

The Pots. Mushroom meditations - Lyrics

1. France

The majestic equality of the law, which forbids rich and poor alike to sleep under bridges, beg in the streets and steal loaves of bread

Anatole France

2. Elliot Woolf Beckett

We shall not cease from exploration, and the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time

TS Elliot, Four Quartets

To seek a true feeling among the chaos of the unfeelings and half-feelings of life, to recognize it when found, and to accept the consequences of the discovery, draws lines upon the smoothest brow, while it quickens the light of the eyes; it is a pursuit which is alternatively bewildering, debasing and exalting.

Virginia Woolf, Night and day

I am still alive then. That may come in useful.

Samuel Beckett, Molloy

3. Harrington Miller

History is, at its core, an intellectual toolbox. By providing us with a broad longitudinal perspective it allows us to exercise critical judgement about the many things that are presented to us as "unassailable facts" in the heat of a given moment

Thomas Harrington

An era ends when its illusions can no longer be sustained

Arthur Miller

4. Gillard Einstein

It doesn't explain everything, it doesn't explain nothing, it explains some things. And it is for the nation to think in a sophisticated way about those shades of grey.

Julia Gillard on her loss of leadership

Everything should be made as simple as possible but not simpler

Albert Einstein

5. Sagan

But for us, it's different. Look again at that dot. That's here. That's home. That's us. On it everyone you love, everyone you know, everyone you ever heard of, every human being who ever was, lived out their lives. The aggregate of our joy and suffering, thousands of confident religions, ideologies, and economic doctrines, every hunter and forager, every hero and coward, every creator and destroyer of civilization, every king and peasant, every young couple in love, every mother and father, hopeful child, inventor and explorer, every teacher of morals, every corrupt politician, every "superstar," every "supreme leader," every saint and sinner in the history of our species lived there - on a mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam. / The Earth is a very small stage in a vast cosmic arena. Think of the rivers of blood spilled by all those generals and emperors, so that, in glory and triumph, they could become the momentary masters of a fraction of a dot. Think of the endless cruelties visited by the inhabitants of one corner of this pixel on the scarcely distinguishable inhabitants of some other corner, how frequent their misunderstandings, how eager they are to kill one another, how fervent their hatreds. / Our posturings, our imagined self-importance, the delusion that we have some privileged position in the Universe, are challenged by this point of pale light. Our planet is a lonely speck in the great enveloping cosmic dark. In our obscurity, in all this vastness, there is no hint that help will come from elsewhere to save us from ourselves. / The Earth is the only world known so far to harbor life. There is nowhere else, at least in the near future, to which our species could migrate. Visit yes. Settle, not yet. Like it or not, for the moment the Earth is where we make our stand.

Carl Sagan, written about a photograph of Earth by the Voyager spacecraft, 4 billion miles distant

6. Greer Durrell Wilner

Love, love, love -- all the wretched cant of it, masking egotism, lust, masochism, fantasy under a mythology of sentimental postures, a welter of self-induced miseries and joys, blinding and masking the essential personalities in the frozen gestures of courtship, in the kissing and the dating and the desire, the compliments and the quarrels which vivify its barrenness

Germaine Greer, The female eunuch

To the student of love, these separations are a school, bitter yet necessary to one's growth. They help one to strip oneself mentally of everything save the hunger for more life

Lawrence Durrell, Justine

I wish for everyone to breathe deeply and remember that love is still the best mindset. Offset negativity like it's heroin - it kills the soul. Optimism may not be realistic but it gives life a chance.

Spike Wilner, Smalls Jazz Club, NYC

7. Ridere con cari amici

Oggi, 19/5/81, ho perso la persona che amo. Vi prego non scancellate queste parole datemi l'illusione che qualcosa esista ancora

Gianni, in una Pizzeria a Firenze, 1981

Signore: Per cortesia state sedute e immobile fino alla fine. Grazie de vero cuore.

Signori: Vi preghiamo di restare fermi e avvicinati: a volta il getto e irregolare. Grazie.

In una Pizzeria a Portaferraio, Isola d'Elba, 1981