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- And what happened? - I remember... Then there were many songs, I think. - And they didn't perform anymore? - Oh yes! He returned to the middle of the concert, and as he greeted before sitting, his eyes seemed to look for someone through the gardener, that's when our eyes met for the first time. - He was a twenty-four-year-old boy, skinny, hair-cut bresson, a strange blond-ash complexion, this reason subtlety, as I later knew I knew, on a slight layer of dust, and which contrasted alone with the black color of his eyelids and his fine mustache. Typical of the young performers in their teezes that was Matt's whitewash. His eyes, which seemed black at first glance, were actually a sad blue color and, although generally seemed calm, any deep observer had seen a terrible fixation in them several times, as if they had been captured from some distant and terrifying sight, immediately to give rise to an expression of terrible exhaustion. - But why that sadness? -When I asked him the same question, he first raised his shoulders with a laugh, did you never see ghosts? Then, when we had gained greater affinity, he replied: My fate! What an awesome fate mine is! But, immediately replying and erasing his eyebrows, he said, non-Ci Pensian. - A serious and reconsidered character, no doubt. - There's no doubt about it. As I believe all artists are, only very superstitious. Did they gaze at some of their magnetic power? - As far as I'm concerned, definitely yes. But they did not have eyes that could be called hypnotic eyes: they were much more imaginary than penetrating, but with such a power of penetration, however, that the first time our gaze was found, I felt that they would sink to the bottom of their hearts; And although his expression was not excessively erotic, every time he fixed my eyes, I felt a boil of blood in my veins. - I've heard many times that it was admirably beautiful. Is that true? He could not see it but once...-he had a very pleasant face without the amazing beauty. His manner of dressing, albeit of impeccable improvement, showed a certain cynicism. That afternoon, for example, she wore a twig of white heliotrope in the eye, despite being fashionable then Camellius and Gardenia. His manners were an ideal gentleman, but on stage, as with foreigners, he demonstrated a certain rigour. - And after that he had crossed his gazes? - He sat down and began to explain his score. I consulted the programme. It was a Hungarian disjointed, the work of one of these unknown musicians, whose name can break someone's jaw; The impact, though, was fascinating. Indeed, no music in the world is as exciting as Tzigans. This one, for example, starting from a modest note. - Oh, please! You can avoid technology, you know I'm not able to separate a MI from the sun. -It does not matter, if you have ever heard Tsardas, you must have noticed that hungarian music disappears from our harmonic rules and collides with our ears despite the excellent rhythmic effects. But, these are melodies that are shocking to us at first, slowly subservient to us, until we end up being fascinated. The magnificent flourishes, for example, are so abundant in them, such an erotic Arabic character... - Let us please flourish and continue with their history. - This is precisely an important element, because it is impossible to distinguish my character from my country music; Also: To understand this, it is important to first feel the charm of tziganian mantra. Any nervous organization that has ever been influenced by a tsardas will always respond with erotic responsibilities to these magical notes. These melodies usually start with a softer, less walker, something reminiscent of a lost sense of hope; Then, changing their rhythm, and crossing all hastily, they are interspersed with sobs of lovers who are reaching into a choppy prestige of the sobs of lovers who, without saying goodbye and, without losing an atom of sweetness, rather, get ever more into excitement and seriousness, reaching into a choppy prestigeimo that, at first, fends off a funeral song. . soon burst into a fiery, warrior antenna. She, in person, represented beauty and character in this blissful music. As I listened to him, I felt fascinated; However, I would be unable to say whether my magic came from creation, execution or artist. At the same moment, strange paintings began to emerge before me. First, Alhambra is all the grandeur of its Moorish architecture, the wonderful symphony of stones and bricks, so similar to the Arabic of these strange bohemian melodies. Gradually, a devouring fire was igniting in my chest. A unique lubricant was holding me, and I began to feel the bite of an indomitable and criminal love. I was starting to be burned with the fiery lust of men living in torrid climates; I was thirsty for sexuality, and I wanted every last drop that aphrodisiac filter cup early. But suddenly, the vision changed. It was no longer Spain, but a dry and naked land; Egypt's flaming sand, between which the Nile waters pass slowly, where Emperor Hadrian, inconsolable, wept The lover was so enthusiastically loved and never lost forever. Shaken by heady music, he started to understand what seemed so strange to me at first: the powerful emperor's passion for beautiful Greek slaves, for that Antinian who died for the love of his master. Blood swept over my head from the heart, and it ran through my veins like a molten lead laundry. The new set changes. We are in the magnificent house of Sodom and Gomorrah, magnificent, funny, Ferric... As the pianist notes whispered in my ears, with a warm suffocation of vivid cohesion, smothering a cascade of kisses. It was in this moment of my vision that the artist turned to me and cast me a long, languid look, which re-crossed mine. Was he the same, Antinus, or one of the angels sent into the lot by the eternal? The unique charm of its beauty was such that I was fascinated while the music seemed to sing in my ears: it sucks its gaze like wine, while its glory merges Lánguido in the middle of silence, as a melody within a melody.. I With this my desire increased in intensity, and the need to satisfy it became true suffering for me, while the fire ignited in me became a devouring flame that burned me; My whole body was wiped out by an erotic call. I felt my lips dry, my breathing gasping, limb stiff, nerves swollen and yet it kept me as impulsive as everyone around me. Suddenly, I had the feeling that an invisible hand was slipping under my knees; Something in my body was touched, caught, compressed, and an indescribable sexuality suddenly engaught my whole being. The hand went up and down, slowly before, then fast and fast, followed by the rhythm of the song. Vertigo took over my brain, a burning lava suddenly ran through my veins, and I felt a few drops jumping. While all I was shaking. With an over-loaned note, the artist ended his performance amidst a thunderous room. I could only feel like a thunder of lightning, while in the midst of a fiery vortex, the ruby and the emerald shower began to spread over the cities of plain: he, the pianist, naked, was angry, in the middle, defying the rays of heaven and the flames of hell. Suddenly, in the midst of my silly vision, I saw him take forms of Anubis, the Egyptian Lord headed by the Jackal, to gradually turn into a disgusting quadruple. Such a sight shocked me and I trembled, succumbed to nausea, while he equally suddenly achieved his true figure. Unable to appreciate in such circumstances, I dropped into my seat, mute, motionless, trembling. The artist with his eyes, who, standing in the middle of the stage, responded to the audience's cheers with distracted greetings, almost debunked, appearing from time to time looking for, with his eyes filled with a vivid tenderness, my own eyes, my lonely. How can I describe my happiness to you? Was it possible that he had chosen me alone among the crowd, that he loved me? This joy soon gave way to the bitterness of jealousy. I was thinking I probably wouldn't have been mad. I saw it once more: A deep sadness overshadowed his face, and it was at that moment that I found, clearly and distinctly, something terrible: a small dagger nailed to his chest; From the wound I looked down the blood flow, and I began to move and shout to such an extent that my vision looked real to me. My head was moving around, I was feeling unconscious, and I had to lean behind my seat, covering my eyes with my hand. -Strange hallucinations, indeed! What could have been the reason for that? - It was more than hallucinations, because below you can judge. By the time I raised my head again, he was gone. I turned my head and found my mother's face, who saw my yellowness and asked me if I was sick. I avoided myself and replied that I found that heat unbearable. -Go to the lobby and he said, You can keep a glass of water. - No, I'd rather go home. After what happened, I found it impossible to keep listening to music that afternoon. In the state of panic I was, any obscene sound would have led me to exasperation, and a brissy sadness could have produced a syncop on me. As soon as I got up, I saw myself so weak, that I seemed to walk in dreams; Even without realizing it, I would have moved myself away the machine from the march of other people's marches, which led me to the lobby. This one was almost empty. In the background a group of elegant people surrounded a young man, of which I could not see anything other than the back. In the group, I was able to separate the Bryancourt. - The son of the general? - He himself. - I remember them. His intention was always to draw attention to the way they wear their clothes. - That's right. For example, that day, he stood out about other components of the group, dressed all black, sporting a linen of white flannel, with his always Byron neck, very open, and a red Lavallière tie, of heavy knot. - Show off your beautiful neck and throat. - yes, he's a beautiful guy, which I've always tried to avoid. I had a strange way of looking at you, making you uncomfortable. There are men who want to undress them when they see women. Bryancourt showed this vulgar way of looking all along. Instinctively I noticed that his eyes were looking for me everywhere, Even more my shame. But did you have no relationship with him? -yes, we were in the same school, but I went to a lower class because he was three years younger. In short, that afternoon, when I saw him, I began manoeuvring to retire, when in that moment the person of frac turned around. He was a pianist. Once again, our gazes crossed again, and I experienced a strange feeling at that moment, on a kind of charm that left me scared. As a hypnosis, instead of leaving the room, and against my will, I started to approach the group. The musician had kept his eyes away from me without showing any involvement in it. I felt myself shaking from head to toe. She slowly seemed to want me to woo her. And the feeling, I must confess, was so enjoyable that I left without resistance. Briancourt, who had not yet seen me, changed, and, judging me, addressed me, as was his custom, a moderately protective greeting. The pianist shone a spark for a moment in his eyes as he approached Briancourt's ear and said something, after which the general's son, for every answer, came up to me, and grabbed my hand, said: Camille, introducing me to my friend Rene: M. Rene Teleney, M. Camille des Grioux. Ruborizado, I responded to the greeting. The pianist reached out to me without gloves. In my nervous state, I also withdrew my name. So I put it in my bare hand. It was a perfect hand for being a man, rather than small, tenacious and soft- big, with long, sharp fingers, which he pressed loudly at once and without shock. Who has not experienced the various sensations produced by hand contact? Hand is the temperament index. Some are hot and vivid in the middle of winter, others cold and even frosty in the middle of the cantilever. Dried and apergemin, and others are wet and sticky. Are muscular, fluffy, muscular, thin, bony and shameless. The pressure of some is as strong as a lathe, others that, as a figure to soften. There are hands that are artificial products of our modern civilization, presenting the same deformities as the feet of Chinese women, imprisoned by gloves continuously during the day, and often during the night or while receiving manicure care, hands are constantly wrapped in gloves; Hands as white as snow, when not the same race like snow? Passive little hand that prevents rough contact of the brunette and worker's stained hand, which has turned into hard uniform callus! There are thoughtful hands, and hands that all feel indecency; Hands whose hypocritical grip expresses the objections of those who narrow them; Velvet, inconsiderate, clerical and languid hands, on one side The open palm of the expensive, from another hump claw of the loan shark. There is, finally, magnetic hand, which seems to have a secret attachment with the same own, and whose only contact is enough to break our nervous system and fill us with enjoyment. How to express your sensibilities under the pressure of Teleney? His hand ignited an entire bonfire in me, and, strangely, at the same time I experienced the sweet freshness of a woman's kiss. With my hand he managed to slip all my being, my lips, my throat, my chest stroke; My nerves were full of joy; This tremor descended under my thighs, lifting his head until I reached out to sleep. This hand captured everything from me and I felt happy to relate to him. I wanted to say this fascinating kind of thing to thank him for the pleasure that his performance had demanded me, But what obscene praise could serve to express my admiration? – Gentlemen, he told them, I'm afraid I deprive you of my music. I noted that I was going to leave. - The concert bore him. Is that not correct? -The opposite is quite the opposite, but after listening to you, I could not bear to listen to other artists. He seemed happy, and smiled, Briancourt said. - Seriously, Rene, this time you've overcome yourself. I have never heard him play with this kind of verve. -Do you know why? Page 2 Two people who meet in a library in Toledo, a city they love and go unnoticed on either their history or their legends. There are two people who feel loved and, even if they're married, decide to live it until a bloody reality becomes present. Wikipedia, it has helped me find Toledo. Toledo.