

## **'The Unseen Everyday'**

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For the first time, I was going to be late at the school in Turin where I taught English as a foreign language. The city looked different this morning. The streets and squares were bathed in a beautiful, yet somehow ominous golden glow, which had so distracted me that I was now lost. I was standing in front of a huge bookshop I had never seen before. There were books of philosophy with ancient lettering in the window. A hunched old man with rimless spectacles was just unlocking the door, and even though by now I should have already been with my pupils, I couldn't resist his invitation to step inside. Books in different languages lay on shelves that seemed to stretch into the distance. I wandered along them until I found myself alone in semi-darkness, where a chance reach brought me a book entitled *The Unseen Everyday*. Even before opening its heavy covers, I sensed that here was a text which would finally illuminate my understanding of the life beyond life and yet within the life itself that I led, although it would never enable me to find my way around the city or arrive on time.