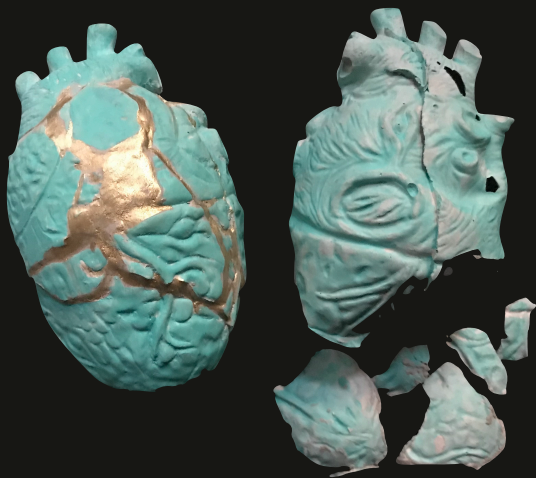




GÁBRIEL FARKAS
CELEBRATING IMPERFECTIONS



HUNNIA RECORDS

GÁBRIEL FARKAS

Vocal

Piano (*Bogányi B-292 Grand Piano*)



PROLOGUE

We don't know why, but we always come back to the same place. The first blossoming of spring is bound to come every year. Still there is something we know for sure.

It's not going to be the same as it was then.

As a child, the first few times feel like a miracle. The calmness of repetition. The security of return.

We are delighted that we have already experienced this once and as we realize, the familiar feeling fills our souls with coziness.

That's why we surround ourselves with acquaintances and familiar objects and watch movies played by familiar people or listen to familiar songs.

Among many acquaintances, we feel safe, by contrast in a space full of strangers, we may be anxious about how the unknown will affect us.

This is the risk we take when we discover the unknown in time.

Because it will always be there, everywhere as a season returns again, but it also brings something new.

This is when we sense the change in any repetition.

For example, every object becomes smaller as we grow up.

The spoons turns light and fit in our mouth. We sit on chairs, we don't climb on them anymore.

We move apart from the level where we were on all fours.

Escaping from the baby perspective, we look at the same world with adult eyes.

It is not our mother's loving giant leaning over us, but we are the one who is leaning down to her and giving back the embrace of the loving giant.

Somehow we transcend ourselves. In the time spiral, we get one level higher to the same point in the circle.

This same point is not the same at all anymore.

It is not possible to appear in the same place twice in space time.

Nostalgia is something like that.

We're looking for something permanent. A safe point in this wildly racing set of particles.

That's why we drill and screw ourselves to our memories with songs and pictures, and we commemorate every anniversary, sometimes with bursting joy, sometimes with sinking sorrow.

These are our returns.

In spirit. We develop ourselves by it, examining our emotions. How do we now relate to our joys or losses.

We need to recognize, admit and conclude that the only constant is change.

Only by changing can we return to our memories. The recalled moment gets another layer in the perception. A time spiral layer distance. As another layer peels from the soul feared for its own self.

Thus he strips down and then finally returns everything to physical existence and leaves another dimension without a jersey. It no longer has any number, title, name, color, shape, coat of arms or flag written on it. The naked soul.

The being that constantly changes shape and place, whilst the energy remains.

The part returns to the whole.

It enriches the collective consciousness with abundance of experiences. Like the little photon in the light of a lamp that ignites light to see in the dark.

As long as the soul experiences in its individual practices, it receives suggestions from the great common.

Gets inspiration in the spiral of time.

It touches without a body.

These are blessed states and moments when we forget about ourselves. We pass them to a flow in the process of vibrations.

It begins by a hand which flies, flutter from key to key, beating and leaving an imprint until it is blown away by the wind, washed away by rain, changed by time and memory.

Just as a butterfly has only two weeks to perform the certain wing stroke he was born on and get as far away from the tree where he got out of his chrysalis as possible before returning to lay his eggs down and give his strength, his lightweight little body back into the source.

It leaves a mark in the air, writes it in, dances its existence in space and impacts. Its butterfly effect is mysterious, strikes of its colorful wing can add up like dominoes, reaching the other side of the planet where hurricanes can be stopped or launched.

This is how inspiration will become embodied art.

This is how music can get through the listener's ears into his consciousness and from there into his soul. Sometimes the other way around.

This is how, by holding down the pedal of the piano, the released, untouched strings resonate with those triggered by the soft blows of the hammers.

They ring together hand by hand in the body of the piano.

This strange, spaceship-shaped Hungarian piano also has a special feature.

Its strings received less support and their vibrations were not so much circular but more undulating like sinusoidal curves.

That way, if you take the felt off them, the strings are free to take the overtones. Each harmony calls for different strings to ring together.

They dance in space to the microphones and now, if they find open ears and hearts, those hearts can feel the spiritual development that this chap, fellow, figure, individual, entity, form, person has witnessed in the 45 spirals of his life. They will hear exactly what I do experience in front of the instrument. We mixed the whole album to let them hear what I heard, not what the audience used to hear when they are sitting in front of me.

It's a celebration after 25 years of getting out of my butterfly chrysalis and taking my first wing strokes.



25 YEARS OF EMOTIONAL DEVELOPMENT

It was exactly 25 years ago that my supportive and reassuring mother opened the door to my room.

February 14, 1997

BUDAPEST - Valentine's Day

Today, as the album is already recorded and I write the thoughts into this booklet

February 14, 2022

ZANZIBAR - Valentine's Day

I brought my heart to where Freddie Mercury was born. With him one of the guides of my spiritual development, my guardian angel.

25 years ago I sang the song Too Much Love Will Kill You at home, alone in my room.

My mother, who was supportive in everything, opened the door to my room and said:

"You can play a thousand more times, it won't get any better. Because you can already play the piano and sing. But you don't know what the song is about.

To reach that, you have to start practice something else. You have to practice LIFE.

To do that, you have to fall in love, to experience happiness and disappointments. You have to stand up a thousand times if your heart breaks. Than you will be ready to sing. "



25 years have passed.

I recorded an album alone. I sang what I experienced about my heart.

I'm at Freddie Mercury's roots. At the roots of my roots.

At the house where he was born, on the island where he first saw the African Sun!

Where the sea is a few steps away. Where mango grows along the road on trees as large as a condominium.

Where a butterfly first rested on my shoulder after it hatched from its chrysalis.

I came to the roots of humanity.

Where the first links in my genes formed.

I came home.

I brought my heart home. If I leave it here, sooner or later I'll have to come back for it.

As I have to go back to my memories, the experiences of the last 25 years, for the pieces that have been dropped from the broken cracks in my heart.

I return to remember and cast the lessons into gold as the cracks on the walls of the Japanese kintsugi pots are repaired.

They do not hide the fault, but show the value of the force that holds it together despite its damage. Celebrating Imperfections.

Taking on our vulnerability is a very big exercise.

Among the wilds, it would be suicide against predators.

The confidence of surrender. To let go the fun clown-armor of my defensive self.

Giving myself up, capitulating and let all the feeling flow out what I have experienced over the last 25 years since I left the door of my room.



KINTSUGI

Traumas are a natural part of life, which can be processed and incorporated into a stronger, more exciting personality, while our uniqueness is also carried by these fault lines.

金継ぎ

トラウマは人生の自然な一部であり、それ
を処理し、より強く刺激的な人格に取り入れる
ことができます。一方、私たちの独自性は、
これらの断層によって担われてもいます。

INTERNAL MONOLOGUE

Did you know that you keep talking constantly to yourself?

If you don't talk, you're humming. Then you have an ear worm. Will it become a butterfly?

It's better than having textual thoughts, in fact, you're almost meditating.

Silencing the inner monologue is meditation itself, where you get a place for inspiration.

You can surprise and catch out this little radio exposure by starting to pay attention to your thoughts.

The text you think inside your head is often completely different from what you just said.

Because it has an internal meaning. Outsiders can only feel this meaning.

They can sense from the emphasis, the rhythm of the speech or the dance of the gestures, from the little signs of metacommunication.

I think we hear the most with our hearts.

We know how a simple "Good morning!" can cover so many things beyond.

It can be a kind and real good wish without any back intentions.

This is basic..

But in most cases, it means otherwise.

For example, a polite gesture at the hotel reception indicating that they had noticed my presence.

It can mean a surrender when someone offers us their services with simply greeting us. It can show dominance for example, where they expect us to surrender to the will of others.

It can sound reprehensible, for example, to greet someone who arrives late for work. Like the boss and colleagues know the person is late and they're not punishing them yet. In this case, though, we hear:

Good morning! Yet they mean: You're late!

There is a lot of underlying content that could be subtitled. Like in one of the scenes in Woody Allen's Annie Hall movie.

Below, I attach to the songs the internal monologues that slip through me when I say the magic words the authors wrote and you hear as lyrics on the album.



1. MY FUNNY VALENTINE

The first and last song I learned to play on piano from my master Attila Garay.
From the master who entrusted me with all the knowledge of his jazz until his death. MASTER, in capital letters.

He taught to analyze and interpret as a singer.

The MASTER before whom Al Jarreau bowed when we handed his portrait I painted, which I had made at Garay's request.

I didn't know how he deserved this deep humility that was natural to me, but Al arrived as a guest at the finals of the jazz singing competition named by my master at the time. I never liked competitions. So I didn't sign up. I didn't want to get an award, I wanted to give instead of receive. My award was I could learn from a giant. That moment I have seen the mutual respect between two geniuses. The hostage of communism and the afro-american superstar.

Confessions are what we want to say every day.

You are as good as you are. Don't change yourself.

Federico Fellini once said when asked why did he choose Giulietta Masina as his wife when he was able to work with the most beautiful actresses in the world and they were passionate about him:

"Because those women can only get me excited, but she makes me laugh too."

I think this is one of our most important choices.

In addition to the excitement, what colors the other brings to our relationship.

Because there is a person our hearts can only smile from its mere presence.

Even in silence makes you feel whole.

There are no unspoken words.

Nothing is missing.

The imperfections perceived by others give a charm that cannot be photographed.

What is triggered by the other at the moment cannot be reproduced.

Yet the greatest artist is the creator.

I glorify him/her/it when I see it's most beautiful work of art.

There is no need to change anything about it.

So perfect as it is.

A Greek statue - which shows the perfect scale, the proportions of the human body - would also evoke very different feelings if it would come to life.

He would speak from his soul.

From the essence. It would flow through his body.

His movements, his voice, and his expressed thoughts can completely rewrite the spectacle, and even the power of his emotional intelligence or his passion or intellect can affect us.

It's not enough to have nice eyes, you have to know how to look. The gaze does not come from the eyes.

Just as a smile doesn't depend on the thickness of your lips.

Though I prefer to kiss the loved ones pit of the corner of a smile.

MY FUNNY VALENTINE

My funny valentine
Sweet comic valentine
You make me smile with my heart
Your looks are laughable
Unphotographable
Yet you're my favorite work of art
Is your figure less than Greek?
Is your mouth a little weak?
When you open it to speak
Are you smart? Are you pretty smart?
But don't change your hair for me
Not if you care for me
Stay little valentine, please stay!
Each day is Valentine's day
Is your figure less than Greek?
Is your mouth a little weak?
But, when you open it to speak
Are you smart? Are you pretty smart?
But don't change your hair for me
Not if you care for me
Stay little valentine, please stay, please stay
Each day is Valentine's day
Valentine's day, Valentine's day, Valentine's Day

Each day is Valentine's Day.

Valentine's day at the House in Zanzibar where Freddie Mercury was born

2. WICKED GAME - MAD WORLD

This mashup displays two types of struggles. Struggle with someone or facing with the whole world.

The interpersonal emotion that is created between two individuals and the struggle with it can go so far that one no longer wants to play games, or does not want to be in love at all, if one agrees to lose the other.

Yet it is not worth living to avoid love. Let's yell at the other's face instead.

Go in, take the risk, open the vulnerability.

"This world is only gonna break your heart", it sounds in the vocals of the original song.

Our struggles with the world is the other direction.

We are all members of a society even if we want it or not.

I wonder why it is felt so often that it would be better not to be human. Not to be in this crazy squirrel wheel.

Man will grind himself in this cruel drifting to nowhere if he does not stop and realize that the world is not what we have built for ourselves.

The inner world is a miracle, but if you look outside we can experience it in nature and in each other.

"Nobody loves no one."

Everyone loves everyone.

Two extremes. I wish only the second statement would be true.

As long as the ego, or I might say the free will sabotages the happy soaring of the soul, pure love is questioned by consciousness, not everybody can love everyone. Just as my mom said:

Yet the only chance is in the present moment to step out that door, go outside from your comfort zone and risk to being struggling, but it's all worth it!

Because it is our destiny that -

"The world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong at the broken places."

Ernest Hemingway

WICKED GAME - MAD WORLD

The world was on fire and no one could save me but you
It's strange what desire will make foolish people do
I never dreamed that I'd meet somebody like you
I never dreamed that I'd lose somebody like you

No, I don't wanna fall in love

No, I don't wanna fall in love

With you

All around me are familiar faces

Worn out places, worn-out faces

Bright and early for their daily races

Going nowhere, going nowhere

And I find it kind of funny, I find it kind of sad

The dreams in which I'm dying

Are the best I've ever had

I find it hard to tell you

'Cause I find it hard to take

When people run in circles it's a very, very

Mad world, mad world

This world is only gonna break your heart

This world is only gonna break your heart

'Cause it's a Mad world, it's a Mad world

What a wicked game you play, to make me feel this way
What a wicked thing to do, to let me dream of you
What a wicked thing to say, you never felt this way
What a wicked thing to do, to make me dream of you
And I don't wanna fall in love
No, I don't wanna fall in love
This world is gonna break your heart
I don't wanna fall in love
This world is only gonna break your heart
I don't wanna fall in love
With you
Mad World
With you
Nobody loves no one



3. LOVE OF MY LIFE - BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

Love is Reality or Insanity.

Is this the real life or is this just fantasy?

Escaping reality for the love of someone is like going to heaven and falling back from the embrace of angels into the bumpy roads of life.

The love of my life was 26 when his heart suddenly stopped. I had to experience to lose the love of my life at the age of 25.

His bicycle, the one he used to ride to see me, was reportedly lying next to him. The bike he once rode after me in the pouring rain. Yes, he stormed off before in a jealous argument that started at a Pentecostal party and I begged him later in the pouring rain outside his house to understand that he was jealous because he can only see things from his point of view. When I left on the cobbled suburban streets he appeared on his bike. Grinning with a full mouth with a steaming body in the night streetlights. The most uncomfortable thing in the world to sit on the back of a bike shaking on cobblestones. Yet I was never so happy as when I wrapped my arms around his waist and he rode me downtown as the sun slowly rose. It was heroic as he faced his unsalvageable love and his own inner torment. It was worth every moment. Even if we only got half a year from fate. They say that life has not only length, but width and height and depth too. It's the expansion of space within a unit of time. If we take that as a basis, this was a love that stretched for billions of light-years. We were bohemian and rhapsodic.

Twenty years ago today, pieces of earth fell with a thundering crash on the closed wooden box. He was no longer there, just a piece of material to be returned to the earth. Than I could convince myself that the ceremony was happened to be looked at and percieve so that I wouldn't have to look everywhere later. I had no doubts. This is final. Only on the material plane, of course. I dream about him. I dream that it's my birthday and he's come back as a surprise. I dream that it was a mistake and he is puzzled by how happy I am to see him again. We're squeezing each other. With our faces pressed between our palms, we scream and roar happily into each other's eyes. I howl and shout: Are you alive? You are alive???? And then my jubilation wakes me up from my dream. The picture's not clear yet. Then I realize I was only dreaming. Recognition worth it, it's like a cold shower.

I go back to the cemetery after 20 years. I have the strength to face my angel. There's your name engraved on the stone. That's what I have to learn. Well, that's what I had to learn, to love someone who could love me back just as madly as I. Then, when it's all roundish, whole and it should just stay that way, it'll be over. Because they lived happily ever after... There is a wall between the chambers of the heart. A wall that should never be broken. Who knows why there was that fibre failure, who knows today how many reasons why it couldn't take the strain? Now, that's what I have to learn. To bear the load just enough not to break my heart, but to dare to face my loves, my happiness and my destiny.

Well, I'm learning. I'm practicing the life I have to live in order to be authentic in the words I say, the voice I make. From this piece of material, while I'm living in it. I try to make the most of it, the most beautiful. To be worthy of the love I have left to live. Most of my friends wrote "Love Of My Life" under the Facebook post I shared that day a few years ago, where I commemorated with "Too Much Love Will Kill You", and a lot of you responded to my question about what you'd like to hear from me, Freddie being the subject. I report that I have recorded a whole album of these sounds bouncing off the wall between the heart chambers. Among them is "Love Of My Life". Because I know what it's about. Yes. 20 years ago...

The love of our life is someone whose absence hurts as much as his presence makes us happy. When he hurts or leaves, it's a testament to how we react. If we're indifferent to it, we can't have a very deep relationship. So it's like taking a piece of the broken shards of our heart when he leaves. These are irreplaceable losses that, though we cry back wistfully, we must mend ourselves if our prayers are not answered. Perhaps remembrance can happen in another life? Or can we grow old hand in hand in another dimension? The question will always be there: Did he know what he meant to me? Did I express my feelings enough? These thoughts are regular guests. They come up in the drifts of everyday life, now they arrive as close acquaintances and do not shock me again and again. When we are in community, I deflect the subject, as befits a good Brit: "Anyway, the wind blows...."

LOVE OF MY LIFE - BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

Is this the real life?
Is this just fantasy?
Caught in a landside,
No escape from reality
Open your eyes,
Look up to the skies and see,
I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy,
Because I'm easy come, easy go,
Little high, little low,
Any way the wind blows doesn't really matter to
Me, to me

Love of my life, you've hurt me
You've broken my heart, and now you leave me
Love of my life, can't you see?
Bring it back, bring it back
Don't take it away from me
Because you don't know
What it means to me

Love of my life, don't leave me
You've taken my love, and now desert me

Love of my life, can't you see?
Bring it back, bring it back
Don't take it away from me
Because you don't know
What it means to me

You will remember
When this is blown over
And everything's all by the way
When I grow older
I will be there at your side to remind you
How I still love you
Hurry back, hurry back
Please, bring it back home to me
Because you don't know
What it means to me
Love of my life, Love of my life, Ooh, ooh
Anyway the wind blows

4. FIELDS OF GOLD

3 life stages.

Walking through the golden fields is the most beautiful meditation thought. In imaginary walks, the idea of the golden forest and fields always represent for me some divine, transcendent reality. Some other, timeless, parallel reality. A reality where there is no time, but you can see into the endless stream of time. This is why I have divided the song into the future, the present and the past, that is, the ages of innocent childhood, the youth of adult experience and the pleasures of old age celebrating the next generation, realising its passing.

We leave a few footprints of memory in the golden fields, in the sand that the west wind blows away. We are no longer remembered by our footprints, but by the blow of the wind, by the slow dance of the setting sun's light on the golden fields of those with whom we walked.

What a blessing a life is! ...that after billions of years of drifting, a few particles find each other in this remote corner of space, and are recognized by their creator's emissaries to experience unconditional love in a moment never to be repeated. This cannot be achieved, only surrendered to. If we notice it happening. It is with this thought that one can walk from this meditation into the present golden field of life.

FIELDS OF GOLD

You'll remember me when the west wind moves
Upon the fields of barley

You'll forget the sun in his jealous sky
As we walk in fields of gold

So she took her love
For to gaze a while

Upon the fields of barley

In his arms she fell as her hair came down
Among the fields of gold, Among the fields of gold

Will you stay with me?
Will you be my love?

Upon the fields of barley

We'll forget the sun in his jealous sky
As we lie in fields of gold

See the west wind move like a lover so
Upon the fields of barley

Feel her body rise when you kiss her mouth
Among the fields of gold

I never made promises lightly
And there have been some that I've broken
But I swear in the days still left
We'll walk in fields of gold
We will walk in fields of gold,
We'll walk in fields, We'll walk in fields of gold
Many years have passed since those summer days
Among the fields of barley
See the children run as the sun goes down
Among the fields of gold
You'll remember me when the west wind moves
Upon the fields of barley
You can tell the sun in his jealous sky
When we walked in fields of gold
When we walked in fields of gold



5. LIVING ON MY OWN

Are you lonely or living alone? Are you a loner? You were born alone, you will die alone. That's your business. Disconnected from the mother, to leave the mother and return into the mother. I often think of this song when I sing to happily dancing couples at concerts. What a contrast this lyric has with the chased gaiety of the original disco instrumentation. Once you've experienced true love, you're like someone touched by a god. Or THE GOD. That touch will stay in your heart forever. Every crack turns to gold. Only the one who no longer patches himself can put his emotions at the service of others, but passes on the ability to heal himself. That's how I can describe my service when I'm drifting in the depths of a whirlpool, but the momentary pulse of the music pulls me out of the depths and the service in the uplifted song forces out the serenity that just zigzags through me like lightning through a grounded body. With this example of "rising above the pain" in my voice, I can give listeners hope that it is possible to climb out of the bottom of the deepest pit with something that really motivates, that excites. There is no time for monkey business. The monkey is the one who chatter our minds with his constant opinions, blame, tales of woe, in short, his useless thoughts. These are not the lessons. These are the crumbs of the heart fragments - the waste of all material...

The self-absorption that escapes the negative thought-vortex of the ego gives wings. As if it really could make one find the permanent sunshine above the clouds. Just as you are born or die. Alone. The soul doesn't come and go in troops, but it seeks its medium throughout its life and then emerges again to fulfill its destiny to this vast smoldering physical intention.

My mother and I found it easy to find each other. Coming out of her body, finding her right away. Losing her was so much harder. Her leaving was like her inverse rebirth. Being born out of life into another dimension. To be in labor is to let go of your own present body. To open a doorway that leads not to physical reality but to the light of eternity. This is why we crave the pampering and care at every goodbyes that only a mother can give us when we arrive or emerge from this reality. The rest is just unbridled inner struggle and raging. A self-destructive party...

The last line is a quote from the song Mother Love. It's the last recorded line Freddie ever sang in a studio from the last album called "Made In Heaven".

LIVING ON MY OWN

Sometimes I feel I'm gonna break down and cry
Nowhere to go, nothing to do with my time
I get lonely, so lonely, living on my own

Sometimes I feel I'm always walking too fast
And everything is coming down on me, down on me, I go crazy
Oh so crazy - living on my own, living on my own

Dee do de de, dee do de de
I don't have no time for no monkeybusiness
Dee do de de, dee do de de
I get so lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, yeah
Got to be some good times ahead

Sometimes I feel nobody gives me no warning
Find my head is always up in the clouds in a dreamworld
It's not easy - living on my own

All I want is the comfort and care, just to know that my woman gives me sweet
Mother love!



6. YOU

To evoke love in a song is a challenge, but often unavoidable. The song itself can be the key to this doorway. As I step into a story that spans decades on heavy baroque harmonies. There are immediate insights. When you meet someone and you know you have some business. Yet fate sweeps you away, like particles are swept apart by the explosion of a star. When we meet again, we take things to a new level. The eternal hope and longing of unfulfilled affections is a kind of fuel in art. Such loves are timeless. When they are only limited by our choices and our discretion because we know that our happiness can be damaging and we are not here to destroy but to build. This is how a life not lived can be stored in a single song. Can you store an eternal love? Can you go through the phases of a life in a single weekend, expanding in time as much as long marriages lived safely can? Then, entangled in the web of space-time, the soul spits and screams and moans, its raging dance set in an infinite pose by the stillness of fulfilment. Like an emotional asana that now stands as a memory of a great love. This song is such an ode! The most beautiful love movie, with alternating images of unreachable infatuations and memories of fulfilled desires. In the words of a Hungarian poet:

"Every single smile, movement, word of yours
I keep like the earth keeps all fallen matter.
Like acids into metal
so my instincts have burnt
your dear and beautiful form into my mind,
and there your being fills up everything." *Attila József: Ode*

YOU

It's all right with me
As long as you are by my side
Talk or just say nothin'
I don't mind, your looks never lie

I was always on the run
Findin' out, what I was lookin' for
And I was always insecure
Just until I found

Words often don't come easy
I never learned to show the inside of me
Oh no, my baby but you were always patient
Draggin' out what I try to hide

I was always on the run
Findin' out what I was lookin' for
And I was always insecure
Until I found, oh no, but

You, ... always on my mind
You, you're the one I've been livin' for
You, you're my everlasting fire
Oh-whoa, you're my always shining star

The night's always a good friend
A glass of wine, and the lights are way down low
But you ..lyin' beside me, me full of love
And I'm filled with hope

You, ..always on my mind
You, you're the one I've been living for
You, you're my everlasting fire
You, you're my always, always shinin' star

You, ..always on my mind
You're my always...
Always shinin' star
Always on my mind
You're my always
You're my always

Always shinin' star
You're my always
Always shinin' star...



7. HURT

Hurt

Pain

Forgiveness

What if? There are belated confessions, apologies. These are actually mostly told to ourselves. For just as we need to love ourselves as we love others, no more and no less, so we need to be able to forgive ourselves as we forgive others. The absolution is in the words. Insight and “letting go” in our hearts. That is why we must live without leaving loose ends. As much as possible, even if it is painful, we must be able to say the things for which we should ask forgiveness.

To crack open the petrified rooms of traumatic sculpted bodies from the inside. For it is not armour that is built upon us at such times. In this harshness, people develop not defensiveness, but coldness, cruelty. Delusions, which they use to further destroy.

What we would do if we could have one day back with our physically unavailable loved ones!

How much we wish we could fix, and today we may even know how! These situations that are ruined in time are the most unpleasant.

When the bad feeling spreads out in space and we should be able to process it, it is very hard. It may sound cruel, but many times we have to say what we feel in a given situation. Even if it carries emotions that our environment is not ready for. As my grandmother used to say, it's always better to admit something and apologise, because when it comes out, it's too late to explain. Then you can't come out of it well. But the beautiful thing is the effects we can have. With honesty. Always telling our side of the story, not increasing the deflection, the blame. Just as much as we feel. No doubts or things left unsaid. We can keep rolling over multigenerational traumas. The original song is about a parent-child situation. For me, it's about all my relationships. About the sorrow of my sins against all and the atonement that is in every note of the song. There are no labels. No names behind it. So everyone is there from every moment of my life. Everyone I've disappointed, blamed, hurt, hurt even if unintentionally. Including myself. Because we are all one, there is no limit. What separates us many times is just life. That we are physically in separate bodies, with separate wills and stories and destinies. Somehow, in the end, there is no choice but to put all of that aside. To relate to each other and ourselves as stripped-down souls. Because we are always at the end of the line to forgive ourselves.

HURT

Seems like it was yesterday when I saw your face
You told me how proud you were, but I walked away
If only I knew what I know today, mmmm, mmmm

I would hold you in my arms, I would take the pain away
Thank you for all you've done, forgive all your mistakes
There's nothing I wouldn't do to hear your voice again
Sometimes I wanna call you but I know you won't be there

Oh, I'm sorry for blaming you
For everything I just couldn't do
And I've hurt myself by hurting you

Some days I feel broke inside but I won't admit
Sometimes I just wanna hide 'cause it's you I miss
And it's so hard to say goodbye when it comes to this

Would you tell me I was wrong? Would you help me understand?
Are you looking down upon me? Are you proud of who I am?
There's nothing I wouldn't do to have just one more chance
To look into your eyes and see you looking back

Oh, I'm sorry for blaming you
For everything I just couldn't do
And I've hurt myself, oh

If I had just one more day
I would tell you how much that I've missed you
Since you've been away
Oh, it's dangerous
..So out of line
To try and turn back time

I'm sorry for blaming you
For everything I just couldn't do
And I've hurt myself
By hurting you

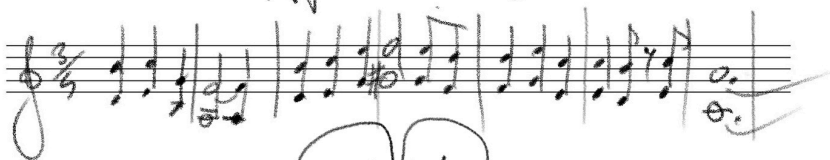


8. AFTER MIDNIGHT

Sometimes you build something from a series of logical steps. As the result of an equation, something comes out. And then there are times when it is not necessary. Something wants to be born out of nothing. It finds the channel and comes. That's how this melody as an ear worm came about. One day I woke up after midnight to this. It was in my head, I heard it in a dream. I was in a house like a mountain-sized snail shell. I went down a spiral staircase that was the harp, the plate of a huge piano in one. This music was playing near and far on the strings running through the railings.

It had no title, no age. I did not write this. I woke up and quickly recorded the melody on the dictaphone. I didn't make it up, I just played it. I fiddled with it until I heard the exact melody that had stayed with me after I woke up. This is the imprint of that dawn. Like a postcard from another reality. After midnight.

After Rubens



9. THE SHOW MUST GO ON

Whether you want it or not. With or without you. Consciously or unconsciously. The world goes on. The universe evolves, forms, particles drift in empty, expanding space. The show is many things, and for me, it's everything happening at once. Everything that shows itself. Everything that moves, that reflects light, that reacts. I feel this stream, this flow when I start this song, the creation of the world, all the joys and sorrows of the world are born in it. With its question of purpose and purposelessness. With God or abandoned. A constant realization of the clogged nature of our clumps and the only way out to the freedom, to be free, to become independent of this clump. When we are no longer in possession of ourselves. When we are instruments of a great beautiful intention that manifests itself through us. Therefore, if we let it go on, surrendering to this cycle, new heroes and senseless sins are born. Endlessly our hearts are broken, as endlessly stars explode and reassemble. The iron in the heart is only created when a star explodes. It is in the rays of the quasar that one of the conditions of life is born. As the love that shines out of a broken heart forms the light that can fuse it back together, empowering it to take on new challenges. Kintsugi makes sense again.

Inside my heart is aching, my make up maybe flaking, but my smile still stays on. Charlie Chaplin comes to mind. The physiological effect of a smile. The eternal serenity inside. Stories of the eternal soul. As we take risks again and again, we ask ourselves what it's all for... We learn it all. The dawn is just around the corner, but liberation can only come by getting rid of our clumps. Here comes the poem of the liberated soul. The miracle of metamorphosis. The soul symbol of the butterfly. From the egg to the caterpillar, through the chrysalis to the wings of fulfilment. I can fly my friends! We can all fly! Only, if we are still alive in this physical form, we are not there yet. Then we move out of our comfort zone, out of our chrysalis to face impossible circumstances, we don't give up. We fly thousands of miles from the tree where we emerged and return to the same place to leave our symbolic or real eggs as a legacy, then fall to earth to start all over again. Carry on with the show! Another starry cradle for butterflies to ballet in my imagination. Tornados are born and die on their wing beats. The butterfly effect is all around me. I visited a butterfly sanctuary in Freddie Mercury's birthplace. Freshly hatched butterflies rested on my shoulder. I fed them with papaya and mango. I experienced the cosmos in one jungle trek. This is where Freddie was raised. The soul of the cosmos in the cradle of humanity. Hence all this knowledge of all forms of existence.

Thank you for the teachings!

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

Empty spaces.
What are we living for?
Abandoned places.
I guess we know the score.
On and on.
Does anybody know what we are looking for?

Another hero,
Another mindless crime
Behind the curtain
In the pantomime.
Hold the line.
Does anybody want to take it anymore?

The Show must go on.
The Show must go on.
Inside my heart is breaking.
My make-up may be flaking.
But my smile still stays on.

Whatever happens,
I'll leave it all to chance.
Another heartache,
Another failed romance.
On and on.
Does anybody know what we are living for?

I guess I'm learning.
I must be warmer now.
I'll soon be turning
'Round the corner now.
Outside the dawn is breaking,
But inside in the dark I'm aching to be free.

The Show must go on.
The Show must go on.
Inside my heart is breaking.
My make-up may be flaking,
But my smile
But my smile still stays on.

My soul is painted like the wings of butterflies.
Fairytale of yesterday will grow but never die.

I can fly, my friends.

Show must go on.
Show must go on.
I'll face it with a grin.
I'm never giving in—
Oh—with the show.

I'll top the bill,
I'll overkill.
I have to find the will to carry on with the show.
...with the show.



10. BILLIE JEAN

It's hard to process when you are the One for someone. Here we are again on the road littered with broken hearts. Only this time, despite all the warnings, we weren't careful and we were the elephant in the china shop. When the arrows of Cupid couldn't meet. When reciprocity eludes us. That's why we have to be careful who we're deep with. With whom we extend how far in our shared time bubble. As it says in *The Little Prince*, you are responsible for the fox you have tamed.

The dance floor is the universe and the dance is life. They used to have very nice rules for balls and dance halls. The way the ladies held their fans, the state of the dancing orders, all told us what to expect. A lady could flap her fan if the man asked someone else for a dance instead. Or the young man could ask her to dance if the lady's dance card was 'full'.

There was no more serious refusal than that. After the risk, at least the picture was clear, there was nothing more to hope for. The broken hearts danced on just as they do today. But if one was given the last dance, one could take the chosen flower home. But you couldn't tear it down unless you made a promise and a consensus was reached. A strange version of this world is brought to us by the internet. For me, my personal encounters have so far only given me a reason to get close to someone. I need the magic of the personal. It's also why I had to leave my room to take a risk at the prom and give myself a chance to have my heart broken or to break someone else's. Many times we don't even know about these things. Everyone leaves some Billie Jean behind. And we stand in that web as other people's Billie Jean with a broken heart. It's a cycle. A circle dance.

BILLIE JEAN

She was more like a beauty queen from a movie scene
I said don't mind, but what do you mean, I am the one
Who will dance on the floor in the round?
She said I am the one, who will dance on the floor in the round

She told me her name was Billie Jean, as she caused a scene
Then every head turned with eyes that dreamed of being the one
Who will dance on the floor in the round

People always told me be careful of what you do
And don't go around breaking young girls' hearts
And mother always told me be careful of who you love
And be careful of what you do 'cause the lie becomes the truth

Billie Jean is not my lover
She's just a girl who claims that I am the one
Who will dance on the floor in the round

Sketch version for a new arrangement.



11. TOO MUCH LOVE WILL KILL YOU

Here we are again. 25 years after leaving my room. I went into the situations that life has produced and what did I get out of it? From hell to heaven, I believe I've been through every color and light. Every word of this song has come true. Was it worth it? If I hadn't done all that I did, I wouldn't have had such beautiful moments, I wouldn't have called it life. Of course, the wise men say there's more where that came from. In an eternal cycle, the learner is also eternally gathering knowledge. He puts it into the common at the end. I have time for that. When I buried my love, I wanted to die after him. I couldn't take any food, I starved myself. My body slowly began to give up. My mother just said,

"Son, that's too much even for a horse."

When I told her that I prayed to God to receive my soul to himself, I gave her a serious challenge. She said that:

"Dying is more of a grace.

It is not given so easily. You have to be able to complete your missions. Dying is a lot of things. Many times we fear something that isn't death, but we believe our lives depend on it. Life is the thing you can die in, my boy! Not in sorrow! I wasn't give birth to you to die of sadness."

Then I was born to love and when I overflow it will be over. That's how too much love will kill me. Only than...

TOO MUCH LOVE WILL KILL YOU

I'm just the pieces of the man I used to be
Too many bitter tears are raining down on me
I'm far away from home
And I've been facing this alone for much too long

I feel like no one ever told the truth to me
About growing up and what a struggle it would be
In my tangled state of mind
I've been looking back to find
Where I went wrong

Too much love will kill you
If you can't make up your mind
Torn between the lover and the love you leave behind
You're headed for disaster 'cause you never read the signs
Too much love will kill you every time, every time

I'm just the shadow of the man I used to be
And it seems like there's no way out of this for me
I used to bring you sunshine
Now all I ever do is bring you down

How would it be if you were standing in my shoes?

Can't you see that it's impossible to choose

No, there's no making sense of it

Every way I go I'm bound to lose

Too much love will kill you

Just as sure as none at all

It'll drain the power that's in you

Make you plead and scream and crawl

And the pain will make you crazy

You're the victim of your crime

Too much love will kill you every time, every time

Oooh, Too much love will kill you

It'll make your life a lie

Yes, too much love will kill you

And you won't understand why

You'd give your life, you'd sell your soul

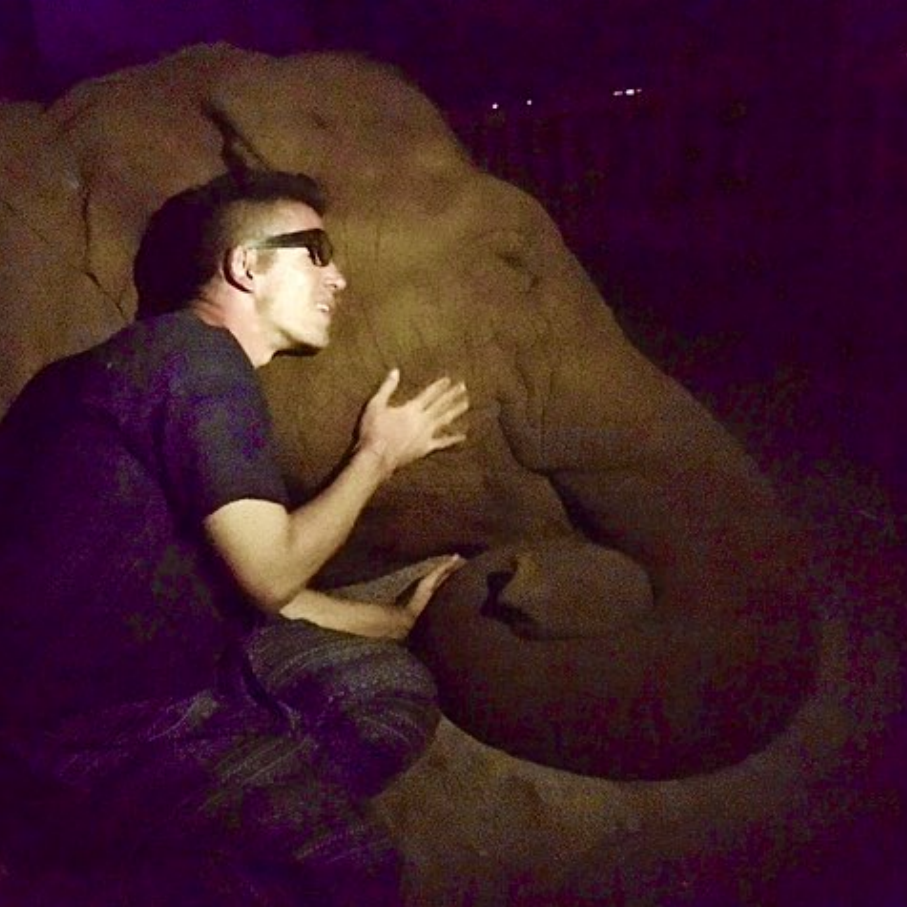
But here it comes again

Too much love will kill you In the end In the end



12. THE GREATEST LOVE OF ALL

How can I finish? What should be the last breath? When I've played out my soul since noon and now it's 9:30 pm, at night. The technician and production assistant are already "dead" in the control room. I know why it is so important to me to record the events of the last 25 years in a single day. All the songs are played in one. You can't do it in that kind of resolution. Either it's good in one piece or it's not. That's why I've made a commitment that if I don't feel honest or want to live up to it, we'll throw the recording out. No matter how beautiful they were. I only kept what was left in one piece. Just like I played that way to myself at home, until I was completely honest with myself. That's how I can love myself. To find love within myself. My ego quiets and calms as I let out a sigh and a groan of my soul in song. Everyone has a superpower. For me, it's my sensitivity. It's my superpower. We can always find our strength in love.



My mother said this when I was mourning the love of my life:

"- I didn't give you a birth to die of sadness. But to make the best of life, of yourself. You can die of so many things. What is it that you always wanted to do, but you didn't because you were scared?

You feared for your physical safety, your career, your soul, your dignity, but you always wanted it, but fear held you back. What is it? Let's start with your physical integrity! Name one thing you've always wanted to do but you were scared to do because you were afraid it would kill you.

-Riding a motorbike!

-Then ride a motorbike! Get a big bike and enjoy the freedom of speed. If it makes you happy, it's worth the risk. Don't miss it!

If you hit a tree, I'll know you've lived a full and happy life.

Say another one.

-Parachuting!

-Brilliant! Jump from 4-5000 meter and enjoy the free fall, the wind, the endless horizon around you. Even if the parachute doesn't open, you'll have a fuller and happier life.

Some things are not physical risks! Some risks are risks to our souls. But true love wouldn't have found you if you stayed in your room singing. Why not risk dying for something that makes you happy? The child you are is in you. I see you as the same child, even though you've grown up. You must love that child in there too. You must take his hand and take him wherever he can be happy. Because those who can give joy to themselves and be grateful, can give it to others and help them. Therefore it is an important teaching that: Love your neighbour as yourself! No more, no less. Because if you love yourself more than others, you are a selfish, egotistical person, but if you love others more than yourself, you are a loser. Love yourself as much as you love others!"

That is coherent love! It's an easy exercise to imagine our loved ones. To take them in turn, to see in their hearts the flame we feed with our emotions. As we love them. Then we imagine that flame flaring up in our hearts in a mirror. Holding this flame between our clenched palms, we can feel the eternal love that lives within us.

This is the love we are born with and carry with us. This is who we are. It is eternal and inviolable. So we must dare to take the risk and love, to be open to love. We come into this world in a beautiful line. The rams go to the wall for everything. At first everyone cried. Well, that's what they were happy about in the delivery room. If it cries, it has life in it. LIFE! Would it have been weird if we had laughed? It's good that we have each other. So we can cry sometimes to see the signs of LIFE in each other!

I mean, I rolled the dice and went 160 on my motorbike and jumped from 4000 m altitude. I have sung a lullaby to a 4000 kilo elephant girl in Asia, designed a circus, been a clown and many stage acts. I wrote film soundtracks and had an exhibition in Paris. I met my heroes and I am said to have become the hero of others. I have surrendered to Fate. When I was presented with these situations, I said yes. On this day I said yes, I went into the studio and sang the secrets hidden in the deepest recesses of my heart. That's also a risk. It's crazy. But now I'm doing it too. Because this is more of a summation of those 25 years. A touchstone of my emotional growth. It will never end... A good priest learns till he dies. I'm grateful to my lovers and loved ones. Especially my mother! Without her, I would be nothing. To which she would reply what a Hungarian Buddhist teacher/humorist András Laár would say:
And it is also something...

Gábor Farkas

THE GREATEST LOVE OF ALL

... I believe the children are our future
Teach them well and let them lead the way
Show them all the beauty they possess inside
Give them a sense of pride to make it easier
Let the children's laughter remind us how we used to be
... Everybody searching for a hero
People need someone to look up to
I never found anyone who fulfill my needs
A lonely place to be
And so I learned to depend on me
... I decided long ago
Never to walk in anyone's shadows
If I fail, if I succeed
At least I'll live as I believe
No matter what they take from me
They can't take away my dignity
... Because the greatest love of all
Is happening to me
I found the greatest love of all
Inside of me
The greatest love of all
Is easy to achieve
Learning to love yourself
It is the greatest love of all

... I believe the children are our future
Teach them well and let them lead the way
Show them all the beauty they possess inside
Give them a sense of pride to make it easier
Let the children's laughter remind us how we used to be

... I decided long ago
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... Because the greatest love of all
Is happening to me

I found the greatest love of all
Inside of me

... The greatest love of all
Is happening to me

Learning to love yourself
Is the greatest love of all

... And if, by chance, that special place
That you've been dreaming of
Leads you to a lonely place
Find your strength in love



FREDDIE MERCURY
MUSEUM
ZANZIBAR

All the artworks are made by Gábor.

The Kintsugi Heart on the cover is the symbol of emotional development, celebrating imperfections.



GÁBRIEL FARKAS

CELEBRATING IMPERFECTIONS

01. My Funny Valentine <i>(Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart)</i>	03:25
02. Wicked Game <i>(Chris Isaak) 00:00-01:17</i>	04:49
Mad World <i>(Roland Orzabal) 01:18-02:48</i>	
Wicked Game <i>(Chris Isaak) 02:49-04:49 mash up</i>	
03. Bohemian Rhapsody <i>(Freddie Mercury) 00:00-00:43</i>	03:18
Love Of My Life <i>(Freddie Mercury) 00:43-02:57</i>	
Bohemian Rhapsody <i>(Freddie Mercury) 02:58-03:18 mash up</i>	
04. Fields Of Gold <i>(Sting)</i>	05:18
05. Living On My Own <i>(Freddie Mercury) 00:00-01:42</i>	02:12
Mother Love <i>(Freddie Mercury, Brian May) 01:42-02:12 mash up</i>	
06. You <i>(Niels Hermes, Ton Groen)</i>	04:24
07. Hurt <i>(Christina Aguilera, Linda Perry, Mark Ronson)</i>	04:00
08. After Midnight <i>(Farkas Gábor Gábel)</i>	03:16
09. The Show Must Go On <i>(Queen, Brian May)</i>	05:02
10. Billie Jean <i>(Michael Jackson)</i>	02:44
11. Too Much Love Will Kill You <i>(Brian May, Frank Musker, Elizabeth Lamers)</i>	04:08
12. The Greatest Love Of All <i>(Michael Masser, Linda Creed)</i>	04:22

Total time: 46:52

Recorded: **12 August, 2021 (12:00-21:30)** at SuperSize Recording Studio

Recording engineer: **Dexter**

Balance engineer: **Tibor Lahó**

Mastering engineer: **Tom Caulfield**

Recorded audio format: **Native DSD256 (Pyramix, Merging Hapi)**

Mics for piano: **AEA R88 Stereo Ribbon**

Mic for vocal: **Warm Audio WA-251**

Photography: **Csanád Kiss, Saengduean Lek Chailert, László Mészáros,
Alexandra Fehér, Gábor Farkas**

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Production assistant: **Zsike Gaál**

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