

## **The Ragamuffin. [The book of the images][2008]**

### **The ragamuffin, Images among other images:**

Jazz.

The jazz is the:  
scene that can be seen,  
words that can be heard,  
hands that can be felt.  
The jazz is the:  
sky that can be seen,  
sea that can be heard,  
wind that can be felt.  
The jazz is the:  
pain that can be seen,  
joy that can be heard,  
the love that can be felt.

The natural inclination.

The natural inclination is like a jazz band which because jazz artists, put something magic or an atmosphere in every line, typical of the jazz music, and because jazz artists they usually are common to improvise whose the jazz atmosphere is made of after all; and one day a musician of some other genre want to join this jazz band, but because is not a jazz artist, he can't recreate the same jazz atmosphere or when they improvise he should take a minute to learn by heart the improvisation, losing the moment of that magic moment or Jazz atmosphere whose the jazz is made of after all.

The old school.

Until the 80's the jazz is been played with classic instruments like the 40s, the modernity of the sounds was due by the artistes genius, creativity and society's deep observe minds, after the 80's the jazz is been played with electric [rock] instruments, which was kind of revolutionary at the time, and even in this case, the modernity of the sounds was due by the artistes genius, creativity and society's deep observe minds. Today to be at same pace of the era, the jazz would be played with the aid of computers, to reflect the sign of the times, which of, usually the jazz is the main scope. But, by the careful listening, (and partly less) honest observation or listening, we can find old classical jazz compositions, quite modern or sometimes still too modern for nowadays, and modern electric jazz composition (well I mean the 80's modern jazz), is quite modern or sometimes still too modern for nowadays also. Today, with the exception of great composers, like Davies or Coleraine, and basically the last century classic

Jazz school in USA, the jazz is quite banal, or empty, like a painting representing nothing, just a white empty frame or retro', it's like a very good music but suitable, the best, in grand galas or restaurants or in places like 'love boat' where the audience is more appropriate, not certainly for jazz music experts, classic composers and musicologists in general, if there are still around anyway, it would be like somebody playing a Billy Cobham piece of music in front to Billy Cobham, it would be out of place and a little embarrassing too, maybe devastating somehow, that's more or less the today's jazz. Every jazz artist which made changes in the jazz and in the classic music, [I mean the after World War II classic music] which goes directly parallel to the jazz and also to other genres, like blues, rock and so on, for example The Hip-Hop beat is based on a jazz beat of a modern blues 'Tutu'; anyway, all these genres acquired sounds, rhythms and different or new dynamics whose the jazz was and is the generator of, well, every jazz artist, I was saying before, was right in the right time; today Dizzy Gillespie, which he's among ones that I love the most, wouldn't be in the right time. Anyway, today, also, the jazz could paint or describe the reality and the society which we are living and belong, even with classic instruments, but would be need a sensibility and love for the jazz and the music in general, more then 40 or 50 years ago, because of the computers and other technological devices. It's like today scientists that, after 3000 years, still don't fully or completely understand the meaning of Aristotle, Pythagoras, Euclid, Des Cartes, Newton and Einstein's works and thoughts. Maybe the scientists of another planet could, one day. In simple words this 3000 years old school is still too modern for nowadays.

The music.

Ever since I never considered the music more important of painting or other interests of mine and so I never thought was my main interest; I never treated it like the last anyway, in fact I treated it in the very same way I treated the painting, programming, my researches or writing, which for me it's been a recent discovery. Anyway, in the artistic form of communication I always preferred the painting, and probably I will always do, it's something difficult to describe, it's not like the other human manifestations, well, the mine at least, I can't decide the time or the place or anything in advance, it's like a rush or kind of 'strum und drang', I don't even think it happens by itself, I don't go to the colors and brushes but they comes to me, I don't say: "hey, tomorrow I'm going to paint!", I can stay years without touching the brushes and suddenly one morning I wake up, take the brushes, take the colors and paint, and that's it, that's the way I always painted, (I paint), and I always will paint, and because I paint since tender age, I can tell the true about this my way or approach with the figurative forms of communications, in other words my painting is stronger then me, wherever it comes it come from the deepest an the most unknown part of myself, that's why I consider my painting more important. It's not like writing,

programming or playing music, it's not like that, It is something that, even if I like or not, happens, thing very difficult to explain by spoken words, imagine with written ones. Anyway, I always treated the music like I treat everything I do, I never had a favourite band player or the electric bass guitar or guitar or sax or piano band favourite, I was never able to listen the music in this way, mostly my favourite artistes are Jazz solo artistes and Jazz bands, but every time I listened the music I listen the music, for example I always loved Miles Davies, but I never listened Miles Davies but the Miles Davies music, which was made of many artistes, and I never stayed to listen to the trumpet only, well unless the music was composed to be performed in the 'tacet' and the pause rhythm. It's like watching a picture, I don't watch just a part of it. So I really, never had a Bass Guitar, Guitar, Drums, Sax, Piano and Trumpet Idol or favourite, because I listened the music, well, many artistes are and will be my master for ever, but I never listened the music like that, even if strongly influenced. I loved them for what they were, I mean what they thought or said, for their personality, through the music, I would have had loved them even if they were writers or painters or engineers or scientists and for the same reason. I can't distinguish, Bass or Drums or Guitar and I don't want to, for me the music is that, if I listen music and I could distinguish the bass, the guitar and the drums, well, I would say I listened the bass, the guitar and the drums. I had or better, I have pop music books, and when I practised a bit I practised on them, which I considered simpler respect the ones I was used to listen, but just as practice, instead practising with Beethoven or Mozart, I practised with old Springsteen, Guns and Roses, Nirvana and Prince music lines, I took them like music books of 'solfeggio' with the CD as metronome, that's the way I practised. While the way I always played music, was in a different way, I started to play a simple tune I never played and then starting to building on that very same tune, and then changing that tune and then starting to build on that very tune and than the way round; sometimes like lucidly I knew every step in advance, like a paint studied a lot in my mind, I mean the way I really wanted; sometimes playing the music was like a rush or blush which I couldn't refrain myself, yes, started from a tune as well, but maybe because the nature of that very tune, instead like building on that tune it was like or destroying or getting lost from that tune and at the end reborn or found again, like sometimes happen with my painting, I start to paint, like with fury and in 10 minutes (I kind I like in that way the paint result) I finish it, like 'Die mode' or 'Angel' and that's what gives the music, my music this or that kind of expression or sense when I listen it.

The renders.

I strongly doubt that any kind of music could be properly or decently rendered by anyone, except classic music maestros and Jazz masters.

Black or white?

The music is an expression of the human being feelings so belongs to the art, now, art is art if it is an absolute and infinite concept or respect this low, and unity principle otherwise it become just politics, it wouldn't be different from a politician trying to convince the mass on a stage, and because absolute and infinite belongs and embrace all the human beings, white, black Orientals. So, what is the meaning of white Jazz and black Jazz is a kindly way to say: "This yes that no!" or what! Although there are been precursors of the Jazz, in metrics, rhythms and schemes like Brahms and later Coleman, so many, many years before the Jazz as we know. But the Jazz was born as black people music, not belonging to the classic any more like the main music of that time but something completely new, the jazz music ran deep in the blood stream of the Black generation of the 40/50s and still does, even if they don't know that, because it was the pure and genuine and only way of expression and freedom of black people, and with the Jazz the black people generation of the 40/50s discovered or conquered their equality in the world as human being, citizens and culture and intellectuals so it was not just music but more, much much more than that. The Jazz, even if cannot be labelled black otherwise would be discriminative as well, is part of the American black community, as I said it ran deeply in their blood, like it was the very their own land, theirs and nobody but theirs, the fact of labelling the Jazz as White Jazz, it is, somehow, like someone that want to take possess of a land which doesn't really belong to him, Jazz is OK, but just Jazz, otherwise it would be like South African Soul, Soul all right, but ... , you know, doesn't matter how clean or what, it seems always dirty, and a Brazilian one, doesn't matter how dirty or what it seems, always clean, it's like that. Beside the point, Jazz is more important of what we ever think, Jazz means giant steps. To end this, white music? It's like saying 'Music Funk' without a single black man player, this is the white music.

The black girl.

In a white man world, man world, political, cultural and artistic white man, man world, a black girl is worth one million white man, man people! And maybe more.

The modern music.

In the modern music there are three fundamental categories of musicians: the easy listening music, the classic music and the jazz one.

In the easy listening music, the musician is like a blind who reads with his hands. The 'modern' classic music musician [to prefix that for that I intend the executors and not the composers, which today could be considered part of the modern Jazz or the very parallel ones] is like someone who needs glasses to read. The modern Jazz musician [to prefix that for that I

intend Davis, Evans, Mingus etc. ] is like someone who has a very good eye sight.

The coach.

In the Jazz music every single player, even small, is a coach on his own.

The respectful man.

This is not a song or words put on music lines! In a world full of stars and miracles, I never stayed watching at only one! This is the only thing where there isn't possibly need to talk about! But because of 'all this Jazz', I'll talk about it anyway! But only once, this once! I'm sorry if I am not dressed properly, but I think that's the way we are and not we look that matters! I'm a respectful man over all human communication expressions, so I respect even the way that takes care of the form over its contains! In other words, because I belong to the generation that I belong, my body has absorbed 'all this jazz' anyway, actively or passively, so doesn't matter what I want to do 'all that Jazz' will always transpire trough it anyway! The Jazz that has been doing the last 15 years, is been the one taking care of the form over its contains forgetting that the meaning of Jazz is to express an emotion and describe it or paint it with musical notes combinations, but because the descriptive part of it, is based on emotions it's more a feeling rather than playing, that's why the jazz is a way to be and not a way to do, that's why many jazz band today don't even know they're not playing jazz at all, even if perfect! Today I consider very close to the Jazz only movie tracks and movie music background and a few exceptions, that in this case, even if they don't play jazz they're 'jazzing', in terms of emotions expressed through sounds! Don't forget that it's the year 2008, so, the Jazz today cannot resemble to the 70s one even if the players want to, I mean, in term of communication power, because is like a language, you have to live it to comprehend it, and in the same way works almost everything! So, the Jazz is the way it is and not the way it looks! But there is nothing wrong to try to make it in the way it looks! What I'm saying is a little Smokey! I mean the human psyche is just like smoke or fog, floating like a butterfly, it's hard already trying to getting out our own smoke or fog, imagine others one! Enough to say about the Jazz from me! But let's tell about this little scary story that happened to me in the village where I rose, Halloween Town! It was the last autumn when I went to the cemetery to pay visit to may grandfathers, well, it was long time I was away from home and many things had been changed, anyway, I couldn't find the chapel where my deads were resting, and I saw one very resembling and I thought it was it! I was wrong! Anyway I was really convinced it was it, so convinced, that whilst entering I said laud: "Hello, Granddad, sorry if I don't bring you any candle or flowers, or prays to the god, but I can make a cleaning up to the alter and a sweep to the floor for you!". But when I got inside, I saw something that I

still don't know how I slept the nights after! There were several sheets rolling dead people wrapped by ropes, dozens, stacked one over the other on one side of the chapel, at the beginning I couldn't recognize they were dead people because those bodies looked very small, but quickly I recognized them from the smell, and by a target hanging over, saying the people, date of birth and the date of death! But that wasn't all! That chapel had a chamber downstairs with the gate wide open, and I think I saw a body unwrapped in the dark, it looked like the head, the neck and shoulder of a skeleton with still some skin attached to it, whose open wide eyes appeared to be just looking at me. Well right then I said to myself: "go and find your grandfathers chapel!" and so I did. So, that's it, the now days is a word of spoken words and not of written thoughts, if people could read people's mind, you know, they would know who's the murderer!  
Colin McCormick Wednesday, 22 August 2008

The Classic.

I wonder that in the world is not been studied in the classic music colleges and universities many modern great composers yet, the only ones the last century really had, I mean, to name one: "Charles Mingus". Well, that explains and doesn't surprise me, that many places in the old and new world did never have and will never have their own Beethoven, Mozart and Vivaldi.

Even if.

What is been cannot be 'is not been', even if it is destroyed, buried, erased or killed.

The Ragamuffin.

To really be Colin 'the Ragamuffin' McCormick there must be doing or be done what Colin 'the Ragamuffin' McCormick did, not emulating what Colin 'the Ragamuffin' McCormick did, this is the only and only way to be really 'Colin' 'the Ragamuffin' 'McCormick' or 'whoever' 'whatever' 'something', anyway.

Things.

There are things that cannot be learnt [taught], but only discovered.

The song.

There are four kinds of songs:  
the poetic which belongs to anyone because universal, general values felt by anyone, or common to anyone, and it's like a movie or a flashback; the politic which belongs only to a few because partial, particular values felt only by a certain part or group, so not common to anyone, and it's like a complain or a lamentation that goes on for ages; the puerile which belongs to a very young,

or mediocre class of the society, it is not universal and particular either because its absolute emptiness and futility of contains and common only to this part of the society because their contains are what their maturity or cultural grade could comprehend, and it's like a talk that goes on for hours and hours. The personal which belongs to the person himself, because that, it's value is particular but taken as unit of one, sometimes introspective, sometimes love song because it's unit of one value, they are the measurement unit of the universal and infinite, according to the genuinely and purity of the feelings in the song, they're like our first kiss or the jokes of our best friend.

Poetry.

The poetry is composed by one or by the unity of several rhythmic units or a cadence which is the metric and could have infinite combinations, so fundamentally the music is poetry expressed in audio waves instead, because the music also has a metric just like the poetry, and both follow the very same logic, a phrase or rhythmic and melodic unit and the logic concatenation of more phrases, and just like a poetry and its logic, the logic concatenation of more phrases makes a period, which in poetry gives a logical and periodic sense, and in music also, the concatenation of more periods give a compositions, which in poetry gives the poetic composition and in music the music composition, as deduction of all this the music is poetry and the way round also.

Gospel.

The mixing the sacred with the profane (in the general sense of it) is like a Gospel whose we cannot hear the choir in the background.

Improvisations and solos.

Pure improvisations and solos give the sense of creation and creator's emotion in time and space.

Learnt improvisations and solos give the vague memory of creation and creator's emotion in a far or passed by time and space.

The first is like a flame, the second is like spending a very warm day at home inside.

Learning an improvisation or a solo could be a practising exercise but is better learning it by listening carefully the Jazz player music in its totality and not the instrument improvisation only or the classic music player music in its totality and not the instrument solo only and trying to create an our own sound, if we cannot feel that flame all around our body at least it would be like, staying cool and refreshed when spending a very worm day at home inside.

It's like the difference between the working someone's land and working the own land; in the first case we just work the land in the second case we work at it as a painter make a painting, that's

all.

Dance music.

Dizzy Gillespie was not the inventor of the Jazz (Bebop , Boogie Wogie, the orchestral versions) but of the dance music, today we still dance on that very music pattern.

The truly American art form.

Jazz is the truly American art form, no doubt about that, so the very and only, honestly, American art, consequently who wants to kill the jazz, wants to inflict in the very American art.

The pen.

All the Jazz masters, majors and minors have one and only one thing in common and that's the pen.

I.

I never judged a person for what he says or thinks but only and only for what he has done and does.

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L'etude.

Since a sound, style and even improvisation and finally composition depends some how from the instruments we play, the form and construction of the instrument itself takes us on obliged patterns. So, a kind of music can be in a certain way merely thanks to the instrument itself, even the key used more often could depend on the instrument's form itself; in classic music, for example, the style of Vivaldi was not the same of Beethoven, and their music had followed different patterns, the first the violin's, the second the piano's, but this not all, we have to consider even the mind and the mood which gave to that sounds patterns character and atmosphere and at the end all flew into a composition or symphony, for example Strauss was a master of the Waltzer, so the only dance music until 50 years ago and still conditioning melodically the modern one some how, the Mozart music was very descriptive, the 'il matrimonio di Figaro' was some how an auto biographical theme, Vivaldi was like a painter, even his dance music or Tarantella, which came from the street but in his hands was elevated to the art dignity, it was like a painting, the Beethoven music on the other hand was introspective, so deep that went beyond the music itself. In the Jazz is not too different from the Classic music; the masters of the past, like Parker or Mingus or Coltrane, if they could live today, they wouldn't listen anything new, or that they didn't do already or familiar to or part of their music 'studio' or 'etude' .

The harmony.

I never really studied music, I mean theoretically. When I was a teen ager the only music theory I studied were a couple of books, one about 'solfeggio', or the music division and subdivision, that involved reading simple music lines and a metronome, so it was learning about the various andante, presto and so and another about the music jumps and the various scales, well, since then because the life events, the music became the last of my thoughts, at least until a few years ago my wife brought me a Fender Precision Bass Guitar as a Christmas present, well, to be honest I don't know if bless her or curse he, just kidding; anyway as I was saying I completely forgot about the music and that's means for almost 10 years, so I certainly can't read music, well I can, but not reading and playing, and certainly I can't write the music, well I can, but every line takes me hours. Anyway I often ask myself when I listen to the nature and even to the urbanized place as part of the nature, but mostly when I listen to the nature; all the sounds in the natural word are rumours, but they sound to me so graceful and so sweets, that human being music in comparison sounds like a rumour, no music in the word can give the emotion of listening the sounds or rumours of the natural universe, like if all the creatures, matter, and atmospheric elements where in perfect harmony, if I had to represent it with a mathematical concept, the only thing that comes in my mind would be a circle, because the sweetness and grace even when the nature turns nasty, is something where I can't possibly see anything out of place or angles or squares or polygons, no, it's a kind of harmony that

resemble to a circle.

This observation brought me to think that in the nature to a natural beat, taken as creature sound, atmospheric element sound, matter itself sound (even if we can't hear it but every object that involve movement such as an electron produce a sound), follows another and another and another always in harmony, never out of place, even if the nature is made of rumours, it's like an infinite rhythm or a logarithm infinite. I don't know, I never studied, I mean, really, the music, I always considered painting more important, but for me in the natural word, universe and in the matter itself, if all this nature's rumours, which are infinite, follow an always identical or infinitive beat or rhythm [taken as a time interval], well, they do not produce rumours but music, the universe music or creatures, elements and matter itself harmony. So if a rumour or sound follows a rhythmic mechanism produces music if not produces rumours, or that's what I deduced from the observation of the natural universe. The urbanized place which is not in harmony with the nature produces rumours, as far as my sensibility tells me, the one in harmony with nature not rumours, even if urbanized.

Colin McCormick, Sunday, 14 July 2008

黒または白。

多くの人々は、もし白または黒、彼らは、黒かわからない問題ではない、常にします。  
多くの人々は、もし白または黒、問題ではないと白は常にします。

私達の経済的な位置世界の重要ではない。

Things.

There are things that cannot be learnt [taught], but only discovered.

The key

The key of a genre, in music is the rhythm, which defines the Waltz or a bolero, in arts is the line which defines a Picasso or a Dali, in writing is the metric which defines a Moliere or a Balzac. But all the genres have a common denominator, indifferently from rhythm, lines, and metric, which is the contents, common and the universal, infinite and absolute to all of us.

Algiers [The glass of water]

According to the definition of the rhythm, there is the need to understand the concept of time also. For centuries the time or precisely the tempo has been indicated as the mood nomenclature, or close to that, is something in figurative art represented as colours, but not just colours, that as I said in the Sacrifice of Victor, colours are divided in first neutral, then primary, then secondary and finally half tones, so just like the way to represent a sunshine to the rainy day the colours play a fundamental role, it is not question of tones and half tones but vibration[\*], which doesn't mean what kind of colour we use, because sometimes an artist step away from the conventionality, but it rend the sensation of the sunny day from the rainy one anyway, but vibrations, which they should not have anything to do with painting, but they does, but this needs a section all of its own anyway, now we need to explain the tempo, and to understand this concept I will make again the example of the glass of water. When different people play music, they follow a line, a theme or a poetry, because as I said the music and the poetry have the exactly same structure if more complex like a symphony, a theme. Now they cannot all have the same emotions and mood, which is what tempo is all about, other wise doesn't matter how good and perfect we are we seem always like walking alone on an own own line, and it sound good, sometimes perfect, but for an careful classic or Jazz master

it seem to listen, yes, a perfect sound, but, like one or more instruments going to their own tempo even if perfectly synchronized, they do not listen to the other tempos or mood, which is quite OK, when is all computerized music, which is like a 'natura morta' painting but attention, this do not mean that the computer fails, on the other hand it does not, because all the tempos of all the instruments are mathematically connected so it does the tempo, well, for computer music, a real musician or at least a decent one, means a drum, a bass and a voice, today that's enough, because if the singer is a real artist will fill all the music voids, or 'abbellimento', which in classic and jazz music is filled by the piano or other instruments, but the computer itself will give the best indication mathematically speaking of the tempo, when is used for more complex works experientially for the jazz, because it cannot be allowed in classic music, honestly, well, other then for recording and filtering; I mean the composer writes a song, and begin to built on a song, like a painter draw a a line and on the line he puts the colours, it follows the same mechanism, but the line of the composer like a poem is built on emotions and moods, so the computer builds on these human emotions mathematically [\*see The Infernal Machine the Black Circle], and when it finds a changing even slightly and tiny, it reacts in accord to it, and makes an approximative rounding in the rhythm so conditioning the tempo and giving the mood result, in fact many or to be honest, all, the jazz players, even the more scrupulous and watchful ones, in their works they use, but the term is not that strange notes, notes that could even sound like mistakes taken by themselves, or maybe they were a sudden changing of mood, in the routine, some are impossible, because is like a moment of

lightning, they too could even remake them, part of the changing of the mood, or the mood itself, like not clear notes, something just done but not premeditated, which gives the characteristic Jazz thing, they do not follow a pattern and maybe it cannot be repeated, so part of the mood, and so the time of all the composition or better those very notes gives to the composition its character, colours and mood so tempo which is jazz; so the jazz could never be a perfect sound [\* see the concept of the perfection and the nature], it would be not jazz, like with a painting or an oriental carpet, we have to look at it at the due distance to appreciate it, other wise all we can see is the brush strokes or the not perfect symmetry of the design, but it is just that that gives the mood or tempo, but let's come back to the oriental carpet again as example to demonstrate the point, and that's if we take two carpet with the same fantasy, which the first is a real Persian carpet and the second a supermarket fine imitation and then we look at them as they were paintings, we do not feel the same thing, in other words they do not communicate the same impression or translated emotion, through the eyes to the brain, which, in simple words they do not communicate the same sense of beauty, even if identical, perhaps in the real oriental carpet there is also blood in it, like in a painting or in our own wine. But I said the glass of water, well, the water as natural element is the one which could represent the rhythm and so the tempo which is a derivation of this logarithm, the water is never perfect, never stable, but if we put the water in a cylinder shape container it will assume the cylinder shape form, if sphere, a spheric form, if cube, a cubic form, so, it is not perfect at all, but to every change of the container which could be the mood, because the mood could even be represented by a shape, it changes the shape according to, so the mood as well so the tempo. The water is not perfect at all, so the music, but any form of the human intellectual and artistic manifestation as well, follows this pattern, which gives the lively or live sensation, or connected to the nature and so the universe, which the water is part of, so the musicians taken as example before they all have their own mood and consequently, they have necessarily tiny changes of tempo, and each other are like the water and the container, we are container when changing mood and tempo and our partners water and water when the other change the mood, and all together we are water in a container, this gives to the music its own mood and consequently tempo and character, but this very principle could be applied almost for every thing, but this could only be noticed in the Jazz in music, I mean the real Jazz, only if we pay attention, we could listen and notice that that strange little note of this one which seems a bit out of time or the other note of this other one which seems a bit dirty, or not comprehensible, but we have to listen even deeper like watching a Van Gough painting, I mean from a due distance, and it means all together, and we realize that when this seems little out of time, the rest of the instruments change as well and give a completely different thing, the result is an atmosphere, the tempo, this is the tempo according to Colin McCormick, we all have a clock with

its own tempo and the fact is that we need to be flexible and feel the emotion that our partner feels so we cope with it, in terms we change our tempo in accord with and so the mood or atmosphere of, and the all work take a shape, just like the water, not perfect at all, otherwise when we listen we seem to listen something, yes, perfect indeed, but like it was going all alone or all of its own, or a mood stepping away from the general mood, or different moods, because we do not listen or we cannot listen the other but just ourselves, but in Jazz is not really listening but feeling, anyway all this in painting is to put closely to dissonant colours or like I said, with two vibrations too dissonant, and at the end the whole painting lacks of tonal harmony, in music such effect is not a tonal disharmony, because they could be perfectly tuned, synchronized and on rhythm, but because the mood is tempo, it is more likely a temporal disharmony, even if it sounds perfect to a superficial listener or somebody which doesn't belong to the music science or at least, environment, which I mean Classic and Jazz obviously. So far, ladies and gentlemen this is the Jazz according to Colin McCormick. To add something that steps away from the matter of this, the water would even keep secrets bigger than just the ones aesthetically explained here, here in relation with its container, and the rhythm within the matter (water) itself. Well, I said the rhythm within, the water, more than all the natural elements would picture the rhythm, because the fluidity, the movement, any movement will produce a rhythm and the way round, but the rhythm and so the water are not perfect, they cannot be, a rhythm to be a rhythm so containing mood so tempo, need to do not be perfect, otherwise is a mono chromatic thing, or not alive, the tiny, slithery imperfection gives the mood, the tempo, the colours, and all the other instrument act accordantly to, even if it is computer music, sounds strange but, this, is the Jazz, what else, if the rhythm is perfect is like if the water was perfect so if it had the shape of a cube that would stay a shape of cube and do not fit in the shape of a cylinder, that's all.

Definition of tempo.

So according to this and to the definition of the rhythm, if the rhythm [and the music itself] must be taken as a logarithm and the tempo which is part of the rhythm with changes of accents so cadences, is always a group of constant values and the changes of each value determine the change of the mood, just like the example of the rhythm and the universe, if we consider for example the rhythm hypothetical represented by the year, the constant values or tempo are the 4 seasons, always the same values but determining the change of colours if picturing it as a painting, in other words instead of a logarithm positive decimal, because in an year we have just four season we need a logarithm, whose constant values belongs to a group of numbers to 1 to 4, every number constant value, like the pH natural which is a decimal negative logarithm, the change of the value detect the quantity of acidity in a acid solution, so it works in this way. Therefore, the value 0 is the most important of all in music, which gives sense, shape, form and fluidity and so on, so atmosphere to the rest, either in tonal system which even if determines change of values in the

colours, but because we are talking of the music tempo and the mood associated, this is not really the point, then in rhythmic and tempo (division and subdivision) systems because the tempo is part of the rhythm or a derivation value of a logarithm, in substance it doesn't really need a tune to demonstrate the tempo system and the mood variations in function of the tempo or number of beat variations, It could be done by the simple drums alone giving the very true effect and signification of the tempo, for example if we measure our heart beats to our mood they changes accordingly, so our heart beat is the rhythm and our mood, the perfect example of the tempo. It is a logarithm and the tempo gives to a logarithm its name, which instead of decimal is structured as system made of a number of constant values included the 0 as neutral point. So it could even be divided in positive and negative values, or better, a number of constant negative values, 0, and a number of constant positive values, this should be the musical concept of the tempo for Colin McCormick; the standard system, which considers the mood connected to the rhythm or number of beats, but the duration is still measured in a division and subdivision system, that's 4/4, 2/4, ¼ and so on, but even in this case it still can be considered as a logarithm with constant values included 0, but attention the value of 0 in both cases, is a number of values as well, so to be precise, the tempo, is a logarithm where the positive constant values are the beats and the negative are the pause but they have the exactly same numerical value, with the difference that the first are positive and the second, negative, the zero neutral, is the starting point either for the beats then for the pauses. This is the tempo.

... So the water in general, would keep and hold secrets of the universe itself, hidden, but yet just in front of us, neglected and forgotten.

The tempo taken as mood could be deceiving by the usual talk, because mistaken with the rhythm to much often, the tempo could be divided and multiplied and the rhythm stay in that way , so we need to understand it as emotion as well, for example if we take Beethoven's works, we could be taken to say that the 5<sup>th</sup> is like the fire, but it is not true, the one which contain fire as passion in every single note and tune, is the Romanza, 'I giochi proibiti', that is the one that contains fire, the fifth contains impetuosity and unstoppable rhythm so water. But this is question of contains over the form, so the tempo as mood necessarily involves contains so emotions. But even the name of a composition could deceive, take 'let my fire' of the Doors, it probably means interior fire, taken as a storm, in a poetic way, well, the Doors' music doesn't communicate passion in the very sense of it, which usually is like I said before, doesn't matter the number of beats for minute, slow or fast, but the contains and so the very mood and so the very tempo; the very contains of 'let my fire' lyrically and musically communicate a storm, a thunder storm, a tempest , a heavy rain; it reminds all sensations and emotions associated with water and not a fire or not that kind of fire.

The Jazz.

The very true difficulty into playing the double bass is not into cheating but into the strain or attempt to do not cheat.

The music [II].

The music is secondary or even unnecessary only when the song is a poem, where the music is within the words themselves, or where metrics, rhythm, melody are harmonized with expression or reality or a [one] reality sense.

### **Eden's Corner.**

The coincidence.

My daughter has a strange habit or something new for me or out of my comprehension, she always shares his candies, chocolate bars and sweets with the photograph of her two granddads just passed away, Claudio, my son, instead put an Halloween pumpkin toy, that's a sense of beauty I can't foresee.

High school.

One day at the 'lyceum' my History of the western civilization Philosophy teacher said to me:"Are you happy?", I said:"Why?", and she:"Because I see you always alone!", and then added:  
"It is sign of strength, inner peace and happy with ourselves (company)!"

Eden's Corner.

We all, need of a special place often small, cold and uncomfortable, but yet special for us.  
This little place keeps us warm and refills our hearts of happiness and our minds of sense.  
This is the Eden's corner!

Home.

The sense of security and peace of mind and happiness of a person, can be observed in subjects they are and who work alone.  
It's like a house or a shelter.  
Persons not in possession of such virtues' are always those who seek a refuge in order to feel at home.  
Being well alone and 'sign of strength and not weakness.  
Loneliness leads to observe, reflect, investigate, and especially think.  
Refuge in other people's opinions and judgments is mostly made of talk.  
That's why 'scientists like Einstein, artists like Picasso, poets like Dante, musicians like Beethoven, have worked in this way.

But this is valid only with people that doesn't seek refuge in order to feel at home, in these last ones, if by any chances would happen to be left alone in solitude, there may be the very high risk to drive themselves to madness.

The Cookies

Violence, in living beings and other creatures, is not innate sense but based from experience, and 'learned as a sense of collective learning in the social context, in other words, violence is taught, not ' a gift of nature. It's like the mother giving biscuits and sweets every day with small doses of poison in it, and slowly, slowly, gently, gently kills her children.

The tissue.

When the superior race society, which beside the point could be any kind of society, tissue becomes mediocre, due to the cultural society classes level, or the mediocrity of a class is directly in proportion with the cultural level and interest, for, usually, obvious political reasons, there is the possibility to built up the society of the madness or to become pathological mad, like happened for the Nazi in the World War 2, in the sense that because the society could not be able or capable to accept others virtues also, so understand them and even forget them, they became mad under the form of obsession, and this deficiency is due to their mediocrity itself; so, to conclude, the mediocrity pathology is the capacity to do not be able to understand (and forget) which leads to madness, and this principle is valid either for a single individual then for a whole society tissue.

Awakened.

Old tradition and institutions and culture are like a too old habit which like hidden actions of the past is like a blood stained knife kept ever since in closed box. Every new or sudden event or person which could go in contrast with it can make emerge the fear that that box could be opened. It is like a part of our memories or precisely (the ones connected to) our psyche put to sleep for long time and so forgotten and then suddenly awakened.

The Ghosts.

Trying to fighting values, virtues and the last millenniums ideological conquests is indeed trying to fight or go to war against ghosts.

By heart.

Those which learn by heart are the worse, indifferently from trade  
that  
they make and social degree they belong, because things are not  
said with  
the words or in the way as they have learned from a book or  
somewhere or  
do not understand or misinterpret or quite they have fear.

Music.

The practical purposes and if you ask me, banal at the end,  
of the music are only two, one is of being listened from  
people, and the other is of being studied in the music  
schools, all the rest is only a great lie.

Words.

A world populated only and the only and nothing but words, is  
like the house of the tailor who does not have more thread.

Both.

The Truth about the lies and the lies about the truth.  
They are both lies.  
Colin McCormick 23:12 24/09/2009

The Mist.

We can all see the face of the past,  
but despite this, only and always shrouded in the mist.  
Colin McCormick Tuesday, 02 March 2010

Flowers.

The world without flowers is like waking up in the morning, having  
breakfast, dressing up, going to work and forgetting to wash our  
face up!

WHISPERS

IN A WORLD WHERE THE TRUTH IS THE DEVIL,  
THE WHISPERS OF A CROWD, A RAIN FALL,  
AND LOVE IS OVER,  
THE DEATH IS LIKE A MOON OVER THE OCEAN WATER.

To my wife, Adriana.

LOVE STORY

THIS IS THE STORY OF LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

THIS IS THE STORY OF TWO RUNNING HEARTS.

SHE WAS THE MOTHER AND AT THE SAME TIME THE DAUGHTER, SHE WAS SO CLEAR LIKE THE RIVER WATER.

SHE WAS SO ALONE, SO ALONE.

I KNOW YOUR TEARS FOR FEARS AND I KNOW HOW YOUR FATHER DRIED THEM OFF.

SO YOU AIN' T A MOTHER ANYMORE BUT A CHILD THAT'S LOST HER DOLL.

THIS IS THE STORY OF LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

THIS IS THE STORY OF TWO BURNING HEARTS.

HE WAS THE FATHER AND AT THE SAMETIME THE SON, HE WAS SO COOL LIKE THE SUMMER DOWN.

HE WAS SO ALONE, SO ALONE.

I KNOW YOUR TEARS FOR MERCY AND I KNOW HOW MUCHYOUR MOTHER WANTED TO BE PAID THEM OFF.

SO YOU AIN' T A CHILD ANYMORE BUT A FATHER LOOKING FOR ONES' S OWN SOUL.

THIS IS THE STORY OF LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

THIS IS THE STORY OF TWO DYING HEARTS.

ALL THEY WANTED WAS ONLY TO KEEP THEMSELVES BY THE HANDS.

ALL THEY WANTED WAS ONLY TO KISS EACH OTHER AMONG CHILDREN'S GLANCES.

ALL THEY WANTED WAS ONLY TO TOUCH THE SKY WITH THEIR HAND.

ALL THEY WANTED WAS ONLY TO STAY LIED DOWN AND WAIT THE TIME TO END.

THIS IS THE STORY OF LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

THIS IS THE STORY OF TWO LOST SOULS, A BOY AND A GIRL.

El coco.

El niño estaba asustado todo el tiempo, para cualquier pequeño ruido que, para cualquier rumor poco, para cualquier pequeña de voz, sintiendo el latido del corazón de miedo, y diciendo: "Oh, Dios mío, ya viene, ya viene otra vez!". Y mañana por la noche otra vez, y luego otra vez y luego otra vez y luego otra vez y luego otra vez, otra vez. El chico se arrodilló en un rincón de su habitación y vio en la puerta de la sombra oscura que vienen en cualquier momento. Y mañana por la noche otra vez, y luego otra vez y luego otra vez y luego otra vez y luego otra vez, otra vez. No es un lugar seguro para los niños, no hoy, ni mañana, ni nunca. Y mañana por la noche otra vez, y luego otra vez y luego otra vez y luego otra vez y luego otra vez y luego otra vez, otra vez. No es un lugar para los niños en todos, quedarse y esperar, y sabiendo ya que van a tener miedo de nuevo, para cualquier pequeño ruido que, para cualquier rumor de poco, para cualquier pequeña voz, sintiendo el latido del corazón de miedo, y diciendo: "Oh, Dios mío, ya viene, ya viene otra vez, él es viene otra vez! El coco! "Y mañana por la noche otra vez, y luego otra vez y luego otra vez y luego otra vez y luego otra vez, otra vez.

The bogeyman.

The little boy was scared all the time, for any little noise, for any little rumour, for any little voice, feeling the heartbeat of fear, and saying:

"oh my god, he's coming, he's coming again!".

And tomorrow night again, and then again and then again and then again and then again, again.

The boy kneeled in a corner of his room and watched at the door for the dark shadow coming at anytime.

And tomorrow night again, and then again and then again and then again and then again, again.

It is not a safe place for children, not today, not tomorrow, and not ever.

And tomorrow night again, and then again and then again and then again and then again, again.

It is not a place for children at all, staying there and waiting, and knowing already that they're going to be scared again, for any little noise, for any little rumour, for any little voice, feeling the heartbeat of fear, and saying: "oh my god, he's coming, he's coming again, he's coming again! The bogeyman!"

And tomorrow night again, and then again and then again and then again and then again, again.

The true love.



deep ocean enough!

I don't think this is reality! It's too late! This reality is a senseless troubling noise enough!

It doesn't matter all this rain! It's too late! The last time I saw a gentleman was when I was in Spain!

I think You do know now who I am! Don't you? There's not much to understand!

You can even call me honesty, I won't get offended!

Il lieto fine.

La mia vita non avra mai un lieto fine, l'errore anche se per cieco amore si comprende solo quando si diventa ciechi veramente, e questo significa a volte troppo tardi per riparare, quindi il vero lieto fine, non e' la fama, la fortuna, non le stelle, ne' la luna ma qualcosa che ha senso per davvero e questo e' solo l'amore.

La musica di Carmine Rendina. [Nuova aggiunta 06/01/15 11:51:19]

La mia musica e' tutto quello prodotto da quando la mia ex-moglie mi regalo una chitarra, nel 2006

fino a quando la buttai, cioe' nel 2010! Forse prima, credo nel 2008!

Ora il Ragamaffin e' un'opera che ho scritto durante quegli anni o e' la mia testimonianza scritta.

La mia musica e' piena di bugie e trucchi, come computer, effetti e diavolerie varie!

Ma malgrado cio' e' basata su uno schema imparato da ragazzo, 18enne!

Da libri per conservatorio come Pasquale Bona e affini!

E' libri completi, dei maestri Jazz Classici, specialmente Parker e Gillespie.

I quali, ho letto e stralotto ma mai davvero studiati o presi seriamente poiche' come dicevo a mio padre: "perche' dipingo Papa'? Per Hobby! Soprattutto quando e' cattivo tempo!"

Ora tecnicamente ne ho parlato e contro riparlato nel Ragamaffin pero' non ho mai specificato, credevo che era sottinteso o ovvio!

Comunque, tutte le chiavi sono basate su meccanismo lineare o equazione lineare, sempre uguale!

Pero' messo in pratica ogni volta devo stare a contare sulla punta delle dita anche se leggo la chiave dallo spartito!

Quindi sono profano della musica!

Hobbista!

O per precisare, sono piuttosto un giocatore di videogames con uno solo and uno solo solamente di gettone in tasca!

E' la vita!

Questa e' l'altra faccia della medaglia per chi possiede o ha avuto in dono dalla vita dei vantaggi su gli altri! Un controbilancio o equilibrio della vita stessa!

Qualcosa che ci fa rimanere comunque esseri umani! Sebbene qualita' straordinarie!

Sebbene il Jazz e la musica classica nascono da una penna e non dalle mani!

Dalla mente, dall'intelligenza e dai libri, molti libri e non da inutili serenate al chiaro di luna intorno al fuoco!

E' la vita!

Comunque, tutte le scale maggiori non presentano il semitono tra terza e quarta nota e settima e ottava.

Tutte le scale minori non presentano semitono tra seconda e terza nota e quinta e sesta.

Le chiavi fondamentali per capire il meccanismo sono il Do naturale per tutte le scale maggiori e il La naturale per tutte le scale minori. (C+ , A-)

Inoltre maccheronicamente o da Vino dei colli, se la quinta nota e' diesis la scala assume l'appellativo di aumentata e se e' bemolle, diminuita!

Da cui nascono altri appellativi fantasiosi e scientibollanti tipo Ufo Robot, come eccedente e dominante e cosi via!

La sequenza lineare e' questa se messa numericamente:

+

12345678

-

12345678

Equazione lineare chiamata Chiave Musicale.

E grazie a cio' sono tutte relative poiche' la relativa di Do maggiore o Naturale e' il La Minore o Naturale, infatti prendendo la quinta nota chiamata giusta poiche' funge da fulcro per il meccanismo, per ogni maggiore la sua quinta nota e' la prima nota della sua relativa. (indifferentemente se e' o minore o maggiore, cioe' se e' nella formula inversa o nel senso contrario)

L' esempio classico e' la quinta nota di Do maggiore che e' il La (Minore).

E poiche' sono relative, fantasiosamente assumono fisionomia di

funzioni derivate reciproche lineari e periodiche.

Pero' Mamma', per scaramanzia ITTALL, quel CATAPASIMO, porta JELLA!

The solo theory.

If you are not ever capable to create and perform Jazz music alone and by yourself, how can you ever pretend to create and perform it with others? That's nonsense!

The Noise.

Any noise at the very same interval beat, time and sequence within a concatenation of beats or composition is a noise no more! And not the way round even if is the most beautiful sound in the world!

The end.

The music has to have a beginning, a middle and an end!

Be bored!

The music is everything but 5 minutes of an hour, an hour of a day, a day of a month, a month of a year, otherwise is mere paranoia!

### **Songs:**

Secret Love.

Secret love. [ Colin and Dolores ]

If this wood could listen to my heart.  
It would say: "I know your secret love!"

If this river could tell to the world.  
Tell to the world!  
Tell to the world...

I never felt like this before.  
I've never been in love before.

Oh baby.

I can't believe you're standing just right there, honey.  
I can't believe, you are, holding my hand now.  
I just I wish I could get close to your little lips and,  
I just I wish I could have had told you all before, honey.

Told you all before.

Who really was my secret love!  
Who really was my secret love! My secret love!

Le spectacle capricieux.

Savez vous, ou` vous etes?  
Savez vous, ou` vous allez?  
Savez vous, ou` vous etiez?  
Ou il est un reve inquietant!

Une souche dans le coer d' un enfant,  
n' est plus l' opera d' un enfant,  
oui, oui d' un enfant,  
mais c'est l' opera d' un adulte.

Savez vous, ou` vous etes?  
Savez vous, ou` vous allez?  
Savez vous, ou` vous etiez?  
Ou il est un reve inquietant!

Le petit empoisonnement,  
de l' ame d' une petite fille,  
n' est plus l' opera d' un enfant,

mais c'est l' opera d' un adulte.

Savez vous, ou` vous etes?  
Savez vous, ou` vous allez?  
Savez vous, ou` vous etiez?  
Ou il est un reve inquietant!

Le poser un serpent,  
autour du cou d' une femme,  
n' est plus l' opera d' un adulte,  
mais c'est l' opera d' un enfant.

Savez vous, ou` vous etes?  
Savez vous, ou` vous allez?  
Savez vous, ou` vous etiez?  
Ou il est un reve inquietant!

Le poser le feu,  
dans les yeux d' un homme,  
n' est plus l' opera d' un adulte,  
mais c'est l'opera d' un enfant.

Il n'est plus important, tu n'auras plus besoin de ceci.

Colin McCormick, Friday, 31 October 2008

Arlequin.

Si la perversa ventura, me compenso' de dolor tu no preocupas,  
mio amor.

Lo inquietante cielo has una belleza todo propio.  
Lo inquietante cielo has una belleza todo propio.  
Lo inquietante cielo has una belleza todo propio.

Si la perversa ventura, me compenso' de dolor tu no preocupas,

mio amor.

Lo inquietante mar has una belleza todo propio.

Lo inquietante mar has una belleza todo propio.

Lo inquietante mar has una belleza todo propio.

Si la perversa ventura, me compenso' de dolor tu no preocupas,  
mio amor.

La inquietante luna has una belleza toda propia.

La inquietante luna has una belleza toda propia.

La inquietante luna has una belleza toda propia.

Si la perversa ventura, me compenso' de dolor tu no preocupas,  
mio amor.

Las inquietante estrellas han una belleza toda propia.

Las inquietante estrellas han una belleza toda propia.

Las inquietante estrellas han una belleza toda propia.

Solamente sabiendo que tu eres asi triste mi hacera sentir mal,  
sentir mucho mal.

Solamente sabiendo que tu eres asi triste mi hacera sentir el  
corazon de abrirse.

Solamente sabiendo que tu eres asi triste mi hacera sentir el  
corazon de abrirse.

E sentir de morir.

Pero, tu no preocupas e saliras a bailar, amor mio.

<Rhythmic section>

Que interesar de lo cielo, amor mio! Tu no preocupas e saliras a  
bailar, amor mio!

Que interesar de lo mar, amor mio! Tu no preocupas e saliras a  
bailar, amor mio!

Que interesar de la luna, amor mio! Tu no preocupas e saliras a  
bailar, amor mio!

Que interesar de las estrellas, amor mio! Tu no preocupas e saliras a bailar, amor mio!

Que interesar de lo estrellas.

Que interesar de la luna.

Tu eres luna e estrellas.

Tu eres luna e estrellas.

Tu eres luna e estrellas por mi.

Colin McCormick

22:19 14/11/2008

Le Hippo Parisienne [Ada].

- [Bass] Guitar Scale [C Major Sequence] all the other Instruments  
Tacet -

Le Hippo Parisienne.

Je te voulois dire une chose.

(Et il est que) Je te voulois prendre pour la main.

Mais tu me dis: "allons!"

mais tu me dis: "allons-y danser a 'Le Hippo Parisienne'!"

Je te voulois dire une chose.

(Et il est que) Je te voulois donne a baiser.

Mais tu me dis: "allons!"

Mais tu me dis: "allons!"

mais tu me dis: "allons!"  
mais tu me dis: "allons!"  
mais tu me dis: "allons!"  
mais tu me dis: "allons!"  
mais tu me dis: "allons-y danser a 'Le Hippo Parisienne'!"

Je te voulois dire une chose:  
"(Et il est que) Je vois seulement toi."

Mais tu me dis: "allons!"  
mais tu me dis: "allons-y danser a 'Le Hippo Parisienne'!"

Je te voulois dire une chose:  
"(Et il est que) Je me perdre danse tes yeux."

Mais tu me dis: "allons!"  
mais tu me dis: "allons-y danser a 'Le Hippo Parisienne'!"

Je te voulois prendre pour la ta main, ma cherie.  
Et Je te voulois ardemment donne a baiser.  
Voire et Je me perdre danse tes beaux yeux bleu.  
Mais tu me dis: "allons, Je veux faire l'amour avec toi a 'Le Hippo Parisienne'!"

To my wife Adriana.

Life is a one stop and one only when we travel by train in a metro  
(together).

Colin McCormick [Carmine Rendina]

18:24 04/01/2009

Lait et miel.

Tu seul es dans ma tete.

Tu seul es dans mon coer.

Tu seul es dans ma tete.

Tu seul es dans mon coer.

Mais pourquoi, quand, Je te vois, tourne tourne tourne le monde  
autour a mois, pourquoi?

Et quand, Je ecoute ta belle belle belle voix, le monde semble  
voluoir arreter.

Et quand, Je vois ton beaux ton beaux ton beaux yeux, le monde  
semble voluoir trembler.

Oh! Tu seul es dans ma tete.

Tu seul es dans mon coer.

Tu seul es dans ma tete.

Tu seul es dans mon coer.

Tu seul es dans ma tete.

Tu seul es dans mon coer.

Mais pourquoi, quand, Je te vois, tourne tourne tourne le monde  
autour a mois, pourquoi?

Et quand, Je ecoute ta belle belle belle voix, le monde semble  
voluoir arreter.

Et quand, Je vois ton beaux ton beaux ton beaux yeux, le monde  
semble voluoir trembler.

Oh! Tu non savois comme Je te cherche.

Ma cheri.

Tu ne savois comme Je te voluois.

Pourquoi Je t'aime.

Tu ne savois comme Je te cherche.

Ma cheri.

Tu ne savois comme Je te voluois.

Pourquoi Je t'aime.

Tu ne savois comme Je te cherche.

Ma cheri.

Tu ne savois comme Je te voluois.

Pourquoi Je t'aime.

Tu ne savois comme Je te cherche.

Ma cheri.

Tu ne savois comme Je te voluois.

Pourquoi Je t'aime.

Tu ne savois comme Je te cherche.

Ma cheri.

Tu ne savois comme Je te voluois.

Pourquoi Je t'aime.

Tu ne savois comme Je te cherche.

Ma cheri.

Tu ne savois que Je suis ici, criant, mourissant, Je seul.

Tu seul es dans ma tete.

Tu seul es dans mon coer.

Mais pourquoi, quand, Je te vois, tourne tourne tourne le monde  
autour a mois, pourquoi?

Et quand, Je ecoute ta belle belle belle voix, le monde semble  
voluoir arreter.

Et quand, Je vois ton beaux ton beaux ton beaux yeux, le monde  
semble voluoir trembler.

Oh! Tu seul es dans ma tete.

Tu seul es dans mon coer.

Tu seul es dans ma tete.

Tu seul es dans mon coer.

Mais comme, que tu ne voulois voulois vois, moi ici, que Je te

voulois parle.

Oh! Tu seul es dans ma tete.

Tu seul es dans mon coer.

Tu seul es dans ma tete.

Tu seul es dans mon coer.

Attends, mais pourquoi toujours toujours toujours tu couris loin de moi ma petit?

Oh! Tu non savois comme Je te cherche.

Ma cheri.

Tu ne savois comme Je te voluois.

Pourquoi Je t'aime.

Tu ne savois comme Je te cherche.

Ma cheri.

Tu ne savois comme Je te voluois.

Pourquoi Je t'aime.

Tu ne savois comme Je te cherche.

Ma cheri.

Tu ne savois comme Je te voluois.

Pourquoi Je t'aime.

Tu ne savois comme Je te cherche.

Ma cheri.

Tu ne savois comme Je te voluois.

Pourquoi Je t'aime.

Tu ne savois comme Je te cherche.

Ma cheri.

Tu ne savois comme Je te voluois.

Pourquoi Je t'aime.

Tu ne savois comme Je te cherche.

Ma cheri.

Tu ne savois que Je suis ici, criant, mourissant, Je seul.

[coda]

Tu non savois comme Je te cherche.

Pourquoi Je t'aime.

Colin McCormick.

00:00 25/01/2009

Clair de lune.

Vois ca belle lune ce soir.

Il ne peut jamais etre belle comme toi.

Vois ca belle lune ce soir.

Il ne peut jamais etre belle comme toi.

Il peut etre que tu ne te rends compte que tes yeux son toujours lumineux ...

specialement quand ils cherchent leur voie a travers les miens ...

et alors et seulement alors tout le monde vraiment te voit sourire ...

mais l'ombre de ton secrets te fai baisser les yeux et regarder nulle part ...

et alors et seulement alors tout le monde vraiment te voit sembler crier ...

mais je, qui savois que ton coer est comme cette nuit de clair de lune ...

non ombres, non secrets et belle et lumineux d'amour et desirant l'homme aime` ...

petit et timide: "je savois, je ne suis pas le just homme pour toi" ...

et tu, criant:"mon petit, le monde est comme une maison vain sans toi ...

c'est moi, ne la just femme, notre amour est comme une prison de yeux et miroirs." ...

Et moi: "ces paroles sont comme l'air que glace et le coer que brule".

Alors si notre amour est comme une nuit, qui fut come une nuit de clair de lune.

Alors ....

Vois ca belle lune ce soir.

Il ne peut jamais etre belle comme toi.

Vois ca belle lune ce soir.  
Il ne peut jamais etre belle comme toi.

Si notre amour est comme une nuit,  
qui fut comme une nuit de clair de lune.  
Si notre amour est comme une nuit,  
qui fut comme une nuit de clair de lune.  
Si notre amour est comme une nuit,  
qui fut comme une nuit de clair de lune.  
Si notre amour est comme une nuit,  
qui fut comme une nuit de clair de lune..  
une nuit de clair de lune..

Vois ca belle lune ce soir.  
Il ne peut jamais etre belle comme toi.  
Vois ca belle lune ce soir.  
Il ne peut jamais etre belle comme toi.

Ne peut jamais etre belle de toi

14:13 24/02/2009

Colin McCormick

Morgen.

Alle es Grafen  
ist heute zusammen.

Falls die Welt Wille Ausgang Morgen.  
Falls die Welt Wille Ausgang Morgen.

Alle es Grafen  
ist schauen in ihrer Augen.

Falls die Welt Wille Ausgang Morgen.  
Falls die Welt Wille Ausgang Morgen.

Alle es Grafen  
ist Empfindung ihrer tippen.

Falls die Welt Wille Ausgang Morgen.  
Falls die Welt Wille Ausgang Morgen.

Morgen tut  
Bestehen als mich.

Weil es würden sein Morgen  
von außen Sie.  
Weil es würden sein Morgen  
von außen Sie.

Morgen tut  
bestehen als mich.

Weil es würden sein Morgen  
von außen Sie.  
Weil es würden sein Morgen  
von außen Sie.

Morgen tut  
Bestehen als mich.

Weil es würden sein Morgen  
von außen Sie.  
Weil es würden sein Morgen  
von außen Sie.

Alle es Grafen

ist heute zusammen.

Falls die Welt Wille Ausgang Morgen.  
Falls die Welt Wille Ausgang Morgen.

Alle es Grafen  
ist Empfindung Tresor neben Sie.

Falls die Welt Wille Ausgang Morgen.  
Falls die Welt Wille Ausgang Morgen.

Alle es Grafen  
ist schauen rauf am Himmel.

Falls die Welt Wille Ausgang Morgen  
Falls die Welt Wille Ausgang Morgen

Morgen tut  
bestehen als mich.

Weil es würden sein Morgen  
von außen Sie.  
Weil es würden sein Morgen  
von außen Sie.

Morgen tut  
bestehen als mich.

Weil es würden sein Morgen  
von außen Sie.  
Weil es würden sein Morgen  
von außen Sie.  
Weil es würden sein Morgen  
von außen Sie . . .

Colin McCormick

Saturday, 28 February 2009

Minneapolis Park (The friendship song)

Don't!

Don't let me going in the park!

Don't!

Don't run to that god damn bridge!

Don't!

Don't leave me here in the dark!

Don't!

Don't ask me nothing but just listen!

You know, love is.

Like a lemon pie!

Sweet and bitter too!

Just like you!

Don't!

Don't let me waiting in the rain fall!

Don't!

Don't run again to nowhere station!

Don't!

Don't leave me and say: 'I love you so!'.

Don't!

Don't ask me nothing but just listen!

You know, love is.

Like a lemon pie!

Sweet and bitter too!

Just like you!

Don't!

Don't let me dying to your lies!

Don't!

Don't run, let's go home tonight!

Don't!

Don't leave me, and then look those eyes.

Don't!

Don't ask me nothing but just listen!

You know how a friend is?

Like a lemon pie!

Sweet and bitter too!

You know love is.

Just like a lemon pie!

Sweet and a little bitter too!

And it is just like you!

Love is.

Just like a lemon pie!

Sweet and a little bitter!

Just like you!

Like a lemon pie! Like a lemon pie!

Like a lemon pie!

Like a lemon pie!

Like a lemon pie!

Like a lemon pie!

Like a lemon pie!

Like a lemon pie!

Sweeter.

Sweeter.

Sweeter.

Sweeter.

Bitter.

Bitter.

Bitter.

Bitter.

Sweeter.

Sweeter.

Sweeter.

Sweeter.

Bitter.

Bitter.

Bitter.

Bitter.

Like a lemon pie!

Sweeter.

Sweeter.

Sweeter.

Sweeter.

Bitter.

Bitter.

Bitter.

Bitter.

Sweeter.

Sweeter.

Sweeter.

Sweeter.

Bitter.

Bitter.

Bitter.

Bitter.

Like a lemon pie!

Like a lemon pie!  
Like a lemon pie!  
Like a lemon pie!

Sweeter.  
Sweeter.  
Sweeter.  
Sweeter.  
Bitter.  
Bitter.  
Bitter.  
Bitter.  
Sweeter.  
Sweeter.  
Sweeter.  
Sweeter.  
Bitter.  
Bitter.  
Bitter.  
Bitter.

This song at beginnings was an hymn to the friendship but later, a tragic events made me changing my mind so this song, Minneapolis Park (The friendship song), is my forever lullaby to all the suffering and alone children in the world.

Colin McCormick.

The Nelson place.

Please keep dancing, Please keep dancing, Please keep dancing  
round around!

All I know is that I went into the room and I saw myself in there!  
All I know is that every corner said 'Oh my love' in every way!  
All I know is that every corner said how much I did love you!  
All I know is that every corner said how much you did that too!

Please keep dancing, Please keep dancing, Please keep dancing  
round around!

All I know is that you wanted see me in every corner!

All I know is that every corner kept just saying 'woman in love'!

All I know is that every corner told a lot about my jokes!

All I know is that every corner told a lot about my hands

Please keep dancing, Please keep dancing, Please keep dancing  
round around!

It's ok, it's ok, it's the way I've always dreamt to die anyway!

In your arms, in your arms, in your loving arms!

It's ok, it's ok, it's the way I couldn't ever dream to die to, by  
the way!

In your loving arms!

So, Please keep dancing, Please keep dancing, Please keep dancing  
round around!

Colin McCormick

### **The sacrifice of Victor, Images in the void: [2008]**

The art.

The art is the equilibrium in the time and in the space, of the  
artist's egoism, taken as act of creation, and outside to any  
rule, which are finite and imperfect, but his own sincerity and  
honesty, infinite and perfect, that's the art.

The sacrifice of Victor.

Who bores with 'Byron' enjoys comic books and who bores with comic  
books enjoys with 'Byron', c'est la vie! I cannot change my  
essence, even if I would, I can wear a mask and make you happy, if  
you wish to, but you're not watching at me and probably you never

will, because you watch only what you are allowed to or want or can, see! Why could have somebody destroyed years of work like that? Well, those paintings represent something personal and temporal, the reality that says something, because exploring the surface is halfway to wondering and contemplating the inside, a try to respect the form to exponentiate or making light on to the contains! Well, I am built in a way, because my habits or test or just because my nature, to distinguish, to put a net line between reality and imagination, truth and non truth, image and substance, a line that it shouldn't ever be crossed by or broken because the doing that would eventually lead to madness or to obsession and paranoia, which is a sort of disease, the 'mediocrity disease'. That line prevent to be like the one that goes stealing and killing in the morning and praying in the night to have the permission to steal and kill the morning after! Anyway words are often misinterpreted or misunderstood, usually anti conventional ideas or ideas contrasting with old ideologies or old concepts or subculture based system saturated class could be mistaken for 'magic or madness', I just don't believe how people goes 20 years to school, have the best jobs, and can't read! That's the funny part of it! In simple words if the music is the cause of death, well I'll rather kill the music! But sometimes a sacrifice could have had be done for a very simple and banal and stupid reason, like for love or to protect someone we care from an inevitable danger, and here, paradoxically because this is a passionate feeling, the reason take place on the heart and doesn't matter what, it would remain blind to all to those that represent an eventual danger, or treat to that beloved one.

Similarity.

The human being knowledge and intellect, in science, arts and literature has always produced similarity or parallels; it's like the painting of great masters, it's quite common the representation of a portrait, or a vase with flowers or a piece of ordinary life or a marine or countryside, landscape, but when we watch at them we know exactly who is a Picasso, who is a Van Gogh and who is a Monet.

Paragon.

Picasso, Van Gough, Monet, Rembrandt and so on cannot be compared, they are all equals, such paragon is a mere, political semantic or empty dialectics or an attempt to differentiate, conjecturally and conceptually, a race or an ethnic from an other, so at the end is a quite twisted, subdual and perverse tentative to teach an equation [or express intolerance and discrimination] which commune denominator is their own race or ethnics.

The fantasy.

The bad fantasy is like a menacing weather. The same weather in the artistic point of view or sense or feeling or fantasy is dramatic.

The last mile.

The modern art which is the post war one or the post Picasso one does not represent the reality and the time any more, it's not enough, at least not any more, in the sense, enough to be considered 'modern', because the schemes and forms and styles of the art today are flattered. So, it must contain and communicate messages or be themselves a message, such as the human values like ideals, politics, justice, freedom, love and so on; so, more than just paintings, otherwise today the art will be banal anyway, no matter what is the form. So, wherever it is the art background, which means the society and culture and individual belonging, part of or resultant, it is mediocre or scarce or corrupted anyway. The art will not be able to send or communicate politics, justice, love, freedom messages, but instead, senseless or banal images. Anyway, the background will always transpire through this kind of art, no matter what. So, if the background is war, suffering, injustice, death; these factors will be contained in the art anyway.

Picasso.

Even if I consider the blue phase of Picasso painting my favourite or his best works, the cubism's Picasso has its importance also, in fact is almost 40 years which this kind of style dominates the worldwide figurative arts and design hands, today and probably for many more years yet, cartoons will be based on the cubist Picasso's lines and colors.

Fruit.

The fruit takes its own time to mature.

Art or intelligence.

The work of art involves intelligence and clear knowledge of what is the reality, in all its aspects, as I said before if the heart is not the mind doesn't matter so if true it must be true the inverse formula, so that's what it is the main difference of work of art or master pieces and a 'dilettante' or sub-minor, where the

technique is secondary, the thought, reasons and reality fruit of the intelligence come elaborated and then assembled as paintings, books, music sheet, that's the difference, art exist as long as exist a deep observation of the reality, and that's mean even the past and that's why they are called master pieces, but with the involvement of intelligence, reflection analysis and strength; art, yes, but fruit of intelligence, extraordinary for superficial mind or even freak, but intelligence, so the Divine Comedy of Dante, involves intelligence otherwise wouldn't be possible to produce it, so the Monalisa of Leonardo, so the 5TH of Beethoven! Art is the vulgar way to define forms or extension of the Philosophy.

Put it right.

A Van Gogh, put in the wrong light, looks like a minor's work, a minor, put in the right light, looks like a Van Gogh's.

The critic.

The art critics doesn't really exist, because today is a consumer oriented and materialistic way to advertise, sometimes even to produce a political propaganda or art of a part, masked with void or senseless technical terms, smoke, in its negative sense, figuratively speaking, unless the art's critic is honest and loves arts more than a painter does that's mean that he really doesn't care much about the money but put the arts first; anyway the real critics is probably, the our after death descendants, in all the human being expressions and knowledge, political, economic, social, philosophical, theological, artistic and so on. Sometimes the critics are the painter's, composer's, actor's, scientist's or writer's village or city inhabitants or even his whole country, that kind of critics is impartial, because there are comprehensible affective feelings involved, the artist or scientist or whatever is their hero and beloved, in this case the critics they do not really care their cohabitant or co-national, sometimes they do not know absolutely nothing about him, they care only about themselves, they identifies themselves in that, that's all, even if tender, such kind of critics, especially if corrupted by politics , because partial, and science and arts are impartial and correlative, could go against their hero. It is like a mum protecting and pride of his son, psychologically speaking.

The Observation of the last

The modern politics are like arts critics which gives condemns and rejection to works of art without even see them, but on the very same hand are the very same ones that gives approval and

recommendation to works of art without even see them all. The works must belong to one party only, their party, so which ever of not arts or literature, covered by this system of arts or literary production become partial and even if really work of arts or literature it looses the universality of arguments, which is the arts and the literature itself after all.

Introspective.

What did Picasso invented and then destroyed? Well, the Abstract art, of course! The Picasso art reflect the modern age, and so mind, there are been many great painters the last century, but unless we are art's critics or teachers, all the people all over the world knows the modern art as Picasso, the several others are unknown or a brief parenthesis, or just a publicity trick. Anyway, beside the point, the Picasso modern art or the post blue years, which is the my favourite, wasn't really intended as that, in the sense that, Picasso at certain point, was bored of its paintings and that's means that he found them banal, empty he didn't find what he felt, and to find what he felt inside, he had to destroy that, the peaceful, the solar, the happy paintings did satisfied it art search and mood, he felt the horror, the violence, the death, the chaos, all this visions in its mind couldn't be represented by a peaceful and happy painting, it was lie, and the artist doesn't admit a lie for the art sake, well, art means honesty [\*see The Sacrifice of Victor - Art ( definition of the art )], so he had to represent all that and the result was something that if we look from distance seems abstract, but it was the world face and shape, the very reality, the truth not a lie, so very little to do with the term abstract, which came after him, or its work, just for justify limited painters, which could do what the just could do and they all missed the reality, in fact as I said before, if you ask of a modern painter in Honduras, well they would know only Picasso. So Picasso to represent the very reality had to begin a journey, an introspective journey, in the name of the honesty and so truth, which brought him to sacrifice its early stylistic form to its new and maturated one, but it didn't mean a regression in its case, because the blue years represented the golden years in all the Europe, and not inferior to the cubist years, as I said, as a painter myself the blue years works remain my favourite painting of Picasso. But, attention, abstraction art, not just today, but since the end of the world war two, it is not art, it does not represent a reality, but a lie, a limitation, cultural, social, and artistic limitation, something we just can do, but it doesn't really mean it is the art that must can be done, which was the Picasso's one and for him the cubism was a sacrifice, because in terms of beauty, the blue years are superior, but they could not represent the reality, so Picasso stay the rest are just a like some one which find the excuse abstract, to foul the masses, like a fake doctor using scientific word with a child or with an ignorant old lady, they all, and I

mean since the Picasso's death to now days, doesn't matter who they are, who they are with, who they are sent from, hardly would last more than 10 years, as modern art artist, they become all as shadows, names known for the critics just to try to sell a painting for 10.000 \$ more, but, they hardly really are worth that 10.000 \$ already. So, at end Picasso, with his death, destroyed the cubism or abstract art too, or maybe only, like a machine which he invented because artistic need but need to be destroyed anyway for the same needs.

The painter's model.

The mental emptiness and cultural superficiality or even just something unusual rises through the face and gesture, doesn't matter how beautiful they are and how perfectly dressed, this kind of model would never be worth a to be painted.

Pathos.

Pathos is like two different paintings, the first a landscape with maybe some ruins or a sunset in it, beautiful, a second a portrait of a soul, alive.

Impossible to escape.

The over perfectionism or over zealously personality or over pendant person, methodically speaking, and culture, the pedantic one, at a certain point transform itself in a prison impossible to escape, always and always.

The teacher.

Art cannot be learnt at school, it's something we are born with it. But a careful and scrupulous observation of the universe and reality around us is a preferable teacher anyway, always if we are very, very fond of art.

Beautiful.

The modern art reflexes the cultural level of a society, that's why if we turn a painting upside-down, it looks the same beautiful.

Give.

Who doesn't give anything, doesn't give anything in anything.

The depth.

The depth has a positive and negative value, (infinite) negative if it is the matter or human mind or psyche, (finite) positive if the ocean.

Pop.

Any Warhol.

Non puoi dipingere! Peccato!

The 'Monalisa'.

The figurative art need a scientific and lucid observation of the universe, so the reality, as basis, to do not mention the social and political reality, otherwise they would have ad generate senseless and childish works. The scientific and investigative mind are necessary for the artist to represent the reality, usually great artists, had a systematic or scientific method, n the way of working and in the way to render the reality, in the way to create a dimension or space, then an object in the space, then the light study, which it could determine, not only the dimension and space, but mainly the time or atmosphere, I mean that it could give the sense of a nice day, nasty day, or a summer or a winter; then the object form, which the imperfections or reality, could give the sense of happiness or sadness and life, for example, if a painting would be too perfect, the person represented, couldn't seem human but a sculpture, so, dead or inanimate thing, then the shades and the colour, and the way to refill the space with it would give the sense of movement and life, otherwise the person (or even a landscape) represented would still look inanimate. All this work at prior of painting is certainly opera of a scientific mind and observation. In simple words before Leonardo Da Vinci, the paintings did still look like the 10000 old Egyptian paintings, after Leonardo Da Vinci, the paintings looked like today. Even if Da Vinci was vocationally a scientist first, his scientific observation, of the nature brought him to create an iconographic vision of the reality, which the implemented object in the space and the calculation between lines and curves variation in the space represent the modern art, the same we are still doing today.

## The Aquarium.

The main property of the human being is associated with a ground surface or belonging to two material elements, air and soil and not belonging to the water as specie or as fundamental material and biological and chemical and physical human being body property. The human mind 'puberty' or 'ingenuity' or 'question' is taken as a set of material finite objects associated to physical events whose part of them are still missing or 'unknown'. This is materially and physically, the universe, the matter itself. To all the creatures and the matter itself or creatures belonging to an 'universe' made of material finite objects, must be admitted another 'universe' or 'reality', a one made of a not finite objects one, parallel and complemeter to the human beings and also to animals, plants and even rocks and sand, atomically speaking, which the death is part of the finiteness of this universe or reality. Because we are part of an infinite [\*] universe, made of material finite objects, we can rely only on finite, but death is not infinite, not material, so infinite and 'unknown', that's mean part of an universe of infinite made of not finite objects, so, universe of infinite infinite, because abstract and not material objects. The material and physical reality is associated to an abstract and infinite concept and to a material and physical finite one, the time and a set of, or infinite set of 'memories', where 'memory' is associated to an universe made of finite material objects which fundamentally and materially are associated to physical events, this is the self consciousness itself. The human being is a finite part of an infinite [\*] part, where part is the 'limit' of knowledge and so conscience as essence, the concept itself of the existence. Human beings belong to a part of an universal material finite reality, the material-biological-physical one, for example if we consider the sun as material and physical universe's object, we know of its existence because we can watch at it, warm ourselves, and so on, it is part of our 'universe' or reality and so it is the way round, materially and physically we have the very common or share common properties. These common properties is the universe itself, the one we know. We are materially, physically an object that contains the concept of the reality itself. The universe reality is an aspect of a material, physical, mechanical, atomic part of the universe, and its concept of an universe concept itself too is taken as a record of a set of records or a material physical finite object part of material physical infinite or universe, so a material physical infinite or universe made of realities or objects, consequently the reality is a property common to an infinite finite material part of the universe and the capability to record itself as a material finite part of an infinite part of the universe, the class-consciousness, so the effective reality, that's why other creatures live like a dream even if we share the same properties. It is like going in holiday all over the world but allowed to only one sunshine days holidays and only, to enjoy. In substance we are material physical finite objects capable to

record part of an infinite part as finite part of it, which time and object as record of itself could confirm an 'infinite' of it as reality. So the reality is the limit one and only reality, the our reality, the universe containing infinite finite material physical objects or realities and this universe could only be true or be the universe itself if all these objects or realities have the same properties or share at least one property associate between them. It is like going to a Public Aquarium and see several tanks, each one containing different fishes, every tank is an infinite universe containing material physical finite objects which share the same property. Human being universe and human being 'reality' is just one of these tanks, the whole set of tanks is the entire universe [\* see the watermill]. Curious! Fishes, to be silent creatures look like the talk all the time! Anyway, this is the universe pictured by Colin McCormick [Carmine Rendina].

Bill's.

There are things in the world that, no matter what, the copyrights won't apply or are just an unnecessary or a ridiculous optional. A classic example is the Miles Davies' sound or Picasso's hand.

The moth.

Once there was a moth in a beautiful garden, here name was Mary, she, despite being a creature of the dark was loved by any creature of the garden, except by the fireflies on a side of the garden on a wall covered of envy; Mary was kind, graceful, sweet and most of all she had the most beautiful voice in the whole wide garden, and all loved listening her singing every night; she turned the night time in heaven with her voice, her melodies were so harmonious that all the other little creatures couldn't help themselves to close their eyes and fly. Mary, for all that spring and summer sang every night, and she was very happy with that, well, not always, the fireflies didn't waste any change to let her feeling out of place with the saying that she was not intended to sing but to fly in the night, or that she was weird or even that she couldn't sing. Mary, to those words, every time ran home and alone in her room cried all night silently. When the summer was near to end he became moody and kind of sad and her singing too, but this didn't bother the little creatures of the garden because, they seemed enjoying her singing as the usual or even more then the usual, but suddenly a thunder stroke on a tree of the garden and started to rain a very heavy rain, a rain so heavy that all the creatures had to run as quickly as they could to do not drawn in all that pouring. The next days she returned to sing and this time it was her usual singing, like heaven. But one day she felt moody again and her singing too but not like the last time, this time sounded scary but beautiful just in that way or because that way, and she realized that this time but just then a thick

fog went down on all the garden, so she went back inside sit on her coach, made herself a tea and she tough: "It's the thickest fog I ever seen!" And then: "It cannot be, it's the second time I feel moody and happen something awful, it cannot be because my singing, this is nonsense!" But those weird thoughts couldn't get out from her head until she finally fall to sleep. The days after Mary was afraid to sing, thing that made the fireflies happy and all the other little creatures being down all night. But soon enough because that was her nature after all, she, almost unconsciously like if she was carried away silently with a caress, despite she was aware of the last times she sang, began to sing. But this time her singing sounded like plenty of anger, but yet still beautiful, perhaps a little more colourful of her usual way, in fact the other little creatures, at that singing couldn't help themselves to start a frenetic dance, thing never happened before. But suddenly the dance was interrupted by a violent storm, and within minutes the sky became white, the wind stopped and the air froze to death, and her, Mary with her head and eyes down, and the face like someone which did something wrong, behind the window of her room watched the snow falling and covering of white every where. At that sight she said to herself: "I've never seen anything so beautiful in my life!" But then she thought again: "It can be, it did happen again! It's all my fault!" Then she saw from her window many of the little creatures lying on the snow bed, like they were sleeping, even the hateful fireflies, and then, without even understand why, she felt pity for them. At a certain point she heard like a singing of joy, coming closer and closer; they were the children of the house, that dancing cheerful and dressed as she never saw them nearby woodland. All this was new for her, she never saw the children dressed like that before going out with that weather and most of all in the dark. So, curious she decided to go out. As soon as she went out all the other little creatures of the garden from their windows screamed at her: "Don't go out, it's too cold!" But the little moth pretended to do not have had heard them. So, she followed that cheerful dance and singing, until they stopped and started to dance around something she never saw before, but extremely beautiful and attractive. Then she was taken by that dancing which felt irresistible, but at a certain point the little moth heard a voice calling at her: "Mary, Mary!" But she couldn't see anyone, and then: "Over here!" At that point the little moth saw this beautiful face coming out from that thing she never saw before and asked: "What are you?" and that cheerful fellow answered: "Well, I am the fire, but you want to ask me something, don't you?" But Mary was taken again by that irresistible frantic dance, so she said: "No! Not really!" And the fire: "Well, I'll tell you anyway, there was nothing wrong in your singing, it was not your fault, the rain, the fog, the snow, sweetheart! On the contrary it was that rain, that fog and that snow to made you sing in that way! But listen to me, now, you have to come back home, you really shouldn't dance around me any more, please believe me, you could die if you do that! But Mary couldn't just stop to dance, faster and faster and faster; she never felt as happy as she was now. And the fire again at the seeing

that: "Please, little moth do not come close to me you will die in that way!" And the moth: "But I feel so worm and happy!" And the fire, crying this time: "Please little moth do not come any closer, you will die in that way!" and the moth: "It means that, this is the way I want to die anyway!"

The over-criticism, the fashion and the banality! [09/02/09]

I always loved Picasso; in fact many of my paintings are based on his technique and style especially the ancient plates, vases and decoration re-visited by my hands! I am the first one to have had studied that and been very found about! However, his cubistic phase represent a reality which in no way else could be represented as intensity of lines and colour, the reality of the war! The surreal! The nightmare! The deformation of our reality! The distortion of our souls! The darkness of our morality! And so on and on! No style else could better describe what happened in that portion of time of our reality, the world reality! Of course today, the world II war is far dream, an old movie and so all that remains of Picasso cubistic phase is lines and forms which repeat and perfect them selves over and over again! Today are mere lines and forms of Picasso Cubistic phase which represent something only something a far dream, an old movie despite their perfection, despite their modernity! If we take a Picasso painting and make a dress of it, nobody will notice that we wear a Picasso today, nobody! So, how can represent the war in this twenty first century as a fine art form, seen that the very same lines and forms of Picasso described a determinate portion of time and space in the human being reality and now is a different portion of time and space? The Picasso lines and forms would represent that no more today! Today would be too banal! Because the computer and mass media age represents that reality continuously under several forms, movies, videos, television, video-games and so on but yet not in fine art forms! The fine art form would be over criticized already by that reality continuously represented by movies, videos, television and video-games and so on, especially about the reality of this portion of time and space, in the sense of politics, in the sense of science, in the sense of philosophy, in the sense of history and so the war! The fine art itself becomes surreal nightmare, deformation of our reality, distortion of our souls, darkness of our morality and so on and on! In other words it come destroyed, even if never meant, by the over criticism of the computer and media existence itself! The fact itself of the variety, quantity, choice would destroy the fine art at priory, and yet in lines and forms remaining to the Picasso Cubistic phase and so representing with those lines and forms even the war, which was that, the reality of those lines and forms, but today in a banal light or taken to lightly in comparison with Picasso cubistic work or observation of the reality of his time which was the war! So, the only way to describe the fine art today is observing the reality and representing it, which means by

destroying the fine art itself or the common way to be used to see  
the fine art itself

About the universe!

A day at 'The White House'.

We always need to keep our feet on the ground! Don't we?

Even birds does!

Classic today in the year 2008 is ... Let my fire!

Even and most of all in classic music also!

We need to accept at least a white man, it's our same protocol  
don't we?

So, stick on the very end then!

Life's like a distorted mirror!

Or too zoomy!

Or upside down!

Or in reverse!

Or backwards!

Behind a glass it's a different prospective of lights!

Lost! Somewhere! But lost!

unless it's not glass!

But iron!

Life can be surprising!

A distorted reality!

All the way trough!

Classic music today!

I bet no classic musician can be as classic as Door's Let my fire!

No matter what!

Somebody else ' O sole mio!

Like Yesterday!

Or Somebody else ' O sole mio!

Like Let my fire!

Or Somebody else ' O sole mio!

Like ' O sole mio!

And so on and on!

And on! And on! And on! And on! And on!  
Let my fire is a double classic!  
Pop and modern classic music at the same time!  
Like 'O sole mio!  
Like Yesterday!  
And that's it!  
The life's distorted!  
As the flame of a fire!  
Well! Life's all distorted all the way through until the very end!  
A reality plenty of noise!  
The protocol says so!  
So, we need to stick with it until true!  
Well, It's a classic even if admits only party people in the end!  
Classic or not classic this is the White House just because that!  
Because no matter what, the original will be always shining more  
then you!  
At least will be always someone ' O sole mio!  
That's all!  
Indeed it's a classic even in classic music!  
I didn't find any, all around!  
This! Is a classic!  
When there is a glass in the between both lives are distorted!  
Our light!  
And the one seeing at you on the other side!  
And way round!  
And way round!  
And way round!  
A deja voux, a little distorted all the time!  
Something that says, that distortion, is just a noise!  
Or what's all out there in the 'this is a beautiful world!'  
And what's all out there in the 'Made in Manhattan!'  
A distorted reality then, is the very reality!  
Otherwise it won't be reality!  
With noise within!  
And beautiful sounds also!  
You beautiful image in this so distorted reality!  
The mine!

The yours!  
And the his!  
Like my little one!  
But on anyone else might be applied! Also!  
When there is a glass in the between both lives are distorted!  
Anyway!  
Should I change a painting title?  
To change the picture?  
Well! I can do a painting instead!  
The distorted reality is the reality itself!  
Even in the children fairy tales!  
With all their charming Princes and fairy Princesses!  
All of them!  
There is a distortion!  
Sometimes Ugly! Scary! Creepy! Even horrible!  
As Allan Poe short stories said!  
It's not a fairy tale if there is not a distortion of their  
reality!  
As, underwater!  
Or wearing glasses!  
Or just being behind a window!  
That's all!  
I guess ... The Only Bet!  
Is a young loving woman, precisely, with the ticket to nowhere!  
I guess ... The Only Bet!  
Is having her here by myside!  
I guess ... The Only Bet!  
Is a ticket to nowhere! Nowhere indeed!  
I guess ... The Only Bet!  
Is a seat to nowhere all the way trough!  
You never know, I might get stacked on that very road!  
You never know, I might get stacked, once again, in the middle of  
my dreamed!  
I might be good!  
Then!  
Or!  
As long as, I have her by my side!  
However! Behind a window is a distorted image we see!

As any image it can be deceived by a false image, because what we see is already deceived by the distortion which the reality is composed!  
The touch is better than the eye!  
We can perceive physically, materially!  
So, quantifying a matter that the sight may find way too many distortions all the way through around!  
As sense the matter other than seeing the matter!  
Or just an image!  
An image behind a window!  
It might be something missing in that image behind the window!  
It might be missing the image itself!  
Lost somewhere in the distortion of the reality!  
Or come destroyed as any material physical object in the universe and so, imperfect in the end!  
As it was a living or not living material physical object in the universe itself as well!  
As an entity!  
Something that is and image no more!  
An entity as a real object!  
As any real object in the universe!  
Or the matter!  
As any real matter in the universe!  
Or the Universe we belong!  
Or reality!  
Or reality which we belong with!  
Perfect or not!  
Is the reality we know!  
About the universe!

09/10/10 03:07:16



**To my Mary!**

Colin McCormick is an alias name used before and during the writing of 'The Infernal Machine' then changed by young and less young neighbourhood in Rochdale, England in Tony Almighty!

**Artwork**

Music