

Music is greater than pabulum, pastime, scapegoat, or exercise. Music is. It can rouse no greater than to throb and materialize the mass to synchronous and rhythmic rise. Rather than settle, the people – we – want to rise. We want to rise with conscience clear. Crippled, we want to heal. We want to AFFIRM LIFE. Life is the answer to life. Not a concept but a fact.

Music is life. Music is fun. Music is pleasure, enjoyment, higher order living. Music has its points of view. So very many of us, if not all, want to touch the music and make a connection with the way we do, can, wish to, or might, feel. Music is expression. And resort. Music is daring, moving, shameful or shameless, angry, constructive, quiet, reserved, happy, sad, conserving, shattering, truthful, concealed, honest, direct, frightened, promiscuous. We approach a mode according to our (coping) style, our conditioning, a susceptibility to change, a degree of denial. We can let loose; immerse; hang up the hang ups. We can dissociate from the music, while in the music, and reward ourselves with analysis of it in lieu of enjoyment. One vogue of music is art and creation, inspiration, and destiny. Another is dissection, consideration in technical form, manipulation, and mimic.

Music is life. Dance, symmetric motion, porous and secure amid liberalization. What makes you move and release to assent to the forcings of life, breath, and joy (even in pain) may be enacted in the modulated and rhythmic occurrence of sound. It is the cadence of you, which sways for style and grace. Style is important: how you do what you do. The adaptation is natural, down-to-earth – planted unpretentious execution, expansive permissive gesticulation. The throb. The grace in your consideration acknowledges the other and defers to life beyond our desperation. You should care about the kind of person you are. I AM (moving with the beat).

Pulsating – invariating – Beat. What do you say in words and tones put to music? Hopefully, you say something true. Even not profound, but something true, like “who put the bop in the bop shi bop”, or “oo ee oo ah ah, ting tang walla walla bing bang”, or “tutti frutti aw rooti”, or “ya mamma, ya mamma, ya mamma”.

The lyrics of music must be true to experience; truer than Mighty Mouse out from the sky, saving a sinking ship. Even if lyrics express wishes, they can be wishes which could be practicable in a world of hot and cold, suffering and pain, growth and decay. Hence, no utopia or romantic love fulfilling every hour with PARADISIAL bliss, erasing every concern known to human, struck by luck, and soon opposed by wretched disappointment when the mammoth fabrication is “found” to be a lie, can steer us in a viable direction to love, relations, or companionship. Pop lyrics lie when they blind us to giving progressive shape to our life through discipline to the self. When they cast us Escaping to a way a world will never be and Escaping

from attacking the way a world can be if we think and try hard. The mythical confounds what is lost and longing.

Give praise to love. Give sympathy to a broken heart. But be realistic. And don't espouse clandestine acquaintance or morbid sex, because we are human, and the clandestine is a pain in the heart to whom it is withheld; and an indiscreet fornication for sex to a human machine is degradation.

Pay closer attention to those contingencies in life which affect our overt actions and moods, yet do not get much 'airplay'. Economics, frustration, bitterness, outrage, hate, STATUS, credibility, health. Sing about the truth of your distress and hope. Sing about your overriding concerns: Your Self-Image and the forces beating down on you with which you must contend. Be sincere. Contemplate yourself. Struggle with discipline and FORTITUDE and kindness of SELF. Surrender ATTITUDE, guile. Acclimate towards Other.