

Google [the book of coincidence 2011]

Preface:

I understand by the transcendental idealism of all appearances the doctrine that they are all together to be regarded as mere representations and not things in themselves, and accordingly that time and space are only sensible forms of our intuition, but not determinations given for themselves or conditions of objects as things in themselves.

To this idealism is opposed transcendental realism, which regards space and time as something

given in themselves (independent of our sensibility).

Immanuel Kant

Therefore, on applying my mind to politics, I have resolved to demonstrate by a certain and

undoubted course of argument, or to deduce from the very condition of human nature, not what is

new and unheard of, but only such things as agree best with practice. And that I might investigate

the subject-matter of this science with the same freedom of spirit as we generally use in

mathematics, I have laboured carefully, not to mock, lament, or execrate, but to understand human

actions; and to this end I have looked upon passions, such as love, hatred, anger, envy, ambition,

pity, and the other perturbations of the mind, not in the light of vices of human nature, but as

properties, just as pertinent to it, as are heat, cold, storm, thunder, and like to the nature of the

atmosphere, which phenomena, though inconvenient, are yet necessary, and have fixed causes, by

means of which we endeavour to understand their nature, and the mind has just as much pleasure in

viewing them aright, as in knowing such things as flatter the senses.

Benedict de Spinoza

The 'Pure reason'.

What a relief, I am not alone in the universe, ohh, it's just a mirror. So at the end I have found just a mirror, my mirror, in the 'pure reason', that means I am 'alone' after all. Is it just a bad dream or 'politics'? And in my solitude I understood that thinking does not share the same properties as talking in our minds that's what 'pure reason' means after all, and then in just one point, one tiny point, I said, if there is a soul, well, is the one and the same of a sand grain, plant leaf, water drop or in simple word the universe or nature very heartbeat. [Colin McCormick]

An Halloween night dream.

Baby B.

If I could send by post my tears to baby B. I would, but my tears drop only on myself.

[E-Mail sent, after having by pure coincidence navigated to a wrong web page and having read a domestic cruelty and tragedy fact and realizing the horror of the modern society results.]

Beautiful angel.

Sometimes the death is like a beautiful angel resembling to a warm and beautiful woman saving a child from a worst destiny then the death itself.

The glass prison.

The glass prison is like an everlasting child's cry!

Nobody's Children.

For nobody's children, people should pay only to watch!

Around midnight.

The end.

The end is where the universe is right or where there the sense or meaning of the universe is, that's the end.

The death.

The death, in the our universe or the one where all the objects share the same proprieties, is the only point where a material physical finite universe meets the

abstract infinite one, so mathematically, because material physical reality shared and common to all the objects of our universe, even by a rock in the deep space,

its value is equal to zero, and that's why the universe is infinite after all, thank to many points where it reaches this value, otherwise it would be a fantasy, finite after all so not an universe at all.

The truth.

The truth is true only if partially true, as limit or exception or exceptions that demonstrate that it is true, that's the infinite concept of the truth.

In the infinite universe the truth is just a partial true, the human beings truths are all true anyway and infinite finite, that's what makes the truth infinite.

So, in conclusion the infinite, infinite concept of the truth is a container of an infinite of finite just partial truths. (but absolute truths or infinite anyway)

Irrelevant.

For the absolute or infinite, infinite concept of the reality and physical event within, the time [*] and the place [**] are an irrelevant variant.

* [To prefix that time here is intend not as measure unit, or in its abstract infinite concept but as finite or determinate lap of time,

such as an historical event]

** [To prefix that place is intended as finite space, such as geographic or politic of cultural]

Relevant.

For the absolute and infinite finite concept of the reality and physical event within, the time [*] and the place [**] are a relevant variant.

* [To prefix that time here is intend as measure unit, or in its abstract infinite concept, such as plus and minus infinite mathematical concept]

** [To prefix that place is intended as infinite space concept, such as plus and minus infinite mathematical concept]

The President.

Greece.

Greece, where army was invented, was always ruled by Athens which seemed always interested in the knowledge of the universe first and only, but that's why they considered and treated the military art as an art, but the funny part is not this, the funny part is that they always ruled all the Greece anyway.

The head.

The instability of a country is measured by the leaders of the country itself, if the head is no good, imagine the tail.

Something.

Being something belongs to the humility, pretending to be something to the pride, believing to be something to the evil.

The king of the world.

Einstein was and is way more important than the king of the world then, now and ever too.

The factious.

Who lives like he was in a fictitious reality misses the best of the life and consequently of the reality itself.

The real soldier.

To obey and give orders takes intelligence and dignity. It's a simple case of mathematical or logical deduction, if someone fails into obey consequently will fail into give orders also. For example if I was a soldier I couldn't and wouldn't kill children, old people and women or give that order and perhaps decorating with a medal at the end too, in warship matter, causality is meant only and only the our or our enemy soldiers lost, if civilians, then it is a military mistake, murder and intentional crime against the humanity; that's why, this is the modern age after all!

Power.

The fall of the power is detected by the consents and partnerships and alliances associated. In other words, when we eat at the same table of our servants or we are a very good master or we are not a master any more or at all.

The President.

It's very rare to find good heart, homeland loving, wealthy, generosity and sense of humour in just one person.

The memories of a little country boy.

Grandma'.

When I was a kid I remember when my grandmother died, she had a lot of sons and daughters, whose one them all his life went to cry to grandma' for this and that to ask money, and for years every month grandma' gave her whole monthly pension money to this son in disparate need, which once had problem with this, another time with that, then problems to help his wife, then his son, then asked an house to grandma' because he couldn't afford to pay the rent, and grandma' gave one of her houses to him, and that was what happened for years and years. Before she died all the sons and daughters stood beside her bed, waiting for the last breath, when this squander and waster son came to her, and after having kissed her, he whispered in her ear: "mum, have you left any thing for me, some money, an house?".

Grandma' with a very feeble voice said: "my son, your brothers and sisters never asked me anything, you have taken your part

already!", and then she died.

My dad special dinner.

Many years ago when I was 10 years old, during, I don't remember exactly what festivity, my family had invited a young uncle of mine with his wife and children, this uncle, Joseph, and his family at that time, were very poor, well, not very, very but close enough to that and they lived uphill in the country living a very, very simple life; anyway, my dad has always liked or better enjoyed to cook, cooked specialities from all over the world taken from a cook book, in fact whenever somebody by chance or invited had dinner with us, he always wanted to cook these speciality from Germany or these others from France. So, he spent hours in the kitchen preparing this succulent meal, made a soup with vegetables, cream, cheese and liquor which the remembering the smell of, still makes me dizzying, and escallops of veal in the flour with bacon cheese and thyme and bay leaves cooked in liquor and butter, and a fruit salad with lemon juice and orange juice and sugar and to drink red wine with peaches and ice. Well, when we all set at the table, my dad gave a glass of wine to my uncle, which when he saw it, with scorn said: "please, Al can I have just the wine, I don't like the peaches very much!", then we had the soup, and strangely it was almost left all in the plates by my uncle wife, Ida and all her children; but when he brought on the table that beautiful escallops with tender bacon and melted cheese on the top and so on, one of the children gave a look at it like it was a ghost or something and looking to my dad said:" Uncle, you are going to eat that, not me!"

The land neighbourhood.

When I was just a little kid I remember I was used going in my mother's land with a farmer friend of her, Benjamin, to help him and learn how to work the land. I loved working with Benjamin, he was an happy and funny old man, and I didn't learn only to work the land, to cut the vineyard, to plant new trees and to make hybrids plants, but also to catch hares, fawns and quails, and how to treat wild dogs and snakes, for me that, I was about 8 years old boy then, was fun.

Any way in a side of the land where the olive trees were, there was an enormous tree, which should have been centennial, due to the size, the eight and the width, maybe a pine or an oak or something else, I do not remember precisely, and it was so big that the many olive trees grown underneath remained very small and all day in the shadow, and all of them were subject to the wild envy because of that.

Benjamin one day, said: "Tomorrow I am going to cut down that tree, so the olive trees can breathe".

So the next day he started to hew the tree off. Suddenly it came the land's neighbour screaming:

"What are you doing, don't! That tree shades my little country house in the hot summer months, if you chop it down we're going to die from the heat! I'm going to talk with the land lord today, she barely comes up here, so it wouldn't matter!", Benjamin giving a look at me and shaking his head, said: "Ok, but it wouldn't be any good for her land and one day even for the yours too". So, time passed by, one year, two, three, four, five and my mother's olive trees struggled but because we spent a lot time and effort and cares to keep them alive, small but alive, they survived.

One day, whilst we were pruning some apricot trees this land neighbour of mine came in and said: "Benjamin, my vineyard grapes won't grow, two years ago I barely made wine enough for myself, last year nothing, this year I don't see any grape!" and Benjamin said: "they need sunshine all day and all the year long, and that enormous tree traps all the sunshine; can I chop that tree down now?", and the land neighbour said: "Yes, I beg you!", and Benjamin: "very well, but you won't make wine for a few years any way!".

My rich uncle.

When I was a little boy, I was used to be paid visit at home of an uncle of mine, Erik, he was a strange person with a deformity on his head, actually it was a kind of huge hump but instead to be on his back was on his head, so he had an huge head, and despite this he was a sharp person, funny and kind. Every time he was passing by the village always went home to pay visit and bringing toys and every time he asked my father if I could go with him to spend the evening and even the night in his house; he lived not far in a beautiful villa and had a beautiful wife, a great garden which he spent all day long taking care of it and two huge Danish dogs, every festivity he came home to pick me up and brought me around in his business, I spent so much time with him that one day, my father, joking, said: "I begin to feel like your second father!". Uncle Erik was used to tell stories about his youth; he, when just 16, joined the foreign legions in Africa and spoke a perfect French. Uncle Erik was rich, he had a wedding dresses factory and many shops in Naples, so he was always crowded by relatives and strangers which pretended to be or relatives or friends, in fact, he was used to make parties at Christmas and every little while, and many, many people came to his parties; after a while his house was always crowded and his life also, especially by relatives. But he didn't care and bother also, he enjoyed every minute of it. Time passed, and he join a partnership with another uncle of mine, Phil Bert, which uncle Erik gave him the whole charge and responsibility of the business, but this one made many, many mistakes and year after year uncle Erik, lost lots of money, but he didn't seem annoyed, and kept his happy and thoughtless life

anyway spending the afternoon taking care of his garden and the whole summer in his summer house on a little island 50 miles off shore. Time passed and Uncle Phil Bert made disastrous errors with the business even committing fraud to the government, and all behind uncle Erik's back. At that time, I was about 8 years old; he still came at home to pick me up with his Volvo and brought me fishing with him. One day my mum said that he was going to lose all his fortune, because of bad business deals and little by little I saw him always and always less, all the crowd of relatives and friends walked away from him and talked behind him, like a sort of family scandal, many, the penniless ones, were even happy about his disgrace. And year after year he became poor, he was able to keep his beautiful villa and gardens surrounding but he lost all his business and shops. Time passed by and all the relatives and friends just turned their back on him, the ones crowding every day his house didn't go to pay visit to him ever again and in the street of the village or they turned the face somewhere else or ignored him, they didn't even say: "hello", except me, which I still saw him like one of my favourite uncles, and when I could, by feet, I went to pay visit to him and help him in his garden. Time passed, and he was left completely alone by anyone. I grew up, and when 26 or 27 I moved some where else and I was going to get married, so for the weddings I went back to the village and I organized the wedding list of invited and restaurant booking on a seaside view restaurant, and I went to every single relative to bring the invitations. When I went to uncle Erik's villa, it still looked beautiful, even if the garden didn't seem cured any more, and when he saw me, immediately recognized me, and smiling let me in; he said to me he knew I was living somewhere else from a while already and that he was very happy that I went to pay visit to him, I told him that I didn't just come over to have a cup of coffee, but to give him the invitation to my wedding, he, first, looked at me and smiled and soon after he start to cry! And then he said: "today is the happiest day of my life, I would have made you a wedding dress if I could, but I don't even have I decent dress for myself and for my wife too, as you can see, now, we are very poor! Colin, when you are in the church and later in the restaurant, imagine that we are there with you all the time, don't ask me why but I can't come to your wedding. Son, even if you don't see me, that day, I am the only one which is really there!"

The gold.

When I was about 13 years old my mum told me about a nephew of her, Robert, living in a very fashionable town, where, who knows how, every teen had Timberland shoes, over expensive jeans and the last fashionable motor bike. Little by little Robert grew the craving desire also. But he couldn't afford the last fashionable bike. One day he discovered a box forgotten in the loaf. He opened and found it plenty of gold. All he knew had that last fashionable

bike. One day he took all the gold, it was his mother's, and left some little rings, considering them no worth. So he sold all that gold and finally he could be fashionable also. One day his father went in the loft to get some wall papers, and it cut himself on his hand, and the blood spilled on that box. So he unaware took it and brought it to his wife to have it clean. His wife with a scream, said: "Ohh, all my gold". So they waited their son on his 'friend of his' motor bike to get back. When home he saw that box on the kitchen table and lowering his eyes and with a sigh sit down. His father asked why. He lied and said he was hooked with drugs. They, scared, tried to help him in any way. Doctors, psychologists, even a long countryside holiday. Time passed by. The life became always and always more tensioned because the freight of a drugs coming back call. Time passed by. The life became always and always more depressing because their son was like never at home even if he was always in his room. Time passed by. The life became always and always more obsessing because everything seemed to be wrong every time. Time passed by. The life became always and always more frustrating because everything seemed to be wrong every time. Time passed by. Until the day they finally had a discussion at lunch. In the rage their son finally said it wasn't true, it wasn't drugs but he just wanted that last fashionable motor bike. His mother looked at him in his eyes and with hunger slapped in his face. His father said: "why don't you just said that! You have killed us, you have really killed us". His mother then: "we were worried to death of you, not about that gold! Beside, you see this little ring on my hand!" "You don't know, but it was worth many times more of all that gold put together! But it is not that, it is what this ring meant for me, something more of all that gold anyway even if it had been worthless!", then his dad, "by the way go out for a change and have some fun on your bike!"

Achilles.

When I was a child there was Achilles and Stella which they were a couple living next a school mate of mine, Salvador, home. Stella's brother, Salvador, never went to school, so he was impressed by almost anything, and every time he want to know something he asked to Achilles. Achilles went to school, but he made just the high school and he even didn't finished it up, but he was a good person and liked to read news papers, in other words he could at least write and read. But Salvador thought that Achilles was a very highly educated person and went to him to ask this and that, and for him, Achilles was the most educated man in the world, when he heard in the television a word he didn't understand he ran to Achilles and Achilles explained what it meant. Stella knew his husband wasn't really educated but she pretended to do not hear because she loved him, she knew that Achilles, explained roughly what Salvador asked about, but she wasn't sure that it wasn't that, it was like: "What doesn't mean this? Well, this is that

thing, you know that thing! Oh, yes, but I don't think I understand!" It was like that, but she was very proud of Achilles anyway. Achilles tried sincerely to do his best, and never let Salvador down, after all. But one day, came to pay visit to Salvador an old friend of his, since children, which for the circumstances of the life he had to move to Germany when just 8, Laurent. Laurent had become an 'arch of science' even if he didn't seeme or made to seem, so every little thing he could explain to it's atomic and molecular composition, or to it's physic formula, or to its etymological derivation or whatever, he was an 'arch of science'. So, once again Salvador ran to Achilles for something to be explained, and said to Laurent: "I'll present you to my brother in law, Achilles, he knows many things, it's so educated, every time there's something I don't know I go and ask him about!", Laurent didn't had the time to tell Salvador about his background and pretended to don't know anything to do not hurt the feelings of his old friend and his brother in law. When they were there, he didn't know how he could refrain himself to laugh, because, at his eyes and hears, that appeared more like a theatre's comical sketch or something like that, because one was completely ignorant, and the other was even worst, and they looked like two children playing to the teacher or doctor to him, but he could stay silent and keep all for himself, trying as much as he could to do not make any movements or face expressions that could make them understand, there was Stella standing in there, she didn't say anything, she looked in the tender smiling eyes of Laurent whilst Achilles and Salvador were questioning about this other knowledge mystery and suddenly, she didn't know why or how but she felt scornful.

The delay.

When I was a child, in my village there was a lady who was married with a foreigner rich widowed merchant, one day she asked to her another lady living next door if she could be so kind to go to pick up her step-son at school. She barely knew her but she had a delay that day, and knowing that the school was the same school which the neighboured lady's son attended, she went and asked her. When she asked to her, she replied: "Of course, but I don't know your son!". So, the lady said: "what? You don't know him or my husband or me?" At that point the neighboured lady said: "I am afraid, I do not, Mrs, this is the first time I talk and I see you, so I'm knowing you just now, but if you describe me the child I will pleased to pick him up." so the lady said: "all right then, my son is the most beautiful, the most intelligent, the most clever, the most skilful, the most smart, the most elegant, the most better dressed child in the school, see, you can't go wrong, it's that simple". The neighboured lady said: "Ok!", and then she went to school to pick up the children, she asked to any teacher and person in the school where it was the most beautiful, the most intelligent, the most clever, the most skilful, the most smart,

the most elegant, the most better dressed child in the school, but nobody could answer or find him, beside she forgot to ask that lady what was his name. So in the hurry the neighboured lady went back to that lady home and once there she said to her: "I asked anyone and searched anywhere but I couldn't find your son, and I even forgot to ask you what was his name, I can ran back at school but I need at least to know his name. Then the lady answered:" Vincent Pride".

The match.

When I was a little boy my dad sometimes did like to enjoy to watch a soccer match, even if it was not his favourite sport, he preferred the box, even if just local boxers, but at that time families had just one television at home, and my mum which waited a whole week to assist the Sunday movie started always a little living room war, when was just soccer my dad did not refused to let her watching what she liked, but when it was a who knows what, probably a local boxing little star, he insisted, and my mum began to walk up and down in the room so much that my dad at a certain point said:" all right, ALL RIGHT!" so, I grew up with absolute no interest for it, well, I know some popular figures like 'Pele', in the soccer, but not because the soccer or because I ever watched him playing, but as long as I can remember I never assisted to any sport event especially soccer, which here is just a joke anyway. Beside the point one day came to pay visit to my dad his brother Victor, from a very big city, and it was on Sunday evening, so my mum wasn't too concern about the Sunday movie, due to the excitement of uncle Victor's visit, so my dad turned the channel on the Sunday match, and while serving uncle Victor a Tea, she turned the head to the television and said:" No, my dear, you know as much I find boring all that, beside, there is your brother here so turn it off, if you really want to turn something!" So my uncle said: "You can watch it if it is for me!", and my mum:" no, it is not for you, it is for me! I don't really like soccer" and my dad: "well, I am not that crazy also about either but it was boxing night!" and my uncle:" Do you watch it for the show or for the antagonism?" well, my dad which seemed he did not really know what 'antagonist' meant said:"the show!" and my uncle said: "You see, the more we go on the less it is sport, if you take a world cup of any sport, long ago you could really say these or those are good, great, now we can less and less say that, it is all a big fake, and the athlete that won are paid gold, but their value it is not, because fake, if it was fare it was somebody else's value to be worth gold, so, it jeopardizes all the sport business, it is like a big fake greyhound race, it is just to win a night bet, that's all, no more no less but uncaring to jeopardize the actual value of all the athletes!" then my dad said:" well, I like the boxing anyway, I don't really care much about ...", and then my uncle said: "well, I am afraid boxing maybe is even worst!" but if you really said you like to assist a match for the show, well,

there is a new 'sport' in vogue, it is called 'Wrestling!'" at least they know and you would know it is a show already!" and my dad:" Wrestling?" and my uncle Victor:" yes, if it is for the show, wrestling!" and then my mum:" not on my television!" After a few years when the television became popular my dad decided to buy another one and finally it would watch all the sports he wanted from his bed, but used for so long to his wife on a side, a child on the other and a romantic movie in front, he punctually felt to sleep after 2 minutes or maybe less!"

My cousin wedding.

When I was a little boy I went to my cousin wedding, I brought the wedding ring to the spouses, but about the details I was been told only ten years later, His name was Charlie and her wife's was Audrey. People in the family whispered He ran away with his girlfriend, they were attending both Physics University then, so they would have had been a little after their twenties, but it was not true, he had a brother in Europe, in England precisely, so he went to spend the summer to him, and soon after his girlfriend came after him, he was good a looking and gently guy, so she thought any girl could steal her love boy. As soon as she went there they went to live together in all in one room flat, a love nest, where after a few years she went pregnant. Charlie wasn't exactly the religious person, even the village priest, father Michael always told that, never went to church, never learn a pray, never had nothing to do with the church, even if the very same priest was his professor of mathematics. Anyway the fact that father Michael had to suddenly marry him troubled him, he knew that Charlie had to get his woman happy, and that meant honourable too, so because her parents never let live her with some one without a priest bless, Charlie consented to; anyway the priest knew very well Charlie, he had none of the necessary religious stuff needed for a Christian wedding, in fact the first thing he asked him was:" Charlie at least, are you baptised?". Don Michael knew it wasn't a properly wedding, the guy never did anything necessary, but he closed an eye and said: "You'll do all together, baptised, communion and wedding but do not tell to any one and God bless me!" father Michael wasn't exactly a normal person after all, he grew up in the very 'Down Town' his very brother became a Gangster and had killed several people, known as a nickname of the 'cavalier', but he choose the very opposite road in fact was a Professor of Mathematics at the nearest city University and maybe just because his brother, he was active fighter of the criminality, in fact he did whatever he could to keep the youngsters away from the road, he didn't know what else invent to do that; several times was treated, menaced even shot but he never gave up. Many criminal hate him because he went to the radio and even small local TV to talk about that, so he was a fright for the gangsters even for his own brother. He said:" Charlie you see there, that police van, it patrols this church every day, it's

practically parked there permanently, and last week there was a shooting here! You see that sign there, saying 'silence!' that's for the folk and the youngsters, they know what I mean!" A couple days later I was sit in the church waiting my friends to play soccer in the church's back yard when my cousin Charlie came in, it was the day before he flew to Paris for his honey moon, I believe he didn't saw me, he went to confession, Charlie asked for father Michael's and after a few minutes he came. I could listen all, but then it didn't make any sense for me, and to think about it, still today. Charlie started to confess, but wasn't the usual confession, anyway he said: "father, I think that my wedding was a kind of illegal, not for the confession missing, which I am doing now, but for the fact that ...!", father Michael then interrupted his confession saying:" I know, son, I know you just made a woman happy, but it is not your faith, anyway; but you don't worry, as I closed an eye, the lord will too, there is much worst then that! Beside I knew you, as a child, going to watch Godzilla instead going to the Sunday mass, as young as my student, which never asked me anything, not even when he really needed, You wanted to understand by your own, that was a mistake son, that attitude led you to quit Physics, am I right!", and Charlie: "well, then maybe was one of the reasons, but there were many other things, like drugs, my family apathy to everything and then there was love which brought me back here, right here even right now!" and him:" I am glad you said that, among 40 student you were the last I though he could easily give up, just because of what I just said, you were the one that wanted to understand on his own, less glad about the drugs, are you still ... whatever you did!", and Charlie:" well, I constantly fight with this desire, since Audrey came pregnant I started to fight back, not that it has ever been an habit, I never had needed help or medication, but occasionally, if the occasion would have had presented itself, I did not have refused!" then father Michael added:" Anyway as you said love brought you back and probably love was then, we do not run away for anything but for ourselves or our beloved." then Charlie: "Father I am sorry to have somehow offended your faith, but ...", and then father Michael interrupted him saying: "hey, don't worry, I will take responsibility for that, you know, doesn't matter what you believe, the important is that you don't lose the faith in what you believe, don't worry to take another road, there is nothing wrong with it or to be sorry and I can tell for my personal life experience, so go, have a nice honeymoon, ah, I know you are going to Paris, well, your wife is Christian, tell her that in Paris there is a Cathedral, called De la Magdalene, well, tell her to go for a mess, don't ask me why, just tell her, bless you son". Well, that was my cousin Charlie wedding, I still haven't seen him after that day, even if I was that little boy taking his wedding ring.

The wood.

When I was little boy I was used to go up hill to my mum's land, to pick up mushrooms, walnuts and chestnuts in the winter and figs, apricots and peaches in the summer, my mum's land was not very big, well, looking at it now but right then for me was vast, at the end of the land there was a little wood land, pine trees woodland which confined with the wild woodland and I loved it, especially in the summer, the coolest place for me, well as child. Once I heard like music in the wild woodland and curious I went to check it out, there was a young man playing the saxophone and whilst I was hidden in the bush, he played and played and played, I don't really remember very well but the little I remember was that his music was strange and kind of misty due to the noise of the trees, animals of the wild and the wind. I stayed there maybe hours and at the end I made up my self and I climbed over the fence and went to see him closely, and scornful I walked up and up and up hiding myself, once behind this and once behind that tree. When I went very close I hid behind a big rock and keeping glancing trying to not be seen, but at the end suddenly a voice: "Who's there?!" made me jumping out and trying to run away but again: "Hey, kid don't run away!", I turned around and I thought I had seen him before, and that's when he said: " I know, you are the little boy of the Mary!", I said: " Yes, do you know my mum?", he said: " yes, you know your mum's sister is my auntie!", I said, surprised: " Really, I don't thing I ever seen you or known you before!", and he, sitting down on the grass answered: " well, is my fault somehow, I don't usually go out quite often, my dad has a good restaurant and I live quite well, I stay all the time at home studying the music, you know I am a composer, I play the piano! By the way my name is Ralf", I said: " but this is not a piano, and to be honest I don't even know what it is!" and then he said: " this, this is a saxophone!" So, we stayed there talking and talking, I went down my mum's land to pick up some figs and apricots for him, and he started playing, stopped to eat some figs and playing again, at certain point I told him: " it is beautiful, what is it?", he said: " this, this is jazz! do you like jazz, well, of course not, you don't know this is a sax imagine if you know what it is jazz! This is nothing, something it comes to me, you know, a great artist jazz is just dead, his name was Miles Davis and I am coming up this woodland every day from a week playing away my sorrow for his death, I was a big fun of this master" I was not sure to have had understood what he said but it sounded sweet for me and I asked him: " so I can hear you playing tomorrow too!" he, laughing said: " well, yes, but you know something, why don't you come to my house, and I'll play for you my music, tell you about the Jazz and everything!" so I said: " well, I don't know, I don't know where you live!" and he: " ask your mum for 'The lantern' restaurant of Laurel, she will take you over, my dad is a relative of her, she sure knows, I live just upstairs the restaurant!" So happened that we became friends, I learnt a lot about music, Jazz and even what kind of person is a young composer, even strange like him, because as he said he never went out his house, he spent all day on the piano writing music, it was weird, and one day I asked him: " why are you so weird, I like you very much, but why do

you prefer staying all day alone!", and he said:" well, you right, even for my dad is hard to understand me! But because his restaurant business is good, he let me do!" He once asked me:" but after years of learning music, schools and so on, don't you suppose to go and play in the restaurants or villages 'fiesta' and festivals?" so I said:" I may, but I am not built in that way!", and him:" so what exactly a composer does?" and I said:" I don't know yet, but of course is not to play in the village's fiesta!", and then him walking away:" You know, son, what does it mean? It means that I spent a fortune sending you to school for something you are not sure yet!" Time passed by, weeks, months and our friendship become strong, we passed almost every day in the wood, and as strange as it could sound I felt comfortable with his company, once I told him:" don't you ever get tired to come up here?" and he said:" didn't you say I spent all the time alone? Beside I am learning the sound of the forests!" then he added: "just kidding, I just enjoy your company, that's all!" but it was a weird situation, in the village the people barely knew him and the talk about was that he was weird, even my relatives thought and whispered that, I know because I heard them at my Grand Ma' Rosy, birthday, she was almost 100, and when heard they were talking about him she found the breath to say:" Laurel boy? He's born with a noble heart!" but every body didn't seem caring much about her words. Time passed by, weeks, months, and I was always and always more exited to spend the afternoon with Ralf, the wood became a sort of our own universe, I amde every day my home works as quick as I could to run at 'The Lantern' and call him over, once in his room he opened a big case, and took out a box, and said:" I want to give you a present!" and opened a box, inside there was a little piano, I thought right then, and then he said:" You see this, this is an Organ, it has been my very first music instrument, it looks like a toy but it is not, it is an organ!", and then I said:" But I don't think I can play", and then he smiling:" of course you can, otherwise you wouldn't come in the wood in the first place, and stick around with a strange person like myself!" then he added:" don't worry there are adhesive on every key and the note written on it, you have just to fallow your eyes at the beginning, these are my very first books, they're all very simple lines, just to get familiar! I'll tell you about the basic principles later, I can only tell you that when you play or compose you forget about the music lines, your emotions in your mind are like little impulses instantaneous which come to be instantly translated on the keyboard, these basic principles you need, are only as a play ground inside you are going to feel such emotions; that's all I can tell you now; kid, you need to understand these basic principles otherwise you learn by heart and forget the day after or get confused, but there is time for this, ah, by the way I wrote a composition for you, you know when I first met you, well, that music I was playing in the wood, I worked out a bit on it the last months, here it is yours, it's called 'The Boy and the woodland'!", I wanted to cry, but as reaction I said:" You can't give me this, it's your first instrument, I am glad but I can't!", and then he said: "hey, you

are my best friend, you deserve it, I can tell you! And now let's go in the wood!" That day we had a special day up there, it came in my mind his words 'learn by heart' and reminded me the school, and I started to talk him about my school class mates, teacher and even the janitor, and I wanted to know what it meant better, because many things I had to learn were just like that, especially poems and timetables and so I asked him to tell me more. So he said:" At school there are many kind of pupils, and they all try their best, for example there is the swot; the swot is an hard worker, but it is a swot because limited, he probably learns by heart, so every day spends all day long on the books and the day after can repeat the exactly words to the teacher, but he forgets the day after and probably repeats those words without even understanding the meaning and probability could fail with a simple mathematics' problem although is an hard worker, then there is the idler and lazy but cunning, which tries any other way round and mostly he can float, like piping or copying the homework of someone more capable then he does, it is a sign of intelligence anyway but not enough to fill up the too many understandings holes otherwise he wouldn't do that and he also, eventually fails with a simple mathematics problem, but this is not important, what is important is that he lose is dignity and pride, then there is the brilliant that point all in the class, which means he keeps his eyes in his teacher mouth all the time, in other words he pay attention so he concentrates in the class the learning and this denotes the will, or the attempt of understanding, so once at home the homework are just a confirmation of what he understood in the class and so learnt and probably this is the one that can solve that simple mathematics problem, the funny part is that this one concentrates all his energy in one point, in the class and at the end is the one that uses less, much, much less energy then the swot and then jack-ass, that's all, but remember, they all work very hard but just in different ways! You, what kind of pupil do you resemble most among the threes?" I said to him with a little pride:" I don't know, but I spend all the time with you, so I shouldn't be an hard worker, I never copied someone's else works, so I don't think I am a jack-ass, well, I guess I should belong to the third, but I don't ever remember I kept watching in the Ms. Walt's mouth all the time!" and him:" well, maybe you did but you didn't realize that, and I tell you, you'll never will!" so we stayed there under a pine talking, laughing and eating walnuts and now that I remember it, that afternoon was one of the happiest of my life. Time passed by, weeks, months and one Sunday morning I asked him to take me to watch Godzilla, so he said:" well, I don't know, I feel quite uncomfortable in the Village, people look at me like a 'spider from Mars', but I kind feel to watch a Godzilla either this morning! Very well, I go to take my cloths and then Godzilla here we come!" we spent the morning watching the movie and then surprisingly we had a little stroll, he even bought me an ice-cream, then whilst sit on a bench, a young man came towards us and with a happy face screamed:" Ralf, is that you?" Ralf said:" Hi Henry, it's been long time, isn't it?", and that young man: "well, since high school, I suppose, and we live in a very tiny

village in the middle of nowhere! You know, it's almost quite few years nobody sees you around, I thought you died!" and Ralf:" well, I am here!" then that young man started to talk about music, knowing that Ralf had just finished the 'conservatory' or music school, and at a certain point he said:" you know Ralf, I learnt to play music too, a few years ago!", and Ralf:" really? I didn't know that!" and that:" of course you didn't, you kind live miles away! Anyway I play in a band, 'the wanted blues' never heard about them? We are quite well known, even in the local radio, we played in many villages even this one." Ralf said:" no, I'm afraid!", I thought:" of course he couldn't, he doesn't even know the national stars, imagine them, all he thinks about is the Jazz, in matter of music!" but that guy made an expression with his face like he was offended by the Ralf answer or perhaps that young man wanted or thought that Ralf could remain dumbfounded about that, but I knew, he just couldn't, on the contrary his smiling eyes or like for tenderness, made me thinking that Ralf had understood the guy but for him all that was not necessary, his way was made in a such manner that he would never do something like that, not for over pride or to snob the 'fiesta' musicians but that was just not the way of Ralf, he wouldn't fit in something like that anyway, he would be out of place in every way! Then that young man asked to Ralf: "what kind of music do you listen, seen that you don't even know us?", and Ralf:" I study the Jazz!" and that:" study?" and then he added:" I know a little about Jazz too, I know that Miles Davis is dead, well, one less!" when that fellow said that, for the first time ever I saw a shadow in Ralf face, an expression mixed between surprise and disappointment, well right then seemed that Ralf didn't bother more then that, and before living that guy said:" come to see us when you are not to busy in your study!" and then he, laughing, walked away. Now that I think at that after many, many years, that guy sounded a little delusional or too provincial, because he talked as Miles Davis had needed to steal the bread from his mouth, anyway on our way home I asked to Ralf about what he thought about the guy, and Ralf:" I don't know, he seemed quite confident in himself, I wish I was that confident, but my temper do not allow me to, anyway if I was a Jazz Master I would touch the wood when seeing or meeting someone like that!" Time passed by, weeks, months and we didn't think about that any more, time changed suddenly for his dad, there were opened too many restaurants that year and the Laurel business wasn't that good any more, so one day whilst we were sitting in the woodland as usual, he said to me:" Kid, I must find a job, you know my dad cannot afford to support me any more, so I decided to go in a big city to find a job, I don't know how can I tell this, we live in a middle of nowhere and the closest city is at least 2 hours by plain, we might not see each other any more!". I didn't say anything, I knew that he was very attached to his dad; his mum, died when he was a little boy just like me, so that decision maybe was taken in relation with the music or his music. In fact he moved to New York, which was millions miles away from our home, he maybe knew that New York has ever been a city favouring the Jazz more then many others. I received many letters from him for years,

but then the life took his course, he actually could finally work with his music, but the funny part was that, the his, was some how classic more then jazz or maybe jazz but good enough to be classic as well, I don't know, I am a full grown man now and why he loved the Jazz music so much I could understand only years and years later; anyway, I learnt to play music, every time I played that organ, I remembered Ralf, the woodland and our everlasting friendship; then years later I bought a guitar, I didn't actually chose to be a musician, as he always told me, I was too smart even for that, I became a computer engineer instead, but as he said too, I wouldn't need to be Picasso to be a decent painter, and what it is bizarre is that I kept that composition he wrote for me, 'THE BOY AND THE WOODLAND', in a safe as it was a diamond, and sometimes I give a look at it, and for an instant, just a little tiny moment I feel so happy and so happy that I can't help myself to cry. Since those years I never had a friend like Ralf again, still today I think and wonder about Ralf and those afternoon in the woodland.

Colin McCormick 17:11 22/11/2009

The story of Nicolas Hansen.

When I was a little boy I had strange adventure, well, is not the usual adventure, the one which people usually expect, but it is a strong memory of mine which I carried with me until now, as adult, I just cannot forget what happened long ago, in that far away village oversea, which apparently looked perfect and neat, pretty and sunny, but it is better start from the beginning. One day my dad received a letter from a small village in Italy talking about a funeral and a will of a person named Nicolas Hansel, and he was upset about and he and mum went in the kitchen and stayed talking about so long which they forgot about me at the point that I felt asleep on the coach. That week was kind of not usual, for us farmers which lived all our life like isolated from the rest of the world, that was kind of not a routine of ours, because mum and dad hurried all day, driving around to the near town to shopping once for this, once for that need, and I heard that word a lot, 'need'! I really didn't see why and what we had to need something in such hurry and in that way. So my dad finally came and said:"Look sweet heart, me and you have to go for a journey far away,in a little town in Puglia, Italy, an old friend of mine did just pass away, we were friends since tender age, but life got us separated, he was a painter, and he made explicitly his will, he remained all his painting to me with a diary, which explains why, mum has to take care the farm so she will be better without a little devil like you around!" So we had this long flight, from here to Italy, and after an exhausting day of train travel we finally arrived in this pretty small village on the southern Italy coast. I wondered how my dad knew this person and despite his

German or American name, we had to go in Italy, and timidly I asked him about, my dad said:"it's a long story, we knew each other in an university, he changed his name, because it would have had be easier to be pronounced, and probably liked it so much to the point to keep it, he of course did not lived in Italy but in Denmark and went in Italy to pay visit to his brother and was accidentally killed in a car accident on his way back from a trip on the nearby mountain landscape, he tried to avoid a bunch of kids popped out in the middle of the road from the bushes, probably running after a rabbit or something." I said to myself:"all right!", but, it sounded strange that my dad knew a kind of man like that and it sounded even more strange that he talked about an University, he lived all his life in a farm among crops, pigs, cows and chickens, I really couldn't figure it out that!" But the answer came when I met the brother of that Nicolas Hansel just the day after, otherwise I would stay the my whole life in the doubt if I expected my dad to tell me about, I never actually saw him as the intellectual type, to be honest, with those hands and cloths nobody would. So, when we arrived at the place, it was Nicolas' s brother waiting in the little driveway of them, he came and hugged my dad and said:"Quite long time John!", and my dad said:"time?", and that fellow said:"of course, of course! ", and then : "You must be the little Kevin, don't you?", I said:"Yes sir!" so he said:"just call me, Max!", I said:"OK Max!". And then he said""you come with me in my apartment, this is our parents house and make yourself comfortable whilst the funeral is over!" so we jumped in his little car and drove away. When in the car direct to his apartment I realized that that Max was a very talkative fellow and despite what my dad was use to say that's : "quick tongue are like a shooter, quick mind like the cowboy!" he seemed a very interesting fellow and very funny too, at a certain point he said:"so, you, of course, are asking yourself how your dad knew Nicky, or maybe you really are wondering about, seen that you had to travel for two days to get here, in the very middle of nowhere!", well, I said:"I don't know, maybe, I guess!" so he proceeded:" well, your dad and Nick knew each other in New York when very young, Nicky was looking for a room and knew your dad at a bar, he was used to be a waiter to pay his staying to finish the university!", I said to myself:"University, again? My dad? No!" and then he continued:"and your dad helped him and then they became room mates, Nicky, studied engineering and they help each other with the maths examinations, your dad studied maths and physics and was thanks to him that Nicholas did quite good with these matters, they found each other the perfect partner and soon enough were in perfect intellectual tune. They kept shared their works and interests until your dad got married, so their road had to get separated, beside Nicky because an Engineer had the passion of design and that passion little by little became art, and I mean that he did not only design but painted also and I have to say, even if a brief life he painted quite a lot paintings, which he wanted as his last will, to give to your dad! Your dad on the other hand had so much passion for physics that soon enough became

philosophy and that's why he chose to become a farmer, but, did you ever asked to you self, why and what a farmer does in the evening closed in his studio until late? Your dad is not what you think, sweet heart, it's different, how can I put this, ah, a pretty good farmer, anyway the both of them were two unusual fellow even among their own professional kind! Oh, here we are, that's my house! "He said apartment but it looked like more a little cottage or small villa on the seaside to me. Once inside he said:"look, I trust you don't get your dad in any trouble, I need to go also, so there is all already prepared for you, seen you are American, a young American, I made a dozen of hamburgers and cheese burgers, Hot dogs, popcorns, fried chicken, when you are hungry you can just take it from the table, milk shakes and cokes are in the fridge, television, stereo are all there in the living room, well , kitchen living room, sorry about all those boxes are my brothers, are mostly books , paintings and painting stuff, I have to run, see you this evening!" I never knew any kind of man like that Max, it was a party table just for me, not even my mum, as long as I can remember ever did a such party food for me, all at once, the only thing missing were the balloons and I could even have a party with my self!" So I made my self comfortable, I ate and then I began wondering around that house, then those boxes in the middle of the living room which contained only books and paper works, I saw many paintings in a corner all stacked on each other, the funny thing I thought, and I wondered was, why somebody which was an engineer painted faces and portrait, mostly was this, his painting theme, it should be something more abstract or futuristic, known the kind of person type, which was the engineering type, beside to all those paintings, there was a little box with some stuff in it and a kind of book, all in leather, so I opened it, because it was the only one which didn't bored me on the cover already, they were all scientific and engineering stuff I suppose, mostly about computers but the hard part of the computer I suppose, Arabic for me, and then, when I read the first page I realized that it was not a book, but the Nicholas personal diary, I said to myself:"well, probably it will take long until they will be back, nothing interesting here, I don't understand a word of Italian, nothing interesting at all other then this personal diary to read, well, except that mountain of hamburger, popcorn, fried chicken and hot dogs of Max. So I began to read that diary, which I shouldn't, and as I said before, that was one of the adventures of my childhood which I still remember today! By a chance I started to read from a page where the book mark was and that's November the 16, and that's what Nicholas Hansel told: "Here me again on my way back where I was born and risen, but this time it wouldn't be for pleasure and nostalgic feeling, yesterday I had the news from my older brother Michael, which I don't have any news from more then 10 years even if he lived 10 miles away from my house, that our father was passed away!" and then I thought : "what a strange coincidence!" then I became to read it with even more curiosity. So these are the words of Nicholas Hansel themselves: "I never been a good son for both my parents, or that's what they made me think, they never

approved any of my interests and never appreciate any of my skills, I paint since tender age, and my paintings if found by my mother went thrown away in the trash, if found by my father confined in his 'veranda', since I was teen I tried to do whatever I could to do not let them down, but I failed every single time, but this is my fault, I've always taken too seriously the world and the reality and sometimes this is a curse, like at the times of the 'lyceum', my essence brought me to analyse too deep in everything and that caused me to be considered bad or misunderstood by all my professors, maybe I said and told something too far from them and maybe that made them appear to the rest of the students like dulls, but anyway my parents never believed me and always took the part of the professors, today I can clearly see that what I thought in economy has happened already, they probably still wondering what those words would mean, today I can clearly see that what I thought in physics is happening already, they are probably still calling me crazy freak of nature, probably they will always stick with what the books say, and I comprehend their fear, like a child has the fear of the dark. But I always understood my parents and forgiven, I couldn't pretend they could be perfect, I couldn't pretend they understood things that came to me and that not even my professors understood, and even after years and years they always blamed me for anything nasty happened to me, and they, in their ingenuity, ignorance and attempt to protect me, were right, they lived a life on a razor blade because my thinking and always worry about violent reactions of any kind, and they were probably right, I am too selfish in a way, all my life and works are guided by my egoism, my paintings themselves are fruit of the egoism of mine, I am definitively a bad father and husband, even if all I have ever done is merely for them, even if the works of mine could be motivation of frightening for their life." And at that point then I stopped reading and exclaimed loud:" frightening for their life?" Then I continued reading up. So Nicolas continued to say:"But this is the past, now seems all senseless, I always wanted to do something to see my father smiling, but I failed, he never saw me have a decent job, he never believed me, just like at 'lyceum' times, that doesn't matter how hard I tried nobody would give me a decent job, the situation of mine is too complicated and far beyond his comprehension, but this must not be all, there must be something else to do not make him believing me. I, too, the first years I kept thinking it was just bad luck, but so far, 10 years have passed by and no one would give me a job ever, every one would say someone else would help him, but this is a thing that will never happen, and all this because my works, helping me, giving me a job would compromise the theirs, or their business or both or maybe much worst then just that, so this is a thing that will never happen already, it didn't happen in ten years it will never happen, that's all! All the things I would ever have told him and I never had the chance, not that I didn't try, but every time I tried he seemed even get offended, and in this train all the things I always said to him come in my mind like knives in my back, even the last time I talked to him, I was a little harsh,

I've always been too harsh with my father since a teen, I am indeed a nasty temper, but nobody told me he was sick, nobody, not even my mother, nobody told me he had to die soon, they just told me all after he was dead and I didn't even know how he died. But anyway I am here on this train and in a couple of minutes I will be in Diamanti soon, and no one expecting me, no one or maybe perhaps my younger brother Max, which I don't see from long time also but the few times I heard him on the telephone he made me smile, because he was the understanding one of the family, sometimes I have the feeling I don't even need to talk or tell him about anything, like he knew all about already, but this must be an impression or it's just the way he is. Oh, here there is, the old train station, just in the way I left it 15 years ago, well, not really, someone sprayed some 'murales' on its walls, kind of a pretty change, I suppose, I cannot see anyone waiting for me, this is not surprising. Once I got off that stinky train, I said to myself: "well, I guess I have to walk from here!" When got off the train I heard a voice calling me, but I couldn't see anybody, and then in the crowd I saw an old friend of mine Salvador, which was searching with his eyes among the people, and smiling I went toward him, but he didn't recognised me, so I screamed to him: "Hey, don't you remember of me any more?" and he said hugging me and laughing: "I don't think anyone would recognise you man, with those moustaches, you look like a completely different person now! By the way, I like them, you look good!", I said to myself: "I am going to feel like the Pirandello's Fu' Mattia Pascal, then!", and it was just like that, the few days I stayed in Diamanti, no one seemed knew me, well, not exactly, I mean that just the people I knew didn't, anyway thinking about it now, I can't believe that I saw so many people and faces and little situations and all in just a couple of days or so. In his car Salvador said he wouldn't come to the funeral, because he had too much work to do in his garage, and then he said: "tonight I come outside your father's house to pick you up, we have a lot to talk about!" and then I said: "what? Tonight? I can come over your garage tomorrow or the day after!", He said: "yes, yes but there is a little tension in the air you may not like, to be comfortable would be better away from it, I can't appear like I would in the garage, and you know, since you left years ago and said me to take care of you beloved vine yard I need you taste your wine, just for the sake of the old good times !" So I said: "Salvador, you really don't sound like Salvador any more, are you sure you're all right, I don't understand!" then he said with a serious face: "Look, Nicholas it is not an easy task being a friend of yours lately!" I exclaimed: "why?" and he: "You know, I still don't really know!" at that point, smiling, I said: "You know, you, not only don't sound like Salvador any more but maybe you don't look like to or maybe are Salvador any more, are you sure that you are all right, because should be me the one disorientated and upset!" and then we arrived to the place and whilst I was getting out I said: "Thanks Salvador, see you tomorrow, I don't know if I feel to have a glass of wine tonight!" and then him: "I don't care I'll come to pick you up later!" whilst I was walking to my dad's house I thought: "What

the hell with him, what's the necessity, Oh, I get it, he's afraid I don't spend a couple of hours with him, maybe it's been long time he didn't have any conversation with someone that could actually understand him, even if just a mechanic!" Then, here I was, walking to my dad's house, I knocked and the door was opened by my older brother Michael, which or I didn't hear or I was in a kind of pre-shock trance or who knows, he didn't even said:"hi!", whatever, right then I said to myself: "he must be too upset!" then I saw my younger brother which just gave a sharp look at me straight into my eyes in that silence and among all those people, I can't never forget those eyes, like a scream or a loud cry of sorrow! Well, I said let's go, every body in the house were like looking the floor, many strangers, well, for me at least, many relatives, well, a lots, a lots of relatives, and then I went in his room, in there there was my mum sit right next to him, she rose her head and looked at me, without saying a word, her face was the face of someone which cried for long time and the way she was sitting so close to my dad was like someone which seemed actually talking or maybe whispering to someone a lot or about many many things of the past and to wish or want to can do that for ever. I was there, frozen, I couldn't say a word, I couldn't even talk, I couldn't even look to my dad, for me he was like he was sleeping, and I felt only in that way, I couldn't realize he was dead, and that situation of not accepting the reality was a weird feeling, I thought, dizzy and disorientated, like I was not even there but alone miles away in a place with nothing in it, nothing not even a window, a door, nothing:"the death to be the most real thing of all seem the most unreal of all!" and there, in fact seemed so unreal or even surreal, like a sort of dream, a feverish dream or a dream which is not a nightmare but is not pleasant. Then my mum took my hand and said:"You are wearing moustaches, don't you? I like them, they make you look good!", I thought:"what? Again? What you know, it seems they really like my fuzzy face!" but I couldn't stand to be there, I couldn't believe all those people, who were they? I will never know! So I ran in the living room, I looked for my dad's liquors around and I took a bottle of brandy, I went in kitchen and I poured some in a brandy's glass and I had it, all the people stared at me like I was committing who knows what crime, I guess living in Denmark had changed my way, but I usually do not drink at all, but to be honest those two or three glasses of brandy did be of any help indeed, well, other then to smoke on them a lot. It wasn't late, but I wished I could run away from there, and I already felt like it was going to be a long night, and that's what it was, the longest night of my life, I couldn't stand be there, I stayed all the time on the balcony on the front of the house but because got dark already I couldn't see anything but lights faraway of the little gulf of Diamanti's seaside, and from there I could see my older brother inside talking once with this, once with that relative, and when by chance I went inside he shut up and so them all, so I thought:"I don't see him from ten years maybe more, my daughter is 12 and she never knew she had an uncle living just ten miles away, what's with him!" and it came in my mind when I was a

child and my dad for Christmas brought me an organ, and I stayed playing it all day long, and he came, I don't remember the excuse or the matter he was that mad, I remembered his blood red eyes, like upset or angry, and I don't remember why he was in that way or what I had done, but I do remember that he gave me a kick on my hand and broke me a finger, and his eyes tonight made me remember just that! Well, I always liked be alone anyway, and there, on the balcony which I was use to drink tea and study and see my father on that chair among magnolia and lilacs, still there where I left it, reading his boring classic books. Whilst I was smoking another cigarette, I heard a whisper in the absolute dark: "Nicholas, hey, I'm Salvador, let's go!" I went down to the gate and said: "why don't you go up and say something to my mum?" He said: "No man, since you left I came only at Christmas to pay visit to your olds, beside what do you think she could think about me, I take your grapes and make wine, she maybe consider me a crook!" and me: "well, I was the one that I told you to, and I told them too, look, the both of my parents didn't drink wine, and better making good blood to some one then rotting on the trees!" he said: "Nicholas let's go for a drive, I need you to show something!" then I came back up in the house, I told my mum I needed some fresh air and then we drove away. In the car he offered me a cigar, I said: "cigars?" and then he laughing said: "well, I usually smoke rolled tobacco, but a customer, a tobacconist to have a discount, brought me a box of cigarettes and cigars, I said no, but he seemed he wanted pay me all with smoke, and we agreed half in smoke and half cash!" then I said: "That's a real deal!" and him: "Oh yeah, for him! Ah, Nicholas I wanted ask you something!" and me: "Of course everything!" and him: "What do you know, exactly about rats!" and me: "rats?" and Salvador: "yeah, I mean how they live, what they need and so on!" and then I answered to this ratty question: "if you had a computer with the internet I could find out!" and he said then: "You know what, believe or not I finally bought a computer and internet and put in my office, but man I don't even know how to turn it on! And when I can turn it on, I feel like scared or afraid of it or afraid to touch it or to break it, like when my daughter asks me to help her for her home works, it reminds me books and school, you know I told you when I was a little boy, I ran away from school to became a mechanic at just 12 years old, and the computer remind me those books that made me ran away then!" and me tenderly: "later, when in your place I will show you and make you do it by your self, once done once you will do it always, by the way you are right, the computer is indeed a book, an exercise book, a calculator, a pen and the internet is the school library, I understand your fear! Or how does it feel for a man like you! By the way what's the matter with the rats thing!" and Salvador then: "I'll show you at home!" Once we got there and sit down in his office, I asked him again why he was afraid that I showed up in his garage, so he said whilst lighting another cigar: "look man, it is nothing about you but about me, probably they won't say you a word, but they would look at me strangely, I have to look like the boss, rude, vulgar and stupid, thing I can't do it with you, try to understand me!",

I said: "well, old friend of mine, you are a terrible liar, there is something else you won't tell me about, you cannot lie to me, you know?" at that point he laughed and said: "let's have a drink of your wine and tell me how I made it, meanwhile you turn the computer on!" so he went in his cellar and soon after brought these two bottles of red wine, the only wine I ever made, because the vineyards that grows up from centuries in that land are of red grapes!", well, the first glass for me was more than enough to get drunk already and in fact was the only glass I drunk or maybe two, then he said: "so, what do you think?" well, I said smiling: "the truth? Well, it is too much robust for my test, I would need something to eat to appreciate it, I always preferred a little more watery, and then he: "Hey, that's the way we do here, you should know that, I pressed trice the grapes, so there is a little woody test in it, you should know that or maybe after all these years living abroad you have changed your test, here there are some olives and dried tomatoes to help the wine getting its way!", so I asked him: "what did you mean with the rats thing, honestly it's not a favourite animal of mine!" so he said laughing: "Nicholas I show you later, now let's drink, and please show me how this infernal machine works!" then like explaining to a child how to do the basic things on the computer, I realized that it would be better if I made him doing by himself so to do not getting him scared to move around on it I said: "sit here, it's very easy, don't you worry about!" and for a couple of hours even if tipsy I made him discovering the basic computer desktop system and the basic computer skills by himself, and I did it by making writing a letter, and knowing exactly where he was without him getting afraid to get lost, I realized then, that for some people the simple exploring the folders or directories was very confusing and frightening, but it was not and I told him that it worked just like his desk, the desk top was just like his desk in the office, the folder in it were just like, the telephone, the agenda, the calculator, the pens and so on on it, the exploring thing which he was like scared of, I explained him, they were just like the drawers of the desk, you put in one the documents, in an other your appointments list, in this other one the calculator, in this this in this that, and he had just to remember that it worked like his desk, and then I told him that it had a structure like a pyramid or a tree, on the top is the memory like a big bin, but in this case the desktop itself, and all the sub called directories or visually folders which were small partition of memory divided all in the same way and size of the memory itself, were nothing but those famous drawers and in every drawer there was something called file, on the drawers there were labels which indicated what was in it, I told him that he didn't need to know all of them, and to make him understanding that, I said: "where the label says pictures, there are pictures in it, where document, documents in it, where video, video in it and so on. Then he asked me about internet, he said there was but it didn't know, so I said if there is the telephone line on, it would appear otherwise not, and then I added it is just like the rest of the drawers, or even the telephone on your desktop, where you read the label internet

explorer it means that in that drawer there is the telephone line switch, so I said: "here there is the icon on the desk top, it is just like picking the telephone on your actual desktop up!" and so when he clicked, the internet line was on, by default it appeared the google page, I didn't know why but then he said: "and now what? What is this, I said: "Salvador, this is like a dictionary, you see this box, type a word and a list of options and meaning will appear on the screen! For example you can type what do you wish to know in the box", so he said: "look I bought some ducks, just for a change and I do not know how to cook them, I knew something about duck in the orange sauce, but my parents are farmers, my wife do not know, of course I don't , so!..." then I said to him: "well, start with this and you will always do it by your self, type duck in the orange sauce and see what happens!", so he did and there appeared a list of receipts on the screen, then I said: "click on one of those receipts!" and so he did, and finally the list appeared, so he said: "Wow! Now to bring the receipt to my wife what do I do?" so I said: "look there, there is a menu, with the option to print, but usually there is this option on the web page already, use the web page and in case you don't find the option print, use the menu!" so he did and then he said: "tomorrow you are guest of mine and my wife's, we are going to have duck in orange sauce!" After that he gave me a cigar, but I told him if he had cigarettes instead and he gave me a whole pack of 20s, and then he said: "thanks, I knew from your mum you did study computers, but you must not be very good, because here the few people good in computers, work and a lot too, see, there is a guy very good, he actually sold me this computer and provided to every connection and even the internet!" I thought to my self: "he spoke like my mum, the guy take the vantage on mostly people like him, and get paid just for a plugged out wire, and pretend or believe they are even masters, and people too after them, things that people could learn by them selves and every body could do, like he just did, but I kept that for myself, to do not appear the doctor of the night!" so I answered to him the first thing that came in my mind: "Salvador, computer science is vast, we cannot do and know everything, so, some do the technicians, so operate on them in an office, some just type, some program, some design, some deploy, some test, it is a quite vast field, I worked on projects of mine, designed and developed, and I am still doing that, but many of these projects are on the internet already and just like the mine, imagine that this field pretend the internet thing, it is like a close circle, the computer specialists are only on this circle which is the internet, they don't go around in job centres or on papers, the real ones are only on the internet, because other wise what kind of computer specialists are they? Eh! But just because that it is a global thing, so like me, there are thousands which do exactly the same things I do, and many software applications can just be down loaded from free! So it is kind of difficult, my figure professionally is the self employed, with computers You never know, sometime there comes an idea which nobody ever designed or formulated, innovative or even revolutionary, and you maybe see some cash!" he said: "yes, but I still think you are not

very good at it! What are you doing now with them?" so I said:"well, it is a few years I am working to realize my mini operative system, like the ones in vogue now, because extremely cheap and I bought even one to study its hardware and software because it is a quite the similar design!" so He said:"My friend, is a waste of time, you have not a chance with these computer giants!" I answered that smiling, saying:" look, I have to do it, I cannot considerate myself a real engineer, until I cannot design and realize my own operative system, it's like do not understand the computer at all and the genius of Gates as well, because he remains the greatest innovator of the last century in engineering! So, computer engineering for me means achieve that first other wise I did not understand the computer at all even if I am a little late due to my age, but as I said before, with computers you never know!", then Salvador said:"who's Gates?" so I thought instantly:"the owner of what you have under your finger tips right now!" but I said:"never minds!" and then he added:"well, maybe you are right, but I still think you are not very good at it, I have seen this guy which sold the mine, he 's always busy, always in his car going at this and to that home with computers and computer devices, he, is good not you, I am afraid!" then I said:"OK, probably he is, but I cannot do what he does with computers, where I live probably I may need to be a technician or something and maybe I wouldn't be good enough anyway in that too!" and Salvador laughing:"yes, probably, son of gun!" Then he said whilst pouring more wine in my glass:"enough of scary stuff, I want to show you the rats thing, you will see real TV, and surprised I said:"what do you mean? What the heck have to do rats with television, man!", and then he said laughing:"you will see, ah, have you a strong stomach? Because some people which I showed this, I am going to now, puked, so, lets' go!" So we walked out from his office and in the dark I fallowed him, we passed his mum little vegetable garden, plenty of spinach, carrots, lettuce, corn and pumpkins plants and then I found myself in a very big barn, which I didn't quite remember I ever saw before, I loved it at the first site, and reminded me, my old friend words, John, which was used to say: "dream of my life!", and I understood why. Countless, chickens, pigeons, turkeys, and rabbits, a few pigs, ducks, sheep and even two or three calves, a whole room was only for the food, and then he stopped and said:"I have done everything to get the rid of the rats, you know, long ago finding a chicken or rabbit dead was quite normal, they can catch cold and die, but in the last few years I found more and more animal dead and I suspected a rat's infestation and I was right, I'll show you in a moment. Here, look! This is an infra-red camera, we can see in the very darkness, now I'll prepare a big bowl of food and I leave it here on the ground, if you give a look around, you cannot see any rats, but just wait!" we came back in the office and he turned on the television, which was connected to the camera also, and we assisted to the show, at the first seemed nothing to happen but just then a couple of little rats, came close to the bowl gave a bait and then run away, kind like 'hit and run', then they came a few more, a little more bigger, but I thought:"well, all, those

animals and animal's food, a family of rats, would be normal!" well, that little family, did just the same of the couple of rats before, except that two or three of them stayed right there, and then I saw the most disgusting thing I ever saw, like a whole flock of rats, they maybe would have been 40 or 50, jumping, fighting, running all around that bowl, like crazy people rushing in an American Bar trying to get a drink, well, that was reality TV anyway, and before I could say something, Salvador said:"wait!" and then, that big bowl of food disappeared in a cloud of who knows how many hundreds rats, at that point I said:"hey, man, that's not normal, they are far too many, it is dangerous for children and people in general! Have you done something about!" and him:"anything, poison, traps, I was driven so crazy by those rats that I crabbed my hunting rifle and started to shoot at them, but my wife said that was not the case to be arrested because the rats!" and then I said:"but they are so many, where do they hide, they cannot hide in the barn, have you checked underground, they live often in galleries", and him: "yes, man, every time I find a gallery, I drawn them with water and poison, but they even if many, are not that many, but I noticed a strange thing, they run always to that direction, like somewhere they know, as escape or safe place!" and me:"which direction is that, I cannot see anything but a little house, who lives in there, rat-man?" and Salvador:"no, no! an old lady, alone, well sort of, she has like 12 or 14 cats with her!" and me:"you see:"the lady solved her rats infestation and the rats changed home, you should get some cats!", and Salvador smiling:"I have plenty, but they work fine during the day, but in the night time, they kind to circle the barn, but they too, are too scared to get inside, you have seen with your bare eyes, a few cats are not match for rats as big as a dog!", "I believe so!" I said, then I added:"with all that food in there, they could only grow bigger and bigger!" and then I saw something in that television of him, like in the direction he said, like a glow in the dark, and I said:"what was that?" and Salvador:"well, it's the lady I just said, she's obsessed with birds, day and night, she has a post with a big dish on the top and refill it with bread or something!" and me:"well, after what I just saw, I presume she's been feeding only the rats! Maybe is because that they are so many and so big!", and him:"I thought so, but it's ridiculous, with all those cats, the rats think twice!" and then I saw like rats running in that way, and I asked:"are you seeing what I am seeing, what else there is other then that little country house." and him:"well, you see, it's not a road, it's more like a foot path in the green, over that house there is nothing, the wood land, which is as you know a national reserve and there is a big fence all around its border, well, lately they built a wall, do you want to see it? I show you, there is much I didn't say about the reserve yet which you deserve to know, because it was your playground, as child like a cow boy or pirate and as a teen as a gypsy guitarist or a devilish saxophonist! I have to show you something about the reserve which can only be seen at night time! " I said:"well, I came here not less then 6 hours ago for a funeral and I feel I never left! Let's have some more drink

of my wine and watch some more of reality television, maybe those rats comes from the reserve, who knows!" Whist we were having a drink I saw that glow again, and I said:"she must love birds, to feed them in the middle of the night!" and Salvador:"yeah, quite weird, isn't it?" so I said:"yeah, animals after a while are not really animals, they are animals in nature among other animals, when live too long with humans they are animals which learnt human behaviour, timings and habits! I used to have a little aquarium with gold fish, well, only the first months they are fish, after, they are like creatures of wonder, they knock on the glass when they are hungry, come close to the glass when you are close and look at you, all of them like one of them, they swim close to your fingers to feel you, as real, as they are, material, and once, even if sound crazy, because fishes eat each other, when one was sick, they, with their little fins, tried to rise him up side, and help him to swim around, like afraid he would die! Living with a superior being teaches them that kind of evolution, which in nature is so aggressive and nasty, because the time in the space is not possible to them to be apprended. But on the other hands they teach you beauty and grace, it's an exchange between two different species mixed together in a close environment in a due time and space, they actually because do not need to feed and hunt and hide and run away and be afraid to die, actually observe and like any other living being learn and realize the material and physical sharing and consequently realize, the material, their space in time, even if in a fishy way!" and then Salvador pouring some more wine:"man, I don't know if is your wine or you are crazy, but I can only say one thing about animals, the mine are grown to become food, and they love me, even if they know their fate, they see me preparing their food, you see that corn field there, that square isolated, well, I grow it only for them, I clean up the corn in front of them, I put in a machine, which leaves only the corns out, and they seem appreciate my food, like affectionate customers of a fine restaurant, and they make more and bigger eggs, milk and they test all a different thing at the end, but beside that to come back to you even if it is not exactly that point, which was quite heavy; man, you forgot you were talking with some one he didn't even finish the elementary school, well, for what I understood, I can only say one thing, if you have pity, the animals cannot die!" and I said at that point:"you know, man, this is ironic, you said you didn't even finish the elementary school, but you just said some thing which I didn't really understand or I find hard to understand anyway." at that point he laughed and said:"well, we are drunk now! Let's go to see what is hidden in the wood!" We jumped in a truck, the his, the garage truck; it sounded strange, an old white Volkswagen for its age and appearance, but the answer didn't make itself wait, in fact Salvador whist lightning a cigar said:"do you like it? This is my new utility truck!", I said:"new?", and him:"man, I modified the engine, it has a Golf 18 turbo diesel, 16 valve motor, I changed the shocks, it is not a 4X4, but it look like a Toyota, as you can see, and drives like Mercedes. You know that engine on this little tin makes the car fly!" and I said:"always the old Salvador, man,

with this, we can go in the reserve, safely if the car is the car you said!", and him: "Of course, but because is not a 4X4, yet, I have to watch out the big bumps of soil, you know I don't want to end up as a scale in the middle of the night, in the middle of the wood!" Once arrived there, he took a path all around, and I asked him why, he said we need to watch this from an higher place and not be seen, they could shoot at us!" and I said, shaken: "shoot?" and he replied: "Just wait until there, man!", then at a certain point after a quarter of hour of rally in the absolute darkness, he stopped behind a big bush and said: "now walk lying down otherwise they could see us!" and then I said: "they what? Who!" and then we hid behind a big rock over a cliff, after that he handed me a binoculars and said it is infra-red also, at that point I said: "man, you, to be a simple mechanic, risen as farmer, are quite well equipped!" and I gave a look, but I couldn't see anything that scary, yet, as matter of the fact, I didn't see anything but big bulldozers throwing tons and tons of dump in huge holes, all around that big dump unloading dockyard there was a huge wall, quite unusual, because the only way to see there would have been up here if you knew the wood land of course. And then I saw a group of people down there patrolling as soldiers or guards, well, that was kind of unusual too. And then suddenly a blinding light pointed just on us or where-about, at that point Salvador cried: " someone must have had seen us, let's run away before they catch us!" and me: "catch us?" So we jumped in the truck and drove away back to his place. Once we were back in his office, he lighted up another cigar and offered me one, and I accepted it, and then I said: "what the heck with ...!" and he interrupted me saying: "make yourself comfortable, we are going to talk about soon enough, because I wanted ask about just to a person like you, mean while I open another bottle of your wine!", I was quite drunk and honestly I detested the too woody test and I told him so, he at first seemed offended but then laughing said: "well, men, if you like you can put water in your wine glass, so that the wine would test just like the one you are used to now!" and that wasn't a bad idea then, I added: "so, what was that, some gangster's paradise? Isn't it?" and he: "well, not exactly!" then he stayed a moment in silence and smiling added: "well, sort of! Those were soldiers sent by the government, and all that dump was supposed to be recycled and destroyed, but as you saw, it all ended up in huge holes! Nobody can see what is going on in there, not even news papers reporters, it is like a top secret military place seen in the American movies, so my old friend of mine is it that legal? What damage could it bring to the nearby village on the long run, you see, because either over grown rat infestation, then the death of all those chickens and rabbits could have something to do with that, therefore I heard that many healthy people lately are dying with cancer in the respiratory and digestive organs, old country people which lived a life eating genuine food and with no vices at all except red wine of the up hill vine yards! So my friend what do you have to say about?" And to all those questions put right there on his desk, I first sit in his armchair then I poured some water in my wine, I gave a puff at the cigar and then I

said: "Salvador, you reminded my dad on his bed this afternoon, he died of that sort of cancer, but let's put aside this, which it is irrelevant, now, because we need a number of dead of the same sort of cancer and most of all, time, because that number depends by the number of years, if that number grows in relation with the years, the death of the animals and old people could be because of contamination of the soil, so once contaminated it arrives to respiratory and digestive organs through the water, the tap water and secondarily the food, of course if the poison in the soil is at the beginning stage which obviously depends by the number of years has been poisoning the soil, then, if the contamination is in a smaller quantity young and adult people body can react and defend itself, but in old people's it doesn't. About the chickens, I don't know, maybe the chickens physically are much, much weaker than a human being body, so on them the contamination would act as on old people. But wait, man, slow down! You said recycle and destroyed!" and he: "yes, that's what it's been told to us!" and then I said: "forget it man, especially recycling!" and he: "why?", and I: "well, recycling suppose to separate plastic, paper, wood and so on, and then come back to factories; here, there are no factories man, the recycling is the key of the future industry, saving energy and economy at the same time, but you need a factory which take back his plastic and reuse it, saving billions, and contributing in anti-pollution philosophy and energy saving tactics, so forget it, man, it won't happen here, it is lie, unless the factories of the northern Italy take your recycling dump, so forget it twice, man!" and he: "Nicholas, but if run a voice that it is the very refuses, the very contaminating ones that come from there!" and I: "as I just said, how a place without industries could produce contaminating refuses? So it is logical that this poison comes from there! Well, I cannot be sure about, but contaminating refuses, dangerous for the people, could only come from big factories, which could produce huge quantity of refuse, some which even export, but not the food or paper or wood associated factories, but only the ones associated with, plastic, paint, chemicals, and so on, imagine that to build a car you have to paint it but to paint it you have to produce paint and so on, so maybe could really come from other sides of Italy, but to land here in a public infrastructure like the public waste management, well it would need a permission of the government which, correct me if I am wrong, is it in Rome, isn't it?", and he: "I don't know man, but people I cannot even see what are they doing in there, are they soldiers or what?" and I: "Salvador, you are a soldier, and a great reporter too, not them, they are just little Pinocchios, not superior of southern American drug dealers private army, with the difference that at least the southern American private army do not pretend to be saints, priests and high fashionable and decent and respectable people and showing up only that and only! My friend, I presume that, that, it is not legal, and the soldiers are covering up a not legal thing or taking the people away from a not legal thing, so what they told you folks are lies, always supposed that instead recycling or destroying, they are burying the contaminating dump in the reserve. But once

again, the ministry of defence, correct me if I am wrong, is it in Rome, isn't it? The public waste is an infrastructure and so public matter and consequently the health and the environment, so an institution, it cannot be handled in fog or covered up in the smoke, so the reporters and the public opinion has the right to record it, if they want to, other than that, well, it can only mean that it is not legal, not only the public waste management project but the soldiers also! Beside health and the environment ministry isn't in Rome also, isn't it?" And then Salvador exclaimed:"It cannot be true, I don't believe you! There must have had been some one here, that's all the fault of the local people, no, it's not true, I don't believe you!" and I:"what do you think, man, that I care about? This is not my home any more, of course there must be some one here since the 60s, but I am only answering your questions, that's an impartial opinion, I don't get profit about, beside as I said, this is not my home any more, at the air port when I came today, after many many years, they looked at me like they wanted to kill me, a police woman at the passport control said:"here, you will never be welcomed!" I swear the truth! After at least 10 or 15 years I am away, what do you think I care? The people I knew didn't recognized me or pretended they did not know me, like I was a criminal out of jail after 10 or 15 years!" and he : "man, I don't know that!" and I:"really?" and he let's drink on this and on them too! What can I tell you, you left long, long time ago, and people just can't give up their memories, can't forget, so not being able to let it go, they are not capable to let you go, even if 15 years have passed by already! "and I:"what are you talking about, man, I cannot understand the meaning of it, they suppose to do not even know me and the people I knew suppose to knew me, like girls I was the boy friend or class mate for years and years, I don't believe this! Let's change argument now, let's think about it tomorrow!" and he:"wise ass!" so I got back to that conversation about the waste and the soldiers of the waste, and in my head I said:"what a waste!" then I spoke but I shouldn't talk about that to him, I knew it was difficult he could understand but I was drunk and my thoughts came out with nasty violence and I said:"look, my old friend, this waste thing is something not new, if the contaminated waste come from the northern Industries, this part of Italy has always been treated as a bin, now a little bit more, in a different way, but believe this is not a news for me! Long ago it was built a place to work with public money with a scarce of man power in proportion with the industries, the economy was bad distributed on the territory, this is only the mathematical consequence of a system built in this way, it has always been doing this that's why they do this, and the soldiers that cover up are the prove that is always been doing this, with the arrogance that nothing could ever been put in question, the soldiers are the very proves of this, the prof that the government is used to do this ever since, which means from the 50s! What I most wonder is that how some one that own a lot and a lots of money to people over sea, which today is the whole Italy, but 60 years ago was just a few industries really existed in Italy, which because Mussolini, they should have had

been in northern Italy, however, what I really ask to my self is that, how the reconstruction money, which was an American loan, was wasted, because other countries also had the same fate but they soon over came it, anyway, this, maybe, started a process long ago, which means to secretly work with some European and not countries that hated Americans, which historically have had always considered inferior farmers, or others that envy their style or others that wanted just a revenge on the world war two, so it is comprehensible that they would work out a way with some one which maybe hates Americans even more, finding in these last 30 years, always secretly strength and courage, when you have just an horse you do every thing to keep it, I can understand that, it is human!" and Salvador:"what the heck has this to do do with the waste and the soldiers? Beside what the heck just did you say?" Then I said The funny part about this are the soldiers themselves, this duration of things proves that the army is like it had an owner, so, this owner is above the justice and the law, even for the health of citizens, which pay taxes to have this infrastructure, so this kind of army is like a king or prince guards, not real soldiers or police men at all, they are employed by this last, so even if he would break the law, and making people die and so on, they could not arrest their employer, otherwise they would remain unemployed themselves." Then he added:"I don't like you when you say these things, I cannot follow you! And even so, I do not care anything about! Even if it was true, but it's not true, Italians are not that coward and back shooters!" and whilst he was saying that, the bottle of wine felt from his desk and broke in hundred pieces. Then I said:"man, take it easy, I am just drunk forget about all I said, these are only drunk talks, 'Lacryma Christi' talk! And he laughing:"man, you are scary sometimes and nasty!", and I said to myself:"just what I thought!" Then I rose from the arm chair and took a brush to clean it up and so I did, meanwhile he opened the fridge and put some genuine fresh antipasto on the desk, cheeses, mushrooms, tomato and artichokes in olive oil, salami and ham from his pigs, and opened another bottle of wine, and then he said:"look man, even if I think or maybe I know you are wrong, talk, I love hear what you say, as the matter of the fact you said something I never thought, heard and read, so what the hell with it, and as I said, even if true I don't really care about!" and I was drunk and I couldn't even remember what I just said, I had lost the train of thought, so I began to wander in my thought in a confusing and twisted way by the alcohol river of words, which I cannot distinguish if they came out of my head or from a superior will! So I said to Salvador, which was chewing the black olives and the salami, with his glass of wine in his hand:"take Einstein!" and he:"who's Ein..What?" and me:" it was thank to this man, that we know the universe as it is today, well, partially; such mind should live for ever and not in the symbolic way, I mean really, materially, but that's what it makes the life the worth to be lived after all, waiting for another one, well, I was saying, many places they do not realize their decline, and usually when declining they look, talk and seem better then when they were really on the top, the

Great Britain end as a major political and economical power was the Atomic Bomb!" and Salvador,:"yeah, but what has to do with them, the guy you just said, what was his name again, was it German? I suppose!" and I:"Salvador, I am already confused, maybe has nothing to do with them, well, after the atomic bomb, years after years they started to lose the control of eastern and whatever countries, they made they look like not, but this is a process still going on today, and detects the loss of power, but sometime we do not want to see that and believe we are still there, but of course we are not, anyway one after another all those countries became all completely independent from the British government, this process is called decline, and was because the Atomic Bomb, because it gave a superior power to someone else, but the Atomic Bomb couldn't be built anywhere but in USA, because that was fertile terrain for fertile minds, which means fresh, and most then all they had Einstein, he just built a road, a way where the others had only to walk on it, he was in the States ever since, so they had plenty of time to work on it, in peace of mind, and there fore all of them were assistants, students and scholars of Einstein and Einstein's thought, if by any chance the situation of the world would change suddenly today, it could be somewhere else the fertile ground for an other Einstein, even Asia or Africa, You never know, I remember you that if Einstein was in Germany under the Nazism, he, because he was a philosopher first, otherwise he was not Einstein at all, would had preferred thousand times the death then cooperate with the Nazism, and I can clearly say that Einstein, because Jewish, because born with it, but he was Atheist in the reality, he would probably have had been killed before, many many years before; you know, the Nazism was not just a nationalism too extreme, the Hebrew was not a religion but a race, they disliked that race, they couldn't stand a middle class outside the Aristocracy rise socially in that way, so they didn't want to destroy a religion but a race, so they felt a superior race, I can imagine, Einstein walking in the street, at the first Nazism party symptoms and be lynched by children, just because Hebrew, and even if Einstein, those children of the Nazism would have had considered them selves a superior race and Einstein just an animal, less then an animal and so it wouldn't have had been anything wrong in lynching him, that's what would have had happened to Einstein then, and the ironic thing was that Einstein was Einstein already!" Suddenly I was interrupted by Salvador which gave me a cigar and said:" man, I didn't know what you were talking about, but it was beautiful, I began to cry without any reason, but this Eis.. nell; man! I can't pronounce that name, well, except the universe what did he do practically, because you said the universe, but for me it sounds something out there, I mean something small, that I can understand, how good this Eis..nell was? And I:"I don't know, his universe wasn't quietly out of there but right here in front of your eyes and in yourself and everything self, well, he invented the fridge, maybe not, oh yes that was not an invention of him, well, it doesn't come anything in my mind except the light!" And Salvador: "The light bulb? " At that point I said:"yeah, why not, that's right the

light bulb!" And Salvador:"well, it is indeed something useful, it wasn't bad after all!"At that point I understood I was been carried way over by myself and that I had to come back home to stay a little with my father too, but I was sort of scared of the death itself and in denial of the his, of death but I had to go back home and spend at least that night with him, after all these years I didn't see him quite often and when I saw him, was for a very little while and that little while I was with him, he was away, lost in his work, in his reading, away somewhere but not with me and my wife also, like he wanted me not there, and it came in my mind a dream I had and for a mere coincidence all these thoughts were interrupted by Salvador which said:"man, I am sorry for your dad, he was a very gentle person! I never known a person as gentle as him!" And I:"yeah, he had grace, the last man with some grace as matter of the fact, even if I travelled a lot, I've never known a person with that grace, that is what I will miss the most of him!" and then I added:"Salvador, a few days before he died I had a dream!" and he:"what kind of dream!" and I:"it was about him and it was kind like a bad dream, not a nice dream, and he:"tell me Nick!" and me:"it was placed like back in time when I was a teen or so and he was in his trench on his way out to work, but out side was a very bright day, so bright that it blinded me through the windows and we were arguing, well I was! I have to say that I was very nasty to him then and always, as long as I can remember I've always been too bitter to my dad, the many things that I saw not quite right in my vision of the reality and the universe didn't fit with his personality, he, even if a man of a vast knowledge, he preferred to stick with what it was written on the books, so every thing I was used to say, when young, was reason to turn his back on me and walk away, in his much safe books or even physically! Anyway in my dream I was arguing about this wrong and that wrong and this up wrong and this down wrong, and every time he laughed, like laughing at me, and the more I was arguing the more he laughed and the more he laughed the more I argued, I never argued with anyone else in the world but my dad, because I do not argue with strangers, and he always walked away from my questions, but in that dream he laughed, and at a certain point he stopped to laugh, and I stopped arguing and I made a coffee for both of us, but he left it on the table in the kitchen, and at that point I was on the point to argue again, but I did not know why, but I didn't feel to and the sense of, so I didn't say anything, I stayed in silence and at that point he walked to the door, opened it, it turned around a second and smiled and then he said:'I go to work!' and then he walked out. Anyway, That dream I told him remind me to come back home otherwise my mum will really kill both of us this time other then the soldiers of the waste!" And Salvador:"OK man, I take you home now!" on the way home in the car, Salvador said:"man, I still have the painting you made for me in the garage long, long time ago, and I:"really? So you liked it!" and he:"not really, I keep it in a special place I built next my cellar, my secret place, you know man, it doesn't fit very well in my house, you know that, even if it is a vase with flowers, maybe in a modern house, but probably not even there!" and

I : "oh, oh, thanks!" and him: "but I kept it any way safe! You know doesn't matter, the painting, I kept because it was yours!" and I: "Oh, thank you again, so is a kind of ugly at the end!" and he laughing: "I didn't say that, if it doesn't fit in a country or modern house doesn't mean it couldn't fit in a gallery! Beside it is the beauty inside that counts, doesn't matter the painting, a painting could be beautiful as you want, but if there is not beauty inside the painter at the end it will look bad or become bad at the eyes anyway! However, There is a painter nearby which even went to art school, it dresses strangely, look strangely, it's very weird or he looks very weird, he does many decorative works for the shops, perhaps he even teaches art in some school, you don't do that, aren't you?" and I: "Not I am afraid!", and Salvador: "I thought so! And you don't even look as painter, if the painters should look like him!" and I: "no I am afraid I don't! I respect this kind of artists, but I don't work in that way!" and he: "man, you could end up with out selling a single painting! Don't you think?" and I: "Yes, I am afraid I could! But Don't worry about, I never painted to sell my works, if they really are work of art, they will remain as work of art, even if I don't sell a very single one of them, if not, well, c'est la vie!" and he laughing: "You are a strange man, Nick, anyway I prefer you the way you look, you seem a doctor of something! But I want ask you a thing, why you kept that name when you came back from New York, Nicola Anselmi doesn't sound good in Denmark?" And I: "well, a part of me has become Nicolas Hansel, and the other part love to be called Nicholas Hansel anyway!" And Salvador laughing: "What a wise hammer! Here we go there is your avenue, I'll see you tomorrow for the duck!" and I, whilst getting off: "I cannot promise you that, tomorrow afternoon there is the funeral, so it maybe will be late, but after tomorrow, which is my last day here, I promise I would like very much the duck in oranges sauce of yours!" and then he put a box of cigars in my pocket saying: "you may be want stay wake late tonight, seen that the last time you saw your dad was when, 5 or 6 years ago?" and I: "man, I cannot see him now, I can't even stay in his room next to him and be capable to look at him also, I wish it was tomorrow night already and nothing would have had happened!" And he: "man, but nothing has happened, don't you think so? If you refuse to accept your dad is dead, well, it means that for you is not dead, and tomorrow you are going to go to the funeral of someone else! See you after tomorrow then, I come to pick you up in the evening!" and I: "OK! Maybe it was 8 or half past 8 P.M. and that was just the begin of the longest night of my life!

So I entered into the house, there were still many relatives chattering on the front side balcony, the atmosphere was heavy and my mood even heavier. But despite those people I couldn't stand to stay inside and I spent all the evening on the entrance stairs, smoking a cigarette after another. Every corner I put my eyes on brought me back in my memories, that evening I made I journey back in time. I saw the chair where my father was used to read every late afternoon, the place of his peace of mind, there still was the book he was reading there, the 'Tasso's Gerusalemme liberata'

still opened at the page 537, kind of weird, it meant it was the page where my dad stopped to read, I was sad in to see that book, because I never liked what he liked to read, if he was alive I probably argued about the military position of the Christianity and who knows what else, probably I would have had said to him, that after all that blood bath, the truth about that was that at the end they begged Jerusalem to the over numbering Muslim counties around, saying: "Please this is our god place, if you take it our religion would lose its sense!", and maybe I would have had added that the reason of all that blood was not the lost of their god but the sovereignty rights justification of the structure of the middle age society mainly aristocratic. And probably he would silently have had gone inside or said: "please, let me enjoy the poetry left in this book!" Then I realized down in the terrace was something missing, it was the 'nespole' tree missing, the tree I was used to see every day ever since, it was already there, before I was born, the tree that I climbed as a child, the very same one where my dad was used to make a swing for us, the first thing I could see from the window in the morning, the tree that signified only happy days for me, the tree of my childhood and my youth. Little by little that folks were going back to their homes, and I was still sit on those stairs, curiously people walked away and most of them didn't even see me like I was invisible, or saying goodbye! Well, I didn't had the least clue of what or who they were anyway, so it didn't bother me at all! Suddenly in that darkness and among all people dressed in black, a voice rose calling me cheerfully: "Nicky! Ehi! Nicky!" and then I saw my aunty Ida, which dressed in orange and yellow seemed the advertisement of lemons and Clementine grocery, she always been one of my favourite aunties, she lived just in the back of our house in the grand mother house, so I grew with her smiling face in front of me ever since, she was a little deaf, so with her everything or was or became fun even that gloomy atmosphere of my father death. The first thing she did before hugging and kissing me was to give me a sandwich, she brought a basket plenty, maybe she wanted to turn a funeral into a pick nick, and then to light her cigarette up, she was an heavy smoker ever since worst then I was! Now, seen that she was quite deaf, the hers was the only voice around there, because even if they were all chattering, the them was a whisper, so when she talked was like a scream in the absolute silence, and I confess, I do not know how I did hold myself to laugh every time she opened her mouth! Time passed and the evening became soon night, almost every one had gone home, except my cousins Lucy, Federica and Magdalene, which they were still standing nest to my dad death bed, I realized that the women in the suffering are stronger then men, even if they spent all evening crying, that doesn't matter, because I spent it all sit on the front stairs of my father house, they indeed did love my dad very much, I can imagine that, it was the uncle every little girl would have to, the perfect company, the perfect friend, the perfect teacher and the perfect cook also, thing that my mum wasn't good at all, well, except cooking traditional peasant dishes, but peasant dishes never look as good as delicatessen. Well, I said: "it's going to

take long!", I lighted another cigarette and then my brother Michael came out to smoke to, I took the chance to tell him that 13 Christmas had passed and he did not have had the breath to say: "Hi", to my daughter, which was 13, in other words he never saw my children and because he always said: "I am busy, I call you back!", I didn't too, but maybe I put it a little too harshly and nasty, like I've always been with my dad, and he seemed wanted to start a fight, or reacted like someone that wished to do so and whilst I was arguing with him my father brothers came back because one of them had forgotten his hat, I suppose they heard anything, it was dark so in the entrance couldn't be seen anyone, but heard anything, I realized about them only when they were a few steps down, so I said to myself: "better to shut up!" because they would think: "Look at him, his father is dead and he is arguing and maybe fighting!" but I said to myself again: "At the first chance I can see him, I will re open this argument! For me was not a valid excuse, anyway!" But that was not the worst thing that evening, the worst thing was that my wife called on the phone and I said her to recall me on my cellphone, well, my mother, that had been all the time in her bed room, just then had to follow me where ever I went, just like when I was a teenager and I received a call from a female person, something never change, but I I didn't say anything, I just went downstairs in the terrace, and there I thought: "dad is dead, and you think to put your nose in somebody else business, therefore man and wife business and not class mate or a girlfriend of my youth!" I guess, when a woman has lived all her life without knowing the school, the college, the work remains like a child or a young girl for ever. Time was passed and I was still sit on those stairs, I looked the long balcony and came in my mind when I was a small child, and my dad was used to push me on the trike, I looked the flowers and plants and it came in my mind the evening when he water them, I looked in the terrace or lodge and it came in my mind when he bought me a motorbike for my 'lyceum' diploma, because that was a surprise, and also because that Kawasaki KLR 600, took the whole terrace or lodge. Well, that evening all the memory of my dad like flashbacks, assaulted and invaded incessantly and repeatedly, my mind. Therefore was 1:00 O' clock in the morning, there seemed every body gone, and I said let's go to sleep, I went in my room, still like I left it, all my books, still in the very same place, well, there was something new or put there because unused or instead to be thrown away, Indian paintings, I said loudly: "My paintings in the veranda and Indian paintings in my room, nice, who knows how they get in here!" then the old television, the first color television in that house, an old blaupunkt, as old as I was, I laughing and without hope turn it on, and even if the color resembled a watercolour, it still worked, I said: "Amazing, all the Japanese cartoons I have seen on this television, countless!", then an Hi-Fi, brand new and with all the optional, you may dream of, inside there was a CD of Frank Sinatra, I said again loudly: "this must be my dad last HI-FI!" my mum hated all the music that was not "O sole mio" or "Torna a Surriento" she always called it "rumour!" so, I didn't even undressed and crashed down on my bed, which was always

uncomfortable, nice looking, but extremely uncomfortable, one of the wrong business of my mum and dad. I turned off the light and I closed my eyes, and then an hand touching on my shoulder, like to say wake up, in that darkness, an hand that touches you, with that atmosphere, I couldn't refrain to shout:"Arghh!" and then the light was turned on, it was my auntie Ida, saying something, it couldn't be anyone but her, my mum never came in the room without knocking, well, at least when I was awake, and, then she shouted, like we were in a middle of a storm:"your brothers have come to sleep over in my house, what do you think?" I said:"thanks, but I stay here, maybe mum, needs a glass of water or something!" then she said:"I told her I would spend the night with her, but she said that it was not necessary! Anyway, here, these are some sandwiches, in case you are hungry!" so I said:"all right, auntie!" Then I finally closed my eyes with hope to could be able to sleep, then I thought: "strange the fact that mum do not stay with her sister, or want her to stay, and how does she going to spend this night, on the couch, I hope! Man, all this, is kind of scary anyway!" and I hid in the bed sheets, like a child having seen an horror movie. I suppose that the lost of a close relative is something that people take as a loss of a memory, a live reality of ours, a part of our, of reality, because we have born and lived always with it, and even if living far away each other, it stays our of reality anyway, nobody else but ours, of reality, the sense of loss, that many people feel when something like this happens, usually is covered, but in reality is not, we just run away from it, it reminds that we are the next, that the time even if a long life we could live is very short, that we, if we lucky, would live another 30 years, and we know, how fast 30 years pass already. That would be be a night sleep, without any sleep at all, but thoughts again in my mind, not memory but like monologue, like if whilst sit in the veranda, because I couldn't stand that bed any more because it had become of fire, like if a part of me was risen as a ghost and began to talk with me. In fact seemed that said, people, today, when a close relative dies, even their own wives or husbands, can't stand the sight, and can't wait to get rid of it, like it was a rubbish bag, kept too long inside, I saw that, a little in myself too, but not because I would have had to, or felt but because, that kind of truth, of reality was the very one, we see others not ours, something we wish would never happen, but that was the only truly truth and real reality of the human kind and not only, the same fate of ours is the fate of anything in our universe even the most remote ones, we can live longer but at the end the death will come anyway for all of us. Then whilst lightning another cigarette, I turned my head, I saw a freezer, a big one, a new washing machine, plants every where, tons of books and scientific and archaeological magazines, books, books, books, my paintings, I saw a painting of mine which was a wrong experiment, an oil I did on the wood, when I was just 12 of 13 years old, ruined but yet still good, actually, it had something weird, in seeing it after 20 years or so, it was a christ, I was asked at school, to make a painting, because a group of the teachers went to see the Pope, in Rome, so because a child

yet, I made this Christ, at the end they decided to bring a poem, so there it was; anyway thinking at it now, I feel relieved, because today I am aware that only mediocre artists and whatever, need a Pope or a queen or a king approval of their value, these are not really entitled to judge in fields which do not belong to them, beside, today, my position about the Christianity in general would be declared heresy and condemned, maybe persecuted too. Well, that painting represented a Christ on the cross, and the blood, looked so real because the wood had changed and reacted some how with the oil, that after many years I didn't see that, I was a little frightened, and just because it looked really blood, I touched it to be sure, it was just an effect of the wood and the oil due to the change of their volume repeatedly in the years, and in fact it was, so I said loudly: "like if it wasn't spooky enough tonight, this painting is awful, I don't understand why they didn't ever throw it away like many others!" Then I opened a window and there I stayed until the morning, watching the little village little houses, the woodland, the mountain the very same one I was born and grown with, even those bring me back in the past, but not reminding my dad but myself, the afternoon spent in that very same veranda, well, during my childhood, it wasn't really built yet, it was a sort of a long, big balcony, and from there I played with toys, when child, painted and built small electrical devices, like artificial arms and mini talking robots which at the thinking right now were kind of scary, that's why only a few friends could appreciate, because artificial objects, made out from the junk, like radios, toys, toasters and so on, which move and talk are frightening for a 7 or 8 years old little boy, but I was really influenced by that times movie like 'Star Wars' and by hundreds of Japanese cartoons. All the summers I had spent on that balcony on the back of my parent's house, which now looked small, because the veranda, gave a sense of closeness and plants, books and others, gave the sense of space smallness, but then I was used to run side to side with a little trike, then a rocking horse and then with a small bicycle, all those afternoon, all those summers, and then every late evening whilst still playing my dad came, it was like, I have had done all that only to wait for his return, to be taken in his arms and lift up and played a little around in the air, the few minutes in the summer afternoons that really made sense for a child, just a few instant of happiness and love. The bird started to sing, and I understood that it was morning already, but was still dark, it would be day in no time, so I said to my self to go and make a coffee, I wondered if my mum was still awake or whatever. I open the door of my room, it was absolute darkness, and to reach the kitchen I had to pass in front to my parents room, but suddenly in the darkness I saw a glow, I said to myself: "What the heck, is going on! Don't tell me mum has spent the night in the death room!" but wasn't that, the more I came close, the more it seemed unreal, it was like a light coming out from the door where my dad was, I could only see that tiny light rays coming out, but the door was closed, I was shaken and I thought: "I am not a religious type, but what is that? I stayed woke all night, is that possible it was all

a dream which I still staying in?" The door was closed, but those rays of lights all around it could show me exactly the shape of it! I thought:"Man! This is heavy! Come on, if there was a ghost would be your father ghost, the one you stayed thinking about all night! Perhaps he would like to join you for the coffee you were going to make, remember he always loved your coffee ever since!" The more close I went to that door, the more I thought:"Shit!", and finally the mystery was solved, it was a linen sheet put on the door mirror, that couldn't let the door be completely closed, and the light left on! I said whispering:"Ah, right, sweet, very sweet this one! It almost caused me an heart attack!" So I carried on to the kitchen, I opened the door, and what a surprise, I found my mum in there, sit in front to the television watching who knows what talking show or movie, and she seemed enjoying it! I said to my self:"Ah, this was the reason you wouldn't go to stay or let stay auntie! You spent your whole life distracted by this nonsense and I suppose you find the perfect distraction tonight also! Well, I guess I was the only one tonight spending the night awake, sinking in my pillows of memories." I walked in to the kitchen, I asked:"Coffee mum?" But she was so taken by whatever she was watching, that she didn't answered me back, I had to repeat that question:"Coffee mum?", and her:"What? Yes sweetheart! I love to!" And with that coffee with my mum ended the longest night of my life. That morning was somehow short, in fact, it was again full house before 9:00 O' clock. I couldn't imagine all those strangers walking around in the house and I couldn't even stand it, to be honest. Well, many were relatives, my mum only had a dozen of brothers and sisters alive, so imagine that, their husbands, their wife, their sons, it was too much, the kitchen became a little "cafe' Parisienne", many people were just absolute strangers, not more, not less, come just for curiosity, and were this lasts that made me taking my jacket, my sun-glasses, my mp3 and go to take some fresh air, they were out of place, laughing, talking all the time like saying jokes, presuming or insinuating or who knows what, I saw them as out of place, but because we cannot take 'jackasses' with sticks always, I decided to go for a coffee outside. But I didn't have had that time, because outside the avenue there was Salvador waiting in his car. I told him:"Why didn't you show up upstairs?" He said:"look at me I am all dirty, I will, on Sunday, I promise! By the way at what time would be the funeral?" I told him this afternoon, maybe 4 O' clock, then he said, so let's go to a drive and then have that roast duck in orange sauce, then he passed me a cigar and drove away. That morning passed in no time, we went in a few bar, had coffees and smoked a lot. Then we went to his wife, I never liked going to pay visit to his wife, not because I didn't like her, on the contrary I liked her very much, she was a smart mind in a little country woman dress, but because she always seemed paying to much attentions about, that for me was uncomfortable, beside years back in the past, once we were a minute alone at the table in her house, whilst having a dinner, she touched my leg with her hand and not in friendly way, since then I never came back in that house again, but I know that every woman could have a temporary flirt,

usually sexually, but no one could take the place of whom we love. But this, was when we both were very young, so by now erased by the time. Anyway we had that duck, even that launch reminded my dad, because the only time I have ever had a duck cooked in that way was when very young and cooked by my dad obviously, he always loved experimenting or try different dishes sometimes, in fact the cook books in the house were his not my mum's, which I suppose she never opened or read them, not even for curiosity. After that we had a walk in his grape yard, and sit on a couple of chair underneath them, and was a relief for me other then a pleasure, and after a few minutes his daughter brought us a coffee, with that one would have had been the one hundredth one. Sit there came in my mind his wife, Mary, I knew her ever since, in fact I met Salvador when just 18 years old, and they were already engaged, I suppose I always looked strange for her, not the kind of person usually get with a mechanic type, usually people as goes a little at school looks these ones with the smelly nose, this kind of educated people thinks that having had gone to school becomes socially better, thing that did not happened with me, in fact I always found him a level head, that's why I always got with him anyway, but the time have had changed him also, it wasn't any more like long ago, I guess that living always with any one worst then you around at the end makes you equal to, or makes unable to getting better any more, maybe because that becomes your safe ground, home, something you live every day anyway, and some one you don't see from long time, not any more, I was for him just a memory, a living memory of his youth, a kind of winter time sunny day afternoon eye opened dream. But that maybe made him even more happy, or maybe it was just the fact to knowing that, that afternoon would be just an instant, an instant that made him happy, for him that coffee underneath the grapes arches was an instant of happiness. So I lighted another cigar and then he said:"Do you remember when we used to play music together, wasn't a bad drummer, didn't I?", I didn't know what to say to him, it was when we were both teenager or so and usually, because he never showed up, because his Mary did always come first, I was the one that usually played the drums, because otherwise it would have had been a string thing only, beside the point the drums themselves were mine then, I gave them to him when I left the village, but I suppose that, since then they are who knows where, among his daughters toys or kept in the box as a memory of our youth. But I said smiling:"You were great! When you really played it, that drums seemed a train!" and I really meant that. And time passed once again so he smiling said:"I take you home, otherwise you will miss your dad funeral!" and so he did, then he said:"who does have to die to see me again?" I laughed, and said:"I didn't have left because I wanted but because my wife! They filled her head of good talk and promises of good life that never came and now I am stuck in a place which I never wanted to go, not even for holiday! But the truth was that she just run away from her dad which always saw something wrong with her more then with me, and now that he's dead, her shadows are taken over!" and then he said:"What the heck are you talking about? Strange? I thought you were ...!" and then I

said: "I was what?" and he: "well, since you left, every time I see you, you looked very nice, always clean and shiny, your shoes seems always come out from the box! I assumed you were having good time after all!" so I said: "the fact I do not dress with trainers and ripped Levis any more doesn't mean I am having good times or I have a good life, on the contrary my dear old friend, it is all what is left to me of my human being dignity, like a dead man walking on the death row! And he: "what are you saying? Man, you scare me!", and then I realized that was really time to get in the car and go! I said: "I am just kidding my friend!" and he: "man it is not funny! You know!" And I: "yes I know, sorry! Tanks for the lovely duck and goodbye Salvador!" Then we hugged and then we took each other our ways! I couldn't believe it was already dark, in a few minutes would be night time so I said let's go home. They were all ready, in fact whilst I was going up, the funeral service guys were coming up to, among them there was one, Dave, which I knew since tender age, in fact I was used to play video games together in a bar nearby which had an arcade room. I told him: "long time, eh! so he said: "We have had come to take him away!" and then he added: "we have to hurry, night time is here already, it is not a nice view at the cemetery in the night, but because December, it gets dark too soon!" So, we went in and they did what they had to do, I couldn't watch, I do not know why, and the fact that my dad was in wood box, seemed to me the worst thing I saw since I was there. So we fallowed the funeral service and my old childhood arcade mate, to the church nearby before proceeding to the cemetery. In the church we had to give our last goodbye to my dad, or prays. But this was not my case because prays were only acting of bad actors in a bad theatre for me; for me, the man which did not ever pray in his whole life, which knew since tender age that, those were only wasted words, but I was standing there aside to my dad anyway, and I said to myself: "I am sorry, daddy, someone else would pray for you, but not me, this whispering in this church is annoying for me, a mere nuisance, wasted words which die with you today or maybe they're dead already. If I would pray I would lie, and after a life arguing with you for the truth, the best pray I could do for you would be to do not pray at all, I never did pray, so I never lied, so why lying with you just today, just in a church even if I do not recognize it or I just couldn't because my philosophical and intellectual position about it written in a work of mine called 'The New Yorker'. That mass for my dad was awful, the priest seemed some one that learned the speech by heart and badly or roughly, it kept repeating always the same things again and again, was as empty as he was, therefore he had behaved strangely or like some one not quite in his place or mind, or mixing who knows what with death, god, religion and church, because he kept looking at his hand watch and kicking in the air again and again and again, until that sort of messy mass, was interrupted by the flowers put on the side where my dad was which fell off, so that priest stopped that little game to pick them up and put them right back where they were, into seeing that I said to myself: "Tank you!" And I liked to think that it was my dad to do that, like to say: "Knock it off! Hurry up! End this! Enough

prays!" In fact after that there was no time left for the priest any more, so he had to bless him and send us away! Thanks god! What pity show was that! Whilst we were leaving, it came an old girl friend of mine Joan, well, we were sort of close friends ever since, because her mum and dad had a flower shop just out side my mum and dad avenue, so I knew her since she was 6 years old and so she did about me, but then in that crowded church she took my hand and practically among all the village kissed me with such flaming way that I felt dizzy for a minute or two and whilst her harms were still around my neck she whispered:"I always wanted that it was me you kissed in a church!" Then she smiled and disappeared in the crowd. Going back to the cars I thought:"You might be right, my dear Joan, but now it is too late. I am married with someone that is making a lie of her life or maybe always was, and teaches my children to hate and despise their dad, like I was a criminal, a burglar, a crook or a murder. But I guess "c'est la vie'", the price to pay for a mistake, an horrible mistake, to see at it now, is not a portrait I wanted for my children, but I prefer do not teach them anything as that anyway, if they will be awful as adults, at least I will not blame myself for that, why should I, so I pretend to do not hear them or I do not hear them physically, because I am always taken by my works, thing, that my wife did not ever even have had given a glance and even if some of my things have had done for her, for love, well, she, after a while practically had spit on them anyway; one thing is sure, the questions I asked to my dad since a little boy, well, they'd never had been asked me by my children, and that's why I won't imagine them as adults, the arguments between me and my father at least were about something concrete and real, the theirs is just or annoying or being cruel with their dad without any real concrete reason, for them is just a game, to put it in a very polite way, I can be lazy and selfish, but that behaviour for me would be justified only if I was violent with them, which it never happened, so the violence is been put into them by outside factors. Well, this is the price to pay for an horrible mistake, not for me and not even for her after all. I guess I was cheated by her ever since, she made me think she was a smart girl, but today I do not define that smart, but just cunning and extremely insistent, her way to buy her Eden's corner, which is turned in hell, so that was the wrong corner, for her I mean, because it wasn't really meant for her, she believed she could buy that corner with lies and convincing herself, that's why, physical attraction is not enough, even a prostitute could feel physical attraction, but the sex with her is always half way, that's why a prostitute even if has an intense sexual life, she never or barely enjoy it anyway, more never than barely, so in the end, in that corner she, the greatest love of my life, didn't find any Eden and went to find refuge in other pleasures, which doesn't matter how hot they pretended to be they stay always cold, her Eden's corner, anyway was substituted with that! But this what matters now, on my way to the cemetery, I considered myself lucky to have had been unveiled that, at least I knew, what, I've been loving all my life long; love even if dies, if real love, never really dies, it can

change in something else, a little smaller, a little colder, a little far away, but we cannot really hate the ones we have had really loved, if not, well, it means that our love was a lie which we have told to ourselves, so like when we do not really are friend with or are just strangers, we do as we do not see anything wrong to get them aside or lost. So, here I was to the car, the time to get in and we all were already on the way to the cemetery. The weather was awful, cold and rainy, I said to myself: "what kind of weather and time to go in the cemetery, to do not mention that is night time already!" So, we came inside the cemetery, we were a lot of us, the funeral service guys came in to bring my dad, and put it in a mortuary room, waiting for the cemetery stuff from the office, so we stayed there, outside that room waiting. I lighted another cigarette up and whilst I was doing that it came Dave and said to that little crowd to wait outside the cemetery chapel, I told him: "Now what would it be!" He said: "Nothing, the cemetery attendants should be here soon!" So I said: "The cemetery looks prettier by night rather than by day!", he began to laugh: "Right, all those little lights every where, it looks like Christmas!" By then, there were nobody but us there, then he said: "Let's go to the office and see what's this delay!" and so we did, at the office we couldn't find anyone except a skull on the very centre of the office desk, so I exclaimed: "what a touch! It matches with the interiors and the exteriors also!" And Dave began to laugh again saying: "stop it, it cannot be heard anything but my laugh!" then he added let's get back to the mortuary room, but when we entered in there he suddenly rose his hands and put both on his head. So I asked: "What's up Dave?" And he replied: " your dad, is missing, we put him here!" So I said: "hey, this is not time and place for jokes!" And he: " I am not joking, by the way you, are, the funny one between us!" So we went in hurry to the chapel where the people was, then he asked his, I presume brothers, because probably the his, was a family business, if anyone of them have had seen or done or known anything about, but they knew as much as we did. So, he said to the people that there was some kind of delay and that maybe it would be late or take longer, and if someone had something to do, could go because they didn't know what's going to have had been. So I said to him: "honestly?" And he began to laugh once again. Then I said to myself: " I cannot say anything to him that he doesn't see it funny!" But the few gone quickly came back, shouting: "Hey, man is this a joke?" So Dave said: "what do you mean?" And they: "Dave, the gate is closed, we are locked in!" And this time it was me to do not be able to refrain to burst into laughs and Dave soon after me. As all that people heard that began to wonder around for a secondary exit or for someone still inside. I couldn't believe my eyes, people walking around in the cemetery in that darkness and thin rain, that was kind of freaky, so I sit on that chapel stairs and I said to myself: "why are they wondering around like that, people that comes out from the darkness among graves, this is scary, well, at the first sight, but to be honest they are kind of funny also, when they cross each others in that dark I don't know if they scream or laugh or both! Usually the cemetery is not populated by

night, well, not by people alive, but tonight night had been put together dead and live people! This is weird!" And then Dave came saying: "Man, we do not know where your dad is! Seems that the cemetery staff has gone, there must have had been a misunderstanding in the office! Anyway I have had called the attendant and told him all about, he said that he has put your dad in a chamber for the morning burying, and having seen no one around and having had no noticed about evening burying he sent the assistants home and went back home; anyway, he's coming to open the gates!" so I said: "well, I guess we have to come back tomorrow morning!" and Dave: "Yes, the attendant said that your dad will be buried at 9:00 O' Clock!" and me: "Well, at least is the first thing in the morning!" then I added: "Dave, how many people you think are locked in, in here?" And him, laughing: "well, I think, the attendant, tonight, has to spend the night in the cemetery searching for the living guests!" And I: "I guess so!" Fortunately the day after anything went right, I stayed with my auntie Ida, all the time, I guess people, relatives pretended to spend some prays, but not me, in fact my auntie asked me a cigarette and I join her on a bench near a fountain not far from my dad's grave, and there we stayed until all the people went on their way out. The night before I dreamed about my dad, but it was a nightmare, of course I have had spent all the night in the cemetery, what else could ever have had happened. And it came in my mind on that bench whilst I was listening to my auntie, well, I really wasn't, but I answered to her always: "Yes! Yes auntie!" just to pretend to have a conversation, I knew she was deaf, and I wasn't the one listening, beside, to say something to her I would have had needed to shout! Anyway that awful dream was me walking in a room and see my father dead on the bed, just like a couple of days before, and there were a lot of people, just like it really had happened at home, and I was looking at him, and it seemed that he had moved his head, like making the gesture of negation or deny, but nobody noticed that but me, then, whilst the people in the room were crying, I sit and thought: "I always argued with you, the only thing that I regret the most is that I had been harsh and nasty until too late, which means always!" But this thought was interrupted by his voice saying: "Nicky!" so I looked at him and he seemed like sit on his bed smiling and his appearance seemed the ones of when I was still very young or even a boy, however nobody seemed to have had noticed in the room but me. Then he said: "do not regret that, it is your best virtue! You must keep it always in the way it is, one day, you have to answer someone question or demand, well, I would be pleased if you keep you nastiness and harshness and say simply: 'No!'" Then I woke up and I realized I was all sweated, I walked in to the veranda, I opened a window, I lighted a cigarette, and I waited the sun to rise. Or was I awake and that was not a dream at all but a memory of that day in that room?

Then I stopped to read, because the pages finished in this way, just in the way he was harsh and nasty. I couldn't image my dad knew a fellow like this, in fact, at thinking at it now, that story even if just a diary notes, is still alive in my memories. I

didn't realised that was evening already, and probably my dad was on his way back, I took a slice of pizza, a chocolate milkshake and I said to myself: "well, better put it back!" and whilst I was doing that, an envelop dropped on the floor, so, curious I opened it, it was a letter, a letter directed to my dad. It said: "To John Weathers, Copenhagen, 20/January/1991. Dear John, if you will, one day receive this letter, it means that something has happened to me. Because we share the same research, you in a way, me in another, but ours is the same walk, I can only rely on you that my works are being kept safe and continued. My works, 'The New Yorker' and others, in Europe, go in contrast with many institutions, so, you are the only one I can trust, therefore there are many things in it you will find familiar because have been inspired by many ideas of yours. John, my dear friend, because my work, I have spent a miserable life, but I do not regret a single moment, for me it has been a life worth to be lived just because of it. Because of it my freedom of expression and speech has been denied and negated by many European Governments, which saw in it a possible threat, so it has been denied and negated even my social and democratic freedom and rights, usually covered and twisted by superficial childish things, light years away from my work meaning and scope, but this is not important, the most important thing is that you take my paintings, there is all my life in there, my life of paintings, and trough them I wish I could enjoy that kind of freedom which I was always been denied and negated of.

Your old friend Nicholas Hansel.

This story is dedicated to Jennifer.

Carmine Rendina. [Colin McCormick] 17:11 22/11/2009

The brick.

The misfortune.

The misfortune is the curse of the man who thinks about the future and his attempt to understand the present, the foolishness is the obsession of the man who thinks about the past and his inability to understand it and so the present too.

The morality.

On the human being walk, except a few rare exceptions, the morality is always been like a decimal logarithm positive and negative, many culture and civilizations before realize that the

morality touched the extreme negative values ended with extreme violence, death, genocide, massacres and any kind of degradation and misery, cultural, social, political and economic, and only after that the morality of those civilizations turned to positive values.

Paranoia.

The paranoia is when someone's mind and heart is becoming set on someone or something. It is like someone, the one not be content of his country, because very poor, moves in a rich one, he grows up ghosts and shadows that could bring him back to his country, every thing and every body could be a potential 'danger' that could bring him back there or is like someone which has suffered the hunger for many, many years, so the food becomes the first thing of every thought, every thing reminds him food, like having the fridge empty and full, when empty seems we are starving when full, well, full. This denotes a subconscious chain, the first the never content personality, the second a long memory of hunger. Some times even after years or in cases of entire countries, some of these memories are still chaining the people, even if they do not know, but some how conditions the people. The paranoia could affect professionalism and seriousness of a company, to do not mention that could flow into act of discrimination or persecution, when is a mass common property. The paranoia mixed with the ignorance could have negative consequences especially in the science and research, in science and research is not admitted. An example of paranoia is the mania of persecution which is common where ever the persecution has been for many, many years or even centuries even if just whispered, so where ever it has been this state of circumstances, it becomes part of the institution, culture and so personality and psychology of the once persecuted and of the persecutors as well, so in definitive, the mania of persecution is common in the persecutor mind only because he expects his same mind even where is not.

The cult.

The 80's American cult of building a society since the grammar school as a racing track competing each other as winner and losers, so now institutionalized from years, build a fragile personality also, taken as class society culture. In all the sciences, arts and literatures there are always someone worst then us or better then us, we cannot be better in anything. For example Einstein could have been a great physics genius but not a better mechanic or movie maker, or Picasso or Beethoven or whatever could have been great in something but not in something else, we cannot know and do anything. Beside the point, this kind of cult, build a personality which make us to believe that everything is taken as a

race or a childish game, so that we have to win in anything, or because it is like a race, that we have to win even where we have no competence, or knowledge or interests, and feel like losers or less winners even if we are not because they are not our competence, or knowledge or interests. This kind of system is acceptable in commercial terms or economy and commerce science, even if I feed too many doubts about, but anyway still acceptable. The danger is to build a too fragile system, culturally speaking, it doesn't matter if an individual only or a whole class or a whole country, that's irrelevant in terms that this cult or belief, with time, is a building out a personality, psychology of the public mass and consequently is a building out a public mass culture and so at the end, the whole political structural system of a country also. For example a young man risen in this way, believes he has to win in anything, he cannot understand that we, all of us, cannot be better in anything and at everything, that could even be someone that can be better than us in something or at something, so because he cannot accept this reality, he kills the other person, only because this last is or has been better than him in something or at something, without even considering the fact, the reality that he could be better in something or at something where the other person is not. The young man believes he has to win in anything and after some times that he is a winner in or at anything; if someone alter or brake this cult or belief, which is an inconsistent mental construct or not true reality built up in his mind only, he can mentally shut off, like switching off the light and refusing other realities because he cannot understand and comprehend this conceptual and logic contradiction, because his mind is built on images and words and not on material physical reality and truth, so because confusing semantic conceptualization with the logic one or images or words with actual substance, in some cases could lead to paranoia and even violent frustration reaction, this is the case of an individual, if we consider it as an equation, the young man is taken as single unit value, if it is the case of a social class or a whole country this value exponents the equation. But this is not the worst part for the human kind, the worst part is that a society based in this way, doesn't really care about the knowledge or the science or the society it self but only and only about their image and themselves, which in case of an individual is irrelevant but in case of a society class and a whole country it is, because they do not reach for the truth, but only to win or look as winners or feel as winners, in the demented and narcissistic sense of it, they could, in this way, carry on for ages, years and even centuries, old doctrinal, scholastic methods, dogmatism and hermetic mind, and with time building over prided conceptualization and idealisms, we have plenty of examples in the humanity history, in all the human being expressions from the scientific and literary to the philosophical and even theological; so a whole civilization culture, like for example the western and eastern civilization, culturally, becomes stagnant in old concept and consequently, with time, in pre-concepts, baseless ideologies or even superstitions, like, mentally, keeping itself remaining

still at the middle ages or before, with the consequence that to reach for the truth, as human beings knowledge takes years and as I said even centuries, and causing even violent actions. Examples of the past are the death and sufferings and atrocities and wars caused by this ideological attachment and over pride developed because this attachment, by the Christian Church, which confused science with heresy, (or science went against centuries of old ideologies and doctrines and scholastic in the sense that this last were not valid any more as absolute value of the truth but became partial) and yet, always because this his attachment or stagnant attachment to his own doctrine, or old doctrines and to all his rhetorical based scholastics. Modern example is the eastern violent acts because their ideologies or attachment to antique ideologies and accepting passively as absolute truth so accepting passively dogmatism, doctrinal and ideologies, which even if true or that are been true for centuries keep this kind of civilization culturally stagnant and antique also, beside this passive acceptance leads to keep antique legislative laws alive, like for instance to keep, the antique and today not appropriate, their way of consideration of the women in the modern times society alive, gentleman is a thing, father-owner or husband-owner is an other one, this also, is a medieval thing still alive today as consequence of the their medieval old ideologies and dogmatism and doctrine, logically. But those example are far beside the point, anyway the effects with the time would be the same, in science, art and literature for sure, because we build a society which we do not care for the knowledge leading to the truth but only for showing up a little skill, so we walk away from the truth or truth's search and consequently research, science and so on, we keep accepting the middle ages discoveries or even the Greek doctrines as absolute truth as for granted, and carry on and on and on, these lasts even if true are finite truths part of an infinite truth [*], so they can be true under some laws and non-true under some others, but not false anyway. This kind of cult is not acceptable in science, research, art and literature because those and those only are the bricks and the cement whose has always been and is composed and built a civil society system, this kind of cult with time builds a dangerous society, it can only and only be acceptable in economy and commerce science as stimulation and pulse to improve, within certain limits obviously, but only there. To end this, the mix of a society structurally based in this way with advanced technologies, oriented with offence purposes are the very risk or will be one day, with due time obviously to build a society with a system structured culturally in this way, which usually is or becomes mono cultural or where the culture is piloted (often from political purposes where some society classes, the military and industrial power controlling or deterring ones or controlled or deterred ones, need that the knowledge is kept just as doctined from ages or even centuries mainly by the use of modern mass persuasion devices) in this way, the dogmatism or doctrinal themselves are a kind of mono cultural examples, at the end this system based society will only and only make a step backwards in

the human kind walk instead forwards, culturally and politically (and even militarily and industrially because stagnant to old ideologies and doctrinal so, consequently in science, which is the main and only key of the military and industrial progress anyway and ever in simple words improving a car invented more than one hundred years ago is still being at one hundred years ago engineering knowledge grade after all.).

[* where infinite truth is taken as an abstract or infinite, infinite group where all the infinite, infinite 'abstract objects' or finite truths (\$) contained shares the same property. (\$ Yes, I am aware that they cannot be finite and infinite at the same time so technically they are infinite finite infinite abstract objects part of an infinite, infinite group, where finite means that the absolute and universal value does not apply under certain laws or values (&), {which mathematically means limits, physically means spatial and temporal limits range, that could be scientific, philosophic and historic knowledge for example}}]

The brick.

Every day, every word, every action is a brick which we build our house called future, so we should know already how is going to be, from the first brick.

Google.

Some times happen to need to Google for something we need, we can notice that if we insert the question correctly, we can navigate more smoothly, and find quite soon what we need, because the first question is right, so the second page treating the argument we need is right also ad so on and on, if instead of insert the question right we put down a not clear question or wrong, we notice that the first page is not exactly what we needed so we have to jump to the second, which is vogue and so a third and so on, and in this case we could even stay for hours and hours to do that and sometimes we do not even find what we needed or looked for. In both cases is a coincidence, the first case we could do it quite right, the second quite wrong, but yet, both coincidences. It follows that the coincidence is a result or a single result, because a particular case, of a sequence of a number of a consequent material physical events, this sequence is to be taken as an equation which every single material physical event must contain the main condition value, which is a variable, and because sequence, the operator must be the addition, every event follows a one before as succession and consequence, and all the single material physical event must be in relation with time and space as common denominator, because we are talking about reality, or material physical events, and every single material physical event

shares the common property with the same quantity of time and space and even if not must values of this sequence necessarily must have had. The coincidence in definitive, is the product of a linear sequence of members and a variable taken as the main condition or determinant factor in rapport or relation with time and space. So the coincidence is: $\{[(nt)].(n \text{ times } \dots w)\}/ts$. Where n is a real number, nt is a temporal variable (or the single material physical event), w is a common variable to all the members of this equation or discriminant or determinant factor, t is the quantity of time or interval of time, s is the quantity or portion of a determined space or universe where all the objects, in this case members of the equation, share the common property, if objects and events if objects moving from a point A to a point B. For example if we put it simplistically and assign the value of 5 to w , or the question to google we said before, to $f(x) = \{[(x).w] + [(y).w] + [(z).w] + [(k).w]\}/t.s$; we can notice that if $x=2, y=2, z=2, k=2$ the results would be $40/t.s$ whilst if $w = 2, 16$ which are not the same thing, but the material physical event is been the same. Because as I said $x, y, \dots n$ is the single material physical event we do but the sequence is the whole series of events which determine a coincidence, which in the first case we quickly find the web page we were looking for on google, the second not. Anyway we have to consider the fact that the coincidence could be either positive then negative, so admit negative number also and the fact of not coincidence at all, so the necessity of the value zero, obviously if we have to admit negative number we have to admit zero also, but in this case the equation gives an infinite value. So it means that in the material physical event reality or universe composed of such physical events and sharing all material physical properties with the ours, or there is not reached the value of zero, which I doubt, or that in nature, if we for hypothesis assume or admit the value infinite there are no coincidences, so our universe coincidences or events, at the end, would work only if reaching the value equal to zero. This is the coincidence for Colin McCormick, so, the coincidence in our universe works like the stream of a river, that's all.

Incognita.

In an algebra's equation if one of the incognita is mistaken the next process carry on a mistaken incognita which at the end will condition all the process, if the incognita is a material physical event, such as political, economical, historical event the process follow the same principle of the algebra equation just said.

La cancion desesperata.

Oh la copula loca de esperanza Y esfuerzo.

En que nos anudamos y nos desesperamos.

Y la ternura, leve como el agua Y la harina.
Y la palabra apenas comenzada en los labios.
Ese fue mi destino Y en el viaje mi anhelo [de fuego],
Y en el cayo mi anhelo, todo in ti fue naufragio!
Pablo Neruda.

Il lieto fine. [The section of dreams]

This section has been inspired, or ... before I realized she was there from ages ... she came [May, 2011]... by Kurosawa, it's all about her or the realization of what means suddenly in the life to fall or be in love with someone with; so, it is dedicated to her.

Sunday, May 22, 2011

THE LAST NIGHT DREAM.

LAST NIGHT I HAD A DREAM, WEIRD, AGAIN, YOU KNOW FOR ALL MY LIFE, THE DREAMS, HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OF MY SELF AND IF THERE WERE PEOPLE OR WERE STRANGERS OR RELATIVES OR SO, ANYWAY HERE IT IS, I WAS IN MY MUM HOUSE AND SHE WENT BLONDE, SEVERAL TIMES DID THAT SO IT WASN'T MUCH A SURPRISE, AND SHE CALLED ME IN KITCHEN TO HAVE A ROASTBEEF, THE SMELL WAS LIKE MY DAD WAS USE TO MAKE, BESIDE MY MUM HATES THIS KIND OF COUSIN, SHE'S MOST THE BOILED EGGS AND POTATO TYPE OR SO, I SIT AT THE TABLE AND THERE WERE SOME ONE ELSE, USUALLY AT THE TABLE I WAS USED TO SIT WITH MY DAD AND BROTHERS, BUT THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN TALKING IN A FAMILIAR WAY WITH MY MUM, AND WAS AN ACTOR, BECAUSE I BARELY REMEMBER FOREIGNER ACTORS NAMES, RIGHT NOW IT DOESN'T COME IN MY MIND, I REMEBER THE ITALIAN ONES WHEN I WAS TEEN, BECAUSE I STILL HAD TO WATCH THE TV AT THAT TIME AT LIST AT DINNER WITH, RIGOUROUSELY, MY DAD, BUT I HAVE DIFFICOLTIES TO REMEMBER THE FORENERS' EXCEPT LEGEND OF THE PAST, AND I STILL CONFUSE THE NAMES, BUT I RECOGNISED THE FACE IMMEDIATELY AND THE TYPE AND THE KIND. WELL, I WAS SAYING THERE WAS THIS ACTOR AND WAS THE ONE THAT INTERPRETED SPIDERMAN COMIC HERO, AND HE TALKED WITH ME OF SOMETHING, WHICH I COULDN'T REMEBER, BUT I REMEMBER THE WAY, AND WAS LIKE HE WAS A COUNTRY BOY AND NOT ME, AND SUDDENLY MY MUM BROUGHT THE ROAST, WHILST WE TOOK THE FORK AND KNIVES, WE TURNES OUR EYES IN THE PLATES AND THERE WAS CHIKEN INSTEAD, AND THEN WE WATCHED IN OUR FACES AND LAUGHED! WELL, THIS WAS THAT!

PROUD.

SO IF DO I STILL CRY? WELL, THE ANSWER IS YES! AND IT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING IT HAS EVER HAPPEN TO ME AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER.

SOMETHING WHICH SOME HOW I AM EVEN PROUD.

THE LAST NIGHT DREAM.

LAST NIGHT I HAD A VERY LONG DREAM, SO SOME PART ARE MISSING BECAUSE WE CAN REMEMBER WELL ONLY THE SHORT ONES! I DO NOT WANT TO INVENT TOO MUCH YOU KNOW! I CAN GIVE A TOUCH OF COULOR BUT NOT MORE THAN THAT! SO HERE IT IS AND IT'S NOT AN HAPPY ENDING I SUPPOSE, EVEN IF, NOT A NIGHT MERE ANYWAY!

I DREAMT I HAD MOVED IN ENGLAND IN A VILLAGE IN DERBYSHIRE, WHICH I WON'T TELL THE NAME, I NEEDED AN ACCOMODATION, BUT NO ONE COULD HELP ME, ON THE CONTRARY THE WAY ROUND. ANY WAY I MEET A YOUN MAN WITHOUT FACE AND NAME, I WAS YOUNG TOO, IN THIS DREAM, 20, 25 OR SO. ANY WAY THIS YOUNG FELLOW TOLD ME : "THERE IS THIS BIG HOUSE, DESERTED BECAUSE WHOEVER GOES IN THERE DISAPPERS, THIS URBAN LEGEND COMES AFTER YOUNG TEENAGERS LOVERS WENT IN THERE TO DO YOU KNOW AND THEY NEVER CAME OUT AGAIN, BUT THIS IS THE BEST HELP I COULD BE FOR YOU!" AND RIGHT THEN I SAW MY WIFE, AS YOUNG GIRL ALSO ON HER SCOOTER 'METROPOLIS' AS I SAW THERE SEVERAL TIMES RIDING AROUND WHEN YOUNG, BUT IN THIS DREAM SHE WAS NOT MY WIFE AND NOT EVEN MY GIRLFREIEND BUT A GIRL I SUPPOSE TO MEET, OR THIS WAS WHAT I FELT, SOMETHING INEVITABLE. SO I WENT IN THIS HOUSE, CLEAR COLOURS EVERY WHERE, BIG, OLD STYLE OUTSIDE, MODERN INSIDE [MAYBE I WAS IN JAPAN, JUST KIDDING!] AND I NOTICED THAT THERE WERE NOT KEYS IN THE DOORS, CONTINENTAL STYLE ANYWHERE. THEN I WENT IN A ROOM AND THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN BUT WAS LIKE PRISONEER IN ICE OR SALT OR SO, AND HE LOOKED LIKE THE RED HEAD ACTOR IN 'HENRY POTTER' CHILDREN MOVIES WHICH SAYS: "DO NOT LET HER COME HERE!" I DID NOT KNOW WHAT HE MEANT, BUT RIGHT THEN CAME IN THE LITTLE GIRL OF 'HERRY POTTER' MOVIE, WHICH SAYS: "IT'S COMING IN YOUR GIRL FRIEND [ADRIANA]!" AND THEN SHE TURNED IN, LIKE FROZEN, LIVING SCULTURE ALSO. THEN I TOUCHED ONE OF THE 'SCULTURES' AND THEN THE ICE LIKE STARTED TO MELT DOWN, SO THE GIRL [WHICH I DON'T KNOW THE NAME FOR THE SAME REASON I SAID SOMEWHERE HERE] SAYS: "GO ON I TELL TO YOUR GIRL FRIEND [ADRIANA]!" SO I WENT IN A ROOM ON THE LAST FLOOR I SUPPOSE AND THERE WAS A GIRL, TALL AND ALL DRESSED IN AZURE COLOURS, AN ENGLISH GIRL [THAT'S WAS WHAT I FELT], AND IN THIS ROOM THERE WAS THE KEY ALSO, SO SHE LOKED THE DOOR AND LIED DOWN ON THE BED, AND AS I SAW THAT I DID THE SAME, AND WE HAD SEX, AND WAS DEEP AND INTENSE AS I NEVER HAD IN THE REAL LIFE [WELL, THAT WAS WHAT I FELT] BUT ALL THE WAY WE HAD SEX HER FACE, WHICH WAS ALL THE TIME UNCLEAR, LOOKED LIKE A PAINTING OF MINE 'DREAMS', ANYWAY HER FACE LOOKED LIKE THAT, SOMETHING I CANNOT EXPLAIN! AFTER SOME TIME WHICH, WE WERE STILL UNDER THE SHEETS, I SAID: "AND IF THIS GIRL FRIEND DOES COME?" AND SHE: "I AM WAITING MY BOY FRIEND ALSO! DO NOT WORRY WHEN THEY KNOCK WE'LL KNOW!" BUT THEY NEVER CAME, THEN AT A CERTAIN POINT SHE SAID: "DID YOU PROVE IT

TOO!" AND ME:"PROVE WHAT?" AND SHE:"OH BABY! I WISH YOU GOOD LUCK THEN!" AND THEN THE TELEVISION TURNED ON BY ITSELF AND SHOWS THE AUSTRALIAN CITY OF MELBOURNE AND AROUND HIT BY ATOMIC BOMBS BUT IT LOOKED LIKE A MAP OR SO!" WELL, THIS WAS THAT!" I MISSED PARTS, BUT THIS WAS THAT!

THE LAST NIGHT DREAM.

WELL, THIS ONE WAS LIKE A FLACH BACK, SO NOT REALLY A DREAM, SCARY AT FIRST, AND SOME HOW THERE WAS YOU INVOLVED. HERE IT IS, I WAS SIT IN FRONT TO THE COMPUTER, AND THERE WAS THIS WALL PAPER, A GIRL SMILING, AND THIS GIRL EVEN IF NOT YOU, MADE ME REMINDING ME ALWAYS YOU, BUT THAT'ALL ABOUT, ANYWAY THERE WAS MY BEAUTIFUL [FOR ME OR STILL] LITTLE WIFE LIED ON THE BED SLEEPING AND SHE WAS SOME HOW EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL, THING THAT IN THE REAL LIFE IS NOT, I MEAN WHEN SHE SLEEPS, ANYWAY, I GAVE A BETTER LOOK AT HER AND IN THE HORROR I NOTICED THAT HER FEET WERE MISSING, SHE WAS LIKE A DOLL WITHOUT FEET. SO I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO AND LIKE IN DISPERATION I SIT AGAIN IN FRONT TO THE COMPUTER AND I WONDERED AGAIN IN FRONT TO THAT WALL PAPER, AND SUDDENLY SHE WOKE UP AND I DON'T KNOW WHY, I ASKED HER, BUT WITHOUT ACTUALLY SPEAK:"ARE YOU UPSET?" AND SHE MADE AN HEAD GESTURE WHICH SAID:"NO!" THEN I ASKED:"ANGRY?" AND SHE DID THE SAME AGAIN, AND THEN I ASKED:"HURT!" AND SHE THE SAME AGAIN, AND THEN ME:"I AM WRONG!" AND SHE THE SAME AGAIN, AND THEN ME AGAIN:"IS THIS RIGHT?" AND HER, THIS TIME MADE AN HEAD GESTURE AS SHE WOULD SAY:"YES!" AND THEN ME:"ARE YOU GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT?" AND SHE FINALLY SPOKE BUT IN THE VERY SAME WAY I DID:"IT WOULD BE USELESS!" AND THEN SHE STOOD UP AND WHEN HER LEGES THOUCHE THE FLOOR SHE HAD HER FEET AGAIN RIGHT WERE THEY WERE!" WELL, THIS WAS THAT!

The last night dream.

That of tonight has been a strange dream, which I have had already but this time there was some thing else, any way this is it! I was in the hospital with my father in law, well may your god bless him (AH,AH,AH!); any way It was the re-creation night somehow of when my daughter Laura was born, but in the reality this never happened, well, sort of. Now, we were in a waiting room, and he kept saying:"who knows how long it would take!" And at a certain point he turned a television on, but whilst, we were watching some hospital things, the television by itself changed channel, and showed a 'red hot chilli pepper' concert live, at seeing that he said:"What the heck?" and I tried to turn channels because was too laud in the hospital, but every channel displayed always the same concert. Embarrassed, because, I don't know why, he plug it off, and when he did that, that room transformed in a pub or more likely an American bar, a full house one. At that point a few girls, young girls, went close to him and said:"Would you pay for a drink?" and him to me:"They think I am rich!" and then he took 3

notes of 50 bucks and giving to them said:"go and get your drink, I drink only lemonade with no meals!" so they disappeared in the grove, we sit and after a few minutes it came a bar maid bringing us a lemonade and a few Miller beers! After that he said:"it is smoky in here, let's go outside!" so we did but as soon as we walked that door I found myself alone and I heard a very loud and funny laugh! Well, this was that!

WHAT DOES IT MEAN CLOSE FOR CARMINE?

CLOSE FOR ME MEANS, CLOSE ENOUGH TO BE ABLE OF HEARING AN HEART BEAT! THAT'S WHAT MEANS CLOSE FOR ME!

THE LAST NIGHT DREAM.

THE DREAM OF TONIGHT WAS VERY VERY SHORT AND STRANGE, BECAUSE THERE WAS A STRANGER IN IT. ANYWAY I WAS IN A CAR, WHICH I DROVE, I FELT LIKE IT WAS A QUITE A BIG CAR, I AM NOT SURE BUT IT SEEMED A ROLLS ROYS, 'ELECTIC BLUE', BUT I AM NOT SURE AND THERE WAS A PERSON ON MY SIDE, WHICH ALL THE WAY, WHICH IN MY DREAM SEEMED HOURS OF DRIVING, DIDN'T SAID A WORD, THE VIEW WAS PLAIN COUNTRY SIDE AND SOMETIMES I COULD SEE LIKE ROCKY HILLS, ANYWAY HE MADE A GESTURE WITH HIS RIGHT HAND LIKE TO TURN IN A NARROW ROAD, SO I DID, THEN THE ROAD FINISHED WITH A MELLIC GATE, HE OPENED THE CAR DOOR AND BOTH GOT OFF, OPENED THAT GATE AND WE WENT IN THIS VERY, VERY BIG PIECE OF LAND, WHICH resembled TO A PAINTING OF MINE 'DREAMS AND ILLUSIONS', BUT INSTEAD OF GREEN GRASS, IT WAS GOLD COULOR GRASS, NOW THAT I AM THINKING ABOUT IT WAS A VERY SUNNY DAY, AT LEAST THAT WAS WHAT IT SEEMED IN THE DREAM; THE LAND WAS RUINED, WELL NOT RUNED BUT NEGLETED, EVEN IF BEAUTIFULL I RECOGNISE AN ABANDONED LAND WHEN I SEE IT, EVEN IF IN A DREAM, THEN HE FINALLY SPOKE, HIS ACCENT WAS STRANGE, AND I CAN'T TELL IN CASE SOME ONE COULD GET OFFENDED, ANY WAY HE SAID:"YOU SEE, HERE SON, CAN YOU PUT IT in (A) PLACE" AND I SAID:"WELL MR. I DON'T KNOW, IT IS LONG TIME I AM FAR FROM THE LAND, MAYBE I HAVE LOST THE TOUCH, I SPEND ALL THE TIME SIT IN FRONT TO A COMPUTER NOW! YOU KNOW?" AND HIM:"IT IS JUST AS THE SAME!" AND ME:"YES I KNOW!" THEN WE HAD LIKE A WALK AROUND IN THE GOLDEN FIELD, AND SUDDENLY A BEUTULL RED HORSE CAME OUT FROM NO WHERE AND IT CAME RIGHT NEXT TO US, LIKE IT WANTED A SWEET OR SOMETHING, IN THE DREAM SEEMED LIKE IT, YOU KNOW AN HORSE IS USED TO PEOPLE EVEN IF IN THE WILD, AND THE STRANGER SAID:"LOOK IT LIKES YOU, CAN YOU RIDE IT?" AND ME:"WELL, I NEVER RODE AN HORSE IN MY LIFE!" AND HIM:"THAT'S FUNNY!" SO WILST WE WALKED BACK TO THE ROAD I WOKE UP RUDELY, LIKE KICKED OR SO TO BRING THE CHILDREN TO SCHOOL! STRANGE BUT THAT WAS THAT!

THE DRUMMER IN ME.

MAN, I SUPPOSE YOU SAID ALL, BUT DISPITE THAT IT WOULD NEVER BE ENOUGH!

THE PROMISE

SO TELL ME beautiful LITTLE WIFE:"DID YOU KEPT THE PROMISE?"

THE ANSWER OF HER WAS WHAT EXPECTED:"WHAT PROMISE?"

SO THERE WAS ONLY ONLY ONE PERSON THAT KEPT THAT PROMISE EVERSINCE ON EARTH AND I NEVER ASKED HER, IN THIS, SHE WAS MILLIONS BETTER THEN YOU OR A REAL WIFE, THERE WAS JUST ONE PROMISE NOT HUNDREDS, AND YOU NEVER HAD BEEN ABLE TO KEEP IT, YOU JUST FAKED IT UNDER THE GOOD WEATHER TRYING TO FOOL ME, WHAT ABOUT,NOW? I CAN SEE IN YOU EYES WHEN YOU KISS ME IN THE MORNING AND GO OUT AND SMILE AND THAT SMILE IN YOUR FACE IS NOT LOVE, IT IS JUST THE WAY ROUND OF WHAT YOU PROMISED [remember? Because I NEVER BROKE THAT, EVEN NOW, NOT EVEN ONCE!] AND YOU NEED TO KISS ME TO HAVE THAT SMILE AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN, AGAIN BACK ON YOUR FACE, YOUR EYES TELLS THAT THAT KISS IS YOUR WAY YO TURN ME SOME HOW IN THAT GOOD WEATHER, BUT YOU ARE JUST MAKING the WEATHER WORST AND WORST AND WORST, I KNOW because I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT REALLY IS IN YOU HEART, WHICH IS NOTHING, AT LEAST FOR ME. SO IT'S A WASTE OF SOMEONE WHICH ALL THAT I HAVE MISSED HAS PLENTY, AT THIS POINT IT'S A WASTE MORE FOR HER THEN FOR MYSELF, BECAUSE I COULD REMAIN AMONG THE MANY ON EARTH WHICH ARE LOOKING FOR something IN THE LIFE BUT THEY NEVER FIND IT, OR IN MY CASE FOUND BUT ... AND HERE THERE ARE NO WORDS TO DESCRIBE. AND HER COULD EASILY FAKE HAPPINESS WITH ... AND HERE I HAVE NO WORDS TO DESCRIBE.

SO TELL ME beautiful LITTLE WIFE:"DID YOU KEPT THE PROMISE?"

THE ANSWER OF HER WAS WHAT EXPECTED:"WHAT PROMISE?"

THAT'S RIGHT WHAT PROMISE IS THE RIGHT ANSWER!

AND HER:"I GOING OUT NOW! I LOVE YOU!

AND ME:"YES I KNOW! "

[TO PUT IT IN A SYNTHESIS:

NON C'ERA SACRALITA',

NON ERA SACRO PERCHE' PER LEI,

QUELLE PAROLE SACRE [amare e rispettare] ERANO SOLO PAROLE!]

LA RAGAZZA PIU' BELLA DEL MONDO.

E' LA RAGAZZA PIU' BELLA DEL MONDO, MANTIENE LA PROMESSA GRATIS.

THE LAST NIGHT DREAM.

THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY, IN A ROOM IN THE BED, AND HE WAS SLEEPING, THE CURTAIN CLOSED AND I HEARD A WOMAN CRYING, LIKE SOMEONE WHICH HAD RECEIVED A VERY BIG OFFENCE, OR SOMETHING THAT THE CRY SOUNDS LIKE THE VERY ONE. SO I TRIED TO OPEN THAT CURTAINS AND A VOICE OF CHILDREN IN THE STREET SHOUTED:"CLOSE THE CURTAINS!" I SAID TO MYSELF:"BAH!" AND I TURNED BACK TO THAT BED AND THERE IT WAS STANDING A MAN, I ASKED:"WHAT'S HAPPENED!" AND HIM:"NOTHING, DO NOT WORRY!" AND ME:"BUT YOU LOOK SO SAD! HE'S THAT CHILD ALL RIGHT!" AND HIM:"WELL, IS PARALISED! HE CAN MOVE FROM THE BED!" BUT THEN A BIG NOISE CAME OUT, AND IN THAT VERY MOMENT THAT ROOM DISAPPERED WITH ANY ONE IN IT AND I FOUND MYSELF, IN A PLACE THAT LOOKED LIKE THE FUTURE OR I FELT LIKE IT WAS [I HAD THIS KIND OF DREAM BEFORE SO I KNOW WHAT DOES IT FEEL] AND IN FRONT OF ME MERGED AN HOUSE, A FUTURISTIC HOUSE, AND THERE WAS THIS YOUNG MAN WHICH I COULD SEE FROM THE WINDOW, WHICH WATCHING AT ME AND SMILED, AND IT LOOKED LIKE SOMEHOW TO THAT CHILD, OR I FELT THAT IN THE DREAM, SO I WENT CLOSE TO BE SURE, AND THEN HE, AGAIN WATCHING AT ME SMILED AGAIN, AND I DO NOT KNOW WHY, WORDS CAME OUT BY THEMSELVES, I SAID:"HOW ARE YOU!" OR PERHAPS:"ARE YOU ALL RIGHT!" I CANNOT remember PRECISELY, AND THEN THE YOUNG MAN STILL SMILING SAID:"WHAT?" AND WHEN HE DID THAT THAT HOUSE DISAPPEARED AND INSTEAD THAT THERE WAS A FIELD PLENTY OF FLOWERS AS I'VE NEVER SEEN EVEN IN MY DREAMS AS LONG I CAN remember THEM, AND THE CLOUDS WERE SO LOW WHICH SEEMED TO BE IN THE SKY, IT'S DIFFICULT TO DESCRIBE A DREAM LIKE THIS, I ACTUALLY FELT LIKE I WAS OR IN AN HIGFHER PLACE LIKE ON A MOUNTIN OR SO OR ACTUALLY IN THE SKY! WELL, THAT WAS THAT!

IL SOGNO DI STANOTTE.

IL SOGNO DI STANOTTE ERA UN'ALTRO FLASHBACK, E' DEVO DIRE CHE ERA UNA SPECIE DI RIELABORAZIONE DI CIO CHE ULTIMAMENTE STO CERCNDO DI ANALIZZARE E CHE POI COMUNQUE E' FRUTTO DEI, E COLLEGATO CON, I MIEI LAVORI, MA ESSENDO 'UNKNOWN' DI NOTTE PROBABILMENTE QUELLA PARTE VIENE RIMESSA IN QUESTIONE, QUINDI NON E' CHISSA CHE'. COMUNQUE ERO BAMBINO A SCUOLA ELEMENTARE, E C'ERA LA MIA MAESTRA DELLE SCUOLE ELEMENTARI [GISEPPINA LIGUORI WHICH WAS ALSO MY AUNT], CHE SULLA CATTEDRA METTEVA TRE OROLOGI, E MI DICEVA:"ALLORA CARMINE HAI CAPITO DOVE HAI SBAGLIATO?" E IO:"NO, PERO' QUEI TRE OROLOGI PORTANO 3 ORARI DIFFERENTI!" E LEI:"BRAVO! E ALLORA?" E IO:"DEVONO PORTARE TUTTI E TRE LO STESSO ORARIO!" E LEI:"BRAVO! ESATTAMENTE! " BEH, QUESTO ERA IL SOGNO! TUTTO QUA!

ABOUT THIS DREAM:

OR THE DOOR WHICH HAS BEEN OPENED TO ME BY THIS DREAM.

SO WHAT I FIGURED WAS THAT:

WHEN A PURE THOUGHT OR PURE REASON IS CREATED THERE IS THE NEED OF AN AMMOUNT OF ENERGY, THIS ENERGY PRODUCED HAS SOME HOW, AS IN ANY ATOMIC REACTION THE NEED TO PRODUCE RADIATIONS OR TO BE PRECISE WAVES, YES, SEEMS STUPID, BUT ANYWAY, THIS WAVES ARE NOT ONLY RADIATION WAVES BUT 'RADIO WAVE' ALSO, IN FACT EVEN THE SIMPLEST ATOMIC REACTION THAT PRODUCE ENERGY, PRODUCES 'RADIO WAVES' ALSO, THE ELECTRON IN MOVEMENT AROUND A NUCLEUS DOES ONE, IN THE UNIVERSE ANY OBJET MOVING FROM A POINT A TO B DOES, SO WHERE THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY LAW IS KEPT THERE IS A PRODUCTION OF SOUNDS AND SO 'RADIO WAVES', SO DOES THE ELECTRON AROUND THE NUCLEUS, IMAGINE WHEN THE ENERGY IS PRODUCED WHICH MEANS THAT SOME ELECTRONS NEEDS TO BE FREED OR WASTED TO CREATE ENERGY, WHICH MUST HAPPEN TO GENERATE A THOUGHT SO RADIO WAVE ARE CREATED ALSO ACCORDING WITH ALL THIS, NOW THIS 'RADIO WAVE' ARE NOTHING ELSE THAT LIKE A RADIO FREQUENCE, WHITH A UNIQUE BAND. SO FOR EXAMPLE IF THE NUMBER OF THIS WAVE WAS 7467803 TO BE IN PERFECT ARMONY THERE IS THE NEED OF THE VERY SAME NUMEBER SO IF THERE IS THE SLITLY DIFFERENCE THE FREQUENCE DOES NOT EXIST OR EVEN [ABSURD] NOT CLEAR. NOW BY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, SOMETIMES THIS FREQUENCE COULD BE THE SAME VALUE OR NUMBER, BY CHANCE OR RANDOMLY, BUT NEED ANYWAY SOMETHING IN COMMON WHICH IS THAT THE THOUGHT IS ABOUT ANOTHER THOUGHT, OR EVEN IF NOT THAT SOMEHOW INVOLVED, [THAT'S WHY WEIRD DREAMS AND EVEN NASTY ONES], I KNOW IT SEEMS ABSURD, AND MAYBE YOU HAD THAT INTUITION ALSO, BUT THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED, WHEN THE THOUGHTS RADIATIONS CREATES A FREQUENCY ALWAYS OF THE SAME NUMERIC VALUES THEY ARE LIKE THOSE CLOCKS WITH THE VERY SAME EXACT TIME. I CAN'T SWEAR THAT BUT IT COULD BE EVEN POSSIBLE PRACTICE ON THIS AND KNEWING WHEN THIS FREQUENCY IS THE RIGHT ONE, WELL SORT OF, AND IF IS GOOD WEATHER, JUST KIDDING! THE THOUGHT HAS A PROCESS IN COMMON WITH MANY MATERIAL PHYSICAL FINITE EVENTS IN THE UNIVERSE, LIKE TIME, LIGHT, MASS, AND MAYBE SOME THING ELSE. BUT THIS IS BETTER COMING BACK TO THE NEW YORKER FOR THIS, MAYBE I HAVE LEFT BEHIND SOMETHING. IN NATURE SHOULD BE REVIEW THIS IN SIMPLIEST BUT AMAZING CREATURES, MAYBE THE EXPLANATION COULD BE RIGHT THERE! SO IT IS NOT LISTENING OR A WISPER IN REALITY, BUT, AS AN HARMONY, LIKE A GROUP CONTAINING NUMBERS WITH ALL THE SAME VALUES, IS KIND OF AN HARMONY, SO THE THOUGHT IS NOT LIKE FLYING, WELL, I KNOW SEEMS STUPID, BUT IT CANNOT BE ANY OBJECT IN MOVEMENT IN DIFFERENT PLACES IN THE SAME TIME, IT IS MATEMATICALLY AND PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE EVEN CONSIDERING THE LIGHT, THE ONLY USE OF IT IS TO PRODUCE SUCH WAVE, BUT, AND MAYBE I AM WRONG HERE, BECAUSE, THOSE WAVE TRAVEL AT A SPEED LIKE ANY RADIO BANDS, SO HOW CAN BE POSSIBLE TO BE IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME, THIS IS A BIG HOLE, THEN I CONSIDERED SOMETHING ELSE, AND HERE I AM LOST NOW! SO MY TEACHER AT THE ELEMENTARY, NOW WOULD SAY GENTLY: "VA BENE NON TI PREOCCUPARE!" ANYWAY OR THIS WAVE IS EXTREMELY FAST, WHICH THE DISTANCE DIFFERENCE BECOMES A NANOSECOND DELAY, OR ALL I SAID HERE WERE JUST AN ILLUSION, WELL, IT IS A RADIATION WAVE EXYREMELY FAST, BUT NOT AT LIGHT SPEED BECAUSE IS NOT INVOLVED IN, BUT IT SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE ANYWAY, BECAUSE INVOLVES ALSO THE HEARING, SO THIS FREQUENCE HAS TO BE HEARD, NOW, ACCORDING TO THIS, THE CLOCKS WHICH HAVE ALL THE SAME TIME, OK, MEANS THAT IT

CAN BE ACTUALLY received THAT WAVE, because AS THE CLOCKS SINCRONISED IN THE SAME FREQUENCE, SO ACTUALLY, IT CAN BE LIKE HEARD ONLY BY PERSONS WHICH ARE LIKE SINCRONISED IN THAT FREQUENCE, SOUNDS STUPID, I KNOW, BUT I AM TRYING MY BEST, AND THIS EXCLUDES THE GROUPS, WELL IS STILL VALID AS PRINCIPLE BUT ACTUALLY THOUGHTS EVENTUALLY MOVES AT THAT SPEED. NOW, BECAUSE IT INVOLVES THE SENSE OF HEARING, WHICH I FEEL STRONG DOUBTS ABOUT, THE HUMAN SENSE OF HEARING CANNOT HEAR SUCH FREQUENCE, OR THERE IS ANOTHER SENSE LOST OR SLEEPING, WHICH, YES, MAYBE INVOLVES THE HEARING, BUT HAS SOMETHING NOT CONSIDERED OR NOT DEVELOPED BY SCIENCE, BECAUSE NOT ORDINARY EVENT, IS IT POSSIBLE THAT BELONG TO THE HEARING SENSE? I ASK TO MYSELF, WELL, NO, IT SOUNDS TOO COMIC BOOK LIKE, WHICH IS NOT! I CANNOT ADMIT SPECIAL OR SUPERHUMAN SENSE BUT ONLY NEVER CONSIDERED OR DEVELOPED. THE SAME REASON COULD EVER BE APPLIED TO A SORT OF IMAGES INSTEAD OF SOUNDS, CAN AN IMAGE BE DELIVERED WITH THE SAME PRINCIPLE, WELL, THIS IS THE BIG HOLE NUMBER TWO, I DON'T KNOW, AN IMAGE COULD BE DELIVERED AS CREATION, WHEN WE THINK SOMETHING WE ACTUALLY CREATE AN IMAGE AND THAT IMAGE IS DELIVERED INSTANTLY EVEN IF ALL THIS, MAYBE COULD BE PRECISELY MEASURED, NOW, THAT IMAGE IN OUR MIND CREATED HAS THE VERY SAME PRINCIPLE OF THINKING, WHICH IS LIKE SPEECH BUT IS NOT, ANYWAY, IF AN IMAGE IS DELIVERED AT SUCH LONG DISTANCE, MEANS THAT THERE ARE OTHER PEOPLE INVOLVED THINKING AND MAYBE ARE THE ONE TO DELIVER, WELL, THE ONE OBSERVING HAVE TO BE SINCRONIZED, AND THE IMAGE EVEN UNCLEAR IS DELIVERED, THIS IS MY BEST GUESS, IN OTHER WORDS THE PERSONS INVOLVED IN DELIVERING IMAGES, THE OBSERVANT AND THE OBSERVED ARE SINCRONIZED OR THINKING TO THE ONE TO BE DELIVERED THE IMAGE, AS I SAID 3 CLOCKS HAVING ALL THE VERY SAME TIME! THAT'S ALL I COULD FIGURE FROM THAT DREAM! NOW, ACTUALLY THIS LAST SORT OF PRINCIPLE COULD LET ME THINK THAT IF REALLY SINCRONIZED A PERSON COULD LIKE SEE, BUT I DO NOT THINK THAT OR SEEING OR THE EYES ORGAN IS COMPLETELY INVOLVED, LIKE THE HEARING ONE, ON THE CONTRARY I THINK IS JUST A SMALL PART OF IT. ANYWAY THERE IS POSSIBILITY THAT A PERSON COULD BE ABLE TO SEE BOTH IMAGES, OF THE OBSERVER AND OBSERVANT AND WAY ROUND. IF ALLUCINATION LIKE THE IMAGE IS NOT SEEN WITH THE EYES BUT WHEN DELIVERED IS LIKE THE IMAGE WE CREATE TO BUILD THE REALITY, SO THERE IS THE NEED OF AMOUNT OF ENERGY SUPERIOR TO DELIVER AND receive THE IMAGE, I CANNOT EXCLUDE THIS EVENTUALITY. IN SIMPLE WORDS IT WOULD WORK AS SUPER POWERFUL ANTENNA! BUT ATTENTION BOTH SOUNDS AND IMAGES HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH SPEECH OR SEEING, BUT ONLY WITH THE PURE THOUGHT OR WITH THE THOUGHT GENERATED WHEN WE DREAM because THEY USE THAT VERY PROCESS OF WHEN A THOUGHT COME CREATED, THE DELIVERING TO DISTANCE IN THE SPACE IS DUE AT THE RADIATIONS CAUSED WHEN THE ENERGY IS USED TO CREATE SUCH THOUGHTS. SO THAT'S WHY I AM SCEPTIC IN THE SIGHT AND HEARING HORGANS, because INVOLVES ONLY HALF WAY, IN THE PROCESS WE ARE TALKING ABOUT, WE CONSIDER THE PART IN COMMON WITH THOUGHT, OR WHERE THE THOUGHT IS GENERATED AND THE ORGANS OF HEARING AND LISTENING, BUT BECAUSE THOUGHT THERE IS NO SPEECH OR SIGHT RELATIVELY INVOLVED, BUT ONLY THE MIDDLE, THE POINT ALWAYS IN THE BRAIN WHERE THE THOUGHT COME AS TRANSLATED TO THOSE ORGANS, [THE EXACT POINT HALF WAY TO THE THOUGH GENERATION AND THE TRANSLATION IN SPEECH AND

SIGHT ORGANS] FOR EXAMPLE WE receive AN IMAGE BY WATCHING SOMETHING, THAT IMAGE PASSED TO THIS MIDDLE AND TRASLATED AS CONCEPT OF THAT IMAGE OR PURE THOUGHT IT USES THE VERY SAME PRINCIPLE, NOW THIS MIDDLE receive BOTH IMAGES AND SOUNDS, BUT THEY ARE BOTH WAVES OR 'RADIO WAVES', SO THIS MIDDLE IS LIKE A RADIATION DETECTOR OF THE HUMAN BEEING AND NOT AND ONLY THEN TRANSLATES THAT BACK TO THE BRAIN AS CONCEPT OT AN IDEA OF THAT THING, OR IN SIMPLE WORDS THE THOUGHT ITSELF, NOW, THIS PART OF THE BRAIN IS IN A MIDDLE, WHICH WOULD BE THE KEY OF ALL THIS, IS A PART WHERE ALL THE FREQUENCES ARE received AS RADIO WAVES AND THEN TRANSLATED TO THE EYES OR HEARS, BUT ACTUALLY WE NEVER receive THAT IN THOSE ORGANS BUT DIRECTLY IN THAT MIDDLE AND THE WAY ROUND SO ARE NOT WORDS OR IMAGES received IN THAT MIDDLE BUT THE THOUGHTS OF THOSE WORDS AND IMAGES. ACCORDING TO THIS IF FOR ABSURD SUCH 'RADIO WAVES' WAS TRUE, AND STRICTILY ASSOCIATED WITH THE INSTANTANEUS PURE THOUGHT IT MEANS THAT IF BY ANY REASON THE WAVE HAS THE EXACTLY OR THE MOST CLOSE FREQUENCY WITH ANOTHER THOUGHT, IT WOULD MEAN THAT IT CAN BE LIKE HEARD THE THOUGHT JUST BEFORE GENERETING A SPEECH, JUST THE THOUGHT OF THAT SPEEECH, ACCORDING TO THAT, THAT SPEECH IS SOMETHING INSTANTANEUS LIKE FEAR OR SO, BUT IT WON'T EXPLAIN MANY OTHER HOLES. ANYWAY, THIS IS NOT CONCERNING THE SPEECH BUT ONLY THOUGHT, ONLY SOMETIMES WHEN THE SPEECH IS A INSTINTIVE REACTION. THE FACT IS THAT WHEN WE FORMULATE A CONCEPT OF THE REALITY WE FORMULATE IN IMAGES AND WORDS ASSOCIATED, BUT THAT CONCEPT DOESN'T INVOLVES NONE OF BOTH NECESARILY, IN FACT WE COULD DO THE SAME EVEN IF BLIND, WE ONLY NEED THE SHAPE OF AN OBJECT, AND SOMHOW EVEN IF DEAF. YES SEEMS STUPID, ANYWAY, SO THIS CONCERNS ONLY TO THE PART OF WHEN FORMULATE A CONCEPT, DURING THIS PROCESS RADIO WAVES ARE FREED DUE TO THE USE OF ENERGY EVERY EACH TIME WE FORMULATE A CONCEPT, FOR EXAMPLE IF WE READ SOMETHING REALLY HEAVY WE FEEL LIKE HEAD AKE, IT IS BECAUSE IT IS BEEN USED A BIG AMMOUNT OF ENERGY TO ASSIMILATE THOSE CONCEPTS, IT IS NOT THE SAME BUT THE CHEMICAL AND ATOMICAL PROCESS IS JUST AS THE SAME, THOSE RADIATIONS, EVEN IF I FEEL DOUBTS ABOUT, COULD BE A MIDDLE OF IT, EVEN IF NOT POSSIBLE TO PROVE BECAUSE IT WOULD TAKE YEARS AND YEARS TO BE ABLE TO MEASURE PRECISELY THOSE RADIATIONS, WE ARE NOT REALLY TECHNOLOGICALLY THAT ADVANCED YET, ANY WAY, THE ONLY THING I AM SURE IS THAT THEY PLAY A PART IN THIS.

L'INDIANO.

QUANDO UN RAGAZZO AMA TANTO TANTO UNA RAGAZZA VOLA DA LEI!

THE LAST NIGHT DREAM.

I CANNOT TELL TONIGHT DREAM EVEN IF SHORT, WAS KIND OF VERY PRIVATE.

THE ONLY OBJECT IN THERE WERE A BED, A PILLOW AND A MIRROW, FOR

THE REST IT FELT LIKE HEAVEN! IT REMINDED ME MY 'CHILDHOOD'.

PERO'!

POSSO VOLER BENE DOZZINE DI PERSONE E FORSE ANCHE DI PIU'.

PERO' POSSO ESSERE CAPACE DI AMARE SOLTANTO UNA.

IL SOGNO DI STANOTTE.

IL SOGNO DI TANOTTE. L'UNICA COSA CHE RICORDO SONO UNA FINESTRA
CON IL CIELO E LE NUVOLE, UN TAVOLO, UN CUCCHIAIO, UNA MELA , UN
BICCHIERE E QUALCOS'ALTRO PERO' NON RICORDO E NON POTREI GIURARCI.

Due.

SE SONO LE POESIE D'AMORE CHE CERCHI BEH, SIGNIFICA CHE CERCHI ME.

NON PARLARE, NON PENSARE TIENIMI SOLO PER MANO, CAPISCO DI PIU'.

NO ONE.

NO ONE WILL EVER SAVE THE WORLD, A COUNTRY OR EVEN JUST A CHILD
SPENDING ALL HIS LIFE AT WATCHING HIMSELF IN A MORROR, PLAYING
CARDS, ENJOYNG FUMES, WHATCHING TELLY AND RUNNING AROUND!

SECRETS.

I HAVE NO SECRETS FOR YOU, YOU KNOW, EXCEPT THE UNKNOWN.

'IL LIETO FINE' :

HOW CAN YOU FORGET THAT?

DON'T YOU REMEMBER ANYMORE?

THE DREAM! IL LIETO FINE!

HOW CAN YOU FORGET THAT?

THE DREAM! IL LIETO FINE!

HOW CAN YOU FORGET THAT?

THE DREAM! IL LIETO FINE!

HOW CAN YOU?

DON'T YOU REMEMBER ANYMORE, WHERE WAS ALL ABOUT?

WHERE YOU, WHEN YOU!

THE DREAM 'IL LIETO FINE'!

A DREAM SO SIMPLE SO BANAL SO STUPID, STUPID AT THE POINT
THAT BECAME A DISNEY BAD TESTE JOKE!

HOW CAN YOU FORGET A SO SIMPLE DREAM?

THE WISPER WAS RIGHT ALL ALONG AND SAYS:

DO YOU STILL REMEMBER that SIMPLE WISH?

AT THIS POINT IT WAS JUST A DREAM ALL ALONG ALSO!

BUT WAS BECAUSE THAT STUPID AND BANAL DREAM THAT YOU TODAY
ARE READING THIS. BECAUSE THAT DREAM AND NOTHING ELSE!

BUT NEVER MIND, THE REALITY GAVE SOMETHING EVEN BETTER WHICH
IS YOU! AND I THANK THAT STUPID AND BANAL DREAM FOR THIS VERY
DAY! EVEN IF IT WOULD REMAIN A BANAL AND STUPID DREAM FOR
EVER.

I DO NOT NEED TO TELL YOU I LOVE YOU Kurosawa [*], BUT I BETTER
FOLLOW THAT DRUMMER ADVICE, YOU KNOW WHEN IN DOUBT FOLLOW
YOUR HEART BEAT!

[THIS IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DREAM AND LOVE.]

CARMINE RENDINA

The corner.

This corner, this piece of space [and time], It comes alive, well,
not always, but that depends if I am in this corner!

THE SINGER IN ME

WELL AS SINGER I CAN'T REALLY TELL, I PREFER TO KISS THE BRIDE
INSTEAD.

THE LAST NIGHT DREAM.

SO. THE DREAM OF LAST NIGHT WAS SHORT, AND PERSONAL, I DON'T KNOW
BUT IT FELT REAL. THERE WAS YOU IN IT, SO MUST BE A DESIRE DREAM.
SO HERE IT IS, I WAS LIKE IN A WOOD, AND IT WAS ALMOST NIGHT TIME,
SO I TOOK A SLEEPING BAG OR SACK TO SLEEP, THERE WAS ALL THREES
AROUND, I PREPARED THE BED, WELL SORT OF, I MADE A FIRE LIKE
CAMPING, AND I WENT TO SLEEP, I WAS ALMOST SLEEPING, THEN IT CAME

YOU, HOW TO SAY, IT FELT LIKE SOMEONE PULLING UP A DUVET AND LIKE SOMETHING YOU WERE USED TO, SQUIZED IN, IT WAS NOT A SEXUAL DREAM, IT FELT SQUIZY BUT THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL, VERY CLOSY AND VERY PERSONAL, IT WAS BEAUTIFUL. WELL, THEN WE WOKE UP THE MORNING AFTER AND ALL AROUND US HAD BECOME WHITE, IT SNOWED IN THE NIGHT, AND WE WERE STILL ALIVE. THEN WE LAUGHED AND I CAN'T REMEMBER ANY AFTER. WELL, THIS WAS THAT. IT WAS STRANGE, VERY STRANGE BUT IT FELT REAL.

THE LAST NIGHT DREAM.

NO DREAMS AGAIN, WELL, THERE ARE ALWAYS, BUT I SUPPOSE WE REMEBERE ONLY THE ONE CLOSELY TO THE WAKING UP TIME.

NO PLACE IN THE WORLD.

SO, NO PLACE IN THE WORLD WOULD EVER BE A BEAUTIFUL PLACE WHERE THERE IS NOT THE WOMAN I LOVE! ON THE WAY ROUND, A TORTURE!

IN PAROLE POVERE CASA TUA E' PIU' BELLA PERCHE' CI STAI TU!

[Se tu vivevi al polo nord, beh, sarei voluto andare al polo nord!]

LA RISPOSTA GIUSTA.

LA RISPOSTA GIUSTA NON ESISTE IN REALTA'.

LA RISPOSTA GIUSTA E' VERA SOLAMENTE NEL POSTO E NEL MOMENTO GIUSTO. [A PRESCINDERE DALLA VERITA' ASSOLUTA, PER ESEMPIO E=M2C NEL MEDIOEVO SAREBBE STATA UNA BARZELLETTA FIGURIAMOCI ALL'EPOCA DI EPICURO!]

LE VOSTRE DIVINITA'.

PER CHI VEDE LA SPIRITILUALITA' DA FUORI LE VOSTRE DIVINITA' SONO TUTTE LA STESSA COSA!

THE LAST NIGHT DREAM.

SO ANOTHER NIGHT WITH ALMOST NO DREAMS. ANYWAY, THERE WAS SOMETHING BUT QUICK AND NOT CLEAR, YOU KNOW LAST MORNING I WOKE UP AS I HAVE HAD BEEN THROUGH A WAR, LAST NIGHT I DREAMT I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A WAR. HERE IT COMES, I WAS IN AN HOUSE, A COUNTRY HOUSE I SUPPOSE, BECAUSE OUTSIDE WAS A COUNTRYSIDE VIEW, IT WAS A SUNNY DAY, A VERY BRIGHT ONE, I WAS SIT AT A BIG TABLE, LIKE READING OR

HAVING A COFFE, BUT I DO NOT remember WHAT EXACTLY I WAS DOING. ANYWAY SUDDENLY I HEARD A NOISE, BUT INDESCRIVIBLE, LIKE... LIKE, LIKE ANIMALS CRYING BUT I CANNOT REALLY SAY, ANYWAY I RAN OUTSIDE TO CHECK IT OUT, AND AS SOON AS I WAS OUTSIDE IT TURNED IN THE NIGHT TIME, I TURNED AROUND AND THE HOUSE WAS DISAPPEARED. AND I FELT LIKE FALLING, AND ACTUALLY IT WAS WHAT HEPPENED, because I FOUND MY SELF IN A trench AND SEEMED LIKE IN A WORLD WAR I OR II ONE, AND THERE WAS THIS NOISE, LIKE BOMBING NOISE, CONTINUALLY. THE FUNNY THING WAS THAT IN THESE trenches I WAS ALL ALONE, GALLERIES, SHEDS OR SHELTERS, ALL DESERTED, AND I HAD TO RUN, BECAUSE THERE WERE EXPLOSIONS EVERY WHERE, THE SOIL AND DUST BECAUSE THOSE BLASTS spread all over my face, I EVEN TESTED IT AND MY EYES STANG BECAUSE THAT, I COULDN'T EVEN BREATH BECAUSE I WAS BREATHING DUST AND NOT AIR. THEN, WHILST RUNNUNG AROUND LIKE FOR AN ESCAPE IN THOSE MUDDY AND ARID AND WITHOUT LIFE SOIL, YES I KNOW, WEAIRD, BUT IT FELT LIKE THAT, I STOPPED, BECAUSE IT SEEMED I SAW SOMETHING IMPOSSIBLE THERE, AND I CAME BACK, WELL, IN THIS MUD THERE WAS A FLOWER, SOMETHING LIKE A LILLY OR AN HORCHID OR A lily I USUALLY DON'T SEE ANYTHING SPECIAL IN THIS KIND OF FLOWERS, BUT THAT WAS DIFFERENT BECAUSE THE STRANGE AND ABSURD SITUATION. IT EVEN NOT SEEMED REAL BUT MORE LIKE A JAPANESE CARTOON or perhaps a painting AND IN THAT HORRIBLE NOISE I WAS STILL STANDING NEXT TO THAT UNUSUAL FLOWER, AND SUDDENLY ALL, AND I MEAN ALL, TURNED RED, SOIL, SKY, EVERYTHING AND THEN I WAS WAKEN UP RUDELY BY MY WIFE. WELL, THIS WAS THAT.

QUELLA DONNA.

QUELLA DONNA, LA DONNA DEGLI SPECCHI, LE MIE POESIE LE HA BUTTATE VIA, LE MIE POESIE, CHE IRONIA, IL MIO AMORE BUTTARLO VIA? BEH, CHE IRONIA, TALMENTE IRONICO! FORSE TROPPO IRONICO. UL MIO AMORE BUTTARLO VIA! IO CHE NON SAPEVO NEPPURE CHE ERA IL MIO AMORE, BUTTARLO VIA, BUTTARLO VIA, BUTTARLO VIA, BUTTARLO VIA, IL MIO AMORE. BUTTERE VIA QUALCOSA CHE HO CERCATO PER TUTTA LA VITA. BUTTERE VIA QUALCOSA CHE HO CERCATO PER TANTO TEMPO. IO CHE NON SAPEVO NEPPURE CHE ERA IL MIO AMORE, BUTTARLO VIA, BUTTARLO VIA, BUTTARLO VIA, BUTTARLO VIA, IL MIO AMORE. LE MIE POESIE BUTTARLE VIA, IO CHE NON SAPEVO CHE LO ERANO FINCHE' NON SEI VENUTA TU, IL SENSO DELLE POESIE BUTTATE VIA. IO CHE NON SAPEVO NEPPURE CHE ERA IL MIO AMORE, BUTTARLO VIA, BUTTARLO VIA, BUTTARLO VIA, BUTTARLO VIA, IL MIO AMORE, IL MIO AMORE, IL MIO AMORE.

LA COLLA.

I DUE NON POTENDO PIU' ESSERE CAPACI DI DIMENTICARE L'UN L'ALTRO ...

LA POESIA.

LA POESIA PER ME NON ESISTE, ESSITONO SOLO PAROLE D'AMORE!

SUPERFICIALITA'.

LA BELLEZZA NELL'ARTE NON E' ABBASTANZA, QUELLO CHE E'
FONDAMENTALE E' L'ARTE STESSA E L'ARTE NON AMMETTE
SUPERFICIALITA'!

IL PANORAMA POLITICO EUROPEO.

IL PANORAMA POLITICO EUROPEO E SEMPLICISSIMO, IL PROBLEMA DELLA
MADRE E' IL PROBLEMA DI TUTTI LORO, QUINDI FALSE DEMOCRAZIE ANZI
IL CONTRARIO, TRA L'ALTRO RISCHIANO DI SCIVOLARE FILOSOFICAMENTE
SU UN RUOLO O POSIZIONE DI INFERIORITA' RISPETTO AL PENSIERO INDU'
ED ISLAMICO.

LA CANZONE SECONDO CARMINE RENDINA.

PER CARMINE RENDINA ESISTONO SOLO CANZONI D'AMORE. POLITICA E
FILOSOFIA LE RISERVA AL JAZZ E ALLA MUSICA CLASSICA!

L'ESECUZIONE SECONDO CARMINE RENDINA.

L'ESECUZIONE PER CARMINE RENDINA VIENE VALUTATA NON DALLA MENTE
MA DAL CORPO, SEMPRE E SOLAMENTE DAL CORPO.

QUANDO IL CORPO REAGISCE AD UN ESECUZIONE LA COMPOSIZIONE E' STATA
RESA, QUANDO IL CORPO NON REAGISCE, NO!

PS. NON E' DI RITMICA E ARMONIA RITMICA CHE SI PARLA QUI.

PER REAZIONE INTENDO:QUALSIASI REAZIONE CHE RISPECCHIA UNO STATO
D'ANIMO, UN'EMOZIONE O UN SENTIMENTO.

SE CIO' NON VIENE RESO, BEH, NON E' ARTE, QUINDI, ALLA FINE NON E'
PROPRIO MUSICA!

LA MUSICA E' QUESTA, E' SEMPRE STATA QUESTA, DA SECOLI.

IL PENSIERO UMANO

IL PENSIERO UMANO PER QUANTO SCHIAVO DELLA FISICA E DELLA
MATEMATICA NON PUO' TRASCENDERE DA UNA PROFONDA SPIRITUALITA'
DELL'ESSERE UMANO STESSO, SE NON CI CREDETE POTETE CHIEDERE AD
ISAC NEWTON.

DIO!

PERCHE' VUOI DIVENTARE DIO?

PER SCOMPARIRE DALLA FACCIA DELLA TERRA!

IL SOGNO DI STANOTTE.

IL SOGNO DI STANOTTE E' UNA SCIOCCHENZA ED E' FRUTTO DI AUTO-SUGGESTIONE, PENSO! ALLORA ERO IN QUESTA CASA ED ERO GIOVANE, DICIAMO 17 18 ANNI. ERA UNA CASA BUIA E SEMBRAVA ANCHE SPORCA O NON SO, TRALASCIATA, NON CURATA, OK? BEH, VADO IN GIRO PER QUESTA CASA E MI SENTO COME IN RAGNATELE, DAPPERTUTTO, O RAGNATELE ADDOSSO, TANTO CHE FATICO A CAMMINARE, OK? BEH, SALGO SOPRA E ENTRO IN UNA STANZA E TROVO UN CAMINO ACCESO, SAI QUELLO A LEGNA O A CARBONE, E NULLA ... TUTTO QUA, NON CERA NIENT'ALTRO, BEH, CONTINUO A GIROVAGARE PER QUESTA CASA, E A UN CERTO PUNTO TROVO DI FRONTE UNA PORTA CHIUSA, UNA PORTA BIANCA, CURIOSO LA APRO E ENTRO UN QUESTA STANZA, CHE E' COME LE ALTRE, CHE DANNO L'IMPRESSIONE DI ABBANDONATO, CON RAGNATELE DAPPERTUTTO, TRANNE CHE IN QUEST'ALTRA C'ERA UN QUADRO, ED ERA STRANO, INSOMMA, IO NON DIPINGEREI MAI UN QUADRO COSI', C'ERA RAFFIGURATO, UNA COPPIA CHE SI BACIAVA DI CUI C'ERA UNA SPROPORZIONE, CIOE' LA RAGAZZA ERA PIU' GRANDE DEL RAGAZZO DI POCO, PERO' SEMBRAVA LA ZIA, COMUNQUE AL DI LA' DI QUESTO ERA, COME DIRE . . . FACEVA COMUNQUE INCANTARE A GUARDALO, POI SEMPRE IN QUESTO QUADRO, C'ERANO TRE ANIMALI, UN PIPISTRELLO IN ALTO, SULLE LORO TESTE, AI PIEDI C'ERA UN GATTO O UNA GATTA CON LA CODA, SAI, ATTORCIGLIATA VICINO ALLA GAMBA DEL RAGAZZO, COME SE FACESSE LE FUSA, E DA UN LATO, ASPETTA! IL LATO SINISTRO C'ERA UN UCCELLO CHE RICORDAVA VAGAMENTE UN'AQUILA O UNO SIMILE NON SAPREI, UN RAPACE COMUNQUE, PERO' UN RAPACE STRANO, NON SAPREI DIRE DAVVERO! BEH, TUTTO QUA, QUESTO ERA IL SOGNO CHE FATTO STANOTTE! [ESTA NOCHES] AUTO SUGGESTIONE TE LO DETTO!

AMO RACCONTARTI I MIEI SOGNI!

IL SOGNO DI STANOTTE!

ALLORA IL SOGNO DI STANOTTE ERA STRANO, STRANISSIMO. SINCERAMENTE NON HO LA PIU' PALLIDA IDEA DI COME MI FOSSE VENUTO TALE SOGNO. BEH, COMUNQUE, VIVEVO VICINO AL MARE, ERA UNA BELLA CASA AL SOLE, PROPRIO SUL MARE, DA UNA SPECIE DI TERRAZZO VA', DOVE ERANO PARCHEGGUATE ANCHE MACCHINE, SU VEDEVA IL MARE SOTTO, E TANTE BARCHE. E VIVEVO LI, CON LA MIA FAMIGLIA, IL BELLO ERA CHE MOGLIE E FIGLI NON ERANO I MIEI, MA NON ERI NEMMENO TU, ERANO COME SENZA VOLTO, O IO NON RIUSCIVO A VEDERLI, ERA COME IN UN FILM, COME SE QUEL CARMINE NON FOSSI IO, PERO' FACEVO UN VITA NORMALE, BEH, IN REALTA' NON HO MAI FATTO UNA VITA DEL GENERE, MA COMUNQUE ERA UNA VITA NORMALE, LA MATTINA SCENDEVO GIU' AL MARE, DA UNA SPECIE DI PASSAGGIO CHE ANDAVA SOTTO, DOVE ERA UNA SPECIE DI PORTICCIOLO, E AVEVO CYRA DU UNA BARCA, UNA BELLA BARCA, IN REALTA' LE HO SOLO

SOGNATE LE BARCHE, NON E' CHE CI VADI MATTO MA COMUNQUE DI SOLITO MI INCANTO A GUARDARLE; BEHM ALL'IMPROVVISO VIENE UNA MACCHINA E SCENDONO 4 O 5 PERSONE, PERSONE DI GROSSA STAZZA ANZI, DEI VERI E PROPRI GORILLA, E MI DICONO, "BUONGIORNO, E' LEI IL SIGNOR ..." PERO' NON MI RICORDO IL NOME, TUTTO SEMBRAVA COME UN FILM, IO STESSO SEMBRAVO UN'ALTRA PERSONA, COME ERO VESTITO, IO NON MI SONO MAI VESTITO IN QUEL MODO, TROPPO, NON SO, SEMBRAVO UN POLIZIOTTO O QUALCUNO MOLTO, MA MOLTO PERBENE, SAI, STANDO SEMPRE A CASA MI SONO ABITUATO AI JEANS E UNA FELPA, E DI SOLITO SONO SEMPRE VESTITO COSI', BECOMUNQUE MI CHIESERO DI ANDARE CON LORO IN UN POSTO, CHE IO SEMBRAVO CONOSCERE POICHE' LI FACCIO ASPETTARE MENTRE MI CAMBIAVO IN ABITI PER USCIRE, FIGURIAMOCI ABITI PER USCURE, CHE POI ERA GIACCA, CRAVATTA E COSI' VIA, NON VESTIVO COSI' DA ANNI, INFATTI UN TEMPO VESTIVO SOLO COSI', PERO' ADESSO QUEGLI ABITI HANNO FATTO LA MUFFA. COMUNQTE NEL SOGNO MI VESTIVO COSI', QUINDI VADO CON QUELLE PERSONE ED ENTRIAMO IN UN EDIFICIO, MI ACCOMPAGNANO IN UN UFFICIO E LI NEMMENO IL TEMPO DI ASPETTARE ENTRA UN UOMO ANZIANO, CEH MI DICE:"CIAO, . . . , DA PARECCHIO CHE NON TI FAI VIVO, E IO COME SE LO CONOSCESSI , GLI RISPONDO:"BEH, NON TANTO!" BEH, QUELL'UOMO AVEVA QUALCOSA DI AUTORITARIO, TIPO UN GENERALE O UN COLONNELLO O UN CARATTERE E PERSONALITA' DI QUESTO TIPO, SOLAMENTE CHE ERA UN CIVILE E TRA L'ALTRO ERA VESTITO PRESSAPOCO COME ME. QUEGLI UFFICI AVEVANO UN ARIA STRANA, NON SAPREI, COME SE FOSSE ILLUSIONI, ED ERANO TUTTI UGUALI, ESATTAMENTE GLI STESSI. BAH, COMUNQUE IO E QUEL VECCHIO PRENDIAMO UN' ASCENSORE E ANDIAMO AD UN'ALTRO PIANO, CHE POI E' SEMPRE LO STESSO, CON LE STESSE PERSONE E GLI STESSI UFFICI, MA IO NON SONO PER NIENTE SORPRESO, COME SE CIO' FOSSE GIA' ACCADUTO O CHE FOSSI ABITUATO. ALL'IMPROVVISO VIENE UNA DONNA, GIOVANE E ANCH'ESSA BEN VESTITA, CHE DICE AL VECCHIO:"E' LUI?" E IL VECCHIO LE DICE:"SI!" POI LEI DICE:"ANDIAMO, CI STA ASPETTANDO!" E PRENDIAMO UN ALTRO ASCENSORE E TUTTI E TRE SCENDIAMO NEL GARAGE DELL PALAZZO, ENTRIAMO IN MACCHINA E ANDIAMO VIA DALL'EDIFICIO. IN MACCHINA LA DONNA MI CHIEDE:"ALLORA SA PERCHE' HA CHIESTO SPECIFICAMENTE DI TE?" ED IO, COME SE SAPESSI, CHE COSA STESSE ACCADENDO:"NO, NON PROPRIO!", CAMMINIAMO PARECCHIO, BEH, ALMENO COSI' SEMBRO', PRENDEMMO UNA STRADA DI CAMPAGNA E ALLA FINE ARRIVAMMO AD UN'ALTRO EDIFICIO CHE ERA PER L'APPUNTO LO STESSO DI QUELLO DI PRIMA, MA IO, DI NUOVO, NON SEMBRAVO AFFATTO SORPRESO, QUINDI ENTRIAMO DENTRO E PRENDIAMO DI NUOVO UN'ASCENSORE PERO' STAVOLTA SALIAMO SUL TETTO CHE HA UNA SPECIE DI PARCHEGGIO SOPRA O UNO SPAZIO PER ELICOTTERI E LI C'ERA UNA MACCHINA E UN'ALTRO VECCHIO, DALLA FACCIA LUNGA E GLI OCCHIALI E SENZA QUASI CAPELLI. QUESTO COME MI VEDE MI VIENE INCONTRO E DICE:"L'ULTIMA VOLTA CHE CI SIAMO VISTI FU' 14 ANNI FA!" ED IO:"BEH, NON LA RICORDO, PERO!" E LUI:"ERA SOTTO NATALE ED ERA NEVICATO MOLTO, COME NON RICORDI? ERANO LE 11 DI SERA DI SABATO ED EASTTAMENTE UNA SETTIMANA PRIMA DI NATALE!" ED IO:"MI STO SFORZANDO MA NON RICORDO!" E LUI:"BEH, IO SONO TORNATO PER LA RISPOSTA, ALLORA QUAL'E'?" ED IO COME PER INSTINTO O FORZA SUPERIORE:"E' COME SE FOSSE LA RISULTANTE DI DUE ANGOLI O LE FORZE PASSANTI PER TALI ANGOLI E CONCORRENTI!" E LUI:"BEH, VICINO MA NON ANCORA QUELLO!" POI SALE IN MACCHINA E DICE:"QUINDI ALLA PROSSIMA VOLTA!", E SORRIDENDOMI MI FA UN CENNO CON LA MANO

COME DI SALUTO. E IO MI GIRO VERSO IL VECCHIO CON CUI ERO VENUTO E MENTRE FACCIO CIO' VEDO CHE LA MACCHINA DI QUELLO SCONOSCIUTO SI ALZA IN VOLO COME UNA SPECIE DI AEREPLANO, E COME SE FACESSE IL CONTRARIO DI UNA STELLA CADENTE QUANDO ENTRA NELL'ATMOSFERA ... BEH, QUELLA MACCHINA CON QUELLA STESSA SEMPLICITA', NE ESCE E TUTTO IN 4 SECONDI O SU PER GIU', E' DIFFICILE CONTARE MENTRE SI DORME! ADESSO, DA DOVE DIAVOLO MI VIENE UN SOGNO DEL GENERE A ME? DA DOVE MI ESCE? CHE COSA SIGNIFICA? PERCHE'? BAH! NE HO FATTI ALTRI COSI, MA NON ME LI RICORDO! BEH, QUESTO ERA UNO STRANO SOGNO, DAVVERO!

IL SOGNO DI STANOTTE

ALLORA STANOTTE NON E' CHE ABBIA SOGNATO CHISSA CHE' PERO' ANCHE QUESTO ERA STRANO. OK? BEH, ERO IN UN TEATRO, PICCOLO, PICCOLINO E SUONAVA RENATO CAROSONE, E ALL'IMPROVISO LUI E LA SUA ORCHESTRA FA' IL MIO 'FRENCH MUSTARD' PERO' L'ALTRO NON QUELLO CLASSICO QUELLO JAZZATO CON IL CUBANO, OK! BEH, DOPO CHE HA FINITO, IL PEZZO SI SENTE UN APPLAUSO, E COME FINISCE L'APPLAUSO IL TEATRO DIVENTA DESERTO, ANCHE L'ORCHESTRA SCOMPARE E RIMANIAMO SOLO IO E LUI, LUI SUL PALCO E IO IN PIEDI TRA I POSTI A SEDERE. OK! DIVENTA TUTTO IN PENOMBRA! IO A UN CERTO PUNTO GLI DICO:"BELLISSIMO, MOLTO PIU' BELLO DEL MIO!" E LUI:"EH, MA QUANDO MAI!" E IO:"BEH, MA IL MIO, L'HO FATTO CON IL COMPUTER!" E LUI:"CARMINU', NON SIGNIFICA NIENTE COME L'HAI FATTO!" POI RIDENDO DICE:"LA PENNA NON FA NESSUNA DIFFERENZA, DEVI ALMENO SAPERLA TENERE IN MANO!" BEH, QUESTO ERA IL SOGNO, STRANO PURE QUESTO!

ALLORA.

LA MIE LACRIME?

CHE SIGNIFICANO?

SIGNIFICANO 'QUANTO TE QUERO!

IL TUO SORRISO?

CHE SIGNIFICA?

SIGNIFICA NON 'TE QUERO' PIU'!

ADESSO LA LACRIMA SAREBBE UNA SCIOCCHENZA NON NECESSARIA!

IL SOGNO DI STANOTTE.

NON RICORDO BENE IL SOGNO DI STANOTTE, ERA CONFUSO, TUTTO QUELLO CHE RICORDO E' CHE MI TROVAVO COME NEL FAR WEST, IN UNA CITTADINA PIENA DI PERSONE, LE STRADE DI QUESTA CITTADINA ERA AFFOLLATA DI PERSONE E CARROZZE. IO ERO COME PERSO E VAGAVO IN MEZZO ALLA FOLLA COME SE ... NON SAPREI, COME SE ANDASSI CONTRO CORRENTE, CIOE'

TUTTE LE PERSONE IN QUESTO SOGNO CAMMINAVANO ANCHE SE ALLA CONFUSA NELLO STESSO SENSO E IO FACEVO FATICA A CAMMINARE POICHE' IO ANDAVO NEL SENSO OPPOSTO. TUTTO QUA, QUESTO ERA IL SOGNO! NON HO PIANTO PERO' MI SENTO COME SE LO AVESSI, FORSE MI SENTO ANCORA COME L'ALTRO GIORNO, NON LO SO!

CI SONO COSE AL MONDO CHE POSSONO ESSERE FATTE SOLO IN DUE, L'AMORE!

IL VERO AMORE STA NEL DESIDERARE IL PIACERE DI PIANGERE!

IL SOGNO DI STANOTTE.

IL SOGNO DI STANOTTE ERA RIDICOLO. ALLORA ERO IN MACCHINA CON DUE AMICI MIEI DELL'ADOLESCENZA GIANLUCA E FRANCESCO, GUIDAVO ED AL MIO FIANCO C'ERA SEDUTO BUD SPENCER, PERO' ERA GIOVANE, DICIAMO ALL'EPOCA DEL COMMISSARIO RIZZO, CHE PARLAVA, DICEVA, QUESTO E QUELLO, NON MI RICORDO BENE, PERO' SEMBRAVA PROPRIO IL COMMISSARIO, SEMBRAVA LAGNARSI DI NOI COME SE FOSSIMO MARESCIALLI O SU PER GIU', COMUNQUE NIENTE, GUIDAVO, E LUI PARLAVA PARLAVA; FUORI SEMBRAVA UN PAESE FORESTIERO, TIPO ARIZONA, IL PAESAGGIO ERA QUELLO LI, ALL'OMPROVVISO UNA MACCHINA DELLA POLIZIA CI FERMA, E IL POLIZIOTTO MI CHIEDE I DOCUMENTI E IO LI PRENDO DAL CRUSCOTTO, QUANDO AD UN TRATTO IL POLIZIOTTO ESCLAMA A BUD SPENCER: "MA TU SEI BUD SPENCER!" E LUI DICE: "AH PERCHE' SI VEDE?" E IL POLIZIOTTO DICE: "ALTROCHE'!" POI BUD SCENDE DALLA MACCHINA E I DUE COMINCIANO A CHIACCHIERARE, IL POSTO DOVE ERAVAMO FERMI ERA STRANO, DA UNA SPECIE DI MONTAGNA CHE AFFACCIAVA SU QUESTA DISTESA DI TERRA DESOLATA, C'ERA L'ENTRATA DI UN TUNNEL. BAH, A UN CERTO PUNTO BUD SPENCER E IL POLIZIOTTO NON SI VEDEVONO PIU', ERANO SPARITI, POI DAL FINESTRINO FRANCESCO A UN CERTO PUNTO GRIDA: "CARMINU' MA CI VUOLE TEMPO?" E IO: "E IL CAPO DOV'E? CE NE ANDIAMO COSI!" E GIANLUCA: "IO C'HO SETE E ANCHE FAME! POI PASSANO MINUTI E I DUE SCENDONO DALLA MACCHINA E COMINCIANO A DIRE LE SOLITE CRETINATE CHE DICEVANO QUANDO ERANO RAGAZZI! AL LATO DEL TUNNEL C'E' UNA SPECIE DI BAR, E GIANLUCA VA VERSO BAR, INTANTO PASSA UN AEREPLANO, FRANCESCO RIENTRA IN MACCHINA E SI METTE A SENTIRE LO STEREO, POI PASSA UN'ALTRO AEREOPLANO, E IO VADO VICINO AL FINESTRINO E DICO: "BEH IL CAPO NON TORNA, ANDIAMO A CERCARLO!" E FRANCESCO: "TU SEI MATTO, SOTTO QUESTO SOLE?" E IO: "BEH, ALLORA ASPETTIAMO!" INTANTO PASSA UN'ALTRO AEREOPLANO, POI MI GIRO A GUARDARE QUEL BAR E VEDO GIANLUCA LITIGARE CON LA MACCHINETTA DELLE BIBITE E SNACKS, CHE E' PROPRIO FUORI AL BAR. E INTANTO PASSA UN'ALTRO AEREOPLANO SOLAMENTE CHE QUESTO ALL'IMPROVVISO PRECIPITA, PROPRIO NEI NOSTRI PARAGGI, VEDEMMO UN ESPLOSIONE, SENTIAMO UN BOTTO TREMENDO E INIZIA A PIOVERE COME CARTA BRUCIATA, E CENERE, DOPO DI CHE FRANCESCO DICE: "CHE DIAVOLO SUCCEDDE, ANDIAMO DA GIANLUCA, IL QUALE E' ANCORA A DARE A CALCI A QUELLA MACCHINETTA!" QUANDO ARRIVAMMO LI, C'ERA UNO SCHIFO TOTALE, C'ERA MERDA DAPPERTUTTO, ALMENO 10 O 20 CENTIMETRI DI MERDA, SEMBRAVA COME CAMMINARE SULLA NEVE, SOLAMENTE CHE ERA MERDA E FRANCESCO: "CHE

DIABOLO HAI COMBINATO? COSA HAI TOCCATO?" E GIANLUCA:"IO? NIENTE!"
E IO : "E LA MACCHINETTA?" E LUI: "S'E' MANGIATA 5 MILA LIRE! E POI
TUTTA QUESTA MERDA NON E' MICA USCITA DALLA MACCHINETTA?" BEH, NON
SO PERCHE', MA COMUNQUE PREDEMMO DELLE SCOPE E MOCI VARI E
COMINCIAMMO A PULIRE, E PULIRE E PULIRE, SEMBRAVA CHE NON FINISSE
MAI. POI A IN CERTO PUNTO IO DISSI LORO: "VADO A TELEFONARE AL
CAPO, MAGARI E' ANDATO A CASA!" MENTRE LORO CONTINUAVANO A SPALARE
LA MERDA. COMUNQUE, C'ERA QUESTA CABINA TELEFONICA PROPRIO SULLA
STRADA ACCANTO ALLA MACCHINA E LO TELEFONAI. LUI RISPOSE, ERA IN
COMPAGNIA DI UNA GIOVANE DONNA ASIATICA CINESE O SU PER GIU' ED
ERA NUDO, BEH, NON PROPRIO, PERO' PORTAVA MUTANDE STILE ASIATICHE,
O NON ERANO MUTANDE EUROPEE O OCCIDENTALI, STRANE COMUNQUE; LA
RAGAZZA LO MASSAGGIAVA LA SCHIENA E GLI METTEVA ANCHE DELL'OLIO
ADDOSSO, CREDO, BEH, COMUNQUE IO GLI DISSI: "CAPO, LEI SE NE E'
ANDATO E CI HA RIMASTI QUI NELLA MERDA!" E LUI: "E CHE DIAMINE NON
POSSO RIMANERTI SOLO CON QUEGLI ALTRI DUE SCEMI NEMMENO PER UN
MINUTO! E IO: "GLI DICO: "BEH, QUI E SUCCESSO QUESTO, QUESTO E
QUESTO!" E LUI: "CARMINU' MI VUO' FAR VENIRE 'LAPPIETT' MO'!
[DIALETTO] E CHE MISERIA E CHE VE NE IMPORTA, PENSAVO CHE ERAVATE
TRE SCEMI E INVECE SIETE TRE STRONZI!" CHE CI CREDI O NO, QUESTO
ERA IL SOGNO CHE HO FATTO STANOTTE!

L'amore impossibile. [*]

L'amore impossibile non e' il nostro. Il nostro, si puo' vedere a
migliaia di chilometri di distanza! Vivo e palpitante E splendente,
fa sembrare una notte stellata, una notte senza stelle!

[* Quando da entrambe le parti esiste amore dello stesso livello,
come una bilancia perfettamente ferma sullo zero, non importa se
irrealizzabile, o 'whatever' non e' impossibile, quando invece
l'amore pende solo da una parte e dall'altra vengono a mancare per
esempio fiducia, rispetto, e cosi via, beh, possiamo spendere
tutta la vita insieme nella stessa casa, avere figli, e non
provare mai cos'e' l'amore, e' solo un' accordo! Non e' nemmeno
amicizia ma solo compagnia. L'amore in questo ultimo caso
paradossalmente e' impossibile.]

SOLO CON TE!

SOLO CON TE! VOLEVO SOLAMENTE FUGGURE.

SOLO CON TE ERA DESTINO COMUNQUE.

SOLO CON TE ADESSO 'MAKE SENSE'!

SOLO CON TE! NULLA E NESSUNO AL MONDO POTRA' MAI CAMBIARE QUELLO
CHE E' ED ERA SEMPRE STATO COSI'!

SOLO CON TE!

Per sempre tuo.

Solo quello conquistato rimane per sempre tuo.

Il sogno di stanotte!

Niente sogni, beh, c'e' stato, pero' non lo posso raccontare, era sessuale! In India o su per giu'!

la nostra musica.

Alla fine la nostra musica [politica, poesia, arte, filosofia, etc] sara' quella che ci premia o ci condanna.

Destino!

Un giorno, un aquila volle giocare a scacchi con il destino, e la partita era sempre pari e non finivano mai, andavano in eterno, e a un certo punto l'aquila dice: "ma il mio destino e' quello di non vincere?" e il destino rindendo dice: "non e' importante!" quello che e' importante e' non finire con l'essere cacciati via come dei cani!"

Il lieto fine.

[(Tragico) Per coloro che desiderano o bramino la morte o la sofferenza degli altri.]

Alla fine Carmine riesce ad andare via da un mondo per lui avverso e antiquato, cammina cammina e finalmente rimane solo. Il sogno d'amore non potette mai realizzarsi, al massimo poteva sorridere guardando quella che sentiva la sua sposa tra le braccia di un'altro, e visse felice e contento accontentandosi solo del suo amore, l'amore di Kurosawa. Felice e contento lontano su un'isola dal profumo di banano e orgoglioso di essere veramente vicino a lei per sempre.

Cos'e' l'amore.

Carmine ne ha provati due, uno vero e uno falso.

Quello falso, non era falso per via di lei, ma per via di Carmine

stesso. Poiche' ho sempre cercato di dire a me stesso: "io amo questa qua!", me lo dicevo e ripetevo continuamente, cosa che faccio ancora oggi. Era una specie di auto convincersi. L'amore in realta', almeno da parte mia, era un sentimento che non esisteva, erano solo parole, non un sentirsi o modo di sentirsi, di cui siamo schiavi, irrefrenabile, impetuoso, il quale non possiamo nascondere a nessuno, e da cui non possiamo nasconderci, che ci segue ovunque; e se e' vero, sincero e onesto che ci perseguita addirittura per tutta la nostra vita e condiziona la nostra vita stessa e tutte le nostre azioni per la durata della vita stessa.

la tragedia secondo Carmine Rendina.

Beh, anche se penso che la tragedia tanto e' resa artisticamente quanto e' reso il pathos, ok? Indipendente mente dalla morte, pero' la mia opinione personale riguardo a questi ultima e' divisa, e dipende dal pathos, che di solito e' mascherato come una sequenza logica di conseguenze. Ok?

In realta' non credo che possa essere possibile una tale tragedia (cioe' dove si concentra o dove il fulcro del pathos sia la morte), poiche' la morte comunque presuppone una fine e quindi in qualunque modo una liberazione, ok? La vita invece no, la sofferenza e quindi la tragedia e maggiore, il vivere stesso per tale amore e' il massimo della tragedia, la morte invece segna la fine di quella tragedia stessa, il pathos e' o dovrebbe essere inferiore quindi per rendere il pathos dovrebbe subentrare uno sforzo di rendere il dramma maggiore per dare equilibrio e armonia al pathos o il sottile equilibrio tra la vita e la morte

La promessa del soldato (innamorato).

Sebbene parte e fondamento di tutte le istituzioni, e' sempre meglio tenere divise la religione dal governo, poiche' il giorno che cade il governo cade anche la religione. Non importa come ma e' consigliato tenerle separate almeno come ideale o concetto, almeno in quello, cosi si evita il coinvolgimento in confronti ideologici e culturali e razziali internazionali.

Il lieto fine.

[(Tragico) Per coloro che desiderano o bramino la morte o la sofferenza degli altri.]

Alla fine Carmine riesce ad andare via da un mondo per lui avverso e antiquato, cammina cammina e finalmente rimane solo. Il sogno d'amore non potette mai realizzarsi, al massimo poteva sorridere guardando quella che sentiva la sua sposa tra le braccia di un'altro, allora comincio' a scrivere lettere d'amore mai spedite,

e scrisse e scrisse e scrisse e scrisse e scrisse finche' una notte come gia' in molte altre notti si addormento' sulla sua scrivania, sereno e sorridente e da quel libro dei sogni non fece piu' ritorno.

[e visse felice e contento accontentandosi solo del suo amore, l'amore di Kurosawa. Felice e contento lontano su un'isola dal profumo di banano e orgoglioso di essere veramente vicino a lei per sempre.]

Il lieto fine.

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Alla fine Carmine riesce ad andare via da un mondo per lui avverso e antiquato, cammina cammina e finalmente rimane solo. Il sogno d'amore non potette mai realizzarsi, al massimo poteva sorridere guardando quella che sentiva la sua sposa tra le braccia di un'altro. Allora ando' a Parigi e ricomincio la sua vita da capo, come pittore. Un giorno venne a sapere che Kurosawa sarebbe venuta a Parigi e Carmine senti l'esigenza di poter essere vicino a lei e almeno vederla anche se per alcuni minuti, e piu' di tutto vedere I suoi occhi che tante volte aveva dipinto. Pero' non ebbe nemmeno quella chance perche' fuori l'hotel un fanatico razzista la sparò e lei morì nell'ambulanza che la portava all'ospedale. Da quel giorno Carmine non volle piu' vedere nessun'altra donna, si chiuse nella sua casa e passava tutto il tempo a dipingere. Una notte credette di udire una sussurro che diceva:"No Carmine! Non mi lasciare." Da quella vera notte ogni giorno dipingeva un quadro, sempre di donna, e con quel quadro ci parlava, come se potesse ogni giorno riportarla in vita e parlare con lei, ogni giorno; ogni giorno come un rito religioso, la prima cosa che Carmine faceva era aprire la finestra che affacciava sulla Senna, prendere pennelli colori e tela e dire:"buongiorno amore!"

[cosa che fece per il resto della sua vita.]

La natura del diablo.

Mi chiede di mentire a me stesso e lei anche. [She knows, how wouldn't she?]

Il sogno di stanotte!

Il sogno della notte scorsa l'ho dimenticato, pero' ricordo quello di stanotte che mi ha ispirato questo:

Il lieto fine.

[(Tragico) Per coloro che desiderano o bramino la morte o la sofferenza degli altri.]

Alla fine Carmine riesce ad andare via da un mondo per lui avverso e antiquato, cammina cammina e finalmente rimane solo. Il sogno d'amore non potette mai realizzarsi, al massimo poteva sorridere guardando quella che sentiva la sua sposa tra le braccia di un'altro. Allora ando' a Parigi e ricomincio la sua vita da capo, come pittore. Un giorno venne a sapere che Kurosawa sarebbe venuta a Parigi e Carmine senti l'esigenza di poter essere vicino a lei e almeno vederla anche se per alcuni minuti, e piu' di tutto vedere I suoi occhi che tante volte aveva dipinto. Allora prese tutti I suoi risparmi, poiche' la vita di un pittore di solito e' ingrata e ando' all'hotel dove era la sua amata Kurosawa. Dopo tante ore di attesa riuscì a bussare alla porta della sua camera, la porta si aprì e lei come se lo aspettasse, lo accolse con un sorriso, tutte le persone sparirono e I due rimasero finalmente soli. Carmine ancora sull'uscio disse: "Io sono Carmine, quello la', quel Carmine la'!" e lei ridendo chiuse la porta. Tutto quello che avrebbero dovuto dirsi era già stato detto e allora si sedettero l'uno vicino all'altro si presero per mano, come tante altre volte avevano immaginato e rimasero in silenzio. Quello che accadde per quelle poche ore in quella camera d'hotel non si è mai saputo e francamente non c'era bisogno di saperlo, poiche' il fato volle che una vecchietta inglese anch' essa ospite di quell' hotel dimentico' qualcosa sul fuoco nella fretta di andare ad un Gala' o su per giù', cosicche' l'hotel ando' a fuoco in pochi minuti. I due non riuscirono mai ad uscire vivi dalle fiamme, forse si erano addormentati stretti stretti, abbracciati l'un l'altro come tante volte avevano sognato. Mentre I pompieri cercavano di spegnere l'incendio il capo della polizia chiese ai dipendenti dell'hotel se era rimasto intrappolato qualcuno nell'incendio, e tra la folla emerse una voce di una bambina di colore che stringeva una bambola tra le braccia che diceva: "Sì, Carmine e Kurosawa, I due immamorati, ricorda? Quelli che tanti anni fa' si promisero eterno amore!"

Parlar male.

Parlar male significa parlare male di brava, onesta e buona gente, nel caso in cui si parla male di gente cattiva e malvagia significa investigare e indagare.

La reputazione.

La reputazione, non si compra, non e' gratis e non si ruba.

Solo l'amore

L'unica cosa che differenzia l'essere umano con le altre creature e' solo l'amore, il resto e' solo una conseguenza dell'amore.

Senseless.

All seems senseless by now and for ever, so I wait every day until you wake up.

Pearls.

My heart is exploding and despite it is too painful, I won't trade this feeling for any gold, pearls and diamonds in the world.

La storia.

La storia e la politica di un paese e costituita dalla massa, non dall'individuo! [in un determinato lasso di tempo!]

Quello che volevo dirti e non ho mai potuto.

Nessun posto al mondo e' casa mia, dove non ci sei tu!

Allora se non dovessi mai tornare a casa, io continuero' a dirtelo e dirtelo e dirtelo e dirtelo e dirtelo e dirtelo e dirtelo . . .

Useless!

A mind can change or be changed.

The heart?

It's useless!

It's pathetic!

It's a shame!

It's pitiful!

That could never happen, on the contrary it just make it [them both] stronger!

Il pazzo.

E' talmente ignorante che non si rende conto che sta facendo una pazzia o che e' pazzo gia'.

La pazzia quindi e' in stretta relazione con l'ignoranza, o una parte della realta' che per traumi, shock, costrinzioni, violenze e manipolazione viene come non accettata o rifiutata, spesso con ambiguita o doppia personalita' o anche 'black out'.

Il sogno di stanotte.

Ho sognato un cinese, che viveva in semplicita', si accontentava di una ciotola di riso e un tetto sulle spalle e un bel giorno si sveglia e si accorge che da tempo dormiva su un letto tutto d'oro.

Il fiore.

Arlecchino inconsciamente da tempo nutriva sentimenti per Colombina, quei sentimenti erano dettati da un senso di amicizia, profonda amicizia, che istintivamente contraccambiava, e piu' nutriva quei sentimenti piu' diventavano profondi e forti cosi forti da sfociare nell'amore, un amore che sbocciava come un fiore, ma quel fiore per tanto tempo era stato sotto terra, lui nella sua semplicita e onesta', credeva solo di coltivare l'amicizia, e lo innaffiava e innaffiava, senza un vero o preciso scopo, tranne l'onesta' e il rispetto per la vita, lo nutriva, e un giorno si sveglia e vede un bellissimo fiore di cui rimane per sempre incantato. Carmine Rendina

Il senso.

La realta' che viviamo non e' mai completa se viene a mancare cio' che riempie il nostro cuore di felicita'. A volte la nostra giornata e quindi la nostra vita ha senso anche solo nel poter semplicemente guardare la foto di colei che rappresenta la nostra giornata stessa.

Il lieto fine.

[(Tragico) Per coloro che che amano solo se stessi incuranti della morte o la sofferenza degli altri.]

Alla fine Carmine riesce ad andare via da un mondo per lui avverso e antiquato, cammina cammina e finalmente rimane solo. Il sogno d'amore non potette mai realizzarsi, al massimo poteva sorridere guardando quella che sentiva la sua sposa tra le braccia di un'altro. Carmine aveva 40, troppo vecchio per tutto, la vita era stata ingiusta con lui sin da adolescente, e si era trovato 40enne, senza aver avuto un chance in nulla, non poteva realmente dire di aver avuto esperienza in qualcosa, tranne che nel scrivere o dipingere o anche suonare, ma tali esperienze hanno poco conto nella realta' di persone normali. Pensava e ripensava al perche' era stato un cosi pessimo genitore, fannullone e pigro e arrivo' a pensare che era per via del suo amore per la musica, forse quella passione che portava avanti da adolescente era il motivo di cio' e allora la mise da parte per amore dei figli, ma il tempo passo' un anno, due e tre, quattro, cinque, sei ma la sua situazione non cambio' minimamente e allora cerco' e contro cerco' una strada piu' piccola, di trovare una qualsiasi sistemazione seppure umile poiche' guardava la figlia ormai signorina e pensava che lei non aveva mai avuto un vero padre ma solo una specie di fratello pigro e fannullone, poi guardava gli altri due figli e si chiedeva: "cosa gli potro mai dire?" Specialmente l'ultimo, per quello li temeva del futuro, poiche' cosa poteva mai riservare la vita ad un bebe' con tale padre. Allora si rassegnò all'idea del sacrificio per amore dei figli, ma prese di nuovo la strada sbagliata, si immerse nel suo lavoro, il lavoro della sua vita, e nelle storie mai pubblicate, il lavoro che divorò fino all'ultimo giorno la sua vita. Quel minimo di decenza e scusa per essere potuto essere chiamato padre, fu' in un colpo di fortuna, un lavoretto ottenuto, chissa per quale miracolo, umile, modesto per un vecchio che aveva un deposito ma non aveva figli e vedovo da almeno 40 anni. E per amore dei figli comincio' a fingere di amare sua moglie, la madre dei suoi figli, la donna per cui tutto quello che per lui era la sua vita era solo un grande scherzo o una scusa per essere fannullone e nutrire la sua pigrizia, la donna che lui voleva bene ma non amava, non piu' anzi lo ripugnava, la donna che lo voleva ma non lo amava, Adriana. Pero' l'idea, di quello che lei comunque fece cosi tanto per lui per tanto tempo, infatti aveva provveduto a tutto e grazie alla quale poteva salvare un minimo di apparenza, lo tormentava, non sapeva come avrebbe mai potuto ricambiare quegli anni che lei aveva provveduto a tutto, la sua coscienza lo tormentava e torturava, tutto quello che Adriana aveva fatto per lui divennero le sue catene, non i figli. Ma il suo cuore era ormai spezzato poiche' lei non voleva Carmine come il suo uomo, e cio' comprendeva tutte quelle cose che lo facevano uomo o non poteva considerarsi un uomo senza, lei lo voleva con la sua anima morta, voleva solo il suo corpo, tra l'altro il vero amore in lui era sbocciato, come un fiore in un deserto, e quell'uomo che Carmine cercava da sempre aveva senso solo in quel fiore, e in quella che lui considerava la sua sposa cioe' Kurosawa. Non poteva piu' liberarsene, la sua mente e il suo cuore erano occupati da quella ragazza, la ragazza dei sogni, e piu' passava il tempo e piu' quella ragazza era sempre piu' presente in tutto cio' che faceva, non riusciva piu' a pensare a nient'altro, ogni giorno,

ogni minuto ogni secondo, cosa che duro' per il resto della sua vita. Quell'uomo che cercava aveva senso in quella ragazza e quindi quella ragazza rappresentava la sua dignita' e la sua vita stessa, il giorno di sole che il destino gli aveva sempre negato e che gli nego' per il resto della sua vita. Il tempo passo', ma ironicamente un giorno la madre dei suoi figli, stanca di quello che era sempre migliaia e migliaia di chilometri di distanza, chissa' in quale banale sogno mai potuto realizzare, e soprattutto la sua riluttanza da anni nei suoi confronti, Carmine aveva perso ogni minima passione e desiderio, per quanto Adriana era una donna attraente, lei alla fine lo lascio', aveva ormai da troppo perso anche l'unica cosa di lui che davvero gli interessava. Adriana era stata la padrona di tutto ma non della sua essenza. Ma piu' di tutto Adriana dopo alcuni anni si rese conto che Carmine era diventato incapace di amare nessun'altra persona al mondo tranne che Kurosawa, quella ragazza che con un sorriso aveva per sempre conquistato il suo cuore e forse anche di piu'. Adriana notava che tutto quello che Carmine faceva era in qualche strano modo legato a lei, tutte le sue fonti di ispirazione era riconducibili a lei, tutto, noto' che Kurosawa era in tutte le sue cose, lo intuiva, lo sentiva sebbene cio' per Adriana era fonte di rancore e odio. Kurosawa era in tutte le sue cose poiche' lui pensava sempre a lei, e Adriana lo sentiva, lo vedeva, era ovvio, Kurosawa era divenuta la ragione e il senso della vita di Carmine da troppo tempo, ragione e senso che lui aveva finalmente trovato sebbene ormai uomo di mezza eta' da un po' di anni. Carmine d'altro lato, aveva pensato anche al suicidio, magari con dolci veleni e morire come tra le sue carezze, magari gli stessi dolci veleni che aveva sperimentato da giovane, e quindi avrebbe saputo come morire senza aver paura della morte, scivolare dolcemente in un sonno senza ritorno. Ma lui sentiva che l'amore di Kurosawa non gli e' lo avrebbe concesso e perdonato, sentiva che se si fosse ucciso avrebbe ucciso anche lei, Kurosawa ne avrebbe sofferto troppo, poiche' piu' di tutto e tutti, era stata e rimaneva l'unica persona al mondo che ci teneva per quell'uomo che egli stesso credeva fosse solo un pazzo e quindi alla sua vita. Ma alla fine fu' il suo lavoro stesso quel dolce veleno, in quel lavoro c'era lei, la donna sua amata, quel lavoro che non lo faceva morire di dolore ma che comunque non era mai abbastanza per non pensare a quella che lui considerava la moglie, la vera moglie, quella giusta e ogni sera nel suo studio quando si accingeva a scrivere guardava quella foto, tenuta nascosta e segreta per cosi tanti anni, lontana da qualsiasi sguardo tranne che il suo. E ogni giorno faceva finta che lei era la sua moglie e anche che ogni giorno che la sera era il suo mattino e che si fosse appena svegliato ed era andato a lavorare e alla fine quella scrivania divenne il suo universo, l'unico universo di cui era stato per quasi tutta la sua vita cieco, ma che ormai era divenuto l'unico universo che vedeva, l'unico universo vero per Carmine Rendina, l'universo nel quale nessuno aveva diritto e il permesso di entrare; la vita per lui era stata sempre ingiusta, per un uomo come lui, pacifico, tollerante e gentile, quella non era stata una vita ma un vero e proprio inferno e continuava ad esserlo, tranne

che in quello studio che ormai era divenuto il suo angolo di paradiso dove poteva lavorare in pace sotto gli occhi di colei che considerava ancora la sua vera moglie e guardarla senza paura e così rimase fino al resto dei suoi giorni.

Il sogno di stanotte era giusto una specie di flashback.

Allora, io stavo camminando in una specie di prato, solamente che la terra era arsa e come se fosse secca, a un certo punto vedo come una sagoma di una persona stesa a terra su un lato tutto ben vestito, casual però un casual elegante e senza scarpe e calzini, però non potevo vedere la faccia poiché la testa sembrava come appoggiata su un braccio. Vado vicino e gli dico: "Cosa è successo, serve aiuto?" E lui alza gli occhi e fa una risata, una strana risata, come se per denigrare o di qualcosa che lo sorprende inaspettatamente o di qualcosa che istintivamente persone fanno per paura, una risata come isterica, che comunque mi metteva a disagio o su per giù. Poi sembra come chiudere gli occhi e addormentarsi di colpo. Allora mi dissi: "Vado a chiedere aiuto." Mi abbassai un attimo e cercai di scrollarlo un po' per riavvivarlo, ma lui niente, e mentre lo riponevo la sua testa delicatamente come era prima, lui spalancò la bocca, da cui cominciarono ad uscire fuori delle mosche, molte mosche, io dall'orrore feci un balzo all'indietro e caddi con il sedere per terra, dopodiché mi alzai e mentre mi accingevo a correre da un soccorso, mi girai un attimo e incredulo, quella persona sembrava scomparsa, al suo posto sembrava di vedere una sagoma astratta o illusoria in continuo movimento seppure immobile, quell'uomo era tutto coperto di mosche, dappertutto, era ricoperto da milioni di mosche. Tutto qua', questo era il sogno di stanotte.

IL mondo.

Io al mondo ho solo te.
In tutti i sensi.
Ho sempre avuto solo te.
In tutti i sensi.
Io per il mondo sono pazzo.
Io per il mondo sono bugiardo.
io per il mondo sono il diavolo.
io per il mondo sono niente.
Io al mondo ho solo te.
In tutti i sensi.
Ho sempre avuto solo te.
In tutti i sensi.
Tu, sei il mio mondo.
Ecco perché esisti solo tu.

... (MEANS ONLY ONE THING, MY SUNSHINE.)

The last night dream.

I dreamt I was in a city, a familiar one, but I can't tell, there was a great commotion about a geological phenomenon, like volcanoes or so, but I really did not see any eruption or such volcanic things other than boiling mud, then I went in an house with big windows and it seemed an high floor, in there, there was a very big long table and there was sit my wife Adriana, anyway I went in the toilet and on my way back, in the corridor I crossed her sister, which was strange, she stepped back against the wall, like if I wanted to do something dirty to her, but right there I did not put any attention about and I carried on to go back in that big room, she seemed following me and seemed to have a intriguing smile. Then in that room, where ever I went she kept to be too much too close to me, and finally she pushed over the border lines again and again so I could not avoid to be touched by her, or better, by her body, then suddenly she put her hands on my hips, like she was an old girlfriend or so and by instinct, I think I did the same, and all this right in front to her sister, which appeared to smile or even laugh, then we went away, but only the both of us, and on the way to wherever we were going there was a river, I asked her, what was that, and she replied in a sarcastic tone: "rubbish!" well, this was that!

Il niente.

Il niente e' stato solo una deduzione secondaria, qualcosa che ho trovato sul cammino, di cui in seguito si vedra' il vero significato, poiche' cio' che cercavo era la relazione tra il pensiero e la divinita' o dio [ALBA DELLA CIVILIZZAZIONE - 2012], le quali in comune hanno l'energia, ora l'esistenza di dio e intrinsecamente legata al pensiero, poiche' tale concetto non esisterebbe se non venisse pensato. Nell'esempio della goccia d'acqua, il pensiero e l'evento materiale fisico, dissi, hanno in comune l'energia poiche' l'oggetto in movimento, la goccia d'acqua, conserva e produce energia, il movimento stesso di tale goccia d'acqua dal punto a al punto b, e' conseguenza di conservazione d'energia e produzione di energia, mentre il pensiero ha bisogno di energia per essere creato, pero' alla fine sono arrivato ad una conclusione, il pensiero e' costituito in qualche strano modo da una massa, e' materiale, lo so sembra illogico, poiche' per millenni, il pensiero e' stato definito astrazione, immateriale, pero' l'energia non puo esistere senza una massa, quindi il pensiero non solo ha bisogno di energia per essere creato ma anche per essere tenuto vivo anche se per pochi istanti, e in quell'atto o evento fisico, ha bisogno di energia quindi quell'energia usata deve in qualche modo dipendere da una massa atomica, di cui io l'unica spiegazione do ad atomi di ossigeno e idrogeno, prelevati, o meglio prodotti dal sangue che

passa per il cervello, ossigeno necessario per l'attivita' cerebrale, quindi il pensiero e' necessariamente legato a tale processo, ha una massa, e' finito, materiale e reale, non infinito ed astratto. Quindi alla fine non solo l'energia ma anche la massa o materia e' da essere presa in considerazione, giustamente l'evento fisico della goccia d'acqua e' un evento fisico, di un oggetto materiale finito, quindi le proprieta' in comune sono due, l'energia e la materia o massa atomica.

Dopo mesi di 'Black Out sleep' un sogno.

Il sogno di stanotte.

Ho sognato di essere in una casa come di cristallo, pero' in realta' era di Plexy glass, e in quella casa l'atmosfera era come se mancasse l'aria, c'era un mormorio di una folla, pero' io vedevo solo mia moglie. Che all'improvviso rideva e un momento dopo mi maltrattava o piuttosto era sgarbata con toni offensivi. Quindi uscii da quella casa non ricordo piu' per cosa e mi incamminavo, ma ogni volta mi trovavo sempre ad un punto morto, cioe' la strada dopo divenire sempre piu' larga dopo un po' diventava ad angolo e finiva dritto davanti alla porta di una casa, una volta e due e tre. Ad un certo punto busso a quella porta e mi viene aperto, alla porta c'eri tu, con quei capelli come che piacciono tanto ai ragazzini e soprattutto alle ragazzine, che sorridendomi e con un cenno con la mano mi indichi una stanza, una stanza piccola, forse poiche' piena di oggetti, la cucina, in quella cucina c'era una ragazzina biondastra di massimo 16 anni e tua madre, credo. Tu mi fai sedere, ti confesso che mi sentii come spesso mi sentii con la maestra delle scuole elementari, cioe' piccolo piccolo, non imbarazzato ma piccolissimo! E accorgendosi di cio' tua madre sorrise. Tu ti sedesti vicino a me e mi appoggiasti una mano sulla spalla e mi dicesti: "Eccoti qua!" A quel punto dissi: "Si lo so, pero' la verita e' che non posso dire che ti conosco!" E tu: "Ma davvero?" Poi aggiunsi: "Non so nemmeno perche' mi trovo qui!" E tu aggiungesti: "Cosa? Aspetta un attimo!" t alzasti e ritornasti dopo un attimo e dopo aver posato sulla tavola dei dvd, dicesti sorridendo: "Ma come non ti ricordi? Mi prestasti questi dvd della 'sirenetta' alcuni mesi fa'?" E io: "Davvero, non di Sponge Bob?" E lei: "No, della sirenetta!" poi alzai la testa e mi accorsi che tua madre era sopra un terrazzo pieno di fiori bellissimi, ricordo che il colore che dominava era il rosso e che tutto ad un tratto si alzo' una brezza freschissima, e mi ricordo anche che lei era appoggiata con le braccia sul davanzale di quel terrazzo o balcone, un largo balcone e fumava una sigaretta! Poi restammo soli, seduti l'uno vicino all'atro per alcuni istanti come due ragazzini del liceo, o su per giu'. Tutto qua, questo era il sogno.

Improvvisa.

L'arte è scienza, non si improvvisa e non si accontenta di qualunque e superficiali approssimazioni, anzi richiede un duro e sistematico lavoro. [Leonardo da Vinci]

The dream of last night.

I dreamt a mother that suddenly, in a sort of supermarket or shopping giant even if the atmosphere was of a ware house, anyway I was saying, that suddenly beats to death her child, was horrible, she didn't stop, the scene was indescribable, the child on the floor and her, a big mama, beating and beating and beating, with hunger and fury, with violence and atrocity, until some people, customers or even part of the staff, this I cannot say took her away, grabbing her from her harms and legs, it was horrible, a very short but intense nightmare, that scene of the beating that poor child, still gives me the creeps when I remember at that dream! Well, that was that!

The last night dream.

I dreamt I was looking for something, but I don't know what, because all the time no one spoke, in fact, almost the whole dream seemed like a Charlie Chaplin Movie. I suppose I was looking for a job, In crowded streets, offices, places that looked like councils or town halls or so. It was confusing, it was always crowded every where, in this dream. The fact strange about this dream is that it was like a black and white dream and more than that, that I saw my self like I was watching a movie. Very rarely occurs a dream like that, to me at least. That I felt like in desperation, you know like when you have a puzzle too complicated to solve, like having a math problem too complex to solve, the sensation was something like sweating cold, anxiety and like if you are in a room whose wall are getting closer and closer. Anyway after an up and down, an here and there and so on, in these crowded places, I find myself in the street, still in the middle of the crowd. So I start to walk again in the crowd, as the whole silent dream was, and suddenly I hear a voice calling my name, "Carmine", just once. That voice even if new, sounded like familiar, not in the tone, but in the way was said my name, it sounded like something I really cannot describe, like it was saying that 'no, no Carmine ...' not really that but reminded me that in the dream. Then I turned around and there were a little woman in my dream, and miming with the hands and smiling, said:"remember?" a he sad that suddenly there was a noise of people talking all at once or the usual murmur of such places, which became lauder and lauder

until the point I had to cover my ears with the hands. Well, this was that!

Il caos.

L'universo sebbene tendente al caos viene fuori da una formula perfetta.

The failure. [Short sentence tragedy]

Next to death by now, it came his daughter, Laura, which always knew all along and said: "Oh, daddy, you still love her so!" But it was too late!

The last night dream.

Tonight I had a long and complex nightmare, which I barely remember because was a long dream. It was very confusing like a feverish nightmare, all I could remember was the end of it. I remember that I entered in a very large room, which resembled to an office. Behind the desk there was my father [MY HI GOD BLEES HIS SOUL], and behind him there was a very large window. The room was very bright and the light which came inside gave to that room a surreal but spring or summer time shades, colours and some how something dreamy or heavenly. At a certain point my father said: "I have looked everywhere and double checked too, but the only prize I could have had found for you, was this, son! by the way, it has been a very honest judgement! Believe me!" And then he handed me a wooden box, I, curious, opened that and all that was in it was syringes. At that sight I said: "Fuck!" and almost then I heard my dad laughing, I rose my eyes and I assisted to a very weird and kind of scary scene, which was my dad head turning in a smiling Halloween pumpkin head, and all, just in front to my eyes. Well, this was that.

The last night dream.

Tonight dream was a sort of flashback Kurosawa It was kind of a flashback Kurosawa All I could remember was that once again I was looking for a job, and that I went in several offices, at a certain point I found myself in an office, whose secretary after a brief introduction sends me in a room in the back and made me waiting. Whilst I was waiting, I heard a very loud noise, which sounded like triumphal screams of a crowd, then the door opened and you came into the room, but you did not notice me sit in there and me at the sight of you, I just froze, then you went in another room or perhaps took the stairs to go upstairs. I stayed there perplexed and a bit disappointed, because you didn't even

give a glance at me. But suddenly that room disappeared, and I found my self all alone in the seat of an enormous empty stadium. Well, this was that.

The last night dream.

Tonight I dreamt again a few weeks ago dream, it was just a flashback or even less.

Anyway, I was in a room, a very bright azure room, the floor was like plain wood varnished; there was a single bed, like a young boy bed, only in that room and there was Pat Metheny sit on it! But suddenly it gets dark, like night time and that room turned black, and on its walls started to appear bright spots, like stars and in notime that room seemed to turn in an universe. I exclaimed at that sight: "beautiful!" and him soon after: "I can tell!" It was weird, it was like seeing a bed floating in the space! Well, this was that.

The last night dreams.

I dreamt I was young and in my father house and then that I entered in the kitchen. There was my dad sit at kitchen table and there was an empty plate, knife and fork in front of him, at a certain point I said: "Do you want something to eat dad?" And him: "Yes, meretrix lyrata, Carmine!"

Il padrone.

Essere padrone di o in qualcosa significa creare prima qualcosa! Per esempio in software development/engeenering devi prima creare un sistema operativo o in web development una web site! E' come qualcuno che costruisce una casa e poi un giorno parte per un lungo viaggio, quando ritorna e' come se non fosse mai partito poiche' conosce ogni centimetro, ogni angolo, ogni tutto, l'ha costruita lui! Così funziona nella pittura, che rappresenta il massimo esempio di padronanza di stile, tecnica e contenuto, chiamata la 'mano del pittore!' Così in letteratura, prima bisogna aver steso un libro finito in tutti i suoi aspetti, un'opera d'arte per stile, tecnica e contenuto, sia in filosofia, fisica e così via. Bisogna aver creato un oggetto, qualcosa che diventa materialmente e fisicamente reale, che il tempo e lo spazio non lo muta o distrugge ma di cui fa parte, diventa una realta', un oggetto materialmente e fisicamente reale, finito in un universo contenente oggetti reali che condividono le stesse proprietà, quindi sebbene finito e' universale. Quando uno manoscritto, un quadro, un programma [software], una formula, una composizione musicale, una poesia rimane immutato e reale, vivo, nel tempo e nello spazio, l'oggetto creato e' ua realta' universale, e noi siamo i padroni di quella materia, in quella materia, in quella arte o disciplina.

The double deck.

As the coincidence does not really exist in the universe [*see Google, the book of the coincidences], or the universe according to my point of view, but it is just the 'discriminante' variable which affects all the material physical events as a sort of a chinese 'go down' game, so the universe should not be infinite, but 'tending' to infinite and never reaching and containing the value of zero, to give sense to the universe itself and to the life, in fact, as I said the value = 0, would explain the unknown material physical event shared or in common with all the material physical objects of the 'our' universe, which is the death, of a certain matter and its change in the partly unknown one, included the thought taken as a 'material and physical' because it wouldn't be generated, which comports an amount of energy, which doesn't make sense without an amount of a physical mass, so it does not the causality, the 'CHANCE but technically, the case - il caso'. The causality works like the a double deck of cards, there is 1 probability to 80, that the card we pick is the one we think of, so it's minimum value is 1/80 and maximum is 80/80, so it is a primitive statistics fraction calculation, according to this and supposing that the universe should not be infinite, but 'tending' to infinite and never reaching and containing the value of zero, the fraction common numerator would be the universe 'temporary' abstract numeral value which is N[material objects] covered to n tending to infinite and never reaching. The only thing which is infinite or gives infinite results which is outside our finite universe and is the value of zero, the rapport gives the infinite value, so only material and physical death, the unknown material physical event shared or in common with all the material physical objects of the 'our' universe, contains both values, finite and infinite, or most likely, is the bridge between both values, the first, an [or basically a concept of material physical object] object whose property is common with all the material physical objects of the 'our' universe, and a second, an abstract [material physical object] whose property is not in common, or unknown, with all the material physical objects of the 'our' universe. The only question about this is that such concept can ever be composed by the nothing or null value, we know that there is the need of energy to create it, but once created, the energy is freed or lost. Can it be just a void value or having void value? But it is an infinite value because abstract, so the void and the infinite or abstract, may once again have a point, the bridge, which is zero or in nature or a natural universe, the death. This may be true only if supposing that the our universe is finite or tending to infinite and never reaching and containing the value of zero.

Lágrimas de amor.

¿Qué es la pintura más bella del mundo, la música más sublime, la poesía perfecta en frente de lágrimas de amor?

Por lo que es, la más profunda estrellas, el mar invencible, la enorme montaña! Sólo un sueño sin sentido! Sólo un sueño sin sentido!

Sólo un sueño sin sentido!

For ever yours Carmine Rendina. [13:19 17/01/2012]

The last night dream.

The last night dream was quite bizarre. I was like going in an office looking for paper or else, then in the hall, in my queue there was you, Kurosawa, at that sight I played the indifferent but suddenly I found myself all naked and so were you, but despite getting upset or embarrassed we both, burst to laughs, but just right then we, both, came called to the office attendant behind the double glaze, once there I said: "sorry about this!" And him that looked like just like my dad said smiling: "Do not worry, it's thanks to that that you avoided that drop on the floor!" Then, you, turning towards me, smiled and silently, held my hand firmly. Well this was that.

The dream and the illusion.

The dream is how, dreaming of making a piece like Staley Clark, a painting like Picasso, a book like Dickens.

The illusion is how, to believe of being Staley Clark , Picasso or Dickens.

Hemisphere.

As I said at the time of the violent volcanic eruption, the weather will tend to be more and more and more harsh in the winter, that will involve 'most countries' close to the eruption, which is, mostly, the central and northern Europe, while in countries like Italy, the temperature will rise during the summer always and always more and lowering in the winter always and always more. The fact is not only due to the deviation of the Gulf Stream, but to the change of electromagnetic flow of the North Atlantic hemisphere, specifically between Iceland, Greenland, Scandinavia and England, that, although subtle or minimum variation of the parameters of the electrons in the magnetic field, do that, as in the equation of the coincidence, all others

are subjects, so the weather. This is because the weather is made by them (electrons), it is the chief agent or one that manifests the properties common of the matter itself, in this case, the Sensitivity of the electrons at the smallest change in a electromagnetic field came close or in contact, in this case the, as I said that hemisphere, part or the whole of it.

The container.

The universe with no contain cannot be called universe but only dimension.

The law.

If we rebel against the justice, we are only criminals.

If we rebel against the injustice, we are only the law.

The last night dream.

The dream was kind of vogue and smokey, I dreamt I was behind the scenes of a stage, this stage was in a sort of american bar, retro', something in the middle between country and 'cotton club' stile. Then it came on the stage to perform someone, which looked like elegant with smoking or toxido and cylinder, but his face to me appeared rough, rude and ridicoulus, because his moustaches and that beard on his sheen were white, clearly that fellow spent long time to the barber or so, so he started to blow a trumpet but as soon as he began to play his smoking or toxido and cylinder turned white, and just then it ran on the stage a little blond boy, he went behind that artist or so, and pulled that artist smoking or toxido by the tail, he pulled so strongly and firmly that that fellow remained complitely naked except for his hat, but the audience did not laughed, nothing, in there there was just the noise common to those places, a blathering around, but the strange about them was that I couldn't see them, they seemed like to be in the dark, a smokey, misty dark, the shades were so soft that the people seemd like in a 'Bogart' movie. Then the pressenter or so invited someone sit at a table to stand, but that figure in the dark said:"I am afraid, I do not perform in clubs or such places!" Then the people crying and screaming insisted, so he said:"All right, all right!" He was a very big man and with him there were other fellows, but all the time, once again I couldn't see them, either at the table then and on the stage, they seemed continuosely in a dark, or a smoky and misty shade. Before he started to play he said:"I hope it's ok if I play the guitar, it is more appropriate!" And then they played, something which sounded a slow mixture between blues and flamenco. Then I walked away from

the back stage and I lead myself into an office, and in there there was that blond young boy, sit at the desk, I asked him: "Are you american?", then him smiling said: "No, african!" I clearly understood that he was kidding around, then I noticed a sort of golden plated trophy or so on his desk. Kurosawa So, I said: "yours?" And him: "No, this is no one's! And until he will be alive, no one of them would ever receive any of this, doesn't matter what!" I thought he was kidding around again, so I said: "Is it a music award, contest or so, trophy?" And him smiling replied: "I am afraid, it is not!" Well this was that!

The dream.

This was only a dream, only a dream, just a dream.

Lips and lips, blind eyes and blind eyes, harms around us, heartbeat and heartbeat.

I had a dream once, but it was only a dream, only a dream, just a dream.

Even if egoistic, it was small, banal and humble.

A dream destroyed again, again, again and again.

So, no lips, no harms nor heartbeat, nothing of all this, nothing!

Only talk, only talk, only talk and nothing else, I swear, nothing!

What once was a dream, what once I believed true, was only an illusion, only an illusion, just an illusion.

An illusion which will never leave me alone, an illusion which will ever, in a way or another, keep me in chains.

An illusion, only an illusion, just an illusion.

Dream? What dream!

But you, but you, but you, but!

I wonder what dream can have a dream itself!

Perhaps walking by in the crowd.

Perhaps!

May be hand in hand with the man of her dreams.

Perhaps!

And with her child of course.

Of course!

A dream which is not a dream but the death of it, the death of it, the death of it indeed.

Indeed!

Perhaps, this was only a dream, only a dream, just a dream.

Pheraps!

Pheraps, a woman and man dream.

Pheraps!

Pheraps, this was only a dream, only a dream, just a dream.

Pheraps!

Pheraps, this was only a dream, only a dream, just a senseless dream.

Pheraps!

[For ever yours, Carmine Rendina.]

Il lieto fine. *[Fragment of Kurosawa, the book of Dreams]*

[(Tragico) Per coloro che desiderano o bramino la morte o la sofferenza degli altri.]

Alla fine Carmine riesce ad andare via da un mondo per lui avverso e antiquato, cammina cammina e finalmente rimane solo. Il sogno d'amore non potette mai realizzarsi, al massimo poteva sorridere guardando quella che sentiva la sua sposa tra le braccia di un'altro. Allora ando' ad Ankara dove viveva suo fratello, che era dotato di un' infinita pazienza e una calma straordinaria, ma il tempo passo' e per Carmine fu' sempre e solamente vivere come trovarsi in un bosco durante una tempesta. Le persone di Ankara non gradivano la sua presenza, I suoi occhi mettevano a disagio, i suoi silenzi penentravano nell' anima, le sue parole erano come il fuoco. Le persone che valevano qualcosa lo temevano, la legge lo evitava, una sera un tale attento' anche alla sua vita, un fanatico chiamato Milanor, la polizia non fu' in grado di capire cos'era che lo aveva spinto o forse lo sapeva ma col tempo fini con il dimenticare o fingere di dimenticare. Intanto il tempo passava, passava, passava e un bel giorno una donna sconosciuta per strada gli disse passando e ridendo che Kurosawa aveva finalmente trovato un valido compagno e che lui era e rimaneva solo una nullita'. Ma a Carmine non importava, sapere che Kurosawa era felice faceva essere felice anche lui, e con un sorriso andava via. Ma questo comunque non bastava a fargli dimenticare quella notte, *la notte in cui scopri che cos'era l'amore, quell'indimenticabile notte sotto le stelle di New York e Sidney, che sembravano come un tenero e caldo abbraccio intorno a loro due, loro due soli. Da allora, da quella precisa notte Carmine dalla vita non chiedeva null'altro che la chance di poter parlarle, anche se solo per 5 minuti con lei. Ma il tempo passava, passava e la sua vita diventava sempre piu' difficile, la gente gli chiudeva la porta in faccia quando passava, se andava ad un bar per un caffe' gli veniva detto che era chiuso, gli sembrava di vedere un film sugl'ebrei durante la guerra o sui negri prima della riforma di Kennedy, era tutto cosi surreale. Intanto il tempo passava, passava e nessuno gli diede mai uno straccio di lavoro, ironico, ironico davvero e dal fratello lui non poteva*

piu' stare, non sapendo piu' cosa fare comincio' a vagabondare e trovo' sollievo negli sguardi delle donne, cosa che lo faceva andare avanti. Un giorno una donna che sapeva tutta la storia si offri di aiutarlo, visse dei bei momenti con lei, pero' non era lei, non era Kurosawa, per quanto Carmine si sforzasse, all'improvviso una qualsiasi cosa gli faceva pensare a Kurosawa e ogni volta riempire gli occhi di amari veli, ogni volta era come se lei fosse li vicino a lui, che gli camminava a fianco, che gli teneva il braccio, che lo accarezzava la guancia; Carmine la vedeva dappertutto, anche nell'acqua, anche nell'aria, ovunque. A volte pensava di esser pazzo per via di cio'. Intanto il tempo passava, passava, passava, passava e Carmine era ormai diventato vecchio, e da molti anni non sentiva piu' parlare di Kurosawa, sebbene la sentiva ancora e sempre di piu' accanto a lui, ogni giorno, ogni ora, ogni minuto della sua vita. Ma un bel giorno incontro' un giovane che lo conosceva per sentito dire, poiche' tanto accadde e Carmine di cio' che accadde rimase estraneo, imperturbato, invincibile; il suo nome era Pandas, lui gli fece un generoso dono in monete in cambio di un consiglio riguardo a come sbarazzarsi di un seccatore; Carmine, che aveva aspettato tutta la vita per aver abbastanza soldi per recarsi da Kurosawa non esito' un'istante. Una volta li, ad Acapulgo, lontano da quella tempesta che era stata la sua vita cerco', cerco', cerco', ma invano, poiche' una bambina alla fine gli disse:"Ma Kurosawa non c'e' piu'! Pero' ti posso portare nella sua vecchia abitazione!" Arrivati li, sembrava una specie di museo, all'entrata c'era una campana di vetro con dentro un'abito da sposa. A quel punto la bambina esclamo':"Bello vero, e' stato fatto interamente a mano, ogni singolo ricamo, da sua madre!" E io:"E' vero, e' bellissimo!" Poi aggiunsi:"E il marito, e' ancora vivo? Vorrei parlargli!" E la bambina sorridendomi:"Ma Kurosawa non si e' mai sposata!"

Thursday, March 22, 2012

Il lieto fine.

For Carmine Rendina means only you!

The floor.

This floor in front of us is the this ocean, this one! This one, the one of every night, every single night of both two of us! This one this floor! No talk? no talk! Aren't we? Nothing but see! Really see! Finally see! Just that floor! So, surreal and misty after all, at least for the two of us, yes, we two, both! This ocean I where we both stand, every night and after all or anyway! Even when and if not! It's an ocean, an ocean in the night time or at sun set, isn't it? This floor, what you know!

The last night dream.

Last I dreamt I was a teen ager outside my mum house in the birthplace village. There was a friend of mine there, Gino, with here girl friend, suddenly we heard a noise coming up the uphill road which leads to our village, it was a crowd coming up like in the religious processions typical in the Italian and Hispaniard villages' patron events. Then Gino cried: "hei man, let's get out of here, let's get out of that mob way!" And then I heard laughing; soon after that I was awaken by my wife screaming to my daughter for i do not know what! Well, that was that, weird.

Aqui!

Yo tambien, siempre esto aqui!

Eso es porque no puedo amar a ninguna otra!

Yo tambien, Yo tambien!

Como te amo!

El nuestro!

No el oro, los diamantes, no es el deseo ardiente! El nuestro!

La vida.

Por toda la vida?

Por toda la vida, amores!

Esa noche.

Esa noche, cada noche.

Tal vez en vano.

Hasta la muerte.

Es por eso que volver allí cada noche, una y otra vez, una y otra vez, una y otra vez, una y otra vez, una y otra vez, una y otra vez, y otra vez, otra vez.

¿Por qué?

Porque necesito sentir tus manos en mi corazón otra vez.

Es por eso que.

Tal vez en vano, sino que es el sentido de un sueño, la muerte de una ilusión, el espejo de la locura, a la luz de mis ojos, la fuerza de mi mente, la cálida brisa suave para el corazón y una caricia en las gotas de mi lágrima .

Por eso, aquella noche, cada noche.

[That night.

That night, every night.

Perhaps in vain.

Until the death.

That's why I go back there every night, again and again, again and again, again and again, again and again, again and again, again and again, and again, again.

Why?

Because I need to feel your hands on my heart again.

That's why.

Maybe in vain, but it's the sense of a dream, the death of an illusion, the mirror for the madness, the light for my eyes, the strength for my mind, the warm gentle breeze for my heart and a caress on my tear drops.

That's why, that night, every night.]

Head or a cross.

The universe is not like we think, there is the unknown factor which the human being still mystifies and in reality is a very simple thing, banal, maybe stupid but mathematically plausible and true, but we overlook; it is like throwing a coin in the air for the head or a cross thing/game and instead we get the coin standing right on its side, no head, no cross, no both but a null factor instead.

The last night dream.

It was weird, I traveled by the train to, probably these small towns of central Italy, to do who knows what, and I had to get off to a station whose town was just a village, a typical arretrated village common to these areas, where all you could see were old people, and I went to the station bar to buy stamps and chewing gums, and then I went back on the train, by running because was going away, I traveled back where I came from and when I got off, the town was some how as the very just arretrated as the one I went to, with the exception that there were some people all dressed in black with trenchs and hat, 50 style, walking around as shadows and with a pace as they were in hurry. I stopped to the train station fountain to drink and I was like surrounded by these strange fellow which wispered: "You'll never stop the 'Duce'!" But when I lift my head from the fountain they seemed just the way they were, which means like walking around in hurry, like ordinary passing by people! Then a lady from the tabaconist always in the station shouted: "Hurry, your train! There, on the platform 3, young man! Hurry!" And again I ran after it and I jumped on! Then

the same view again from the window or routine, so, I got off again to that village I just came from a while before, I stopped again in the bar to buy stamps and chewing gums and whilst I was paying a group of naked men entered with someone leading them in a room, just straight on the left of the bar and tabaconist display or counter, always in this train station of this small village! I Noticed on my way out that their sexual organs were very big or longer, anyway not in proportion with the standard sexual organs even if bigger of the usual, didn't matter their body size; they were of all type, very tall, very short, a little roundy, the only thing in common was their sexual organ, I usually do not get much impressed by this in the real or awoken life, but I remember that even if I was walking away I felt kind of uncomfortable with that. They were standing all like in a row and the one that led them seemed like examining them like a doctor or something, the door was open, there was even a sort double glass window, the one you find in the offices or stations. Beside the people in the station kept passing by as nothing unusual was happening in there, they too now, looked like dressed as 50s style, dark and smokey. Then I went out and once again that or another lady from the tabaconist of the station shouted: "Hurry, your train! There, on the platform 3, young man! Hurry!" So I got on the train and then the same routine again, then I woke up! Well, this was that!

The last night dream.

The last night dream was quick or seemed so, like if the time ran faster or seemed to. I was a child taken by the hand by a young girl or she might seem young, with long curly black hair, she led me in a theatre or something and we sit in the first rows. Soon after the show began, it was a dancing girl show, sexy; because the dancers wore Brazilian like costumes. Suddenly I heard a sort of noise and I noticed that my child's hands turned bigger and bigger and grew older and older right in front my eyes, I touched my face and it was covered by a long white beard, even my hair had grown long, they touched my knees and they too, were white, I rised and as soon as I did that, all the audience disappeared, there remained only one dancer on the stage, which kept dancing uncaring of all, but every time I looked at her she was looking at me or seemed to, like paintings that seem to watching at us, so, I walked next to the bar or a wall with mirrors and I saw an old man in them, tall, which I am not in the real life, with white mustaches, white hair which touched the ground, in an over coat, gray or so, my skin was full of wrinkles everywhere, unrecognizable to myself, even my eyes looked different like gray, clear gray like a blind man eyes and then it came that girl, the girl that brought me there, which for an instant looked like a child, a 6 years old child, but different, her hair seemed ginger or more likely blondish, but still curly and handing me something over, she said: "Here, you left your hat on the sit!" It was an old fashioned hat, like my father was used to wear in occasions, a 50's style hat, a nice hat! Well' this was that.

The last night dream.

The last night dream was confused and I can remember very little of it and somehow it was even unpleasant. I was in a small town which reminded me my childhood little village, stone narrow roads, small old little houses, but in my dream seemed like in the evening winter lights, and more than that a little more dirty or degraded. However, I went in an house on an hill, which it could be seen the whole village from, an house with huge windows, but this house inside, seemed a big shop or a retailer with dozen and dozen of dusty shelves. There was another person which as soon as I went in there, kept walking just aside me, like he was my shadow, but whom I couldn't see the face of, so I kept walking among those isles like I was in a labyrinth, then suddenly You came in there with an old woman, but not too old, around the 60, maybe 65, perhaps your mother; anyway, you didn't bother when you saw me walking around, on the contrary you seemed to ignore me as if I was a ghost, then you felt sick or in great pains and the old woman, made you get on a table and you, with both hands seemed to hold a chandelier; besides you seemed to push as when having a baby, It looked just like that what it was going on that table, but I never saw giving a birth like that in my life, because you seemed hanging from that chandelier. When I went close, you both, angry and upset sent me away coldly and rudely, but just then I felt like I was taken by my hand by that invisible person, as matter of fact it was visible anything, from the head to the toe, but not the face and all black as it was a real shadow; so, we went out in the street outside that house, there was a very small car parked by, he opened the door and with an hand gesture let me in, then I think I heard, like the police or the ambulance noise, so I got off, out of that car and that person was still there, like in the middle of the street and I could finally see something more clear about him, which was his denim jeans, but of clear colour, like wearied out and his yellow lumberjack boots, I lifted my head and I could see the whole village from there, picturesque anyway and a church with the bell tower. That scene should have had reminded me home, because it did just look like that, but it didn't; and the weird thing was that I felt finally safe, thing that in the whole dream it felt not. In fact, for all the dream through I felt like I was running away from something or else, the sensation or feeling was like if I had something on my shoulder or so; but it was something to do with anxiety or that awful feeling which is similar to that, a feeling strange to define but vaguely similar to the one when slightly feverish. Well, that was that.

The last night dream.

The last night dream was weird, I actually do not remember it very well, therefore this one also had the nightmare flavours in it even if it was not. I dreamt that we all lived in an house with an

old very rich man, but my wife and children staid all packed in one room and never got out of there, as matter of the fact I knew that they were in there but I never saw them, not even once. Anyway this old man went out every day and leaved the house empty, but despite that, my family didn't get out from that room, so I walked everyday in this kitchen and there was a big window with no balcony, and from there I saw people walking by below, but they couldn't see and hear at me. However, the most strange thing about it was the stairs, when I went down the stairs I never reached the ground floor to get out of that building and I had every time to get back again in that house. Then one day this old very rich man came with a paper with some stamps or numbers on it and he said:"Look, I won, I won!" I gave a look a little closer and those numbers or stamps looked like to a little yellow smile to me! Well, that was that!

Even.

The world is plenty of wonders and happiness, but even though it's in an tear drop among the annoying laughs and the rude talks, the secret we want to hide to all.*

*[*included ourselves]*

U-Turn.

Like in the human evolution U-turn is not allowed, so it is in politics and phylosopy and economics! Somehow, ironically even the human evolution not U-Turn switch variable, is still a discriminant variable in the equaton of the coincidence which is in the end, the key of this material physical finite event and else. So, acording to this many futures could be foreseen as obvious and inevitable.

The spectator.

This week I've been in bed, sick, I have an infection in my left leg, I hope, and I am still recoving from it, however, I couldn't sleep all nights because the pain and exaust, I found some rest during the day. I noticed that I dreamt every day, but I couldn't remember them, like if it was a black out night sleep, maybe because in these dreams I was not in it, but just as a spectator. All that I could remember was that I was 'watching' aside or like from a glass or a window or a passing by stranger point of view; in simple words as I was watching a movie or someone else dream, how strange.

The biggest problem.

History teaches that men, even if exceptionals or like super humans among the rest, can solve only small problems, the biggest problems ever since always solved by themselves, and always with a great deal of, or blood shed or mass sorrow.

The last night dream.

The last night dream was a sort of a funny nightmare, I was in a village on a seaside, and I was looking for cigarette and something to eat, however, I found a tabacconist and souvenir shop and I bought the cigarette in there then I asked for the toilette and the shop assistant said that I could use the shop's toilette, but just then I heard some noise outside so I went to check it out and that aggravation was a woman found murdered on the beach, perhaps drowned, but she presented bruises all over her body. Anyway, I still had to go to the toilette, so I came back in that shop and I made my business, but at a certain point my 'peanut' detached from my body and I remained there like holding a candle in my hand; I felt horrified by that and I gave a look to my bottom part and that view was very uncomfortable, so I rose my eyes and my 'peanut' was up and standing as a flag in a plain wind! Anyway, even if funny, it felt like an horrible nightmare, to the point that I was awoken by it! Well, this was that.

Last night dream.

Last night dream was weird and foggy, I was with my whole family in a Hotel, the place outside, which means the streets and so on and the Hotel itself resembled London or the traditional good location British areas. There was like a feist outside or that area was a busy one or plenty of entertainments one. However, whilst we were finding out where to stay, came a lady, with some 'garsoners', which seemed the owner of the place or a rich and friendly guest, and she sent me and my family in a wing of the hotel or guest house, at this point, saying that the entrance was on the other side of the garages, so we had to go out and enter from the street in the rear. However, I do not remember why I came back in that wing of the hotel or guest house and I stopped at the bar and took a sort of leaflet, and just then I saw again that lady in the corridor that led to some rooms, and whilst she was going to take care of her businesses, I suppose, she failed right with her bottom on the carpet and just in front of my eyes, so I ran to help her up, and I noticed that she had enormous hips, but in the very moment I was helping her standing up, she transformed herself in a very tiny little old woman, so small that it seemed to hug a child! It was very weird and foggy! Anyway, this was that.

The last night dream.

I dreamt a young girl or she looked like a very young girl, with a curling light brownish hair, however not blond. She was in the bed sleeping hugging a pillow. Suddenly the bed was surrounded by naked males, like in a circle, they staid there like watching at her sleeping, at a certain point they all turned around and walked away and soon after they came all naked females, and they did the same, those women were mixed, I could notice from the skin and the hair. Then, one of those, a dark skin and long smooth black haired one, sit on the bed and touched her on the shoulder or back, and after her, all of them sit and did the same, but that wasn't really touching but caressing or seemed like that. Well, that was that.

The last night dream.

I had this weird dream a few weeks ago, about my father, he was in the kitchen watching outside from the window, and there was this deja vu, which means a young boy or perhaps a teen age running down the court stopped down my father house kitchen window and shouted: "how long do you take to go away!" or something nasty, but the word for it is rude and due to the age, disrespectful and insolent also, like this. However, this was quite not possible because in that private avenue the only residents were my parents, my uncle Vincent and my aunty Ida, but that scene repeated itself again and again always in the very exact same way. My dad remained silent all the time, but at a certain point that boy did came over no more, so I saw him for a minute or two still there, at that window and then he finally exclaimed in a way mixed between the tired of and funny and a little rude at the same time: "You know what, I am very happy to go away, so I do not have to stand to such silly nuisance (ball breakers) any more!" This dream was not comfortable for me, I was very happy because in my dream my dad was alive, and I felt at home again after more then two years so far, it was like that his death had been just a bad dream, but at the end of the dream itself at a certain point I said to myself [*], well, sort of, however I said: "Wait, but dad is dead!" And that, woke me up. Well, this was that!

Van Gogh.

Some people works very hard and in the end they achieve the fame, most of them if not all, are driven by images and words, so the theirs is a selfish work after all, their fame is associated to their image.

Some other works very hard and in the end they are able to create outstanding objects which, the author wants or not, achieve some fame or even outstanding fame, all of these objects are driven by pure thought and its place in this material physical reality and

the attempt to explain it through those objects in due time and space, so their is an egoistic work only, not intended for the image and the word at all, so not intended for the fame, the fame of the author, however, wherever exists, is not because his face or voice, but because his belongings used by the whole humanity, often, very often the world doesn't even know the face or the words the author himself despite it needs to use his objects.

Vix and Ant. [The sense of the music, the poetry and the art contains]

You wonder about the universe, the knowledge, no very musician is without it, especially if it is the jazz, the music we are talking about!

However! The difference is political!

The knowledge, like history, science, physics and poetry too, why not? And so on, is the truth!

In the end all that we care is to be right or reasonable right! Outside any irrational reasoning and supposed pretentious semantic!

Our scope is just to be right! And it's kind of a dream! OK?

It's like a fare judgement in opposition of a cheap lawyer, trying to win despite the fact that his client is a murderer, a rapist, and so on!

Anything else which is not the truth our scope, and so that they doesn't really care about the world, the humanity, the knowledge itself, but just to be rich and famous or even just famous, is like that cheap lawyer, their scope is to win, doesn't matter if not right! It's an illusion; history teaches that this is just an illusion! All that we really have and use today is something that was in the truth and in the reasoning name and sake, even if egoistically, but in the end the humanity benefits anyway, and with that anyone, doesn't matter the colour of the skin, religion and so on! OK? And if you think about it, the music, the poetry and the arts are the best example of it!

So what it stays anyway is to be right!

What time will wash away or that will result not worth it anyway is to win! That's as simple as that!

The last night dream.

The last night dream was the worst nightmare I ever had. I dreamt that we all moved in an house on a beach, a cliff one like Amalfi or something, and went to live in an house near a lighthouse tower, with splendid view and restaurants down the road. Then came to pay visit to us my mother, which helpd us with the washing up or cleaning up the place. However she was washing some cloths and an earth quake suddenly happened, and just in front to my eyes she felt off the balcony, right on a woman down below. At the scene, scared in my dream as when you assist to a real accdent in front

to your eyes, I ran to her and kneeling I realized that she was dead, but I couldn't find that hit woman anywhere, and when the rest of my family came on that sight, I felt like wanted to laugh or smile and I helped my self to do not to, and that bad feeling of my mother dead fade away, however soon after that I woke up, because worry anyway and I just couldn't forget the scene of that awfull fall! Well, that was that.

Van Gogh.

Some people work very hard and in the end they acheve the fame, most of them if not all, are driven by images and words, so the theirs is a selfish work after all, people all they know is their image or words.

Some other work very hard and in he end they are able to create outstanding objects which, the author that they wants or not, achieve some fame or even outstanding fame, all of this people in ths case, is driven by pure thought and its place in this material physical reality and the attempt to explain it trought those objects in due time and space, so the theirs is an egoistic work only, not intend for the image and the word at all, their fame wherever exists is not because their face or words, but because their belongings used by the whole humanity, which often, very often doesn't even know their face or their words but need to use their object anyway.

The autumn after. [12 O' clock]

Preface: "Better reigning in hell then serving in heaven!"
Old English proverb.

Rains, rains, rains!

Snow, snow, snow!

Wind, wind, wind!

Day after day!

Night after night!

And that what it was the weeks after our falling back to our roots, back in Quebec, Canada!

But, yet, behind that window, in the crowd, there was something!

There was someone still searching for his prize!

Which was my death!

My daughter Laura, some how changed, after all that she saw in Martinsicuro, Italy, she preferred staying as close as possible to Elizabeth, despite something, some how was gone for ever!

Her beloved husband!

And yet again, me, Daniel Loyd!

One of the most celebrated writers of this century!

At least back home, in Quebec, stacked in that book!

That awful book, 12 O' Clock!

The story of his life!

Now is winter, Christmas is coming, some time has passed by and my best friend, John Ford, was away!

Once again in Europe!

He always has been found about Europe, but this time seemed to have had found the right move, the right girl and the right work! It seemed from a while having an affair in Bologna, Italy, so, once again, Italy!

Italy, Italy, Italy!

Sounded as 'puzzle' now, for me!

My best friend far away!

In the place of peace and quite!

Except for Zombies at night!

All right! All right!

Nobody is perfect, over here too!

Now the news, after that experience in Martinsicuro, seemed old already!

Zombies or not!

I wonder what kind of affair, I might guess, but business, could ever have had John in Bologna!

He was an oil engineer, not a civil one!

Thing that they may need the most over there!

I loved my own country but once again my old wounds came up suddenly and with a fury never expected!

Of course Christmas was coming and the streets and houses still looked like at Halloween!

Yes, right it was November, the autumn we waited in Martinsicuro!

But now, that the fear to loose all of our belongings was ended, we, kind look back with sympathy to that place!

A place where you can read Kafka loud and have a pint of beer of many in S. Lorenzo night!

Especially for me, which I never get up from my desk!

From my studio!

From my work!

I was stroked by a science writing of a young guy, a crazy youngster about his father works!

About an article: "Twin Brothers!"

Especially the part which said: "The electrons should hit the circle target perpendicularly! Imagine it is a vector A which perpendicularly hit a target or point B in a three-dimensional space, it should produce a module or 'resultant' in other words create a new vector BC,

which length is proportional to his $BC \text{ Mass}/AB \text{ Speed}$ and $\text{speed } BC = AB \text{ speed}/BC \text{ Mass}!$ "

It was interesting!

The new vector BC created would have had been somehow a controlled vector with a controlled speed of matter mass in space!

However these were not my kind of book, but writers are writers because they read that, after all!

It had been a quite October and even more quite November!

I noticed my daughter had a lots of eyes around her but perhaps, once again she still prefer to play with her dolls and most of all with her mum!

Dolls, dolls, dolls!

Her mum was always crazy for her child dolls!

She loved and knew the best for her child!

She loved and knew the best for her doll!
Laura however, looked like more and more to a sort of Snow White
and seven Dwarves!
It was an Irish family, I supposed moved last year, or perhaps,
those kids were just too young the years before!
However with time those kids were more interested to me then to my
daughter!
I could spot them from the window!
The seven Dwarves!
There was Conan, going to work every morning!
There was Chick, living in the beauty and the grace of his mum!
There was Jeffrey, trying to grow up in a man as soon as possible!
There was Luke, trying to learn how to make people laugh!
There was Michael, trying to learn how to do not make people
laugh!
There was Tai, divided by the Ye Olde English Inn and the new
Cantonese Restaurant!
There was Ruel, he was no black, he was no white! So, he didn't
care, because nobody did!
The only one missing in that neighbourhood was a Pakistani!
I guess that school all packed together was already too filthy for
the exotic or else!
Yeah, the kids crossroad!
The kids of Holborn Street!
They were good kids after all!
Or still!
But changing winds blew over Quebec too, so, I won't dare to
imagine what it's gonna be of them soon!
Like Rys, which lost his car playing dices!
Like Ryan, which lost his house playing cards!
However, I loved having my work disturbed and interrupted by those
kids!
And it was quite often, almost every day!
They were smelly kids!
Ding, dong!
The bell every day!
Who's there?
Oh! Just you again!
However those kids little by little seemed to care, to be concern,
more and more, always and always more about me, my work and I,
rather than my darkly, smoky, silent daughter and her mystery
hills skies!
My Daughter, my daughter!
Suddenly, she reminds me the Luna Park in Italy, where she wanted
to be taken to!
The Mostra D'Oltremare!
Called Edenlandia Australiana over there!
The Ghost Galleon and the Old Manor!
They both remind me England!
The first in Economy and the other in Politics!
Especially, the Old Manor!
It looks like, perhaps, to the house of Mr. Bates mum in Hitchcock
Psycho movie!

Who's Bates?

The Mostra D'Oltremare of course!

But this is a joke!

A dark, smoky, silent joke!

A kind of painting!

Like Holborn Street in front of us which seems to cry to do not laugh and laugh to do not cry!

And when I, often, asked to the kids: "What's wrong with you, people?"

They, in a choir, altogether said: "Nothing! Only Australian Lamb and English Still Water at dinner, tonight!"

I wonder why an Irish family moved over Quebec, however they still look to the seven dwarves to me!

Still now, still yet!

But something went wrong again that year, something still out there in the crowd and something in here, right in me!

I had often to travel to Mexico because my health, but suddenly something weird and unusual came after!

My health has always concerned to me the most, but since I came back in Quebec, it got worst and worst and worst until today, the day of my departure to meet my best friend John in Bologna, Italy. He said he knew a good doctor which might help! But this little tale it's not about today! It's not about that, but the whole year that led me to this airport alone and in misery the very Autumn after!

About something wrong in the crowd out there and right here, right now, in my self, which means my life!

Yes! The whole year has passed by and now, in this queue, waiting for my flight to Bologna, Italy to meet John, seems lasting even longer!

Forever!

My health soon after last November dramatically got worst and worst!

Too many things has changed since the night we got back home! Something wrong stayed, persisted, ate all that what has always been my beloved wife, Elizabeth!

Her daughter stays as close as she can but something wrong or perhaps a secret brought me here at this airport all alone, in misery and poverty!

I lost all after my family, all, I suppose!

All, I hope!

All there is left :it's only my books to the world!

What's the wealth when there is no health?

They say!

It's worth our family in the good and the bad!

But now, I am alone maybe for my last flight, maybe for the last time!

But the story, the end of my Wedding! My joyfully family is always and always followed by a shadow, a black shadow!

A shadow in the crowd!

Why her?

Why the crowd?

Why the shadow?

Yes! Elizabeth now has gone and brought her daughter with her!
Leaving me when I needed it the most! But, ironically, there is
other! Just as in Martinsicuro!

A ghost!

A shadow in the crowd!

Once again and ironically! As if my beloved ex-wife and that ghost
in Martinsicuro were somehow connected!

As this, was this ghost!

But to me has been a hilliness dream all along, so I cannot tell
about a ghost but maybe about my own!

The shadow in the crowd!

Since that Cristiano Veronesi, ran away and perhaps never caught,
sometime maybe not the person itself but the evil of it persist
and ironically, as it was linked with a ghost falls back right
where it started!

The same face?

No face?

All the faces?

It's a maniacal view only the fantasy of it!

That man this time was the same man but with a different name! I
never tough in a maniacal point of view, but must be something it
was obsessed that Veronesi, which in this case instead lettering
someone in order to rise its book price, was something else!

Perhaps it was, professing the Doctor without a licence!

Maybe!

But the mine was desperation!

Doctor Osborn, was my doctor back there in Quebec, and I never
imagined people get mad for other people work to the point to
neglect theirs!

It must be a sort of sadistic pleasure, the maniacal pleasure!

The more you suffer, the more he enjoys!

It was a dream or perhaps a nightmare, a long dream, a long
nightmare!

I dreamt one day I woke up and I find myself on a bench in the
park!

Among pigeons, children and passing bys!

Then I got back home and suddenly I found no key but a bell
instead!

So, I rang!

Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

And only silence and cops stroked!

So, I went in the back garden and I knocked into the gate!

Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock!

Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock!

And only silence and cops stroked!

And only silence and cops stroked!

So, tired and hungry I fade up!

And to the bench in the park I got back!

And to the bench in the park I got back again!

So, this dream perpetrated months!

And every night, again and again!

It was so real that I really thought, all I needed was a chair, a
newspaper and a kettle for my tea among the pigeons, children and

passing by among the threes!
But that was a dream hiding a shadow!
Perhaps there it was in that house, the house of Elizabeth, my ex
wife!
A shadow, a ghost!
A secret between mother and daughter, perhaps!
A secret of a woman, after all!
And once again the dream turns itself back on me and once again!
Here it comes, me outside!
Watching from a window!
Watching to my daughter!
Asking her!
And again!
But the ghost, it's already here!
It's back!
What does it say daughter?
I see you, once again turning in front to my eyes into a child,
about 5 years old child!
And your mama come and say: "You shut up! And go back there!"
"Go back! There!"
It was a nightmare so real that no doctor will ever say!
But her mum, my Ellie, was some how gone long ago in Italy!
Still sit in that chair!
Still with that pictures book in her hands!
What happened in my dream behind that window!
What happened inside!
A ghost covering his eyes with her hands?
A child turning in the devil!
A woman turning into a child!
What I thought I did I see, was her face laughing at you daughter!
My ex wife, since 'Todos in una noche!' For her choice! Laughing
at you my child! Screaming the devil!
And then all blood was all over her head!
And then all blood was all over her head!
But yet, still laughing at you!
Laura, her wrong doll!
The wooden once!
Out of fashion for your mama', sweetheart!
So, it's to hard to get right!
And then she laugh at you again love!
It's not mine that blade, sweetheart, it's not, mine!
And then all blood was all over her head!
And then all blood was all her over head!
And then all blood was all over her floor
And then all blood was all over her floor!
And then once again I realize it was just a dream, just a
nightmare! So, I take a newspaper and have a walk into the park!
Or at least try to get some hair in the morning!
Thinking to my disastrous weddings, happy ending!
A crown of love!
A crown of companionship!
A crown of faith!
A crown of fidelity!

Or perhaps a crown of faith!

But once again it comes into my mind that face of her laughing at that child, perhaps 5 years old child, and saying: "Shut up! And go back in there! Go back! There!"

A crown of faith!

A crown of faith!

So, that dream comes again and again and again and again! Every night, since that November of last year! So, real that as result we live in separation now and already then! So, this separation came up, up, up since last November until today at this airport! But I remember very well all along about that dream or perhaps nightmare!

Sleeping on a bench in the park!

I was sick already, long before the last November and now it can't get any worst! Tomorrow maybe! But not today!

However, the two women had a fight each other and both ended up in a blood bath!

Well, the mine of course!

Still outside that window, still watching at my daughter turning into the devil!

But yet, my one and only rose! So, before leaving them alone in that secret behind a window dark dream, one night I went to my daughter room and seen her sleeping, still among her dolls!

Still with the very ones!

Creepy, creepy, silent, silent I started to tell her a bed time story!

Was she sleeping?

Was she not?

The story was the Dear Hunter!

There was a princess, there was a prince!

The princess lived in a golden lock and the prince in the log!

There, in night time, when twelve O' clock strikes his bell, it comes out from the shadow an ugly man, a dirty old, ugly man running after her all night long!

And then from every door, from every corner, from every guard-robe, from every loft!

In the dark it comes as a shadow and punch in her face!

And then from every door, from every corner, from every guard-robe, from every loft!

In the dark it comes as a shadow and slap in her face!

And then from every door, from every corner, from every guard-robe, from every loft!

In the dark it comes as a shadow and kick in her face!

So she lives staying in a golden lock!

Pretending of flying but singing instead!

But one day, during the very day light! Not in night time!

A thunder strokes from the sky!

A miracle!

The end of a battle!

The end of a road!

The very last cigarette!

A bet!

A Russian roulette!

The last cigarette!
My last cigarette!
I will survive or I will die!
And all that she found of that golden lock was roses, roses and
roses and singing, singing and singing!
A shadow go as a ghost ship in the water!
Far away!
Always and always far away!
Far away!
Always and always far away!
The ghost ship is over there now in the sunset!
In the ocean!
All alone!
All along!
Who knows if my daughter was sleeping or maybe not! However that
was my last bed time story I told to my child! And still now at
this airport it comes in mind!
It was a peaceful lock, the princess lock!
It was her present!
A peaceful lock as that sunset!
A peaceful lock as that ship!
And all its souls!
The last cigarette!
The last Russian roulette!
The last candle in the snow!
And then once yet, a whole year in one second comes again into my
mind!
Doctor, doctor!
I need help! I need help! And then again, my health fails again!
Doctor, doctor it seems a dream this also! Or maybe it also is a
nightmare!
The whole year around with him playing the Italian game of
'Rimpiattino'!
November, December, January, February, March, April, May, June,
September, October and here we come still today!
Still now!
Still No!
I dreamt of him last night among my dreams! I came for the usual
routine, which was always and always inconclusive as my condition
got worst and worst! He took a Buscopan, a glass and a bottle of
water and then gave me the Buscopan and poured some water! And
then he said:"How many chance there are to find a cyanide one per
cent trace in the water I give you every time? Or perhaps silicon
one per cent trace in the water I give you every time?"
So, that's the last cigarette!
So, that's the Russian roulette!
So, that's the flight!

[Postfix: Autumn After : Written in a feverish or confusional
state due to a quite bad illness!]

English Tea.

The dream of last tonight, 12-August-2015 was a very weird
Last night dream was an awful sad story!

There was this old polish lady!

She was an English man widow and spent all her life alone because
her husband passed away 40 years earlier!

Every one knew her, she was kind with every one in her
neighbourhood, talkative in the shops and always smiling!

She was very found of feeding birds and squirrels, she repeated
that routine many times a day!

Sometimes even in the night time!

But her English husband left her nothing but his son and her
solitude!

However in my dream I found myself in a church with an lone Asian,
I think Indy or Paky!

I cannot say!

And both we were standing in front to this coffin and watching her
smiling face for the last time!

Then this tea coloured person standing next to me, left gently a
rough bunch of flowers on that coffin and said:"I had to bring
over some flowers, you know? Otherwise I wouldn't be able to
forgive myself!"

Then he added:"His son is in holiday oversea, he will get back
next week!"

Then I watched at him, and right then he puts his hand on my
shoulder and said let's go home son! And then I though:"At least
she didn't die as a beech!"

So on our way out we left some change to the Church, probably
Catholic, but I cannot say and then once outside, we did shake the
hand and one walked away on one side and the other from another
side of the side-walk!

As always!

Well, this was that!

The dreams and the saint.

The dream.

Once a professor said God is here, there and everywhere,
so when we dream we receive a touch of god. [*]

[* But only when the value of the time for an instant reaches the
zero,

so that instant becomes an always or a for ever (taken as an
absurdity at priori),

the only explanation of here, there and everywhere I could figure.

But just because that, that instant becomes a past, a present and a future!

Well, if so (taken as an absurdity at priori), a dream could even be a ghost story or a memory of a country boy about the future.

But the very scary part about all this question about the dream, this kind of dream, is that it shares a very common property with only one (material physical object or event) thing which is the death. So, suppose it was true, past, present and future, would be part of the same 'theoretical or abstract container' whose our mind when we sleep is part of too, in other words we could see both, past and future other then our own space and time parameter, but always if and only the physical material finite universe object admit zero whose death is the practical example.]

Once a professor said God is here, there and everywhere,
so when we dream we receive a touch of god. [*]

[* But only when the value of the time for an instant reaches the zero,

so that instant becomes an always or a for ever (taken as an absurdity at priori), the only explanation of here, there and everywhere I could figure.

So that dream is not a memory activity but a thought or constant thought, so a strong thought, the only wonder is how much energy come to be used during a dream to generate such thought!]

Once a professor said God is here, there and everywhere,
so when we dream we receive a touch of god. [*]

[* But only when the value of the time for an instant reaches the zero,

so that instant becomes an always or a for ever (taken as an absurdity at priori),

the only explanation of here, there and everywhere I could figure.

What about if we are the only one to sleep? Well, in this case there are only two possibilities or someone really think about us, constantly and with all its heart or this is a property of the dream itself (in specified cases obviously.)

Once a professor said God is here, there and everywhere,
so when we dream we receive a touch of god. [*]

[* But only when the value of the time for an instant reaches the

zero,

so that instant becomes an always or a for ever (taken as an absurdity at priori),

the only explanation of here, there and everywhere I could figure.

What about if we are the only one to be awake? Well, in this case there are only two possibilities or someone really thinks about us, constantly and with all its heart that we can actually feel like a physical presence or even (doubtful) physically hear a whisper or so or this is a property of the dream itself (in some specified cases) obviously.

Once a professor said God is here, there and everywhere,

so when we dream we receive a touch of god. [*]

[* But only when the value of the time for an instant reaches the zero,

so that instant becomes an always or a for ever (taken as an absurdity at priori),

the only explanation of here, there and everywhere I could figure.

What about if we both are awake, there is not involvement of dream or brain activity during the sleep. In this case, there is the possibility of something else, something which concerns the thought only. This case is like a premonition in the animal kingdom, a sense which is quite common in the animals, but lost or perhaps sleeping in the human being, something to do with primitive instincts I could say, but it's not, the fact that the animals won't talk or communicate by speech but only in this way has nothing to do with instincts but with the incapacity to develop a speech instead, well, it's an absurdity, a paradox but that is the main factor, the animals do not talk or communicate, so how do they live perfectly in harmony between themselves and the nature? Perhaps because their brain, just as in those dreams instead to generate a speech stops just at the half way, so maybe long ago at the down of the time the human beings too had that sense, maybe he still have it sleeping somewhere halfway between the 'brain', well, in a that part of it where happens the generation of a thought, and then translated or delivered later [a few seconds in this matter are an all motorway way] as speech, but because the constant use of the speech that sense is like sleeping. It is like someone which stays too long sit and his legs won't respond to the instantaneous command of the concept of moving, standing and so on but that he can't loose it because every slightly human being's organic activity concerns just that, there are not other ways, even that simple concept, like walking, sitting, which seems or is mechanic, need to be translated from the generation of that concept to an event so the animals in this sense think, and it's mechanic because the concept has necessarily to be built as a syntax structure, concatenated as a primitive

logic, like subject, verb, complement and so on even for the simplest thing as walking, turning, and thousands other things [*see The Mug]. This property is just as the same in humans but over viewed as obvious or stupid and it's wrong, because it is the lower point of all the question treated here, the point where to start, because it is basic and necessary, the famous point A to reach the point B, where we are right standing. This [as a sort of miracle or Japanese old belief cartoons like story] is often told by member of the same family or with persons that love [hate, or whatever the feeling is too strong, too constant to intense for someone in particular, but the word is thought, pure thought, without premeditation, no time to translate in speech, like fear, anger, sense homicide, marvel, surprise and so on.] each other too much, they can actually fell, like premonition something about their beloved for distance even hundred thousand miles, like if they foresee an event as an actual image of it, usually precise and accurate and often about danger, harm and even death, like if they could hear a scream or even see as sort of an hallucination. They do not listen or see but they actually receive a thought of their beloved as it was their own thought, just like the dream we were talking about, for an instant the time reaches or is too close to the zero value in both thought [They dies for an instant or at least one of them] the receiver and the sender, it's like that concept or the generation of the both thoughts were in the very same container as one thing and what the one is, so it is the other's thought, so they can actually see or know precisely about the other's, of course this is a paradox, and we just suppose it as an absurd, of course.

Absurd.

So, according with all this, the dream, the thought generated is as pure reason like, not a mechanical concatenation (except in the way it is constructed, like a sentence syntax.) of recent memories and not talking in our mind, in case we are awake, so we are going in the sentimental or even romantic here because we said it is as taking for absurd at priori. The fact is that suppose if it was true, the language was not necessary or better, the language is just a way, a bridge between two persons, to interpret an idea or concept in a 'not abstract' form, that's all. Now, because we said that this 'dream' could only happen if pure thought, the language is irrelevant or even to be excluded at priori, in this specified case obviously, so we can understand a concept beside the language, because the concept is generated as concept itself and theoretically, always taken as an absurd, (for example) we can understand Spanish even if we never studied or lived it, we are talking about that missing part half way between the generation of a concept and the delivery to the speech and sight, which process, because a dream ends always in that halfway part of the human being biological structure.

Il puzzle.

A volte delle persone pensano figuratamente, qualcosa che ha a che fare con l'immaginazione o fantasticare, quindi vengono create delle immagini, questo tipo di pensiero e' simile ai sogni, con la differenza che i sogni sono una rielaborazione dell'ignoto assunto dalla realta', un proceso meccanico come il completare un puzzle, mentre fantasticare e'una creazione di una realta fittizia, sebbene necessita degli ennesemi eventi reali come punto di partenza.

Sensuality.

Sensuality or so, is it an instinctive thought?

Can be heard? Can be felt?

The animals.

The animal (again) though is just as the same of human, sometimes even better, except that they do not have the sense of time, not yet at least! [* See somewhere in the other works] So, they just do dream as us, because the biological structure and process are just as the same as the ours, that's partly mechanic. They evolve just like us, because during the sleep brain activity the 'brain' try to figure the unknown holes. The dream as biological process plays a very important role in the living things evolution.

Head or a cross.

The universe is not like we think, there is the unknown factor which the human being still mystifies and in reality is a very simple thing, banal, maybe stupid but mathematically plausible and true, but we overview; it is like throwing a coin in the air for the head or a cross thing/game and instead we get the coin standing right on its side, no head, no cross, no both but a null [RESULT = NULL OR INFINITE POSITIVE OR INFINITE NEGATIVE FOR A ZERO SO, A NULL VALUE WHERE THE MATTER ITSELF IS THE FOUdAMENTAL UNIT (*purely theoretical). Now, it follows that the time and the matter has to inevitably meet or satisfy at least once this NULL value, other wise they both are no real or not belonging to an material physical finite universe themselves, they cannot exit or be true without, so it is inevitable that every unit of it meets and satisfies this value just like it is inevitable that the coin soon or later meets and satisfies this value. In other words this is my principle of inevitability.] factor instead. So the death as

I said in 'Google' is the most important factor in our universe because without it, our universe would be absurd and impossible.

So my coincidence equation $f(x) = \{[(x).w] + [(y).w] + [(z).w] + [(k).w]\} / t.s$ would be the inevitability principle also.

It is like knowing some material physical events because seen, promised, or told time before and carry on anyway something which would vary or varying differently the discriminant variable, which won't satisfy the entire equation anyway. So what would have had come after, which we knew in advice, could have had been avoided, but the changing that 'discriminant' variable it will result that whatever we do, there will be 'no way' to change the course or technically the stream of this mathematical and physical sequence [* see Google] of the equation, so in the end in a material physical finite universe, the sequence of material physical events which we human being call life cycle. So, the 'Coincidence equation' and the 'Inevitability principle' are one and the same.

The ghost.

What if we think something once and a window open by itself!
What if we think something twice and a window open by itself!
What if we think something trice and a window open by itself!
Of course is the wind!

What if we think something once and a glass fall by itself!
What if we think something twice and a glass fall by itself!
What if we think something trice and a glass fall by itself!
Of course is the conservation of the energy that proves itself through the matter!

What about if might be as throwing a coin and no head and no cross will be the result?

If, that though as a solid web spider shares the exact same property of a numerical value considered as null so belonging to the death or having value = 0.

Where time and space are irrelevant because equal to zero.

(No past, no present, no future)

However one value produces a material physical event which is the energy absurdly contained in a static matter momentum.

As if we throw a coin and ghost want to play a joke to us and keeps the coins upstanding, giving us no head and no cross either!

It might mean that, if we imagine that energy generated by a thought as a concatenation of pure thought, as an abstract numeral value, let's say 'k' and a place acting as a group which contains already plenty of this 'k' values as a solid spider web, when we add our thought (No talking in our heads!), it acts as a trigger, because adds energy to a concatenation of thoughts statically staying still in or within the matter or place acting as that group (solid, liquid, gas and within and between) consenting a material physical event to trig as if it would by itself. Of course that series of coincidences share the zero or null value which we said before is the value where death and life share the same property.

The black saint.

The Halloween day dream was weird, like smoke or mist and kept saying all along this:

Saint? You're never going to see me here!

Saint? You're never going to see me here!

Saint? You're never going to see me here!

Saint? You're never going to see me here!

And so it was!



This book has been inspired, or ... before I realized she was there from ages ... she came [May, 2011]... by Kurosawa, it's all about her or the realization of what means suddenly in the life to fall or be in love with someone with; so, it is dedicated to her.

1/05/2011 20:09:02

To Monica.