surface with several pairs of hands and feet, frisking Hibiscus like a security guard, searching for the hidden compartments where she kept the nectar. Hibiscus tilted her head and raised her face to the light, and the dogs saw that she was equipped with several pairs of eyes. She fluttered her many eyelashes at the wasp and shook out her costume, and the wasp, homing in on its prize, began to unfold the layers of silvery fabric, as if opening a complex piece of origami.

To the sound of thunder (a metal sheet struck backstage) the roll of the tabla, the whine and shriek of violins, stage lights flashing red and green, the wasp unfolded the final flaps of cloth, and slowly, luxuriantly, Hibiscus revealed the secret chamber of her nectary. The scenery trembled, the dogs got up on their hind legs and barked, the wasp extended her proboscis and lapped greedily at the luscious cocktail of sugar and amino acids, and Hibiscus, her eyes crossed in ecstasy, pursed her lips then opened her mouth and let out a great big puff of pollen.

After the show the dogs feasted on a slick of steaming garbage which they found at the back of the tent. Whole chicken carcasses, prawns the size of fists, cartons of cream just recently out of date, tomatoes filmed with greenish mould. They slurped, they scoffed, they staggered off to vomit out their guts.

'What was that all about?' one of the dogs asked as they sheltered in an abandoned swimming pool, spread out across the tiles. It was too late for them to get back to base.
'Does it have to be about anything? Another replied– 'It was just a night at the theatre followed by dinner.'
'I enjoyed it as much as any dog,' a third one butted in, but can we afford these bourgeois luxuries?
'What are we fighting for if not for culture?' a fourth one said, and now the rest of the pack cocked their ears and trotted over to join in.
'I mean, to recognise the value of high culture, I think it was Winston Churchill who once said ...'
'Huh! was that your idea culture?' More like drag.'
'I liked the buggery scene …' another dog sniggered; because the performance had ended with a tableaux vivant, in which Hibiscus had revealed a baboon's anus, puffed up, red, white and blue, and was entered from the rear by a troupe of simopaths.
'I found the non-human interaction thrilling.'
'More than human!'
'What?'
'More than human - less anthropocentric.'
'Forget semantics, how do we dogs think it worked as political cabaret?
'What did it contribute to the analysis?'
The dogs paused for a moment to consider.
'For me it was post gendered - one offered.
'I'm not talking identity,' said another, 'I'm talking the means of production (and reproduction).'

‘There’s nothing more communist than dissemination by pollination ...
‘The erotic focus hinted at post-human utopia…’
‘But what are the steps ...?’
‘In art we call it fictioning ...
‘Or mythopoesis...’
‘Or false consciousness ...’
‘Theatre loses its power if it depicts reality...’
‘What do you mean by reality... exactly…’

Los Hohenau Bacantes llegaron al presente en... ¿dónde? ¿Buenos Aires, Berlín, Viena, Londres? Era difícil decirlo. En cualquier caso, llegaron al presente interminable del teatro, los conciertos, las conferencias, las visitas a exposiciones y las interminables conversaciones que estas conllevan.

El hibisco y la avispa
by / por Grant Watson

Deambulan por una ciudad destruida / devastada por el desarrollo inmobiliario y se topan por accidente con un pequeño teatro. Suena música jazz. Se representa una obra que recrea la polinización de un hibisco por una avispa. Después de la obra, el grupo de Bachiantes celebra una cena acorde con la ocasión en un exuberante montón de basura. Saciados, felices y somnolientos, discuten sobre la obra.
...
«No estoy hablando de identidad», dijo otro, «estoy hablando de los medios de producción y reproducción».
«No hay nada más comunista que la diseminación por polinización...
«El enfoque erótico insinuaba una utopía poshumana...».
«Pero, ¿cuáles son los pasos para llegar desde aquí hasta allí?».
«En arte lo llamamos ficción...».
«O mitopoiesis...».
«O falsa conciencia...».
«Pero el teatro pierde su poder si representa la realidad...».
«¿A qué te refieres con realidad... exactamente...?»

END / FIN

Queridas y queridos Exargentinas y todos los demás camaradas apátridas,

en las últimas semanas hemos leído la noticia de que la ESMA ha sido parcialmente cerrada. Es una más en esta avalancha de malas noticias que ya no podemos soportar, y dudamos si esta carta que te enviamos podría ser la gota que colme el vaso. Lo intentamos, porque no queremos dejar ningún intento sin probar para apoyarnos, animarnos y alentarnos mutuamente, incluso con ideas estúpidas.

Desde que Milei fue elegido presidente, desde que vimos los perros grabados en el pomo de plata de su bastón presidencial, tenemos una idea que no se nos va de la cabeza. Ya se la hemos contado o hablado a Gabriela, Sonia, Konstanze, Eduardo y Azul, Loreto y Federico. Y ahora, por fin, después de meses de perder el tiempo (porque nos hemos vuelto más lentos, porque a menudo no confiamos en nosotros mismos, porque aquí tampoco todo es genial), os la contamos a todos vosotros.

¿Quizás recuerdas a Graciela Paredes? Escribía relatos cortos para la revista Diagonal, destinada a las personas sin hogar de Buenos Aires. Para nuestro proyecto, escribió «Tour por Exargentina», en el que el perro Colifa salva a Argentina de los planes del Banco Mundial, el FMI y las multinacionales, que pretenden acabar con la población pobre. (Linda Bilda hizo el cómic y los personajes, ¿te recuerdas? Reducido a un mapa por brujería, se lleva a Argentina en la boca, salta una valla a otra dimensión del barrio, seguido por perros, niños y vecinos, dejando atrás una zona donde ya no se puede respirar y donde solo quedan turistas, policías y cucarachas. Nos gustaría invitaros a cada uno de vosotros a escribir/dibujar/pintar/hacer un capítulo secuela de esta historia. Nuestro plan es recopilar los capítulos y luego reunirlos en una novela por entregas.

¿Por qué? Está claro que Golifa ahora tendrá que lidiar con Conan, Milton, Murray y Robert, y esperamos que logre ahuyentarlos en los próximos capítulos. Pero, ¿es esa una razón suficiente para esta novela?

Aquí en Europa, el personaje-máscara Milei es un ídolo político que desencadena una furiosa venganza contra la pobreza, contra todos los que no son hombres blancos, contra las turbinas eólicas y los carriles bici, contra todo lo que pueda ralentizar el ritmo del calentamiento global. Estamos seguros de que cada uno de ustedes conoce alguno de los muchos planes de biosfera para gente rica (y policías) en las Exargentinas del futuro. Nos los imaginamos tan feos como Dubái o como el centro comercial Abasto hace 20 años. (¿Todavía existe? Sin duda tiene un aspecto diferente ;-) donde toda la vida es eliminada y copiada como marcas registradas de propiedad. La catástrofe climática acelera esta «privatización de todo». Es bienvenida,

no debe impedirse en absoluto. Separa el trigo de la paja. Es el quinto jinete del apocalipsis, sisisisisiiiii, los gorriones silban desde los tejados.
Pero ¿no encubre este silbido una culpa muy particular de la que tú (y nosotros contigo) fuimos testigos hace 20 años? La incapacidad de los gobiernos para gestionar las crisis más allá de un lamentable reparto de beneficios. ¿Y no fuimos testigos, más allá de esta vergonzosa gobernanza, de la capacidad y la alegría de las personas para organizarse en comunidades? Debemos tener cuidado de no caer en un agujero negro de tristeza al escribirte esto, ni en la vorágine de los muchos análisis impotentes... Por supuesto, el quinto jinete es un perro. Distraído por el olor del Chodipan, no deja de caerse de la silla de montar.
¿Son estas razones suficientes para nuestro novedoso proyecto? No, en absoluto. Porque eso es solo el horror cotidiano. Tenemos que contarles lo que leímos el verano pasado para poder alejarnos del horror y su hipnosis. El verano pasado leímos ensayos de Mijaíl Bajtín sobre el carnaval, el cuerpo grotesco y la risa en la Edad Media. Él escribe: «Todo lo que causa miedo en el mundo ordinario se transforma en un fantasma alegre en el mundo del carnaval. ... Solo en un mundo sin miedo es posible ese alto grado de libertad que caracteriza a lo grotesco». Sobre el cuerpo grotesco, escribe que este cuerpo no tiene límites. « La boca, el falo, el vientre, los órganos sexuales, el ano, todo lo que sobresale o está abierto, donde desaparecen las fronteras entre el cuerpo y el mundo... Comer, beber, excretar (heces, orina, sudor, mucosidad nasal, mucosidad oral), copular, gestar, dar a luz, crecer, envejecer, enfermar, morir, fragmentarse, cortarse, devorar... todo esto tiene lugar en las fronteras entre el cuerpo y el mundo. El cuerpo individual, escribe, «es, por así decirlo, un patio de tránsito de la vida que se renueva eternamente». Por eso no hay miedo a la muerte en el carnaval, y esa es la fuente de su alegría y valentía, escribe, porque este cuerpo se siente unido a muchos, a todo el cosmos y a todo lo que vive. Bajtín escribió sus ensayos en 1940 en Saransk, Mordovia, donde fue exiliado por el sistema estalinista. No se publicaron hasta 1965. Cuando escribe que los cuerpos grotescos no conocen el miedo porque solo son pasajes hacia la especie, podemos sentir el horror de estos cuerpos en la guerra, en los campos, en la tortura, un horror por lo absurdo de los juicios espectáculo, los interrogatorios y las ejecuciones. Cuando escribe que en la risa hay «un momento de victoria sobre toda violencia, sobre los gobernantes terrenales, sobre los poderosos de la tierra, sobre todo lo que esclaviza y limita», entonces sabemos que estas frases son una plegaria y, al mismo tiempo, una certeza. Porque las plegarias siempre son ciertas mientras se pronuncian.

Pensamos en la exhibición de los decretos, el cierre de ministerios, la retención de alimentos, el impulso de la industria de recursos en tu país, la agitación contra los migrantes en el nuestro, la construcción demostrativa de campos de concentración en las fronteras de Europa, las imágenes de devoluciones en el mar, el silencio decretado sobre los genocidios, nuestra vergüenza e impotencia, y nos preguntamos cómo puede perdurar la oración de Bajtín y cómo podemos pronunciarla.
A continuación, escribe sobre el cuerpo de la era moderna, que surge en el nuevo estado y sus instituciones: «una fachada maciza y sorda... de la individualidad autónoma, protegida de otros cuerpos y del mundo. Los órganos y sus protuberancias —el ano, la boca, la mierda, la saliva, el esperma— ya no aparecen en las regulaciones lingüísticas del siglo XVII». Escribe: «El cuerpo del nuevo canon es [...] suficiente en sí mismo, solo habla en su propio nombre, lo que le sucede solo le concierne a él mismo» .
También leímos un ensayo de Vero Gago en verano, que nos pareció una descripción de este nuevo carnaval malvado en el que los cuerpos están solos y sordos. Su lema es: «Todo es culpa tuya». No es la continuación de la explotación, ni los especuladores financieros, ni la élite estatal —con las mismas familias ricas de siempre como cobeneficiarias— los culpables de tu miseria, sino tú mismo. El Estado no se está desregulando, se ha vuelto intocable. Vero escribe que no es casualidad que Milei se refiera a la campaña del desierto (al igual que los derechistas de aquí están rehabilitando el colonialismo alemán), porque la violencia inherente a toda fundación estatal se perpetúa ahora en la era fundacional del cambio climático, en su saqueo, en la codiciosa hoguera de los acuerdos pioneros: pasos del noreste, distribuciones de tierras, nuevos asentamientos, propiedad del agua, tierras raras y petróleo.
Ella escribe que la crueldad del gobierno tiene momentos de triunfo y placer, que se trata de una demostración de potencia, de «yo puedo». Este «yo puedo» debe ser un enorme falo de papel. Afirma ser capaz de crear la realidad, por un lado mediante la represión y por otro mediante declaraciones fantásticamente absurdas. El absurdo surge de la evidente contradicción entre las declaraciones y los hechos. ¿Recuerdas el término «hechos alternativos» acuñado por el Gobierno de Trump en su primera toma de posesión? Las declaraciones pretenden demostrar un poder que se sitúa por encima de la realidad. Se pronuncia un hechizo mágico (una maldición y no una plegaria) que forja la realidad catastrófica junto con el poder/el Estado que la ha provocado. Solo los autoproclamados tribunos de personas mudas y aisladas pueden ignorar la evidente responsabilidad de las élites del Estado y del capital y, en cambio, trasladarla a sus síntomas y víctimas como venganza: no es el Estado, sino las personas (los

consumidores endeudados, los agricultores indígenas que queman todo el bosque, los migrantes después de ver los anuncios occidentales): cada individuo es culpable de la catástrofe y, al mismo tiempo, los individuos ya son demasiados. Los planes de las multinacionales en la novela Exargentina están al día.
Vero pregunta: «¿Sería posible pensar en una política que redirija la agresividad del odio hacia otras formas de expresión?» Lo siguiente se coloca entre paréntesis: (por ejemplo, ¿el odio de las clases desposeídas contra los apropiadores?). Y entendemos este odio como justicia militante necesaria.
«En realidad, lo grotesco... abre la posibilidad de un mundo completamente diferente, un orden mundial diferente, una vida diferente. Lleva más allá de los límites de la aparente singularidad e indispensabilidad... del mundo existente. Lo... grotesco siempre... representa el retorno de la edad de oro, representa la posibilidad viva de este retorno», escribe Bajtín en 1940.
Esta semana leemos el furioso ensayo de Enzo Traverso Gaza devant l'histoire. Pensamos en la alegría de la militancia, la alegría de odiar, ya que puede restaurar la dignidad de los oprimidos. Además, esto podría pertenecer a la escritura como la creación de la posibilidad viva de que los perros muerdan las manos y las porras de sus amos.
Por eso escribir juntos una novela sobre perros podría tener sentido y proporcionarnos placer y alegría.

Berlín, agosto de 2024

Michail Bachtin: Literatur und Karneval, Hanser Verlag München, 1969
Michail Bakhtin, Rabelais and Folk Culture of the Middle Ages and Renaissanc, 1968

"Sería posible pensar una política que redirija la agresividad del odio hacia otras expresiones (un odio de las clases desposeídas contra los apropiadores, por ejemplo)?"
Veronica Gago, La crueldad como política de Estado. junio de 2024 in Le Monde Diplo
Enzo Traverso, Gaza devant l´histoire, Lux, 2024

Dear ExArgentinians and all other stateless comrades,

in the last weeks we read the news that ESMA has been partially closed. It is one more in this flood of bad news that we can no longer handle, and we doubt if this letter to you could be a straw in this flood. We try, because we want to leave no attempt untried to support, encourage and cheer each other - even with stupid ideas.
Since Milei was elected president, since we saw the dogs engraved on the silver knob of his presidential baton, we have had an idea that we can't get out of our heads. We have already written or spoken to Gabriela, Sonia, Konstanze, Eduardo and Azul, Loreto and Federico about it. And now, finally, after months of wasting time (because we've become slower, because we often don't trust ourselves, because not everything is great here either), we're writing to you all.
Perhaps you remember Graciela Paredes? She wrote short stories for the homeless magazine Diagonal in Buenos Aires. For our project, she wrote "Tour through Exargentina", in which the dog Colifa saves Argentina from the plans of World Bank, IMF and multinationals who plan to wipe out the poor population. (Linda Bilda did the comic and the figures, do you remember?) Downsized into a map by witchcraft, he takes Argentina into his mouth, jumps over a fence into another barrio dimension, followed by dogs, children and neighbours, leaving behind an area where you can no longer breathe and where only tourists, policemen and cockroaches remain.
We would like to invite each of you to write / draw / paint / do a sequel chapter to this story. Our plan is to collect the chapters and then put them together into a chain novel.
Why? It is clear that Colifa will now have to deal with Conan, Milton, Murray and Robert, and we hope that he will succeed in chasing them away in the next chapters. But is that enough reason to for this novel?
Here in Europe the character-mask Milei is a political idol which triggers a furious vengeance against poverty, against all non-males, against wind turbines and cycle paths, against everything that might slow down the speed of global warming. We are sure each of you knows one of the many biosphere plans for rich people (and policemen) in the Exargentinas of the future. We imagine them as ugly as Dubai or like the Abasto shopping mall 20 years ago. (Does it still exist? It certainly looks different ,-) where all life is wiped out and copied as property trademarks. The climate catastrophe speeds up this `privatization of everything`. It is welcome, it should not be prevented at all. It separates the wheat from the chaff. It is the fifth horseman of the apocalypse, sisisisisiiiii, the sparrows are whistling from the rooftops.

But doesn't this whistling cover up a very particular blame that you (and we together with you) witnessed 20 years ago? The inability of governments to manage crises other than with pitiful profit-sharing. And didn´t we witness beyond this shameful governance, the ability and joy of people to organize themselves as communities? We must be careful not to stumble into a black hole of sadness in writing this to you, nor into the maelstrom of the many helpless analyses ... Of course, the fifth horseman is a dog. Distracted by the smell of the Chodipan, he keeps falling off the saddle.

Are these sufficient reasons for our novel project? No, not at all. Because that's just everyday horror. We have to tell you about what we read last summer so that we can turn away from the horror and its hypnosis.

This last summer we read essays by Mikhail Bakhtin on carnival, the grotesque body and laughter in the Middle Ages. He writes: “Everything that causes fear in the ordinary world is transformed into a joyful bugaboo in the world of carnival. ... Only in a world without fear is that high degree of freedom possible that is characteristic of the grotesque.” About the grotesque body, he writes that this body has no limits. “Mouth, phallus, belly, sexual organ, anus, everything that protrudes or is open, where the boundaries between body and world disappear ... Eating, drinking, excretion (feces, urine, sweat, nasal mucus, oral mucus), copulation, pregnancy, childbirth, bodily growth, aging, illness, death, fragmentation, cutting up, devouring ... all this takes place at the boundaries of body and world.” The individual body, he writes, “is, as it so to speak, a transit courtyard of eternally renewing life.” That is why there is no fear of death in the carnival, and that is the source of its cheerfulness and courage, he writes, because this body feels united with many, with the entire cosmos and with everything that lives.

Bakhtin wrote his essays in 1940 in Saransk in Mordovia, where he was exiled by the Stalinist system. They were not published until 1965. When he writes that grotesque bodies know no fear because they are only passageways to the species, we can sense the horror of these bodies in war, in the camps, in torture, a horror of the absurdity of show trials, interrogations and executions. When he writes that in laughter there is “a moment of victory over all violence, over the earthly rulers, over the powerful of the earth, over everything that enslaves and limits”, then we know that these sentences are a prayer and at the same time a certainty. For prayers are always certain as long as they are spoken.

We think of the show of the decrees, the closure of ministries, the withheld food, the fueling of the resource industry in your country, the agitation against migrants in ours, the demonstrative construction of concentration camps on the borders of Europe, the images of pushbacks at sea, the

decreed silence on genocides, our shame and powerlessness, and ask ourselves how Bakhtin's prayer can endure and how we can speak it.
He then goes on to write about the body of modern age, which emerges in the new state and its institutions: “a massive and deaf façade ... of the self-contained individuality, shielded from other bodies and the world. The organs and their protrusions - anus, mouth, shit, spit, sperm - no longer appear in the language regulations of the 17th century.” He writes: “The body of the new canon is ... sufficient unto itself, speaks only on its own behalf, what happens to it concerns only itself.”

We also read an essay by Vero Gago in the summer, which seemed to us like a description of this new evil carnival in which the bodies are alone and deaf. Its slogan is: “It's all your own fault.” It's not the continuation of exploitation, not the financial gamblers, not the state elite - with the always same rich families as co-beneficiaries - that are to blame for your misery, but you. The state is not being de-regulated, it has become untouchable.
Vero writes that it is no accident that Milei refers to the desert campaign (just as the right-wingers here are rehabilitating German colonialism), because the violence inherent in every state foundation is now being perpetuated in the founding era of climate change, in its plundering, in the greedy bonfire of pioneering deals - northeast passages, land distributions, new settlements, water ownership, rare earths and oil.
She writes that the cruelty of the government has moments of triumph and pleasure, that it is about a demonstration of potency, of “I can”. This “I can” must be a huge paper phallus. It claims to be able to create reality - on one side by repression and on the other by fantastically absurd statements. The absurdity arises from the obvious contradiction between the statements and the facts. Do you remember the term "alternative facts" created by the Trump government at his first inauguration? The statements want to demonstrate a power that stands above the reality. A magic spell (a curse and not a prayer) is uttered that forges the catastrophic reality together with the power / the state that brought it about. Only self-proclaimed tribunes of mute and isolated people can ignore the obvious responsibility of elites of the state and the capital and instead shift them onto its symptoms and victims as revenge: not the state, but the people (the indebted consumers, the indigenous farmers who burn down the whole forest, the migrants after watching western commercials) - each individual is to blame for the catastrophe, and at the same time the individuals are already too many. The plans of the multinationals in the Exargentina novel are up to date.
Vero asks: “Would it be possible to think of a policy that redirects the aggressiveness of hatred towards other forms of expression?” The following

is placed in brackets: (for example, a hatred of the dispossessed classes against the appropriators)? And we understand this hatred as necessary militant justice.

“In reality, the grotesque ... opens up the possibility of a completely different world, a different world order, a different life. It leads beyond the limits of the apparent uniqueness and indispensability ... of the existing world. The ... grotesque always ... represents the return of the golden age, *it plays out the living possibility of this return*,” writes Bakhtin in 1940.

This week we read Enzo Traverso´s furious essay Gaza devant l´histoire. We think about the joy of militancy - the joy to hate - as it can restore the dignity of the supressed. Also, this might belong to writing as creating the living possibility of dogs biting the master´s hands and batons.

That is why writing a dog novel together could make sense and give us pleasure and joy.

Berlin, August 2024

Michail Bachtin: Literatur und Karneval, Hanser Verlag München, 1969
Michail Bakhtin, Rabelais and Folk Culture of the Middle Ages and Renaissanc, 1968

"Sería posible pensar una política que redirija la agresividad del odio hacia otras expresiones (un odio de las clases desposeídas contra los apropiadores, por ejemplo)?"
Veronica Gago, La crueldad como política de Estado. junio de 2024 in Le Monde Diplomatique
Enzo Traverso, Gaza devant l´histoire, Lux, 2024

Ficha policial / Wanted poster, Ines Doujak

Autores y artistas

Sonia Abián (sub) vive y trabaja en Argentina con: ideas, creación, distintos medios, materiales, traducción, vida cotidiana, interpretación, comunicación, gestión cultural, en un contexto de extractivismo intensivo y supresión de la justicia social. Actualmente forma parte de la oficina "¿Qué carajo hacer?" Ella lleva el programa de intercambio «Más allá de El Dorado / Residencia de artistas» www.masalladeeldorado.wordpress.com

Pablo Ares es diseñador gráfico, artista y activista, miembro del GAC (Grupo de Arte Callejero); desde 2006 trabaja junto con Julia Risler como parte del colectivo Iconoclasistas https://iconoclasistas.net/. Vive en Buenos Aires.

John Barker es escritor, ensayista y activista. Colabora con la artista Ines Doujak y vive entre Londres y Viena. Es fan de la página web Wealth of Negations https://wealthofnegations.org

Elisa T. Bertuzzo es actualmente profesora del DAAD en la Universitas Pendidikan Indonesia y una de las investigadoras del proyecto PLANTH en el Leibniz-Zentrum Moderner Orient. Su investigación se centra en diversos aspectos de la vida cotidiana —como la solidaridad, la resistencia, la autoorganización y el cuidado más allá de lo humano— entre el sur de Asia y el sur de Europa.

Linda Bilda (1963–2019) fue una artista plástica, activista, dibujante de cómics, editora y curadora austriaca. Fue cofundadora de las revistas Artfan y Die Weisse Blatt, así como del ARTCLUB WIEN.

Azul Blaseotto es artista visual, ilustradora y educadora. Su trabajo surge en la convergencia entre entre el caminar en alta montaña como práctica estética, el ecofeminismo y los documentalismos contemporáneos. Publicó las novelas grafica "Vidas de litio" (Hekht 2024), "Vamos a la playa" (Tren movimiento, 2018). **+info:** http://www.azulblaseotto.com

Lorena Fabrizia Bossi vive y trabaja en Buenos Aires, es activista, artista, docente y gestora cultural. Parte del GAC https://archivogac.ar/ desde 1997 y del Colectivo feminista Mujeres Públicas desde 2003. Parte fundadora de la Escuela de Arte Liliana Maresca. Dirigió Artes visuales en el Centro Cultural Conti 2020-25. Actualmente coordina el espacio de Arte en la Casa de las Madres de Plaza de Mayo L.F.

Alice Creischer y Andreas Siekmann son artistas, autores y curadores. Desde la década de 1990 trabajan juntos en proyectos que abarcan el arte, la teoría política y la crítica institucional. Sus trabajos interdisciplinarios analizan el capitalismo, la historia colonial, las desigualdades globales y las condiciones políticas del espacio y la representación. Entre sus proyectos más importantes se encuentran ExArgentina (2004) y El principio de Potosí (2010). Viven en Berlín et Viena.

Etcétera (Loreto Garin y Federico Zukerfeld) es un colectivo de artistas fundado en 1997 en Buenos Aires. Son artistas y activistas. Cuentan con numerosas exposiciones y colaboraciones internacionales. Viven en Buenos Aires. www.erroristas.org /www.crisiproject.wordpress.com

Inés Doujak es una artista que vive en Viena. Su obra aborda el feminismo, los roles de género, el racismo, el colonialismo y la desigualdad social. Ha colaborado con frecuencia con John Barker. En 2018, Spector Books, de Leipzig, publicó Loom Shuttles, Warpaths – An Eccentric Archive, un archivo excéntrico de textiles de la región andina. En 2021, creó la serie de podcasts Transmissions, una serie de cinco episodios sobre enfermedades y pandemias en un

mundo distorsionado: https://podcasts.apple.com/de/podcast/transmission-a-series-of-five-podcasts-on/id1562309851

Cristian Forte es poeta; formó parte del colectivo artístico Etcétera y de la Internacional Errorista en Buenos Aires. De 2010 a 2016 fue coordinador de la editorial independiente Milena Berlin. Coordinó proyectos de poesía como RAUMumDICHTUNG y Die Stadt als Lochkamera. Es cofundador del sello de arte sonoro y poesía «Carrots Tapes». Actualmente vive en Santa Cruz, Bolivia.

Federico Geller es dibujante. Construye imágenes junto a investigadorxs y organizaciones de derechos humanos. Estudió biología en la Facultad de Ciencias Exactas y Naturales (UBA) donde actualmente realiza tareas de comunicación. Fue integrante del Grupo de Arte Callejero y de La Comunitaria TV- Abriendo Caminos de Claypole.

Pujan Karambeigi es doctorando en Historia del Arte en Columbia University NY, donde está terminando una tesis sobre el papel del arte en la construcción de la nación tras la descolonización. Su trabajo se centra en las historias institucionales del arte moderno y contemporáneo. Sus artículos han aparecido en ARTMargins, The Nation, Jacobin, Texte zur Kunst, Art in America, Mousse Magazine y otras publicaciones.

Gabriela Massuh es escritora, filóloga, traductora y editora. Dirigió el departamento cultural del Instituto Goethe de Buenos Aires de 1983 a 2010 y fundó la editorial Mardulce en 2011. Cuenta con numerosas novelas y publicaciones, entre ellas la trilogía de novelas sobre las crisis sociales y ecológicas en Argentina: *La intemperie* (2008/2016), *Desmonte* (2015) y *Degüello* (2019). Vive en Buenos Aires

Eduardo Molinari es artista y docente investigador en la Universidad Nacional de las Artes (UNA). En 2001 fundó el Archivo Caminante, dedicado a la política de la memoria, las continuidades coloniales, los movimientos sociales y los conflictos ecológicos. Vive en Buenos Aires. archivocaminante.blogspot.com

Graciela Montes de Oca (antes Graciela Paredes) es gerontóloga, terapeuta artística y autora de cuentos. Bajo el nombre de Graciela Montes de Oca, ha publicado textos literarios en medios como la revista *Diagonal*. Vive en Buenos Aires.

Para Carlos Piegari todo comenzó en Buenos Aires cuando lo internaron en un conservatorio musical. Logró escapar y se vengó. Según la revista Rolling Stone compuso con Charly García, una de sus mejores canciones. También estudió filosofía, merodeó por Posadas, Barcelona y regresó al Alto Paraná. Publicó en España y Argentina varias novelas, Siempre huyó a tiempo, aunque cada día, los tiburones acechan más cerca.

Ruby Jana Sircar es una educadora y artista de medios cuyo trabajo se centra en la performatividad y el lenguaje en contextos diaspóricos y en los imaginarios de los medios populares. Cuenta con un doctorado en Estudios Poscoloniales, imparte clases como artista principal en la Academia de Bellas Artes y forma parte de la junta directiva de IG Bildende Kunst. Vive en Viena

Tomash Schoiswohl es artista, activista, cineasta e investigador urbano. Se dedica a la construcción informal, la historia antifascista, la política urbana y las prácticas de autoorganización. Es asistente en el curso de Arte específico de sitio en la Universidad de Artes Aplicadas de Viena y en el de Pintura contextual en la Academia de Bellas Artes de Viena. Jürgen Stollhans es artista y vive en Colonia. Realiza dibujos, instalaciones y obras site-specific, y combina referencias históricas, políticas y científicas con observaciones cotidianas.

Dmitry Vilensky (nacido en Leningrado en 1964, reside en Hamburgo) es un artista, educador y activista cultural sin títulos académicos en arte. Provoca situaciones y relaciones. Es miembro fundador del colectivo Chto Delat y participa activamente en diversos ámbitos del arte contemporáneo.
Nadie sabe en qué está trabajando en este momento: tal vez esté editando un nuevo número del periódico de Chto Delat, o tal vez administrando el Fondo de Ayuda Mutua de Chto Delat, o editando una película, o conversando con los participantes de la Escuela de Emergencias, o creando un escenario para una nueva obra de teatro (o instalación), o preparando otra Fiesta del Té Loco (o una fiesta para cantar juntos)… Lo más probable es que esté haciendo todo esto y docenas de otras actividades al mismo tiempo, rodeado de diversas composiciones camaraderiles de cuerpos y mentes en el Urban Mending Lab de Hamburgo o en la Sala de Proyectos de Emergencia de Chto Delat en Berlín, en línea y en muchas otras interconexiones. Más información en www.chtodelat.org y https://emergency-project-room.art/

Grant Watson es un escritor y curador que vive en Londres

Authors and artists

Sonia Abián (under) lives and works in Argentina. She works with: ideas, creation, different media, materials, translation, daily life, interpretation, communication, cultural management, in a context of intensive extractivism and the suppression of social justice. Currently she's part of the office ¿"Qué carajo hacer?" (What the hell is to be done?) She runs the exchange program "Más allá de El Dorado / Residencia de artistas" www.masalladeeldorado.wordpress.com

.Pablo Ares is a graphic designer, artist, and activist, and a member of the GAC (Grupo de Arte Callejero). Since 2006, he has been working with Julia Risler as part of the collective Iconoclasistas https://iconoclasistas.net/. He lives in Buenos Aires.

John Barker is an author, essayist, and activist. He collaborates with the artist Ines Doujak and lives in London and Vienna. He is fan of the website Wealth of Negations https://wealthofnegations.org

Elisa T. Bertuzzo is presently DAAD-Lecturer at Universitas Pendidikan Indonesia and one of the investigators of the PLANTH project at the Leibniz-Zentrum Moderner Orient. Her research investigates facets of everyday life solidarity, resistance, self-organisation and more-than-human care between South Asia and southern Europe.

Linda Bilda (1963–2019) was an Austrian visual artist, activist, comic artist, publisher, and curator. She was a co-founder of the magazines Artfan and Die Weisse Blatt, as well as ARTCLUB WIEN.

Azul Blaseotto is a visual artist, illustrator, and educator. Her work emerges at the intersection of high-mountain hiking as an aesthetic practice, ecofeminism, and contemporary documentary approaches. She has published the graphic novels *Vidas de litio* (Hekht, 2024) and *Vamos a la playa* (Tren movimiento, 2018). More info: http://www.azulblaseotto.com

Lorena Fabrizia Bossi lives and works in Buenos Aires; she is an activist, artist, educator, and cultural manager. She has been a member of the GAC "https://archivogac.ar/" since 1997 and of the feminist collective "Mujeres Públicas" since 2003. She is a founding member of the Liliana Maresca School of Art. She directed the Visual Arts program at the Conti Cultural Center from 2020 to 2025. She currently coordinates the art program at the Casa de las Madres de Plaza de Mayo L.F.

Alice Creischer and Andreas Siekmann are artists, authors, and curators. Since the 1990s, they have been collaborating on projects that explore the intersections of art, political theory, and institutional critique. Their interdisciplinary works examine capitalism, colonial history, global inequalities, and the political conditions of space and representation. Among their key projects are ExArgentina (2004) and The Potosí Principle (2010). They live in Berlin and Vienna.

Etcétera (Loreto Garin and Federico Zukerfeld) is an artists' collective founded in Buenos Aires in 1997. Loreto Garin and Federico Zukerfeld are artists and activists. They have participated in numerous exhibitions, and engaged in international collaborations. They live in Buenos Aires. www.erroristas.org / www.crisiproject.wordpress.com

Ines Doujak is an artist based in Vienna. Her work addresses feminism, gender roles, racism, colonialism, and social inequality. She has frequently collaborated with John Barker. In 2018, Spector Books in Leipzig published Loom Shuttles, Warpaths – An Eccentric Archive, of textiles from the Andean region. In 2021, she created the podcast series Transmissions, a series of five podcasts on disease and pandemics in a distorted world: https://podcasts.apple.com/de/podcast/transmission-a-series-of-five-podcasts-on/id1562309851

Cristian Forte is a poet; he was a member of the artist collective Etcétera and the Internacional Errorista in Buenos Aires. From 2010 to 2016, he was the coordinator of the independent publishing house Milena Berlin. He coordinated poetry projects such as RAUMumDICHTUNG and Die Stadt als Lochkamera. He is a co-founder of the sound art and poetry label "Carrots Tapes." He currently lives in Santa Cruz, Bolivia.

Federico Geller is an illustrator. He creates images in collaboration with researchers and human rights organizations. He studied biology at the Faculty of Exact and Natural Sciences (UBA), where he currently works in communications. He was a member of the Street Art Group and La Comunitaria TV—Abriendo Caminos in Claypole.

Pujan Karambeigi is a PhD candidate in art history at Columbia University, where he is completing a dissertation on the role of art in nation-building in the wake of decolonization. His work focuses on the institutional histories of modern and contemporary art. His writing has appeared in ARTMargins, The Nation, Jacobin, Texte zur Kunst, Art in America, Mousse Magazine, and elsewhere

Gabriela Massuh is a writer, philologist, translator, and editor. She headed the cultural department at the Goethe-Institut in Buenos Aires from 1983 to 2010 and founded the Mardulce publishing house in 2011. She has written numerous novels and other works, including a trilogy of novels about social and ecological crises in Argentina: La intemperie (2008/2016), Desmonte (2015), and Degüello (2019). She lives in Buenos Aires.

Eduardo Molinari is an artist and research professor at the National University of the Arts (UNA). In 2001, he founded the Archivo Caminante, which focuses on the politics of memory, colonial continuities, social movements, and ecological conflicts. He lives in Buenos Aires. archivocaminante.blogspot.com

Graciela Montes de Oca (formerly Graciela Paredes) is a gerontologist, art therapist, and author of short stories. Writing under the name Graciela Montes de Oca, she has published literary texts in outlets such as *Diagonal* magazine. She lives in Buenos Aires.

For Carlos Piegari, it all began in Buenos Aires when he was enrolled in a music conservatory. He managed to escape and got his revenge. According to Rolling Stone magazine, he co-wrote one of his best songs with Charly García. He also studied philosophy, wandered around Posadas and Barcelona, and returned to Alto Paraná. He published several novels in Spain and Argentina; he always managed to escape in time, even though every day the sharks lurk closer.

Ruby Jana Sircar is an educator and media artist whose work focuses on performativity and language within diasporic settings and popular media imaginaries. She holds a PhD in Post-Colonial Studies, teaches as Senior Artist at the Academy of Fine Arts, and is part of the Board of IG Bildende Kunst. She lives in Vienna

Tomash Schoiswohl is an artist, activist, filmmaker, and urban researcher. His work focuses on squatting, anti-fascist history, urban policy, and self-organized practices. He is an assistant professor in Site-Specific Arts at the University of Applied Arts Vienna and in Contextual Painting at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna.

Jürgen Stollhans is an artist who lives in Cologne. He creates drawings, installations, and site-specific works, combining historical, political, and scientific references with everyday observations.

Dmitry Vilensky (born in Leningrad in 1964, lives in Hamburg) is an artist, educator and cultural environmentalist with no art degrees. He elicits situations and relationships. He is founding member of collective Chto Delat and active in many fields of contemporary art. No one knows what he is up to right now: perhaps he is editing a new issue of Chto Delat's newspaper, or maybe administering the Chto Delat Mutual Aid Fund, or editing a film, or talking with the participants of the School of Emergencies, or making a set for a new play (or installation), or preparing another Mad Tea Party (or Singing together party)… Most likely, he is doing all this and dozens of other activities at the same time, surrounded by various comradely compositions of bodies and minds in Urban Mending Lab in Hamburg or at Chto Delat Emergency Project Room in Berlin, online and in many other interconnections. See more at www.chtodelat.org And https://emergency-project-room.art/

Grant Watson is a writer and curator based in London.

WANTED

for questioning

4 MASTIFFS: Milton, Murray, Robert and Lucas

AS ARGENTINA'S RIGHT-WING PRESIDENT JAVIER MILEI'S SHADOW CABINET THEY ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR ECONOMIC CRIMES, SPREADING DESPERATION AND FEAR





The four cloned dogs—descendants of the late Conan, each clone costing $100,000—are named after Javier Mileis' economic heroes: Milton Friedman, Murray Rothbard, and Robert Lucas, all of the *market-knows* best and screw the rest *variety*. Feeding these advisers costs about $900 a month, doubling Argentina's average monthly salary of $450.

These *advisers* are consulted via a medium claiming *interspecies communication*. They are accountable for some of the country's harshest *austerity* measures yet.

With subsidies for energy and transport scrapped, pensions been frozen, aid to soup kitchens reduced, and welfare cut. The result: poverty soaring above 50%, affecting 45 million people.

Markets and investors have applauded these *chainsaw* reforms. Yet the much-promised *economic miracle* depended on favourable loans from the IMF, the World Bank, and the U.S. Trump administration—the very kind of state intervention Milei's and his intellectual heroes condemn.

CASE REMAINS OPEN



DEADLY, LARGE, POWERFUL

THE ROLE OF THE MALE DOGS IN MILEI'S PRONOUNCEMENTS THAT ARGENTINES IN FAVOUR OF THE RIGHT OF CONTRACEPTION AND ABORTION ARE *BRAINWASHED* BY A *HOMICIDAL POLICY* AND THAT WOMEN'S ROLE IS TO PRODUCE AND RENEW A POOL OF LABOUR CAN ONLY BE GUESSED AT.

