

The Journal does not want to be an informative tool for the scheduled events nor has the presumption of "explaining them". The interventions collected here follow the different traces of festival flows and act as aesthetic breviary. As in a map, they represent an erratic path made coherent by graphic signs.

We leave to you, wandering readers and spectators, the task and the pleasure to abandon yourselves in this tangle or to unfasten it.

on the back:  
**Orbit** - by Federica Terracina

In Orbit, a shift in perspective is drawn and territories, plants and guests who live there become subjects. Orbit is an invitation to explore space through open and abstract signs. The composition of the work is the result of an intense journey throughout the landscapes of Basilicata whose borders are redrawn following the places of Altifest Matera Basilicata 2019. An imaginary map for a region that makes itself home while orbiting.

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## THOUGHTS ON INHABITING (AND ITS TIMES)

by Isabella Bordoni

from a conversation on October 10, 2019.

At a certain point in my life, for reasons that I did not envision nor desired, I left my accustomed theatrical habitat and entered the city. I moved to the city with two things: poetry and listening. I came then and I am still here and what feeds me the most is to be inhabiting the transitivity of the landscape. Not one or the other landscape. Not a specific landscape or another one, but each one, in the unique and exact condition of "place". I say transitivity not only because every landscape moves and changes with times and spaces, with its own syntax, but also because the landscape is (I believe) both entity and experience.

To be leaving the theatre, conceived in its spatial, technical and perhaps even moral dimension, made me live the place in its everywhere; inhabiting the everywhere-place, as landscape and text. As a language. Discursive, aesthetic, semiotic field. Under these conditions, using the term poetry does not mean to bring it back to the clean and reassuring form of the word. Rather, poetry is a clean and dirty exercise; to dare a language that is both understandable and stuttering. Poetry is inhabiting the experience of being in a place and everywhere, inhabiting the anywhere-place as a text, as a language. This inclination does not turn poetry into an expressive technique, this is not what I am interested in ... nor I am attracted to the technical management of listening ... nor am I interested in the sociology of techniques but I am drawn by the poetics of everyday life.

I believe that in everything I do, these two inflexions [poetry and listening], recognised as landscapes - that is, entity and experience - are essential; "possible" human maintenance. Living, but poetically, the world. I believe that this knowledge has also gently given me a sort of courage and, hence, an impudence, entirely internal, that I have directed to other conventions; this has led me, over time, to a capacity for desiring. Wanting - for example - to force the bureaucracies that govern the various codes of ultimate living, life and death. I think of "closed up" housing communities such as hospitalizations, hospitals, nursing homes or care homes for people with dementia or Alzheimer's ... Well, there, to force bureaucracies to open passages of humanity. Just inside all those housing forms that do not want anyone else to access it, experience expansions and tears, stretching the network of bureaucracy; and you can enter, a living body among living bodies. "Thinking" about living and it stamps its shape. Whether this is Abitare Futuro (Living Future\*), I don't know. Maybe this is a way of inhabiting; there has been; there will be a form of inhabiting that does not have a specific temporal dimension. There is a form of inhabiting. A "possible" inhabiting. If I "think" that you can enter a dementia centre and then that you can live inside a dementia centre, this might refute chronological time and decline the future to now; inhabiting the future now.

## THOUGHTS ABOUT TIME (RE-INHABITED)

from a 2014 conversation \*

Towards the end of 2000, I refused all the theatre productions that demanded for a new production for each season (for obvious reasons this dynamic also subsequently dismantled the theatre economy itself). Then, when I was quite grown-up, I found myself facing a threshold that required a long, thrifty and very precious reconstruction of my connections with the world. In that traumatic and reassuring phase, I could not be in a rush because that threshold, which also meant an awakening for me, required an immense effort to educate me to live anew.

Benjamin says that awakening is a "technique" of taking farewell from the past transforming the act of awakening into an exemplary case for remembrance. Something similar to Benjamin's understanding also happened to me because the first outcome of that trauma was a kind of amnesia that allowed the remembrance - which is not remembering but "recalling" to the memory - to occupy one's own space in the name of life; on the other hand, I had to find the strength for a departure and the creation of a new linguistic act. A work of naming and renaming that requires to die and be born again. In such a process, time cannot be your enemy. Friendship, with time, overturns different frames and consists primarily in leaving the crystallization of time and history.

To be able to inhabit time in the same way as we can inhabit a place means to identify the dimension of landscape within time and the dimension of time inside the landscape. Sometimes it is just about a "click" and then you can combine the missing slots of the puzzle that kept you occupied for years; it is time to sum things up. For me, the "click" happened when I had to review, on a day of great visual absorption, a painting by Raffaello at the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna. But this review - viewing a second time - was not a neutral action, but quite the opposite; it was also the result of hybridization. I was not there for Raphael but for Jan Fabre, because on that occasion his exhibition The Years of the Hour Blue with some great classics was also shown. The title that Jan Fabre gave to the Hour Blue series descended from the writings of his great-grandfather, the entomologist Jean-Henri Fabre, "who studied the mystical moment of the transition between night and day when night creatures go back to sleep and those belonging to the daytime wake up. These metamorphosis and rebirth themes have inspired Blue Hour designs. These are made with a blue ballpoint pen, especially on paper, but sometimes on large silk sheets or three-dimensional architectural objects.

Many of the works are delicate collages made with the preserved remains of insect bodies and wings. Again, it is a question of threshold and awakening. So the awareness of a time that is both eternal and ephemeral, was contained both in the work (by Jan Fabre and Raphael) and in the relationship that put them into dialogue. A dialogue, however, that remained open since Raphael's Madonna del Prato was not among the works that were closely related to that dialogue. Instead, it was spatially and ideologically located outside the intentional fabric of entrenched relationships. And yet it was there that the "click" happened. There I saw landscape and time living in a common perspective, the same that I have been investigating for years; the same that have always been there because implicit in the act of living. Life is precisely about being on two sides, the side of time passing and one of the creations of landscapes composed by the lives that are passing through them. Landscape and time are reciprocal dimensions. Every landscape happens within time. In this relationship between landscape and time, with my work *Refugee* I am interested in understanding what is the body and what is the source of its ephemerality. The body that both - time and landscape - inhabits and passes through.

\* The text brings in some passages from the Interview by Costanza Meli, Isabella Bordoni - Performer of the relationship between writing, body and landscape, on SuccoAcido Magazine, 27.3.2013



During Altifest, daily life and artistic process coexist in the same dimension of space and time, a domestic one. Therefore the rhythms that are embedded in the host family are overthrown, producing a shift in their habits. A new set of rituals arise which is shared with the hosted artists. Then the house opens up to the community of the fest and to all visitors who are greeted for the performances. For the donors, an extra-ordinary temporality begins which carries with it a new way of living and "practising" domestic spaces. The artist rearranges what is visible in the house and works with its spaces and objects both by overlooking their function and inscribing them in the fabric of a foreign vision - yet to come and still without a name. The poetic act, performed and received, redirects the direction of our glances shifting them from what is there, in the daily and the present, towards what is yet to be realised, what it might be, the future. Thus, Altifest predisposes a sort of laboratory in which it is possible to cultivate the idea that in a domestic space many lives can arise; other ways of living that go beyond a personal, family, nuclear dimension. A new set of encounter, confrontation, community and social bonds which can also find a space in the intimacy of one's own home; if one is willing to leave the door open. The works in the program explore the most remote dimensions of living, in a path marked by the tensions between four recurring semantic polarities: tamed / wild; legacy / slag; construction / destruction; origin / fulfillment; thus offering us a lens through which is possible to think about different forms and times of a potential living.

## THE BERLIN WALL

by Marc Augé

Cities, big cities in particular, have a special relationship with history. Remembrance of times past and ostentatious monuments to victory and conquest give history the opportunity to encroach upon the city. Architecture shadows the course of history, even though the seat of power shifts with internal development and revolution. History is also violent, and cities often bear the full brunt of it. They bear the scars. Vulnerable and filled with memories, cities resemble the human body. That, doubtless, is why we feel so close to a city, find it so moving. As the city changes shape, our own memories and identity are cast into doubt. It is easy then to imagine the impact of events on the people who suffered along with their city. Berlin is to a large extent an experimental city. In it, you sense the impact of the past and of forgetting, the possibilities and limits of voluntarism, the relationships between the city and society, between the city and art. From the paintings on the wall to the aggressive architecture of the Potsdamer Platz and the post-modern alternative culture, the capital of reunified Germany is both a test-bed and a museum. It encapsulates the history of the 20th century and is an active witness to the century that has just begun. And so I wanted to take a closer look. I had been told that the city would soon be physically welded back together and that even now there was little left of the old divide - a few traces difficult to identify. The first thing to do, and the easiest, was to look for the remnants of the wall. According to the sparse information in the guides, they had acquired the status of shrines, the kind of memorial that, as historian Pierre Nora has pointed out, does not necessarily mark the spot of a memory that lives on. I started with the most obvious: Checkpoint Charlie. Even if you have never been there, seeing it on film and reading about it make you think you remember it.

Source: Marc Augé, *Le Temps en ruines*, 2003, Editios Gallilée, Paris.

<sup>1</sup> The Italian verb *abitare* means "to dwell", "to live" or "to inhabit" a certain house. While the English verb "to live", recalls the biological root of living and its connection with "life", the Italian word *abitare* has a certain assonance with the nouns *abitudine* (habit) and *abito* (dress, suite, clothes). Its semantic spectrum therefore recalls the bond which connects people with the inhabited place, as if the identity of one depends on and is co-defined by the other.

LEMMARIO

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CONSTRUCTION / DESTRUCTION

by Silvia Mei

Mirror speaking, mirror language: some people might think it is a gift, for others is a brain alteration. Neurology explains that actually, our brain works like a mirror: each signal received produces two images, one normal and one that is, diametrically, its complete contrary. The left hemisphere is ordinary and sees things rationally, the right hemisphere is instead creative but restrains itself because it is responsible for correcting the perception of the contrary image. Sometimes the mechanism jams and the reverse prevail. Art turns things upside down.

Kurt Tucholsky wrote about the comedian Karl Valentin that he was *Thinking backwards*: "rare, sad comedian from another planet, immeasurably funny, who thinks backwards". Like Antonin Artaud arouses in his *Pour en finir avec le jugement de dieu* he is also dancing upside down: "Man is ill because he is formed poorly; to restore him to his freedom it is necessary to teach him to dance upside down, as in the delirium of folk dances so that the reverse might be his home".

*En dehors, en dedans.*

If we thought of destruction as a process of reversing, as the act of turning things inside out, it would be like reading a book from the end to the beginning, talking in argot, seeing a film starting from the end, listening to music by rewinding the tape. It is not about tearing apart the apparent order of things, but about subverting it; in the same way that Alice who, crossing Lewis Carroll's mirror, falls into a strange world that does not seem to make any sense. The view from the bottom of the well - suggests the sculptor Louise Bourgeois for her monumental work *I Do, I Undo, I Redo* - is a reflective dis-doing that allows us to return and be able to emerge. Do, undo, redo, precisely. The closed-circuit: order / chaos, beginning / end, memory / oblivion, construction / destruction is incorrect and incomplete. Destroying is necessary to rebuild.

Construction / Destruction / Reconstruction. It is a dialectic relationship, not a polarity. But let us go back to the mirror, a reflection of its opposite. The mirror gives back to us a quote that, straight away, speaks of ourselves and the world; and so, the integrity of the individual is dismantled. It is not necessary to break the surface of the mirror to fragment the identity of whoever is looking through it; the mere projection is enough to deconstruct its image. There, time is suspended and stratified by different temporalities merging memory, present and emotions. Though, we get lost so much in front of this representation that we forget ourselves, like Narcissus. Autobiographies replicate this mechanism, in a continuous rewriting that, in the end, deletes itself - "When I try to bring myself back to memory, I create myself. I am an imaginary being" (Serge Doubrovsky). Somehow, this last image recalls the endless plot of Penelope and her companions. A work without profit, an end in itself, but which produces, as Aristotle writes in *Rhetoric*, "beautiful works" (*erga kala*).

If we reflect upon what destruction really means, then we can read it as a harbinger of beauty: "nothing is born from diamonds, but flowers are born from manure".

FLASHES OF INSPIRATION

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by Pietro Gaglianò, curator, critic and scholar of the languages of contemporary visual art

*Rachel Witheread, House, 1993-1994, calco di casa in cemento, cast house in concrete, temporary public sculpture Wennington Green, Bow, Londra.*

*The Shape of the City (La forma della città)* is the title of a video documentary by Pier Paolo Pasolini filmed in 1973 and broadcasted on the 7th of February 1974; it was made for the television program *Io e ...*, produced by RAI with Paolo Brunatto as a director (RAI-Radiotelevisione Italiana is the national public broadcasting company of Italy).

Here Pasolini observes how the historic city dissolves itself through an uncontrolled expansion. In doing so, the author describes the destruction of a formal and functional connection with the urban context and with the rural world: which implicates a dissolution of the bond between the community and the cultural production. This way also the shape of the city, characterising former urban contexts, is lost. Pasolini observes this phenomenon from the point of view of a social aesthete, strongly anti-bourgeois but also conservative. This collapse brings along also the dissipation of the capability to connect art to the real world and the possibility of preserving art as a collective legacy. At the end of the film, a very touching conclusion, the writer says that "this anonymous past, this nameless past, this popular past" must be defended. The author underlines how this loss not only affects the monumental aspects of urban identity; it especially affects a specific world apparently less resonant, a world with a deep awareness illuminated by art, a world that for centuries has recognized itself into these forms of art. Such a world profoundly represents, in Pasolini's perspective, a legacy inexorably compromised by the rising capitalism.

Text by Pietro Gaglianò, *La forma della città*, written on the occasion of the homonymous exhibition at the Eduardo Secchi Contemporary Gallery, Florence, 2016