

1. **WELCOME TO THE FREAK SHOW**
The Host. Cicerone. The Saint
2. **THE MAN IN THE DARK**
The man in the darkness. The beginning of the journey, through the mirror
3. **THE WEAK ONE**
The weak. First acceptance
4. **EDWARD MORDRAKE**
Beyond the gate. The double mirror
5. **THE TIGHTROPE WALKER**
The Tightrope walker and the choice
6. **THE MIRROR'S CAGE**
Inside. Discovering.
7. **MONSTER**
The approach of the beast.
8. **THE KING AND THE SERVANT**
To win the beast
9. **CLOWN**
The victory of the clown
10. **BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL**
The prayer without hope

Alessandro Medri. December 11th 2015

The freak show. Where deformity and monstrosity become entertainment. Where common people's fear that is the audience of this show is being exorcised by the esoteric symbology of Nietzschean memory of the stage. The fear becomes sentient human being and, accompanied by the pain of a fatal monstrosity, becomes the show.

The monsters are on stage, normal people are opposite to it, comfortably sit with pop corns and drinks.

The stage divides two worlds, like the line deviding black and white in the TAO.

The Freak Show brings the audience to the stage and brings it in front of a mirror. The show remains the deformity and the horror but in this case it has to do with what is hidden inside everyone of us.

“The man in the dark” is the first vision that appears in the mirror of the one that accepts the call to enter of the Host.

Schizophrenia is the first emotional reaction that becomes allucination and allegory, in a surgery where patient and surgeon are the same person. He starts slaughter you while you see the reflex of your terrified eyes on the blade of the scalpel that lacerates your flesh (*first verse*). A discentio ad infero has just begun whose final will be a face to face with the worst monster that you can imagine: yourself.

No one can really sense the screams, the sweat, the blood and the stink of the guts but they all are the show, the retaliation and the price of a new awereness, besides delight for the audience where you used to sit (*“everybody loves what i'm doing”*): the world.

The only way to reach the end is to remain firmly clinged into one's self (*“hold my hand”*), to one's self primordial surviving instinct. Because at the end of this nightmare we will be brought back whole in front of the mirror, bleeding of new restored youth (*“We will bleed again one endless golden youth”*, taken from my free translation of “Orbison du Soir” - A. Rimbaud).

Like in a new demonic possession, the schizophrenia and the allucination bring up the voice of the monster, that lives and reign in that place where fears come to life, where forgiveness is weakness and the rage is the fire that burns everything (*second verse*).

The Host is the scream in “**Welcome To The Freak Show**”. He is a key character, the one who experienced a “descensus ad inferos” (descending into the underworld) and come back with his monster in chains. A superior human being who can live with the evil, he knows it, he manipulates it and feared by it. He is the voice above any human certainty, the wedding witness between beauty and fear because he is able to discern the artistic perfection even in darkest horror (“*I’ll be the voice over all your beliefs – The witness to the wedding 'tween Beauty and Fears*”). The one that is able to embrace his own darkness and make it harmless, admiring the horror of it with the eyes of a mother in love, understanding the beauty of it even in front of the terror that it causes. He is the *Cicerone* that will guide the audience/actor into discovery of the wasteland where the voice of his own beast resounds, the one whose atrocious truths will allow not to be victims of the madness. (“*Truth! Before insanity*”). He represents awareness and acceptance of the obscurity.

The first part of the journey consists of reviving of all the darkest moments of one's existence with the final goal of accepting misery and desperation that made you the nothing you are.

“**The Weak One**”

The Weak is a perfect character in The Freak Show. Which is life.

At school, at work, at church, at the gym....the weak is the character that everyone is waiting for. Oh! What a pleasure to have a laugh at one's weakness to be careless of your own and for a moment being better of someone else and in peace with yourself! The Weak is the essence of the game of a Freak Show. The weakness is the lock of the gate of hell.

Since killing the beast would mean killing yourself, the rule of the game is acceptance. So the first challenge, the first show, is the acceptance of the nothing of your own existence and of what it is made of: issues, joy, pain, love, weakness, fear....nobody gives a fuck about it. Try to be careless yourself and you will pass the gate of hell. Accept sweat and sperm on your back, their stink, punches to your heart, your shaking hands, the nightmares and the wet bed; the masks that you wear to hide the shame of the world to the world that surrounds you. Accept that you were hiding to yourself the reflex into the mirror only because it hurts. Accept pain. (paraphrase from: “*I’ve worn the mask...*” to “*....a night wear wet*”). Only this way you will be able to look at the mirror and feel complete (“*to watch the mirror and feel complete*”). Are you sure that you don't want to understand what it means?.

It means to put the mirror at your back. It means to gain consciousness, to look at the beast in its eyes.

“**Edward Mordrake**”

The man whose journey has stopped to that point, in the moment when he couldn't afford the sight of himself. The one that in front of hidden atrocities, of slimy dreams....he curled up on his side into his bed and cried (*initial lullaby*).

Two faces for one curse, his own life (“*Two faces, one curse*”). Two faces of the one that tried to hide with a cowl, to hush up one with a shout and resign himself to the mediocrity of his fate (*First Verse*). The one that allowed to a evil smile to disturb his art. (*Refrain*). The one that decided to defeat the beast by committing suicide.

The place where Edward Mordrake was, trapped by two mirrors, beyond the gate, positioned on a precipice. To fall from a precipice means death. Death was his choice. The reason why: his inability to understand the placid beauty of the gentle blow of the wind on a hill. Because in your allucination you can decide to be wherever you want. To feel whatever you want. You will always be an asshole in front of the precipice.

“The Tightrope Walker”

If you can stop watching that fucking mirror, you will see that a rope is tighted between two hills in front of you. So the choices will be three:

- to keep on watching into the mirror
- die
- become a tightrope walker

Under you, all people's eyes on you, you are aware that if you fall while you are on the rope there will be an ovation. They will acclaim you, you will become a hero. For a while. At the end you are only a fucking tightrope walker for them.

You will be representation of courage for a while but then it will come another one and people will only remember the last one. It is the price you have to pay to steal someone else's place.

And if you fall you will firstly see the rope move, then it will come certainty of having lost your balance, of falling down, of being suspended in the air...the void under...the gravity....the heart in your stomach.

At this point you will deny God for not having saved you. (“*And then it starts...*”)

It is not sure you will fall. It is all your imagination. You are still there watching the other hill opposite to you. But it is at the horizon. In front of you there is a mirror, do you remember?

“The Mirror’s Cage”

The hill opposite to you is in the mirror, mirrors reflect. And behind you another mirror, the one that made you see the other face. The rope connects the two hills, on the other hill there is a man standing: he is the beast watching you from a mirror.

Arriving to the other hill means becoming the beast.

If you become the beast, even the beast will become you. You are the same person, do you remember? The rope is tighted to beyond the horizon that separates black and white into the TAO.

The same horizon that separated you from the monsters on the stage. [in this song, the last one written, I've used 2 layer of metaphor: mirror's cage symbolize the last level of ego, before “the core”. The ultimate schizophrenia state of mind, one step before “Nirvana”, where you finally look in the eyes of the beast, discovering yourself. This state of mind take place inside of an hotel, with purple wallpaper covering the mirror's cage; and crystal chandelier on ceiling. Painting everywhere representing past's images and rooms where fear and regrets are screaming their truth. Shadows of the past speaking. A crack on the wall where you can see the reflect of yourself entrapped inside, crying: “*Please, stay with me.../Look me again/So i can be free*”. The last choice is to inflame everything to look all the truth.]

You begin to understand how it works. You accepted to look carefully around you.

For the first time you look at the beast straight in the eyes and you know that it is looking at you.

“Monster”

You know that as you can go nearer it can do as well. It can feel, in its quite advancing, the rhythm of death (“*In its slowly get ahead...*”). It is now that you understand that it is a matter of if you allow it coming toward or if you are coming toward it.

Because evil is not a demon but to allow the fire come inside your soul now that you know that it is a airlock full of gas. (“*Evil is not a puck but it's a shiny spark in the dark Of your soul full of gas*”).

And while you see it coming nearer, you see that it has foxy eyes, teeth of Lamia dirty of its puppies' blood, eyes out of its eye socket, in the middle of its chest it has a black hole that at every heart beat it spits pain and madness (“*It has foxy eyes...*”) (“*The beast, licks the wounds of...*”).

It is only a matter of time (“*Tik Tok*”) before it arrives.

You smell a tempting smell that tastes of flower ash (“*Fair smell of flower ash*”)

You are fascinated in some way. You start to see the beauty in the darkness.

And this, like anything, has its consequence.

“The king And The Servant”

In his quite moving forward he raves his power: he is God of skies and earth. And mind. Like thunder for light, he his the physical representation of divinity. ("*I'm like the thunder for light*").

You are overcome by his power, small, on your knees.

Firstly overcome on the surface, represented by his face. Now that you chose to know him you are overcome by his presence that comes nearer.

He represents agony of the Father, you the fool at his court that exalts his name and choke with lies behind his teeth yellowed by tartar.

While you shine in your beautiful dress of scratched nudity, while you burn in the warm of a black flame. (*First refrain*)

And you despair. Every breath becomes a stubb to your heart. Living becomes impossible: his existence makes yours impossible ("*What have i done (to) deserve this sin fate?*"...).

You look for pity praying alone, far from his obscure light, while you cry the destiny that made your existence so miserable ("*I keep praying for your...*").

Then you raise your hand and see the ring. And see the mirror again, the beast that comes nearer. You realize to be a geometrical point inside of the circle (*the ring*) that represents the beginning and the end.

You realize that the difference between you and him does not exist: his power represents your misery only if you decide to stay on your knees refusing to go on, to walk the rope and go to him. He is a palm far from you, enough to kiss his ring. So you go one step ahead.

The mirror falls down.

"Clown"

You look around and realize that you are in a fucking coloured tent.

There is a broken mirror at your feet and you wear rainbow pants.

You are surrounded by the audience. You are back. Now you are the star of The Freak Show!

The host is always in place, you have replaced the old clown.

Now they will feed on you. Of your flesh. And they will drink your blood, like they did with the old clown.

They will crucify you and tortur your name in the centuries to come.

Because there is nor victim nor slaughter. Because any suffered violence, will be violence committed. (*IN: The Tightrope Walker*)

"But deliver us from evil" is a prayer without hope.