



Rosadeivent'i



ALMERIA

by Alessandra Serena Cappelletti and Alice Zecchinelli

Length: 28'55"

Speaker and Author: Alessandra Serena Cappelletti
Composer and Sound Designer: Alice Zecchinelli

00'02" [canto di cicale molto forte, distorto e malato; vento, passi]
[very loud, distorted and sick cicadas' sound; wind, steps]

Voce narrante

00'08"
Quassù non c'è niente. Però fai venti scalini e ti ritrovi ai piedi di Cristo: cinque metri in marmo di Macael. Somiglia un po' a quello di Rio, solo che l'abbraccio è meno convinto, più dimesso, come se dicesse "scusate, non posso farci niente".

musica

Intorno alla statua ci sono carte di cicles che l'erba secca tiene su, come in un eterno stage diving. Passa un uomo col cane. Il cane ha le pulci, il padrone non è messo meglio. C'è un campetto deserto in cemento, a spirapolveri parcheggiate all'angolo, Renault abbandonate targate 1973.

[cicale]

01'07"
Sei venuto fin quassù per guardare la città dall'alto, dal punto di vista di Dio. Proprio come nell'anfiteatro greco e nei barrios di Bogotá, i quartieri alti, i quartieri in alto, sono i più poveri, però sono anche quelli che offrono la vista migliore: vedi tutto, senti amplificato. Quassù i grilli cantano così forte che a volte li confondi con i guizzi elettrici dell'alta tensione. Fa caldo. L'aria frigge. Allora guardi giù.

[passi]

Vedi le strade deserte perché oggi è giorno di feria: si festeggia la Virgen del Mar. Gli ultimi disperati sono tutti riuniti a Plaza de Toros. Conti un paio di vecchi, qualche signora, un ragazzino, e poi c'è un giovane uomo, piuttosto alto.

[folla]

Narrator

There's nothing up here. But you just climb twenty steps and you find yourself at the feet of Christ: five meters in Macael marble. It looks a little like the one in Rio, except that the hug is less passionate, more resigned, as if he was saying "Sorry, I can't help it".

music

All around the statue there are gum wrappers suspended on the grass, like in an eternal stage diving. A man with a dog. The dog has fleas, the man does not look in better shape. There is a desert playground, some hoovers parked around the corner, an abandoned Renault that dates back to 1973.

[more cicadas]

You came all the way up here to watch the city from above, from God's point of view. Just like in the Greek amphitheatres and in the barrios of Bogotá, the uptowns are the poorest areas, but they are also the place that offers the best view: you can see everything, you can hear more. Up here, the cicadas sing so loudly that sometimes you confuse them with the electric flashes from the Hi-voltage tower. It's warm. The air is frying. So you look down.

[steps]

The streets are desert because today it's holiday: people celebrate la Virgen del Mar. The last desperate ones are all gathered in Plaza de Toros. There's just a couple of old people, few ladies, a little boy, and then there is this young man, quite tall.

[crowd]

L'uomo ha un lieve ritardo mentale. Sono tutti in piedi fuori dall'arena. Dentro, un giovane torero se la sta vedendo con un toro: ha venti minuti di tempo per farlo fuori, dopodiché il toro capirà il gioco e tutto si farà molto, molto difficile.

[portone che si apre]

02'27"

L'intelligenza della bestia è lenta ma plastica: per questo i tori vengono portati in arena prima che abbiano compiuto il quinto anno di età, cioè prima che sviluppino l'intelligenza tale per capire che la corrida è una fregatura. Di tanto in tanto il giovane deficiente si alza sulle punte, butta un occhio dentro e urla: "Lo ha mata'o! Lo ha mata'o!". Va avanti così per mezz'ora e tu non capisci se stia aspettando la morte del toro o quella del torero.

[musica della corrida, urla]

03'10"

Le sue urla arrivano fin quassù come le urla di un babbuino. Un animale vale l'altro, dal punto di vista di Dio.

[fuochi d'artificio, cicale]

03'27"

Ti sporgi un po' più in là e vedi la costa, vedi il lungomare. Ti viene in mente che ieri sera sparavano i fuochi d'artificio: i bambini prendevano il gelato, le madri sorvegliavano dalle panchine, gli adolescenti mangiavano la pizza tutti in tiro. Alle 11 era tutto finito. Stamattina eri ancora lì quando sono venuti a riprendersi il pazzo che era scappato dall'istituto e che si aggirava nudo per strada: voleva fare il bagno.

The man has a slight mental retardation. They are all standing outside the bull ring. Inside, a young bullfighter is dealing with a bull: he has twenty minutes to kill the bull, then the bull will get the game and everything will get very, very difficult.

[bull ring's main door opening]

The intelligence of the beast is slow but flexible: that's why the bulls are taken to the bull ring before they are five years old, meaning before they develop the intelligence to understand that bullfighting is a scam. Occasionally the young retarded stands on his toes, takes a look inside and shouts: "He killed him! He killed him!". He goes on for half an hour and it's not clear whether is waiting for the bull or the bullfighter to die...

[shouting and traditional bullfighting music]

From here, his screams sound like the screams of a baboon. One animal or another - it's the same, from God's point of view.

[fireworks, and cicadas again]

You lean out a little bit further and you can see the coast, you can see the seafront. You remember that last night there were fireworks. Children were getting their ice cream, mothers were watching from the benches, teenagers dressed up in a fancy way were eating pizzas. By 11:00 PM it was all over. This morning you were still there when they came back to take back the lunatic who had escaped from the hospital and was wandering around naked in the street: he just wanted to take a swim.

04'00" C'è così tanto silenzio che la sirena dell'ambulanza sembrava il lamento di un lupo solitario. Dove sono le altre ambulanze? Dov'è il branco di pazzi fratelli?

[musica soul dalla radio]

Dal centro della città parte la strada per Cabo de Gata: km di niente. Costa arsa puntellata qua e là da serre, serre come tende di beduini che fossero scappati improvvisamente, oppure rapiti dagli extraterrestri. Uno dei villaggi di Cabo de Gata si chiama la Isleta del Moro: si dice che i suoi abitanti siano tutti pazzi per via del vento, così vai lì e glielo chiedi: "È vero che siete pazzi?". Ti dicono di no, però ti raccontano di quella volta che una inondazione ha travolto una mandria di cavalli e ha riportato le carcasse a riva.

[cambio stazione radio, musica tango, cicale]

05'03" In piazza all'Isleta c'è un'automobile abbandonata: finestrini all'ingiù, autoradio accesa...

05'14" Sei ad Almeria, sei in cima al mondo. Almeria, da Al-Meriya, torre di osservazione. Il mondo dal punto di vista di Dio. Ed è in questo momento che lo capisci: che per raccontare una storia dovrai scendere. Dovrai guardare un uomo dal punto di vista di un uomo. Quell'uomo cammina adesso nella parallela al lungomare. Ha una fila di denti perfetti, un taglio che va dall'orecchio al collo.

Un cancro alla gola.

There is so much silence that the ambulance siren sounds like a lone wolf moaning. Where are the other ambulances? Where is the pack of crazy brothers?

[soul music from a radio]

From the city centre starts the road to Cabo de Gata: kilometers of nothing. Burned coastline interrupted here and there by greenhouses, greenhouses like tents of Bedouins suddenly escaped or kidnapped by extraterrestrials. One of the villages of Cabo de Gata is called la Isleta del Moro. It is said that its inhabitants are all crazy because of the wind, that's why you go there and ask them: "Is it true that you are crazy?". They say no, but then they tell you about the time a flood swept over a herd of horses and brought the remains back ashore.

[change of radio station: now is tango music, and obviously cicadas]

There is an abandoned car in la Isleta's square: windows down, radio on...

You are in Almeria, you are on top of the world. Almeria, from Al-Meriya, "observation tower". The world from God's point of view. Now you finally get it: if you want to tell a story, you have to come down. You have to look at a man from a man's point of view. That man is now walking down by the seafront. He has a row of perfect teeth, a cut from his ear to his neck.

A throat cancer.

05'53" [jingle]

Voce automatica
MALATTIA

[auto che passano]

05'56" **Alice**

¿Cómo has curado el cáncer?

Joseph Salvador

El cáncer? I went through their process, con el chemotherapy and el radiation, y lo dejé, porque me estaban matando, me estaban ma[tando]... y digo: "Mira..."

Alice

Es veneno [sic]...

Joseph Salvador

"Me voy". Dicen: "No se puede hacer eso". "Watch. Just hide and watch". Hay un montón de gente dando por culo y no te dejan morir.

musica

Ya son dos veces que me... y la próxima vez lo tengo hecho en escrito que me tienen que dejar, ya: no more wonder drugs. Because the side effects son tremendos. Y si uno no tiene - y lo estoy viviendo todos días - la calidad de vida que tenías o conocías o conoces o esperas... tirate por un puente and hope for the best.

06'54"

Then you will have both, the radiation and the chemotherapy, so it's a long ass day, and they are putting poison in your body... and I felt like going upstairs out of the roof or some place to smoke a joint, you know? And the girls: "Oh, you can't be smoking that, that's poison!". It's the one you put in me.

Alice e Alessandra
(Risate)

[jingle]

Automatic voice
ILLNESS

[cars passing by]

Alice

How did you cure the cancer?

Joseph Salvador

El cáncer? I went through their process, with chemotherapy and radiation, but I quit, I quit because they were killing me, I mean, they were... I said: "Look..."

Alice

It's poison...

Joseph Salvador

"I quit". They said: "You cannot do this". "Watch. Just hide and watch." There's a lot of people dando por culo and they don't let you die.

music

It's been already twice that... and for the next time I have it on paper that they must let me go. No more wonder drugs, because the side effects... are terrible. And if you can't have - and I'm living it up every day - the quality of life you had or knew or know or expect... just throw yourself off a bridge and hope for the best.

Then you will have both, the radiation and the chemotherapy, so it's a long ass day, and they are putting poison in your body... and I felt like going upstairs out of the roof or some place to smoke a joint, you know? And the girls: "Oh, you can't be smoking that, that's poison!". "It's the one you put in me!".

Alice and Alessandra
(Laughing)

07'16"

Joseph Salvador

I believe because I know two other people who – just like me – said no more. “Oh no, you’re gonna never survive”. It’s been over a year, you know, and here I am! You know, I get tired, I get tired, in psychologically I just... don’t even think about it. I don’t... I can’t...

Alice

Eso es lo importante.

Joseph Salvador

Because si lo piensas y lo piensas y una vez que te tumbas... adiós! Más vale darte un tiro porqué no vas a superar eso. La verdad... si una y otra vez dices: “No me pasa... sí me pasa algo, pero no me pasa nada, voy a seguir”. Yeah. So...

Alice

Però è importante.

07'56"

Joseph Salvador

I am going to do nothing but what I am doing now (*risata*). Just nothing! Eating, smoking...

Alessandra

Smoking is bueno for the pain, right?

Joseph Salvador

It gives you appetite and certainly changes your attitude. And there is one of five doctors I have seen so far that says: “Hey, if it works, don’t fix it. Si estás bien con eso, por favor, ¡síguelo!”.

Alessandra

Cierto.

Joseph Salvador

I believe because I know two other people who – just like me – said no more. “Oh no, you’re gonna never survive”. It’s been over a year, you know, and here I am! You know, I get tired, I get tired, and psychologically I just... don’t even think about it. I don’t... I can’t...

Alice

This is the important thing.

Joseph Salvador

Because if you keep thinking about it, once you lie down... *adiós!* You better shoot yourself because you’re not going to get over that. But the truth is, if you say: “It’s nothing... Well, it’s something but it’s nothing, I’ll just go on”. Yeah. So...

Alice

But it is important.

Joseph Salvador

I am going to do nothing but what I am doing now (*laughing*). Just nothing! Eating, smoking...

Alessandra

Smoking is bueno for the pain, right?

Joseph Salvador

It gives you appetite and certainly changes your attitude. And there is one of five doctors I have seen so far that says: “Hey, if it works, don’t fix it. Si estás bien con eso, por favor, ¡síguelo!”.

Alessandra

Yeah, of course.

08'24"

Voce narrante
If it works, don't fix it... Ce l'avrà detto veramente un milione di volte. Succede molto ai vecchi, moltissimo a chi attraversa una malattia, di fabbricarsi delle specie di ritornelli, delle espressioni formulari, tipo i motti delle casate medievali.

musica

Queste espressioni formulari funzionano un po' da carta d'identità, come dire: "If it works, don't fix it: questo sono io", e un po' da antidoto alla tristezza.

Si chiama Joseph Salvador perché da neonato è sopravvissuto a tre settimane in incubatrice, perciò il nome Salvador è, in qualche misura, un omaggio a chi lo ha salvato. Però secondo noi è anche, in un certo senso come tutti i nomi, il segno di un destino: Il Salvatore.

09'14"

La prima cosa che dovete sapere di Salvador è che ha un cancro alla gola, non ha la tiroide – perciò non sente lo stimolo della fame – e non percepisce i sapori.

La seconda cosa che dovete sapere è che vi offrirà colazione, pranzo e cena e godrà della vostra compagnia come se la vostra compagnia fosse il piatto principale (oltre a darvi l'inquietante impressione di sapere molto meglio di voi quanto è buono il cibo che state mangiando); tutto questo nell'illusione che la marijuana gli restituisca, se non la percezione dei sapori, quantomeno lo stimolo della fame.

La terza che dovete sapere è che, al pari della vostra salute, si interesserà anche della salute dello Yemen, della Siria, della Grecia, dell'Italia terremotata. Conterà i morti e dirà: "Che cavolo faccio qui?".

Narrator

If it works, don't fix it. He's really told us a million times. It happens a lot to old people, or very often to those who have been through a disease: they create for themselves some kind of refrains, of formulaic phrases, like the mottos of the medieval noble families.

music

These formulaic phrases are a sort of identity card, like saying: "If it works, don't fix it: that's me", and a bit like an antidote to sadness. His name is Joseph Salvador because as a newborn he survived three weeks in an incubator, so the name Salvador is, to some extent, a tribute to those who saved his life. But in our opinion it is also, like all names, the sign of a destiny: The Savior.

The first thing you need to know about Salvador is that he has throat cancer, he has no thyroid gland so he does not feel hunger or tastes. The second thing you need to know is that he will offer you breakfast, lunch, dinner, and he will enjoy being with you as if being with you was the main dish (besides giving you the disturbing impression that he knows much better than you how good the food you are eating is); and all this while hoping that marijuana would give him back, if not the perception of flavors, at least the stimulus of hunger. The third thing you need to know is that, just like your health, he will also be interested in the health of Yemen, Syria, Greece, and Italy devastated by earthquakes. He will count the dead and say: "What the hell am I doing here?".

10'06"	[jingle]	[jingle]
	Voce automatica	Automatic voice
	IMMIGRAZIONI, CATASTROFI, ESISTENZA DI DIO	IMMIGRATION, CATASTROPHES, GOD'S EXISTENCE
	musica	music
10'10"	Joseph Salvador	Joseph Salvador
	Well, I was number one in the country, for numbers, and because I am a single, they will send me all over the places, because I didn't have: "Oh I can't go because my kid has to go to the dentist", "Oh I can't go because, you know, my mother in law is getting a sex change..."	Well, I was number one in the country, for numbers, and because I am a single, they will send me all over the places, because I didn't have: "Oh, I can't go because my kid has to go to the dentist", "Oh, I can't go because, you know, my mother-in-law is getting a sex change..."
	Alice e Alessandra	Alice and Alessandra
	(Risate) Really? What?	(Laughing) Really? What?
	Joseph Salvador	Joseph Salvador
	So, it's great...	So, it's great...
	Alice e Alessandra	Alice and Alessandra
	Your mother-in-law...	Your mother-in-law...
	Voce narrante	Narrator
10'34"	Joseph Salvador, spagnolo di nascita, newyorkese d'adozione, ha lavorato una vita intera per il governo americano, sezione immigrazione. Praticamente il suo compito era girare gli Stati Uniti per tirare fuori i bambini dai campi di lavoro (e infatti un altro dei suoi ritornelli preferiti era: "My work was education, not immigration"). Sul lavoro era il numero uno, e non soltanto perché non aveva moglie né figli, né, come vi ha detto poco fa, una suocera da portare a fare il cambio di sesso, ma anche perché è oggettivamente un tipo amabile.	Joseph Salvador. Spanish by birth, New Yorker by adoption. He has worked a lifetime for the U.S. government's Immigration Department. Basically his job was to travel around the country to get children out of labor camps (and in fact another of his favorite refrains was: "My work was education, not immigration"). At work he was number one, and not only because he didn't have a wife or kids nor, as he told you earlier, a mother-in-law to take for a sex change, but also because he is undoubtedly a lovely guy.
	[Salvador in sottofondo]	[Joseph Salvador speaking in the background]
	Quando gli chiediamo di estrarre dal cappello un ricordo di quel periodo, lui ci parla di un uomo, un clandestino dal Guatemala che di lavoro squartava polli vivi.	When we ask him to share a memory from that time, he tells us about a man, an illegal immigrant from Guatemala whose job was slaughtering chicken.

Joseph Salvador

... and my work was education, not immigration.

11'28"

Voce narrante

Quando Salvador è andato a parlarci, quest'uomo credeva che Salvador fosse uno del governo che volesse rimandarlo indietro, quindi si teneva a distanza di sicurezza e rispondeva col silenzio a qualsiasi domanda. E nonostante tutti lo rassicurassero, dicendogli appunto che Salvador era uno di cui ci si poteva fidare (“because my work was education, not immigration”), quell'uomo non smetteva di guardarla così. E ancora oggi, dopo quasi vent'anni, Salvador ricorda quello sguardo, quegli occhi, fissi, immobili, sempre uguali, che erano anche l'unica cosa distinguibile in mezzo a quella figura interamente coperta di sangue di pollo da capo a piedi.

[*Salvador in sottofondo*]

musica

12'12"

Yemen, Grecia, Siria... Salvador passava le serate davanti alle *breaking news*. Si scandalizzava come un ex allenatore si scandalizzerebbe per un gol sbagliato. Si scandalizzava come uno che c'era stato dentro, come se si rammaricasse profondamente per un pessimo servizio. Soprattutto si dispiaceva per i bambini, e di qui, infatti, la domanda delle domande: *¿á donde está el salvador?*

12'42"

Joseph Salvador

¿Cómo es que estas cosas pasan?
What's going on? What is going on?

Joseph Salvador

... and my work was education, not immigration...

Narrator

When Salvador went to talk to him, this man believed Salvador was working for the government and wanted to send him back, so he kept a safe distance and answered every question with silence. And although everyone reassured him, telling him that Salvador was someone who could be trusted (“because my work was education, not immigration”), that man never stopped looking at him like that. And still today, after almost twenty years, Salvador remembers that look, those eyes, fixed, motionless, never changing, which were also the only thing distinguishable in the middle of that body entirely covered in chicken blood from head to foot.

[*Salvador still speaking in the background*]

music

Yemen, Greece, Syria... Salvador spent his evenings watching the *breaking news*. He was shocked as a former coach would be shocked by a missed goal. He was shocked as someone who had been inside the business, as if he deeply regretted a bad service. Above all he felt sorry for the children, and hence the question of the questions: *¿á donde está el salvador?* [Where is The Savior?]

Joseph Salvador

¿Cómo es que estas cosas pasan?
[How do these things happen?]
What's going on? What is going on?

13'28"	[jingle]	[jingle]
	Voce automatica DENARO	Automatic voice MONEY
	[stoviglie e chiacchiericcio al ristorante]	[clattering dishes and chatting at the restaurant]
13'30"	Joseph Salvador	Joseph Salvador
I have a house, yes, a beautiful house and lots of properties. I have a river, the mountains... Beautiful!	I have a house, yes, a beautiful house and lots of properties. I have a river, the mountains... Beautiful!	
	musica	music
Pero no quiero... saber de la casa, no quiero saber: "Oh, le falta esto, hay que pagar esto, you know"... Ya en este tiempo de mi vida que me quedan cuatro días de quality life, quality life, quiero separarme de todas estas cosas, no quiero... La única cosa que quiero pensar es: ¿á donde voy a comer esta tarde?	But I don't want to know... I don't want to hear anything about the house, I don't want to hear: "Oh, this is missing, you have to pay for that"... In this time of my life that I have four days of quality life to live, I want to separate myself from all these things, I don't want... The only thing I want to think about is: where am I going to eat tonight?	
Alice ¡Bueno!	Alice It's fine!	
14'03"	Joseph Salvador	Joseph Salvador
Is it not great? I think I earned it. I am not calling it "being selfish", porque yo muchas veces en la vida he dicho [dicho]: "No, no, yo no puedo pedir pa' eso porque entonces it sounds like I'm being selfish". ¡Por aquí! I'm gonna start being selfish.	Is it not great? I think I earned it. I'm not calling it "being selfish", because many times in life I said: "No, no, I can't ask for this thing because it sounds like I'm being selfish". To hell with it! I'm gonna start being selfish.	
Alice e Alessandra Yeah!	Alice and Alessandra Yeah!	
14'17"	Joseph Salvador	Joseph Salvador
I am gonna make up for all that lost time. I'm a survivor.	I am gonna make up for all that lost time. I'm a survivor.	
[traffico, automobili che passano]	[cars passing by]	
When you are a student... anything, you know, I have been a worker without money.	When you are a student... anything, you know, I've been a worker without money.	
Alessandra Yeah, of course.	Alessandra Yeah, of course.	

14'29"
Joseph Salvador
You know, hay muchas veces que te pillas sin dinero.

musica

You know, things happen. Eso. I never was really able to enjoy. Cuando tienes la edad mia y se te entran casi dos mil, now, I am running out of time, I have got two thousand dollars a month to spend... and I blow it!

Alice
(Risate)

Joseph Salvador
... I spend it, you know, that's what they stand for, I guess.

musica

Voce narrante

14'57"
Salvador è ricco, ricco sfondato, e lo è nell'unico senso possibile: ha un sacco di tempo per sé e non deve preoccuparsi dei soldi (oltre ad avere un paio di ettari di proprietà nella campagna newyorkese, ma questo è un altro discorso). Per lui il denaro è energia che fluisce, e lo è veramente, non come in quegli inquietanti esercizi di visualizzazione creativa.

musica

15'22"
Lo è perché fa l'elemosina, dà il doppio della mancia, compra cose inutili per fare piacere a qualcuno, fa colazione al bar tutte le mattine e ogni tanto paga perfino l'affitto a chi non può permetterselo.

15'37"
Joseph Salvador
I've always thought that in order to have good time - travel well, eat well, sleep off - you have to have the money. Pues sí, pero no prestado, no diciendo: "Mira, I am going to get all my American Express, and run off my credit card, I don't care" - no.

Joseph Salvador
You know, many times you find yourself with no money at all.

music

You know, things happen. So, I never was really able to enjoy. But when you're my age and you get almost two thousand dollars, you know, I am running out of time, I have got two thousand dollars a month to spend... and I blow it!

Alice
(Laughing)

Joseph Salvador
... I spend it, you know, that's what they stand for, I guess.

music

Narrator

Salvador is rich, rich as hell, and in the only possible way: he has a lot of time for himself and he doesn't have to worry about money (besides having a couple of hectares of property in the countryside near New York, but that's another story). For him money is energy flowing, and it really is, not like in those disturbing creative visualization exercises.

music

He is rich because he gives alms, he leaves twice the tip, he buys useless things to please someone, he has breakfast at the bar every morning and sometimes he even pays the rent for those who can't afford it.

Joseph Salvador
I've always thought that in order to have good time - travel well, eat well, sleep off - you have to have the money. Yes, that's true, and I'm not speaking about borrowed money, nor "Listen, I am going to get all my American Express, and run off my credit card, I don't care" - no.

Because you'll never have a good time, because you are always wondering: "Oh-oh, I shouldn't have that thirty dollar steak, I should have that two dollar hamburger".

Alice

Yes.

16'08"

Joseph Salvador

You know, and now, at this age, hell, it makes a lot of difference when you have the money and you don't care! You just don't care. And anymore, I just don't care.

16'23"

Voce narrante

Per una settimana io e Alice siamo state ospiti nella sua casa a Rocquetas del Mar. Cioè, io e Alice, quelle che hanno girato per il Mediterraneo per un mese con mille euro in tasca. In realtà - e questo lui lo sa - se io e Alice avessimo potuto permetterci un stanza d'albergo, semplicemente non ci saremmo mai incontrati.

musica

In somma i soldi non sono indifferenti: aprono o chiudono delle porte, o meglio, aprono delle porte mentre ne chiudono delle altre. E questo, per chi racconta, fa tutta la differenza.

17'01"

Un mio caro amico diceva sempre: "Tu non hai problemi di soldi: i soldi sono la soluzione, non il problema". I soldi sono un modo di risolvere i problemi. Quasi tutti i viaggiatori prima o poi imparano che (due punti): non tutti i problemi possono essere risolti con i soldi, ma quasi tutti i problemi possono essere risolti senza soldi.

Because you'll never have a good time, because you are always wondering: "Oh-oh, I shouldn't have that thirty dollar steak, I should have that two dollar hamburger".

Alice

Yes.

Joseph Salvador

You know, and now, at this age, hell, it makes a lot of difference when you have the money and you don't care! You just don't care. And anymore, I just don't care...

Narrator

For a week Alice and I were guests at Salvador's house in Rocquetas del Mar. I mean, me and Alice. The ones who went around the Mediterranean Sea for a month with a thousand euros in their pockets. Actually - and he knows this - if Alice and I could afford a hotel room, we simply would have never met.

music

In short, money is not irrelevant: it opens doors or closes them, or rather, it opens some doors while is closing some others. And this, for those who tell stories, makes a whole difference.

A dear friend of mine used to say: "You don't have money problems: money is the solution, not the problem". Money is a way to solve problems. Sooner or later, most all the travellers learn that (colon): not every problem can be solved with money, but almost every problem can be solved without money.

Probabilmente Salvador aggiungerebbe: con o senza soldi, l'importante è che cerchi di risolvere, oltre ai tuoi problemi, anche i problemi degli altri.

Salvador would probably add: with or without money, what matters is that you try to solve not only your problems, but also other people's problems.

[jingle]

17'36"
Voce automatica
SOLITUDINE

[ancora stoviglie e vociare dal ristorante]

[jingle]

Automatic voice
LONELINESS

[again dishes and voices from a restaurant]

17'38"
Joseph Salvador
My mother used to say: "No te encuentres viejo, solo y enfermo".

Joseph Salvador

My mother used to say: "Don't find yourself old, alone and ill".

Alice e Alessandra
(Risate)

Alice and Alessandra
(Laughing)

Joseph Salvador

Shit, mama, tengo los tres. Venga, lo he ganado. So, what I have to do is make the best of it. Cuando tienes una pareja, muchas veces puedes decir: "Pues, mira, ¡cómo es que has dicho eso! ¡Qué tontería!", á lo menos sabes lo que estás diciendo, pero cuando estás solo, el gato no te dice nada.

Joseph Salvador

Shit, mama, I've them all! Come on, I won it. So, what I have to do is make the best of it. When you have a partner, you can say: "Well, look, how can you say that! That's silly!", at least you know what you are saying, but when you're lonely, the cat tells you nothing.

Alice
No tienes diálogo.

Alice
You have no dialogue.

Joseph Salvador

There is no conversation there. Y no sabes lo que estás dic[iendo]... you don't know you sound like. And once in a while hay que juntarse con alguien para una tarde o lo que sea, para ver lo que... á donde estás.

Joseph Salvador

There's no conversation there. And you don't know if what you are saying... you don't know how you sound like. And once in a while you need to meet someone for an afternoon or whatever, to see what... how you feel.

18'22"	<p>Voce narrante Miliardario, malato di cancro e completamente solo.</p>	<p>Narrator Billionaire, cancer patient and completely lonely.</p>
	musica	music
	<p>Questa storia l'hanno scritta in tantissimi, eppure esiste. Salvador conosce il nome della cuoca del suo ristorante preferito, si arrovella sulle sorti della figlia del vicino, ospita in casa due sconosciuti come fossero sue nipoti... Ma in realtà – e questo è chiaro, no? – la sua generosità è una specie di sforzo, di slancio disperato, dolcissimo, di crearsi una famiglia. E in mezzo a questa folla di sconosciuti, una figura spicca...</p>	<p>It's a story been told hundreds of times, and yet it's true. Salvador knows the name of the chef at his favourite restaurant, he worries about the fate of his neighbour's daughter, he welcomes two strangers in his house as if they were his granddaughters... But actually – and this is clear, isn't it? – his altruism is a kind of effort, a desperate, sweet impulse to create his own family. And in this crowd of strangers, someone stands out...</p>
	[ancora al ristorante]	[again at the restaurant]
19'00"	<p>Joseph Salvador And this girl, this lady friend that I made, la de cuarenta años... We see each other maybe an hour a day...</p>	<p>Joseph Salvador And this girl, this lady friend that I made, the forty-year-old one... We see each other maybe an hour a day...</p>
	Alessandra	Alessandra
	Ok...	Ok...
	Joseph Salvador	Joseph Salvador
	So, mira, that relationship is gonna last forever, and that's great!	So, look, that relationship is gonna last forever, and that's great!
	Alice e Alessandra	Alice and Alessandra
	(Risate)	(Laughing)
	Joseph Salvador	Joseph Salvador
	¡Qué fenómeno, you know... (risate)	¡Qué fenómeno, you know!
	Alice	Alice
	And then?	And then?
	Joseph Salvador	Joseph Salvador
	The first thing she said to me while we were having coffee, she said: "I am not looking for a boyfriend". I said: "Well, neither I". So I guess we get long well.	The first thing she said to me while we were having coffee – she said: "I am not looking for a boyfriend". I said: "Well, neither I". So I guess we get long well.

	Tutti (Risate)	Everybody (Laughing)
	musica	music
19'28"	Voce narrante Tra María e Salvador ci sono trent'anni di differenza. Lei ha avuto una figlia con il tipico <i>hijo de puta</i> che non sgancia una lira da quando lei ha chiesto il divorzio, quindi Salvador le allunga ogni tanto qualcosa per l'affitto. Si vedono tutti i giorni, un'ora al giorno, e quindi durerà per sempre. Non hanno mai fatto sesso perché il sesso rovina i rapporti, e invece così durerà per sempre. Durerà per sempre perché non inizia mai.	Narrator María and Salvador are thirty years apart. She had a daughter with the typical <i>hijo de puta</i> [son of a bitch] who hasn't coughed up any money since she filed for divorce, so Salvador occasionally gives her something for the rent. They see each other every day, an hour a day, so it will last forever. They've never had sex because sex ruins relationships, and instead this way it will last forever. It's gonna last forever because it never starts.
	musica	music
19'56"	Allora, adesso noi vi facciamo sentire questa cosa, e ve la facciamo sentire senza tagli, ok?, perché vogliamo che vi arrivi tutto: l'audacia della nostra domanda, cioè di fargli proprio-quella-domanda-lì-in-quell-momento-lì, la sua esitazione, i suoi respiri, il modo che ha di schermarsi in fondo, no?, la sua fragilità, la sua nobiltà reale, cioè di una persona in carne e ossa, e soprattutto quella bellezza, commovente dichiarazione d'amore alle parole, che sono entità per lui numinose, no?, cioè attraenti e spaventose. Una dichiarazione d'amore alle parole fatta da uno che con le parole ci litiga. A me suona familiare.	So, now we're going to make you listen to this, and with no cuts, ok? Because we want you to feel everything: the audacity of our question, meaning, of asking him that-very-question-in-that-precise-moment, his hesitation, his breaths, the way he shields himself, you know?, his fragility, his authentic nobility, that is, the nobility of a person made of flesh and bone, and above all that beautiful, moving love letter to words - words that are numinous entities for him, ok?, because they are attractive and appalling. A love letter to words by someone who is at odds with words. To me, it sounds familiar.
	[traffico]	[traffic from the street]
20'50"	Alessandra Yes, but, can I ask you a question?	Alessandra Yes, but, can I ask you a question?
	Joseph Salvador Yes, of course.	Joseph Salvador Yes, of course.

Alessandra

Do you think that your condition, your health condition, like... is influencing...?

Joseph Salvador

Yes.

Alessandra

Yes. Ok.

Joseph Salvador

That has a lot to do because I am not... I'm not allowed many people in my lifetime to become close. Number one because the schedule that I have...

Alessandra

Ok...

Joseph Salvador

21'18" Living here six months, living... wherever I might be... and I wish... I don't know how...

musica

I had the fear of... perhaps... I had the fear of rejection... I had the fear of being dropped. I had the fear of not saying the right thing, no sé, había... there is a multitude of things, and I guess I am not sure of myself as I may project.

Alessandra

But how was before... this? How was before the... the cancer?

Joseph Salvador

It was about the same.

Alessandra

Yes, but why?

Alessandra

Do you think that your condition, your health condition, like... is influencing...?

Joseph Salvador

Yes.

Alessandra

Yes. Ok.

Joseph Salvador

That has a lot to do because I am not... I'm not allowed many people in my lifetime to become close. Number one because the schedule that I have...

Alessandra

Ok...

Joseph Salvador

Living here six months, living... wherever I might be... and I wish... I don't know how...

music

I had the fear of... perhaps... I had the fear of rejection... I had the fear of being dropped. I had the fear of not saying the right thing, no sé, había... there is a multitude of things, and I guess I am not sure of myself as I may project.

Alessandra

But how was before... this? How was before the... the cancer?

Joseph Salvador

It was about the same.

Alessandra

Yes, but why?

22'01"

Joseph Salvador

Hmm... Again, I wasn't all that confident in myself...

Alessandra

Uhm-uhm...

Joseph Salvador

... and I feel very strong in words. I love words, I love the play of words, I love the use of words, the colour, the affection, the affliction [sic], the inflection... I just love it. But I was afraid that I say something wrong. And all my life I am competing - competing - in the family of [...] kids: honorous [sic], lawyers, doctors... I am doing with this shit all the time. Me, I'd rather work, I'd rather do things with my hands, you know...

22'52"

Voce narrante

Lui preferisce lavorare con le mani. E cosa fa con le mani? Cerca di farsi amare.

23'06"

[jingle]

Voce automatica

IL GIARDINO

[al ristorante di nuovo]

Joseph Salvador

Yo tenía más de trescientos olivos que yo plan[taba] cada uno, made the hole...

Alice

Plantados?

Joseph Salvador

Yes, I mix the soil. Y cada uno, boom, en su sitio, todos los días les tocaba, les hablaba... La gente diciendo: "Está loco". Pero cuando veían lo que yo sacaba, y el sitio era precioso... It was a park, I was so proud of that people used to come, and... I was never alone anymore!

Joseph Salvador

Hmm... Again, I wasn't all that confident in myself...

Alessandra

Uhm-uhm...

Joseph Salvador

... and I feel very strong in words. I love words, I love the play of words, I love the use of words, the colour, the affection, the affliction [sic], the inflection... I just love it. But I was afraid that I say something wrong. And all my life I am competing - competing - in the family of [...] kids: honorous [sic], lawyers, doctors... I am doing with this shit all the time. Me, I'd rather work, I'd rather do things with my hands, you know...

Narrator

He'd rather work with his hands. And what does he do with his hands? He tries to make himself loved.

[jingle]

Automatic voice

THE GARDEN

[at the restaurant again]

Joseph Salvador

I had more than three hundred olive trees, I planted each one, made the hole...

Alice

Planted?

Joseph Salvador

Yes, I mix the soil. And each one of them, boom, in his place, every day I touched them, I talked to them... People were saying: "He is crazy". But when they saw what I brought out, and the place was beautiful... It was a park, I was so proud of that people used to come, and... I was never alone anymore!

Alessandra
Yeah, wow, beautiful story!

Joseph Salvador
Oh, it was great...

Voce narrante
23'45 " Una volta, tanto tempo fa, Oscar Wilde scrisse una fiaba che s'intitola *Il giardino del gigante*. Ora, quando voi pensate a una fiaba di Oscar Wilde, dovete veramente dimenticare tutto il resto che ha scritto, e dovete immaginare il suo proverbiale cinismo veramente sciogliersi, liquefarsi sotto a una coltre di immagini stucchevoli e di una pietà quasi cristiana. Ma ciononostante sono fiabe belle, piene di cose, come il resto che ha scritto. Questa fiaba qua in particolare, *Il giardino del gigante*, parla di un gigante che aveva un giardino e che voleva tenerselo tutto per sé. Quindi cosa fa? Caccia i bambini e tira su un bel muro.

musica

[uccellini]

24'31" Questo gesto provoca una serie di reazioni a catena perché, a quel punto, gli uccellini non cantano più, i fiori non fioriscono più, le nuvole lalalalà, e insomma, neve e gelo si abbattono sul giardino condannandolo a un perenne inverno. Finché un giorno...

Prima di morire, i genitori di Joseph Salvador regalano a quel loro figlio così sfortunato una casetta con un po' di proprietà. Lui decide di farne un posto speciale: pianta uno a uno trecento ulivi – trecento ulivi. Ogni giorno li tocca, ci parla, e invece il resto delle piante lo affina con la cesoia, lavora di precisione, all'inglese.

Alessandra
Yeah, wow, beautiful story!

Joseph Salvador
Oh, it was great...

Voce narrante
Once, a long time ago, Oscar Wilde wrote a fairy tale called *The Selfish Giant*. Now, when you think of a fairy tale written by Oscar Wilde, you really have to forget everything else he wrote, and you have to imagine his proverbial cynicism really like melting away, liquefying itself under a blanket of cloying images and half-Christian piety. But still, they are beautiful fairy tales, full of things, like the rest of the stuff he wrote. This fairy tale here, in particular, *The Selfish Giant*, is about a giant who had a garden and wanted to keep it all for himself. So what does he do? He chases away the children and builds up a high wall around the garden.

musica

[birds]

This provokes a series of chain reactions because now the birds no longer sing, the flowers no longer bloom, the clouds bla bla bla, and in short, snow and frost fall on the garden and condemn it to a never-ending winter. Until one day...

Before they died, Joseph Salvador's parents gave their unfortunate son a little house with some property. He decides to make it a special place: he plants one by one three hundred olive trees – three hundred olive trees. Every day he touches them, he talks to them, whereas he shears the rest of the plants. He works with precision, English-style.

- 25'20" Sulle prime la gente lo prende per matto, no?, solo che poi il posto inizia a farsi notevole, quindi vengono i turisti a fare le foto, i botanici a studiare le piante, poi vengono le signore a prendere il fresco, le ragazze a prendere il sole, e alla fine arrivano anche i bambini, appunto, vengono a giocare. E lui non è più solo.
- Questo storia, che a me sembra bellissima, ha un finale triste, o meglio contemporaneo, o meglio ancora archetipico, diciamo. Perché, dopo la morte dei suoi genitori, il malvagio fratello, professione avvocato, gli strappa con una gabola la proprietà e ne fa una di quelle cose un po' volgari, in pieno stile "rivincita dei cattivi", tipo villetta super chic con gnocca a bordo piscina, per intenderci. Archetipicamente potremmo dire che è la vittoria delle parole viziate, appunto insincere, sulle mani oneste dell'uomo buono.
- Comunque, quello che a noi interessa è un altro archetipo: l'archetipo del giardino, che è particolarmente connesso con la nozione di anima. E questo non soltanto perché il giardino è il luogo per eccellenza del fare anima (perché si filosofa passeggiando, no?). Ma anche perché il giardino è l'immagine più precisa, più netta, dell'anima, perché è qualcosa che ci viene dato e che dobbiamo far fruttare. L'anima è insieme natura e artificio, spontaneità e maestria.
- [uccellini e cicale]**
- musica**
- 26'19" Almeria. Da Al-Meriyā: "torre di osservazione". Ma anche Al-Mirya: "specchio". Almeria come *alma*: "anima".
- Siamo scese dalle torre per raccontare la storia di un uomo, per guardare un uomo in faccia. Abbiamo raccontato qualcosa anche di te? Speriamo di sì.
- At first, people call him crazy, you know?, but then the place starts looking remarkable, and so tourists come to take the photos, the botanists to study the plants, then come the ladies to get some fresh air, the girls to get a tan, and at the end come also the children, of course, they come to play. And he is no longer alone.
- This story, which sounds beautiful to me, has a sad ending, or rather a contemporary ending, or better yet an archetypal ending, let's say. Because, after the death of his parents, his evil brother, a professional lawyer, with a trick extorts the property from him and makes it one of those slightly gross things, in full revenge-of-the-bad-guy style, a sort of super chic villa with chick by the pool, so to speak. Archetypically we could see it as the victory of spoiled words, insincere words, over the honest hands of the good man.
- Anyway, what is interesting for us is another archetype: the archetype of the garden, which is particularly connected with the notion of the soul. And not only because the garden is the place par excellence of the soul-making (because we philosophize while walking around, isn't it?). But also because the garden is the most precise, the clearest image of the soul, because it is something that is given to us and that we must make fruitful. The soul is both nature and artifact, spontaneity and mastery.
- [birds and cicadas]**
- music**
- Almeria. From Al-Meriyā: "observation tower". But also from Al-Mirya: "mirror". Almeria as *alma*: "soul". We came down from the tower to tell the story of a man, to look a man in the face. Did we tell something about you too? We hope so.

27'17" Sono le cinque del mattino e stiamo tornando a casa. Ma che cosa significa tornare a casa dopo un viaggio così? Dopo un viaggio così la tua casa è il mondo. Comunque, Salvador ci sta accompagnando alla porta. Si è dimenticato di mettersi la dentiera e ci dice una cosa. Ce la dice sdentatamente, ma è una cosa molto molto bastarda.

Joseph Salvador

So, what about the wind? Or was it just an excuse to come here?

musica

[onde del mare, vento]

Voce narrante

27'51" Ottima domanda. Allora, cosa c'entra il vento con ROSADEIVENTI? Soprattutto cosa c'entra in questa puntata, dove il vento non viene neanche mai nominato? È una domanda legittima, però è al tempo stesso una domanda un po' ingenua, perché – pensateci un secondo: allora, Lucrezia Borgia, gli yacht di Bonifacio, le pietre che cantano, i musulmani naturisti, i ballerini di zouk, i pugili solitari, le scimmie tristi, i surfisti, ecc. ecc., tutte quelle storie che vi abbiamo raccontato e che ancora dobbiamo raccontarvi... In fondo il vento le ha provocate, le ha sollecitate, le ha ispirate. Possiamo dire, sintetizzando, che è nella natura umana cercare scuse credibili, perfino belle, semplicemente per fare le cose che ci piace fare?

musica

It's 5:00 AM and we're on our way home. But what does it mean to go home after a journey like this? After a journey like this, your home is the world. Anyway, Salvador is walking us to the door. He forgot to put his dentures on and he tells us something. He tells us toothlessly, but it's a very, very bastard thing.

Joseph Salvador

So, what about the wind? Or was it just an excuse to come here?

music

[waves and wind]

Narrator

Good question. So, what does the wind have to do with windrose [ROSADEIVENTI]? Above all, what does it have to do with this episode, where the wind is not even mentioned? It's a legitimate question, but at the same time it's a slightly naive question, because – well, think about it for a second: Lucrezia Borgia, the yachts in Bonifacio, the singing stones, the Muslim naturist, the zouk dancers, the lonely boxers, the sad monkeys, the surfers, etc. etc., all those stories we told you and that we still have to tell you... After all, the wind provoked them, tickled them, inspired them. Can we say, in short, that it is typical of human nature to look for credible, even beautiful excuses, simply to do the things we like to do?

music