

Deixar para trás

nothings on trust and fear

on being left

behind

free

scattered

together

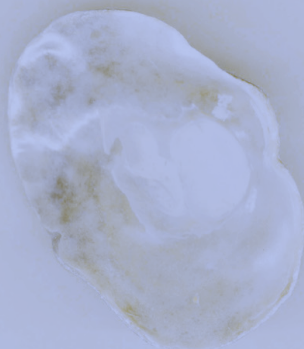
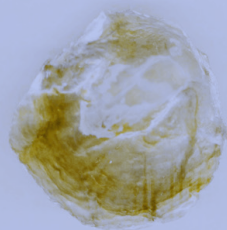
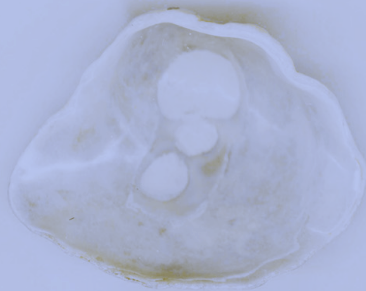
Diana Ferro

Residency report

Trafaria - Torrão

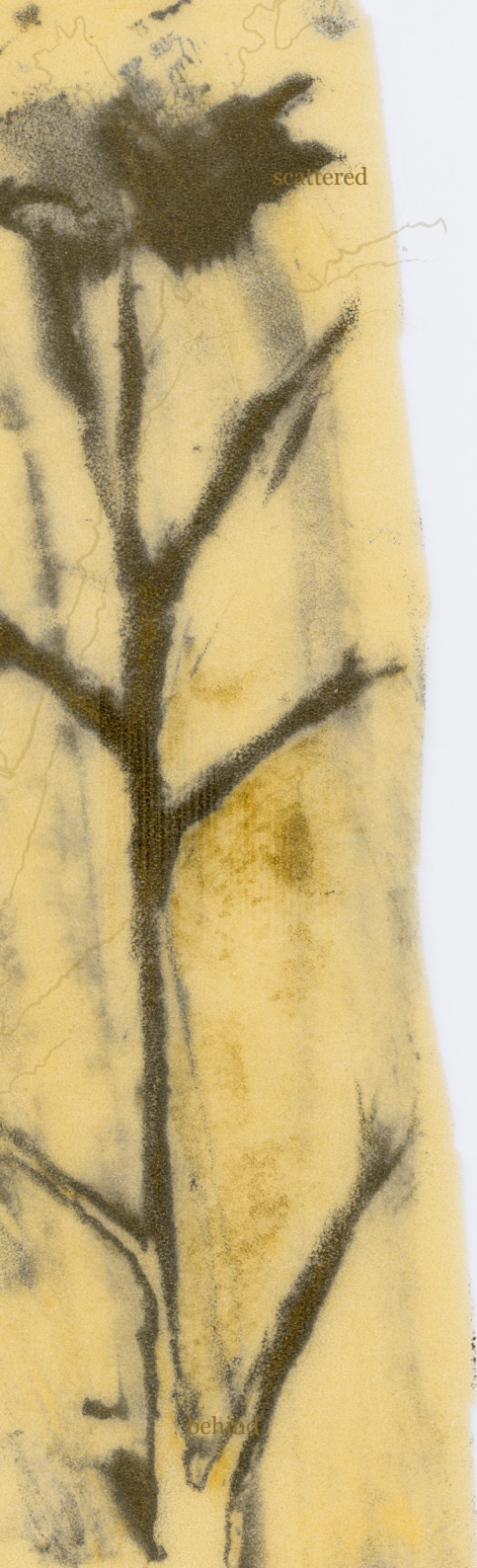
September 2024

Maisunomaisum
Play(the)ground
Informality as resistance



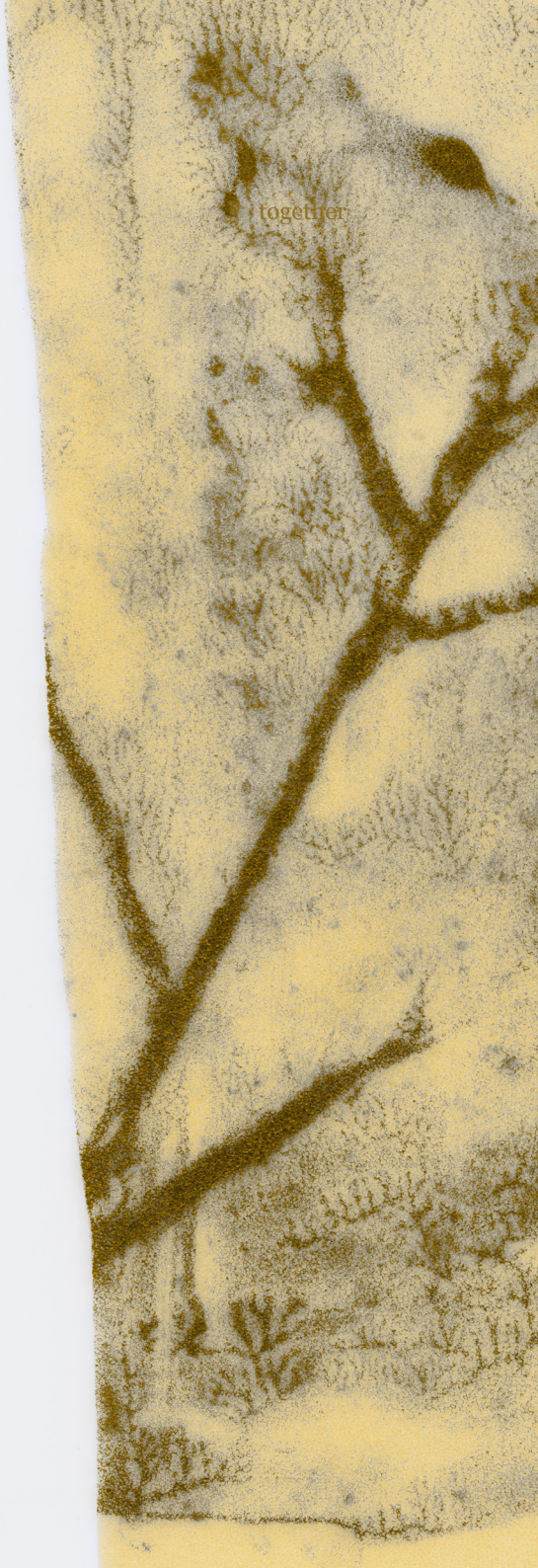
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Deixar para trás

Go outside, look inside

*This text aims just at being
A mildly poetic entrance
Into conversations*

*It will lose the thread
As I have lost mine
in the field*

You can better feel this text alongside [*this podcast interview*](#):



ó

nothings on being left



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Between August and September 2024 I had the opportunity to take part in an artistic residency in the territory of Trafaria (Almada, Lisbon)¹ for three weeks, as part of the project “PLAY(THE)GROUND, Informality as resistance”, developed by the portuguese artistic collective “Maisunomaisum”. It has overall been a confronting moment, both with the surroundings and within myself.

“The residency offers a studio space, allowing participants the independence and freedom needed to develop a bottom-up project in a suburban neighborhood of Lisbon. The programme questions the form of the informal, if resistance excludes or preserves, if it is survival or

1 Trafaria consists of three territories with different characteristics: Trafaria (a former bathing area and industrial town), 2º Torrão (a self-built neighbourhood on the south bank of Tejo river, with a culturally diverse population, mostly coming from african countries) and Gova do Vapor (a self-built neighbourhood, made up mainly of Portuguese people linked to fishing).

emancipation. It aims at collecting the knowledge of informality and how it differs from the formal and why. It investigates the emotions of (in)formality and what places it inhabits in our bodies. It unravels the power of the informal and the risks that it faces. Ultimately, it aims at creating worlds from the encounter between the formal and the informal.”

Within the collection of all the scattered materials that resulted from this deeply inspiring experience, I have quickly realized that a longer text was needed to try to untangle at least some of these topics, which constantly shift from a personal subjective experience to a more universal one at the fast pace of a sewing machine, one dot in, one dot out. The rhythm of these punches is dictated by two distinct emotions: trust and fear.

I have consequently developed this report as a guide for my thoughts and a station towards many other directions, something to leave back for the others, to *deixar para trás*, or *para os outros*.

² *excerpt from the open call text, 2024*
<https://maisunomaisum.pt/playtheground-2024>



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“ The open call gives me the opportunity to retrace back all my fragmented steps and advance further, as the sites involved in the call. I have lived in Lisbon for 6 months and Trafaria has been a stunning discovery for me, for the way it can keep peculiarities and varieties. I was used to going for long walks of discovery there, but this would be the chance to settle a bit there and see what kind of circles can be formed, as a pebble in the water.

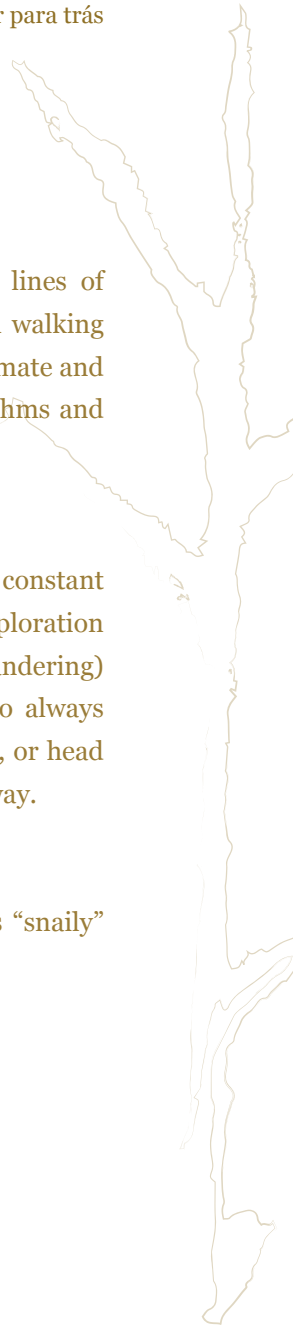
I have a complete admiration for these powerful places as they are, and no need to add my part in the form of an authorial project, but rather learn from them. I want to learn how people go on during their single days in this ever changing scenario and how they, too, learn from it. I will be there as a curious observer, and then engage in activities with the web of connections that this observation will create, to take something with me in the end, as a seed to plant in other contexts: a way of living.”³



Once in the location, I had worked following four lines of research. Two took place outside, developed through walking exploration and relation with materials; two were intimate and based on reflecting on proprioception, my body, rhythms and being in space.

As within an artistic research process, my practice is a constant interplay between an analytical part connected to exploration (wondering) and an intimate creative poetic side (wandering) which leaves subtle traces behind. It is important to always keep both: feet on the ground and head in the clouds, or head on the ground and feet in the clouds, until losing the way.

Writing and sharing this report helps me clarify this “snailly” path and read it from left to right, if even possible.



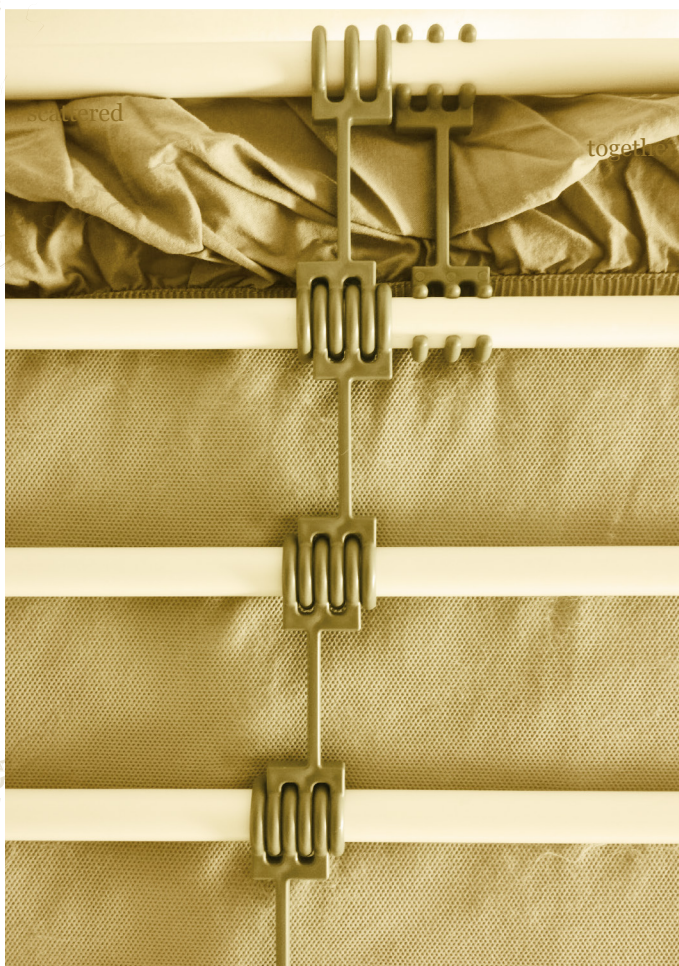
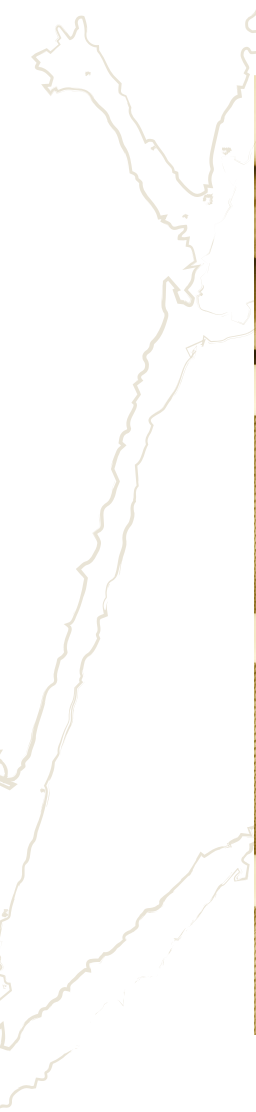


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The work has been developed during three weeks (from the 24th of August to the 15th of September 2024): the first one for acquaintance, the second dedicated to integration and the third to cross-pollination.

The process had to be playful for me and the others. A lot of space has been given to improvisation and intuitive choices. Sometimes it has been challenging on a personal level, but has been mostly part of learning how to sit in discomfort. And to sleep in discomfort because of mosquitoes or adapting to new accommodations, too.

*My sleep is a bit light now,
as I am changing the language
of my dreams from Italian,
to English, to Portuguese and then back.*



behind



A fundamental value of my practice is that everything done and discovered, every little fragment of life and action, matters and has to be noted in a shareable form, so to be continued/discontinued by others.

For this reason I started building two digital tools that can be easy integrated by other users:

- a shared collaborative google map, where you can find the places I have discovered and their connections to the people that inhabit and use them;

- a shared collaborative excel spreadsheet with the contacts of the people I have met, from residents to associations, to give the next residents a starting reference point to delve in the web of connection already existing in the social fabric.

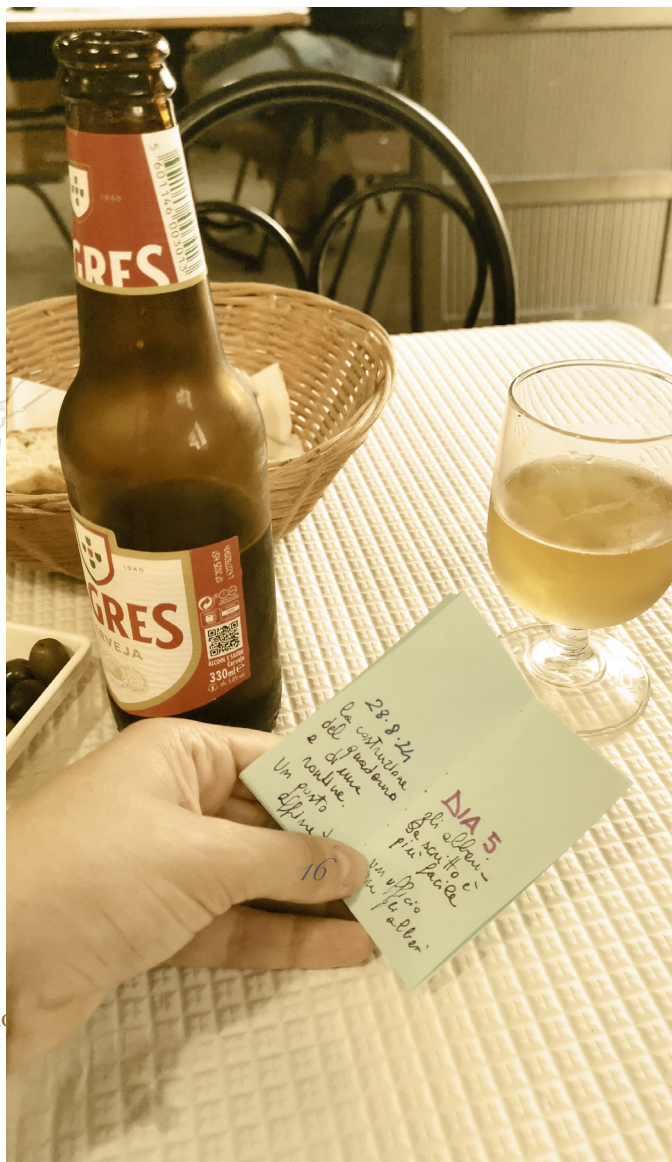


scan to access the map

*Hidden between these groundlines
of research, arise multiple stories,
overlapping with mine, that will
sediment in my head waiting for
a way to become something.*

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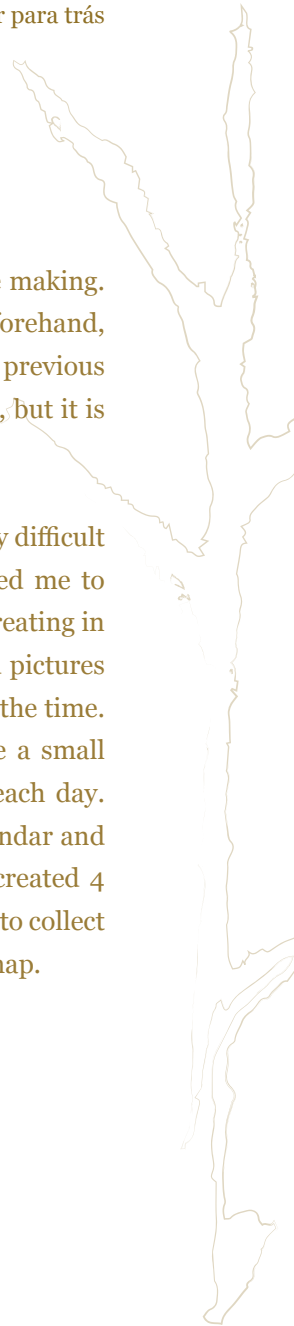


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Framework

The premises of this method are that it is itself in the making. Actions are developed in the context, not planned beforehand, and coming alive through happenings. It builds up on previous processes and knowledge tried out in other situations, but it is only possible for me to analyze it afterwards.

Giving an order to thoughts while in the process is very difficult and glimpses of meaning, which are the ones that led me to write this report, appear and disappear all the time. Creating in advance some “containers” ready to receive ideas and pictures helps me in the process. They can be modified during the time. After the first four days I have felt the need to have a small notebook where to record facts and impressions of each day. I have binded 6 small notebooks, 3 with a sort of calendar and 3 plain to take random notes, one for each week. I created 4 folders on the drive as well, the shared excel file where to collect the contacts of the people I have met and the shared map.





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Tools

As with the method, there is a set of tools that I normally make use of, but they are constantly expanding according to the encounters.

The tools I usually make use of are white chalk markers, soft bouncing modeling clay, paper, paint, scissors, cutting knife, a pen, rope, my camera (Canon R, mirrorless) and my phone.

I have expanded this set with a needle and thread, an elastic string for bracelets and some carving tools to create linocut prints, bought at the local shop in Trafaria.

The trash gifted me linoleum and a wooden plate, a concrete block, a chair and a desk, some cups, thin foam and plastic fabric, plastic sticks.

All these objects and their transformations are meant to become relational tools, with no specific hierarchy.

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Scenario

This period of residency comes after a personal transformative process lasted two years. Coming from a background in architecture, I have decided to switch my path towards the arts and shape my artistic practice through a master in Fine Arts, Painting. It has been an insightful self reflective period which concluded with a graduation project in the month of June, where I tried to bring back some relational aspects setting up a space for conversation. Before arriving in Portugal I had been tutoring a workshop for architecture students in a self organized context which sees 500 people coming together for two weeks in Benidorm, Spain¹. The workshop was meant to push the boundaries of confidence of the participants towards spontaneous interactions with strangers. My travel through Spain continued changing 7 locations in 10 days. When I arrived at Trafaria, my social skills were a bit drained and settling in the

¹ <https://www.easaneetwork.org/>



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former prison, the “presidio”, for two weeks has been a great opportunity to build a routine for thinking and rebalancing myself in relation to the others. The residency helped me merge and refine my kaleidoscopic practices and analyzing some patterns.

My accommodation during the residency has been a hostel in Belém for the first 3 days, the presidio of Trafaria² for 2 weeks, in a shared room with another artist in residence, Vardit Goldner, then 3 nights in the Pousada da Juventude de Almada in a shared room of 4 and 2 last nights in an hostel in Lisbon, in Saldanha. For 2 nights I had the opportunity to be hosted in one of the houses of 2º Torrão.

Overall I have remade myself at home more than 15 times, until losing the concept of home itself.

2

<https://trafaria.t-factor.eu/>

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On the first days I set up a desk outside under some trees in the back of the building and worked alternatively outside and inside in the studio that Maisunomaisum provided us with. I carried on most of the activities in bars and local meeting places.

For me “working” in this residency context has meant also having breakfast, unfortunately.

This report has been written in an additive way, via phone, on a Google drive word document, while walking up and down in Lisbon, on the other side of the river, during the weekends, moments where I decided to take a distance from the routine of the villages and explore the cultural places around. It has been refined and implemented in the months after the residency, once back home in Italy and in the Netherlands. From the very beginning it had a shape in my head, the one of a small book with a yellow fabric cover and embossed golden letters.³

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nothings on being left

3 might have changed during the process



Deixar para trás

Grips

During the process, I had the company of an interesting book, “Confiança e medo na cidade”, *Trust and fear in the city*, by Zygmunt Bauman, which helped me shape my attitude in these conditions and re-signifying it on a larger scale. The reflective part has been nurtured by conversations with the Maisunomaisum team during the mentoring sessions, on the theme of informality as resistance. I also attended one session of online therapy, a regular habit that I have since I have started my journey in the arts, to be able to better unravel the inputs around.

Insightful conversations with Eduardo from Biblioteca do Vapor and João Leiria, PhD student at NOVA FCSH have deepened my reflections. I have then integrated my fresh knowledge with



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the podcasts “Contos da Trafaria”¹ and “Em Conversa”², from which I have been interviewed on my last day. The interview has been really helpful to brainstorm and relink messy reflections.

I have purposely decided to adopt a “naive” eye at the beginning and choose to start working without too many information about the context and integrate with further research only after the first conversations with the locals.

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1 A podcast about the cultural, artistic and associative life of Trafaria. Developed within the F-Factor Project from Universidade Nova de Lisboa <https://www.instagram.com/contosdatrafaria/>

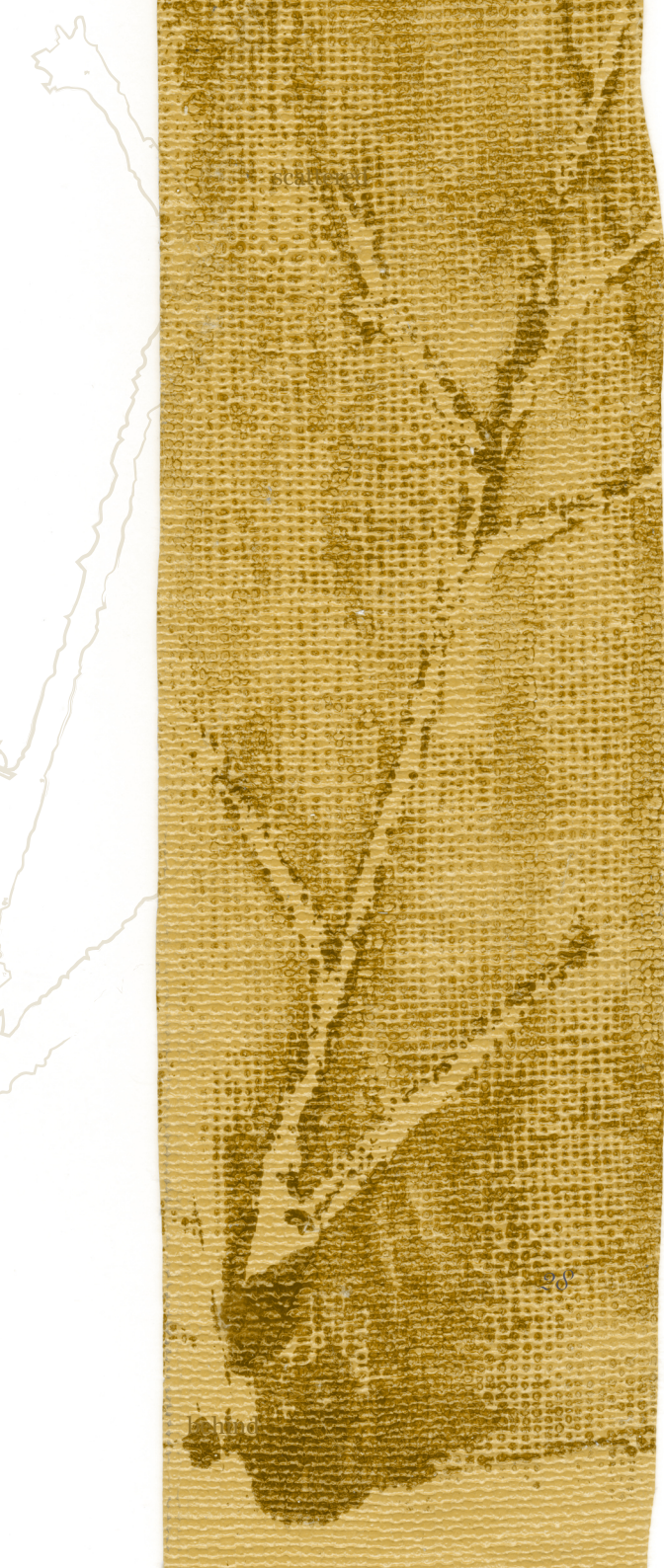
2 A podcast by the collective mais uno +1, where they invite fellow artists, curators, cultural agents, researchers, and collectives to discuss topics related to their practice. <https://open.spotify.com/>

behind

Deixar para trás



um ponto nel mundo
por pensar



together

*O desconhecido, por definição, é um agente movido por intenções
que, quando muito, se podem intuir, mas que nunca sabermos de
ciência certa. O desconhecido é a incógnita variável de todas as
equações, uma incógnita que deve ser calculada antes da decisão
sobre o modo de proceder e de agir.*

[...]

*Hoje em dia, com o advento da modernidade líquida, o fantasma
mais aterrador é o representado pelo medo de ficar para trás.*

To (be)hold the latency

The unknown, by definition, is an agent driven by intentions that, at most, can be intuited, but that we will never know with certainty. The unknown is the variable of all equations, an unknown that must be calculated before deciding on how to proceed and act.

*[...]
Nowadays, with the advent of liquid modernity, the most terrifying ghost is represented by the fear
of being left behind.*

*Zygmunt Bauman -
Confiança e medo na cidade*





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Being an artist involves coping with a certain degree of
uncertainty.

Being an inhabitant of Trafaria involves coping with a certain degree of uncertainty.

Being an inhabitant of Torrão involves coping with a certain degree of uncertainty.

Being an inhabitant of Cova do vapor involves coping with a certain degree of uncertainty.

These uncertainties can have different resonances and scales and always imply the “not knowing”. From not knowing where you will sleep tomorrow and how to define yourself, not knowing if you will be able to pay the rent on the next month and if your community and system of relationships will change, to not knowing if your house will still be there on the next year, or it will be torn down by cranes or by climate change.

*Latency is the moment before
they come to knock at your door
telling that you have³⁰ to leave.*

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Deixar para trás

*What can an ant alone
do and witness?*

I often find myself here wondering what my role as an artist is in this microcosm that I don't know.

I found a probable solution in just delving myself first in the latency time, meant as "the state of existing but not yet being developed or manifest".

*This is the key that, I believe, leads
me to unexpected encounters every day.*

This is also a state me and the others might have in common here and the way I put myself in an active relationship with this place.

Within this lag lies the romantic concept of slowness that this place seems to live for and with. That tourists and Lisbon people seek for here. And digging within the latency you can find a lot of people and things who "already had their times and now have nothing to do" as with the words of "The Captain". It might also be a state where poetry arise, if you are able to hold it for enough time. L., a men from Torrão, said he used to write poetry in Angola, but here he needs to rush all the time and work in construction. He said poetry has gone away from him and he would rather be free as a butterfly. Many of my friends back home witness the same.

nothings on being left

1

.....
an inhabitant of Trafaria



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Standing

Due to the fragmented and intuitive nature of this “method”, it is often difficult to take a clear stand and role. In the application proposal I have described myself as a “curious observer”. Throughout the three weeks of residency, I have embodied different perspectives, always trying to maintain a “neutral” gaze and position. This often requires me to cope with a lot of discomfort and calibration of inner feelings when engaging in direct conversations, and when explaining the purpose (or un purpose) of my presence in a place. This work has trained me in accepting that the presence itself of my body in a place can be simply enough.

I used three simple actions, which somehow follow the same slow rhythms of the daily life of the people who fill the space at that specific time of the year.

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*Being a body in a place
triggers reactions.*

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Just relax

having a slow morning routine which involves breathing in nature.

Just sit

in bars and tascas, drink coffees and eat (toasts).

Just walk

around repetitively in between the three areas, to understand the reference points. During these walks, collect tools from the surroundings.

Just do Nothicings

Conversations and happenings arise spontaneously through referencing the common points discovered and putting the tools on common tables.

Do this for three weeks, enlarging the perimeter of the walks and deepening the relationships established.

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Wondering

During the process I give close attention to sustainability, both in physical and material terms. Rest and recycling are key points.

Everyday I start by waking up, taking my tea and biscuits out and doing a bit of yoga on my blue towel.

Then I sit at the desk outside and I just do nothing. I write, think, and listen to the trees. I note down reflections and fill the small calendar with the events of the day before.

This usually lasts until lunchtime.

This moment of void and slow pace is crucial for three reasons: one is to cope with the pressure of “things which are not there yet, but might potentially arise”, or “the latency” of my research process; the second is to release every tension related to being constantly exposed and relating to the social sphere, so being at ease in a small society where I am the stranger; the third is to be really close to myself and my body, a work of self discovery that I am practicing everyday since I was born.

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Wandering

After lunch I start walking around to better know all the different contexts. I observe the shape of the neighborhoods, their links and the way people move through them. But I especially observe the habits of the people and those who are always there, waiting for something. Who are the ones more known and what are the dynamics and the “rituals”, like greetings to each other or buying groceries. Where do these rituals take place and which kind of public is in which part of the city and at what time.

I do this by also sitting down a lot in cafes and especially using every break (like lunch or dinner) to try out “tascas”, cheap portuguese restaurants, and typical food.

A lot of the societal interactions here revolve around this subject, so this is a must-do step, while also being overall the most expensive part of the research.

This creates a “mental map” in my head that I use to create more interactions, by going for specific quests or referring to familiar places or things in new conversations with locals.



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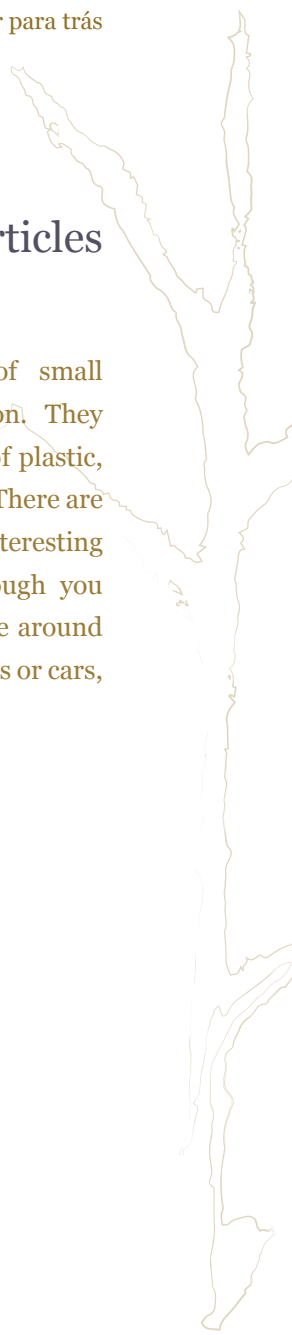
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Collecting particles

During these walks usually lots of small discarded objects catch my attention. They can be cards left on the floor, pieces of plastic, cutlery and glass left close to the bins. There are places of higher concentration of interesting waste. Usually if you wait close enough you can meet people like me who gravitate around them. People picking up trash with vans or cars, but also artists who reuse waste.

*You can understand the history
of a place by simply analyzing
the leftovers of construction sites.*

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behin

Day by day the collection of these materials clarifies my next step and chains a new quest. At first little fragments: shells, clothespin abandoned by the sea and by the wind. I have found small plastic cotton swabs and started to think about how to find threads to make bracelets with them.

Then I found linoleum and other plastic and started to think about doing linocut. Therefore I started looking for tools to carve and to paint and more material to do it.

From the second/third week, I started taking videos with my camera.





behind



Transformation / cross-pollination

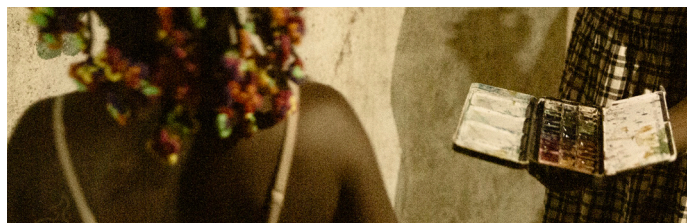
From the second week, I started actively building relationships with local environments. I joined a Biodanza¹ course, attended by a group of local people between 40s and 70s years old for many years. I started passing by 2ºTorrão more often, sometimes together with Vardit, stopping by to buy a beer at

1 “Biodanza is a human integration system of organic renewal, of affective re-education, and of re-learning of the life primordial functions. Its application consists in leading vivencias through music, singing, integral body movements and group encounter situations”. Rolando Toro 2002, from the official website <https://www.biodanzarolandotoro.com/en/>

credits: Hardit Golder



photo credits: Hardit Golder



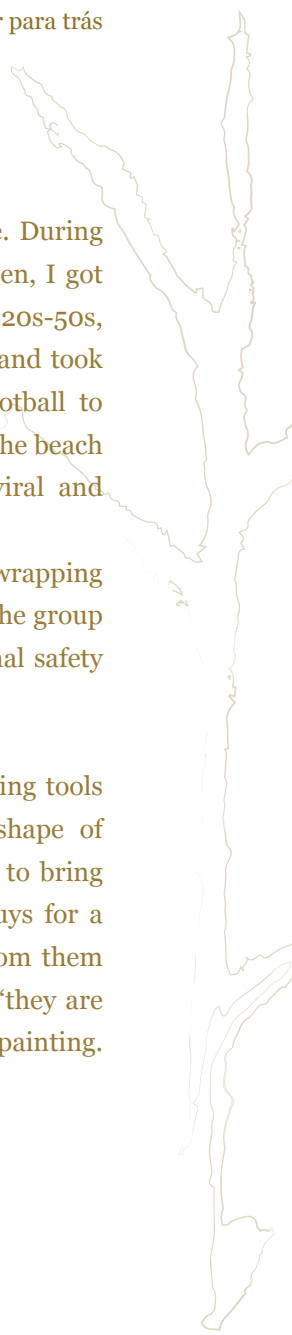
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the bar, until staying for longer to have dinner there. During the dinner, in an informal bar mostly attended by men, I got to know the inhabitants of 2º Torrão, guys in their 20s-50s, originally from Angola, Guinea Bissau, Mozambique and took part in spontaneous conversations ranging from football to wider considerations about life. While talking, I used the beach findings to create some bracelets. It slowly went viral and became a shared activity.

At the end of the dinner, at midnight, the darkness was wrapping the place and many bracelets were wrapping wrists. The group escorted us back out of 2º Torrão as a sort of informal safety network.

Meanwhile the plastic boards, stones, paint and carving tools leftovers collected in the studio were taking the shape of rudimental linocut devices. Two days later I decided to bring them for a little trip to 2º Torrão, and asked the guys for a table to try them outside. Suggestions were made from them to me to make small regular workshops for kids, as “they are usually bored”. I sat down at the same bar and started painting.



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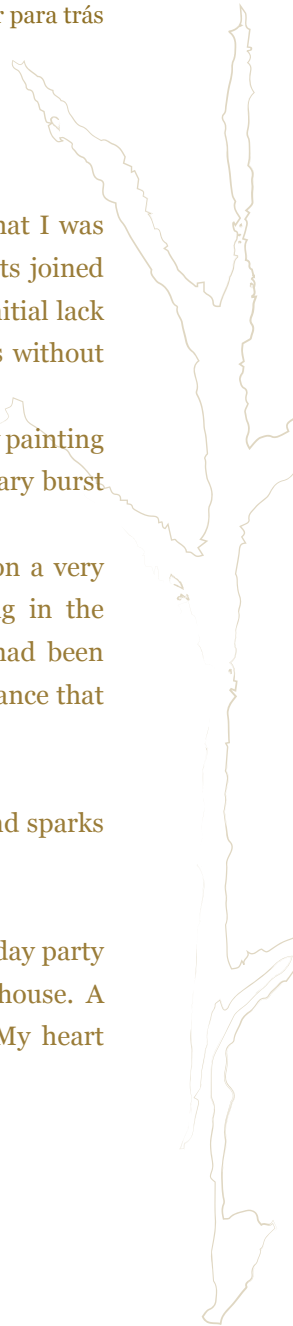
5 minutes later a group of kids started asking me what I was doing there and I asked them to join me. Some adults joined too. Some kids started teaching the others after the initial lack of ideas, scolding the adults who were giving advices without really trying to paint.

Some were dissatisfied about the paper and went on by painting on rocks and on an abandoned wall, in an extraordinary burst of creative power.

The same happened a few days later, on a very windy day, when I asked if we could do something in the big void, the fracture in the middle where houses had been demolished. They explained to me with a bit of reluctance that the municipality doesn't allow them to paint there.

Once again, my role is just to provide enough tools and sparks for things to happen.

That night I was invited to a one year old baby's birthday party there in the former association of the inhabitant's house. A moment deeply felt by the entire neighbourhood. My heart leaked joy.





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78°

behind

Deixar para trás

Left along the way

*The plow runs slowly
It leaves a groove
Seeds fall into the furrow
From seeds, plants grow*

*About the earth spilled out on the sides
Left behind*

Nobody talks anymore





scattered

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The nomad space is localized and not delimited. The nomad does not belong to this relative global, where one passes from one point to another, from one region to another. Rather, he is in a local absolute, an absolute that is manifested locally, and engendered in a series of local operations of varying orientations: desert, steppe, ice, sea.

G. Deleuze and F. Guattari, On Nomadology, 1980

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Pois é ,

1 "So it is"

51

nothings on being left





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From Lisbon to Trafaria it is 45 minutes by Bolt, the private taxi. The driver is a Portuguese man in his 60s and he is almost asleep as he crosses the bridge, complaining about the distance. He asks me something, by default. To every answer I give, to every detail I enthusiastically tell him about my experience, he replies “Pois”.

I ask him how long his work shift is. He replies “12 hours”. “But it’s hardly illegal”, I say. “Pois é. Otherwise you don’t make money here” he replies.

Pois ¹

¹ “Then”. Or shorter for “So it is”, often accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders.

N. lives in the neighborhood of 2º Torrão. He owns one of the largest houses in the neighborhood. He paid 15,000 euros for it, 5 years ago. Nobody wanted to buy it, the house was a shack. He was 26 years old, of which 8 lived in Guinea Bissau, 18 in Lisbon, 5 spent working in construction and sending money to Africa. Now the house accommodates 7 adults and 2 children, who pay their rooms at a low price. N offers me dinner at a pizzeria that I almost can't afford.

Now he has finally time to go back to studying. As a child he did not have documents and was unable to finish school. He was ashamed, but

it made him strong, he says.

He has a difficult character. But when he dances the armor disappears, he becomes another person. "Are you going dancing alone?" I ask. "Pois è", he replies. Every now and then we hug, he says that now he is focusing on building. It happened casually, we have the same sense of humor and like fantasy movies. At first we teased each other a bit. We pass hand in hand by some guys, he tells me "actually.. sometimes black guys do have a scary gaze".



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We go together at the party in the square in Trafaria
and *he is the only black guy*. We go together to
the disco in 2º Torrão and

I am the only white girl there. We do agree it
would be better to have places where white and black
people can merge. I think now the neighborhood sees
me as his girlfriend. *I don't really like to be
labeled*. I have to keep going. He keeps the tiny plant
I have found in the garden of the presidio as a memory
in his room. I have the same one in my house in the
Netherlands.

Pois

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I meet B. in the restroom of the hostel, I am brushing my teeth and listening to her while she shouts something about a camper and a Portuguese card to her son on the phone, smoking by the window. I offer her my help. For 2 years she has been traveling alone in a camper, without returning to Italy. She left her old shadow there, that of a 60-year-old wife with two children and a dog. The son on the phone is the only loved one she

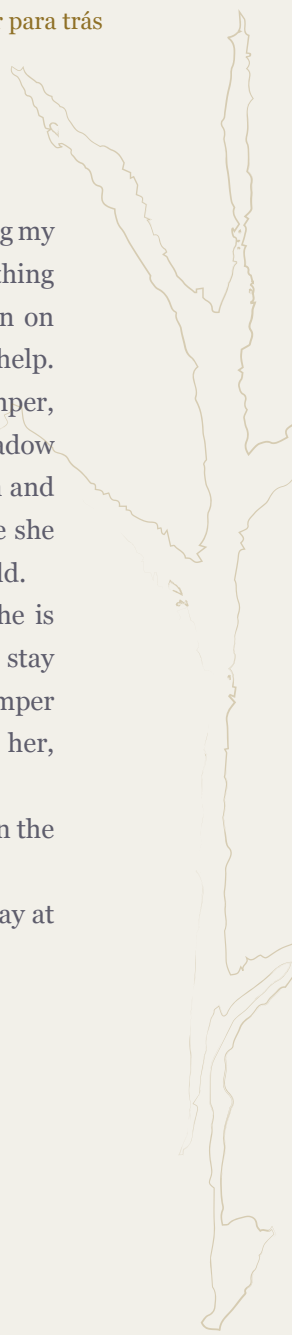
has now, all the others are no longer in this world.

But B. has always wanted to go. She is committed not to go back to Italy, she wants to stay where the warmth is. And keep going. But the camper is now broken and it is returning to Italy without her, carried by a truck.

She will not go back to Italy. She will put her tent in the Caribbean, or maybe Croatia.

In the evening we go dancing in Lisbon, it is Sunday at 9pm, but B wants to go to the disco.

Pois





scattered

together

I order a coffee and the owner of the place makes two: one for me and one for him. He tells me he had this dream: to open his own restaurant.

P. had done many things before. The parachutist, the policeman. Now the policemen come to eat at his place. 10 euros for a complete menu.

I come back there often, the place is just in the middle between the two neighborhoods, Trafaria and 2º Torrão.

I always worries about my safety, he says
I shouldn't trust people there, but I still walk around anyway. In life you need to have goals, he says. He says if you come by in a few years I can rent you a room, I'm renovating a house. He presents me to the policemen as a friend of him and offers me a beer before I go.

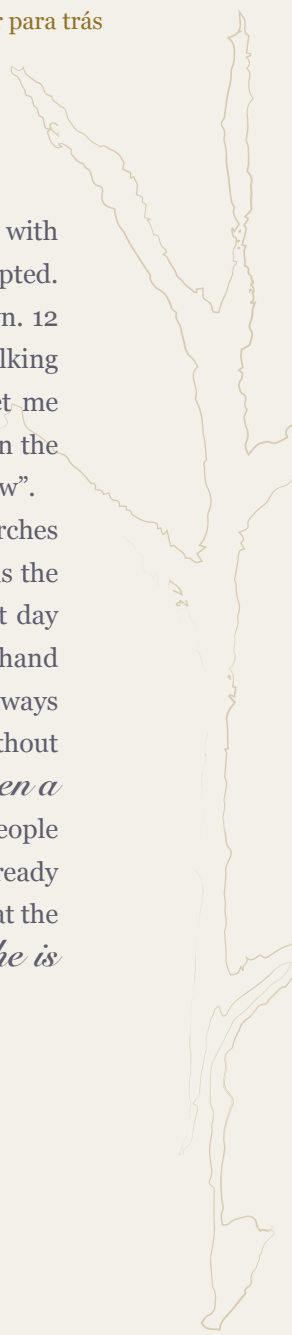
Pois

behind

I meet A. on the hellish day when the connection with the ferry from Porto Brandão to Trafaria is interrupted. A. drives the replacement bus, which breaks down. 12 hours shift that day. Two days later he sees me walking on the street in Trafaria and stops the bus to let me on, worried, as the last boat to Lisbon is at nine in the evening. I tell him “thank you, but I live here now”.

I ask him what is that concrete building with the arches up the hill. He tells me that it is private, but it has the best view of the landscape at sunset. On the next day I walk up the hill and he waves at me with the hand while going down driving the bus. Since then, he always stops to talk, he makes me promise not to leave without saying goodbye. *He says that the left has been a disaster* because it has opened the borders and people have lost their jobs. I reply that Portugal had already violently opened the borders of African countries at the time. *He asks me if I will stay longer, he is sad that I am leaving.*

Pois





scattered

together

A. has a daughter in Singapore and one in Porto. We go to the same dance class. One day we happen to have lunch together, as I meet her while visiting the local ceramic atelier. She looks like my mom. Tough, a little skeptical, one eyebrow a bit raised up. I accidentally spill my beer on her trousers, while we talk. She has passed her unexpressed desire for freedom to her daughters and now she can travel to visit them. When she works with ceramics her eyes light up, she likes sculpture, as a hobby. *She molds beautiful fruits and vases with intricate details.* I tell her that the Torrão is quite a nice place for me. She is a bit skeptical, she has heard of it as a dangerous place. She is born in Angola, though. Now when we dance together we know each other a bit more.

Pois

58

behind

M. will never work in a kitchen anymore. Not under others. He wants to open his own restaurant in Angola. Not now, though. This is not the right time, first he *must build a solid base*. He sings, too, he is quite a celebrity here in 2º Torrão, I assume. “I understand you”, I tell him. We’re the same fucking age. Lots of plans and some art to lean on.

Pois



scattered

together

I share with A. a return bus journey at 5.30 in the afternoon. He has good eyes. We had already met days before at the bar in 2º Torrão, he helped me to craft my bracelets. *A very patient guy.* The bus is small and there are too many people returning from work. We are crushed one behind the other, standing. “It seems like in Rome”, I tell him, “I’m used to it”. I ask him about his work. He tells me that he works in a construction company, in the offices. He started as a worker, then learned quickly. This morning he was marking the perimeter of a new house. Working inside now feels dull, filling up a lot of papers everyday. Maybe he would prefer to work outside. I do agree with him. Then the bus stops, we get out at the same stop but we
part ways.

I start following a conversation between two old Portuguese women about how we should always say goodbye to the driver when we get off the bus, as he is
a worker as well.

Deixar para trás

Now people in the city are no longer numbers
that pass before my eyes, but letters.

67

nothings on being left





scattered

together

*A path is
always between
two points, but
the in-between
has taken on all
the consistency
and enjoys both
an autonomy
and a direction
of its own.*

*The life of the
nomad is the
intermezzo.*

*G. Deleuze and F. Guattari,
On Nomadology, 1980*

Deixar para trás

Deixar

Dialogues within and without myself.

You know, sometimes I get stuck in thoughts. I find it easier to unravel them into conversations. They become particularly pressing while falling asleep, with closed eyes, and they release messily when I try to wake up in the morning. That's why I confess to you, myself, that it is no way easy to have a lot of strangers' eyes scanning you to grasp your belonging to a place to which you are a complete outsider.

*No way easy to seek for this
sense of belonging, building it up
and then having to leave again.*



scattered

together

I have felt relieved to find again comfort in the complete anonymity of my street, in a looser urban fabric, back home.

Less bonds to be tied with.

I have felt like a scammer. Many many times. Because my one and only art purpose at times is just getting some grasp of the surroundings. I need to be fully within the situations, to feel them until the edge. I hate to be the outsider. I crave to be the outsider.

Deixar para trás

*We are going to meet
halfway.*

65

nothings on being left





scattered



together

behind

Deixar para trás

Visual fragments

67

nothings on being left



scattered

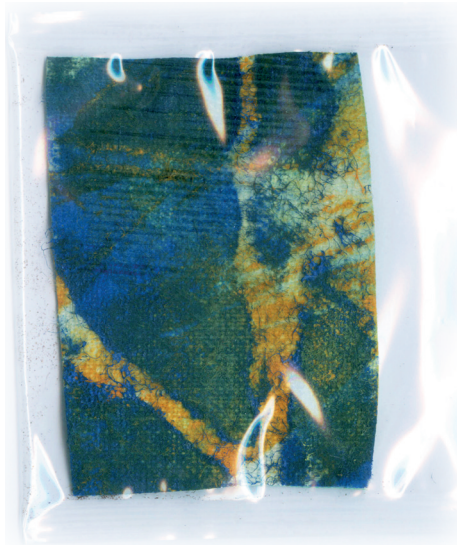
together



68

behind

Deixar para trás



69

nothicings on being left

scattered

together



behind

Deixar para trás

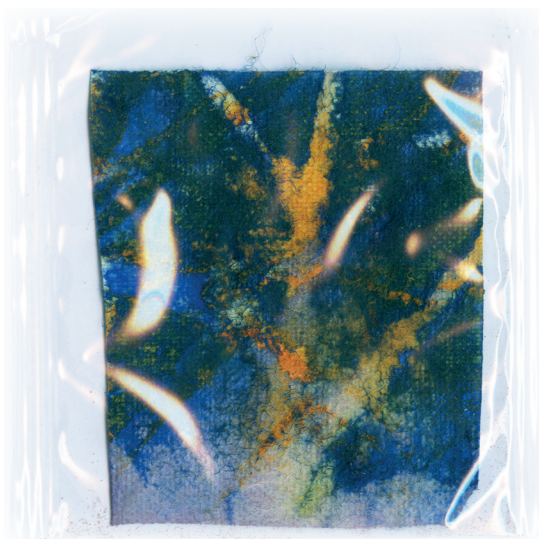


71

nothings on being left

scattered

together



behind

Deixar para trás



73

nothings on being left

scattered

together



behind

Deixar para trás



nothings on being left

scattered

together



behind

Deixar para trás



nothings on being left

scattered

together



behind

Deixar para trás



29

nothings on being left

scattered

together



behind

Deixar para trás



87

nothings on being left

scattered

together



behind

Deixar para trás



03

nothings on being left

scattered

together



behind

Deixar para trás



85

nothings on being left

scattered

together



behind

Deixar para trás



scattered

together



behind

Deixar para trás



89

nothings on being left

scattered

together



90

behind

Deixar para trás



91

nothings on being left

scattered

together



behind

Deixar para trás



93

nothings on being left

scattered

together

behind

Deixar para trás

*Annex:
Left on the desk*

95

nothings on being left



24.8.24

Tempo
 sospeso
 ombre lunghe
 sportivi

DIA 1

essere
 estranei
 avere un
 sogno
 PINTO

24.8.24 SAB

DIA 1

9

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24.8.24

le storie
di Bianca

lo stare
da soli

al sole
e all'ombra

24.8.24 SAB

DIA 1

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22

25.8.24

ombra lunghe

inresidui

dell'autocostituzione

si capisce le
città de
quello che
lascia fuori

DIA 2

le pietre
glie, i
luchi nella
città

muoversi
(in lici?)

25.8.24_{boh}

DIA 2

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25.8.24

TEMPO LENTO

censare un
posto all'aperto
dove dominare
al riparo del
vento.

Incontrare
chi ha Tempo
stendere i panni
con le
mollette

IL CAPITANO

25.8.24_{DOM}

DIA 2

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26.8.24

le chiavi,
LUIS, GABRIELA,
AMALIA, RITA
BRUNO
la confidenza

DIA 3

i resti della
plastica.
mollette
latte con i
resti della
plastica!

26.8.24

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DIA

3

26.8.24

avere 3
lavoni

spontanei

ALVARO
(AUTISTA
BUS)

autocentrini
lo shock

26.8.24

DIA

3

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27.8.24

VARDIT

ricominciare
ricognoscenza
essere accettati
dalla rete

DIA 4

mangiare da
nobili e in
compagnia
bollici troppo
grandi
esplorare →
oviente

27.8.24

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DIA

4

27.8.24

è erroncione
un vanello
lo stare in
un luogo

ostendere
la mezza
mentale
per fare che
la mancanza
mo LE 9

27.8.24

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23

DIA

4

28.8.24

la costruzione
del quaderno
e di una
routine.

Un posto
all'ine tra

DIA 5

gli alberi -
Se scritto è
più facile

un ufficio
tra gli alberi

28.8.24

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DIA 5

28.8.24
altre plastica
colras do outro
mundo

28.8.24

DIA 5

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29.8.24

Be at ease in
doing nothing
pensare con
pazienza degli
altri

nothing is doing
nothing and note
it down

DIA 6

29.8.24

9 MOSQUITOS

10

11

12

13 WAKE UP - YOGA

14 BREAKFAST IN THE WOODS - WRITING
ON WOODS

15 WALK TO COVA DO VAPOR (MICHEL)

16 | + TRASH

17

18 MEETING MAIS UNO + 1

19 WALK PARQUE DAS MARENGAS +

20 PESCADORES

21 DINNER ZONA VERDE (2.50€)

22 CLEANING FOUND OBJECTS

23

DIA 6

walking with

^{a void}
30.8.24

feeling a bit
lonely

reinvolve:
bambini
(w/ plastic)

division &
information

other mols

DIA 7

starting with
Tonda

looking for
job?

NOTHING
HAPPENING(?)
HADA A FAZOR

30.8.24

9 yoga

10 BREAKFAST WOOD

11 WORKSHOP EDA

11

12

13

14

LUNCH (MEX)

15

BUY TOOLS AT CHINESE SHOP

16 TOWARDS COVA DO VAPOR

17

18

TALK TO EDUARDO (LIBRARY)

19 COME BACK THROUGH THE TONARO

20 DINNER AT TALK TO PINTO

21 SABONAS 2 (8.50€) BEEN THERE

22

23

DIA 7

30.8.24

IL VECCHIO
E IL NUOVO

30.8.24

9 Yoga

10 BREAKFAST WOOD

11 WORKSHOP EDA

PLASTIC

12

13

14 LUNCH (ME)

15 BUY TOOLS AT CHINESE SHOP

16 TOWARDS COVA DO VAPOR

17

18 TALK TO EDUARDO (LIBRARY)

19 COME BACK THROUGH THE TONARO

20 DINNER AT
SABONES 2 (8.50€)

TALK TO PINTO
BEEN THERE

21

22

23

DIA 7

cambiare
ano e intima
31.8.24

non avere il
capazzo
di allenare
l'allenatore

le cose non
brillano più
probabilmente

sindrome
premenstruale
DIA 8

meno
qualcuno
li si sono da soli
non è la stessa
cosa

sceppare solo
tutismo...
dove e perché

31.8.24

9 BUS TO BOAT AND LISBON

10

11 YOGA + MEDITATION @ JARDINS
DO
BOMPARTIDO

12

13

14 LUNCH @ SANDANHA

15

CLEANING CLOTHES

16 WALK IN PRAIA DA FRANÇA

17

18 TORTUGA & DISCINGA

19

20 CONCERTO ALIADA CASA DA
CINCA

21

22

23

DIA 8

31.8.24

tourism
and the fake
face of the
city

bracelets with
recycled
plastic

31.8.24

DIA 8

9 BUS TO BOAT AND LISBON

10

11 YOGA + MEDITATION @ JARDINS
DO
BOMPARTIDO

12

13

14 LUNCH @ SANDANHA

15

CLEANING CLOTHES

16

WALK IN PÓRTO DA FRANÇA

17

18

TOMUÇA & DISCAGEM

19

20

CONCERTO ALIADA CASA DA

21

LENÇA

22

23

TO overcome
inecurities

1.9.24

I need to be
in the
nature
setting up a
routine there
maybe with tent
get some

ON BEING
OBSERVED

DIA 9

LA PAUM
L'ESTRADO
LO SCONOSCIUTO
L'INCOGNITA
VANABOW
DEWE FAVAZZANI

X

1.9.24

9

10

11

12 WAKING UP

13 YOGA IN THE BACK - WRITING IN
THE WOOD

14 SHOWER

15 LUNCH

16 FREDERICO

17

18 OUTJAZZ WITH NAVALDO, CHRIS
FELIPE, PILIPPO

19

20

21 + BAR

22 BACK WITH BOLT
DJON KIMBY

23

2.9.24

Comdiwomen

Lo AQZIP

Cominciare a
vedere i colori e
i volti

i mtm, il volo,
il vento

BIODANZA -
WOMENPOWER

DIA 10

TRODA DA

CONFIANZA

INTERSTENILATO
LA NOIA
DEGLI
AGITANTI

2.9.24

9

10

11 WAKE UP

12 YOGA IN THE BACK

13 READING

14 TOSTA MISTA @ 23 - THE STAGE

15 COFFEE

16

17 WALK ON BEACH - VIDEOS OF
LEFTOVERS

18 AULA BIODANZA IN TRAFALGAR

19

20

21 DINNER @ CASADEAL
OFFERED

22

23

3.9.24

TIME OF PERFORMANCE
IN A PLACE - DOGS

Empathy

SHARING THE SURPLUS
UNDERSTANDING
THE NETWORK

REALITY WHEN
OBSERVED
HOW TO SAY "I ENH"

DIA 11

INFORMALITY IS
A SKIN AND
MAKES YOU FEEL
UNCOMFORTABLE

3.9.24

DIA 11

9

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31

1

WAKE UP

YOGA

PHOTOS GARDEN

LUNCH

MEETING WT

COFFEE - VISIT

MEETING WITH ALEX

WALK TOMRÃO -

BEER IN BAR

TOMRÃO

DINNER WITH

TULIA

LIBRARY TITANIA

KANDY

COVADO VAPOR

- DIONISIA

AND HER

GARDEN

↓

SOUP, TOMRÃO

CITRUS

3.9.24

INTEGRARSI

JA VOLTO

3.9.24

DIA 11

9

10

11

12

WAKE UP

13

YOGA

14

PHOTOS GARDEN

15

LUNCH

MEETING WT

TULIA

16

COFFEE - VISIT

MEETING WITH ALEX

LIBRARY TITANIA

KANDY

17

WALK TORRÃO -

COVADO VAPOR

18

- DIONISIA

19

AND HER

GARDEN

20

BEER IN BAR

21

TORRÃO

22

DINNER WITH

SOUP, TOMATO

CITRUS

23

4.9.24

MENTORING

INFORMALITY AS A
WAY OF KNOWING
ACCESSIBILITY AND
RECOGNITION

- PLACES WHERE YOU
FEEL MORE AT EASE
- RELATE WITH
WHAT IS MORE
IN COMMON

LINKED TO THE PLACE
ON BEING AWAY FROM

DIA 12

PROTECTION

IT CANNOT BE
THINGS BECAUSE
IF YOU FORCE IT IS
WORSE

COMMUNITY
NETWORKING
BRIDGES

ESTABLISH TRUST

2 STRUCTURES
CAN STRUCTURES
WORK WITH WORKS
FORMAL

4.9.24

DIA 12

- 9 WAKE UP
- 10 CAN THERAPIST
- 11 MENTORING
- 12
- 13
- 14
- 15 YOGA IN GARDEN

ONLINE
MAIS VNO

- 16 LUNCH
- 17 STUDIO - FAWNH ASLEEP
- 18 TRYING LINO PRINT - SURPRISES
- 19 LISBON WITH BUS
- 20 CINEMA @ RIZOMA: MOVIE "QUI
NOU'Ê NIENTE
DI SPECIALE"
- 21 + DEBATE
- 22 WALK IN BAIRRO AUTO
- 23 BACK WITH BOAT

4.9.24

when they see
the process they
want to contribute

↓
TRANSPARENCY
RECIPROCITY
MUTUAL WRAP-UP
expectations

~ ASKING FOR
FORMALITY
~ WHAT INFORMALITY
CAN GIVE TO ME

ROUTINE
ART OF SHOWING UP

CAN WE CREATE?
INFORMALITY

seamless
and differences

FORMALITY IS
(EASY TO EXPLAIN
AND COMMUNICATE)
NOTED ON BAD
CLARITY

4.9.24

DIA 12

9 WAKE UP
10 CAN THERAPIST
11 MEDITATING
12

ONLINE
MAIS VNO

13
14
15 YOGA IN GARDEN

16 LUNCH

17 STUDIO - FAUNH ASUAP

18 TRYING LINO PRINT - SURPRISES

19 LISBON WITH BUS

20 CINEMA @ RIZOMA: MOVIE 'QUI

21 + DEBATE

NOI C'E NIENTE
DI SPECIALE

22 WALK IN BAIRRO AUTO

23 BACK WITH BOAT

5.9.24

RESTRINGE IL
TEMPO USATO
ALLA SPERIMENTAZIONE

STARE NEL TEMPO
USATO

unlocking torão
+
MI SENTO A MIO AGIO
TRA GLI AFRICANI
CHE TRA I PORTOGHESI

DIA 13

le cose
ricordo
comunque
me si vuole
tempo
entrare nella
rete di
sicurezza

5.9.24

DIA 13

9

10 MOSQUITOS

11

11

YOKA

12 WAKE UP ~ VANESSA GOES TO USSEN

13

13 [VANESSA REPORT] - START COLLECT MATERIALS

14

14 LUNCH FROM CHURCH

15

15 MEETING VANESSA

16 MEETING WITH JOÃO

17 TORÃO, MEETING WITH FAMILIES

18

18 PARQUE DAS MANEIRAS, MEETING

19 GROUP OF EVANGELIC CHURCH HAVING
A PICNIC

20

20 TORÃO DINNER THERE

21

21 MEETING GUYS FROM TORÃO AND
DOING BRACELETS

22

22 COMING BACK WT TAXI

23

5.9.24

deve conta:
pericoloso o
continuare?

ho trovato
piu pieno tutto
i materiali che
mi Muiwano.
Nel cercarli ho

trovo persone
affini che
hanno risolto
altri problemi.

È difficile
Tirare gli altri

NON VOGLIO
ESSERE TIRATO GIÙ

5.9.24

DIA 13

9

10 MOSQUITOS

11

12 WAKE UP ~ YOKA

13 ~~WAKING REPORT~~ ~~START~~ COWET MATERIALS

14

15 LUNCH FROM CHURCH

16

17 MEETING WITH JOÃO MEETING VANESSA

18

19 TORRÃO, MEETING WITH FAMILIES

20

21 PARQUE DAS MEMÓRIAS. MEETING

22 GROUP OF EVANGELIC CHURCH HAVING

23

A PICNIC

24 TORRÃO DINNER THERE

25 MEETING GUYS FROM TORRÃO AND

DOING BRACEUITS

26 COMING BACK WT TAXI

6.9.24

il dovermi
spostare mi
che agitazione,
rotture della
routine nelle
nature

le cose dei miei
costante degli
immigrati finisci
cercano meglio x

DIA 14

la città di massa

REPORT!

LATENCY
BEHOLDING

why to write it,
well I ever
finish it?
SUBSTANTLY I finally
want to write
more

6.9.24

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7.9.24

I will miss
my yoga spot

DIA 15

7.9.24

DIA 15

9

10

11

WAKE UP

12

YOGA - FIXING BAG

13

WALK + A BIT OF STUDIOTRIPS

14

15

16

CASA DA CERCA

17

EXHIBITION IN

18

OF ALEXANDER

19

20

21

DINNER IN LISBON @ MEZZE
ALMADA

22

23

BACK WITH GOLF

LISBON - DEDICATED
LISBOA

8.9.24

THINGS
ACTUALLY
HAPPEN,
YOU JUST
HAVE TO
BE READY
WITH THE
RIGHT
TOOLS

DIA 16

PAINTING
IN URBAN
SPACES HAPPENS
MORE FREELY
AND HAPPILY
IN URBAN
CONTEXTS

KIDS GUIDE IT
THEMSELVES

8.9.24

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

WAKE UP -

CLEANING ROOM

LUNCH - TIREDNESS

DIA 16

HEADACHE
AND TIREDNESS

16 WORK IN STUDIO

17 NAP NOT WORKING

18 GOING TO TORRADO

19 PAINTING WITH

20 IN TORRADO

21 CLEAN UP

22 BACK-DINNER

23

WITH VARDIT

KIDS AND NELSON

AT TORRADIO

9.9.24

DIA 17

~~10~~ 9.9.24

DIA 17

9

10 WAKE UP

11 CLEANING

12 ROOM

13 LEAVING KEYS

14

15 BAR IN MAIN

16 TRAFALGA —

17

18 BUYING MORE

19 BIODANZA

20

21

GOING TO POUSSADA DA JOVENTUDE

22

NO WINNER

23

SQUARE IN

TALK TO MEN

TOOLS

WITH BOY

10.9.24

DIA 18

10.9.24

DIA 18

- 9
10 WAKE UP - BREAKFAST @ HOSTEL
POUSADA
11 YOGA → UNLOCK TENSIONS! ^{DA JORNADA} ALMADA
12 TRAFALUA - ATEU ^{VEGS} CERAMICA VISITA
13 LUNCH WITH ANA @ TABERNA
14
15
16 CERAMICA
17 TORNAO - PAINTING WITH
18 KIDS (ENKA,
19 FESTA ^{MILANIE}
BIRTHDAY @ ASSOCIAÇÃO ^{EDUARDO}
20 MORADORES
21
22 NELSON HOUSE
23

10.9.24

are kids and



People have
their dreams
for the future

10.9.24

DIA 18

- 9 WAKE UP - BREAKFAST @ HOSTEL
- 10 POUSADA
- 11 YOGA → UNLOCK TENSIONS! DAYTONER
- 12 TRAFARIA - ATEU EN CENANICA VISTA
- 13 LUNCH WITH ANA @ TABERNA
- 14
- 15
- 16 CERAMICA
- 17 TOMÃO - PAINTING WITH
- 18 KIDS (ENKA)
- 19 FESTA BIRTHDAY @ ASSOCIAÇÃO MONDOKES
- 20
- 21
- 22 NELSON HOUSE
- 23

11-9-24

DIA 19

11-9-24

DIA 19

WINDY (very)

9 — PERIOD

10 W PAIN

11 WAKE UP

TORRÃO

12

13 PIZZA - OAT CASH NELSON

14

15 TINTANIA - BILUO - CONAMICA

16

17 TORRÃO

18 HANGOVER

19 SLEEP

20

21 DINNER NELSON

22

23 BACK

7??

11.9.24

vite puvsk
e arde

che fare
one?

11.9.24

9 PERIOD
10 W PAIN

11 WAKE UP

12

13 PIZZA - OAK CASH NELSON

14 TINTARIA - BILUO - CONATICA

15

16 TORRÃO

17 HANGOVER

18 SNOOP

19

20 |
21 DINNER NELSON

22

23 BATH

DIA 19

WINDY (very)

TORRÃO

7??

12.9.24

MAISON MARTIN MARGIELA

ANALYSIS PROJECTS

ZAMBURJA

(en su)

UMA

PESSOA

COMUM

DIA 20

what do you like
to do

feelings
involved

- things
liked or not
- who writes

FEELING
SAD

AND
ALONE →

12.9.24

DIA 20

9

10 wake up

11 ydha - where's home

12

13

14 ZAMBURJA INTERVIEWS

15

16 - playing PING PONG
WITH KIDS.

17

18 SALMAN HA

19 MASSAGE

20 FABRICA BEGO DA PRATA

21

22 ~~LEGA~~ READING

23 JAZZ CONCERT - SLEEP

12.9.24

A BIT OF
RAGE FOR
THE UNIVERSITY
THING.
SENSE OF
INJUSTICE

12.9.24

DIA 20

- 9
- 10 wake up
- 11 yoga - resistance holding
- 12
- 13
- 14 ZANBUJAN INTERVIEWS
- 15
- 16
- 17 - PLAYING PING PONG
WITH KIDS.
- 18 SALAD HA
- 19 MASSAGE
- 20 FABRICA BRAGA DA PINTA
- 21
- 22 LEGG READING
- 23 JAZZ CONCERT - SWEET

13.9.24

every day
is a new
unexpected
day

(a bit worried)

DIA 24

l'amore
per il
paese

13.9.24

DIA 21

- | | | |
|----|--------------------|-------------|
| 9 | WAKE UP, BREAKFAST | |
| 10 | POUSADA DA | |
| 11 | YOGA - | TOURIST |
| 12 | START TO WORK FOR | SHOOTING |
| 13 | ANTI FANZINE | |
| 14 | STUCK WITH NECK | VIDEOS |
| 15 | TRAFARIA WITH BUS | |
| 16 | CLEANING CLOTHES | MEETING |
| 17 | LUNCH @ ZONA VERDE | POLICE |
| 18 | | GUYS |
| 19 | CLEANING STUDIO | |
| 20 | | |
| 21 | TRAFARIA BLUEGRASS | WITH NELSON |
| 22 | | |
| 23 | TORRÃO DISC | WITH NELSON |

13.9.24

realiti

e

romances

la
pistacce

DIA 22

tra i

↑ luoghi
e le
men

14.9.24

DIA 22

9 WAKE UP —

TORRÃO DO
CLEANING DAY (UNFORTUNATELY
NOT AVAILABLE)

10
11 POUSADA DA JOVENTUDE CHECK
OUT

12
13 HOSTEL IN USBOY SALDANHA
CHECK IN

14
15 JOE

16 NAP

17 MEETING

18 WITH JOHNNY

19
20 GOING AROUND

GRAGA,
ANTOS, INTENDENTE

21
22
23 BACK TO HOSTEL

14.9.24

con che
occhiali
leggo la
realta'?

a volte
però di
meno
inutile

DIA 23

scelte

15.9.24

DIA 23

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------------|------------------------|
| 9 | | |
| 10 | WAKE UP | MAIS UM MOMENTO |
| 11 | LISTENING TO CALLS | TAKING VIDEO OF HOSTEL |
| 12 | WAKE | |
| 13 | LUNCH WITH SPAIN | |
| 14 | | |
| 15 | | |
| 16 | CALL CYPRUS | SESAM |
| 17 | | |
| 18 | PODCAST MAIS UM MOMENTO | |
| 19 | WRITING PENHA DA FRANGA / CHURCH | |
| 20 | BAL | |
| 21 | REFLECTING ON INTERVIEW | |
| 22 | | |
| 23 | | |

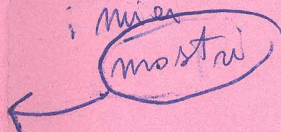
14.9.24

nel
mare
aperto
dell'incognita

SHARING
↑ HISTORY

CONDIVIDERE
I MOSTRI
AIUTA

a volte
tornano
a trovarmi
i miei
mostri



15.9.24

DIA 23

9

10 WAKE UP

11 MAISONOMAS UM
LISTENING TO CALLS - VIDEO
TAKING
OF HOST

12 WAKE

13 LUNCH WITH
SARAH

14 CALL CYPRUS SESAM

15

16 PODCAST MAISONOMAS UM

17 WRITING PENHA DA
FRANCA / CYPRUS

18 BRL

19 REFLECTING ON INTERVIEW

20

21

22

23

15. 9.24

HAS
MAX
ENDING
SCENE
(OLD ONE)

Ritornellare
il Beino

DIA 24

essere in
più punti,
in più
posizioni

sempre!

16. 9.24

DIA 24

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

PODCAST INTERV. FW! @ PICCOLI

BIODANZA @ TRAFARIA //

GROUP WORK

PIZZA @ ALMADA WITH NEUSON

WALK ALONG JARDINS DO MO

134

15.9.24

line being
in blank

→ Silenziere
il dentro
e il fuori

Poetry
is back
AT THE END OF THIS
WORLD

16.9.24

DIA 24

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

PODCAST INTERVIEW! @ PICOAS

BIOBANZA @ TRAFARIA //

1

→ GOING TO ALMADA BY CAR

PIZZA @ ALMADA WITH NOUSON

WALK ALONG JARDINS DO MO

1935

THERE IS
ANOTHER
ONE

18.9.24

DIA 25

9 Sleeping in Louso

10

11 WAKE UP

12

13 LUNCH

14

15 FILM ON NETFLIX WT RUSSEL

16

17 WALK TOWARDS CAPARICA -

18

19 GOING BACK BY BUS

20

21 | HOME

22

22 GOING OUT WITH JOHNNY AND

23

IN LISBON - MONTZ
- ALGARVES ON

17.9.24

DIA 26

18.9.24

DIA 26

9

10 WAKE UP

11 CHANGING ROOMS @ HOTEL

12 LUNCH/BREAKFAST @ HOTEL

13

14 CALL WITH THE MAPIST

15

16 JORDIS TO

GULBENKIAN

17

|

18

JÃO VINA

MEETING -

19

TALKING

ABOUT THE ROLE
OF THE CARLINA

20

21

22 BACK TO HOSTEL - GOOD DINNER

23 READING THE STRANGER BY CAMUS

18.9.24

DIA 27

19.9.24

DIA 27

9

10 WAKE UP

11 LEAVE ROOM

12

13 GULBEN KIAN

14 THE DUCH

15 PLAYING CARDS

WITH JOHNNY
AND
MARTZ

16 NINJA, TAKING PICTURES,

17 ACRO YOGA

DOING BRACKETS
EATING SWEETS

18 BOTANICAL GARDEN

19

20 GOING HOME BY BOAT

21 COOKING

22 EATING

23

23 NIGHT BUS TO MADRID

19.9.24

DA 28

le storie
degli altri

sono
le storie
degli altri

Diana Ferro (Rome, 1994) is an artist and artistic researcher. She plays with sculptures, site specific installations, painting, photography, poetry and self printed books, collaborative projects and workshops, often transforming leftovers discarded by everyday processes.

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Nothicings is a word which doesn't exist (yet),
but useful to shine a light on the small little acts
along the way.

scattered



together



Deixar para trás.
Nothings on trust and fear.
*On being left behind, free, scattered,
together.*

artist book printed in limited edition
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Copy n



behind

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