The Harmolodic Manifesto
In cooperation w/ Paradise 29 Artel, the Harmolodic Workshop, and the Red Threads

manifesto of harmolodics: the
harmolodius
union

---the symposium of resistance, a cease and desist order from living life, the harmolodic juncture of possibles arrested from the manifold shrinking dimensionalities by revelling in the illuminous PRESENT---
stressing the movement of bodies as intrinsic w/in this glowing originating presence, a multitudinous weft of variation whose extent is just as much unseen as visible, directly felt as peripherally perceived---the relationship between bodies w/in a space of sensory involvement, both the bodies of the organismic compact and those of sound as correspondences w/in the physical realm of communion, this demarcation of inclusion where the body of place-time, w/ its characteristics and properties of relief and perspective, is allowed for the tension it assists in creating between bodies and their environment, a tension known as pleasure or the heightened circulation of “good feeling” thruout organisms working collectively in proximity to one another---delineations arise naturally as specific functions of the local surroundings and the participants involved, the attractive force of falling bodies willing a soundscape, inclusive of the traditional
tone-sounds and instrumental tools and simultaneously leaving them behind, any and all or none at the ready, creating and inventing new sounds and instruments, tube power and solid state, analog and digital, electric and acoustic, if it makes sound you can play it: embracing many musical expressions w/ an ease of motion and in an environment of emotional freedom to create pieces of lasting significance, even when the last tones fade and no recorder was operative---in terms of the contactful action of fleshed bodies w/in a specific PLACE and occupying a DURATION of ENERGETIC respondences, which cant be accounted for or duplicated---we are also speaking here of the physical change of/influence upon the immediate surroundings by the vibrations of the music created by this collusion of energetic capacities banded by common sympathy and experience, whose existence is contingent on this freedom of movement as expressed w/in the forms of musicality as work-democratic relationships of cooperation and a mutual regard for the sovereignty of physicality as to the timelessness of individuation and its usefulness in the more complete sociality of connected forums, the balance of social relations where projections of self have a sounding board, a mediation of equals to bear on the shape of reality the influence of dream and imagination, rationality and foretho---a specific unity of creative forces emphasizing the marvelous presence of the HERE and NOW as the robust and complete creation of superimposing primordial energy---

notes on IMPROVISATION
---collective improv
---solo improv
---spontaneous improv w/ no parameters
---improv around a theme or traditional form

---improvisation means being open to new possibilities especially when traversing known territory

further HARMOLODIC CONSIDERATIONS
---a harmolodic discourse is not being bound by technical considerations as to key, time, modality, interval, and other traditionally oriented musical signposts---this is not to say that a dynamic interplay between elements of musicality, which could be classified w/ the above significations, doesn’t unfold and develop; what needs to be emphasized is the particular freedom involved in the harmolodius union and how this informs conscious activity running counter to the alarming tendencies currently active w/in mass culture, namely the deterioration of the senses as they are PERCEPTION---so that key, time, etc., are valid but secondary or so familiar that formal considerations are superceded for the actions of sensory awareness: listening, observing, emoting, etc, in the MOMENT to lead/follow where the composition/jam is headed/enbound
---instead, harmolodics is concerned not so much w/ assonance and dissonance as w/ the relationships of the movement towards or away or thru these specific moments or durations of the intertwining of individual creative formations, which in the process of unfolding are aligned w/ the phenomenological dynamics of energy pulsation
---one who participates in harmolodics is very aware of the level of engagement necessary w/ the goings on/movement of the immediate surroundings as these gestures/actions are harmolodic, both w/in the larger social body as well as the unique durations when harmolodious music is being created
---harmolodics is not about chaos, randomness, or violence; as any organic process it is steeped in the natural aggression of forward (moving) development and goal-attainment (the association and disassociation of charged bodies); also it is about the common lubricity of all natural (energetic) phenomena (matterous-being)
---taking/using the harmolodic discharge of communal happenings as a model (and soundtrack?) of social change; the harmolodic discharge of events functioning w/ natural cadences shows how stimulus is inherent to survival: are your senses bombarded involuntarily, as a wall discoloring in the sun, or are you willfully involved?

→ the Harmolodic guide to alchemical delights and musical enlightenment: folks wont to hum or sing along, take the thread and run the noodle thick wood pathway, seen awash in a galaxy’s tow, the sounderest of human-animals working the space for anchors of crystalline eruption-form-dissolution, a hearty mooring of wavering directions, choose one and take it to the terminus-depot of the next inclinational directive, and so forth the dance unfolds---the music of the present moment, lingering incantations of the communal mold, public domain, there for the picking, sweet-craft sugarlatch (as in the nectar, the precious juice) oaths embracing distance as well as proximity, sisters and brothers array for the plenitude of service---to extricate is to guide anew the self to the tribal round of pulsating membranic inner-onenesses, creatures of sound operating on values of tone creation and decay, a course of brevity sustained---the duration of instants is the place to start---BEGIN within the mystery of movement, organization, and the conscious involvement therein, instruments as tools of sound, sounds the tools of transformation (the principle of diaphanous energy and incorporeal latticing)---a loose grip on the handle to fend with splendor and ride the omni-variance, the warm caresses to oblivion and back, as scallop-notes and leap-tones ring and hum about the vibrational dew, the condensed fervor of ballast endeavors, as we create life-beauty from the rawness of our gathering intentions conjoined in the common purpose of rejoicing within the inner glow of the present---a love and a familiarity (the same thing?) with the transient and the tenuous, the concision of bloom, but what prolific yields from a source respected and provided for---the healthy structure of any group effort must be fashioned in and around the health of its constituent makeup, and the need for individual measures are as valid as shouldering the whole, the call and response spontaneous rhythm of biosociality---
Contribution to the Dynamics of Harmolodic Expression

sonic abrasions an expression not masterbatory spasmonition but
smooth flow of orbital pulsations emanating sound waves throughout a
soundscape contiguous with timespace revolving dimensions of color
and shape in sound as well as tension of thought and release of
realizations Awakenings the purpose exploration to a new level of
communal possibilities as well as personal inclinations toward a new
place in the linear journey of ellipse Never closing only reopening
upon recognition of novel terrain Fresh territory a sigh as in the break
from a wooded path onto a grassy meadow The field becoming the
new ground to walk on as well as away from as we identify the
changing flow of energy shaped by intuition Emotion + feeling, the
heart is the pulse by which we conjure a tapestry of sensations
reflective of our collective as well as solo inclinations to a route of
cosmic expansion Gravitation displayed in attraction + repulsion,
affinity and contrast, taste + vigor with harmony a bi product of
rhythmic formulations Guiding our noses the breath on which the air
of our music floats A palpable essence in the commitment of
companions on the ride into the sun where sounds commingle in the
search for life outside the modern technological confines of the studio
den Rays of light rays of sound waves of perpetuation into the starry
night and glistening day The Gypsy soul the revolutionary spirit of
kindred outcast with no recourse but the music itself Tones are wolves
and angels and anarchist guns, bones, and hiding places as well as
declarations and articulations The pulsing dance of constellations and
the rhythmic churning of bodies constitute the prayer of ascension in a
world gone mad with descent Reclaiming dissent as a rising above to
where the mixing of sonic blood is on the plane of a universal palate of
faith in good overcoming evil among all these human works of art
Proclaiming the saviors to be we who fight for the greater good of
knowledge internal + external profound and sensitive of infinite variety
as many revelations as ideas We pound on the walls until they declare
love or war or both and rejoice at our enlightenment . . .

(j.g.) May 2003

emit ↔ time
Harmolodicom Unity I

the rhythm in our heads all corn fed bongo fury pure prairie john lurie
tom waits for no man is an eye land of the lost tracks of tears staining
the pillow talk talk don't talk the talk walk the walking bass line now
and zen again and against the wind in our sails we ride on and on the
one now on the two now on the three now on the four banger whore of
a culture more and more 'till we can't feel the pain of war child man
bride price higher than a kite on a string of pearls street smart to the
rhythm juicy rhythm dance melody swing forth back bent beatin' thing
and now the sweat starts flowin' sweet sweat with salty hummin' bird
engine churnin' with the earth time grindin' outa mind outa sight blind
battin' in the night aligned with the dead moon live with the howlin' wolf
soul action arc sarte experience button in the best way imagine there're
no heathens just beins shakin' rattlin' rollin' and jazzy cattin' scratchin'
scrapin' and scattin' scrawlin' and muttering some sound of music wish
for harmony and melody of close encounters taken in hand with passion
sweet passion fruit the likes of which have never been borne but
through the palpable seamlessness of essences awash in seas of victory
gardens energy dens rumbling hootenannies tidal pools barn smells
heat swells and sun drenched equanimity 'till all breathe free of the
name game shame lo the blame game harangue yo the broken chain
gang fleeing footloose into the dawn's phosphorescence o'er the tree
strewn hills valhalla's light seen bright at the end of nocturnal tunnel
vision music run westy run for your life is but a noble blaze of folklore
for the children of yore are god's honest truth out in nature's playpen

apollo not apocryphal dons not the mask of cynic but of selfsame
member of glorious union stationed with toys of elemental vibration of
ringshoot embellishment with capacity beyond the air borne sense of
hearing inclusive of all tangible elements present down to the fleshy
duende core of creative energy moving make a sound utterable be
heard listen moving make a sound speaker hearing listen say a word
don't drown in contraction look out be low you be loose about town
ease breathe unbound fire dragon fly in your natural instincts of
pulsation and sensation as time is ever moving forward yea a note
stands still not but quivers and wavers yet on the brink of extinction like
ourselves like our planet like our lot to be reborn again and again
though never to occupy the same space twice never to be constituted of
the same cells twice kreiselwelle the spinning wave open ellipse of
energy moving unknowable futures as sonic waves of emanation
expanding outward humming hymnals watching waiting with bated
breath abating to see on what or whom such expression shall fall flat on
deaf walls or perchance return in kind from some likeness of a life
evolving forth -- <3<3<3

j.g.3.06
to harmolodicize is to feel.

working together = together working.
all as part of one = one as part of all.
the forest is the trees = the trees are the forest.
all sounds are part of harmolodics; hand under armpit
squeak squeak squeak.
full on in the movement of life.

in musical terms, any sounds may occur in any combination
and in any continuity.

new music: new listening (john cage).

imagine this burp as an opera.
imagine this sneeze as a symphony.
imagine these tears as a song.
imagine this laughter as a round.

music as community. music as communal.

do you wanna play ball?: harmolodics as playground
approach playing music as playing with a ball alone and with others.
moving with the movement in the flow of playing. not necessarily
thinking about how to throw the ball or how to catch the ball, but
throwing or not and catching or not the ball---keeping the ball moving.
the wonderball goes round and round now play and keep on playing:
the won der ball...
la la la la...

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the music of a bird in song during sunfall tickled me. sound as
sensation to more than just the ear = whole-body vibrations: pickin’ up
good vibrations...good, good, good, good, (the beach boys).

music is not just for ears
listen with your wholesome, your entire vast expansive beautiful &
wondrous self.

harmolodics is the cacophony of life
at a new-day-rising good-morning sun
at an old-day-falling nighty-night sun.
harmolodic bird.
harmolodic bee.
harmolodic you.
harmolodic me.

oxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxox

to know the contagiousness of a yawn is to know the contagiousness of music---to be in the real life energetic swirl of music. music is a vortex, a streaming: the jam whirs and stirs and pulses and moves in the energetic entity that is the music, in the energetic unity that is you and others. harmolodics is about openness to the humynity of the people playing with you---the band of fellow players. join together with the band (the who).

harmolodics is open to one and all at one and all times, step right up (tom waits).

harmolodics is not some spaced-out new-age mumbo-jumbo jive-talkin’. harmolodics is a rooted, grounded way of living expression. free flowing spontaneous music playing.

all jam bands are not harmolodic bands.

some players feeling the harmolodics:
ornette coleman
john cage
amm
yoko ono
grateful dead
sonic youth
godspeed you black emperor
drum circles
neil michael hagerty

the oneness
>----------<
where do i begin and where does the music end
>>>>>i and the music are one. we and the music are one.
where does the music begin and where do i end

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the more you know means just that: the more you know. knowledge about music and “how” to play is not necessary to participate in harmolodics. if you can feel the music you can play the music.
when feelings produced by rhythmical impressions become somewhat more intense they, in fact, become emotions (wilhem wundt)

feel the playing, play the feeling.

interpenetration
musicircus. many things going on at the same time. a theater of differences together, not a single plan, just a space of time and as many people as are willing, performing in the same place, a large place, a gymnasium, an architecture that isn’t involved with making the stage directly opposite the audience and higher, thus more important than where they’re sitting. the responsibility of each person is, marcel duchamp said, to complete the work her/himself--to hear, to see, originally. we need to change not only architecture but the relation of art to money. there will be too many musicians to pay. the event must be free to the public. here, as elsewhere, we find that society needs to be changed (john cage).

whatever you can give of your wholebody emotional physical psychological spiritual self, is what you can give to harmolodic playing.

H*A*R*M*O*L*O*D*I*C
EXPANDINGS

growing out from the core expansive journeying of the whole organism in the movement of sound vibrational therapy energetic motion tribally

I know I was born an extension of life itself--the whole outdoor scene, sky, moon, sun, universe, space, the whole scene is me. (((Charles Mingus)))

the sound
is
the vibration
is
the feeling
is
the energy

ENERGY IS ETERNAL DELIGHT
(((William Blake)))
the raw physicality of music-playing
sound-making

MUSICleftrightarrowSOUND

allowing the full expression of individuals
allows the full expression of the tribe

= LOVE giving and LOVE receiving

band together with the joy

i play you play me
we play we play we

converging in natural rhythm to be with each other to create sound
committing to this healthy work/play
biological and full
witnessing the pleasure
and the suffering of each other
being witnessed in the pleasure and in the suffering

vulnerability nurtured
truth tended

harmolodic seed sprouting
harmolodic life growing
superimposing and fusing

harmolodic tension
harmolodic charge
harmolodic discharge
harmolodic relaxation

(((adapated from wilhelm reich)))

some players feeling the harmolodics:
ring shouts and rounds
b angst das
t. taylor
the red krayola
the soft machine
animal collective

the fact is, the most important music in the world
is the music being made right now.

(((ian mackaye)))
i never played in the real world with my physical body before, i was always electronically channeling whatever energy could fit on a rectangular screen of coded symbols. this was for five years. paradise 29 and the harmolodic workshops opened up a new universe of sound for me that would otherwise remain an idea i wanted to try someday without expectation, only a kind of lingering curiosity to see if i was capable of anything. funny! everyone is capable. we grow up tightened down and harmolodics work to loosen you up from your hands and feet and mouth and lungs and muscles to eradicate any artificial cerebral partitions that can be identified to become unknown to the self. the action is liberation of the self to be heard, and hearing those around you, feeling energy in our community. i am thinking now this is what has to be done with solidarity! a group i've met here that has a lot of social/political awareness and action, but needs to feed its creative energy as a family.

i miss meeting on a weekly basis to burn off the accumulated energy society exempts from a basic form of self-expression. sometimes it helped keep me together, positively, keeping a better soundtrack to a daily life, stuck in a calendar of square quantization, at least we can convert one a week into a magic square that will always reverberate with passionate individuals providing perspective into another’s struggle. the theme songs we sing are a cry for living a life of passion without inhibitions!

you can get a feeling for it in some of the recordings, they are records of something else though. like this, it is only magnetic writing of an energy much greater than atomic structures. it is human energy in whatever form it takes, it is of me and of us. i feel that is the primary value of harmolodic workshops without exception or requirement. we only must be there, and be aware, to share, to rhyme! or not! to relate with dynamics rarely felt in more structural institutional atmospheres. unschooled beat is essential (perspective, if not, is actually, the absolute truth). if quality control is thrown out the window, as far as possible, the variety and quality of our harmolodic workshop increases exponentially. a raw sound, vulnerable to every interpretation.

touching anything that makes a sound, or: anything! during the jam i keep thinking, what else can be done, something i can do that is new and different from the last time, or forever. everything has a sound, but how can we access it? we are covered with skin that makes a sound itself, and sometimes we cover the skin with more materials. we are literally walking with instruments everywhere we go. and inside ourselves, the anatomy (and the heart) has so much power we can only but keep trying to access as much as possible until death takes our hands and we beat it! the human animal, speaking through tools of physical and mental construction, creatively reflecting, this is something all people should be able to enjoy. i am not suggesting forcing them. i find it
particularly bizarre when one assumes they must be forced to do something creative. this shows how controlled they are socially in a select aspect. it makes sense that such liberating freedom of self-expression should be buried beneath layers of manners within hierarchy. and we are not just Musicians. we are raw human experience. i am not a Writer, but i am writing. we are as what one wants to see in us, or, we are free. free to create the strangest beat on a drumset i can possibly physically accomplish using all of the energy that is left in my body. or to drone on a classic synthesizer with a key that can connect seemingly estranged sensations. multi-instrumentation. we have our favorites, and maybe something doesn’t appeal to us, or we cannot channel any energy (or air!) through some of them properly. but the variety we had access to was helpful in finding what exactly makes us speak clear, interesting, distinct, friendly, alone, and otherwise, characteristically relative to our self without motion.

sometimes it was only two of us as sound, other times three and regularly four. there’s energy we felt that led to our return, a common vision held for a weekday evening that continued in other aspects of our lives uniquely. positive vibration, open to sound vibration, an open interpretation of the night’s events. i am speaking for myself only. a group of many who have also found how to speak of life to each other. we are not atomized. walls have little meaning when sound is escaping throughout ourselves and the space we occupy, sharing this experience.

the warehouse setting was a favorite aspect: it put you into a different environment than most regularly see in the daily life. this was compromised somewhat by rooms built inside of the gigantic stadium of sound, to control the sound in a standard form of measurement controlled for human ear clarity. it was a beautiful studio, i sometimes felt confined and other times i felt comforted, it created an intimacy between players and the sayings of the moment which would otherwise become more individual on another floor or just outside the door. secretly, i liked the fact that we were not allowed in this standard sound container. i like the fact that we had to resort to strange tools inappropriately used for instruments. my favorite jam was on different floors than we had previously played at, moving in & out of the rooms, making the building itself our instrument. it was a magical moment for me, running and hitting and jump scream crash tink wump climb exploring through it. i thought of doing it everywhere i went, or we went, with the confidence of numbers vs those who fear passion mistaken for insanity.

as with anything i do, i want to push boundaries. im not happy existing within a traditional framework. i want to focus on an object i find outside of a house of humanity, bring it in & just
HARM O LOGIC

WORKSHOP

[Handwritten notes and annotations]

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[Additional handwritten notes]
show people, whether they think it belongs outside or inside doesn't have to be discussed. but i feel it is necessary for me to feel valid, that some kind of question is posed to those who may or may not understand what i am asking them. questions can multiply inside and outside, i find this specific fascinating. i question myself always in the digital realm, sometimes with people all over the wwworld, as we take turns speaking. but the harmolodic workshop brought me in to a reality of human expression i was seriously lacking. i feel lucky to have found such an integral way to participate in the world, to sing a song of life with those whose ears are willing! i continue to sing, and my girl sings, and we sing all over the house and in the car and outside, anywhere we can get away with it, we sing! but i miss my analog tools. i miss them a lot, i hope to get something as loose as possible put together in this community that i learned from our shared experiences. to be so open to interpretation and participation that the invitation is obvious, to anything. i would love for other animals to hear this invitation! that's the ultimate honor for me, as we speak!

ben
20060703

Paradise 29 Artel

In a time between women
And love and work there is
A space between: smoking on
The fire escape, we hashed out
What we dropped along the way
When pipes bang, and plans
When the world comes apart
When the word comes to port
When moment meets limbs
When guitar is moment's limb
When electricity nerves amps
When body is Fender’s Rhodes
Colossus astride the floorboards

When port is drum and keyboard
Wide as a milkcrate is space squared
Way back when Atari was 16-bit
Pitfall, Space Invaders & Pac Man
Back in the house we wish we had
And climbed up to the tree fort loft
When cable was new and MTV
When Pacers roamed the earth
And the chute and ladder factory
Was newly old, plastic and beer
Was the beat woods we explored
When cars flew and Knights rode
In the basement we be making noise
And no one said turn it down but us

And Reich said it cannot be forced
Let it be what we never read, but
Whatever we could noisily sound
From summer air down by the tracks
Before it rained, before the leaves
In a time between women and world
Before we had to go back to work
To keep it going, to move on flowing
Ourselves again together years hence

The Harmolodic Experience

Are you Experienced?

Have you ever been Experienced?

Well, I have — or, at least, I have believed sometimes in reality.

When every wild moment conceives a wild notion, like berries and mushrooms in the vast, untamed fields of open Public Spaces, what grows is not only for consumption, but also for experimentation.

Have you ever been Experiment?

When all is love and no excuse for closure is permitted...

The thud-thud-thud-thud-thud-thud-thud-thud-thud-thud-thud-thud stud is sexier when released from the casket of his coffers. The lap-tap-
tap-lap-tap-tap cat is the statue of glistening love muscles not for
touching but of tasting in the palms, in pockets, in the breast and in the
brow, in the ease, in eaves, in the ears, in his sound.

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We lay over. We lay, lay, lay, lay, lay over stink-stink (lapatap). We lay over stink. A drop of CLAPATAP surprise
stink-stink (lapatap) and oh! Ho-Ho!!

Have you ever been Experienced?

We come over, coming, coming to see, see, see see lapatap
stink lapatap stink (CLAPATAP) HO-HO! Those gorgeous eyes, size,
ize, eyes, of mine ine eyes that see the hear you stink THUD lapatap
playing.

WELL, HAVE I?

THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD
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in order to function fully, there must be room for the amm musician to
explore various dialogues---not only with the other musicians, but with
her/himself, with her/his instrument, and with the silence in which all
sounds take place.

western thinking about time is that it goes “tick, tock”; in fact time is
continuous, and the same goes for all the other parameters of sound.
western thinking treats melody, harmony and tone colour as separate;
amm makes it clear they are all aspects of the same thing---pitch
frequencies.

amm moves on or comes together on any plane: it could be volume,
speed or density as much as pitch. amm uses all the dimensions of
musical space to create the feeling that sound is a solid object in solid
space---complete with size, shape, colour, and texture. amm reveals the
behaviour of sound... (victor schonfield).

each of its performing musicians individually and collectively have
demanded of themselves not to fall back on ready-made or repeated
forms, the early insistence on removing notation, on not planning the
shape of a performance, on responding to the present location, mood
appendix: hand in hand = life in life

on a band creating in the harmolodic way = amm
and intervention of the other musicians, helped to remove the formal domination of historical traditions—harmonic progression—consistent rhythm—coherent melody.

...the gradual entering into the undefined moment at which the sound and events of the surrounding space give way to the deliberately produced sounds of the music—is a process in which music is re-created always—in every new performance—from scratch.

(malcolm le grice).

in "amm's improvisations, to the richness and diversity of the sound material is added an even more potent source to draw upon: one's fellow musicians, and this accords, felicitously, with my own conviction that the relation of the individual to the collective is not antithetical, that individuality is achieved and refined not in spite of, but through others. there are moments in collective music-making when i recognize the virtues of selflessness, of understanding and forbearance, to which cornelius cardew referred: "improvising in a group, you have to accept not only the frailties of fellow musicians, but also your own." (john tilbury).

bang a bang = tom waits

i like picking up instruments i dont understand. and doing things that may sound foolish at first. its like giving a blowtorch to a monkey. thats

what im trying to do. always trying to break something, break something, break through to something.

...your whole molecular structure and whats in your bones and genetically in you also contains musical information.

we all have a drum in our chest from the moment were born. i think music where the tempo is faster than the heartbeat excites you and music that is slower than the heartbeat calms you down. we all have a constant rhythmic beat going on, whether or not you hear it, its continuing. you feel it all the time whether you acknowledge it or not.

(tom waits).

good – we – the unity

...music heard so deeply

That it is not heard at all, but you are the music

While the music lasts.

(t.s. eliot)
Quotes:

Ornette Coleman: “In the music we play, no one player has the lead. Anyone can come out with it at any time.”

from the liner notes to Beauty is a Rare Thing…Robert Palmer: [getting at the heart of Harmolodics]

p.8 “…a moment of synergy, an unequivocal dialogue of equals, right around the corner.

p.18 “…a firm grounding in the blues…

“…a basis in vernacular rhythms…”

“…however freely it rambles, always having the ‘forward-propelling directionality…’ Gunther Schuller cited as the very definition of swing…”

“The biosexual emotion demonstrates the psychosomatic unity of the total biological system more forcibly than anything else.”

Wilhelm Reich

"After silence that which comes nearest to expressing the inexpressible is music.”

Aldous Huxley

"Remember, information is not knowledge; knowledge is not wisdom; wisdom is not truth; truth is not beauty; beauty is not love; love is not music; music is best.”

Frank Zappa

"What we play is life.”

Louis Armstrong

“Musical harmony [melody] is a most powerful conceiver. It allures the celestial influences and changes affections, intentions, gestures, notions, actions and dispositions. . . It lures beasts, serpents, birds, to hear pleasant tunes.”  (Cornelius Agrippa)
First, let me begin by thanking everyone who has ever made money off Royal Trux. We make harmolodic rock and roll. Harmolodics describes a possibility of relationships. The social implications in the rock and roll we use to make our records describe a rigid hierarchy attempting to sustain itself by defining the proper method of the expression of emotions so strangled that respect for this tyranny would almost be in order were it not for the fact that it endures because of the very mortifications rock and roll denounces. We work with the possibilities in the relationship between fear and action. But the pleasure principle is ever-shifting. A 50’s orgasm is undoubtedly different from the 90’s version. If we’re in the music business we are looking at the insurmountable task of predicting the favored stimulus for the “orgasm now.” Our prospects are better if we focus on the possibility of a relationship between our recordings and the infinite variety of future orgasms. Write off immediately the temporal materialism of the political and search for the horizon. Our records rest there for an indeterminate need. Like all economically bound craftspeople we are quick to say that the average consumer works hard all day and just expects a little mindless escapism from their rock and roll. However, we know from experience that rock and roll can help, really. The possibility of a relationship between a misreading and an obsession is foremost in our work. We cannot live in the illusion. We make choices over against the search for the answer. Harmolodics isn’t just a musical theory but a possibility of relationships. This applies to the recording too.

(NEIL MICHAEL HAGERTY)

**IMPROVISATION IN JAZZ**
by Bill Evans

There is a Japanese visual art in which the artist is called upon to be spontaneous. He must paint on a thin stretched parchment with a special brush and black water paint in such a way that an unnatural or interrupted stroke will destroy the line or break through the parchment. Erasures or changes are impossible. These artists must practice a particular discipline, that of allowing the idea to express itself in communication with their hands in such a direct way that deliberation cannot interfere.
The resulting pictures lack the complex composition and textures of ordinary painting, but it is said that those who see well find something captured that escapes explanation.

This conviction that direct deed is the most meaningful reflection, I believe, has prompted the evolution of the extremely severe and unique disciplines of the jazz or improvising musician.

Group improvisation is a further challenge. Aside from the weighty technical problem of collective coherent thinking, there is the very human, even social need for sympathy from all members to bend for the common result. This most difficult problem, I think, is beautifully met and solved on this recording (Kind of Blue).

As a painter needs his framework of parchment, the improvising musical group needs its framework in time. Miles Davis presents frameworks which are exquisite in their simplicity and yet contain all that is necessary to stimulate performance with a sure reference to the primary conception.

Miles conceived these settings only hours before the recording dates and arrived with sketches which indicated to the group what was to be played. Therefore, you will hear something close to pure spontaneity in these performances. The group had never played these pieces prior to the recordings and I think without exception the first complete performance of each was a “take.”

Although it is not uncommon for a jazz musician to be expected to improvise on new material at a recording session, the character of these pieces represents a particular challenge.

ORNETTE COLEMAN

Of all inventions of 20th century musical instruments the most challenging ones of today are the Electric Guitar, Bass, & Drums. Most of those who play these instruments, which are countless players, are dedicated only to their personal expressions free of concepts and styles. Normally they are used as supportive players not equal to jazz or classical concepts, etc. When I started to form a Harmolodic Band, I auditioned a young kid who did not read or write music that played the Bass (electric). I asked him to play whatever he wanted. As he started to play I joined him and when he stopped I thought I would offer him a job and teach him Harmolodics. He told me he did not want to play the kind of music we were playing although I was playing with him (what
an example of personal interest). This confirmed my belief in Harmolodics. Question: “Where can/will I find a player who can read (or not read) who can play their instrument to their own satisfaction and accept the challenge of the music environment?” For Harmolodic Democracy – the player would need the freedom to express what Harmolodic information they found to work in composed music. There is always a rhythm – melody – harmony concept. All ideas have lead resolutions. Each player can choose any of the connections from the composers work for their personal expression, etc. Prime Time is not a jazz, classical, rock or blues ensemble. It is pure Harmolodic where all forms that can, or could exist yesterday, today, or tomorrow can exist in the now or moment without a second.

Today’s existence, is the most advanced civilization concerning the one hundred twenty-two faces called a race. In the world of languages, there are no known words that mean the same in all languages. Yet, sound in the form of music is not required to change itself to become equal to an existing sound regardless of who the sound is being made by. This proves that music expression is equal to all. Music is not a style. Music is an expression. Music is often the slave of styles. There are countless critics, writers, performers, composers, directors and producers producing the art of styles as their means of perfecting their concept of style which can be read, seen, and heard as a means for the punishment of free will. This leads to the success of the concept of repetition as a style. There are no styles based on repetition as free will.

Enter: “Sound Museum.” The title is used as a metaphor. The sound of this music is made from the way its played not by a given sound played in a set sequence. All are expressed as equal information for the players to compose improvis without any reference to a style which lies in the judgment of memory. In writing a letter or any form of academic expression, the results are all used as a form of repetition. Equal but not free. Free but not equal. One only has to observe someone else’s judgment to know that. This CD has one song and thirteen instrumentals. The song tells a story of the need and want of a couple who have had a relationship for a long time while existing with the condition of their trust and love. “Sound Museum” exists in two CD renditions of the same compositions played differently in each rendition. This concept was done to show music harmolodically. In the Harmolodic world the concept of space and time are not past or future but the present. Applied harmolodics will allow equal relationship to any information where an answer or a concept is an opinion. The four players are expressing their opinions free of the leader. In harmolodics, the melody is not the lead. The melody occupies the same concept as a written document like a letter. One writes what they wish as in a song: Don’t You Know By Now. As a composer/player, the work that goes into composing is totally independent of playing and vice versa. I have found this to be true of playing the violin and trumpet. I don’t play either the same as I do the saxophone. For me it is impossible, unless I transpose what is called the melody and play the same unison pitches on each instrument. it comes out sounding different. For me, it works.
All the musicians who are playing in this quartet and Prime Time use the Harmolodic concept. Harmolodics is not a style. Those who judge the concept of Harmolodic playing are using outdated terms to describe their knowledge. All listeners are equal in their opinions.

Communism, socialism, capitalism, and monarchy in the world (have) and are changing for a truer relationship of the democracy of the individual. Every person who has had a democratic experience by birth or by passport knows there are no hatred or enemies in democracy, because everyone is an individual. Learning, doing, being, are the conversationship for perfecting, protecting, and caring of the belief in existence as an individual in relationship to everyone, physically, mentally, spiritually --- the concept of self.

---I play pure emotion
---In music, the only thing that matters is whether you feel it or not
---Chords are just the name for sounds, which really need no names at all, as names are sometimes confusing
---Blow what you feel – anything. Play the thought, the idea in your mind – Break away from the convention and stagnation – escape!
---[Musicians] have more room to express themselves with me…They should be free to play things as they feel it, the way it’s comfortable for them to play it. You can use any note and rhythm pattern that makes good sense for you. You just hear it – like beautiful thoughts – you don’t listen to people telling you how to play.
---My music doesn’t have any real time, no metric time. It has time, but not in the sense that you can time it. It’s more like breathing – a natural, freer time. People have forgotten how beautiful it is to be natural. Even in love.
---When we were on relief during the Depression, they’d give us dried-up old cheese and dried milk and we’d get ourselves all filled up and we’d kept this thing going, singing and dancing. I remember that when I play. You have to stick to your roots. Sometimes I play happy. Sometimes I play sad. But the condition of being alive is what I play all the time.
---Music has no face. Whatever gives oxygen its power, music is cut from the same cloth.
---It was when I realized I could make mistakes that I decided I was really on to something.
---People don’t realize it, but there is a real folklore music in jazz. It’s neither black nor white. It’s the mixture of the races, and the folklore has come from it.
---I have found that by eliminating chords or keys or melodies as being the present idea of what you’re trying to feel I think you can play more emotion into the music. In other words, you can have the harmony, melody, intonation all blending into one to the point of your emotional thought.
---There is a music that has the quality to preserve life.
---I listen to anybody. The only thing I am interested in is their natural ability. I don’t care if they’re playing buckets. I’m only interested in what gets through to people, what makes them tap their feet, what moves them.
---I was out at Margaret Mead’s school and was teaching some kids how to play instantly. I asked the question, ‘How many kids would like to play music and have fun?’ And all the little kids raised up their hands. And I asked, ‘Well, how do you do that?’ And one little girl said, ‘You just apply your feelings to sound.’ She was right – if you apply your feelings to sound, regardless of what instrument you have, you’ll probably make good music.
---You really have to have players with you who will allow your instincts to flourish in such a way that they will make the same order as if you had sat down and written a piece of music. To me, that is the most glorified goal of the improvising quality of playing – to be able to do that.