

Gallio Film Festival e Rio Film

presentano

Paolo De Vita  
Raffaele De Vita

# UN NATALE DEL 1945

Dall'omonimo racconto di Mario Rigoni Stern

Un film di Fabio Rosi

**Fotografia:** Fabio Olmi **Scenografia:** Marianna Sciveres **Suoni:** Francesco Liotard **Costumi:** Andrea Cavalletto  
**Musiche:** Matildamothersproject (Luca Rosi, Paolo Lucini, Stefano Pontani) Viola solista: Meena Bhasin  
**Montaggio:** Alessandro Corradi **Prodotto da:** Sergio Sambugaro per GallioFilmFestival e da Roberto Gambacorta per Rio Film



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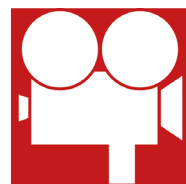


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**GALLIO**  
**FILM FESTIVAL**  
associazione culturale



and



present

# UN NATALE DEL 1945

A Fabio Rosi Film





# S T O R Y L I N E

Asiago plateau, Christmas 1945. The war has recently ended. Too soon, so that the wounds of the victims have stopped even shedding blood, and the noise of the blows inflicted by the executioners has exhausted its echo. Yet, life can and must begin again, there as in every corner of the Earth. This is what two men think, different from each other in age, cultural background, experience, and above all deployment during the conflict that has just ended. Each of them returned to their activity with extra burdens to bear, some on their conscience, some on their body. Once upon a time, very remote, they were like father and son. Then, more recently, the different choices, the unexpected clash, the anger, erased that feeling.

Now, with Christmas suggesting the beginning of a new course, the elderly elementary school teacher and former Republican Brigadier feels the need to reconcile with his own guilt towards his former student and partisan. The two find themselves in an old abandoned refuge in the high mountains, with an old hourglass, a gift that had sealed their friendship many years before. That meeting and that hourglass will bring out memories that time may never be able to erase.







# A R T I S T I C C A S T

PAOLO DE VITA - The Old Man  
RAFFAELE DE VITA - The Young Man

with

Moreno Corà, Giulio Langella, Stefano Pinaroli, Manuel Rossi, Gregorio Sambugaro

Children

Riccardo D'Urso, Edoardo Degiampietro, Michael Frison, Emilio Lunardi, Andrea Rotondi, Davide Scalabrin, Matteo Scalabrin, Edoardo Schivo, Leonardo Schivo, Edoardo Stona, Alex Tiengo, Francesco Fortunato Xodo



# T E C H N I C C A S T

Director:	Fabio Rosi
Writer:	Fabio Rosi
Sound:	Francesco Liotard
Costumes:	Andrea Cavalletto
Scenographer:	Marianna Sciveres
Original Musics:	Matildamothersproject
	Luca Rosi
	Paolo Lucini
	Stefano Pontani
	Meena Bhasin
Editing:	Alessandro Corradi
Photography:	Fabio Olmi
Produced by:	Sergio Sambugaro per GallioFilmFestival
	Roberto Gambacorta per Rio Film
Associate Producer:	Gregorio Sambugaro
Assistant Director and Backstage:	Gianni Rosi
Casting:	Antonella Corà
	Moreno Alberti
Assistant Cameraman:	Stefano Slocovich
Electrician:	Stefano Rigoni Stern
Focus Puller:	Guido Rigoni
Historican Consultant:	Remo Buosi
First Costumes Assistant:	Maria Melchiorri
Second Costumes Assistant:	Sara Antongirolami
Tailor:	Annamaria Stella Menzo
M.U.A.:	Anna Rigoni Pici
Press Office:	Roberta Forte
Social Media Marketing:	Samurai Web Agency
	Edoardo Alberti
Website and Graphic:	Samurai Web Agency





# DIRECTOR'S NOTE

One thing needs to be clarified right away: in Mario Rigoni Stern the word is essential, carefully chosen, subtracted rather than added. Especially in this story. Hence my choice, in the film, to use only images, sounds and noises. Never words - properly, whitty expression- except at the end, with that single, concise sentence, which however weighs like a boulder on the consciences of both characters. Not a silent film, rather a non-spoken film. Where the environments, the faces, the looks/ the expressions, the emotions "speak". A colour film (the passionate present), with two flashbacks in desaturated colours (the recent past and the remote past, which relentlessly resurface). A formal use of the camera, respectful and non-intrusive. One scene in particular, the crying scene, where the gut feelings of the characters and the spectators converge, where everything is in question and where one would even be led to imagine the happy ending. And, finally, a clock, an hourglass, the day, the night: the sense of time that passes, that waits. The historical inspiration is very fashionable, it goes without saying. And it will be for many more years. I'd say at least thirty-five/forty. Perhaps, with and after the centenary of the liberation of April 25, the memories will have become 'memories of memories', historicized enough to be able to face them with the perspective of ethical detachment. By everybody. Will it then be possible to talk about 'reconciliation'? Will the desire to definitively deliver another page to remote history prevail, one that does not arouse emotions but only notions? Probably, with all due respect to those who have been and will no longer be. That's how life goes. Not today, though.

*For everything there is its moment, its time for every matter under heaven.*

*There is a time to be born and a time to die,  
a time for planting and a time for uprooting plants.*

*A time to kill and a time to heal,  
a time to demolish and a time to build.*

*A time to cry and a time to laugh,  
a time to moan and a time to dance.*

*A time to throw stones and a time to pick them up,  
a time to hug and a time to refrain from hugging.*

*A time to seek and a time to lose,  
a time to keep and a time to throw away.*

*A time to tear and a time to sew,  
a time to be silent and a time to speak.*

*A time to love and a time to hate,  
a time for war and a time for peace.*

*(Ecclesiaste 3, 1-8)*

Today is still the time to remember.

Mario Rigoni Stern's story speaks of the evident impossibility of reconciliation, through a particular meeting between two souls to whom time has not yet restored the resolved dignity of those who just look ahead. Two characters that the author outlines with extreme clarity, one the executioner, the other the victim. Without possible misunderstandings. Paradoxically he is the first to attempt a positive gesture. And it is the second to remove any doubts about a hypothetical do-goodism, with his response with a diametrically opposite content. Yet, why don't I feel like condemning the latter? More than that, why do I feel like I can't help but approve of their behaviour? In the dry and sharp dialogue....with which the story ends, the sense of time that does not yet exist is implicit. Indeed, the very lack of further writing, Rigoni Stern's desire to stop there and not go further, makes those words dogmatic. And the subdued tone, underlined by the author himself, with which these words are pronounced by the character, gives them a sacredness that is impossible to conquer.

"reconciliation applies to the future and never erases the past"

Fabio Rosi

