



a mountain, a river,
a voice, a Sunday dress,
St. Clare, St. Francis,
and a telegram.



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as part of
“a mountain, a river, a voice, a Sunday dress, St. Clare,
St. Francis, and a telegram”
event that took place in CentrumCentrum in Szczecin
on 11th of September 2021.

image on the cover :

Tea Andreoletti, “Disanthropic Action”. Satellite view of the Poirino plateau,
municipality of Chieri (IT). A production by IperPianalto project, Spinola
Banna per l’Arte Foundation, 2018.

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printed on demand

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and a telegram.



I

Once upon a time in Northern Italy, there was a piece of land 10 by 50 meters. Plants, since they were purposely not cut there, could grow there as they wished. And so they did. Surrounded by fields of monocultures and industrial plots, that piece of land seemed to be like a mirage. From aerial perspective one could easily see the borders between parcels of land. It was cut into geometric shapes, each accounted in the local government archives as possession of particular human citizen or (corpo)ration. From 2018 to 2108, this patch of land donated by local government to the artist Tea Andreoletti, was deliberately not used by humans.

II

Tea Andreoletti does not document her projects in photos or videos. She uses a spoken word to disseminate and preserve her projects in a form of subjective stories that, like gossips, can easily be changed or forgotten. For the past year the artist has been working on her performance „a mountain, a river, a voice, a Sunday dress, St. Clare, St. Francis, and a mayor as an artist”. It is an assemblage of various elements. First of all it is an oral story on property rights, viewed through the lens of capitalism, anarchism and teology of St. Francis of Assisi. But also Tea Andreoletti is celebrating the beginning of a long term project, which is to become eventually a mayor of her family town Gromo in Northern Italy. By using the means of performance and structures of the art system, she wants to disseminate knowledge about the region that she comes from. What is more, Tea Andreoletti is using artistic networks, to gather feedback from audiences from various contexts/localities (Szczecin, Helsinki) about the possible solutions for Gromo. She spe-

cifically focuses on advantages and disadvantages of the proposal to create a union of neighbouring towns in Upper Seriana Valley. As above mentioned Tea Andreoletti is not documenting her projects in photographs or videos. She uses orality and text to hand down her work. But there is also the „Sunday dress”. It records, like portfolio, her previous projects, in a form of a simple signs, embroidered in the fabric. Tea wears this dress whenever she is performing as an artist or as a candidate for a mayor. The performance at CentrumCentrum will not be documented. The only evidence of what will happen on 11th of September 2021 in the allotments „Friendship” in Szczecin, will be deposited in the memory of the participants and will not become anybody’s property.

III

The concept of private property, is the key protagonist of the event at CentrumCentrum. In the second part of the evening, the participants will hear an excerpt from a diary of Maya Kust, a geologist living in the far Siberia, in Yakutia. Siberian land is not as much cut into various geometric forms, which (like in Northern Italy) are owned by many different entities (individuals or corporations). Yakutia is a vast and harsh land of forrests, rivers, swamps, occasionally enriched with human buildings, roads, train tracks. Here, the private or state properties are not as easily visible from satellite as in Western Europe. What is more the lands of Siberia, like the lands in the Amazon, or Northern America, used to be occupied by non-european tribes, before it was collonized by white settlers. Those tribes did not establish the relations with the land by the juridical concepts of private property, stamped with immaterial contracts, but on the idea of belonging to the earth/land/soil.

The excerpt from Maya Kust diary and the installation titled „Telegram” that accompanies it (both presented in CentrumCentrum) were realized by CentrumCentrum by the invitation of Art Lab Yakutsk. This

obscure collective is working, since the beginning of summer 2021, on Maya Kust's diary, that will be composed from various memories, assumptions, ambitions, point of views written by different collectives, institutions (invited for the project) from various lands. Her recollections will resemble a satellite photograph of Northern Italy, which represents land cut into many geometric forms, each belonging to somebody else.

I

Dawno, dawno temu w północnych Włoszech znajdował się kawałek ziemi o wymiarach 10 na 50 metrów. Rośliny, ponieważ celowo nie były wycinane, mogły na nim rosnąć jak chciały. A więc rosły.

Otoczony polami monokulturowymi i terenami industrialnymi, kawałek ziemi był niczym miraż. Z lotu ptaka, można było łatwo zobaczyć granice działek. Zostały one podzielone na geometryczne kształty, a każdy z nich został skrzętnie opisany w archiwach samorządowych, jako własność konkretnego obywatela lub korporacji. Od 2018 do 2108 roku, ten skrawek ziemi podarowany przez lokalne władze artystce Tei Andreoletti, był celowo nie używany przez człowieka.

II

Tea Andreoletti nie dokumentuje swoich projektów artystycznych za pomocą fotografii czy video. Używa słowa mówionego, aby rozpowszechnić i utrwaląc swoje działania jako subiektywne opowieści, które podobnie jak plotki można łatwo zmienić lub zapomnieć.

Od roku artystka pracuje nad performensem p.t. „Góra, rzeka, głos, niedzielna suknia, Św. Klara, Św. Franciszek i burmistrzynie jako artystka”. Jest on zbiorem różnych elementów. Przede wszystkim jest ustną opowieścią o prawach własności, ujętych w perspektywie kapitalizmu, anarchizmu i teologii św. Franciszka z Asyżu. Poprzez performans, Tea Andreoletti świętuje również rozpoczęcie długofalowego projektu, którego celem jest zostanie burmistrzynie jej rodzinnego miasta Gromo w północnych Włoszech. Za pomocą performansu i struktur systemu sztuki, artystka chce upowszechnić wiedzę o regionie, z którego pochodzi. Co więcej, Tea Andreoletti wykorzystuje sieci artystyczne, aby zbierać informacje zwrotne od publiczności z różnych miejsc (Szczecin, Helsinki) na temat możliwych rozwiązań dla Gromo.

W szczególności skupia się na zaletach i wadach propozycji utworzenia unii sąsiadujących miast w Dolinie rzeki Serio.

Jak już wspomniano, Tea Andreoletti nie dokumentuje swoich projektów w formie fotografii czy filmów. Wykorzystuje słowo mówione i tekst do przekazywania swoich prac. Ale jest również „niedzielna sukienka”. Ten przedmiot zapisuje, podobnie jak portfolio, jej wcześniejsze projekty, w formie prostych znaków wyhaftowanych w tkaninie. Tea Andreoletti nosi tę sukienkę za każdym razem, gdy występuje jako artystka lub jako kandydatka na burmistrzynie.

Występ w CentrumCentrum nie będzie dokumentowany. Jedyne dowód na to, co wydarzy się 11 września 2021 w ogrodach działkowych „Przyjaźń” w Szczecinie, zostanie zdeponowany w pamięci uczestników, nie stając się niczyją własnością.

III

Koncepcja własności prywatnej jest kluczowym bohaterem wydarzenia w CentrumCentrum. W drugiej części wieczoru uczestnicy wysłuchają fragmentu pamiętnika Mayi Kust, geolożki mieszkającej na dalekiej Syberii, w Jakucji. Ziemia syberyjska nie jest tak bardzo podzielona na różnorodne formy geometryczne, które (jak w północnych Włoszech) są własnością wielu różnych podmiotów (osób fizycznych lub korporacji). Jakucja to rozległa i surowa kraina lasów, rzek, bagien, od czasu do czasu wzbogacona ludzkimi budynkami, drogami, torami kolejowymi. Tutaj prywatne lub państwowe nieruchomości nie są tak dobrze widoczne z satelity jak w Europie Zachodniej. Co więcej, ziemie Syberii, podobnie jak ziemie w Amazonii, czy Ameryce Północnej, były niegdyś zamieszkałe przez plemiona nieeuropejskie, zanim zostały skolonizowane przez białych osadników. Plemiona te nie ustanawiały stosunków z ziemią przez prawne koncepcje własności prywatnej, naznaczone niematerialnymi umowami, ale poprzez poczucie przynależności do ziemi / terenu / gleby.

Fragment pamiętnika Mayi Kust oraz towarzysząca mu instalacja „Telegram” (obie prezentowane w CentrumCentrum) zostały zrealizowane przez CentrumCentrum na zaproszenie Art Lab Jakuck. Ten tajemniczy kolektyw pracuje od początku lata 2021 roku nad pamiętnikiem Mayi Kust, złożonym ze wspomnień, założeń, ambicji i punktów widzenia wielu różnych (zaproszonych do projektu) kolektywów i instytucji z różnych krajów. Jej wspomnienia będą przypominać satelitarną fotografię północnych Włoch, przedstawiającą ziemię pociętą w różne geometryczne formy, z których każda należy do kogoś innego.

Excerpt from Maya Kust diary

13th April

The weather was very pleasant, yet still the snow covers the ground. I finished my job earlier. We had to do tests of the soil but because of the accident we have been let free home. Airplane to Yakutsk was departing the airport and got sucked to the mine's pit with its airflow. It happened third time this month! Two helicopters already got sucked with the diamond's mine pit airflow. On the way from the laboratory I stumbled across Victor Ivanovich, he was in a rush for preparation for his expedition to the Labynkyr Lake. I asked him briefly about his plans, and went directly to Yevgenij to ask for a permit for Andrei to enter Mirny town. He comes in two weeks! I am very much looking forward to his visit. I hope the weather will be gorgeous and we will go camping to the Czernyszewskij lake. After a short, „diplomatic” visit to Yevgenij's office I left the building. I did small shopping at „Arktika” for the trip : canned salomon, bread, beans and some tobacco. I arrived home, packed everything along with the tent and got back to my UAZ 469. It was Friday which means that I have whole two days for my solitary trip. On the way to the town limits, I bought dried beef and binoculars, since I couldn't find my Levenhuk. The officer guarding the exit from the city stamped my papers and I was already on a straight, gravel road in direction to Lenska. When I crossed the Irelyakh river, I noticed a Sakha woman

strolling along the road in the same direction. I stopped and ask If she needs a ride. She calmly agreed to be lifted to Berezo- vka where her daughter lived. It was already getting dark, so I was actually quite terrified that the woman (as I learned later her name was Sayaana) wanted to pass this 11 kilometers wal- king in the dark forest, illuminated occasionally by the passing cars. We drove to Berezovka almost without any exchange of words, and soon were next to Sayaana's daughter crumbling house. Both woman thanked me for the lift, and proposed a warm tea. I agreed since it was quite dark already, and some- how I was tired and needed rest. Sayaana's daughter name was Tuskulaana. She lived with her husband - a fisherman very close to the Irelyakh river, which is dissected in this area with sandy islands. This is a section of the river where Ekaterina Elagina with her companions geologists discovered kimberlite pipe in 1955, which was the sign of diamond deposits in the area. Now sitting with those woman from Sakha tribe, I recollected in my mind the famous phrase of the telegram, that was transmitted by pioneer geologists to the leadership of the expedition about the discovery of kimberlite, and how it was coded, with a reference to the idigenous cultural term :

*We lit a pipe of peace. The tobacco is excellent.
Avdeenko, Elagina, Khabardin.*

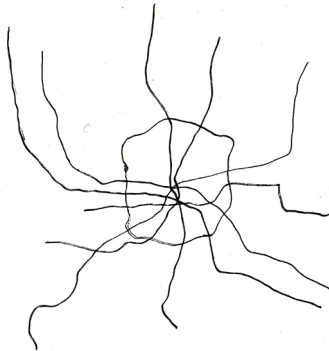
I was thinking about these diamonds, extracted from this parti- cular land, while sipping a warm herbal tea with silent accompa-

ny of Sakha women. Tuskulaana's house was cosy, yet you could not withdraw from the impression that the family lives in a poor conditions. Under the ground or floating in the river there were still deposits of extremely valuable mineral. Yet on the surface one could see the decaying houses, built with materials scattered above the ground. Suddenly I asked Sayaana and Tuskulaana if they ever found a diamond in the river? They nodded neither yes or no in a mysterious smiling way. How long have you been living here? I asked. Tuskulaana replied that they are nomads, so are not attached to particular place. But most people from their Family were forced to leave from here anyway, when the mine company started exploration of the area. I did not ask why Tuskulaana with her mother and her husband were allowed to stay here. But she also said that they do not posses the certificates that makes the ground their ownership, but like the invisible river they are connected with the land. When I finnished tea, I smiled, thanked and said that I should be heading towards Almaznyj village, where my friend lives. Actually I lied, but I didn't want to be a burden for those lovely women, who probably would propose me to sleep over in their hut. I got into the car, waved farewell, and drove another 10 km on a dark, gravel road in direction to Almaznyj. Just after the village I turner left on a small road into the forrest, and as usually I set up a camp very close to the river bank.

14th of April

8:20 a.m.

I am seating on a trunk in the pine tree woods, 100 meters from my tent. Its to cold in Yakutia for agriculture, therefore If one is not seating in the woods, its a vast field, or small brushes of human intervention. The pit of the diamond mine for which I work, seen from a plane, is a micropoint, almost invisible, situated on a vast piece of white or green paper (depends on the season), disected with blue curvy river lines. I am thinking how this micropoint impacts an invisible human network of relations. The valueable mineral extracted from the pit, goes into market and gains value. By this alchemical process, humans are able to repay for the production of extremely great number of things. This little pin in the earth's soil, or rather what was taken from it, can be translated into rail network or a highway system of Moscow. This dot (mine pit) is an equivalent, of the lines (rail and road system) on this sheet of paper (land).



11:10 a.m.

I walked to collect firewood. My camping is around 200 m from the road. I am not so far away from Berezovka. It's mid of April, and there is still a lot of snow on the ground. I am sitting now on the frozen river Ochchuguy-Botuobuya, wearing headphones and recording sounds of the water flowing beneath the ice. You cannot see the river, yet the amplified sound reveals its existence. I am looking to the south-eastern direction, where a small field is entrenched with a big trees.

There is something hanging between two trees. I took my binoculars and adjusted the lens in this direction. 300 meters from the place that I seat, there is a white rectangle outstretched between the trees, just on the edge of the forest. I took my headphones down, and walked towards the mysterious object for about 20 minutes since the snow was very deep. I could see the sentence written on a white canvas easily with my eye from about 200 meters:

IN THE SPRING, ON THE EDGE OF A FIELD, IN THE TREES, G. KIESEWALTER HUNG A WHITE BANNER WITH AN INSCRIPTION IN WHITE LETTERS¹

¹ the sign refers to a piece „For G.Kiesewalter (Slogan - 1980); realized in 1980 by Collective Actions group

I stood there for a while, thinking about the author and his intention. I also noticed that metal spikes are hammered to the trunk of the trees on which the banner is stretched. The trees here, have tall canopy with a nearly bare trunk, so the branches begin to grow only at height of six or seven metres above the ground. It would be impossible to climb the tree to hang the banner without any ladder or some technical improvement. I recollected the banners filling the streets of Moscow on 1st of May parades in Soviet times. Phrases written on it spread the vision of modern society moving towards secular redemption achieved by extraction of resources, transformed by human labour into fine technological objects. But I also had in my mind what Tuskulaana said. Her family is connected with the land like invisible river. What I understood she meant they are related to the ecosystem on different conditions. They do not actually need to possess and extract the land, since they are in constant flux. They don't have to transform the 'nature' into civilization. They move from place to place, and act almost imperceptibly, since they are invisible. What actually I had in mind was that particular difference in scale of human impact on the land. G. Kiesewalter brought a piece of fabric with an inscription on it, hung it between the trees, and left. The banner is a mark of his presence in this particular ecosystem. Probably he did not take anything with him in exchange. It does not matter; he could hunt a deer, or take few sticks to build a shelter. But he obviously did not cut a hole (1km in diameter) in the ground to excavate valuable minerals. Like people from noma-

dic tribes, he left almost untracable marks in the ecosystem. I was thinking how I could place myself in this dialectics. Suddenly all things that belong to me, and are precious to me, objects which I respect, appeared in my mind: UAZ car that can take me anywhere, binoculars which help me to perceive unreachable distances, compass which helps me to locate myself in the space, radiotelephone with which I can always rely on other human's help and eventually my recorder which collects sounds of the land, it is all made with various resources, and was created with human invention. I remember knife and a spear hanging in Tuskulaana's hut, which was also amazingly sophisticated tool. Rivers leave enormous marks on the land. Even greater than the humans. I was thinking about the middle kingdom in which the oppositions between Nature and Human civilization gets blended.

Tea Andreoletti

ŚWIĘTO Z OKAZJI ROZPOCZĘCIA
DŁUGOTERMINOWEGO PROJEKTU

*Razem z górą, rzeką, głosem, niedzielną suknią, Św. Klarą,
Św. Franciszkiem i burmistrznią jako artystką.*

Na koniec pielgrzymki docieramy do Doliny rzeki Serio.

Oto wioski, które znajdują się w tej dolinie.

Gromo znaczy bryła kamieni.

1200 mieszkańców, szczyty Redondo i Cornalta.

Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.

Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.

Przed Gromo: Valgoglio, przez które przepływa rzeka Goglio.

Tylko 600 mieszkańców, ale góruje nad nim rozległe pasmo

górskie: Reseda, Salina, Dei Frati, Cernello, Pradella i Madonnino.

Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.

Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.

Po drugiej stronie mostu znajdujemy Gandellino.

Co znaczy : poza osuwisko. 990 mieszkańców.

Mają starożytny ołtarz, używany do rytuałów ofiarnych.

Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.

Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.

Na końcu doliny znajduje się Valbondione,

dzieli się na mniejsze przysiółki i ponad 11 szczytów.

Tutaj rodzi się rzeka Serio przepływając we wspaniałą wodospad.

Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.

Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.

Szczyty górskie wokół wiosek są tak wysokie, że jeśli znajdujesz się w wiosce i patrzysz w górę, możesz zobaczyć tylko część nieba, ponieważ wysokie szczyty gór zasłaniają część widoku. Niektórzy twierdzą, że właśnie dlatego ludzie tutaj mają zamknięte umysły i konserwatywne podejście. Rzeczywiście, prawie wszyscy w referendum głosowali za monarchią (kiedy należało wybrać między republiką, a monarchią), a obecnie ponad połowa populacji głosuje na skrajnie prawicowe partie. Wolę myśleć, że ci, którzy się tu urodzili, skupiają swoją uwagę na małych rzeczach, mikrokosmosie, który ujawnia w sobie makrokosmos.

Proszę, usiądź wygodnie. Jeśli chcesz, jest więcej krzeseł.

Bardzo się cieszę, że mogę gościć Cię w mojej rodzinnej krainie.

Zaprosiłam Cię dzisiaj do świętowania początku długofalowego projektu, w którym moja praktyka artystyczna wchodzi w dialog z procesami społeczno-politycznymi Doliny rzeki Serio.

W 2026 r. wezmę udział w wyborach na burmistrzynie Gromo.

Zdecydowałam się podjąć taki krok, ponieważ zdałam sobie sprawę, że jest tylko jedno miejsce, które choć trochę znam.

I jest to ten mikroświat, na którym bardzo mi zależy.

A jego dynamika, pozwala mi podjąć większe problemy, dotyczące całego świata.

Zdecydowałam się zbliżyć do mojej doliny poprzez kandydaturę, ponieważ bycie burmistrzynie to praca, o którą mogą ubiegać się wszyscy obywatele.

Kandydowanie na burmistrzynie daje mi możliwość poszerzenia koncepcji sztuki zaangażowanej społecznie oraz idei sztuki jako życia.

Praca burmistrzynie jest płatna. W Gromo pensja burmistrzynie wynosi 910€ netto miesięcznie.

Będę kandydować na burmistrzynie jako artystka, a moją propozycją dla Gromo jest unia z pozostałymi trzema małymi wioskami. Unia to połączenie Gromo z Valgoglio, Gandellino i Valbondione. Związek w celu poradzenia sobie z trudnościami gospodarczymi, ale przede wszystkim zawiązany by wspólnie podążać drogą integracji, relacji, współistnienia.

Budowa wspólnoty nie tylko pomiędzy mieszkańcami tych 4ech wiosek, ale ze wszystkim, co je otacza.

Dziś ta społeczność, przez lokalną rywalizację, brak dialogu z obywatelami, zanika, a jej burmistrzowie boją się zaproponować wspólny długofalowy projekt.

Widzę w postaci burmistrzynie, ducha który służy wspólnocie, który troszczy się o społeczność, niosąc zobowiązanie wspólnego dobra.

Po łacinie istnieje piękny termin opisujący noszenie ciężaru:

Baiulare Baiulare.

Baiulare, nawet jego dźwięk jest piękny.

Baiulare. Baiulare. Baiulare

Przypomina to słowo BALLARE = tańczyć.

Lubię sobie wyobrażać siebie jako burmistrzynie - służącą, dźwigającą ten wielki ciężar podczas tańca, podczas *Baiulare*.

Muszę jednak przyznać, że trochę się boję rozpocząć ten projekt. Obawiam się, że nie będę potraktowana poważnie.

Boję się, bo wiem, że popełnię błędy i boję się, że krytyka będzie bolesna.

Boję się izolacji w Gromo. Boję się utraty początkowego ducha przez zajmowanie się biurokratycznymi problemami.

Ale strach zamienia się w ekscytację podczas prowadzonych badań w ramach tego długoterminowego projektu.

Wywiady, dyskusje, dialogi, pytania.

Zaczęłam studiować historię doliny rzeki Serio i zdałam sobie sprawę, że jedynymi dowodami istnienia tego miejsca w historii są akty notarialne koncesji na nieruchomości oraz dokumenty o własności prawa do gruntu.

Nic więcej nie wiemy. Jak żyli mieszkańcy doliny, co myśleli.

To nie przypadek, że pisanie nie rodzi się po to, by przepisywać wiersze, ale po to, by prowadzić księgowość i pamiętać o dłużnikach.

Wielu interesowało się tą doliną, ponieważ była bardzo bogata w metale:

żelazo,

srebro,

trochę złota,

witriol,

i odkryte dopiero pod koniec lat pięćdziesiątych XX wieku, największe złożo uranu we Włoszech, 1500 ton.

Dolinę przecina nieskończoność rzek.

Serio,

Goglio,

Sedornia,

Bondione i wiele innych małych strumieni.

To właśnie z kwitnących zasobów doliny zaczyna się historia własności, złożona i zagmatwana.

Ta woda, którą nalewam, reprezentuje pojęcie własności.
Z biegiem lat prawa własności ziemi w Dolinie rzeki Serio
zmieniały właściciele:

od Świętego Cesarstwa Rzymskiego do Państwa Kościelnego,
od Państwa Kościelnego do Biskupa
od Biskupa do rodzin szlacheckich
od rodzin szlacheckich do królestwa
od królestwa do bogatej rodziny Colleoni
od rodziny Colleoni do rodziny Della Torre
od rodziny Della Torre do rodziny Crotta
od rodziny Crotta do rodzin Rivola - Buccleni
od rodzin Rivola - Buccleni do rodziny Ginami
od tych bogatych rodzin do Cesarstwa Francuskiego
od Cesarstwa Francuskiego do autonomicznego miasta
od autonomicznego miasta do włoskiego państwa narodowego

Wszystkie grunty znajdują się obecnie pod zarządem lokalnych
gmin i są zazwyczaj zarządzane zgodnie z ich interesami.

DZIŚ część praw majątkowych jest przyznawana międzynarodowym
korporacjom z branży energetyki wodnej.

Woda jest pod kontrolą spółki akcyjnej, która chce ją sprywatyzować.

Ze względu na turystykę, gminy udzieliły koncesji na użytkowanie
gruntów, inicjując spekulacje na rynku nieruchomości, wylesiając
obszary górskie, tworząc stoki narciarskie i domy wczasowe.

Po odkryciu uranu gmina sprzedała całą górę międzynarodowej
korporacji. Ostatecznie nie wydobywano z niej uranu, ze względu
na wynik referendum w latach 80. przeciwko wdrażeniu energii
jądrowej we Włoszech.

Obecnie obszar ten ma niewielkie zasoby, niewielkie fundusze rządowe i wyludnia się z powodu ucieczki młodych ludzi. Z tych powodów od 2009 r. burmistrzowie 4 gmin próbują się połączyć.

Udało im się podzielić kosztami usług na rzecz osób niepełnosprawnych, nieletnich, rodzin i opieki społecznej. Ale kiedy nadszedł czas, aby podzielić się swoimi nieruchomościami i gruntami, wszyscy zrezygnowali z idei Unii. W krótkim okresie istnieje ryzyko, że państwo włoskie odgórnie narzuci Unię małym wioskom (aby zaoszczędzić pieniądze) bez faktycznej mediacji lub planowania przez zainteresowane wsie. Dlatego istnieje silna potrzeba aktywowania ducha rodzeństwa między tymi 4 wioskami.

Jak to zrobić?

Jak zjednoczyć gminy w środowisku współdzielenia, które jest również zdolne do obrony lokalnej tożsamości?

Nie znam jeszcze odpowiedzi.

Odnajdę ją w nadchodzących latach, pracując bezpośrednio ze społecznością i włączając ją w ten proces.

Teraz mogę posłużyć się przykładem.

Przykładem z czasów wczesnego średniowiecza, z miasta zwanego Asyż.

Na samym początku 1200 roku Asyż naznaczony był konfliktami między dwiema stronami:

Boni Homines - strona feudalna, złożona z rodzin szlacheckich i żołnierzy - oraz Homines Populi – strona zrzeszająca nowe tożsamości polityczne: kupców i rzemieślników.

Po wielu zmaganiach, obie strony podpisały pakt pokojowy, aby ustanowić narodziny nowego Miasta, wolnego od władzy imperialnej, w którym funkcjonowała nowa forma gospodarki, oparta na

pieniądu, handlu i inwestycjach.
Utworzony przez te dwie siły model funkcjonowania miasta i życia,
wzniósł jednak mury i podziały,
umieszczając chorych, ubogich i trędowatych poza społecznością
Asyża.
Model ten oparty był na wyzysku zarówno surowców jak i pracy
ludzkiej.

W tym kontekście spotykam św. Klarę, ze szlacheckiego rodu Scifi.
I św. Franciszka, syna Pietro di Bernardone, lokalnego kupca.
Tych dwoje ludzi postanawia CAŁKOWICIE uwolnić się od kon-
cepcji własności.

Nie tylko udało im się uwolnić od własności materialnej, ale co
ważniejsze od wszystkich różnych struktur przynależności, które
ich społeczeństwo stworzyło (podział na klasy społeczne, podział
na ludzi i nie-ludzi, na kulturę i naturę).
Razem przełamali barierę stworzoną przez społeczeństwo
ich rodzinnego miasta.

Ustanowili model bogactwa oparty na ubóstwie.
Ubóstwie rozumianym nie jako niedostatek,
ale jako stan wolności. Wolności od przynależności.

Ustanawiają model bogactwa oparty na dzieleniu się, relacjach
i powiązaniach, wyłączając hierarchiczność jakichkolwiek gatun-
ków lub granic społecznych.
W tej radykalnej pozycji odnaleźli się z trędowatymi, z biednymi
i chorymi.
Ale odnaleźli też siebie, jako rodzeństwo zwierząt i ich otoczenia.
Przełamując bariery przynależności i własności odnajdują siebie ze
wszystkim, co ich otacza.

Ich wizję chciałabym przywołać, podejmując negocjację w sprawie Unii.

Wizja ta może zmylić konserwatywne duchy doliny i otworzyć drogę do zjednoczenia wiosek.

Chcę przybliżyć radykalnie horyzontalne i otwarte stanowisko, współczesnym mieszkańcom Doliny rzeki Serio. Zburzyć mury okalające znajdujące się tam wioski, gestem który dba o ich tożsamość i środowisko.

Po uroczystości możesz w każdej chwili wrócić do Polski.

W tym kierunku.

Chciałabym Ci podarować pocztówkę z Gromo, na której znajduje się mój adres i kontakt.

Serdecznie zapraszam cię do odwiedzenia mnie w Gromo i współpracy przy tym projekcie.

Od dziś w twojej wyobraźni znajduje się Dolina rzeki Serio.

Chciałabym zakończyć piosenką.

Piosenka ta jest przekazywana ustnie. Nie znam jej źródeł.

Moja babcia Rosetta nauczyła się jej, gdy była mała.

Teraz ma 92 lata i w dni, kiedy nie ma zawrotów głowy, wciąż mi ją śpiewa.

Piosenka opowiada o dwóch przyjaciółach.

Gastone, jest synem szlachcica, a Gianni, synem górnika.

Spółczesność podzieliła ich i ostatecznie musieli ze sobą walczyć.

Tekst piosenki mówi:

„In ogni piccolo paesello, fratel contro fratello”

W każdej małej wiosce brat przeciwko bratu.

Ostatecznie przyjaciele zawierają pokój.

Piosenka wzywa ich matki: otrzyj oczy od łez i załóż niedzielną sukienkę.

Świętujmy; Włochy się obudziły!
I pamiętaj, piosenka mówi w finale:
walka jest prawdziwa, ale nie możemy walczyć przeciwko sobie
nawzajem.
Walczmy tylko o Unię!

Wznieśmy toast za ten długoterminowy projekt!

Tea Andreoletti

*A CELEBRATION FOR THE BEGINNING
OF A LONG-TERM PROJECT*

*together with a mountain, a river, a voice, a Sunday dress,
St. Clare, St. Francis, and a mayor as an artist.*

We arrive in Upper Seriana Valley at the end of the pilgrimage.
I introduce you to the villages, that live in this valley
This is Gromo. That means a lump of rocks.
1200 inhabitants, Redondo and Cornalta peacks.
Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.
Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.

In front of Gromo: Valgoglio, crossed by Goglio river.
Only 600 inhabitants, but a vast mountain range:
Reseda, Salina, Dei Frati, Cernello, Pradella and Madonnino.
Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.
Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.

On the other side of the bridge, we find Gandellino.
means beyond the landslide. 990 inhabitants.
They have an ancient altar, used for sacrificial rituals.
Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.
Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.

At the end of the valley, there is Valbondione,
it's divided into hamlets, and more than 11 peaks.
Serio river is born here, with a wonderful waterfall
Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.
Vieni Vieni vieni, bella bella mora, vieni a maslana con me.

The mountain peaks are so high all around the villages, that if you are in the village and you look up you can only see a portion of the sky because the mountains' high peaks cover part of the view.

Some say that's why people here have closed minds and a conservative approach.

In fact, they all voted for the monarchy (in the referendum to choose between republic and monarchy), and nowadays, more than half of the population votes for far-right parties.

I prefer to think that those who are born here have a gaze focused on the little things, microcosms that reveal to have the whole macrocosm within them.

Please, make yourself comfortable. There are more chairs if you like.

I am very happy to host you in my homeland.

I invited you today to celebrate the beginning of a long-term project that sees my artistic practice in dialogue with the socio-political processes of the Upper Seriana Valley.

In 2026 new elections in Gromo take place and I will run for mayor.

I decided to undertake this project because I realized that there is only one place I know a little.

It is this micro-world, which I care about a lot.

And that through its dynamics enables me to deal with bigger issues related to the whole world.

I decided to approach my valley through the candidacy because being mayor is a job, for which all citizens can apply with a proposal.

Running for mayor gives me the opportunity to expand the concept of socially engaged art and the idea of art as life. The job of a mayor is a paid job, in Gromo the mayor's salary is 910€ net per month.

I will run for mayor as an artist and my proposal for Gromo is the union with the other three small villages Union means fusing Gromo with Valgoglio, Gandellino and Valbondione.

A union to deal with economic difficulties, but above all, to undertake together a path of integration, relationship, coexistence. In short, the construction of a community, not only between the 4 villages but with everything that surrounds them. A community that does not exist today due to local rivalry, the lack of dialogue with citizens, and the mayors fear to propose a common long-term project.

I see in the figure of the mayor a spirit at the service of the commons, which takes care of the community by carrying the commitment of commons.

In Latin, there is a beautiful term that describes this carrying a burden: Baiulare Baiulare.

Baiulare, the sound is already beautiful.

Baiulare. Baiulare. Baiulare

It reminds me BALLARE= to dance.

I like to imagine myself as a servant mayor carrying this great weight while dancing, while Baiulare.

As a servant mayor carrying this great weight while dancing, while Baiulare.

However, I must confess that I am a bit afraid to undertake this project.

I'm afraid I'm not being taken seriously.

I'm afraid because I know that I will make mistakes and

I am afraid that criticism will hurt.

I'm afraid of being isolated in Gromo.

I'm afraid of losing the initial spirit by having to deal with bureaucratic problems.

Yet, fear turns to excitement when I do research for this long-term project.

Interviews, discussions, dialogues, questions.

I started studying the history of the valley and I realized that the only historical evidence of the valley, are the notarial deeds of properties concession and the documents about the ownership of land rights.

We don't know anything else. How they lived... what they thought...

It is no coincidence that writing is not born to transcribe poems, but to keep accounts and remember debtors.

Many were interested in this valley because it was very rich in metals:

iron

silver

some gold

vitriol

and discovered only at the end of the 1950s, the largest uranium deposit in Italy, 1,500 tons.

And it is crossed by an infinity of rivers.

Serio,

Goglio,
Sedornia
Bondione, and many other small streams.

It is precisely from the flourishing resources of the valley that a story of ownership, that is so complex that it is confusing, begins.

This water that I am pouring represents the concept of ownership. Through the years the property rights for the Serriana Valley land changed its owners.

from the Holy Roman Empire to the Papal State,
from the Papal State to the Bishop
from the Bishop to the noble families.
From the noble families to the kingdom.
From the kingdom to the rich Colleoni family,
From the Colleoni family to the Della Torre family,
From the Della Torre family to the Crotta family,
From the Crotta family to the Rivola - Buccelleni families
From the Rivola - Buccelleni families to Ginami family.
From these rich families to the French Empire.
From the French Empire to the city autonomy.
From the city autonomy to the nation-state of Italy.

All the land is now under the administration of local municipalities that managed the properties often according to their interests.

NOWADAYS, part of the property rights are granted to Italian multinational corporations for the hydroelectric energy industry,

Water is under the control of a joint-stock company that is willing to privatise it.

Because of tourism, municipalities gave concessions for the use of the land to start building speculation, deforesting mountain areas to create ski slopes and holiday houses.

After the discovery of uranium, they sold a whole mountain to an Italian multinational corporation that never extracted the uranium following the '80s Italian referendum against nuclear power.

Nowadays the area has few resources, little government funding, and it is becoming depopulated by the flight of young people. For these reasons, since 2009 the mayors of the 4 municipalities have met to try a

UNION.

They managed very easily to share the services for the disabled, minors, families and social health.

But when it was time to share their land properties and land management, everyone gave up on the idea of a union.

In short term, the risk is that for small villages, the Italian state will impose the union (to save money) without actual mediation or planning by the villages concerned.

Therefore, there is a strong need to create a spirit of siblinghood between the 4 villages.

How to do it?

How to unite the municipalities in an environment of sharing, which is also capable of defending local identities?

I don't have the answers yet.

I will find them over the years, working directly with the community, involving them in this process.

However, what I have now is an example.

An example from middle age, from a city called Assisi.

At the very beginning of 1200, Assisi is marked by conflicts between two parties:

the **Boni Homines** - the feudal party, made up of noble families and soldiers -

and the **Homines Populi** - the party of the new political identities: traders, merchants and artisans.

After many struggles between the two sides,

The two parties signed a pact, in which they make peace to establish the birth of the Cities, free themselves from imperial power, and develop a form of economy based on money, trade and investment.

However, the two forces create a model of life that raises walls, divisions,

and places the sick, the poor and the lepers outside of the Assisian society.

Eventually, using all the resources as exploitable properties.

It is in this context that I meet Santa Chiara - St. Clare, the daughter of the noble Scifi family.

And San Francesco - St. Francis, son of Pietro di Bernardone, a cloth merchant.

They decide to **COMPLETELY** free themselves from the concept of ownership

They freed themselves from material properties. and moreover

They freed themselves from all the different structures of belonging that society has created (classes, dualism like human - non-human, culture-nature).

Together, they have broken down the Assisian society barrier.

They established a model of wealth based on poverty.
Poverty not as a situation of insufficiency,
Poverty as a situation of freedom. Freedom from belonging.

They establish a model of wealth based on sharing, relationship
and connection all together excluding the hierarchies of any
species or social boundaries.

In their radical position, they found themselves, siblings with the
lepers, siblings with the poor and the sick.

But they also found themselves, siblings, with animals
and siblings with the environment.

By breaking down the barriers of belonging and ownership, they
find themselves, siblings, with everything that surrounds them.

Their vision can be resumed to deal with the negotiation
for the union.

It can confuse the conservative spirits of the valley and open
a way to unify the villages.

I want to bring their radical position, horizontal and open, to
the contemporary of the Upper Seriana Valley.

Demolish the wall of these villages, by a gesture that take care
of their identity and their environment.

After the celebration, you can return to Finland at any time.

In that direction.

However, I want to leave you a postcard from Gromo, where
I put my address and my contacts.

You are welcome to come back here to visit me and cooperate
in this project.

since today your imagination has already been part of the
Upper Seriana Valley.

I want to end with a song.

The song is passed down orally. I don't know its origins.
My grandmother Rosetta learned it when she was little.
Now she is 92 years old and on days when she's not dizzy,
she still sings it to me.

The song talks about two friends.

Gastone, the son of a noble, and Gianni, the son of a miner.
The Society divided them, and they ended up fighting each
other.

The song says: "In ogni piccolo paesello, fratel contro fratello".
In every small village, brother against brother.

Finally, they make peace.

The song calls their mothers: wipe your eyes from tears and
wear a Sunday Dress.

Let's celebrate; Italy has awakened!

And remember, the song says in the finale:
fighting is true, but not against each other.

Let's fight only for the union!

Let's have a toast for the long-term project!

Tea Andreoletti

(Gromo, 1991) was trained in the mountains of northern Italy, and she carried them into her nomadism practice. Today, September 2021, she lives in Helsinki, Finland, where she is writing the thesis for the MA in Live Art and Performance Studies at Uniarts Theater Academy. She attended courses in mineral water tasting, sommelier, young municipal administrators and fencing in Hungarian. Most of her works are experiences or practices preserved in the memory of those who participated in her projects or who heard about them. However, some projects can be found: on the path n. 324, which leads to Lake Barbellino, at the height of the Trobio Valley, in Valbondione (IT), and at the corner between Fontaneto St. and S. G.Cafasso St. in Chieri (IT).

art lab

is art and education initiative in Yakutsk, the Republic of Sakha, Russia. Interwining indigenous ontologies and participatory practices, it is aimed to develop processes of gaining subjectivity and agency in complex surroundings of neoliberal modernity.

Tea Andreoletti

(Gromo, 1991) była szkolona w górach północnych Włoch i wprowadziła je do swojej nomadycznej praktyki.

Dziś, we wrześniu 2021, mieszka w Helsinkach w Finlandii, gdzie pisze pracę magisterską z zakresu sztuki performance na Uniwersytecie Artystycznym w Helsinkach (Live Art and Performance Studies).

Uczestniczyła w kursach degustacji wód mineralnych, sommelierskich, dla młodych administratorów miejskich. Uczyła się również szermierki w języku węgierskim.

Większość jej prac to doświadczenia lub praktyki utrwalone w pamięci tych, którzy uczestniczyli w jej projektach lub o nich słyszeli. Jednak niektóre projekty można znaleźć: na ścieżce n. 324, która prowadzi do jeziora Barbellino, na wysokości doliny Trobio, w Valbondione (IT) i na rogu między ulicami Fontaneto i S.G.Cafasso w Chieri (IT).

art lab

jest inicjatywą artystyczną i edukacyjną z siedzibą w Jakucku w Republice Sacha w Rosji. Przeplatając rdzenne ontologie i praktyki partycypacyjne, ma na celu rozwój procesów nabywania podmiotowości i sprawczości w złożonym otoczeniu neoliberalnej nowoczesności.

*Subversive Property: Reshaping malleable spaces
of belonging¹*

by

Sarah Keenan

University of Kent, UK

Squatters' arguments that unused buildings should be given to those who use them as homes have strong resonances with Locke's justificatory theories of appropriation of unused land

centrality of the subject and the assumption that property is essential to it.

Although many legal theorists have pointed out the social constructed-ness of property (Gray, 1991) - persuasively arguing that it comprises 'no more than socially constituted fact' (Gray, 2008) - most nonetheless still understand property as operating to give the subject something fixed, permanent and incapable of being interfered with by others. Although property might be an illusion, it is an illusion that gives the subject the power to exclude

By focussing on the right to exclude others, these legal theories of property make the important point that property is not just an extension of the subject but also a relationship between subjects.

It thus extends the socio-legal understanding of property as relational by showing that social characteristics as well as things can

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be property, though it does not challenge either the centrality of the property-owning subject or the idea that property's power lies primarily in that subject's right to exclude

Theorising property in terms of belonging rather than exclusion shifts the focus away from the subject and onto the broader spaces, relations and networks that constitute property.

property is instead understood as a set of networked relations in which the subject is embedded

Peoples' experiences of property are far more heterogeneous, complicated and slippery than an analysis based around property law would suggest.

Framed in terms of belonging, Locke's theory of property is a justificatory argument for what belongs to who – Locke argues that a man's labour and the ('unused') land with which he mixes his labour both belong to him. This theory thus espouses a framework of belonging based on the self-owning proper subject and his earned property.

Although Locke's theory claims to be universal, the networks of belonging in which his appropriating subject is situated are particular – one must first belong to networks of whiteness, class, ability and masculinity, and then also to a society that accepts Locke's idea that the world is one universal state of nature that belongs to the men who cultivate it.

An understanding of property as produced through the interaction of complex networks of social, legal and other relations of belonging is an understanding of property as a particular moment in space.

As explored above, property is a coveted political claim because it is generally recognised as fixed and permanent. But subject-object belonging is spatially contingent too. For the relationship of belonging between ‘me’ and ‘my mobile phone’ can only exist where networks of social relations have first constructed ‘me’, other networks of relations have constructed the phone, and yet other networks of relations have constructed the relationship between myself and the phone as one of belonging. Each of those networks of relations is in turn dependent on a whole range of interactions, processes and understandings that reach far beyond the networks themselves – they are not contained, complete or essential, but rather are constantly evolving. As such, the seemingly fixed products of those networks (such as identities, places or things) must be understood as contingent and incomplete processes rather than determined outcomes or fixed positions. Seemingly static entities are in fact part of a wider and constantly changing space. Thus in this example, both the seemingly fixed entities (‘me’ and ‘my phone’) and the relationship of belonging between them are in fact not fixed but dynamic and contingent. So it is not so much that the mobile phone is mine, but that that particular phone and I are, at a particular moment, in a relationship of belonging recognisable as property because the various social, cultural, legal and other networks in which we are embedded recognise our relationship as such.

In other words, the world is a space where things, including bodies, either belong or don't belong – a space that consists of networks that give rise to potential relationships of belonging.

Ahmed focuses on the processes in between - not only what white bodies can do and why, but also how the spaces around white bodies allow them to do and reach things that other bodies cannot.

Where she is and how she is oriented in space affects what she can do, which in turn affects who she is – so her position in a network or in space, whether or not she belongs, affects her identity (though it does not define it completely). A subject's status is not essential or fixed but can shift, as can her orientation. It might be argued then, that a subject has property while she is properly oriented in a particular space.

What is repeated is a very style of embodiment, a way of inhabiting space, which claims space by the accumulation of gestures of 'sinking' into that space. If whiteness allows bodies to move with comfort through space, and to inhabit the world as if it were home, then those bodies take up more space (Ahmed, 2007).

For when space is oriented around the white body, whiteness is experienced as something material – it is not just a characteristic of the subject, but a recognisable relationship of belonging with the surrounding space.

The shaping of spaces so that they are contoured towards particular objects and bodies is something property does over time. It is the repetition, the habit, the accumulation of gestures that shapes the space such that it is oriented towards particular objects or bodies.

The settled-ness and longevity of instances of property mean that the individual strands of 'property time' to be braided together are long and similarly aligned. The result is that property produces a strong linkage between past, present and future.

And the better a space accommodates particular objects or bodies, the more it encourages similar objects and bodies to settle there in the future. The more that similar objects and bodies habitually settle in the same space, the more finely that space comes to be shaped to fit them. As time passes, the contours of the space become rigid, forming grooves that funnel similar objects and bodies in the same direction, and unsettling and deflecting objects and bodies that do not fit. Networks of belonging thus become shaped such that some subjects are more likely to become embedded in them than others.

Without such an intervention, a world organised around property relationships tends to continue forward with what Grosz describes as the 'uniform, regular beat (that) generates an objective, measurable clock time'

As Cooper shows in her work on Summerhill, property practices can play a productive role in contributing to community life (Cooper, 2007). So for example, the school's collective, democratic

response to property breaches and the reassertion of rights that happens in that process (re)produces a sense of collective identity (Cooper, 2007). Blomley's examination of the overlapping private and public property understandings and practices in regards to the flowers in the boulevard bathtubs also shows that this extra-legal property can contribute to a shared public good, in that case a mainly aesthetic one (Blomley, 2005). In both examples there is a merging of property as a subject's rights over an object (subject-object belonging) and property as a part of the subject's identity (whole-part belonging), with both types of belonging, or what could be seen as the merging of the two, having a material effect on the surrounding space. At Summerhill, students' and teachers' rights over things (subject-object belonging) are tempered by the rules of community membership (whole-part belonging), and the interaction of these belongings produces the unique space of the school – both its material layout (staffrooms that allow student access, private bedrooms that tend to be widely shared, students' things such as clothes and tools arranged in such a way that they are not permanently given away) and its non-hierarchical, non-moralistic sense of community

The alternative property practices in both examples have an effect on both the subjects' identities and the surrounding physical space – differently shaped spaces are carved out. The result is a space that is unsettled in terms of its position within hegemonic understandings of property that are enshrined in law and that tend to dominate space.

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