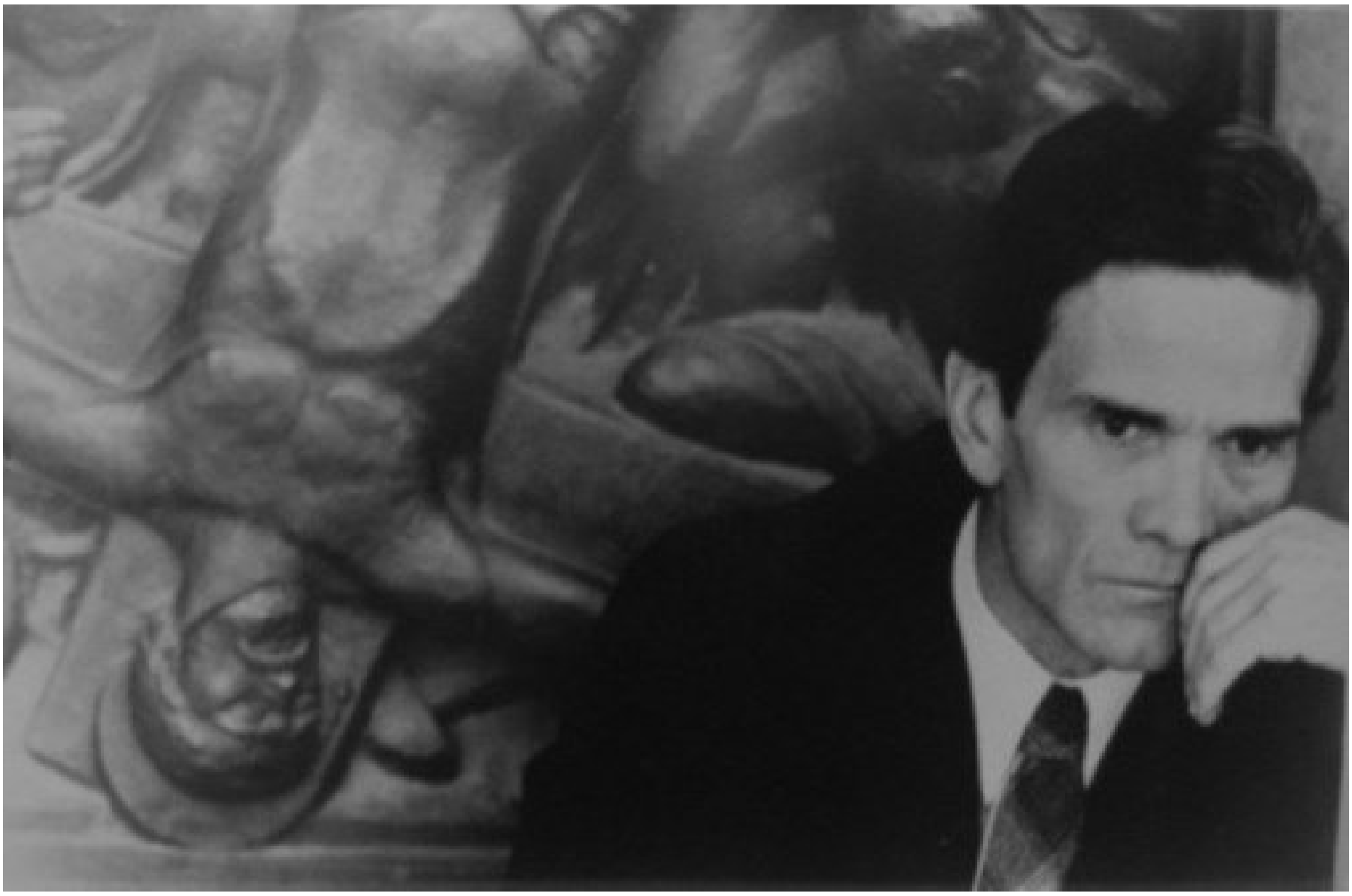
Pier Paolo Pasolini
born on 5th march 1922

Intelligence will never have much value
in the collective judgment of this public's opinion.

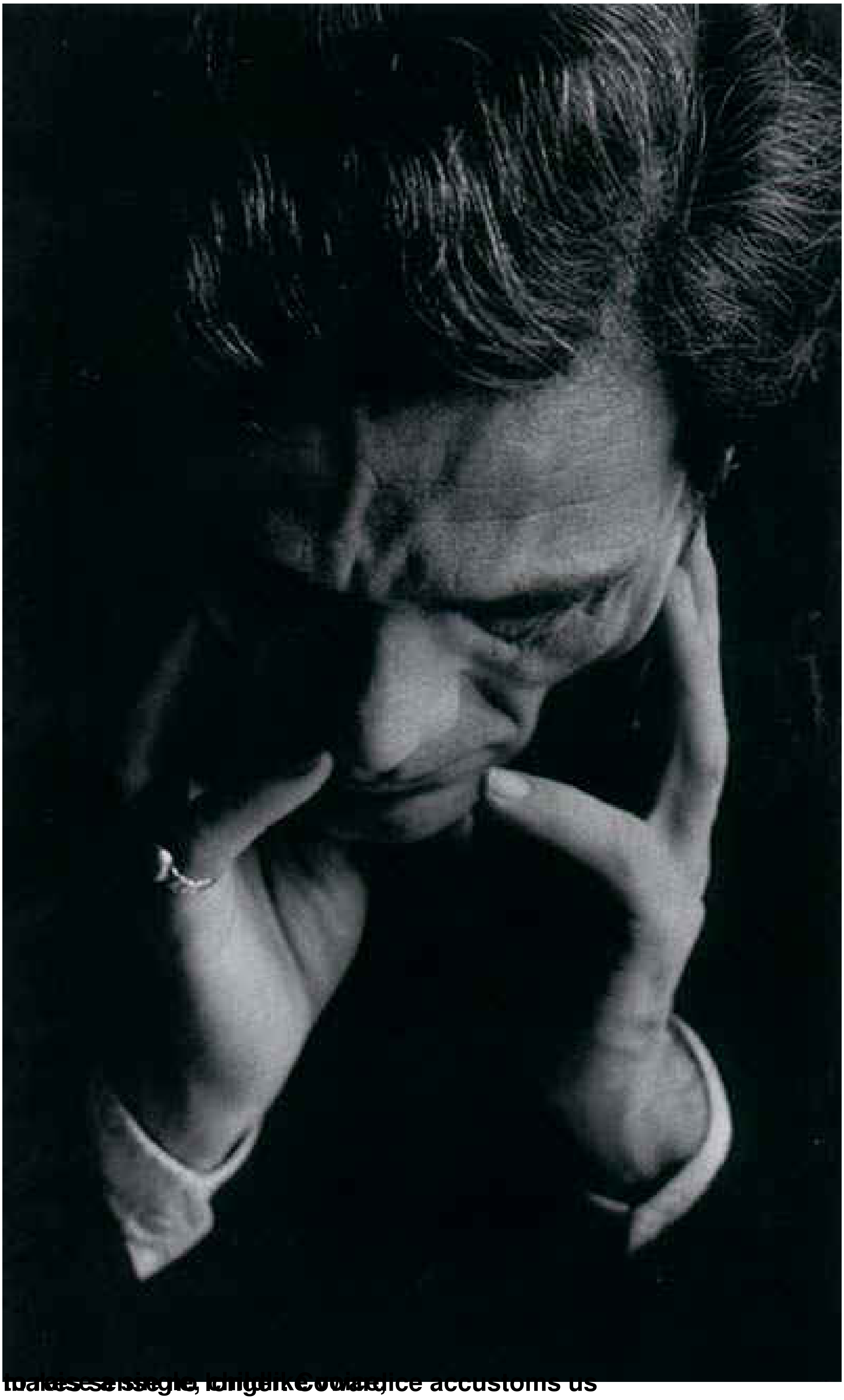


Not even the blood of concentration camps could draw from a million of our

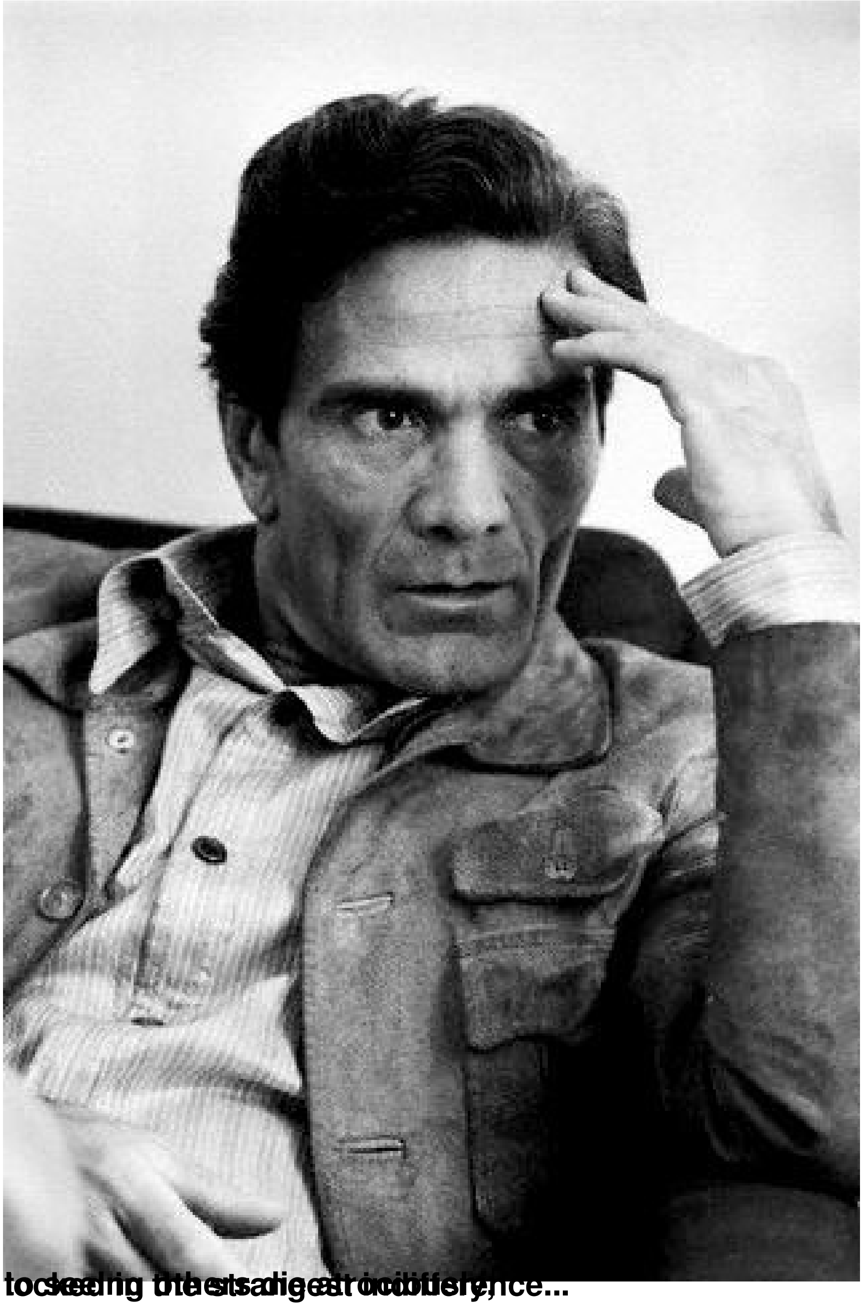
nation's souls
a clear judgment of pure indignation :

Each idea is unreal, every passion unreal, in a people who lost their unity centuries ago
and use their gentle wisdom
only to survive, and not to gain freedom.

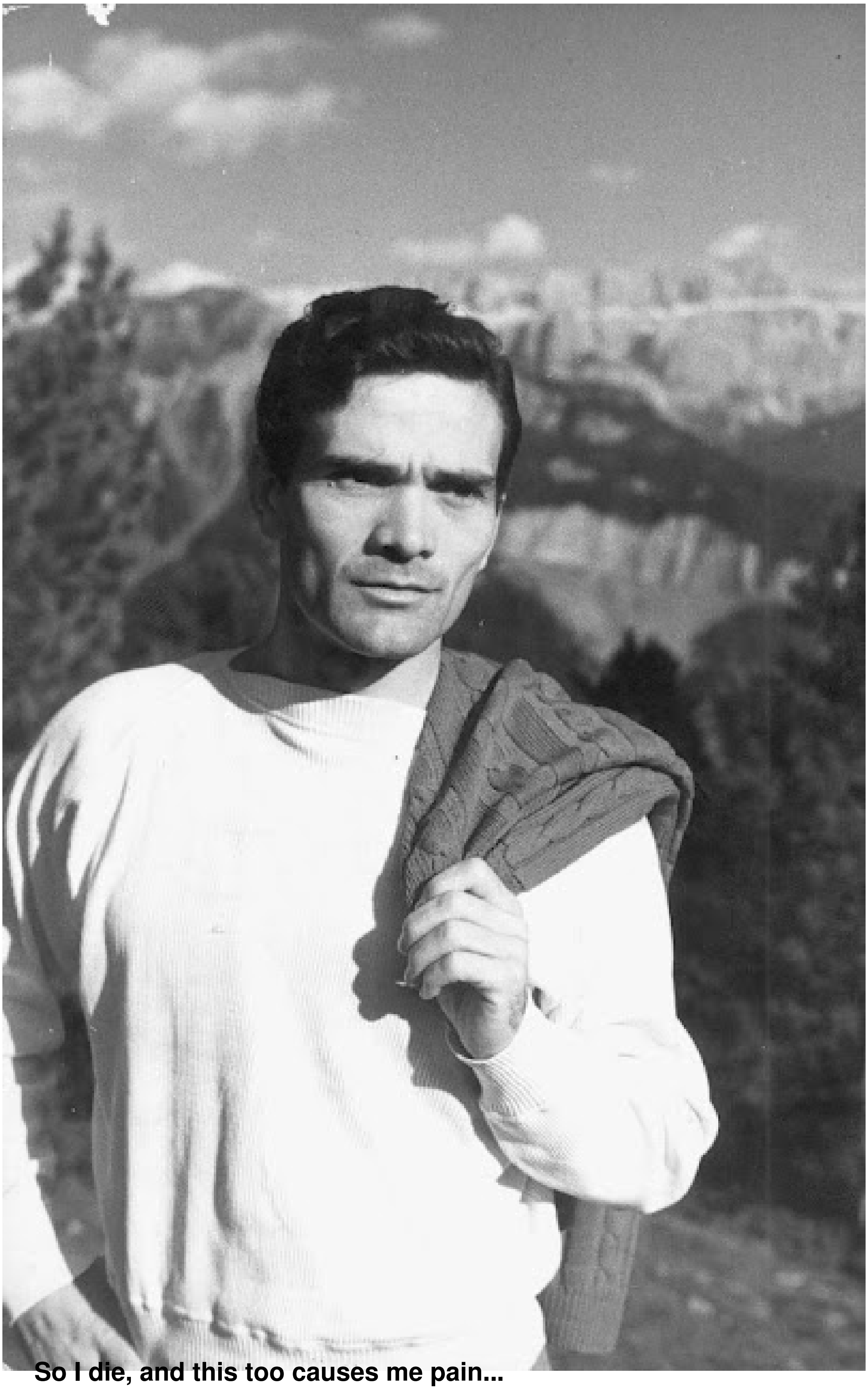
To show my face - my leanness -



[illegible] ice accustoms us



to seeing others die atrociously,
locked in the strangest indifference...



So I die, and this too causes me pain...

Pier Paolo Pasolini - 1964
Poesia in forma di rosa