

*Lilli Lewis* | singer / songwriter

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*Beauty Beyond Reason*  
*Songbook*

**Thursday, December 15, 2005**  
**7:30 – 10pm | \$5 Admission**

**5 Spot**  
**1123 Euclid Avenue**  
**Atlanta, GA 30307**  
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**Mediation used by spirit sojourner/healer Brooked Medicine Eagle:**

I am a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, with a beauty that doesn't wash off. I earned it, unearthed it, rescued it like a jewel in the dust, picked it up and made it shine.

For years, I did not see it, though I sensed it was there. Now it dazzles and thrives.

I am healthy, capable, independent, strong yet still so fragile, floored by a sigh. My body is that of a creator-----angles meeting curves, hardness drifting into soft.

I am mother, daughter, sister, lover to myself. Embraceable and brave, I extend my heart.

My body is home, my home a shrine to life, comfortable, warm and rich with treasures. Mine is the scent of hot spices caught in a breeze, mine the laughter that wings through the door. I share myself only with those who honor me as I am and protect myself, my house, and my time from invaders.

I search for my center in the midst of chaos, practice peace as wild dogs clamor in my mind. I use power for the greater good, release rage in neutral settings, with no one innocent in the line of fire.

I am learning how to persist and when to let go, am willing to feel all emotion stop their depths and exaltations, to wake up in every nerve and no longer am afraid of my life.

Both my beauty and strength transcend age, time and perhaps even this lifetime.  
Each day I am new, yet more at home in myself. Moment by moment, I create my world.

~Karen Andes

**excerpts from a letter from the universe to a spirit in need:**

dearest goddess woman \_\_\_\_\_,

i love you so much. i honor the truth of your heart and spirit each day and ask each day for the abundance of your blessings to overcome and consume every ounce of woe in your heart...i am but a small vessel for the love the universe has for you but i feel that love in me always and let me tell you, it is MIGHTY!

...i want to remind you of some things you already know...please accept these words as an offering from the god in me to the god in you:

1. you are a divine gift. outside of the context of your ministry, your relationships, your works, your responsibilities - you are exquisite, a magnificently divine creature. you are royalty among the stars. in fact, every breath you take makes them shine a little brighter... every stride moves the moon through its phases. you have the ability to create beauty at will, and all the beauty you create is none other than a manifestation of the infinite beauty that was born when you came into being. you are a gift. you are a divine gift. you are a gift.

2. you chose to come into being. everyday poses another opportunity for god to experience the fullness of creation through you. your joys and your sorrows are lessons both for you and for god who knows and is everything but who cannot experience itself without you and all you create. in joy and pain, each thought, each action, each experience is a miracle created by you as an offering to god who is love. your life is a choice. your choice is to experience. your experience is your gift to god.

3. buttons have but one purpose: to be pushed. you create those buttons as you create the story of your life. it may very well be that you create those buttons just so that you will have a story to tell. you, however, are not your buttons. you are the master of your universe. you have allowed each tender space to get pressed so that in turn it could be released. you have worked so hard to release the pain associated with your past, but while the past passes, our real work does not. every button pushed is an opportunity to release yourself into fullness of being. the closer you get to full submission, the more painful the release. just as you chose your buttons, you chose your partner to push them. her limits are her greatest gift to you. her limits are a gift.

remember:

your spirit is one that continues to attempt to defy gravity and mine is one that longs to be but a feather in your wings.

all manner of blessings to you sister, mother, goddess, friend.

-l

**excerpt from letter to dr. arvin scott re: auxiliary percussionists:**

dr. scott,

it was so good to hear your voice this morning. it's always a blessing to connect with the likes of you. i'm glad your family is doing well and i'm so so excited to hear about the adventures with your sweet little wee one!!!

in reference to the show i mentioned, i'm looking for a handful of hand drummers that have been touched by extraordinarily good spirits to perform with me to create the vibe i'm looking for.

the theme of the show is "beauty beyond reason" and it focuses on how each of our individual paths, no matter how convoluted, confusing or challenging it may seem, is charged with beauty beyond reason and that every shadow under the sun is a blessing.

as i'm sure you can imagine, you need to conjure the help of some "other" spirits to speak about such things and that's where the hand drummers come in. i've got a couple of conga players/percussionists who will be performing the whole show with me on stage but i was hoping you'd be able to help me find 4 or 5 people to perform with me on 3 or 4 tunes in the set that will be let by the "spirits" conjured by the percussionists.

one of the tunes is a version of miles davis' "run the voodoo down" with lyrics by cassandra wilson. a poet will be performing a piece called "the origin of birth" about the origin of the negro spiritual, spoken in parable form.

the next tune is an original called "winona laduke" which talks about different people i've encountered along my path, from skin heads to single mothers, who feel disenfranchised and wish to transcend the station that circumstance has imposed upon them.

the third tune i had in mind is another original called "become the wind" inspired both by native american traditions and a book i love called "the alchemist" where a person learns that accomplishing the impossible is sometimes just a matter of embodying the spirit of things we already love like the wind or the trees...that sort of thing..

the last song i had in mind is another "earth" inspired original called "blue rock." it starts with a setting of 3 stanzas from maya angelou's poem "still i rise" and then follows with a soulful, almost gospel sounding piece about how, even though we as people feel we are in control of things, balance will be restored one way or another and probably not by us people folk....it's about some other things too but that's the basic message....

**The Origin of Birth, The Redemption of His Children**

by PhoenixYZ

I began in the below where it's hot  
like Georgia heat more sticky and hot than  
crying eyes with cotton needle lashes,  
in the deep deep south  
deeper than pots made for collards to be cooked in,  
deeper than boats slaves got shipped in,  
swallowed like ancestor tongues burned with hot grits  
screaming and stinging  
whips cracking,  
a great crevice in the ocean's floor  
something must have planted me  
abandoned me  
there like a pain filled seed  
growing  
in the dark walls and flesh floors of the Universe  
cradle rocking in its womb  
feeling pretty sad cause being that deep that down  
can feel  
pretty damn bad  
quietly searching misery  
for the message of myself  
listening for what I should become  
Stillness whispers  
every good feeling starts with a heartbeat...  
like a loose drum seeking repentance in the wind  
I start with the pound of myself  
playing sorrowful riffs in rounds  
that fill me and the earth  
with an umbilical  
Sound  
is black with every other color trapped inside  
dancing hums of mind  
I decide I must be music  
and squeezed from the earth  
like oil from the peelings of good fruit  
rubbed my essence  
into the skins of the black people I found  
digging and cropping my birth lands for salvation,  
these slaves turning fields into church lands  
dripping tears like libations  
shoveling and plowing  
Shawshank tunnels to a place where they can belong

They needed nature nurturing them safely home  
they needed me  
this music in their songs  
If you stir something long enough  
it will spin on its own  
life comes and lives and goes  
life comes  
and lives  
and goes  
they moaned to death  
in a dirge that only orphans  
could sing  
Buried me with the breath of life  
back into soils  
More fertile than my first  
and I Grew  
into a tree  
whose branches stretch into bridges that  
bring together  
soul sounds that ring together  
freedom hymns  
telling stories of survival  
like the mother I never had.

*Set List*

1. **Beauty Beyond Reason**
2. **The Word**
3. **Run the Voodoo Down** (w/ PhoenixYZ – Origins)
4. **Song for the End of Days**
5. **Pretty Ebony**
6. **Kisses**
7. **Born Unto Loving**
8. **Echo** (w/ Dydimus – Voices)
9. **Winona Laduke**
10. **Warm and Gentle People**
11. **Turn it Around/Less Than Holy**
12. **No Images** (w/ Dydimus – Statued from within)
13. **When the Sun Comes Down**
14. **Become The Wind**
15. **Still I Rise/Blue Rock**
16. **You Are the Only One**
17. **Every Shadow**

**Beauty Beyond Reason**

Castles of Her Crystalline, (c) 2005

I want to write a song that she will hear,  
She who holds beauty beyond reason.  
She, whose eyes like butterflies  
Reach to meet the morning sunlight  
as it warms their wings  
and they rest upon the rainbows  
as they wish for simple things

I want to play a song for her to sing  
she who hold beauty beyond reason.  
she, whose eyes like butterflies  
tell her everything she'll ever need to know,  
taking flight beyond the moonlight to behold  
beauty beyond reason.

She who knows the reason we must fight for our lives,  
She who knows the season comes  
to take out the knife from her wounded soul,  
for she holds beauty beyond reason.

## The Word

"Before,  
Before the moon  
Before the moon and stars above did shine  
There was the word  
Before the sun above us did rise  
There was the word.

There is poetry in the word  
There is truth and knowledge in the word  
There is peace and wisdom in the word  
And there is you in the word.

You see I am not the prophet. I'm the preacher  
And if you ain't got the knowledge I'm gon' teach ya  
You see I came from the earth underneath ya  
And one day I'll return to the word.

There is poetry in the word  
There is truth and knowledge in the word  
There is peace and wisdom in the word  
And there is you in the word

See I ain't trying to play the mystic, I'm the mighty  
And there just ain't no way to do this thing politely  
See I say it like it is so don't try to fight me  
'Cause I'm here to return you to the word."

The word is just a seed from whence all things are born.  
A simple breath of life, the still eye amidst the storm.

See it's just a simple truth  
That we struggle in our youth  
The struggle bears a bitter fruit  
But that's where you find your root.

Well it may take a little while  
'Cause every inch becomes a mile.  
Every trick becomes a trial  
A single brick becomes a pile

But when you're in the lion's den  
Check the blood beneath the skin  
Take a look at where you've been  
Then rise up and start again

If you wonder what I mean  
Then just ask me what I've seen  
How I gave up everything  
And then re-emerged a queen.

**Run the Voodoo Down**

Words by Cassandra Wilson, music by Miles Davis

I got high john in my pocket  
Got mud on my shoes  
Walked all the way from Mississippi  
Just to spread the news  
No time for idle conversation  
I'm not your girl about town  
But when it comes to making music  
I'll run the voodoo down  
And here in this quiet place I own  
Worlds are born.

On the night of my conception  
I knew the stars were fixed  
Conjure woman told my mother  
She gonna turn and twist  
You don't have to worry bout her learning  
No, she gonna get around  
But when it comes to traveling  
She'll run the voodoo down  
And here in this quiet place we own  
Worlds are born.

Destiny is my deliverance  
I walk this road alone  
Take my pleasure in remembering  
I'm just a rolling stone  
I don't mind a little company  
If you wanna come around  
Cause when it comes to making love  
I'm gon run the voodoo down  
And here in this quiet place I own  
Worlds are born.

**Song for the End of Days**

Castles of Her Crystalline, (c) 2005

This is a song for the end of days.  
Rest your weary head.  
Take a long look, steady your gaze,  
Remember how you bled.  
Take a good breath and let it go  
Deep into the darkness.  
Never regret what you didn't know.  
This is a time for yes.

chorus

You will stand again  
And yes you will dance again  
Even here at the end of days.

This is a song for the end of days  
There no use in denying  
All the wrong turns that set your life ablaze  
Give no excuse for crying.  
Take a good breath and let it all go  
Deep into a sweet caress.  
Never regret what you couldn't know.  
Just this once say yes.

chorus

You will shine again  
And yes you will smile again  
Even here at the end of days.

Yes you will dance again  
And yes you will laugh again  
And yes you will love again  
Even here at the end of days.

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**Pretty Ebony**

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chorus

Pretty ebony, take me where I want to be.

I am sitting with the ivory  
Hoping sound will soothe all my rough places plain.  
Will I wait for the tsunami?  
Does it take disaster to show me my way?

I am looking at the starlight.  
Or am I really gazing at the space between?  
All the emptiness that binds us  
Hidden in a tiny strand of everything.

chorus

**Kisses**

Castles of Her Crystalline, (c) 2005

chorus

can I give you kisses?  
would that make it better?  
let me give you kisses.

you don't talk to me.  
do you remember the last time  
you handed me your heart?  
you gave it to me once  
and I took it for mine  
but somehow I missed it  
when you took it back

you don't talk to me.  
you say I'm not even supposed  
to ask about your day.  
you used to be inspired  
and you inspired me  
but somehow I missed it  
when you put out the fire

chorus

I'm a little girl sometimes  
I like it when you hold me  
I like it when the morning  
light greets us intertwined  
I like it when you smile at me  
I like it when you say you want me  
but I'm running out of answers  
and I'm running out of questions  
and I'm running out of patience.

But I could give you kisses.

Let me loose inside you.  
Let me loose, I'll find you.  
Just bend into me  
and let me give you kisses.

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### **Born Unto Loving**

Refrain:

I'm a child born unto loving  
I am a child born unto love.

How can I show the world what I see every time I close my eyes?  
We are so much more than children of our broken dreams.  
We are the light of life's longing -  
We are the past, the present, and all that is to come -  
The Sons and Daughters of nothing less than all manner of possibility.  
We are the fruitful afterbirth  
Of every revolution of our mother earth.  
We are children born unto love.

**Echo**

B. Johnson-Reagon

Echo (x3)

Nothing but an echo of the past. (x2)

The brother you lynched a few years ago  
The sister you raped just the other day  
The babies you starve every day of the week  
Nothing but an echo of the past (x2)

The sounds from the jail cells  
Of the Wilmington 10  
Are echoes of a massacre  
Keeping black freedom locked in  
The sounds of struggles you hear  
That are filling your world today  
Are echoes of the voices  
Your fathers killed and smothered away  
You can still my tongue  
I dare you to try hush my song  
My springs of freedom will flood the air  
Of your children centuries unborn.  
Nothing but an echo of the past (x2)

Echo (x3)

Nothing but an echo of the past (x2)

### **Winona Laduke**

If I was a little bit stronger  
I would fly away home  
And if I'd wept just a little bit longer  
I'd take my pain and call it my own  
But I'm just a soldier, a pawn of a war  
And ain't no one told me what I'm fightin' for  
But if I was a little bit stronger, I'd fly away home.

If I pushed just a little bit harder  
Then my walls would come a tumblin' down  
And if I paid every hard earned dollar  
Then my voice would finally make it's sound  
But I'm just a woman standing alone  
And ain't nobody gonna throw me a bone  
But if I was a little bit stronger  
I'd fly away home.

If I shook the hands of all the right people,  
I'd show them I'm not that much different then they  
I'd show them I'd marry anybody they told me  
And prove that it's to the same god that we pray  
But I'm just a sinner headed for hell  
And what they don't want to know, they won't ask, I won't tell  
But if I was just a little bit stronger  
I find my way home

I'll see your home of the free and the brave  
And raise you my tired, my hungry, my poor,  
Dyin' children can't afford no insurance  
And doctors who kindly led them to the door  
Well I'm just the people waging a war  
You see my tomorrow is worth fighting for  
(Don't tell me tomorrow ain't worth fighting for)  
And if I was just a little bit stronger  
I'd find my way home.

**Warm and Gentle People**

Castles of Her Crystalline, (c) 2003

We were warm and gentle people before the before,  
Before our fears turned to war.  
We lived in a world of plenty  
And our souls were never empty  
But in us lay the rage of ten thousand mother's  
Weeping for their stillborn dreams of tomorrow.

We were warm and gentle people under the stars  
Until they seemed much too far away.  
We were one but we were alone,  
And if we were alone, were we really one?  
And in us lay the danger of never knowing who we were,  
Never knowing who we would or could become.

Sometimes it seems like survival could kill us.  
Well survival of the fittest anyways.  
Sometimes it seems like survival should will us  
To go back to the before,  
To go back to before the before  
When we were warm and gentle people.

We were warm and gentle people before the before,  
Before our fears turned to war.  
We lived in a world of plenty  
And our souls were never empty  
But in us lay the rage of ten thousand mother's  
Weeping for their stillborn dreams of tomorrow.

**Turn It Around**

Castles of Her Crystalline, (c) 2002

My spirit says, when I'm moving around  
With no place to lay my head,  
Just go back to the beginning.

My spirit says, when my heart becomes blind  
And cannot see its way into tomorrow  
You must go back to the before.

But what about the before? What about the beginning?  
Were they not once a treacherous terrain?  
And what about today? What about ever after?  
Tell me what makes the rough places plain?  
I'd ask it of me but I'm already lost.  
I'd just let it be but release at what cost?

So for a time I'll turn it around.

My TV says, in a couple of days  
my country will be at war, it's a matter of survival.  
My leader says I'm a victim of chance  
in a crossfire between good and "other"  
The answer must be in defense.  
(or did he say revenge?)

But what about the rage?  
What about all the people we could lose to fury and fear?  
And what about the greed? What about all the dollars  
Spent to make me believe all I hear?  
I ask it of me 'cause I'd like to begin  
To release my defense, find freedom within.

So for a time, I'll turn it around.

## Less Than Holy

### Verse 1

I have two hands that work just like yours  
my thumbs point in both directions  
I have two legs just as long as yours  
they reach from my hip to the floor  
I have one heart - it works much like yours  
It cries both for joy and rejection  
I have one soul that longs just like yours  
To knock on heaven's door

I'm surprised at how anatomies of body and mind  
Are supposed to be the symphonies, the great ties that bind  
But instead it seems that some of us are being maligned  
For leaving behind the bigotry  
To believe love is blindness and poetry

So school me,

### Chorus

What gives you the right to tell me that my heart is anything less than holy  
And what gives you the right to tell me that my love is anything less than worthy  
And what gives you the right to burden me with your self-righteous testimony  
And what gives you the right to tell me that your love is the only way to love?

### Verse 2

I had a thought a minute ago  
That this bullshit talk was over  
I heard a song a second ago  
It went "we shall overcome"  
I heard a vow some years ago  
That didn't say husband, wife or other  
I think it said that a union  
Was when two came together as one

I'm surprised by how civilities on the steady decline  
Are exchanged for inhumanities that defy every line  
And every way in which we measure how to greet the divine  
In the lives of the people we meet each day  
And I fear for the tithes we will have to pay

### Chorus

**No Images/Afro Blue**

Words by Ysaye Maria Barnwell/Oscar Brown, Music by Y. Barnwell/M. Santamaria

I. No Images

She does not know her beauty.  
She thinks that her brown body  
Has no glory, but if she could dance  
Naked 'neath palm trees,  
And see her reflection in the river,  
Then she would know,  
But there are no trees  
On the street where she lives,  
And dishwater gives no images,  
So she does not know her beauty.

II. Afro Blue (excerpt)

Dream of a land my soul is from  
I hear a hand stroke on a drum  
Shades of delight, cocoa hue  
Rich as the night, afro blue.

Elegant boy, beautiful girl,  
Dancing for joy, derelictic whirl,  
Shades of delight...

Two young lovers are face to face,  
With undulating grace,  
They soar and say then slip away  
To some secluded place.  
Shades of delight...

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**When the Sun Comes Down**

I am listening to your truth.  
Are you listening to mine?  
You are blossoming from your roots  
While I ripen from my vine  
Still I wonder, yes I wonder  
Who will still be standing when the sun comes down?

## Become the Wind

She calls the wind to meet her  
Like it was her familiar  
It bends itself to greet her  
And finds itself returning to a  
Long lost love affair

She whispers something tender  
The color of surrender  
She binds herself to wonder  
And finds herself believing in the  
Most unlikely pair

Still the space between is wide  
The distance between nothingness and matter

Chorus  
How will she get from here to there  
She must become the wind  
Wrap herself around the earth  
Stir the brittle leaves on the eventide

"I am the tree top" she says  
Up from the earth's tender skin  
It took me centuries to find the sun  
And I can feel your feet upon  
The ladder to my leaves  
Come and stir them on the eventide."

"I'm the mountainside" it says in reply  
Up from ocean's bottom  
It took me centuries to find the sun  
But I can feel your feet upon  
My bed of fallen leaves  
Come and stir them on the eventide"

And she said  
Show me the way from here to there  
Must I become the wind?  
Wrap myself around the earth  
Stir the brittle leaves on the eventide  
Sing for the hillside...

I am the moonbeam it says  
Up from nothingness of matter  
It took me centuries to find the sun  
Yet I can feel your feet upon  
The ladder to the leaves  
Come stir them on the eventide

Bridge:  
There is where there is nowhere but here  
And you're breathing me in  
Here is where it all begins

So how do we go from here to there  
We must become the wind  
Wrap ourselves around the earth  
Stir the brittle leaves upon the eventide  
Make some glory  
Tell the story of the seas

How will we go from here to there  
We must become the wind  
Wrap ourselves around the earth (repeat)

**I'll Rise**

Written by: Angelou/Harper

You may write me down in history  
With your bitter twisted lies  
You may trod me down in the very dirt  
And still like the dust I'll rise  
Does my happiness upset you?  
Why are you best with gloom?  
Cause I laugh like I've got an oil well  
Pumping in my living room

So you may shoot me with your words  
You may cut me with your eyes  
And I'll rise  
I'll rise  
I'll rise  
Out of the shacks of history's shame  
Up from a past rooted in pain  
I'll rise  
I'll rise  
I'll rise

## **Blue Rock**

Blue rock, blue rock shifting  
Stirring up trouble, stirring up freedom  
Blue rock, blue rock twisting,  
Trying to make trouble, trying to make freedom.

We are living in a world today  
Where we take our own peace of mind and just give it away  
Take my head at the highest price  
And with just enough stardust  
I'll paint my own paradise.

Blue rock, blue rock shaking  
Trying to make trouble, trying to shape freedom  
Blue rock, blue rock breaking  
Stirring up trouble, stirring up freedom.

All around me I see soul folk on the floor  
Selling flesh and blood 'til it ain't no joke no more  
Sweatshop economics in the name of evolution  
And greenback flavored apathy  
Done bought out the revolution.

My lord what a morning  
When the blue rock shakes the mountain to the earth  
My lord what a morning  
When the mighty lays down pleading for rebirth  
My lord what a morning  
When the tide crawls back to rest upon the shore  
My lord what a morning  
When the martyred sons and daughters cry no more.

**You Are the Only One**

by Toshi Reagon

Let me tell you something,  
You are the only one  
In this world of confusion  
I know that I can talk to you about  
What the hell am I thinking of,  
And all that is willing  
And all that is faithful,  
All that is lost, all that is costing us a lifetime,  
I know you understand me  
All the river, all the flow and all that I know.

You are the only one.

Precious little stories,  
Well they come into my mind  
I stepped outside my window  
Just to see if I could find them  
But the moment that I stepped out  
I was met by the strangest mix of  
Loneliness and gratitude  
So give me your love, give me your shelter  
Give me a minute; give me the time of day,  
Without your courage,  
I don't know if I'm gonna make it anyway.

So won't you help me fight on?  
You are the only one.

I wanna share your world  
We won't let anyone bring us down.

Politicians, they are polluting everything,  
And I know some of you can't give a \_\_\_\_\_  
It's hard to be sincere  
When people are numb  
And the safest way home  
Just happens to be luck.  
And I know you are tired,  
And I know you are moved.  
I know you're shameful,  
And I know you're full  
But it's a bargain to be here  
When we haven't always had  
Our best intentions in hand.

So won't you help me fight on?  
You are the only one.

### **Every Shadow**

I didn't know nothin' 'bout love 'til you came along  
I didn't know nothin' 'bout lovin' 'til you sang your song  
Look what ya done for me.

You gave me a reason to smile everyday  
For every season, for joy and dismay.

You made me believe that the moon was my own  
And as long as she's shining I'm never alone.

See I didn't know nothin' 'bout love 'til you came along,  
I didn't know nothin' 'bout lovin' 'til you sang your song  
See I didn't know nothin' 'bout love 'til you came along,  
I didn't know nothin' 'bout lovin',

But now I know that  
Every shadow under the sun is a blessing  
Get used to it.

**Personnel:**

<b>Name</b>	<b>Title</b>	<b>Instrument</b>	<b>Contact</b>
Lilli Lewis	Music Director, Girl with a Dream	keys, vocals	404.822.5066
Kemi Bennings	High Priestess of Ceremonies, Conjure Woman	poet	404.222.9148
Calvin Payne	Creative Director, Soul Brother	vocals	770.317.7301
Louisa McCullough	Mojo, Smile of Golden Shine	vocals	678.230.2737
Nicole Miller	Get Down to Business Director	bass	678.596.3350
Kenito Murray	Ones and Twos Director	drums	678.698.9147
Eric Thomas	Jazzman, Cosmos Liason	sax	404.798.9063
Dale Sanders	Mr. Good Stuff	lead guitar	404.357.5309
Ibby Hogan	Earth Disciple, Unassuming Holy Woman	rhythm guitar, harmonica	404.797.0789
Charles Coad	Medicine Man	percussion	404.691.4342
Santiago	Down for the Cause	percussion	678.463.8580
Dydimus	Ancestral Channeler	poet	678.558.5950
PhoenixYZ	Soul Goddess	poet	404.377.9622
Chuck Anderson	Hip Hop Infiltration Specialist	rhymes	678.549.9428
Jamele Wright	Director of Shit Talking, Production Support Specialist	promotions, friend	404.604.5465