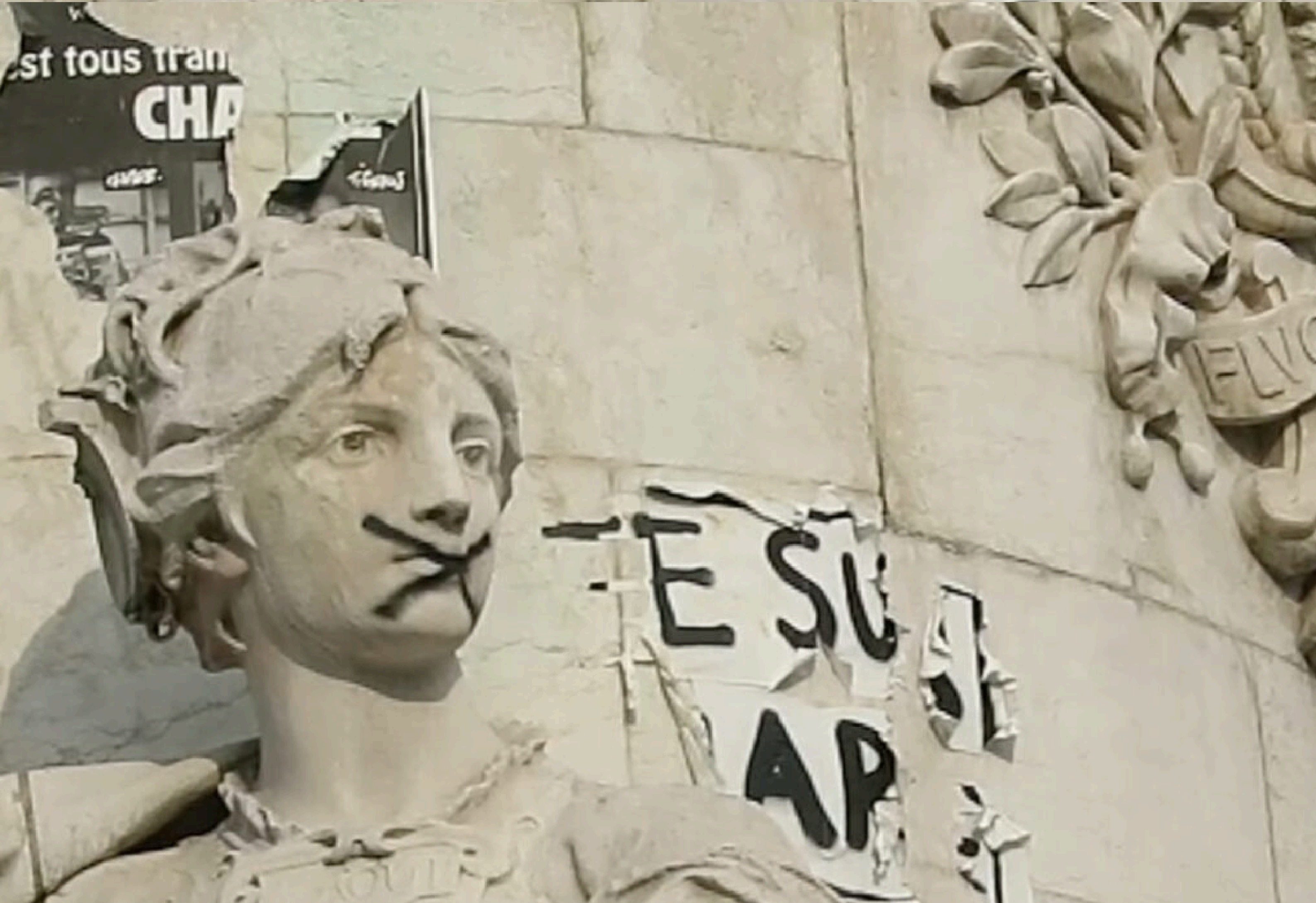




She has no land but she keeps sheep

-Elvira Vannini in conversation with Jesal Kapadia Mattia Pellegrini Giorgia Frisardi

-How can we think of a text that goes along-with the creation of a possible film, but a film that is not-a...?



This conversation was published in hotpotetos.it an Italian magazine edited by Elvira Vannini on the occasion of the screening of *She has no land but she keeps sheep - Chapter Two* during the Derive Approdi Festival in September 2022

She has no land but she keeps sheep is a journey through the nature of Prospect Park in New York, where Jesal Kapadia and Silvia Federici met regularly during the months of the quarantine, crossing the sacred forest of Assisi and the cave where Saint Francis lived, up to the wooded glimpses of the Himalaya mountains where a community of Buddhist monks started a hunger strike in 2007 to prevent the construction of a dam from destroying the sacred mountain: thus the weaving of resistance of indigenous populations against colonial expropriation in Latin America, the peasant uprisings in India and other parts of the global South, together with those which are called "sacrifice zones", are at the center of the project, geographical areas destroyed by pollution, the extractivist economy and the devastating effects of ongoing climate and environmental changes, often inhabited by "minorities" and "subordinate populations" who transform themselves into resistant communities and who fight to affirm social justice and life, against the oppression of economic development.

The ecological crisis, of which the pandemic emergency was an expression, and the different degrees of vulnerability to this emergency, depend on the inequalities that pass across the lines of class, race, marginality and gender.

She has no land but she keeps sheep raises the urgency of politicizing radical ecology and care in our societies, which today increasingly coincides with the domination of bodies and territories, with the sacrifice of lands and lives; the exploitation of productive and reproductive work, of domestic and care work imposed on women (invisibilised, subordinated, naturalized) has been expropriated by capitalism together with nature and the biosphere, much as colonization and slavery did in the past, so as to allow "the West" to build its hegemony and accumulate its wealth. It is necessary to put the re-appropriation of social wealth at the center of the feminist struggle, intercept alliances and assemblages that can open up conflicts and spaces for political convergence, in the immediately antagonistic direction of the "commons", in which the processes of subjectivation take shape and generate paths of resistance and community regimes: not to separate the struggle against capital from the problem of reproducing our lives, from the control of bodies.



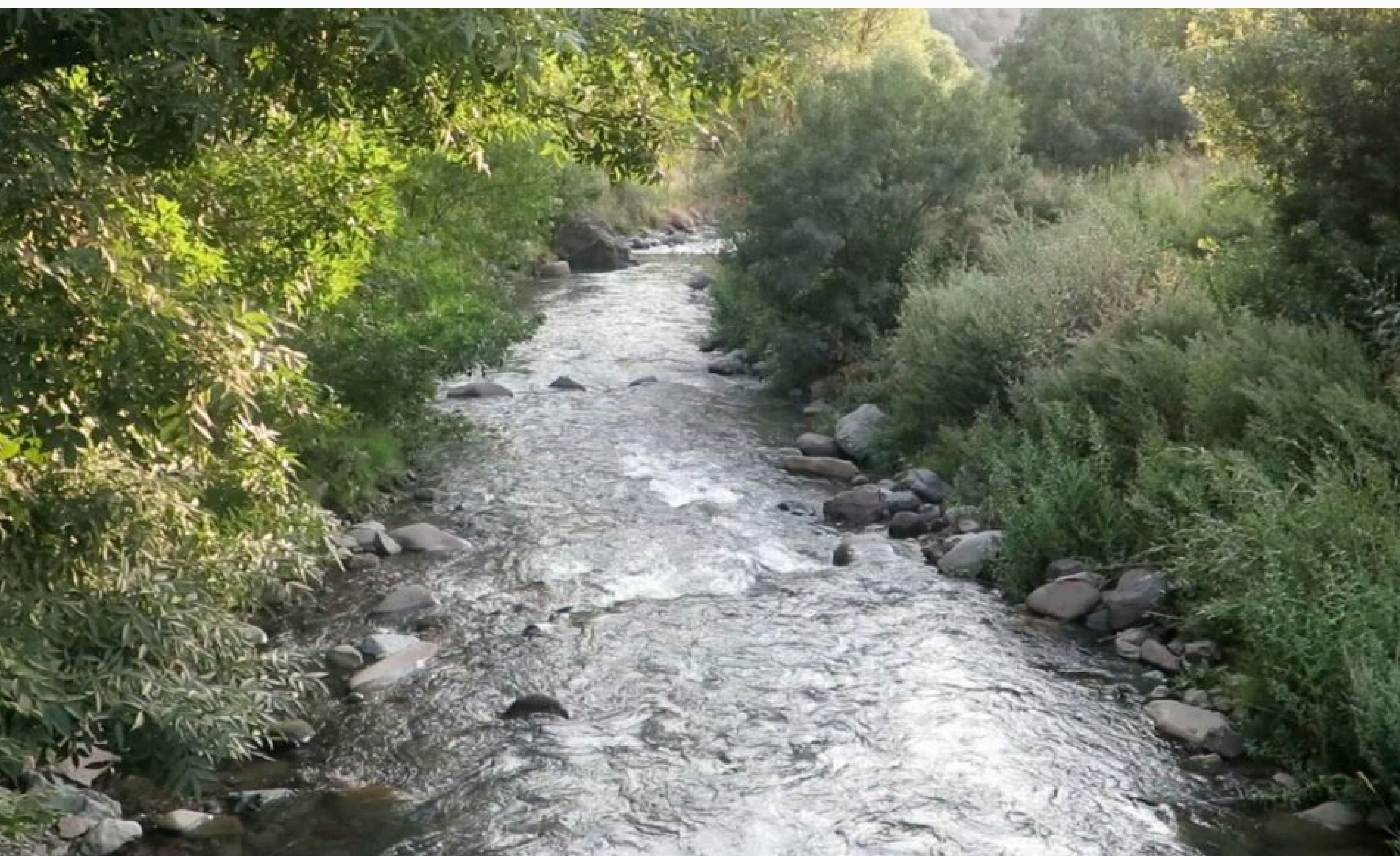
Elvira: Mattia, Jesal, when did your paths cross?

Mattia: 'The story began a long time ago...' is the sentence that opens this research, in the first image of its introduction, research and study that is also an attempt to understand what it means to meet, what a collision between bodies, worlds, insurrections means.

If, however, we were to respond according to the rules of linear time, of a before that precedes an after, our encounter took place in one of the many southern parts of the world.

The occasion was one of the early Free Home University gatherings, within the framework of 'How to Live Together?', with Ayreen Anastas and Rene Gabri, friends of/from the 16 Beaver Group and many other artists, thinkers and comrades. An extraordinary, magical moment that marked a path and brought about a metamorphosis.

From there we began a long journey together, an incessant movement that allowed us to come into contact with many worlds, human and non-human, the traces of which, and the body of our research, can be found in She has no land but she keeps sheep.



Jesal: The idea of working together arose organically, just as the possibility of travelling and inhabiting a common time became a way of life. We started filming and recording our movements, our path. At first we imagined it as a diary, marking time between communes, collective living spaces, houses, self-organized residencies, occupations, different artistic contexts and meetings organized by and with us in many different cities (always where our friends lived and wanted us to be there with them); and in New York City, where Silvia Federici and George Caffentzis live and with whom the women's group called Feminist Research on Violence is based. It was thanks to an invitation by our friends Begonia Santa-Cecilia in Brooklyn, NY to contribute to her larger collective project, and almost simultaneously, to Cesare Pietroiusti in Rome, to participate in Sensibile Comune at the Galleria Nazionale during the C-17 lecture series, that the first attempts were made to weave the diary material into a conceptual film work.

Elvira: She has no land but she keeps sheep / chapter two is an unorthodox filmic work, both in format and language, rather it functions as an archive of images that is constitutively recalcitrant to the order of editing or archiving. How do you re-activate this archive of untraceable subjectivities each time?

Jesal and Mattia: The first trace in paper form appeared on the wall of where we lived in Harlem. It was an attempt at a script, a visual genealogy that would allow us to create a dialogue between us both, who initially had difficulty communicating in a common language and who came from very different traditions/worlds. By putting printed screen-shots on the wall, the everyday dimension immediately took shape. A way of marking time, passages, relationships - a way of living with a perspective of profound rupture with the present. For us there was no going back from this new form of life, from this collective subjectivity of refusal. But it was also a way of recognizing conflict, first of all within our own selves, with the different identities that inhabit us. And so it is that each time we return to plunge into this magma of images-in-motion, something surprising happens: times and temporalities overlap, and space (hence, the geographies of the journeys from which we took our images) shatters. Those images always tell us something unexpected, something different from how we had previously experienced and seen them.

In this sense, it is both a geographical research and an investigation of memory, of its possible metamorphoses that have occurred, both individual and collective.

And now it is a moment of rupture, a caesura, a clean break so profound, where this processuality of our filmmaking continues to build, even today, when we have somehow stopped filming, are no longer in the process of making a new film but only talking about it, discussing it, enacting alongside it.

However, this material has given rise to three very different fragments: The introduction to *She has no land but she keeps sheep*, the first and second chapters - definitely linked by a recalcitrant form of technique, through the encounter with ungraspable subjectivities.

This is why it is so exciting to talk about the process of making our film, a wandering, unpredictable process that each time manages to generate a certain pleasure in its reactivation. What we end up showing is the direct result of many friendships, some of which are still unfolding, some of which are being renewed, and some of which continue to surprise us.

Without these friends none of this would have been possible. We see this film work as a living archive that uses its sonar to show itself in the film.

Right now we are in the middle of wars, and we use the footage from Armenia in solidarity with our friends there, for the place we have visited with them. We think about the war there and elsewhere, the ongoing genocide. The geography, the places in our films are constantly changing, and therefore also the struggles that take place. The trees of Assisi, the grotto where Saint Francis lived, appear in the middle of this second chapter, just as Saint Sara appears in the first chapter, in the waters of Saintes Maries de la Mer in the Camargue region of France. Then the monk who went on hunger strike in Gangtok, Sikkim, who told us once again about the mountains and rivers that have been destroyed all over the world, not just in the Himalayas, and we decided to close this chapter with his interview for the time being. So there's no script whatsoever, except our research, study, an attempt to collide with other practices around land, anti-capitalist movements, feminist strikes - that's all in this stuttering narrative - beautifully crocheted together by Giorgia's singing, chanting of the lullaby.

Made during a period of confinement during the pandemic, this second cinematic chapter begins with a message of support from Silvia Federici and George Caffentzis for Oliver de Marcellus, a comrade in Switzerland who got arrested for working on behalf of the migrants, and ends with the resistance to the construction of dams in the Himalayas, through hunger strikes, against the violence of the extractive policies that have affected so many areas of the Global South.

Radical pedagogy, community work, land claims and the intersectionality of struggles are among the urgencies we recall in these crossings.

Mattia: These are certainly among the urgencies we are trying to address. In the first chapter we had focused on the encounter with Nicola Valentino and the archive of writings and the 'Irritated art' of Sensibili alle foglie, in Lia Traverso's diary from the asylum; then the question of imprisonment, prisons, psychiatry, all the way up to the rite of Saint Sara in Saintes Maries de la Mer, which pushed us towards the argotic. I remember the feeling of disorientation of returning to those fragments, being six thousand kilometres away from each other and editing this material for a friend who invited us to screen it at a conference, during those days of the pandemic when we were confined at home, guarded, forced not to move. Taking the time to return to that river, which was not the same, brought study and reflection where we could not have found it there before; precisely because at that moment an unravelling took place: our state of pure dependence on the metropolitan environment began to appear as a state of suicidal weakness.



We immerse ourselves in the editing process and suddenly found ourselves wandering among writers, among practices that were silently and with great difficulty trying to survive this present.

Jesal: We both had a deep desire to place the struggles before us in a broader context - from the movement of the squares and the Arab Spring of 2011, the teachers' strikes in the zocalo in Oaxaca, 2006, to the Shaheen Bagh protests in New Delhi in 2019... and the riots after the murder of George Floyd.

Because our film is first of all not really a film, but a collection of fragments, as if it were made of shards, of pieces, of wreckage, and an archaeologist might tell us: 'a fragment can contain many secrets'. Therefore the material we end up showing is open to metamorphosis, depending on the context in which we find ourselves, where these secrets play out between light and shadow, appearing when we least expect them.

And so we came to both chapters during the pandemic, spurred on by friends who encouraged us to make and share our work, at a time of immense isolation, loss and grief, when huge chunks of our community fabric had been eroded, when not only parts began to disappear, but whole worlds so carefully constructed and held together. We echo our friend Carla Bottiglieri's words: 'to repair some of the common fabric of our breath'.

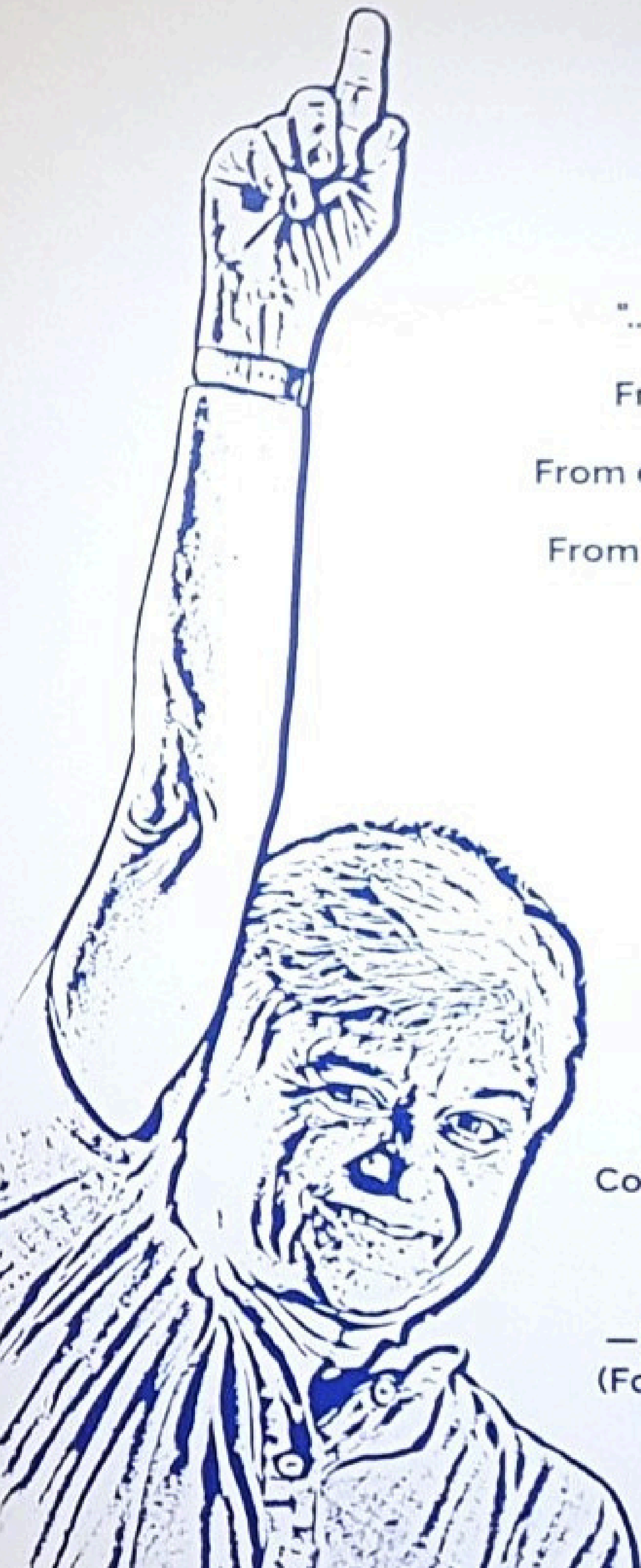
We thought about how to 'be close', 'be nearby', as Trin T. Minh-ha would say, both with the intensity and transformative charge that the virus brought with it, and with the fullness of the desire to strengthen the relational fabric around us; for the collective space, like any singularity, always needs care.

Between new habits of conversation and new ways of healing distance, we tried to assemble some of these images into a stream, held together by our invisible bonds. Like in the part of Apichatpong Weerasethakul's film Memoria when Hernan's character touches the stone and we feel and hear the memories leaking out. Similarly, our hard drive keeps pulsating, every time we touch it, it oozes memories and unheard stories

Elvira: Jesal begins by mentioning the story of Savitribai Phule, who is considered the mother of Indian feminism; women's movements in India were involved in ecological discourse very early on, unlike their Western counterparts (I'm thinking of the Chipko movement, perhaps the best known case, led by women). I found this poem by Kamla Bhasin (one of the founders of Kali for Women, the first feminist publishing house in India) that seems to recall your attitude: what re-enchantment is still possible?

Jesal: What I like is that in the word 're-enchantment' there is a sonorous *mise en abyme* - in the word 'chanting', in the shouting, in the refusal, you hear voices and see/visualize images of people against oppression of all kinds, all over the world - how it is all concentrated in this one word that can be animated by anyone who is connected to an anti-colonial and anti-capitalist struggle. It is also the title of Silvia's book, *Re-enchanting the World*, a call for an international feminist strike based on the principles of *commoning*. The forces against us are so strong right now, and yet we are organising our refusals in every possible way. We are organising to demand climate reparations from the world's richest countries for the devastation caused by flooding in Pakistan, for example; Indian farmers occupying highways and blocking roads for a year in Punjab to demand the communal conservation of resources; *Ni Una Menos* feminists in Argentina and in Chile, *Las Tesis*, joining feminists in the US to talk about the right to abortion; many inspiring examples of what can be done when we unite... yet much remains to be done.

We can still hear the voices of women and students on university campuses in India singing those words of *Azaadi*... freedom, liberation. It's nice that you quoted the words of Kamala Bhasin, who was inspired by the Pakistani women who chanted this slogan against their oppressive state, and I love how contagious these words of liberation are, transcending borders... because the struggle against patriarchy is at the heart of the anti-capitalist struggle, and it resonates everywhere. I am thinking now of the song that our friend LaToya Manly-Spain, an organizer and singer from Schwabinggrad Ballett and *Arrivati* in Hamburg, Germany, taught us to sing in Castiglione d'Otranto, about Yemoja, the goddess of the river and the sea, protector of women.



"...From patriarchy—Azaadi

From all hierarchy—Azaadi

From endless violence—Azaadi

From helpless silence—Azaadi

For walking freely

For talking freely

For dancing madly

For singing loudly

For self-expression

For celebration

We love it madly

Come say it loudly—Azaadi."

—Kamla Bhasin (1946-2021)
(Founder-member of Jagori)

Mattia: I would like to use this occasion to remember a great poet and writer Mariella Mehr through her verses: her story, the violence suffered by the Jewish people in Switzerland, her resistance and the power of her words confront us with a possible re-enchantment:

Often sings the wolf in my blood,
and I feel warm
in a foreign tongue.

Light, I say then, wolf-light
I say, let no one come
to cut my hair.

And speaking of re-enchantment, there is a book, in addition to Silvia's, that we are particularly fond of and believe it is important to have at hand in these violent years. *Le Favole del Reincanto* (Fables of Re-enchantment) by Stefania Consigliere, published by Derive Approdi, poses a biting critique of the modern, a critique of that autonomous and rational subject that modernity imposes on us as the only possible subject and which a certain world tries to come to terms with great difficulty. A critique of science, of progress, of the homogenization of experience, of colonialism. This is to say that there are also the books, the authors, the dreams, the words that continue this work of continuous questioning; even the images feed on unpredictable encounters.

Elvira: Among the axes of struggle of a decolonial ecofeminism, in addition to environmentalist battles, for social justice, the politicization of care, and the right to land against the capitalist (and colonial) patriarchal system, there is certainly the conviction that the objectification, exploitation and destruction of nature will never be overcome without addressing the structural dispossession of women's labor. How to transform the world-system from an eco-feminist perspective?

Ode to the Dancing Body is an atypical and very beautiful text by Silvia Federici that you published in "La terra trema": "Our struggle must therefore begin with the re-appropriation of the body, the revaluation and rediscovery of its capacity for resistance and the celebration of its powers, both individual and collective. Dance is central to this re-appropriation". The domination of the body is a capitalist tool of control and subjugation on a par with the subjugation of the land and what it produces.

How do you re-appropriate bodies and land, needs and desires, which are therefore indispensable raw materials? And above all, what is your relationship with the art system, which, according to analyses that I believe are widely shared, is a paradigmatic and governmental expression of 'artwashing' and the neoliberal matrix of creative roles, behaviors and functions that often move according to a capitalist and market functionality. How do you survive this with your research?

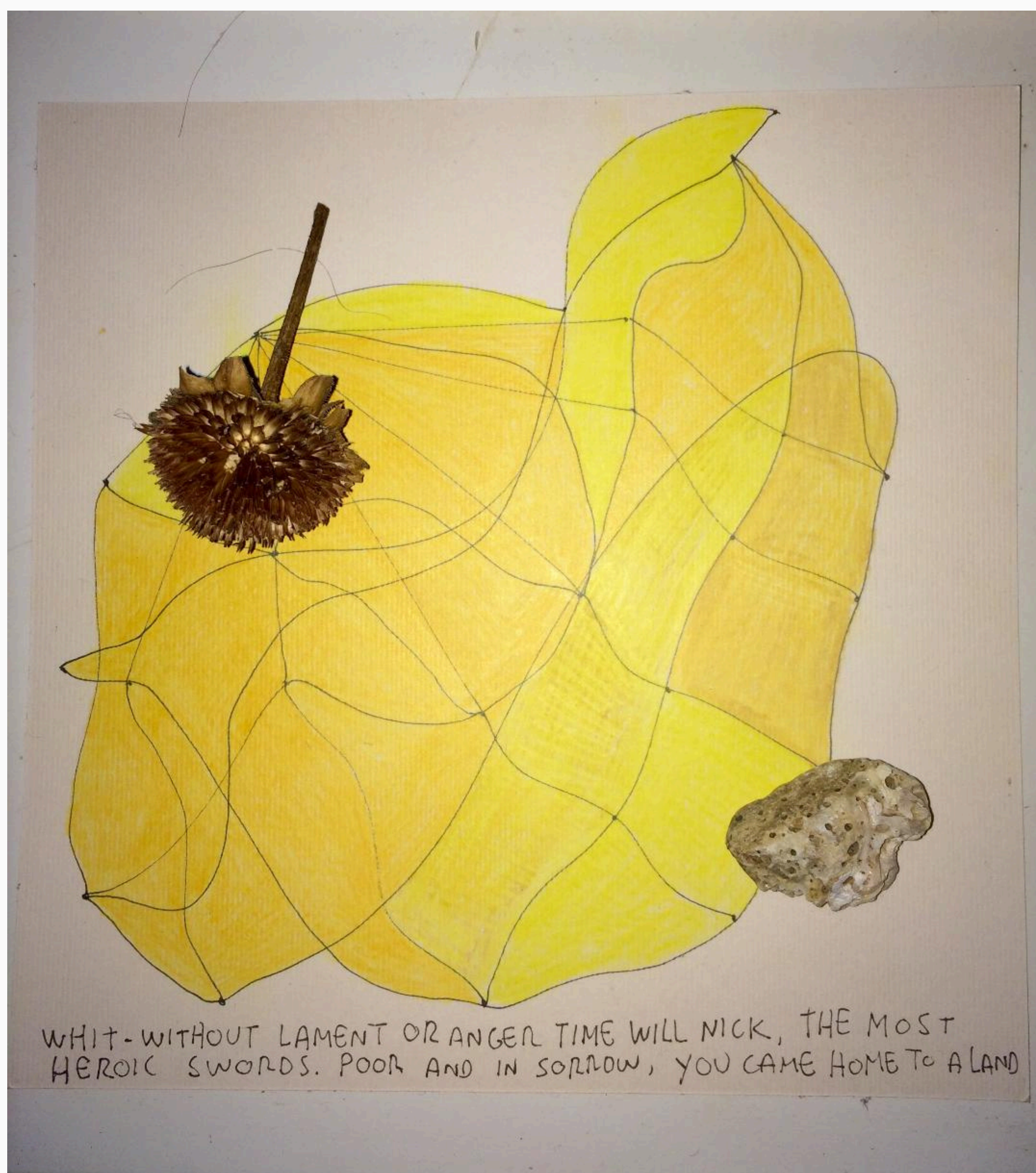
Mattia: L'Almanacco of La Terra Trema is a unique publishing project, a quarterly print publication that is very important to us.

When we spoke to Silvia Federici about our desire to publish one of her texts, she suggested two writings that had not yet been translated into Italian: *In Praise of the Dancing Body* and *On Joyful Militancy*.



While the question of joyful militancy is a fundamental one among us, what Silvia outlined in *Ode to a Dancing Body* touches deeply on the themes of *The Almanac*. In the same issue, No. 9, we also published an excerpt from *Radiation and Revolution* by Sabu Kohso. Both texts show neoliberal violence through the destruction of the ecosystem and the distortion of the body, a body that is increasingly constructed, disabled, unable to connect with its multiple possibilities of expression. These seem to us two fundamental writings to return to, aware that there are no definitive answers, but lines of trajectory, possible traces to be affected by.

Speaking of the art system, hijacking through *The Undercommons*, we can say: The only possible relationship with the art world today is a criminal one.



Elvira: The sequence of images is interspersed with Giorgia's singing. How can voices from the margins speak and how can language be an instrument of struggle? Or rather, as bell hooks said, our speech embodies not only words of struggle but also words of pain - the pain of oppression. What is the role of Giorgia's singing?

Giorgia: When I had the privilege of digging through the images collected by Jesal and Mattia I was in the midst of a psychotic crisis and I felt relief.

It was so sweetly disturbing that they had taken the time to collect such other, heretical, metaphysical imagery. They suggested I think about sound for this chapter of their work and I had just undergone (and this is not a rhetorically chosen verb) radiotherapy for my neck, my favorite instrument of vocal emanations and bellow thrusts.

As they collected memories as a form of care, the poetic preparation of their proposal allowed me, in my disability, to access some unforeseen form.

The first intuition was to sing it all, the film with many voices, sweet harmonies that resonated dynamically and omnipresently, beautifully. Then at night, on my way to film the moon with Mattia, the pain in my whole body was so great that I could not even think, let alone speak, Adrienne Rich's words - *this is the language of the oppressor, but I need to talk to you* - violently revitalized me in the memory of the singing voices, which have always spoken through sound, free of the signifying sense, the voices of the 'courtyard women', those of the 'domestic servants' who have made the history of women's liberated voices; Giovanna Daffini, Rosa Balistreri, the Noran sisters, Giovanna Marini and the whole community that she built around her and the women who all hummed, while tracing new imaginative trajectories.

Voices from the margins par excellence, because they retain in their peculiar singing modalities what I like to think of as witch-like residues, as Meri Franco Lai's Musica Strega puts it, inaudible voices, so authentic as to be scandalous. Voices that sang when you should have been suffering, but instead you sang, to soothe the pain, to tell it from the very distant edge of the life of reproductive work, constant, patient and violent in the lyrics and in the very high voices sung with eyes haunted by the rage of the margins.

So a very small voice, a song sung with a closed mouth, because even the air that passes between the teeth can make certain bodies suffer.

A song full of potential, that sings in spite of silence. A lullaby that I sing even before I knew how to speak.

क्या आप मानते हैं कि बारिश ऊपर से नीचे गिरती है?

यह सच नहीं है

कोई पेड़ नहीं ... तो कोई बारिश नहीं

इस फूल

और इस पेड़

से ही तो बारिश होती है

बारिश और आंसू एक ही हैं

उसने कहा:

हमें बारिश और आंसू चाहिए

कि वे फिर से एक हो जाए

अपूर्वता की बारिश

विद्रोह के आंसू

Elvira: "The history of a power is also the history of the struggles to overthrow it" is our outline for the evening dedicated to art at Derive Approdi's Festival 5 - Chi lavora è perduto: How can artistic representations, languages, views and counter-hegemonic imaginaries speak with such power to break the mask that Escrava Anastácia (revered folk saint in Brazil) is forced to wear, that Grada Kilomba tells us about in *Memories of the Plantation*, which is not only a metaphor for the European colonial project, but also an instrument of torture and muteness to silence minority and subaltern voices?

Jesal and Mattia: We are well aware of the role that the art world and "artists" play in neoliberalism. We know that it is a tipping point, a privileged outpost. There are possibilities for rupture, there are islands of disorder, to use Heiner Müller's words, that we can draw on and in which we want to spend most of our time. In the present given to us, there seems to be no possibility beyond defeat, but the desire to break the mask, to blow up the domain, to inhabit another present here and now, does not abandon us.

We are writing from casablu -- which is not only a physical space where many friends have stayed and where 'She has no land...' lives without a country, but is also an imaginary place - of openness... a safe house, a refuge where many intensities are healed and where art, music, writing, poetry, food, wine, are all prepared with the understanding and awareness that the struggle against sexism and militarisation, ableism and racism, climate change and financialisation, are all inseparable struggles, and this is the most important element for us today as we think about the question - how do we want to live in the midst of one and many wars?

We don't want to live in houses or spaces or projects that separate us. We like what Fred Moten and Stephen Harney said - "to make nothing out of something", and to this we add Ben Morea's words, "more sound, less structure". We can live and make art differently. For healing and care for self and others can be, and is, at the centre of our practices.

As George Caffentzis says, 'so that we do not lose this moment to re-communalise without the state', to re-organise our relationships with each other. We have to start again!

Elvira Vannini is an art historian and critic. PhD in Contemporary Art History at the University of Bologna, graduate of the School of Specialization in Art History. Since 2010, she has been a lecturer in NABA, New Academy of Fine Arts in Milan. In 2017 she founded the blog/magazine Hot Potatoes (www.hotpotatoes.it) dedicated to the relationships between art, gender and politics through the analysis of exhibition complexes, from a feminist perspective.

Jesal Kapadia is an artist based in Brooklyn, New York. Using photography, video and performance art, she explores the potential forms of non-capitalist subjectivities drawn from an ethical praxis of being-in-common, generating an affinity for time and space that is feminist and anti-colonial in nature.

Mattia Pellegrini is an artist and care giver.

In *Sickness and Study*, written with Giorgia Frisardi, places him in the present.

He is editor of the magazine *L'Almanacco de La Terra Trema*.

***Manifesto Brutal* and *She has no land but she keeps sheep* are the focus of his research.**

Part of his study is archived in agitations.org

Giorgia Frisardi is a poet, performer and transfeminist activist.

She studies sweat. Passionate about political turmoil and the fight against patriarchy and ableism she develops her language in performance and other multiform expressions in a unique journey in search of the surprising detail. '*Lucida Rabbia*' is her first collection of poems published by Erga Edizioni/Habanero in 2018. It is part of *Manifesto Brutal*.

How can we think of a text that goes along-with the creation of a possible-film, but a film that is not-a...?

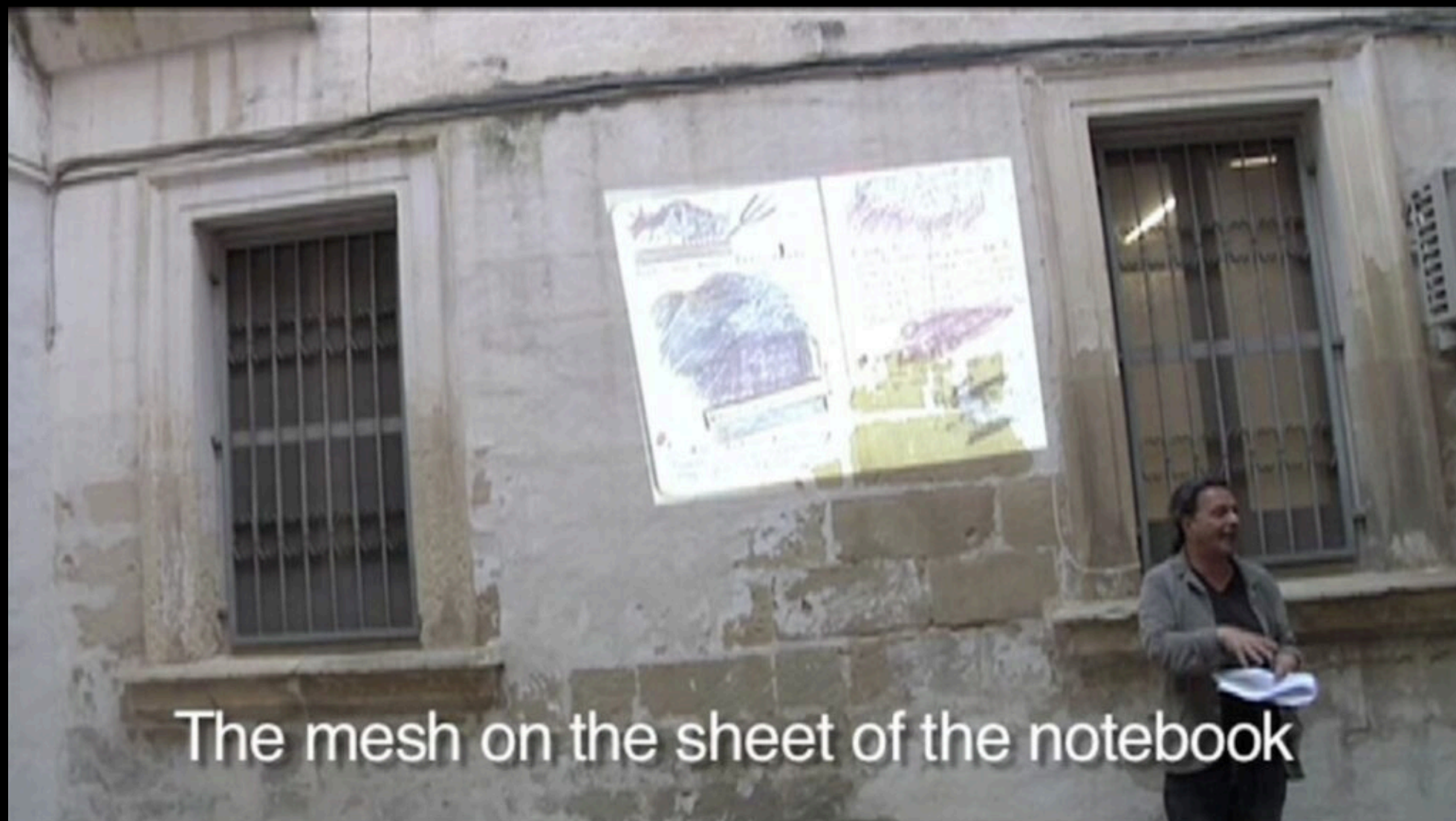
She has no Land but she keeps sheep / first Chapter

In 2017 we presented "She has no land but she keeps sheep, an introduction", at the National Gallery of Modern Art in Rome. The occasion was the exhibition Sensibile Comune connected to the C17 conference one hundred years after the October Revolution. This introduction marked the beginning of a research within a material we had been filming for three years, a trace of a collective nomadism that brought us together with radical pedagogical practices, resistant communities, inadequate singularities, as well as practices of commoning and communities that are in conflict with the neoliberal world.

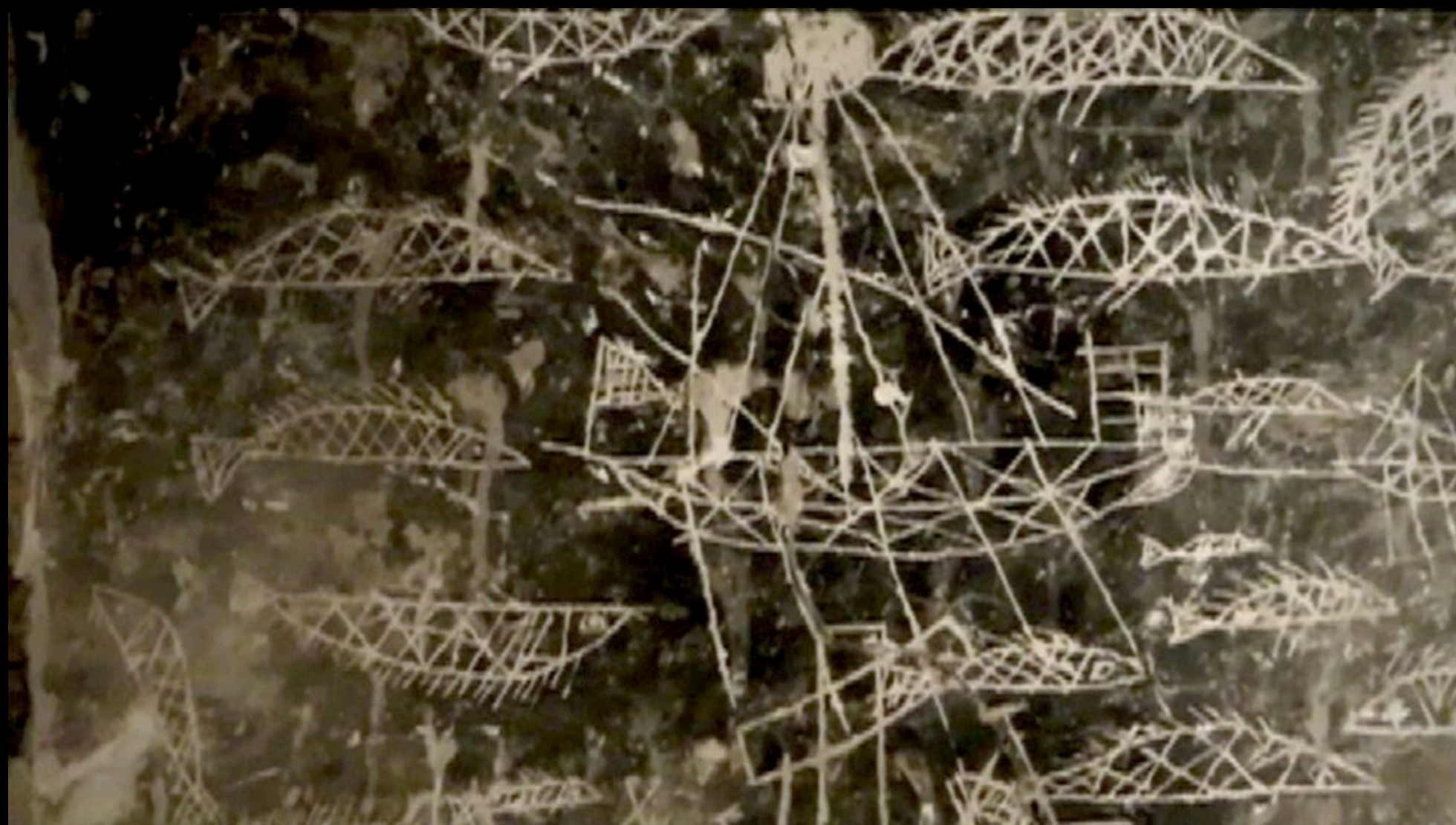
A film between images and text, interviews and singing, in which the third feminine singular voice becomes the Unforeseen Subject, the one who asks the questions, the one who takes possession of the history of the many, of the chant and the scream, to put forth and question within the History of the winners, the question of the present that is imposed on us: of the human, animal, ecological collapse that we are living.

by Jesal Kapadia – Mattia Pellegrini

WITH: NICOLA VALENTINO, ANNA, SANTA SARA AND MANY OTHER FRIENDS HUMAN and NOT HUMAN



The mesh on the sheet of the notebook



SHE HAS NO LAND BUT SHE KEEPS SHEEP / First Chapter
by Jesal Kapadia and Mattia Pellegrini

1

How can we think of a text that goes side by side, that goes along-with the creation of a possible-film, but a film that is not-a...?

She said: You cannot see what you talk about, and you cannot talk about what you see.

Indeed, under a close examination spontaneity disappears.

We thought about the irreducibility between seeing and speaking, but we betrayed ourselves already in the prelude that we are writing, now.

Now is a present.

Meanwhile, now is a present...

Meanwhile, now is present

Now, and now, and now.

Following several films within a film, self-directed and spontaneous, enacting of thoughts.

Against the immense pedagogy of waiting.

So we begin by subtracting the voice from the images, a practice of leaving, leaving behind:

In the beginning She starts to sing in front of the river

...the river....?

Do you remember?

She said: Sometimes the line between the system and the revolution is just a river.

Euphrates and Ganges, Ganges and Euphrates.

She has no more lyrics, and only singing left.

...and She said: the World is now a different world.

We remember in the "Introduction: She has no land..." where the river cuts through the image of the mountain in the Himalayas, and Bertold Brecht asked us:

What kind of times are these, when

To talk about trees is almost a crime

Because it implies silence about so many horrors?

And in the time of confinement, with the insistence on the word 'extinction' in our everyday living, how can we be in the present? What relationship do we have with the multi-species, when it is a virus that interrupts the historical time?

Now we continue by adding the voice to the images, a practice of suturing, a suturing pedagogy:

And She said: Virus, it's not only a word. Virus, is a constellation of affects.

The Uprising of Minor Species

The storm inside a glass of water

A world inhabited by immaterial dances

The machine more and more starts to speak for us.

Machines don't know death.

Machines know only obsolescence.

And the multitude whispers: I want to be a machine.

And She said: Ideas are like scars.

We have to start again.

Non-injurious life
 Forms of non-injurious life
 Enact, contact, detract, subtract,
 Resonate, tune-in, dream, relax
 Remove, withdraw, leave behind, refuse,
 Decompose, recompose, spontaneous
 Sift, spontaneous interventions in the flow of things
 Wean off, glean, scavenge, drift
 Turn, return, awaken, refill
 Un-power
 Spontaneity is a mere name.

It is a matter of showing that the body goes beyond the knowledge that one has, and that nevertheless the thought goes beyond the consciousness that one has.

From pedagogies like riot
 ...and riot like pedagogies
 We have to start again.
 Ecologies, She said, it's not one.
 A film?

A film about what?

Blue: Bleu, Blues, Bloueser. In theatrical slang, it means bad. Failure; unbelievable. C'est Bleu. Out of the blue, in the sense of a novice. In French slang it could mean to open someone's eyes, to life; to teach, to teach someone a thing or two. In jazz musician's slang Blue means sadness, a state of being down, in the dumps; melancholy, depression, anything bad. It could also mean obscene. Obscenity. But blue definitely meant policeman.

Nicola Valentino. An intra-species meeting.

His story is the story of many and few. A militant revolutionary in the 70s in Italy, sentenced to life imprisonment, he served twenty-eight years in prison. Within the total institution, Nicola puts into practice indiscipline. Together with Renato Curcio, he founded the Sensibili alle Foglie publishing house from Rebibbia Prison in Rome, in 1990. Their research deals with prisoners, starting from their bodies, but not only in prisons and asylums, also in schools and workplaces. Their research uses narratives from their own experiences, from the personal, as the matrix for understanding the institution, and therefore also the possibility of putting the institution itself into discussion. How does the sense of the nose, the ears, the taste changes inside the prison? To study how the institution works on the body, and to turn it around from within.

Here, Nicola Valentino speaks about SCARABOCCHIO and how this language that precedes writing is an act of dissociation from the impositions of established reality. He speaks to us of notebooks, diaries, sheets of paper; of many inadequate singularities, reclosed for entire lives.

Here, Lia Traverso, whose diaries are among the first works to be found in the archives of writings and irritated art. An archive that Sensibili alle Foglie created 30 years ago, a research and study on creation outside of ritual.

Lia Traverso.

She lived in the asylum by noting daily in this notebook all that was accessible around her and all that emerged within her. Lia Traverso's diary is a diary in direct contact. Lia constantly noted down what was happening around her, and inside her.

She wrote, it's as if a
graphic melody runs through me, from my brain to my hand, and leads me to write. Very
sound, very rhythmic, very rounded. A constant reflection on whether it is worth living or
dying inside the asylum.

She said: Isn't living round?

Scribbling, or scarabocchio, becomes one of the tetralogical forms that survive the time of
talking machines. It precedes the writing, it repeats itself without ever repeating itself.
Scribbling, the practice of imagining worlds: worlds under, worlds inside. Inside the prison,
the asylum, the workplace, the house. (the family, the school, the...). Scarabocchio, a
subtraction from control, from the colonization of the reality.

Between sleep and dream.

She said: Tra il sonno e il sogno.

There is a world living under. There is a living world under this world. Lia and others they
call us.

The construction of impossible friendships, that is the basis of a wandering pedagogy. With
Nicola Valentino, it is one of these friendships. Between wanderers, on boats. Boats on the
wall, here, in a prison. What do these boats tell us?

Here, in a prison, before modernity could invent prisons.

What, these fish, are telling us?

And She Said: Trace, a past, that has never been present.

4

Long duration is not the territory of the present, but it is the slow drying up of the river that governs life.
Embrace what is inconceivably vast, like when we wave our hands to chase away a raven.

She stood in front of the land, and made a song.

She sang to the land, and with her song, she apologized.

She apologized to its earlier names that were lost.

She apologized to the languages no longer spoken.

Her words were like a cry out, a whoop or a holler.

More like the ballad of the people who came to sing sorrow, a common sorrow.