Please allow me to introduce myself. I am the violinist
named Paganini and my life is a nightmare.
There are 9 doorways to the mind and I have
opened them all. My life before your eyes is slowly
fulfilling with poison, yet others insist on consuming my
soul like a rare brandy. If you only knew, if you only knew.
Your mouths have been constructed in God's image,
the which should create... induce us
a little be kindly, pity me forever fighting the impossible
or go ahead laugh, have a good laugh on me.
Because there are so many things I dare not tell you.
So many things not a living soul should have to hear.
Have mercy.

I entered this game under an unprepossessing sign
and have proved the planets wrong. I have a need not
to encounter myself anymore now to forget everything
to remain in utter isolation. I know the whole world
step by step down to the last.

But this delirium is a disease of the night I have been
accused of un-natural acts and I must defend myself.
There is no easy road to get where you want to go
my friends and I have scared elevations where no
man has ever been, so life for me has been beset with
difficulties.

Why do I rather explain myself like this when I know
no other human could possibly understand?

If it were a habit of mine to keep a diary, if I collected
press notices... or if I carried about with me only a
fraction of the numerous letters I have received from
more or less good friends, I should be able to tell you
of my youth & career... but how is it possible at present to
collect my thoughts so as to reply adequately... to the
most necessary questions of a biographer?

It snowed this morning. There was ice on the lake for
me this is the eighth month of winter. All that's lackluster
is an earthquake & may God send it. I have to take my
medicine every day: it takes at least 5 spoonfuls of
perspective... to obtain the necessary number of evasions
this evening. However, I don't feel like taking the
2nd dose as I'm too down from the 1st one this morning.

My violin is still a little out of humour with me.
PAGANINI'S SPEECH

- DOCTORS IN PARIS ARE NO GOOD & I AM TORMENTED EVERY NIGHT BY PAINS IN MY THIGHS & LEGS, BY FEVER AND COUGHING. I HAVEN'T SLEPT FOR 12 DAYS, BUT I HAVE COMPOSED TO HIS SONATA, ONE OF WHICH IS WORTHY OF A QUEEN, AT THE SIGNAL & PROOFS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE.

- I PLAY MORE MORE MUSIC AT MY CONCERTS THAN IS THE CASE WITH MANY OTHER ARTISTS, BUT I DO SO SO WITH PLEASURE AND WOULD DO EVEN MORE, WERE IT NOT TO IMPOSE TOO GREAT A STRAIN UPON MY PHYSICAL POWERS. I BELIEVE I HAVE, LIKE MUTIS SCEROLA, CONQUERED PAIN. THIS MORNING I INJURED THE 3RD FINGER OF MY LEFT HAND CUTTING SOME CHEESE, & EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT THROBBING I CAN BARELY FEEL IT.

- WHAT PAINS ME MORE ARE THE RIDICULOUS REPORTS WHICH CIRCULATE. NO ONE ASKS IF YOU HAVE HEARD PAGANINI, BUT HAVE YOU SEEN HIM? TO BE HONEST, I REJECT THE GENERAL OPINION AMONG THE CLASSES THAT I AM IN CONJUNCTION WITH "THE DEVIL." THE NEWSPAPERS TALK TOO MUCH ABOUT MY OUTWARD APPEARANCE. I WANT TO MAINTAIN MY OWN INDIVIDUALITY AND NO ONE CAN BLAME ME FOR THIS, SINCE IT SEEMS TO SATISFY THE PUBLIC. AND WHAT OF PAGANINI AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWERS & POPULARITY, ON HEARING ME PLAY, ANNOUNCED A-TOUR-RETIREMENT FROM PERFORMANCE TO BECOME "THE PAGANINI OF THE PIANO?"

- MY DETRACTORS TELL ALL THEIR FRIENDS (IF THEY HAVE ANY) VIOLENT LIES & RUMOURS, AND THEN THEY REST EACH NIGHT ASSURED IN THEIR IGNORANCE.

- THERE ARE THOSE WHO CONSIDER ME UNSTABLE—THE FOOLS ARE NOT AWARE OF THE SERIOUSNESS OF MY ART. MY CRITICS ARE DEEPER THAN A CHILD'S MIND. I AM NO MORE JUGGLER OF NOTES, HAD THEY NOT HAVE ANYTHING ELSE INSIDE THEIR MOUTH?

- I WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO THEM WHERE ARE YOU, YOU CRACKED CRYSTAL DOGS, FLAPPING LIKE LAUNDRY WHIPPING IN THE WIND, YOU UPROOTED TREES FIGHTING THROUGH STINKING AIR, YOU BROKEN DOWN CARRIAGES, A RESTING PLACE FOR RATS & VERMIN.

- AND IF I COULD SPEAK TO YOU, I WOULD SAY TO GET TO BE WHAT YOU SAYS ARE THE KIND OF SNARKS SUPPLIED WITH EXCUSES OR ELSE THE OWLS WITH RATTLES.


Here's what the ridiculous report from viewing "I had played the variations entitled the witches, & they produced some effect. Afterward an individual of singular complexion approached me and affirmed that the only thing surprising in my performance for he had distinctly seen, while I was playing my variations the devil at my elbow, directing my arm and guiding my bow. My resemblance to him was proof of my origin. He was cloathed in red - had horns on his head and carried his tail between his legs.

After so minute a description, you will understand ladies & gentlemen, it was impossible to doubt the fact; hence many concluded that they had discovered the secret of what they termed my wonderful feats.

Now I ask you ladies & gentlemen - do you see a devil standing in front of you or merely a sickly man who has a strange & unique ability. These stories are the wildest fabrications of people who would discredit my mastery of the violin.

I merely play the violin in the Italian manner. I am no serulile sheet of noteless schools of violin playing. Those musicians who squeeze out a miserable living from their art can lay their arms across the lord & let a coach run over them.

What is it that I am attempting to say? Something for birds to peck at? My accusers are enfeebled vermin tainted with alien philosophies & deserve no more of my time or concern.

I gather up the wine, medicine bottles & set them in sequence on a shelf, but I would be the last to draw up a plan as if I were involved with timetables, mathematical calculations or war.

The rule of art is to open up within the universe. This can be accomplished by shattering conventional boundaries.

Certain combinations of my notes possess power of illumination far greater than intelligent minds (so-called) can grasp. When I am on stage you are witnessing imagination putting itself on stage.

I believe in astonishment at any cost - enough endless wanderings in past memories.
But then who knows you has seen what I have seen or heard what I have heard? I do not sing of this world nor of the other stars. I sing of all the possibilities of myself beyond this world and all the stars as well. I sing of the field of wonder and the delight in life.

I have loved atrocious women in my small quarters of this city. Their blood was from their brain and all women who were so beautiful it frightened me. I listened to what could

backwards resolved the luminous wheel.

I have seen a nude man without a head, carrying his rotting lungs on his back.

I have seen a clown with small footnotes emerging from his beard.

I have seen a house in the middle of the ocean, its windows were rivers flowing out of my eyes. Octopi swarmed on all sides and clung to the walls. If you listened closely you could hear their hearts beating in triplets and their sharp tears tapping on the window pane.

I have seen men rising from the deep watery graves.

I have seen a tiny light come down from the sky at night and land on my stomach & illuminate the interior of my body.

I have seen an enormous white dog chewing on the moon.

I have seen my violin floating in the air in the dark.

I have seen cold precious metals from other worlds.

I have heard - I am only one small sound, but I have a great multitude of smaller noises within me.

My immeasurable Lord, my immeasurable Lord.

I have heard the octopuses & squaluses which lie deep within the earth beneath my feet.

I have heard the sound inside a volcano.

I have heard the sound of my hips brushing women with thighs of glass.

What strange sound was slithering up the stairs. Can't you hear it? Will it endure until everyone else awakes?

The sphinx has been sensing it with watchful eyes.
ON STAGE

LADIES & GENTLEMEN. I HAVE PLAYED MY WHOLE LIFE IN A THEATRE. THEIR SNEERS ADD UP TO ZERO.
-I MISS BACK FROM BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS, AGAINST THE DARK CULLENS FRAMING THE STAGE. I AM THE CREATURE WHO STEPS OUT I AM A LIVING CRACKET OF BLACK VELVET.
-I FEAR.
-THE STAGE SLOWLY IS INUNDATED WITH FO.
-I LEFT MY BOW & BUTTERFLIES FLY OUT- RISING TO THE CHANDELIERS- AN INTERLUDE ENTIRELY FROM MY OWN THOUGHTS.
-I SLASH MY WRISTS AND THE BLOOD OF MY MUSIC FLOWS OVER BROKEN PORCELAIN.
ON SOME NITES MY FINGERS BECOME PHOSPHORESCENT, ON SOME NITES MY MUSCLES ARE POWDER WITH MERCURY.
-inside me is nothing but the echo of rolling dice.
-the strings tremble at my touch.
-my violin holds back a riddle. my music is a net which entrap, shuddering, shivering, screaming fish.
-now my violin is shining- i shine up whales on distant perches, with brands of laughter.
-my music mixes snow & fire the electricity of this magic pulses through my body. doing me infinite harm, causing me to shake all over.
-a personage takes over my being: wearing a mask with my features, violently he wrenches the bow & violin from my hands.
-oh music, sliding music - with marble harmonies which crush the frozen sky. this unparallel liquid which pours in thru it's ears, piercing- their central crystals. oh break the frozen grasp of their faeheads. music. oh wounding music.
-i am a wheel whirring in ecstasy, my skull is a red hot coal, lighting in your presence. i came to play for you my phantom skin trembling in your air.
-a love have dreamed to break the silence with catastrophe.
-causing sound. who else dares to break the ball, shatter texture & emerge might & come forth bond.
-i feel my body sinking, plunging thru endless tunnels of bouquets. my body onstage in outline my own silhouette appears, my body outworn by throwing knives.
-where are you now? can you see me? hear me? who is out there
- I wish I could say to my heart: "What I think, but my eye." (O A S)ING white eye, pitiless eye, lifeless eye too, no doubt about that—has wrung me down here—

- my IMMOVABLE LORD. My IMMOVABLE LORD.

- I understand that I carry a snow-covered casket with me and it is called death; but I proceed without fear.

- I carry death with me, and when I die I will be the one from whom death must carry in his introductory months. I recall deserted roads at night. I look out & greet her by name & she said: "Love me like this & you can have all." I am addicted like no one else to these devotions.

- I will be transfigured through calamity.

- Death is my apocalypse.

- As for now, one only hopes remaining: it is that after my death, calamity will abandon its prey & that those who have so cruelly averaged my triumphs will leave my ashes at rest.

- My God, I have no more strength.

- Excuse me, but I am really too exhausted to keep talking about these matters; I must go to my room & lie down. I don't know if I will ever see you again.

- I exist within an eclipse.