

# Teorie e pratiche dell'alterità

Esperimenti con la lettura letteraria

Sergia Adamo



# Otherness: Theory and Practice

Experimenting with Literary Reading

Sergia Adamo



alterità/violenza

letteratura/lettura letteraria

otherness/violence

literature/literary reading



**CONTRO  
LA  
VIOLENZA**

violenza simbolica

violenza epistemica



**CONTRO  
LA  
VIOLENZA**

**Violence douce, invisible, méconnue  
comme telle, choisie autant que subie  
[...].**

**Pierre Bourdieu**

The clearest available example of such epistemic violence is the remotely orchestrated, far-flung, and heterogeneous project to constitute the colonial subject as Other. This project is also the asymmetrical obliteration of the trace of that Other in its precarious Subjectivity. It is well known that Foucault locates epistemic violence, a complete overhaul of the episteme, in the redefinition of sanity at the end of the European eighteenth century. But what if that particular redefinition was only a part of the narrative of history in Europe as well as in the colonies? What if the two projects of epistemic overhaul worked as dislocated and unacknowledged parts of a vast two-handed engine?

**Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak**

**Transgression?**



**Literature**

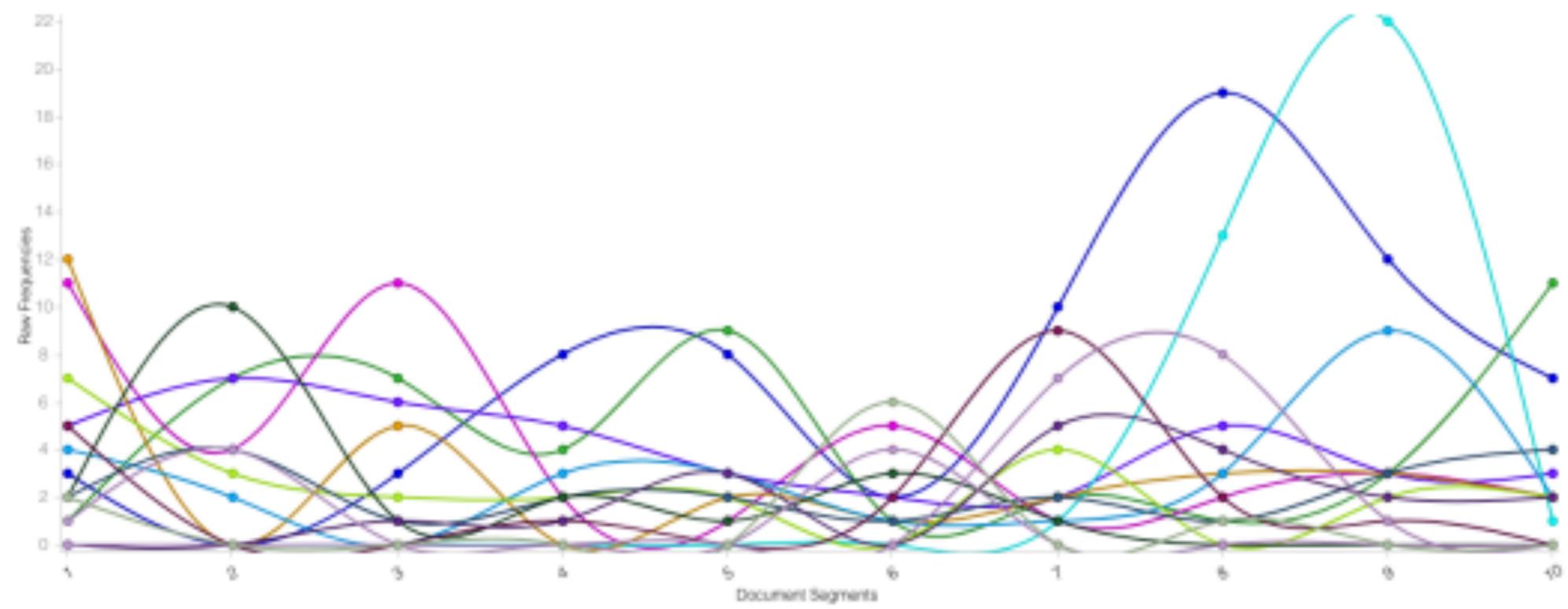
**Power?**

**Close reading?**



**Literary Reading**

**Distant Reading?**



- Yes, I agree, it is humiliating. But Perhaps it si a good point to start from again. Perhaps this is what I must learn to accept. To start at a ground level. With nothing. Not with nothing but. With nothing. No cards, no weapons, no property, no rights, no dignity”
- Like a dog
- Yes, like a dog

**J.M. Coetzee**

**Writing is a position where the absence of the weaver from the web is structurally necessary. Reading is a position where I (or a group of us with whom I share an identificato label) make this anonymous web my own, even as I find in it a guarantee of my existence as me, one of us.**

**Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak**

# Los Angeles

1991



Ora i corpi sono raccolti sulla sabbia accanto al relitto. Giacciono in fila, mentre gli uomini della Guardia costiera ne aggiungono altri e altri ancora. Sono decine, centinaia. Compongono una fila lunghissima. Ci sono quelli con la faccia riversa, quelli con gli occhi sgranati, quelli con le braccia alzate, quelli con le mani raccolte sotto il capo, come se dormissero. Quelli che giacciono vicini, quasi abbracciati. Quelli che indossano ancora i giubbotti, i pantaloni, i maglioni. Quelli che hanno provato a liberarsi dei vestiti. Quelli con le scarpe e quelli scalzi. Quelli impassibili e quelli stropicciati da uno strano sorriso. Sono tutti neri, tutti giovani.

**A. Leogrande, *La frontiera***

Lampedusa, 2015



**CONTRO  
LA  
VIOLENZA**



THE  
DEW  
BREAKER

