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Some pleasures lure the belly, but are akin to fatal sirens' songs. Some others are delights without remorse.

There is a form of knowledge of digestive effects that has little in common with dietetics.

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A sheer moment of relaxation may be a temple for the spirit, not necessarily its denial.

The castrated kind of seriousness that fears to be lost in ecstasy is correlated by the panic-stricken need to dismiss the spirit for bringing confusion into the quest for rest and ecstasy.

Nauseating pleasure, hangover's seriousness.

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But let's start again from the beginning.

Music and performances do have a function – there's nothing to be gained by claiming that art is useless, except insignificance.

Their function is to produce the world.

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*Life is but a dream,*

*the world is a stage*

*the order of the world is musical.*

These are clichés, but even clichés need to be understood.

Spinning them round like prisms with your fingers reveals their meaning.

Yes. Life is a performance with no need for an audience.

Yes. Life is “like the veiled shadow of another life, the dream of a god”.

Yes. Existence, like a rumour, faintly but inexorably wells up from the ground of life.

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Certain moments in time require such or such music for the world to return to its source. For want of adequate music, the world fades away

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There is no audience. A concert, a performance or any other ceremonial don't address a pre-existing subject or receiver, their job is to create this subject.

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Composition in music is not a question of arranging sounds, but of creating a disposition for listening - just as the point of drama is not so much showing images as creating insight.

Music, broadly speaking, means acting on dispositions.

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Dispositions judge music.

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Music by its power of renewal disposes our ears and mind to listen to the music of the world.

It can make human beings more aware of the world and of themselves and inevitably has the opposite power to turn them into mere spectres.

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Music, like a moth to a flame, has always been attracted to the radiance of power. There's nothing opportunistic about that, and it would be preposterous to call it exploitation. No form of power can exist without developing a kind of power over dispositions. For as long as state governments have existed, music has been an affair of state, for in music is to be found something pertaining to governance.

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“Culture”, the fetish word brandished like a sceptre, is both an insolent proclamation of this chain of consequences and its denial. Such a supremely neutral term can only be found in the paraphernalia of empires. Each time the word “culture” is used, a certain ritual framework is re-established, in which dispositions are unquestioned, much to the benefit of the existing order. A word is not just a word. Holding power requires language efficiency.

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Just like words, technicalities are not just technicalities, and arrangements are never simple material arrangements. The world's hostility is above all the hostility of its devices. This is both a technical and metaphysical hostility, inseparably.

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It would be irrelevant to resist all this efficient engineering with pure intentions or powerless dignity. Diamond cuts diamond. Magic must be foiled by magic. The systematic refining and constant re-invention of ceremonials related to music is no vain quest. We mustn't forget how all-encompassing the ancient notion of mousiké was. Wherever devices are the rule, only musical knowledge can be of help.

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Proper musical knowledge includes an appropriate sense of timing, the art and skill of dispositions, the subtle chemistry of atmosphere, a refined sense of rapid change, organisation of the possible and then blast-off of this organisation, putting down roots in necessity, the mastery of accidental hierarchies, the skill of turning form into matter and matter into form, the concrete experience of the tension that makes things subsist in their own being, a certain kind of elementary physics. Such practical knowledge is not uncommon. It's the know-how of the corporation of musicians, in all ages and places. The question is: what is all this conspiring to?

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Enough dirty-white desert  
We must strive for thawing.  
Woe unto him who bears the desert within.