

The Mountain of Immortality

Everywhere...

The Mountain of Immortality

(Text not included in the book)

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The Mountain of Immortality

texts & lyrics: *The Dolphin and the Gull*

Act I

[In a semi-dark room illuminated by the light of a lamp, in front of a large closed window, a young man sleeps on a simple bed. Next to him, on two other lower beds, two more people are sleeping whose faces cannot be discerned. At the edge of the room there is also a small wooden table with a chair.

His sleep is troublous. The raindrops are softly falling. In his sleep, a voice is heard:]

“Forged by dreams and love, is the Mountain of Immortality. People — white, black, yellow, all colors and races— are born one day in the foothills. Naked they are born. And as soon as they are born, they put on their clothes, their weapons and their ornaments and start moving upwards... But tangled are the roads and the souls of men. To the places where they started from they return, they have mud for food, oblivion for side dish. Yet there is a path that leaves the ground and rises step by step. No one knows where to find it, no one knows its beginning, nor what it hides at the top...”

[The voice is heard lower, fading away:]
 “Search... Where the oceans meet. Where the skies open...
 Search... Where logic fades... It is the Mountain of Immortality...
 Search... Climb... Climb...”

[The wind blows, a thunder is heard and the falling rain.
 The young man turns in his bed, restless in his sleep]



First song
 The Underworld

*[S(ky): At a higher point on the right side of the stage: the
 singer, dressed in a long white cloak.
 Ch(oir): At a higher point on the left side of the stage: a choir
 of four women dressed in long white cloaks]*

[S:] Like waves to which the sky gives birth,
 People are falling on the earth,
 Each one, another tiny drop,
 of rain.

Intoxicated by the void,
 Remembrance of their past destroyed,
 Leaving the sun waiting for them,
 in vain.

~refrain~

Love me...
 For once on this planet hit these drops,
 Hold me...
 They blur their dreams, shadow their hopes,

Utter their words, but do not speak,
 Their wit gets numb, their pace gets weak,
 For earth on which their lives unfold,
 To me is just the underworld.

[S+Ch:]
 So spread your wings against this fall,
 Where man becomes coward and small,
 Not fools, not wise, not good nor bad,
 Tears of the sky, turning to mud.

~end of refrain~

[S:] Like waves to which the sky gives birth,
People are falling on the earth,
Each one, another tiny drop,
of pain.

Intoxicated by the fall,
Not even seeing it at all,
Until reality completes,
its chain.

~refrain is repeated {Love me... ...turning to mud.}~

[Ch:] Heavenly soul, heavenly voice,
do mortals really have a choice?
Is inescapable our fate;
forever lost, forever late?

Heavenly soul, heavenly mind,
how could we ever be so blind?
Don't let us in this lightless sky,
forever crawl, forever lie...

[S:] I know the mud calls out for you,
I also know this isn't you.

For earth, of which, evil took hold,
To you is just, the underworld.

Hold me.



[The young man wakes up suddenly, sweaty and upset...
Around him the two young men are still sleeping... He wakes
them up in fear...]

— Did you hear? Did you? Who was talking to me?

— [Both young together:] Stop. Stop...

— Who was speaking?

— [Together:] Silence. Don't wake us from our sweetest
sleep... [They change sides in annoyance, lying on their beds]

— In a dream I saw the Sky talking to me... It had a hu-
man voice... And it had a tall-shaped figure... But I couldn't
see clearly the face that was calling me... If it was a face or a
ghost, I do not know...

— *[Together:]* Stop. So sweet, the dream we see...
[The first of the two:] Food and red water... It is a feast...
 Hands touching the body...
[The second one:] Sounds that move the ear... Stop... Sleep
 today...
[The first one:] Leave your worries for tomorrow...
[Together:] Hear the drops of rain... Hear its sweet lullaby...
 Sleep... Sleep...

*[While the others continue their sleep the young man
 begins to sing...]*



Second song
 A Drop

[Y: young man.

*W(ind): At a higher point on the right side of the stage: the
 same singer as in the previous song]*

[Y:] Am I a drop?
 Am I a lake?
 Am I the sea?

Wise wind, embrace me, speak to me,
 For eyes can fool, those who can see...

{ ...The wind is heard blowing softly... }

[W:] You are a drop,
 And so you'll stay,
 Until the day,
 the drop will say...

[Y:] Too tight my home, My dream too small,
 I cannot spend, life here no more,
 I need to go, I need to know,
 I need to grow, beyond this wall.

Am I a seed?
 Am I a flower?
 Am I the tree?

{ ...The wind is heard again, blowing stronger... }

Blow through my heart, and speak to me,
 For eyes can fool, those who can see...

[W:] *You are a seed,
And so you'll stay,
Until the day,
the seed will say...*

[Y:] Too tight my home, My dream too small,
I cannot spend, life here no more,
I need to go, I need to know,
I need to grow, beyond this wall.

[...The young man ties a diadem, a ribbon on his head...]

...I need to go, I need to know,
I need to grow, Beyond this wall...



[At the end of the song, he pushes the wall, which he occasionally touched while he sang, and the wall opens...]

Act II

[The young man, dressed in beautiful modest clothes and a cloak over his shoulders, walks an uphill road. He stops for a while, takes out a flask from the sack he carries, drinks water and continues...]

— How hot, this sun... It burns my body...

[He slowly takes off the cloak he wears and hangs it on his sack, remaining with his thin garment. He continues his way...]

How many days I walk... “...Where the oceans meet. Where the skies open...” I don’t know where! I found a road, on a land licked by the waves, a stone road and I’m walking upwards... My food is getting less, my water is running out, and yet this path has no end... But... a clearing... Yes... I descry a spring, among the trees... I hear the sound of the water...

[He pushes branches aside and reaches near the spring. There, filling a ewer with water, stands a beautiful girl, and around her a group of girls... As soon as she sees him, she

leaves the ewer, throws her linen cloak over her, raises the earthen pot again and turns her full body to face him]

— Good morning... [he says to her]

— Good morning...

— I've been walking upwards in the forest for a long time... I'm hungry... I'm thirsty... [He takes out his flask. He empties the remaining water it had inside, and holds it out to the girl to fill it for him. She pulls the ewer away from him, and nods politely towards the spring. The young man smiles and, leaning towards the spring, fills his flask from there. Then he drinks handfuls from the spring and turns back to the girl]

— Where am I?

— Next to a spring, on a slope...

— Does this spring, this place have a name?

— It's in the middle of nowhere... Don't search for a name, for it doesn't have one.

— Do you have a name? How do they call you?

— Fate...

— Strange name... Forgive me for saying so, but... You'd think it belongs to an old lady...

— Someday it will...

[The girl walks further away] What are you looking for,

here, in the wilderness?

— I saw in a vivid dream, a voice telling me that high above the joys and passions of men, is the Mountain of Immortality. No one knows where to find it, nor what it hides at the top, it told me... But everything in this dream moved me to walk upwards... Fate, is this path that I took the right one, is this the mountain, that I'm searching for?

— Perhaps. I have never seen the top, I don't know what to tell you about it. From where I am, I look down on the slopes – I don't know what's going on further upwards...

— And from here where you are, tell me what you see...

— I see the plains strewn with the woes and the joys of men. I see bodies rising and bending like ears of wheat. Bearing fruits and breaking. I see them fighting each day with the weather and with each other. Whispering to the wind their loves, their hopes and sorrows. Absorbing into their bodies the midday sun and the coolness of the night. Laughing and crying. Hugging and stabbing one another.

— Fate, what else do you see?...

— I see mothers feeding their children with life and death, and fathers clothing them with truth and falsity... I see chil-

dren playing with weapons and balls, with swords and ribbons. Making wreaths of flowers, while filling their hands with splinters and thorns. Making dreams out of mud, giving them life with their imagination. Believing in them, and then, growing up, they themselves murder and dismember them.

I see people writing poems, and being consumed by everyday life, talking about love and treat pain, praising the sun and harbor darkness in their hearts.

— What else do you see?...

— I see the earth weaving the forms of men and animals, and death unweaving them. I see a fabric of shadows and colors, struggling to escape from the loom and from its warp. That tries to create a form unknown to it, to find a melodic tune beyond the repetitive hum of the machine, a road superior to the snakelike entrapment of the shuttle.

Look for yourself... Look...

[The young man turns and looks towards the foothills... The girls around the spring, think aloud:]

“...praising the sun and harbor darkness in their hearts...”

[...and they begin to sing...]



Third song A-B-C

[choir of four: the girls accompanying Fate]

Back at the playground of our youth,
playing with words, we lost the truth,
Forgot it somewhere in the mud,
while growing old, and growing sad.

Is it the world or us to blame
for thinking life was just a game?

~refrain~

Starting again from A-B-C,
We've got to learn, what's right what's wrong,
So we can forge a better world,
And understand, what life might be.

Starting again from A-B-C,
We've got to weave a higher song,
Unveil the words, we kept untold,
Unlock our hearts, and melt the key...

~end of refrain~

Trying to create god from mud,
we added tears, sweat and blood,
Alas! This creature cannot speak,
it is our self we hide and seek.

Starting again from A-B-C,
We've got to learn, what's right what's wrong,
So we can forge a better world,
And understand, what life might be.

Starting again from A-B-C,
We've got to weave a higher song,
Unveil the words, we kept untold,
Unlock our hearts, and melt the key...

~the refrain is repeated once more~

Starting again from A-B- see...



[Y:] I have to go... I can't stay here anymore. [He drinks a little from his flask] This water does not quench my thirst. I have to move higher...

Act III

[Darkness around]

— I have walked for days. How many, I don't know any-more...

[Holding his sack in his hand, he sets it down, and leaving it behind him, carrying only his cloak on his shoulders, he continues his way]

— I have run out of food, I have run out of water. But I am not hungry, and I am not thirsty... The soles of my shoes have melted, on my feet I feel the rough skin of the earth... There is no road, there is no path... Darkness all around me, and yet it is not night, it is not day... And if it's cold, I don't feel cold, and if it's hot, I don't feel hot... What is this place I'm walking in? Who will tell me, in this land of silence?

[A light is faintly visible in the background. The young man walks towards it.

On a stone sits a man completely covered in a dark cloak,

and with a hood on his head. He's on the edge of the cliff]

— Good evening... [he says to him]

— ... [He does not answer]

— Where am I?

— On a slope...

— Does this slope have a name?

— This is where your world ends... Don't search for names to find.

— Do you have a name?

— ... [He does not answer]

— I saw in a vivid dream, a voice telling me that high above the joys and passions of men, is the Mountain of Immortality. No one knows where to find it, nor what it hides at the top, it told me... But everything in this dream moved me to walk upwards... Is this path that I took the right one, is this the mountain, that I'm searching for?

— Perhaps. I have never seen the top, I don't know what to tell you about it. From where I am, I look down on the slopes – I don't know what's going on further upwards...

— And from here where you are, tell me what you see...

— I see fire! Infants and vigorous bodies and aged limbs, coming off the soil and igniting. Homes and palaces, clay and fabrics, villages and cities, waters and seas burning. I see soil and wood, stone and metal, chisels and statues light up for a moment, go up in flames and disappear...

— What else do you see?...

— Their dreams and nightmares. Their hunger and greed... Their thirst and their satiety, like papers thrown into the fire. I see their hopes and fears, I see their leaders and soldiers, their bullets and cannons, their songs of peace and their battle cries. I see their blood and their tears, towering with the smoke... Everything, ashes rising trembling...

— What else do you see?...

— I see the stars and the planets with their plants and animals, the constellations that rise and fall on the horizon, the galaxies with their clouds on fire... I see the truth with the lie, the winners and the losers, the pure and the wicked, the brave and the cowardly, the clean and the hypocrites embracing in the all-subduing flames.

— What doesn't burn? [The young man asks, almost interrupting the hooded man with a booming voice]

What doesn't burn?

What remains?

[The hooded man pauses for a while]

— You, what do you want to remain?

— I want what's good, what's right, just, beautiful, pure to remain. I want what's true to remain. I want what's great, clean, wise to remain. I want compassion, affection and love to remain. I want knowledge to beat the flames and kindness oblivion.

And if they are to burn, I want them to burn last. And I want them... to meet less pain.

Tell me, What remains? What remains of the fire of the world?

[The hooded man rises from his seat and approaches the young man]

— Man, little man, you look as if You want to be saved from the fire... Because you create art and beauty and treasure your glittering riches, do you really think you deserve it?

Man, who do you think you are in your essence?



Fourth song
Man, little man

[Y: young man.
H: hooded man]

[Y:] — I am the creature who dared stand
on its two legs ploughing the land.
I won the beasts, I tamed the fire,
The world has bowed to my desire...

[H:] — Man, little man,
you sound so brave,
And yet, you're nothing but a slave.
Man, little man, you sound so strong,
And yet, you've been weak all along.

You may have travelled a long way,
But is your soul cleaner today?

[Y:]— Animals live, give birth and die,
 They do not speak, they do not cry.
 They disappear without a trace,
 They are the masks, I am the face!

[The hooded man takes off his hood. He is also a handsome young man]

[H:] — Man, little man,
 you sound so wise,
 And yet, you're only telling lies.
 Man, little man, remove your face,
 For it is in our hearts our grace.

You may have travelled a long way,
 But is your soul cleaner today?

...

Man, little man, I am the soul,
 Which dreamt the sky and met the fall.
 Forget your trickeries and lies,
 So we can rise, to our true size.

You may have travelled a long way,
 But is your soul cleaner today?

[...an instrumental section takes place here...]

~~~~~ as if speaking: ~~~~~

Man unspeakably small,  
 Man, fake god,

Life isn't but a flash of light,  
 Into the darkness of the night,

And in the mirror for a moment only,  
 Your figure will be standing lonely.

Before the wind blows out the candle,  
 Face there the truth you couldn't handle,

In vain things gold, in vain talks told,  
 In vain, the treasures of the world.

~~~~~

[Y:] *...I may have travelled a long way,
 But is my soul clean today?*



[H:] — You asked me what remains of the fire of the world...

[Raising his hand he points forward and upwards]

Beyond this limit, beyond and above me, lies the answer that you seek. If you'll be able to see it. At the edge of the cliff, the bridge whose one end touches the Mountain and the other end fades into the void, starts from the very beginning of time. The bridge which reaches that non-existent place where fragments unite and disappear... I don't know anything else to tell you about that place.

But you cannot cross this age-old bridge. No one ever has nor can ever cross it.

— Why?

— This aerial bridge cannot be reached, cannot be stepped on, cannot be bypassed. And it cannot be tricked...

You are too heavy; too heavy and too foolish to bear you. While still being alive, you have to leave everything behind you. Otherwise it will crumble at your touch. First, you need to weigh yourself...

— Weigh myself? [he asks in surprise]

— Yes, on the scale...

— But... Where is this scale?

[The hooded man smiles, without answering immediately. Finally he says:]

— Everywhere...

[As the young man looks all-around him, the “hooded man” puts his hood back on and disappears, as the lights go out completely]

Act IV

[The lights gradually increase in brightness, while the young man still looks around him. There is now before him, there at the edge of the cliff, a young girl dressed in gold.]

Behind them, on a steep, concave rise of the rock, lies the one end of the bridge (the rest disappears in the distance).

Next to the girl is a large pan on which a person can stand. It is one of the two pans of a huge scale. The other pan is not discernible, but we understand its existence because half of the scale's horizontal axis disappears beyond the scene]

— Who are you? [he asks]

— Who are you looking for?

[For some time the young man does not answer. He finally speaks:]

— I saw in a vivid dream, a voice telling me that high above the joys and passions of men, is the Mountain of Immortality. No one knows where to find it, nor what it hides at the top, it told me... But everything in this dream moved me to walk up-

wards... Is this path that I took the right one, are you the one I'm searching for?

— No.

Like those you passed on your way... So do I also guard her threshold...

— Who do you guard it from?

— From the dirty hands of men.

[Pause]

— Have you crossed the bridge?

— No. Maybe one day I'll cross it...

[Pause]

— You who stand higher, tell me what you see from the world of the mortals?

— I can not see anything. I am blind.

— Then you can be deceived...

— Eyes deceive. This is why people are dazzled by the lie.

— Then, let me see the truth...

[The girl steps aside, pointing simultaneously to the pan of the scale. At the same moment she says:]

— ...It is the road of no return... The road of sacrifice.



Fifth song
Undress yourself

*[S(c)ale]: the young girl.
Ch(oir): the four girls dressed in white cloaks, appearing
silently at the edge of the stage]*

[Ch:] There is a pair of scales, made of gold,
that isn't part of this small world.

Whoever brave enough would be,
to stand on one end, he would see...

His real self, his actual weight,
and choose to change or not his fate...

[S:]
Undress yourself
From all your clothes,
From all your money,
— The scale knows...

Remove your jewels,
Remove your skin,
It only weighs
What lies within...

Undress yourself
And come to me...
Don't fear the truth...
Fear, not to see.

Undress yourself,
And come to me...

[Ch:] There is a pair of scales, made of gold,
that isn't part of this small world.

On one end the weight is set,
the size a human ought to get.

~refrain is repeated {Undress yourself, from all your clothes... ..And come to me.}~

[S:] *Who's going up, who's going down?
Who weighs less, who weighs more?
There is no justice in this world
But in my world there's evermore...*

[...The young man steps on the scale...]

Undress yourself
And come to me...
Don't fear the truth...
Fear, not to see.

Before it's late...

Undress yourself
And come to me.



[S:] — The shoes of separation have already melted this far you've come...

Take them off and throw them off the cliff...

[He takes them off, and lets them fall down the cliff. If such a thing cannot be portrayed on stage, then he simply lets them fall from the pan, but the same in meaning]

— The cloak of arrogance.

Take it off and throw it off the cliff.

[He takes it off, and lets it fall down the cliff]

— The garment of selfishness and self-interest.

Take it off and throw it off the cliff.

[Likewise, he remains with only a thin cloth around his waist, for theatrical purposes, but naked in meaning]

— The necklace of matter.

Take it off and throw it off the cliff.

[Likewise, and every time he lets something fall down the cliff, the pan goes up a little higher]

— The ring of knowledge.

Take it off and throw it off the cliff.

— The ring of lust and desire.

Take it off and throw it off the cliff.

— The bangle of fear.
Take it off and throw it off the cliff.

— The bangle of habit and shame.
Take it off and throw it off the cliff.

— The diadem of love.
Take it off and throw it off the cliff.
[He removes it, kisses it, and lets it fall down the cliff]

[The axis of the scale thus rises to a horizontal level and its pan reaches the level of the bridge. The voices of the female choir are heard saying again:]

*“...On one end the weight is set,
the size a human ought to get...”*

[The young man, now naked with only a white cloth around his waist, slowly extends his leg and steps on the bridge. And then, opening his two hands wide, he slowly walks onto it, while from the other side of the bridge comes now abundant light]

Act V

The young man reaches the other end of the bridge. He has his hands down. The light in the room is now low, dim. In the background, however, brightly lit, there is a human figure sitting on a seat which cannot be distinguished, as it is completely covered by the white multi-fold cloth that she wears. Her entire body is fully covered. Her head is turned sideways, as if looking down, and covered with a white veil.

Diffused is the sound of silence.

[A translucent wall rises between them. On it, slowly alternating, moving or not, the forms of beings are projected. Blooming flowers, deer, wolves, shoals of fish, people young and old, men, women, planets, galaxies, stones simple or colorful, carnivorous and herbivorous animals, raindrops, ants, elephants, whales, dolphins, gulls, butterflies...]

The young man walks slowly towards the translucent wall, while the figures continue to be projected.

[...people dressed in clothing reminiscent of different cul-

tures, waves, algae, single-celled organisms, magnified snowflakes, musical instruments, books, cups, seeds, volcanic eruptions, lava, panthers, giraffes, bears, bees, termites, snakes, sharks, penguins, seals, birds, hens, peacocks, leaves, foliage, flowers...]

The young man slowly approaches the wall, one hand outstretched. As he touches the wall, the wall rises and goes away, while the forms of the beings continue to be projected onto the white garment of the figure in the background.

Hand lowered, he walks slowly towards the figure who now turns her veiled face to face him and calmly rises to her feet.

[Images stop being projected]

The young man slowly takes hold of the edge of her veil and, finally, with a sharp movement, pulls it from her face, which cannot be seen because the whole space, at the same time, is flooded with blinding light.

For a short time a song is heard, without words, just soft, sweet female voices, which also serve as a transition to the next act.

Act VI

[While the voices now fade away, the young man suddenly wakes up in his bed, in the exact same setting as in the beginning, as if it had all been a dream. He sits up in his bed breathing heavily, upset and crying. Naked as he is—in the same clothes as he was in the previous scene, while at the beginning of the play he was more heavily dressed—he gets up from his bed, and throws a thin garment over him. Still agitated, he turns to the two youths who are still sleeping and speaks loudly:]

— Wake up! Wa...! [...he stops abruptly...]

Wa.....

[He stops talking, and remembers—they are heard—the words they had first said, in the beginning, when he had first tried to wake them up]

*“Silence. Don’t wake us from our sweetest sleep...
Stop. So sweet, the dream we see... Food and red water...”*

Hands touching the body...

Sleep today... Leave your worries for tomorrow...

Sleep..."

— How can I talk to them? What can I tell them to make them understand? What can I tell them so that they won't mock it? So that they won't spend their whole lives sleeping.

Not lull their children and grandchildren into slumber. How can I tell them that while they sleep, evil dominates the world? That the pain will never end?

Who will help me?

[He looks around him in despair. His gaze falls on the pencil and the sheet of paper left on the small table further away]

— Pencil. Pencil, help me... Pencil help me erase the inner darkness of men.

You, who have written so much... You, who keep people's thoughts and actions.

Please, help me pull them upwards.

[Sitting at the table and with his hand outstretched towards the pencil he begins to sing...]



Sixth song
Second chance

[Y: young man.

P(encil): At a higher point on the left side of the stage, diametrically opposite the table: the singer, dressed in a long white cloak.

Ch: choir, but not appearing, only their voices]

[Y:] — Humble pencil write to me a story,
For in you breathes the greatest glory,
Tell me the line that's on your mind,
The dream your heart searches to find...

[P:] — People just use me when they write,
They play with me, they love, they fight,
In all my life I dreamed their dreams,
I have no dream of mine it seems.

Yet if I had to write a story,
It wouldn't be a tale of glory,
For glory and all its shine is fake,
And all it brings, the time will take.

[Y:] — Humble pencil write to me a story,
For no sceptre had a greater glory.
Is there a poem, a verse, a rime,
that can reverse the hands of time?

[P:] — People just use me when they write,
In my black heart they search their light,
Yet all their life echoes the same;
greed, ego, wars for reign and fame.

So if I had to write a story,
It wouldn't be a tale of glory.
Instead I'd put a small full stop,
To all the writing, and on top
of that, turn backwards and delete,
The words man struggled to complete,
Up to the place, the time, the day,
He took the wrong turn on his way.

[Ch:] *Is there a poem, a verse, a rime,
that can reverse the hands of time?*

...

[P:] I put myself back in your hand
Hoping this time you'll understand,
Though poorly you had chosen once,
You will not waste this second chance.

[Ch:] *Though poorly you had chosen once,
Please do not waste this second chance.*



[With the pencil clenched in his fist, and resting on his
chest, he turns slowly to the world and begins the last song...]



Seventh song
To All the Young

*[The young man sings first, and as he goes on, the rest of the
heroes of the play join in and sing with him]*

To all the young, who fill the land...
Without yet knowing, where they stand...

Earth is a mountain you must climb,
In soul, in body, and in mind...

[+ Sky/Pencil]
There is no path that you can take,
Only the path that you create.

[+ Hooded man]
Men, women, beasts, head for the peak,
But you'll be strong, as they were weak...

[+ Fate, while at the same time the young men who were
sleeping begin to wake up]
Forget the lies, your parents said,
For you're alive, they're breathing dead.

[+ Choir + the two young men]
Don't sit and wait, as they would like,
Unite as one, in love unite...
And block the roads, And move mankind...
Unroot the wrong, Replant the light...

[+ Scale]
No man is poor, No nation owes,
Wealth needs a leash, Fulfil these laws.

The time is now,
The place is here,
Climb to the top,
And do not fear.

*Each fallen soul,
A burning tear,
A dream destroyed,
A stream unclear..*

*Each risen soul,
A trauma healed,
A riddle solved,
A truth revealed...*

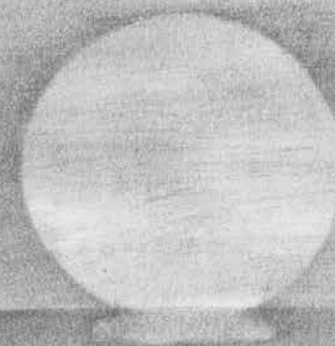
The time is now,
The place is here,
Climb to the top,
And do not fear.



The Dolphin and the Gull

(When two suns meet,
then two worlds unite for ever.)

...A dolphin dreaming of the world above the surface of the sea and a gull drawn by the depths. Met on a sunset, when the sun meets its reflection on the water, they will leave for a trip of knowledge, against the constraints of their own nature.



— *I will fly for you...*
— *And I will swim for you...*

Touch me...

...We are only the two sides of a coin. Tell me about you! Tell me what you look like. I am the other side of you...

...It sung the first notes and stopped full of shame. It wouldn't want to be seen, to be heard! It was a melody for younger pianos...

...And it was my first time seeing so many gathered blue planets. White and blue, with yellow suns at the edge of their dream...

...A book with no name and content, that was shouting to the other books and was calling them near it, till tears dissolved its empty pages...

The blue butterfly

(...To those whose small bodies, big wings they wear...)

A butterfly of strange beauty drawn to her destination. Enriched by the forest voices, she will enter an impressive castle — an immortal world of butterflies, ruled by a gentle king. He will trap her. He will take her to his tallest tower. Undisclosed there, in numerous frames on his wall, is the rarest collection of precious butterflies.

She will be forced to choose either to fly for him in his gardens or to be put to death. He will be forced to see that no one can obtain what cannot be possessed...



*...I've always been waiting for you. Before everything,
I felt deep inside me that you'd come someday...*

Φύγε από τη γη (Οι άνθρωποι νεκροί...)
— δίγλωσση έκδοση —
12 στίχοι

*Στης νιότης πίσω τη δροσιά,
μέσα στην παιδική χαρά,
Με λέξεις παίζοντας και πάθος,
ξεχάσαμε σωστό και λάθος...*

The Underworld
— bilingual edition —
12 lyrics

*Back at the playground of our youth,
playing with words, we lost the truth,
Forgot it somewhere in the mud,
while growing old, and growing sad...*

The Blackboard

...You are still young. Your body has not yet undergone the deformation of gravity and in your gaze infinity still shimmers.

Your wings, those unready, rudimentary wings await above all the blood of your heart to be blooded and strengthened. To dare to defy every wind. The choice of your course and the height of the flight lie ahead of you.

Don't be afraid of the sun...

Everywhere Absent
— in film version & in play version —

*I dreamed of Man as a fortress no wrong could conquer,
no scheme seduce, no evil penetrate. A tree no wicked wind
could bend. Each one, a Sun of Wisdom...*

The books, the lyrics and various extras —including additional information on “To All the Young”— are provided in several languages on...

www.b00k.gr
(written with zeroes)