

Acqua Alta

by Lily Selthofner



Acqua Alta

Saturday, December 16th and Sunday, December 17th
6:00pm each night

This project was made as a part of the Student Artist in Residence program of the Movement Lab in the Milstein Center of Barnard College

Acqua Alta is an interdisciplinary experimental performance art piece that wades through the waters of Venice, Italy, featuring a cast of eight student performers. Acqua Alta uses live ballet and contemporary dance, with live cello, opera in Italian and English, and spoken word accompaniment, as well as film, text, and visual arts, to bring contingent narrative vignettes into a labyrinth flow. Venice's waters suffuse and lull as a linguistic, corporeal, and reflective motif: mortal and eternal, void and full, mundane and sacred, beautiful and putrid. Desire is mechanized as the decadent pain of acceptance -- surrounded by undrinkable water, yet still finding solace and nourishment in the grandiosity of the everyday. Intimate and oceanic, Acqua Alta winds through Venetian canals, provokingly juxtaposed forms, emotions, and experiments of truth.

Acqua Alta

Director, Choreographer, Dancer, Writer: Lily Selthofner
in collaboration with the cast

Dancers:

Adara Allen

Marissa Caldera

Nina Kulkarni

Lynn Wilcox

Dancer and Singer: Maddy Manning-Bi

Dancer and Narrator: Moksha Akil

Cellist and Guitarist: Daniel Weitz

Narrator: Eric Butler

Composer and Pianist: Rory Bricca

Composer and Musician: Jane Meenaghan

Singer and Musician: Makae Brieschke

Lighting:

Isabelle Cowen

Sophia Ling

Costuming: Lily Selthofner, Adara Allen, Barnard Costume Closet

Venezia Scalzo film credits

Director, Dancer, Poet, Voice, Editor:

Lily Selthofner

Cinematographer: Anna Kasun

Composer and Pianist: Rory Bricca

Makae Brieschke - Vocal Composer and Singer

Special Thanks to Elizabeth Leake

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I - Prima, C'era Acqua

Prima, c'era acqua.
Lo spirito viscerale, il vuoto definitivo
Il sangue della madre

Accecante e assordante
il suo polso era il primo orologio

E piango al suo tempo,
le mie lacrime gocciolano
dal suo grembo
superando le circostanze

*First, there was water
The visceral ghost, the ultimate emptiness
The blood of the mother*

*blinding and deafening
her pulse was the first clock*

*and I cry to her time,
my tears dripping from her womb
surpassing circumstance*

II - Wallow

I wallow in toxic waves and long for unswimmable waters. Always just out of reach, out of control – born in fruitless, putrid, knowing worlds. Unruly seas steer my boat, overboarding passengers into stormy depths. Treasured mysteries lie on my floors, asleep in the canal beds. I watch from above as you sink into my muddy secrets and count on my fingers until your ascent—hoping you can hold your breath long enough.

People meet eyes in different ways, exposing and obscuring. Ancestors creak the doors in our mind-homes, to peek between living blinks. We toss glances and smiles like dice onto the cobblestones of insignificance.

I change landscapes by keeping divine self promises. I leave trails of gold-thread infinity, wading with strangers in my waters through the seas which once drowned me.

III - Violetto Scalzo

Mi chiama Violetto Scalzo (barefoot violet)
Le mie ossa sono pesci, fatti di punti interrogativi
mia gamba cede, mentre il mio cervello avanza
non so chi sono, da dove vengo, o perché sono qua, adesso.
le risposte risiedono nelle mie spalle curve e nel mio collo
allungato, in bilico,
tra la futilità cosmica e l'onda eterna del movimento immobile

*Mi chiama Violetto Scalzo.
my bones are fish, made of question marks
my leg caves, as my mind walks onward
I don't know who I am, where I came from, or why I am here, now.
The answers dwell in my hunched shoulders and craned neck, balanced,
between cosmic futility, and the eternal wave of still movement*

IV - Lido

I woke up on the Lido, cold and sunburnt. The elderly couple looks past me, surprised I am still here, still topless. Their little dog comes running. A wiry leg hair grabs my attention and I lose my fingers, wrists cramping in the dumb, null struggle.

The next day my skin cracks. The beach is more crowded, less pensive. I wear a taupe bucket hat that I'd bought from a street vendor. Underneath, cat eye sunglasses cover my eyes. Deeper inhales don't always exonerate. Surveillance emerges from every seagull and wood knot in the brush. I cower and buck, exfoliated.

I am inconspicuous— my stoic, hidden face and exposed chest, fertile yet lifeless as a limestone statue. Uninviting yet alluring. No true eyes to meet, the world's attention instead cakes to my skin, dirty, scabbing over. I pick at the pits and grooves, scarring— acid rain stone exterior, eroding into glass bead dust. My fingers dig tranced agendas and unpronounceable numbers into the sand, forging spaceless maps in grain— light layers on my skin and little dunes around my beach towel.

The crisp, salty water takes back little lifetimes in every lulled wave, leaving my raw skin newborn and exposed. The ocean foams at my ankles with the freshness of forgetting, catching dry sand brushed off between lifetimes. Particles of chance swim in and out of the sea, delusions of microcosmic attention, time granulated and effort dissolved, swimming at my ankles. I drift between sand

IV - Lido

and water, repeating the cycle. In shallow oscillations, shells wash like rose petals along the shoreline. I pick one up, trace its receptive crooks, and set it back down again— overwhelmed by the beauty of the many and the futility of choice, chance— blind and undecided.

My goggles have a nose piece. I am afraid the knowing water will rush into my sinuses, flush out my obsessions, taste my nothingness and spit me back out, unworthy. Caught, dying pearls drown in baths of rippling metallic sadness poured from my starved, rusted chalice. Nevermind my protective facade, the nosebleeds inevitably gush in. Welling blood pulsates against the frame of my goggles and overcomes my vision. I suffocate, gasping through thick primance as I unsuction them from my face. The polluted, jealous air gushes into my nose, bites my brain and drinks my blood. Drips it down my chin and neck for pleasure. My eye-shot spots of reborn curiosity sink into the sand in maps of probability, of helixian signatures sponged into tiny elements. My fingers roll in wine red corpus, blood drawn, and smear it in my journal.

I am a child in an adult body, wading into lukewarm pleasure. Deeper than expected I stand on my toes. With the great ferality of the waves, I flip and twirl, in flow.

V - Violenza Scottatura

Mi chiama Violenza Scottatura

sono dolore. Sono a piedi nudi sulla sabbia calda, a prendere a pugni l'antico pavimento, erodendo la facciata dell'immortalità.

Sono connessa. Sono una piramide di guerrieri, il mio esercito di antenati marcia dietro di me.

Sono l'amore incondizionato. Sono la nonna pagana più potente, con fa.

Sono fiducia. Sono protezione. Io sono le porte che si aprono. Sono l'ombra nell'angolo della stanza.

Per troppo tempo ho avuto paura dei miei aiutanti, dei miei amanti incondizionati.

Ero un bambino, impreparato, cieco al mio stesso potere, reso vittima statua in mondi rigidi.

Parassiti ai miei muscoli, succhiando la mia carne morbide, desiderando l'amore che ho impastato da vite di dolore.

V - Violenza Scottatura

*I am pain. I am bare feet on hot sand, punching ancient pavement,
eroding the facade of immortality.*

*I am connection. I am a pyramid of warriors, my army of ancestors
marching behind me.*

*I am unconditional love. I am my most powerful pagan grandmother,
eons ago.*

*I am trust. I am protection. I am the doors that open. I am the shadow in
the corner of the room.*

For too long, I have been afraid of my helpers, my unconditional lovers.

*I was a child, unready, blind to my own power, made a statue victim in
rigid worlds.*

*Parasites to my muscles, sucking my soft flesh,
longing for the love I kneaded from lifetimes of pain.*

VI - Raphael I

I see the blurred aura of a man looking at me from afar. He is ageless, faceless, bearded— freshly emerged from the water, a new architecture of the sea, untouched. The same ocean circles his waist where it drags across my exposed chest. He calls out to me; I continue flipping. Spectacle, embarrassment— not sure if it's too late to respond. The magnetic water answers for me— he approaches, calls to me in Italian.

Closer he is beautifully fallible, with delicate soft skin and eyes as blue as everything around us. His charismatic joy swirls magic into our little auric pool, ocean dreamscape convergence of infinite horizon. He is singularity as movement, reverberation of a harp string. He is a pillar in the floods, unrelenting as the world shifts around him, waves redirected in satin pulses. I smile to myself, happy he's only a few years older than me, timid in his gentle enthusiasm, tidal hug.

Plastic swims past us. We collect it— grime holed up in my hands even though his calloused grip towers mine. A tiny school of fish dances between our legs, tickled brushes against our thighs. Hardly visible amidst encroaching reflective ripples, they could fit in his cupped palms. We examine them, faces inching closer. They're silverfish.

Like stars, their gleams usher cosmos; I ask him what gods he worships. He smiles as he squints nostalgically into the sea's horizon. He answers slowly, quietly, as if he's reciting faint whispers that echo between atomic chords, first embers of incarnation, hints from his source— worshiped nature, true art in

VI - Raphael I

the beyond physical. His hands are free to touch my cheek, pausing, reaching beyond his monolith verticality and into my divine pull and rotation. He softens, drifts backwards, recounts bits of his childhood in Kosovo, across the Adriatic and inwards. He says Albanian is a difficult language to learn, and that the beaches there have waterfalls— palms cupped, water jumps down, back to itself from his tallness, silver glitters.

We promenade between the upper-shore trash can and waist deep rolling water as we collect stories and garbage. The gentle waves topple us closer. I invite myself into his psyche, crystalline. He splashes me. He is angelic, menacingly perfect, unreachable yet enthralling, the cracked door of an open stranger. I offer him a swimming race, and he offers me a kiss.

VII - Vasta Serpente

Mi chiama Vasta Serpente

Ho fame, tanta fame. Ho un buco nel cuore, che riempio di serpenti e draghi e pesci.

Un milione di anni fa, battevo il tamburo troppo forte, le mani mi facevano ancora male per aver fatto quel buco nel mio antico cuore. Mi fanno male le dita sui tamburi rotti, il polso spezzato soffocato dalla cenere, le dita che scavano nel buco, alla ricerca di risposte già sbriciolate, marce, dimenticate.

Ogni passo della mia ultima grande danza ci avvicina alla morte, mentre le ossa del mio punto interrogativo si spezzano sotto il peso delle lucertole, dei serpenti e dei pesci nel mio cuore.

I'm hungry, so hungry. I have a hole in my heart that I fill with snakes and dragons and fish.

One million years ago, I beat my drum too hard, my hands still hurt from punching that hole in my ancient heart. My fingers ache on broken drums, broken pulse smothered in ashes, fingers digging in the hole, searching for answers already crumbled, rotten, forgotten.

Every step of my last great dance marches us closer to death, as my question mark bones break under the weight of the snakes and fish in my heart.

VIII - Raphael II

He sends me messages, idle and eager, during his lengthy commute to work by train then vaporetto each day. A server at a restaurant in Castello, close to my home, he brags, almost enviable. A few times a week, I come and go along the main road, wading past mini markets and tabaccherie. Sometimes I stop by. I would text him just before I passed, and scan for him, recognizably tall amidst the restaurant's cluttered outdoor seating, orange chairs and large-windowed facade, bar behind glass. In slow, almost exasperated moments his eyes would soften to see me, shoulders relaxed and tired, charismatic smile asking **"Come stai?"** Other times he entertains me politely but rushes around me, sees past me, apologetic. As we age with our love, I opt to hurry past the restaurant at a distance, with quiet, quick steps and face hidden behind my tote, wishing for invisibility.

I prefer instead to see him in the dark satin privacy of nocturnal Venice. I often wait for him at the foot of the bridge between Castello and Saint Elena around midnight to see him after he finishes work. Confined by circumstance, we only exist in abstract, vacuum moments, teasing love bites in broken tongues in the quiet corners of anonymity— having neither time nor space.

Sometimes we get lost in translations under the obscuration of tired moonlight. We laugh wordlessly into each other's eyes, catching glimpses of the gods between our waves of inner heaven, almost understanding. Other times we fit together— our quirks

VIII - Raphael II

jugged, tranquil seashell grooves spooning in the sand. We float outwards like flowers swept along fertile waves, carried by a nostalgic breeze towards the far side of the horizon. (purple = idk whose part it is yet)

Tonight he swims my depths and collects my treasures on a red bench in the park. We almost disappear into midnight fervor. Our whispers, mouths close, invigorate the foamy seas that beat in our aquamarine gazes, catching the evening between our tongues. I tease him with words hardly said, our faces come closer as I straddle his waist and press into him. I hold the back of his neck, pulling him in. My hair falls over our faces as we kiss in ablaze passion. His desire caresses my body, his firm grip reaches under my long skirt to squeeze my bare thighs. We speak in Italian, in heavy, wet, exasperated breaths. He bites my lip so hard that I feel the fossils of his teeth in my mouth the next day. I will chew the spot, longing to finish what has begun.

Weeks accumulate on red benches and in quiet dead ends. Between kisses, I catch drops of his bitter impatient tones on my tongue. Rawsness catalyzed— our combination sparks in a burning heat if lingered upon too long. Acidic unstable boldness, our tangent oddities erode his once-sharp marble idol, sculpted in my mind. I feel his rough face on my soft thighs. We are mortals in decay.

Mi chiama Vantaggia Sinistra

Io sono il serpente, il pesce, il drago dell'amore che vive nel mio cuore, nove dimensioni più piccole e più alte di te o di me.

Sono un serpente: spesso, lungo e viscido, con segreti dietro ogni scaglia.

Sono una vittima, un povero ragazzo di una cattiva famiglia. Questa volta, la mia spina dorsale è il punto interrogativo, la sofferenza viscida di decadenza.

Sono un veterano, un assassino morente. Ho paura che ogni giorno sarà l'ultimo, quindi apro le mie gambe a serpenti, draghi e pesci, per trovare la mia cervice, strisciare nel mio grembo, scalare la mia spina dorsale e unirsi agli altri insetti nel mio cuore.

Sono il drago, che è connesso a tutti, più vicino del previsto, numerabile, grosso, lungo e viscido, che ha sentito che non c'è fine alla follia, che potrebbe non ricordare nulla, ma sa tutto.

Scivolo dentro me stesso, melma su melma, facendo l'amore incondizionato con me stesso, guardando tutta la merda e il sangue sulla terra,

spingendo il serpente sempre più in profondità, finché il dolore e l'amore sono dello stesso colore, perché sono più grande, più piccolo, più alto, di tutto questo.

X - Sublime

My rest was sublime: my soul of sand melted into Earth, my glassy energy sprinkled along the shore and in rainbow sea foam. I closed my eyes to greet profoundly simple angels of higher form. They unlocked the portal to my soul's riches with a golden key, I stirred— pouring into itself, molecular ripples of ocean waves. The architecture of every moment glistened in infinite layers, built and unmissable, sticky sweet on tongues that treasure the taste. Each connection, each ocean swimmer since the first dewdrop's dawn, composed, strung out along staffs of twitching telepathic overlap, waves splash over our heads at the crossroads. In their peaks and crescents live the gods, omniscient. They watch crystalline light refract through my valent dragonfly wings, each wavelength of infinite possibility teetering between already dead and never born. The eternally sacred accept my tears of joy into their well of soft love, gentle heat from joyful embers warms my open palms, receiving.

XI - Viottolo Supino

È stato un errore per me venire qui, incarnarsi su questa Terra. Sono debole, sono fondamentalmente una persona cattiva, non importa quanto mi sforzi di essere buono. Tutto ciò che faccio causa dolore a qualcun altro e mi ricorda che sono distrutto fino in fondo. Mi sento un alieno, un fantasma, un pesce fuor d'acqua. Mi sento come un bambino piccolo che non sa dove andare o cosa fare, come se avessi bisogno di qualcuno che mi tenesse per mano mentre giro ogni angolo. Mi sento piccolo e vulnerabile.

Ma nessuno sa come fare questo per me, e Dio ha gettato la mia anima su questa Terra, come una lenza da pesca, una piccola corda d'argento che mi attacca all'estremità di una lunga serie di dolori, quindi non ho mai imparato a essere pieno o a camminare solo, libero e disancorato.

Dio ha fatto del tempo il mio problema, Dio mi ha detto di trovare un modo per essere la persona più grande, di sacrificare la mia interezza, nascondere il mio dolore, solo per essere incluso in qualche falsa società, per portare i problemi del mio lignaggio sulle mie piccole spalle, per essere attaccato dal dolore degli altri perché l'amore vero e ordinario da persone vere e ordinarie

non sarà mai abbastanza per riempire il vuoto nella mia anima che è stato lì fin dal primo giorno solitario su questa Terra.

A volte mi chiedo se il mio secchio di dolore perde sangue, e se sto lasciando una scia che fiutano tutti gli squali, o che sporca le vesti bianche degli angeli.

XI - Viottolo Supino

It was a mistake for me to come here, to be incarnated on this Earth. I am weak, I am fundamentally a bad person, no matter how hard I try to be a good one. Everything I do causes pain to someone else, and reminds me that I am broken to the core. I feel like an alien, like a ghost, like a fish out of water. I feel like a little baby who doesn't know where to go or what to do, like I need someone to hold my hand as I turn every corner. I feel small and vulnerable.

But nobody knows how to do this for me, and God threw my soul at this Earth, like a fishing line, a little silver cord attaching me to the end of a long string of pain, so I never learned how to be full or walk alone, free and unanchored.

God made time my problem, God told me to find a way to be the biggest person, to sacrifice my wholeness, hide my pain, just to be included by some false society, to carry my lineage's problems on my little shoulders, to be attacked by the pain of others because true, ordinary love from true, ordinary people will never be enough to fill the hole in my soul that has been there since the very first lonely day on this Earth.

Sometimes I wonder if my bucket of pain leaks blood, and if I am leaving a trail that all the sharks smell, or that dirties the white robes of angels.

XII - Giuseppe I

I hadn't noticed I was smiling at the lone man walking past, with the curly brown hair stuck to his neck, half-up, until he was already smiling back. We meet eyes, in a dazzled prelinguistic moment—detached, still looking. He starts, circling back towards me, pulled polarities, rounding the corner of his square jaw.

He's lived in Venice all twenty seven years of his life, and says he will die here too. A fifth generation painter, he lives in Giudecca and works at his father's art gallery near the Guggenheim. I show him my paintings; he likes the blood. Hopefully I will see his soon. I offer him a spot on my towel.

We talk until just before the mosquitoes come out, then head to the water. The sea is warmer than the air, inviting and comforting as it pushes us closer together. Our eyes scan the dimming aquamarine horizon as we lull in shallow waves. The sea, in its mild perfection, floats our truths to the surface and whispers them, almost silent between the push and pull of the evening tide, who rolls in as the moon rises.

There is no wind to dry us. Sad to leave, I stumble back to the shore to kiss the sea goodbye. Dipping my feet cautiously into the water, I slid my swimsuit bottoms off, leaned over to grab them, uncuffing my ankles. Giuseppe asked if I threw a ring into the sea, the great Neptunian abyss waiting to catch my love, inscribed frozen whispers in icy diamond— I will the next time I find myself in Venice. Worshipful sea, weary goodbyes, unknown and already nostalgic, passing— I slide my skirt over my head as I turn away from the tempted, who suffuses in me forever. I tip-toe, my newborn skin sensitive to the well-meaning caress of broken seashells along the damp shore, scattered as fragile rose petal heartbeats and blood drops— back towards Giuseppe, who is still changing, sticky shorts on wet legs.

XIII - Giuseppe II

I visited his family's art gallery the next day to see his works. The door opens to a shallow, packed space with stacked paintings along the ground and high shelves lined with small statues adjacent 'do not touch' stickers. A hoarder's collection, addiction-lifetimes of art and artists shuffled through the narrow doorway I stood in. Diverse arrays of media, a jugged mix of sacred and demonic- antique and surreal in haphazard alchemy. I wade amongst the cluttered waters of knowledge, caked in dust, pausing for a moment at a small display along the back wall to name the different marbles and precious stone columns, dragging my finger along their smooth exteriors- cipollino rosso, red porphyry. He nods enthusiastically, smiling, his clumsy humanness rattles the stones on the wobbly plastic table.

Giuseppe's paintings are the highest, large canvases of abstract expressionism, oil and acrylic psychedelic jugged swirls that capture a metaphysical Venice: nature over man in primary colors. Inspired by beauty and secondary sight, peeked into imperfect finities, idle gods and unimaginable horizons- overlapping dimensions- love as a time of its own, time stacked as love.

XIV - Viscerale Sincronizzatore

Mi chiama Viscerale Sincronizzatore

Posso parlare con i morti. Li vedo negli angoli crepati di antichi edifici, vedo i loro bei volti rugosi nei miei sogni.

Cammino sulla linea sottile tra banale e universale, dove ai morti piace vivere. Cresco su quella linea, come i funghi.

Mi fido di creature inaffidabili perché so che mi rispettano, i loro occhi che guardano dal legno e dalla pietra che gettano un ponte su ogni acqua profonda. Tutti abbiamo conosciuto lo stesso profondo dolore e scegliamo ancora l'amore.

Mi abbraccio, e dalla cisterna della solitudine risorgono i morti.

I can speak to dead people. I see them in cracked corners of ancient buildings, I see their wrinkly, beautiful faces in my dreams.

I walk the thin line between mundane and universal, where dead people like to live. I grow on that line, like mushrooms.

I trust untrustable creatures because I know they respect me, their eyes watching from the wood and stone that bridges every deep water. We all have known the same deep pain, and still choose love.

I hug myself, and from the cistern of loneliness, the dead rise.

XV - Giuseppe III

Cupped palms catch the still warm ashen embers of our intimate curiosities. Flames of love flicker along a strung lifetime—uniform moment ghost marked, etched into the blank canvases of our minds. To decipher, to squint between threads. To paint on top of. Hours of conversation ooze into silent gazes, melted like candle wax, re-hardened in inexorable wrought conviction, tensions of critical people. I look into him, our jaws locked in focus, his leg mine to touch—lingered, extended desires under the shallow table as midnight breeze whispers us closer from the window. I offer to show him more of my paintings: a series of abstract faces, primary colors from the beach.

In my room, on my bed now, I lay my head on his arm as we talk, eyes fixed downwards as I flip through my little book of paintings, each androgynous edifice a delicate molecule of emotion, blur of musings and memories, forgotten, erased in insignificance, confined to the anonymity of bound time. We lean in closer. He pauses at one he likes. His finger trails the stoic woman's jaw, feeling profile tones and delicate brush strokes in her skin.

We smile into divinity, plenitude dreams exchanged between our eyes. He kisses me, with gentle fingers that push my hair behind my ear and caresses down my neck. I run along his arms, massaging his shoulders as I trace brooks of our late July sweat. His breath deepens, relaxes, and settles into my ear as I find his strong, tense neck. I straddle his waist and kiss him with the gentle passion of a thousand gods and angels, who would descend

from heaven's perfect form, would endure lifetimes of human suffering for this singular moment of mortal beauty, dreamscape convergence.

He picks me up, our arms and legs intertwined, compounding as we slip into perfect grooves of wet night. He lays down my torso as he relishes in the softness of my thigh, fumbling the hem of my skirt, my buttons small and legs bent. His sensitive eyes drink me, down, deeper, he sinks into my secrets, absorbs himself in my complexity. I watch from above as his paintbrush hands and caressing gaze trace my smooth, perfect calligraphy— unending glimmers, gold thread infinities knotted since time started movement, nothing lost nor gained. He tells me art is the most advanced technology, as our hearts beat, touched in worship. Our pulses crescendo into wave peaks as water breathes us. We are gods in adult bodies.

His left hand reaches up, lets down curly brown hair from its half ponytail, understanding. It falls over his eyes.

XVI - Ritornare

E alla fine, come all'inizio, e in ogni momento molecolare nel
mezzo, torno a me stessa, la madre di tutte le madri, per mangiare
vite di dolore e pace,
lezione nel grande oblio

Incollo le pagine del mio libro con il mio sangue, come il grande
autore, il grande
trasmutatore del vuoto in tempo e spazio, delle parole in
esperimenti

Sono quello che ricorda tutto, facendo ballare e toccare
l'immaginazione di me stesso in modo da poter tornare a me
stesso volte e volte, aver imparato, esser stato.

Lecco ogni goccia del mio proprio sangue mentre striscia nel mio
grembo,
non avendo perso nulla, e cambiato tutto, per piacere, per dolore,
per imparare, ancora.

XVI - Ritornare

*And in the end, as in the beginning, and every molecular moment in
between,*

*I return to myself, the mother of all mothers, to eat lifetimes of pain and
peace,
lessons in the great forgetting*

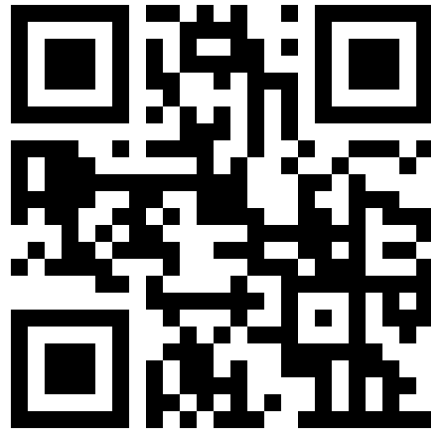
*I glue the pages of my book shut with my blood, as the great author, the
great
transmuter of emptiness into time and space, of words into experiments*

*I am the one who remembers everything, making imaginations of myself
dance and touch
each other, so that I can return to myself time and time again, having
learned, having been.*

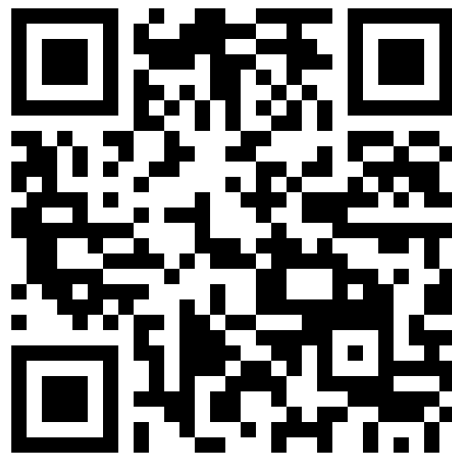
*I lick up every drop of my own blood as I crawl back into my womb,
having lost nothing, and changed everything, for pleasure, for pain, for
learning, again.*

Texts performed in *Acqua Alta* are excerpts from
a larger work, titled *Lido*.

To read the full piece online, scan this QR code
or go to lilyselfhofner.com/lido



To watch the featured *Venezia Scalzo*
film, scan this QR code or go to
<https://lilyselfhofner.com/scalzo/>



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Center of Barnard College

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