Arteletra

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Quite similar to Pasternak, and in stark contrast to Casey, Maximiliano Konsideransky lives alone in his inverted, subterranean tower located somewhere in the provincial lands outside of Río Cuarto, Argentina, and he refuses any and all external contact. Konsideransky is the main character in one of Juan Filloy’s “monodialogues” entitled “Yo y los intrusos” from the short story collection _Yo, yo y yo (Monodiálogos paranoicos)_ published originally in 1971.¹ He resides alone in order to contemplate the starry skies as he hides himself from all forms of social interaction. At first sight, he might appear as emblematic of the ivory-tower intellectual who severs all ties with the real world in pursuit of higher knowledge. However, in what follows, I analyze Filloy’s short story as an ironic rewriting of Plato’s “Allegory of the Cave.” Through this irony, Filloy’s text pries open a threshold for the politics of going unnoticed to take place within a highly saturated political space.

The narrative begins when a man arrives at Konsideransky’s front door asking to see the inside of his house and, at the very least, for water for his mule. This provokes Konsideransky’s extensive monologue in which he explains his state as “un hombre póstumo” who must not be disturbed (“Yo” 129). Konsideransky tries to dismiss his visitor, a reporter with a bunch of new-fangled electronics, but when asked why he has created this refuge, he replies with the following sermon:

> Ya no hay distancias ni discreción. Eso es todo. Antes el mundo ponía muros de distancia y discreción para proteger la intimidad. Ahora no. Siete infames intrusos se han lanzado al abordaje de la felicidad del hombre: el Miedo, la Moral, la Propaganda, la Política, el Cine, la Radio, la Televisión …
Actúan sueltos o en pandilla, desquiciando, mortificando, o trucidando al ser inerme, al *zoon politikon* que pulula en campos y ciudades. Felizmente, ya estoy inmunizado a su influencia deletérea. ¡Libre! ¡Libre en la autonomía de mi soledad! ¡Libre en el goce de mis sentidos! ¡Libre de la despersonalización forzada que embiste por doquiera. (135–36; italics in original)

Konsideransky desires to isolate himself and create a semblance of freedom from these seven infamous intruders. However, his so-called freedom is only gained through isolation and immunization. Aristotle describes such a man in *Politics*: "But he who is unable to live in society, or who has no need because he is sufficient for himself, must be either a beast or a god: he is no part of a state" (Book I, Part II, n.p.). Konsideransky feels he lives up to this definition: standing at 2.7 meters (8’10”) tall, he claims to be his own god, priest, faithful worshipper, temple, martyr, shoemaker, tailor, and interlocutor (“Yo” 130–38). He has even sworn off sexual encounters with others: “Me hice entonces onanista: *self-made man*” (137; italics in original). His self-sufficiency is impressive, although no mention is made of how he procures foodstuffs given that he needs thirty percent more than the average man to survive, according to his own calculations (129). He has dedicated his life to restoring the barriers that would allow him privacy, because he believes he has sealed himself away from the seven intruders, or the all-pervasive public sphere and the all-consuming biopolitical relations of the modern state of exception.

The cave-tower is Konsideransky’s *magnum opus*, the most recent iteration of an experiment in architectural design that could provide him with a refuge from the overwhelming politicization of his era. Previously, he had attempted to live in the Argentine Pampas, but he found them to be adorned with parrots (“*orlas de loros*”) and was annoyed by the public cries of the roosters (“*pregones de gallos*”) that invaded his desire for silence (“*Yo*” 137). Then, he moved to “*un promontorio en medio del mar,*” but the flying fish seemed to be “*espiando [su] soledad,*” not to mention the unrelenting waves “*golpeando [sus] nervios*” (137). Finally, he claims to have found complete solitude within “*la desolación y el desierto*” of Córdoba Province (133). Now standing at the entrance to his refuge and lecturing the reporter, he launches into a didactic sermon in which his cave-tower becomes an allegory for the need for silence, isolation, and self-contemplation away from the seven...
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infamous intruders—Fear, Morality, Propaganda, Politics, Film, Radio, Television. However, Konsideransky talks without paying attention to the reporter, who is recording and transmitting everything he says back to a radio station in Río Cuarto to be disseminated around the country without his consent (152). He attempts to shelter himself from the seven intruders, but by erecting even more barriers, he creates his own disciplinary cell and facilitates his own surveillance. His masterpiece proves to be as porous and insecure as his former abodes. Thus, the cave-tower is divested of its potential to be read only as a literal allegory. In my analysis, the cave-tower becomes the crossroads for a series of earnest and ironic allegories that pry open various binary divisions of the Argentine political landscape of the Sixties; in that opening, the politics of going unnoticed can take place.

Intruders in Argentine Politics

By reading the list of seven intruders like a palindrome from left to right and back again or by starting in the middle toward both sides, an allegorical reading of Filloy’s text centers Politics in the Sixties as the essential intruder, since after all, everything had become political. For my purposes, the capital “P” in “Politics” also can be read as signifying “Peronismo” as the essential intruder in the Argentine political landscape. Throughout the entire period that spans the triumph of Juan Domingo Perón in 1946 to the start of the dictatorship in 1976, the political landscape of the country shifted dramatically and in numerous directions. Silvia Sigal maps the reactions of the Peronists to the Cuban Revolution during the era. At first, many intellectuals equated the fall of Fulgencio Batista to the overthrow of Perón, and as such, many Peronists and leftists were immediately reticent to support Castro. Nevertheless, Sigal traces the varying readings of the Cuban Revolution between 1959 and 1961 that come to identify Castro with Perón, and as a result, “Cuba devino puente entre izquierda, nacionalismo y peronismo” (201). What is curious about this retrospective reading of Perón after the Cuban Revolution is that it transforms Peronism, for some, into its Argentine analog and acquires characteristics that it never had, “forjando la metáfora: el socialismo nacional y el peronismo revolucionario” (202). Of course, this rereading of Peronism by the Peronist youth, who moved toward
a revolutionary Marxism made most visible by the Montoneros, provoked a discrepancy with Perón himself and the older generation of Peronists who moved toward the right.2

Various faces of Peronism and its various proscriptions and resurgences permeate Argentine politics throughout the Sixties. Despite all of the conflicting and rapidly changing ideologies, Maristella Svampa recalls that Perón’s return in 1973 appeared to many groups “como condición necesaria para cualquier transformación social y política, y aún aquellos sectores que no tenían ningún interés en ‘peronizarse,’ consideraban que sólo su retorno haría posible la pacificación nacional” (389). For my purposes, analogous to the way that there was no outside of the Cuban Revolution after 1961, only an inside and an against, there appeared to be no true outside of Peronism in Argentina. I do not mean to say that there were no other alternatives or dissenting groups in Cuba or Argentina. There were plenty. Rather, the Cuban Revolution and Peronism occupied such highly visible political spaces in their respective countries that it becomes difficult to locate a place to establish a dialogue that does not grapple with those ideologies to some degree. In the most literal, perhaps even simplistic, reading of Konsideransky’s cave-tower, he builds this refuge in order to contemplate a politics that is not directly engaged with Peronism.

Nevertheless, three significant contradictions arise from reading Filloy’s text as an allegory within the context of my analysis. First, many other major political movements existed in this era in Argentina without direct ties to Peronism. Mónica B. Gordillo demonstrates that in the year 1969, in particular with the Cordobazo and the Rosariazo, the non-Peronist worker protests in the provinces transformed into “rebelión popular” that resulted in the downfall of General Onganía’s dictatorship in 1970 (348). Only later did the Montoneros, who did not exist at the time of the Cordobazo, begin to engage in acts of urban guerrilla warfare. These workers, who were not associated with the Montoneros, generally rejected those tactics: “las estrategias armadas aparecían como ajenas a su experiencia y necesidades de trabajadores” (366). Any consideration of the social protests and armed guerrilla groups in this era must take care to distinguish between the different demands and tactics of these heterogeneous groups, not all of which were invested in Peronism nor located in the capital city.
Second, the politics that Konsideransky develops in his cave-tower conflicts with the politics of going unnoticed. Konsideransky hides underground where he cultivates his own political movement: “el yomismo” (“Yo” 146). A first translation of yomismo might be “Me-ism,” which focuses on the benefit and development of the only person in this party of one. Also, “yo mismo,” written as two words, translates literally as “I myself,” and it emphasizes the isolation, the purported self-sufficiency, and even the self-indulgence of such a movement. Konsideransky explains that this neologism serves as an alternative to “anarquista” (146). Furthermore, I understand this as an attempt to differentiate himself from any other already named political philosophy, whether it be socialism, communism, liberalism, libertarianism, or even Peronism, Leninism, Trotskyism or Maoism. Though he only speaks of yomismo as a political movement, this word also invokes the endless “-isms” created to name the aesthetic movements of the historical avant-gardes (e.g. creacionismo and ultraismo). Ironically, his aesthetic sensibilities seem more in line with those of the hermetic ideal of pure art and autonomy cultivated by Latin American modernismo than by the self-proclaimed apocalyptic ruptures of the avant-gardes.

The pun created by turning the phrase “yo mismo” into the homophonic name of Konsideransky’s own politics and aesthetics challenges the literal reading of this text. He believes he is making his own, individual party, which he would share with no one: “no dividó con nadie mis ideas políticas” (146). He does not use the verb compartir, but rather dividir. The verb compartir does not seem to be a part of his extensive vocabulary. To share would be to include others in his movement, which does not interest him; to split his ideas would be, even worse, to break the unity of his individualism, of himself. Yet, any “-ism” always implies a program or a manifesto that, in theory, can be adopted by others. In choosing yomismo over something like “Konsideranskismo,” a term which could make it more uniquely his, he unwittingly names his political movement in such a way that it can be easily appropriated by someone else. In fact, anyone in the world could adopt yomismo as the name by which they elevate their personal opinions into a theory or movement. Thus, Konsideransky is not to be taken seriously, and I prefer to read the politics of yomismo ironically, as yet another impossible and unviable political movement for the Sixties.
Third, I find it tempting to draw the parallel between Maximiliano Konsideranksy, the fictional character, and Filloy, the writer. Filloy lived and worked as a judge in Río Cuarto, a city in Córdoba Province, during a period of prolonged silence after the publication of his first works in the 1930s. Though Filloy continued writing in isolation, he returned to publishing in the cultural markets in the 1960s. His short story, “Yo y los intrusos,” could almost be read as an idealized, fictional autobiography of the life Filloy might have preferred to live—isolated in an unknown cave-tower in the Argentine provinces. But there is one major difference between Filloy and Konsideransky: Filloy comes out of his isolation and self-imposed editorial silence of his own will and is interrogated by the police in 1976 for the novel Vil & Vil that was immediately censured under the new regime, whereas Konsideransky fails to isolate himself within his cave-tower. When the reporter at his door admits he recorded and transmitted their conversation to a radio station that would broadcast it nationally, Konsideransky unleashes a caustic series of insults as the final words of the short story, calling the reporter “hijodeputa,” “imbeciloide,” “gransodomita,” “vómitonegro,” and “semendespárrago,” among many other inventively offensive phrases (152–53). Konsideransky’s fears about the intrusions of the mass media, as it turns out, were well-founded.

Disagreeing with Plato

Overall, this cave-tower fails to isolate him from the seven intruders; when read superficially this allegory would only serve to reinforce the worn-out and historically inaccurate tropes that Peronism was the only politics in Argentina and that intellectuals were either committed to a politics in the street or they were hiding in their isolated, ivory towers. Therefore, I propose to read the allegorical nature of “Yo y los intrusos” al vesre and al verse, flipping its parts around in order to have them face one another in a new arrangement. As an errant allegory, Filloy’s text opens a place within the highly saturated political space already occupied by the various Peronist groups, their so-called internal enemies, the endless list of other Leftist groups, including Marxists, Leninists, Trotskyists, and Maoists, and their political adversaries in the Armed Forces, the Catholic Church, and elsewhere.
Reading “Yo y los intrusos” as an errant allegory of the cave-tower raises the question of its relation to Plato’s “Allegory of the Cave” in Republic. Plato’s allegory is one of three interrelated narratives by which Socrates illustrates the transcendental path from the darkness of the likenesses, shadows, and reflections, toward the light of the Good that generates Truth. Leaving the cave and eventually looking at the sun is an allegory for the process of illuminating the intelligence that is necessary to create a community founded on consensus, the Republic. It relies on linear logic, moving from point A, the cave, to point B, the sun, and back again. The light of the sun, as an analog for the Good, guides the philosopher-king toward reason and logic, which will be at the service of him and the legislators as they reign over the Republic. This paternalistic attempt to illuminate the truth for those still chained in the cave is comparable to the task set for the revolutionary intellectuals of the Sixties who sought to make their knowledge communicable to the people. Since Plato, visibility, light, and consensus-building have been set at the heart of the political; without the light of the Good that all are able to perceive, the Republic cannot pass from becoming into being. However, I am not interested in creating such a passage. Going unnoticed, as I have argued, is a form of becoming, a perpetual, everyday movement through various thresholds of perception that does not aim to transcend from invisibility to visibility. It is simply an errant passing, and its politics will arise along this dimly lit path. What I contend is that Filloy’s allegory takes a detour from the Platonic text to pry open the essentialized binaries that structure the Greek text and every politics that derives from it.

In “Khôra” Derrida interrogates the allegorical qualities of Plato’s writings and their totalizing impetus. He argues that Timaeus is nothing less than a “general ontology” that “includes a theology, a cosmology, a physiology, a psychology, a zoology” (103). Its encyclopedic scope claims to situate all things, all “mortal or immortal, human and divine, visible and invisible things” (103). Similar to the unchained prisoner in the “Allegory of the Cave,” Timaeus is constructed as a text that acquires and displays total knowledge. In contrast, what interests Derrida is establishing that the Socratic dialogues written by Plato only succeed in taking the first of many “backward steps” whose telos is, in actuality, nothing more than a mythos, a fictional origin only accessible
through writing ("Khôra" 125). The rational order imagined by Plato is actually a mythical fiction employed to establish a foundational narrative for the Republic that masks an originary void. Derrida enumerates these short fictions that narrate this mythical origin from one to seven (a curious coincidence with Filloy’s obsession with the number seven); the first fiction is the dialogue in the Timaeus, and the second fiction, “the conversation of the evening before,” can be, without saying it must be, Plato’s Republic and Politeia (121). In Derrida’s assessment, the Platonic texts actually remain within a space between the origin and the end, between its mythos and its telos, endlessly rewriting myths and fictions that only supplement the lack of an origin and the lack of an end.

Derrida makes it possible to read Plato’s texts outside of Platonism’s linear logic, direct analogies, and referential allegories. Thus, the Platonic text, once Derrida is finished with it, becomes an errant fiction. He divests the allegory of its truth-bearing analogies and referentiality and turns it into a fictional text that drifts toward myth. The possibility of transcendence from the visible realm to the intelligible realm, from becoming to being, gets lost in the space opened by this errant writing—the space called “khôra.” Derrida chooses not to translate the term “khôra” because of its semantic density and the irregular ways in which it has been translated by others. He considers it to be a space or a receptacle that opens a gap between logos and mythos, while articulating the link between them. Khôra never possesses what it receives nor does it have a referent in the world: “And in fact, khôra will always already be occupied, invested even as a general place, and even when it is distinguished from everything that takes place in it. Whence the difficulty […] of treating it as an empty or geometric space” (109). Khôra opens a place in an already occupied space, but it becomes different from that space even while sharing it; once this opening is located, Derrida is able to read it as the element that ironically undermines Platonism’s foundations from within, as that which disagrees with the formerly closed and populated space. Khôra, this opening in an already occupied space, is what interests me as the threshold from which the politics of going unnoticed can take place.

At this point, I propose reading Filloy’s “Yo y los intrusos” as an errant allegory of the cave-tower, as a rewriting and an
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opening of Plato’s text not unlike the one carried out in Derrida’s text, but without passing through Derrida (Filloy’s short story was published in 1971, a contemporary of Derrida’s 1968 essay “Plato’s Pharmacy” and well before his 1987 essay “Khôra”). In my analysis, Filloy’s errant allegory underscores its own fictionality not only by deviating from the historical reality of Argentina in the Sixties, but also through irony when read alongside Plato’s classic text. The cave-tower is not intended as a prison for its inhabitants; this is Konsideransky’s refuge from the outside world. This underground fortress, or temple to himself, is built like an upside-down tower that he ascends by going further underground: “Me precipito para arriba hundiéndome en ella. Tengo mis raíces en el aire. Soy un árbol invertido” (“Yo” 133). Instead of leading directly from the depths toward the outside sun, this cave-tower is structured like one of Filloy’s palindromes. It is built around “la escalera caracol, por la cual subo y bajo yo, sube y baja mi pensamiento, lo mismo que un destornillador helicoidal. Sin moverme, es obvio, en ninguna faena inútil” (135). This obsessive back-and-forth, spiraling movement in the darkness is so obviously pragmatic for Konsideransky, but it is not so easily perceived as a useful task by everyone else. Unlike the philosopher-king’s sovereign aspirations, Konsideransky only desires to stimulate his ability to think and to listen to the echoes of the rocks that surround him as he cultivates silence and solitude. He makes no gesture toward opening his reflections to anyone else, and he certainly is not volunteering his time to promote or document social change. These would be useless tasks for him.

At other moments in the narrative, Filloy’s text undermines its own analogically didactic qualities. First, the geometrical perfection of the cave-tower would correspond to the crystalline structure of Filloy’s palindromes; however, Filloy’s short story opens with an extended four lines of ellipses, and it closes with an unnecessary ellipsis after an exclamation mark: “tu panegírico! ...” (153). While the palindrome is a closed set of perfectly balanced letters that start and end at precise points, exactly like the lesson in Plato’s allegory, “Yo y los intrusos” is left open at the beginning and the end. The contrast between the enormous ellipsis at the beginning and the short one at the end throws off the symmetry. These ellipses become indefinite openings toward a before and an after of the plotline that impede the closed, linearity of the
crystalline palindrome and the classic allegory. Thus, the text acquires the fluidity of an errant palindrome.

Second, the text ironically recreates the structure of a certain branch of testimonial literature that became increasingly popular in the Sixties. The text begins and ends with Konsideransky outside of the cave talking to the reporter. It is written entirely as a long dialogue without the intervention of a third-person narrator. As such, it can be interpreted as the transcription of the reporter’s recordings, which had been broadcast (“radiotelefoneada”) back to a station in Río Cuarto (152). This story is narrated as an eyewitness, first-person narrative of Konsideransky’s life, his politics, and his surroundings. However, he represents the exact image of the bourgeois intellectual obsessed only with his individuality and his elitism. As such, Konsideransky is the last person who would be considered the ideal subject of the sort of testimonial literature that was celebrated in the Sixties. According to John Beverley’s classic formulation of the testimo as a genre, the subject must be an underdog who struggles against the status quo, and the text should have an “efecto metonímico,” that is, the individual who speaks should be speaking not as an individual but as a voice for the entire community (12). In contrast, Konsideransky speaks only for himself. He does not have the desire or the political urgency to seek the assistance of other intellectuals to tell the world about his story. Despite its formal similarities, this text in no way contains the content frequently documented through testimo, as in the case of Casey’s testimonies from soldiers who fought at Playa Girón/Bay of Pigs, or in that of those about the violence committed in the Sixties during events such as the Cordobazo and the massacre at Tlatelolco, or later, as a result of state terrorism and death squads.

Since Konsideransky’s biography and the details of his cave-tower are only available to the reporter through the monodialogue, the reader of the recorded monodialogue is even one step further removed from it, only having access to the broadcast text. Yet, nothing in the text explicitly claims that the reporter does not believe Konsideransky’s story. It is transmitted as a text that upholds a reading pact based on journalistic credibility. Testimonial literature similarly operates as the story of an apparently true, lived experience that could, at least in theory, be verified empirically. In contrast, Konsideransky’s cave-tower is
a space whose existence can only be verified through his monodialogue, which is to say that it can never be verified empirically. Konsideransky’s monodialogue generates a fictional testimonio divested of its explicitly referential, verifiable content.

Third, Konsideransky is also dragged up and out of the cave-tower similar to the unchained prisoner in Plato’s allegory. Konsideransky is compelled to open the belly-button shaped door when the reporter intrusively arrives at his refuge, but he comes out of the cave to find, not the realm of the intelligible and the light of the sun, but that which forms his ideal world: “la desolación y el desierto” (“Yo” 133). The exterior world surrounding his cave-tower appears to him to be completely empty. Since his name, “Konsideransky,” as he explains to the reporter, is etymologically related to considerare, which means “contemplar atentamente las estrellas,” this deserted landscape is the perfect space where he can contemplate the stars in the night sky while completely alone (138). His surfacing purposefully falls one step short of contemplating the sun in the Platonic text, yet another deviation, and he remains literally at the threshold of his dark cave as he stares at the night sky.

Finally, Konsideransky never reaches Plato’s ideal end point, and his return to the cave-tower will not be a journey that seeks to free the other prisoners chained to the wall; he returns only to complete solitude. However, his solitude is belied by a simple detail that he neglected to take into account when constructing his refuge. There is a road that leads through the mountains, directly to his cave-tower. The reporter at one point notes that he was able to ask for directions from another man who lives in the province. The road that leads to the cave-tower serves as the one remaining trace of the line of flight taken by Konsideransky into the Argentine “desert”; his home would have been practically impossible to find if it were not for this path tying his refuge to the provincial city. In this sense, Konsideransky seems to have read the nineteenth-century narratives of the Argentine provinces as a deserted landscape too literally, and he neglected to erase the trail leading to his home. The Argentine “desert” was, of course, already populated by indigenous civilizations, and their land was violently conquered by 1879 during the genocidal Conquest of the Desert. By the mid-twentieth century when this story takes place, numerous cities, ranches, industries, and tourist destinations
stretched across the country’s interior. It is only Konsideransky, and not Filloy, who believes that the provinces are a deserted space. Ironically, it is the trace Konsideransky left, the path leading to his front door, that leads the reporter directly to his refuge. Whether he desired it or not, Konsideransky’s trail created a path that others could follow when he went wandering into the Argentine provinces. Whereas the reading of the cave-tower as allegory would suggest a real desire to construct such a refuge, the narrative turns against the current of Konsideransky’s literal enunciations. This errant allegory does not serve as a direct analogy for Konsideransky’s explicit ideas and desires; rather, it serves as an allegory for what is only suggested through irony—that there is no such desolate desert, no isolation, no escape, and no transcendence made possible, even with the construction of a cave-tower in the Argentine provinces.

Konsideransky’s Ambush

In this errant reading, the politics of going unnoticed acquires the potential to pry open a space between the binary division that simplistically opposes democracy to dictatorship. Peronism was proscribed from the electoral process during two interim, pseudo-democratic regimes—Arturo Frondizi (1958–62) and Arturo Illia (1963–66). Following the victory of the Peronist Héctor Cámpora in 1973, Perón returned to Argentina and secured his third electoral victory, serving as President until his death in 1974. A series of coups d’états interrupted these governments in 1955, 1962, 1966, and 1976. Franco and Iglesias detail the difficulty in sustaining a division between democracy and dictatorship during this period in Argentina. First, they show how Argentina’s 1853 Constitution already included within it a version of the state of exception—el estado de sitio—that could be implemented in the case of external attack or internal commotion. Already under Perón in the 1940s, there were important antecedents to the various laws and “security” measures that would allow for the suspension of the state of law; these became ever more prevalent over the next three decades and were used to justify the 1976 dictatorship (Franco and Iglesias 104). Then, as Cold War pressures came to affect the decisions made by the Armed Forces and the constitutional
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governments, exceptional measures were seen as the necessary solution to combat both the return of the proscribed Peronists and any other revolutionary ideological positions. All of this, Franco and Iglesias contend, “implicó la identificación entre defensa nacional y seguridad interior y se instaló una concepción bélica del mantenimiento del orden interno” (105). In 1974, Perón established the Ley de Seguridad, which was used to combat Marxism, both internal and external to Peronism. These exceptional means were framed by the increasing militarization of the country, in part as a response to the existence of armed guerrilla movements, which aided the Armed Forces in presenting themselves as the necessary, legal response to the threat against national security and in justifying the brutal repression with which they crushed both Peronism and the leftist opposition in 1976 (106). Thus, after considering the various “security measures,” Presidential decrees, and military operations that characterize what can be called the Argentine state of exception in the Sixties, it becomes necessary to reframe the binary opposition between democracy and dictatorship.

What, then, is the politics of Filloy’s errant allegory? Yo, yo y yo was first published in 1971, and there are many parallels to be drawn with the cultural and political landscape of the Sixties in Latin America. The reporter in “Yo y los intrusos” is perplexed by Konsideransky’s selfish desire for total isolation and opulence, “no habiendo guerras a la vista ni otros riesgos inminentes” (“Yo” 135). The reporter’s naïve statements about the relative peace and stability of the times suggest he is caught up in the euphoria of the era. The collection of short stories was published only two years after the Cordobazo of 1969 and takes place in the outlying regions of Córdoba Province, a time and a place that could barely be described, especially in retrospect, as one without past, present, or foreseeable violent conflicts and confrontations. Certainly, the reporter should have been aware of the imminence of Cold War politics throughout all of Latin America, whether it be in the form of the Cuban embargo or of the CIA’s intrusions into almost every country of the region. The reporter, more realistically, seems to be among those who unquestionably championed the need for intellectual commitment during the Sixties and radically opposed any form of autonomous, isolated, or socially useless intellectual activity. In my analysis, this reporter could be among those who
contributed to the disfiguring and monstrous foreign press that Casey vehemently attacks in his essay on Pasternak.

Ultimately, the reporter’s statement is not justified at any moment in the text; in contrast, Konsideransky uses this naïve claim to launch into the sermon on freedom quoted at the beginning of this section. He decrines “este bastión de protesta perenne” against a wide range of topics, from isolation to socialization (136). Then, he offers an extensive list of the ideologies and power brokers that motivated his search for solitude:

—¡Libre de los grupos de presión y de los grupos de interés! ¡Libre del imperialismo de los poderes de hecho! ¡Libre del gobierno invisible de la plutocracia universal! ¡Libre de la tercera cámara, que constituyen las fuerzas armadas! ¡Libre del cuarto poder de la prensa; del quinto, del clero; del sexto, de los sindicatos; del séptimo, de los estudiantes; del octavo, de los burócratas; del noveno, de la ciudadanía aborregada por los partidos; del décimo, del cretinismo ambiente! ...
—¡…! (“Yo” 136)

Konsideransky undermines the reporter’s optimism about the future by mapping all of the political forces that collude, albeit indirectly, to subdue the citizenry, those zoon politikon in both the cities and the countryside, while struggling violently among themselves to establish hegemony over the others. Konsideransky’s sermon traces the pressures and power brokers of his time from which he seeks refuge. For him, the world is becoming too mechanized as “the powers that be” attempt to create masses of trivialized human beings with no genuine emotional connections between them. These power brokers, which he organizes into ten groups that include the State, the military, the Church, labor unions, and students, certainly correspond to the major competing voices that came into visible political conflict in the Sixties. The rigorously structured rhetoric of Konsideransky’s sermon to the reporter—who only responds with emphatic silences—belys its seeming improvisation. This is the speech of a man who has rehearsed these words over and again in isolation. Konsideransky has been going unnoticed in his cave-tower, lying in wait until he could ambush someone with his monologue. Filloy’s text registers its dissent with the political and cultural organization of the era.
while refusing to make choices when only offered false dilemmas; this cave-tower pries open a space between all of these competing ideologies, but it does not pretend to transcend the particular debates of the era in some ideal, autonomous cave-tower.

The politics of going unnoticed is not Konsideransky’s yomismo. His cave-tower text can be read as one that makes claims about a politics in the Sixties, but only when read as an errant allegory, as one that states its claims through irony. Ultimately, Konsideransky’s defense of isolated intellectual practices and autonomous art becomes a comic proposition. The politics of going unnoticed, then, is not the creation of such an autonomous, individual political movement. Even Konsideransky cannot guarantee his position as yomismo’s only leader and member, especially after the story of his secret cave-tower and his secret political party is broadcast nationally by the reporter. Not only is it impossible to not be committed, as Casey regrettably explains, but as Filloy’s errant allegory suggests through irony, it is also impossible to locate an autonomous space for both politics and aesthetics in the Sixties. In the end, the cave-tower is neither the Platonic cave nor the intellectual’s ivory tower, but the space that opens in the already occupied fictional deserts of the Argentine provinces from which one can disagree with the limited options structured around fictional binaries in order to imagine alternatives that have the potential to deactivate them.