



## COMING HOME

The first time that Alice told us about her project for this issue – which has the ambitious task of deepening the interconnection between the realms of the living – she talked about posture: she intended to engage with people who embody this deep interconnection between worlds by the very way they probe them. A posture, a way-of-being-in-the-world, then, that questions not only the boundaries of one's discipline, but the way one knows and relates to the living.

Thus, for example, the artistic duo Caretto / Spagna listens to the very ancient voice of the Yamuna River, questioning it according to the dictates of hydromancy and drawing from it the works that make up one of the artistic contributions in this issue.

The voice of the river, in turn, is made tangible through the pen of Tim Ingold, who generously put into writing the Yamuna's questions to human beings.

Or again, in the intense dialogue between Alice Benessia and Monica Gagliano, the scientist traces the path that led her to consider herself an inextricable component of the world she was studying, allowing the need to create relationships to penetrate what should have been merely a field of study.

Similarly, David Waltner-Toews' heartfelt article challenges not only the current scientific paradigm, but also the true sense of us as monolithic beings in charge of fragmenting the world in order to understand it. Then, the suggestive

image of organism-totems emerges, around which a complex multitude of microbial societies are organized, destroying the idea that there can be life beyond interdependence.

This concept somehow resonates with the idea of *human humus* that Xavier Luján, in conversation with Chiara Sgaramella, defines as an indispensable condition for the creation of long-term projects for “regenerating the soil”.

In Cyrilla Mozenter's dazzling artistic contribution, this change of posture implies a profound acceptance of failure as an integral aspect of our humanity and an opportunity to learn from the collective process of living.

Thus, along the pages of this organism-book – which itself owes its life to the visible or invisible coexistence and conversation among scientists, artists, scholars and practitioners to whom goes all our gratitude – a re-centering of our place in the world is suggested. A re-centering of the relationships, the knowledge that we inherited and are now faltering, under the weight of all life, demanding to be taken into account.

If we follow John Berger, center does not mean a new privileged point of view, which again separates us from the rest, but “the place where a vertical line intersects a horizontal line. The vertical line is a path that leads upward to the sky and downward to the underworld. The horizontal line represents the interweaving of the world,

all the possible roads that crossed the earth to reach other places" (J. Berger, *And Our faces, My Heart, Brief as Photos*, 1984) The point where these lines cross, according to Berger, is what we can call home.

Speaking of the way in which she rediscovered herself and her work as immersed in the web of life, Gay Bradshaw writes exactly this: "that reintegration, that restoration, is me coming home."

We hope that for those who read, as for us, this issue of Animot may be a way to follow the paths of the living with confidence, and then find themselves, again and finally, at home.

We want to thank those who made this possible: the publishing house Safarà, LAV who once again allows us to print and disseminate these pages by donating part of its 5x1000, the precious contribution of Valeria De Siero for the translation of the texts.

Again, our gratitude goes to all the human totems, whose thoughts, works and words made this issue so valuable. Above all else, we thank Alice Benessia for the professionalism, intelligence and, most of all, the love she has poured into these pages.

The amusing and apocalyptic scene that gives this issue its title sees dolphins soar and leave the earth: the human species has been incapable of hearing their warnings and, until the very end, it still doesn't understand, mistaking their farewell for

a water park performance. We imagine them today, the dolphins trained to defend Russian ships in Sevastopol harbor, soaring over Crimea, deserting the futility of violence that knows no boundaries of space or species (or knows them all too well). Still, in these fugitive dolphins there is no form of bitterness, anger, hatred, and not even frustration. They dance, they sing, and before they leave, they find the time to give thanks. Aware as we are that we do not have the opportunity, and neither the wish, to fly away, we want to set ourselves up to listen with the same open spirit.

**Gabi Scardi Valentina Avanzini**