



Una Scuuola

PRACTITIONERS

2025

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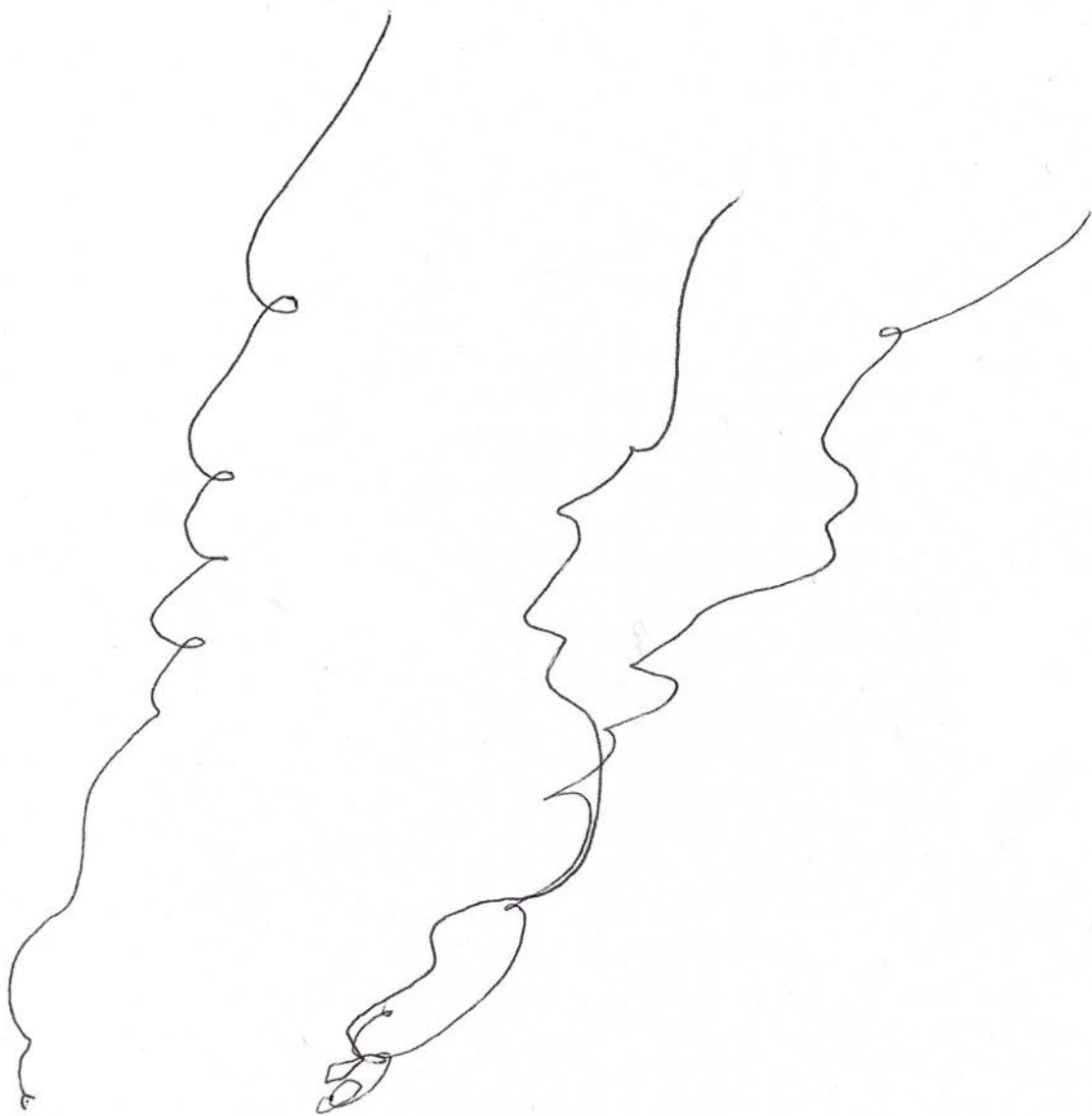
The biographies were written as an exercise during UNA SCUOLA, accompanied by two pages of references distilled from each PRACTITIONER's practice.

Luigi Di Bitonto (b. 1997, Trani) is bringing together pieces from a puzzle he does not yet know the shape of. Recently, he has been wondering what spring is trying to say this time. He would maybe like to dive.

# Luigi Di Bitonto

p. 4: Luigi Di Bitonto, *a occhi chiusi (stella filante)*, 2025.

p. 5: Luigi Di Bitonto, *in casa studio Gribaudo*, 2025.



at times,  
as they move circling  
hovering on the ground

some kind of wind  
open as a surrender  
or  
close,  
close

a ticking, the radio  
a nearby sea  
a ferry on the lake

to cook for a lion coming to  
visit me, asking if he's vegetarian  
or not

a red square, on a metal door  
slightly on  
the lowest part

increspature  
intraviste

there  
another red,  
on another  
wall,

one side of the garden,  
on concrete, an arrow,  
almost,  
unsure, hidden

perhaps  
I  
stop  
on stairs

a  
spot,  
windows  
allora, I also spy  
with my

hand movement on paper  
sometimes  
a door,  
a breathing

Maartje Claes (b. 1999, Bonheiden) slips between the roles of curator, writer, storyteller, performer, exhibition-maker, assistant, and artist. After working with birds and tentacles in Molenbeek and building exhibitions in Oslo, she completed her postgraduate studies in Curatorial Studies at KASK School of Arts in Ghent. Claes understands curating as the enactment of small ceremonies of realism, each time developed in close relation to artist-run initiatives, where she takes interest in what leaks. Convinced that endings should not satisfy the default conditions asked of them, Claes focuses on David Foster Wallace's concept of *life before death* to find the right rehearsal conditions, often using auto-fictional methods to loosen her writing from rational constraints. Claes is studying at the Maumaus ISP in Lisbon. She is part of the YCP programme of the Venice Biennale 2/26.

## Maartje Claes

p. 7: Maartje Claes, *Cushion in Grenoble, condition upon discovery, thank you Mona Blanchard (top 10 most-searched Google News topics of 2006 and 2008)*, © Maartje Claes, 2025.

p. 8: Scan of p. 61 from Aimé Césaire, *Notebook of a Return to the Native Land*, in *The Complete Poetry of Aimé Césaire*, translated by A. James Arnold and Clayton Eshleman (Wesleyan University Press, 2017), overlaid with a handwritten quotation in blue ballpoint ink: "For me, thought is made in the mouth. But it goes further, much further: through the mouth, it is by means of the word that we get to the bottom." The handwritten quotation is taken from Aimé Césaire in conversation with Jacques Leiner (1975): "Pour moi, [la pensée] se fait dans la bouche. Mais elle va plus loin, beaucoup plus loin: à travers la bouche, c'est par le mot qu'on touche au fond." English translation, annotations, and notes © 2017 by A. James Arnold and Clayton Eshleman; original French texts © Éditions Gallimard (1970), Éditions du Seuil (1994, 2006), and the Estate of Aimé Césaire (1939). Handwritten intervention and scan © Maartje Claes.



To you I surrender my conscience and its fleshy rhythm  
 To you I surrender the fire in which my weakness sparkles  
 To you I surrender the chain gang  
 To you the swamps  
 To you the non-tourist of the triangular circuit  
 Devour wind  
 To you I surrender my abrupt words  
 Devour and encoil yourself  
 And coiling round embrace me with a more ample shudder  
 Embrace me unto furious us  
 Embrace, embrace US  
 But having also bitten us!  
 To the blood of our blood bitten us!  
 Embrace, my purity mingles only with your purity  
 so then embrace!  
 Like a field of upright filaos  
 at dusk  
 our multicolored purities.  
 And bind, bind me without remorse  
 bind me with your vast arms of luminous clay  
 bind my black vibration to the very navel of the world  
 Bind, bind me, bitter brotherhood  
 Then, strangling me with your lasso of stars  
 rise, Dove  
 rise  
 rise  
 rise  
 I follow you who are imprinted on my ancestral white cornea  
 Rise sky licker  
 And the great black hole where a moon ago I wanted to drown  
 It is there I will now fish  
 the malevolent tongue of the night in its immobile veerition<sup>61</sup>!

11 For me the word is made in the  
 mouth, but it goes further, much further:  
 through the mouth, it's by means of the  
 word that I get to the bottom.

Cecilia Bima (b. 1996, Cuneo) is a writer, researcher, and singer. Moving restlessly across northern Italy, from Venice to Turin and through Milan, Bima studies, researches, and writes about voices and narrations as critical tools for understanding social relations in public spaces and institutions. Through singing she engages with non-conventional vocalities to open paths of inquiry into institutional critique, gender, and cultural production, exploring subjectivities and tools for collective liberation. Bima also practices non-formal and radical education to study and collectivise knowledge, such as in her design of educational programs within Palazzo Grassi, Pinault Collection, in her collaborations with curator Marianne Krogh during the 17th International Architecture Exhibition, La Biennale di Venezia, and through her current teaching at NABA (Nuova Accademia di Belle Arti), Milan.

## Cecilia Bima

p. 10: Cindy Sherman, *Untitled Film Still #12*, 1978.  
© Metro Pictures, New York.

p. 11: Anne Carson, "The Gender of Sound,"  
in *Glass, Irony and God*. New York: New Directions,  
1995.



Putting a door on the female mouth has been an important project of patriarchal culture from antiquity to the present day. Its chief tactic is an ideological association of female sound with monstrosity, disorder and death. Consider this description by one of her biographers of the sound of Gertrude Stein:

Gertrude was hearty. She used to roar with laughter, out loud. She had a laugh like a beefsteak. She loved beef<sup>1</sup>.

These sentences, with their artful confusion of factual and metaphorical levels, carry with them as it seems to me a whiff of pure fear. It is a fear that projects Gertrude Stein across the boundary of woman and human and animal kind into monstrosity. The simile "she had a laugh like a beefsteak" which identifies Gertrude Stein with cattle is followed at once by the statement "she loved beef" indicating that Gertrude Stein ate cattle. Creatures who eat their own kind are regularly called cannibals and regarded as abnormal. Gertrude Stein's other abnormal attributes, notably her large physical size and lesbianism, were emphasized persistently by critics, biographers and journalists who did not know what to make of her prose. The marginalization of her personality was a way to deflect her writing from literary centrality. If she is fat, funny-looking and sexually deviant she must be a marginal talent, is the assumption.

One of the literary patriarchs who feared Gertrude Stein most was Ernest Hemingway. And it is interesting to hear him tell the story of how he came to end his friendship with Gertrude Stein because he could not tolerate the sound of her voice. The story takes place in Paris. Hemingway tells it from the point of view of a disenchanted expatriate just realizing that he cannot after all make a life for himself amid the alien culture where he is stranded. One spring day in 1924 Hemingway comes to call on Gertrude Stein and is admitted by the maid:

The maidservant opened the door before I rang and told me to come in and wait. Miss Stein would be down at any moment. It was before noon but the maidservant poured me a glass of eau-de-vie, put it in my hand and winked happily. The colorless liquid felt good on my tongue and it was still in my mouth when I heard someone speaking to Miss Stein as I had never heard one person speak to another; never, anywhere, ever. Then Miss Stein's voice came pleading and begging, saying, "Don't, pussy. Don't. Don't, please don't. Please don't, pussy." I swallowed the drink and put the glass down on the table and started for the door. The maidservant shook her finger at me and whispered, "Don't go. She'll be right down." "I have to go," I said and tried not to hear any more as I left but it was still going on and the only way I could not hear it was to be gone. It was bad to hear and the answers were worse. That was the way it finished for me, stupidly enough... She got to look like a Roman emperor and that was fine if you liked your women to look like Roman emperors... In the end everyone made friends again in order not to be stuffy or righteous. But I could never make friends again truly, neither in my heart nor in my head. When you cannot make friends any more in your head is the worst. But it was more complicated than that<sup>2</sup>

Indeed it is more complicated than that.

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<sup>1</sup> M. D. Luhan (1935), 324

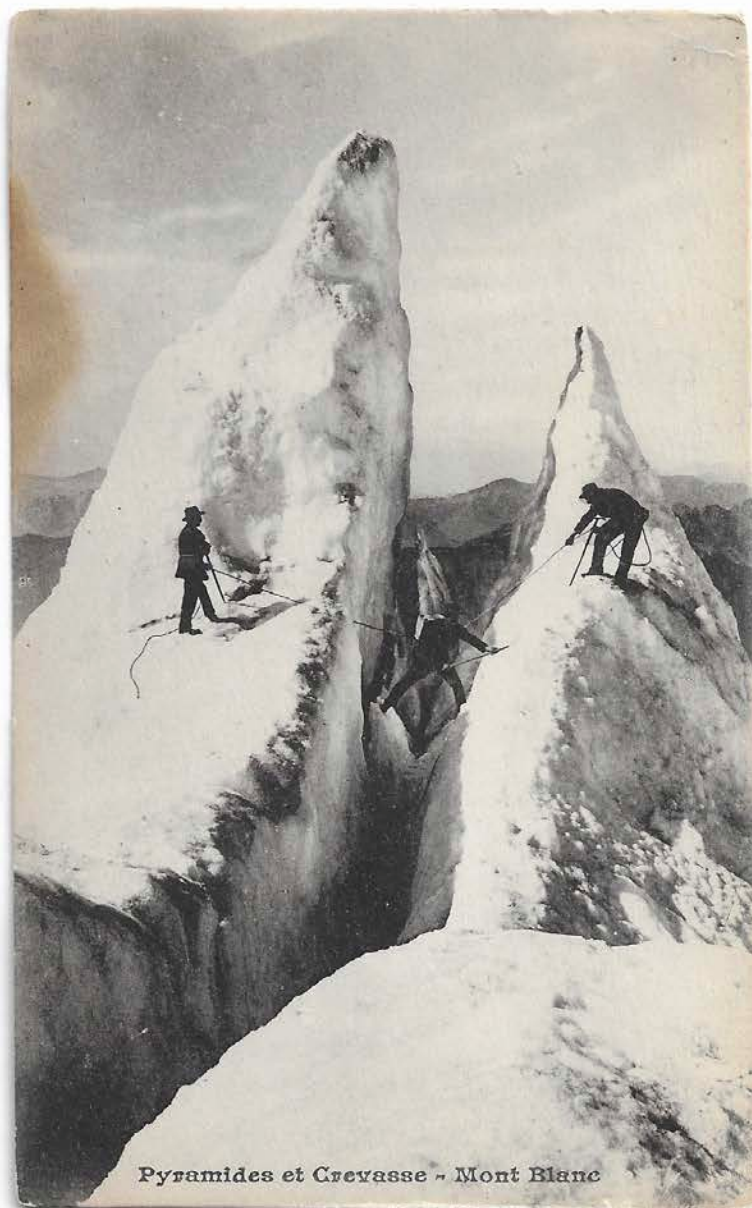
<sup>2</sup> E. Hemingway (1964), 118

Martina Ferrari (b. 2002, Biella) is a photographer, alpine climber, and ski mountaineer working in visual arts, caught in the process of becoming a stone. Sparked by philosophy and physics, her research is grounded in sensorial experiences of mid- and high-mountain landscapes as performative case studies. In these sites, which push the human body to extremes, movement to edges and limits are elicited which distort instinctive spatiotemporal coordinates, creating new sensory, corporeal encounters. Employing lens-based and light-sensitive media, Ferrari develops objects, installations, books, and sound, which can unveil metamorphic processes across human and nonhuman forms, fostering alternative knowledge for coexistence beyond Western paradigms. Drawing on archival iconographic research, she overlaps far-away spaces and times, making them collapse into stratified, open narratives unearthing submerged alter-stories that challenge imposed orders, commodified relations, and standardised meanings.

## Martina Ferrari

p. 13: Scan of a postcard reproducing a photograph by Georges Tairraz.

p. 14: Donald H. Webster and Wilfried Zibell, *Inupiat Eskimo Dictionary*. Illustrated by Thelma A. Webster. College, Alaska: Alaska Rural School Project, Department of Education, University of Alaska, 1970.



Pyramides et Crevasse - Mont Blanc

Ice Conditions

|                       |                                                               |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| kiuviruk              | water freezes                                                 |
| aunnik                | rotten ice (unsafe)                                           |
| mapturuk              | is thick                                                      |
| maptugitchuk          | is thin                                                       |
| siku                  | ice                                                           |
| sikuliirak            | new formed ice                                                |
| sikuliak              | ice thick enough<br>to walk on                                |
| sikuliagruak          | ice about 1 1/2 inches<br>thick                               |
| sikuruk               | is frozen                                                     |
| sikulikiruk           | is in process of<br>break-up                                  |
| sikuiġvik             | ice break-up time                                             |
| kusrulugak            | icicle                                                        |
| sikuklak, natatkuġnak | hailstone                                                     |
| pikaluyik             | glacial ice (blue<br>appearance)                              |
| mugaġik               | slush ice                                                     |
| kinu                  | broken chunks of<br>slush ice                                 |
| kinuruk               | slush ice is forming,<br>floating downstream                  |
| sarri                 | ice pack                                                      |
| uiñik                 | lead (open water be-<br>tween landlocked ice<br>and pack ice) |

Cristina Malerba (b. 2002, Rome) is a curator and conflict investigator based between Zurich, Rome, and Milan. Her practice questions curatorial and epistemological methods to explore how investigation itself can operate as a tool for producing and unsettling knowledge. Malerba's current research focuses on the analysis of rituals of violence embedded in ancient and contemporary iconographies. Her focus is on the construction, negotiation, and dissolution of relational spaces between archetypal figures of prey and predator. Through her curatorial work, Malerba investigates how cultural assemblages generate non-spaces, that can be disrupted to reveal underlying power dynamics, symbolic economies, and latent forms of conflict. She has collaborated with the collective Specific (BiM, Milan) and with Zurich Art Weekend in collaboration with the ETH Bildarchiv and is currently completing a postgraduate programme in Cultural Critique and Curatorial Studies at ZHdK in Zurich.

## Cristina Malerba

p. 16: Peithinos (painter), *Peleus Capturing Thetis*, tondo of an Attic red-figure kylix, ca. 500 BCE. Antikensammlung, Altes Museum, Berlin, inv. F 2279. Reproduced from Jane Ellen Harrison and D.S. MacColl, *Greek Vase Paintings* (London, 1894).

p. 17: Camille Paglia, *Sexual Personae*. 1st Vintage Books ed. New York: Vintage Books, 1991, p. 43.



interpretation of dreams and art, in which the mother remains dominant. Matriarchy hovers behind art works like the *Venus de Milo*, *Mona Lisa*, and *Whistler's Mother*, which popular imagination has made culturally archetypal. We will examine the way Romanticism, as part of its archaizing movement, restores the mother to matriarchal power, notably in Goethe, Wordsworth, and Swinburne.

The autonomy of the ancient mother goddesses was sometimes called virginity. A virgin fertility seems contradictory, but it survives in the Christian Virgin Birth. Hera and Aphrodite annually renewed their virginity by bathing in a sacred spring. The same duality appears in Artemis, who was honored both as virgin huntress and patron of childbirth. The Great Mother is a virgin insofar as she is independent of men. She is a sexual dictator, symbolically impenetrable. Males are nonpersons: Neumann elsewhere speaks of "the anonymous power of the fertilizing agent."<sup>5</sup> Thus Joyce's sensual Great Mother, Molly Bloom, sleepily mulls over all the men in her life as "he," implying their casual interchangeability. The Great Mother did not even need a male to fertilize her: the Egyptian goddess Net gives birth to Ra by parthenogenesis or self-fecundation.

The mother goddess gives life but takes it away. Lucretius says, "The universal mother is also the common grave."<sup>6</sup> She is morally ambivalent, violent as well as benevolent. The sanitized pacifist goddess promoted by feminism is wishful thinking. From prehistory to the end of the Roman empire, the Great Mother never lost her barbarism. She is the ever-changing face of chthonian nature, now savage, now smiling. The medieval Madonna, a direct descendant of Isis, is a Great Mother with her chthonian terror removed. She has lost her roots in nature, because it is pagan nature that Christianity rose to oppose.

The masculine side of the Great Mother is often expressed in serpents, wound about her arms or body. Mary trampling the serpent underfoot recalls pagan images in which goddess and serpent are one. The serpent inhabits the womblike underworld of mother earth. It is both male and female, piercing and strangling. Apuleius calls the Syrian goddess "omnipotens et omniparens," all-potent and all-producing.<sup>7</sup> Energy and abundance on so vast a scale can be crushing and cold. The fluid serpent will never be converted to friend.

The goddess' animal fecundity was cruelly dramatized in ritual. Her devotees practiced castration, breast-amputation, self-flagellation or slashing, and dismemberment of beasts. This sacrificial extremity of experience mimics the horrors of chthonian nature. Today such be-

Niccolò Masini (b. 1989, Genoa) is an artist, researcher, and PhD candidate in *New Media and Critical-Curatorial Practices of Contemporary Creation* at the Albertina Academy of Fine Arts in Turin. Exploring the inheritances embedded within the politics of time, space, and memory, his work has been exhibited extensively across the Global North and South. Through research-driven and territorially based approaches, Masini investigates how situated practices shape individual, intra-, and collective identities, engaging with the possibilities that arise between spatial modalities and socio-cultural frameworks. Ranging across media, territories, and perspectives, his recent projects revolve around questions of displacement, processes of de-territorialization, and other-than-human entities. From these associations, he dissects narratives, myths, and their archives, reconstructing these visually, epistemologically, and poetically, while engaging imagination's role in critically enhancing counter-historical conditions across contemporary practices. He currently lives and works between Genoa and the Aeolian Islands.

## Niccolò Masini

p. 19: Niccolò Masini, *Shadow Atlas* series (*Subtraction*), intervention on maps from *Atlante Scolastico Fisico Politico*, 1946, 2025.

p. 20: Niccolò Masini, Visual Poem from *Little Notes for Earthly Survivors*, compiled during UNA SCUOLA workshop by Zin Taylor at Archivorum.





Irene Mattarolo (b. 2002, Thiene) is a researcher, reader, club dancer, performer, and writer. She creates and records sound, assembles and dismantles everything, and identifies as a permeable body and a producer of ideas that she may never release. Mattarolo studies languages, philosophy, gender studies, mathematics, sciences and art, and lives somewhere in between a lucid dream and a metaphysical reality. She is an Aquarius, a palm reader and a product of atom entanglement. Her practice manifests as interactions and intra-actions, taking a different form and medium depending on which universe it exists in. Her work can be found piled up in handwritten notes, in her mind, or in festivals and museums, typically for day-long transmissions, at times via 'Hydroradio'.

# Irene Mattarolo

p. 22: Igino Conzato and Rosaelisa Savio, *Scogliera*. Image from Irene Mattarolo's family archive. Date unknown.

p. 23: Luce Irigaray, *Marine Lover of Friedrich Nietzsche*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1991, p. 60.



## *Speaking of Immemorial Waters*

seen as it metamorphoses. And endlessly holding itself back from being born behind that envelope of artifice. Still mimicking the gestation of nature, even while annihilating it? Nature cannot be imitated. The mobility of her growth is never fixed in a single form that can serve as template. And is nature's creation not destroyed when one of her moments is taken out and recreated as permanence?

And how revolting for the lovers who close and touch is that vain show! A death contact that repels and keeps ever at a distance.

### AN ABYSSAL FORGETFULNESS

So, since the bottom has never been sounded, all realities and all truths about it remain on the level of superficial appearances. They move away from the bottom and muddy it with the material they have borrowed from it. That which has never been plumbed still hides in a night far deeper than your day has imagined.

And anyone who wants to cut through those layers that prevent the bottom from appearing risks coming upon a great silence and an abyssal forgetfulness. Risks entering that sleep and that dream which weave the fabric of the world, its cycles, and revolutions. Risks moving forward lucidly, blindly, in search of something he left on the far side of any boundary.

But anything brought back from that perilous adventure is surely dead to the gaze of the moment? Icebergs and cliffs rear up that had already been annihilated as far as movements of becoming go. And how is one to come back alive from a voyage which alternates between propulsive speed into what is apparently still empty and the inertia of dead weights?

And everything you conceive, you believe can be brought into being. But if the bottom that underlies appearing escapes you, how can it be given existence?

Thus your highest creations presuppose a crime. Whether actually perpetrated or not doesn't matter! At the bottom of each of your acts lies a murder that undermines them.

And what have you killed that pursues you with such endless ghosts, horror, and trembling? Something that has still to see the

Federico Pozuelo (b. 1992, Madrid) is a visual and sound-based artist working across moving image, sound, narration and installation. Grounded in a background in history and philosophy of science, his research-driven practice examines how historical narratives, political imaginaries and media aesthetics shape collective perception. His work explores listening as a site where cultural expectations and perceptual experience intersect, using sound to shift between narrative, spatial and temporal conditions. Moving between cinema, radiophonic composition and performative environments, his projects investigate the theatricalisation of cultural memory and the construction of reality through audiovisual language. Drawing from critical theory, phenomenology and expanded cinema, Pozuelo approaches sound and image as material agents capable of reorganising attention and embodied experience. His projects have been presented internationally in institutional and independent contexts across Europe.

# Federico Pozuelo

p. 25: H.R. Giger, *Unrealized Sculpture (Preliminary Sketch)*.

p. 26: P.Oxy. XII 1477, *Questions to an Oracle*. Oxyrhynchus, 3rd century CE. English translation of selected questions.



P. Oxy. XII 1477 — Questions to an Oracle  
(Oxyrhynchus, III secolo d.C.)

Shall I become a beggar?

Shall I be sold?

Shall I be forced to flee? / Must I flee?

Shall I receive my wages?

Am I the victim of a spell / curse?

Are you the god to whom I address myself, or is it another god?

Shall I obtain prosperity / wealth?

Shall I marry? / Will my marriage succeed?

Shall I obtain an office (or promotion)?

Shall I recover what has been stolen from me?

Shall I receive help / assistance?

Shall freedom be granted to me (for example from debt or servitude)?

Khatereh Safajoo (b. 1992, Tehran) is a set designer and installation artist working with space, light, sound, video, and scenography. Her practice draws on childhood memories and the environments she grew up in, revisited in adulthood through a political and social lens shaped by life in Iran. She explores how spaces hold memory and how their meanings evolve over time, especially when personal experience intersects with hidden social and political realities. Rather than illustrating events directly, Safajoo emphasises atmosphere and sensory experience, using material, light, and sound to evoke layered histories. Her work oscillates between intimacy and tension, creating environments where familiarity gradually reveals deeper emotional and historical resonances, inviting viewers to engage with the unseen narratives embedded in space.

## Khatereh Safajoo

p. 28: Samuel Beckett, *Waiting for Godot*. London: Faber and Faber, 1956. Act II, pp. 90–91.

p. 29: Unknown artist. Reproduced in Hannah Darabi and Chowra Makaremi (eds.), *Enghelab Street: A Revolution through Books: Iran 1979–1983*. Paris/Leipzig: LE BAL and Spector Books, 2018.

VLADIMIR: I felt lonely.  
 ESTRAGON: I was dreaming I was happy.  
 VLADIMIR: That passed the time.  
 ESTRAGON: I was dreaming that—  
 VLADIMIR: (*violently*). Don't tell me! (*Silence.*) I wonder if he really blind.  
 ESTRAGON: Blind? Who?  
 VLADIMIR: Pozzo.  
 ESTRAGON: Blind?  
 VLADIMIR: He told us he was blind.  
 ESTRAGON: Well what about it?  
 VLADIMIR: It seemed to me he saw us.  
 ESTRAGON: You dreamt it. (*Pause.*) Let's go. We can't. Ah! (*Pause.*) Are you sure it wasn't him?  
 VLADIMIR: Who?  
 ESTRAGON: Godot.  
 VLADIMIR: But who?  
 ESTRAGON: Pozzo.  
 VLADIMIR: Not at all! (*Less sure.*) Not at all! (*Still less sure.*) Not at all!  
 ESTRAGON: I suppose I might as well get up. (*He gets up painfully.*) Ow! Didi!  
 VLADIMIR: I don't know what to think any more.  
 ESTRAGON: My feet! (*He sits down, tries to take off his boots.*) Help me!  
 VLADIMIR: Was I sleeping, while the others suffered? Am I sleeping now? Tomorrow, when I wake, or think I do, what shall I say of today? That with Estragon my friend, at this place, until the fall of night, I waited for Godot? That Pozzo passed, with his carrier, and that he spoke to us? Probably. But in all that what truth will there be? (*Estragon, having struggled with his boots in vain, is dozing off again. Vladimir stares at him.*) He'll know nothing. He'll tell me about the blows he received and I'll give him a carrot. (*Pause.*) Astride of a grave and a difficult birth. Down in the hole, lingeringly, the grave-digger puts

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on the forceps. We have time to grow old. The air is full of our cries. (*He listens.*) But habit is a great deadener. (*He looks again at Estragon.*) At me too someone is looking, of me too someone is saying, he is sleeping, he knows nothing, let him sleep on. (*Pause.*) I can't go on! (*Pause.*) What have I said?

*He goes feverishly to and fro, halts finally at extreme left, broods. Enter Boy right. He halts. Silence.*

BOY: Mister: . . . (*Vladimir turns.*) Mr. Albert . . .

VLADIMIR: Off we go again. (*Pause.*) Do you not recognize me?

BOY: No, sir.

VLADIMIR: It wasn't you came yesterday.

BOY: No, sir.

VLADIMIR: This is your first time.

BOY: Yes, sir.

*Silence.*

VLADIMIR: You have a message from Mr. Godot.

BOY: Yes, sir.

VLADIMIR: He won't come this evening.

BOY: No, sir.

VLADIMIR: But he'll come tomorrow.

BOY: Yes, sir.

VLADIMIR: Without fail.

BOY: Yes, sir.

*Silence.*

VLADIMIR: Did you meet anyone?

BOY: No, sir.

VLADIMIR: Two other . . . (*he hesitates*) . . . men?

BOY: I didn't see anyone, sir.

*Silence.*

VLADIMIR: What does he do, Mr. Godot? (*Silence.*) Do you hear me?

BOY: Yes sir.

VLADIMIR: Well?

BOY: He does nothing, sir.

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Luca Seguenza's (b. 1998, Messina) practice is deeply rooted in his native Sicilian territory. Seguenza began sailing aged eleven, and what started as a summer leisure activity evolved into a lifelong discipline, persisting even after the beach umbrellas folded and the coast emptied for the season. Once a competitive sport, navigation is now his philosophy and primary research method, spanning both physical and poetic realms. Since 2024, he has been a PhD candidate at the Academy of Fine Arts in Palermo and is currently a Visiting Researcher at the University of Southern Denmark in Odense. His research intersects water, viscous matter, Mediterranean Studies, and Critical Animal Studies. He is currently exploring the complex entanglements of the Strait of Messina, analysing myths, local communities, and the political resistance against top-down impositions regarding the proposed Bridge planned to connect Sicily with Calabria.

## Luca Seguenza

p. 31: Renato Guttuso, *Soffitto del Teatro Vittorio Emanuele di Messina*, 1985.

p. 32: *Minuto Mantenimento* by Marzia Migliora, installation view at Palazzo Abatellis, Palermo. In E. Fulco and A. Leone (eds.), *Marzia Migliora. Minuto Mantenimento*. Rome: Luca Sossella Editore, 2025.

p. 33: *Freedom of the Seas*, unknown author, 1917.



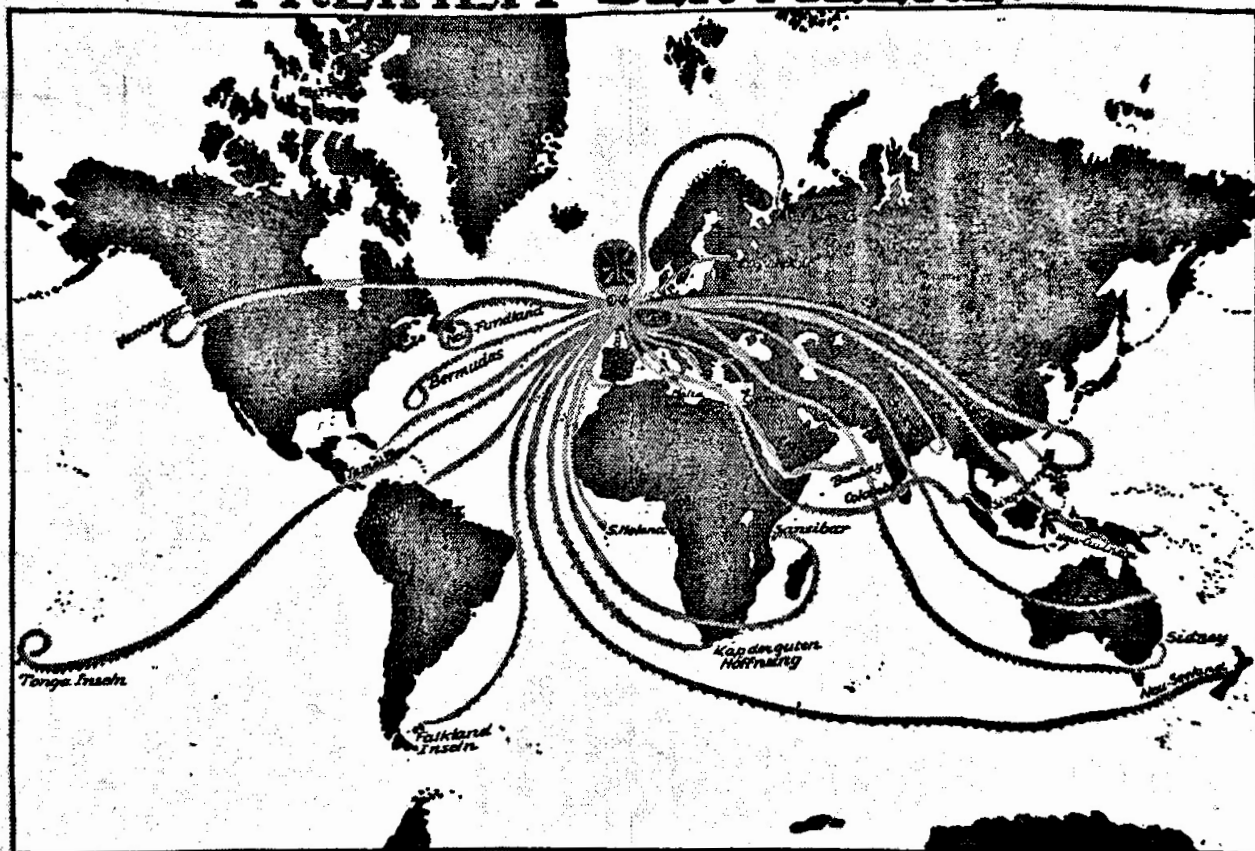
## MANIFESTO

NON VOGLIO SOPRAVVIVERE, VOGLIO VIVERE

*I DON'T WANT TO SURVIVE, I WANT TO LIVE*

1. Affrontare quello che viene, l'ignoto, con le proprie forze/ *Face what comes, the unknown, with your own strength*
2. Se fai del bene, ricevi il bene/ *If you do good, you receive good*
3. Chi perdona guadagna/ *Those who forgive gain*
4. È inutile sbattere la testa contro lo stesso muro. O ti fermi o lo salti/ *There's no point in banging your head against the same wall. Either you stop or you jump over it*
5. Bisogna essere disposti a perderle le cose e le persone per rinnovare la vita/ *You must be willing to lose things and people to renew life*
6. Affrontare le cose quando vengono, con la giusta misura e con la giusta visione/ *Face things as they come, with the right measure and the right perspective*
7. Se ti piace quello che fai serve soltanto competenza e pazienza/ *If you love what you do, all you need is competence and patience*
8. Quando l'obiettivo è alto le cose accadono/ *When the goal is high, things happen*
9. Quello che tutti dimentichiamo è vivere/ *What we all forget is to live*
10. *Fottitinne (fregatene)/ Fottitinne (don't give a damn)*

# FREIHEIT DER MEERE.



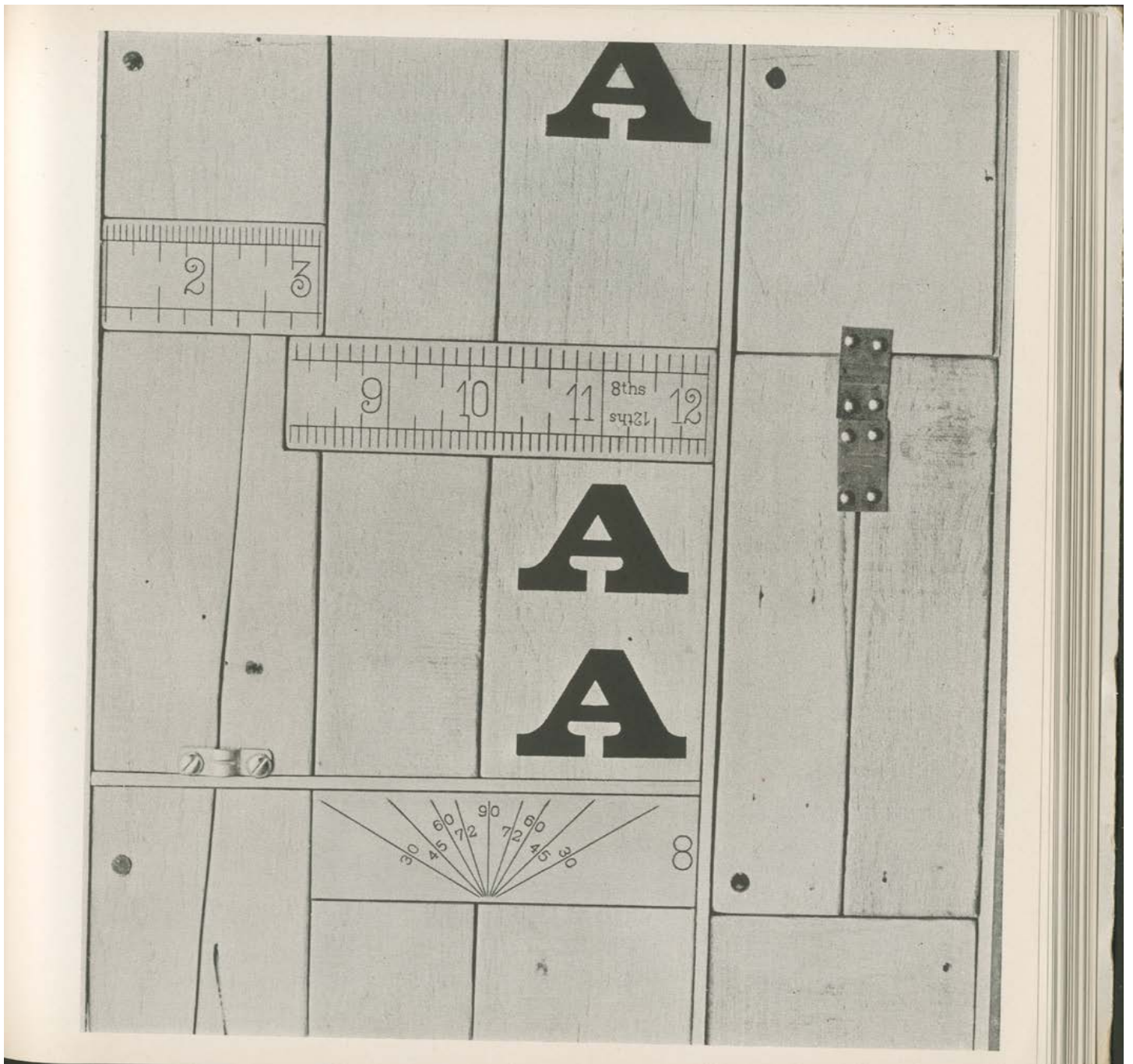
|                                |                |                  |                      |                   |                |
|--------------------------------|----------------|------------------|----------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1609 Bermudas                  | 1659 Jamaica   | 1796 Guyana      | 1839 Falkland Inseln | 1878 Cyprien      | 1914 Calais    |
| 1623 Neu-Fundland              | 1696 Kalkutta  | 1800 Malta       | 1842 Hongkong        | 1882 Suez         | 1917 Archangel |
| 1650 S. Helena                 | 1704 Gibraltar | 1769 Bombay      | 1848 Vancouwer       | 1886 Neu-Guinea   | 1917 Kronstadt |
| um 1800 Kap der guten Hoffnung | 1788 Sidney    | 1824 Singapur    | 1854 Aden            | 1890 Sansibar     |                |
|                                | 1796 Colombe   | 1833 Neu-Seeland | 1859 Gussensland     | 1904 Tonga Inseln |                |

Giulia Zanzarella (b. 1999, Torino) is a type and graphic designer working with analogue processes and digital tools and with an MA in Type Design from ECAL, completed in 2025. Zanzarella designs letterforms, punctuation, numbers and ornaments that gradually assemble into words, sentences and printed matter. Her practice moves between minutiae and macro, spanning typeface design, layouts, books and printed ephemera. It involves prolonged observation of letter shapes, pages and grids, often blurring the boundaries between reading and drawing. Approaching the archive as a curatorial space where forms, books, objects and words are re-contextualised Zanzarella explores typographic systems as spatial and conceptual structures through which ideas are organised and transmitted where her typographic specimens become narrative environments, rather than neutral showcases. Zanzarella lives and works in Turin, where she collaborates with Archivio Tipografico.

## Giulia Zanzarella

p. 35: Michele Provinciali, *Oggetto grafico*, in *5° centenario dell'introduzione dell'arte tipografica in Italia. Catalogo illustrato*, 1965.

p. 36: *Thoughts about time, learning and productivity*, compiled during UNA SCUOLA workshop by Zin Taylor at Archivorum. Sources: Andra Knezović and Agata Bar, *Nocturnalities: Bargaining Beyond Rest*. Onomatopoe Projects, 2025; Binna Choi et al. (eds.), *Unlearning Exercises: Art Organizations as a Site for Unlearning*. Casco Art Institute: Working for the Commons, 2018.

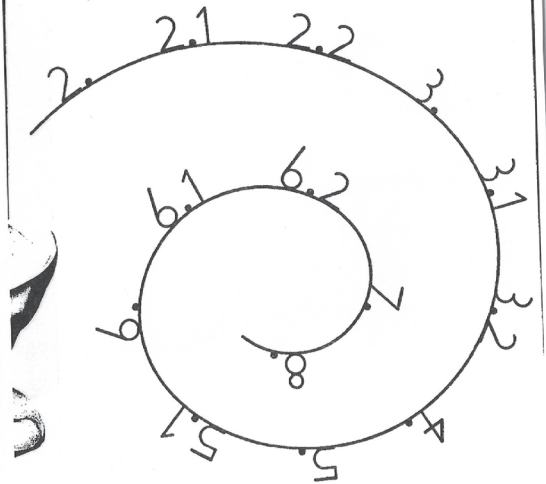


ANGELIKI TZORTZAKAKI

A body is never one  
I have a curved back  
I am nervous, you are relaxed  
A body is never one

You asked me if I write  
I say sometimes, sometimes  
[...]<sup>4</sup>

## UNLEARNING EXERCISES



Art Organizations  
as Sites for Unlearning

Sunrise  
09:50

TITUS NOUWENS

Sunset  
17:37

# Performing Success While Being Exhausted

Lat  
52° 22' 44.4" N

11:10

Long  
4° 54' 1.02" E

29 May 1980, 8:00 a.m.,

de Appel, Brouwersgracht 196, Amsterdam

An appointed doorman wakes the handful of sleepers who  
occupy the beds aligning the walls of de Appel's performance  
space. He continues to do this every morning during the

Alina Samarkanova (Kazakhstan) is a painter wandering through space, revisiting the familiar while stepping into the unformed. Her practice is shaped by an attention to what lingers within spaces and within us, what resurfaces unexpectedly or resists being fully understood. The work is rooted in a fascination with the most intimate space(s) of our lives, and their ontological states. Often playing with absence, in ways reminiscent of how memory itself operates, where what is present is as revelatory as what is absent.

## Alina Samarkanova

p. 38: Georg Kolbe, *Assunta*, 1921. Bronze.  
Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit.

p. 39: Excerpt from *The Passion According to G.H.*  
("I'm searching...") by Clarice Lispector. Translated  
by Idra Novey. New York: New Directions, 2012,  
pp. 1–5.



————— I'M SEARCHING, I'M SEARCHING. I'M TRYING TO UNDERSTAND. TRYING to give what I've lived to somebody else and I don't know to whom, but I don't want to keep what I lived. I don't know what to do with what I lived, I'm afraid of that profound disorder. I don't trust what happened to me. Did something happen to me that I, because I didn't know how to live it, lived as something else? That's what I'd like to call disorganization, and I'd have the confidence to venture on, because I would know where to return afterward: to the previous organization. I'd rather call it disorganization because I don't want to confirm myself in what I lived — in the confirmation of me I would lose the world as I had it, and I know I don't have the fortitude for another.

If I confirm my self and consider myself truthful, I'll be lost because I won't know where to inlay my new way of being — if I go ahead with my fragmentary visions, the whole world will have to be transformed in order for me to fit within it.

I lost something that was essential to me, and that no longer is. I no longer need it, as if I'd lost a third leg that up till then made it impossible for me to walk but that turned me into a stable tripod. I lost that third leg. And I went back to being a person I never was. I went back to having something I never had: just two legs. I know I can only walk with two legs. But I feel the useless absence of that third leg and it scares me, it was the leg that made me something findable by myself, and without even having to look for myself.

Am I disorganized because I lost something I didn't need? In this new cowardice of mine — cowardice is the newest thing to happen to me, it's my greatest adventure, this cowardice of mine is a field so wide that only the great courage leads me to accept it — in my new cowardice, which is like waking one morning in a foreigner's house, I don't know if I'll have the courage just to go. It's hard to get lost. It's so hard that I'll probably quickly figure out some way to find myself, even if finding myself is once again my vital lie. Until now finding myself was already having an idea of a person and fitting myself into it: I'd incarnate myself into this organized person, and didn't even feel the great effort of construction that is living. The idea I had of what a person is came from my third leg, the one that pinned me to the ground. But, and now? will I be freer?

1

No. I know I'm still not feeling freely, that once again I'm thinking because I have the objective of finding — and for safety's sake I'll call finding the moment I discover a way out. Why don't I have the courage just to discover a way in? Oh, I know I went in, oh yes. But I got scared because I don't know what that entrance opens onto. And I'd never let myself be carried off, unless I knew where to.

Yesterday, however, I lost my human setup for hours and hours. If I have the courage, I'll let myself stay lost. But I'm afraid of newness and I'm afraid of living whatever I don't understand — I always want to be sure to at least think I understand, I don't know how to give myself over to disorientation. How could I explain that my greatest fear is precisely of: being? and yet there is no other way. How can I explain that my greatest fear is living whatever comes? how to explain that I can't stand seeing, just because life isn't what I thought but something else — as if I knew what! Why is seeing such disorganization?

And a disappointment. But disappointment with what? if, without even feeling it, I must have hardly been able to stand my barely constructed organization? Maybe disappointment is the fear of no longer belonging to a system. So I could put it like this: he is very happy because he was finally disappointed. What I used to be, was no good for me. But it was from that not-good that I'd organized the best thing of all: hope. From my own flaw I had created a future good. Am I afraid now that my new way of being doesn't make sense? But why not let myself be carried away by whatever happens? I would have to take the holy risk of chance. And I will substitute fate for probability.

But will the discoveries of childhood have been like in a laboratory where you find whatever you find? So it was only as an adult that I grew scared and created the third leg? But as an adult can I find the childish courage to get lost? getting lost means finding things without any idea of what to do with what you're finding. The two legs walking, without the third that holds you back. And I want to be held back. I don't know what to do with the terrifying freedom that could destroy me. But was I happy while imprisoned? or was there, and there was, something restless and sly in my happy jailhouse routine? or was there, and there was, that throbbing thing I was so used to that I thought that throbbing was being a person. Is that right? that too, that too.

I get so scared when I realize I lost my human form for several hours. I don't know if I'll have another form to replace the one I lost. I know I'll need to be careful not to use furtively a new third leg that from me sprouts swiftly as weeds, and to call this protective leg "a truth."

2

But I also don't know what form to give what happened to me. And without giving it a form, nothing can exist for me. And — and if it's really true that nothing existed?! maybe nothing happened to me? I can only understand what happens to me but things only happen that I understand — what do I know of the rest? the rest didn't exist. Maybe nothing ever existed! Maybe all that happened to me was a slow and great dissolution? And that this is my struggle against that disintegration: trying now to give it a form? A form shapes the chaos, a form gives construction to the amorphous substance — the vision of an infinite piece of meat is the vision of the mad, but if I cut that meat into pieces and parcel them out over days and over hungers — then it would no longer be perdition and madness: it would once again be humanized life.

Humanized life. I had humanized life too much.

But what do I do now? Should I cling to the whole vision, even if that means having an incomprehensible truth? or do I give a form to the nothing, and that would be my attempt to integrate within me my own disintegration? But I'm so little prepared to understand. Before, whenever I tried, my limitations gave me a physical sensation of discomfort, any beginning of thought immediately banged into my forehead. Early on I had to recognize, without complaint, the limits of my small intelligence, and I strayed from the path. I knew I was destined to think little, reasoning kept me confined inside my own skin. So how was I supposed to inaugurate thinking within me now? and maybe only thought can save me, I'm afraid of passion.

Since I must save the day of tomorrow, since I must have a form because I don't feel strong enough to stay disorganized, since I inevitably must slice off the infinite monstrous meat and cut it into pieces the size of my mouth and the size of the vision of my eyes, since I'll inevitably succumb to the need for form that comes from my terror of remaining unlimited — then may I at least have the courage to let this shape form by itself like a scab that hardens by itself, like the fiery nebula that cools into earth. And may I have the great courage to resist the temptation of to invent a form.

This effort I'm making now to let a meaning surface, any meaning, this effort would be easier if I pretended to write to someone.

But I'm afraid to begin composing in order to be understood by the imaginary someone, I'm afraid to start to "make" a meaning, with the same tame madness that till yesterday was my healthy way of fitting into a system. Will I need the courage to use an unprotected heart and keep talking to the nothing and the no one? as a child thinks about the nothing. And run the risk of being

3

crushed by chance.

I don't understand what I saw. And I don't even know if I saw it, since my eyes can't differentiate themselves from the things they see. Only an unexpected tremor of lines, only an anomaly in the uninterrupted continuity of my civilization, made me experience for an instant vitalizing death. The fine death that let me brush up against the forbidden fabric of life. It's forbidden to say the name of life. And I almost said it. I almost couldn't untangle myself from its fabric, which would be the destruction of my age within me.

Perhaps what happened to me was an understanding — and for me to be true, I have to keep on being unable to grasp it, keep on not understanding it. All sudden understanding closely resembles an acute incomprehension.

No. All sudden understanding is finally the revelation of an acute incomprehension. Each moment of finding is a getting lost. Maybe what happened to me was an understanding as complete as an ignorance, and from it I shall emerge as untouched and innocent as before. No understanding of mine will ever reach that knowledge, since living is the only height within my grasp — I am only on the level of life. Except now, now I know a secret. Which I am already forgetting, ah I feel that I am already forgetting. . . .

To learn it again, I would now have to re-die. And knowing might be the murder of my human soul. And I don't want that, I don't. Handing myself over to a new ignorance could save me, possibly. Since as I struggle to know, my new ignorance, which is forgetting, became sacred. I'm the vestal priestess of a secret I have forgotten. And I serve the forgotten danger. I found out something I could not understand, my lips were sealed, and all I've got are the incomprehensible fragments of a ritual. Yet for the first time I feel that my forgetting is finally on a level with the world. Ah, and I don't even want anything explained to me that in order to be explained would have to be removed from itself. I don't want anything explained to me that once again needs human validation to be interpreted.

Life and death were mine, and I was monstrous. I was courageous like a sleepwalker who simply goes. During the hours of perdition I had the courage not to compose or organize. And above all not to look ahead. I'd never before had the courage to let myself be guided by the unknown and toward the unknown: my expectations preconditioned what I would see. They weren't previsions of a vision: they were already the size of my concerns. My expectations closed the world to me.

Until for several hours I gave up. And, my God, I got what I didn't want. I

4

| Marginal Mark | Textual Mark                | Instruction            |
|---------------|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| the/a         | In first step, model        | insert                 |
| ↵             | refer back to               | delete                 |
| #             | Genesplice                  | insert space           |
| (thin #)      | 300,000                     | insert thin space      |
| □             | ^This analysis              | insert 1-em space      |
| ⌒             | EEG re cording              | close up space         |
| ↻             | inoculate                   | delete + close up      |
| (sp)          | npo for 8 h                 | spell out              |
| a             | seperate study              | substitute             |
| (tr)          | mean rate error             | transpose              |
| ¶             | the RNA. We found           | new paragraph          |
| (run in)      | The following five criteria | no paragraph           |
| ┌             | Use of anti-inflammatory    | break line             |
| [             | [ to find the               | move left              |
| ]             | to find the]                | move right             |
| ┐             | The drugs have              | move up                |
| └             | The drugs have              | move down              |
| ] [           | ] Chapter Title [           | center                 |
|               | $P < .001$<br>$P < .05$     | align vertically       |
| (caps)        | Medline                     | capitalize             |
| (lc)          | DNAse                       | lowercase              |
| (c + lc)      | journal article             | capitalize + lowercase |
| (sc)          | d-galactose                 | set small caps         |

| Marginal Mark    | Textual Mark                            | Instruction            |
|------------------|-----------------------------------------|------------------------|
| (ital)           | strains of <u>E coli</u>                | set <i>italic</i>      |
| (bf)             | <u>Discussion</u>                       | set <b>boldface</b>    |
| (lf)             | given <u>5 mg</u> daily                 | set lightface          |
| (rom)            | we <u>emphasize</u> that                | set roman              |
| √                | $3.27 \times 109$                       | set superscript        |
| 2                | $2H_2 + O = 2H_2O$                      | insert subscript       |
| (wf)             | One participant had                     | wrong font             |
| (stet)           | and a double helix                      | stet (let it stand)    |
| ⋅                | The study ended                         | insert period          |
| ^                | Moreover the data                       | insert comma           |
| ⋮                | on the following list                   | insert colon           |
| ^;               | in all cases, however,                  | insert semicolon       |
| ?                | What is the dose                        | insert question mark   |
| =                | double blind study                      | insert hyphen          |
| $\frac{1}{N}$    | pp 300 / 305                            | set en dash            |
| $\frac{1}{M}$ // | the lowest 1, 2, and 5 were added       | set em dash            |
| ^                | 15 years experience                     | insert apostrophe      |
| “/”              | said that the side effects were minimal | insert quotation marks |
| ≠ / ≠            | tuberculosis TB                         | insert parentheses     |
| [ / ]            | (in tuberculosis TB)                    | insert brackets        |
| (minus)          | $x^2 / y^2$                             | set minus sign         |
| (equals)         | $x^2 - y^2 z^2$                         | insert equals sign     |
| (prime)          | The 5' terminus                         | set prime sign         |