



Adriana Sabato

Three tales

Chronicle

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ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE AIRHEAD

The date of a sad anniversary approached. More than thirty years had already elapsed, but it was a fact never fully accepted, considering the havoc caused in the lives of all family members. And, perhaps, it still represented a loss as tangible as irreversible and repairable only to her. But, unfortunately, it had gone this way.

A morning when she could not sleep, Alessia had discovered how a severe headache can become productive by using diligence and not more laziness. She learned that her own body, her limbs, could become a labor force and, at the same time, a way to release the stress of her many expectations, including even the physical well-being one. In the meantime, she had taken a pill and, while expecting for its magical effect, she alternated her right leg to the left one, with a cloth under her feet, to dart across the floor of her endless house, and, playing and dancing, to do such a real battle against the boredom of that expectation. Moreover, with

this sort of strange exercise, her legs came alive from the soft night numbness, causing a sweet feeling of vitality, unexpected to be honest, as unexpected was the regress of the extreme migraine which had aroused so many bad thoughts.

Alessia had developed a very strange mania— never had before: the urge to have her whole life and all her stuff under strict control, perhaps because, up to now, she had not had her own territory to keep at bay, to keep in house as a beautiful rose— perhaps because, up to now, she had not had anything seriously belonging to her— everything was for rent. Her own existence was in rent. How can this be? But yes! When for years they make you believe that you owe something to someone, in the end, your life gets out of your hand— As her dearest friend— Where was she? That day she could have found her or not. She had suddenly popped up in front of her, abruptly reminding her the carefree years of her life, but not for that they were lighter years in her memories— They certainly were the truest and authentic ones, together with her new home, back then as now. Now that she had found her, that she had found them — her friends, her companions — a strong emotion had shocked her heart while waiting to see all of them, all together— But is it true? Is it possible? —We'll see,— she had told her beloved and sweet husband, —In the meantime, I live— she told herself —and I endorse this feeling— And that is saying a lot!—

Meanwhile, she also thought about her musician friends: those

friends who had dominated the meanness of the people the night before, forcing their mouths to silence, their empty words to dissolve into nothingness, to disappear swallowed as by black holes, enraptured by the beauty of their notes and amazed by the magic enchantment of the music which had really saved the whole world that night. The really as annoying as inappropriate noises and yelling of that useless crew gathered there, were the most representative nonsense of our times. Hard and tough times, but just as light if interpreted with the eyes of that useless riffraff who saw - see, luck or need - everything with the blinds' sight.

â##We need a revolutionary page, considreing the times we live,â## said the priest during the homily of All Saints' Day â##but that page does exist! It was written two thousand years agoâ#! It is not true that rich people do not have problems; it is not true that the well-being is all that you could want in this life. The opposite is true. Not easy to accept, but that is it, just like thatâ#! And so, understand it and try to explain it!â##

Those days were full of important meetings and equally important emotions. Dates to be marked, to be remembered. Alessia could not forget that beautiful, sunny but not hot afternoon when she had seen again the faces of her pastâ#! Swapping stories, at last, as they were used to, joking, playing and enjoying the elapsing time.

They were amusing themselves, but they were not the only ones. Yes, because the image of some poor people, immigrants and others, had impressed a lot during the weekly fair - a great

deal had been said about that those days. They were forced to discharge their physiological needs on the street, on the beach, behind a concrete corner. They were ugly images to be seen as well as to be transmitted, the reality of itinerant workers who cannot find almost never the right means to carry out their activities in peace; they were oppressed sometimes by bad urban habits, sometimes by the local ones, but above all by the failings of those who would have had to provide for the reception habits from immemorial time!

A strong thematic, never addressed in the right way, never fully figured by hosts and guests, by offering the opportunity to the many charlatans on duty, to complain, criticize, offend while doing nothing, sitting back. Or even worse, seeing non-existent positivity, appearing and being seen as a party game without a purpose, other than to appear, a game for the sake of it. A game harmful to themselves and to the community, a game without foundations and the house without a foundation crumbles. Everyone knows it, even babies. It's a risky game.

Will it be worthless to live honestly? Well! Sometimes we are led to truly think so, but being dishonest is really out of our habits, of our way of life, our mindset. We were brought up too well, Alessia often said to her husband. And he nodded, he always nodded and they ever more kidded on this topic which at the beginning represented a reason to argue. But now you always have to say yes, he said to Alessia kidding. Well, it was not a joke at all! It was the truth and she

accepted this way of playing, she liked it! This is love, too! Was it a challenge she had won? No, love is not a challenge! But, until a few years before none, including herself, would have bet on her future as a mother, wife and professional; everyone pitying with their half-said words and sentences! But what did they pity with their whiny tone? And! With the increasingly accepted and already assigned situations, arrangements and parts, as in a great theatre - a dark theatre - where at some point the *deus ex machina* comes to overturn everything, to disrupt what is planned, crystallized, petrified in the heads and small brains of those who are around and do not understand these words; **REVOLUTION, CHANGE, OVERTURNING.** The most beautiful thing in life is change: the habituation, you know, generates boredom, dullness, sedentary lifestyle. Life, however, is a continuous movement, a continuous growth. *The elderly get well that.* Alessia thought *Think of the 100-year-old people!* They do not expect at all of living that long, they do not expect at all of waking up the following morning! At least the elderly who are conscious of being alive! It is possible that there are seniors who are not aware of it! The diseases of the elderly lead them to think, to say and to do things that we would never have remotely thought. And yet they are always there, looking in our eyes while waiting for some understanding! And as long as they are in life they are there, then tomorrow! who knows! The fact they have added one more day to their existence, to be still there - where they could

be gone the next day - is a great revolution for them, a great achievement. A challenge!

And then there was her most important piece of paper! Another successful challenge by pure chance? Alessia sometimes was afraid of too many successful challenges, although they appeared as failures to other people's eyes! But reality has different angles, like a camera lens: depending on how you place the photographer with respect to what he portrays, the picture will have a different flavor, a different effect in the beholder's eyes; there are many variables and it is for this reason that the reality of a shot will never be equal to itself. Well, even in the reality of every human being what could be an achievement for one person, it could represent a failure for another one. Still nowadays when knowledge is a click away, we use brain without prospects, without a background, without warp and weft, without a theme proposing and developing under many variations, and then still developing and therefore evolving, transforming and then returning again, giving rise to the path that could never end! in theory. If only we would offer every chance to the imagination and beauty to develop fully, freely, without ifs and buts, just following the magic of creativity, free from any cage or mental coercion!

Like pieces of life sewn between them, dissected and well packaged! And this was the stimulus to start, but it was certainly not easy to know how to assemble these fragments between them! We'll think about that! Alessia

saidâ#| But in the meantime, her story went onâ#| â##Hurry up!
Come on! Run!â##

The purpose was to communicate or not the existence of not necessarily deplorable conduct, but worthy of being known for what it represented, against simplifying and doing good free at all costs.

â##On the right side of the airheadâ##â#| â##When will you write it down?â## Lorenzo kidded, and Alessia knew it. â##I will do it soonâ## she immediately replied as she played at being a writer all alongâ#|

At fifty-two years old she did not realize she had already written her greatest masterpiece, having given birth to a so special creatureâ#| Was it a kind of enthusiasm common to all moms and dads? Perhapsâ#|

Federica had just received an award for a poem she had written some time before, and this had puffed up her parents to the nonsense - or almost - but she did not mind at all, in fact, it was perhaps that eternal bliss to make their union so strong.

Of course, there were moments of tension in the family, but it was quite normal. What was not normal was the fact that this creature was equipped with an extraordinary talent, that of being enjoyed and even more to be loved without ever being out of place, without bawdiness or other such attitudes. It was something more, something difficult to define and which was growing strongerâ#| over time.

Alessia had exactly this fear; the fear of being fifty-two years

old; the fear for the future; the fear of a very difficult period to live in and to classify; just fear, but enough with this fear!!! And if these were the keys to her life? To all the few certainties she had built? Who'd have known? It was such a long time she had no more fear of getting lost.

At fifty-two years old, what had cost that serenity, that vague calm! Nevertheless, the fear of getting lost in her youth was so great, really great!

What will I be? And? Will I still be here in a year? And? If I'm not here, where will I be? She thought when she looked to her future all alone, locked in the bathroom while smoking another cigarette, waiting for something to change? By whom? She did not know.

Only later she would have understood that our way is marked by the presence of someone who, willingly or unwillingly, shapes and moulds our future in his own way; or at least that is what he wants to do; but he does not always succeed, because eventually Alessia had decided what to do with her life, although the fact of having somehow pursued her dream and her passions had cut her off from those prepackaged models characterizing the way of thinking of most people in certain social realities, freezing their brains in clichés and catchphrases, forcing the thought into confined spaces and useless blinders.

Meanwhile, their lives continued to elapse between a shake and a caress, Federica grew and became a woman, a woman born fully grown! Alessia thought.

But was she a prize? Yes, she was. Federica was an award, a gift, a safe haven which needs foundations other than stilts. Otherwise, the port collapses during the first storm. And so, Federica was certainly a safe haven, which should be strengthened, otherwise it goes down at the first slap. Like the mighty wind that blows from North and drags everything with it: trees, plants and whatever is on the way. Like water bombs which are overwhelming now a neighborhood now the other of certain cities with powerful features.

Yes, Federica was an award, because in her lifetime Alessia had never had such a precious gift, so immense. Only disappointments, exploitation, maybe some privilege, whose weight was paid in gold to someone who then had turned his back all of a sudden; she was a kind of victim of a still feudal mentality which survives the hypothetical civilization of today.

Could the satisfaction of having won the third place in a competition be considered a privilege? Of course. When she got the notification of the award, Alessia thought they were wrong, as often happens in such cases. Even if it is just a third place, it implies that at least they have read what I wrote, what I have created from nothing. Actually, not really from nothing, because those artists she had written about and of whom she had been following all the sacred colorful journey, they had excited and deeply touched her, that day in that wonderful avenue of that wonderful town, all dressed up, photographing its creative moments. They had given her a

moment of true poetry, reminding her of a student youth when those same artists were embroidering the sidewalks of another great city, with their "sacred" works. A great privilege for her but maybe an absolute normality for people used to be considered for what they are and not for what they represent, for the role they play, and therefore they do not care about the so-called normality and want and expect more! Perhaps rightly, perhaps wrongly, but they expect it: vainglory, pride, the showing off, the flaunting what you're not or what you have not. Education, for example, how many people flaunts an education they have not? And in that sultry August evening, Alessia went to accept an award which represented mostly a satisfaction, a prize to a dreaded "inability to get some writing done", that's what false prophets had sentenced. An award that aroused a lot of joy together with a lot of tension! In fact, Alessia arrived completely unprepared at the end of that sultry evening in August, rather dazed by what had happened. And while accepting that prize, she ran away muttering just two words into a microphone echoing too much and unnecessarily amplifying all her fears! Finally it was all over pretty quickly and all mileage travelled to celebrate that night proved to be a wasted effort! Not for Lorenzo, her life partner, her husband, her friend, her sweet groom who occasionally acquired again his title as "soured bruzio" thanks to the innate ability to turn the most beautiful reality into an ugliness without any aesthetic and beauty! But only later she would have understood that

those were just some moments of vague and understandable pessimism, which lasted a few moments: a smile, a coffee, and everything was ended. That evening, however, he managed to transform into beauty what she had horribly lived. Or had he done it just for love? Well, sometimes doubt helps more than certainty and it consolidates some situations overwhelmed by unmet expectations, and at the end, we surrender. And it's a good thing, at least in this case!

It thundered strong that afternoon, but Alessia, sitting behind Federica, had many thoughts in mind, while she was pasting her reflections on the white page on her laptop and while living her life attached to music and art. Federica was an artist, too. Apart of poetry, she was very fond of music and despite her young age, she knew all about Beatles, Queen and much, much more, and she dreamed of being able to attend the live concert of her favorite band one day, as she dreamed of leaving and going to her cousins' house which she liked so much since the first time, as it was organized in small rooms and small spaces housing the students. You already know Let it be? Alessia asked her daughter Did the master teach it to you? Or?...

A glazing of her eyes and Alessia understood. Then the two months of music lessons were not completely useless! Federica, did you learn it on your own? But yeah, of course! she answered and her mother felt again like a newborn baby! This means that you must continue and mature: the art in you has to be discovered, like when you discover a

pretty, beautiful work of art created by a painter or a sculptor, but in this case the author is the Creator; He acted as a painter or a sculptor, ensuring that such a beautiful creature had to come to the world through us parents.

Alessia then realized that the parents' concern and anxiety, that anxiety deriving from everyday life if it is exaggerated, it becomes an end in itself, something useless, unnecessary, sometimes harmful. Some time before she had expressed concern about the poor results she had noticed in this new adventure undertaken by Federica with her musical instrument: the piano was there, abandoned to itself for years, but through her it had begun to live, and with it, the heart of each of them followed new rhythms, which were no longer familiar.

The piano was a great love for Alessia as a teenager, but as much as she tried, she was never able to guess the right teacher. Only once, and with great satisfaction and many sacrifices, she had met along her path the right one and her desires were satisfied, but for a very short period. That beautiful sound bothered somebody and so, with an invented excuse, Alessia was forced to send away the instrument. She had to give up with great resignation.

But shortly thereafter Alessia lost her father, and since then nothing was more important! For a long, long time!

What a strange custom to applaud in church during the celebration of baptisms or at the end of the funeral or even worse over the weddings!!! They believed they were the only ones to

think that way. But sometimes someone agreed with their way of thinking. Lorenzo always said: "This is not a show"; and Alessia added: "We are not at the theater or to watch a circus show." Nevertheless, many people liked this custom, but someone as them hated that strange tradition.

While attending Sunday Mass with her family, Alessia thought people should not talk in the church and if needed, at least, they should go out. "And sometimes you two do it, too." Alessia avowed. "But sometimes me too." she thought "Then?"

If the Pope has stepped down, he may have his own reasons. The Catholic Church is not living a flourishing time, and a Pope who has already a certain age, beyond the many brainstorms in the news, he may not withstand heavy situations requiring fresh and vigorous energies. In a few days, we will know who will be elected to lead the Church. We all await the conclave, but everyone also expects that things will change in this Europe, in this Italy that seems to implode at any moment. Alessia had never followed the political life, but alas, she thought more and more frequently this is a mania that, sooner or later, takes you, not least because you live it and by living it you necessarily become part of it. And that's why she was not very versed in certain situations. It is certain that she was looking forward, and not just her, of speaking about that bad time as a past, overcome and forever buried event.

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