

# "A TRIBUTE TO MUSIC"



BY: PETER R ADDISON

*It is rumored, and some actually believe, there exists a land covered in blades of Bluegrass inside a Country never before seen or smelled, but only felt, not by the fingers or on the toes but felt in the spirit and in the heart. It has even been hypothesized to have altered a few talented and receptive people from the path of an ordinary life to that of an extraordinary life, and those few chosen that were altered have in turn alter some of us, and thus alter the collective consciousness, if you believe in such things. And if you do, you may be naive enough to believe that this fabled land was actually the birthing place of music, but of course to believe in such foolishness would mean you were perhaps infected at some time or another with the vibrations of an intangible and most definitely indescribable feeling that perhaps represent the vibrations of the universe, and thus, in turn, could possibly represent ourselves. But these concepts are for idiots, and if you are not one of them then do not waste your time and read any further, for your time is better spent elsewhere, doing other things of far more importance.*

For those fools that remain, I shall continue with this nonsense and silly time, blathering out notions of ridiculous concepts that in **Contemporary** truth, are not only foolish but perhaps criminal, however I, being just such a fool shall continue telling the tale of music and its fabled place of origin. Ready? Go.

It is rumored that on a **Heavy Metal** easel accented with **Brass** fixings and **Barbershop** swirls sits a stone slab not cut or broken, but naturally appearing in the formation of an opened scroll. The **Rock** perched upon this mighty **Baroque** edifice rising up out of the earth covered in **Grunge** fertilized by **Funk** and **Punk** is said to hold markings, the engravings of what is believed to be the first musical notes ever conceived. They are not advanced, they are not mighty, but they are the first.

The easel is **Classically** placed atop a hill, stretching up, as if pulled by **Strings** towards the heavens, and blessed by a **Choir** of angels. Behind it **Jingles** an **Alternative** skyscape holding **Big Bands** of light and **Jazz** that **Bounce** and **Dance** through bubbly **Pop** clouds **Waltzing** through the **Wind** in a **Sing Along** sort of way one cant help but to **Hip Hop** to. Yellows and reds echo off the **Blues** in an inescapable **Lullaby**, soothing the listeners across time and space into a **Progressive Trance** sometimes interpreted as **PoHa** dotted specks of light

piercing the **Salsa** colored sky that still, to this day vibrate through the

**Acoustic** universe.

When connected to that place, you can **Swing**, you can **Lounge** or even spend your time **Marching** if you don't feel like laying around like a **Ragtime** doll with eyes glazed over in a **Psychedelic** place of mind.

Who inscribed the notes on this stone and placed it upon the easel is unknown. Some believe it to have been a **Quartet** of enlightened gods **Chanting** an **Opera** of woe representing the hollowness caused by the nonexistence of music in the universe. Others claim it was **Calypso** on a **Celtic** isle reciting an **Ode** accidentally hummed, long before Odysseus was born. Or maybe it was a **Folk** hero, whose **Soul** differed from all those before. In the end it matters not, for music exists and its **Gospel**, its **Ballad** to this day remains unbroken.