



TOSCA4

50 LIKES TO TALK



- Are you an optimist or a pessimist?
- I am an optimist who is constantly deceived by what happens in the world.
- So this would make you a...?
- A disoptimist.
- I don't think that exists.
- I am an optimist who is going to convert.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I am talking about the past.

Let me take you back to the myth of Morpheus.

In Greek mythology, Morpheus is one of the sons of Hypnos, the god of sleep.

His talent consists in sending all sort of human shapes into people's dreams.

Italians stole the copyright and produced a system called 'La Smorfia', combining the name of the god with the Jewish tradition of the Kabbalah, where mysterious meanings are ascribed to words, letters and signs, that eventually translate into numbers .

The human need for rationalizing the subconscious opens the door to occult and imagination:

We all like some solicited premonition, don't we?

And we love a rational explanation to all the weirdness we produce!

Italians came up with their own, jazzy, mix, translating the Kabbalah into a formula where sacred and profane coexisted in funky appropriation.

By the seventeenth century, my hometown Genoa had come up with a scheme called Lotto, that is really your lottery, where each number up to 90 had a reason to exist.

And the reason was to be located in your dreams.

The key to interpretation was perfected by the visionary minds behind all things Italian (spaghetti, pizza, mandolin, the holy trinity of the Bel Paese), that is, the Neapolitans.

Digging in the archetypal society of Italy of the 1600s, they gave birth to a book that collects medieval habits, century-old beliefs, countless references to Jesus, and tons of repressed sexual compulsion that La Smorfia pulls up at every dream.

In a book conceived in the Country that's bathed in sun and church, dreams mix up with Christ like the central lever in the yogurt machine.

In the system of the Smorfia, therefore, religious connections make up for a good half of its 90 numbers.

There is a 10 percent of them that associates with rural traditions and culture, but the rest is a protectorate of coexisting religion and, guess what, sex.

How surprising that among a society that is crushed by guilt and punishment, there is so much thinking about tits and ass.

The Smorfia, indeed. A book that I rescued from a moving box I found from when I was 20: faced with a gruesome divorce, I was unpacking my life on the brink of my 50th birthday.

Number 50 is the bread, in the Smorfia.

Warm and nurturing.

In numerology, 50 is the expression of personal freedom.

What gorgeous images, for a number that feels unsettling to every woman who simply is not ready yet.

We don't know what it is, that we have to prepare for, but it goes around the feeling that ageism implies fading out, and we are not ready.

We have more things to do.

Yes, it's women I am thinking of.

Guys just grow a beard and that's it.

We have mirrors and they are ruthless.

And the path to reconciliation is a relatively new one for my generation.

Women close to 50 tend to come from places of objectification and shaming, and now that self-love is a conversation we are allowed to have, we are still growing into it, and we'd like to see the progress.

We have some fire within that's not just perimenopause heat.

We are the people that saw Nirvana go unplugged on MTV.

We were the girls who practiced the seated position because landline phones.

We endured low-rise everything for over a decade.

And now we are very much ready to shatter all outdated stereotypes.

Oh, and number 50 likes to talk, as much as I do! So let me tell you how I got here, by means of an exceptionally aged book.

Here it is.
The Smorfia in a nutshell.

