

GROUP 2: Battiston - Koci - Pinat – Roncarà from **Sanem's friend's** point of view

What a sunny day! I'll go and work in the garden. I'm so happy and pleased with the sun. I'm enjoying the morning. Oh, my God. My mobile. It is ringing. Sanem on the screen: "I wonder whether ... is she okay? Did something happen to her?". During the last therapy sessions she sounded particularly worried: it was as if she had an obsessive thought kept repeating the same thoughts. I'll hurry and answer. Hello, Sanem. Sanem, Sanem please, keep calm. Telling me! What's happening. Her voice is broken. Why are you crying?

Sobbing desperately she tells me of the The Phoenix and the Albatross presentation. Her novel, a real say her masterpiece I've read it too! No doubt, it has been translated into so many languages. Sanem tells me she was reading an extract from her novel when she suddenly the memory of a dinner with Can crossed her mind.

Can was telling some friends of their first meeting and the fun all that made. Friend, I have not had such a flashback for weeks. I am confused, I feel afraid. I think I have seen Can among the listeners in the audience. To tell the truth I am not sure. Was he there in flesh and bone? Or was that a ghost. I am falling down again, friend. Help me please! What shall I do?

Oh, my God she's crying again. I do not know what to do to reassure her ... God, help me. Sanem, speak to me! It will help process your thoughts and express your feelings. Let off steam, please. I am close to you! At last she starts telling me all that happened. She tells me that when the presentation was over she decided to go for a walk. She needed to think about what had just happened. But it suddenly started raining and she had to take shelter inside a cinema. The Bad King was on. When the film was almost over ... Sanem is again silent.

Sanem, Sanem, please! What happened? She whispers "I sensed a light coming from the back of the cinema hall. Instinctively I turned back and saw such a familiar silhouette. I immediately understood the situation. She was referring to Can. I insisted. Sanem, Sanem, are you sure it was Can? And I said to myself that could not be a coincidence!

I feel really sad. I want to reassure her. I mention her a C. G. Jung's quote I have read recently: "The most intense conflicts, if exceeded, leave a feeling of security and calm hardly disturbing." Sanem you have two possible choices: get rid of Can's memory once and for ever or allow him a further chance to clarify your conflict.

Now, Sanem is heartened. Fortunately she promises me she will follow my advice and gratefully thanks me. I really hope she'll get better soon. I am really fond of her. She has undergone such a bad crisis.

The call seems to have helped her. She will certainly be back soon. Oh, here she is at last! I was so worried. I feel relieved. Hello my dear! How are things? I know you'll certainly walk to the pier in the fresh air. Yes, friend. I will as I always do. Go! Go! There is a nice sunset. You'll enjoy it. Go and get rid of all your memories: Can and all of your dramatic experiences. I really hope she will finally recover and feel free!

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I can see her in the distance. She has already reached the pier. She is sitting and facing the sea: the light movement of the waves and the salty wind bring inner calm and hopefully she will recover from her burning pains. I can imagine her: she is writing the first sentence of her novel on a small note.

Sanem has always wanted Can to read those words: Can, damn, you have really changed her life. I can even feel the sound of such words. She has read them to me over and over again "*He left me burned pages with broken dreams*". I can see her now that I have approached the jetty. She is throwing the medicine bottle with her message. It sinks fast into the dark water. How long has it been since she is taking all those pills? I cannot even say! Every day, the same ritual. It gives her relief. A feeling of rebirth.

After a beautiful night with a full moon. Sanem is again near me. Having breakfast together gives her a sense of belonging to ordinary life and routine. She seems to feel better than usual. Friend! She calls me by my name and tells me she wants to see Can face to face and talk to me. Sanem, Sanem I call her. I want to make her think and consider if she is ready for such an encounter but she has already reached the pier. She sits there in the fresh air and is surely waiting for Can.

She is probably thinking about what to tell Can. I wouldn't like to be in his slippers. I cannot even imagine what may happen when she feels his presence behind her back. But nothing happens until she can see him. From a garden path very near the pier I can see Sanem. She seems frozen and confused.

She mechanically gets up and starts walking. She looks as if she would like to escape.

My God, Can what are you doing? Can't you see how she feels? But Can calls her name once, twice, three times And, now, ... what's going on? She stops and turns towards him very slowly, as in a slow motion movie waiting for his words. Can approaches her and warmly takes her wrist. Perhaps he wants to tell her something. Who Knows? I wonder whether they both can find the proper words for such difficult situation. Suddenly she seems inquisitive and irritated. I imagine she may asks him why he has come back. Unfortunately, I can't hear what is going on, but even from the distance I can see he keeps looking at her and does not answer. Sanem is overwhelmed. She does show no reaction and leave. She probably feels like crazy. You can see that from the way she walks mechanically and without an apparent direction. Poor girl. I would like to be near her and hug her.

Another day has almost gone. It's late afternoon and Sanem is working on her perfumes in that beautiful corner she has made for herself behind the garden. I can see her fully caught by her task. She looks very sure of herself. All the necessary ingredients are set in a perfect row on her table and she is using the pestel with real self-confidence. All of a sudden Can seems to come out of the blue. He is asking her something but no words come out of her mouth. She simply nods and Can takes a small bottle from the table. I think it may be a perfume. Poor Can: what can he do? He has tried every possible contact but Sanem seems to have closed her heart forever. But now what can he really say. Sanem has created a heavy wall between them. I imagine he tells her he's going to leave. Sanem does not seem to react. I wonder what the point of all that pain is if they could not even speak and look into each other's eyes. No words, no relationship. Silence brings forth all their feelings.

Now, surprise leaves place to anger I think. Can is escaping from her one more time. Will she be able to stop him. Her perfume will be his only memory of her. The atmosphere is tense and a sense of loss surrounds the beautiful corner which works more as a shelter. As soon as Can has gone and let the stairs behind him Sanem stands up, leaves the table and runs after him. Has she understood she can no longer lose him? I guess she has just realised he may never come back. She has reached the pier now. Oh, no! It's Too late! She can see the boat has left the pier.

She is coming back. What a pity! Now, she is sitting in front of me. She is sobbing desperately. I don't know how to comfort her. What can I do? She is really heartbroken. Will she ever be able to forget Can? Will he still be her condemnation? Will Can ever help her become his phoenix?

The Albatross only knows