

Silvia – Polichinela’s daughter and innocent romantic lover to Leandro

SYLVIA (to the audience): And now the farce is over. And in it, just as in the farces of real life, you’ve seen that rough strings move these marionettes, like human beings, are moved by the wretchedness of their condition: their self-interest, their petty passions, deceit, and all the wretchedness of their condition. Some of the strings pull their feet and make them walk on unhappy paths; others pull their hands, which labor with pain, struggle with rage, steal with cunning, and kill with violence. But among them all, at times there descends to their heart from heaven a fine thread, as if spun out of sunlight and moonlight: the thread of love, which makes human beings, like these marionettes which resemble human beings, seem to be divine, which lights up our brow with the glow of dawn, which lends wings to our heart and tells us that not everything in the farce is farcical, that there is something divine in our life which is true and eternal, and cannot end when the farce ends. (*Curtain*).