



Feminism

Thwarted



Here above, my sister, Agnese Nardi at age four, narrating a story out loud when she couldn't read yet, 1999.

Survival as Strategy

BY AGNESE NARDI

We normally think of survival as
a - final decisive isolated event -
dangerous moment to overcome,
when our instinct awakens not to
die, not to lose life
For me, this has not always been
the case

I realize I survive anytime I am
afraid to risk, choose, love, feel pain,
feel joy, say goodbye, try something
new...

When every aspect of life is too
painful to be faced, then we merely
survive. When this happens our
mind become a prison / we tend to
close our mind in a state of mental
incarceration in order to feel safer.
In doing so, fear (and pain) grow ex-
ponentially and our defense system
becomes an unbearable wall.

We slowly realize that a sense of loss,
that a heavy sacrifice, is mutable, is
something unaccountable or un-
measureable, is something incred-
ibly terrifying and magnificent : Life

A Litany for Survival

BY AUDRE LORDE

For those of us who live at the shoreline
standing upon the constant edges of decision
crucial and alone
for those of us who cannot indulge
the passing dreams of choice
who love in doorways coming and going
in the hours between dawns
looking inward and outward
at once before and after
seeking a now that can breed
futures
like bread in our children's mouths
so their dreams will not reflect
the death of ours;

For those of us
who were imprinted with fear
like a faint line in the center of our foreheads
learning to be afraid with our mother's milk
for by this weapon
this illusion of some safety to be found
the heavy-footed hoped to silence us
For all of us
this instant and this triumph
We were never meant to survive.

And when the sun rises we are afraid
it might not remain
when the sun sets we are afraid
it might not rise in the morning
when our stomachs are full we are afraid
of indigestion
when our stomachs are empty we are afraid
we may never eat again
when we are loved we are afraid
love will vanish
when we are alone we are afraid
love will never return
and when we speak we are afraid
our words will not be heard
nor welcomed
but when we are silent
we are still afraid

So it is better to speak
remembering
we were never meant to survive.¹

Thwarthed Feminism

Alice Nardi
Niall Jones, Thinking Partner

*In partial fullfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master Of Fine Arts, Dance*

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“Writing this, I feel the need to disclose the secrecy, or surrender it for that matter, to make you feel safe. As I tell you exactly what I aim to tell you, I hope this text redeems — to my fingers, at least — the common decency of hiding in public.”

Rafaat Mazoub, *Leaving a Secret Place*²

INTRODUCTION

TO : wander

This book is an unfinished collaboration and it will remain perpetually unfinished until you open it, until your life interacts with it, until other texts that you have read start moving. I imagine this book as a malleable social space³.

What follows is an ambiguous declaration of love, a collage of notes and correspondences, a series of reflections that trace a fugitive voice in the context of being a proximate, promiscuous, obsessive student of contributors to black, feminist, queer movements and critical dance theories in - but not exclusively - the United States. I arrived to this work from an Italian and Mediterranean perspective.

I have been thinking among and through and with the poetics of Fred Moten and Stephano Harney, Jack Halberstam, Saidiya Hartman, Bell Hooks, Audre Lorde, Rifaat Mazoub, Paul B. Preciado, CAConrad, Walid Raad, Samuel R. Delany and many others artists, scholars and thinkers, in particular the language and spirit of Niall Jones, the genius, vibrant resilience of Blakeney Bullock and the fundamental, visionary support of Jesse Zaritt. Without them, this work would have been impossible.

In intertextuality I find creation, reassurance, excitement. In texts I take off my past and I move toward liveness. While reading them transversally, casually, while placing them around, leaving them and finding them again, I remember and understand, I am reminded of the beauty of reconciliation and of the poetics of the untold, I long for and tend toward; I dream of possibilities to be together, to love, to reach out to you.

This essay is a collection of wayward⁴ refusals that traces backward and forward lines of repressed creativity and reframes my daily decision making, as well as my orientation toward insistence and breaking through.

This book is an analysis of pain and failure⁵, a regression into loss, domination and dependent bonds, an attempt to flip the subject of success, to turn around and away from rational alienation, discomfort and misogynist resignation.

My research is approached and processed through “crossing”⁶ rituals-as-method, both deliberate and unintentional. These rituals take form in motion and through the need to[re-search for an elsewhere] evade instructive restrictions in rooms, homes, public spaces, stations, bars, restaurants, galleries, entrances, passages...often in airports, in the street. These actions are gestures of radical observance and slippery presence that strengthen my aspiration of being on the move from cities prematurely resourceless.

These rituals are acts of deviant survival.

These gestures watered seeds of counterintuitive dissociation to get literally closer to something else. They take place in secrecy and in the huge universe held between my imagination of futurity and the resonance of the present moment.

Resting from the errancy of traveling healed a disorder of becoming and unravels an order of unbecoming / a mourning parade, a dilatation of stillness that nourished and planted my will to affirm, step in, dream an elsewhere.

A claim: this book is a journey anchored to roots, legacy and love for land and fictional spaces, for playful possibilities not determined by structures of authority, supremacy and social expectation.

It is a silent scream to become otherwise and be surrounded by a different kind of justice, a collective turn.

Waywardness is for me a space of refuge - parallel fluctuant corridors - where I am able to experiment with relationality free from codification, heteronormativity and schemes, where I can discover, affirm, play, sense and re-establish a superstitious sense of being, belonging, becoming.

Waywardness offers me a way to be in space that is loose, focused and responsive, a door or a hall to the mysterious spiritual and material desires of thingness, a spatial justness. Belonging for me is about remembering, listening to and arranging objects as a form of care, as a way to remember curiosity, to map moments of joy in privacy, a mundane ritual of transition and affirmation that seeks change through a forensic lens on leftovers and afterlives.

This practice allows me to choreograph feelings, trace the lineages of my origins in relation to a “laborious contemplation of nothing,” to an invisible network of associations. Making space for emergence, for silence, is a way to respect and look at interactions in their motion as well as in their infra/intra positionality, a mirror for self reflection, where

practices of interfugitivity enacts/play with a combination of moving events, enable an observation of objects in their fictitious autonomy.⁷

An assembly. Waywardness is to me a call for placement and dis-orientation that pays homage to what has not yet existed and what once has been, an instant bridging of fluxus, a sewing together of echoing flirtations.

This study is a practice, a way of being in the world. A practice developed by walking, being in motion, collecting fallen flowers, objects on the move, moving, migrating, observing, hunting for encounters, slipping, leaning, investigating language and its malleability, surrendering to intuition, observing ideas from every corner, falling into always new interdisciplinary inquiry, performing, meditating, standing, sitting, sleeping... an urgency to feel aliveness in hidden territories, an urgency to unleash boredom and displacement, to look for affordable, available intervals of impossibility.

What is the cost of impossibility?

When does motion become study?

My obsession/passion for thinking spatially comes from an adherence to liminality developed by resisting and slipping through oppressive contexts, as well as through my artistic greed/rush/hunt for social mobility when in processes of migration, composition and dance. My struggle comes from my relationship to patriarchy and from starting late at demanding recognition as a woman, queer migrant artist.

Most often, affirming my female body's independent choices and recognising my queerness only as an adult, made me

embrace risk and discomfort, made me push at the edges of legal conditions in a noncomprehensible sequence/ontology. The attitude of blending my feelings on the roundness of objectivity comes by noticing what's happening while simultaneously in motion, in aligning and considering how phenomenological structures of thought are entangled in various scales of coherence and when they create dissonance or, trauma. What is out of the borderline, out of the final outcome, outside and within and from and around the tangible, farther than the reachable...a spontaneous transposition of the above, the lateral, the underneath in the here and now without separation: a complete melting with landscapes or empty spaces that stares at non linear constellations of - replenishing, fulfilling - happening.

Being outside, being inside - the attraction to lands and domestic spaces moved me in parallel ways:

This research tracks my escapism from home, my search for selfhood away from home and my return home. A research that ultimately culminates in a desire to be placed within an unpermanent relationship to (decentered) geographies. My desire for desert horizons, ancient landscapes, oceanity and ruined walls testifies to my wish to inhabit a broader, borderless sense of home, an impersonation of void and absence toward a diffuse house.⁸

Having a home is not only a practical need, it is a right⁹, a habitat where feelings and thoughts originate and where the legacy and quality of their projections gets imprinted. My inquiry became radical and extended critically to architecture¹⁰: how does space influence your endeavor for relationships, your ethics and your thinking processes?

My experience in refugee camps as an activist led me to an interest in home demolition, borders and homelessness¹¹, detention and mass incarceration. Home¹² became a place where I could study waves of consciousness and temporality and where my questions could address political investigations. Study became an act of rebellion toward a society that defines roles in limited space for different categories and genders. Why is urban planning based on capitalism or white dominance, and what and is the effect of its homogenous architectural proposals?

How is this reflected in people's lives and what can theater or language offer?

I am criticizing the idea of home but also pointing at home as a landscape for thinking bibliographically, for practicing reading as architecture.¹³

My research became an intergenerational and transnational project for translating (migrational?geographic?emotional?) tensions in unpredictable and pleasurable alternative modes of living - in and out domesticity.

This research examines my tendency toward wonder, my practice of inhabiting space as a physical and critical thinker, designer, activist, writer, daughter and child always in a state of wandering.

ROOF

In my travels I am tracing the lines between home and the world out there.

The objects I collect are records that pin and witness my waywardness or the dichotomy between safety and chaos in my inner landscapes. It is a transitional methodology.

I built a wayward archive of the displaced queer/female body. This collection is made up of objects that have survived my non-planned travels as well as my returns.

In a way, these objects are an inventory of my mum's mother's heritage, signs of what I interpret as a striving toward coolness and diversity, symbols of a strike for freedom that these women wanted to affirm. Symbols of the women they still could be. This inventory is a map to my artistic discovery.

My refusal to plan travel or my instinct to travel without a logical destination testifies to my relationship with slippage, a tentative affirmation of improvisation as a mode of directing, experiencing.

Improvisation for me is not a casual or random approach that reacts to external stimuli but rather a more sincere attuning to a desire for risk and bewilderment, an attentiveness to maintain a proactive openness to the complexity of major duty and calls.

I feel a fascination with street deterioration and light.

The street is relevant in collecting objects of errant decadence as a result of unexpected encounters.

The street is a fundamental place for me to think. I think by moving, walking and noticing spots of reverberation.

I escape the glory of the reachable.

Through the fictionality of living other places I discover what is undefinable.

The attraction for choosing where to move became a maniacal, insane revelatory exercise.

This led me to overcome transgression, to realign the forces inherited by my mother's expression and my father's motivation, to move out of their line and affirm a non linear phenomenology as a queer artist in rebellion to submission and temporal attendance - imposed by patriarchy and capitalism, in action and not in reaction, in reception and not in resignation.

In this disoriented modality of traveling, or inhabiting waywardness, I found myself in the negation of humanness, in favor of thingness, of aroundness, of the atmospheric, the lived and revealed, the ruined and tumbled, the once existed and stolen, in the again-ness or the neverending-ness of wandering

I WAS AT THE AIRPORT

i was at the airport

I felt deep down in my stomach that I wanted to leave.

Thousands of times I have arrived at the boarding gate not wanting to go, and I felt a great pain not being able to surrender to my will.

This time, unlike many others, was the opposite: I was practicing my free will to do what I desired.

“End this little trip today and go back to my mother’s house or stay?”

The flight was booked and my friend was arriving that night. She couldn't decide also if to travel there or not and to improve her courage, I booked the flight for her: she was the happiest person ever.

But that was not my situation.

My challenge was to follow my instinct free from others’ wishes.

I lived traveling as a big improvisational play/stage for years.

The trip was my performance: from the beginning to the end.

From the flight to go to the flight to return.

Obviously none of those flights were booked in advance, especially the return ones. Or on the contrary, they were booked way too early than my capacity to sense my desire, my acceptance to tune into the circumstance of a departure.

That day in that summer literally manifested the moment of choice as a dramatic, torturous piece of theater. (Do not worry, I have been in therapy, any kind of therapy hahaha!)

I was at the boarding gate - I was the last person because part of me was drifting me backward, terrified to make the wrong choice and regret the step that would place me back home, trapped again in my failed escapism. The otherside of myself was encouraged to trust the void of my intuition, whatever the consequences may be.

By that time, the hostesses had threatend to close the gate and I was looking for excuses to turn around.

After big great anxiety and trepidation I went, I stepped through the door. I arrived in front of the plane's stairs, made three steps, stopped and descended.

For twenty minutes all the crew present in that passage participated in the most inclusive, encouraging, hilarious way: the only reason why I am citing this story is because - first of all, I have never witnessed such an improvised flexibility and helpful spirit - I never saw such an elasticity of time happening at a border moment dictated by technological straightness.

I ran up and down those stairs at least three times, while the luggage stewards were laughing hysterically and the hostess on the plane was checking on her personal phone the train

schedule at my destination to help me decide.

"I don't know what to do" I kept repeating with increasing panic absorbing all my ability to be lucidly vigilant.

"Do you want us to decide?" "Launch a coin!"

"What's the problem, why don't you want to travel, miss?"

"Do you need a doctor?" "You can sit at the front, no problem, the flight will be only an hour and a half, don't worry!"

And while the rest of the equipment was silently and invisibly waiting, holding on my last-passenger-step, "I CAN'T" I kept repeating crying, "I just CAN'T."

I think about improvisation as the timeframe when memory is created.

I think about improvisation as the time that a new path of alignment is created and synchronicity between the collective, the outside and the inside happens.

Basement
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
REFERENCES





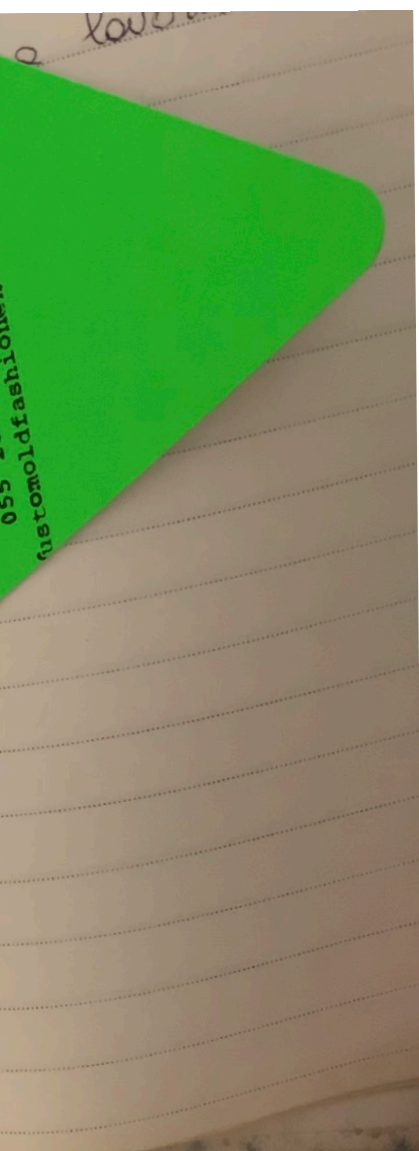
Siamo già il 15 luglio nel mezzo dell'estate, oggi ho cominciato a studiare chimica! Stasera sono d'accordo con Stefano & comprare il pecore alla Biaggio! Dopo siamo andati a...

... È stata brevissima
l'orale dell'e

È stata brevissima
l'orale dell'ematologia
ho dato l'orale dell'ematologia
me di maturità e gli è andato
to molto bene. L'Alessandro è
tornato dall'Isola d'Elba tutta rosa
e Stasera dopo cena Stefano è venuto
to da me e siamo rimasti in casa
perché la mamma si era sentita
male. Domani c'è Renato fino al

Custom old fashion
142/R

142/R
via Romana, FIRENZE
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I took these pictures of my mum's school diary in one of my travels back home from Philadelphia, in February 2020.

After establishing my fake calligraphy in “linguaging the contemporary,” a course attended in Montpellier in summer 2019, I “casually” discovered that she also developed a secret alphabet.

That day I also found some letters sent to my grandmother, attached below, see pag. 38, 39, 40.



Questa è una lettera firmata, scritta da una persona vera, nata da fatti accaduti realmente.

Ma i fatti sono talmente grandi e talmente di tutti che si è deciso di toglierne la firma per farla conoscere così, sicuri che chi la legge la sentirà facilmente sua.

Non è una denuncia nè uno sfogo: è un grido di rivolta, che potrebbe essere di chiunque, contro la violenza di un sistema che trasforma il servizio in potere, la sofferenza degli altri in profitto.

Siamo un gruppo di amici che pensa così di rendere un servizio a tutti (compresi naturalmente noi stessi): al malato, al vecchio, a chi muore, a tutti quelli che stanno "dalla parte del malato", e anche a quelli che si trovano dall'altra parte che potrebbero ripensarci.

PERCHE' SI ARRIVI A FARE QUALCOSA DI DIVERSO.

1/12/1895
X PIERANNA

(TRASMISSIONE LETTERALE DEL CONTATTO
CON IL MIO ANGELO GUIDA - CHE CI RAPPRESENTA)

16/10/96

PIERANNA, ANGELO PIÙ CHE DI AMORE, COME RICHIESTO DA PIERANNA
CITOTOCI PER 10 E LEI CI SIANO GIÀ CONGIUNTI IN UNA VITA PRECEDENTE, E SE
SI, PIAUQUE DEPIAQUE D'ESCA.

SI! VI Siete già conosciuti, come lei aveva intuito e posto che che la vostra relazione
ERA MOLTO STRETTA E MOLTO APPASSIONATA, L'ORA ERA VERSO LA FINE DEL 1900 IN FRANCIA
TU E LEI ENTRATE DEI CORTIGIANI CHE PASSATE LA MAGGIOR PARTE DEL TEMPO A DIVERTEVI
— A TIRAR TARDI! NON SI PUÒ CERTO DIRE CHE FOSSE UNA VITA MOLTO CONTRASTATA
LA VOSTRA PERÒ ERA SOPRATTUTTO IMMERSA NEL DIVERTEMENTO, PIÙ UN VUOTE ALLA GI

FRAMMENTI ENTRATEI BELLI SO ELEGANTI E SOPRATTUTTO, DOVE AL DIVERTEMENTO, VI
PIACEVA IL LUIO E LE CACCIATE, POI LA RINNOVAZIONE, SPARDO' VIA TUTTO IL LUIO
DEL MONDO ED ENTRATEI JOANISTI LA NOIE PER UN PURO MIRACOLO.

DOPO QUESTI ANNI DIVERTEMENTO, VI Siete poi di vita, FINO A RITROVARVI IN TACITO
ERA CON TUTTI I MANI E GU ACCIACCHI TIPICI DELL'EM AVANZATA, MA
LO SPIRITO ERA RINATO.

DE RA

Fi, 6/9/27

Gent. me Sig.ra

non so se questo documento
che mi permetto inviarle può esserle
di aiuto. E comunque una
testimonianza di quanto lunga
sia la strada per raggiungere
l'umanizzazione della scuola.
La saluto

Aurelio Verrini



The journey began with a blue shoe on one foot and a red shoe on the other.

I was two and I used to cry if my mum didn't let me wear two different shoes to walk out in the world - going for errands with her.

I ended up with a pathologic, obsessive addiction for flights.

I have booked thousands of flights. And lost as many.

I have lived in hundreds of temporary houses.

What I wish to traverse is the journey of the force of eruption, the explosivity of youth in search for the unknown, the powerful, the unpredictable, the liberatory, the 'undomestic-able', the gigantic, the astonishing gift of arising and breaking through, breaking down, without tools, without previous guidance, without permission to deviate from the norm and without the expectations of a (patriarchal) domain of belief, which always privileges what is secure, walked through, done, controllable and in which I choose to fail.

This is the story of a female body dispossessed and displaced.

After the breaking of my parent's marriage, the death of all my grandparents, the abandonment of my grandmother's home, and leaving the house where I grew up, I started to travel.

Without noticing at the time, I shortly began to be displaced.

I am here to focus on my mother's side of the family - a heritage of socially unaccepted diversity, uncomprehended originality. An avant-gardist experimentation of being an emancipated single woman, initiated by my grandmother, that evolved in dramatic unresolved relationships and later sickness.

I have indelible memories of my grandmother's house after she passed away: I will never forget the day we entered after having been prohibited access.

From that house many objects survived and slipped into my existence, objects I feel passionate about because they are signs of style, legacy, passion in history. Her fashion outlook, her obsession for alternative medicine...her faith in other cultures/worlds. She never physically travelled but I have encountered books from all over the world, especially eastern cultures, anticipatory movements. Her heritage is a mix of her addictions and smart entrepreneurial spirit. Her clothes are today foundations of my belongings, with all that survived despite a lack of direct transmission.

Her items curiously popped up in my life in intangible mystery anytime I was coming back home.

The house we entered stood in the heart of one of the most precious hills in Tuscany, a magic and seemingly shadowed sweet historic village with an important role in the subcultural movements of the 60s/70s.

The house where my mum grew up was the site of a monastery cut up into apartments. There, three generations inhabited the same walls, all together. So many tragic and tight untold dynamics were inscribed in the accumulation of never removed objects.

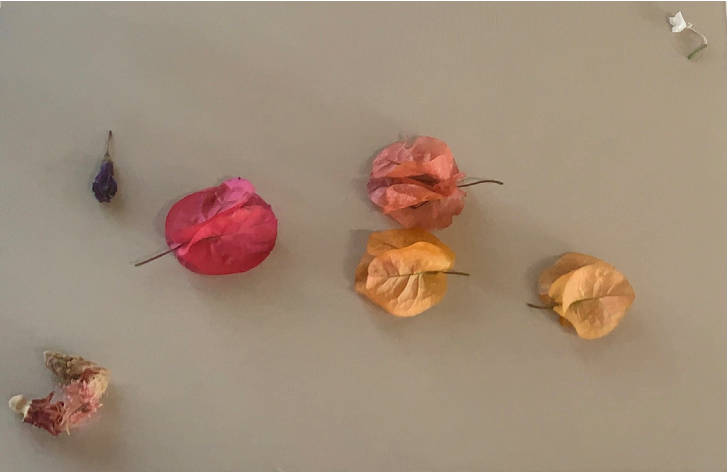
I have not many memories of having entered that place as a kid, but I feel her character/attitude emerging in my persona. The moment I entered after her death, I had access to all the times that had existed there before. In the moment my mum decided to sell that house, a huge heritage got interrupted, and in that same moment a new house was chosen to host a broken family's future.

That new house became the base from which I started moving and the first one of the many I have lived in the years to follow, never arriving, never staying, never surviving the strangeness of a permanent sense of unbelonging.

Rituals









This is a “weirdo thing”

What I am proposing with this prompt is a “weirdo thing,” a game or a (Soma)tic ritual, to call it like CAConrad’s poetic experiment¹⁴, aimed to collect notes, texts, messages coming up from (the life of) certain relevant things in your secret errant weirdness !

The prompt is based on the wish to build a ‘non-archive’, an orbiting of leftover objects or traces that survived the dominant rule of functionality, catalogue and categorization. What I am trying to pull together within my practice is my female ancestor’s wayward heritage in the frame of Sadiya Hartman’s vision ‘making living an art or a critical project.’¹⁵

In a moment where escaping the norm has become for me an introspective speculative practice of*reflection and isolation on the domestic journey of alternative occupancies... I am reminded of what is the connection between activities, relationships and critical focus...between memory, things and thoughts that secretly survive or refuse the norm. What is the puzzling correspondence emerging from the life of an object and the infrastructure of our writing or reading activities in the present moment?

Milky fountain in the city.
Yesterday I had a ritual.

Yesterday I had a ritual. I went to visit my mother. She offered me some food from her kitchen. We spoke about my grandmother and her memories of some events. I asked her some questions about what she is studying, curious for her updates. I started talking to her, while my mind flew away / slipped elsewhere to dig into some topics for my research. When I was about to leave, I was hunting for some evidence to save the conversation we had.

Very heavy stuff.

I was looking for some object to bring with me into my place...something meaningful that could help me with the intention|to discover who my grandmother was, beyond the social or familiar descriptions of her I already knew.

She was a pathological collector (hoarder) and a way-too-far-feminist-avant-guard woman for her time. She chose a career instead of marriage. She chose conflict and provocation till the end.

Before I left I had some Tabasco sauce, some organic balsamic vinegar my mother bought for me knowing my taste, a couple of zucchini ready to be on the move and then, hesitation knocked at the door: almond milk or book?

I have established to set some boundaries with my mum in welcoming the care she needs to offer but also defining my free will to make decisions on what to receive!!!! wow!! how to leave the house. How to say goodbye.

Basically an exit agreement that aims to find a middle ground between the way she tends to act upon my independence and the way I negotiate and find space for my adulthood. I said no to the milk and I took the tiniest book I found on the shelf: Pinocchio. A 3x2cm edition.

I wasn't satisfied though. She would come to check on whatever I would end up taking so my choice wouldn't really be mine in the end. I kept running my eyes over and around the shelves in front of her until I found the title 'ночи бессонные ночи'...a Russian book? "What is this?" I asked "that's a book written by a homeopathic doctor your grandma would bring me to, when I lost the child I was waiting for before you. He used to do all these cleaning signs to purify the body" She adds, doing some up and down gestures with her hands with a suspicious/doubting/insecure smile. It seemed pretty clear, that was the symbolic object I needed to carry with me. A list of boring Russian poetry translated into Italian on each right page of the book: deal.

I am at the door, detachment moment and grief - greetings time. "Are you sure you do not want to take the milk?" And I go "Okay." I take the milk and leave the tiny book behind. I replaced the milk which I previously left on the cassapanca outside the door with the tiny book. My mum moves it to put it inside, 'leave it there' I firmly say.

- bye mum

I enter the elevator with the milk in my hands and a bit of release for shifting into my self zone and trespassing the border of the past into my present. I am carrying emotions. I watch the milk. I realize that I only took it to make my mum happy, a compromise to let her imagine I could still be fed by her, especially with such a maternal drink. I go rational and think "well, I do use it but I just got the gluten free one which I bought yesterday, I don't really need it now: and I don't wanna think about when and if I will need it in the next few days. Oh this is so cheesy. I exit the main door of the building and deposit the milk at the corner. I keep walking and leave much

lighter. But not light enough really. On the way, something disturbs my enjoyment of stepping away and traveling freely back to my place. "Oh that's not fair though, you could have taken it anyway... what if she sees that I left it there... she'll be pissed. I am rejecting her, it feels odd. Oh come on you've already stepped out, you cannot go back... did you leave it there as an excuse to come back? 'Non return' practice: do NOT turn and come back, stick with your choice and keep going, you are free, you are gone! Right, right, let's keep going. Well, let me check, c'mon, I can't leave it there, it disturbs my mind to leave an object there as an orphan...nope! It's okay just go... two steps back and the smell of failure...nearly over the crisis for goodbyes and family love cuts..stay with it, go back to yourself, think about what's next, take it easy, strength and courage, you can make it...so relieved. I call my friend...I send a message...I go toward a bus stop...seriously I have to go back and take it. Quick, fast, painless: go! oh damn. I got it! I rang the bell of someone on the first floor: '...yeah, sorry I live on the 5th floor, forgot keys...' opened. See the milk, walk toward it...grab it. Turn around, check the gate: out again. Straight to the tram...on it. Gone. Uh...repositioning myself with what I know to not exist otherwise.

Her compassionate infiltration at the cost of renouncing my independence. I sit in the tram with the milk in my hands. People watch me. I can't fix it. I can't put it in my bag. I still don't know what to do with it. Not sure if it is a trophy or a pain in the ass. Fourth stop. The genius awakens: that's when the brilliant weirdo idea comes in! I have to throw it: this milk doesn't want to go back or come forward to my house, I don't want it, my mother doesn't want it either. The sequence 'Door...street...free food...Jodorowsky' scrolls through my

brain in a millisecond: need to sacrifice the bond of codependency and unleash all the children we haven't given birth to... so for them, I am blessing and crystallizing the water of the river with this milk. Nature goes back to nature. Get rid of it. I wanna do it. I stand. I keep walking out of the tram. Bang. I can't stand the tram I need to walk. All the way to the river until the bridge I used to turn at to arrive home. I stopped before the bridge: a closed piece of street that was used to access the pier's view. Blocks of cement closed the access. I jumped the bank and entered the prohibited spot! I transgress! Under the eyes of everyone in the streets busy with sunset / with the sunset in their own minds! Someone jogging, someone chatting..and then me: I am illegal ! So much fun and adrenaline! I watch the waterfall, I open the milk, I drink it a bit and go for the psycho magic act/action - I start throwing it from the height of that balcony: YESS! YESS! I love it! I'm DOING IT- I FEEL WEIRD AND ALIVE AND OBSERVED! I cannot follow the milk falling through with my eyes and crashing on the surface, so I throw it violently in the air and see the milk jumping out of the bottle, squirting schizzi on the crest of the flood, perforating the light of it, splashing out and disappearing in the river.

I feel so good and reinvigorated. I make a sign on my head. I jumped out. I feel good. Excited. I'm all in my body, in my feet, in my soul, in my steps, no romanticism, no sentimentalism, no extra interpreting or second guessing, sticking to the action...no ultra celebration or thoughts, just genuine actions and FREEDOM. And weirdness. Fuck: I miss performing. I miss the sharp alive awakening cruelty of performance. I miss taking action. Taking risks. Transcend. Transform. with all my physical weirdo. I walk like I am flying. Fast. Decisive. De-

terminated. Proud. Electrified. No hesitation. No doubts. Just exploration of self determination and unknown happiness: mission accomplished. I look back without stopping: the best time ever: the immortalized frozen sky, shadows, straight, fluctuant, pink and violet shine, the most vibrating birds singing, the enchantment of a mysterious or magical goddess of the moment within the poetry / orchestra of the end of their day. God blesses the weirdos.

Hey youuu! :P hahaha thank you I love that we are moving on the text together now! Blakeney: Hi! I love reading the milky trail..lol there are some very poignant moments inside of this story. That boundary about goodbye is soooo good... mm...yes I am glad you found that. So much struggle and pain back in the year...so many details and other moments to think about which maybe seem effortless or irrelevant when we notice how we feel during the establishment of the boundaries..? Yes yes yes. You are doing the work

In generous response to “a weirdo thing”

Jesse Zaritt wrote:

Mar 24, 2021, 11:47 AM

they turn up elsewhere from where I had placed them or he had placed them. sometimes standing up against the wall of the bathroom. water dripping off their edges.

they are yellow and stained and squelch somewhat with every step. they are convenient.

I feel somewhat nauseous and dizzy. congested. not sick, more stuck. like, how did we get here?

the other day I typed “what is going on” into google. I can’t figure it out. I can’t stomach it. my back can’t take it. later, I typed in “what is wrong with me.”

I am laughing now, but there was - at the time - some hope of being heard. like the the internet would somehow answer my call with a cogent and profound series of links to everything I need. this is what is going on it would say. this is it.

this IS it.

what is wrong is both everything and nothing. the shattering urgent wrongness of my being has never been more clear.

I can’t go on like this - we can’t keep this up. devouring the planet. slurping extractive selfishness. white bloat, pale greedy fear and violence and fatigue, getting nothing right. and then, an invitation to be pulled apart, or pulverized or ignored into oblivion. different kinds of bliss. irrelevance as freedom.

having already been cast aside - worthless queer - having
already lost the future, dead before alive - why not do what
I want?

I slip on the yellow crocs, feel their clammy softness - the
textured bumpy ridges massaging my feet. I am cushioned
as I take out the trash which I have to remind myself to do.
take care of your shit.

take care of the space you inhabit.

take care of those you live with.

slow walking into windy street mask free. mask for mask
for masc. I stay close to the building. I look ridiculous. I am
ashamed.

it is always busy on my block. trucks and ambulances. dogs
shitting. long lines of people waiting for the clinic to open.
kids playing with those annoying small white sacks that
crack and pop and explode when you throw them to the
ground. music playing from the fenced-in concrete yard
of the building behind us. an overweight couple walk in
slow circles there. caged exercise. music from the front, the
street. car radios turned up. blasting.

this is it this is it this is it thisisitthisisit.

my father wears these slippers that are quite ugly. they are
grey with a thick rubbery sole. hugely cushioned. they hold
his feet in place with just one strap over the arch. his toes
- big toes angled in like mine are now (it is a joint deformation
born of overuse, misuse - we misuse ourselves up) - are
free of any covering.

what did Paul Preciado write?

“we don’t have a body that we come later to reflect upon. we
make ourselves a body”

stop the car

The feeling of enclosure I sense in being seated next to the driver as a passenger has been growing over the years. It makes me feel pressured, dependent and compromised. It ruins all the time spent before that lift and all the ones happening after. It makes me become a package and this hits my stomach. It deprives me of being free to walk on my legs, sense the connection between one place and another, it doesn't allow me to associate my thoughts with a route, a place, a sighting, and my body. Imagination inhabits the legs.. my teacher used to say. Your feet know where you're going before you release them because they land in the dark (below the soil of our foot there is actually no light on the floor) they are the future, let them drive you and be informed through the floor, be supported by gravity and the space under your legs, the room they take. That's why you wear large trousers. It doesn't make me think properly and it deprives me of following emotions and events emerging from the streets, from encounters, from being in the right place at the right moment. I can't sense time in a car. I am just waiting to get out. I feel a lack of choice and freedom when being driven somewhere, especially by parents who want to impose their roles on you because they fear saying goodbye and pretend to be helpful in marking you as unable to decide how to move next and how to enter your future. I can't describe the torture and rage I feel anytime they insist and I end up saying ok...

FEBRUARY 17TH 2021

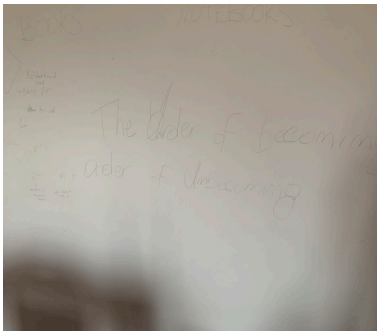
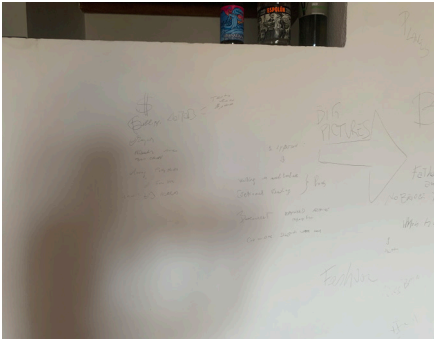
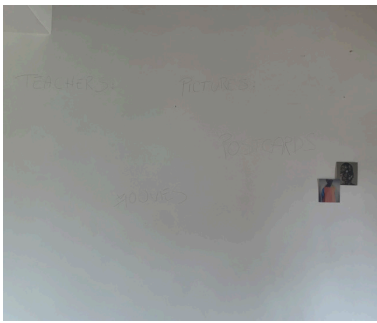
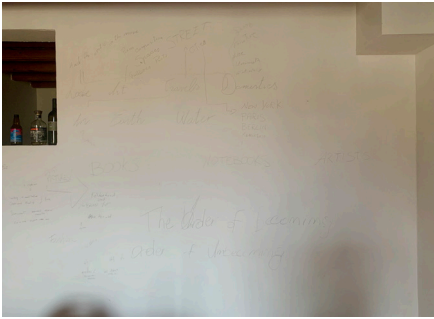
February 17th 2021

February 17th 2021





The Wild, the unknown
Find a way to host you without
any agreement
Without any shame and pre-
conceived idea on doing
It's both straight clean genuine
tender mature spontaneous hot
wild and crazy, untold, un-
established challenging, unpre-
dictable
Immersing emerging, feeling
From the inside and skinless
It is shy and strong
Mad and precise,
Dreamed and demanded
Wanted and protected,
Shared and Rejected



With this writing I would like to picture myself as a character during my daily life and see the irony of the self while imagining to be in conversation with you all - in wildness. It is an offering from a daily domestic study. You can throw it away or eat upon it. Feel free to find a destination for these words or to destroy them.





I am in the middle of my living room paralyzed by the exhaustion that comes from the intention of ordering and archiving my own artistic processes and individual patterns. I feel fatigue in my stiff body and I decide to let all my material live in a hanging out mood for some days...and let them take space...or life.

Tons of notes are displayed on the floor, boxes, luggages with memories opened up, postcards, objects, drawings and photos...they all trace some experience of research back in time. I read a pdf received one year ago in Philadelphia and I think about my activity, my relationships with intimacy and metaphoric trajectories. *Terra Infima: Geography's Visual Culture* from Irit Rogoff¹⁶.

I start writing down all the books from whom to assemble an analysis in a constellation of my interest in motion. More than tackling my interest to portray my work through a map, I am following by heart or paying attention to my demands of searching for 'order' according to what immediately speaks physically to me.

I then begin to conceptualize the connection between geography and pleasure, and when I pause, more thoughts blow up on mapping language as a practice. I stand up. I feel my body not wanting to restrain its desire into categories and I keep wondering, driven by the love for who I relate to, the wish to imagine and to keep placing my hanging out time to build an exciting, comforting, reassuring and slippery future.

I remind myself some doinglist that emerged from that thinking and while I keep navigating between the inspiration and the stream of thoughts, I direct myself to the kitchen, fill my cup, wash some dishes, arrange the oranges in a different plate and look at the vegan 'crostata' with kiwi and flowers on top displayed on the table from my favorite shop. Shall I put it in the fridge? I decide to leave it on the table to observe its composition and imagine its taste the next time I'll eat a slice of it: now..? Later, tomorrow morning for breakfast...What do I eat for lunch?

Oh yeah, I planned for the gluten free spaghetti with garlic and parsley and cabbage. "Vongole Fuggite" they call it. My fridge is intentionally empty as a form of exclusive selection, like a sort of VIP list at the entrance of a Night Club that will only let what fits in with the rest of the ingredients of my aesthetic taste.

I am bothered by the idea of my mum's need and I remind myself not to be defeated and keep the day only for myself, "you are doing well, keep working." I look at the African mask on the armchair, I start dreaming of a plain domestic scenario of terra cotta and yurth or an exotic landscape that awakens my pleasure and dancing senses. I think of you and keep projecting myself in that inner colorful land to "appropriate" myself of that feeling and planting seeds of tender togetherness. I sip from my black and white cup and go back to the hanging out mess on the floor where I used to think. If I only move a thing my thoughts will be moved. I am stimulated.

The papers keep me company in the spreaded un-placement of them all. I grab another pdf, watch outside of the window without any purpose and think of you, lose my mind in meditative invisible traveling.

I land on the unnecessary need to agree, to check, to ask, the unpredictability of our encounter and the fire that comes from it and from its non consumerism, nevertheless felt, wanted attraction.

I got to a point: what shall I propose in class? I keep asking myself underneath this query.
What matches with the communal goings on and the growing sharing we are committing to?

I go back to reading 'Wild Things' from Jack Halberstam¹⁷, which I left on the chair the night before.

My consciousness surfs on what it means to feel wild, something feels hypersensitive in my body while I try not to lose focus between the idea of an - indoctrinated west -(its idea of the "natural") and sexuality, desire, gender¹⁸.

I remember the conversation I had with a young boy, who believed male orgasms are a rush of reproductive instinct....and all the discrimination on the nature of pleasure that comes with it.

My thoughts are building and with them my observation of the self I lay out in the wild. Actually viceversa, the wild inhabiting myself.

I am still not sure that I want to speak about geography, I check my email..I draw a map

I stand up again and sit on the sofa. I play the guitar and practice my musical attuning.

When I play I feel a sense of trust delivered in the sound coming up slightly after the fingertips are touching the chords, trembling on a nearly wrong spot. I fit in the rockstar character for a few minutes...I think of the singers whose music I'm playing...and of the feeling of the moment I listened to those songs for the first time.

I go to the toilet, look at myself in the mirror, take some cleansing acts of care and come back. My guts lead my gaze to pose on Countersexuality¹⁹: exactly what was needed. A parody of heteronormativity, a fluid text written as a performative experiment on gender and sexuality and on “dildotechnology.” It is brilliant, funny and it fragments every certainty. It is exciting. I am excited by the provocation of its deliberated words.

I am tracking the flux of my writings now, while I am here reporting my daily domestic “activities.” I am thinking of myself as an opening-up-stranger who loses privacy while reading what I am just about to write. I am waiting for the necessary passage into some consistency, a sort of introduction on the self. Are they lost, annoyed, do they think I am schizophrenic?

It is time for Ben’s class. I have just had a long phone call with a dear friend of mine with whom I built a video installation in Berlin a few years ago. She is family. She took me out of prison.

She updated me on her life after a very long time. We set up our call at 4pm.

I didn’t imagine what she was going through back in Milan and she announced to me her decision to send a University doctorate request and move back to Berlin. I am surprised and glad for her.

During Ben’s class, I texted her. I read her text. We were both glad to have heard back from each other and she did send me the pdf proposal of her research to ask for my personal opinion. Flattered and grateful I suddenly sat with her writings after Thesis Workshop class was over.

Delightful to shift myself into the role of a critical reader and be as friendly as close enough to tackle her talented and mastered writing..my initial thesis research was similar when I started the MFA program at Uarts.

I would love to share with you my shifting point of view in a post pandemic moment, the difficulty or refusal to indulge in a cataloguing ceremony, which feels so painful for my body.

Setting the past and establishing an irremediable sense of meaning to the unfinished, the unlivable, the once standing out fluently and chaotically, sure of what to ride, hunt and catch for.

I am thinking of the act of worldmaking made available by texts that want to be shared, read, moved, opened, transported, digested, fucked.

What am I describing and why, is up to you. I stand here as a sighting device that wanders on existence, on relationality and positionality. How do you categorize what you have done, when you realize that mostly your liveness was behind what we imagined ourselves to become, to immerse ourselves in, to be represented by - what once I pursued in - theaters for instance.

I stand here merely to be in conversation.

h23.40

I feel enclosed.

I feel enclosed.

I can't stay here.

I need to go back to where my house was. I can't think.

I can't write without feeling that sense of homelessness and without doing my practices, without being free to move, feel, place and replace.

I need to be in "possession" of my full thinking.

I am into my being homeless drama.

I miss it. Why didn't they let me stay in longer?

Why didn't they allow me to stay even when I proposed to pay, not even a night more to write?

I am feeling terribly mistreated, terribly mourning the ability to inhabit a home.

I am terribly bothered by stuff being misplaced from its place. I cannot unpack, I cannot bring stuff to an elsewhere. That's what bothers me most. The inerrancy of my proximity. The distance of my belongings and of my thinking - behavior, which gets lost in misplacement.

I am leaving the drama of displacement, I don't want to be anywhere else but there.

I had to leave, take the car and get here. I am sitting outside of my house where I can't enter any longer because the owner kicked me out to rent it on airbnb. There I felt home and had no need to escape for the first time... He forced me to leave in a week and with no anticipation.

He repeatedly entered the house without warning to check if I was moving out and rushed me out quickly enough to render the house available for eventual bookings. The house has been empty ever since. It has been a week from tomorrow now. Why? Why did he need to do this?

I am watching the windows of the house I left from outside everyday.

I didn't want to pack. Stuff didn't want to be packed.

Things had a history of arrival and a life in this house during these months, I am terribly attached and in adoration of this history. It made me feel good, it made me feel cared for, it made me feel I was cherishing and nourishing my traveling practices while being home and ordering my present through trajectories of chaos, errancy of chaos. Objects had lives in which I participated as a "mover." I made them move and I assembled them in a specific spot or place in accordance with what was happening to them.

Everything had a specific mission or reason to be there even if left abandoned. This practice brought me to contemplation, declaration of intents, secrecy and privacy.

I miss every taste of it, the sofa, the kitchen, the beloved tea.

My books testified to their presence and to my company.

That place represented a first-time place. A transition. An elaboration. A very first time of many experiments. The sacredness of stepping up the stairs and going to bed at night was my favorite silence. I was waiting for this moment all day long and I could remember how much I enjoyed it only when doing it again. Darkness is my favorite: turning the light off at night before going to sleep was the best moment of the day.

This house is where I could feel lonely, where I could feel good, where I could just feel without any avoidance and at maximum fullness. -I could be radical-

I miss the trousers I could make fall on the floor from upstairs and the echo of the sound of them being dropped, the meticulous choice to misplace and negate items in the kitchen and everywhere.

Nothing was extra or superfluous if not in deliberate abundance and mess. For example, there was never too much shampoo bought by mistake, nothing was brought home by accident but always in the research of the moment, of the beauty of the choice itself. Everything was purchased locally and sustainably. no shampoo was bought at the chain grocery store and all toilet paper was recycled. Everything was spontaneously measured and there was never too much for too long - except my writings and notes in accumulation.

The things I consumed are few and their colors were well chosen and selected. I challenged myself by trying not to consume any plastic and I was nearly successful someday. Everything entered the home for a specific reason, in the avoidance of the regular. No people were really allowed to enter but me and my sensations, vibrations, fruits, food, flowers and toys/tools found on the street.

About the flowers: I used to collect them, to grab them from the street anywhere I went as a sign of joyful absence, as a symbol of the journey crowned by grace or mercy or permission, a form of glory and mourning and maternal instincts.

WORLD MAKING
COLLABORATION
INVESTMENT IN OTHERNESS
MASSINESS
PUBLIC REFUGE

the wayward ar-
chive
keywords:

SECRECY

RETURN

PRIVATE

TRANSGRESS

VAGUE

MISS

EVADE

The wayward archive
questions:
What if disruption becomes
the norm?
diasporic tactics
topography of exceptional-
ism
anti/lack/refusal of reconcil-
iation
protest as a queer strategy

last year notebook's notes:

man 5 Trou 5

you crash

where a to

I step your

I love you de

I love you

Your

monstrous monstra

into my curriiness

the fuck are you

into my fresh

curriiness

just into my dumb
ness

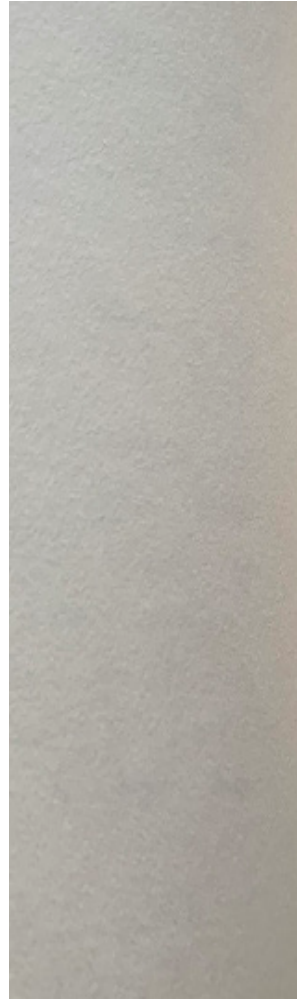
Feet

monstrousness

inhibitiveness

mu

idealless



On the street
In the night
Fly away on the night

I stay you night
I can never ~~don't~~ ~~must~~ ~~must~~

Stay for night

Won't you make me be your blue
Rock. all your blue fears

Fly away on the Road

Head of me where you d
Reach with me in the blue

Enamels

- Relation Escaping
Escaping

The snake like or
not denied the
TRAIL / ERRANCE

I'm a very sick

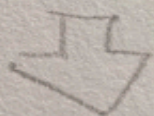
I'm trying to
in the poem of
FERRAR ARCE

the NORTH OUTSIDE HOME

the NORTH INSIDE FROM
the CITY

the bombing is
no VERGENT/IN ENY
keeps HAPPENING

Car Method



den to find that

two EMERGENT
ch DE in in ALSO the

RADICAL FUTURITY Method :

- Practice complete REFUSAL to unwanted and/or unwanted distracting INFILTRATION included love, FEEL RELATIONSHIP and FAMILY
- Practice DISTANCE FOR THE HUMANITY of RELATIONSHIP but DIGIN into THEIR DEEPER MEANING
- WIRE AWAY FROM DEPENDENCY FROM meaning EXPECTATION, REQUESTS and OBLIGATION

Joggerintle Practice

⇒ PEOPLE IN your
function like a
projections you
to talk with
in motion/motion
share the fun

- ARTIST with whom you
but personality across
other spec

- NOW ARTISTS with whom
ARTISTIC CONVERSATION

LIFE THAT
anchors / sticks
one preparing
you feel
wasted to
with
don't show
your art
enters in
me you have

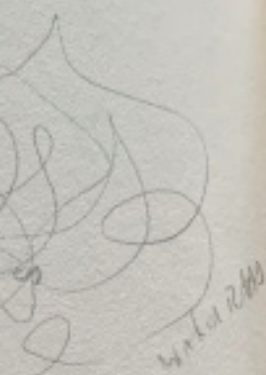
Idea of TRUTH and FAITH
of JADIVA ANTHAN

without - absolute FAITH
going back to Memory
✓

- The same Roots percolated
is Re-created in home &
that intensity

Due to the life of an artist and
the SPEED of F
the life of an artist and
intimacy and needs is
Interval ?
↓
ATTACH of INTERVAL BETWEEN

CTS



water 12/10/89

by Plamen

notes. To Peter

a dancer with
CANOT ?

a writer notices
dancer and the dancer

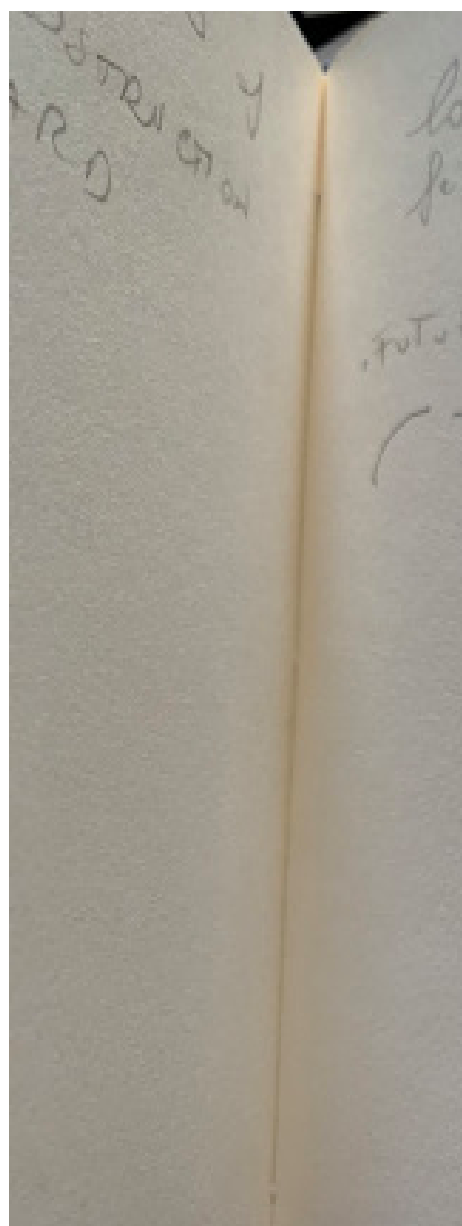
WITING

IN THE INTERVAL

ARCHIVE

- Displacement
- my grandmother's house
- Traveling - TRAUMA REWORKMENT
house in urban America
in freedom
[now is THE OPPOSITE]
- Trying to go back in the memory and
is what I don't know of my grandfather
knowing her as the person on my
from a "stranger"

- Signatures
- Pills
- Tickets
- Books
- Jewellery
- clothes / fashion



of
relationships

Q.T.Y

on the VECTORS
the substance that
keep moving the ORBIT
around whom EVENTS
ACTIVITY and MARKS
of MANIFESTATION
EXPRESSION and
PERSISTENCE are
HAPPENING

There are like orbits because its
 not only a fact as focused in
 the clarity its an expansion of
 routes and routes placed by
 the situation of your body in
 addition / conjunction of your route
 seen in getting your body from
 standing/walking, running, jumping
 coffee, doing, working, you
 what are
 your
 needs
 IN
 this?

The Roadblock
 the received and the
 should and the happen
 may and the happen
 be and the happen

the intention
 the happen
 the happen

My Grandmother was EXTREME

✓ WHERE IS TRANSGRESSION

✓ How do you look for

where do you let plant
of ^{lost and} founding folds of ^{disintegration}
protecting/projections out?

here now the way I want the
words to fall into the place
is choreography, in design, observation
also not ~~unusual~~

6. February 2021

Blank.

Endnotes

- 1 Audre Lorde, *The Black Unicorn* (New York W. W. Northon & Company, 1978) p. 32.
- 2 Raafat Mazoub, “Leaving a Secret Place” *Contemporary Theatre Review*, 2019.
- 3 Fred Moten, Stefano Harney, *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study* (Wivenhoe New York Port Watson Minor Composition, 2013) p.108
[“Seeing that a text is a social space...”]
- 4 Saidiya Hartman, *Wayward Lives Beautiful Experiments* (New York W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., London Profile Books Ltd, 2019)
- 5 Jack Halberstam, *The Queer Art of Failure* (Durham Duke University Press, 2011) p. 2, 3.
[“under certain circumstances”...”offers different rewards”]
- 6 Paul B. Preciado, *An Apartment on Uranus: Chronicles of the Crossing* (South Pasadena Semiotext (e), 2019) p. 32 [“I will go so far”...”traveler”]
- 7 Kaelen Wilson-Goldie, “Lost and Found: The Well-Traveled Objects of Alex Ayed” *Mousse 04.21.2021*.
- 8 Anna Puigjaner, “Towards a Diffuse House” *e-flux architecture*
- 9 Daniel Loick, “The Right to Abuse” *e-flux architecture*

- 10 Frances Richard, "Anarchitecture as Poetic Device" *Flash Art* 29.01.2018.
- 11 Mahmoud Keshavarz and Shahram Khosravi "The Magic of Borders" *e-flux architecture* 05.14.2020.
- 12 Shahram Khosravi, "Border Conversation. Impossibility of Home." *unhomed*.
- 13 Rafaat Mazoub, "Writing as Architecture" *antiAtlas Journal* #2, 2017.
- 14 CAConrad, *Ecodeviance: (Soma)tics for the Future Wildness* (Washington Wave Books, 2014).
- 15 Hartman, *Wayward Lives: Beautiful Experiment*
- 16 Jack Halberstam, *Wild Things: The Disorder of Desire* (Durham Duke University Press, 2020).
- 17 Irit Rogoff, *Terra Infima: Geography's Visual Culture* (New York Routledge 2000).
- 18 Paul B. Preciado, *Counter-sexual Manifesto* (New York Columbia University Press, 2018).
- 19 Halberstam, *Wild Things: The Disorder of Desire*.

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SPECIAL THANKS TO DONNA FAYE BURCHFIELD AND TO
ALL THE PERSONS I MET DURING THIS JOURNEY.