



àisthesis

Discovering art with all the senses

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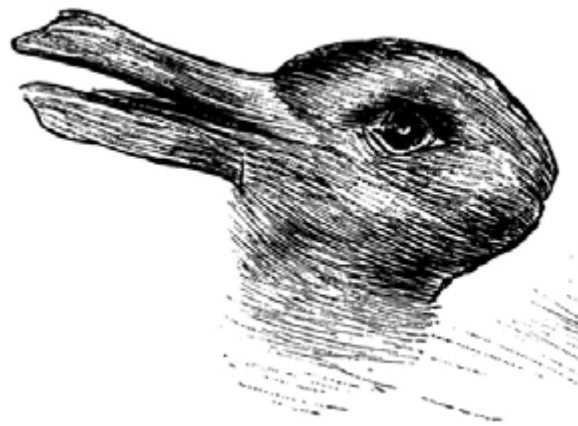
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Touching-in

By Andrea Pinotti

In the last decades, there has been a contemporary debate around the experience of the image in general and the artistic image in particular. In this context, the notion of “seeing-in” plays an important role. Way back in 1980, the British philosopher Richard Wollheim introduced it and, since then, this concept has never been ceasing to stimulate discussion among aestheticians.

Wollheim spoke with Ludwig Wittgenstein. About thirty years earlier, he had dealt with the phenomenon of ambiguous figures in one of the most influential philosophy books of the twentieth century: the *Philosophical Investigations*. He was particularly struck by the figure of the **duck/rabbit**, which quietly appeared in 1892 on the illustrated magazine “*Fliegende Blätter*”, and then it became one of the most famous cases of the **psychology of perception**:



Putting my eyes on this image, I see the profile of a rabbit (Wittgenstein preferred the hare) looking to the right, its beautiful ears stretched back to the left. After few seconds, as if somewhere a mysterious switch were pushed, a strange change occurs: the rabbit's ears become the duck's beak, his muzzle transforms into the back of a head; only the eye remains in its place, but now his gaze is turned to the left (not necessarily in this order: first the duck and then the rabbit).

It's a static picture, this is not the cinema. Nothing changes in the material configuration of the image: the features of the picture remain the same. And therefore, the perceptive stimulus, that hits the sense of sight, does not undergo any modification. Yet, everything changes at the level of the sense of perception: now I see that figure as a duck, now as a rabbit. "**Seeing-as**" is the formula adopted by the Viennese philosopher to characterize this curious phenomenon. It is undoubtedly an experience worthy of extreme attention. However, Wollheim points out that this is an experience which fails to explain a crucial factor in our way of relating to images: in fact, the support in which the image appears is neglected by "seeing-as". It focuses on the figure (the duck rather than the rabbit), without worrying about the medium that allows one or the other animal to appear. Thus, we can understand the meaning of the correction proposed by Wollheim: we must consider not only what we see, but we must also consider what allows the figure to manifest itself. This is the reason that justifies the shift of the preposition: from seeing-as to seeing-in.

Seeing-in presupposes the possibility of **coming and going**: not between two visions of the same figure (as in the case of seeing-as a duck or a rabbit), but rather **between the figure and its own medium**. In fact, in front of an image, we can always focus our attention now on the image itself, now on the medium support. In front of a panel or a painted canvas or a photograph, I can decide to look away from the image to concentrate on its material substrate (the cracks in the wood on the painted surface, the texture of the canvas that supports the pigments, the grain of photographic paper).

Of course, even moving images present the same **arrangement of figure and support**: we understand this when, while we are watching a movie in an open-air cinema, suddenly the summer breeze flexes the screen deforming the faces of the actors; or when, traveling by train, we are watching a video on our cell phone, and a ray of sunlight suddenly illuminates the glass, forcing us to change the angle for continuing to watch the video and not our own face reflected on the screen.

In our cultural tradition, as users of images and, above all, of artistic images, we do not have access to this material substrate except through a particular modulation of seeing-in, which allows us to focus our attention on the support. And, touching

it directly is an operation exclusively reserved to restorers, whose delicate task is precisely to take care of wood, canvas and paper. In the eighteenth century, the birth of the contemporary “museum” institution, with the emergence of aesthetics as autonomous discipline, favored the sense of sight (“seeing but not touching”) as the sensorial channel for the artwork pure contemplation without any practical purpose. In the long wave of the Kantian influential doctrine, the aesthetic attitude is satisfied with the object as a pure image, regardless of its actual existence.

It is in this context - still dominant today - **the challenge of tactile museums** is played out: revealing to the spectator’s experience the possibility of the direct touch of the support usually reserved for restoration professionals. And disclosing it not for a repairing or conservative intent, but for an authentically aesthetic one. In full recognition of the deep meaning of the term “aesthetics”, preserved in its etymological origin of aisthesis, i.e. sensitive, corporeal knowledge as a whole and not just optical. Opening up to appreciate the medium, in its irreducible materiality, that medium hosts and lets the figure to show itself: touching-in.

Praise to Cilento: a sensorial chronicle

By **Monica Bernacchia**

There are lucky places as the land “on this side of the Alento river”: green mountains up to the sea coveted by many peoples for the possibility of cultivating, grazing, perching on the hills to defend themselves, trading on the river and sea routes. I tried to portray this land where all the senses are equally involved: in fact, my training journey to the South was rich, enveloping and total.

Hearing

The **Via Silente** is a route for today’s travelers and its silence is one of the features that affected me on this holiday, the silence of the villages, the evening silence in my apartment overlooking the gulf of Palinuro and the light of the moon whitening the black of the sea.

But that silence was alternated with the competent and passionate tales of our guides. **Fiorenza**, precise and refined, guided us among the Greek temples of Paestum, wisely stopping in the shade from time to time; **Gisella** accompanied us to the ghost village of **San Severino Marche**, she is a cosmopolitan lover of her roots, soul of “Cilento for travellers”; **Silvana**, a generous caretaker, storyteller by vocation, took us on a journey through history in the **Angevin-Aragonese Castle** of Agropoli.

Cilento is a land of cultures and several peoples arrived here by land and sea: here they met and clashed.

Greeks, Lucanians, Romans, Lombards, Saracens, Normans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Piedmonteses. The names of the mountains and villages prove this, as the language: a mixture of sounds. I must thank these passionate guides, and I add the friendliness of Antonio, our helmsman of the boat trip along the coast of Palinuro, the kind welcome of the staff of the **WWF Oasis of Morigerati** and of the caretaker at the Certosa di Padula.

Sight

My eyes were filled by the orange circle descending on the **Tyrrhenian horizon line**, by the colors of a clean sea - light blue, turquoise, cobalt blue - by the green behind it, everywhere, with yellow steep walls, cut by gorges, ravines, sea and mountain caves: caves inhabited in prehistory and then refuges for bandits.



And then the **light**. In the evening, it is sweet and sensual after the fire of sunset. In the morning, it's sparkling and soft. At noon, full and heavy. And around 4pm, in the Blue Grotto of Palinuro, the afternoon light comes out bottom up offering the most intense and glacial blue.

Among the small discoveries of our hunting eyes: sea urchins and a great variety of fishes difficult to name, except the "occhiate", a swallow's nest under an entrance arch to Morigerati, spiderwebs beaded with water and large lizards of mountain.

Smell and taste

Among the most persistent **smells**: the **freshness of the lemons**, making the table happy, the scent of the **wild fennel** of the ghost village of San Severino, a rural scent of dried reeds as soon as you arrive at the Saline beach. When you are surrounded by green, the air is filled with an odoriferous density mixed with the flavor of the sea.

And of course, the **mouth**. At “La Dispensa di San Salvatore”, everything is good, yogurt is excellent. The Paestum plain is a continuous sequence of farms of “bufale”. At the “Locanda dei Trecento”, we certainly pay the right and ate so well, there where the food is tastier with courtesy.

At the “Galietti” restaurant in Foria, we explored the tenderness of the meat and the crunchiness of small prawns. And the Monique bar in Policastro Bussentino: I immediately trusted it for its name, and in fact it did not disappoint me at all. It won my personal award as the best macchiato of the holiday: frothy, fluffy and not burnt, prepared with care. What did we bring home? The sweetened taralli, the oil, the Cilento coffee, the buffalo mozzarella, the Pietro Cava frisedde.

Let's go to the touch

A **clean and warm sea** welcomed me, my body immediately found itself in harmony with this sea.

In the first days of flat sea, we swam among the fishes of Ficocella, they were visible by naked eye among the rocks, we dived from the boat in front of the “Buon Dormire beach”, a **memorable thrill**. Then, we went to Basilicata along the coast of Maratea, it deserves an entire holiday. In **Fiumicello**, unexpected cold currents made swimming more sparkling. Then down in Calabria, in Praia a Mare: black and gray stones on the bottom of the sea and the relief of transparent water.

When the sea became rough due to the north wind, we faced dangerous waves at the Saline, founding more protected areas in **Marina di Camerota** and **Lido Marinella**. We walked through the alleys of the villages among cats, swallows, landscapes and history written by the walls and on the walls – Camerota, Pisciotta, Padula: castles, baronial palaces, revolutionary movements, the landing of the

three hundred people on Sapri. In Agropoli, we greeted Cilento with warm and transparent water in the Trentova bay.

Some natural and historic curiosities

Coffee arrived from Arabia to Salerno and Cilento two centuries before the discovery of America for a commercial payment; in the tomb of the Greek founder of Paestum, left intact by Romans, archaeologists found the food of the gods: **honey**, well preserved in terracotta vases closed with wax; behind Palinuro, **Mount Bulgheria** was named by the Bulgarian mercenaries paid by Lombards during the Greek-Gothic war. The Basilian monks settled here escaping from the iconoclasm of Greece of the eighth century; **Saint Francis** arrived also in this land, giving the so-called sermon to the fishes on a rock under Agropoli.

I come away with a question: today, what would the South be if the attempt of the Neapolitan Republic was successful?

Other trifles of joy

Dipping your feet at the mouth of the Lambro River, where it meets the sea at the Marinella lido; at the WWF oasis of Morigerati, **the coolness on the banks of the Bussento river**, it emerges from a cave after an underground journey impossible to explore for speleologists; entering the so-called temple of Poseidon in Paestum and **touching a Doric column**.

Final thanks

Thanks to my Neapolitan colleague Donatella for some essential tips. Working at the Omero Museum has certainly influenced the desire to tell my experience as best as possible, enriching it of meaning, and has influenced my attention to the work of my colleagues in the several places of culture I visited: where I find professionalism and hospitality: thanking them is a moral obligation.

Incidentally, I found the archaeological area of Paestum well equipped for people with disabilities.

Hand Journeys: yesterday and today

by Manuela Alessandrini e Monica Bernacchia



The Table “Sudan – Paris”

“Sudan – Paris” is a **tactile table** created by **Filippo Tommaso Marinetti** in 1921.

The artist, also author of the “Manifesto on Tactilism”, created that artwork to encourage public awareness in a dimension of art which wasn’t only visual, educating people about tactile values.

The table has to be interpreted **only by hands**, keeping it hidden by a cloth sheet.

The emotion arises from the **tactile sensations** transmitted by materials.

The softness, the warmth and sometimes the harshness of Sudanese desert are told by materials such as sponge, wire brush, wool, sandpaper; the freshness of the water of the Mediterranean Sea transmitted by silver paper; the smoothness of silk, the softness of velvet and the lightness of feathers for telling the story of the luxury and fashion of Paris in the years of the Belle Époque.

The Table “Morocco – Ancona”

“Morocco – Ancona” is a **tactile table** created by a **teenage girl** in 2023.

After having studied Marinetti’s “Sudan – Paris” table in the dark, the girl told one of her personal journeys using the same technique.

She obtained the roughness by tearing corrugated cardboard into irregular pieces for evoking tactilely the homes of Morocco, the fraying of shredded and tangled fabrics represent the strength of the Mediterranean Sea faced in a precarious situation; the softness and warmth of a white synthetic fur represent a tidy and well-kept, simple and welcoming home.

The final destination, Ancona is Home.

Comparing tables

Filippo Tommaso Marinetti told a return trip; his work was an artistic exercise to teach us new aesthetic paths. The girl accepted this exercise enriching it with her own experience of emigrant: a journey to a place she, today, calls “Home”.

Teenager projects

The “Morocco – Ancona” tactile table, together with other ones, was created within the “**Teenager Project**”, proposed by the **Protection Unit of Minors of the Municipality of Ancona**.

Over 2022-2023, the project involved the Omero Museum together with other local authorities in a cycle of rewarding activities, dedicated to ten adolescents who had successfully completed their rehabilitation process. The aim was to introduce them to the beauties and the resources of the city of Ancona.

The Omero Museum managed a couple of appointments: in the first meeting, a blindfolded visit to the Museum collection was organized; in the second, the practical activity “Journey of hands” was carried out.

Following the model of Marinetti’s table, the teenagers created the tactile stories of their personal journeys – an internal journey or a simple daily journey - through three stages: the place of departure, the journey itself and the place of arrival.

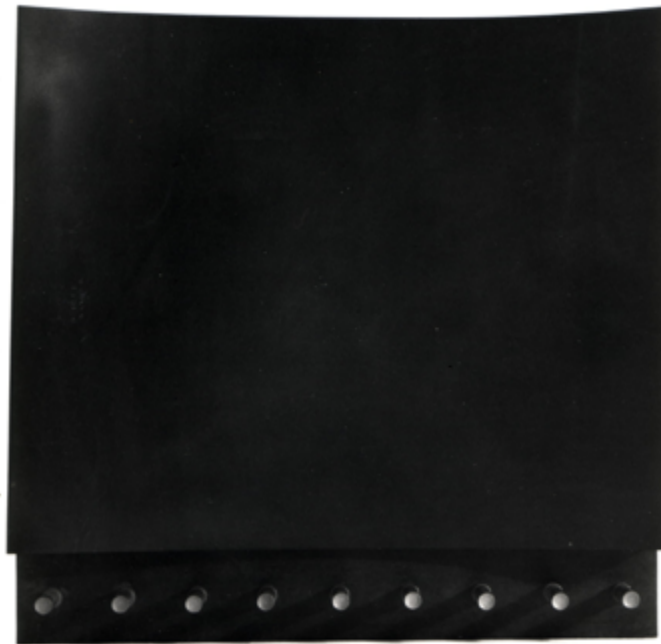
When the initial reticence was overcome, the girls and boys were able to open themselves to the stories of their personal experiences, often difficult, also using the exchange of their tactile tables.

Everybody tried to read a partner's tactile table with hands; the author of the table spontaneously began integrating and enriching partner's interpretation, allowing own emotions to flow freely. This operating method created an intimate and pleasant climate where telling own stories was easy. This was a surprising result, not only for the museum workers but also for the social workers.

The object with puffs of air.

The experience of the form earlier the form

by Alice Devecchi



A concave, black, smooth surface. Let's imagine it fixed to a wall, where artworks are usually hung. All in all, we could also put it on a table, because it has its own structure, a base - black too- which houses nine long cylinders, all identical, in a regular row.

Please touch.

Not knowing where to begin, we begin exploring the **cylinders**, they stretch out from the base. We discover they are buttons. They must be pressed firmly.

Randomly, we push one out of the nine.

A puff of air coming from an indefinite point of that apparently inert surface surprises us. We close our eyes; we are annoyed and move our heads. Who knows what will happen pressing another button?

Again, a spiteful **puff of air** surprises us; however, this time, it comes from another point.

Again, a little less annoyed, we move our heads in reaction to the breath.

We're starting to like the **game**, we're curious to guess where the next puff will come from. Let's guess the connection between buttons and puffs of air.

We discover that the black surface is full of many invisible small holes.

Unpredictably from those holes, the air comes when we press a button. Let's keep playing. Meanwhile, the puffs of air trace intangible and evanescent trajectories.

Our gestures of approach and escape intersect them, creating a temporary space, entirely included between the concave screen and our body.

This is the **object with puffs of air** by Gabriele Devecchi, and the year is 1961.

In a historical moment of ferment for Arts, of protest towards the commodification of art triumphing with the Pop Art, of intolerance towards the stereotype of the genius artist and his prerogative of giving shape to interiority, an alternative path was traced conceiving art as a maximally democratic, inclusive device - we would say today - capable of making the aesthetic experience accessible no longer only through contemplation but increasingly through interaction, participation, up to co-production.

Our own abstract expressionism - **the Informal** - had tried to implement an escape from the form, understanding how much it generated constraints and compositional boundaries inadequate to the imperative of free gesture.

However, the trust in the **freedom of the gesture** had had its bill: the work had become inaccessible, closed, comprehensible only to the author, and therefore perceivable in an exclusively contemplative, intimate and individual dimension.

Incommunicability, clear separation between artist and public, between the space of the artwork and the space of fruition constitute the context in which Lucio Fontana feels the need to go beyond the canvas, crossing - not only symbolically - the border of tradition and tracing numerous trajectories of rethinking the function of art.

Among these different trajectories, one adopts an attitude, an intellectual posture attributable to design disciplines with the intention of producing a change through art.

We know, art does not have a utilitarian function or, at least, does not have the obligation to have it. It is not the artist's job to produce something with an immediate usefulness. However, art can facilitate the change, it can act on human behavior and pave the way for transformations.

Once you have crossed the threshold of the canvas, you can cross the threshold of contemplation, **touching the artwork, playing with it, manipulating it, co-creating it**, as if it were a gym to exercise our possibilities of acting in the World. The Object with puffs of air follows this trajectory. Here, the experience of form is built with the movements of the hands, head, and trunk in response to the surprise of an unexpected puff.

Here, form does not precede experience. The form gives itself - in an ephemeral, transitory way - together with the experience itself on which the form itself depends. The form makes and unmakes itself in the interaction between the body and the 'generator' object, which is silent, inert, irrelevant if no one activates it. The form cannot be touched here; it clutters a variable volume, shaped by the movement of the body playing with space.

The Object with puffs of air presents itself as a 'prosthesis' for the apprehension of the world, an amplifier of experience, a spotlight on the clarification of the interdependence among object, space, and person.

The year is 1961 and Gabriele Devecchi managed the classic tools of drawing, painting and sculpture, engraving and silversmithing. With a background as a craftsman, from his father's goldsmith activity, he manipulated the material with ease. With ability, he produced interface objects, prostheses - exactly - leaning out towards the space surrounding us, stumbling devices that tickle our less used senses, inviting us to develop a more acute awareness of our place in the world.

Now we are in 2023. And we need even more than then to feel space, shape, objects, and people. To play, too.

Sabina Santilli, the woman who let the deaf-blind people out of the darkness

by Sara De Carli



Photo from the website legadelfilodoro.it

In 1962, the world discovered the existence of deaf-blind children. It happened through the claustrophobic and touching images of the movie “**The miracle worker**” (“Anna dei miracoli”, for Italian audience). That movie told the story of the childhood of **Helen Keller**, the first deaf-blind woman who, thanks to her studies and her teacher, redeemed her condition and realized what now we call the right to an independent life. She went to college, graduated, traveled the world, set up an ante litteram advocacy movement to promote the rights of disabled people. In short, she became a symbol.

Just a year later, a book was published. It told the story of another little girl, **Laura Bridgman**. Charles Dickens had spoken about her in his “American Notes”. Laura was the first deaf-blind person to communicate with the outside world and to receive an education, about fifty years before Helen Keller, although she did not reach the same level of independence, activism, culture, and fame. The book was called “The child of the silent night”.

In the same years, in Italy with extreme patience, **Sabina Santilli** set up an informal network of contacts among Italian deaf-blind people. In 1964, that network would lead to the birth of the **Lega del Filo d'Oro**, the first Italian association for deaf-blind people. She had been a “child of the silent night” too, just like Laura and Helen. Even if she disliked that expression saying: “‘Children of the silent night’ is a beautiful poetic expression, but it’s incorrect”.

Sabina was born on May 29th, 1917. She is the founder of the **Lega del Filo d'Oro**, a very well-known organization: for sixty years, it has been involved in the rehabilitation of those who cannot see or hear. Sabina is the Italian Helen Keller, but few people know her. And the rhetoric ends here. Because to tell Sabina as she was, to be faithful to her, you must clear your mind and language. She had already liquidated the pietistic hagiography on June 2, 1968, while the radio announced Keller’s death: «While the world speaks of ‘miracles’ about her, we are right to say (not without an ironic chuckle) she was only the first example. In fact, it is normal a deaf-blind person can be a normal person, if helped in time and appropriately.” This was Sabina’s dream. Today, it’s her legacy.

Sabina, reads and writes in kindergarten

In 1917, when Sabina was born, her village had just lost more than half of its inhabitants: the epicenter of the Marsica earthquake was in the Fucino basin, eleventh level on the Mercalli scale with 30 thousand deaths. San Benedetto dei Marsi had 2,700 victims out of 4,200 inhabitants. Pacifico Santilli and his wife Elisa lost two children and their home, after that episode they had seven other children.

At seven years old, in only three days, Sabina lost her sight and hearing. It was the Holy Friday in 1924. Sabina was attending the second grade at the village school and was already attending a seamstress to learn sewing and knitting. She was so smart that since kindergarten she could read and write and, considering what happened, it was a blessing. In January, after just three months in first grade, the teacher promoted her directly to second grade.

On Holy Monday of 1924, Sabina got ill. On Tuesday morning, the teacher sent her home: she was crying due to a headache. She had meningitis. «On the evening

of Holy Thursday, from my mother's bed, I took one last look around. The next morning, on Holy Friday, I heard the last cry followed by the slamming of a door. Since then, nothing more. It was pitch black without a voice».

Sabina herself remembered that moment. She did it in 1982, answering to the request of her friends of Caritas of Avezzano, with whom she collaborated. She didn't do it frequently, nor easily. On that occasion (and exception), she made this premise: «I will talk, as I was requested, about my personal experience, hoping that it will be a further encouragement for my disabled friends to realize themselves, whatever the handicap they carry, and for friends in good physical integrity, it will be an opportunity to better appreciate the inestimable value of the gifts they possess and take from it a reason for greater serenity in their lives”.

The Marsicano billy goat

She wrote so many pages, but about the story that changed her life Sabina left only three dry lines. «I recover myself in the blue light of the Policlinico Umberto I in Rome. After a month, I returned home barely feeling the light of the day. For over two years, I tried to do everything I did before, not accepting that I was blind and deaf, despite the facts constantly gave me confirmation of the harsh reality”, Sabina remembered. «However, this was an incentive for me not to atrophy and to actually do everything for remaining on the same level of the other girls». She was **stubborn, courageous, enterprising, strong-willed**. Or using her own words, «with an irrepressible tendency towards industriousness but with a stubborn taciturnity (this was the reason of the nickname “billy goat”), always laconic in giving the strictly necessary answers, she hadn't time for idle chatter.”

At just **seven years old**, Sabina already had a plain method, a style and an objective in mind. Not regret, not compensation, but equality with “others”. Equality to claim but also to conquer. The next three years passed like this, getting used to the new condition. Her sister Loda remembered how “mom encouraged Sabina to practice all her activities and did everything to keep her busy”: she peeled her own fruit, washed the dishes, sewed clothes for her dolls.

She didn't come back to school. In the family they communicated with gestures. Until Sabina herself came up with a solution: a short time had passed since the misfortune, her mother's sisters had come from Collepietro to visit the family. Sabina understood that there was someone in the house, but she couldn't know who he was. She tried to say all the names of her neighbors, but her brother always made a negative gesture with his hand. So, she told Ettore, her older brother, to bring her the school notebook and a pencil: "you write the names and I'll hold your hand". «It was the discovery of all the 'Christopher Columbuses who left the beautiful Europe!'», Sabina recalled. «This was the mean of communication for the indispensable, as well as it was the occasion to delay reflecting on my situation. However, in the end, I had to tell myself frankly: I was blind and deaf.»

When she was ten years old, Sabina was **the first pupil of the newly founded Augusto Romagnoli Institute for blind people**, in Rome. She went to the institute in a carriage, with dad and mom. She learned Braille and the Malossi method. As for Helen Keller, education was a miracle for Sabina, even if Augusto Romagnoli preferred to say that Sabina was "a miracle of will". The idea of early rehabilitation, so central in the Lega del Filo d'Oro project, was born with the direct experience of Sabina.

At **31**, Sabina was an autonomous and independent woman in her daily activities: ironing, cooking, washing dishes, sewing, looking after her nephews. Merely, she is a woman of her time, and it was more than extraordinary.

In fact, from her home in San Benedetto dei Marsi Sabina she began **writing letters to all the deaf-blind people** she knows and trying to find the unknown ones. In those days, deaf-blind people were "the great unknowns": "they are scattered throughout Italy, in the Cottolenghi (an Italian expression for institutions for seriously disabled people), in unsuitable shelters or in their families.", wrote Sabina, "Only very few of us have the privilege of living in an inclusive family where we are well-liked and respected in our personality as normal individuals and as active members of family life. Unfortunately, the most of blind-deaf people are abandoned to themselves, in the most absolute isolation, immobility and frustration leading them to physical and psychological atrophy or, even worse,

to nervous exhaustion, desperation and revolt, especially the most lively and intelligent subjects due to the impossibility of communication with the people around them”.

Sabina wrote in Braille by hand, one dot after another, inventing a system of folded paper for writing straight. She explained how to iron or grow flowers, she encouraged to get active and take up new interests, because «what a bad life is only eating, getting dressed and going for a drive. And where do we put our mind? Without mental and spiritual activity, I feel myself completely dead.” There are letters seeking specific help for a specific person, in the area in which he or she lived, letters knocking on the doors of associations, institutions, parishes but also on the doors of people close to the deaf-blind people, volunteers ante litteram, to explain the condition, ask help, claim a right. The style changed, the context changed, but the letters of the 1950s were not so different than those of the 1990s: it is always a question first and foremost of approaching individual people with infinite patience and «with tact and prudence bringing them to other interests, giving them the opportunity to understand, indirectly, that being completely blind and deaf is not the end of the world.”

In **1964**, from her small village in Abruzzo, Sabina created a **network of 56 deaf-blind people**. But it’s still not enough for her. Sabina knows clearly that Italian deaf-blind people needed their own association: in this way, she was certain, they would “flourish again”.

We are ourselves

The Lega del Filo d’Oro was officially born on 20 December 1964. Sabina chose the name (“the League of the Golden Thread”) and took it in her heart for a very long time, «it appears fantastic, it is the symbol of good friendship, without which a man deprived of sight and hearing is fearfully isolated, relegated to an ‘Earl Ugolino’s tower’”.

Sabina was the first president. While she was realizing her dream, Sabina broke a taboo: in Italy, she was the first blind person to sign a legal document and even to be in charge as chief of a public association. To do it, the notary equated

the case of Sabina, by law she would have been incapable of understanding and wanting, to the situation of a foreigner needing an interpreter. A blind-deaf president was certainly a choice of very high symbolic, surprising and innovative value, but Sabina has always had the idea to avoid of creating this concept as the founding feature of the association. It had to be always explicitly characterized by coexistence and co-responsibility of multiple subjects, at all the levels: deaf-blind people and their friends as professionals, volunteers, family members, benefactors. However, the novelty remains, it amazes and strikes. Starting with the deaf-blind people themselves, who found in Sabina a further stimulus to the courage to dare and take control of their lives, to become protagonists. Today, we would say it was an implicit lesson of self-empowerment.

The rest is the history of the Lega del Filo d'Oro. A choral story, a story of excellence, a story of innovation and dignity. The last document contained in Sabina's private archive is a letter of 19 August 1993. Sabina wrote to the secretariat of the Committee of deaf-blind people of the "Lega". It is an operational letter, with an exchange of organizational information for the Helen Keller World Conference which would be held that year in Italy, in Numana. In a sharp postscript, Sabina notes: «a clarification: in good Italian we don't always say "deaf-blind people", because we know that deaf-blinds are people». How far Sabina's dream has come... but using the final usual Sabina's expression of each letter, "good courage, and go on!".

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Credits

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