

tutto scritto da

They are a coven of sorts, or rather a cluster, like feral cats sharing a home-range as large as the whole planet. Or an international group of friends linked by common interests and by their knowledge of the Latin, Greek, English, French and Italian languages... rather like the International Sand Club in Michael Ondaatje's *The English Patient*.

They never pass a lot of time together, but they do have places where they meet at regular times, and mail-boxes or vocal boxes where they leave messages to each other. Whenever they hold a meeting, they mostly sit or slouch comfortably together for hours, silent or quietly talking, purring their contentment, sharing thoughts and feelings.

Chamachandra is the eldest - nobody (maybe not even himself) knows how much exactly. He's wrinkled and bald and wise and kind, yet he can shock you with his dry humour or make you laugh with his unexpected naïveté. The youngest among them says he came in a dream, and didn't leave.

Harro Troezke is not a presence to be ignored. His bulky, tanned body, deep brown eyes and grizzled beard make him noticed even before you hear his slow, mellow, baritone voice. His official quality is *Meteorologe*, but he is known to have associated with different careers and endeavours, sometimes in the company of Tulse Luper. He rarely speaks of himself, and he often disappears for long periods to parts unknown.

Then there are the brothers: Leonardo, Bruno and Mauro Panfido. Leonardo is the firstborn, a quiet, forceful, warm personality. His golden hair matches his golden heart. He has taken upon himself to keep the peace between Bruno and Mauro, the twins. They're identical, with curly black hair cropped short like Andrea Briosco in his bronze medal self-portrait. They're bright, joyful and full of mischief, always bickering between them about something, be it a pun, the interpretation of an exoterical philosophical text or the cutting of the latest Greenaway movie.

Sirrah is different. Words are clumsy to describe his eluding character, expressing itself through VC fanfiction and the bitter irony of such writings as *Spoon River* or the footnotes to *Ballata n. 2*. Whatever reason is behind such defences, it remains untold.

And then there is Mazaher (meaning *orange flower water*), acting as social interface of the cluster. Maybe it's just because she's less shy than the others about strangers reading her works. Mazaher is also Chief Rescuer and Sheepdog of the cluster, which is revealed in her writings.

Their host on the web is a teacher and researcher in the field of the history of European law systems in the middle and modern age (especially Venetian law). However, she hopes she's going to be better remembered as a horseperson.

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