

like flowers, tender and green, were rooted to the earth, almost one with it, they adorned it with their elegance. Surprised, I approached: it was newly formed ivy in symbiosis with its mother.

I close this reflection with the words of Walter Pater taken from his Essay on the Renaissance:

“Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight is irresistibly real and attractive to us,—for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end.

To burn always with this firm, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, that is success in life ... While all melts beneath our feet, we may well seek to grasp any exquisite passion, any contribution to the knowledge that with the clearing of a horizon seems to set the spirit free for a moment, or any arousal of the senses, strange dyes, strange colors, and odd odors, or the work of an artist’s hand, or the face of a friendly person”.

The author invites us in these words to the presence that alone can grasp what at any given time decides to come to us.

And the usual becomes revelation.

Maria Masuzzo

A CHIMERA CALLED FREEDOM

Translation by Achille Cattaneo

It was a summer evening, in the countryside, and I was thinking about freedom. Looking at the ever more and more starry, I felt that space and time could swell together with my conscienceness too limited by daily experience.

I was attracted by the idea of letting myself go into the eternal infinity, but at the same time I felt my body as an impediment.

It is too attached to its feelings and physical rhythms, I told myself, to be able to follow me in this adventure. Better to let it rest and come back to take it again when I will again need it.

But it was then that a flow of emotions squeezed me in a vice. What if it were not so easy to come back. And if I were forced to finally leave all that surrounds me and is my world.

I was reminded of the affections, desires, ideals that had inspired and guided me in my life, and a subtle sense of dismay came upon me. I tried to clear my mind, but this attempt triggered a multitude of images, thoughts, questions.

Filled with anxiety and worry then I desperately tried to make silence within me to exorcise all the ghosts, and inadvertently I found myself staring at one of the many stars that the limpending night made particularly brilliant.

Looking at it with insistence I discovered that its light seemed to me to be strange, deep and cold, different from the usual light, and I realized that even the surrounding sky took on a new dimension made of light-filled spaces rather than forms. Excited by this discovery, I continued to stare at the star and had the impression that a magnetic contact had become established between us, creating a corridor outside the conventional space and time.

I became calm and felt a strong energy flow into me. I decided to throw myself into that unknown universe with courage.

Maybe I finally had found absolute freedom through the symbol of that star.

I tuned in to a wonderful empathetic ecstasy for a moment with the experience of that star, and it was then that I realized how its fate in that infinite space was to shine, shine more and more like a still point in an All in an eternal present. In the meantime the night was ending and the light of a new day was beginning to filter through. And then my star disappeared.

I had discovered that true freedom is a conscious and responsible adherence to the cosmic Will to express the absolute Love that every universal manifestation embodies.

Sergio Bartoli