



LA FESTA DEI VIVI
(CHE RIFLETTONO SULLA MORTE)

THE FEAST OF THE LIVING ONES
(WHO REFLECT UPON DEATH)

AND AND AND /
EVENT 6 /
LU CAFAUSU /
PILGRIMAGE IN SAN CESARIO DI LECCE /
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Dunia L. Babe, i love this pic! You'll tell me later about he photo in ur pocket..... ;)

April 23 at 6:24pm · Like · Report

Giancarlo N. that's the Lu Cafausu

April 23 at 10:12pm · Like · 1 person

Steve P. the pocket pic is the temple of nothingness, the world's most eloquent monument to the idea of being lost in translation... it's the opposite of the tower of babel, on the threshold everyone speaks different languages, but as soon as they enter their idioms merge because inside that little house there's nothing more to say...

April 23 at 10:22pm · Like · Report

Only the dead have seen the end of war.
(Plato)

Bow: the bow's name is life, though its work is death.

(Heraclitus)

Who were the fools who spread the story that brute force cannot kill ideas? Nothing is easier. And once they are dead they are no more than corpses.

(Simone Weil)

Verrà la morte e avrà i tuoi occhi
questa morte che ci accompagna
dal mattino alla sera, insonne,
sorda, come un vecchio rimorso
o un vizio assurdo. I tuoi occhi
saranno una vana parola,
un grido taciuto, un silenzio.
Così li vedi ogni mattina
quando su te sola ti pieghi
nello specchio. O cara speranza,
quel giorno sapremo anche noi
che sei la vita e sei il nulla.
Per tutti la morte ha uno sguardo.
Verrà la morte e avrà i tuoi occhi.
Sarà come smettere un vizio,
come vedere nello specchio
riemergere un viso morto,
come ascoltare un labbro chiuso.
Scenderemo nel gorgo muti.
(Cesare Pavese)

... for we, sexually differentiated beings,
death is perhaps not nothingness, but quite
simply the mode of reproduction prior to sexual
differentiation.

With the turn of the sixteenth century, the vision and iconography of death in the Middle Ages was still folkloric and joyous. There is a *collective theatre* of death, which was not yet buried in individual consciousness (nor, as later, in the unconscious). In the fifteenth century, death also inspired the great messianic and egalitarian festival of the Dance of Death: kings, bishops, townsfolk and villagers are all equal in the face of death, by way of a challenge to the unequal order of birth, wealth and power. This was the last great movement that Death was able to appear as an offensive myth, and as a collective speech, since, as we know, death has become an individual, tragic 'right wing' thought, a reactionary thought as regards revolt and social revolutionary movements.

In the capitalist mode, everyone is alone before the general equivalent. It is no coincidence that in the same way, everyone finds themselves alone before death, since *death is general equivalent*.

From this point on the obsession with death and the will to abolish death through accumulation become the fundamental motor of the rationality of political economy (...) The infinity of capital passes into the infinity of time, the eternity of a productive system no longer familiar with the reversibility of gift-exchange, but instead with the irreversibility of quantitative growth. The elimination of death is our phantasm, and ramifies in every direction: for religion, the afterlife and immortality; for science, truth; for economics, productivity and accumulation.
(Jean Baudrillard)

Only when the human once again recognizes that there exists not merely an appearance of death, but an actual and real death, a death that completely terminates the life of the individual, only when he returns to the awareness of his finitude, will he gain the courage to begin a new life and to experience the pressing need for making that which is absolutely true and substantial, that which is actually infinite, into the theme and content of his entire spiritual activity.

Now then, be also so good to acknowledge death, not only as the real and true end of our existence, but also as the true and real beginning and ground of your existence. For your existence is possible only together with the condition of death. Although death appears late, is only the end of your life and, in sensible reality, seems only to follow life, still death is not a posteriori truth, but a priori truth. Death is the presupposed and preceding condition of your existence. As you depart from existence in death, so you enter existence only in death.

Why is there no lasting pleasure? Because a continuing, uninterrupted pleasure would no longer be experience and pleasure; pleasure is pleasure only because it passes away.
(Ludwig Feuerbach)

The Feast of the Living Ones (who reflect upon death) is a project by Emilio Fantin, Luigi Negro, Giancarlo Norese, and Cesare Pietroiusti, with the collaboration of Luigi Presicce, organized for AND AND AND in the context of DOCUMENTA (13)

