Greek tragedy by Micole Loraux. Reference to The Mourning Voice, an essay on more solidly than any process of consensus."" that "conflict leads to unity more surely and "bond of division" reminds us over the centuries elimination. And herein lies the real tragedy: the the divisions used by the city-state to glorify different attitudes that remained beneath to forget, evidence the conflicting values and the dead that the city-state would have preferred citizens who shouldered the burden of mourning "politics" is essentially in conflict; women, noncitizens, tragic theatre relentlessly recalls that was responsible for collectivising and uniting "anti-political". Unlike the Assembly, which tragedy in a completely different light—as voice of mourning and the oratorio—reveals voice that rises beyond this "tragic drama"—the city-state describes itself. But listening to the the Greek sense, is political. It defines how the looking for over these past few days. Tragedy, in

Tragedy is still here. Our political voices cannot break through the divide. They fracture first.

And so I grasp onto a piece of writing I've been

The worst aspect of that ancient world is still with us. The reason for suffering is the same now as it was then. It grips. Its cry is still heard, echoing as melody. Its words, sweet, ambiguous: adduna, tirisi, cora. Fragments of that lament that precede the voice are hidden in the songs, as if clues.

Faces, swollen and deformed through torture and death—parts of me died when they were killed.

qnqnk.

From the parade of those that have gone before me, the faces of Sehid Zin Amara and Hevrin Khalaf are still behind me, looking over my shoulder. Perhaps they're walking. They are as close as neighboure, physically close. And, they neighboured those archaic musical worlds that I'm excavating, they too would have heard the sweet, woodwind sounds of the blur and the sweet, woodwind sounds of the blur and

into oppressive corners of slavery, coercion, harassment, violence, exploitation, neglect and abandon. I try to limit my time arrested because I see freedom starting to disintegrate.

Closer to home, within my own social network, women's and children's bodies are being pressured

Devastated.

In front of images, unleashed from the net, flooding before the my eyes, I'm overwhelmed by terrified, terrorised and terrifying bodies.

Canto Voce is an ancient form of music (that no longer exists) for which I have one or two pieces of the puzzle. Its voices are with me, here and now, their suffering still outpouring today.

How can a creativy of that which pushes the divide? show the reality of that which pushes the divide?

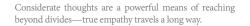
Digital images erupt, interrupting the paperbacks I've been reading these past few days. They are noisier than thoughts.

Fragments of Voices

The following piece of writing is for all those wome who are still fighting for their voices to be heard.

I asked a Turkish friend recently if she had seen Gulistam, Land of Roses, by Zaynê Akyol. The 2016 documentary follows the daily life of a Free Women's Unit of the Kurdish follows the daily life of a Free Women's Unit of the Kurdish arrested just for saying no to war let alone watching the doc or even sharing it." Though filmed in a different region than that recently under attack, it represents the same fight. The women express their personal motives, of soldiers cleaning their rifles, of women brushing one another's hair, it could esaily be criticised for romanticising their position. And yet the film's final romanticising their position. And yet the film's final seen. The director's keen choice of sound is particularly seen. The director's keen choice of sound is particularly telling, reflecting death's hold over a battle for life.

The song rounded in a whisper. A voice, so full of expression, gifted its concluding note to the breeze. As that breath joined the leaves in the trees, attentive ears were more attuned to their subtle undulation. Anna Maria Civico's attunded to their subtle undulation. Anna Maria Civico's infervention in the forest at a cultural festival in rural presence as a performer. Her ability to evoke and her physical presence as a performer. Her ability to evoke and her physical strong memories is powerful. When I read Anna's recent earth I immediately saw it as a potential issue for traverzine. Like her singing voice, Anna's written words resonate, pertinently communicating empathy and engagement.



traverzine is a platform for those interested in exploring and sharing ideas about contemporary travel. The zine traverses issues regarding leisure, work and migration through direct experience. It is a means to communicate how travel might be perceived differently at a time of great environmental and political change. Writing submitted for publication should be no more than 1,200 words or 7,000 characters with spaces in length. Images should be 10.5 x 7.5 cm at 300 pixels per inch. Please send all submissions to: info@traverzbooks.net

This issue was written by Anna Maria Civico (www. annamariacivico.it) and introduced by Sarah Waring. It is the first bilingual publication of the zine, translated by Viviana Gasparella and Sarah, and proofed by Costanza Travaglini and Giovanni Nimis.

Sehid Zin Amara was a Women's Protection Unit commander and Hevrin Khalaf was a civil engineer and Secretary General for the Future Syria Party.









traverzine, issue 3, Nov 2019, www.traverzbooks.net cover: *Tomb of the Dancing Women*, Naples National Archaeological Museum

