

# ALBERTO MAGRIN

## 'Gustavo's Green' *Synopsis*

Gustavo was a normal child, and like all children his age he liked to play at his home in Turin, a city full of mystery that the great seers of the Earth, from Nostradamus to Cagliostro, passed through. Our journey will take us over seas, oceans, and the great waters of the enlightened with the help of the Fisher King, whose travels inspired Gustav's paintings, bringing the divine light to the brush of his life and the world around him.

One day, just like every other, Gustavo turned up to class with all his companions and sat down at his desk. That morning they had a history lesson and the teacher had to question the pupils. When it was his turn, the teacher began to question him, asking who the Emperor of France was in 1801.

He answered calmly:

"Napoleon, sir."

And tell me:

"Can you tell me anything about this emperor?"

And then he began to systematically trot out the names of generals and battles.

Thinking it was just a child's vivid imagination, the teacher asked:

"And how do you know about all these events, do you have any evidence? Are you a bit of a fan of Napoleon?"

"No, sir. I was there!"

The professor turned pale and then called Gustavo's parents to demand an explanation, but even they didn't know where he could have acquired such knowledge of history.

Meanwhile, Gustavo grew up and his thirst for knowledge grew uncontrollably. He was about 23 years old the day he left for Marseille for a pleasure trip into the unknown as a cave explorer. Sitting on a seafront bench, he saw an old man holding some cards. He approached him as if drawn by a beautiful woman and this old man turned to him and, without saying a word, gave him a nod as an invitation to sit down. Sitting next to him, he started telling him:

"Gustavo, I am a poor old man of Polish origin, I don't have long left before the end of my long life on this Earth, but I want to teach you something. The beginning and end of life are two moments that live in the same place. Take these cards and play with them, you will find in them the wonders of the new-born child and the dying old man.

Gustavo, terrified of the old man who knew his name but very happy with the gift he'd been given, went back to his hotel room and started playing with those cards ceaselessly, but could not find such wonders in them as the stranger had promised. After hours and hours, he leaned his head on the headboard of the bed, exhausted by those cards. Turning his head up, he saw a crucifix hanging in the middle of the wall, looking down at him. He closed his eyes and felt a strong source of heat from his right hand resting on the cards; the bedspread was as green as a card table and the sound of a violin was coming in through the window. It kept repeating the same note, the fifth. Startled by the heat penetrating his hand, he picked up the playing card his fingers were resting on and saw the pips disappear. His stomach twisted in pain. Frightened by that power, the boy who loved writing more than anything else stopped holding a pen from that day forth. He left for the military and went to war as an army officer. He tried to forget that event, but curiosity gripped him. On a day off duty, he went into a tobacco shop and saw a pack of cards wrapped in cellophane. He felt the need to buy it. Back at the barracks, he opened it and went to the officers' lounge, where there was a pool table of a green you couldn't forget. A piano from the late 1800s dominated the back of the lounge. He went up to it holding the cards in his hand and asked a waiter if he could press two of the piano keys, "do" and "sol", when he nodded. He sat next to the pool table holding the king of hearts facing upwards. He nodded to the waiter and at the same time, feeling his blood seething with heat, he saw the king turn into the queen of hearts. He thought he had discovered a law that connected the colour green to the fifth musical note.

He began to think and reflect on what had happened to him, but could not sleep at night.

The next day he went back to the officers' lounge. He called the waiter to help him again, asking him to repeat the experiment, but as luck would have it he had left the card in his billet. So he went up to the shelf of the bookcase and saw that there was an encyclopaedia of art there. He opened a volume at random. Ravier, a great 19<sup>th</sup>-century painter whose landscapes expressed a soothing harmony. He picked up that volume, positioned himself near the pool table, and asked the waiter to play that note. With his eyes closed he saw the words in the book: he was able to penetrate the pages, to open them in his mind, as if computer files were crowding into his mind, downloading into his memory in a whirl. He fell to the ground exhausted. He asked the waiter to not speak a word of what had happened. Since that day, however, drawn to these abilities, he began training to try to control them. Every night he asked that waiter to assist him, but one day the waiter refused and went to report those strange experiments to the commander. The commander reported, asking Gustavo what he did at night in the officers' lounge and he replied that he had discovered he had gifts that led him to go beyond the space-time threshold. Incredulous, the commander asked him for proof. Gustavo took him to the officers' lounge, asking the commander to bring with him any book he was personally attached to.

The commander brought a war registry from when he had fought in Africa with him. Gustavo approached the pool table and asked the commander to press the fifth note on the piano.

"General, on the 29<sup>th</sup> of December, 1916, you lost 13 brave men and cannot forget it."

Shocked, the General turned white, and then Gustavo said:

"General, life is a battle in which you are born and die in the same instant."

The commander sat with tears in his eyes, and from that day forth, faith flooded his heart.

Meanwhile, rumours were circulating and the Duce soon heard about these gifts of the officer from Turin.

Curious about the outcome of the war, Mussolini sent for Gustavo to ask him how it would end. He replied:

"You will die and we will lose."

Once he returned from the war, rumours about him began to circulate just as a stone thrown into water creates earthquakes in people's

minds.

He began to work as an antique dealer in his home city of Turin.

One day he went to Paris to look for a marble bust of Napoleon. Having arrived in front of an apartment building in the French capital, he went in, calling the caretaker. He got the caretaker to take him to the building's cellars, asking him to bring along a pick and a shovel. He politely asked him to smash the floor to dig underground. The caretaker felt the earth harden and saw a marble bust of Napoleon slowly emerge amid the soil. Having gone to a cafe, Gustavo saw a beautiful woman. He walked over to her, and, looking at her as if nothing else existed, asked her:

"Can I hug you?"

She agreed, and from that day became Elna Rol, a Norwegian noblewoman descended from 17 royal houses.

Gustavo's fame was crossing national borders: British and French surgeons everywhere from Paris to London called for him to assist in surgical operations.

One day while he was playing bridge in Montecarlo, a friend approached him and, greeting him, Gustavo told him:

"I can smell burning; do not take that plane, it's going to crash!"

The friend took the plane and the plane crashed, burning him alive.

A few days later, the friends who were seated at the table with him saw him play cards automatically as if in a trance.

Years afterwards, doctors told how on the same day at the same time, they had seen him at the bedside of a dying child who had summoned him, healing her of her incurable disease.

Back in Turin at the time, an American diplomat, a general, was kidnapped in Italy.

Gustavo warned President Reagan, telling him where the kidnappers were hiding the hostage.

Throughout his life, this great man of the twentieth century hosted the most important figures of the century at his home every day, like a good mother hen: Gianni Agnelli, Cocteau, Zeffirelli, etc., who were all attracted and fascinated by the halo of mystery surrounding both his presence and his absence. One day, J. F. Kennedy left New York to go and meet him in person.

"I'll have to work more dead than alive," he said.

Gustavo's great passion was painting; he painted bouquets of roses - the story said that roses sprang up at Jesus Christ's feet on the cross from his blood.

In fact, he signed his paintings with an R born from a cross. Some of Gustavo's friends say that you could see his paintings change right on the canvas. During the experiments he conducted at his house, he would make contributions in tribute to his guests appear: Napoleon's jacket buttons or other astonishing things.

Through the green and the fifth musical note, he was able to contact the intelligent spirits of great men from history.

He took white sheets and paintings of the intelligent spirits of Picasso, Chagall, and Kandinsky emerged from them.

A letter from Eleonora Duse to Gabriele D'Annunzio.

Science was astounded, as was the world of art and culture. The scientists wanted to analyse his experiments, but he always refused because deep down he considered himself an ordinary man whose secrets were available to everyone and before the eyes of everyone in the sacred writings.

Federico Fellini saw the painted man and woman walking on a path in one of his paintings as if they were walking calmly on the canvas.

How many abilities could a man who was able to put himself in God's hands have?

The story goes that one day, he could not get in a small Cinquecento because of his height.

So he made his body shrink and on the way, right in the middle of Turin, he avoided an accident at a crossing by making the car dematerialise, thus avoiding the collision.

A waitress now devoted to alcohol saw a hammer pass from one side to the other through the kitchen wall as a sign of reproach.

On Via Silvio Pellico, where he was staying, on the ceiling of some neighbours who weren't repairing a leak, the following words appeared:

"Why won't you let me be in peace?"

The following day the leak was repaired.

His great teaching was to say that every one of us has the same opportunities, we just don't use them. He called himself the "gutter", he who carries the water, the source of life that comes from the sky. Like Mother Teresa, he called himself a pencil in God's hands and an instrument in God's hands. Moreover, he stated that there were seven men on Earth like him, 7 the magic number par excellence, which appears in the Bible more than any other, the 7 colours of the rainbow, the 7 musical notes. He said:

"Je suis le cinq."

"I am five, the middle way, the quintessence."

For him, love was the only ingredient that made a work of art eternal and supernatural and the only regret that a man could have was just the love that he had failed to give in life.

Abandoning himself to faith, nullifying his ego, enabled him to become a means of transport for the divine source that science would have liked to categorise even though it is uncategorisable, because today's science is based on the repeatability of the experience, whereas for Gustavo nothing was repeatable, every human being is unique and unclonable in their beauty and harmony. Good and evil characterise every human being; for Gustavo, the sense of balance and free will were the strength of every human being who is different from animals, plants, and minerals on the scale of values that is life on the planet. The will power of each individual has a power that can take contemporary science beyond the threshold of matter, towards knowledge of their own intelligent mind.

For Gustavo, only one man had opened a chink in the history of spiritual science.

This man was Rudolf Steiner.

One day Albert Einstein asked him if he could watch one of his experiments.

A rose materialised on a table.

Einstein began to applaud like a child understanding that the real power of intellect, of the link between the relative and the absolute, between man and God, between science and religion, is infinite and unreachable, as well as innumerable.

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