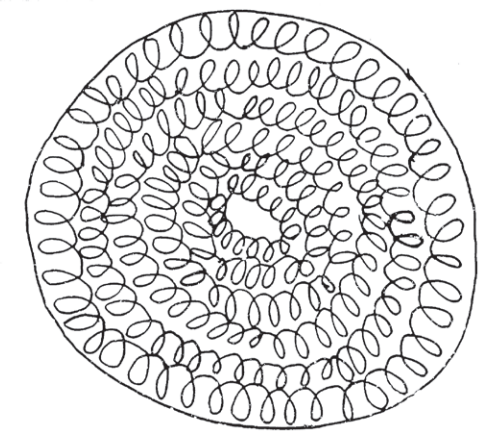
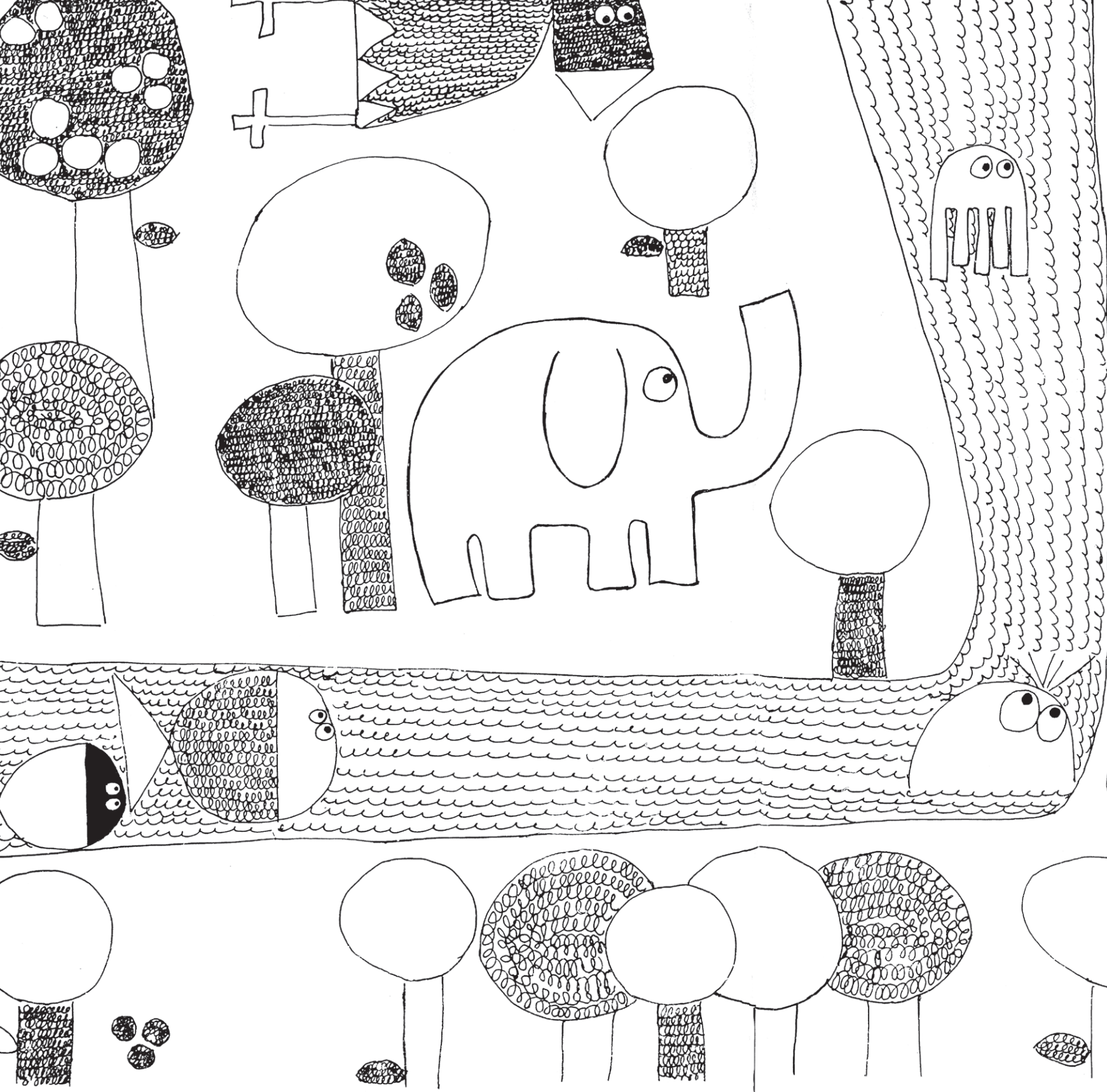


A coloring
book

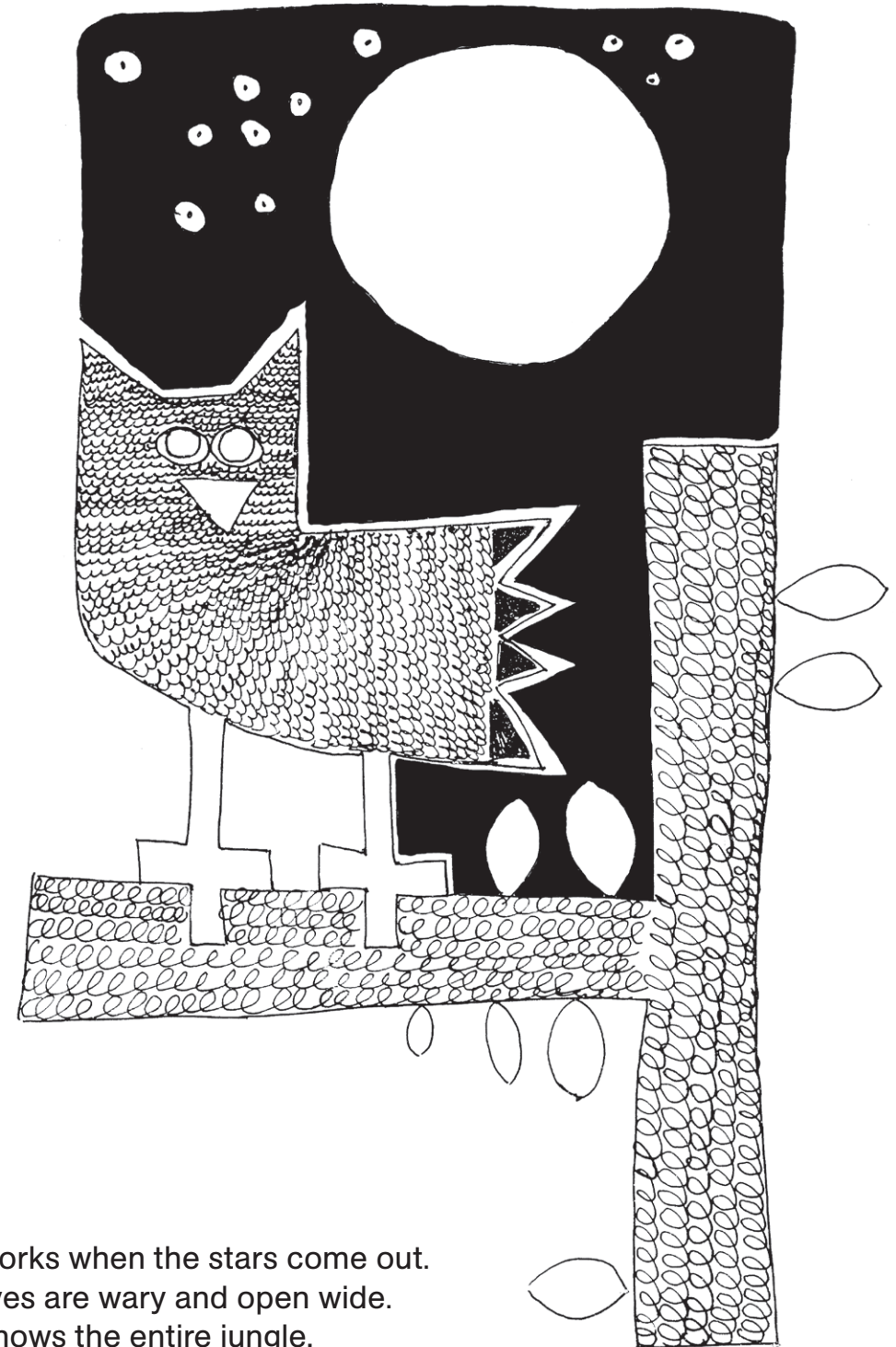
in the jungle mauricio
there is much to do gatti



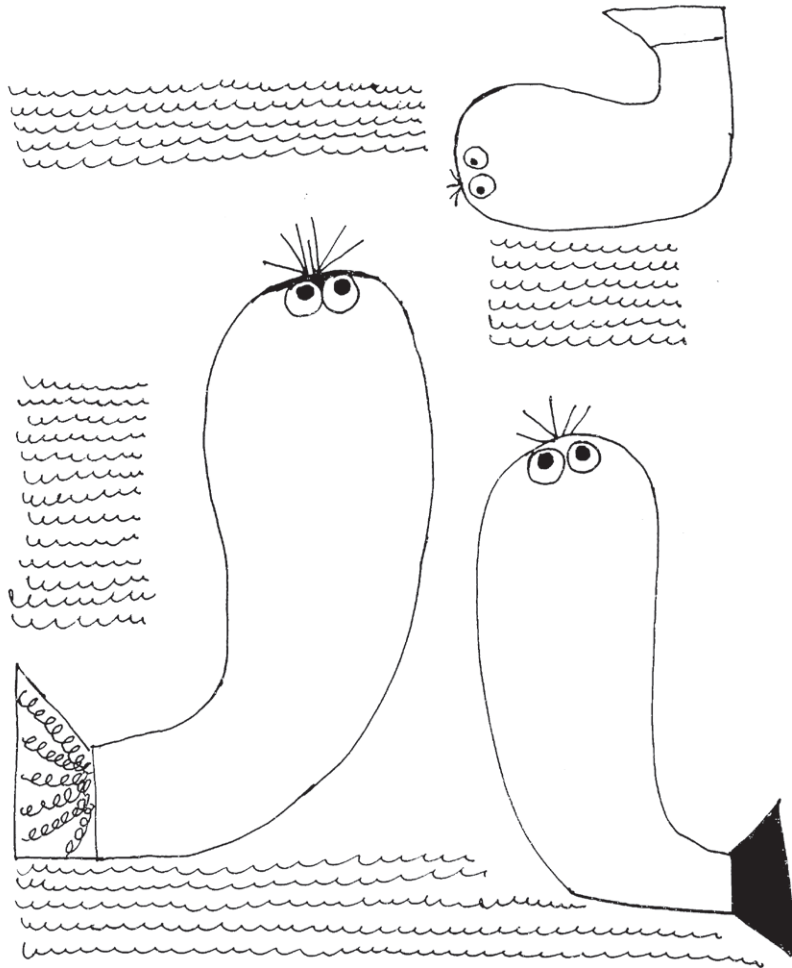
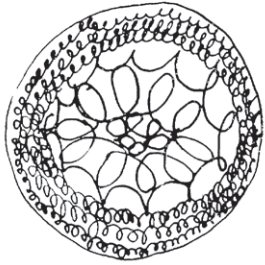
In the Jungle
There Is Much to Do
Mauricio Gatti

For Paulita

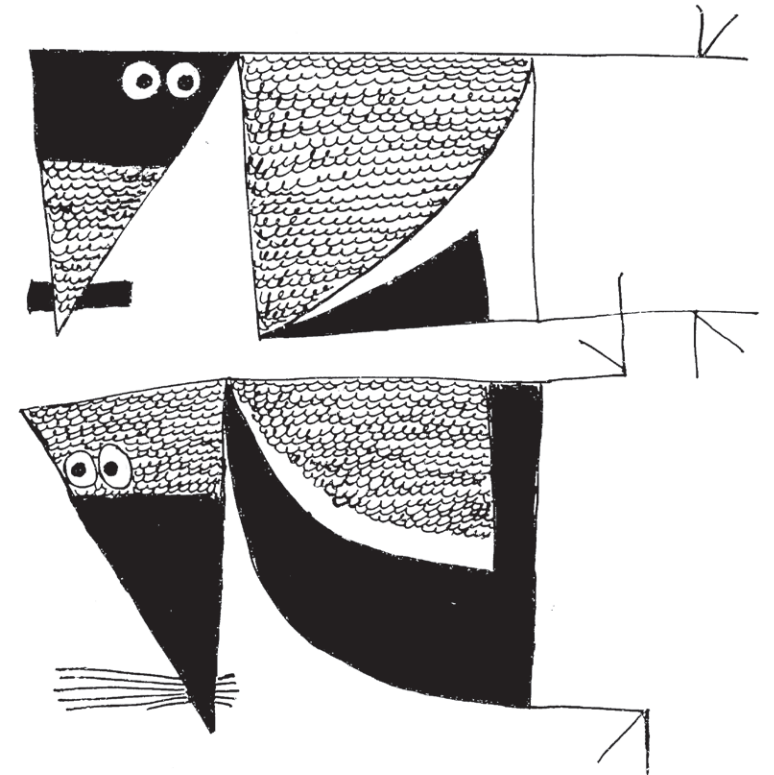
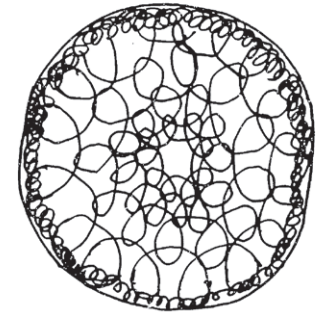
Centro de Instrucción de la Marina
August, 1971



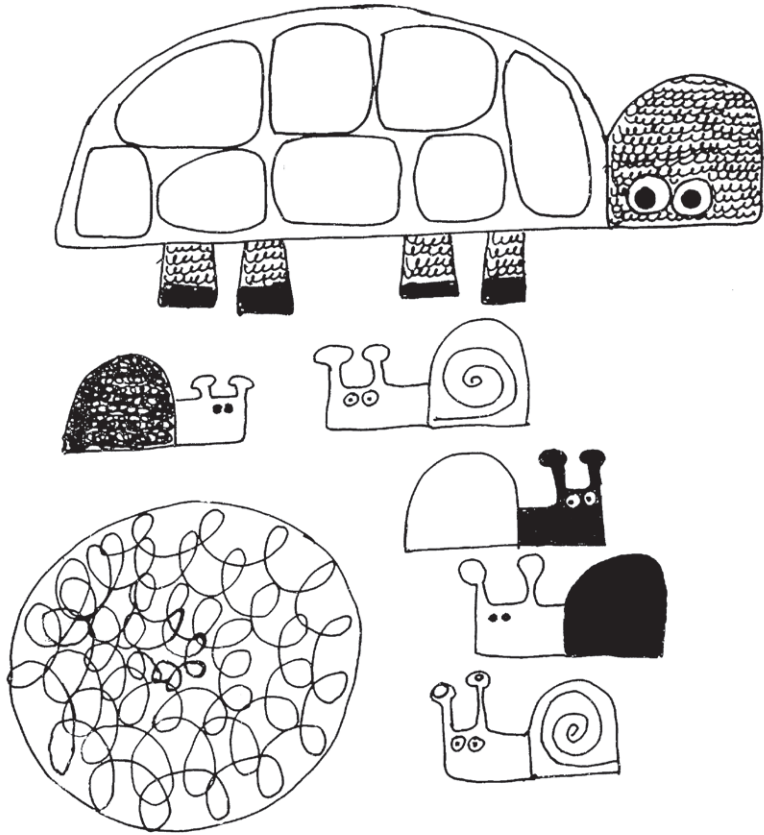
Owl works when the stars come out.
Her eyes are wary and open wide.
She knows the entire jungle,
all the animals and where they hide.



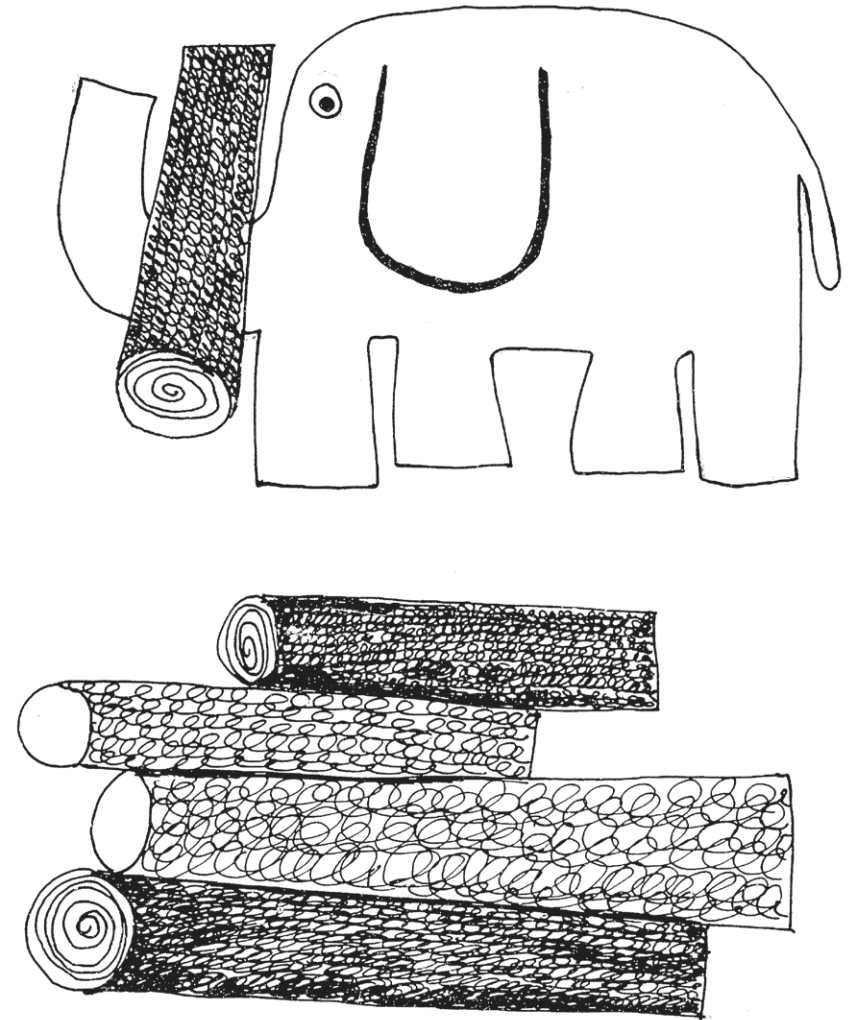
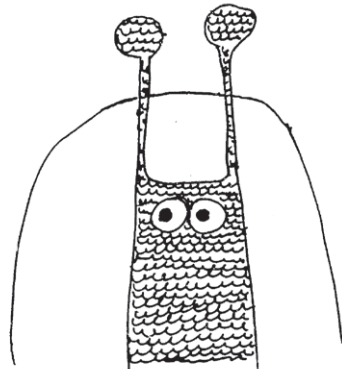
Mama and papa seal work in the sea,
but when they rest, with their
little pup they want to be.



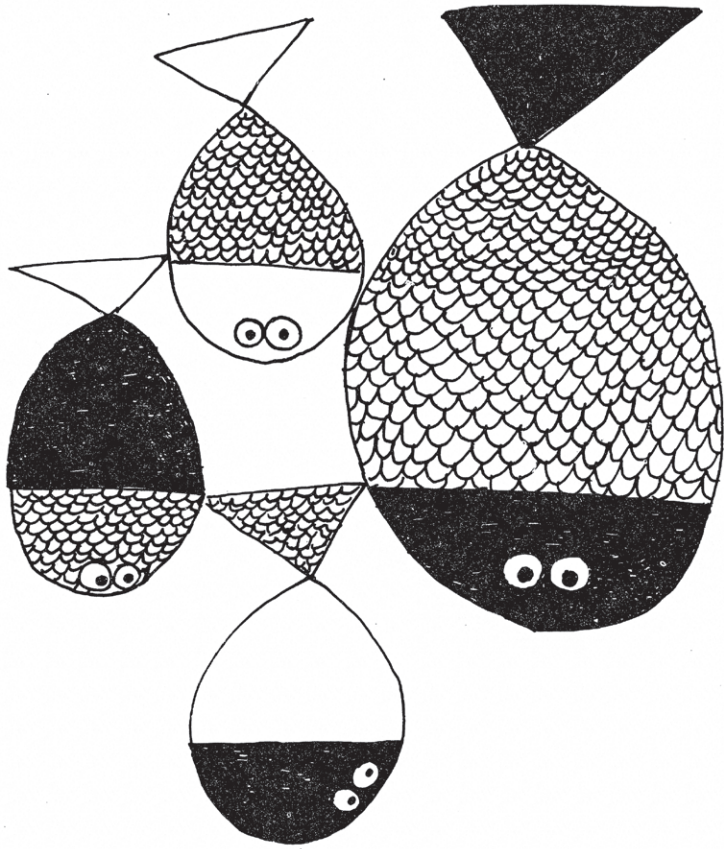
For everyone to have a nest,
they all need to lend a hand.
That's why with branches, sticks, and twigs
the birds are going to start a band.



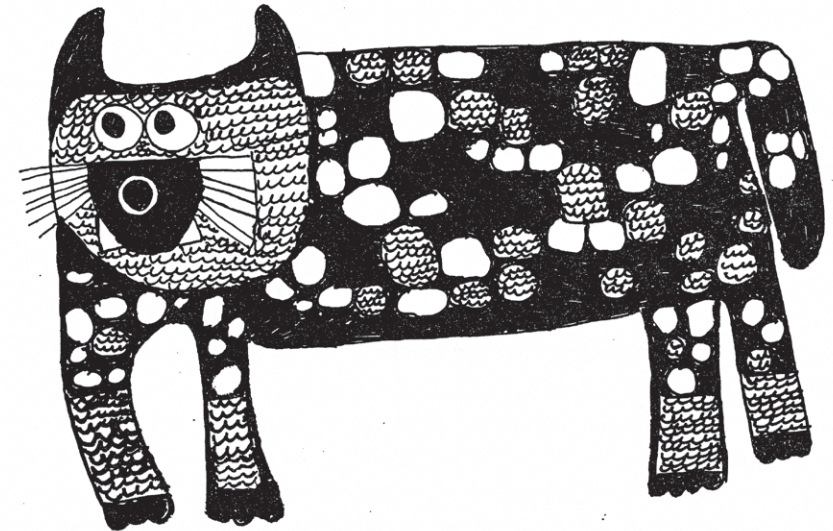
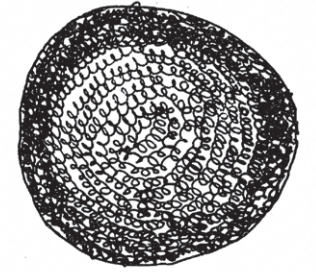
The little snails need care,
when papa snail is working late.
Turtle stays with them, playing as they wait.



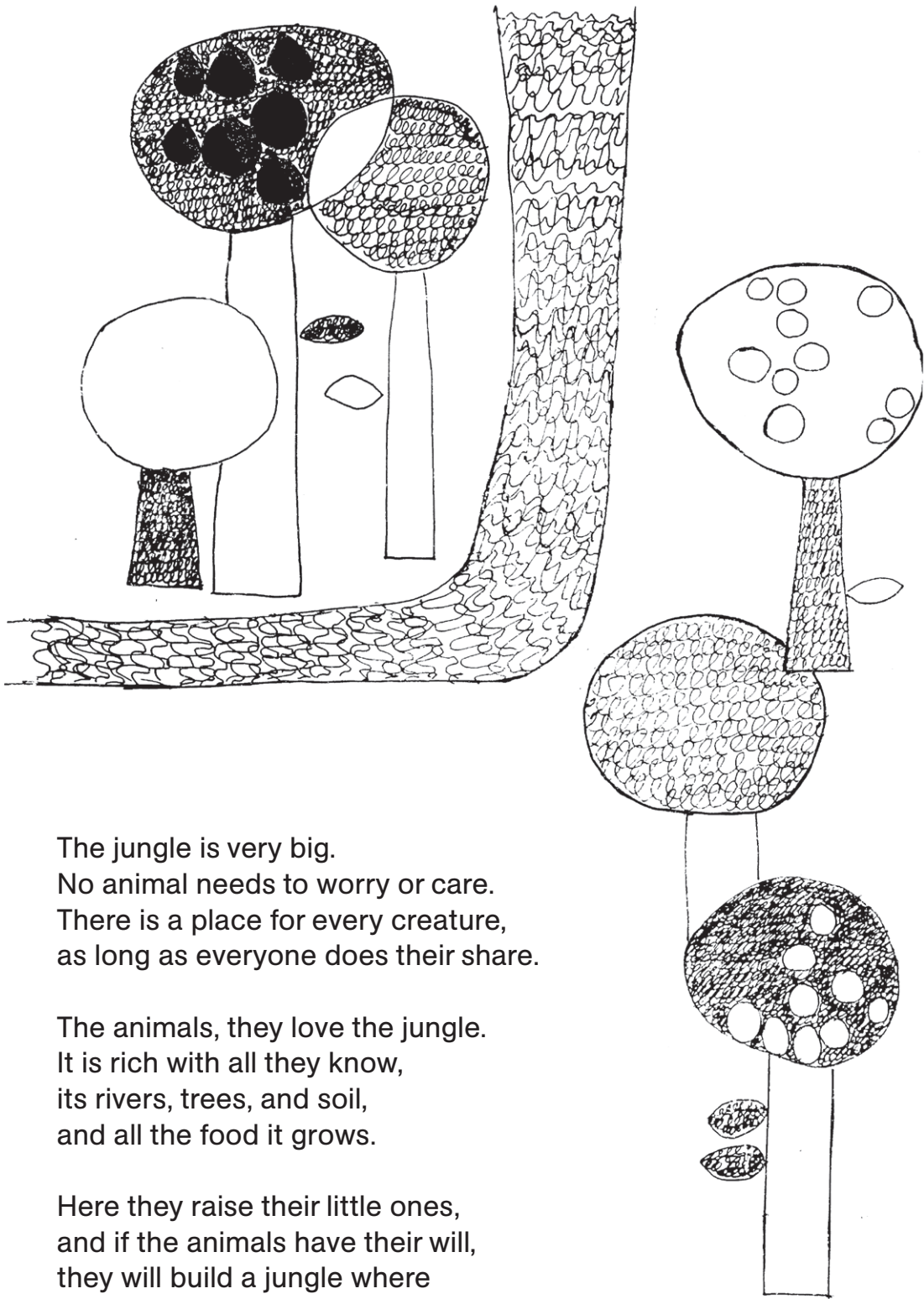
So that in the jungle
no animal must freeze,
elephant uses their trunk,
gathering firewood with ease.



Fish takes a journey
that fills him with glee,
showing his little ones
the bottom of the sea.



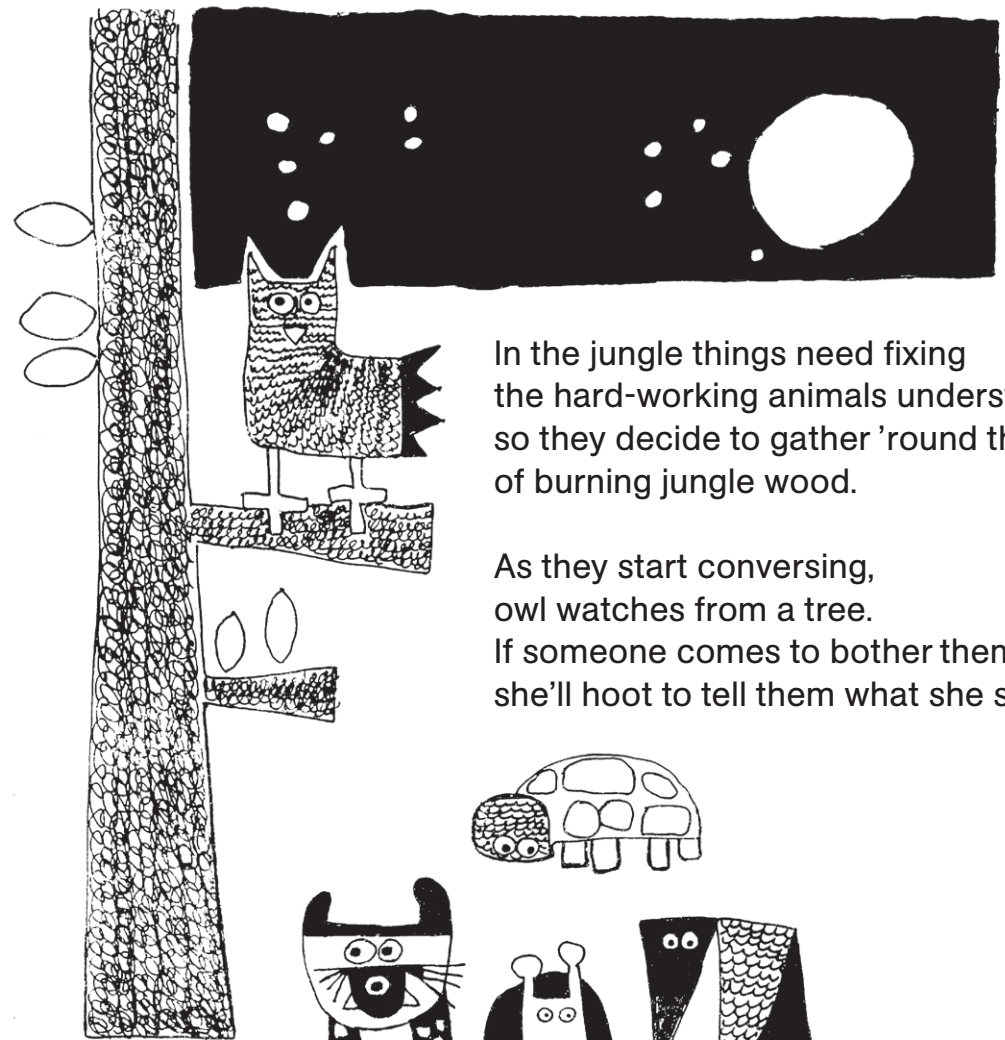
Even with tiger
the animals know what to do,
sending him to find meat
for a good barbeque.



The jungle is very big.
 No animal needs to worry or care.
 There is a place for every creature,
 as long as everyone does their share.

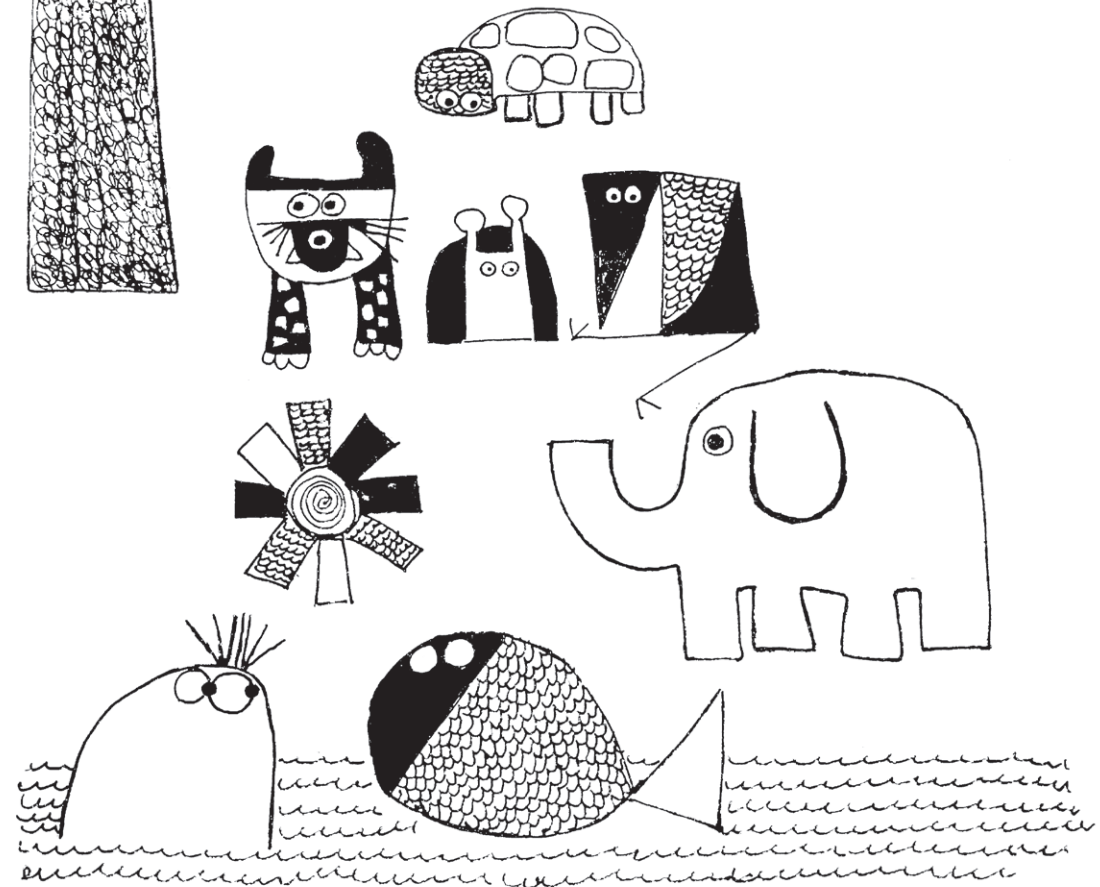
The animals, they love the jungle.
 It is rich with all they know,
 its rivers, trees, and soil,
 and all the food it grows.

Here they raise their little ones,
 and if the animals have their will,
 they will build a jungle where
 those who work always get their fill.

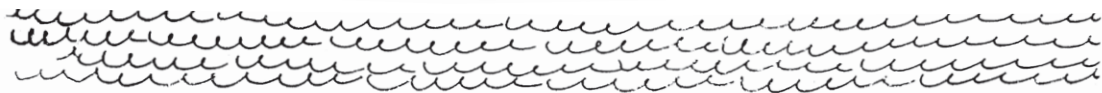
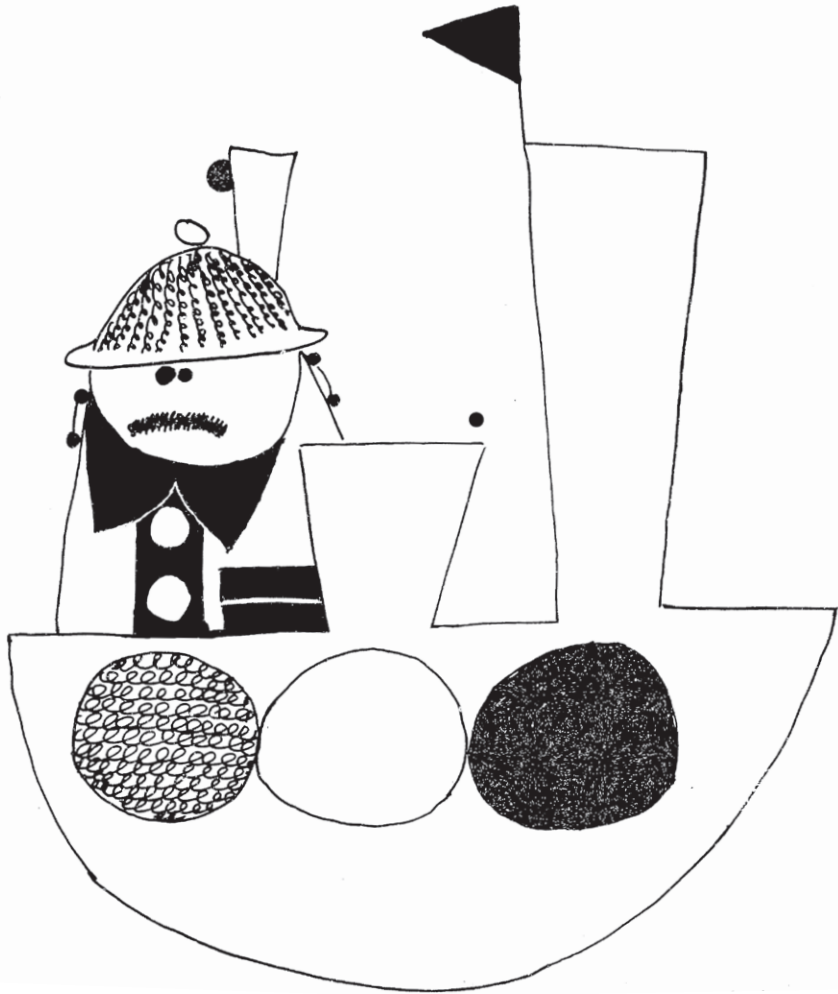
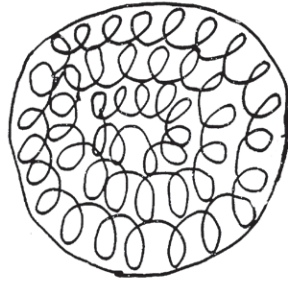


In the jungle things need fixing
 the hard-working animals understood,
 so they decide to gather 'round the fire
 of burning jungle wood.

As they start conversing,
 owl watches from a tree.
 If someone comes to bother them,
 she'll hoot to tell them what she sees.

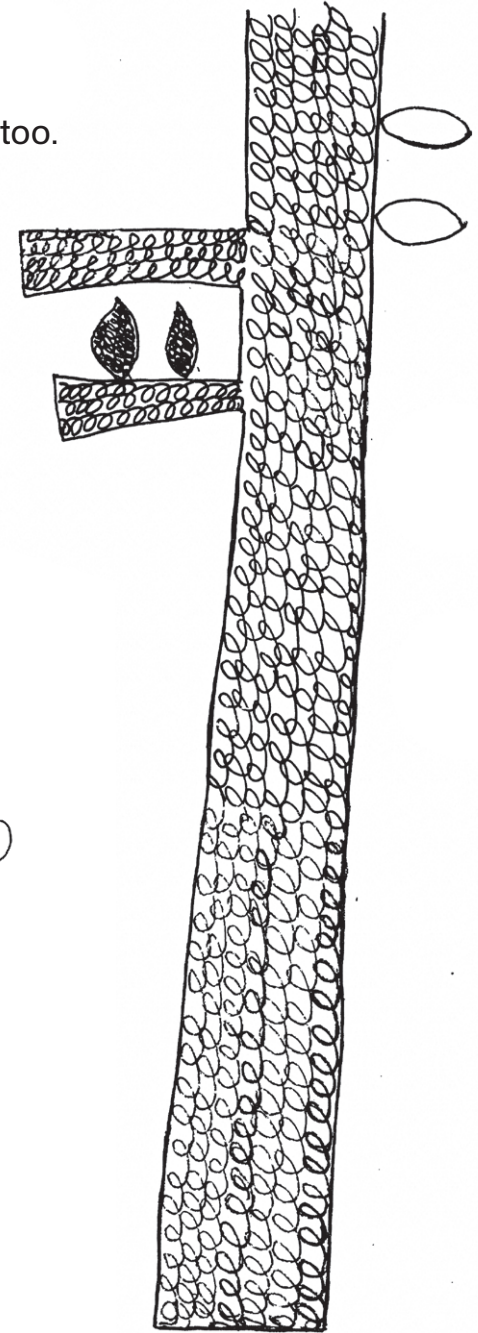
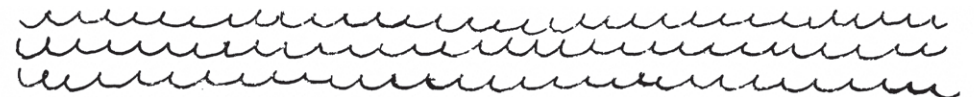


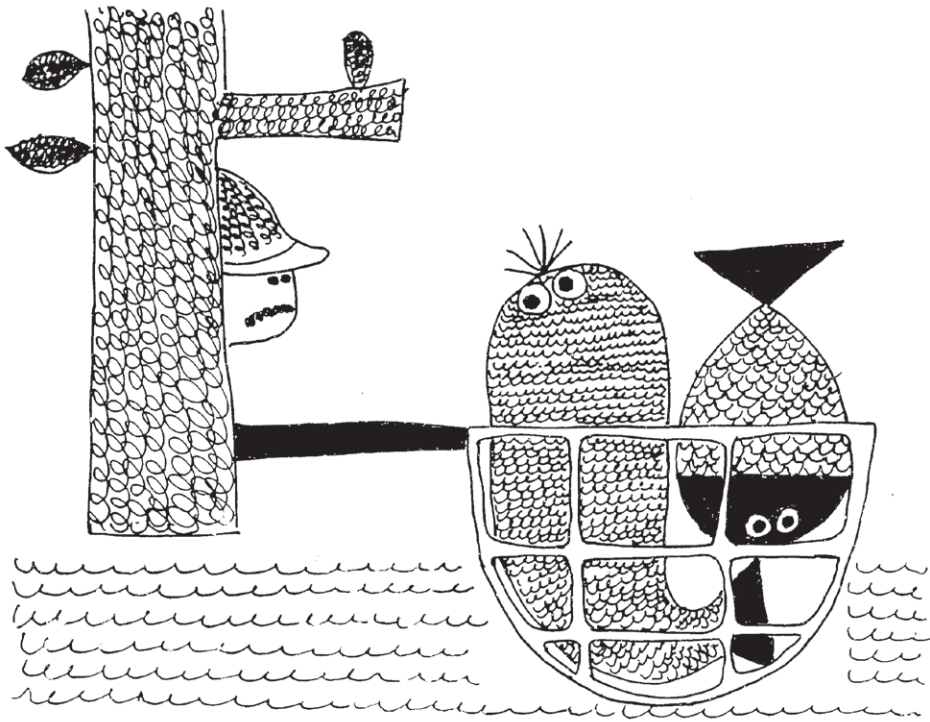
One day unseen to everyone
a hunter comes along the river.
He knows nothing of the jungle,
and doesn't care how well the animals live.



The hunter wants to bring the animals
to the city, to the zoo.
He doesn't care about the little ones,
who will miss their parents and friends too.

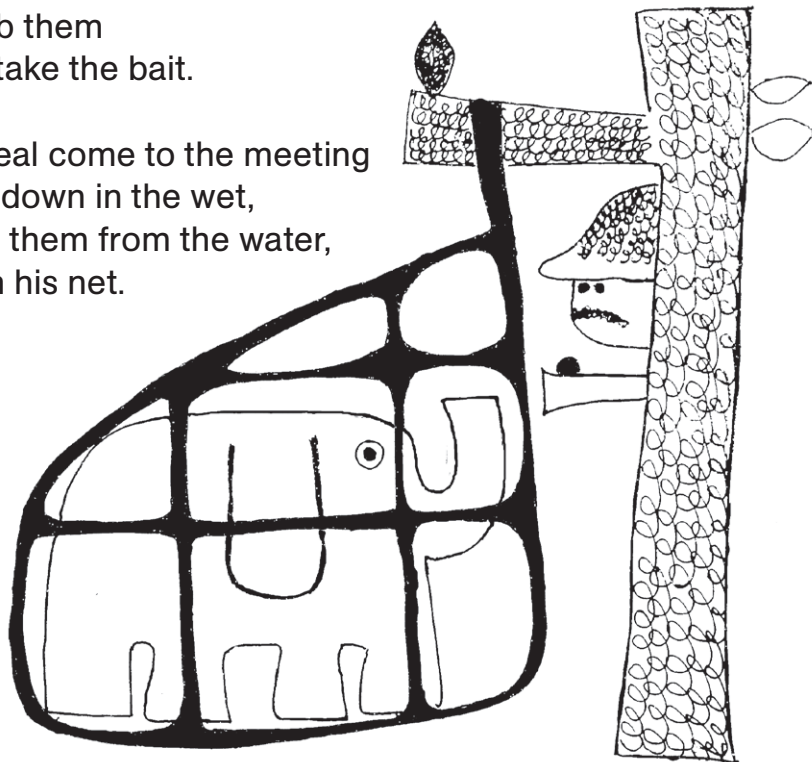
Hide and seek, hide and seek,
he finds the little place,
where the animals sit 'round the fire
that lights up every face.





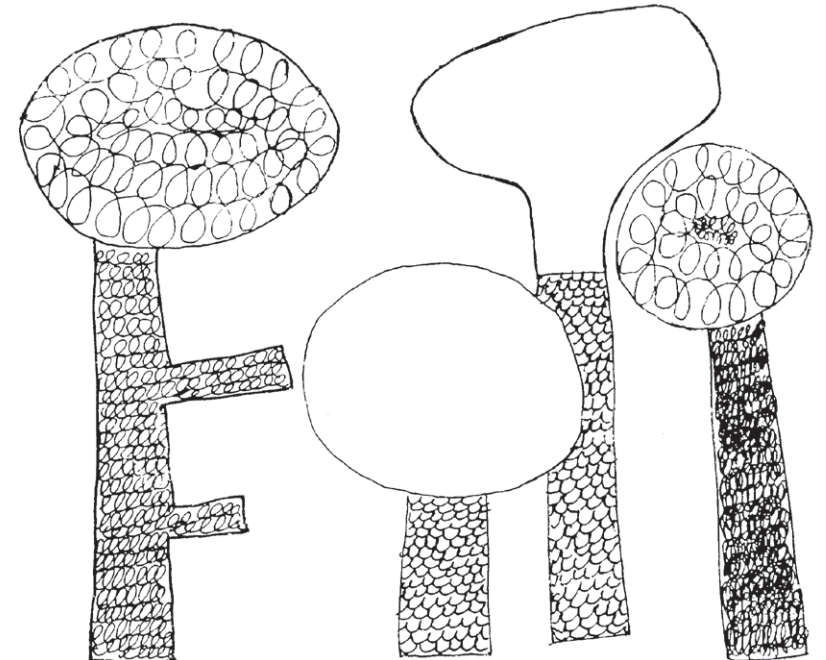
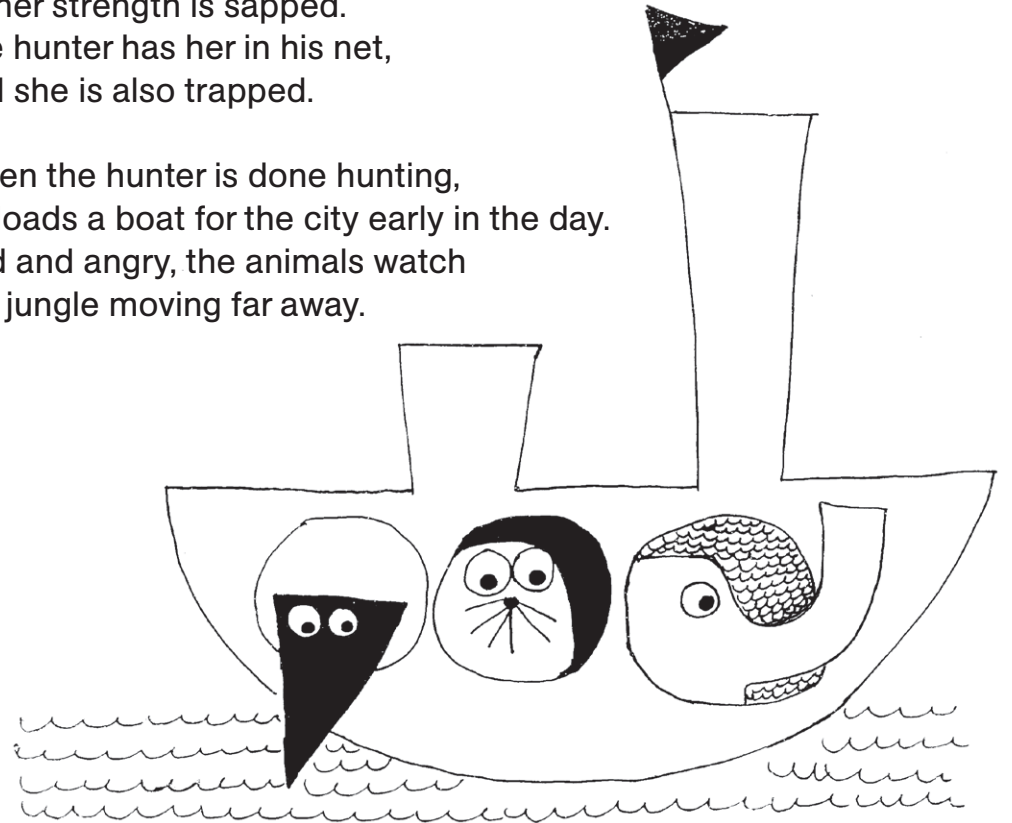
The hunter hides behind a tree.
There he sits and waits.
He will try to grab them
as soon as they take the bait.

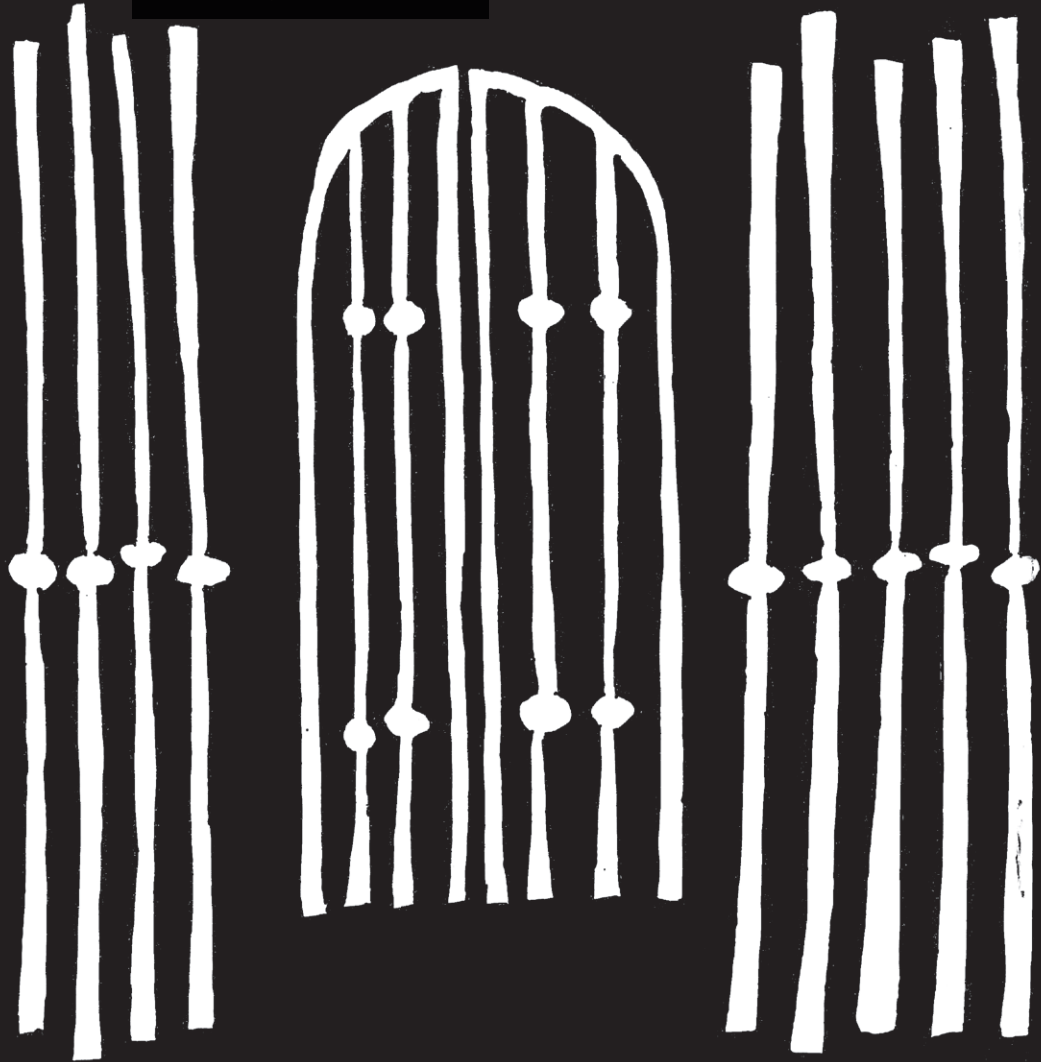
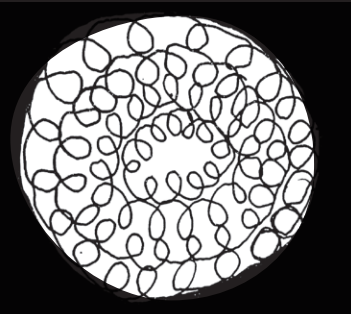
When fish and seal come to the meeting
from their home down in the wet,
the hunter yanks them from the water,
roping them with his net.



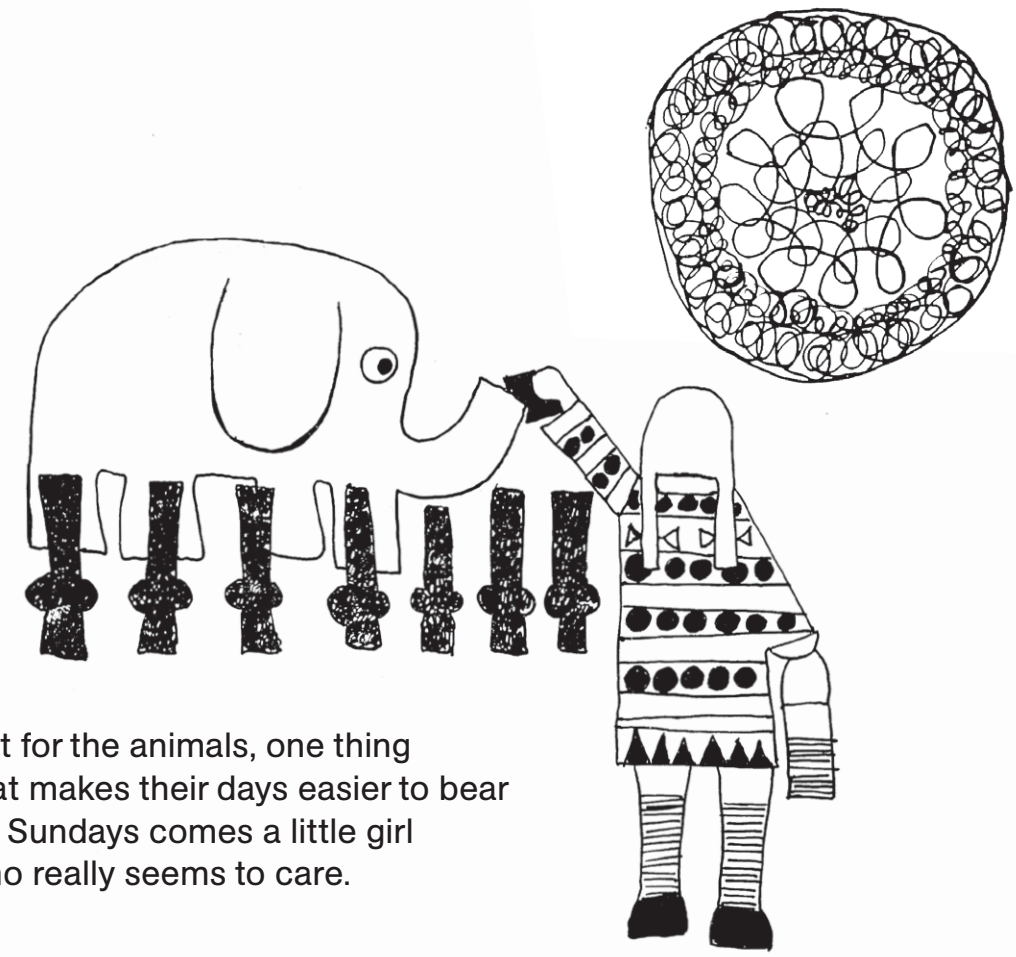
Now elephant cannot move.
All her strength is sapped.
The hunter has her in his net,
and she is also trapped.

When the hunter is done hunting,
he loads a boat for the city early in the day.
Sad and angry, the animals watch
the jungle moving far away.

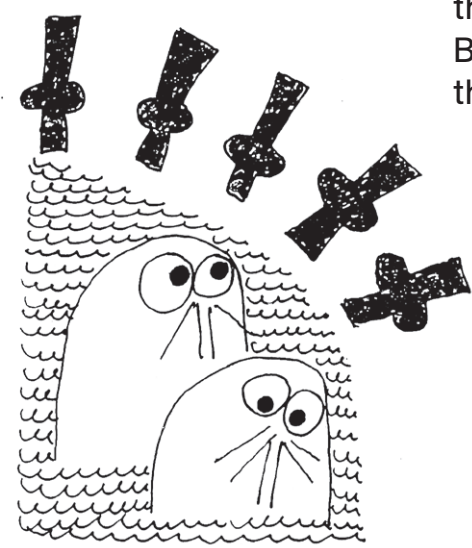




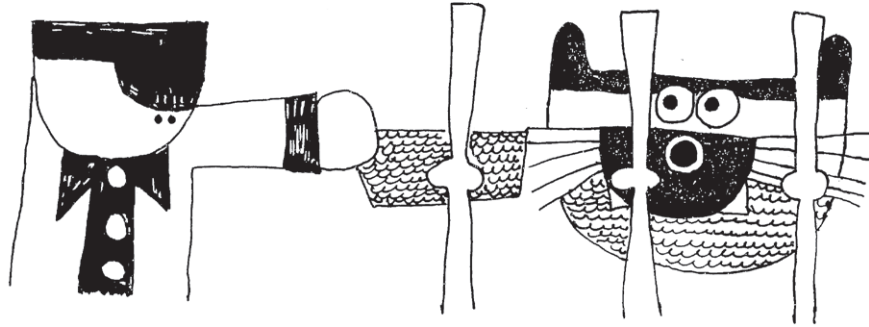
The zoo is not a place where animals live long or well, because of the metal bars that keep them from their work and the homes where they dwell.



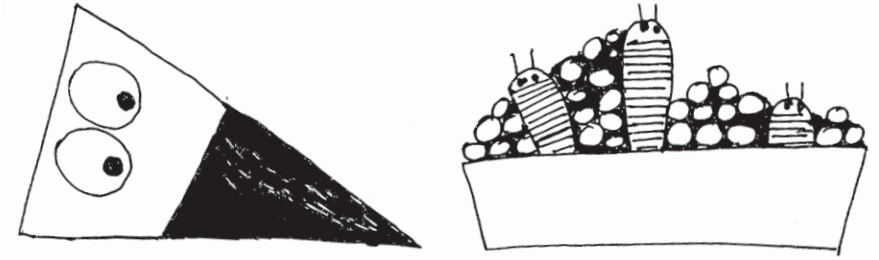
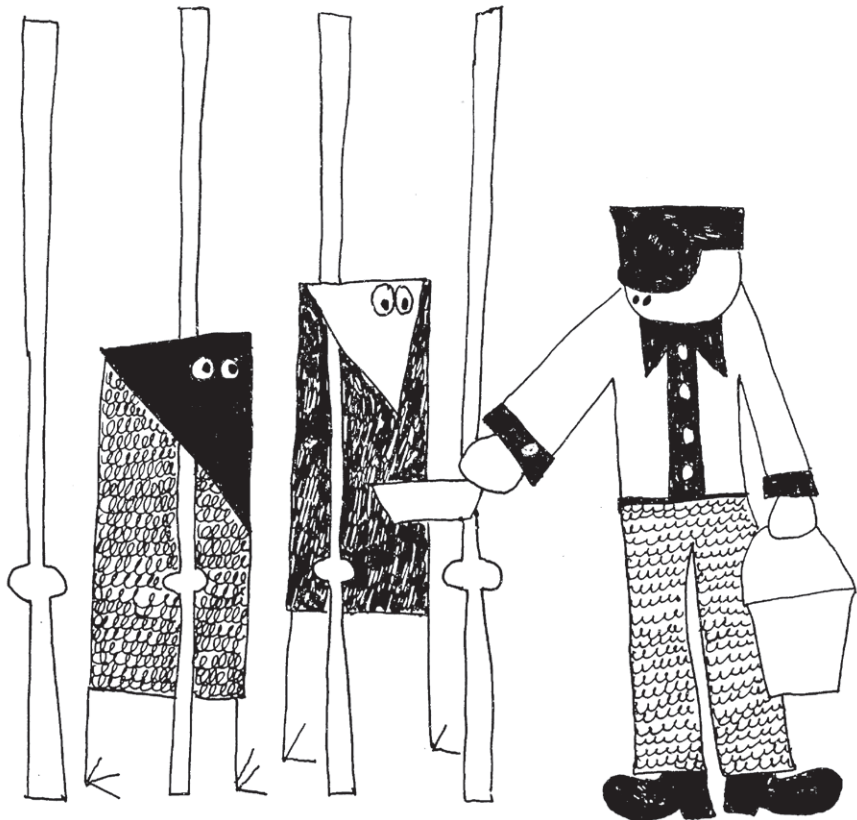
But for the animals, one thing that makes their days easier to bear on Sundays comes a little girl who really seems to care.



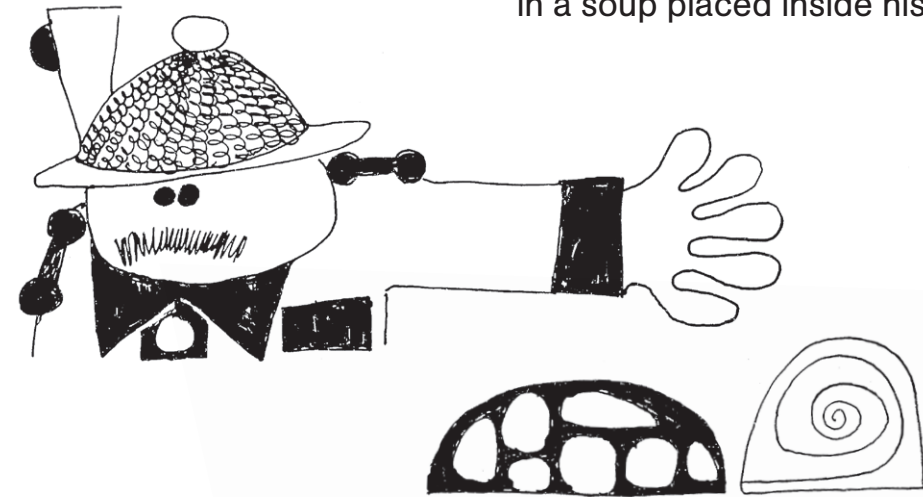
At the zoo, the hunter tells the guards that the animals should be feared. But of course, it isn't true that you shouldn't get too near.



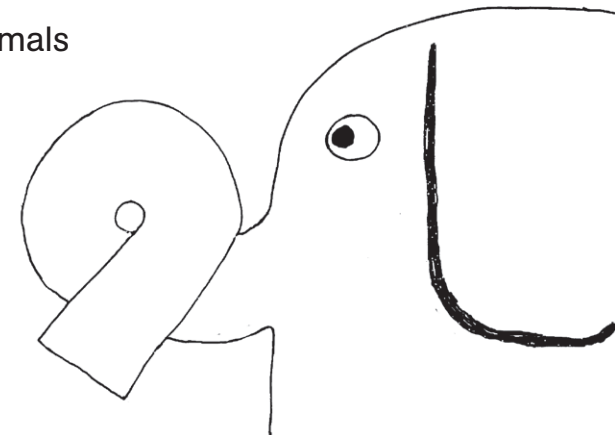
There are some people
who have learned that this is not the case.
It's just that animals get angry
when pushed around in a tiny space.

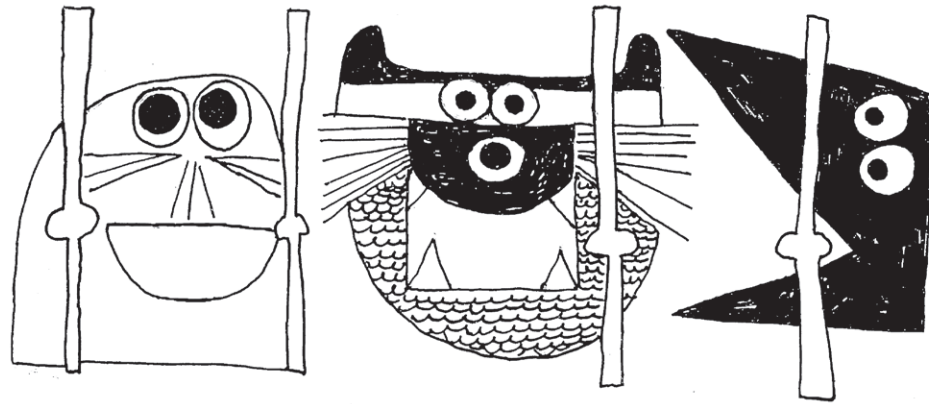


And so one day a little bird
becomes terribly enraged,
when told to eat a baby worm,
in a soup placed inside his cage.

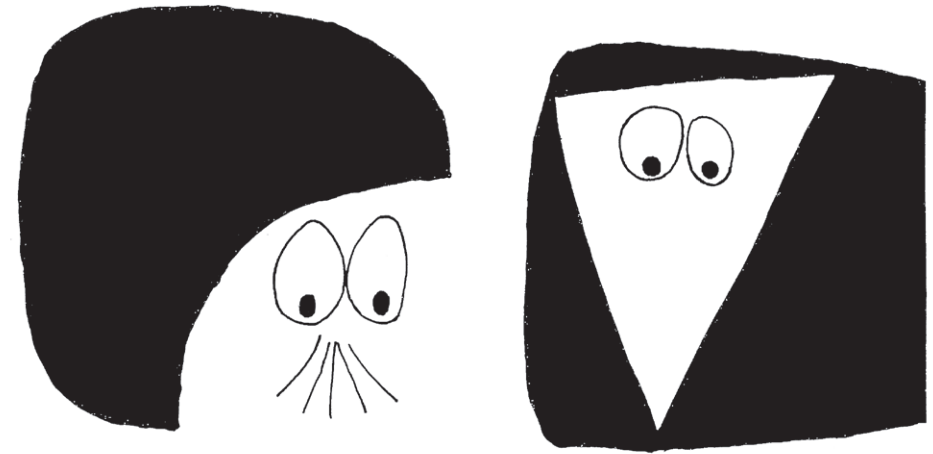


The arrogant hunter says the animals
must eat it – or be compelled.





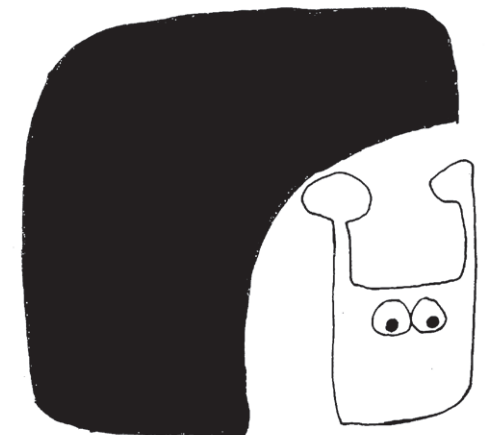
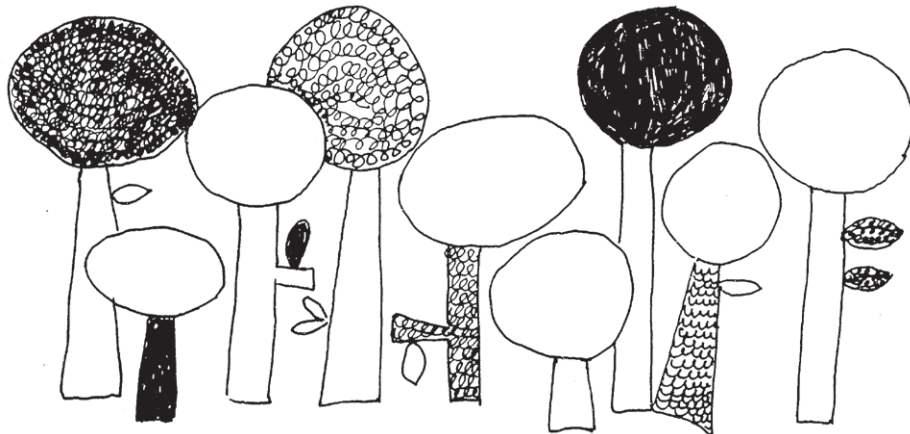
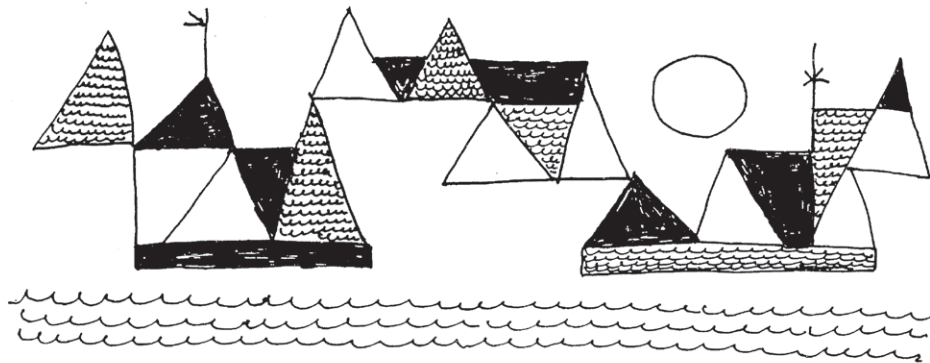
But "NO, we'll never do it!"
all the animals yell.

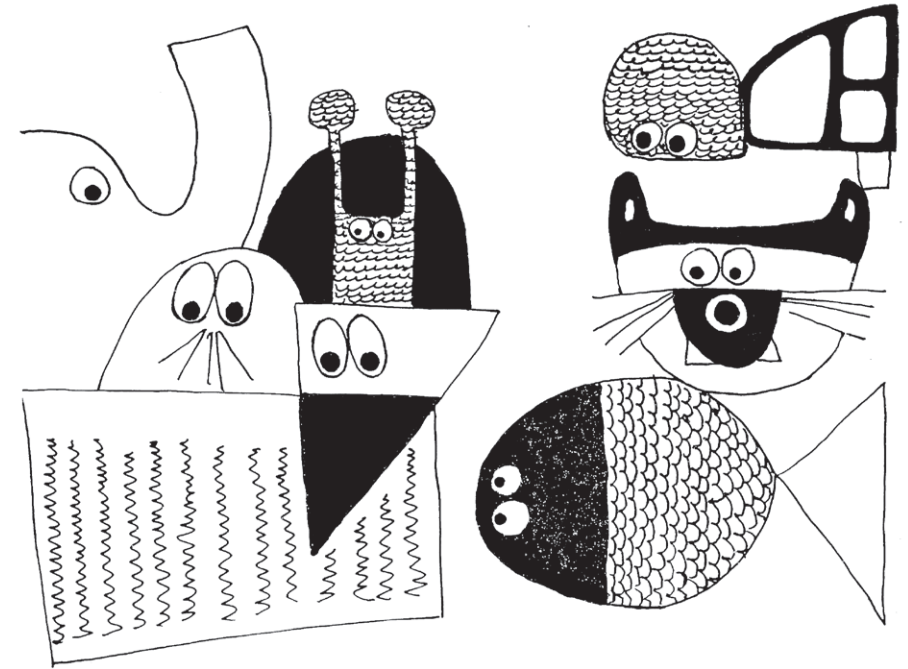
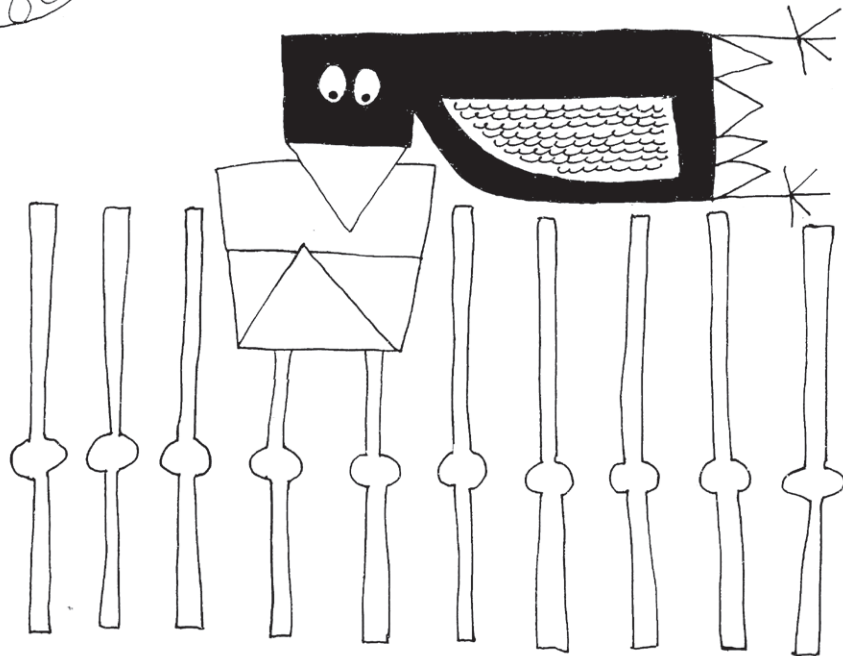
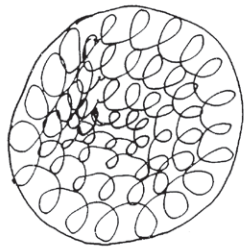


Angry because people try to force them,
the animals raise their voices to the sky.
They echo over rooftops, across the sea
and in the jungle, where everyone hears their cries.

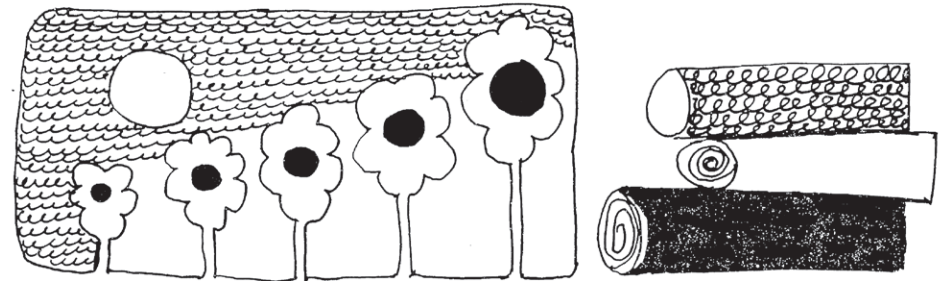
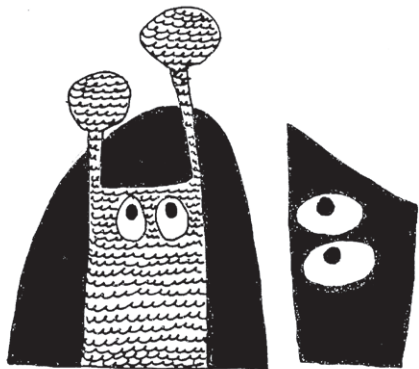
In the zoo the animals are often thoughtful,
remembering all that needs to be done,
how in the jungle some things still need fixing
and what they want to teach their little ones:

The jungle is very big.
No animal needs to worry or care.
There is space and food for all,
as long as everyone does their share.

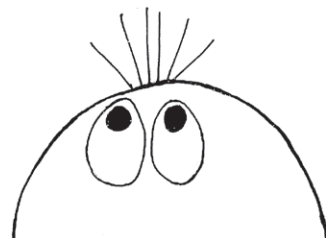


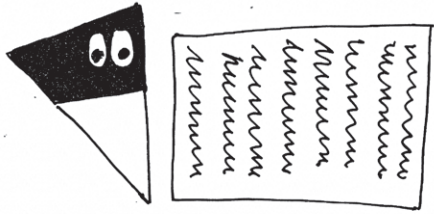


While they are thinking,
comes a beautiful surprise,
a small black bird with a red beak
above the bars, flying through the skies.



She has a letter from the jungle.
It says their little ones have begun to grow
strong and beautiful like flowers.
This they ought to know.





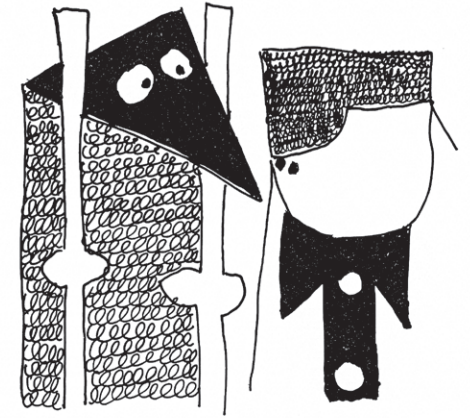
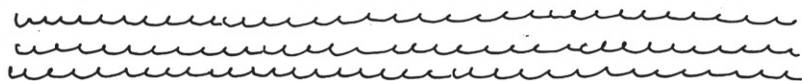
It says that nobody should worry, since for every animal taken away, many other animals have begun to work, making sure the little ones can play.

The letter says many other hunters had come, but the animals had gotten wise, and to fool them many animals dressed up as gentlemen, but in disguise.

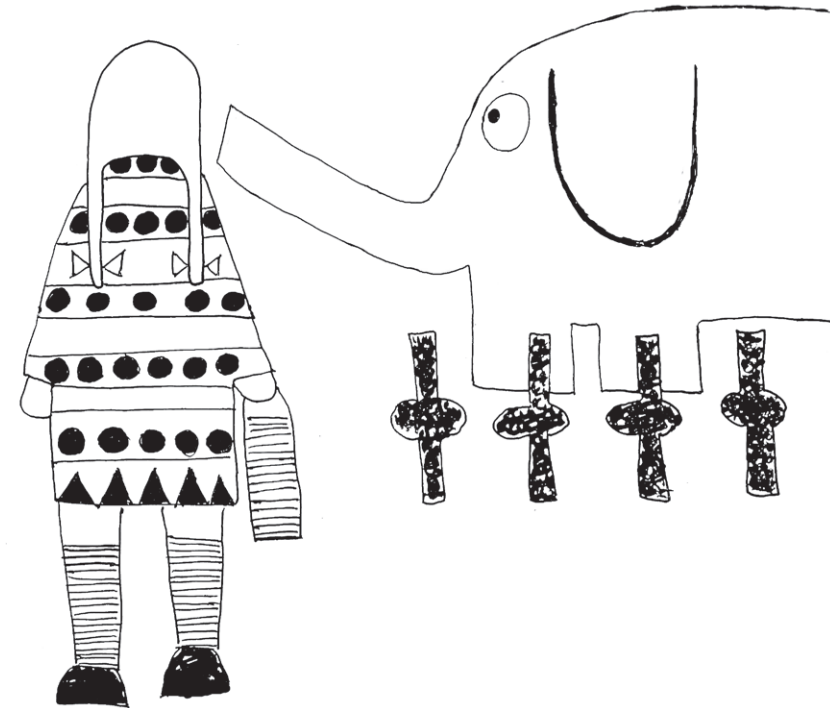


It also says that in the jungle they are glad, that although the hunter put them in the zoo, from their cries they learned: Even when locked up, the animals respect each other too.

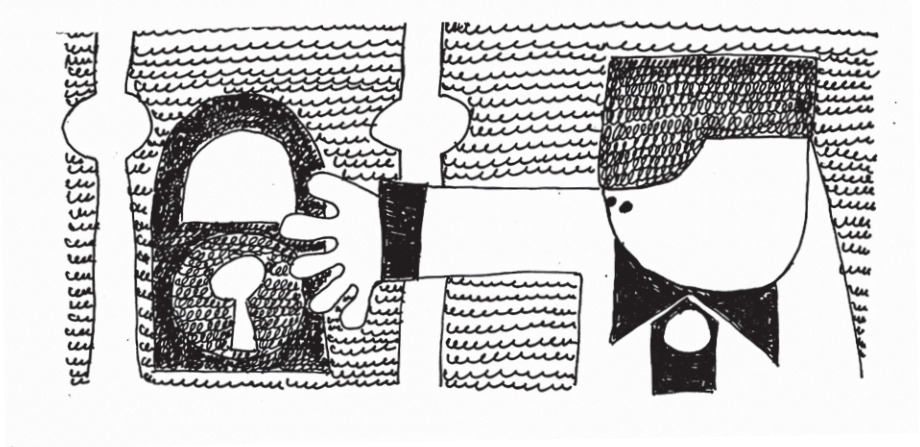
The letter ends by saying that when the animals try to break free, help will come to them. A plan is all they need.



As soon as they are able, the animals plot their escape. Little bird tells her friend the caretaker the cage has a lock they need to break.

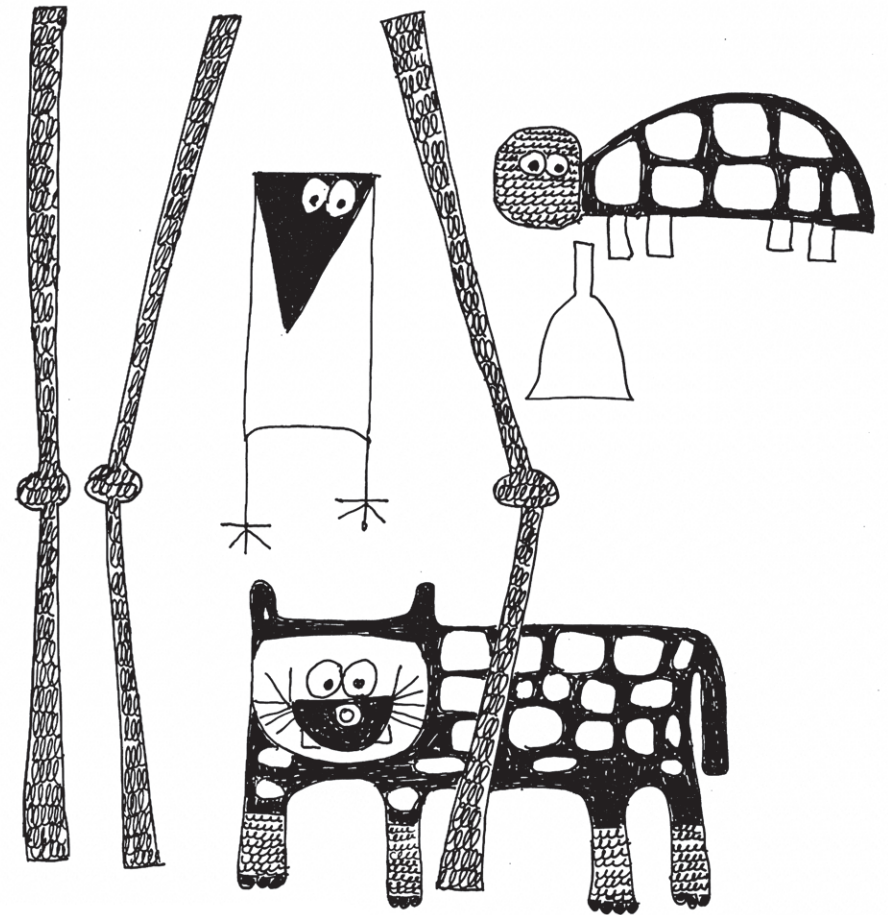
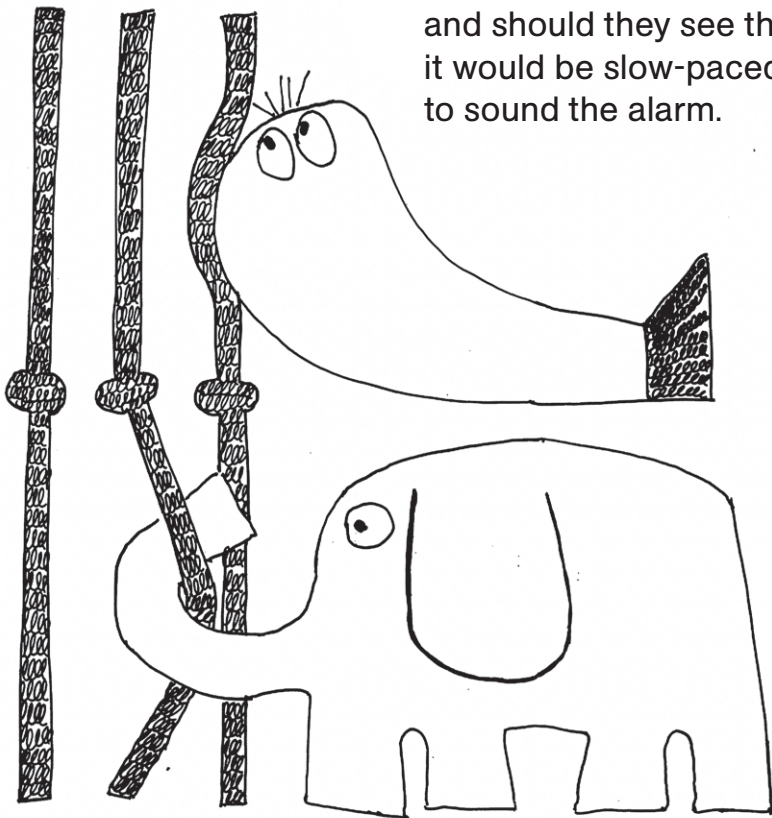


On Sunday when the girl comes, elephant asks if she could please show them the way. They are going to escape from the zoo and need to find the road to the bay.



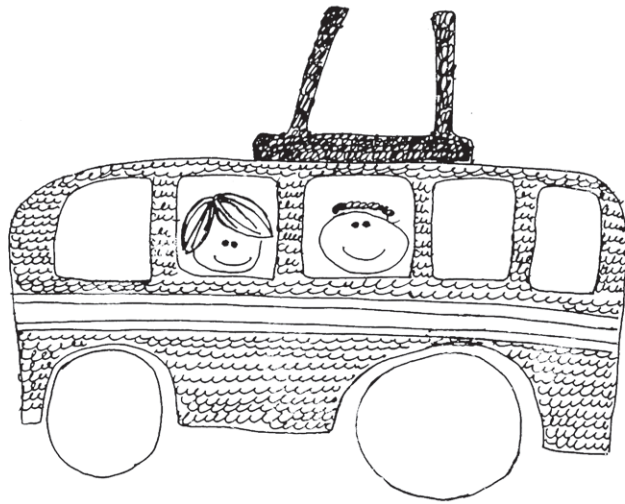
The next day, with great caution so the hunter wouldn't see, the caretaker removes a lock. Seal and elephant are free.

They now work as a pair, finally bending all the bars. Everyone helping and watching out, and should they see the hunter from afar, it would be slow-paced turtle's job to sound the alarm.



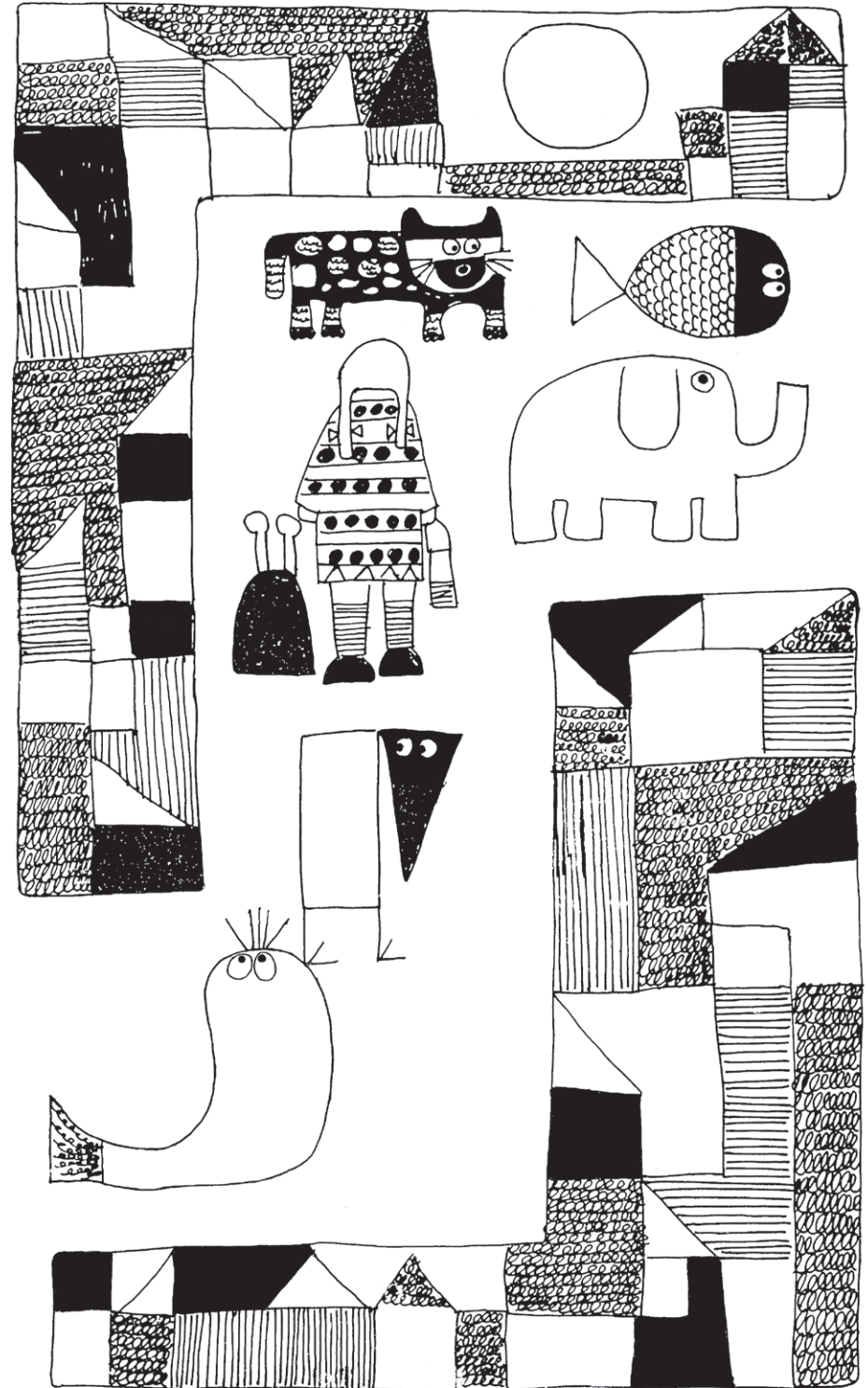
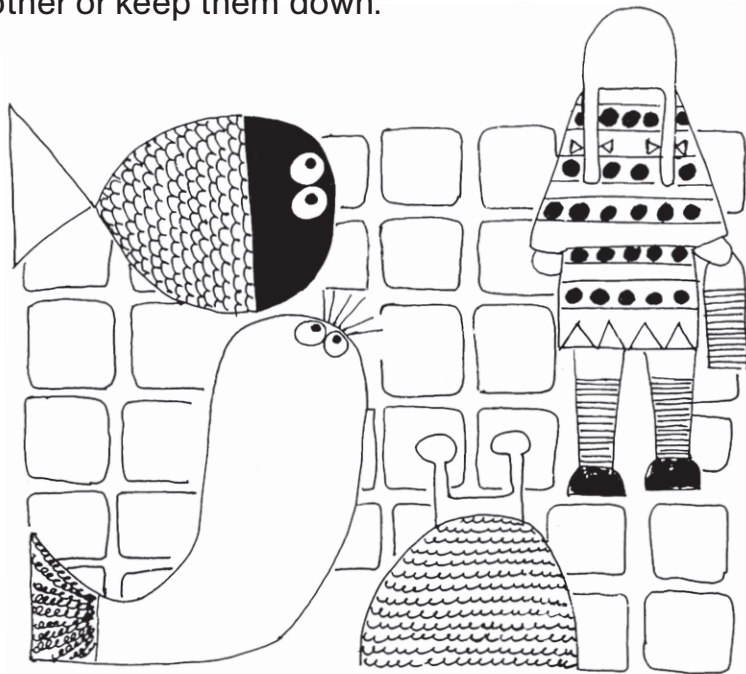
At the door is another seal, disguised in hunter's clothes, helpful and kind. She'd come all the way from the jungle to ensure no animal was left behind.

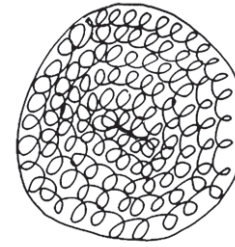
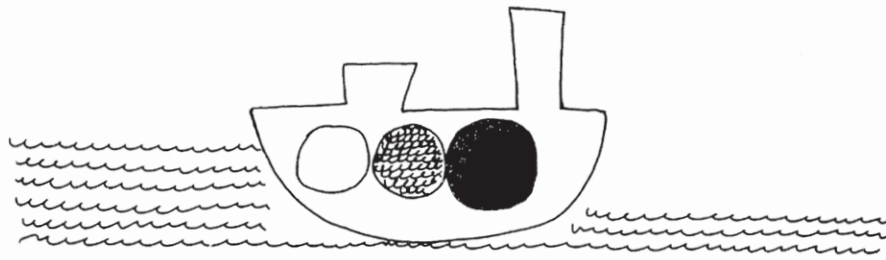




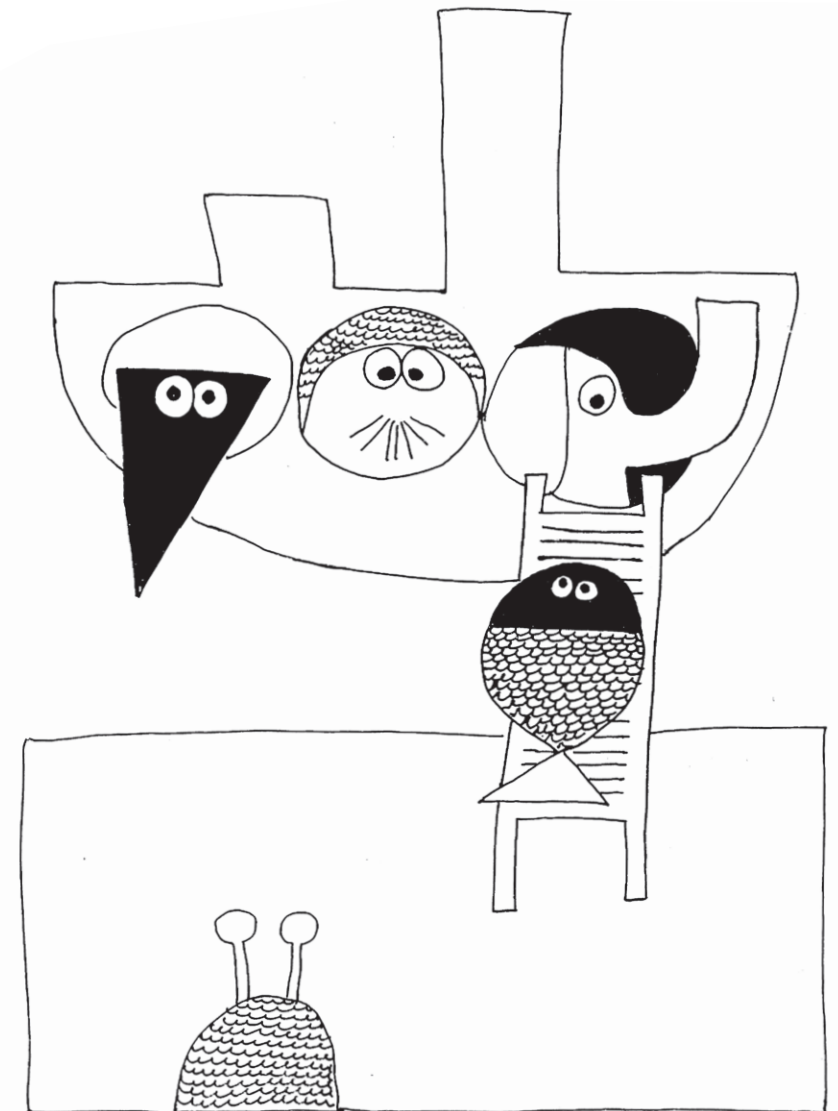
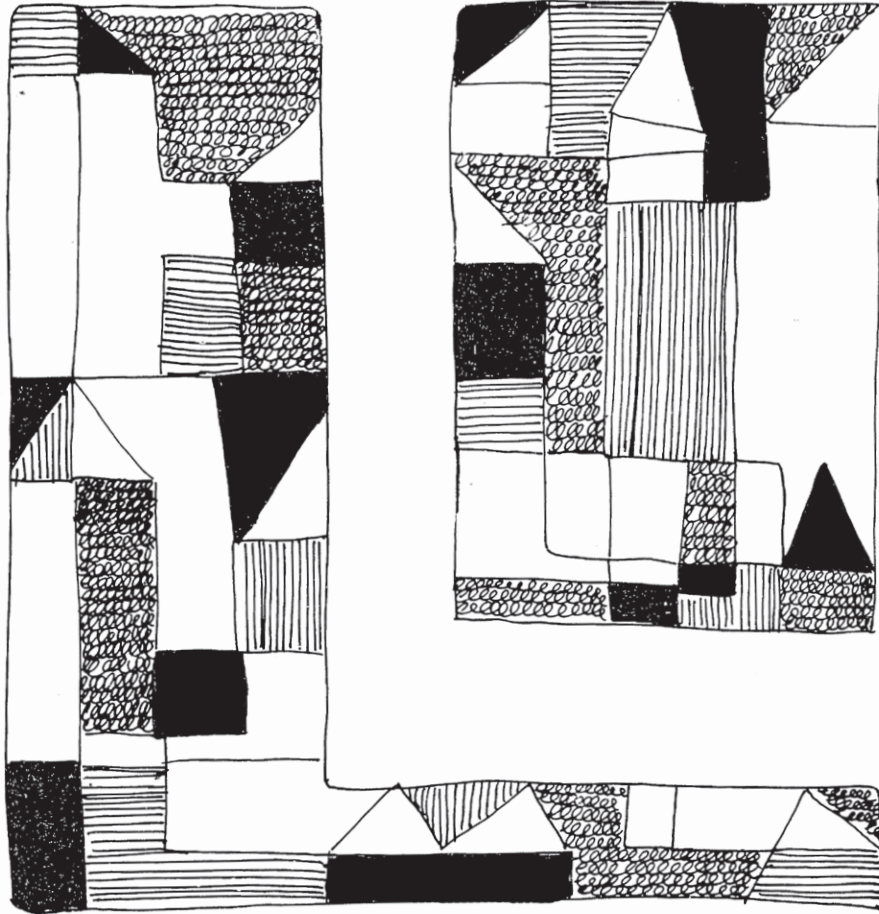
With the girl leading them
the animals are finally on the fly.
From the windows of a bus
some children wave goodbye.

Tiptoe creep, tiptoe creep,
they travel through the town,
making sure the hunter
isn't there to bother or keep them down.

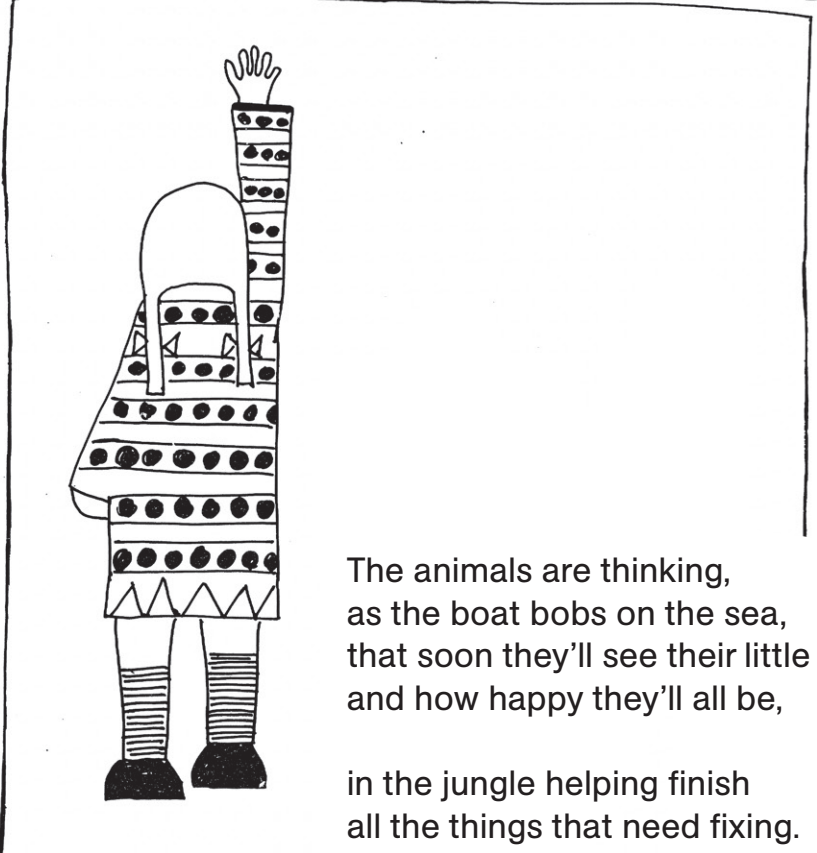
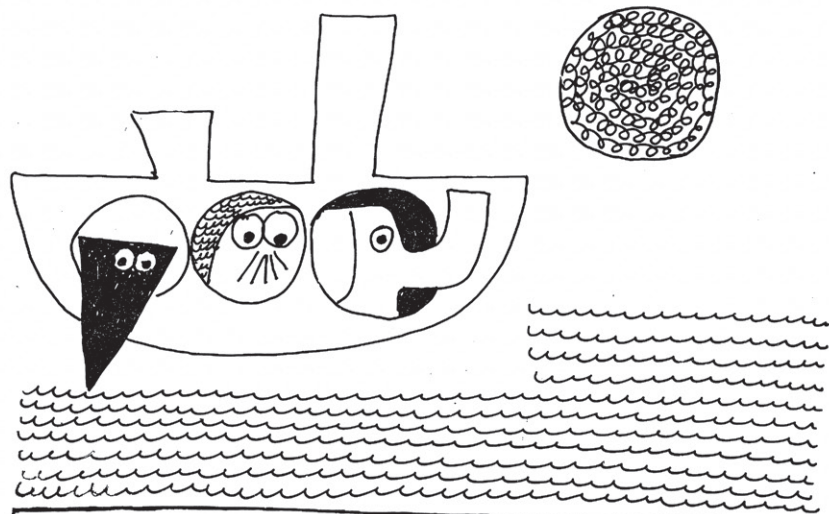




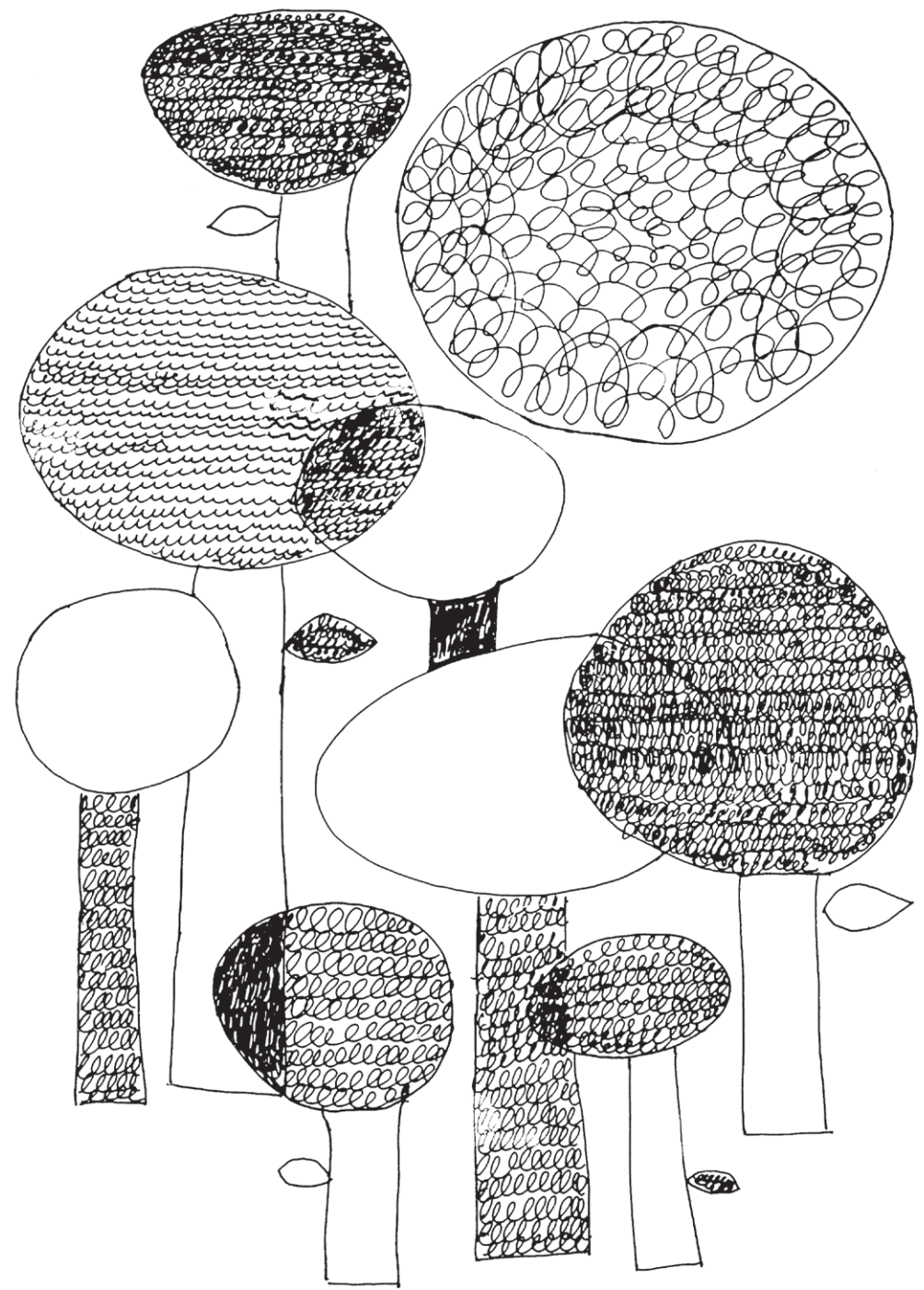
No more than a minute
by the hands on the clock,
the boat horn sounds and they are off.
The little girl waves from the dock.

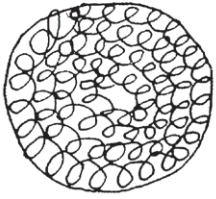


At the end of a street the port appears.
There their little boat is moored.
Thinking of the jungle and their little ones,
the animals climb safely on board.



The animals are thinking,
as the boat bobs on the sea,
that soon they'll see their little ones again,
and how happy they'll all be,
in the jungle helping finish
all the things that need fixing.

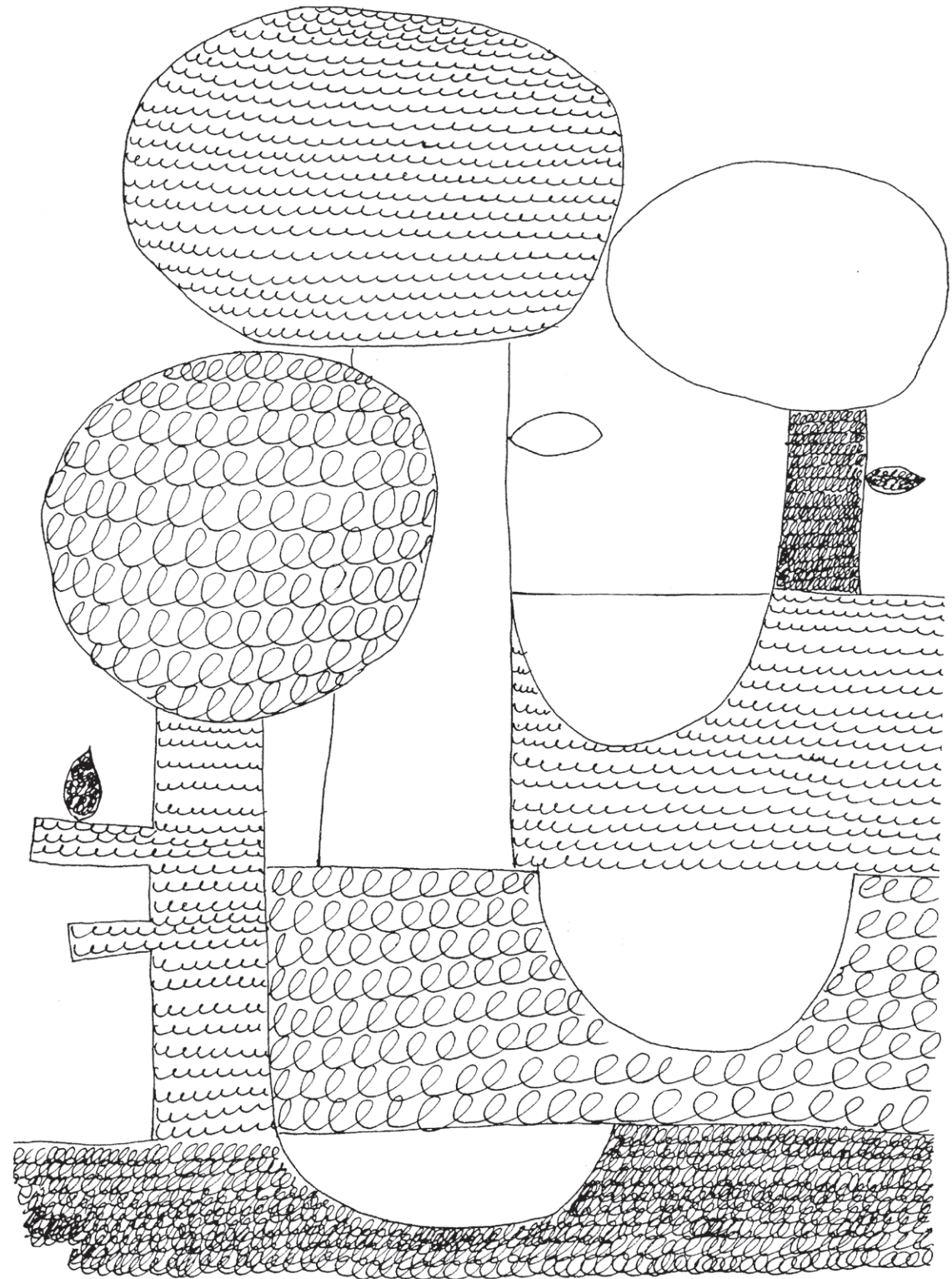




From their little boat the animals begin to see
the jungle on a distant shore
and start to chat about a little job
to get done first and what the work is for.

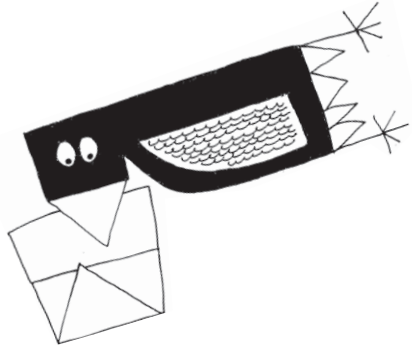
Off the boat, they dig some holes
to hunt the hunter if he comes,
so that with all they need to do
and the caring for their little ones,

never again will anyone be able to take them away.
In their jungle the animals will stay.



Solidarity and Storytelling Rumors against Enclosure

María
Berríos



In 1971 a young Mauricio Gatti was held prisoner in an old military barracks in Montevideo. He was not alone. The younger of two brothers, he had followed his older sibling into anarcho-syndicalism, and they were detained together with many of their comrades who belonged to the student section of the Federación Anarquista Uruguaya, called Resistencia Obrero Estudiantil.¹ It is said that they were the first political prisoners of Uruguay.² The detainees themselves probably knew this was not true, for “all prisoners are political prisoners,” as the poet Diane di Prima wrote at the time in one of her “Revolutionary Letters.”³ For Gatti the isolation of imprisonment was felt most deeply in relation to his three-year-old daughter Paula. For her he created a story about a group of animals living in the jungle, as a way to communicate why he was behind bars, separated from her. He did this through correspondence, or more precisely through drawings-as-letters. The idiosyncratic figures are made up of simple geometric compositions that are not quite abstract, but rather playful shapes—seemingly capable of moving around freely and wandering off the pages. The storytelling process was created through these letters, which Mauricio’s wife, Paula’s mother Martha, smuggled out of prison. The words were developed orally, throughout the many months that Mauricio spent in prison, during which his daughter would occasionally be allowed to visit. While Mauricio was still detained, this epistolary exchange with his child began to take the form of a book—through the help of comrades living in Comunidad del Sur, an anarchist commune whose members ran a printing house to sustain themselves. Ruben Prieto, one of the founders, who like many other members of the commune had studied fine arts, was a friend and comrade of Mauricio. In 1972, after Gatti’s release and with the editorial care of Comunidad del Sur, the letters to his beloved Paula were turned into a book, and the publication was distributed in resistance circles in Uruguay.

Titled *En la selva hay mucho por hacer* [In the Jungle There Is Much to Do], the book tells the tale of a group of animals trying to organize a better way of living together. It begins by describing what each of the animals does, the ways they contribute to common life in the jungle, and a rundown of their skills and labor,

¹ Mauricio Gatti was the younger brother of Gerardo Gatti, a well-known anarchist leader and founder of the Partido por la Victoria del Pueblo. He was kidnapped and disappeared in July 1976 in a coordinated operation between the Uruguayan and the Argentinian dictatorships.

² They were held in the CGIOR (Centro General para Instrucción de Oficiales de Reserva), a military building now known as the exCGIOR. It was used by the Uruguayan state before and during the dictatorship as a torture and clandestine detention center.

³ See her iconic poem, “Revolutionary Letter N39,” in *Revolutionary Letters* (City Lights Books: San Francisco, 1979).

including the sharing of reproductive work and care of the young. Despite the watchful owl who tries to make sure no one disturbs the animals at work, the fire where they come together is detected by a hunter, who hides and waits for their meeting to begin. The hunter, who “knows nothing of the jungle,” waits for and catches each animal that arrives for the communal gathering. The captured animals are taken to the city and locked up in the zoo, which is “not a place where animals live long or well.” The animals revolt when the hunter tries to force one of them to eat a small worm, and their collective “NO” takes the form of constructivist-like shapes that travel over the city, across the water, all the way back to the jungle, where it reaches the free animals. They in turn send a letter, carried by a little black bird with a red beak, telling how happy it made them to hear the animals refusing to be pushed around; letting them know that the work they had initiated is being continued by others; and that their little ones are growing as beautiful and tall as jungle flowers. They also put themselves at the disposal of the locked-up animals to help them break out of the zoo. A grand escape plan is elaborated. Some of the free animals make the trip to come to their aid—including a seal dressed up as a guard. The plan is successfully played out thanks to the valuable everyday knowledge of the city provided by their human friend and ally, a little girl who had been visiting them every Sunday.

After the Uruguayan military coup on June 27, 1973, Gatti, together with many of his comrades, fled to Argentina. They—mistakenly—assumed that it would be a less brutal context for them to clandestinely continue their work. His daughter Paula and newborn son Felipe ended up returning to Montevideo together with their mother. The book for all ages made by Gatti with the help of his comrades remained in Uruguay and circulated by hand. A kind of anarchist fabulation, the book conveys political prison in a manner capable of engaging sensitive young humans on their own terms. It did not patronize or undermine the astuteness of small children in coping with the complexities of political violence. Using the interwoven languages of drawing and rhyme, it speaks to the world of a child by applying the anarchist pedagogic principles of learning from one’s surroundings, from one another, and particularly through action. The book is a poignant portrayal of the injustice of prison, motivated by the love of a parent separated from and longing for their child. But it is not, or not only, a story of longing and loss, but a fable about the struggle of living a life broken by violence and enclosure. It connects the turmoil of incarceration to the struggles of children enduring the warfare of life

under authoritarian rule. It articulates a language that connects these struggles. In this sense, it is, above all, a fable of solidarity. The book published in Montevideo was to be the first of a series called *ediciones solidaridad* which was interrupted by the military dictatorship, as was the life of the Comunidad del Sur commune, whose members also had to flee into exile. The logo for the interrupted solidarity series, used in the first edition of the book, was Gatti’s drawing of a little black bird carrying the message written by the free animals of the jungle.

Word-weapons / Word-dance

Rumors and the stories that they circulate are often referred to as something one has been told by “a little bird,” words shared without having to follow the conventional routes and constraints of communication, messages able to fly above and beyond buildings, fences, and walls. For the Chilean poet and artist Cecilia Vicuña, words themselves are capable of becoming small winged beings, fluttering in to tell us their stories. Vicuña relates how the military coup in Chile—which took place on September 11, 1973, just two and a half months after the one in Uruguay—intensified her vision of these hovering words, which she turned into word-splitting doodle-poems she called *palabrarms*. Their name can be read as *palabrar-más*, which in Spanish means “to word-more,” and also as *palabra-arms*, or “word-weapons.” Mauricio Gatti’s solidarity bird actually entails both of these aspects. The words gifted by the free animals become weapons of sorts for the animals in captivity. They connect their struggles and give shape to a common language, making it possible for them to escape.

One of the first *palabrarms* produced by Cecilia, who was in London at the time of the coup, was the word “solidarity,” in Spanish *solidaridad*, which she rearticulated as *sol y dar y dad*. Her way of rearming the word had nothing to do with its accepted etymology, coming from the Latin *solidum*, meaning “a whole sum,” “to make whole,” or “to make solid.” Cecilia the poet was a young and fierce woman, but the military coup did not make her come together with others to become solid and strong. Instead, as she describes: “Suddenly I became a living volcano.”⁴ Imagining Cecilia frenetically at work on her small word weapons—like Gatti and his little animals—becoming a flood of lava, alone and far away from her loved ones, overflowing with simultaneous rage and vulnerability, somehow provides an important preamble to the making of her *palabrarma* for solidarity. *Sol y dar y dad* (in English “to give the sun,” or more precisely “to give and give sun”), in

⁴ She tells this story in Camila Marambio and Cecilia Vicuña, *Slow Down Fast, A Toda Raja* (Errant Bodies Press: Berlin, 2019).

the multiple graphical and textile versions made by the poet-artist, shows different variations of open hands gifting sun, reaching out to something that cannot be held but that holds one together with others. This is precisely what the letters of Gatti's story do—both the word-weapon-device dropped by his small black bird with a red beak in the animals' cages and his own letters for his little girl. Their agency transcends and is at the same time powered by the affective relations that they sustain and support. As with Cecilia's solidarity *palabrama*, Gatti's letters are not so much visions or images of hope but articulations of an insurgent etymology: a slicing, opening up, and multiplying of words, to release the multitude of stories and relations normally kept inside.

Unleashing these multiple stories raises a question that is a very urgent one in relation to solidarity, a question that is pertinent not only to Gatti's book but to his life story: How to be in solidarity when there is no possibility of being solid or whole, but when things are broken and vulnerable? As a *palabrama*, *sol y dar y dad* sets these stories into motion. It is not a program or definition, but a word-dance of political restlessness. The poetry of Mauricio Gatti possesses the same kind of restless beauty, posing questions that are all the more urgent today: What can solidarity mean? What does it mean for people living it, practicing it, in need of it? Can it be danced when needed most by bodies in loneliness, when the only other movement that is felt is the weight of fascism and state terrorism pressing against them?

Each character in *En la selva hay mucho por hacer* looks like they could break into dance at any moment. So it is not at all surprising that almost immediately after being published, the book was turned into an animated film. This animation was created by a group of young architecture students working with the Cineteca del Tercer Mundo (C3M), an important hub of radical filmmakers, film disseminators, and producers based in Montevideo, which existed from 1969 until it was shut down and their equipment confiscated in 1974 by the dictatorship. Three members of the C3M, Alfredo Echaniz, Gabriel Peluffo, Walter Tournier, came together to form the Grupo Experimental de Cine to make a short animation film based on Gatti's book. The adaptation was very close to the original publication, working carefully with Gatti's drawings and turning the verses into song. They finished the animation in a makeshift way, handcrafting it under precarious conditions and while working in secret. They managed to screen the animation twice in Montevideo before the filmmakers and most of the C3M group was arrested and/or went into exile. It was their first and only film as a group and the last production to come out of the C3M.

The animation was smuggled out of the country, winning several awards in subsequent years.⁵ It was shown in the late 1970s and early 1980s in the context of human rights campaigns in solidarity with Latin American resistance to authoritarian regimes and in support of the growing numbers of exiles and refugees from the region, who were spread out all over the world. Most copies of the film were eventually lost as they continued to travel, following the routes of those displaced.

The book itself had a similar trajectory. A new edition was made in Spain in 1977, where it was republished by Ediciones Solidaridad of the Centro de Información y Documentación del Tercer Mundo (Information and Documentation Center for the Third World) in Barcelona, where Gatti was living in exile. It was almost identical to the Uruguayan copy, except one change of color in the introductory pages. The very deliberate black and red pages introducing the book were altered to a more amiable green and red (a change the Comunidad del Sur anarchists would not have approved). There are two German language editions, which were published as coloring books, one produced in Switzerland (1979) and another in the German Democratic Republic (1987). The first is a translation that tries to be very respectful of the original text and message, while the latter by the lyrical poet Heinz Kahlau, more an adaptation than a translation, captures the original's spirit of trans-generational language, rhythm, and rhyme. The way the drawings were reproduced in these German language versions indicates that the original drawings were retraced by hand. Many years later, in 2002, a French edition was published and is still distributed by Amnesty International. It followed a new edition by the Comunidad del Sur group, which had renamed their editorial house Nordan during their exile in Sweden and which republished the book in the year 2000 after some members had returned to Uruguay and reestablished the commune. In every case, the book was self-published by very small editorial houses or by political organizations that recognized the importance of spreading *En la selva hay mucho por hacer* as a necessary story, as a contemporary weapon of solidarity that should be put to use. Despite the artistic quality of Gatti's work, the film and storybook are known almost exclusively within the small niche of human rights and political refugee solidarity networks, particularly those with links to Latin America and the wave of refugees fleeing authoritarian regimes and their criminal abuses during the 1970s and 1980s. Those who republished it, almost always without permission, did so in the spirit of understanding it as a story that cannot be owned but that must belong to everyone.

5 On the animation see Mariana Villaça, "As representações políticas na animação *En la selva hay mucho por hacer*," ANPUH (Symposium, São Paulo, July, 2011). On the C3M see Tzvi Tal, "Cine y Revolución en la Suiza de América – La cinemateca del Tercer Mundo en Montevideo," *Araucaria. Revista Iberoamericana de Filosofía, Política y Humanidades* 5, no. 9 (2003).

Gatti's book has the luminosity of Cecilia Vicuña's *sol y dar y dad*, but it is equally a story of a broken life. Within four years of being released from prison in Uruguay, Mauricio Gatti's brother Gerardo Gatti, his pregnant niece Adriana, and her partner Ricardo were murdered in Argentina in 1976, increasing the numbers of Uruguay's disappeared—in operations facilitated by the infamous Plan Condor. Mauricio Gatti's new partner Sara also became a political prisoner and spent five years in different detention centers. Just weeks before being apprehended, she gave birth to a baby boy, Simón, who was taken from her and disappeared. She was released in 1981 and relentlessly searched for her and Gatti's child from then on, finding their son almost a decade after Mauricio passed away in 1991. Mauricio himself barely escaped the secret military police raids that decimated every single other person who had a leadership role within his political organization. The sole survivor of the core group, he went into exile to Barcelona, where he remained well into the 1980s. In a way, it could be said that writing *En la selva hay mucho por hacer* was the closest he would be allowed to be with his little girl, for whom the book was written.

The story of the artist Mauricio Gatti and this book is not one of reparation, of getting over trauma, but one of brokenness. The void created in people's lives through incarceration, disappearance, and torture is not something that allows for reconciliation; there is no way to move beyond the catastrophe of retroactive and perpetual isolation. *En la selva hay mucho por hacer* is a story of living within trauma, of organizing despite it, of solidarity occurring against the odds of crushing enclosures. It is not a tale of healing, but a fable of insurgent action and a "solidarity of attack"⁶ set into motion—of life and struggle in all its complicated violence and beauty, striking back at us.

Now, over forty years after the book was first compiled, it is a radically different time for refugees. No one then could have imagined that more prison and detention camps would exist today than at the time it was written, many of them located here in Europe, precisely in those countries that at the time welcomed those political refugees fleeing death and disappearance. How can we explain that an increasing number of children not only experience separation from their parents who are politically incarcerated, but they themselves suffer the perils of torture and imprisonment. Given today's carceral capitalist regimes the need for developing a language to address these experiences seems crucial. The question of how to be in solidarity when things are broken and fragile is not a philosophical one but a practical one.

The storytelling that unfolds in *En la selva hay mucho por hacer* offers a language for speaking to one another, to be used not only for surviving but also for attacking the—systematic—warfare of enclosure through the help of an owl, a turtle, a snail, a fish, a tiger, an elephant, a seal, a bird, and a street-savvy little girl.

For being extremely patient and generous and for answering my relentless questions, I would like to thank Laura Prieto from Comunidad del Sur, Gabriel Peluffo and Walter Tournier, members of the Grupo Experimental de Cine, and the sociologist Gabriel Gatti. I am particularly grateful to Paula Gatti, Felipe Gatti and Martha Rodríguez-Villamil for supporting and making this publication possible.

6 In the same year that Gatti was in prison, Mariarosa Dalla Costa wrote the following about feminist solidarity: "[It must consist] of breaking the tradition of privatized female, with all its rivalry, and reconstructing a real solidarity among women: not solidarity for defense but solidarity for attack, for the organization of the struggle" (1971). *Women and the Subversion of the Community. A Mariarosa Dalla Costa Reader* (PM Press: Oakland, 2019).

María Berríos,
Renata Cervetto,
Lisette Lagnado,
and Agustín
Pérez Rubio,
curators

The 11th Berlin Biennale for Contemporary Art is conceived as a series of four lived experiences—an evolving process where nothing is complete and things are expected to move around. These conceptually overlapping, sequential moments were initiated in September 2019 with *exp. 1: The Bones of the World*. Accompanying these four experiences is a series of booklets, each a small tool for the construction of a parallel route for navigating the 11th Berlin Biennale. Each publication embodies a potential relationship to be sustained over time, with a viewer, a reader, or in the case of the present publication, a young colorist. In this first book, a facsimile, we start by retracing certain movements and confirming, as Mauricio Gatti did in 1971, that *En la selva hay mucho por hacer*, or *In the Jungle There Is Much to Do*.

How do each of us bare ourselves to the world? *exp. 1: The Bones of the World* is an attempt to hold on to the complicated beauty of life when the fire has erupted. Not an obsession with the ruins, but an attempt to be attentive to what is made with the rubble. A way of working with and remaining beside that which moves us now. It is a setting, an exercise in mutual exposure, a way of listening to the stories that shape us—stories we have shared with one another and stories that have not yet been told. It is a space open to the diverse experiences that we bring with us, but also to those occurring around us, outside our comfort zones, at this very moment.

Colophon

This book is published on the occasion of the 11th Berlin Biennale for Contemporary Art curated by María Berríos, Renata Cervetto, Lisette Lagnado, and Agustín Pérez Rubio.

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Os Ossos do Mundo [The Bones of the World] is also the title of a 1936 travelogue by the Brazilian artist Flávio de Carvalho (1899–1973).

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These drawings were not made for publication. They were—initially—passed secretly from hand to hand. In this way a comrade discovered how to climb over the prison bars. To make sure that the little black bird with a red beak reached his daughter with a message of struggle and hope. These doodles could have been made by any mother, any father of the many today who are locked up in the “zoo,” who all so badly want to be with their children again and who know that “in the jungle there is much to do.” To those parents, to those children, we dedicate this book.

—Comunidad del Sur, 1971

