

If a man has a vision,
he must put it into practice and show it
before he can use its power.

Black Elk

Here are some quotes, encountered during the preparation of the monologue, that I consider fundamental to be able to share - from the beginning with the reader - the intention, the necessity and the purposes that pushed me first to stage, then to write this monologue, in 2005. (And then to produce the film, in 2021)

In the mind's eye, Horatio

Hamlet, act I, scene II

*The boundaries of the soul you will not be able to find
however much you walk its ways;
so deep is its logos.*

Heraclitus, fr. 45

*Is it not monstrous that this player here, but in a fiction, in the dream of passion,
could force his soul so to his own conceit....*

Hamlet, act II, scene II

*It is the most fitting thing of all that, who is about to undertake a journey to the other
world, should reflect with reason and meditate through myth on this journey to the
other world, and say what he imagines it to be.*

Phaedo, 61 and

*.... "logos" and "mythos" are "systole" and "diastole" in the heart of Platonic
thought.*

Giovanni Reale

*Art is not an imitation of life, but life is the imitation of a transcendent principle with
which art puts us in communication.*

Antonin Artaud, Oeuvres Complètes, IV

*My great desire is to learn to make inexactitudes, reworkings, changes in reality, such
that an unreality really emerges, but truer than the truth.*

Vincent van Gogh

For our discourses also seem to be ambiguous, and it is not possible to think with certainty that any of these things have the characteristic of being or not being, or of being and not being, or even of neither being nor not being.

Plato, The Republic, 479 b

And truly, said Cebes, even on the basis of that doctrine which you are accustomed to maintain, if it is true, namely that our learning is nothing but remembering, well, on the basis of this doctrine too, it is necessary that we have learned at some former time what we now remember. Now this would be impossible, if our soul had not existed somewhere else, before it was generated in this human form.

Therefore, on this account too, the soul is found to be something immortal.

Plato, Phaedo, 68 c

- Director's notes I wrote for the THEATER MONOLOGUE, with the original title. Then I changed the title when I began to write the film.

HAMLET

or

on the immortality of the soul

from

William Shakespeare

Text and direction by Alessandro Vantini

What is the research of an actor while working on a character? An actor, on a stage, alone, talking at the main monologues of "Hamlet", follows the itinerary of the character within the tragedy and himself. Ideas, reflections, connections, doubts, difficulties in the attempt to investigate meanings and to open up to the suggestions of Shakespeare's text.

Hamlet manages to keep his lucid intellect detached from the conflict of events. He is the first modern man, with all his doubts and contradictions, who appears

on the scene. His way of thinking and feeling is autonomous and personal: in every uncertainty or decision there is an attempt to make human and behavioral choices guided by individual reflection and motivations that he tends to elaborate in an original way. Intelligent, sharp, and, when necessary, even astute, he demonstrates greatness of soul and generosity, a propensity to see beyond the immediate event and an ability to grasp the essence of things, not only those that concern him personally, but also those that concern human nature.

A certain interpretation wants him to be indecisive or even impotent because he is weak, but Hamlet consciously lives the contradiction between two irreconcilable instances: revenge, and a superior ethical vision that prevents him from carrying it out. In his irreconcilability, in his facing the irreconcilable conflict that undermines human life at its foundations, distinctive characteristics of Greek tragedy, Hamlet takes on the depth and dignity of the tragic hero.

And in the awareness of such irreconcilability perhaps we can speak of "soul" also as the result of a life experience guided by an inner awareness if we listen to Plato when he says *"... the soul goes to Hades taking nothing with it except its spiritual formation and the way in which it lived..."*

Is it possible to find in these words that superior ethical vision that seems to guide Hamlet's choices?

It is one of the character's questions that are questioned in the show by referring, among other authors, to Plato's "Phaedo or the immortality of the soul", from which the text draws inspiration and part of the title.

Verona, December 3, 2005

- "IL GIORNALE" 22th MARCH 2006

HAMLET "SPIED" FROM BEHIND THE SCENES

A man, an actor, a character. Alone on stage, in a sort of rehearsal open to the public, Alessandro Vantini welcomes spectators to the House of Cultures, in Hamlet or the Immortality of the Soul. The monologues of Shakespeare's text and the open-hearted study of the intimate meaning of the content, the poetic and literary suggestions and the ability to grasp the essence of things, the linguistic research and the reflection on the acting practice. It is a vibrant journey into consciousness, that Vantini (trained on the techniques of the Lee Strasberg Method developed

at the Actors Studio in New York)
takes in the wake of Al Pacino's Richard III
brought to the big screen in 1996. Seeming and being,
gestures and words, soul and body,
the detachment from revenge
and the double nature of Hamlet (the first "modern" man
to appear on the scene with his doubts and his
contradictions), the doctrine of ideas and the theory
of immortality between quotations (Plato's Phaedo)
and staging, evocations, ideas, and connections.
Severe and demanding, Vantini's text unfolds
in a series of emotional reversals that reveal
the enchantment of art through myth.
Feverish, estranged, classical and bold,
the actor, who also directs,
gives life to a theater within a theater
that makes austerity and research
the quintessence of truth.
A passionate and courageous show that,
through a sharp and original investigation,
flies high beyond appearances to reveal
the soul hidden behind the tricks
and disguises of pain. Repeats until April 2.

Claudio Fontanini

**AMLETO «SPIATO»
DA DIETRO LE QUINTE**

Un uomo, un attore, un personaggio. Solo in scena, in una sorta di prova aperta al pubblico, Alessandro Vantini accoglie gli spettatori alla Casa delle Culture in *Amleto o dell'immortalità dell'anima*. I monologhi del testo di Shakespeare e lo studio a cuore aperto sul significato intimo del contenuto, le suggestioni poetiche e letterarie e la capacità di cogliere l'essenza delle cose, la ricerca linguistica e la riflessione sulla pratica recitativa. È un vibrante viaggio nella coscienza, quello che compie Vantini (formatosi sulle tecniche del Metodo di Lee Strasberg elaborato all'Actors Studio di New York) sulla scia del *Riccardo III* di Al Pacino portato sul grande schermo nel 1996. Sembrare ed essere, gesti e parole, anima e corpo, il distacco della vendetta e la doppia natura di Amleto (il primo uomo «moderno» apparso sulla scena con i suoi dubbi e le sue contraddizioni), la dottrina delle idee e la teoria dell'immortalità tra citazioni (il *Fedone* di Platone) e messinscene, evocazioni, spunti e collegamenti. Severo e impegnativo, il testo di Vantini si snoda in un susseguirsi di ribaltamenti emotivi che svelano l'incantesimo dell'arte attraverso il mito. Febbrile, straniato, classico e ardito, l'attore, che cura anche la regia, dà vita ad un teatro nel teatro che fa dell'austerità e della ricerca la quintessenza della verità. Uno spettacolo appassionato e coraggioso che attraverso un'indagine acuta ed originale, vola alto oltre le apparenze per svelare l'anima nascosta dietro i trucchi e i travestimenti del dolore. Repliche fino al 2 aprile.

Claudio Fontanini

il Giornale

“THOUGHT IS BLOOD AROUND THE HEART” - 697 pages

ALESSANDRO VANTINI

Il pensiero
è sangue
attorno al cuore



AMLETO
o
dell'immortalità dell'anima

cortellaeditore®

This is the introduction to the book.

The introduction has been written with the contribution of four persons:

Nicola Pasqualicchio, Docent of History of theater, University of Verona,

Isa Perazza de Pinedo, Maida Piccardi, therapist, Alberto Samonà, journalist.

The book was written from 2007 until 2014 and printed in 2014.

“THOUGHT IS BLOOD AROUND THE HEART”

There is a very warm invitation that I would like to address to all those who, having picked up this book, will perhaps be discouraged by its size and the apparent difficulty of the subject: read it, read it all, and you will be happy. You will come out enchanted and transformed: "enchantment" and "transformation" are two fundamental concepts of the book, but they are not limited to being concepts, theoretical points, because they are also concrete operational tools, which act on the reader and make him leave the passage of these pages as Artaud wanted one to leave the theater: different, profoundly different from how one entered.

This work speaks of theater, and of philosophy: but it is not a book for actors or philosophers, but for all men and women who care about the ultimate meaning of their humanity, and who sense that something flows, beneath the surface of our life, that can suddenly illuminate it, intensify it, make the awareness flash that the aspiration to immortality, to the transcendence of existence as pure biological duration, has something founded, concretely founded, and not consolingly deferred to the otherworldly derogations that religions – perhaps radically misunderstood in this – promise us.

Alessandro shows us how theater is the main road in the search for this dimension: not only a theoretical road, but also a concrete, experiential one. But which theater? Theater, of course, can be a form of entertainment, of more or less refined and intelligent diversion; or a tool for psychological analysis or social denunciation: no one takes these rights away from it.

But there is also a deeper and more substantial sense of theatre, which draws nourishment from its archaic and sacred roots, and which reached its extraordinary fullness with Greek tragedy, while still radiating its reflections in great subsequent episodes of Western dramaturgy, such as Shakespeare's theatre, while waiting for some masters of the twentieth-century stage to return to reveal its power and necessity. This is what Alessandro speaks to us about: a theatre which, understood in this way, is also, and above all, a form of thought. The most complete, indeed, among the forms of thought, because man (the actor and through him the spectator) is involved in it in his entirety, with his mind and body; a thought whose truths are not content to pass the test of theoretical reason, but are put to the test by their becoming flesh and blood of the actor who incorporates them and becomes their living expression.

On stage, every question, every dilemma is not posed through the comparison of theoretical principles but manifests itself in the dramatic contrast between living energies that take the form and character of characters; those characters in which the actor infuses a life that, apparently fake compared to the everyday one, is in reality truer than it, because it reaches a degree of intensity, of depth, of truth precisely, that our lives never reach, or only in the very rare cases in which a shocking experience, source of extreme pain or great joy, tears the gray veil that protects our ordinary existences. More things have been said about the figure of Hamlet, the common thread of the entire book, than about any other theatrical character: everything and the opposite of everything. Yet Alessandro, also on the basis of his stage experience of the character (let us not forget that the book was born as a “commentary” on a show which is in turn partly a staging of Shakespeare’s text and partly a reflection on the text and an interrogation of the actor on the mystery of his protagonist), manages to place him in a new light, to say unexpected things about him, supported as he is by an interpretative intention that could at first sight appear completely arbitrary: reading Hamlet in the light of Greek thought, and in particular of the philosophy and life of Socrates.

The progression of the book – with its spiral-shaped progression, which cyclically returns to the same concepts and images without ever repeating them, because with each appearance they reappear endowed with a higher degree of awareness, gaining in depth and complexity, but also in prominence – persuades us instead in an increasingly stringent way of the correctness – I would say, indeed, of the necessity – of the idea that supports it, convincing us that there is no great theatre or great character that does not draw nourishment, consciously or not, from the highest moment of Greek culture, that extraordinary phase of transition between archaism and classicism during which orality and writing, body and intellect, myth and reason, tragedy and philosophy, if already in part frontally opposed, had on the other hand not ceased to drink from a common source of knowledge that still allowed them to communicate, overlap, mirror each other, exchange roles.

It is no coincidence that both the show and the writing on Hamlet are in many ways a natural offshoot of the fundamental experience of translation, interpretation and direction that Alessandro carried out on Oedipus Rex, one of the highest examples of the ability of Greek theatre to speak to us about man's relationship with ultimate things with a power and depth never achieved again, but which constantly resonate in the pages of this book.

I said “resonate” not by chance: because in reading these pages it is as if at the same time one could physically hear them, as if they filled the surrounding space, almost as if the theatrical matrix still gave them an oral energy that envelops us and amazes us, and communicates to us the strength of a human participation so intense and total that it leaps out of the book and becomes theater, that is, real life. That the writer's voice and the actor's voice seem to become one voice here is certainly not the least result of a book that makes one of its theoretical cornerstones the need to make thought pass through the body, to “swallow” a text and then make it emit its deepest truth through the actor's breathing.

This is also why Alessandro's book enchants and transforms us. One more reason to abandon ourselves to its majestic flow and let it carry us to the mouth. Which is perhaps nothing other than the source from which the journey began, the doubt, the dilemma, the question from which we started; because only a deceptive thought can lead to the arrogance of certainties. But after the journey traveled, the question will be stronger and truer than any answer; and in the end, whoever wrote and whoever read, will truly be able to say, Socratically: I know that I don't know.

Nicola Pasqualicchio

Docent of History of theater, University of Verona

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*“The actor masks himself - always and in any case - behind the character...
I brought myself on stage. Here, now, to pursue research, man uses the actor.
Everything that happens here, to the actor and to the character,
is the responsibility of man”.*

I don't think other words are needed, each of us has our own responsibilities in what we do or pursue in daily life, in the choices we make and in the humility with which we carry out our work, whatever it is, trying to draw from it, in any case, a lesson and an energy, for ourselves and for others. We can only express our gratitude for what is transmitted to us and that we receive from this reading, for the strength and tenacity that are transmitted to us in facing a daily life that we could share. Thank you,

Isa Perazza de Pinedo

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We grasp, or grasp us, reading these pages, the profound wonder of sharing the experience. It is a generous gift, but above all it is looking out, crossing the spaces into which you are led,

on something that seemed dormant - forgotten, almost - that echoes, as if by assonance, from the depths of ourselves, just like... an awakening.

The original voice of the work is the constant and impersonal invitation to actively share the mystery of the human being. I look at the book, I open it at random, my eyes run the words, it talks about a theatrical performance.

Behind the unfolding of the sentences, something holds me, carries me, disturbs me.

It is the story of a text faced, experienced on stage, in the theater, animated by extraordinary vitality, the energy of an understanding. I read and feel moving depths of me that I would not even like to touch, I react, I participate.

... But who does he think he is? ... Magic, reflection, shared energy? ... But who do I think I am?

Called to a game usually denied, I live an enthusiasm, a refusal, perhaps the secret envy for a true life choice, for those who pay for life, live it and generously give themselves.

We are not used to being challenged by this type of energy. We are taken by surprise by seeing a question arise, by being invited to take on what the actor intentionally chooses to live.

The actor-writer deliberately lives painful questions related to the character.

It thus becomes possible to transmit an energy and share it with the reader-spectator at an essential level.

It allows a merciless look at what we are, and that we would never want to be seen...

I do not want to experience the painful questioning of Hamlet, the anguish of Jocasta, the denial of the light of Oedipus forever. But reading and reading again responds to a need that goes beyond.

Something extremely concrete passes through the reader in an unusual and unexpected way, the usual way of assuming the contents is distorted, ideas, images, landscapes of a vivid interior world appear, not associations of ideas, not pale holograms of life told and not lived.

Feeling it is vital, compelling. Author, text, reader, the terms change place and merge together, actor, spectator, theater, become the ability to participate in the impression of a unity.

The spectator-reader lives it and is vivified by it.

This book is a circular game, you can read it from top to bottom and feel alive, from bottom to top, and feel alive.

Open it at random and feel alive, because this is the essence that animates it, the vitality.

You can find food for thought in the elaborate philosophical structures, in the children's themes, in the descriptions of the scenic exercise, in the monologues, in the impressions of friends, in the investigations into life, because it is life. The written page as an asceticism and a gymnasium of the soul, where the intellect trains to welcome the lightness of the metaphysical exercise, to touch the essence of vital reality, which is its purpose and means of sharing. We can linger for hours on a sentence and feel exalted, laugh at another, we can carry it around with us for days refusing to open it, blame the author, we can decide to throw it away because it made us feel bad and go and fish it out, because it is an inexhaustible mine, a mountain to be excavated.

It would be a real shame to leave it on display in a bookshop - because it is also a beautiful object to look at - and not share with the author the material of the research contained within.

If we are able to fertilize the earth with a substance that it does not possess, a new earth can arise.

I need living material.

Reading this book allows you to observe the passage of an energy.

You are called to look at interior scenarios, where apparently unknown forces move, which reveal themselves to have always been alive in essence. From whatever point you open the book, you return to the center ... You are brought back inside by a tug.

Maida Piccardi

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...here is the characteristic feature of this book: that is, it is not the exposition of a theory or philosophy on theatre. Instead, it appears to be the symbolic-practical account of a direct experience: theatrical experience, in fact, but not only, since the challenge is to bear witness to a vision of the human being and his possibilities in contact with daily choices that become metaphor and game. The actor is therefore the protagonist of this passage over the wire, which is not an end in itself, but consciously projected to look ahead. Life itself, therefore, and no longer just theatre, recovers a sacred dimension, since it rediscovers the significant data of ritual, myth and symbol that seemed lost forever and ineluctably consigned to an ancestral memory.

Alessandro Vantini shows us how these, on the contrary, are not mere elements of the past, but possibilities of the present given to us by the traditional world and that can live, if only we learn to recognize them in our lives.

Alberto Samonà

- THESE NOTES ARE TAKEN FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE BOOK,
WHOSE ORIGIN IS THE THEATER MONOLOGUE

This monologue is not a show, but a private, intimate, almost secret moment of an actor when he tries, searches, asks himself questions.

The actor we see working is in an isolated place, secluded from everything, he is not in a theater, but in a closed room, alone in front of himself.

He does not realize he is in front of people: it is as if the "audience" was "spiing" on him, secretly.

Nothing that happens in the theater is different from any rehearsal;

I only make a synthesis of the material I have discovered.

The audience attends a rehearsal and only a rehearsal.

About four years ago (in 2005) I confided in a high school friend of mine a project: a "conference-show", in the form of a monologue, in which I wanted to question the current opinion according to which Hamlet is weak and indecisive.

The idea was still very generic: to play some monologues and express some reflections on the text and the character. Nothing more.

Some months later, at the end of August 2005, my high school friend, a professor of theater history at the University of Verona, called me to ask if the monologue we had talked about was ready: in fact, in the first part of the academic year that was about to begin, he would have held a monographic course on some productions of "Hamlet", and he would have liked, at the end of the course, that is, in December 2005, to host in Verona some shows centered on the figure of Hamlet, including my monologue.

I replied that no, it was not ready.

But that I would have prepared it.

I took this proposal as an opportunity and a challenge.

The appointment was set for December 5 and 6, 2005 in Verona, at the Camploy theater, near the University.

I devoted myself completely to this project, even though at that time I was busy with many commitments, always in the theater, and could only work early in the morning or very late at night.

I cannot deny that for the first two months I was very worried, not to say scared: I realized that the work and the responsibility were enormous, that it is one thing to talk about a project and quite another to realize it, without even a written text to base myself on.

Moreover, in front of an audience of university professors and students.

The preparatory work consisted of this: acting or studying some monologues of “Hamlet” and briefly noting, standing up, on a sheet of paper that I kept next to me during the rehearsals, the reflections, the ideas, “lucubrations” that seemed interesting to me, also taking into account reflections and experiences that I had had in the past.

But I felt that this was not enough: the idea I had started from could be very interesting, perhaps, and, for all I knew, original,

but I needed something even deeper, something that would involve me totally.

What? I searched in vain, I felt almost incapable of proceeding.

Until one day, while I was reflecting on that part of the monologue

“*to be or not to be*” in which Hamlet questions himself

in front of the mystery of death,

“*the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns*”.

I found it interesting and curious that Hamlet considered death not as a moment, a state of being or of the body, a passage or something else, but as a place, a space in which the soul flies

(...*rather than fly to others that we know not of?* ...).

I remembered the long story in which Socrates, in the “Phaedo”, shortly before drinking the hemlock, tells of the afterlife, of the journey of souls after death, of the rivers that are inside the earth, of Tartarus, of the world of Ideas and knowledge. I remembered this story very well because, during high school, we had been made to read and then translate some parts of it due to the enormous importance that this text has for the history of philosophy, for Greek literature and for understanding the origins of the cosmology of the Divine Comedy, in particular the architecture of the “Inferno”.

It was truly a miracle, not only because the connection with the Phaedo gave a fundamental and irreplaceable impulse to the work I had undertaken, but above all because I

- as a person, as an “author”, even as an actor -
was completely sidelined...

...

I report here an experience.
A living experience, in the theater, later turned into reflection.

This passage has been repeated and matured over and over again over the years.
In writing, as in the theater, the aim is to share.
The prerequisite for sharing is sincerity. I will be sincere, as much as I can.
A mannered humility is much worse than lying.
Pride must be extinguished even more than the fire,
Diogenes Laertius wrote (IX, 2):
if I “exceed the measure”, it will be the price I pay to share,
generously, without reservations or false modesty,
what I have experienced.

*I will tell you clearly everything you want to know,
without weaving riddles, but with sincere speech,
as it is right to open one's mouth in front of friends.
(Aeschylus, Prometheus Bound, vv.609 - 611)*

The show, which lasts more than two hours without interval,
is first of all, for me, an enormous and total
physical, emotional and intellectual experience
- and above all of life, of existence –
in no way comparable, in intensity, vastness and commitment,
to any other, in life, in the theater or elsewhere.
Continuing only brings the experience to almost unbearable levels.
However, when it is expressed in the theater,
any suffering, even the most terrible,
contains within itself a common denominator,
a basic harmony that changes its nature.
And suffering transforms its nature into exultation.
The exultant suffering that is shared with the theater.
This is the specific experience.
I establish parallels or analogies that are perhaps reckless:
I do it in an attempt to search.
They are metaphors, allegories,
which certainly do not serve to impose answers on me
or to propose a point of view to others, but to face a mystery.

*In fact, the nature of the enigma is this:
in saying real things, joining impossible things.
It is not possible to do this, therefore,
according to the connection of names,
but according to the metaphor it is possible...
(Aristotle, Poetics, 1458 a 26-30).*

A paradox: "*in saying real things, joining impossible things*"
in order to arrive at a "*sincere speech*";
however, it is the only way to try to share
the energy of an elusive question.
It is impossible to bring analogies related to everyday life:
there are none, as far as I know. It is another level of energy.
"*Weaving enigmas*" is not the initiative of someone
(unless it is Apollo, or Prometheus himself) who, in any way,
takes action and questions himself (or already knows beforehand).
The metaphor, the allegory, the enigma are imposed
by the ineffable and transcendent nature of reality:
it cannot be contained in form or language,
which therefore end up becoming a means to hide,
or confuse, or to stimulate research,
certainly not to reveal or resolve,
if not in an illusory way.
Life, death, love, hate, conflicts, clashes,
enigmas, mysteries, prayers, rites:
none of these human experiences, that each of us lives,
can exemplify the total one of the theater, which takes them all in itself,
but transcends their energy, physically, emotionally and intellectually,
spiritually, in the light of a higher meaning.
What is the meaning, I still seek.

...

You find yourself doing something simply because you feel you must do it.
It comes from the depths of ourselves. You don't know where from.
And it forces you to go all the way.
Truth... soul... freedom... immortality... philosophy... being.
Words. Only words. Elaborations of thought.
Reality is something else.
It is in the moment.
Only the need to travel this path, follow the call.
It comes from the depths, it does not allow doubts or hesitations.
Just start the journey. You don't know where it leads.
Or if it is a journey.
It doesn't matter.
Just take the risk. There is no choice. Face the fear.
You don't think about it. You don't make plans. It's impossible.
There is no time. It's another time.
Just give voice to something that is born and exists only in the silence.
In these words, hidden, deep down, there is a silence.

I ask you to listen.
Words and silence.

...

I started in a theater. Standing. Alone.
I had no idea what direction to take.
After the first few days of euphoria,
I was tempted for a long time to give up.
The only fixed point was the irreconcilability of the conflict:
I had played Oedipus Rex for four years (now ten) in a row
and I felt that there were points in common between Oedipus and Hamlet.
A physical, animal sensation, or a sensation of an actor,
which is the same thing:
this was the starting point.
The rest of the work consisted of looking for the path.
I didn't find it.
The path found me.
The show I brought to the stage and the text
that I now find written before me, surprise me as much as,
I believe, they will surprise you.
Nothing resembles an initial project:
there has never been an initial project.
I followed what the power of this material suggested.
Imposed.
I tried to submit. To conform me.
Here is the account of the incredible adventure I lived.
I was free.
Acting within myself, this experience left me with the taste of freedom.
It is a joy to share the fruit of this work.
But it remains a suffering.
Not being able to share the substance of this freedom.

(...697 pages follow this introduction)

THANK YOU

I thank friends, colleagues, critics who expressed, immediately after the show, their impressions, "hot", giving a fundamental feedback, often unexpected and surprising, to some underlying themes that were "behind" the work, the words, the staging: they were able to feel, intuit, perceive what I had tried to share, through the theater, while keeping it "hidden".
None of the opinions and impressions that I report concern the show itself.

Thanking these people is still not enough.

I need to report these opinions for a fundamental reason: to give solidity to what I have said up to now, and to what I will say later, through the living testimony of some spectators who are particularly attentive and sensitive to the work and research.

The monologue of victory. You enter having already won.

It is the monologue of victory over all your internal monsters.

Very private, intimate.

Piero N. - actor

After four days I'm still thinking about it, and that's a good sign.

Piero N. - actor

You gave yourself much more than last year. Good job.

Andrea C.- journalist

In five or six points of the show I saw you change completely, but physically, really physically.

It was as if the words changed you. You were beautiful and attractive, then repulsive, then ugly and hateful and other things.

You changed physically. And it wasn't the lights.

One says: "There were lights, changes of light". No, the lights were fixed.

It was you who changed. I saw things of you that I had never seen.

I saw a soldier.

And then a gigantic solitude. Not a solitude like that, petty, small, but a gigantic solitude.

You expressed a giant solitude.

Thomas Z. - actor, director

Thank you, thank you. I have no words.

T. C. - pharmacist

I have matured in this year and I have understood things that I had not understood when I saw it last year.

Maria Rosa S. - actress

Very important this great energy of thought that was able to keep the attention alive for two hours.

M. Th. - pianist

.....and congratulations for the pauses!

Josè G. - actress

An explosion of the body that fills the space.

Enrico L. - actor, screenwriter

You were pure energy, a fire.

Ivana L. - therapist

When you reconstructed the person who died, I didn't dare look at you and I looked at the audience. No one dared look at you.

Damn, what generosity! I wouldn't be capable of such generosity. (with tears in her eyes)

Maria G. R. H. - actress, director, teacher

Meeting with Alessandro F.

Add more reflections at the end. The end is a bit too fast.

Generosity, great generosity.

Difficulty in the first half hour. If it will be two hours like this...

...but then I get caught and I find myself at the end without realizing it.

That's why it's worth saying something more at the end. Now you've got us.

Generosity, he insisted on generosity. Very insisted.

"It must be scary (very highlighted) at the beginning, before starting, knowing you have to do a show like that".

Alessandro F. - actor, director, teacher

I was struck by the many nuances of the voice.

And then it was as if there was a "basso continuo" underneath.

Maria M. I. - soprano, opera singer

You did a great job. And I can see that there is a great job behind it.

Go, go, you are able to sustain.

Go, go. A great job that is behind it. You sustain.

(He sees in me realized what he hears and experiences. What a responsibility!)

(Something incredibly direct in what he told me, as was his gaze during the show).

Beatrice C. - actress