Ланфранко Бини

ОТВОРЕНИ ИДЕНТИТЕТИ

We are born as male and female, we grow up to become women and men. Let’s learn from the boys and the girls: as flowers, they open and close. They open when they meet with their mother’s eyes, the things they touch, the voices they hear, their own feelings and senses. They open and learn how to explore and recognize, how to move through space and swim through time. They close to have some time to think, to let go in dreams and fantasies, a narration of themselves and their relations to others, to the world. For the boys and the girls a hand is a hand, a rose is a rose. When they cry, they ARE the cry itself, when they laugh they become the very laugh, when they suffer they ARE the suffering. They live in the present moment; they walk and boldly pass through it. They find, examine, study, acquaint, and grow. They grow in a natural ambiance and a social milieu. Nevertheless, they are not alone, the others are here too: the sounds, the deaf silence, the movements, pain, and death. The meet and crash into, experiment with numerous “yes” and “no”, with permissions and prohibitions, states of bliss and dejection. With the warmth of love and the coldness of indifference. With the need for love, touch, and glance, care – they only want to feel well.

Но, не се случува речиси никогаш. Врз девојчињата и врз момчињата, така лесни и подвижни, наеднаш се струполува

But it almost never happens. The weight of the world suddenly crumbles on top of the boys and girls, once so light and mobile.

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This you can do, this you must not. This is wrong, and this is right. This is good and this is bad. And your body begins to go to pieces: learn to be ashamed of your "south", learn to hide it. Learn not to follow your instincts, your deep feelings. Are you a boy? You must not cry then. And the flower begins to close more and more often, it starts to defend itself. The rules, duties and regulations construct their dark bastions, their gallows. The mind becomes a prison with tall fences, a prison of paths trodden by others, of defeats and the past. The prisoner's dream becomes an escape on the restless paths of imagination. And then, we become more and more lonely. Existence instills its order in us: such and such is your task, this and that is you. And the norm does its part, as well.

The world was not made to suit the boys and the girls. The identity of society becomes a wound, infected and tedious. Later, as time goes on, the ravaged bodies wear the signs of defeat. Memory becomes a dark place where the defeats of the race are stored, the weeping and the cries of the world.

But it could be different. I am I, I girl, I boy, but I am you, too. I am my experience, but yours too; I am my, as well as your pain, my, but your joy, too. I exist because you do. I am on a road, by your side. I am with you, your feelings and mine, your thoughts and mine. We are different, we all are, and I learn from you and you learn from me. In every one of us, there is the experience of the human race: a river that flows on and on. And in the present, steps of worlds: difficulty and pain, hunger and pleasure, grace and happiness. Everyone of us, these are the "worlds." We carry them with and within us, their sounds and hues, the blood that flows, the beating of the heart, the breath.

Another world is possible, as well. Women and men, responsible for their worlds, sincere like children, swift like doves and
како лисици, можат да почнат одново, сега и веднага, да ги извежат тежките нишки на еден цвят заплет, од срце до срце, од мисла до мисла, со внимателни чувства и знаења. Не повеќе едно „jas“ поделено на „мене“ и „тебе“, туку различни, а заедно: jas и ти. Силни во соопштениите разлики, да сакаме основни простори населени со жени и мажи кои ќе бидат среќни да се срекаат, да се слушаат, да се сакаат, да сражуваат и да плакаат, да мислат и да чувствуваат заедно. Да живеат мудри и одговорни, откривајки се и затворајки се, како цветовите, како момчињата и девојчиците.

„Отворен иденитет“ е дајно и симултано движење: го преработуваме соопштениот интерес, но секој од нас е отворен и отворена кон другите. Срчото се од затворенот иденитет - тврдината, захтевана на нашето „jas“, ограничен во една улога, во една општествена група, еден пол. Човечкото род или кои биде жена и маж заедно, или нема да биде. „Отворените иденitetи“ се заеднички места во движење, во постојана трансформација, на пат низ времето и просторот. Се срежаат во очите, „прозорците на душата“, од каде што избива дабирската енергија на светот. Се чувствуваат „преку стомак“, се слушаат како дишат. Тие се музиката на световите, насмевката и свесната смех, гласната радост да се биде заедно на тој гоlem пат, во насока на ослободувањето.

„Отворените иденитети“ се заеднички места на средбата и на судирот: да се сдруже внатре во нас со она што не прави затворенички и затвореници, да се сдружиме около нас, со она што не прават робини и робови. Долу ракет од момчињата и девојчиците! Долу ракет од љубовта!

Излагање на интеркултурниот кампус „Порто Франко“, Тоскана, август 2000.

„Open Identity“ is a twofold and simultaneous movement: we are processing our experience, but we are all open to others. Contrary to the closed identity - the fortress, the dungeon of our “I”, limited to one role, one social group, one gender. The human kind either will be woman and man together or will not be at all. “Open Identities” are common places in movement, in ceaseless transformation, traveling through space and time. They meet in the eyes, “the windows of the soul,” whence the deep energy of the world flows. They are felt “through the stomach”, you can hear them breathe. They are the music of the worlds, the smile and the conscious laughter, the passionate joy to be together on that great path, headed for deliverance.

“Open Identities” are common places of meeting and collision: let’s collide inside with what makes prisoners of us, let’s collide around us, with what makes us slaves. Keep your hands off the boys and girls! Keep your hands off love!

Translated by Sase Tasev