

Hidden Histories 2021

THE CHILDREN ARE NOT OF THE WOLF

by Daniela Ortiz

Voice: Xose Quiroga

Whistling the hymn of the Sons of the Wolf

Pss, hey boy, come here, why are you walking alone?

Pss pps boy, come here, pss pss, boy stop!

What's your name?

Anteo Simone Tafari

Where are you going alone?

I'm going to school.

To school? And where is your mother?

She is working.

And why is she working?

Because we don't have money

And why you don't have money?

Because we come from the south of the south of the south of the south of the south of the south.

And why did you come from the south of the south of the south of the south of the south, of the south?

Because there is no father and my land is owned by others.

Perfect! Beautiful! Single mother, migrant, impoverished, worker, woman, racialized, working class!
Which means for the National Maternity and Childhood Institution, Ups! No excuse me, now have a new name, Social Services, that by decree the state of the wolves consider that this poor little beautiful racialized boy should be protected from the unability of his mother for taking care of him, this mother that puts him on risk of living a mistreatment situation which we call mistreatment by neglect!

This awful monster that will be fully judged by the law and society for not being able to protect this beautiful innocent little boy, that for means of the Social Services is now under custody of the state and become a son of the state, A son of Italy, a son of the wolf, until a sweet white family with heterosexual white mother and heterosexual white father, both healthy and with a working contract which complies our requirements, come to fill their charitable hearts with the pain of this child and the tears of that awful monster called Mom!

Hey! Where did the child go! Where is he!? He needs protection! You have to help me! You have to collaborate with the state! You have to help me find him! We need to save him! We need to save all the children from their mothers! She might have taken him! He needs to be rescued! Rescued from her poverty! From her bad education! From her terrible culture!

Knock Knock Knock

Mrs Ilia Rea Silvia, we come in representation of the National Maternity and Childhood Institution. Ups! No excuse me, now we have a new name, Servizi Sociali. Under the beautiful light of the moon this night we come to inform you that now you are being judged by the state for being Single mother, migrant, impoverished, worker, woman, racialized, working class! Which means: that by decree the state of the wolves consider that this poor little beautiful racialized boy should be protected from the inability of his mother for taking care of him, this mother that puts him on risk of living a mistreatment situation which we call mistreatment by neglect! This awful monster that will be fully judged by the law and society for not being able to protect this beautiful innocent little boy, that for means of the Social Services is now under custody of the state and become a son of the state, a son of Italy, a son of the wolf, until a sweet white family with heterosexual white mother and heterosexual white father, both healthy and with a working contract which complies our requirements, come to fill their charitable hearts with the pain of this child and your tears! Those same tears that you are making now fall!

No, the baby no! The baby no! Please, the baby no! The baby no!

Madam you must cooperate, madam leave the baby! Madam you must cooperate! Madam, leave the baby! Madam you must cooperate, madam leave the baby! Madam you must cooperate! Madam, leave the baby!

Phone sound (Ring, ring, ring..)

I am Ilia Rea Silvia, I call for talking with my son.

Hello? Social services? I call to say Happy Birthday to my son.

Hello? I called to talk with my son.

Hello? I call for Christmas

Hello? I call for New Year's Eve.

I call for New Year's Eve...
I call for New Year's Eve...
I call for New Year's Eve...

Please, answer me! Where is my son, the years have passed, the trees have grown, my hair has grown my son has grown, my pain has grown so much! The number of children separated from their families has grown, the state has grown so much! Racism has grown! Patriarchy has grown so much! My worthy rage (digna rabia) has grown so much! It has grown as much as my braided hair that now is so long and strong, strong enough that I can use it as a rope to climb that huge building where my son is kept and rescue him from the wolf and the state.

Come my little big boy, years have passed, come with mama, we will escape far away on a horse, come that in our home we will be able to rest and after making you dream, mom will go out to fight and hunt those wolves that keep on stealing the children from their moms.

Where is the child!? Where is the son of the state!? Where is my son!? Auuuuu! Auuuuu!!!

(sings adapted version of Italian song "La Lega")

Because we are migrants
We are not afraid:
For the love of our children,
For the love of our children;

Because we are workers
We are not afraid:
For the love of our children,
For the love of our children;

Eh oili oili oilà the league will grow
And we are antiracists, and we are feminists
Eh oili oili olà and the league will grow
And we other socialists, and we want freedom...