

László Hortobágyi (Hortator):
Rhythm-chakra reload

**this ancient musical principle has not been understood in the West to this day,
but is now disappearing in the East because of the West.**

(fragment from a letter)

When I saw Western music life from the 1970s onwards, comes from closed *protocommunistix katorga* : I was very surprised.

Huge talents abounded in high numbers but in the complete absence of intelligence, taste, knowledge of music history and IQ. The same person makes amazingly brilliant music in one year and the same person makes an amazingly kitschy shit in another year. After a few years, with the exception of the biggest ones, the pieces of music become obsolete and inaudible.

I using exemplify my university lectures with many hundreds of names, I would leave this now, but I think you could list a respectable list as well.

In the West (and East, of course) the hypocritical practice is not to say exactly what we think.

When I performed in the West many times I was very polite but I was horrified by the degeneration.

I have experienced this especially in American music life.

This feeling was especially intensified with the advent of so-called "world music."

Just as before the AngloSaxon WASP and western musicians had it all to get accurate information, they had the technique and they had the freedom to organizing expedition: the whole Globe speaks English, (by the way : this globalanguage is an auxiliary language anyway, with the worst word formation, expressive power and idiotic semantics)

Musicians in the Western hemisphere were not at all interested in the real musical system of real otherworlds. And those who were more deeply interested seriously misunderstood the "meaning" of music of these worlds.

etc.etc.

finally, let me a short quote from myself (from several years ago) to make it clear how I see things:

The social system of our fascinating age, that is becoming more and more global, being prodigal and destroying the nature, has the incomparable ability to deprave

traditional cultures and human soul.

The realized development of the citizen-classes has also another side: the mass ideology, coming to life again, day by day, through the „culture” of transnational undertakings, the practice of which will teach, that the people and their different cultures should be considered as a source of profit-making and personal enrichment, where material interests are able to swallow up any other human feeling, and as a result of this the society will look like hullabaloo of *Alien-s*’ extorting passion.

There is no difference, even as regards classical *Indian music*, where contemporary social existence and consciousness are able to do the impossible, and will transform the original meaning of Indian music, that is nothing else but the metaphysical musical exode of the most ancient awareness of life and the refined distillate of this ancestral life-suffering, and for today it has become Tantric rectum cleaning and music of entertainment industry characterized by beauty-world and wellness-ambient.

The authentic classical Indian music’s total degeneration process became evident on planetary level in the eighties, after the emergence of the zombie-genre of world music.

At the beginning of *extra-European* manipulation of modern music, the *Death Guru-s* of the sixties would breathe the philosophical *prāna* of millennial human misery of all the horrible Eastern societies on the more and more caste-like Western communities of the 68er generations with a seized up mobility, and their youth would inhale it like ganja.

This is followed in our days by glittering metaphysical hodgepodes of money-maker projects saturated with saliva and sweet mucus called “*world music*”, where it is not the art forms of authentic, time-honoured traditions that are becoming dominant, but conversely, the white man’s idiotic loops of music, diminished to four-fours.

These art forms and fundamental structures, being impoverished into grooves, will actually colonize the *extra-European* polyrhythmic way of thinking through their reinterpreted and stupefied reincarnations.

Here, the traditional intervals, periodical rhythmic systems and timbres of unique instruments are purely meringue sound-samples on the übergeil cake of entertainment industry, where the well-n-ass of little *Himmler Guru-s* are fattening on exploitable fat of traditions.

It is interesting to see, as, during this final *Super Sonderangebot* the great *Ustād-s* and *Pandit-s*, who could afford to be devoted to their unmatched but still fading

family traditions, are becoming knights of saliva and ancillaries of white man.

At the same time, obviously, this is the ordinary course of nature, and so the autocracy of realized global and uniform musical language is soon to be expected, which will rapidly precede the evolution of homogeneous human genom.

(László Hortobágyi 2020, <http://www.guo.hu> and corresponding member of the site "Puppies and Kittens of Budavār")

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The Rhythm-chakra
fragment from
Patrice van Eersel: "Le cinquième rêve"
Bernard Grasset Paris, 1993.

The concept of *the rhythmic wheel* is today, even if the reality you are trying to describe (perhaps) regulates life in the African forest from the beginning of time. The father of this concept is called *Ray Lema*. He is a man from *Zaire*.

Ray scratched his curly head. For the third time, an old man made the same remark before him:

"I'm so sorry, but tell the little one it's not spinning."

It was this little one, sent by the presidency representing the musicians of the forest. The old man did not speak *Lingala*, *Congolese* or, *a fortiori*, *French*, so an interpreter was needed to understand his dialect. The translation was undoubtedly accurate: all the more so as it did not "*rotate*".

But what? What's not spinning?

The music research expedition looked at each other again in the embarrassment of all the members.

Ray then decided to go back to his Land-Rover and sometimes pick out some of his favorite jazz recordings: *Coltrane*, *Count Basie* and *Miles Davis*. Then he went through the village and searched again for the huge tree under which the old man had been crouching all day.

The master drummer listened at length to what the envoy of the presidency played. After listening, he did not say a word for five minutes, then asked:

"Who are these kids?"

Ray tried in amazement to explain that these were not children but famous jazz musicians. But he could not find the right words.

"To hell with it," he asked through the interpreter, "why does *Grandpa* call these musicians 'children'?"

With his toothless mouth, the old man smiled at the almost inconceivable naivety of the question:

"You hear right, don't you? That's not spinning! "

Then, as he saw that *Ray* still didn't understand, he added:

"These little ones are very talented. But why didn't they give them a master`?"

There was a moment of silence.

"Obviously," *Ray* thought, "it's a master who would have taught them to play music that 'spins'. But what does that mean? "

The old man smiled incessantly. And he couldn't utter a word.

What a curse settled on the urban man to ask such silly questions at all?

Ray and the old man sat without a word under the huge tree for a long time.

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