
Antonella Banaudi

Beauty Is the Language Of the Universe

Helga and Lyn gave me this chance to talk to you, a chance to open my mind and my heart, and maybe this can help you, if I say something interesting, but for sure, it will be helpful for me. Because trying to be clear in my mind will help me.

I was thinking this over the last two days: that the reality of the human experience on the planet Earth is incredibly limited, in terms of space, time, and any other parameters with which the concept of life can be expressed. Man is not so much a terrestrial being, with an eternal or universal part, a soul; rather, man is a creative fantasy of the universe, a momentary manifestation of its power of invention. So the great mind of the universe experiments with itself through man. We are eternity incarnated, in this moment, imprisoned in a small material reality.

Perhaps I can imagine that the human eventually occupies the time of a snap of the fingers in the mind of God. And in our mind, we still have the echo of that snap.

Our human senses can be compared to our small Earthly reality, and most people live their experience on Earth only through the senses. Their Earthly life becomes the only reason for their existence, without being able or willing to really see, to really listen, to really feel, and to really understand how to be something, to be a protagonist in the universe.

Life that is linked to the senses only, is a life with no sense of purpose. It's like living in the entrance hall of a wonderful, marvelous castle, marvelous palace. So the most important senses for a man are the interior senses. And through art, through the exterior senses, the interior ones develop. Only the intellectual senses allow us to dis-



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cover the power, the greatness, the wonder of the human creature, and how we can be protagonists in the universe.

The intellectual senses form a clear mind that can receive from eternity, a mind that has intuition, that is open, projected, like a ray of energy, toward something that is infinite, and to break through the darkness of ignorance. Because it is ignorance that can make us imprisoned on this Earth. So, we don't need a dream—because you dream in the night. We need a vision, we need to see, to foresee something that can be, and not in the future, but now.

So, no act of true art or true science exists, or is done, only for here, and only for now. Only true art or true science have in themselves the vision of something that surpasses time and space, that contains the intuition of

the architecture of the universe, and how all of us, and everything, is an incarnation of the universe.

To me, to be able to conceive the Absolute, is what can get us free from now, and here [holds up an iPhone]: This is useful, but this is style, this is design, but this is not beauty. If we think that this object is true science, is true art, we misunderstand. Because this doesn't contain eternity, or something that is valuable.

The Power of Mozart

I would like to say something else: that music, for me—a musician is like a time machine, not in the sense that when I perform music, and am performing something that is from 200 years ago, 20 years ago, it's not in that sense. It's in the sense that using time, and sounds that are happening at the time, from the here and now, I can travel into a place where there is no time, and also is nowhere and everywhere at the same time.

If I listen to a piece of music, or a musician, that is not able to take me somewhere else, into a place that is not here and now, I have a sense that that music is not great music, or that it is not Classical music—it's not done in a good way, in a beautiful way.

Maybe you remember a movie, for me a great movie, the "Shawshank Redemption"—and how the music of Mozart was used to uplift the prisoners in the yard of the prison. So there were two voices—because it was the duet from the "Nozze di Figaro," "Sull'aria," "Che soave zeffiretto." There were these two voices coming from the realm of beauty, and they were, to me, like two birds, wonderful birds, but they were playing in the air, dancing, designing, continuously, and enter-

ing the heart of every prisoner, and opening their heart, and giving hope, and enlightening their minds, and letting them enter, really, into another realm.

Because in this realm, you don't need to understand words. You don't need to understand Italian, or German, or whatever, because when your mind is really in contact with the mind of the universe, it's really speaking the same language. And I hope, for myself, as a person, as a musician, to have, as sometimes I have had, this sense of contact of similarity of my mind, of my imagination, with the imagination of the universe. I can also say, the imagination of God.

So, I wish for myself to find even more of this connection, and I wish for all of us, to have this feeling that we are speaking in our mind, in the same language of the universe, that this language of beauty is the language of something that is eternal, and that you can recreate every moment you make something beautiful. I wish this.