

Dear Bernhard,

I write these thoughts to you.

Certainly not the last, indeed the first of this new species.

I will not speak of your professional work, that would require a distance I do not yet know how to take. I will speak of my experience of you, with you.

You will like to know that I write them here, in the mountains, alone. No, with my dog, Linda, next to me, looking at the sky, iridescent and alive with clouds. I write with breathing.

I have so many memories together, I can't even put them in a row.

But they all have this note: they are embodied, corporeal, alive.

You never wanted to write to me, you wanted to hear me on the phone. When you called me, I always jumped in alarm: 'what could have happened?' I asked myself from this place too corrupted by the world I was answering from. You were calling because you wanted to hear my voice, to be body to body with me. No alarm, just your stubborn determination to remain bodies that meet, speak to each other with a living voice. You had not allowed yourself to be corrupted. Never accustomed to the loss of contact, alive and embodied, that new ways of communicating silently rob us of.

I miss your body. Your closeness was a safe place and refuge. On a thousand occasions I was overexposed, stressed, tired (remember the meetings at the EAGT?).

I often looked for you in the breaks to have a moment with you: you taught me to drink beer before wine. A heresy in my mountains, an accomplice transgression that I used to indulge in thanks to you. In those moments I found your ability to rejoice in that almost-nothingness that is simply being together. The genuine enjoyment of a moment together. Nothing more. And nothing was missing. A secret of living that with you became obvious, very simple. I relaxed, we laughed. But it was never a superficial laugh, never the avoidance of pain. The seriousness of your living, deeply ethical and rigorous, was accompanied in a unique and magical way by your lightness. The joy of friendship made anything bearable.

What luck, what grace to have been your friend.

I knew that whatever help I asked you for, you would do anything to give it to me. You were a companion in trial and companion in fun.

In moments of doubt and confusion, due to the complexity of situations and relationships, I didn't need to ask you precise questions. I shared and immediately I could see your faces answering me without the need for words, and you would immediately bring me back to the heart, always ethical, of all matters. It was also difficult at times to put up with you. You were not at all diplomatic. But again that was my role, not yours.

Beyond friendship I knew you little, but what more is there to know? I know you as father, colleague, therapist, trainer. I know you to be generous and honest. Intelligent, that is, able to read between the lines what others do not see, what I do not see. I think because you were incorruptible from seduction.

This pain that I feel, that we feel, is a tribute to grace. That you were, that you become.

I have a photo of the two of us, next to the Vienna Cathedral bell tower. Me, you and the bell tower: a geometric linear progression. For me it is the geometric measure of your moral stature.

Some moments bind in an indissoluble way. In a way that death cannot even scratch.

I salute you, but only for today, with the words of Alberto Melucci:

'Love is nothing else,

than separating to last together.'

Gianni Francesetti