



Funes el Memorioso

Jorge Luis Borges

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Funes el Memorioso Details

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Shira says

Que horror. Mejor no vivir que vivir sin poder olvidar nada nunca. Sin poder filtrar ni descuidar nada, sin poder meterse a un lado las memorias que molestan.

ShiraDest

1 noviembre 12015 EH

(Era Holocena/Humana)

Aygerim Pazyzbekova says

????????, ????????? ?????? 5 ?????, ??? ?????? ??????????? ?? ????? ? ?????????? ??? ?????? for creative narration only

Carmenza Uribe says

De la magia de la pluma de Borges surge este impactante cuento que narra la vida de Ireneo Funes, quien posee el poder de la memoria perfecta: no olvida nada, ni el más mínimo detalle. Muchas interpretaciones se pueden hacer, pero tal vez una inquietante es que el relato invita a reflexionar sobre la memoria. Ese poder que dio la naturaleza al ser humano y que este entrega cada vez más a los dispositivos... cumpleaños, citas, tareas, eventos, invitaciones, las grandes fechas de la vida... nada de eso queda en la memoria biológica, sino en el PC o en la tablet... Y cuando se quiere saber algo, no se hace ningún esfuerzo sino que se recurre a la red, donde todo está a un clic. Lo primero que ve un bebé de hoy al nacer, no es la cara sudorosa de la madre o el aspecto nervioso y feliz del padre, sino un smartphone al frente. Y más adelante cuando vaya al colegio, los orgullosos padres no disfrutarán de los avances de su hijo, sino que los guardarán en un video que subirán a las redes sociales... y que probablemente luego olvidarán. El avance de la tecnología nos ha aportado ventajas en muchos campos, excepto en los poderes del pensamiento. Ya no se piensa sino que se almacena información en forma de gigabytes. Y con todo ello estamos perdiendo algo poderoso y profundamente humano: la memoria afectiva.

Marian Balza says

Es increíble la manera en que delata al cerebro del ser humano y lo afortunados que somos por simplemente poder pensar.

Durval Menezes says

This is just a rather short story, not a book in itself. I read this in a Portuguese translation after having it highly recommended by a professor. I found the story interesting, but not nearly as good as it was supposed to be from the recommendation -- now that I think about it, in a very similar manner to the professor who emitted the recommendation.

Maria says

I read the English version, but can't find it on goodreads—one that is 9 pages, that is.

Cristian says

Ireneo Funes, the protagonist, after an accident, was bestowed with the absolute memory and the keenest perception. Looking at a forest, he noticed each and every leaf, looking at a face, he noticed each and every nuance and movement. And he remembered everything. His memories were visceral, as they were link to his body sensations. He learned Latin immediately using a dictionary and a book by Pliny. He could compare the setting of the clouds that he saw one day, with the veins on the cover of a book. His memories were so precise and detailed that when he recalled a day from his childhood it took him an entire day to recall it.

Not alike was his thinking. He was not able to generalize, he only saw the particulars, and he thought that each thing should have been named differently, as the dog 15:14, and the same (too us) dog at 15:15.

"He was, let us not forget, almost incapable of general, platonic ideas. It was not only difficult for him to understand that the generic term dog embraced so many unlike specimens of differing sizes and different forms; he was disturbed by the fact that a dog at three-fourteen (seen in profile) should have the same name as the dog at three fifteen (seen from the front). His own face in the mirror, his own hands, surprised him on every occasion... Funes could continuously make out the tranquil advances of corruption, of caries, of fatigue. He noted the progress of death, of moisture. He was the solitary and lucid spectator of a multiform world which was instantaneously and almost intolerably exact... I repeat, the least important of his recollections was more minutely precise and more lively than our perception of a physical pleasure or a physical torment... I suspect, nevertheless, that he was not very capable of thought. To think is to forget a difference, to generalize, to abstract. In the overly replete world of Funes there were nothing but details, almost contiguous details. "

Reading this short story, I thought about the Luria's patient of a great memory, and of the Buddhist sati, and if we still need thinking if we have perception.

Was Funes the perfect Vipassana practitioner? Did he had the perfect mindfulness? Thus was he liberated afterwards? The only things that could have stayed in his way is that he still tried to rely on the language, and name everything. Plus, it is not clear, how much he was an observer and how much he identified with what he was?

Funes had a synesthetic memory, similar to Solomon Shereshevski described by Luria, and both had difficulties generalizing and reasoning. Do we need thinking if we are able to perceive? We can assume that thinking is an instrument that our mind uses in order to overcome the limitations of perception. With perfect perception, like Funes's, our reasoning becomes unnecessary. In that configuration, however, we would integrate with difficulty in the current society, similar to Sereshevski.

Christopher Garcia says

"he was disturbed by the fact that a dog at three-fourteen (seen in profile) should have the same name as the dog at three-fifteen (seen from the front)."

Kanan Rustamli says

"He had lived, he said, for nineteen years as though in a dream: he looked without seeing, heard without listening, forgot everything, or virtually everything. When he fell, he'd been knocked unconscious; when he came to again, the present was so rich, so clear, that it was almost unbearable, as were his oldest and even his most trivial memories. It was shortly afterward that he learned he was crippled; of that fact he hardly took notice. He reasoned (or felt) that immobility was a small price to pay. Now his perception and his memory were perfect.

With one quick look, you and I perceive three wineglasses on a table; Funes perceived every grape that had been pressed into the wine and all the stalks and tendrils of its vineyard. He knew the forms of the clouds in the southern sky on the morning of April 30, 1882, and he could compare them in his memory with the veins in the marbled binding of a book he had seen only once, or with the feathers of spray lifted by an oar on the Rio Negro on the eve of the Battle of Quebracho. Nor were those memories simple—every visual image was linked to muscular sensations, thermal sensations, and so on. He was able to reconstruct every dream, every daydream he had ever had. Two or three times he had reconstructed an entire day; he had never once erred or faltered, but each reconstruction had itself taken an entire day. "I, myself, alone, have more memories than all mankind since the world began," he said to me. And also: "My dreams are like other people's waking hours." And again, toward dawn: "My memory, sir, is like a garbage heap." A circle drawn on a blackboard, a right triangle, a rhombus—all these are forms we can fully intuit; Ireneo could do the same with the stormy mane of a young colt, a small herd of cattle on a mountainside, a flickering fire and its uncountable ashes, and the many faces of a dead man at a wake. I have no idea how many stars he saw in the sky.

Those are the things he told me; neither then nor later have I ever doubted them. At that time there were no cinematographers, no phonographs; it nevertheless strikes me as implausible, even incredible, that no one ever performed an experiment with Funes. But then, all our lives we postpone everything that can be postponed; perhaps we all have the certainty, deep inside, that we are immortal and that sooner or later every man will do everything, know all there is to know. "

Loops Wuadaloops says

Un cuentito fantástico, así como Borges :)

Paty Pana says

HOW CREEPY WAS THIS!?!?!?!?

I need to talk to someone :O Funes is so lost due to his ability to remember each and every detail of his life and this short story had me freaking like no other read has ever had... The whole idea of Ireneo suffering even due to having exact memories of his own different grimaces, and consequently not even recognising himself whenever he stared in the mirror gave me chills! I found it so innovative and unique, and it was all condensed in 8 pages! JUST WOW!
