

## 42. Off-The-Wall

Hello and welcome to Musing Interruptus. Thank you for clicking and thank you for listening. We are all about the harvest season. The hard work that was done all year should provide sustenance. Oh dearest, it is possible it hasn't, crops can be damaged, livelihoods ruined. A sentence versed in games of probability. Live or die, others will go on. That is designed perfectly. It is a requirement, and it is crucial. Is what I would say if today's topic were a total downer! But it is not! Today on Musing Interruptus, each person in our life is an instrument that brings notes to our lives, writes songs, creates compositions, accompanying our brilliant moments and when we are lucky, our lowest, dullest, less colorful moments. Some people create full songs on our shared soundtracks, others chime in with a tune or melody. When all of it has been said and done, music is made, and it bounces off the walls. By the way, off-the-wall also means unusual or strange. So, go with it and then let me know what you think. You know the drill.

It starts out in the womb, where there is a fine duet between a heart that discovers another, in its own ecosystem. Call it magic, the baseline for music or plain life. Percussion is in all of us. The dyad turned duet turned family of individuals. Each person hones their instrument, discovers their notes and tempos. It takes time to create music, the sounds are there from the very first moment. Sounds are vibrations. Colors vibrate too, did you know that? They are a chemical reaction. But that is another Musing Interruptus, not this one. This one is rooted in the core of our origin, linked to generations going both ways. Unless they are not. Which can also occur.

Each person in the family plays a part of a piece of music, a composition unique to the walls that housed them, or should I say homed? Masterful, at times harsh, others whatever the sound of home is. The music we make is as harmonious or eclectic as the personality of each member, each instrument, playing the notes that tell the story of what is happening, that accompany moments or intervene and embrace, sustain. We play the notes that come to us, we play the notes that are most familiar to our hearts and minds. The dark heavy notes, full and ominous, and at times vexing. The kind that gives you a foreboding feeling which is not so great but makes sense as the base of the composition, keeping time and keeping the sound grounded. How about sunny notes, that need to be played staccato, that announce light, beaming, joyous harmony, jumping off the staff. Energy that fuels laughter. Ah, but play the note flat, and you have the copy with less saturated colors. Not too sure they could strike out on their own as they are regarded as the compliment. In an impressively supportive role. Or could it be that the flat note is disruptive? Have I simply misunderstood flat notes, failing to see the beauty? It is very possible. Need a *rest* note? Silence, of course, is crucial to music and music appreciation. As well as appreciation of these relationships. A time to reflect and regroup, breathe, and get ready to jam again. Notes like re (or d) sol (or g) are the nurturers. The hugs and care, the mothers and fathers of the songs those are the notes we play, depending on who needs it. Mi major (E) and Mi minor, we all know how to play those notes. I tune my guitar to it. Balance, synchronicity, harmony, sometimes Jazz, sometimes punk, others speed metal, Spanish guitar, soft rock, hard rock, indie rock, Rachmaninov and Chopin, electronic psychedelic, opera, Motown, cumbia, Danzon, tango, disco, folk, and even experimental something or other. The music we make

binds us and reminds us why we are together. Sometimes we play alone, form other bands, create special projects for collaborations. In the nucleus we learn to experiment, we get the nerve to break free and create. Sometimes the urge is greater than everything else, any fear or even gravity.

It is within the nucleus that we learn to fall, rather, we learn what to do after we fall, the notes played cue us into a reaction. The music we make in the nucleus is supposed to nurture and empower us. If it didn't, it is up to us to get there. Which is possible and more common than you would think. Once outside the nucleus, we play our instruments, we learn to keep ourselves tuned, or not. Sometimes we need the reminder, tune, oil, rest, practice, collaborate, listen, feel, create.

Are you a solo artist, belong to a band, or find different spaces to jam? What are your favorite notes? What are your favorite gigs? Do you know what Beethoven's favorite fruit was? No? Ba-na-na-naaaa. What is your favorite fruit? Does any of this ring true to you? *I'm listening.*