

Martiria

R-Evolution

Lyrics Book by Marco R. Capelli (2014)



Tracklist & lyrics

1 King of Shadows	04:07
2 Steam Power	04:49
3 Southern Seas	05:14
4 Salem	04:38
5 The road to Tenochtitlan	05:23
6 Grim Reaper	04:24
7 Light Brigade	02:34
8 Dark Angels	04:51
9 Revolution	04:47
10 The Mark of Cain	04:38
11 The Viol and the Abyss	05:44
12 Across the mountains	04:08
13 Tshushima	06:19

Featuring [Vinny Appice](#)
(*Black Sabbath, Dio, Heaven & Hell*)
Produced by [Tue Madsen ANTFARM.DK](#)
(*The Haunted, Mnemic, Hatesphere, Ektomorf*)

With new incredible line up:
[Andy Menario](#) (guitar and keyboards)
[Flavio Cosma](#) (vocals)
[Derek Maniscalco](#) (bass)
[Vinny Appice](#) (drums)
[Marco R.Capelli](#) (lyrics)

www.martiria.com
mrc@martiria.com

1. King of Shadows (Orpheus)

Orpheus (pron.: /'ɔrfi:əs/ or /'ɔrfju:s/; Ancient Greek: Ὀρφεύς) was a legendary musician, poet, and prophet in ancient Greek religion and myth. The major stories about him are centered on his ability to charm all living things and even stones with his music, his attempt to retrieve his wife, Eurydice, from the underworld, and his death at the hands of those who could not hear his divine music. *(Source Wikipedia)*

To be listened: The Infernal Galop from Jacques Offenbach's Orpheus in the Underworld (also known as Can-Can) <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4Diu2N8TGKA>

Every chord is a rolling thunder,
meant to be heard from down under.
Every note is a promise of war,
sent straight through the other shore!

She was young, she was mine,
(she was) made (of) honey'n'musk.
She's been taken by the dusk.

My guitar roars, my voice won't quiver,
I'll sing a song without shiver
that none on Earth would dare to play!
I cry, I die, I loose the way.

Her hair was long,
her touch (was) light.
She doesn't belong
to cold and night.
I'll break the walls,
I'll crush the doors!
Silence through the caves,
flows across the waves.

Old and dark life tree,
give her back to me!
Or I'll come till the halls of Hell
where (the) gray King of Shadows dwells!

2. Steam Power

The Industrial Revolution was the transition to new manufacturing processes in the period from about 1760 to some time between 1820 and 1840. This transition included going from hand production methods to machines, new chemical manufacturing and iron production processes, improved efficiency of water power, the increasing use of steam power and the development of machine tools. It also included the change from wood and other bio-fuels to coal. (...)

(...) The Industrial Revolution led to a population increase, but the chances of surviving childhood did not improve throughout the Industrial Revolution (although infant mortality rates were reduced markedly). There was still limited opportunity for education, and children were expected to work. Employers could pay a child less than an adult even though their productivity was comparable; there was no need for strength to operate an industrial machine, and since the industrial system was completely new there were no experienced adult labourers. This made child labour the labour of choice for manufacturing in the early phases of the Industrial Revolution between the 18th and 19th centuries. In England and Scotland in 1788, two-thirds of the workers in 143 water-powered cotton mills were described as children. (...)

Beatings and long hours were common, with some child coal miners and hurriers working from 4 am until 5 pm.[88] Conditions were dangerous, with some children killed when they dozed off and fell into the path of the carts, while others died from gas explosions. Many children developed lung cancer and other diseases and died before the age of 25. Workhouses would sell orphans and abandoned children as "pauper apprentices", working without wages for board and lodging. Those who ran away would be whipped and returned to their masters, with some masters shackling them to prevent escape. Children employed as mule scavenger by cotton mills would crawl under machinery to pick up cotton, working 14 hours a day, six days a week. Some lost hands or limbs, others were crushed under the machines, and some were decapitated. Young girls worked at match factories, where phosphorus fumes would cause many to develop phossy jaw. Children employed at glassworks were regularly burned and blinded, and those working at potteries were vulnerable to poisonous clay dust. (...) *(Source Wikipedia)*

(*when*) Father died, choked in his own blood.
None spoke. I held his hand.
Boss came, barely looked: "Now shut up'n'stand!"
"Back to work", he said,
"Engines never stop!"
I was seven,
I was ready for
worker's heaven!

Mother doesn't speak, just rises empty eyes,
Keeps counting stars across the night,
since the day someone told her they belong
to the children she's left behind.
I wonder if they cough
above the sky.
If this cloud of coal
can fly so high.

Don't ask me about politics,
I find hard to be critic.
No it's not some kind of wisdom,
I just picked the way of freedom.

Rods, shafts and wheels,
whistling white steam.
Burns down the throats,
breathless runs across the roads.

If you call this evolution,
still it misses a conclusion!
But time will pass and I will grow,
sure I'm not meant to forget, oh no!

You made me pitiless, you thought me hate,
I raise my fist, red in the night.
Scythe and hammer, more than you can chew,
Open the doors, let us pass through.

Come to me, come alone,
come and we will see
who'll stand and who'll be prone,
who can grip the whip.

I'm a drunk musician, playing on the road,
just the last minstrel of despair,
sailing along the river of farewell.
Black water that leads but to hell...

3. Southern Seas

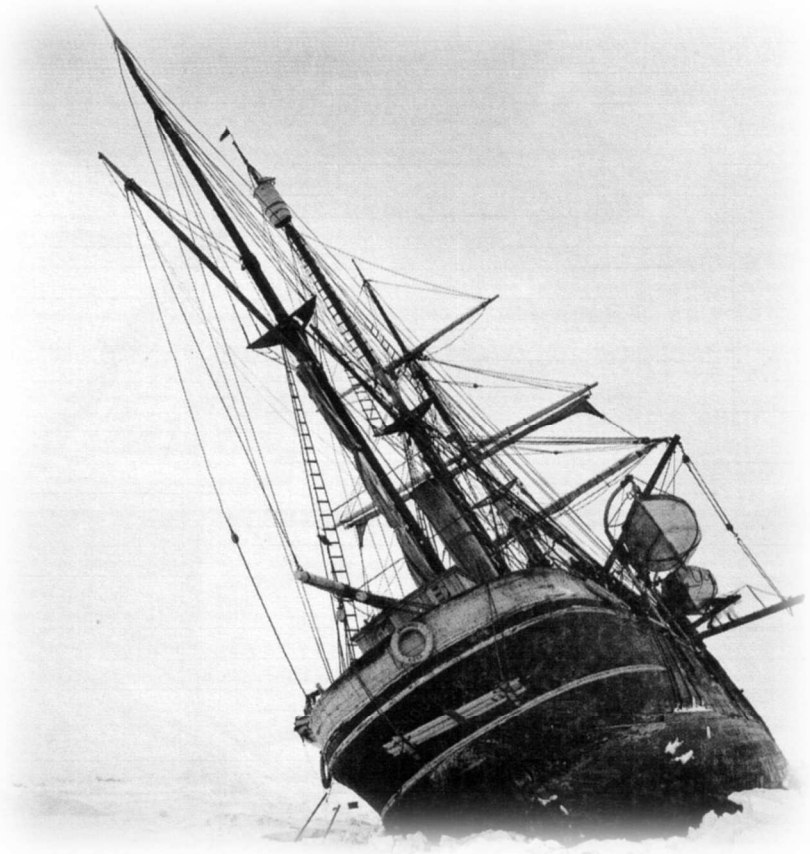
Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton, CVO, OBE, FRGS (/ˈʃækəltən/; 15 February 1874 – 5 January 1922) was an Anglo-Irish polar explorer. After the race to the South Pole ended in December 1911 with [Roald Amundsen's](#) conquest, Shackleton turned his attention to what he said was the one remaining great object of Antarctic journeying—the crossing of the continent from sea to sea, via the pole.

To this end he made preparations for what became the [Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition](#), 1914–17. Disaster struck this expedition when its ship, [Endurance](#), became trapped in [pack ice](#) and was slowly crushed before the shore parties could be landed.

Shackleton gave the order to abandon ship, saying, "She's going down!"; and men, provisions and equipment were transferred to camps on the ice.^[85] On 21 November 1915, the wreck finally slipped beneath the surface.

For almost two months, Shackleton and his party camped on a large, flat floe, hoping that it would drift towards [Paulet Island](#), approximately 250 miles (402 km) away, where it was known that stores were cached.^[87] After failed attempts to march across the ice to this island, Shackleton decided to set up another more permanent camp (Patience Camp) on another floe, and trust to the drift of the ice to take them towards a safe landing.^[88] By 17 March, their ice camp was within 60 miles (97 km) of Paulet Island^[89] but, separated by impassable ice, they were unable to reach it. On 9 April, their ice floe broke into two, and Shackleton ordered the crew into the lifeboats, to head for the nearest land.^[90] After five harrowing days at sea, the exhausted men landed their three lifeboats at [Elephant Island](#), 346 miles from where the [Endurance](#) sank.^[91] This was the first time they had stood on solid ground for 497 days.^[92] Shackleton's concern for his men was such that he gave his mittens to photographer [Frank Hurley](#), who had lost his during the boat journey. Shackleton suffered frostbitten fingers as a result.^[93]

[Elephant Island](#) was an inhospitable place, far from any shipping routes. Consequently, Shackleton decided to risk an open-boat journey to the 800-nautical-mile-distant [South Georgia](#) whaling stations, where he knew help was available.^[94] The strongest of the tiny 20-foot (6.1 m) lifeboats, christened [James Caird](#) after the expedition's chief sponsor, was chosen for the trip.^[94] Ship's carpenter [Harry McNish](#) made various improvements, including raising the sides, strengthening the



[Endurance is a ghost of light.
Crunched and swollen, lonely and dread,
there she lies, cold and dead.]

keel, building a makeshift deck of wood and canvas, and sealing the work with oil paint and seal blood.[94] Shackleton chose five companions for the journey: [Frank Worsley](#), *Endurance's* captain, who would be responsible for navigation; [Tom Crean](#), who had "begged to go"; two strong sailors in [John Vincent](#) and [Timothy McCarthy](#), and finally the carpenter McNish.]

Shackleton refused to pack supplies for more than four weeks, knowing that if they did not reach South Georgia within that time, the boat and its crew would be lost.[97] The *James Caird* was launched on 24 April 1916; during the next fifteen days, it sailed through the waters of the southern ocean, at the mercy of the stormy seas, in constant peril of capsizing. On 8 May, thanks to Worsley's navigational skills, the cliffs of South Georgia came into sight, but hurricane-force winds prevented the possibility of landing. The party was forced to ride out the storm offshore, in constant danger of being dashed against the rocks. They would later learn that the same hurricane had sunk a 500-ton steamer bound for South Georgia from Buenos Aires.[98] On the following day, they were able, finally, to land on the unoccupied southern shore. After a period of rest and recuperation, rather than risk putting to sea again to reach



Tom Crean, nicknamed the "Irish Giant" (20 July 1877 - 27 July 1938), who is supposed to be the "protagonist" of this song was an Irish seaman and Antarctic explorer from County Kerry. He was a member of three of the four major British expeditions to Antarctica during the Heroic Age of Antarctic Exploration, including Robert Falcon Scott's 1911–13 Terra Nova Expedition, which saw the race to reach the South Pole lost to Roald Amundsen and ended in the deaths of Scott and his polar party. During this expedition Crean's 35 statute miles (56 km) solo walk across the Ross Ice Shelf to save the life of Edward Evans led to him receiving the Albert Medal.

the whaling stations on the northern coast, Shackleton decided to attempt a land crossing of the island. Although it is likely that Norwegian whalers had previously crossed at other points on ski, no one had attempted this particular route before.[99] Leaving McNish, Vincent and McCarthy at the landing point on South Georgia, Shackleton travelled 32 miles (51 km)[91] with Worsley and Crean over mountainous terrain for 36 hours to reach the whaling station at [Stromness](#) on 20 May.

Shackleton immediately sent a boat to pick up the three men from the other side of South Georgia while he set to work to organise the rescue of the Elephant Island men. His first three attempts were foiled by sea ice, which blocked the approaches to the island. He appealed to the [Chilean](#) government, which offered the use of [Yelcho](#), a small seagoing [tug](#) from its navy. [Yelcho](#) reached Elephant Island on 30 August, at which point the men had been isolated there for four and a half months, and Shackleton quickly evacuated all 22 men.[103] The [Yelcho](#) took the crew to [Valparaiso](#) in [Chile](#) where crowds warmly welcomed them back to civilisation.

There remained the men of the [Ross Sea Party](#), who were stranded at [Cape Evans](#) in [McMurdo Sound](#), after *Aurora* had been blown from its anchorage and driven out to sea, unable to return. The

ship, after a drift of many months, had returned to New Zealand. Shackleton travelled there to join *Aurora*, and sailed with her to the rescue of the Ross Sea party. This group, despite many hardships, had carried out its depot-laying mission to the full, but three lives had been lost, including that of its commander, [Aeneas Mackintosh](#). (Source Wikipedia)

As a matter of facts, you are right:
here there are no
days, nor nights...
(Still) be good, don't bark: snow is soft'n'bright,
so take a run,
jump (in)to the white.

Endurance is a ghost of light.
Crunched and swollen, lonely and dread,
there she lies, cold and dead.

South Pole - he said - right over there,
a tiny line
from nowhere.
South Pole – he said – just follow me,
write your names
in history.

But he'll be back,
his eyes can't lie.
We sit'n'pray,
(and) slowly die.
*My Captain, our
fearful trip's done,
the prize we sought
now is won...*¹

1 "O Captain! My Captain!" - Walt Whitman (1819–1892). *Leaves of Grass*. 1900.

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done; /
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won; /
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting, /
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring: / But O heart! heart! Heart! / O the bleeding drops of red, /
Where on the deck my Captain lies, /
Fallen cold and dead.

If I will ever go back there,
to Annascaul or county Clare,
I will build a inn, I swear²!

Ice bites,
wind blinds and burns.
Captain, they wait,
for you to return.

(Please) don't be late
their hopes do not spurn!
Captain, they wait,
for you to return.

2 After the *Endurance* expedition Tom Crean returned to the Navy, and when his naval career ended in 1920 he moved back to County Kerry. In his home town of Annascaul, Crean and his wife Ellen opened a [public house](#) called the "South Pole Inn". He lived there quietly and unobtrusively until his death in 1938. The Inn is still there, or, at least, it was in 1999 when I spent a night there. The sentence, even if it may appear out of context, actually breaks the tension and is surely pertinent to the character personality since, for what I've read, Crean didn't lack at all of good old *Irish common sense* ...

4. Salem

“Until an hour before the Devil fell, God thought him beautiful in Heaven.”

Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

The Salem witch trials were a series of hearings and prosecutions of people accused of witchcraft in colonial Massachusetts, between February 1692 and May 1693. Despite being generally known as the Salem witch trials, the preliminary hearings in 1692 were conducted in a variety of towns across the province: Salem Village (now Danvers), Ipswich, Andover and Salem Town. *(Source Wikipedia)*

Referrals

Arthur Miller’s theatrical drama:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Crucible

Cinema: Salem (screenplay Jean Paul Sartre, with Simone Signoret)

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Crucible_%281957_film%29

The Crucible (screenplay Miller, with Wynona Rider)

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Crucible_%281996_film%29



“You are pulling down heaven and raising up a whore”

“Let either of you breathe a word, or the edge of a word, about the other things, and I will come to you in the black of some terrible night and I will bring a pointy reckoning that will shudder you. And you know I can do it; I saw Indians smash my dear parents' heads on the pillow next to mine, and I have seen some reddish work done at night, and I can make you wish you had never seen the sun go down!- Abigail”

“The Devil is precise; the marks of his presence are definite as stone...”

“I cannot sleep for dreaming; I cannot dream but I wake and walk about the house as though I'd find you comin' through the door.”

“There is prodigious fear in seeking loose spirits”

Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

Three magnolia leaves, one ring,
love charm or cruel spell.
*It is the proper morning
to fly to hell³!*

From night to eternity, love has countless shades.
Never trust a promises sealed
with short breath and moaning sighs / trough the darkness
of the night.

God is far above, deals with saints and wars
We sell cheap dreams, herbs and spirits.
Just a children play, in a world of men,
how else could it end?

Softly she said:
“Men are stupid beasts,
mine is the breast
where he must quench his thirst”

Why is he back
to his old wife's bed?
It's a bad spell to bring back
spilled water to the well.

Three magnolia leaves, one ring,
love charm or cruel spell.
*It is the proper morning
to fly to hell!*

Human kind,
watch over the night!
We haunt the crossroads,
we switch off the lights.

Nothing in her eyes, not a word nor a lie,
damnation rides through her hips.
She knows no promises, no compromise!
Heaven on her lips.

Nothing in her eyes, not a word nor a lie,
those eyes so deep and wide,
black pools where I do want to sink and die.
Just another time.

³ “It's the proper morning / to fly into hell” H.Miller The Crucible

Three magnolia leaves, one ring,
love charm or cruel spell.
*It is the proper morning
to fly to hell!*

Stop it now, stop it please,
I'll be whatever you wish.
Leave the iron, drop the whips,
kiss again my lips.

5. The road to Tenochtitlan

Tenochtitlan (Classical Nahuatl: Tenochtitlan [tenotʃ'titʎan]) was an Aztec altepetl (city-state) located on an island in Lake Texcoco, in the Valley of Mexico. Founded in 1325, it became the capital of the expanding Mexica Empire in the 15th century, until captured by the Spanish in 1521. At its peak, it was the largest city in the Pre-Columbian Americas. When paired with Mexico the name is a reference to Mexica, the people of the surrounding Aztec heartland. It subsequently became a cabecera of the Viceroyalty of New Spain. Today the ruins of Tenochtitlan are located in the central part of Mexico City. *(Source Wikipedia)*

Oh, I could sacrifice one thousand virgins,
black blood dripping down the steps of the pyramids,
and not a single god would answer (to) my call.
Demons from hell, prisoners of a fairy tale.

You, Quetzalcoatl (4)from Tule,
blonde and bearded god
who brought us back the rules,
that we long forgot.
We close our eyes and see
what we dream to be,
while you bring through the forest
famine, rash and pest (5).

⁴**Quetzalcoatl** (English pronunciation: /ˌkɛtsɑːl'koʊɑːtəl/), or Ketzalkoatl, (Classical Nahuatl: *Quetzalcohuātl* [kɛtsaʎ'ko.a:tʎ]) is a Mesoamerican deity whose name comes from the Nahuatl language and has the meaning of "feathered serpent". He was a creator deity having contributed essentially to the creation of Mankind. He also had anthropomorphic forms, for example in his aspects as Ehecatl the wind god, and he was said to have promised he "would have come back". His return was expected in year 1519, exactly the year that Cortés arrived in Mexico... many saw in this more than a coincidence. Some, probably, honestly believed that Cortés was Quetzalcoatl, many more had interest in believing so. Like the rulers of people subject to the Aztec's kingdom, tired of their power. Anyway, Cortés, took advantage of the legend (he used to wear a feathered hat and always pretended to be a god) and was able to raise an army of over 60'000 local soldiers. He, himself, had less than 1000 spaniards soldiers with him. Since the sixteenth century it has been widely held that the Aztec Emperor Moctezuma II initially believed the landing of Hernán Cortés in 1519 to be Quetzalcoatl's return and this could explain the fact he didn't do anything to stop what was obviously going on, on the contrary, it seems that, when he met Cortez, he said to him: *"You have graciously arrived, you have known pain, you have known weariness, now come on earth, take your rest, enter into your palace, rest your limbs; may our lords come on earth."* *(Source Wikipedia)*

⁵Together with the Spaniards, arrived bacteria and viruses from Europe that were quite unknown in America, as a consequence, it has been calculated that between 40 and 50% of the Aztecs (and their allies and enemies) died of infections, in between the most dangerous was Chicken Pox (it.Varicella), that they called the *great rash*. *(Source Wikipedia)*

Montezuma is weak,
on his throne he sits (6),
while these Spaniards kill
at their own will!
We shouldn't ignore death,
she follows our steps,
she sends smiles and signs.
She will never rest.

⁶The palace of Moctezuma II had 100 rooms, each one with its own bath, for the lords and ambassadors of allies and conquered people. The palace of Montezuma also had two houses or zoos, one for birds of prey and another for other birds, reptiles and mammals. About 300 people were dedicated to the care of the animals. There was also a botanical garden and an aquarium. The aquarium had ten ponds of salt water and ten ponds of fresh water, containing fish and aquatic birds. *(Source Wikipedia)*

Walks Death on the road to Tenochtitlan (7),
slowly walks towards Atzec's last stand!

Cries Cortés under a tree, (cries) his only love,
one thousand people dead, for each ounce of gold (8).
(Quetzalcoatl) holy snake, every feather is a fake!
(But) I'm just a priest, hidden in a floating nest (9).

⁷Tenochtitlan was the capital city of the Mexica civilization, consisting of the Mexica people, founded in 1325. The state religion of the Mexica civilization awaited the fulfillment of an ancient prophecy: that the wandering tribes would find the destined site for a great city whose location would be signaled by an Eagle eating a snake while perched atop a cactus. The Aztecs saw this vision on what was then a small swampy island in Lake Texcoco, a vision that is now immortalized in Mexico's coat of arms and on the Mexican flag. Not deterred by the unfavourable terrain, they set about building their city, using the chinampa system (misnamed as "floating gardens") for agriculture and to dry and expand the island. A thriving culture developed, and the Mexica civilization came to dominate other tribes all around Mexico. The small natural island was perpetually enlarged as Tenochtitlan grew to become the largest and most powerful city in Mesoamerica. Commercial routes were developed that brought goods from places as far as the Gulf of Mexico, the Pacific Ocean and perhaps even the Inca Empire. Spanish conquistador Hernán Cortés arrived in Tenochtitlan on November 8, 1519. At this time it is believed that the city was one of the largest in the world; compared to Europe, only Paris, Venice and Constantinople were larger. In a letter to the Spanish king, Cortés wrote that Tenochtitlan was as large as Seville or Córdoba. Cortes's men were in awe at the sight of the splendid city and many wondered if they were in a dream. *(Source Wikipedia)*

The most common estimates put the population at over 200,000 people. After the conquest Cortés subsequently directed the systematic destruction and leveling of the city^[9] and its rebuilding, despite opposition, with a central area designated for Spanish use (the traza).

⁸La Noche Triste ("the sorrowful night") on June 30, 1520. This major Aztec victory is still remembered as "La Noche Triste," The Night of Sorrows. Popular tales say that Cortés wept under a tree the night of the massacre of his troops at the hands of the Aztecs. Of the native women who had been given to or taken by the Spaniards and who served them as cooks, mistresses and housekeepers were killed that night. The few women who survived included María Estrada, Cortes' mistress and the only Spanish woman in the party, La Malinche the interpreter, Alvarado's mistress, and two of Moctezuma's daughters under Cortés' care. (A third died, apparently leaving behind her infant by Cortés, the mysterious second "María" named in his will.) My personal opinion is that Cortés died mainly for the gold he had to leave in Tenochtitlan... indeed, after the siege of the city, he didn't have peace till he was able to get back all "his" gold.

⁹Tenochtitlan, the floating city, It was connected to the mainland by causeways leading north, south, and west of the city. These causeways were interrupted by bridges that allowed canoes and other traffic to pass freely. The bridges could be pulled away if necessary to defend the city. The city was interlaced with a series of canals, so that all sections of the city could be visited either on foot or via canoe.

"When we saw so many cities and villages built in the water and other great towns on dry land we were amazed and said that it was like the enchantments (...) on account of the great towers and cues and buildings rising from the water, and all built of masonry. And some of our soldiers even asked whether the things that we saw were not a dream? (...) I do not know how to describe it, seeing things as we did that had never been heard of or seen before, not even dreamed about." —Bernal Díaz del Castillo, *The Conquest of New Spain* *(Source Wikipedia)*

6. Grim Reaper

The concept of Death as a sentient entity has existed in many societies since the beginning of history. In English, Death is often given the name Grim Reaper and, from the 15th century onwards, came to be shown as a skeletal figure carrying a large scythe and clothed in a black cloak with a hood.

Really, you should not be so scared,
t'was written, even before your were.

Time bends his knee, in front of me.

Through my empty eyes, I've seen them all.
Same fear, same cries, when they see the wall.

Disappear into the night,
the Shadow and the Scythe.

How (do) you dare ask the door
what you'd prefer to ignore?
I'm the gate, (I'm) the guide,
I don't peep the other side.

I don't stop, I don't rest,
please come over, be my guest.
I don't care if you bleed,
I don't have pride to feed.

Time bends his knee, in front of me.

Would be too easy (to) fade away.
Every action
has a fee to pay!

Don't pray me, don't waste your faith,
I'm just the door, I am the gate.

How (do) you dare ask the door
what you'd prefer to ignore?
And if you want the truth,
ask a child about his youth.

7. Light Brigade

To all those who died without any reason (as if it was possible to die otherwise).

The Charge of the Light Brigade. Crimean War, 1854. A British officer misinterpreted an order and led a suicidal charge against the Russian guns. ("Not tho' the soldier knew, someone had blunder'd" — Tennyson)

The Charge of the Light Brigade was a charge of British light cavalry led by Lord Cardigan against Russian forces during the Battle of Balaclava on 25 October 1854 in the Crimean War. Lord Raglan, overall commander, had intended to send the Light Brigade to pursue and harry a retreating Russian artillery battery near the front line, a task well suited to light cavalry. Due to miscommunication at some level in the chain of command, the sabre-armed Light Brigade was instead sent on a frontal assault into a different artillery battery, one well-prepared with excellent fields of defensive fire. Although reaching the battery under withering direct fire and scattering some of the gunners, the badly mauled brigade was forced to retreat immediately, producing no decisive gains and very high British casualties. It is best remembered as the subject of the poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, published just six weeks after the event, whose lines emphasize the valor of the cavalry in bravely carrying out their orders, regardless of the obvious outcome. Blame for the miscommunication has remained controversial, as the original order from Raglan itself was vague. (Source Wikipedia)

Riding through the barricades, / to an empty open space,
forget a brighter morrow, / forget of joy and sorrow;
just ride on.
*Not to make reply,
no reasons why,
but to do and die.*¹⁰

10 **The Charge of the Light Brigade** by Alfred Tennyson. (1854)

Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
(...)
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

Riding through the barricades, / to an empty open space,
sabres high to draw a line / that none will cross again.
Close your eyes, it will be fast, / we weren't made to last.
Oh it's senseless, we all know, / just don't think, wait for the blow.
Always ahead
through the jaws of Death,
till (the) gate of Hell
*rode the six hundred.*¹¹

They shall not grow old, time won't change,¹²
days will not wear their steady hearts.
Mirrors won't show the years condemn,
we'll remember them.

Now war is gone, war is over,
we're back to the sands of Dover
and we feel as all survivors
life's empty savor.
But (one) had to stay,
to remind the way
(our) Light Brigade
rode straight through Hell's gate.

11 Also the last three lines are freely inspired to Tennyson's "Charge".

12 Freely inspired to "Ode of Remembrance", that is an ode taken from Laurence Binyon's poem, "For the Fallen", which was first published on The Times in September 1914. And which I read for the first time engraved in Irish on a stone on Inis Mòr (Inishmor ([Irish](#): *Árainn Mhór* or *Inis Mór*) is the largest of the [Aran Islands](#) in [Galway Bay](#) in [Ireland](#)).

*(...) They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them. (...)*

8. Dark Angels

L'anarchie, c'est l'ordre sans le pouvoir »

([Pierre-Joseph Proudhon](#), *Les Confessions d'un révolutionnaire pour servir à l'histoire de la Révolution de Février*^[1])

The title "Dark Angels" comes from "Angeli Neri", a book about the life of the late XIX century anarchists written by the Italian writer Manlio Cancogni (1916-living).

The song is inspired to the figure of Pietro Gori¹³ (1865-1911), Italian lawyer, journalist, intellectual and anarchist poet. He is known for his political activities, and as author of some of the most famous anarchist songs of the late 19th century, including: "Farewell to Lugano" and "Exile Songs".

Angels in the night
struggling to survive,
light from the hammer, flying spark.
Angels in the night,
tired to be right.
Scared souls hidden in the dark

Wingless angels, black thoughts
always hidden, always caught...

Angels in the night,
barely alive.
You may find us everywhere,
chained in the night,
fighting eternal fights,
carrying a dream, a dream to share.

We are angels in a half,
between madness and a laugh.

¹³ <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k84G4ODpBsE> (Pietro Gori* 1894)

Pietro Gori (14 August 1865 - 8 January 1911) was an [Italian](#) lawyer, journalist, [intellectual](#) and [anarchist poet](#). He is known for his political activities,^[1] and as author of some of the most famous [anarchist](#) songs of the late 19th century, including *Addio a Lugano* ("Farewell to [Lugano](#)"), *Stornelli d'esilio* ("Exile Songs"), *Ballata per Sante Caserio* ("Ballad for [Sante Geronimo Caserio](#)").

More info: http://ita.anarchopedia.org/Pietro_Gori#Opere_su_P._Gori
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pietro_Gori

Sons of the night,
sharp and bright,
beaten, blinded by the light.
Deadly aware,
prone to share
what we want and what we were.

Wingless angels, black thoughts,
always hidden, always caught...

Walking through empty halls,
climbing on scary walls,
crossing the last suburbia.
Brave hearts that cannot fly,
looking for a corner in the sky,
where everything can ever be.

No this can't be true. It cannot be only me!
Still I won't surrender, there's a world to render.
Sometimes even a wingless angel is required
to mind a legion of heroes, tired and worn out.

9. R-EVOLUTION

When in the Course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. (...)

Thomas Jefferson¹⁴

Time to stand, time to change, turn around, break free,
like a wave from (the) darkest sea.
A thunder rolling down through the stormiest night
it's a word of power, source of light.

Revolution! Logic conclusion.
A whole world to rearrange.

Didn't they saw the signs? Why were they surprised,
the day they finally realized?
We're (all) the same: same blood, same bones, same rotten guts.
Crowns and shields, where are your holy rights?

Revolution!
Revolution!
No preclusion,
Right conclusion.
My dear Jean-Jacques,
François-Marie,
could you just see,
you would be with me ¹⁵

But, really, this' is not the way t'was meant to be.
What did it happen to you and me?
Holds you emperor the same crown, kings used to wear.
Headless bodies, soldiers everywhere.

Revolution / Last illusion
For a world that cannot change.

¹⁴ Thomas Jefferson (April 13 [O.S. April 2] 1743 – July 4, 1826) was an American Founding Father, the principal author of the Declaration of Independence (1776) and the third President of the United States (1801–1809).

¹⁵ François-Marie Arouet (1694-1778) also known as Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778), none of the most important Illuminist philosophers lived enough to see the Revolution. And, probably, it was better for them...

Revolution!
Revolution!
Last illusion,
cold October¹⁶ snow.
Egalitè,
Fraternitè,
then Libertè.
“Nevermore”, said the crow.¹⁷

Revolution!
Revolution!
Last illusion
for a broken soul.
Egalitè,
Fraternitè,
then Libertè.
Words and nothing more.

¹⁶

24/25 Ottobre 1917, Russia. The October Revolution, officially known as the Great October Socialist Revolution, and commonly referred to as Red October, (...) was a seizure of state power instrumental in the larger Russian Revolution of 1917. It took place with an armed insurrection in Petrograd traditionally dated to 25 October 1917 (by the Julian or Old Style calendar, which corresponds to 7 November 1917 in the Gregorian or New Style calendar). (source WIKIPEDIA)

¹⁷

[But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only,
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered - not a feather then he fluttered -
Till I scarcely more than muttered `Other friends have flown before -
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said, `Nevermore.']

The Raven (1845)- E.A.Poe (born Edgar Poe; January 19, 1809 – October 7, 1849)

10. The mark of Cain

Cain and Abel (Hebrew: קַיִן, הֶבֶל Qayin, Hevel) were according to the Book of Genesis, two sons of Adam and Eve. Cain is described as a crop farmer and his younger brother Abel as a shepherd. Cain was the first human born and Abel was the first human to die. Cain committed the first murder by killing his brother. (...) Cain, in the book of Genesis is condemned to wander over the earth, never reaping a harvest again, but scavenging, till the end of days. (Source Wikipedia)

There's a little girl on Market Square,¹⁸
she walks alone, bare feet. She's not scared.
But don't try to look into her eyes,
she fastens her coat and never cries.

From Dachau to Sarajevo
there is just a bridge to cross,
that leads from pain to madness.
My sons will never learn,
they just can't recognize a warn.
Nor I think they'll ever see,
till they walk as long as me.

I've seen your innocent bones
turning into holy dust,
I've seen useless promises,
revenge, greedness and lust.

From Dachau to Sarajevo
there is just a bridge to cross.

I've scavenged what I couldn't harvest,
walked since the beginning of times,
without the slightest hope (ever) to rest,
'damned to witness my own sons' crimes.

From Dachau to Sarajevo
there is just a bridge to cross.
Over and over I did,
till memory was lost.
All is quiet now, silent too.
People cannot see the pain,
death always comes in vain.

18 The Markale massacres were two bombardments carried out by the Army of the Republika Srpska targeting civilians during the Siege of Sarajevo in the Bosnian War. They occurred at the Markale (marketplace) located in the historic core of Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The first happened on February 5, 1994; 68 people were killed and 144 more were wounded. The second occurred on August 28, 1995 when five mortar shells killed 43 people and wounded another 75. This latter attack was the stated reason for NATO air strikes against Bosnian Serb forces that would eventually lead to the Dayton Peace Accords and the end of the war in Bosnia and Herzegovina. - http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Markale_massacres

11. The viol and the abyss*

**"The Music of Erich Zann" is a short story by American author H. P. Lovecraft. Written in December 1921, it was first published in National Amateur, March 1922. It can be read at the end of this booklet. The whole song is about the strict relation existing between madness and art.*

Intro: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4ZUnNIIIWY> (obviously)

Don't look through the window,
no matter what you hear.
Don't lurk in the shadow,
don't listen to your fear

I shall stand and rest,
while you go till the last.
Play another tune, mad viol of doom.

Hidden behind the door,
darkness flows all around,
music melts to the core,
bounces to the ground.

I shall stand and rest,
while you go till the last.
Play another tune, mad viol of doom.

Leaping, floating, fly(ing) down
through endless stairs,
where every step you take
leads to the abyss - (*that*) will make you break.

Play old man, never stop,
ward them off from the light.
Delirious, desperate,
free thoughts crossing the night,
crawling to madness gate
through every word you write.
Play old man, never stop,
ward them off from the light.

When life will get through,
everything has to change.
The beginning melts into the end.

Leaping, floating, fly(*ing*) down
through endless stairs,
down to the narrow street,
from deepest darkness / to reality.

Let me run away.
Let me run away.
Let me see again
the light of the day.

I'm old and tired.
I'm rather scared.
Make this nightmare end,
let me climb and stand.
Any escape (*is*) but a pitiful illusion
from an old prophecy that wasn't meant to be.

12. Across the mountains (Viva Mexico, cabrones).

José Doroteo Arango Arámbula (5 June 1878 – 20 July 1923) – better known by his pseudonym Francisco Villa or his nickname Pancho Villa – was one of the most prominent Mexican Revolutionary generals.

I had to run, refuse my name,
still gun's the right decision.
Maybe I regret, sometimes,
my lack of precision⁽¹⁹⁾.

Listen Jack , old friend of mine,
everything is gonna change,
but don't ask me how or why.
Philosophy's out (of) my range.

Adelante companeros!
Por mi tierra e por mi sueño.
For my dream and for my land,
let's ride till the end.

My father died between regrets,
now sand covers his footsteps.
(But) I've things to do before I die,
and my name is going to stay.

Listen Jack (20), old friend of mine...
Yes, call me "Pancho", take more wine.
Diaz (21) had trains (22), Wilson noisy planes, (23)
(but), as you (can) see, they weren't me!

¹⁹ According to his own later statements, at the age of 16, **José Doroteo Arango Arámbula** (real name of Pancho Villa 1878-1923) moved to Chihuahua, but swiftly returned to Durango to track down a hacienda owner named Agustín Lopez Negrete, who had raped his sister. However, historians have questioned the veracity of this story and many say that he didn't kill Negrete but just slightly injure him. Anyway he had to run away and change his name in Francisco Villa, later nicknamed "Pancho". (Source Wikipedia)

²⁰ **Jack London**, the famous writer and journalist, managed to interview Pancho Villa several times.

²¹ **José de la Cruz Porfirio Díaz Mori** (15 September 1830 – 2 July 1915), president of Mexico for 33 years, Pancho Villa considered him almost as his personal enemy.

²² Villa robbed and commandeered trains, in order to get coal, silver, weapons and carry around his men.

²³ On 9 March 1916, General Villa ordered nearly 100 Mexican members of his revolutionary group to make a cross-border attack against Columbus, New Mexico. In response to Villa's raid on Columbus, **President Wilson** sent 5,000 men of the U.S. Army under General John Pershing into Mexico to capture Villa. Employing aircraft and trucks for the first time in US Army history, Pershing's force chased Villa until February 1917. The search for Villa was unsuccessful. (Source Wikipedia)

Ride through the desert, (a)cross the mountains.
Rings the bell at the old mission, rings for me.

Adelante companeros!

Por mi tierra e por mi sueño.
For my dream and for my land,
let's ride till the end.

When I'll be old I want a ranch,
quite cigars under the porch. (24)
But for every story written,
there is a Judas hidden. (25)

We all were simple people,
ripped out from the land,
but we knew it was the time
to stand up and raise our hands.

Ride through the desert, (a)cross the mountains.
Rings the bell at the old mission, rings for me.

Adelante companeros!

Por mi tierra e por mi sueño.
For my dream and for my land,
let's ride till the end.

*Don't let it end like this. Tell them I said something.
Francisco "Pancho" Villa*

²⁴ In exchange for his retirement, Villa was given a 25,000 acre hacienda in Canutillo, just outside of Hidalgo del Parral, Chihuahua, by the national government. This was in addition to the Quinta Luz estate that he owned with his wife, María Luz Corral de Villa, in Chihuahua, Chihuahua. The last remaining 200 guerrillas and veterans of Villa's militia who still maintained a loyalty to him would reside with him in his new hacienda as well and the Mexican government also granted them a pension that totalled 500,000 gold pesos. The 50 guerrillas who still remained in Villa's small cavalry would also be allowed to serve as Villa's personal bodyguards. (Source Wikipedia)

²⁵ On Friday, 20 July 1923, Villa was killed while visiting Parral. Usually accompanied by his entourage of Dorados (his bodyguards) Pancho Villa frequently made trips from his ranch to Parral for banking and other errands. This day, however, Villa had gone into the town without them, taking only a few associates with him. He went to pick up a consignment of gold from the local bank with which to pay his Canutillo ranch staff. While driving back through the city in his black 1919 Dodge roadster, Villa passed by a school and a pumpkinseed vendor ran toward Villa's car and shouted Viva Villa! – a signal for a group of seven riflemen who then appeared in the middle of the road and fired over 40 shots into the automobile. In the fusillade of shots, Villa was hit by 9 Dumdum bullets in his head and upper chest, killing him instantly. He was found in the driver seat of the car, with one hand reaching for his gun. (Source Wikipedia)

13. Tsushima

Japanese-Russian war ends *de facto* with Tsushima battle (24th,25th of May 1905). Russian fleet outnumbered the Japanese one but it was constituted mainly by obsolete vessels and it was commanded by arrogant officers that systematically under valuated the enemy. Moreover, Russian sailors had very little technical skills and were constantly close to rebellion, due to the hard discipline they were subjected to.

In Tsushima, the Russian fleet was almost annihilated by the Japanese, under the command of admiral Togo. Russia suffered 45'000 casualties, Japan less than 200 and no Japanese ship sank during the battle.

After the signature of Portsmouth Threat, Russia refused to take back its own prisoners, they were suspected both of mutiny and rebellion and to have been infected by revolutionary ideas, the same ideas that were spreading throughout the whole country. So, the Russian soldiers were abandoned by Japanese army along the newly built Transiberian railroad.

Moscow was somewhere, six thousand kilometers away. Without food, without weapons, without hope the prisoners began to walk silently along the frozen railroad.

Admiral Togo stands on the deck. – He has two swords,
wears a white kimono, a long scarf - around his neck.
Admiral Togo looks around, - he does not speak.
Flames green and blue through (the) morning hue²⁶.

We walk slowly in loopy rows,
broken boots digging the snow.
Blinding sun through frozen tears,
fall on your knees, forget your fears.

²⁶During Tsushima battle, Japanese army used, for the first time, a new gunpowder made combining traditional *shimose* with a new American product. This was a complete surprise for Russians, Japanese bombs exploded on the armor plates of their ships without being able to perforate them, but the explosion was strong enough to detach them from the hull of the ships. Water so was able to enter inside the ships, slowing them down, while the high temperature gases released by the explosion produced green/blue flames that allowed the Japanese to see immediately if the shot had been successful or not and to correct the firing in real time.

I should have stopped at Nossi-bé²⁷. - Dark girl, speak to me...
Seven months of verminous food²⁸ – on a rusty clad,
Mother Russia, my Tzar – this was not a war,
you booked me a date with Death.

Let me sleep, let me go,
I've killed, I've died.
Can't believe I loved snow,
When I was a child.

(This) rail never ends,
Saint Petersburg
shines on the other end.
Calm down, don't fight.
Lay on the ground,
don't fear the night.

(But when and where?)

²⁷ Nosy Be [ˌnuːsi ˈbe] (also Nossi-bé) is an island located off the northwest coast of Madagascar. Nosy Be is Madagascar's largest and busiest tourist resort. It has an area of 312. Nosy Be means "big island" in the Malagasy language. The island was called Assada during the early colonial era of the seventeenth century. Nosy Be has been given several nicknames over the centuries, including "Nosy Manitra" (the scented island). During the long trip from Black Sea to Japan, Russian fleet had to reach Madagascar for supplies. Being the only French colony on the route (France was the only ally of the Zar), it was an obliged stop.

²⁸ Food was terrible on Russian ships. Even the famous Battleship Potemkin uprising (1905) began when many enlisted men refused to eat the *borscht* made from rotten meat partially infested with maggots.

APPENDIX

The Music of Erich Zann

By H. P. Lovecraft

I have examined maps of the city with the greatest care, yet have never again found the Rue d'Auseil. These maps have not been modern maps alone, for I know that names change. I have, on the contrary, delved deeply into all the antiquities of the place; and have personally explored every region, of whatever name, which could possibly answer to the street I knew as the Rue d'Auseil. But despite all I have done it remains an humiliating fact that I cannot find the house, the street, or even the locality, where, during the last months of my impoverished life as a student of metaphysics at the university, I heard the music of Erich Zann.

That my memory is broken, I do not wonder; for my health, physical and mental, was gravely disturbed throughout the period of my residence in the Rue d'Auseil, and I recall that I took none of my few acquaintances there. But that I cannot find the place again is both singular and perplexing; for it was within a half-hour's walk of the university and was distinguished by peculiarities which could hardly be forgotten by anyone who had been there. I have never met a person who has seen the Rue d'Auseil.

The Rue d'Auseil lay across a dark river bordered by precipitous brick bleak-windowed warehouses and spanned by a ponderous bridge of dark stone. It was always shadowy along that river, as if the smoke of neighbouring factories shut out the sun perpetually. The river was also odorous with evil stench which I have never smelled elsewhere, and which may some day help me to find it, since I should recognise them at once. Beyond the bridge were narrow cobbled streets with rails; and then came the ascent, at first gradual, but incredibly steep as the Rue d'Auseil was reached.

I have never seen another street as narrow and steep as the Rue d'Auseil. It was almost a cliff, closed to all vehicles, consisting in several places of flights of steps, and ending at the top in a lofty ivied wall. Its paving was irregular, sometimes stone slabs, sometimes cobblestones, and sometimes bare earth with struggling greenish-grey vegetation. The houses were tall, peaked-roofed, incredibly old, and crazily leaning backward, forward, and sidewise. Occasionally an opposite pair, both leaning forward, almost met across the street like an arch; and certainly they kept most of the light from the ground below. There were a few overhead bridges from house to house across the street.

The inhabitants of that street impressed me peculiarly. At first I thought it was because they were all silent and reticent; but later decided it was because they were all very old. I do not know how I came to live on such a street, but I was not myself when I moved there. I had been living in many poor places, always evicted for want of money; until at last I came upon that tottering house in the Rue d'Auseil, kept by the paralytic Blandot. It was the third house from the top of the street, and by far the tallest of them all.

My room was on the fifth story; the only inhabited room there, since the house was almost empty. On the night I arrived I heard strange music from the peaked garret overhead, and the next day asked old Blandot about it. He told me it was an old German viol-player, a strange dumb man who signed his name as Erich Zann, and who played evenings in a cheap theatre orchestra; adding that Zann's desire to play in the night after his return from the theatre was the reason he had chosen this lofty and isolated garret room, whose single gable window was the only point on the street from which one could look over the terminating wall at the declivity and panorama beyond.

Thereafter I heard Zann every night, and although he kept me awake, I was haunted by the weirdness of his music. Knowing little of the art myself, I was yet certain that none of his harmonies had any relation to music I had heard before; and concluded that he was a composer of highly

original genius. The longer I listened, the more I was fascinated, until after a week I resolved to make the old man's acquaintance.

One night, as he was returning from his work, I intercepted Zann in the hallway and told him that I would like to know him and be with him when he played. He was a small, lean, bent person, with shabby clothes, blue eyes, grotesque, satyr-like face, and nearly bald head; and at my first words seemed both angered and frightened. My obvious friendliness, however, finally melted him; and he grudgingly motioned to me to follow him up the dark, creaking, and rickety attic stairs. His room, one of only two in the steeply pitched garret, was on the west side, toward the high wall that formed the upper end of the street. Its size was very great, and seemed the greater because of its extraordinary bareness and neglect. Of furniture there was only a narrow iron bedstead, a dingy washstand, a small table, a large bookcase, an iron music-rack, and three old-fashioned chairs. Sheets of music were piled in disorder about the floor. The walls were of bare boards, and had probably never known plaster; whilst the abundance of dust and cobwebs made the place seem more deserted than inhabited. Evidently Erich Zann's world of beauty lay in some far cosmos of the imagination.

Motioning me to sit down, the dumb man closed the door, turned the large wooden bolt, and lighted a candle to augment the one he had brought with him. He now removed his viol from its moth-eaten covering, and taking it, seated himself in the least uncomfortable of the chairs. He did not employ the music-rack, but offering no choice and playing from memory, enchanted me for over an hour with strains I had never heard before; strains which must have been of his own devising. To describe their exact nature is impossible for one unversed in music. They were a kind of fugue, with recurrent passages of the most captivating quality, but to me were notable for the absence of any of the weird notes I had overheard from my room below on other occasions.

Those haunting notes I had remembered, and had often hummed and whistled inaccurately to myself; so when the player at length laid down his bow I asked him if he would render some of them. As I began my request the wrinkled satyr-like face lost the bored placidity it had possessed during the playing, and seemed to shew the same curious mixture of anger and fright which I had noticed when first I accosted the old man. For a moment I was inclined to use persuasion, regarding rather lightly the whims of senility; and even tried to awaken my host's weirder mood by whistling a few of the strains to which I had listened the night before. But I did not pursue this course for more than a moment; for when the dumb musician recognised the whistled air his face grew suddenly distorted with an expression wholly beyond analysis, and his long, cold, bony right hand reached out to stop my mouth and silence the crude imitation. As he did this he further demonstrated his eccentricity by casting a startled glance toward the lone curtained window, as if fearful of some intruder—a glance doubly absurd, since the garret stood high and inaccessible above all the adjacent roofs, this window being the only point on the steep street, as the concierge had told me, from which one could see over the wall at the summit.

The old man's glance brought Blandot's remark to my mind, and with a certain capriciousness I felt a wish to look out over the wide and dizzying panorama of moonlit roofs and city lights beyond the hill-top, which of all the dwellers in the Rue d'Auseil only this crabbed musician could see. I moved toward the window and would have drawn aside the nondescript curtains, when with a frightened rage even greater than before the dumb lodger was upon me again; this time motioning with his head toward the door as he nervously strove to drag me thither with both hands. Now thoroughly disgusted with my host, I ordered him to release me, and told him I would go at once. His clutch relaxed, and as he saw my disgust and offence his own anger seemed to subside. He tightened his relaxing grip, but this time in a friendly manner; forcing me into a chair, then with an appearance of wistfulness crossing to the littered table, where he wrote many words with a pencil in the laboured French of a foreigner.

The note which he finally handed me was an appeal for tolerance and forgiveness. Zann said that he was old, lonely, and afflicted with strange fears and nervous disorders connected with his music and with other things. He had enjoyed my listening to his music, and wished I would come again and not mind his eccentricities. But he could not play to another his weird harmonies, and could not bear hearing them from another; nor could he bear having anything in his room touched by another. He had not known until our hallway conversation that I could overhear his playing in my room, and now asked me if I would arrange with Blandot to take a lower room where I could not hear him in the night. He would, he wrote, defray the difference in rent.

As I sat deciphering the execrable French I felt more lenient toward the old man. He was a victim of physical and nervous suffering, as was I; and my metaphysical studies had taught me kindness. In the silence there came a slight sound from the window—the shutter must have rattled in the night-wind—and for some reason I started almost as violently as did Erich Zann. So when I had finished reading I shook my host by the hand, and departed as a friend. The next day Blandot gave me a more expensive room on the third floor, between the apartments of an aged money-lender and the room of a respectable upholsterer. There was no one on the fourth floor.

It was not long before I found that Zann's eagerness for my company was not as great as it had seemed while he was persuading me to move down from the fifth story. He did not ask me to call on him, and when I did call he appeared uneasy and played listlessly. This was always at night—in the day he slept and would admit no one. My liking for him did not grow, though the attic room and the weird music seemed to hold an odd fascination for me. I had a curious desire to look out of that window, over the wall and down the unseen slope at the glittering roofs and spires which must lie outspread there. Once I went up to the garret during theatre hours, when Zann was away, but the door was locked.

What I did succeed in doing was to overhear the nocturnal playing of the dumb old man. At first I would tiptoe up to my old fifth floor, then I grew bold enough to climb the last creaking staircase to the peaked garret. There in the narrow hall, outside the bolted door with the covered keyhole, I often heard sounds which filled me with an indefinable dread—the dread of vague wonder and brooding mystery. It was not that the sounds were hideous, for they were not; but that they held vibrations suggesting nothing on this globe of earth, and that at certain intervals they assumed a symphonic quality which I could hardly conceive as produced by one player. Certainly, Erich Zann was a genius of wild power. As the weeks passed, the playing grew wilder, whilst the old musician acquired an increasing haggardness and furtiveness pitiful to behold. He now refused to admit me at any time, and shunned me whenever we met on the stairs.

Then one night as I listened at the door I heard the shrieking viol swell into a chaotic babel of sound; a pandemonium which would have led me to doubt my own shaking sanity had there not come from behind that barred portal a piteous proof that the horror was real—the awful, inarticulate cry which only a mute can utter, and which rises only in moments of the most terrible fear or anguish. I knocked repeatedly at the door, but received no response. Afterward I waited in the black hallway, shivering with cold and fear, till I heard the poor musician's feeble effort to rise from the floor by the aid of a chair. Believing him just conscious after a fainting fit, I renewed my rapping, at the same time calling out my name reassuringly. I heard Zann stumble to the window and close both shutter and sash, then stumble to the door, which he falteringly unfastened to admit me. This time his delight at having me present was real; for his distorted face gleamed with relief while he clutched at my coat as a child clutches at its mother's skirts.

Shaking pathetically, the old man forced me into a chair whilst he sank into another, beside which his viol and bow lay carelessly on the floor. He sat for some time inactive, nodding oddly, but having a paradoxical suggestion of intense and frightened listening. Subsequently he seemed to be satisfied, and crossing to a chair by the table wrote a brief note, handed it to me, and returned to

the table, where he began to write rapidly and incessantly. The note implored me in the name of mercy, and for the sake of my own curiosity, to wait where I was while he prepared a full account in German of all the marvels and terrors which beset him. I waited, and the dumb man's pencil flew.

It was perhaps an hour later, while I still waited and while the old musician's feverishly written sheets still continued to pile up, that I saw Zann start as from the hint of a horrible shock. Unmistakably he was looking at the curtained window and listening shudderingly. Then I half fancied I heard a sound myself; though it was not a horrible sound, but rather an exquisitely low and infinitely distant musical note, suggesting a player in one of the neighbouring houses, or in some abode beyond the lofty wall over which I had never been able to look. Upon Zann the effect was terrible, for dropping his pencil suddenly he rose, seized his viol, and commenced to rend the night with the wildest playing I had ever heard from his bow save when listening at the barred door.

It would be useless to describe the playing of Erich Zann on that dreadful night. It was more horrible than anything I had ever overheard, because I could now see the expression of his face, and could realise that this time the motive was stark fear. He was trying to make a noise; to ward something off or drown something out—what, I could not imagine, awesome though I felt it must be. The playing grew fantastic, delirious, and hysterical, yet kept to the last the qualities of supreme genius which I knew this strange old man possessed. I recognised the air—it was a wild Hungarian dance popular in the theatres, and I reflected for a moment that this was the first time I had ever heard Zann play the work of another composer.

Louder and louder, wilder and wilder, mounted the shrieking and whining of that desperate viol. The player was dripping with an uncanny perspiration and twisted like a monkey, always looking frantically at the curtained window. In his frenzied strains I could almost see shadowy satyrs and Bacchanals dancing and whirling insanely through seething abysses of clouds and smoke and lightning. And then I thought I heard a shriller, steadier note that was not from the viol; a calm, deliberate, purposeful, mocking note from far away in the west.

At this juncture the shutter began to rattle in a howling night-wind which had sprung up outside as if in answer to the mad playing within. Zann's screaming viol now outdid itself, emitting sounds I had never thought a viol could emit. The shutter rattled more loudly, unfastened, and commenced slamming against the window. Then the glass broke shiveringly under the persistent impacts, and the chill wind rushed in, making the candles sputter and rustling the sheets of paper on the table where Zann had begun to write out his horrible secret. I looked at Zann, and saw that he was past conscious observation. His blue eyes were bulging, glassy, and sightless, and the frantic playing had become a blind, mechanical, unrecognisable orgy that no pen could even suggest.

A sudden gust, stronger than the others, caught up the manuscript and bore it toward the window. I followed the flying sheets in desperation, but they were gone before I reached the demolished panes. Then I remembered my old wish to gaze from this window, the only window in the Rue d'Auseil from which one might see the slope beyond the wall, and the city outspread beneath. It was very dark, but the city's lights always burned, and I expected to see them there amidst the rain and wind. Yet when I looked from that highest of all gable windows, looked while the candles sputtered and the insane viol howled with the night-wind, I saw no city spread below, and no friendly lights gleaming from remembered streets, but only the blackness of space illimitable; unimagined space alive with motion and music, and having no semblance to anything on earth. And as I stood there looking in terror, the wind blew out both the candles in that ancient peaked garret, leaving me in savage and impenetrable darkness with chaos and pandemonium before me, and the daemon madness of that night-baying viol behind me.

I staggered back in the dark, without the means of striking a light, crashing against the table, overturning a chair, and finally groping my way to the place where the blackness screamed with shocking music. To save myself and Erich Zann I could at least try, whatever the powers opposed to

me. Once I thought some chill thing brushed me, and I screamed, but my scream could not be heard above that hideous viol. Suddenly out of the blackness the madly sawing bow struck me, and I knew I was close to the player. I felt ahead, touched the back of Zann's chair, and then found and shook his shoulder in an effort to bring him to his senses.

He did not respond, and still the viol shrieked on without slackening. I moved my hand to his head, whose mechanical nodding I was able to stop, and shouted in his ear that we must both flee from the unknown things of the night. But he neither answered me nor abated the frenzy of his unutterable music, while all through the garret strange currents of wind seemed to dance in the darkness and babel. When my hand touched his ear I shuddered, though I knew not why—knew not why till I felt of the still face; the ice-cold, stiffened, unbreathing face whose glassy eyes bulged uselessly into the void. And then, by some miracle finding the door and the large wooden bolt, I plunged wildly away from that glassy-eyed thing in the dark, and from the ghoulish howling of that accursed viol whose fury increased even as I plunged.

Leaping, floating, flying down those endless stairs through the dark house; racing mindlessly out into the narrow, steep, and ancient street of steps and tottering houses; clattering down steps and over cobbles to the lower streets and the putrid canyon-walled river; panting across the great dark bridge to the broader, healthier streets and boulevards we know; all these are terrible impressions that linger with me. And I recall that there was no wind, and that the moon was out, and that all the lights of the city twinkled.

Despite my most careful searches and investigations, I have never since been able to find the Rue d'Auseil. But I am not wholly sorry; either for this or for the loss in undreamable abysses of the closely written sheets which alone could have explained the music of Erich Zann.

WWW.MARTIRIA.COM