

# Distribution Dossier

Season '25 - '26

Associazione  
Mittelfest






# L'alba

dopo la fine della Storia





*text* Paolo Di Paolo  
*direction* Giacomo Pedini

*with*  
Primož Ekart  
Francesco Migliaccio  
Woody Neri  
Alberto Pirazzini  
Camilla Semino Favro  
Matilde Vigna

*dramaturg* Jacopo Giacomoni  
*original music* Cristian Carrara  
*performed and recorded by* FVG Orchestra  
*set design* Alice Vanini  
*costumes* Gianluca Sbicca and Francesca Novati  
*live cinema and video direction* Stefano Bergomas  
*light design* Stefano Laudato  
*sound design* Corrado Cristina  
*production* Mittelfest  
*co-production* SNG Nova Gorica

Première  
Teatro Verdi, Gorizia, 18 September 2025

Project *Inabili alla morte* for Nova Gorica-Gorizia  
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*production*

Mittelfest

*co-production*

SNG Nova Gorica

*media partner*

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info

[www.mittelfest.org/inabili-alla-morte-nezmozni-umreti](http://www.mittelfest.org/inabili-alla-morte-nezmozni-umreti)

Third and independent part of the trilogy *Inabili alla morte*, which crosses the European history of the twentieth century from the perspective of the east-west border, *L'alba (dopo la fine della Storia)* tells, between theater and live cinema, between presumed historical truths and fascinating fictions, the exciting and ambiguous leap into the void of the 90s.

The fall of the Berlin Wall, the collapse of Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union, the breaking down of borders, on the one hand open up great promises to a new generation of captains of fortune: they are sellers of goods and dreams, swindlers or magicians, tyrants or benefactors, depending on the opinions, but incredibly consistent with their desire to invent another world and make it their own. On the other hand, the upheavals of that end of the century lay bare the uncertainties and ambivalences of an entire intellectual and ruling class that, losing references, reveals to itself and to others its out of focus image, full of "very good intentions" too often evanescent: even masks of more feral appetites.

And meanwhile the carousel, which is at the center of the scene, continues its round and, as History does, takes with it the destinies of this last humanity of the twentieth century, which has already transformed itself into the champions of our century, reverberated by the big screens - live on the scene - which manipulate and justify everything.

Indeed, a discrepancy that comes to mind when remembering 1989 is the one between history and fantasy. [...] We really didn't know what to expect, but we knew what we wanted: glitter and glamour, like on the other side, in the West  
Slavenka Drakulić, *Café Europa Revisited*

## Director's note

In the cold of a night, in a bare theatre, an Italian woman declares that she wants to give voice to the horrors of the most forgotten of European wars, the Balkan one that closed the twentieth century. But why? Why she is doing it?

Who watched much of the old continent, and the entire West, while cities and bodies were being gutted along the Adriatic? Were they expecting more roars, those of 2022?

And yet there were people who wanted to celebrate, at that time: someone celebrated the triumph over communism, someone the promise of perpetual peace and prosperity, someone the end of the jolts of History. There was much to celebrate; and everyone was invited: sellers of junk and impossible dreams, ex-military men who had fled from the East, actors looking for roles, writers and intellectuals disoriented by the consoling binary scheme (capitalism vs. communism) that had been blown, women and men who could overcome the horrors they had suffered, whether old or recent, and even ours, who wanted to dig up certain horrors and perhaps exploit them, to find its place of prominence in this incoming millennium. There was a promise for everyone, a commodity for everyone, here in the West: you just had to decide whether you were on the side of the sellers or the consumers. And if you didn't like what you saw, you could mask it with other images: there were still only cinema and TV, but all you need is a little patience, and an infinite number of low-cost, short-range "visions" are about to arrive.

Something was changing, but not what was believed: always there, at the center, the carousel of events remained nailed: creaking, rusty, refurbished just enough for a refresh, History continued its course and prepared its next jolts, which are ours, while at that time people toasted and the most serious facts were transformed into chatter.

However much it is disguised, the carousel of history is unstoppable: it is useless to dream of its end, or the victory of universal comfort or the sure promise of peace, prosperity and democracy. History does not listen to the prophecies of humans, when it drags them away with it.

*Giacomo Pedini*



And in 1989 an American political scientist invented the theory of the end of history according to which history had come to an end because modern science and new means of communication would allow everyone to live in comfort and they said that universal comfort was a guarantee of democracy.

Patrik Ouředník, *Europeana*

## Note dell'autore

A short century? Or a very long, interminable one? Among his countless responsibilities, it is also accused of having ended History. When? More or less at the time of the collapse of that Wall. And then? And then: during the Christmas holidays of 1991, Mikhail Gorbachev resigned as president of the USSR. In Trieste, during the same cold and gloomy hours, a young director follows a conference on the increasingly ex-Yugoslavia. They have to protest against Europe's silence on the blood flowing in their lands. But the audience is distracted; and a conference, as we know, is a pretext for pleasantries and gossip. Or for some game of seduction: just meet someone who exports jeans to the Balkans, drinks too much, sings Cutugno's songs. And makes a lot of promises.

During the Christmas holidays of 1995, a couple brings a child from Bosnia-Herzegovina to Italy to spend a few weeks of serenity. But the child does not speak, does not respond. He remains silent. At most he draws. During the Christmas holidays of 2003, in a café in Ljubljana the customers, already rather disenchanted, discuss Slovenia's entry into the European Union. That last Christmas outside the continental community is also the last for that old café, which has just been modernized and is about to close. The director hides in that buzz and waits. She reviews the details of a project in which she has collected testimonies of ethnic rapes during the years of the Balkan wars. She waits for a man - the seducer-drinker who sings Cutugno, exports jeans from Italy and makes too many promises. Like Europe. The woman waits. But it is not a given that he will arrive.

It is a story, or rather several knotted stories, made of "unlimited" and unfulfilled dreams, of unfulfilled hopes, made of words that seek interlocutors and find them deaf, or incapable of listening; made of questions that - literally - remain unanswered, in the face of obstinate silence.

History that some declare “finished” continues to walk, limping, crippled: in any case, ferocious.

“Europe” is a promise or a deception. “Future” is a torn flag waving, a banner waved by the powerful over the faces of the crowd. In the time that, recklessly, we called peace, blood flowed in liters. The rubble had to be inhabited, according to an indication by Benjamin, as the only possible landscape. The angel of History, however, with the fluttering of his great wings, no longer turns his back on the future, hides the horizon of the present, darkens it, finally erases it.

*Paolo Di Paolo*