

A Tempered Rebellion

Friends, Romans, Countrymen

I have come to alert you to a conspiracy,
a vast conspiracy of unparalleled proportions,
a conspiracy so heinous and diabolical that it
constitutes no less than a crime against humanity
and against nature.

It is a conspiracy of which
we are all the victims,
the victims and the co-conspirators,
and so were our forefathers,
and so will be our posterity
if we do not awaken unto it
here and now.

It is a conspiracy of sonic pollution,
a pollution that surrounds us constantly;
we soak it in through our ears
and it flows throughout our bodies
staining the cochlea.

This pollution attacks us, unfiltered
from out our radios,
from out our television sets,
from out our laptops,
and even from out our most revered concert halls
and stages.

This conspiracy has a name:
twelve tone equal temperament.

What is it that makes this conspiracy so abominable?

It ignores the eternal tuning of the natural order,
established by God in the harmonic series.
It divorces humanity covertly from nature under the guise
of entertainment by Hollywood manipulators.
It is the tuning of the music which inspired the ears of
the twentieth centuries worst villains:
Hitler, Stalin and Mao.
It is the mindless, numbing temperament of a
million beat-makers, rock-stars,
and infomercial jingle writers.

Even now it uses its tool of Globalization to strip the last
vestiges of pure and natural tuning left in the world:
twelve tone equal temperament is the mark of the beast,
the emblem of western corporate oligarchy.

But do not lose hope my dear brothers and sisters!
We shall overcome!
We shall endure by the grace of God!

These are the things we must do,
the new commandments of
a new covenant:

We must retune all our pianos,
We must remove the frets from all our guitars,
We must found a new religion:
The Church of the 11th Harmonic,
whose Holy Trinity is 3:7:11.

No longer shall we make empty calls for "Justice."
The only Justice is Just-Intonation!

So stand!

Stand together and sing
the primes to infinity,
Each man, woman and child,
singing their own primes
in one glorious droning, beating, resonant chord.

A pure chord.
An angelic chord.
Ascending to nirvana so that Amida may rest.

I must leave you now,
dear friends,
but remember this:

The stairway to heaven is built in prime numbers.