THE ARCHIVE THAT REFUSED TO DIE



FERDINANDO FREGA

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Someone tried to forget.

Someone else tried to hide.

Yet another tried to rewrite.

It seemed easy.

All it took was to close a folder.

Delete a photograph.

Make a few documents disappear.

After all, human memory is fragile.

But archives have a strange habit.

They come back.

A copy forgotten at the back of a drawer.

A letter kept out of sentiment, not calculation.

A note written in the margin by someone who never imagined they were writing history.

An old file that nobody had considered important.

The facts disappeared. Then they reappeared.

Each time with one more detail.

Each time harder to ignore.

It was then that something simple became evident.

Individual memory can fade.

Collective memory can be distorted.

But some traces develop a survival instinct.

They go on existing.

They change place.

They change keeper.

They change shape.

But they remain.

Because certain stories are not saved by those who tell them.

They are saved by the evidence they leave behind.

Ferdinando