

RANDONE PRESENTA

ULTREIA CANZONI
SULLAVIA

ACT 1



"There is something magical in rhythm;
it even makes us believe
that we possess the sublime."

J.W. Goethe, Maxims and Reflections, 1833 (posthumously)

FOREWORD BY

SALVO GULINO

... what inspired the creation of this CD is intimately linked to the innate spirit of the narrator - Our Young Artist - who, in the aftermath of his two trips along the famous Pilgrim's Way to Santiago, following the yellow arrows that mark it, had the need to tell his experience to the whole world.

The path, measuring nearly 1000 km, winds its way through France and Spain, providing impressive landscapes, from the peaks of the Pyrenees to Finisterre (Finis Terrae, End of the World) on the Atlantic coast of Galicia, an autonomous region in North-West of Spain.

Santiago, capital of Galicia, is better known for its cathedral - Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela - , built on the place where the tomb of the Apostle James the Greater was discovered (the name Compostela derives from Campos Tellum, land of burial; ninth century AD). In 1985, UNESCO declared the pilgrimage, or spiritual journey, "World Heritage", officially calling it "El Camino de Santiago". It is said that the first pilgrims in the Middle Age walked on el Camino by night, guided only by the starlights. These lights were able to evoke and instill in them an otherworldly spirituality that would oblige them to turn their eyes to the sky, entirely charmed by the "Milky Way", while pointing to their destination: Santiago de Compostela (= Campus Stellae, meaning Field of Stars).

It is precisely because of these anecdotes, because of the cultural heritage and the mystique of the place, that the experience made by the Caminanti (= pilgrims) on the "Way" is tight connected with their chance to reach a doubtlessly precious inner growth. It almost seems that every man moving on the Camino from East to West develops a "dynamic ego", and that he leaves traces of itself on the road as he exchanges with other pilgrims - just by looks - about the perception of new horizons. All this culminates in the exclamation "Ultreia!".

Walking on the Camino awakes apparently new and, at the same time, old human insights, such as surprise, brotherhood, friendship, and the close contact to nature --- the same nature that gives us the sublime feeling to belong to a higher, transcendent order.

Each stage of the tour is therefore, unexpectedly, a symbolic cathedral, since you sometimes lost yourself on the Way, but, as well, you can find the door to yourself there, with huge relief. From this point of view, the Way becomes a metaphor of the life's way, and every wanderer learns to control not only desires and physical stress, but, too, how to move his feet in heartbeats' rhythmus.

As a consequence, you feel the weight of your own inadequacy, the separation from the daily habits, the impetuous progress of the own emptiness --- but also the value of your authenticity and the joy born of the sympathy and caring of other people.

The happiness comes suddenly and inexplicably, almost with a jerk. The pace becomes easier, the walk faster, and you start to sing: a song on the "Way", like a testimony of the new freedom and liberation from the weight of mere subjectivity. Furthermore, there is the simultaneous connection to an harmony that has genuinely to do with "higher spheres"!

It seems clear that only the poetic language can express such intensive depth and the memory of such an experienced balance. The historical chronology of facts and anecdotes, also when it is expressed in a scholarly tone, is not sufficient to serve as a guide for a travel's story or chronicle. That's why other languages are necessary in this case: poetry, music, art, only expression forms able to give to the listener the meaning implied by a sublime place like this. "Buen camino!" then. The journey has just begun ...

CAMINO SANTIAGO



ULTREIA 1 7 EL TROVADORENAMORADO
LA CABRANEGRA 2 8 ROSA
IL CANTO DELLA VITA 3 9 SO CLOSE, SO FAR AWAY
MARIPOSAS 4 10 HASTA LA VISTA, DIEGO
SOY PEREGRINO 5 11 LA IGLESIA DE LA VIRGEN BLANCA
QUI ED ORA 6 12 SANTIAGO

ULTREIA IS THE FIRST ACT OF THE TRILOGY "CANZONI SULLA VIA" - SEE YOU ON THE NEXT EPISODE: BUEN CAMINO

Ultreia

Irun (1 September)

DEDICATED TO MY GRANDFATHER

Simply being like air at the mercy of the wind
like an idea buried by time
with roots burnt by the fires of freedom
If I thought that loving or hating were enough to feel alive
I wouldn't tremble anymore when I see a man dying

Don't ever stop watching back,
don't ever stop praying the heaven

In Guadalupe a wooden statue,
on the Mount Jaizkibel a stone slab
and all the many-coloured houses of Pasaia
make me quite happy,
But this Way is already marked
and tomorrow the road will take me again
where everything obeys to the dance of the hours
behind the white wings of a mariposa (= a butterfly)

Don't ever stop watching back,
don't ever stop praying the heaven

I would like to ask you if you still believe
that love doesn't exist,
that happiness that we all want
is just an illusion for all people who,
day after day, hope to have chosen the right way

Ultreia - what matters is being on the road
Back there I will find only regrets, ghosts of lost ages.
Going to all the places where life takes me:
this is what shall save me.
Through the sick disillusion of men,
who are enslaved by their freedom,
I know that there's one more daybreak road,
the easiest choice





La cabra negra*

Pasaia (2 September)

Cheese sandwich
French tortilla
Mixed salad with eggs
Those mean Basque ladies con your money
for a handful potatoes
and one cerveza (= beer)

I don't know if I'll be able
to keep moving again and again

Oh no, you're not able, hombre, (= man)
to proceed on the Way

You are old and tired,
and your knee
takes the decision off of you,
you must stop.
You know what to do:
take a train to Irún
And then back home and work

I don't know if I'll be able
to leave the Way -

Oh yes, cabrón, (= bastard) you are able,
this, at least, you can do

I don't know if I'll be able

* THE BLACK GOAT



Il canto della vita*

Olatz (5 September)

I put the seed
into my white dress,
I've picked it up
from this holy land.

The world rests on me
ignoring the rest,
lightweight
is the feeling of love

I don't know if I'll be able again
to be a part
of the whole universe.

I hear among the green mountains
the voice of life
singing the new day

I am sought
by magic and reality,
I follow the steps
of this marked way
without risking
to make a wrong decision.
I spend the day
telling the wanderers about my happiness

* THE SONG OF LIFE

A photograph of a room with a large window and a guitar. The window is divided into four panes, showing a view of trees outside. A guitar is leaning against the window frame. In the foreground, there is a bed with a blue blanket and a grey blanket. The room has a rustic feel with a textured wall.

Mariposas*

Goicoetxea (7 September)

My thoughts fly in the shadows of mariposas
They mark my path, they love each other
and then they split up
Leaving to the heart the trail of their chromatic plots

* BUTTERFLIES

Guemes (12 September)

Soy peregrino*

I am a pilgrim on this earth,
happily I march toward God;
I am a citizen of His kingdom,
I announce His love.

I am a pilgrim and a wanderer,
I am a messenger of peace;
the message I speak to the world is,
"God is with us."

There's a star in my way,
the blissful light of faith;
It reveals my destiny:
to come to you, Jerusalem!

* I'M A PILGRIM

Qui ed ora*

Albergue de Colombres (17 September)

Silence night, I don't see any stars
in the sky of Cantabria
but I'm full of life, till the edge
of my perception

And now that I'm on the Way
I'm not afraid,
not afraid of the silence
Life is going on,
and stopping only now
and then to remember
the things you have left behind,
without asking yourself
about the past or the future

I've left you back
with my sombrero (= Mexican Hat)
and now the windows are laughing

My heart is in peace
while I'm walking in the cirimiri (= drizzle),
I'm shielded by the alley's trees
And I smile sweetly remembering her face,
weak expression of niceness
wearing an armour plate

* Here and Now

El trovador enamorado*

Tapia de Casariego (29 September)

I'm thinking back of your eyes
On this bed with filthy sheets,
it's an embarrassing thought
but I admit: I already love you!

Your face under the moon is nice,
I sing for you my lady,
'cause you have filled my heart with light,
this heart bleached by time.

O Mother Earth,
you who give me shelter,
let me back to the sun
so that I can
return to the world
and forget your name.
But if I meet you again
all I need is your smile
to tell you
how much I've loved you
in the way I prefer:
with a song ... this song

* The storyteller in love



Rosa

Pineres de Priá (20 September)

Lay down the burden, get a little breath,
and if you cannot stay, well,
drink at least a cup of tea!
The bed and a blanket for your tired body,
I can give you a hot meal too.

All travellers stop here thankfully
And I like to listen to their stories.
Pilgrims on the Way, wanderers, witnesses of magic,
That magic that will soothe my grief
and break my inner silence.
Ask me, if you have night fears or worries!

Here I'm surrounded by the core of the way
and the wind messes up my thoughts.
Pilgrims on the Way,
you who rest in my house tonight.
For me there is no place
where I can do better than
here at the albergue.
Everyone is talking about Rosa and her albergue,
they say every wanderer is treated like a VIP here.
Each pilgrim who has landed in this albergue
has left here a sign of his joy,
you can hear this joy between the walls.
My tiring night on the bed
will be swept away by a shower
and a hot meal with my friends.
Ribadesella is far away and the sun is still down.
Come on Diego, a step more!
Setxo and Nina are already there,
Francisca perhaps joins us soon.
Rose will light a light and tell her that we are here.



So close so far away

Alto monte Aro (22 September)

The wind blows on the Way
and I remember your green eyes
I loved to get lost in those eyes every evening
Now I've come up here
to put up with what I've learned
I've learned that you haven't returned to me.

I spend the days walking,
forward and ahead until the sun dies
Where to untie your chains
I would like to talk you about me
but I can't stand when I'm sad
for something lost, but you:

So close, so close, so close, so far away
So close, so close, so close, so far away

You have burnt my certainty
through the touch of your hands
The fog here in Peon hides what I should take again
Who knows, maybe my Way is only a lie
that i use to go along without you

I count the steps on the Way
and I remember your green eyes
So close, so close, so close, so far away

Hasta la vista, Diego

Cadavero (26 September)

INSTRUMENTAL

La iglesia de la Virgen Blanca

Piñera (28 September)

The window of Iglesia
de la Virgen Blanca (= Church of the White Virgin)
looks at a pueblo (= village) abandoned
and full with fern.
There I decided to leave a piece of my heart
to the past: the Way would cure it.

Sebastian and Sibilla have got bored of watching
and unsure about the direction they stay and give ear,
there is just this way telling how we are
in the failure and in the things we love

The wind blows against the Iglesia,
and la Virgen Blanca awakens
to receive you in her arms, you who need a real truth

The spirit is found again
in the water and in all the elements
when you are alone with yourself
in a place that is blessed



Santiago

End of first act!

I see a face among the clouds, the
world unveils new forms,
and its song raises
You bring serenity into the hearts of tired wayfarers
till dawn comes

Dust, mud, sun and rain is the Camino de Santiago.
Thousands of pilgrims and more than a thousand years.
Pilgrim, who calls you ? What dark forces attract you ?
Nor the field of the stars nor the grand cathedrals.

Where no man has ever been.
On ancient mountains and still upwards

All this I see travelling and it is a delight to see
everything
but the calling voice is much deeper

Dust, mud, sun and rain is the Camino de Santiago

- Grandma, where is Santiago ?
- Up above, the moon under his feet
and the sun into his heart.

The force that drives me, the force that attracts me
I cannot explain, only people who are up above know it

Tonight Santiago has walked on a lightpath in the sky.
Children tell it, while they are playing
with the water of a quiet sewer.
Where is the heavenly pilgrim going to,
on the bright, endless path?
He rides a snow-white horse
towards the dawn that shines in the distance.
Children, sing upon the meadow,
and tear the wind with your laughs!





The Randone are:

Nicola Randone - Lead vocals, Acoustic guitar, keyboards & programming

Marco Crispi - Electric Guitar

Livio Rabito - bass, Jew's harp and backing vocals

Maria Modica - vocals e backing vocals

Riccardo Cascone - drum

Guests:

Beppe Crovella - others vintage keyboards

Carmelo Corrado Caruso - operatic vocals

Enrico Giuridanella - Crystal singing bowls

Massimiliano Sammito - flute and harmonica

music & lyrics by Nicola Randone, except Soy peregrino (traditional), Mariposas (music by marco crispi), El trovador enamorado and Santiago with some words extracted from "Santiago" by Federico García Lorca

Arrangements by the band with the collaboration of Beppe Crovella and Carlo Longo

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P 2014 Electromantic Music

produced by N. Randone and B. Crovella

Credits:

All the graphics by Nicola Randone

The engineer who took care of the sound and the recording of this album is Carlo Longo with Nicola Randone who helped him as the best he could.

Ulteia was recorded in the months of November and December 2013 in the studios of NuevArte at Misterbianco (Catania) by Carlo Longo & N. Randone; Beppe's Keys was recorded by N. Randone in October at the Synergy Studio by Electromantic Music; the Nicola's acoustic guitar and keys was recorded in his home between 2012 and 2013; the mix and the mastering was completed in the months of January-June 2014 by Carlo Longo at Nuevarte (Misterbianco - CT).

For further information and contact: www.randone.com - band@randone.com

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