

a relationship, much more than the one who neither hates, or loves.

The world of the primitive man, even if it has been hardly cruel, what's more it was real.

So that would it be better for a man to hate human beings rather than to deal with them as if they were objects to make use of?

We are born as individuals, not being persons.

Our personalities get stimulated by those who relate with them.

To become a person means to correspond to life events through an interior feeling.

Relationships have to be mutual, but that doesn't require unity or identity.

Any partner holds himself in his own identity, being different from all the other human beings.

The other is not a projection of oneself.

A man who keeps his right distance from the other wins his own independence.

He will so be able to get a relationship with his fellow men, in accordance with his individual set of rules.

A real conversation, so as the achievement of any authentic relationship between men, requires to accept the other.

The meaning is that, although we may possibly wish to influence the other in order to lead him to share a truth which is only our, at a second moment we are going to accept him in what he really is.

We can confirm the concept that he is that only man, structured with that particular state.

We wish to get into a different relationship, with our own truth, according to our individuality.

Manipulations of the publicity, or the suggestion, the power, try to exploit people.

As for the manipulations, men are not independent beings, they are simply objects.

The noun "truth" may change its sense among different people, but from man to man its meaning is connected with what we are.

It requires that we can share what we want with our whole being.

To make an exchange of views real, we have to engage the entirety of ourselves without any reserve.

A true communication requires a reflection about the way we translate in words what in the depth of our Spirit lives.

During a true dialogue, our concern about the effect that our performance can produce as speakers should not overpass our care about what we propose to transmit.

A pure conversation can take place both between two persons and several voices.

In order to have a real dialogue, it is not necessary that everyone talks, but in any case nobody has to play the rule of the simple spectator.

Every partner has to be well-disposed towards a sharing with his neighbour.

Person who is really involved cannot in advance be awa-

re of what he will happen to communicate, or maybe not.

A real exchange of views means to perceive "the other", or on the contrary to make the experience of the opposite opinion.

To make the experience of the opposite opinion means the Essence of True Love.

The Era of the Monologue is an exhibition of subjective feelings

The Era of the Dialogue means the upheaval of our feeling of the other towards our Heart.

Man who recites a Monologue does not possess the Conscience about how different the other can be, he rather tries to incorporate the other, holding him over himself.

Baldoon Dhingra

NOTES

FROM THE DESERT

My journey casually begins on September 2010, one of those limp days when we surf Internet, looking for something we haven't focalized yet.

A peculiar period, made of external and interior changes.

On a page of an agency in Varese I found a link which took my attention "...the luggage of our Mind...!!"

My baggage, full of heavy things I'm sure I can dismiss, gets empty, in order to leave space to something else.

I can find interesting ventures, some actual, some in becoming. "The Energies of the desert. A Stage for our 5 senses" astride from the end of the old and the beginning of the new year.

A flash of lightning.!

The program is inviting, but I am unsure how to make a decision ..Shall I be able to go there? To such a particular and peculiar experience? I have to be prepared to an essential that requires to count on my own to reach the support at any level.

My reflections accompany me all the approaching way along, during the two months before Christmas and on the two day long from Marrakech to M'hamid, the last outpost before the big dunes of the south of Morocco.

We pass our first night in Ouarzazate in a hotel, next stopping will be the tent, my thoughts are the sames of my fellow travellers, neophytes of the desert experience too.

To reach Ouarzazate we cross the Middle Atlante, a severe landscape, unbelievable, we cross it in the darkness, so we haven't the opportunity to appreciate its glamour. Morning after, we break the ice, now we are a group, most of us feel relaxed.

We are looking forward to arriving, the street is amazing, the Draa Valley is magnificent.

Now wonder belong to us. Ochre is the main colour bro-

ken up by the green of the date-palm oasis, kasbehs are all around the landscape, sometimes they look really of a mimic coloration, so that it's hard to perceive the far ones.

We are getting on in a good mood one with the other, increasing our energy connected to the reducing km to the goal.

We don't arrive to the camp by jeep, we arrive on foot, at dusk, when the air is hanging, the sky in a pastel shade, we feel like in a sanctuary.

For each of us it is a magic moment, everyone perceives it in silence. And that sensation will be renewed all the days spent in the camp long.

Days go by in the fullness of strong emotions, everything is perfect.

Dawns, the greeting to the rising sun, our trekking with dromedaries, the savoury banquets on the dunes and the palm groves, our talks and activities in our tents, dances and singing around the fire, the starry nights some degrees below zero.

How to describe the warmth of the rising sun, getting up like a blanket which lights up the dunes until it approaches and envelops us in the light, the environment inside the woollen tent, warm before sunset, then deeply cold when the sun disappears, the pleasure of choosing one's own corner to admire the morning colours of the sky, the joy of sharing, the peace.

Each day we have a new destination: villages, kasbehs, hammada, herg.

14 Days flow different, even being the same in beating time.

Our guests are delicious persons, they cuddle us.

Our stay there is less strict than we thought.

We leave something of ours, before leaving these people so proud to belong to the desert.

Here "The little Prince" loomed out, so we keep in our heart, walking towards civility, a little bit of that image.

We run through the same street of our outward journey, but in a completely different mood.

We leave behind us an experience that will remain in ourselves forever, we have a deeper knowledge of ourselves, we come back slowly to our world.

Atlante mountain fulfils and relaxes me.

I would like to come back and go along it, it is so wild and deserted, so different from our domesticated, but equally special mountains.

The air is wonderful.

Middle Atlante could be worth of an individual holiday, not only a transit stop.

We arrive at Marrakech in the early afternoon, it is sunny, the weather is good.

The impact assessment is hard to bear: noise, crowd, confusion.

We are tired and lost.

We shall need a bit of time in order to find our balance again. A bit of time to appreciate colours and flavours of this peculiar town.

Some of us will not succeed, this hard and sharp change will give rise to a disease.

I was scared of the desert and now I'm looking for it, on the souk in Marrakech

How far it is the stillness of the twilight.

Now I need home, just to work out, to metabolize.

One night, on the camp, in front of the bonfire a Berber boy asked me if it had been the first time I had visited Morocco: "Yes, my first time, surely not the last".

"Inshallah" he said to me smiling,

"Inshallah" I replied, and inside myself a promise was born: "I will come back"

Margherita Fiore

VISIT TO MY TOWN'S CEMETERY

Always, when I pass through the gate of my town's cemetery, I am struck by a tombstone that commemorates seven fellow citizens who were killed in the Italian-Turkish War.

A war of which I have vague scholastic recollections, and if my memory does not fail me, was decided to be undertaken to satisfy the thirst for power, but who remembers how it finished.

I think of the immense pain of those who lost a relative and I wonder if by chance today someone has compassion for those lives absurdly cut down.

Suddenly I drift into meditation.

I look at the photo of someone born in the 1800s and it is as though he is saying to me "please, don't forget us, carry us in your hearts, many of you live in houses that we built with much hard labour.

He also seems to say "remember that there is much space in the heart of a man and much fertile land that is waiting to be cultivated in his mind".

I walk slowly and I bless all the departed.

I am overcome by a phrase that brightens me like a starry sky "Every dusk prepares us for a new dawn" and talking about dawn, the title of a conference comes to mind: "Change has the Colours of Dawn".

I find myself vibrating with an intimate joyous emotion.

I feel warmth towards all the passersby. I send a peaceful thought to the spirits that have concluded their reincarnation cycle, to the spirits in the process of reincarnation, and to the spirits that are not yet reincarnated.

As I leave the cemetery I perceive, using the words of Giuseppe Ungaretti, the sweet fibre of the universe".

Patrizio Chicco