

'MUSIC' and 'DANCE'

'DANCE'

Aside

- ◆ It's probably wrong to be critical of men and women where sexual matters are concerned. It's said that sex and violence are things we do when we 'temporarily lose control of ourselves' ... when we behave in a way that is not 'normal'.
- ◆ Therefore, it may well be a vital part of normal human behaviour without which we would perish as a species. Who knows?
- ◆ And, we never tried to behave properly at all times anyway ... so, I guess, we'll never know.

It's a bit like Communism and Christianity.

It doesn't work ... 'cause it's never been tried.

There is no way of knowing what strange aberrations evolution designed for the survival of our species ... and without which we would have been in dire peril.

- But, be in no doubt, **dancing** is definitely one such aberration. It appears so unnatural and fundamentally imbalanced for any 'proper' society to engage in.
- And yet, dancing helps a (dysfunctional) man get sex, the kind of guy who couldn't possibly get sex naturally ... like actually chatting up the woman.

- ◆ He has to physically demonstrate his ability to simulate copulation in order to show the females that, given the chance, he can also do the real thing.
- ◆ Endless, tedious hours of painful gyrations in the hope that he might – MIGHT – get some sex at the end of it.
- ◆ He has to convince a potential partner (victim?) of his powers in that department and it's probable that Nature, in its twisted wisdom, has a two-fold purpose in this.

He desperately tries to awaken her natural 'obligation' to have sex and ... give birth. She'd probably forget about all this stuff otherwise.

Female Perspective

Any woman would find it very difficult to suddenly go from a relaxed, sedate, seated position talking with her fellow sedate female friends about chocolate or fashion or 'the bitch who works with her' or shopping or whatever ... **to torrid, sweaty, rumpy-pumpy sex.**

I fear, it would be just too much of a jolt to her system.

The Dance, therefore, allows a more refined transition.

It allows her to talk to a man, move in a sensuous way, lose some sweat etc. And, before she fully realises it, she's already gone most of the way, anyway.

Losing sweat whilst heavily dancing is just a prelude to gracefully losing her bra and panties later.

The last part ... **the rumpy-pumpy** ... is much less energetic and less physically demanding than The Dance (*unless, of course, she is lucky enough to be in bed with Eddie Paul*).

Still, let's be honest, folks! (*apart from the possible exception of the survival of the entire human race*) dancing is surely the most absurd thing that seemingly sane and responsible people do, without being forced at gun-point.

My Two Cents

If ever I was being tried by a jury, I wouldn't care what kind of people the jury was composed of ...

- The way they walked, talked or voted
- The way they cut their hair or toenails
- The way they nonchalantly scratched their bums
- Whether they liked their egg sunny-side-up or not

It wouldn't matter a dam to me.

The only thing I would demand to know is that the people who will judge me had ever taken leave of their senses and danced ... under any circumstance.

There is no way I could accept the judgement of any solemn-faced hypocrites who, given the opportunity, would gladly don big grins on their clown faces and rush into the centre of a cretin-filled room and wiggle and weave as if a whole army of creepy crawlies had just invaded their underwear.

I'd have to be dragged kicking and screaming from that courtroom.

There's no way I would accept it, even if I did the deed and was as guilty as hell. The sheer ignominy of it would kill me.

But if they were non-dancing level-headed types and they found me guilty, I'd be disappointed but I wouldn't complain ... even if I didn't do the deed.

But, the good news is that Nature itself seems to hold the show-off dancing types in the same level of disrespect and disdain as I do.

You'll often get the bloke who just stands there, leaning against a wall, looking with barely disguised contempt at the dancing, while his 'colleagues' spend endless, tedious hours showing off in front of females in the hope that they might get some sex.

NOTE

*For 'colleagues' please understand he means pathetic dancing guys who are not worthy of the title **men**. They are clearly idiots controlled by women.*

- ▶ Then, when one of the dancing men has reached his last breath and his wobbling knees are about to go from under him (*just like he had done a few rounds with Mike Tyson*), his female dancing partner quickly turns to the smiling (sneering) bloke, leaning against the wall, who hasn't done a thing all evening ... and walks off with him.
- ▶ She has obviously reached that transition point where she wants to move from sex simulation to the real thing and wisely decides that her 'dancing' partner would be too clapped-out for any serious rumpy-pumpy.

Or else there's no way she'd consider having offspring with seriously imbalanced, sad bastards like ... dancers.

Anthropologist

It could be that nature is trying to rectify the anomaly it created a long time ago ... something that is not needed any more for the survival of the species. And that is why she chooses the non-dancer.

Realist

No. It's more likely that blokes who dance are nice guys and the blokes who don't dance are real bastards and women are seriously attracted to real bastards.

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My Buddy and Me

I have a long-standing buddy who seriously believes that women, when they're out of an evening, aren't remotely interested in the Second World War or whether or not printing was the greatest revolution of the Second Millennium.

However weird and mad that might appear to you intelligent readers ... this is what he believes.

- 🍌 In spectacular contrast to me, he just walks up to a woman and, sometimes without even a cursory 'Hello, how's it goin' ... he begins to ... wait for it, folks ... yes, you probably guessed it because of the title ... that's right ... he dances. He just DANCES.
- 🍌 I'm not kidding. He starts to move without talking at all. Slowly at first but, if she remains standing in the general vicinity, he will progress to a fully-fledged dance ... weaving and twisting as if there was no shocked person watching him or if there was no tomorrow at all.
- 🍌 And he touches them. Can you imagine? He just reaches out and touches them.
- 🍌 He finds some reason to touch their hand, neck, shoulder or face ... and he does it.

(However, he does concede that tits and pussies and even bums are out of range at this delicate point in proceedings – unlike the venerable Donald Trump and Jack The Ripper and suchlike celebrities.)

He claims a woman has to find a physical bond with a man otherwise they will lose interest very fast. Very very fast. Too fast for the average man's mind to fathom.

And ... the most important thing of all, he tells me, is to move your body. Keep moving your body.

Segment of My Buddy's Long Long Lectures ...

A woman wants to move so bad she'll start moving the minute the man take the lead. They're programmed to do it.

You (that's me) talk too much. Talking heads is not what it's about, you very silly man.

That's not why she spent so much time and effort getting herself ready for the night. She wants to be seen and admired. It's about moving bodies ... nothing else.

Aside

Then again, it must be mentioned at this point, my buddy's conversations with women are largely crap. He's really bad at chatting them up ... as I have discovered on so many spectacular occasions.

But the really crazy thing is ... he's right (sometimes). After a short time, his new female fiend (sorry, victim) will begin to slowly gyrate with him, and well ... the rest is history.

I have a very different tactic, as My Buddy has previously noted.

Because I earnestly believe that deep down we are all functioning, rational human beings I normally approach a likely looking woman and kick off with something really interesting like ...

Me ...

As far as I'm concerned, the Battle of Kursk was the greatest battle of the Second World War ... probably the greatest battle in the entire history of human conflict.

Now, I know not everyone would agree with that, but when you think of the effect it had on the war ... Ammm ... confidence ... Ahhh ... retreat ... end of the war ...

My gallant introduction normally peters out somewhere around here because my potential conversation partner is, at this point, desperately looking all around ... for her friends ... or the toilet ... or the EXIT ... or a gun ... or a tank ... or anything.

**The terror in her eyes is a primitive flight or fight
kinda thing which, deep down, I feel partly
responsible for.**

And seeing a similar terrified-looking suspect talking to an intelligent-looking guy, she'll approach her with a hug and, urgently adjusting her hair or clothing or both ... (*Aside: wouldn't it be great if they adjusted each other's boobs at this delicate point*) ... and say aloud in her best Dublin 4 accent ...

Likely Looking Woman

Dervla ... Hoi ...

Similar Looking Suspect

(*stunned*) Like ... Hoi

**I can see that Dervla is as stunned as I am, God love her.
Either because ...**

- She hates my woman or, worse still, they've never met before.
- Her name is not Dervla and my likely looking woman is trying to start a conversation with a total stranger in a desperate attempt to get away from me and meet a real man who knows how to move in a cool 'dance' (*and, hopefully, knows nothing else*). And move on to the rumpy-pumpy bit without a word spoken.

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The (final) Solution

**For social interaction among potential mating partners ...
surely the future will evolve some way of intellectually
grading people.**

- ◆ Before approaching a likely looking woman, wouldn't it be nice to know (roughly speaking) what her IQ level was. I mean, are we talking Beethoven or Showaddywaddy.

*(**Aside:** I'm sure there are modern 'musical' equivalents but I have no interest in finding this valuable information. Feel free to fill in this information as your taste requires.)*

- ◆ And vice versa, I imagine. Surely the likely looking woman would want to know the same about the man who approaches her.
- ◆ There's nothing more frustrating than approaching a likely looking woman and finding your brilliantly-chosen intro is met with a glazed stare that is clearly emanating from a mind with the cranial output of your average Daddy Long Legs ... unless, of course, you are Rod Stewart.
- ◆ And to think you waited for an extremely long time for just the right moment to pounce on your likely looking woman.

What a goddam waste of valuable life on this Earth.

Seriously! No matter how good you get at chatting-up girls ... no matter how brilliant and experienced you become ... you will get caught with this one every time.

My Two Cents

Until nature evolves a better indicator ... which it must surely do for the survival of the human species ... and I have no doubt about that ... let me suggest a temporary solution.

An Armband

(OK ... a white armband ... so it is neutral enough to match whatever the colour of the clothing your more fashion conscious females are wearing.)

The armband can be worn by anyone with an IQ of, let's say, over 120.

OK, I know all this sounds a bit Hitlerian but ... hey, they don't HAVE to wear the armband. They must WANT to wear it ...

... and WEAR IT WELL (as good old Rodney Stewart would have us believe).

But if they're wearing one of the **Bright Persons Armbands** and, upon investigation, it's discovered they don't have a cert to prove their bright IQ level ...

... then, by God and all that's holy, they'll get the living crap kicked out of them.



Cretins

It would appear to any non-biased person, upon examining the evidence, that men dance because women want them to.

- Women don't spend ages preparing to go out ... to sit in a corner all evening. They need to show off their bits and pieces with as many adornments as they can possibly muster. And why not.
- So, the men have to twist around and jump about all over the place like rabid monkeys tormented by a whole host of demons – just because someone else want them to.
- But what women don't realise is that, with 4,000,000 years of nature's programming, a man will gladly dance ... PRE-SEX.
- But POST-SEX he's a very, very different person.
- His erstwhile zest for dancing has mysteriously evaporated.

Post-Coital Man

Hey lady ... find yourself another bejaesus clown. I'm trying to maintain my dignity here.

A Wee Bit of History

There was a time, right up to the 1960s when dancing was an art form. It was something a person had to learn in order to be a functional part of society. It was an expression of a person's landscape and be an integral part of it.

There were a multitude of dances and each was an expression of the music and the person demonstrating this in dance.

But, be in no doubt, modern dancing is just a support for the poor sad bastards who can't chat up a woman ... or an easy prelude to full-blown sex for the faint-hearted.

In the modern nightclub, otherwise normal people are moving painfully to some relentless shit they call music. (*Actually, their dancing is only reminiscent of some form of martial arts training or, at best, aerobics*).

These people actually say (*without any visible sign of the tremors normally associated with the guilty under interrogation*) that it has nothing to do with sex.

With a big grin born of abject imbecility, they'll say stuff like ...

Nightclub Cretins

The music just makes me ... ya know ... wanna move ... like.

I can't stay still when I hear that music ... it's the beat ... etc.

Can you imagine that for such bare-faced bloody hypocrisy? Can you?

- ⦿ The next afternoon those same cretins will be shopping in a clothing store with the same relentless shit music shaking the earth around them.
- ⦿ And ... they'll be standing perfectly still, rigid as a dead reindeer in the Siberian winter ... absolutely straight-faced with no big silly grins anywhere near their retarded botox faces.
- ⦿ Their only moving part will be their fingers ... as they inch their way through the hangers on the clothing rails.

Question

So, what's the difference? What's changed? Is it ... Alcohol?

Answer

Absolutely no way! If the same cretins were as pissed as farts in the clothing store in the afternoon, the 'music' still wouldn't prompt them to spontaneously dance. Would it?

My Two Cents

Throughout my frozen life, I have often started dancing in shops to see will my brave lead spark of the contagion in others ... and the whole bejaesus place is suddenly jumping with aerobics or martial arts or whatever they call dancing.

But this doesn't happen. In fact, it couldn't be more different.

The look of disdain I get, from the same cretins who were definitely 'dancing' the night before to the same ludicrous noise, is truly shocking.

Clearly, I have crossed the barrier that a month in a Gestapo torture centre wouldn't get them to admit.

Last night it was sex and today it is shopping

Dancing is not associated with shopping (*unless you're a ballerina checking out a new pair of shoes*) but it is most definitely associated with sex and the mating game.

Women 'enjoy' dancing to the 'music' (*and, God love us all, maybe some men do also*) when it is associated with sex ... and they do not 'enjoy' dancing to the 'music' when it is associated with shopping or anything seriously real like that.

But it's definitely not moronic-smiling crap like ...

- The music just makes me wanna move, ya no!
- I can't stay still when I hear that beat. Yeaahh!

Don't listen to that bejaesus shit. Don't listen to it!

But then a counter argument may run something like ...

How can you watch a 'music' video and see some sheila swinging her fists and delivering head high kicks with a seriously violent demeanour and say she is trying to attract a man.

Hello! She is just losing some sweat ... and reserve ... and inhibition ... and everything feminine ... that's all.

Yes. I must admit, there's a logic to that. A definite goddam logic to that.

(And here's me, like a schmuck, thinking she was just reflecting the extremely violent society she found herself in since the first day she stepped out of the womb.)

- And, unlike the brightly lit shopping store ... the dim lights and smoky, drunken, violent atmosphere of the nightclub is the most appropriate setting for acting totally out of character ... and temporarily losing control of ourselves.
- And that's probably what dancing is all about and what dancing was meant to do throughout all of history.
- And it's probably what Nature and Evolution always intended.

Oh, my God! ... could it be ... mystery solved ??



'MUSIC'

The Beatles

Wise Old Sage

Without a doubt, shit is the most desirable thing on this Earth.

36,719,844,369,948,261,078 ,532 flies and
7,024,341,567 people can't all be wrong.

People love shit as much as flies. They really do. Otherwise there would be no pop music. They can wallow in it and swallow it all day long, as happy as a pig in ... clover.

For Example ...

In the early '60s when Dylan was singing classics like 'The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll' and 'Only a Pawn in Their Game' the Beatles were singing 'Yeah, Yeah, Yeah' or other suchlike pop gibberish. So who did the people go for?

The Beatles, of course! Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!

Dylan was acoustic back then and had only a few intellectuals listening to him in the seedy bars of Greenwich Village. The Beatles were the noisiest boys in the hall (they were a rock band).

And, as naturally as female monkeys gravitate to the noisiest male monkey in the tree, the girls flocked to the Beatles. They got panties wet ... and the boys went wherever the panties were wet. It was a No-Brainer. And I mean ... Absolutely No Brains.

Paul McCartney may have been one of the most important songwriters of our times, but it was the no-brain stuff that got him famous, rich, respected, babes in bed etc.

My Two Cents

So, what has sex got to do with music? Jungle beats and rhythms, good-looking boys and girls ... OK, even a moron like me understands there's a connection to pop music.

**But music is the Language of the Soul
... and sex is just Plugging a Hole.**

Come on folks ... it's like putting a bull in a china shop.

But, for your average Neanderthal, music clearly has everything to do with sex ... and a bull in a china shop is exactly where that bull should be.

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◆ **During my misspent youth, I believed Ringo Starr was the Luckiest Man in History.**

He was a mediocre drummer who just happened to meet the other three guys. (Well, two guys ... sorry George. Well, one guy actually ... sorry John.)

◆ **But, as I got older, I realised it was not Ringo Starr who deserved this title.**

He never pretended to be anything other than Ringo Starr. He was a funny, light-hearted guy who remained firmly grounded with no illusions of any great talent. However, the title was completely appropriate for another Beatle.

◆ **The Luckiest Man in History was definitely John Lennon.**

Look ... he was an OK songwriter and would have had a hit or two if he had the right guys around him. But the guy he had around him was no ordinary guy. The guy he had around him was Paul McCartney.

Lennon was the Luckiest Man in History because he met McCartney.

Pop 'Music' Fan

(hurt and defensive) But ... But ... John had something Paul didn't have. He was 'cool' and 'charismatic'.

Real Music Lover

Magnanimously, Lennon did admit that people liked McCartney's songs more than his songs.

*(How do I react to this in a nice way. Aaamm!
Yes, John. That's because he was ten times the
songwriter you were or ever will be.)*

- So why wasn't the song-writing duo called McCartney and Lennon? Don't be ridiculous. Great billing John!
- You weren't just 'cool' and 'charismatic', you knew how to manipulate people around you. Which is probably what 'cool' and 'charismatic' means. Eh, John?

So that's the essence of pop 'music'. It has nothing at all to do with song-writing ability or the music and has everything to do with 'cool' and 'charismatic' ... whatever that is!

John even remarked ... 'Ringo is not a good drummer. In fact, he is not even the best drummer in the Beatles ... but he is a good Beatle.' John Lennon clearly understood pop 'music'.

But it appears to be the same with everything in this personality driven world of ours.

For Example ...

When people mention the later Romantic poets they say Byron, Shelley and Keats. Byron was the least talented of the three, but he was the 'cool' and 'charismatic' one, hence the billing.



Bob Marley and 'All That'

Is there any sight more pitiful in this entire world than a whole generation of seemingly normal, well-balanced people nodding their unenlightened heads to a Bob Marley song containing an opening line with something like ...

'No Woman No Cry'

This breathtaking introduction is quickly followed by the equally brilliant ...

'No Woman No Cry'

Devastated by the clarity of this rapier-like incision, you can allow your mind wander to other less enlightened things. And, should you tune in again, a few seconds later, you will realise there has been no diminution in the standard reached at the outset of this musical masterpiece.

For, at this point, Bob Marley has progressed to the insightful ...

'No Woman No Cry'

If there's another line to this song (sorry, Masterpiece), I'm not sure. But, if there is, it is surely only used as a whetting of the appetite for the powerful next line which is sure to follow ...

'No Woman No Cry'

I can understand why Bob decided, whilst writing this song (sorry, Masterpiece), that this line cannot remain unsaid for more than three seconds. It's just too damn good.

The title of this song (sorry, Masterpiece) is 'The Rhapsody of Illusion'.

No, I'm only kidding.

Seriously, the title of this song is 'No Woman No Cry' and what a great and imaginative title it is.

And the really frightening part is that this song is Bob's Magnus Opus (*Oops! sorry Marley fans, Magnus Opus means Great Work.*) ... or at least one of the hottest contenders for that position. And the people who highly rate this song are entitled to vote. They decide which government governs ME. This is totally frightening!

Maybe it's wrong to attack Bob Marley's music. (*Oops! Ahhh ... yes, that's right, Bob fans. I was actually attacking it.*) It's probably better than a lot of other music out there.

But there's a seriously brain-dead side to it all. I mean, your average reggae lyrics are stunning in their sheer dereliction of even the basics of reality. They all seem to revolve around stuff like ... (*and I will try to translate it into regular English here*) ...

Reggae Lyrics

'There is too much trouble happening.'
'We need to respect one another more.'
'We must all get together and feel all-right.'

Reggae Lyrics Fan

Hey! ... but that's cool.
Why are you attacking such a sweet sentiment?
What could be wrong with that ... man?

Well, there's nothing actually wrong with it at all. But there's a problem. If you tune in for a minute or two you'll be guaranteed to discover gems like ...

'Black man ... you must learn to love your white man.'

Followed insightfully by ...

'White man ... you must learn to love your black man.'

Or something really perceptive like ...

'It's wrong to hate. We need more love in this world.'

OK. Enough said. The thing is ... Dam! I don't quite know how to say this and retain my much-admired calm ... so, let's ask the 'Angry' Realist.

Angry Realist

Hello! Your average goddam fukkn BUDGIE knows that,
Mr Marley and Co.

But, tragically, as you move from budgie level up the
intellectual pecking order and reach even baboon level ...
CLARIFICATION IS REQUIRED.

What these songs consistently fail to do is outline how these lofty sentiments might be achieved. And the entranced (stoned) audience, eagerly moving their head from one side and – brilliantly – then move their heads to the other side, doesn't expect anything at all like this silly adult stuff. This 'non cool' stuff.

They are blissfully happy with absolutely zero clarification.

- ★ Do these space cadets genuinely think that your average White Supremacist / Nazi / Red-Neck upon listening to these 'messianic' words, will suddenly realise that he doesn't respect black people as much as he should?
- ★ Surely nobody with even one toe touching the ground would believe this.
- ★ But if the aforementioned space cadets allowed themselves to progress a bit farther up the food chain and outlined procedures that will prevent the White Supremacist / Nazi / Red-Neck from actively doing what he does ... then surely that is what is required here.

But, tragically, that necessitates a thought progression and, I fear, reggae music hasn't scaled the dizzy heights of using even rudimentary thought progressions just yet.

My Two Cents

We all want a peaceful world but, unfortunately, the thug (who controls the world) only understands the language of the thug and the weapons of the thug.

Passive resistance, much beloved by the trendies, is an admirable thing and would be great if it worked. But it doesn't. Ask Nelson Mandela.

Question

And when will those Tragic Trendies stop quoting their great mantra 'Gandhi'?

Answer

When they learn a wee bit about history.

- Gandhi's passive resistance tactics worked because he had at least 200,000,000 (that's two hundred million) oppressed people (the Indians) on his side against 10,000 (that's ten thousand) oppressors (the Brits) on the other side.

Now, maybe I'm being a tad presumptuous here but, even a really really thick trendy will notice something pretty bloody obvious about those figures.

OF COURSE PASSIVE RESISTANCE WORKS IN THESE CONDITIONS, HELLO!

- So, let's suppose that these figures were reversed ... 10,000 oppressed people against 200,000,000 oppressors. Would passive resistance work? Think, really hard. (*Maybe a radical procedure involving surgery, but try. Really try.*)

The answer is a resounding ... **NO. IT WOULD DEFINITELY NOT WORK!**

The 10,000 oppressed people would be immediately laughed at ... before being banished, rounded up in camps, killed or whatever the thug wanted to do to them.

Zero respect would be shown to their passive resistance.

But, if the 10,000 people formed guerilla units and used the weapons of the thugs who oppressed them ... then they would have some chance of getting some change.

Remember ... Nobody wants to be killed, definitely not the thug!



Rock 'Music'

To paraphrase the brilliant David Bowie ...

Bowie

'Rock is to music what a toothless old woman is to the catwalk.'

(Which is a wee bit hypocritical, Mr Bowie, in light of the vast fortune you made (and lost) out of the said toothless old woman on the said catwalk. But thanks for saying it, anyway.)

Even the great Van Morrison said he simply doesn't understand what it is. It's not a music type (genre) in his estimation. To paraphrase Van the Man ...

Van

Rock? What the hell's going on there? It's not music. I don't understand it at all. I understand Jazz, Blues, Rock&Roll, Classical. I understand all music ... but not Rock Music.

Eddie Paul

Let's face it ... Rock music is not music. It's non-music. It's like saying Feather Architecture or Snowflake Explosion. Something very different is happening here that has very little to do with music.

➤ What's frightening about rock music is that it's a musical dictatorship (*or, rather, a sound dictatorship or, maybe more appropriately, a noise dictatorship*).

➤ You have no option but to listen to it or, at least ... to hear it. And the audiences at live concerts are truly disquieting examples of this mass hysteria ...

(Slack-jawed yokels and assorted, dysfunctional ner-do-wells hypnotically staring at a spell-binding stage with dribbling mouths hanging open in total reverence. Mono-syllabic cretins whose sole achievement in this world seems to be the ability to move their torso to and fro.)

If Hitler were alive in these modern times he would definitely be a rock star. No doubt about it. He even had more 'charm and charisma' than John Lennon.

My Two Cents

And, like all rock stars, the girls loved him. They really did. He got the females totally turned-on. The fact that Adolf couldn't perform in the sack (just like many of our rock stars) wasn't important at all. He was the loudest monkey around and, therefore, totally cool.

Aside

(From Russian examination of his body, it appears Hitler had only one testicle. He was Mono Orbis. This was probably a result by the incest of his parents. So, it wasn't his fault but it certainly explains a lot, doesn't it?)

- In Mein Kampf, Hitler outlines that a good leader has just to provide the flock with the things they want to hear. Slogans they can march to ... simple messages that everyone, even the dull and ignorant, can identify with.
- And the flock shouldn't be given any intellectual reasoning whatsoever. (At least, he had the courage to say it straight, unlike our democratic leaders who know this is true, but say the opposite and spend their entire career trying to fool the electorate.)
- Yet, despite what he wrote, Hitler still had to formulate sentences when he spoke. He still had to make himself coherent ... to persuade the flock, albeit on a very basic level.
- Nowadays, as a rock star, he wouldn't even have to do that. His task would be so much easier. He'd just stand there with flashing mesmeric lights and a wall of sound and allow his hypnotised audience parrot any drivel he cares to dispense.

'Yeah..ah.'

'Yeah..ah.'

'Oh...ho.'

'Oh...ho.'

'Eee...ee.'

'Eee...ee.'

However, he'd have to be careful when asking questions ... as that supposes a modicum of intellectual reasoning on the part of his audience. But, like all dictators, he's prepared to take the risk and venture boldly into that unfamiliar territory ...

'Are you ready to rock?

'Yeah...ah.'

**Phew! It worked. An instant response.
But it could have all gone so terribly wrong :-)**

I mean, what if all the audience suddenly turned to their fellow audience members and discussed the pros and cons of the proposition being presented to them.

Maybe formed debating groups and argued the merits and demerits of this. And what if the consensus of opinion was a series of questions from the audience, requesting additional information? For example ...

- ⦿ It depends on what you mean by the term 'Rock'.
- ⦿ What songs do you consider playing?
- ⦿ What decibel level are you thinking of playing at?
- ⦿ It depends on the concerns of the non-rocking local citizens.

And while the dictator remains transfixed on stage, really regretting he didn't stick to his previous brilliant performance and maybe progress to something like 'Uuu...uu' ... a spokesperson from yet another debating group would be sure to add to his misery ...

Really Bright Rocker

'Rock' in this context is an adjective ... or a noun at best ... but it is definitely not a verb.

For example, 'Are you ready for some rock music' or 'Would you like to hear some rock' would be much more appropriate and you're question wouldn't be so confusing.'

Hitler definitely wouldn't have been caught out like that. No way!

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Declarations

- But, rock music can be great. (*Jesus, maybe I would have been one of those 'free thinkers' who joined the Nazi party. A Schindler or Hanfstaengl type who joined because this was a new beginning after a disrespectful previous two decades. One of those types who wanted the best and was prepared to put up with stuff that they knew was very naughty indeed – but for the greater, long-term good.*)

Yes. Rock is to music what a toothless old woman is to the catwalk. But it's still infectious and powerful and some of the greatest classics in modern music are labelled as Rock.

- Here's a little personal confession, for what it's worth. I believe The Who's 'Quadrophenia' is probably the greatest rock album of them all and what a treat it would be if it were re-released with modern production techniques and less of the clutter of the original. Pete Townshend deserves his place alongside the likes of David Bowie and Roger Waters as one of the great modern musical innovators.
- Having mentioned that, I feel brave enough to add this ... How about Steve Harley's brilliant early song 'Sebastian'. (*Was that Rock Music? I don't know.*) Wouldn't it be great to hear a re-release of that one? Without the Glam Rock singing that was the fashion at the time ... but still containing the wonderful atmospheric melody and strings arrangement. What a masterpiece! And also 'Black and White'. (And here's me, like a schmuck, thinking that only Irish genes could produce wonderful sounds like that.)

(Actually, I think Steve Harley is living proof that aliens do abduct humans and put a changeling in their place ... a pale copy of the original. His later stuff simply didn't match up. Btw. His birth name is Steve Nice but you can see why he renamed himself after the motorbike. Girls would definitely not get Naughty with a Mr Nice.)



As I See It ...

When I was a mere slip of a lad and rock music was in its infancy (Ahem!) I knew that Roxy Music's 'Virginia Plain' was going to be the sound of the seventies ... the instant I heard it. And I was right.

(Tragically I was surrounded then, as I always seem to be throughout my tragic life, by a gaggle of cretins who laughed uproariously at my ridiculous suggestion ... until time proved me right.)

However ...

I do admit, I declared many years later that David Bowie's 'Low' was to be the sound of the eighties. But the incredibly boring eighties could not have been predicted by any human, living and breathing on this Earth or on any other planet, and what happened in the eighties ... proved us all wrong.

But, the importance of peer pressure and 'fitting in' is always a tough one for someone who will be honest ... irrespective of what the prevailing consensus of 'fashionable' opinion is.

For Example ...

In the early '70s when I observed that Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus (of ABBA fame) were creating classic pop songs, my fellow music 'heads' at the time thought this was blasphemy and I practically had to emigrate for a year or two ... lest I be burned out of house and home or stoned to death or something really bad happen to me.

But, in the end, those same heads agreed with me ... although it, probably, broke their retrospective black little hearts.

My Two Cents

As time progressed in my horrendous life, I reached a point where I only wanted music to be just that ... music.

Regardless of any 'generation' or genre or type or fashion. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. Just music. But there was a problem ...

Where was the music?

I was eventually reduced to listening to just a few albums and unable to listen to at least 98% of what the Music Industry was producing.

As the years advanced and the pile-up of garbage got worse and it was stinking to high heaven, it became increasingly obvious I was running out of new music I could listen to.

Dammit ... I had to create my own music.

- ◆ And when I dived into the scary realm of actually writing songs, there was only one thing that was important.
- ◆ I would always be true to the song ... to do it the way the song deserved to be done.
- ◆ The right sound for that song.
- ◆ What style it was or how cool it was, I didn't care ... provided it did justice to the song, as I conceived it.

Not very commercial eh? And what a nightmare for the 'Music' Industry I would have been.

A Very Big Aside

My first attempt at writing a song

(Long before my songs that are recorded on my website, I wrote a full song.)

While living in Australia in my late twenties, I dated a lovely, talented Armenian girl for a while. Not long after we separated, she rang and asked to meet ... which I did.

She had a request for me. She and two other girls had formed a female comedy act and she wanted me to write material for them because ...

'I always made her laugh and I should write some of it down.'

Normally, I'm a lazy bastard who only likes drinking and chasing after girls, but I suddenly warmed to this unique challenge. Writing comedy ... **for three girls.**

So I began diligently working on comedy routines and, thankfully, all was going well. She, her colleagues, her manager and just about everybody including their family dogs really liked it. *(Her manager thought it was all coming from her at this point.)*

But then, one day, she told me her manager said the main thing missing in their act was a BIG opening song ... and I was always talking about music ... and ... well, could I write it.

'A song? ... Sorry! That's a bridge too far for me.'

- ❖ But she was desperate – everything had to be ready for her Premier which was coming up soon – and she finally talked me into it. So, I began writing my first song.
- ❖ Nothing worthwhile on this Earth should be done fast but I was under pressure and had no choice but to do it fast. And it had to be a comedy song – which is harder to write because comedy is so subjective. *(One woman's meat is another woman's poison.)*
- ❖ Anyway, when it was finished, I recorded it on a tape and described how it should be performed etc. and gave it to her.

- 🍎 A few days later, when we had our usual meeting in the park, I could tell that something was wrong.
- 🍎 I figured her manager (who was aware of me then) didn't like my song so I was sad for her (and also for myself). But, as it transpired, it was the opposite problem. Angrily, she told me ...

**'He loved your song and he advised me to drop
all my stuff and get you to write everything.'**

- 🍎 I agreed to do this and, although crest-fallen, she collaborated with me on new material for the next few weeks. Her colleagues and manager loved what was happening also.
- 🍎 (And I was also excited, knowing I would finally see my stuff performed on a stage.)

Then suddenly ...

With no warning, just two weeks before the Premier, I was 'interviewed' by the Immigration Department. I had overstayed my visa ... and so I was deported from Australia. This is the usual story of my miserable life :-)

Remember ... this was in the days before email, skype, texting or whatsapp. Australia and Ireland were galaxies apart.

So ... I never got to see my stuff performed on a stage or to even hear how her Premier and future tour went. Thank you, God!

(Many many moons later, when the internet was invented and we all lived in a Global Village, I tried to find her with online searches. But I was unsuccessful. No doubt, her name had been well changed since I knew her.)

(As I write this now, I can only hope that wonderful girl got all she deserved in her creative life and met a better man than me who loved and nurtured her. And I can only hope that she is very happy with her life – because she deserves it.)

Anyway, I digress ...

- ★ In the early days, Rock Music was essentially metal music. Lots of hair waving to and fro and, sticking out of this hair, was the neck of a guitar. The sheer phallus of it all, you can see why it worked on young people ... male and female.
- ★ The 'musician' was sure to be running his hand up and down on that phallus, as quickly as he could ... simulating masturbation and with the accompanying facial grimacing ... exactly like porn movies (if you're degraded enough to watch porn movies).
- ★ Sure enough, that guitar neck represented the stem of the brain, the lizard part, the tribalism part, the scary part ... before the tempering influence of the evolved, mushroom part squeezed its way through.

● And then Bowie squeezed through

When he appeared on Top of the Pops in the Summer of 1972, pop music was re-invented. He was the new, evolved man (man?).

An asexual being, shrugging off the Earthly male/female stereotypes that messed us up for so long ... who amalgamated the excitement of electric sound with an original, brilliant mind.

The words of his songs may be suspect ... very suspect maybe ... but how he structured the music of some of his early songs was genius. (*This structure first appeared on 'Cygnets Committee' then 'All the Madmen' then 'Quicksand' and 'Life on Mars' and 'Time' ... and it will, hopefully, always inspire me to do something more than your average song.*)



The Rock Star

- Normally he's a narcissistic, self indulgent, pampered idiot without an original idea in his unenlightened head ... as his songs testify.
- He is trapped in a self-imposed prison lest maturity and responsibility or some other suchlike calamity befall him.
- He is advised by his handlers throughout his entire fake celebrity life to say absolutely nothing at all ... especially when being interviewed.

That's why they all look shell-shocked on TV ... maybe they have something to say but they're Terrified of Speaking ... **No Speak ... Just Display ... OK.**

His handlers are wise and deceitful enough to realise their man will be exposed in seconds if he speaks and voices an opinion.

That's why you will hear only the very same stuff as you hear from all those lovely ladies in the Miss World pageant. Gems like ...

- Save the Starving in Africa
- Save the Whales
- Save the Ozone Layer
- Save the Forests etc.

Meanwhile the monosyllabic rock star **saves** his thoroughly undeserved gains in some corrupt bank in some corrupt tax haven somewhere. So, if you want to become a rock star, who can blame you.

The Good News : It's dead easy ... but only if you have limited musical abilities, no scruples and are clever enough to say absolutely nothing at all.

The Bad News : Tragically, there are a few. But there are really important things that are obligatory and without which you will fail miserably in your rock 'music' career. And these are ...

- ◆ **Uniform.** This can be a very varied ensemble that includes upturned collars, blood and guts everywhere, leather jackets, boots etc. And everything you are wearing has to be ill-fitting.

Aside

*Their uniform is a direct result of the school uniform they once wore and where their mind remains permanently fixed, frozen in time. It varies somewhat but it will be immediately obvious to rockers when a person is **not** wearing the uniform.*

- ◆ **Body Gestures.** Finger movements are crucial for people who have nothing to say. It is now rampant but it was also crucial in the past. Upturned fingers ... either as a 'peace' gesture (two fingers/palm away from face) or a 'fuck off' gesture (one or two fingers/palm towards face) ... are still very desirable indeed. It doesn't matter if it's 'peace' or 'fuck off', the only important thing is to be doing something with your fingers.

And Remember ...

Torso movements are also ... to say the least ... radically important. And lethal when in combination with a 'cool' uniform and 'charismatic' finger gestures. Definitely something you must practice for hours in front of a mirror. This is the only practice you will need in your 'music' career.

And ... never sit comfortably on any seat. Two colonies of rival red and black ants must be permanently living in your trousers and permanently at war. That is your seated position.

- ◆ **Hairstyle.** This is soooo vital for your musical career that I can't even continue. The English language has a huge vocabulary (about 500,000 words, although we only use about 5,000 or a max of about 30,000) but it would utterly fail to describe how paramount hairstyle is. And the God of Rock (Satan) would strike me down with a huge bolt of lightning if I failed to adequately stress the importance of this. So, I better stop now.

◆ **Bad.** As every snail crawling in the undergrowth knows, you have to be as bad as you can possibly be. The only thing you need be advised to do by your handlers is how to be bad. They have long known this is all the masses want ... it is the only attribute that will make the headlines. Nobody wants a GOOD rock star. Hitler is your muse and inspiration.

Why do people want this garbage? What is missing in their lives?

Because if, by some incredible fluke, the rock star (or movie star) actually said something worthwhile ... something to indicate that he is an independent thinker ... he would be instantly hated and his career would be over quicker than the 15 minutes Andy Warhol would allocate to him.

Sorry, but it's him again ...

That first great rock star, Hitler, in *Mein Kampf*, said for the masses to love the leader, the leader must only give them very basic stuff – 'slogans they can march to.'

He was spectacularly successful with this policy and, it appears, all subsequent rock stars have adopted it.

And understand that Hitler had about 10,000 books in his private library and, it's said, he read a book every day (*which was no mean feat in light of the fact he had all those other duties to perform ... invading every European country, mass murdering everyone he dislikes etc.*). But suffice to say, he was no idiot – unlike the leaders of the Allies.

Unfortunately, in all his books there wasn't one that voiced a different opinion than his own. Not one book that would allow him to get a different perspective. So, learning was impossible for him.

**If a rock star is sufficiently intelligent and brave enough to draw attention to, for example, what the American Murder Machine is doing throughout the world today ... Well, that's just not acceptable ... Is it? ... Eh?
... It's not Rock Music.**

The masses don't want a NICE guy and they certainly don't want a BRAVE guy who is an independent thinker and not afraid to express it.

It's simply not Rock Music. (It's not fashion, hairstyles, being 'cool' and violent etc.)

You can probably imagine the consternation of their handlers if their 'man' is forced to actually say something ... in front of a camera. (*Even my man – Bowie – was an idiot when being interviewed. Why?*)

Their man only has to say and do what is being shouted at him through his earpiece.

Rock Star Handler

- Do NOT answer that one, man.
- Are you fukkn serious. Don't answer. Stop now!
- Keep leering – that means 'evil smiling' – dammit!
- Give the Peace gesture to the camera.
- Don't mind the goddam interviewer.
- Turn your collar up.
- Adjust – that means 'fix' – your shades, dammit!.
- Don't touch your hair – or go anywhere near your head.
- Give the camera the 'fuck off' finger gesture before you leave.

My Two Cents

Rock Videos are true masterpieces of modern muck ... even the early ones.

They are on a par with the same reptilian minds that created the music.

I'm quite sure that the comedy of the future will be showing rock videos and everybody rolling around laughing at them.

I've been doing it for many years so, rest assured, it will come.

Let's face it ... modern music has become celebrity, fashion, hairstyles and videos.

It's a huge boil of putrid pus ... filled with money and scumbags who will use any trick to be 'cool' and 'charismatic' in order to get loads of cool money into their bank account... and loads of moronic babes into their bed.

- ▶ This huge boil needs to be burst, Folks!
- ▶ It needs to be lanced. Godamit!
- ▶ We need a Superhero called ... **Lance Boyle**.
- ▶ Where is Lance Boyle?

Aside

At first, as the propaganda minister, Hitler didn't realise that it was he himself who was the Great Man he was talking about.

He thought he was a John the Baptist personality paving the way for the Great Man who was to come, till his boys had to tell him ... he was the Great Man he was talking about.

So ... (Oh My God!) ... maybe it's me.

Maybe I'm ... Lance Boyle :-o



Motivation

When Bowie reached 30 years of age ... what happened to him? Where did his lovely innovative music go?

- What followed was lots of experimental music, best described as 'fragments'. Fragments of what should be discordant attempts that should have been left in the lab / pc / studio / whatever ... until he had perfected them.
- But he didn't do that. Did he? He released them all on albums, unfinished.
- And they sold well ... because he was a rock star. He didn't have to try any more. That was the whole point of becoming a rock star in the first place (besides the money, babes, adulation, hero worship etc.).

Words of Advice

Mr Bowie ... please start taking cocaine again ... or whatever else it takes. Do something, pleeeaaassee! For the last three decades, 90% of your 'music' is not music ... 90% of your 'songs' are not songs. They are undigested fragments that are begging to be fully digested.

- But – all modern music 'heroes' seem to follow Bowie's route. The last thing they remain true to is the music. And they can do it because they can get away with it and they just don't seem to care any more.

Question

What do you think would have happened if Van Morrison kicked off his solo career with some of his really mellow middle period stuff or his later jazz stuff?

Answer

A Big Fat Nothing ... that's what would have happened. But he kicked off with 'Astral Weeks' and he couldn't go wrong after that. (*'Astral Weeks' is a masterpiece, as all who hear it know - even the musically illiterate.*)

Pete Townsend made an honest observation and I paraphrase ...

**'I didn't do anything worthwhile since I passed 40.
You have to be hungry to make good music.'**

I guess, the word 'hungry' means different things to different people.

- Hungry to succeed ... for sure, that's one.
- Not making enough money with your music to be able to eat, that's even a stronger meaning for the word.

My Two Cents

For me, it's not just hunger. It's a more powerful stimulus.

It's FEAR and FRUSTRATION. This is the key.

If you are at ease and happy and you don't have fear and frustration ... some soul-destroying traumas that you can't resolve and is making your life a misery ... you are unlikely to produce quality art.

For example ... Caravaggio

Can you imagine him as an old guy with his slippers and pipe and a devoted wife and surrounded with loving children or grand-children?

Maybe you can ... but he would be producing average paintings.

But this guy was always on the move ... hounded all his life and constantly on the run because of a mistake he may have made when he was young (*he killed a guy in a sword fight*). The constant fear of being arrested and executed that haunted him all his life and the frustration of never being able to have a normal life again made his art ... **genius**.

For example ... **Beethoven**

Is there any person who is more befitting for the word, frustration?

- ◆ His inability to find a woman to share his life.
- ◆ His dashed hopes of trying to bring up his brother's wayward son.
- ◆ Worst of all ... going deaf and not being able to hear his own music.

(When people ask me why I believe in God I say it's because I believe Beethoven eventually heard the 4th Movement of his 9th Symphony.)

- ◆ Even his political beliefs tormented him.

When Napoleon's army marched through Bonn, Beethoven marched alongside them to show his fellow Germans that this new Republicanism was for all people and not just the French ... his fellow Germans hated him for it.

(The reason they didn't hang him from the nearest tree after the French soldiers passed through was because they considered him mad anyway.)

For example ... **Shakespeare**

No words of mine can add to what's already been said about the sheer brilliance of this guy. Every time I have the courage to delve into one of his plays, I'm humbled by the intellect I behold there.

He was a closet Roman Catholic and desperately hid this during the nightmare that was his daily reality in Reformation England. Constantly moving and hiding and living in the never-ending fear of being outed.

(In 16th Century England, the punishment for NOT believing that a bloated, syphilitic pig like Henry 8th or his equally disgusting daughter was the head of God's church on Earth ... was barbaric public torture and execution.)

Aside

I was always one of those who believed it was not William Shakespeare who wrote the plays. The real writer of the 'Shakespeare' plays had to be an Irish political prisoner or someone marginal like that. But ... I'm not so sure any more.

As evidence transpires and as older age encroaches on me, I begin to believe that it was probably Good Old Shakey himself who indeed wrote these wonderful things.

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- So, although it's terribly true that great minds are often crucified on this Earth, it's also true that we are all so much richer because of it.
- The world of greatness is littered with great fear and frustration and hunger. They are the violated souls who give us so such delight and treasure.

Question

Are the Jews and Irish more talented than other people? Why, per head of population do they produce more quality than other people?

Answer

It's their awful past that creates it ... and continues to motivate them. Hopefully, in the future, the fear and frustration will end but the talent will remain.

But, there is one thing I'm totally sure of ...

When I finally die, and there isn't a host of angels, a huge choir, enough to fill a football stadium, in perfect harmony, singing my song 'Auf Wiedersehen', then I'll know for sure ... there is no God.



Song Words (Lyrics)

- Eric Bogle was having breakfast one comfortable, Sydney morning in sunny Australia.
- He opened his newspaper and read a short, harrowing account of the discovery of an old lady who was found dead in her home.
- The postman had raised the alarm when he noticed he couldn't push any more letters through her letterbox. When the authorities broke down the door, they saw past the mountain of unopened letters blocking the hall ... the dead body of Claire Campbell.
- The investigation showed that she died a year earlier and she died as she had lived ... completely alone and unloved.
- All the letters delivered to her home were junk mail, not one personal letter.
- Eric Bogle is a Scottish guy and maybe it was her Scottish name that prompted him, but he wrote one of his masterpieces (*A Reason For It All*) and now Claire Campbell is immortal. She will live forever.

This is the power of songs. This is the art of song-writing.

There is no doubt ...

We all can't be great song-writers like Eric Bogle, creating stuff like 'The Band Played Waltzing Matilda', 'The Green Fields of France (No Man's Land)', 'Leaving Nancy' etc. But, when song-writers write words, they must at least try (as best they can) not to write rubbish, that anyone can write.

And, I'm sure it would have been so much easier for Gordon Lightfoot to have written songs about shagging some girl he met while hitch-hiking, or some kick-ass party he attended ... but instead he wrote 'The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald' and 'Canadian Railway Trilogy' and other great stuff like that and, therefore, he will inspire real song-writers till the end of time.

Anti-War Songs


Anti-War songs are one of the best uses for songs.
Is there anything more powerful for a song to be?


(There is nothing more sick than war and a good anti-war song is the most compelling antidote to this sickness.)

Instead of the pop sloppy stuff that was designed to take hard-earned money from girls, songs began to be written that made you think about other people – and not just yourself.

The real suffering of complete strangers was suddenly more important than your own emotional, sentimental little traumas. And that is because we all have a shared humanity and, because we are all human, we have no choice but to 'experience' a greater human plight than our own.

The Sixties saw the birth of this idea and it was good. A quantum leap on what went before it. The Dylan / Baez stuff was of it's time and served it's purpose. Then Eric Bogle moved the whole thing forward.

 **But it was an Australian band called Redgum who created the greatest anti-war song. 'I Was Only 19' was so many weeks at Number 1, it broke all previous records. But it was a very deserved trophy for such a brilliant song.**

 **And the shock was when I returned to Ireland and discovered that 'our European / American world' had never even heard of it.**

Nowadays, relentless shit is instantly available all over the globe – no mater where this shit is excreted. Wouldn't it have been great if 'I Was Only 19' was instantly available throughout the world, back then. Maybe it would have stopped (or slowed down) the relentless shit. Who knows ??



One rule I had, throughout my unruly life, was that any song that had 'BABY' in the words was rubbish. Even as a child, I knew this to be true.

My Mother's Explanation

I recall my long-suffering mother trying, as best she could, to explain to me that 'baby' was just a term of endearment used by men and women when love-talking to each other.

OK, this still makes absolutely no sense to me now ... and it made no sense to me back then, either.

I thought I'd understand it when I got older (a bit like appreciating the taste of Guinness). But, thankfully, I didn't then nor now ... and, hopefully, I never will.

Another perspective

Don't get me wrong ... it's nice that a man loves his baby.

Kissing and cuddling and physical-bonding stuff like that is very good for the child and parent alike.

But this 'love' for a baby that's being sung about in pop songs is clearly obsessional. It's simply not healthy. OK!

The writers of these songs should be strongly advised to get a hobby ... or a wife ... or even a girlfriend.

Or just get some good casual sex ... with a woman, man, extra-terrestrial or farmyard creature. In fact, anything at all that's living and breathing and over the legal age.

Then you'll find that his baby obsession would fade to a more acceptable and normal love ... for his little child.

But then, to my absolute horror, the realization dawned on me that even the great songwriters like Dylan, Cohen and Morrison had songs that were literally plastered with babies. Totally splattered with babies. Babies everywhere!

- It was a sickening concoction of Baby this and Baby that. Really Gross!
- I still haven't got over the shock of this and, hopefully, never will.

And so – I want this to be known by one and all ...

... My Last Will and Testament ...

If I ever write a song with 'Baby' in it, please realise that I will definitely be senile at this point and I hereby give everyone the right to pull the plug at my hospital bed and / or beat the bejaesus out of me till I die screaming ... and with no murder charges to be levied against my song-loving executioners.

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It's hard to sift out the few grains of truth from the mountains of hype and myth that surround songs.

- A good example of this was the words of the song 'Desiderata' which was supposedly written over 430 years ago. Allegedly, the words were found in an old monastery.

And I don't think I'm a moron ... well, not a total moron anyway ... but I believed it, God bless my naïve little soul.

- I used to cite how advanced the words were by referring to the line ...

'You Have A Right To Be Here.'

The Rights of Man weren't written for about 200 years AFTER that line was written. So, as far as I was concerned, Desiderata was extremely advanced and was genuinely prophetic stuff indeed.

But it was a fraud.

- The words of Desiderata were written only about 100 years ago. It was just another Myth of the 20th Century. But, for sure, the words are still great, irrespective of when they were written.

△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△

- ◆ And you can get the most amazing things said in popular rock songs. Stuff that would get the average Joe (like me and you) locked away for years, gets a rock star loads of babes into bed and loads of guys admiring him and, of course ... buckets of money.

'Every Breath You Take'.

(Holy Mother of Jesus and all the saints, have you heard the words in that song?)

- ◆ If that was sung by an enlightened guy who dares his listeners to question the Imperialist, Capitalist thugs and what they are doing to the world and, therefore, would be intensely disliked by everyone ... he would be soundly 'interviewed' by the police for his stalking inclinations and clear perverted sexuality. The song would be banned, for sure.
- ◆ But it was Sting who sang it (the real Police) and he is really, really lovely, isn't he? *(And he's English and the Anglo-Saxon-controlled media say that's a really, really good thing to be after they mass-murdered the cultured people on every continent on Earth.)* Unfortunately, 'cool' and 'charismatic' will triumph over content any day.



Blues Music

I'm sorry but ... 'The Blues' is a bridge (way) too far for me.

I shouldn't say sorry, because it's the truth. And many of my heroes loved it and I've tried ... and tried ... and really tried. God love me, I've tried really hard ... but it's impossible.

I can't get there. I simply can't make it that far. I have absolutely no idea what's going on in ... The Blues world.

- Many times, in my ragged boxcar-riding younger days, I tracked down a few of the Blues 'greats' and forced myself to appreciate it ... and again forced myself to appreciate it ... and again and again ... even beat myself up occasionally ... with absolutely zero success.
- It all sounds like variations of the same song to me and it's best summarised in a little number called 'My Baby Left Me'. (*Everyone seems to have recorded a version of this dirge ... sorry, I mean 'classic' ... from Elvis right down to, God preserve us all from harm, Slade.*)
- The original song is a mind-numbing, relentless monotone with an awful blues guitar as the only support that was intended to, hopefully, distract us from the melody. (*Unsuccessfully, I might add.*)

'My Baby Left Me'

My baby left me ... never said a word.

- ◆ (*bent notes of a typical cord with a long 'atmospheric' pause*)

Said my baebeey left me ... never said a word.

- ◆ (*Yes, you already said that, but thanks for repeating it for us. And thanks again for that unbelievably irritating cord with a longer 'atmospheric' pause*)

Was it somethin' I done ... somethin' that she heard?

- ◆ (*or some other suchlike gibberish words, accompanied by the nerve-shattering irritating cord with an even longer 'atmospheric' pause*)

And that's it. That's all, folks. That's basically ... the song. That's the great opus that everyone's raving about and, no doubt, has Beethoven rolling around in his grave in pure envy. So let's shed some light on this 'great song'.

If I was that guy's baby, the very first minute I was able to crawl, I'd run as fast as my little hands and knees could take me ... out of that guy's goddam door ... never to return again. Believe me.

Listening to that gunk would turn St. Francis of Assisi into a mass murderer. It would be beyond anyone's endurance ... especially for that guy's little defenceless baby.

Was it somethin' that she heard'?

OK. (Ahem!) ... let's see I can say this as gracefully as I possibly can ...

YES. FOR SURE, YOU IDIOT! NO QUESTION ABOUT IT!

IT WAS DEFINITELY SOMETHING THAT SHE HEARD!

And the reason his baby didn't say a word is because his baby hadn't started to speak yet. The first minute she learns to speak, she'll scream at you ...

That Guy's Baby

- ◆ For Christ's sake man! How can you sing that shit all day?
- ◆ Don't you have a goddam brain lurking somewhere in that putrid, vacuous thing you call a head?
- ◆ If you don't ... then search the bins!
- ◆ Someone might have thrown out a brain they weren't using.



Beethoven's 5th Symphony

Generally speaking, I never much liked 'classical' music.

- The big majority of classical music is boring because it was written for sponsors who were the rich and powerful rulers of society and were invariably either thugs or heart-dead or both.
- But the composers needed money to live and so they had to write music to please their thick-as-shit sponsors.
- It's no surprise this 'music' lacked the emotional depth and spiritual longing that was the music of the down-trodden people they ruled. So, the folk songs of the ordinary people was generally much, much better than the classical music their rulers listened to.
- Ludwig van Beethoven was different. Although this must have been very difficult for him financially, he didn't write for a sponsor and so didn't have to please them. As a result he was free to create his own music – which was wonderful (generally).

His 5th Symphony is considered to be the greatest music ever done. And I agree ... and I wager it will never be beaten. It's a hurdle way too high for any mere mortal to match.

- It's my suspicion that he must have been writing the 5th and 6th Symphonies at the same time and he was filtering out all the pretty melodies that came to him and putting them into the 6th ... because the 6th is resplendent with pretty melodies and the 5th isn't.

So, what is it about the 5th that makes it so great?

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**It's generally believed that what makes good writing is – a good story – and what makes good music is – a good melody.
But ... the 5th Symphony shatters that lovely theory.**

- It appears to be just the power of music itself, almost stripped of melody.
- But it's more. It's the huge frustration, fear, misery and rage he endured every day of his life that he somehow converted into ... music.
- What he did in this symphony doesn't seem human. It feels like it comes from somewhere else.

And if Beethoven is just a man ... then the rest of us are just worms.

A Classical Music Symphony ...

Every symphony is split up into 4 Movements and the fourth should be the culmination of the previous three. Just like in a story or film – there should be a reconciliation or resolution at the end.

But the 5th is different. Beethoven wasn't going to give us any redemption. His life was too abused, beaten and victimized on this Earth to do that.

But what he gave us instead is pure Heaven.

(Although, it can be argued, it is the heaven of a very different god).

After the first three incredibly powerful Movements ... when a resolution to this onslaught should come ... Beethoven wasn't finished with us puny worms yet. He wouldn't give us the luxury that was denied him. The Fourth Movement begins.

- The almost inaudible beginning on the double basses ... slowly increases ... and stealthily moves up to the cellos.
- And after much ominous rumbling ... it rolls up further and further and finally reaches the violas ... and then to the reluctant violins.
- When the suspense is over, the most incredible crescendo in music (then or since) blows your already brittle mind and soul apart.

And this is just the beginning of the Fourth.

So, if you were not already broken by the first three Movements then the Fourth will get you.

And if it doesn't get you – then you are already dead and you don't deserve to be called a living human being any more ...

... Just dig a hole for yourself and jump in.

NOTA BENE

Beethoven's 5th Symphony was created to be played in a huge hall ... so it has to be played LOUD.

If you live in the countryside and have no neighbours – this is the perfect environment to experience it. But if you live in a city, somehow get yourself into a sound-proof garage.

This masterpiece was meant to be played loud, otherwise don't listen to it.

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Cry Baby

Beethoven's 5th Symphony always made me cry.

:- (Uncontrollably Cry :- (

Even as a teenager and in my early twenties, when it was definitely not cool for a guy to cry.

But I couldn't help it. I would have to listen to it alone and I would break-up and cry like a very distraught child whenever I heard it (*although, I was too young then to know the emotions that inspired it*).

It got so bad that I had to stop listening to it.

And I didn't listen to it again ... for 30 years.

- ◆ Then, just when I thought I could handle it ... and I was older than Beethoven was when he wrote it ... I tried to listen to it again.
- ◆ But ... after buying it again, feeling strong and confident, the devastation was even worse than in my youth.
- ◆ Tears of rage and frustration flooded my face as I walked around my room, unable to relax or listen to it. I was even shouting and screaming at the music ... impossible to deal with it.
- ◆ So, after two days of trying to listen to it, emotionally and spiritually wrecked, I resolved never to listen to it again.

And I didn't.

And I never will ... for the rest of my life.

To this day, I can't even talk about the 5th – without breaking up.

Back in the Day ...

When I was 12 years old, early in my boarding school awful life, my music teacher gave us a music test to check for our creative aptitude (or something).

He wrote 4 bars of musical notes on the blackboard and asked us all to write the next 4 bars to complete the music phrase.

After class, he called me aside and asked me lots of questions about me listening to classical music when I lived at home.

I explained that my mother didn't have a record player or TV and she didn't listen to classical music on the radio.

My astonished music teacher then explained that the 4 bars of music notation he wrote on the blackboard were from an obscure Beethoven piano sonata.

And I had written the next 4 bars, note for note, exactly like Beethoven wrote them.

**So, it looks like the relationship between me and
Ludwig von Beethoven go back a long way
– even before I was born.**

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Outer Space

NASA once sent a capsule into outer space containing a synopsis of the Earth and all its wonders and achievements. The idea behind this was to introduce us Earthlings to any Extra-Terrestrial life out there who might intercept the capsule.

And, as an example of the music mankind has created, they sent Beethoven's 5th Symphony. This was indeed a fitting gesture to the great man who created it.

However ... what if some incredibly-advanced ETs discovered this capsule and heard this music and just had to meet the Earthlings who created it. Wow! Earthlings and ETs could be in for some serious confusion.

Totally Shocking Scenario ...

- ④ The excited ETs make their way over millions of Light Years to Earth and discover the place most interested in ETs – California. And they make their way to the biggest city there – Los Angeles.
- ④ Blending in as best they can and doing their research, they finally meet Earth's most popular musicians and composers – black ghetto guys – and listen to their music compositions.
- ④ That would be one encounter I would give my right arm to witness. Horrendous confusion and violence all around.
- ④ The ghetto guys would be trying to get their head around some muddafukka called Beat-A-Van ... waa-da-fuk, man ... (or some udda sheeaat like daa).
- ④ And the stunned ETs would be desperately trying to appreciate their modern Earth 'music' 200 years 'more advanced' than Beethoven ... hip hop



Observations

My current girlfriend is more than 30 years younger than myself - lucky girl.

Yet, despite her poor taste in men, she really loves good music. **Real Music.**

And ... as well as my incredible songs ... she only listens to 60s music (*and sometimes early 70s*). This was a time when songs were wonderful. As songs should be.

However, most of the 'cool' guys and gals she is listening to are now really old or infirm or dead. But the youthful excitement they created back then is just as great now for her as it was for me - because their songs are immortal and always will be great.

★ **We are the ones. We are the generation.**

★ We are getting old but the youth - the bright youth - look to us.
(*Even the snails and hedgehogs look to us, Godamit! Can you blame them?*)

★ Because they know that their world is commercial shit run by scumbags who only want their stupid consumers to breed even stupider children.

★ (*Unimaginable you might say – but yes, they can breed them stupider. For sure they can. Just watch!*)

I am forever telling young people they must do what they can to stop the trash music peddlers (as well as the drugs, the violent movies and the porn peddlers) controlling their world.

NOTE

Most young people, maybe because they have lived in a time without a Major War, don't realise that they CAN take real action to preserve their world against these parasites. They are not powerless minions against people who are always vigilant and ready to take advantage of any weakness they may find in the vulnerable, democratic society they are in.

**And their world, that they thought was secure and strong ...
is as porous as paper.**

The people who should be protecting vulnerable victims (and civilization itself) have been BOUGHT a long time ago and are living behind security fences in affluent suburbia ... raking in millions with total disregard for the victims they create.

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And so ... what about good music?

Haven't you wondered why the best music is frequented by men?

If a venue has good music, 80% of the audience is men. Why is that?

(The other 20% are with men or may well be classified as female but they are of the radically non-sexy, plain looking variety.

Not intending to be hurtful here but ... females that would have no chance in a typical junk music venue – where the violent guys are loved by the violence-loving, pretty, sexy girls.)

- ◆ So, is there a relationship between good quality music and ugly women?
- ◆ Could it be that women generally don't appreciate good music as much as men and the few that do are coincidentally rather ugly?
- ◆ I don't believe that.

In Reality ...

The attractive girls are all a million miles away in some very noisy disco that pumps out never-ending relentless shit or they are at a very noisy rock band that also pumps out the aforementioned relentless shit.

So, it's little wonder that men give up the good music and go to the discos or rock bands or wherever the pretty girls are.

Amplified music is the key (the only key these 'musicians' know)

Sexy girls are programmed (*for some reason that, hopefully, nature may know*) to be attracted to the noisiest, most dangerous, violent guys.

No sensible person on Earth knows why this phenomenon exists. But whatever the reason – that's the way it is. (*It must have something to do with the noisiest monkeys in the jungles being better providers in evolution or something.*)

NOTE

- Your average rock musician is a skinny guy (*usually emaciated with drugs and/or alcohol and enhanced with junk food and zero exercise and zero healthy life-style*).
- So, it's radically important that their amplifiers are cranked up to the max.
- Amplifiers provide the dual role of camouflaging their lack of musical talent and attracting the girls – so it's a must.
- Even one look at him should tell the girls that he probably can't even perform sexually – never mind be good in bed. But it doesn't matter.
- He's very noisy and that's all it takes. That's how rock music 'works'.

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The Only Realistic Solution

Though I have grappled with this conundrum for decades, the only realistic solution I have been able to unearth, for the continuance of culture on Earth as we know it, is for guys who like good music to ...

- ◆ Form organised groups
- ◆ Purchase vans (if need be)
- ◆ Abduct the pretty girls on their way to a disco
- ◆ Take them to good music venues (kicking and screaming if need be)

The motivation behind this delicate action (*and I concede right here and now that it may be more delicate than even I can imagine*) is that the pretty girls (former junk music addicted retards) ...

- May well become converted to good music (*Patty Hearst comes to mind*)
- And have babies with quality music guys (*so much comes to mind here, I can't possibly describe.*)
- And so ... Hallelujah ... good music may survive this present tsunami of never-ending, diabolical shit music (*straight from Satan's rectum*).
- **And not only survive ... but proliferate ... just like in our glorious past.**



That's all for now, folks. But I'm not finished yet. Stay tuned ...