

## Extracts of texts sung by Giovanna Marini

The white man possesses a quality that has enabled him to advance: "disrespect...."  
The white man does not let himself be held back by anything.

What I shall never grow accustomed to is seeing them bow down to me. No, I do not need any servants. Servants have always been terribly painful for me. When I see one, I am overwhelmed with despair. It seems to me that I am the servant.

India sings. Do not forget that; India sings. Everywhere, from Ceylon to the Himalayas, they sing. Something intense and constant accompanies them; a song from which they cannot be separated. He who wants to sing, sings. He who wants to pray, prays, aloud, selling his betel leaves or whatever.

...Then Buddha, the man *par excellence* of non-violence. A tigress is hungry; he gives himself to her to eat.

Henri Michaux, '*A Barbarian in India*', 1933

Life is short, my little lambs,  
It is still far too long, my little lambs.  
You will be troubled by it, my little ones.  
We will free you from it, my little ones.  
Not everybody is born to be a prophet,  
But plenty are born to be shorn.  
Not everybody is born to open the windows,  
But plenty are born to be asphyxiated.  
Not everybody is born to see clearly,  
But plenty are born to be dupes.  
Not everybody is born to be a civilian,  
But plenty are born to have stoop shoulders.

Henri Michaux, '*The age of the enlightened*', 1927

Gopal Chauddhuri, aged twenty. Left arm paralysed, left leg that shakes; he was beaten up from Monday until Wednesday.

Hellen Majumdar, pharmacy student; she can no longer hear. Her two eardrums have burst. Her lower lip has been torn to shreds, her mouth bloodied.

Indira Chakravarti, philosophy student. Her office has been destroyed. Her young daughters beaten and arrested. She does not wish to elaborate further.

Shakuntala Das, physics student. She does not know what happened to her. (The doctor fills me in: repeated rapes, abdominal bruising).

Sushil Kumar, having escaped arrest, brings me the latest list of fatalities.

In Alipore, the women sit on the ground. It seems they wish to stay like that, on the roads and in the fields, until the authorities decide to arrest them.

Mircea Eliade, "*Fragments of the civil revolution*", Indian Journal: April/May 1930