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SANTERAMO

AND THE PASSAGE LANDS



LANDS OF NO ONE OR FOR ALL?

Passage lands are something like...crossed, conquered, admired or dismissed. Full of traces, of signed paths, full of memories. They fill memories also. They belong to the constellation of travel, whatever reason you travel for. They belong to the path of stars leading to destination planet. All the people that have been there will say they have passed just to reach another place.

Then they will add:

“Beautiful place, I saw this, tried that, met fantastic people...”

It is there, in those comments, that you realize that the crossed land has become crossing land. The passage is from giving hospitality to being a guest in the heart and mind of the passer-by. An idea that opens up many doors, or windows. Could we say that sunset has no importance or beauty just because it is the passage from day to night? An idea that makes responsible the traveler as well as the citizen.

That land gave us a place and we are responsible of the prints we will leave on it.



Whether to wear any shoes or to leave them. But if we live in that place, we can wonder what kind of land are we, what colors, scents, flavors and sounds can we show. How much being true, generous and smiley.

I found the concept of “passage land” within my academic studies and I found to be living on one of these regions, the ones that Leiper, a scholar of the XX century, called “transit region or route” (Leiper, 1989).

I am honored to have grown up on this “crossroads of stories”.

Meanwhile, when still today I look for traces, I see new traces left by new passers-by, by new crossing crossed ones.

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