

*The unknown art of flying*

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[excerpt]

As a child I would have a dream every so often and this dream continued to appear to me in various forms even when I became an adult. If I wanted to explain it, I would say that I dreamt of flying. But that would be an oversimplification: it would be right to say that I was checking the force of gravity, that I was pedaling in the air. As if I had taken an enormous leap and in the moment in which my body was returning to earth, I would prolong the trajectory as I wished with a simple movement in the sky, a turn of my hip or a swoosh of my arm.

In one of the versions I would find myself in an athletic competition, in which I was able, to the general amazement of everyone, to increase by twofold the standing world record. As if I were the only person on earth who had been granted this secret privilege.

I had no idea of the underlying mystery of that power. The unknown art of flying was a gift that gushed forth from who knows which hidden pathway of the soul and for which I was only able to gather the results, just as a person who sits in front of a computer but knows nothing of the binary codes that determine its functioning.

I was not aware of the unconscious projector nor of the hidden director of the scene. I did, however, ask myself many times what it was all about. And the answer that I came up with was almost always the same. My dream spoke to me of lightness, of the possibility of deciding when to return to the ground, to the world to substance. It spoke to me of control. And of the illusory potential of willpower.