

Pier Augusto Breccia

*The Last Supper by Massimo Scarfagna*  
(A disconcerting experience of a spectator)

A lone figure emerges from the shadows of the room, its paleness illuminating a table set up for a celebration.

As if sensing the importance of the event, he is at once regal and restrained, his step measured, his gait silent. He moves towards me as if asking me to join the others at the table. I look at his face, an oval face of an ascetic, and see something sacred in his gaze. His eyes are penetrating as if the Divine Master were reading my soul. I am not sure if I should meet his eyes or avert his gaze – for a brief moment, I feel disconcerted. I look away towards the table and notice a thirteenth chalice that is surrounded by a pair of hands yet not touched by them as are all the other twelve, with the history of the celebrants written onto them. Those hands in the most natural of gestures speak to me as if inviting me to join in and celebrate.

I look towards the Master – he has disappeared into the shadows of the room. Or perhaps, he has returned to his point of departure, a linear figure in an art installation. For a brief moment, he became real to me, a living Master who made me transcend the obvious and comprehend the meaning of his presence.

Art is a master that teaches us to how to live, how to raise that thirteenth cup in celebration of truth about ourselves without fear or shame. And it is art that affirms that this thirteenth chalice is always full of creative imagination.