



Anno

This little anthology was originally put together for family and friends as a partial answer to Anno's own question, scrawled up on the wall of Alberto's living room. It alternates their views of Anno with Anno's own view of himself and the world, as expressed in his lyrics and poems.

These poems – “words” he called them – are only a small selection from his total output of over 700. None of us had any idea he had written so much, and doubtless in time he would have thrown much of it away. But as he didn't, and as these words amount to his own autobiography (when arranged in approximate chronological order), we are risking his heavenly wrath by gradually posting them up on the KJD website.

Our thanks to the many people quoted anonymously, and a welcome to anyone who would like to add their own memories of Anno to the Rabbit page ...

Anno, you were a darling baby, a sweet toddler, a typical but not terrible teenager, and a beautiful and sensitive young man. You made me wish I was a girl again, because you were always so sweet and kind. Oh darling Alexander Kingdom Birkin – you, the sweetest boy – so bright, so fair ...  
So loving  
Filled with light  
So tall, so gentle.  
A hug, a kiss, never too busy ...  
I remember feeding you yoghurt in your high chair when you would not eat.  
Then you became the tall and beautiful young man you will always be.  
Oh how you will be missed  
Anno  
Anno  
Anno  
ANNO.

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*My Papa is so tall and thin  
He dose not hav a dubble chin.  
His hear is black and getting grey  
He dose not see a lot of day  
He sits and rits all through the night  
and dose not like the site of lite.  
He likes to play like a child  
And really is very wild.  
We have adventures all the time  
I'm really very glad he's mine.*

(aged 7)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

It is difficult to pinpoint particular aptitudes as Alexander is doing so well in all areas. Perhaps currently he is particularly involved with writing. He is an enthusiastic learner, curious and imaginative in his approach. He has a mature level of independence in his attitude, plenty of persistence, and works well with other children. He does all this with modesty and has made a very great contribution to the class. Alexander is a child of great talent and charm – sociable, kind, thoughtful & sensitive, with his quick humour and wide general knowledge.

(Fox school report, aged 8)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*It crawls towards the sun like its being  
beckoned towards the great heat.*

*It brings its head forward and snaps at a  
piece of banana.*

*Then as summer lessens its grip and the cold*

*winter breeze comes in, it crawls away  
to hibernation and will not return till  
spring comes once again.*

(aged 9, about his tortoise)

ψψψψψ

I cherish the memory of your small hands in your bed, reaching up for the light early in the morning when you woke up. You were always reaching up for the light – and you are pure light now.

ψψψψψ

*Happy Birthday Andrew!  
You are ageing on,  
but remember that Death  
will alwis be by your side,  
ready to take you away!*

(Anno's 9th/AB's 44th birthday)

ψψψψψ

Anno will always be with us – our rainbow! He was – still is – so loved by so many people. We feel so privileged to know such a beautiful young person.

ψψψψψ

*Dear Sirs, I think the closing of the London zoo is a tradgaty. And we are willing to adopt any animals espeshaly if it is going to be put down – and espechaly a monkey ...*

(Letter to the  
London Zoo, aged 10)

ψψψψψ

Alex is a joy to teach. He is so kind to the other students.

(Malibu High School report, aged 13)

ψψψψψ

What do I say? I can barely string sentences together right now, as I am fighting through my tears to write this. I remember when I met Anno, or Alex as I knew him then. Chubby Alex, with a tangled mass of hair and a Pearl Jam T-shirt. We became such close friends that it was a bitter and painful experience to leave London. Anno was one of the main reasons I love London – why occasionally during the course of my recent hectic life,

I have felt a strong urge to return. I will never forget him.

ψψψψψ

*If I could have any wish it would be to be able to fly. I would like a lot of things but that would be the first. I've always wanted to be able to just soar up and fly anywhere I wanted to. ... I would want to be remembered by my friends as being a good loyal person to rely on and for my very great science of humore.*

(diary, aged 14,

1995)

ψψψψψ

You never knew how much I loved you, and how much you affected my life. I remember when I was six or seven having to write an essay on my hero, and on the top line I proudly wrote: "My hero is my cousin Anno, who lives in Wales and he has motorbikes." I loved you so much, and the impact you had on my life will never fade. I am so proud of you Anno, and I feel honoured to have been part of your wonderful life. I will always love you.

ψψψψψ

*Oh hail! My cabbage Queen  
Oh hail! What's obscene -  
Semen, life, vaginal dreams -  
Oh hail, the mighty Queen.*

*Help me see,  
help me bleed,  
help me be  
My cabbage Queen ... tonight.*

*Help me cry,  
help me fly,  
help me die  
my cabbage Queen ... tonight.*

(Cabbage Queen, aged 15, 1996)

ψψψψψ

I recall a loud, thoughtful, almost rustic young man who made me see things differently from the age of 14. I had just arrived in London, and he enthusiastically thrust me in directions never before apparent. He taught me how to play guitar, what exactly "head-banging" was, and above all, the inexplicable urge to make strange, almost pterodactyl like noises. I was never able to keep up.

He was possessed of a vigour that was both unnerving and hopelessly attractive. From the moment that he convinced me that three and a half inch lead figurines were not the centre of existence, I realised that he had something in him that even the most hardened stance could not oppose. He created a tangent in me that yearned for such a spark of creativity, and humour that could flaw people in seconds. Never a dull moment, even if it

did mean he was always a mess.

I always believed that Anno was the focal point of any gathering, and whether he liked it or not, was someone that others would always both admire and imitate. This did not always please him. But if there is one thing I'd have him know, I'd finally make it clear to him that no one I know is more fitting for such a following. I know, that seven years on, there are cherished parts of me that would not exist had his spirit and inimitable charisma not crossed my path. They are ideals that I'll never let wane or fade in the comfort of the future, that to me embody his presence in my life completely: his unflappable pursuit of what he loved, and the ability to charm his way out of absolutely anything.

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*Poetry is the expression of the unexpected – the refusal to collect, and the desire to break through the walls of possibility. Anything is possible, through the inscription of words placed writhing mad on a page, willing to tear apart any boundary in order that they may be felt. To you, my pages may seem insignificant, pointless and vain. So be it. Treat them not as a meaning or a collection of words, but as a spear, parting the flesh so that it may sting the core of self. So that it may release its venom into your system and stop at nothing to tear apart your soul. Read again my friend, watch how the words bend.*

ΨΨΨΨΨ

Alex is a natural writer who endlessly experiments with ideas and language and questions texts very effectively. He has a shrewd understanding of motivation and his analytic work is idiosyncratic, funny and involving. He works very well independently but is also capable of motivating other students who do not share his complete enthusiasm for the subject. An absolute joy to teach.

(Holland Park report, 1997)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*FUCK  
school  
fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck  
ART  
fuck fuck fuck fuck it.  
(Alex, what is the meaning of this? Please see me at 3:20.)*

(school exercise book, 1997)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

In the four years that I intermittently took care of your sons, I learnt to love them, and certainly worry about them, much more than I ever worried about my own children. In my care, I watched Anno struggle with his puppy fat, and his homework. All the dramas, the tears, the fun, the adventure – all the wonderful times that they had in that magical world up in Wales ...

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*Lower, great hand of reality – wreck*

*with all the conviction I once had, this world,  
This mistake, this strange ...*

(notebook, 1997)

ψψψψψ

I have always carried with me the memory of his warmth and kindness to me, an extraordinary quality in a young teenager. The photo of him and Fido looking out over Iverna Court is etched in my mind, but his sweet kindness lingers in my heart. Anno was magic, it's as simple as that – and will always be remembered that way by all who knew him.

ψψψψψ

*Death is the transition  
from a regular state of consciousness  
into a higher collective state.  
To die is to become one with the universe.*

(notebook, 1997)

ψψψψψ

You really were one of the "ones that burn" – you flared briefly but so brightly, and illuminated the world you lived in. We will all take away a bit of that light.

ψψψψψ

*Did you ever turn around and go "Hey! Where did the last four years of my life go?" Though I've learned a lot, I feel somewhat drained of all desire. All that exists in my memory is the music, the music, the music, and the whole time I am wondering why I'm letting school eat me alive. I realised the great joy that came with my exam results was not so much the grades, more a thing of – now I'm free. But I'm not. I'm as much as slave to my cowardice as I ever was. Somewhere down inside is this raging fucking fire, but every day the monotony, the rejection, the alienation I feel from the people around me at school drowns it out. And I'm telling you, I can't let it die – it would kill me. I can't think right during the week because of school – it's like a corkscrew in my brain – but I've just got this strong feeling that if I go with the music, I won't ever regret it. I can't go on living my life like I see it being lived in my nightmares. I've found this medium/bliss/joy etc ... and if I don't give myself to it, I don't think I'll ever be able to forgive myself. I think it's like Brontë's love: Music is more me than I am. If all else perished and it remained, I would still continue to be; and if all else remained and it were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger. Every part of me needs to go with this: it is the essence of my soul. I remember we once talked about safety nets. You said sometimes it's better not to have one, so you have no second choice. It's not that I don't want one, but by the end of it I don't know if there will be anything left of me. Campbell says if you follow your bliss, doors will open up where you never dreamed they would. Maybe it's time I rolled the dice?*

(fax, February 1998)

ψψψψψ

You're in my thoughts, at that still point while the world turns on. If I'm sitting looking over the river with a slight wind blowing, I think about you, and then return back to carry on. The world doesn't know what's gone. Many people love you very much because you had such a good heart, and you gave so much to everyone that met you – "everyone loved Anno". You carried something special with you – a spirit that we can only hope to do justice to.

I know the musicians will play for you and I'll try to find the chords you might have chosen and make something beautiful. You're there where the north wind blows, high in the diamond sky.

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*Hold on to who you know you are my dearest friend,  
you've got me climbing in your heat & bending in my sleep,  
don't weep for those who dare not know your wonder.  
I wonder sometimes how you hold your ground  
on an earth that's far too small yet too far.....*

*Round – Drowned in whisky and wine to the sounds of crime,  
may i join you for a while?*

*You are the king of kingdoms dark  
that hold my sorrows and my sparks,  
and hold my heart in icy brambles.*

*Got my eye caught and tangled in thorns,  
remember moonlight on our skin.  
Let us toast to the ghost of the first born,  
spread your dark angelic wings.*

*you suffer for our crimes you like it when it rains i like it when you  
smile you like it when it stings i like it when you reign.*

*Will you yield at the sign on the water,  
Will you wait upon the waves?*

*Or in your clouds or in your cave or in your temple at the weir of my  
dreams...*

*Did you  
take the time  
to wonder why  
it hurt me?*

*justninemoreyearsuntilweleave*

*(9 Years, for JS. 1998)*

ΨΨΨΨΨ

Oh my beloved godson, how you are loved, forever and ever and ever.

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*No matter how much I write,  
can't write enough.*



*Got this convulsion in my gut,  
You're cramping in my soul.  
Fingers turn my face to gold,  
And all the time the song you sang to me  
is folded in upon my heart.  
Can't write enough!  
I could write a bible  
with the words you won't have time to read.  
Need you on my fingers,  
in my nose, on my clothes  
and in my head.  
Need you on my breath from 6 to 6.*

*Build a house of silver bricks and hang me on the wall,  
Ornamental – promise me you'll play your songs  
where I can hear and smell you,  
Put a spell on me,  
please forget how to reverse it,  
And just hope to God the chains that bind me hold.  
Watch the silver air turn gold,  
and suffocate my bold, voracious heart.*

(laptop, July 1998)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

Anno was a truly beautiful person, gentle, softly-spoken, handsome and intelligent. I remember having a couple of really quite heated arguments with him as well, but he always remained very charming and courteous. There was always something other-worldly about him, both in his manner and in his gaze, but I believe it serves as a beacon of hope to all of us.

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*My job is to feel things, & your job is to pretend to feel things. My emotions command me (at least I try & will them to) whereas you command your emotions.*

(notebook,

1998)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

I can't stop thinking of Anno. I see his face so clearly, full of excitement, dying to tell me something – aged about eleven I suppose. I often see him rushing towards me like this – with his long hair and funny tooth. Anno was such good company growing up. I feel like we grew up together – we were constantly together – and for so long. It's hard to explain it to other people – it's not like family, it's just a familiarity based on spending all that time together. You said after Anno died that you suspected he wasn't a very happy person – I've put it clumsily but the gist is right I think. He was such a happy child, I felt happier than Ned. He was a hysteric (granted) but just loved getting up to face the day, planning adventures, having adventures – enjoying his adventures. He laughed a lot – I remember lots of laughter. Lots of love too. He was very open about his love of people. I think of him now in Wales, in Kent, in London, in Los Angeles, in Scotland, in France, in Czechoslovakia, in Germany – and sadly in Milan. I'm never sad for too long because I start to remember – his childhood was a happy one and that's the

bit I knew. His "manhood" (!) may have been more troubled, and complicated, but that Anno I didn't know so well. Anno and I said goodbye when he was about 16 – our lives just went careering off in different directions. All the music, the words, the tangled love life, that's all a discovery for me. I'm back in the sandpit in Wales with Skeletor and Optimus Prime. I hope he knows how much we all think of him. All scattered around the world at the moment, we're all connected because of him, he's always in our minds – it's such a connection.

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*Remember the story of the boy who tried holding to water.  
It slipped through his fingers the tighter he clutched.  
Let her energy move among you,  
let her substance become you.*

*Mourn! Mourn not for the dead but for us who are  
still trapped in this sphere of perception.  
This fear of perception – it runs deep  
& dwells in our unnatural nature.  
We're not who we think we are.*

*Know then that she is your source,  
and you her becoming.*

(notebook, 1998)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

I knew you as a boy. But I didn't as a man. And it's a pity for me, because now I think I'm a woman. And I think I would have really liked you as a man. You are beautiful. I talked to you a few days before you went in the ether dimension. And I still talk to you a little bit every day. Anno, you are my child friend. Sorry for all the shit English. I love you and I say hello to you every single day – see you later in my prayers.

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*Smile now,  
I am gone.  
Don't hold on  
for too long.  
The rope'll slip away.*

(notebook, 1998)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

Anno shines like a beacon, way back from my earliest memories of him. I mostly remember the chubby, hot, sweaty and grubby Anno of his childhood, always excited and up to something interesting, but always banging into things, spilling things and often in the way like an eager puppy. One of the many things I loved about Anno was that he was always so pleased to see one, not only as a child but throughout his teenage years when so many others cool off being welcoming to adults. Not him. I always felt immensely flattered and he always lifted one's spirits immediately. Reading his poems and listening to his songs, I marvel at his imagination, wit, soul and passion. There is a prophetic quality in his outlook that is quite chilling and quite extraordinary ...

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*I saw from this place at the foot of my grave I  
gave myself in awe to childish hope and promise.  
The tomb it was dug by those whom you know and love and trust.  
There's just room enough to put you in.  
And you fear that you lust and you know what you love must be clean.  
And you fear what you've seen, what you've touched, what you've been.  
And I'm touched.  
I'm not naming anyone at all.*

*I'm soon to return,  
there's soon to be fire in my veins again.  
I'm almost home.  
I'm almost ready.*

(Touched, 1998)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

I remember Anno when we visited you in London before Auguste went to Wales with him two years ago. Full of love and life, with his long hair dancing in the wind, passionately speaking about music and ideas, philosophy and projects, and so positive and optimistic. And now he is gone, but I'm sure he has left among all of us this spontaneity of freely speaking and behaving which is a treasure for the ones who knew and loved him. Auguste has told me how good he was in music and how passionately he lived, and this is a gift he gave to all his friends, and this will live for ever.

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*A year ago I crossed an ocean for a day,  
& for an hour your face was next to mine ...*

(notebook, July 1999)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

Anno was magic, and will always be remembered that way by all who knew him. He was worth his weight in riffs and verse. We'll miss and remember him for the rest of our lives. What a fucking incredible guy – wow!

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*I burned my doubt, collapsed the wave.  
You're my craving in the darkness -  
this. My God, my King, my slave.  
Save the dead we are alone here.  
Seize the instant quickly for  
what lies within it – infinity.  
You are the centre of my spin  
and you begin where I have ended.*

*Share the shadows, share the light  
share the insight that you hold,  
share the error, share the truth,  
share the terror rooted firmly in here.*

*Does this bold heart beat on?*

*Feel us breathing in your heart ...  
Feel us breathing in your heart ...  
This bold heart beats on.*

*Disarmed of self and selfish things,  
With sticky eyes that trust the darkness  
And the light, for both are Him  
And He is us when we are whole.  
We are ageless. We are holy.*

(Collapse of the  $\Psi$  Wave Function, December 1999)

$\Psi\Psi\Psi\Psi$

I'll cherish all of my life every minute spent with Anno. I did love him very much and feel grateful to life that it made me known to him. He was the Sun.

$\Psi\Psi\Psi\Psi$

*Close, I'm closer than I'm letting on,  
close to finding God, and getting on my  
horse and riding to the pyre,  
I'm closer now to fire and sun  
than I have been before ...*

(Close, early draft, 1999)

$\Psi\Psi\Psi\Psi$

The thing about Anno was his passion and compassion for all that mattered in life, and his instinctive understanding of all that really did matter. As a teacher I always knew that whatever I introduced he just got it and found the humour in it/the situation/others' reactions - so much so that I find it hard to picture him in classes without a smile playing round his lips. As a friend we hardly ever had a single disagreement about any issue we discussed. He regularly used to pre-empt my next point as I was struggling to formulate it in my head. Our conversations became increasingly excited and animated as each of us pushed the other into investigating new realms/switching contexts as we were talking (usually to the quite understandable annoyance of the surrounding customers). I can remember crying with laughter on many occasions and always coming away with new thoughts and ideas and commitment ... and a warmth that kept me saner than before. I miss him.

$\Psi\Psi\Psi\Psi$

*Time, alone, spent thinking,  
drinking sorrow in its purest form.  
Time, spent waiting for tomorrow.  
Time, or lack thereof, is taking over,  
and my grave is getting closer.  
And though I'm miles away, my arms are open,  
and I'm hoping for an accident ...  
some tragic intervention of the Gods.*

ψψψψψ

**Anno, Billy, Alberto & Lee formed Kicks Joy Darkness in the  
spring of 2000:**

At lilac evening I walked with every muscle aching among the lights of 27th  
and Welton in the Denver coloured section, wishing I were a Negro, feeling that  
the best the white world had offered was not enough ecstasy for me, not enough  
life, joy, kicks, darkness, music, not enough night.

Jack Kerouac, *On  
the Road*

*A grand hope. A rope.  
An invitation to your party of plastic bags.  
And cyanide.*

*A deep breath: a lack of Iron.  
I'm fine without. I'm still within.  
I'm coming back to what I know.  
They brought a clown to "camp F"  
Death's easy with a pinch of mockery.  
Murder's easy with prawns and soap.  
"Wow" was all he said as they shot him up  
With a mighty dose of justice.*

*Silence clings like leather.  
Heaven feels like warm butter.*

(*American Television*, 2000)

[Billy: *American Television* was a song inspired by a program  
that Anno and I watched about American prisons and the death  
penalty. Anno was particularly struck by the story of one man's  
execution. His last meal was a prawn cocktail, his last word –  
"wow"]

ψψψψψ

What on earth can I say? I just heard that Anno died in a car crash in Italy and I'm in  
shock. It simply cannot be true. That golden boy of yours. I'll never forget his  
kindness. Anno always remembered to call me, or sometimes to drop by from time to  
time to see how I was. He was a wonderful boy and I am finding it hard to grasp that I  
shall see him no more in this life. Laura called me last night in floods of tears when she  
heard the terrible news. We all loved Anno.

ψψψψψ

*The sick & the dead are just dreams of escape.  
I believe in goodness just for goodness sake, trust me.  
I am strong. I feel like mighty Hercules.*

(notebook, 2000)

ψψψψψ

For me you'll live where nature shines. Your breath will be the dew on the branches of trees, the dance that makes its way by winter's breath across all the places that we love. But mostly Anno, in the songs of all those men who stood and said "I will not bow down except in grace and love!". Those are your songs too Anno. Joined those hallowed ranks now, of all the ones you held in such esteem; and proud, so proud they must be that you are standing at their side.

ψψψψψ

*Why do you talk of ending,  
of boundaries & beginnings?  
There is no nothingness.  
The orchestra is improvising,  
but they know their notes.  
Why search for fate? Why wish  
for an ending?*

*This journey is one never-ending.  
The journey is all.  
I'm part of it all.  
I'm the heart of it all,  
& it is my heart.  
It gives me my air & my tears.  
I'm born of it.  
I'll die to it.  
Its hands always on me.  
Its words carry me.*

(loose page, c2000)

ψψψψψ

I remember your voice on the phone, filled with energy and friendliness. Just two words with Anno on the phone could set you up for the whole day. I'm glad for every moment I knew you, for your music and words, your high, wide, beautiful vapour trail. And the brightest eyes I've ever seen.

ψψψψψ

*The sly might of melody moves us like wind,  
& we bend & we wind into things  
not of mind but of matter.  
You shatter the bonds & the  
shackles come loose from my wrists,  
& lie scattered in bits in the sand,  
where the jackals stand mad on hind legs,  
at the edge of my circles of faith.*

(loose page, c2000)

ψψψψψ

Dearest Anno, I watched you passionately fight your way in to the sunlight, blossom and each of your petals become so beautiful. You touched me. I smile now as I think of you, you have eternal beauty... and will always have the sun on your face. Cariad bythol.

ψψψψψ

*My whole life hangs tonight – like water –  
swelling to the final drop.  
My grip on nature fumbles – as I  
stumble backwards – over rhetoric & rhyme.*

*The rumble in my heart could uproot heaven  
and all their ghostly judgement is like air –  
is naught at all.*

*The dust that is my body shall be  
One dust once – again.  
With all things, not soon... not soon enough.  
– Ring the bells of murder –  
Jesus sleeps — in every one of you.  
Wake! Wake sweet prince & sing! Fill the  
Avenues – with laughter.  
Scream your words of  
Goodness in my ear,  
Let me hear – what I have done.*

*I seek just closeness with my fellow man.*

(loose page, c2000)

ψψψψψ

Anno was like no one else I've ever met. That anyone should possess such talent and intelligence – not just intelligence but wisdom – is enough to have left an indelible impression on anyone lucky enough to have known him. That that same boy should have been so gentle and considerate, and, frankly, so beautiful, was positively unnatural. I can't remember ever having been so immediately over-whelmed by anybody. Honestly, Anno had a Keats-like quality – poetic, and of another time. Listening to his music now I am struck by his daring, his wit and his honesty.

ψψψψψ

*I sat by myself past the bridge by the great white balloon.  
With my guilt by the great yellow moon.  
This place where I ventured with fire & with fear of the devil's  
omnipotent moon.  
& the wound in my heart bled into my brain,  
& the wind blew the rain in my eyes,  
& I thought it was tears, & I cried at my being in love.*

*& I writhed in the light of the moon strung above.  
That lunatic moon hung above.*

*My senses were sharp!  
& volcanic her lingering, luminous soul, we had rolled in  
the raw light of manic delusions & danced like the dead.  
Her head in my hands, like a spell, like a charm,  
like a luminous psalm for my psyche, my arms are wrapped  
tightly. And loosely enfolding the night,  
are the folds of desire that are tight round my throat,  
& the music of madness floats on hind legs  
through the dregs of my sunken serenity.*

*Do you trust me to cling to your word? For I do – every letter.  
I'm better off burned by your fire than cold to the world, my desire,  
My earliest memory.  
We're Animals trying to be Angels, but we are not able to  
know without words, yet we grow without knowing the verb,  
& we love without grammar.*

(loose page, c2000)

ψψψψψ

Anno, you touched my life. I am privileged to have shared moments of musical perfection with you. I also had some beautiful, every day times just messing around which I treasured even then. I loved you Anno, you were so special and so loved.

ψψψψψ

*What's that that you have got? Not me but my reflection!  
Pieces fall away from their structure.  
The air moves softly ... backwards ...  
My words move backwards.  
All thoughts, all moments move like music backwards.  
I know now  
Freedom must be taken & fate stolen.*

*Don't sit & wait for miracles to move you.  
Don't refuse yourself, don't remove yourself from beauty.  
Don't fall short of fantasy.  
Despite your suspicions, there is no respite in madness,  
only hunger & fever.  
Nature's willing now, & isn't it just thrilling how one  
becomes uneasy.  
Vision is the only virtue.*

(loose page, c2000)

Anno lit something in people's hearts and minds that will never go out - how lucky they were to have seen it - he will shine on for them all. It's hard to believe he was so very very young, and yet his remarkable - quite brilliant and original. Losing Anno has shocked us all, not just his youth, which is hard enough, but his quite extraordinary qualities, his gift as a human being to the world. I know the wounds will never heal, but I also know that beautiful exquisite things will flow from there - only beauty could come from such a one.

ψψψψψ

*Place where dreams have lost their meaning,  
but preserve their madness.  
Music's lost its notes,  
but keeps its beat  
& the heat has lost its warmth,  
& sweat has lost that calm relief of dampness.  
& thanks has lost its heart.*

*The player lost his part,  
& the soldier lost his sword,  
& our lord has lost that spark that  
once roared handsome in my chest.*



*& what still glows is kept for ransom,  
& what's dead, in time, is sanctioned  
& removed,  
& used to fire the lantern in my hand.*

(loose page, c2000)

ψψψψψ

Sweet Anno .... my certainty is that he inspired each of my boys by his life and the way he lived it - with alarming daring, with naive honesty and with the compassion that was earthed in him - what a combination - how could anyone fail to be inspired? I am pleased I was hugged by him. That's what I will miss.

ψψψψψ

*Steal me.  
Melt my gold centre.  
I enter through your dreams,  
where you're weak,  
& where I'm clean of inhibition.  
I'm killing this body, this prison of flesh,  
this heart & this head that you loved – put to rest,  
but I'll see you in sleep,  
when I'm perfect .*

(loose page, c2000)

ψψψψψ

Ever since you left us I've been tongue-tied; everyone else who loved you (and that's everyone you ever met, it seems) has found words - beautiful, moving, funny words - only I have been silent. Then I began to read your own poems, and tried to write one myself, but without success; it wouldn't leave the ground. And I seemed to see you riding across some vast plain - no, you have the freedom of the skies now; your horse is winged.

ψψψψψ

*I'm peeling off my pretence,  
Ripping out my wire frame,  
I am without spite and without shame,  
Shedding sorrow like a skin  
Letting winds of silence sing me to myself  
Bathing naked in her body ...*

*From where did you fall, Lady? Ruin  
Of my eyes. Rain of my roots, of my  
Feelers that fumble and rise through  
A jungle of sinew and muscle, to  
Pry open subtle horizons that  
Lie in between our two patterns.*

*We're safe enough here from the dawn.  
From the scorn of the heartless, this  
Darkness is warming and seamless.*

*Our body is total and seamless.*

*(And though you will say I don't mean this)*

*I dream just of waking.*

*Stinking of sleep and your love.*

*Caged from the world by your fingers and bones.*

*My lone understanding.*

*My centre of self mutilation.*

*That place where my body is good and desired.*

*I dream just of waking.*

*Shaking off sleep in your arms.*

*With delight and disarm I am gradually opening.*

*(Dreams of Waking, 2000)*

ψψψψψ

Anno was such a radiant and intelligent young man, full of enthusiasm and so interesting to talk to. A very lovable and special person. It was always a joy to see him. The last time I had a really good chat with Anno was this spring in India. He just popped up out of the blue one evening when my daughter and I were sitting on the beach near our house. There he was, with a new haircut since last we'd seen him, and glowingly gorgeous as ever. We were so pleased to see him. He had just been in the north of India with David and was making his way south to meet his dad. We talked about the magical city of Varanasi, about the music, the vibrancy and the atmosphere of India by which he felt so inspired. He talked about his plans for the future. He was such a philosophical young man. After that, I saw him twice more at our house in London. Although it was only fleetingly on both occasions, I can still remember our last conversation, because it was never boring or trivial to talk to Anno, even if you had only five minutes to spare.

ψψψψψ

*He stood like a stone with a storm like a scarf,  
round a face he wore like a mask.  
As basking and bathing in glory he lay,  
clasping air with the claws of his mind,  
T'was weary and wary of truths buried deep,  
steeped in the bowels of your pride.  
"It's warm" you once said "where the dead flowers grow".  
I know. I go there.*

*Love is the only truth, like light.  
Let truth move out of you like light.*

*The jester he blessed her and guessed at her age,  
while you dressed her in rage and desire.  
Then wired her up to your context and writhed,  
and you cried for her sex and sedition.  
The art in the eye of the harlot survives  
as a sliver of God for your soul.  
So little is known of your love or your lover,  
she shimmers above your seduction.*

*Love is the only truth, like light.  
Let truth move out of you like light.*

*In death there is growth & understanding,  
There is no sufferance in surrender.  
Don't fear the other, his claws or his cage,  
His rage is your rapture.  
Capture this light 'fore it sinks  
beneath the mountains bathed in blood.*

*(Like Light, 2000)*

ψψψψψ

It would take an ability like Anno's to express what I feel in words. I do not have that. Perhaps one day I'll be able to make it solid in some form, but until then these words will have to do. I loved him as friend. I respected him as a musician. He was so kind to everybody. His poetry is stunning, and I will miss what I did not know of him as sorely as what I did. You could never get enough Anno.

ψψψψψ

*We are broken  
and in need of adoration.  
a token of my truth is here in blood  
On your walls.  
On your world!  
Your mirror.*

*Is it I who error in my thought?  
You ought not to correct my splendid ways,*

*For I am youth!*

*the truth is never louder,  
never bolder and more ignorant than now,*

*and the terror of mistake is never greater.*

*But we are not so fragile.  
We are strongest now whilst strapped to the drum  
and we breathe to its beat,  
and the heat from the sun keeps us hopeful.*

*(Terror of Mistakes, 2000)*

ψψψψψ

*At the crags, at the tooth,  
where the rags of my youth lie  
tattered and stone-washed,  
sloshed round the bowels of that  
Truth that I knew, that she  
threw to the dogs and hyenas.  
She lured in the dreamer with  
silk and with song to the  
hilt of my want and she  
beckoned me on past the  
ruin of laughs that I knew in my*

*head and my heart couldn't last,  
so begged for my last little breath to  
be drawn in her arms;  
in the calm of the murder she brought  
to those days fraught with doubt,  
thick with cloud – shrouding peak and portcullis.*

*But the gates of my bliss remained closed,  
till a girl wrapped in woes, in the throes of abandon, took  
warmly my hand and we kissed and  
composed in the mists of our  
minds some eulogy –  
wistful and white, like the nights  
that I spend with no body beside me to bend about,  
dreaming in rhymes of reflections I find in  
your face and your failings,  
losing my grip on the railings of faith as  
devoutly I rise, from a dream without  
sleep, and I creep through my  
terminal twilight,  
away from the place where the sly might  
of melody moves us like wind, and we  
bend and we wind into things of one mind  
and one matter.  
You shatter the locks and the shackles come  
loose from my wrists and lie scattered in  
bits on the sand where the jackals stand  
mad on hind legs at the edge  
of my circles of faith!*

(Rhyme, Summer 2000)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

Anno was a vital and shining presence in all our lives. He was a master of language, who used magic words to express like no other the inexpressible, to give form to what we all knew but didn't know we did. What Anno often didn't say sometimes overwhelmingly said it all. I regret never having told him how honoured and special he made me feel by inviting me to his gigs. By asking me in the simplest, most direct and unambiguous way to be part of what was the most important part of his life. I am in his debt for that generosity of emotion, and those thrilling experiences ..

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*Sweet Lady, I wake in your arms to contentment.  
The sentiment swells and the wells of my heart overflow.  
I wish you no scars, I wish you no less than the stars.*

*Your empathy stills me and opens me out like a sail,  
and it fills me with winds and impales me on ecstasy's mast.*

(notebook, 2000)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*The tower walls at midnight burn,  
With fraught desire, the rocks beneath,  
Are taut & wet with fiction's blood.  
Someone leaps. The other turns. But who is who  
( & who are you?)  
Forget what you want, but  
Don't forget the link that grew me,  
That travels deeply,  
Through me in the form of every thought that I think.  
The loathing & the love,  
Bubbling together at the  
Brink of my emotion.  
This commotion started long before my face  
was ever etched into the wall of time.  
I have both your madneses inside.  
I am in constant disagreement with myself.  
But I cannot leave me.  
You both cannot leave me.  
Nor each other. Believe me.  
I am the ring that won't slip off with soap.  
The armies have broken inside me, & now  
they stand poised & opposed. Now there is blood.  
Now there is love standing covered in glory, &  
Honour lies covered in mud.  
You & I, Ma, we built too close to the river.  
Look at us washing our minds free of fever,  
Brushing off bird shit & bad dreams forever,  
& never once turning the tide.  
Thank you for pains & concerns that have  
made me in turn more unhappy & kind.  
I am proud to remind them of you.*

*(Close to the River, April 2001)*

ψψψψψ

Nothing I write can describe the hole I felt inside when I heard about Anno. I hadn't seen him for some years until he turned up at some function or other a few months ago. He came up to me and chatted away, full of enthusiasm and energy. He had changed so much I simply didn't recognise him. What I did recognise was a gentle, warm, stimulating young man with perfect manners and the presence of a star. I turned to Joe, after he'd left, and asked whom I'd been talking to, only to find out it was your boy.

ψψψψψ

*You know you've got to keep on walking man  
or else you're liable to fall asleep,  
Don't lay your head down on that pillow,  
You'll die right there upon your mattress.*

*Get up & go & write your name (BIG),  
Scrawl it out across the sky-line;  
Spend your days in search of things  
to leave behind you when you go.  
By which point do you really give a shit?*

*She told me that she loved me & blah blah blah, &  
we talked about divinity & blah blah blah, & then*

*we talked about her TV shows and blah blah blah, &  
then I said I loved her & blah blah blah.*

*Girl, you know that words are only half truths,  
& that they glitter like a fool's gold.  
You wear them round you like a necklace  
To stop you looking like a carcass.*

*She even said she knew me & blah blah blah, &  
we talked about our parents & blah blah blah, & how  
we fell off the same horse & blah blah blah, &  
we talked about our bodies.  
In a river. Then you realized the river's name & source,  
& then I said goodbye & nothing more.*

(Isis, early draft, March 2001)

*Time collects its dues from each of us.  
(She gets down and moves to love's exit)  
Taste in music says a lot, I guess.  
(She gets down and grooves to love's exit)*

*She has this thing about the death of trust.  
(She keeps her fishnet gloves on love's exit)  
I bust my mouth on fragile words.  
(Help me turn the key to love's exit)*

*All my colour's gone.  
All the wrongs have now been righted.  
Scribbled down (and cited in a court of law)  
Where luck is in the draw (and truth is in the eye)  
The jury finds in favour of love's exit.*

*Do you like my fortress?  
I built it by myself.  
No surprises there then?  
No. None at all.  
Do you like my fortress?*

(Fortress, May 2001)

ψψψψψ

Anno was a true poet – wrote like a poet, lived like a poet, died like a poet. We all  
knew that he was the One, and we hitched our wagons to his star.

ψψψψψ

*I've seen your face in glass, I've crossed my ...  
I've seen your face in steel. In dreams  
I've held your bones of steel.*

*The curves of morality curl.  
The wings of night unfurl and beat,  
and lift us from the torture of deceit.*

*An art. A moment found. The sound of  
Instinct distinctly close and clear. Like a prayer.  
I want to be close and clear and just explode.*

*There's something in my eye ...*

*Sing to me my sweet creeper.  
Creep upon me like a glorious tide.  
Let me hide in your flesh..*

*The curves of morality curl.  
The wings of night unfurl and beat,  
and lift us from this murderous deceit.*

(*Curves of Morality*, June 2001)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

Memories are not built solely on duration, but most enduringly, on quality. You have left us only quality. We will tread lightly on your dreams ...

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*Look at the man what you've made me –  
Sorry and wise like iron and glass, if I  
Asked for a reason you'd smile, if I  
Asked for an answer you'd lie. What's  
Driven to pain and disgust, all your efforts?  
Your love is an animal's den:  
Lined with the bones of your dead.*

*Our names are forgotten.  
Our heads are all rotten.  
Our eyes are like cotton or silk.  
Our minds are like curdling milk.  
My carcass is mangled and  
Tangled about round your feet:  
A bramble that's dug in too deep.*

*There's hundreds of millions of  
Tales and opinions to tell. But  
I can't be bothered to yell anymore.  
I'd smile but the wound is too sore.*

*The world now's the same as before – everyone's  
Witty and droll and absolved with self pity and  
Bored with this cold, shitty town –  
Warmed only by a love that I became too afraid to offend,  
so I ended up killing with kindness instead.*

(*Chauvinist Waltz*, July 2001)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

While sadly I never had the chance to know him personally, it was clear to me from his wider reputation and the affectionate esteem in which you held him that he was a brilliant person. It had always struck me when you spoke about him that it was firstly

as an equal and an inspiration, and it was only gradually that I realised that this wonderful force in your life was also your son.

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*A broken skull is  
Not a broken brain, monsieur! The  
War that you have waged is one of  
Thought, and it cannot be fought with  
Knives and guns or  
Even fire extinguishers.  
Napoleon was right when he  
Observed that only true imagination  
Gives the masses might.*

(on the Genoa riots, August 2001)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*I suppose it's to do with the proximity, but everything has fallen into place around my skull thanks to this opportunity [of recording in Italy]. For the first time in my life I feel like I know what I'm doing, & I'm doing what I know. The fear & anxiety & excitement I'm feeling at the moment is bursting me. It feels like it is only possible to do what I want to over the next few years by doing it myself (and loving none but myself?!)  
I want you to play on the song for the same reason I want Lee & Billy to. Though I must say, if my suspicions are right, then you also will have contributed to the great monolith of modern rock'n'roll music. You'll be blushing from the corners of streets, & festering in the minds of spotty teenagers long after you have shuffled off ...*

(unsent letter, August 2001)

For all of us who knew, worked and played with Anno, this is a tragic event. I always found in Anno that oh-so-rare spark that enthused, energised and inspired those he came into contact with. For me he was one of those special people that make life so enjoyable and the world a far more interesting place. As a friend (and as a protege!) I shall miss him terribly. His honesty, loyalty and kind-heartedness made him a very special person – a gentle man. I, like many others, will find the world an emptier place without him.

ΨΨΨΨΨ

*Me & her, we had a neck romance.  
There is much broken skin.  
There are several perforations.  
The exit wound is worse.  
The exit wound is always worse.*

(notebook, September 2001)

ΨΨΨΨΨ

Anno made an indelible impression upon me. I had, quite by the bye, after our sessions together, told my family of his striking intelligence, his shining individuality, his enthusiasm and vitality. I shall never forget this wonderful young man, with all the



promise of an extraordinary life before him. I'm sure he made a difference to everyone lucky enough to encounter him.

ψψψψψ

*They killed the Lion of Panjir.  
I fear them & hate them more than most things,  
but you must not bring yourself to be like them.  
Don't let the smoke of New York city  
cloud your eyes to the horizon.  
From here it looks alight with blood & fire.  
That we are moved by such desires as murder  
Moves me into tears.*

(notebook, September 2001)

ψψψψψ

I was incredibly fond of Anno, & thrilled that he was such a good friend of and to Daniel. He was one of those very few people blessed with great talent and looks. But instead of being full of himself (which would have been quite par for the course at his age) was kind, sensitive and caring. I'll never forget the song he composed for Dan – it really helped him when he was at his lowest ebb – and by the way it was also a hell of a tune! Thank you for bringing such a beautiful boy into this shitty world of ours.

ψψψψψ

*There's nothing at all any more that will shield from  
Perspective those eyes that were sealed and  
Protected before that are red now and  
Sore with a longing for blindness – A  
Longing to peel off, like stickers, those pictures that  
Flicker before us like fire, or still worse like a  
Pyre of embers that waits for the wind. And remembers.*

ETA 8:58 EST

*There is no u in the veil of morning, that  
Hangs like a tattered old awning, in shreds from  
The orangish sky – see it  
Blow like a flag, like a  
Bad camouflage, that is  
Larger than all of your cinema screens  
And still it can't cover the dead.  
The colours are dreamy.  
The reds are more red than in  
All of your films about sacrifice and bliss.  
The poor are so precise – they never miss the mark.  
There is no defense against ghosts for they  
Lie in your own self.*

ETA 8:58 EST

*Don't get me wrong – I long to know a  
Time that knows no pain, but there is  
Only gain where there is empathy. I  
Hunger for the fantasy that all men*

*Know each other. I  
think we need another education ...*

*Your homework is to witness things,  
Me? I witnessed someone have a nightmare;  
I could not share it, but I didn't wake him for  
I was so enjoying peace and quiet.*

(*Terrorist Attack*, September 2001)

ψψψψψ

You touched so many people in your short life, you turned everything around you to gold, and the laughter and joy that you brought to us all will never, never grow old. You were always too beautiful to be shackled. I love you – just keep on rockin' ...

ψψψψψ

*Me & Mr Lee, we're hunting  
Thanatos with burning stones.  
Chasing dragons off to warmer worlds  
where we can curl up into balls  
& fall to safety, to the  
dead land of the unaware.*

(notebook, October 2001)

ψψψψψ

I saw Anno infrequently, but when we did meet it gave me that sense of a wonderful friend whom I had saved up to see. I last saw him singing and laughing at a gig in Kentish Town – a triumphant night. It is amazing to me that he accomplished so much so young, but it is all the more sad to think of what more was bound to come. I looked up to him. I envied his energy, his warmth, his conquests and his enduring innocence. These, at least, are held in time. I witnessed Anno coming through the setbacks in love I recognised from my own recent experiences, but it was salutary to watch him as he turned that energy into loud and beautiful songs. He was the perfect human example of the rule that energy is never lost, it is only converted. Love was never lost in Anno – he was the perfect artist.

ψψψψψ

*What's happened when a man decides that  
ghosts & angels only make him weak?  
Does he fall inside himself & sleep forever?*

(notebook, LA, October 2001)

ψψψψψ

The last time I saw Anno was at the Chateau Marmont in LA, in the bar, and he was so full of life. He had a great life, and did more in his 20 years on this earth than lots of people who have lived to a grand old age.

ψψψψψ

*People look so like octopuses, with all their gestures & gigantic  
sucking limbs.*

*Nature really jipped us with the paint job.*

(notebook, LA, October 2001)

ψψψψψ

Anno was such a special boy. So kind, always, I remember – so clever and so unusual, and always bursting with enthusiasm for life.

ψψψψψ

*I like you.*

*I'm not like you.*

*Let's build a fire &*

*Lock horns.*

*It would be*

*Such a human encounter.*

(notebook, October 2001)

ψψψψψ

Thank you for having brought into our house and life your joy of living, poetry, music, confusion.

ψψψψψ

*In beautiful sleep you called me to merge,  
& you surge & you burst through my scars  
& spill out of my dreams into everything.*

(notebook, October 2001)

ψψψψψ

Anno was the being in our lives that gave us unimaginable beauty and inspiration, and changed my life completely. He was truly the most exceptionally talented, exceptionally creative, beautiful, and unique guy I've ever known. Thank you for everything, and see you on the up side.

ψψψψψ

*I measure my life out in*

*Lovers & mark them in pieces of wood with a notch.*

*Three names appear & hers appears twice.*

(notebook, October 2001)

ψψψψψ

I was in my room with my room-mate and his girlfriend when I opened the letter containing Anno's picture. I showed it to her and she shut up. She looked at me and said quietly "..... Fit" – "Fit" being the highest accolade a man can have. It means he is purely beautiful. It made me so happy, I was saying "Yes, yes – he is fit – and he's my cousin!" I know you already know how beautiful he was. I have to say, Anno is so popular here. I am under constant demand to get copies of his CDs, girls are in shock as to his looks and I have realised I never stop having his music in the back of my mind. All this about Anno just made me feel you had a right to know that even in Berkshire

Anno is being loved, admired, respected.

ψψψψψ

*There is no darkness, only absence of light,  
and when you're dead, you're dead!  
The kingdom of His heaven is within me.*

(notebook, October 2001)

ψψψψψ

I always think of Alex as a most beautiful young man. A young man of kind, generous heart, who was never afraid to live and love.

ψψψψψ

*It's so hard to know, when you touch me, where friendliness ends & such things as  
Desire are born. Can the Fire that has burned me still warm me and lavish my bones,  
can it ravish my bones, can it damage my bones once again? When does our drowning  
begin? Did I already sink to the bed, to the deathbed of dreams?*

(notebook, October

2001)

ψψψψψ

I only met Anno a few times, but he was an inspiration. He seemed set to achieve everything and he saw no obstacles, only goals – he remains an inspiration to us all.

ψψψψψ

*And there is no way out, except sleep, which perpetually beckons me.*

(video clip, October

2001)

ψψψψψ

I mourn the passing of your glorious boy. I can't weep like you but I weep with you. He's in the forget-me-nots and the stars now – he's still forever.

ψψψψψ

*It's so quiet I can hear my cigarette go out.  
It's a Gitanes.  
They're really strong,  
they make my voice sound cool,  
make my dick feel longer.  
I feel so cold  
like an old harpsichord  
that no one plays any more  
'cause it's gay & old-fashioned.*

(Venice, October 2001)

ψψψψψ

I will never allow you to be forgotten, Anno. No one living in the same house as me will

ever not know your name. Your wisdom, love, beauty, humour, and especially your annoying habits – I shall tell people of for as long as I exist. And above all else, I'll do my best to make you proud of my life, so that when I come up there and join you, I'll be able to say, "Good game! Shall we have another?" I love you Anno ...

ψψψψψ

*I'm caught between two stools,  
in the cloudy air between things.  
I am the separation.  
In itself.  
In a way I am the ether.*

(notebook October 2001)

ψψψψψ

You are my oldest friend, my brother, and one day I may come to terms with not having you here, but not yet, not now. You're still here with me in my heart, in my mind, and in your music. Wow, you've given so much to me – and just look at all the amazing stuff you've given to everyone else.

ψψψψψ

*Alone.  
All one.  
I am all one,  
Alone. With a  
gun & a rabbit*

(notebook, October 2001)

ψψψψψ

Anno was talented, funny, sweet and so much more! The entire world is a poorer place having lost such a shining light. My heart is broken.

ψψψψψ

*Can you really be arsed to play it when we know the end already?  
Is this not the final end?*

(notebook, November 2001)

ψψψψψ

I just miss him, and it seems like not a day passes when I don't think about him in a serious way. I'm forever thinking of things I want to say to him, to tell him about a book or film, or I find a song that I love and I know he'd love it too and I want to feel the enthusiasm he could bring to things. He just made them come alive in your mind. I know you feel that deep down he was saddened by life, but this is not a bad thing. I am too. Life's horrible and shitty and all rest but I know, as I know he did, that melancholy unlocks a secret door to the sublime ...

ψψψψψ

*Come on Lord, it's one or the other, you know that.*

(notebook, November 2001)

ΨΨΨΨ

*There's hope despite time  
and its mindless pillage  
that seizes on our bodies.  
This wreckage that's left,  
that we're left with that's  
no body's robe.  
We are thrown in the  
hope we will give it some  
noble demise,  
like to flame or to ashes or  
flashes of light that will  
humble the mightiest men.*

*And then,  
when the worms are upon us,  
they'll know to become us as  
gently as possible,  
after all of the jostles of life.*

(notebook, November 2001)

ΨΨΨΨ

We shall never properly remember Anno by sitting in one place waiting for the memories to come back to us of their own accord – his and our memories are scattered all over the world.

If we want to find them then we must travel ... we must never waste this sorrow – it won't come to an end but will last through winter – he is our dark evergreen.

ΨΨΨΨ

*Let the terminal sleep be a terminal dream,  
unperturbed by the meaningless noises of nature.*

(notebook, November 2001)

ΨΨΨΨ

[Anno's last poem, written on the back of a place mat in the Gasthaus restaurant in Bergamo, where he, Billy and Lee were celebrating Alberto's birthday a few hours before the crash:]

*I wonder: can you hear me when I scream for you?  
I really am the only one who ever gets your name right;  
Not in how it's said but why.  
Come, join me in wild adventures,  
to places we've been to & bored of  
a long time ago.  
Everything needs to be seen again.*

*You're like an old friend.  
You're like a fellow soldier, & although  
our wars are different,  
Our fears are much the same.  
You can hold me & complain about dying if you want.  
I'd like to do the same to you.  
What are we to do?  
What possible chance do we have in a world of  
designer ideas and advertised truths?  
Are we best left to play with the wolves in our nighttime?  
Alone with the right kind of need but  
the wrong kind of want.*

(November 8th, 2001)

On leaving the restaurant, Anno wrote on the wall:



KJD  
alas, here

They dropped Billy home, then headed up to a music club in Milan. Coming home in thick fog on the autostrada, they ran into someone else's accident. Anno was asleep on the back seat with Lee. Together with Alberto and Georgio (an Italian friend), Anno and Lee they were pronounced dead at 4.30 am on November 8<sup>th</sup>, 2001.

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