

Stefano, I don't know yet I do.

It's unlike Vittorio: a similar effect, a different cause.

Both processes tragic, one desperate, the other romantic, courageous, life-affirming, even.

Among the spirits victorious over matter, you are a master. And so we observe how you make that matter cry under pressure, and learn that it's not the instrument, it's the mind, the heart, the heart, the mind, the heart. Both.

A pair of scissors; a gipsy scalpel; surgical precision;  
Stefano works and we be groundless.

Ricorderai che al CNMAT, quando ti chiesi se quello che fumavi era un toscanello, mi guardasti come a dire "Ma che, sei impazzito???"  
"Dominicano", dicesti sprezzante.

Daniele now tells me that that you just arrived in Cuernavaca, your new address.

You smoke, I calm down.

The voyage continues.

Next is th