

# LE TEMPS VAINCU?

Tutto  
è bevuto!  
Tutto  
è mangiato!  
Niente  
più da dire!

Eppure spingendosi avanti  
questo mare sarebbe un'avventura.

*Giovanni Riva, Spingendosi avanti*



[tonalestate.org](http://tonalestate.org)

Gustave Courbet, Le Désespéré, 1845, Collezione privata

**EDIZIONE APPENNINO: CASINA, CASTELNOVO NE'MONTI E MAROLA DI CARPINETI (REGGIO EMILIA)**



# tonalestate

**DAL 7  
AL 9  
AGOSTO  
2024**

INTERNATIONAL SUMMER UNIVERSITY



COMUNE  
DI CASTELNOVO  
NE' MONTI



COMUNE  
DI CASINA



UNIONE MONTANA  
DEI COMUNI  
DELL'APPENNINO REGGIANO



COMUNE  
DI CARPINETI



Parco Nazionale  
APPENNINO  
TOSCO-EMILIANO



TEATRO BISMANTOVA







**H**ow is the present we're living in and how do we want to look at it, to judge it and to live it in its inevitability? It's clear that it's a time in which wars - the big ones that occupy the newspapers and the more private ones, yet still arduous and painful - make a panorama in which misery and hunger live side to side with extreme riches sadly skeletal, while sun and rain still fall relentlessly on just and unjust people regardless of who they are. As a time of negative loneliness and without rescue, is ours, therefore, one that reached the end of an abyss out of which it's impossible to go, even if wonderful examples of solidarity exist and could, to paraphrase Campana, help us meet the "divine simplicity"? Are we ever able to see this world dominated by the globalisation of evil, as something "small and light", thanks to the hands and the hearts of those who live with the enchanting perspective that inserts us into the eternal?

In front of many trembling hearts, what turns out to be perfectly fitting is the young person painted by Courbet, who is screaming, with evident clarity, at the sky and at human kind: "Everything is lost!". The subheading of the poster echoes him, and we could translate it in this way: "I know how things work and I have nothing more to say: they stole everything from me, words, things, ideas, hopes; I have, as a matter of fact, eaten the mise-en-scene of this society where the sky is without earth and the earth is without sky and I can do nothing but scream my disorientation. What will I do? Will I stay and watch the barbarian towers that rule my nothingness, or will I flow over life, saying goodbye to joy forever? Will there ever be a way out of this situation?"

The young man painted by Courbet could also ask himself: where did the ideals and values of the past end up? Is ours a defeated time because every human being has lost their dignity and identity? Were we better off before and do we need to restore the before? Do I need to give up acting and wait for better times, hiding someplace safe? If there are indeed no more ideologies and everything is relative, can I, perhaps, find an escape route in the current woke philosophy, that tells me: "Invent a meaning yourself, as you're a god that has every power!?" These are some of the questions that are part of the title itself of this year's Tonal-

estate - "le temps vaincu?" - as "vaincu" indicates a defeat that recalls the memory of everything that is lost, that which we have lost and dispersed "in the silence of astounded souls".

The Tonalestate poster doesn't want us, though, to be left lost in front of the intense concreteness of these questions, and does this with the quote chosen: "And yet, pushing forward, this sea would be an adventure". These words, the ending to a poem that professor Riva wrote when he was but a young man, break, as a matter of fact, the narrow perspective of living, as people love to say nowadays, "desperately awake". Those who fight, who study, who struggle, who are young and those who aren't anymore, taking inspiration from this quote can, sure enough, start to ask themselves: is my acting only living off a "worn out love"? Is my hope only a "red rag", that is to say, a poor thing that only moves along to the winds? Where and how can I recover a living, clear and glad hope? Can my soul and my time's soul grow together? With whom will I walk to say no to wars, injustice, unnecessary fights and those cruel brutalities that I apparently look at with indifference, while I'm actually living them with suffering helplessness? Does it still have meaning or, better yet, is Oratio's *carpe diem* still possible? And is what Seneca said "*omnia aliena sunt, tempus tantum nostrum est*" still valid? Why do some people feel that the time of our life, of which Seneca believes we are the only masters, is so long, painful, absurd and heavy as to rush to its end? How can time, from the enemy, become my friend? And how can we say a positive "to the games, goodbye", that parting goodbye that surely, in the secret of her heart, the sweet Juliet whispered when she met her Romeo, starting in this way the first step of a new beginning in her story?

The meeting to which we are invited this year with Tonalestate will surely be of great intensity, and it will not be on the Italian Alps, but on the sweet hills of Emilia Romagna instead, and that, as always, will be an opportunity for students, adults, teachers, artists and scientists, to meet, reflect and dive into the outcome of the study, the research and the presence in our present time, with a richness of experiences that are tied by a diversity that comforts us and by a unity that cheers us up.