Milestones are commemorative slabs. They are planted in our mental cemetery, ghosts that visit us; like roses in the garden.

Saint Catherine of Siena
only private matters interest me because history was never made of them

Angela of Foligno
although sadness and joy from without may seep into me a little there is nevertheless in my soul a small chamber where neither happiness nor sadness nor any delight in virtue nor satisfaction about anything that has a name can enter

Simone Weil
Aldo Capitini
the heresy of the persuaded

Ivan Illich
Hroswitha of Gandersheim:
sick with life on

Saint Augustine
I torment myself
I seek the measure of myself
I have become for myself a bitter land that makes me sweat abundantly

Friedrich Nietzsche
notes on madness

Dionysus and Christ

Ermanna Montanari behind a wall of gilded stones in the performance *L'isola di Alcina.* Photo: Enrico Fedrigoli
Sappho
William Shakespeare
Alfred Jarry
1.61 metres, universal
Fyodor Dostoyevsky
Charles Baudelaire
The Authors of the Bible
Lucretius
Eleonora Duse
Hippolyte Cléron
how much study to stop being ourselves
Carmelo Bene
Love me! It’s a lot, you know, it’s a lot if we’ve saved our eyes.
Totò
Sergei Eisenstein
Vsevolod Meyerhold who taught theatre to peasants and workers

Antonin Artaud
my eyes
on what horrible spectacle
you will open upon dying
Jerzy Grotowski who taught me
the beauty of being tone deaf
Maria Callas
Giordano Bruno who is still burning
Georg Büchner
you move along the path
from the idea to the work
on your knees
Ernst Bloch
spirit of utopia
Gustav Mahler
the little red rose
Georges Bataille
the joints that get disconnected
Pier Paolo Pasolini
still a rebel today when they want
to make a saint of him
Federico Fellini
incredibly local
Elsa Morante
who sings of the Happy Few
and the Many Unhappy
Colette
the 158 centimetres of her cut-off plait
Carl Theodor Dreyer
without whom there would have been no
Joan of Arc by Falconetti
Renée Falconetti
without whom there would have been no
Joan of Arc by Dreyer
Saint Francis of Assisi
Jacques Maritain and Raissa Umanshoff
the alchemical couple
Antoine Saint-Exupery
the little prince
Søren Kierkegaard
masks and pseudonyms
Janis Joplin
Jimi Hendrix
Isadora Duncan
Camille Claudel and Auguste Rodin
their jealousy
Tina Modotti
Pavel Florenskij
Buster Keaton
the apocalypse of what is very common
Jean Vigo
archetype of the non-school
Luis Buñuel
Orson Welles
Emily Brontë
Heathcliff is more me than me

Omar Khayyam
Alas, the essence of Life
has slipped from my hands
Frida Kahlo
I Dream Dream Dream Dream
Dream Dream I am dying of Dream
Gandhi
Father Lorenzo Milani
Renzo Montanari
my patriarchal grandfather
Nora Minotti
my witch grandmother
Beatrice Cenci
Marina Cvetaeva
Hannah Arendt
bold common sense
William Blake
if there were no fools
we should have to be them ourselves
Dante Alighieri
Alberto Giacometti
the difficulty of making a head
Vincent van Gogh
people who do not believe in the Sun
are like atheists
Artemisia Gentileschi
Sandro Botticelli
John Donne
the body as a book of love
Friedrich Hölderlin
there where danger lies
that which saves us grows
Hildegard of Bingen
with his bones
man shares the hardness of stone

ERMANNA MONTANARI (Italy)
founded Teatro delle Albe with Marco Martinelli, Luigi Dadina and Marcella Nonni, in 1983, and since then she has worked in the company as writer, actress and set designer. Since 1991, Ermanna Montanari has published in magazines such as Lapis, Riga, Il Semplice, The Open Page, Teatro e Storia and Lo Straniero.