

SANDRO BATTISTI

# The map is a contraction

translated from Italian by Carlo Santulli



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Sandro Battisti

*Visual maps, concealed maps, a single collapse point where interferences become unbearably high. Symbols extracted as access keys, I fall straight down in the immaterial, which corrodes the biological.*

Wandering around mid November, I am crossing the fields, which will yield wheat. The morning is contouring its freshness, and the light strikes me for its intensity, which degrades towards pallor: above me oppressing clouds, of an ill-assorted blue or grey. Upon and inside me an obscure triumph of sensations: Autumn has always been my favourite season, I only desire intimateness, and if I only felt colder I would be like a bear in his den, my world would nicely end up down there.

While walking, I observe the fields waiting for their final stasis in winter.

My thought travels across these places, as they are in other moments of the year, in other years in the same days and so on. I remind mentally every notion of local history I have. I have the sensation that my ancestors are by my side, I could talk and let them know I am their descendant lost in time, was it only for the idiom from which my language descends.

A pole was hammered in the terrain. I observe it quite absent-mindedly, trying to understand the function he may fulfil. I have no idea who planted it, neither do I know why, but I remember vividly that in that very place, at the top of a small cliff, last year grass was entangled and rotated on itself such in a whirlpool: now it has been mowed. It was a strange vertigo, twigs of straw not harvested yet and piled up on themselves, as if they were small sheaves still on the turf. It looked like a disquieting *circle*, sort of hair vertigo, a sense of illness reminding me of other discoveries I made a few years back, may be another hundred metres further down, when the paths were not there yet, but only a cultivated field.