

Eyes wide watch

(Ci guardano – prontuario di un innocente)

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Voice Here I am. I'm... Here I am, I'm here. Where? What place.. What kind of space.. Because I.. I.. why? What is this? No not this.. Who am I? Who's speaking? and why? and to whom? to you? I don't know you, why should I be speaking to you. I won't talk. I won't.. Am i male? Am I a man? No, here, in this space I cannot be a man. No a man wouldn't be here, in front of whom? This is not a home, it's not a room, it's not a land, it's not my land, this isn't the dark earth of my land. My trees aren't here, my animals aren't here, my loved ones, the creatures that i love and that love me. There's none of this so please don't tell me that i am me, don't lie to me, don't keep lying.. i can't stand all this cursed lies.. they've devoured my soul. Maybe that's why I'm here, maybe I'm here to yell out to stop it with these lies. what lies am i talking about? I don't know anything. I don't even know where i am. I know I'm in front of you, this much I know, but it's not enough. Am i a body? do i have a body? A body moves freely, here, I'm not that body that moves. When was the last time I was a free body? I miss that body. I know what I've always been missing.. myself, that's what I've always been missing.. I might be delirious, with an arrogant voice. The voice that's speaking and that's raving that i am this voice is postponing death. Why am I saying this? Because I'll be dead as soon as I stop talking. yes, but why am I saying this? how do I know this? I have to wake up from this nightmare, I'm deluding myself I'm speaking to someone, but there's nobody here. It's not me who's speaking, I have a voice who's speaking. I have nothing to say, it's the voice who's speaking through me. I know I'll be dead when the voice will stop speaking through me, that's all. I know this because someone once told me. Who told me? My father. My father once told me.

Isaac Once upon a time there was my father, but was he really my father? I'm confused. Once upon a time there was a man who, if I remember correctly, was my father, I called him father. How long ago? 2000 years? Even earlier. I remember a flat land, no, it was a hill, a mountain, a dry and barren land, dry grass, bushes, brambles ... and he wasn't the only one there ..., no, there were many fathers and sons and daughters, mostly daughters. And a square stone in the center of the clearing. One after another, those

fathers and their children went, put themselves, stood beside the stone, and the boys put their heads on the stone. I speak too confusedly, I have to calm down! Otherwise my train of thought will break e they will stop listening to us! The boy with his head on the stone was calm, he didn't cry, he didn't scream as kids or pigs do before being slaughtered; have you ever heard a pig shriek before it was killed? I have. That boy didn't do it, those boys and girls went there and their fathers cut off their heads. The head would fall on a basket of hay, or straw, or dry grass.

The fathers also were not crying, although their sadness was plain. They were not crying and were not rejoicing. Then came my turn to be beheaded. When I reached the stone, with my hands tied behind my back, I knew I would not go back home, to my mother and my brothers, I knew I would never see my dog again. I was sad because I knew, I was sure, that my dog was waiting, like every other night, for my return from the fields. I wasn't going back that night. That awareness hurt me, made me suffer, made me cry inside. My father stroked my forehead and pushed my black curls aside and I remember, maybe it's all a dream, the dream of a frightened child, I think I remember that he asked for a curl to put on my grave someday. In my memory. That day, on a barren land, choked by the sun, far from the sea, my father explained to me, as he cut a curl in my memory, that my death, the death of the firstborn, would prevent a bloodshed in the family. The first son who dies, saves the other nine who will live. The blood of the firstborn son sweeps away the envy of his nine brothers. Because the first child is the favorite and the father must prove capable of sacrificing the most precious thing in the world, for the sake of his family. Such beautiful words. Full of love. I was the favorite, and he was sacrificing me for the sake of all his other children My neck snapped immediately, thanks to an axe and my father's firm and merciful hand. My blood was shed for them, for my brothers, who no longer hated me. A few centuries later I read in an old book that my father, before delivering the killing blow, turned away from the stone to look at me from afar. And far away, a few meters from me, he had a vision, a voice spoke to him. He untied my wrists and gently lifted me and smiling he pointed to the immensity of the sky. Nearby, in a burning bush, a deer was entangled. A wonderful deer. My father took it and cut off his beautiful head. Who knows who wrote that story, about a father who took his son home to his dog that day and killed a beautiful innocent deer in his place. Because this I just can't remember.

Iphigenia On that very day, I was down by the shore. Not a breath of wind to be found. A frighteningly calm sea lay before me. The sea was completely still. It was frighteningly calm. My mother was adorning my forehead with roses, for my wedding. That was the day I was to become bride to Achilles, the Myrmidon. I was twelve years old. I was a child, a child about to marry a hero. My mother was there with me but she wasn't happy. She had a serious look on her face, because we were celebrating the wedding on that motionless shore. Far from home. The shore was dead, the ships were still and the sails were limp. Mother was scolding my little brother. 'don't make a fuss! She has my wedding to prepare!' Mother was always sad. She had seen too much death in her life, she couldn't see my heart beating with joy for Achilles, my hero. Wearing a dress fit for a princess, with roses strewn over my chest, my wrists and my hair,

my father took my hand in his to walk me down the aisle. It was then that my mother hugged me with such force that I thought she was trying to suffocate me. 'Mother, what are you doing? Are you killing me?' She brought her arm to her face so she could hide her tears, a storm of tears, a hurricane of sobs that would have been able to carry all of the greek ships to Troy even with no wind. A storm of pain so strong it could have destroyed Hector's city in a single day. Achilles, my hero, my Myrmidon, was waiting for me at Artemis's altar. The most important men of the country were with him. My uncle Menelaus, uncle Odysseus, Ajax, Patroclus... they were all waiting for me. But Achilles did not kiss my infant cheeks. He tore the roses from my dress and from my hair... he dragged me by my hair. The heroes took turns in taking my body, it was very painful, then my father chopped my head off and it rolled to the feet of the statue of Artemis. They dragged me by my hair before using my body. I felt the mighty force of the greeks. One after the other, and then another and another and another and another and then my father. They say the ships set sail for Troy after my death, just as Artemis had promised. My death is celebrated every year. Roses are placed at Artemis's altar because they say my death started the wind. Some say I'm still alive. That Artemis had pity on me and killed a beautiful deer instead. They're lying. I died. So my father could set sail with the wind. I died to become his wind.

Emily Dickinson

I look at the sky with my head bent sideways. I look at the sky from my window, I've always looked at the sky from my window, sitting in my mother's armchair. The still stars in the sky. the Earth immobile and eternal in the center, vast but not infinite. I've looked at the world from my window and i've dreamt of it. I gave life to the world from my window: the trees that stand out in the light blue of the background, the wind moving the leaves and every now and then the clouds hiding the sun that travels in the sky until it disappears from my window. I'm the one who opens the window everyday, no one else could open my window, therefore no one else could tell the wind to move if the world that i imagine wants to stand still. I'm the one who paints this painting, i live inside the frame of my window. The dog that sleeps under the oak tree, the farmer who goes home at night, the butterfly that flaps its wings on the glass, these are only images of my imagination. None of this would appear if I didn't open my window, therefore mother don't tell me that everything that exists out there would exist even if my window was shut. Mother dearest, don't tell me that the sun doesn't move, that it's my room that moves around the sun, don't lie to me mother. Come and sit with me and look at the splendour of my imagination. Look, do you see, do you see it? I'm free only in my tiny room. I'm not willing to exchange the truth of my world for everything that out there lives undisturbed and indifferent to the smell of my roses. You must believe me mother, it was dark outside the first time I opened my window. An immobile, never-ending night. Beloved mother, there was no oak tree out there with its leaves moved by the evening breeze. Sally's tail wasn't wagging and the butterfly wasn't yet aware of the danger of the glass. No mother, nothing out there was illuminated by the sun, father never left the candle on at night for fear that the house would burn down and so I couldn't distinguish shadows from ghosts. Then, one day, my master came, when

everything seemed to bend, when my soul was starting to shrink inside the eye of the needle, my master came and with him all the beauty of Creation. It was the light that dissolved the darkness, that illuminated the oak tree at noon and brought it back into the shadow at sunset, when he, once the lesson was over, left my room and disappeared from the world. I saw him leave the painting on the back of a dark brown Pegasus, with a step so sure that my childish heart was bleeding from the beating. I remember that on the morning of Saturday December 10th 1870 he arrived at dawn, at 7.26 am. I, already anxious, shouted from my window "You're like the sun that revolves around my Earth". You, master, lowered your forehead to avoid looking at me. More grim than modest. You entered my room and I remember each of your grave words: "Not even God revolves around the Earth, and the Sun is not its only light". Then you started the lesson, and you drew on the blackboard a series of triangles, circles and 5 perfect solids. You left that drawing all winter. I knew I was near an inviolable secret, which you didn't want to reveal me. On a May evening, you had already gone home to your beloved and a daughter who wasn't me. I, more angry than usual - even that day you left the rose I had collected for you on the table - was nailed to the window. My painting was there, motionless, as always when you left me, with the colors of the night, illuminated by a light so dark that it almost made me notice a child. She was there, in the center, where the tree usually protects Sally's sleep. A little girl was there, in the middle of the darkness, with her white dress, with flowers strewn over her chest, wrists, and hairs. That child in the center looked at me sideways, but she didn't move, one hand resting on her skirt, and the other held by a woman, a young lady. What are they doing here? Where do they come from? Behind her an open door, and a man, I think it was a man because it was so dark, master, that what I'm describing could be exactly the opposite of what I actually saw, a man dressed in black, behind the door, on the stairs... I closed my eyes in fear. Go away! To his right was a painter who was staring at me. He was painting a canvas, but neither the girl nor I could see what he was painting. Both paralyzed with anguish. Who are you painting? Me, or that little doll-faced girl? What's going on, master? Am I painting this scene with the power of my mind or is that scene painting me? At the back of the room, to the left of the open door, a mirror clearly shows two faces reflected, and above it two fixed pictures... Master, I'm afraid! Run away, little girl! A sad nun in her monastic veil, next to a man with folded hands, has a worried look. Suddenly I see Sally, my dog! go home, Sally, run away! Sally don't sleep, wake up! Summoned by my fright another young lady and a dwarf stare at me intently and a long-haired boy wakes Sally up with a kick! Mother, father, help! I'm dreaming, wake me up! They are killing me! But my father is already asleep and my mother orders me to stop having tantrums! Will you at least be there, master, when that dark man takes me out, through the door of hell? Where do those stairs lead? Slyly, the painter continues to paint the canvas, waiting for me to decide. What should I do? Where are you, master? I'm just a girl from Massachusetts, I don't want to see anything but the red of my leaves, of my countryside. Teach me, beloved master, to blow away this image of death. I want that child to be safe. I will follow you wherever you want, master, give me the right words! Take me away from this dismal window. Now I close the window and all this disappears. If I'm not looking,

none of this exists! Help me, master, to destroy this image! Do not doubt my obedience, I wavered, it won't happen again, I had no words to say it, I knew only one God, but now I know you and I let your word speak for me. Make this terrible painting disappear so that the oak tree and the farmer may return. Where are you master? My duty is to describe Nature, but I don't want to deal with all the things of Nature! I'm afraid of them... Master... All this scares me so... Master... Why don't you visit me anymore? Why don't you write to me? No, you don't have to apologize, I know how much you despise writing, all the unhappiness of life comes from the written pages... Language dominates the word. You've said it many times. My Sally doesn't deceive me, and neither does the snail who doesn't care for me until I step on her by mistake, but the words have brought a fright into my world that I've never felt before. All those words that didn't exist before, and are now here, all around me. When I write, here, in the solitude of my room and my mind, I contact the ghosts, not only those of my imagination, but those of my readers, and also my own ghost, the one that develops from my sheet of paper. It would be better if you don't come back, master, I don't want to trap your spirit as well in the words of this paper. I am naked here, in front of this phantom audience, eager to drink my written kisses, and with each word it continues to multiply indefinitely! These ghosts, which I created, say that there is no room now for those who stand still or walk alone in the garden of their own home. They will feed on everything, old words and new ones, mountains of books that no one will read, hundreds of paintings that no one will understand, horrible performances, other men, thoughts, they will buy anything in cheap shops: save me, master, and I will always be obedient to you, I will give you the rose of my garden and all the gratitude I am capable of. Don't leave me ... I know that now you could laugh at me, at my wild imagination, but my problem is the space of words, and I hope that your advice can free me. When I speak of myself, I speak of that little girl in the center of the picture, I am not imagining myself, but the little girl imagined in the center of my picture, ready to be devoured by monsters. You understand, my position is devoid of light. If only I had a treasure, I would love to give it to you..

Jesus Christ But what kind of treasure could I give you now? I have only my tears .. around me earth, rubble and the remains of a dead city .. stones stripped of their value, stones of a Godless sacrifice. This child can only give you silent rocks, this child immortalized in a white and black photograph, crouched, screaming, stunned. Isn't the person who took this picture ashamed? I'm screaming in pain for my dead mother, for my burnt father, for my lost brother, for my lost dog and you take a picture? You steal my soul like this. Why don't you take me in your arms and dry my tears right away? Why do you leave the unbearable image of my pain to the world? You know nothing about me, nothing ... How many times have you been there? What do you know about me, about Hiroshima? What did you see? Is this photo enough for you? A photo of an eternally screaming child in a white shirt and dark breeches on a Hiroshima street? In museum exhibitions, in newspapers, in the Pulitzer Prizes, in history books .. What did you see of Hiroshima to obtain the trophy of my photo? When time sweeps us away, no matter what we do at that moment, only the desperation of my image will remain. Not the real pain, not even the fame

of the man who trapped me in the frame of a photo, inside the page of a magazine. Where was Hariti when the bomb put Heisenberg, Einstein and all those damned scientists to shame? why didn't the Goddess protect us from the irresponsibility of those false fathers? Perhaps she had departed from the mortal world, ill from its pain. The wise always leave, we know .. and leave us alone. We have entered the era where we are alone. I won't bring you any comfort, I won't bring you peace this time. My name is not Iphigenia, the ships will no longer sail for Troy, my name is not Isaac, I have forgotten my name. I'm not evil, but the peace I don't bring to the world is the only kind of treasure I'll give you. In the end we'll be forced to rebel against the images that travel around the world in a few seconds, against the millions of screens that turn on and cry in unison. Real tears of phosphorous screens, phosphorous tears. Funeral rite without rite, without death. What were they hoping for? That my death could free them from evil? I hoped so too. The last gesture of death on me, the whip, the thorns, the nails and then peace.. the return to order, to yang, the sacred circle forms once again around the mangled body, the space closes, the end generates a new beginning.. instead nothing.. nothing.. nothing.. nothing.. nothing.. but what does it matter? huh father? Though my body nailed Satan to the cross, though a heaven pinned down on Earth with the fury of the nail and hammer has made Jerusalem scream all its pain, removing evil from the world in the blink of an eye, what did it matter, father? To satiate hunger? but don't you know that the wolf is greedy? Fascists, commercial developments, military expansion, wolves are not easily satisfied. Whatever happens, it will be bad. Sooner or later Apollo's chariot, loaded with plutonium, will take those wolves to Venus and Saturn to look for other prey. What a terrible dilemma life is, huh father? You who are now looking at me do not worry, my tragic words do not bring the apocalypse, every scream is a scream that falls into the void. Naturally you will go on, obviously you will fight, you will choose good over evil, you cannot do everything at once, it is a sequence that awaits us, a process shows itself in all its complexity, and asks us to choose at every step. We can only wait. And try harder. Sooner or later alternatives to the game of good and evil will appear. One day we will get rid of the photos of Chernobyl, of the children playing in the mud, unaware of the catastrophe above their heads, the yellow puddles, the vomiting, the lack of oxygen, the crying that never ends. Sooner or later we will get rid of death gadgets, circles and words. On that day something will come among us, without hatred, but also without love. It will simply come to us, with no new words to bring. it will just come. it will finally put an end to the eternal struggle between fathers and sons. It will not cry out for peace, it will not impose forgiveness. If that thing can come, it will just come. I don't know if it will happen, what I say is not a truth, it is only a probability.

Concetta Every now and then I do have some happy memories, not just a regurgitation of anguish; often that memory offers itself to me on Christmas Eve. My grandmother unwrapping the gift made by us, her grandchildren. Her innocent smile, her amazement in front of a washing machine wrapped up with ribbons and bows, she was more amazed than me, I, as a little girl, was already used to Christmas gifts. My grandmother was happy, despite the war having stolen a child from

her, in a Naples that at that time certainly showed neither smiles nor joy. With the child already dead in her arms in front of every door that closed as she passed, my grandmother made me a happy child. She is a deity. From time to time a ray of sun breaks through the clouds, and the sea bathes Naples. Naples can never be a sad city, despite everything. Its happy memory makes it happy forever. Naples was founded on love. And you, sitting there, looking at me, listening to me, have you ever been happy?

Antonin Artaud I suffer from a frightening disease. Every morning, as I drink my coffee, I feel that thought leaves me. Words leave me, shapes of sentences fall apart, that's why, when I manage to grasp a shape, even if not perfect, I try to fix it in my memory, for fear of losing it, of forgetting the thought. These shreds that I "say" are not the only things I could tell you, but they are what I save. However, I really hope you like these shreds, that they touch your heart, it's a vain claim, I know, but I am vain. These jumbled words are not to be attributed to an inability to write, no, but to a sinking of my spirit somewhere, an erosion of thought; my destiny is to follow its every branch, open every door, go down the stairs, follow Ariadne inside the Labyrinth. When I reach the center, however, the monster kills my thought and prevents me from returning home to my room. Minos's son feeds on my brain and leaves the rest of my body there, naked of words, tears my skull apart and takes away my memories. I lose memories. Who am I? Here I am, in front of you; I know I'm here, but I don't know who I am! I am not that lifeless body in the center of the Labyrinth. I am those words escaped from the teeth of the Minotaur, who experience the thrill of escape from the brain and encounter spaces, an infinite amount of levels in which to get lost, to fly, in the illusory sensation of freedom. The monster chases them inside the Labyrinth, looks for them, wants them ... it is faster and smarter than them who, drunk, move randomly in the infinite space of everything. The punishment for their rush is near, sooner or later, even if saved from the monster's hunger, they will get lost in the Labyrinth. They will not find their way out, each of them, intoxicated by the desire to be free and alone in the universe of possibilities, will get lost ... and die of pain and loneliness. Is there no way out? Being eaten or dying of pain? Will there never be a thought capable of saving us? Completing a sentence always results in many corpses that will never reach the seashore. The word must strike a deaf object, long before it is swept away by the river of reason. Here's the rub: having the clarity of a feeling inside, having it to the point that it becomes unbearable not to express it, having an infinity of words, images, sophisms, but when the soul tries to organize all this wealth, when something is about to reveal itself and arrive, a superior and evil will, a terrible divinity attacks the soul, devours its words and leaves me half dead, on the threshold of life.

Telemachus I'm that child who stopped talking because his father didn't come back as he had promised. I am that boy standing on the shores of the Mediterranean waiting for the sea to bring him back something of his father. I am the son looking for his father, while his father is fucking some Circe or whatever. The son forced to protect his mother from the attacks of many pretenders to the throne, to endure being kicked to save his mother's honor, while his father, the great explorer, crosses the Pillars

of Hercules, indifferent to my pain. How long will I have to wait, father? How many islands will I have to see, how many insults will I have to swallow in your name? And when you come back will you have time for a kiss? Will you console me with the tales of your travels or will you immediately run to your castle, as you always have and as you always will, to kill all those cursed men who ask for your bed and your crown? Your power and the container of your seed. Don't worry father, she has always been waiting for you and your son will still be here, on the shores of the Mediterranean, when you leave for yet another journey. I will always wait for your word, even if I know that the sea will bring at most a can of beer, a condom, a box of cookies.

Alfredo Dad, can I go back home through the fields by myself? My last words as I let go of your hand. Two hours later, at a depth of sixty-four meters, I would be silent forever. High above, sixty-four meters from me, a thousand voices cry out my name in unison. How long have I been here? Three hours? Three days? Three hundred years? The earth shakes around me, with every jolt I lose an inch of life. Suddenly an angel, with a kind face, above my head, gently wipes the mud from my eyes, while I, motionless, in a stunned and primal silence, cannot answer. Before flying away the angel sends me a kiss and says "goodbye, little one" to my body, which I no longer felt. He reminds me of the acrobat of the Circus Orfei, in his magical and melancholy flight. Then, a shower of flashes of light, very bright flashes, colored flashes and choirs of angels who sing my name, like the choir at the Italian match, Ancelotti's goal on television, that time in which the Befana brought me a remote control police car. I hear this multitude singing, the lights ignite my field of vision, a hole above my head shows me a sky set on fire by lightning bolts, all heaven has come for me. A shadow approaches, it's not an angel, no, no! It's Lucky, it's Lucky, my puppy! My dog came to get me! My dog saves me, takes me away, with him I cross the tree-lined paths, the golden fields, through the clouds, beyond the gates of heaven. No, no, enough with the fairy tales, enough with the nonsense! Enough with the lies! I'm not in heaven, I'm not running with Lucky, I'm not even in that hole. I'm not that child. I'm an actor. How easy it would be now to let myself go to a strong emotion, to abandon myself to the flow of feeling. I won't do that. I can't do that, although it would be strategic to play something that finally creates an emotional bond with you, ladies and gentlemen. I can not do that. I'm not that child inside the well, I'm the actor, he is the innocent. If this is the story of the innocents, neither you nor I can be a part of it, we are not allowed to cry over their photos. Death cannot be photographed, it cannot be followed live on TV. We cannot remain in the dark and forget our conscience, lose hope, we don't live in a world where everything is possible, our history is probable, but not certain. you cannot stand by and watch this inevitable tragedy, you cannot remain a spectator forever, sooner or later you will have to get up from your chair, you will have to speak. You will not be able to hide in the choir, shouting your indignation, protected by the darkness of the crowd. Do you know where you can shove your indignation? I'm the child who fell into the well, you are the crowd that has come to applaud my departure from the scene. You are the same one who was in that crowd that killed for the first time, I am on the other side, for now. I am not an innocent, I play an innocent.

Margherita At that time, I, or what I think could be a possible me, because I don't know if what I am is what you see, if my face is what you're observing. Who are you painting on that canvas? a possible me or someone that in the room is looking at me? the visitor of the museum in which I am and that I've been observing for 400 years. For 400 years you've been painting a canvas of which only the rear is visible. Your mocking smile is a challenge. Find out the secret! I've been living in this painting for 400 years, in the middle of the hall of the most beautiful museum of the world, in Madrid. For more than 400 years a crowd of tourists has been coming to admire me, while the only thing to admire is the side of the painting that you hide from us, you damn house painter! Do you paint souls? Your brush is the key of my prison. Do you control my mind? I can't look behind me, my face is stuck towards these damn midgets, leave my dog alone! I can't stop them. Stop it, you fucking child, stop kicking my puppy! I can't turn to the canvas, reveal the secret to everybody, if I saw the painting I would be free! I could run away from this hall of the royal palace. Someone behind is keeping the door open.. are you keeping it for me? Would you like to help my escape? I CANNOT MOVE! I DON'T HAVE A BODY, I'VE JUST THE IMAGE! I AM JUST A PAINTED IMAGE. I've got my eyes planted on you, dear visitors of this magnificent museum of Madrid. I'm looking at you and you're looking at me, a me that is existing only because of a girl from Massachusetts. If she didn't open the window every night, you would have nothing to look at! Look! Do you see this lady that is trying to put a stone ring on my finger, in her asymmetrical and oblong skirt of that golden century? The first thing she does every morning ever since 1644 is putting this ring on my finger, you bitch! Dear visitors of the museum, you cannot see my terror. My face keeps expressing a royal dignity. It's all fake, it's only what you want to see. Behind me, reflected on the mirror, there are my parents faces, right? King Basilio and his wife are there, behind me, like two hanging hooks from the ceiling. Like in Picasso's Las Meninas, they're waiting for my death! They're waiting for my hanging, my child head! I cannot see them, I can't turn, but for 400 years I've been hearing your filthy tongues mangling on mirrors and reflections. How good is this Velasquez, such perfect shapes! What colours! Is he painting us, the infant or the reflected rulers? Hey don't you notice that there is a child here? Stop it, I'm scared! Children are scared. Stop photographing me, you insolent man! I'm only ten! Let this damn painting die, painted by an evil man, behind the canvas that he's proudly and secretly painting, reflected on a mirror that reflects you! Please look away, ladies and gentlemen, don't take a picture of me, turn your gaze around to see if king Basilio and my mother are there next to you, reflected on that mirror on the wall. Immobile until the breath of God will come upon them! If you see them, kill them, kill them before this hellish circle around me suffocates me! I'll be hanged on Picasso's canvas, hanged to the hooks of that dark ceiling painted by Pablo! This painting is a scam, don't you see? This painted calm is just appearance, I know, that was the fashion in 1600s! Court painting. Elegance and rigour. But when I jumped out.. when I jumped from 1664 to 1957 I understood it all! I revealed the secret! Picasso condemned me to death fo all eternity. Shame on you, Pablito, I'm just a little girl! Look at my face now, it's horrible. My nose, my mouth! And my dog has become a white patch, a ghost. I used to love my dog, but now I'm scared of him! Look at this dwarf, her disfigured

body!.. Help, help! Please, free me! Let me out of here. I want to go back to Basilio's court, I want to be hit by the light, not by shadows. Why don't you try to come to my place! 1664, 1957, 2372 year in which the spanish painter Esteban Moralez will show his interpretation of Velasquez's Las Meninas to the interplanetary exposition of Gliese 581g, planet which is at 65 light years from the Earth, the umpteenth homage to the spanish genius in honour of the Consul General XwTRD. Here there's no peace nor beauty, your payed ticket won't give you any consolation. You're going mad, can't you see? The world's diving into a mortal sadness.. those who yesterday were burying the deaths, today are buried and the pity is denied. Once again the innocents will pay. Like always, I'll pay. Iphigenia never released! Artemis withdraws in sorrow to the Olympus, Athena doesn't stop the unleashed Erinyes! The father will eat the son, the mother will devour the father. No, no, no, no ladies and gentlemen, please stop this rude show! These words won't cure your soul! These words are poisonous! Help me. Does anybody have a solution? I need it. I'm tired of pointing fingers, even a child knows he has responsibilities. Please, now I have stopped yelling, now that I have nothing to complain about, please help me, hold out your hand. I swear, I'm not angry anymore, I'm desperate. Help me, please.

The child forget it, ladies and gentlemen, just forget it. I don't wish to deceive you, I won't lie to you. It's all in vain, whatever you'll do has already been planned. You can scream, be quiet, sleep and even stop watching us if you want. Everything has already been thought, planned, imagined. Nothing here happens randomly, but by a probability calculation. Every gesture, thought or emotion, boredom or irritation ... nothing, nothing, nothing you do will come as a result of your will. That's the way things are. I can even read inside some of your minds. Is it tragic? Is it comical? You are there and you watch me speak, describe, die on the cross and you think you are the observer, the privileged witness of a rite. What if I'm the one who's watching? What if you were the lab rat, under examination? What if I was running an experiment on you? Do you think I'm here to sacrifice myself for you? What if it were you my sacrifice? We are bound forever, we'll be one for better or worse, we live for one another. Even when it's terrible, that's the only thing we have, that's the thing. We are part of the same world created by observation. No one escapes the law of nature, we are all observed. There is always someone watching, a watchful eye, and this someone in turn will have a friend to talk to about the novel in which we are characters, both unaware that someone else is already writing about them, they already are his story. And so on, back for billions of years and onward for billions of galaxies. Not a never-ending story, no, not even one full story, just shreds of history. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy" says Hamlet .. how can we see them if our imagination cannot dream of them? Do you remember how beautiful the celestial hierarchy was once? God and his angels spheres were carrying the planets on their race across the sky and lovingly partaking in the lives of us all, we who, at the center of the Universe, fluctuated between devotion, disobedience and pain. Do you remember the invisible order behind the messy veil of appearances? But then Anaximandrus removed the pillars that supported the Earth, Pythagorus made it revolve around the sun,

Copernicus twirled it in the sky, Galileo brought it closer to the moon, Einstein bent space and time, Darwin exposed the illusion of objectivity. Reality redefines itself and profoundly reinvents the world. Everything has become so damn complicated. Yet no one can live in stupid loneliness, in blind fear. We affect each other, the world continues to interact, the cosmos is a dense web of interactions, interferences. I know I'm nothing more than the way I affect you and vice versa. I am another after meeting you, even if you are there in the darkness of your armchair. Tonight, thanks to you, I transform myself. Will you be changed by me? You and I have met and we'll preserve this bond, we'll mysteriously continue to talk. Like two distant lovers who chase each other in their thoughts .. and guess them. But you and I have already met, right? Weren't you the old man who dried my tears 2700 years ago and told me: don't worry, I'll walk you down the aisle? It was you, you were the woman who hid me in her house when the fascists were looking for me. I remember you perfectly, two million years ago, for three years, you chewed food for me for I didn't have my teeth. You were there when my body was found in the sea and you will be there when Las Meninas burns, in a few years, by the decision of a high commander, some Jason wannabe. We are already lost in everything, bound forever by an ancient instinct, which is not ours, but belongs to us, passes through us and moves us. So simple in holding hands among the stars, yet so dark in our meaning.

The Deer This strange story could end here, with this catchy phrase: so dark in our meaning, but it would be yet another lie. The truth, dear audience, the one and only truth I want to tell you, is that I am a deer. A majestic, royal deer! Free to run in the legendary landscape of verdant Scotland. A free deer, but oblivious to the things of the world. Nature knows a lot more than you think. One day (this is the story), a fatal Sunday, in a warm August of 1977, I was eating my unmissable breakfast, in the lush valley pasture, where the most beautiful pine in Caledonia stands, east of Balmoral. Annoyed by the sound of a vulgar Range Rover, with a sturdy four-speed mechanical gearbox, which had stopped nearby, I see the usual Sunday hunters descend in their bizarre autumn green camouflage suits. Poor fools. Determined not to let my brunch spoil, I choose to ignore them and continue to enjoy the clover, in the morning dew. But the grotesque preparations and war rituals, which those brutal and ill-dressed men clumsily tried to put into practice, convinced that they would return victorious to their refuge, with the trophy of my horns, forced me to leave the table without having finished the meal, screwing up 15 years of painful etiquette. I looked up at the sky, determined to show my disappointment to Artemis, protector of the woods and hunting, and I noticed some frightening clouds on the horizon. I had never seen such a black sky! The clouds were approaching menacingly towards the group of indolent hunters. I was surprised at their unabashed seriousness, despite the ominous weather, so careful in preparing an attack, slumped to the ground, in the comical position of a creeping voyeur. Under the clouds, struck by their gloomy light, lay a young woman. Next to her, a man. I recognized him immediately, Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, the prince consort, very recognizable in his rough outfit as a Bambi hunter. The young woman ... Well, she ... had a not very reassuring face, believe me ... blonde, pretty, washed out, with two mischievous doe eyes ...

a pretty little creature, in short. Meanwhile the sky was darkening. Still, above the girl's head, it seemed to want to hang her from a lead ceiling. In perfect surrealist style. I had a shudder. Fear for that little princess. I was sure: a terrible ax would soon hit her neck. I already saw her dead, in Paris, in the Ville Lumière, her light suffocated in the darkness of a gallery, on a Sunday in August 1997. I felt sorry for her. I remembered the old fable of the princess killed by her father, but saved, in the nick of time, by the holy woman of the woods, who replaced her with a doe, my ancient Greek ancestor, great great great great great grandmother of my great great great grandmother. In short, one of those lies that humans love to tell so much to justify their raids as thugs, gruesome stories: killed deer, lambs burned alive, wolves quartered and filled with stones. Unspeakable barbarism! Yet the dark light on that little princess's head froze my horns anyway ... I decided to warn her, stupidly, I have a good heart. Aware of the danger, but driven by an ancient and royal habit of being incredibly brave, I tried to get close to her. And here is the result of my good deed ... Today my royal head reigns in the most beautiful dining room in the whole castle, hanging on a wall of precious Scottish wood. On the opposite wall a fellow of mine, happy to finally have company, throws me glances of useless understanding, but thanks to the noble stuffing, his every effort is prevented. Thank God. However, both of us cannot fail to participate in the grueling elegant dinners of the ancient family of noble lineage, as they like to call themselves, forced to attend their parody as well as futile social rituals, with the ladies dressed up in original and gaudy hats, a dress-code to make Madagascar parrots envious. I cannot deny the beauty of my abode, and my comfortable location in the room. The window, which is opened every morning by a very nice, young, singing servant, still allows me to enjoy the splendid Scottish landscape: the oak in the center, the dozing dog. A spring air still passes through the branched appendages of my antlers, which the fat mistress of the castle vulgarly calls horns, and my mind manages to get lost for some time. It pursues splendid fantasies, imagines fantastic American landscapes populated by Greek heroes, the patriarchs of Israel lost in the streets of Madrid, it travels between Japanese cities and the Siberian steppes, descends into the wells of Vermicino, until it gets lost in the labyrinth of Crete. Thinking about it, for a few years, the young princess, thanks to whom I now live in this fabulous manor, took part in these imaginative human rituals, albeit reluctantly. I remember her face, intolerant to the noisy chewing of her husband, and disgusted by the continuous and unpleasant flatulence of the queen mother. She was still young but she had evidently breathed in all the gloom of the sky that morning when I met her. After a while, I never saw her again, she never attended any dinner, Christmas lunch or hunting party anymore. Gone. In fact, now that I think about it, no one from the royal family has mentioned her anymore ...