

## PERSONAGES

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*On stage the three "souls" of Nino, Rico and Paula.*

PAULA - This is the story of a friendship, of a partnership between three young intellectuals that began in an attic and transcended every boundary, even that of death. Enrico Mreule and Giovanni Paternolli were the embodiment of what my brother Carlo theorized.

NINO - Carlo Michelstaedter will then choose suicide.

RICO - John Paternolli he will die Still young in a accident in mountain. PAULA

- Enrico Mreule instead will opt for a shy and solitary life.

*MUSIC*

RICO – It's been a long time since Carlo left us .

NINO – I remember that he was always a bit wild, but at the same time very tender and sincere.

RICO – He was a really strong boy physically: he climbed mountains, swam in the Isonzo and raced his bike...

NINO - Back then, you didn't need to play sports to be strong: just being healthy was enough. For the two of us, Carlo wasn't just a friend, but almost a brother.

PAULA – Carlo was the son of a Gorizia that over time has proven quite ungrateful towards its best sons.

RICO - Michelstaedter was a poet-philosopher, sick of the absolute...

NINO - But who was Carlo Michelstaedter really? I want to ask his sister Paula.

PAULA – Ours was a wealthy bourgeois family of Jewish origins and Carlo was born in Gorizia on June 3, 1887, at number 8 in Piazza Grande.

RICO - Today's Piazza Vittoria, in that house on the corner with Via Mameli.

*VIDEO OF PIAZZA VITTORIA, PALAZZO BOMBI, AND HOUSE MICHELSTAEDTER*

PAULA – Since the 50th anniversary of my brother Carlo's death, that house has had a plaque in his honor, even though the house had been sold years earlier like any other property, neglecting the possibility of turning it into a museum or a symbolic place of Gorizia's culture.

NINO – It would take too long to illustrate the entire course of Carlo Michelstaedter's short life and the fullness of his thought, so consider this story as a taste.

RICO - Or a sip of his beauty, intellectual and human, ascetic and passionate: the story of a boy of integrity, enthusiastic, but at the same time desperate.

NINO – Carlo committed suicide by a revolver shot in Gorizia on October 17, 1910. During those short twenty-three years of his life, or rather during his last five years, he wrote his thesis: "Persuasion and Rhetoric".

RICO - But alongside his university studies, he also composed essays, stories, and poems. Carlo also painted, drew, and caricatured. (*Video of Carlo M.'s caricatures*)

PAULA - He was the youngest of Alberto Michelstaedter and Emma Luzzatto Coen's four children: Gino, Elda, me, Paula, and, of course, Carlo Raimondo, Ghedalià Ram in Hebrew.

NINO – But everyone the we called simply Charles. Paula, if well I remember Was your father Alberto the director of the Gorizia Insurance Agency?

PAULA – Yes, and grandson of the illustrious glottologist and rabbi Isaac Samuele Reggio, himself an expert in Hebrew and a devotee of Italian literature. I remember that as a child, Carlo was afraid of the dark, very stubborn, and unwilling to apologize for any shortcomings. From 1897 to 1905, he attended the Habsburg Staatgymnasium in Gorizia.

#### *REPORTS FROM THE FORMER STAATSGYMNASIUM LIBRARY*

RICO – The Staatgymnasium was divided into eight classes, four lower and four upper. German was the language of instruction, Latin and Greek were compulsory, and Italian and Slovenian were also taught for students of those nationalities.

NINO - Carlo wasn't particularly good at school...

PAULA – Yes, he was never among the students who received honorable mention at the end of the year, and on his high school diploma his conduct was judged...

RICO - "Minder entsprechend", "unsuitable", for having frequently and intentionally disturbed the progress of lessons during the year.

PAULA – It was during his last year of school that Carlo met and formed a strong friendship with you, Enrico Mreule.

NINO – But everyone calls you Rico.

PAULA – AND with tea, John Paternolli.

RICO - Known to all as Nino.

PAULA – Rico and Nino, the future protagonists of “The Dialogue of Health,” written by my brother Carlo in the last weeks of his life in the form of a platonic dialogue with you, his dearest friends.

NINO – (*ATTIC VIDEO*) He had written it in the attic of my family building, in the square once called “Travnik,” which means field in Slovenian...

PAULA - Then it became Piazza Grande... and finally “Piazza Vittoria”.

NINO - More than 100 years ago, our extraordinary friendship was born right there.

PAULA - From 1862 to 1934 that building was the home of your family, the Paternollis.

NINO - It is home to one of the most famous stationery shops and printing houses of the twentieth century.

RICO - In the attic of your house, the three of us, inseparable study companions, regularly met to read and discuss Arthur Schopenhauer's major work: “The World as Will and Representation.”

NINO - But also to share other important philosophical and existential reflections. Often, the three of us would start from there to reach... Sabotino, who at that time was called San Valentin.

RICO - From its top we looked out over the distant sea.

PAULA - For you, young and strong, it was a pastime, but also a way of reading the world.

NINO – Carlo had become aware that no hope can come from illusions, but from the act of living, even in an attic, which he called “the portrait of my life.”

PAULA - For children, attics are places of mystery and danger, of mysterious curiosity or even adventure.

RICO - But they are also places of great conversations between friends or of silence, of acute reflection, from where – far from the world, above the gardens and squares – you can glimpse a small sky from the dormer window.

NINO - Little light, but a great light. A small but great night: the thrill of keeping a secret.

PAULA - In his "Epistolario" one can find tangible and concrete proof of how this very attic, those walls of Piazza Vittoria, bordering Via Bombi, led to the writing of "Persuasion and Rhetoric".

NINO - His thesis. And to think it was never defended, because Carlo died shortly after completing it.

PAULA - But in the decades that followed it revealed itself as one of the most extraordinary analyses of the relationship between the individual and modern society.

RICO - "Persuasion and Rhetoric" sparked a growing interest in his philosophical thought, which has subsequently been explored by scholars at home, in Europe, and overseas.

PAULA - But that attic also bore witness to something more emblematic, which we can read in a letter my brother wrote to me in 1910, referring to the writing of his thesis. (*He reads a letter.*) "Here I live a life that cannot be lived, but a great work is born."

NINO - That attic, in short, represents the spiritual and intellectual growth of a philosopher who became increasingly important on the scene national and international of our time.

RICO - But also a testament to how crucial that place was to his border existence. Carlo himself would later affirm, in another letter. (*He reads,*) "How much peace there is up there, that isn't found anywhere else—that isn't found in my soul, which keeps its head down."

PAULA - In addition to his love of philosophy and poetry, my brother Carlo was also very interested in painting and drawing, but especially in mathematics. He was a very lively and sociable boy.

NINO - He loved dancing and one of his great passions was parties.

RICO - At his high school graduation exam, he declared that he wanted to study law, but then enrolled in the mathematics faculty at the University of Vienna.

NINO - However, he did not attend the lessons and in September 1905 he changed his mind at the last minute and, attracted by Italian culture and art, he settled in Florence, enrolling at the Istituto di Studi Superiori, in the Faculty of Letters.

*ISONZO VIDEO*

RICO - There is a place in Gorizia, on the left bank of the Isonzo, just upstream from the Peuma bridge, where a squat limestone bell tower, about six meters high, rises from the sandy, irregular bank.

NINO - From up there, like many Gorizians, we too dived into the unsafe waters of the Isonzo.

PAULA - Yes, my Brother Charles I had called that rock Olympus.

NINO - You, Rico, were the bravest.

RICO - And you, Nino, the quickest to climb.

PAULA - My friend Argia Cassini and I, on the other hand, have never been up there.

ARGIA - (*entering the scene*) Immersed in the river, standing on tiptoe, we kept our heads just above the water that was entering our mouths as we urged you to dive in.

NINO - You, Rico, were slow to resurface: you've always been a daredevil.

ARGIA - In the end, Nino, Rico, Paula, Carlo, and I were all lying on the sand, warming ourselves in the sun. (*Exits*)

PAULA - In Carlo's writings, pessimism about life and death is contrasted with love for his loved ones and family, especially for our mother Emma, to whom he wrote a month before his death.

VOICE CARLO - (*image of Carlo*) " While others have illusions about people and things, I don't have to expect anything from anyone... I don't have anything to fear from life... nothing can change me, or stop me..."

NINO - These expressions of Carlo's regarding the human "end" might appear somewhat funereal, but they are not: they highlight the comparison between the fiction of society and individual reality, which asks: why do I exist and what do I live for?

RICO - Carlo finds an answer in the form of a question.

VOICE CARLO - "... It is beautiful to suffer and to fight, then you have life in your hands. (...) Then it is necessary to look death in the face and bear the darkness with open eyes and descend into the abyss of one's own inadequacy - to come to blows with one's own life. Either live or not live. But since something in me still demands life, (...) I must live, I must have nothing to expect from others, I must be truly free, I must affirm my life in such a way that no one can disturb it. (...) And from the depths of the abyss rises the unheard voice:

Nothing from wait  
nothing to fear  
Nothing ask — And All give not  
go  
but to remain.  
There is no prize — there is no pose.  
Life is a tough thing. (*Remove image of Carlo*)

PAULA - In 1907, after passing his first exams, Carlo agreed to give private Italian lessons to a Russian noblewoman living in Florence, Nadia Baraden...

RICO - With which was born well Soon a strict relationship... sentimental.

PAULA - Abruptly interrupted a few months later.

RICO - TO cause from the premature disappearance from the woman, That it seemed had died by suicide.

NINO - During the same year, Carlo had gone to Bologna for Giosuè Carducci's funeral. He had described every detail in a passionate letter. which he then sent to your family to commemorate the great poet who had just passed away.

PAULA - On February 22nd, that letter was published by my family in "Il Corriere friulano" under the title "Reminiscences of Carducci's Funeral."

#### *SHOOTING OF PUBLIC GARDENS, MAGNOLIA AND FOUNTAIN*

NINO - In March 1908, Carlo was immersed in reading a recently purchased collection of the works of Henrik Ibsen, an author who had immediately aroused great admiration and esteem in him.

PAULA - He had written to my mother Emma, saying that he had read almost everything by the Norwegian playwright, since after Sophocles he was the artist who had most impressed him and had penetrated his soul.

*(MUSIC for a short break)*

PAULA - In the May 1908 the reports Between Charles And there our family, in especially with my father Alberto, became "stormy", because of his love for a classmate, Iolanda De Blasi.

NINO - I remember Well as that engagement is state Then truncated in the bud due to your family's opposition.

RICO - For him I am states years Of study And Of satisfactions, but Also of sorrows.

PAULA – Carlo then tried to join the editorial staff of some newspaper, but he only published three articles in the "Corriere friulano," directed by our aunt Carolina Luzzatto...

NINO - And one of these, unbeknownst to him, was taken from a letter written to his family....

PAULA – Another article was published in the "Gazzettino popolare".

RICO – I remember that Carlo also offered to translate from German and French, but without much success.

PAULA - On January 14, 1909, our brother Gino died in New York under unclear circumstances, leading to speculation that he might have committed suicide. Carlo also had health problems, not serious, but they bothered him, despite his active lifestyle.

RICO – Remember? During his medical examination, he had given himself a temporary tachycardia, but despite all his efforts to get himself discharged, he was declared "tauglich," fit for service.

PAULA - Returning to Florence to finish his exams, he frequented the home of pianist Giannotto Bastianelli, and was particularly impressed by Beethoven's music. (*insert BEETHOVEN MUSIC*)

NINO – He told us that while listening to the music of the great German composer he felt "a tragic joy, which frightens and leaves you annihilated."

PAULA - With the last exam taken in June the period ended Florentine. Returning to Gorizia, Carlo began working intensely on his thesis.

#### *VIDEO VIA RASTELLO*

NINO – Later, at the same time as "Persuasion and Rhetoric", Carlo Yes he dedicated at the drafting of "The dialogue from the Health" And to the "Poems", composed largely in this last period of his life.

RICO – At the beginning of the twentieth century, Carlo, Nino, and I were rebellious kids—or rather, rebels of that time, perhaps late Romantics, against a world that was changing, and certainly not for the better.

NINO - We were rich in ancient values: beauty, authenticity, strength, courage, justice. We were Europeans...

RICO - With other cultured and sensitive girls, like you, Paula, and the sisters Fulvia and Argia Cassini, we had the opportunity to experience unforgettable days at Punta Salvore in Istria, just like in that magical summer of 1909 when

nature, culture, and even eroticism came together in sublime harmony.

PAULA - Meanwhile, my brother Carlo became romantically involved with my friend, Argia Cassini. (*Argia re-enters*)

NINO - You, Argia, were a talented pianist with a strong personality.

ARGIA - I I was Already a woman, but I gave up to love total Of Charles. Him he respected me: I was the victorious symbol of life.

NINO - Argia, as in Greek ancient, you were the splendor light, there peace, achieved through Energy, Strength of mind.

ARGIA - For me Charles Yes he was pining, For love absolute and exclusive That he was trying...

NINO - But you, For How much honesty, confess... you were a bit light. ARGIA - I was just a free woman.

RICO - But Carlo, desperately hurt, did not appear humanly jealous.

ARGIA - Carlo was in love with me and sang to me until the end of his difficult destiny.

NINO - I remember that already in an article on Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater", published on March 29, 1909 in the "Gazzettino Popolare", Carlo had given some valuable advances on the theme of "persuasion".

ARGIA - In June of the same year he returned to Gorizia permanently to work on his degree thesis.

RICO - I, on the other hand, decided to leave for Argentina. On November 28, 1909, I embarked at the port of Trieste and set sail on the Columbia. Weeks and weeks of sailing lay ahead.

ARGIA - Carlo didn't want to come and say hello to you.

NINO - He told me that, at the hour when the ship was due to cast off, he would climb up to the attic window in Piazza Grande to look out into the fading evening in the direction of Trieste.

ARGIA - Where you, Enrico, were leaving. As if his eyes could have seen you in the darkness.

NINO - I wonder what his face looked like as he leaned out of the window.

ARGIA - In his black eyes, searching in the darkness at night, there was certainly a hint of melancholy for your departure, Rico.

RICO – We said our goodbyes in silence. Carlo had told me I would certainly realize my philosophy in life, and he had given me his friendly blessing on my journey.

ARGIA - Neither Ancient Greek, nor German, nor Latin, nor even Italian, contained words adequate to mark that moment.

NINO - Rico, Carlo's words remained engraved in your mind when he taught us that philosophy, the love of undivided wisdom, meant seeing distant things as if they were close by.

RICO – Of the detachment from Charles, I remember Alone When The I delivered The cloth in where my revolver was wrapped. Who better than Carlo to keep it safe?

NINO – So, in the end, I went to the port of Trieste to see the Columbia weigh anchor to take you to Argentina.

## *MUSIC*

### INN IN LAS PALMAS

RICO – *(wakes up suddenly)* Paula, Paula?

PAULA – *(appears illuminated in a corner of the stage)* What are you running from? Who are you running from? Me?

RICO – The woman who slept with me last night took the money I left on her bedside table and left. *(He starts writing on a piece of paper.)*

PAULA – But the blank sheet of paper that Enrico Mreule spread out on the table of that inn in Las Palmas, where the Columbia stopped, remains immaculate. The memory of Carlo was too strong to be confined to a few sentences.

RICO – *(takes a sip of rum)* It's the thought of Paula that pushes its way into my double-locked heart. In the woman I've just possessed in this inn, Yes And broken The subtle crystal Of a feeling For Paula That I myself opposed it.

PAULA - The memory of the three-day vacation in Piran with me and my friends crept into my mind between one glass of rum and the next. *(Looking at the paper on the table)* This blank sheet of paper on the table reflects something that still hurts. *(Exits)*

RICO - How I wish now, as I prepare to sail the ocean, I could dive into the sea of Piran.

## MUSIC AND SOUND OF THE SEA

### ON THE HIGH SEAS IN PIRAN

PAULA – *(light on her)* Hold me, Rico, how wonderful it is to be on this boat, tilted by the wind, my face touching the sea, my hair touching your face. With you by my side, Rico, something magical happens every time.

RICO - In this blue and purple sea, things expand into stillness: the colors of the algae and the stone.

PAULA - Rico, look at that fish turning slowly and disappearing among the seagrass: I am the glow of stillness. Hug me tight, Rico.

## LATIN AMERICAN MUSIC

### IN PATAGONIA

*(Rico is lying with a woman under a starry sky and a full moon.)*

BLANCA – Enrico, you arrived in Patagonia, and you went to be a gaucho.

RICO – I chose to live with the bare necessities in wide-open spaces, surrounded by great solitude, in contact with nature. Patagonia is a windswept land, illuminated by vast sunsets, wild.

BLANCA – It is a border, a land of confine, how you homeland. RICO

– What a sight! Look, the moon is white and cracked.

BLANCA - It looks like a piece of

lime. RICO - Blanca, do you have

any children?

BLANCA – Yes. The pampeanas women shared with our children... our children since as pavientos, in how much give me to light nos let's get up, y Yes it is winter let's break the ice, ice to wash ourselves and wash the cicién cicién. If the child is strong in water, it will not harm him. ( Yes. We women of the pampas dish out our children without any fuss, we get up as soon as they give birth, and if it's winter we go to the stream to break the ice to wash ourselves and the newborn. If the niño is strong, that cold won't harm him.)

RICO - And if he dies, it means he wasn't fit to live. Isn't that right?

BLANCA - But why do you want to know these things, sir? Don't worry if he is born your son And will succeed to survive to the cold of the water, Not you boar to

buscarte a las remotas tierras de la Patagonia. Bevi, bevi assai esto leche caliente fresco mutto. It's almost dawn and al primer ragio estaras già lontano, señor.

RICO – Blanca, you're the first person I've seen in a long time. I haven't seen anyone in weeks and months.

BLANCA - Every now and then a caravan passes by here.

RICO – You know? Today I sold an animal from my herd.

BLANCA – (*checking a bag*) And so you bought a little tobacco, rice, biscuits and coffee. Women like me travel with caravans, go to the south and go back to the north to meet people like you. With the money of a horse or a calf, you can sleep with us for three days, sir. (And so you bought some tobacco, rice, biscuits and coffee. With the caravans Sometimes women like me travel, going down south and back up north to meet people like you. With the price of a horse or a calf, you can sleep with us for three days, señor.

RICO - I won't stay long, Blanca.

BLANCA – Even if you only stay for an hour, that's fine with me. (*I kiss*)

*PASSING TIME*

BLANCA – But in the end, señor, you built yourself a hut, just to sleep with me on a bed made of a table. Señor Enrico, when a sheep is hungry or a wild cone is shot. (But in the end señor you built yourself a hut, just to sleep with me on a bed made of a board. Señor Enrico, when you are hungry you kill a sheep or shoot a wild rabbit).

RICO - I have good aim, señorita: I am skilled and precise.

BLANCA – I saw you have some books with you. Your friend gave them to you. Charles?

RICO - Of course. Human contact here in Patagonia is rare.

BLANCA – Y also I am few thes papers what the he view to write, Señor Enrico... (And the letters I saw you write are also few, Señor Enrico... )

RICO – Yes, I should write to my friends I left in Gorizia.

BLANCA – Señor Enrico, why did you refuse to be the teacher of an Argentine school?

RICO - "All knowledge is rhetoric, and teaching it is even worse." No disciples, no connections.

BLANCA - Señor Enrico...

RICO – And stop calling me Señor Enrico! To everyone, I'm just Rico.

BLANCA – Much love. Rico, you live like a loner, detached from everything and everything. You don't care what happens in Gorizia. Don't count days or weeks, you calculate the time according to the first gust of snow, the discoloration of the grass, the period of mating of the guanaco. You told me that you received a gift from your friend Carlo. (Rico, you live alone, detached from everything and everyone. You don't even care about what happens in your Gorizia. Not accounts the days nor the weeks, calculations The time second there first gust of sleet, the fading of the grass, the mating season of the guanaco. You told me you received mail from your friend Carlo.)

RICO – Yes, Charles in me puts away hopes, he sees to come true

a ideal. BLANCA - Rico, your heart remained in Gorizia, where

Carlo is.

RICO - But you can live just as well without a heart, as with a wooden leg or hand; all you need is a little practice, and after a while you're back in the saddle without any difficulty, it's just hard to explain.

BLANCA – Señor, I feel... Rico, after all you are truly a romantic hero.

RICO - I simply put into practice, that is, in life, the philosophy of my beloved friend Carlo Michelstaedter, that is, nudity.

BLANCA – I don't understand... (*jealous*) Una mujer también te escribió una letera en la oficina postale de Bahía Blanca, donde vas ogni seis meses al mercado del vitello. (A woman also wrote you a letter at the post office in Bahía Blanca, where you go to the cattle market every six months.)

RICO - Yes, I received a letter from Paula, written in Gorizia who knows how long ago.

BLANCA – Paula? You never told me about this woman. (*offended, leaves*)

RICO – (*laughing*) Blanca, I didn't think you were jealous... (*opening the letter*) Paula's handwriting has changed, the italicized vowels are less rounded. I hear Paula's voice, as if somewhere inside me she were reading it, her hair brushing her face like on that vacation in Piran.

PAULA – (*light on Of she That writes*) “Dearest, we are attracted inevitably from you in the gray life... We have learned what a secure and dignified conscience is. You, Rico, with your strength, opened the way to the correct evaluation of things.”

RICO - I read it quickly, but I wanted to tear it up. (*CLOUDS IN THE SKY*)

BLANCA – Rico, take a look at this paper. Look, a big cloud is passing by in the sky. (Rico, look up from that paper. Look, a big cloud is passing by in the sky.)

RICO - It feels like my body floating up there and going off on its own .

BLANCA – Instead you, half-lying on the ground, were a hollow shape, the imprint of something that had been taken away from you.

### *SEA SHOOTING OR BOAT PHOTOS*

VOICE OF CARLO - from *Wave by Wave (August 1910)*

Wave after wave beats on the rock  
passing by the sails white on the  
horizon;  
mount comeback, or Sweet or the  
restless, agitated tide is stormy.

But wave And sun And wind And sails  
And rocks, this is the land, that is the  
horizon  
of the sea distant, The sea without  
borders... the sea that of its life a  
thousand lives  
arouses and grows in a single lifetime...  
...

To the my sun, to the my sea For these I  
turn in vain along the roads of the earth or  
the sea,  
vain And there penalty And vain there  
hope, all life is arid and deserted,  
until it gathers together in a port at  
one point, and at one point it makes a  
flame of itself .

ARGIA – On September 2, 1910, Carlo dedicated the poems "To Senia" and "The Children of the Sea" to me. It seems like a hymn to the sea gods, fallen to earth, surprised and disillusioned, but it is also a tribute to liberation from illusions.

PAULA – Dear Argia, you were the last girl my brother loved.

NINO - Not Yes he was dealing with Of a hymn to the suicide imminent, but  
Of an extreme awareness... the renunciation of fashionable consolations.

ARGIA - In his letters to his family and friends, however, it is clear that Carlo was pervaded by the typical Gorizia and Jewish irony... capable of to make light of the situations, tricks, falsehoods and pretexts of the social world.

PAULA - In the summer of 1910 and in the warm early autumn, Carlo worked tirelessly on his thesis, theorizing a philosophy of persuasion, of overcoming the illusions offered by non-philosophy, rhetoric.

ARGIA - According to Charles, the man enslaved by rhetoric is in fact the victim of an illusory persuasion, through which he is induced to satisfy his needs and desires and adapt to life.

NINO - "Philopsichia" (the love of life), which Carlo also calls the god of pleasure, deceives man, making him believe he can obtain what he desires - the pursuit of pleasure, the satisfaction of one's needs, the pursuit of an ideal.

ARGIA - The instinct that underlies "philopsychia" is human survival: it makes us adapt, avoid risk and pain, irrationally loving life and fearing death.

NINO - Persuasion, on the other hand, leads to overcoming illusions, to realizing That nor from others men nor from things There Yes must wait Nothing - and likewise there is nothing to fear.

ARGIA - He who achieves self-possession possesses absolute freedom: freedom from daily needs, desires, and fears.

PAULA - Carlo then argued that pain is not suffered, but courageously accepted; death is neither feared nor desired.

NINO - He who doesn't ask for life and doesn't fear death gives everything and asks for nothing, doesn't settle, doesn't adapt, and doesn't conform. He who chooses with courage there street difficult from the philosophy, from the loneliness, of the possession Of if never definitive, but to be conquered every day, it saves itself.

PAULA - My brother made a very sharp critique of the myths and rites of modern society, with an almost "psychological" analysis of the ways in which the practices of his time were expressed, anticipating what Freud and Jung had begun to do, that is, tearing away the veils of the unconscious.

ARGIA - Carlo's Jewish origins—that ability to observe things from multiple perspectives—had perhaps created a burdensome and frustrating internal uncertainty in him, and a great deal of external distrust towards him: hence solitude, and above all, absolute exile.

*VIDEO or PHOTO SEA...OR BOAT IN THE LAGOON*

VOICE OF CARLO - Gorizia, September 15 , 1910

Given I have there sail to the wind  
And in half to the waves of the wild sea,  
in the dark night,

Alone, in fragile ship I have  
abandoned the port of inert  
security....  
Not I have feared The wind adverse And the  
gray wave, nor the family table  
and the used bed  
I have regret or The trade from the  
dear and sweet things...  
It seemed sweet to me to be shipwrecked  
In the breast wavy That with the sky  
borders, nor do I fear death...

*PHOTO THE FLYING FIGURE (downward )*

ARGIA - Looking at one of his paintings, titled *The Flying Figure*, we can see that Carlo was one of the most important shamans or Zen monks in the West. Flight is a typical modality in the shamanic tradition.

NINO - The shaman flies to the realm of the dead, from where he extracts the cure for the individual or for the community, when they are sick.

ARGIA - Shamans were the doctors of the world. And Carlo had made one of the most complete diagnoses of ailing modernity.

PAULA - We should still feel close to him today, because the disease still appears serious, some say incurable: humanity continues to offend nature and life by persevering in various illusions, or worse, by making money at anyone's expense.

NINO - We must not forget, however, that therapy in Greek does not mean healing, but taking care of.

ARGIA - To truly heal oneself, one must pay attention to things and take care of the world, be it trees, people, animals, squares, rivers, and seas. Life. Carlo was often at home, in the house near the shore, listening to me play the piano.

PAULA - Maybe he fell in love with you, also because you had that name, Argia, which means quiet.

ARGIA - The free peace that is achieved when all urge to do and ask ceases...

NINO - But it's not inertia, he doesn't ask to be, like a beggar, but simply is, like a king...

ARGIA - "The sea is this immutable present of summer, pure and perfect being; just as love is its goal at every moment.

PAULA - The sea is not a road leading to a place, but a boundless opening: even in its fury, it is the true port.

NINO - (*reads a book*) "Only he who feels at home in every moment truly lives life, and does not try to escape it by seeking shelter elsewhere, in ports that reject him" (*closes the book*) .

ARGIA - After spending the summer in Piran with you and me, Paola, Carlo spent the last month of his life rewriting the final part of "The Dialogue of Health."

VOICE OF CHARLES - (*September 19, 1910*)

... From the trade of the men I then  
take refuge in the solitary countryside  
or at the my room solitary And I  
just gather everything within  
me...

NINO - Carlo has been really alone in the last few days.

PAULA - There our family And in holiday in hill, to the Rafut, While he is working on his thesis.

NINO - Puts there its soul in the sheets, there copy helped from me And from his cousin Emilio Michelstaedter.

ARGIA - On the evening of October 16, the eve of his death, after having revised and made the final corrections to "Persuasion and Rhetoric," he came to my house to have me play Beethoven's Seventh Symphony for him.

NINO - The day After, The 17 October, there thesis And finished And there sends at the University of Florence.

PAULA - On that very day my mother Emma turns fifty- six...

*Carlo 's mother*

PAULA - We Michelstaedters used to exchange gifts and celebrate anniversaries on Christmas Eve. Carlo stayed at his townhouse on the evening of October 16th, completely absorbed in work. The gift for my mother is ready: a small Square to oil painting from him, a of the his rare landscapes: a radius Of The sun breaking through a cloud-covered sky: on the back, he had written the significant phrase "And under adverse skies - a clearer light." A few weeks earlier, my mother, Emma, and Carlo had exchanged touching letters.

NINO - Its mother he saw The son improve of the others young, but Alone and dissatisfied. Him the he promised a future improve, there

realization from the life After

so much study, always in close contact with her, to whom nothing of her son was foreign.

PAULA – My mother, Emma, feels forgotten on her birthday. Descending the castle hill, she harshly scolds Carlo. "Give me the gift of not getting angry," she had written to him in early September. But this time she can't find the right words, and Carlo reacts with a fit of rage. Later, he regrets it. He dismisses our cousin Emilio, who had come to visit him as usual, asking him to come back later.

ARGIA - He has an appointment with me for a walk in the afternoon, but he doesn't wait until afternoon.

NINO - Left alone, he doesn't commit any messages to paper. He doesn't even lock the door. He has a revolver, left in the custody of, or rather, taken from, our friend Enrico Mreule, to prevent him from committing any rash acts, having left for Argentina the year before.

PAULA - It's two o'clock in the afternoon on October 17, 1910. It's a very hot day, almost summer-like. The neighbors hear the explosion, but they pay no attention.

NINO - Emilio will visit his cousin two hours later.

ARGIA - Carlo dies before nightfall, without regaining consciousness.

PAULA - On November 5, 1910, Giovanni Papini was the first to pay attention to the life and thought of this young poet and philosopher from Gorizia. In his article, Papini stated that my brother Carlo Michelstaedter did not commit suicide because of poverty, illness, or love, but simply "to accept, to the very end, honestly and manfully, the consequences of his ideas—he killed himself for 'metaphysical' reasons."

## ARGENTINA PAMPAS

RICO - I have another letter in my pocket, this time from Nino.

BLANCA - Cuánto tiempo è pasado desde que l'hai ricevi? Vamos, abre esa carta. (How long has it been since you received it? Come on, open that letter.)

NINO – *(writing)* Dear Rico, I wonder if you heard the echo of the shot over there. On October 17, 1910, Carlo shot himself in the head with the pistol you left him. The curtain has fallen and there's nothing more to say. Unlike you, I was lucky enough to be close to him, to see him and share in his life. until the end. But now there is no difference, his death unites us even more. In his masterpiece "There persuasion And there rhetoric", Charles he says That a

weight Not

can only descend and fall. Carlo spoke of you, he looked at your life as the only thing worthy of respect.

BLANCA - Es septiembre de 1911. Ya hace frío en la Patagonia, pero nada que ver con el frío que le provoca la lectura. (It's September 1911. It's already cold in Patagonia, but nothing like the chill that reading causes him.)

RICO - (*shocked*) I only found out now and it's already been almost a year since Carlo's death.

NINO - (*writing*) Rico, now you find yourself the heir and embodiment of Carlo's thinking.

RICO - Yes, I am the "persuaded" man, the free man "to whom things say "you are" and who enjoys only because he is, without asking for anything or fearing anything, neither life nor death, fully alive always and in every moment, even in the last".

BLANCA - But this task weighs heavily on Enrico. He only seeks nothing, the torpor of identical days, without clocks, without commitments, in a sort of perpetual anonymous fluctuation. (But this task weighs heavily on Enrico. He seeks only nothingness, the torpor of identical days, without clocks, without commitments, in a sort of perpetual anonymous fluctuation.)

### *IN GORIZIA*

PAULA - (*resentful and offended*) Even many years after his death, in certain circles in Gorizia my brother Carlo's suicide is attributed to the awareness of a serious illness.

NINO - Second me And possible That Charles Yes is shot at the temple at the age Of 23 years old because he was driven to madness by syphilis, a disease that had undermined his body but also, in its final stages, his mind.

PAULA - No premeditated will then, nor philosophical passion for death?

ARGIA - On the contrary, Carlo loved life deeply and, accepting the pain and his own irreversible destiny, he felt the urgency to write down as many of his thoughts on the world and existence as possible, but also to paint, before it was too late.

NINO - The theory of metaphysical suicide is definitively dismissed. It's more than likely that the physical state to which he was reduced by the chronic gonorrhea he suffered contributed to his death.

PAULA - Enough! These are all rumors that have been passed down over the years, but without any confirmation. Her early suicide must be considered an intimate and private matter, one that must be respected, without cultivating morbid curiosity, and instead embraced as a mystery.

## PHOTO OF THE LANTERN DESIGN

NINO - Even though I don't think Carlo wanted to stop living and didn't theorize anything about it, perhaps he couldn't help but die.

VOICE OF CHARLES - "I died not for lack of oil, but for overflowing abundance."

ARGIA - The Gorizia Jewish cemetery is located in Slovenian territory, just across the border in Val di Rose, near Casa Rossa, or Rozna Dolina. (*Image of the VAL DI ROSE CEMETERY*) There, we find some moving tombs: those with barely visible bas-reliefs of broken roses are the ancient graves of children...

PAULA - My brother Carlo Michelstaedter's grave is also there, near that of my father Alberto and my brother Gino who died before him in America.

ARGIA - (*pause*) How did it go with you, Paula?

PAULA - After there tragic death Of Charles And The period Of deep depression What followed was that in 1913 I married a foreigner, a non-Austrian citizen and a non-Jew, Fritz Winteler.

ARGIA – Your husband was Swiss.

PAULA – Yes, the son of Professor Jost Winteler, whose family was closely connected to Albert Einstein, who stayed with him during his studies. His brother Paul later married Einstein's sister, Maja, and her sister, Marie, was Einstein's first love. And you, Nino, what did you do after Carlo's passing?

NINO - I inherited the family printing shop and bookshop, located in Piazza Grande, which had been a cultural center for Gorizia since 1837. After university studies in Innsbruck, Graz, Vienna, and finally Padua, and after the war fought in the ranks of the Austro-Hungarian army, I rebuilt the bookshop, stationery shop, and printing shop, which had been severely damaged during the war, with the help of my wife Pina Venuti, moving them to the Corso, in the Palazzo del Trgovski dom. In my house, a sort of cultural circle of young Gorizia intellectuals such as Biagio Marin, Ervino Pocar, Sofronio Pocarini, Enrico Rocca, and others was formed.

ARGIA – Nino was not content to simply reactivate the printing press, but set up a publishing house to publish works such as "La girlanda de gno suore" by Biagio Marin, "Il mare del Nord" by Heinrich Heine, translated by Ervino Pocar, and the volume "9 agosto 1916," a collection of essays on Dante edited by Alojzij Res.

NINO - I also took part in the public life of the city by running for elections in the list of the Group of Action And In the 1922 I came elected advisor

municipal.

I remained in office for less than a year, the length of the brief mandate of Mayor Antonio Bonnes, forced to resign by the advent of fascism.

PAULA – And what happened to Rico? Since he fled to Patagonia, the place he'd chosen for self-imposed exile, I've lost track of that Enrico Mreule, who was once my boyfriend...

BLANCA – On the Argentine pampa, Señor Enrico falls ill with scurvy two times: he then decides to return to his native land.

RICO – (*enters with a suitcase*) My return to Gorizia from Argentina took place in 1922, with the new clothes that my brother forced me to buy from Beltrame as soon as he landed in Trieste.

ARGIA - But Carlo isn't waiting for you, nor is Paula, who has married someone else.

RICO - It's better this way. She likes children, but I don't. It wasn't much different from those trips up and down Patagonia when you'd already said goodbye to the few people you met. I'm going back, the others are leaving. My mother isn't even here waiting for me: she died in 1917 in Udine.

NINO – Rico, you've returned to Gorizia, but now you're out of work.

ARGIA – Did you know? Your old friend Don Iginio Valdemarin runs the seminary. It won't be hard for him to find you a teaching position.

RICO – Yes, now I teach Greek and Latin in the seminary and give private lessons. Last evening I had dinner with my colleague Ceccutti. He's a nice, friendly guy, always in a hurry, and the only lay teacher, besides me, in the seminary. But he has too many children and doesn't get much rest.

NINO – What's your motto, Rico? No children, no disciples.

ARGIA - But despite that tired, drawn face, we had a good laugh.

NINO - After your return from Argentina, you didn't see much of Gorizia.

ARGIA - You walk around the city with an umbrella even in the evening.

NINO - You serve for to shelter you from the outrage of the headlights from the cars. RICO – You know I hate cars.

NINO – I heard that yours, Paula, was not a happy marriage.

PAULA – No, my husband was cheating on me, so a few years later I returned to Gorizia with the son we had born, whom I had decided to name Carlo. In the years that followed, I gave music and language lessons in Gorizia.

ARGIA - Since you, Paula, returned to Gorizia, the four of us have met only occasionally, but always with Carlo in our hearts.

NINO – I, a mountaineer and member of the Italian Alpine Club, died in the mountains on August 19, 1923, at the age of thirty-five. I slipped from a rock and fell into a ravine in the Val Tribussa on the Poldanovetz, during an excursion with the greatest Italian Germanist, Ervino Pocar. (*exits*)

PAULA – You and I, Rico, remained good friends. For half a century, yours was a spartan, pared-down life, lived without frills, right to the end.

ARGIA - You are a friend of Dr. Janez, you think the same way about life and the passing of time.

RICO - We dreamed of the Galapagos, where it all began. But Salvo was also fine, the lighthouse, the white cliffs, the olive trees and fig trees.

LINI – (*entering*) Will you take me with you to Salvo? Come on, Rico, don't make me beg. You're not answering, what's wrong with you?

RICO - Yes, a lot. But shut up, Lini, shut up. Instead, call Dr. Janez to give me a bloodletting like the ones I used to do to the horses in Patagonia.

ARGIA – Who is this Lini?

RICO - Lini is Carolina. Her slender body moves roughly, her beautiful eyes are restless and warm.

ARGIA – Is that the tall, blonde woman who attended to you when you were struck by a very high fever?

RICO - Everyone thought I was done for, but the bloodletting and the rivers of alcohol I drank worked wonders. While I was in a coma, I received a visit from an old woman. When Lini woke up, he couldn't quite explain who she was.

PAULA - That old woman was Emma Luzzato, my mother. When she leaves your bedside, she leaves a tall, double-spouted Florentine steak on your bedside table. It was Carlo's lamp, the one that had gone out due to too much oil overflowing.

RICO - The 21 September 1933 I'm transferring there my residence from the Common Of Gorizia to that Of Umag. But Linens Not And with me. After have had several women and

Having frequented many prostitutes, in 1934 he married Anita Predonzani, who was very beautiful and worked as a teacher in Salvore.

PAULA – Even my mother confessed to me that she hadn't been able to get used to it. to the idea That a spirit free And rebel as tea, Henry Mreule, at the he finally got married.

*MUSIC*

ANITA - *(as if talking to herself )* Mrs. Emma Luzzatto was right when she said in that tone somewhere between sarcastic and flirtatious: "I still can't get used to the idea of Mreule being a husband." I thought I could tame Rico, at least a little. Instead, every day it gets worse.

RICO - *(peremptory and unpleasant)* Woman, where are you? Today is Sunday, you don't work, it's your turn to prepare lunch.

ANITA - But we've already eaten. Where's your head? It's true that all that's left of you is an empty shell. Damn you and all that weird shit Carlo put in your head, he was crazier than you.

RICO - Don't you dare, or you'll see this fist? *(He raises his arm and clenches his fist.)*

ANITA - *(defiantly)* Come on, show me what you can do. You're such a good-for-nothing! Do you think a little movement under the covers will make me change my mind about you? Do you really think I can stand you anymore? We live like paupers in this house; even the Busdachins, our sharecroppers, are better off than us.

RICO - *(squeezes his eyes, hands over his ears)* Shut up, Anita, shut up. Don't talk to me about the Busdachins and their insufferable children. No children, no disciples. I hate those children. I hate all children.

ANITA - *(excited, exasperated)* Of course, you hate everyone except Carlo and Paula, except your crazy ideas about the human condition. Just look at what we've fallen into. TO lunch prepare Everything is fine day the same sbrodabus, a minestrone That It always tastes the same, and God knows what you put in it. Every time you boil it you forget Of mix And Then The broth knows Of smoke. A filth. Stirring soup is a lot of work, with all the things you have to think about already...

RICO - *(pain and anger at hearing these words, still eyes closed and hands covering his face)* Shut up...

ANITA - *(continues raising her voice, points her finger at him)* And then it costs you a lot Going into the woods to get firewood? Yeah, sure, it's a lot of work. Better to feed the sparger with pine cones you find in the yard. You're a good-

for-nothing. AND Then When he arrives someone to find us you run away on the rocks under to the lighthouse Why

You don't want to see anyone. In this house we have neither electricity nor a rickety radio because you don't care about what's happening in the world. You don't even want to smoke cigarettes; you settle for those sticks you stuff and almost chew. Don't you see what a state you've fallen into? Even Dr. Janez...

RICO - (*choleric*) Leaves to stay The doctor Janez. We had to go to the Galapagos, and here we are in Salvore. *PHOTO OF THE SALVORE LIGHTHOUSE OR A PINE FOREST*. Both of us are your prisoners: I in the chains of marriage, he who desires you and can't make up his mind...

ANITA - (*provocatively*) Ah, ah, you think Janez won't make up his mind. But my dear brilliant Rico, Dr. Janez has made up his mind. After all, you were the one who pushed me into his arms when you didn't want to follow us on our Sunday walks in Bassanìa. I'm leaving! (*Exits with a suitcase*)

RICO - (*Thoughtful and angry*) So what do I do now? In Patagonia, solitude was fine, but in Salvore it's a different story. To truly disappear, you have to live like everyone else, blend into everyday life. You have to have a woman because a man alone stands out.

#### *MUSIC*

RICO – So I went back to Gorizia to get Lini. In fact, I pretended to fall into her trap, letting her beg me to take her with me to Salvore. When she arrived, I made her stay outside the door all night, since it wasn't cold and I was sleeping soundly.

LINI - I sold the apartment in Gorizia and I'm forced to live naked in that house in Salvore with the bare walls and the exposed ceiling beams. I brought with me only a clock and a small battery-powered radio, which I go to listen to on the upper floor, closing the door so he can't hear it. (*disgusted*) Rico, I'm more and more disgusted with you. Thin, there skin of the muzzle if sugar, the wrinkles swallow yourself the features of the face, you have long and dirty hair.

RICO - (*annoyed*) Tasi, Lines. Read me rather The last days Of Buddha, But skip the passage where it talks about Ananda, the sublime's favorite disciple, because it irritates me to hear talk of disciples. And then read me some of Carlo's poems, but read carefully and not with that voice thick with cigarette butts and Pelinkovec that you have.

LINI - You know I don't like books, Rico. Instead of hearing the same old words over and over again... Why No tea me look some time? No tea you see as me I am petinada for the cavei?

RICO – Lini, why are you massaging your ass and arm?

LINEN – Tea if ga za forget, Rico? Also tonight tea me ga buttà zo of the I'm

sleeping with a sburton. (*Rico laughs*)

*MUSIC*

LINI - Every now and then, old Emma comes to Salvore and tells Rico, especially about her nephew, Paula's son. But Rico doesn't listen, dazzled by the reflection of the light that Carlo sees where others see only darkness.

RICO - If someone comes to visit me by car, however, they have to park far from the house because I don't like confusion.

LINEN - (*pleading*) Tea you have to cure you that abscess on the neck, Rico. Is getting bigger every day. Hi, Dr. Janez.

RICO - Never ever, that guy stole my woman.

LINEN - Scots some time, loose That the let's meet. AND Then No xe a theft take abandoned things.

*MUSIC*

LINI - Janez in the end xe vine and ghe ga incised the abscess. That was perhaps the last time he was a doctor. Soon his face is being devoured by skin cancer. Death is a liberation. Meanwhile the war ebbs and passes like an echo, or rather it doesn't pass, it's a stagnant heat. Enrico gives news of the war through the departures, returns and non-returns of the town's young people.

RICO - The Germans arrested Elda, Carlo's older sister. Their mother, Emma, is left alone. She wrote to me that she's alone because no one in Gorizia has the courage to visit a Jew.

LINI - The Germans carried out reprisals throughout Istria, hanging many partisans. Emma was also deported to Auschwitz. On the walls, Tito's followers wrote: "Trst je nas." Tito wanted Istria.

*MUSIC*

PAULA – And Carlo's girlfriend, my friend Argia Cassini?

ARGIA - I will remain faithful to his memory, but without indulging in excessive sentimentality. Later, I joined the Resistance and did not hesitate to denounce the Nazi abomination directly to its executioners.

PAULA – Argia had great courage; her sacrifice was exemplary in the face of unthinkable horror.

ARGIA - Even though I was not Jewish, I was deported to Auschwitz.

PAULA - I remained in Gorizia until 1943, when my mother, Emma, and my beloved sister, Elda, were deported to Auschwitz. I was the sole survivor of the Michelstaedter family from the Nazi deportation of Gorizia's Jews. I only survived because my son Carlo convinced me to move with him in Switzerland.

LINI - (*desperate and crying*) Poor me, poor me. Women, I arrested my Rico. Those are the ones with the caps with the red star. I'll have him locked up in Pisin, near the big sinkhole. God only knows what's in there.

RICO - (*cheeky*) I'm not afraid of you, and besides, I know all of you. It's easy to blame an old man like me who does nothing but fish and... Walking on the rocks of Salvore. And what do you think you're doing? You want to create socialism. That's great stuff. Come on, hit me, hit me. Your blows shake nothing, they're just a shell that doesn't fear breaking.

LINI - The arrest didn't last long, the people of Tito soon realized they had made a mistake. A couple of farmers who are in the party explain to the command that Professor Enrico Mreule is a strange but harmless guy.

RICO - I've never been a fascist, or even a nationalist. I don't do any harm and I don't ask anyone for anything.

LINI - I suggested to Rico that we leave for Trieste or Gorizia, wherever he wants. But he can't stay without the sea. I'm a little brusque and I've had a few too many drinks, but I'm waiting for him to decide without saying anything.

PAULA - At the end of the war, the only survivor of my family, I managed to recover my brother Carlo's manuscripts, which the neighbors had I was rescued, and I find myself heir to the Morpurgo estate. My sister Elda had married Silvio Morpurgo, a beloved and esteemed doctor from Gorizia, who was also deported to the Nazi extermination camps. I wanted the gynecology department of the civil hospital dedicated to the memory of my sister and brother-in-law, for whose construction I donated a large sum in the early postwar years.

RICO - Punta Salvore is also part of the stakes of a game that is being played far away, not so much between Italy and Yugoslavia, but between the great powers that, not having read "Persuasion and Rhetoric", they believe they can compete for world domination.

LINI - For me and Rico, getting by would be very difficult without the help of my niece Lia. I also saw the Maica, the boat. But Rico is happier than he has ever been. The world around him finally calms down. Once, twice, three times I don't manage to go home. The cliff of Punta Salvore has become a stranger.

RICO – Afterwards, I continued to live like a hermit. In Salvore, I received few visitors, including one from the poet Biagio Marin. I grew older, became ill, and eventually slipped into oblivion, forgotten by everyone.

LINI - (*dramatic*) Come here, my love, to your Lini. Now I'll undress you, put you to bed, and lie down next to you to warm you. Don't you see how you laughed? to Force of to walk barefoot And with I wear Alone 'na maia Also in I'm cold winter.

RICO - (*lost fixed The empty*) AND you you would be Paula? Paula Who? TO me it seems That You're just an old lady, like me. Liniiii, who is this woman?

LINI - (*she pretends to go along with him*) But like Rico, I didn't know her. It's Paula, your beloved Paula.

### THE KOPODISTRIA HOSPITAL

LINI - It's late now, it's November 1959. Enrico will lie on a bed in the hospital in Capodistria.

PAULA - He stares at a crust on the wall, a stain, a crack: Carlo's lamp, which he brought with him, illuminates it, the stain widens, becomes mottled, fades, it is the scale of a fish, a small island, the predatory eye of an osprey, a nipple, a handful of sand that scatters, ink splashing on the faded gray of the classroom.

LINI - The classroom of the Gorizia high school or the attic wall of Piazza Grande. Nino moves the lamp, Carlo's eyes burn in the shadows, sinking into dark waters, Paula raises her eyebrows, the sea floods in from every side. The oil from the lamp overflows.

PAULA - More than his death, I grieved when I saw him for the last time. Enrico Mreule passed away in the light of Carlo's lamp on December 5, 1959. In the small cemetery of Salvore, a stone tomb holds the remains of this forgotten man.

LINI - When Paula also died, on 14 June 1972, according to the will that Paula had made five years earlier, the papers and paintings of her brother Carlo were handed over to the civic library of Gorizia.

PAULA - I could have left this great cultural heritage to my son, but I preferred it to become the heritage of the city of Gorizia. My relatives were buried in the Jewish cemetery of Valdirose, except for my mother and sister, the former dying during the transport to Auschwitz, the latter in Ravensburger. After 1947, the cemetery, which remained beyond the border, was no longer used. By my express wish, I was buried in the central cemetery of Gorizia. (*exits*)

LINI – And what's wrong with me? I found her dead several hours ago at the foot of the stairs in my house, on December 3, 1973. (*exits left*)

RICO – (*appears on the right*) Today it is important to retain within ourselves what Michelstaredter left us, that is, a path, a possible route.

NINO - (*appears on the left*) Every young person, facing life, tries to find a way. Carlo says that everyone should find that way in himself, because society deceives...

PAULA - (*appears in the center*) Carlo's philosophy will continue to be present, as if he were alive with his dark, lively eyes.

*PHOTO OF CHARLES ' FACE*

CHARLES'S VOICE - "...being born is nothing but wanting to continue: men live to live, not to die. Their persuasion is the fear of death, being born is nothing but fearing death. (...) And where is life if not in the present? If this has no value, nothing has value. He who fears death is already dead."

**FINAL MUSIC**