

Last Day of Summer

It is a miracle, of course.

The last day of summer, August 31 as everybody knows, is the most special day of the year. It is the end of something; then, necessarily, it is the beginning of something.

It's the sunset, it's the sea, it's the life calling. As Jobim says in "the waters of march" song "it is the promise of life in your heart". A half of the beautiful songs of Chris Rea capture that lazy wave which softly unveils the mirage, the precise moment in which the footprints in the sand vanish, and the still ever blue wave which brings the miracle. The photographs of Jock Sturges, of Alberto García Alix, capture it as love unseen, maybe floating in the dust we seldom see, maybe a blink of the eye in the past. José Padilla paints it with all the colors of the wind as the last sun fading, as dandelion wine, as coconut scented air coming from ... who knows?

The last day of summer 2010 was that day. I know for certain that somebody who had been watching everyday the dancing lights of sunset shadowing the cliffs closed his eyes; that somebody who bathed in the sunset every day left the sea; that a house dressed and filled with welcome surprises was emptied. I know for certain that then there was a night, perfectly described by Mark Rowlands in *The philosopher and the wolf*. Love died, life stopped, miracles suspended ...

... for a while.

Chris Rea still sings "the memory of a good friend never dies"

It's going to be a beautiful day.



Jesús M. F. Castillo

Nigel Kalton died on August 31, 2010.
He was Editor of *Extracta Mathematicae*
and a wonderful mathematician.
I admired him more than I can possibly say.