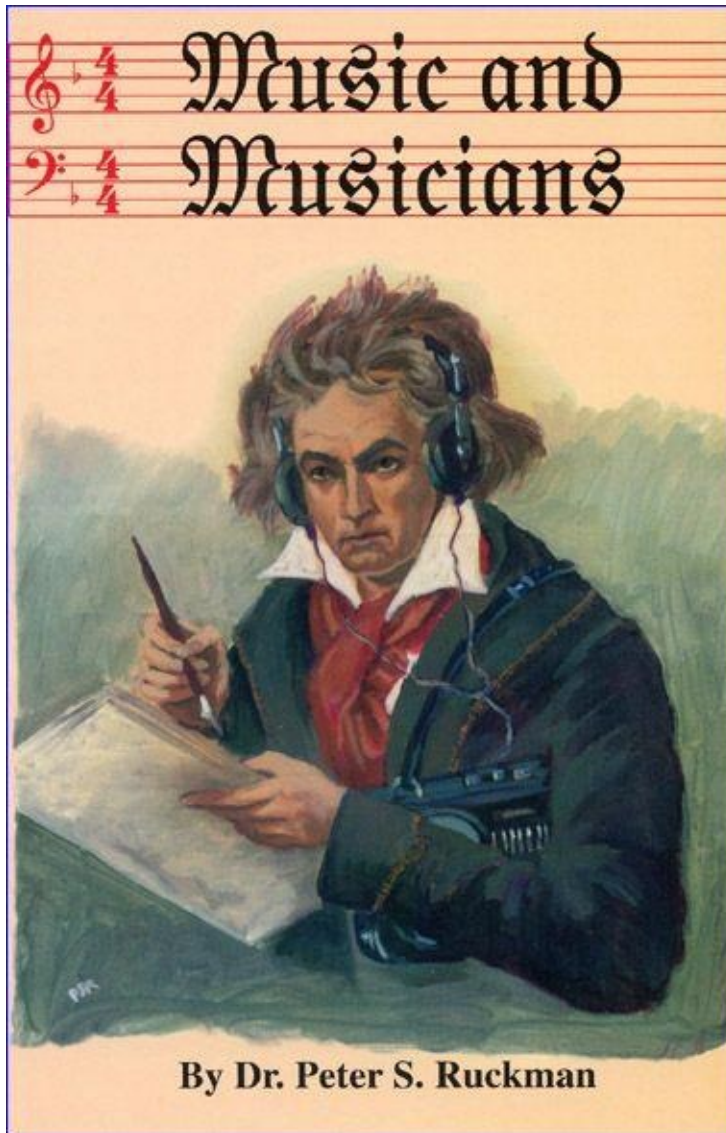




Music and Musicians



By Dr. Peter S. Ruckman



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Section One

The Overture

- 1. The Universal Language**
- 2. The Real Origin and History of Music**
- 3. Early Christian Music and the Catholic Popes**
- 4. Music During the Dark Ages**
- 5. Luther, Bach, and the Baroque Period**
- 6. From the Baroque Into the Classical**
- 7. The Romantic Period**
- 8. Romanticism and the Russians**
- 9. The Last of the Big Parade**

Section Two

The Finale

- 1. The Baroque Period of Popular Music**
- 2. The Classical Period of Popular Music**
- 3. The Romantic Period of Popular Music**
- 4. The Demoniac Period of Popular Music**

Section Three

The Intermezzo

- 1. The Authentic “Popular” Music**
- 2. My Forty-Seven Years With Christian Music**

Bibliography

The Overture

(Section One)

CHAPTER ONE

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

Many years ago, when I first began to collect classical music recordings, I tested one of my friends to prove the theorem that “Music is the universal language.” For a guinea pig, I picked a good old Tennessee “Ridge Runner”—a real “Rebel, Redneck”—whose musical knowledge, at that time, was limited to Red Foley, Roy Acuff, Ernest Tubbs, Bob Wills, Bradley Kinkaid, Tex Ritter, and Homer and Jethro. He was familiar with the following musical instruments: the guitar, the banjo, the mandolin, the Jew’s harp, the fiddle, and the jug. (If a piano, trumpet, or saxophone popped up in a “Country-Western” band, he would not have been able to identify it.)

A *piano concerto* by Beethoven or a *violin concerto* by Tchaikovsky or a *flute concerto* by Mozart would have been as foreign (and as distasteful) to his ears as a Koto playing *Naniwabushi* (Japanese country music) would sound to a Scottish bagpiper.

I put on a 33 rpm of Carl Maria Von Weber’s *Overture to Der Freischutz*. An “overture” is usually a musical introduction to an opera. It is supposed to contain what is to follow “in a nut shell,” musically speaking. Famous Overtures are Rossini’s *William Tell Overture* (“The Lone Ranger,” etc.), Mozart’s *Overture to The Marriage of Figarro*, and the overtures by Richard Wagner to *Die Meistersingers*, *The Flying Dutchman*, and *Lohengrin*. An “opera” is a story (drama or comedy) that is sung with the accompaniment of a full orchestra. A very familiar overture is Franz Schubert’s overture to *Rosamund* (“Rose Mouth”). This was also the name of the tune that the Allies played all through World War II under the false title of *The Beer Barrel Polka*.

Well, onto the turntable—we didn’t have CDs or cassettes in those days—went *The Overture to Der Freischutz*. I let my buddy listen to it for about two full minutes before asking him, “Now what does that remind you of? Anything? What kind of a picture does that bring before your mind?”

What he had just heard was a long beautiful duet played by French horns over a string background, which played a soft, low-pitched “moody” passage. My hillbilly friend (whose most cultured form of music was “Blue Grass” music) knotted up his forehead and meditated a few seconds. After about fifteen seconds he said, “Well it sounds sorta like somebody is wanderin’ ‘roun’ in a big, deep, dark *forest*.”

Der Freischutz is a story about *foresters* who hold shooting matches. The whole opera takes place in a locality exactly like *the Black Forest in Germany*.

Music *speaks*, without words. You do not have to know German or English to feel the thunder and waves of *The Flying Dutchman*; you do not have to know Italian or English to

know that some bitter, desperate soul is singing with a broken heart, when you hear *Pagliacci* (a clown in an opera by that name) singing “Vesti la giubba.” Music is a language of its own. If anyone is ever going to really set up a “New Age,” global civilization, *music* will have to be one of his prime instruments, for it knows no “language barrier.” Nebuchadnezzar, the greatest type of the Son of Perdition in the Bible (Dan. 2–3; Jer. 49–51), knew this “by heart.” His Rock and Roll “jazz band” (Dan. 3:4–7) signaled world-wide worship of MAN (Humanism) and MONEY (gold). “Man is the measure of all things.” Nebuchadnezzar’s “measures” were 60 by 6 by 6, in a Washington monument, phallic sex symbol.

He got the Persians, Arabians, Jews, blacks, whites, Egyptians, Greeks, Iraqis, Iranians, Turks, and Assyrians together with an orchestra: *a dance band*.

Now whatever they played, it had to deal with flesh and fleshy emotions. You see that is the one thing that Shem, Ham, and Japheth all have in “common.” Their musical tastes are different. Shem, Ham, and Japheth, will remain, to the end, as separate distinct races, and the surest proof of this is their *musical* “tastes.” They will never truly be “one race” until they are electronically controlled through Internets, computer chips, brainwashing devices, and “modern science.” You must force them together *artificially*. That is what the News Media and the federal bureaucrats have been “up to” since 1954 (Topeka, Kansas). The real *leveler* would be fleshy music with rhythms that appeal to the flesh. Jazz and Rock were great steps in this “leveling process,” designed to produce submissive, gray clones who would be little more than wards of a Police State. Shem, Ham, and Japheth all have *self-propagation* (the sex drive) and *self-gratification* (liquor, drugs, entertainment, food, etc.) in common: these are ANIMAL instincts; all *animals* have them.

The present international anthem for the EC is Schiller’s *Ode to Joy*, where the “goddess of Joy” is worshipped with wine drinking bouts. This “Ode” was converted into *music* by the Roman Catholic Beethoven, and is called his “The Ninth” or “*Choral*” *Symphony*. Schiller’s Ode is about “all men being brothers” and (while they are drinking wine) they are receiving a KISS (Absalom and Judas: see *Mark of the Beast*, Peter S. Ruckman. Pensacola: Bible Believers Press, 1959) which is “for the whole world.” She (“Joy”) fills their cups to the brim with *fire*. (A real Darwinian “winner,” if you ever saw it, buster.)

But this stately, powerful, idealistic, roaring blast of European music can not accomplish what the One Worlders have in mind. It doesn’t go far enough. What will be needed, in the near future, is an anthem that glorifies physical procreation and commends adultery, sex perversion (Luke 16:15), and fornication (see Rev. 2:14, 20). Not all of the Africans (Ham) and Orientals (Shem) are going to be carried away with Schiller and Beethoven (Japheth). The “beat” is not *sexual* enough—yet. You see the hearts and minds of many of the “global citizens” don’t “get as much” out of trumpets, trombones, violins, cellos, pianos, bassoons, and clarinets, as they do from sitars, kotos, shamisen, rattles, dulcimers, and Bongo DRUMS.

Some Orientals prefer a twenty-two note scale (there are twenty-two letters in the Hebrew alphabet). Japheth uses seven whole notes and five half notes (the black keys on the piano). Seven “tones” complete what we call a “scale,” which you learned in Grade

School as “do, re, mi, fa, so...etc.” The eighth note is an octave up from the first note in the scale. (We call the black piano keys “sharps” and “flats,” at least as they are related to the white keys. If you began a scale in the Key of “C” you would begin with a white note and play seven white notes one after another. The eighth white note would be “C” again. As you passed the black notes on a piano you would go by D-flat and E-flat, sitting as two black keys close together. Then you would pass a series of three black keys close together and they would be F-sharp, A-flat and B-flat.) But we are not here to write about reading music or composing music, or even how to play it on an instrument. We are going to talk about *Music and Musicians*. Some Orientals have a twenty-two note scale, which means they are playing “tones” which a “Westerner” (Japheth) either cannot hear or, upon hearing, refuses to recognize them.

If you want to see what kind of music Ham really likes, you will not find it much in the United States. “Whitey” taught Ham how to play the piano, the trumpet, the trombone, the bass fiddle, the flute, the clarinet, the cello, the French horn, the oboe, and the bassoon. When you hear Ham playing any instrument *in America*, apart from a primitive type guitar, xylophone, marimba, drum, rattle, or tambourine, you are dealing with *Japheth’s* handiwork. Go to Dahomey or the Gold Coast (or Ghana or the Ivory Coast), in AFRICA, and then make sure you don’t listen to American recordings being played on radios or videos or TV programs. Get out in the “bush” where “Whitey” never taught anyone anything, and hear what kind of music appeals to Ham. They wouldn’t care for King Cole, Sammy Davis, Charlie “Bird” Parker, or Duke Ellington. Black music, *in America*, came from “Whitey” teaching Ham how to play *EUROPEAN instruments*, exclusive of the drums and xylophones. Real African music is *not* Afro-American music. After all, “Americans” are INDIANS; they are not even Europeans (Japheth).

Back in the “bush,” I will “guaran-whack-tee you” that Schiller’s *Ode to Joy* (in Beethoven’s “Ninth”) will not be on the “Hit Parade.”

Now music *speaks*. Any Shemite listening to *Helter Skelter* (The Beatles) or *Jail House Rock* (Elvis the Pelvis) knows that no one is playing “background music” for a film scene on Yoga meditation or Romeo and Juliet. You cannot possibly mistake the *Parademarsch Dem Langen Kerls* (Nazi SS stormtrooper’s march) for Aaron Copeland’s *Appalachian Spring*. No musical education is necessary, whatsoever, to tell the difference between the kind of company that Modest Mussorgsky (1839–1881) was keeping when he wrote *A Night on Bare Mountain*, and the kind of company that Schubert (1797–1828) was keeping when he wrote *Die Schone Mullerin* or *Heidenroslein*.

Music will say something either to *the Spirit* (1 Cor. 2:11), or to *the Soul* (Matt. 16:26, 26:38), or to *the Body* (the “flesh”: Rom. 8:13). So, in our analysis of *Music and Musicians*, we will use the Biblical terms for the proper classifications of music (Col. 3:16 and 1 Thess. 5:23). Some music is aimed at your *spirit*, some is aimed at your *soul*, and some is aimed at your *body*. At the end of our study we will find that some is aimed at *demons* and unclean spirits that *inhabit* the body; this is the final peak of “progressive evolution” in man’s history of music. He begins with God (Chapter Two) and winds up with Satan (Section Two, Chapter Four).

The standard division used by nearly all writers, when writing a history of music (at

least “Western” music), is to call the music between (A.D. 1750–1830) “Classical Music.” Preceding this Classical Music, is a period called “Baroque Music” (1650–1750). The word “Baroque” is a French word, and it bears little resemblance to the music to which it was applied. The word meant “mountainous” or “mountain peaks” or “ranges.” In music, it is supposed to describe that period in history where composers, instrumentalists, and singers break off from the “old ways” of doing things. Musically, this means more complicated rhythms (polyphonies, melodies within melodies, “grace notes,” etc.). The Western music that follows the “Classical” Period is called “The Romantic Period” (1830–1900). Everything after that is called “Modern Music.”

But one can see, at a glance (if he knows anything about “Modern” music), that these brackets break down around A.D. 1900. “Modern music” is in no way, shape, or form connected with Baroque, Classical, or Romantic “western” music. “Modern music” comes from different *roots*, from a different *race*, from a different *culture*, and *produces* a totally different culture, altogether, than anything produced by the Baroque, Classical, or Romantic Music. The roots of “modern music” are connected with drums, sex orgies, whorehouses, cannibalism, gambling dens, witch doctors, green monkeys, jails, VD, slavery, drugs, liquor, crime, and sex perversion. This music produces: queers, Sodomites, dope addicts, habitual fornicators, suicides, riots, pornographers, illiteracy, abortions, teenage pregnancies, adulterers, neurotics, psychotics, and criminals (see pp. 13–18).

We must abandon “Classical” music somewhere between 1890 and 1910, and refer to music after that as “Popular Music,” in distinction from “Classical” music. Modern CLASSICAL music is *not* popular. The “modern composers” like Bartok, Tippett, Messiaen, Maderna, Hindemith, Stockhausen, Weil, Cage, Carter, Poulenc, and Schoenberg et al., are composers of the most *unpopular music* to be found in the West: modern “Classical” music. As one comic said: “Classical music is music that you keep hoping will turn into a tune.” Or, as some irreverent historian once wrote, “Wagner’s music is not nearly as bad as it SOUNDS.”

Popular music is NOT “classical,” whether it be the cultured and civilized “show tunes” of Cole Porter, Sigmund Romberg, Franz Lehár, George Gershwin, or Oscar Hammerstein. *Country Western* is not classical music, nor is Jazz, Rock, Dixieland, Hillbilly music, or “Ragtime.” The nearest thing to real modern “classical” music would be the sound tracks for Hollywood films (*Victory at Sea*, *Exodus*, *Ben Hur*, etc.), and this is what is known as “program music” (like a “tone poem” p. 109). It is not *pure music*. It is a handmaid waiting on photography, exactly as the later “Romantics” (p. 120) were handmaidens to PAINTING. Painting and photography are *not* auditory (musical); they are *visual*.

To me, the word “Classical” is simply a term describing any work of art, literature, or music that endures through hundreds of years, still able to convey its message to a vast variety of people of different cultures, different environments, different languages, and different religions. To me “classical” is an antonym for “inferior” or “temporary” or “lacking in quality.” The *King James Bible* is a religious *classic*. Shakespeare’s plays are literary *classics*. Artie Shaw’s *Begin the Beguine* is a Swing *classic*. *Pilgrim’s Progress* is a Christian classic, and so forth. I would not limit the “Classical music” to the “Classic

Period” (1650-1790). I would include the music of Vivaldi (1678–1741), Corelli (1653–1713), Beethoven (1770–1827), Brahms (1833–1897), and Wagner (1818–1883) in the term “Classical.”

When one gets to A.D. 1900 then he will find himself in a “gray” area, for *classical music* is about to be replaced with AFRICAN BUSH MUSIC (1910–1933). The reason for this is that following Richard Strauss (1864–1949) all the “classical” musicians are trying to *picture* something; they have become materialists. This is called “Program music.” It overlaps the work of the artists and their art, of which we spoke in that publication (*Art and Artists*, Pensacola: Bible Believers Press, 1993). What *instrumental music* remains (that is not an attempt at visual representations of Ferdi Grofe, George Gershwin, Sigmund Romberg, Irving Berlin, Aaron Copland et al.) is nothing but an endless outpouring of musical “tricks”—experiments in chords and discords, tonality and atonality, jungle rhymes, etc. This modern “classical” music matches modern “art.” Both disciplines produce *undisciplined* pupils, students, maestros, composers, painters, and just plain jerks. Modern “classical” music is the equivalent of *Bop* in popular music. It is the equivalent of Picasso in art: distortion, chaos, perversion, discord, and “meaninglessness.” After 1914, it is nothing but film scores, harmonic overtones, “outer space” music, serialism, note clusters, tonal “piles,” electronic effects, formlessness, dodecaphonic music, “Butterfly music,” or “total serialization.”

From a Biblical standpoint, this accumulation of tradesmen’s terminology (see *The Damnation of a Nation*, Ruckman [Pensacola: Bible Believers Press, 1991], pp. 17–33) means “Finis Classical Music.” We will go into the details on pages 119–122 of this work.

The *Biblical position* is that Darwin, CBS, Einstein, NBC, Hawking, CNN, ABC, and the NEA are never *right*. “Evolution” is a meaningless word which, according to Einstein’s definition of “meaning,” has no meaning, for it cannot be “demonstrated.” It has never been demonstrated, and never will be, and the absolute proof of this is inherent in the *basic methodology* that all evolutionists use when trying to prove their religion is founded on “scientific fact” instead of idiotic lunacy. You see all evolutionists—all without *one* exception—measure “time” by figuring out how much loss of energy (entropy) and dissipation of energy has taken place since whatever time (they vary in dating their “facts” by as much as 2,000,000 to 15,000,000 years) it started. It is the loss of energy, the wasted, burned-up, and destroyed energy that is used for a time table. Having done this, these mentally sick kooks tell you things have been *improving* the whole time, and will get *better* as time goes by (see *The Christian’s Handbook of Science and Philosophy*, Ruckman [Pensacola: Bible Believers Press, 1985], pp. 185–214)! Could anything on earth be more infantile or more incredible? Spontaneous generation with perpetual motion, measured by *disintegration, destruction, the breaking down of elements, and the loss of power to work with (energy)*!

We (charitably) refer to this new “Space Age Science” as Bugs Bunny in Disneyworld.

Now we take (naturally) the subjective viewpoint of history that comes from believing a Divine Historical Record of history: *the Bible*. We will consistently judge everything by

it, including not only Science, Religion, Philosophy, and History itself, but also Art and MUSIC. When we say “the Bible” we are never referring to any pile of lost pieces of paper or unfound “manuscripts” that no one has seen or read. When we say “the Bible” we are always referring to a Book that we hold in our hands, which we read, use, and BELIEVE. This Book reveals a number of things in regards to history where history deals with *any* subject.

1. All the time periods end in spiritual apostasy, degeneracy, and destruction of morals and ethics.

2. All temporary “up grading” and “forward progress” must come from direct, Divine intervention of man’s Creator: God Almighty.

3. The “Christian Era” was the “New Age” of the first century, beginning around A.D. 33. The end of that era will occur in the next five years, and it will end in *total degeneracy and apostasy* (2 Tim. 3–4, Rev. 3). Whatever starts at the *top* always winds up at the *bottom*. That will include even the Millennial Reign of the Lord Jesus Christ (Rev. 20:8–10).

4. The course of the Christian Era is given in the book of Revelation under the figure of “seven churches” (Rev. 2–3). Strangely enough, this can be used as a format for the histories of Art and Music.

5. The course is pictured as a slow progressive apostasy that begins with the completion of the New Testament (A.D. 90). It goes downward until the “**fourth watch of the night**” (see Matt. 14:25; Mark 13:35). This period began in A.D. 1500 (Christopher Columbus and Martin Luther).

6. At this point (A.D. 1500), things skyrocket upward TEMPORARILY; then, around 1890–1900 they “level off” and immediately (following World War I) they plunge to the bottom at ten times the speed that they had skyrocketed upward. As the West “declines” (Spengler) the Orient rises (Japan and China), and the oriental forms of music destroy Western “Classical” music (1920–1970). As we have said before, there is no demand for modern “classical” music at all, after 1918. It survives exactly as modern “art” survives. The *news media* promotes it, upholds it, brags about it, and refuses to let it lie dead, buried under a pile of Jazz, Ragtime, Dixieland, Swing, Bop, Acid Rock, Punk Rock, and Show tunes that would suffocate a herd of dinosaurs. Music “guilds” promote it, but it is a hopeless task. John Cage’s “note clusters” and Zen Buddhism; Stockhausen’s “interchangeable structures;” and LaMonte Young’s “intuitive” music have to be sandwiched into a musical concert *between* Mozart, Beethoven, Grieg, Dvorak, Haydn, and Rachmaninoff in order to get a “hearing.” Folks put up with them because they have to in order to hear Beethoven, Grieg, Mozart, Dvorak, et al.

In this work, we will use the same designations for Popular Music as Classical Music since both were the “contemporary music” of their day and times. Thus, we will apply the terms *Baroque*, *Classical*, *Romantic*, and *Modern* not only to Palestrina and the three “B”s (Bach, Beethoven and Brahms) but also to Popular Music: *The Baroque*: Kid Ory, Bunk Johnson, King Oliver, et al.; *the Classical*: Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, et al.; *the Romantic*: Nat King Cole, Rosemary Clooney, Patti

Page, Frank Sinatra, et al.; and *Modern*: Elvis Presley, the Beatles, Chubby Checker, et al. We will make one addition to the *Popular* not found in the *Classical*. We call this period (1964–1994) *the Demoniac*. Our reasons for doing this have nothing to do with our own religious convictions. The music produced by AC-DC, The Rolling Stones, Led Zepplin, Motley Crue, KISS, Twisted Sister, Judas Priest, Black Sabbath, Ozzy Osbourne, and WASP openly professes to be demoniac and *brags* about it and *glorifies* it. No Christian testimony is necessary. The dope-headed fornicators and pot-headed sex perverts speak for themselves.

Highway to Hell: “We’re all going to Hell anyway.”

Hell’s Bells: “Forget the hearse for I’ll never die,”

“Lucifer rising,”

“I sing because I live with Satan. The Lord turns me off. I live for Satan.”

“My name is Lucifer: please take my hand”

“Demons and curses that play on your soul like something ignited,”

WASP means “We Are Sexual Perverts.”

“I command that these things of which I speak will come to be. Behold the Prince of Darkness here!”

“If God’s on the left, than I’m sticking to the right.”

“Goin’ down to the Devil, down, down to 90 degrees.”

“I am the Lord of the wasteland. I gather darkness to please me”

“God of thunder, and Rock and Roll the spell you’re under will slowly rob you of your virgin SOUL.”

Rock and Roll music is a fanatical *religion* propagated by radical left wing “fundamentalists” *It is a demon’s religion*. Observe:

“Out go the lights, in goes my knife. Pull out his life, consider the bastard dead.”

“So come now children of the Beast, be strong and shout at the Devil,”

“Are you into S.I.N.?”

“*The Number of the Beast*.”

“Forged in the Fires of Hell.”

“Hallowed be thy name.”

“I’m coming back, I will return, I’ll possess your body, and I’ll make you burn. I have the power to make my evil take its course”

“Oh Satan move in our voices.”

“I love you said the Devil.” “Satan is really Lord.”

“See you in Hell.”

“Satan holds the keys.”

“I will kiss the goat. I swear to give my mind, my body, and soul unreservedly to the furtherance of our Lord Satan’s designs.”

Those are just a handful of quotations of the LYRICS in songs sung by the groups named or by “back-masking” found on their recordings.

Don’t you think “Ruckman” is being prudish or “mid-Victorian” for denominating 1964–1994 as *the Demoniac Period*. The musicians defined it; not Ruckman.

The nature of music is *spiritual* not *material*. Although sound waves are produced, which *can* be measured, they are not seen with the naked eye—any man’s “naked eye.” For this reason, *pure music* is never associated with conjuring up pictures: pictures (Art) are material; they can be *seen*. If you look at the pictures on the record jackets of the depraved, demoniac garbage produced in America between 1964–1994, you will see what *the music* in the “album” is trying to conjure up. The pictures show Satan pointing his finger at you, mutant monsters with blood coming out of their mouths; “hook ’em horns”: (Texas)—the two fingered “Cornuto” sign—Satan whipping a man in a lake of fire (his whip is a ten foot chain); the SS of the Nazis; transvestites; skulls under pentagrams; skeletons riding motorcycles; lightning behind angels; people being killed by guitars; counterfeit Arks and Cherubim; wild, screaming, long-haired teenagers eating bones; people burning in hell; black cats; blood-stained teenagers in haunted castles; bats over teenagers who have filed teeth; etc. If this is “music” (and the record jacket contains the “album”) what kind of music is it? Dinner music? Cocktail lounge music? Contemporary “Christian” music? Why, it is *demoniac*. It professes to be exactly what it *is*. I didn’t misname it at all.

The nearest thing to man’s spiritual being (aside from God, the Holy Spirit, and the unclean spirits (see Mark 5:1–13) of Satan (which are called “devils” in the *Authorized Version* (Matt. 4:24), is MUSIC. Hence, music is not a subject that any professing Christian could take lightly. Music creates atmosphere (environment). It also affects character and the central nervous system. No one has to be told about the numerous “Greenhouse” experiments that have been performed with plants exposed to *Classical Music* (Bach, Mozart, Brahms, Beethoven, et al.) and to *Popular Music* (Presley, the Beatles, the Grateful Dead, Prince, Frank Zappa, Twisted Sister, Venom, Keel, Nina Hagen, Pile Driver, et al.)

Back in the seventies, a promoter asked a young punk if he could qualify to lead a Rock band. “Absolutely” the whoremonger replied, “I’ve been on dope since I was twelve, had two nervous breakdowns, been arrested three times for vagrancy, twice for breaking and entering, and I flunked the third grade twice.”

Hire him. He qualifies.

Mrs. Dorothy Retallack (of Denver) spent two years killing plants with Rock music. She noticed that three hours of Acid, Heavy Metal, and Punk Rock daily, shrivels, squashes, and flattens philodendrons, and crumbles corn in less than a month. Two Cherokee bean plants died from being exposed to Acid Rock and modern “Atonal”

Classical music: “birds of a feather.” Two more identical plants *thrived* listening to organ playing by Johann Sebastian Bach. Professor Broman (of Temple Buell College) checked all of the experiments to make sure they were “scientific”; they were. Five different plants were set up with loudspeakers on each side. One set of five was exposed to music from Radio Station KIMN (a Rock station), and the other five were exposed, daily, to radio station KLIR (Classical and semi-classical music). The Petunias “listening” to KIMN refused to bloom, while the KLIR “listeners” developed six beautiful blooms. The KIMN petunias were found all leaning *away* from the speakers, and the petunias before the KLIR speakers were all leaning *toward* their speakers. Moral: plants have better taste for good music than human beings.

Greenhouses have been used for these experiments, using the *same plants* in the *same soil*, with the *same atmospheric conditions*, same fertilizers, and *same amount of water* (applied in the same amount at *the same time*). The ones exposed to The Rolling Stones, Louis Armstrong, Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, Twisted Sister, and Ozzy Osbourne either get wilted or diseased, or just turned out plain “puny.” Every plant that “listened” to the modern music came out inferior to the ones that had been exposed to Vivaldi, Staumitz, Pachelbel, Corelli, Boccherini, and Chopin.

Music can affect your health (1 Sam. 16:23).

A thing that I have observed throughout life is still odd to me when I consider it, yet I know it to be true. There are three “openings” in the anatomy of every male or female that turn out to be factors in the kind of *character* they develop through life. These openings are “the eye gate” (Matt. 6:22) the “ear gate” (Matt. 11:15, 13:9), and the mouth. I am not rabid about health food stores and “nature cures,” but I have heard doctors say, “You *are* what you eat.” The Holy Bible corrects this, of course, in Matthew 15:17, but still there is a great truth in it, as any magazine (or book) on Health will prove. The EYE is the main factor (Matt. 6:22–23) according to Jesus Christ, but the EAR is mentioned over and over again (Matt. 11:15, 13:9, 15–16, 43; Mark 4:9, 23, 7:16, 8:18; Luke 4:21, 8:8, and 9:44).

Consider how two different individuals will turn out depending upon their use of those three “openings.”

One man reads the Bible and history books, school textbooks, technical manuals, collections of sermons, biographies of missionaries and pastors, etc. The other man reads *Esquire*, *Playboy*, *Gent*, *Midnight*, *The Enquirer*, *People*, and the “Book of the Month.” The first man consumes a lot of raw fruits, fresh vegetables, fish and poultry, hot, home-cooked meals, and plenty of fruit juices. The other man lives off of hamburgers, cokes, pizzas, TV dinners, potato chips, french-fried potatoes, fried eggs, fried chicken, fried pork chops, Pepsis, coffee, tea, and Espresso. The first man then listens to hymns, oratorios, symphonies, chamber music, concertos, sermons, testimonies, and the conversations of his elders. The second man listens to Jazz, Rock, Bop, Swing, dirty jokes, gossip, rumors, Punk Rock, jungle drums and bongos, Rap music, and National Public Radio.

Don’t kid this old junk yard dog (seventy-five years young, now) into thinking that those two men will have the same *moral* and *spiritual* CHARACTER. They will not have

it.

Eyes, ears, and mouths. They have always been the major factors in determining how any man's character turned out. *Music is for the EARS.*

Many years ago, an old-time Methodist evangelist from Dothan, Alabama (Bob Jones Sr.) said, "Every *bad thing* on this earth is a GOOD thing, *twisted.*" If you want to see the truth behind this epigram, read Genesis 3:5–6. There is not one *bad thing* about the instrument that brought death into this world to affect you and your family, and every family on this planet—for 6,000 years.

Is not LOVE a great and good thing (1 Cor. 13:1-8; 1 John 4:7)?

"Every bad thing on this earth is a GOOD thing twisted."

Is not MUSIC a good thing (Rev. 5:9; Acts 16:25; Matt. 26:30)?

"Every bad thing on this earth is a GOOD thing—twisted."

All unsaved people on this earth (on all seven continents), who are highly educated, have one tremendous blind spot—one tragic, disastrous, damning IGNORANCE that makes them incapable of leading the human race *anywhere* except straight to the bottomless pit. This damning *ignorance* has operated in all of them since the days of Cain and Abel (see Gen. 4:20–21), and it is as operative today as it was when Isaiah wrote 5:20. The educated asses (Job 11:12; no overstatement, no slander, no misrepresentation) all honestly believe—I mean with all the seriousness of a heart attack—that the more sin you tolerate, and put up with, the more you have matured and "grown." Man's "growth" and progress has always been measured by unsaved, uneducated sinners with this standard: "The more wickedness, filth, moral defilement, and perversion you can get along with, cheerfully, the more you prove to yourself, and others, that you have *progressed* as a human being." All major news sources in America take this "stance" (ABC, CBS, NBC, CNN, National Public Radio, the NEA, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Life*, *USA Today*, etc.).

"The wicked...know not at what they stumble" (Prov. 4:19).

The fruit of twisted LOVE is child molestation, masturbation, self-pity, incest, sex deviation, self-worship, sex perversion, homosexuality, masochism, sadism, and murder.

The fruit of twisted MUSIC is the inability to concentrate or memorize, nervousness, neurosis and psychosis, jungle company, jungle morals, pornography, inability to do hard work or stick to a project, rebellion against parents, a false view of life, and, many times, murder and suicide.

"Every BAD thing on earth is a GOOD thing—twisted."

CHAPTER TWO

THE REAL ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF MUSIC

There are no high school or college texts books in America, or Europe, that know where music came from, or what its first functions were. Any history written for students will begin by *assuming* that Darwin, Einstein, and Huxley were *sane*. They take for granted, without one shred of evidence in 6,000 years of recorded history, that the evolutionary hypothesis (hallucination) is an historical *fact*. Whoever the writer is, he will insist that while the monkey men (or men-monkeys or ape-men or men-apes or whatever) were inventing fire (and learning how to USE it!!) they began to copy the sounds they heard around them in “nature.” *God* never shows up as a factor one time. All history books are written from the standpoint of an atheist, regardless of the author’s profession of faith, or religious “persuasion.” A typical neurotic nut writes, “Primitive man clearly sang to combat danger.”

“Clearly,” did you say? You mean some psychopathic, science-rejecting, fact-denying, pagan NUT would believe you if *you* said it? Let’s see you get a CD of “primitive man singing to combat danger.” As a wit has said, “No anthropoid ape ever attempted to make musical noises, but then, again, none of them ever tried to.”

Imagine Harold Leakey’s original “Eve” (“Lucy,” an African black: 2,000,000 B.C.) “singing to combat danger,” if you can. *Who* did she sing to? Suppose she was caught in a mudslide or quicksand, *WHO* did she “sing” to? One textbook says that the “Venus of Laussel” is 28,000 years old, and her picture appears to be a woman playing on an animal horn. Well, that is a long way from O.J. Simpson’s “Lucy” singing “Suppertime,” or “Bess you is mah woman”—*in case Lucy was a Dyke*. I have examined the “Venus of Laussel,” tooting her own horn. She has the *wrong end* of the horn facing her mouth and her head is on *backwards*. I would say she is about to take a swig of *Miller High Life*, or just had “one too many.” I wouldn’t call her “Venus.” The word is “Bimbo”—“The Bimbo of Laussel.”

I read some other college-educated jackass who (after pretending the ape man, or man-ape, etc. invented music) says: “WE have SEEN how mankind first invented music...” All anyone had “seen” was twenty pages the kook had written on Darwin’s evolutionary theory. He had seen *nothing*. He had *shown* nothing. He *pretended* that he (not “we”) had seen something back in 10,000 B.C. (by Darwin’s make-believe scale) and that, at that time, bone flutes and whistles were in use. Then he said “we see” that much later (2500 B.C.) drums and bells were used, along with small stringed harps. But once he got to the drums and bells he accidentally let the cat out of the bag, for he had to refer to *Sumeria*, in 3000 B.C.—not *Southeast Africa* in 10,000 B.C. Sumeria was the home of *Abraham* (Ur of the Chaldees). Abraham lived around 1900–1725 B.C. More than 1,000 years before Abraham was born (approx. 2900 B.C.) Jubal with his harps and organs (Gen. 4:21) was playing for dances (see Job 21:12–14). No overstatement, no misrepresentation (Job 22:16–17). That would be within 100 years of the authors 3000

B.C. His imaginary, nonexistent, anti-historical Darwinian guess was *7,000 years off base*. Par for the course in dealing with music “historians.”

Before the flood (approx. 2340 B.C.) instrumental music was so highly developed that every instrument to follow, in the next 4,000 years, with the exception of the percussion instruments, came from the two instruments found in Genesis 4:21: **“the harp and organ.”**

You don’t dare teach *that* Biblical truth in any public school in America. TRUTH is “verbotten” in public schools.

You see “stringed instruments” come from Jubal’s *harp*, and “wind” instruments come from Jubal’s “organ.” The following instruments, then, are nothing but improvements and additions to the “originals.”

HARPS: pianos, sitars, dulcimers, balilikas, lutes, mandolins, guitars, banjos, violins, violas, cellos, Bass viols (Double Bases, Contra Bass, etc.), harpsichords, spinets, ukuleles, Kotos, etc.

ORGANS: flutes, piccolos, fifes, Pan pipes, clarinets, oboes, bassoons, trumpets, trombones, French Horns, baritone horns, Tubas, Alpine horns, harmonicas, ram’s horns, bugles, and “Flugel” horns, etc.

You blow wind through them. You blow air through *pipes* when you play an organ. And even among the percussion instruments you will find the “pipes” under the marimbas and xylophones; *the strings* will be found in the piano. It is only the drums, castanets, tambourines, “triangles,” cymbals, cow bells, woodblocks, snare drums, kettledrums, tom toms, gourds, rattles, gongs, and Glockenspiels that escape the “harp and organ” class of instruments.

It is taken for granted, in the Bible, that any human being is equipped with a natural sense of rhythm, if he can walk or run. No musical knowledge is necessary at all. To tap the foot, or tap the hand (on or off an instrument) requires no *talent*, no need to *read music*, and no need to *practice* anything; at least not for several thousand years. Rhythm is *African*: Ham is its main promoter.

What every historian (Darwinian monkeyman or “Creationist”) has to record, sooner or later, is that music first becomes prominent in *religious* circles (worship and sacrifice), whether it pops up in China, Asia, Africa, Asia Minor, Europe, or the islands of the sea. By far, the most advanced and complete type of musical orchestration (coupled with choral groups) was well established in the Bible long before any Greek “muse” got fooling around with the “great god Pan” and his “pipes.” Read 2 Samuel, chapter 6; 1 Chronicles, chapters 16, 25; and Psalms 149–150 carefully. The Bible is always so far ahead of the “Greeks” (1 Cor. 1:22–24) when it comes to philosophy, story telling, religion, creationism, drama, craftsmanship, and music (see 1 Kings 4:32) that they really are not worth investigating.

David and Solomon had huge *orchestras* (Psalm 149), massive *choral groups* (1 Chron. 15–16), and *musical composers* (Psalms 1–90) more than 1,000 years *before* “St. Ambrose” got his Ambrosian Rites going (“plain song chants”) in Catholic cathedrals.

The thing that kills the historians is the fact that “man” has no SONG until he is *redeemed by blood* (Exod. 12), and leaves Egypt (a type of this world: Exod. 15:1). *That* is what rattles their cage; it drives them “up the wall.” Man has no song till he is delivered from SIN and the DEVIL (typified by Pharaoh in Exod. 4–15). Songs were certainly sung before that (Gen. 4:21) but they are not mentioned as “songs” until Exod. 15:1. That is the first time the word appears in the Biblical text. *Redemption by blood* is the last thing any unsaved worldling would want anyone to find out about *music*.

When it comes to the next mention of music, historically, we find singing and “**dancing**” mentioned (Exod. 32). Historians would like this one because it is an “intercultural exchange” in a “musical happening” (Exod. 32:6): a sex orgy set to the tune of *African jungle music*. It is an African “**mixed multitude**” (Exod. 12:38) that sponsors this “contemporary worship service.” It is a mixed dance, meaning mixed *races* and mixed *sexes*. By contrast, David’s dance (2 Sam. 6:14) is unisex dance, as is Miriam’s dance (Exod. 15:20). No “couples” show up in either dance. When the Bible says there is “**a time to dance**” (Eccl. 3:4), it is the time noted in Luke 15:25 and Exodus 15:20. It is NOT the time noticed in Mark 6:22–24 and Exodus 32:19.

In these matters, observe how the Holy Bible is always more discriminating and more objective in its analysis of musical history than any of the musicians are. The *Jewish Hora*, the *Sailor’s Hornpipe*, the *Virginia Reel*, the *Highland Fling*, and the old fashioned *Square dances* could be legitimate dances, although they are certainly not Biblical dances. God is to be praised “**in the dance**” (Ps. 149:3). Where He is not praised nothing *Biblical* is going on.

Every nation has its “dances.” There was the old German *Allemande* and the perennial *Landler*, as well as the *Polka* and the *Waltz*, and the modern *Fox Trot*. France produced the *Gavotte*, the *Bouree*, the *Estampie*, the *Can-Can*, the *Loure*, the *Passepied*, and the *Rigaudon*. The *Saraband*, the *Fandango*, the *Jota*, the *Pavanne*, and *Bolero* are Spanish dances, later eclipsed by the very sensuous and fleshy *Tangos*, *Rhumbas*, *Sambas*, and *Mambos*. The *Mazurka* and the *Polonaise* are Polish dances; and, of course, there is the *Habanera* (Spain), the *Courante* (France) and *Minuet* (European and American); plus the *Chaconne*, the *Gigue*, and the *Irish Jig* (supposedly an Afro-American playing football for Notre Dame: eh, eh, eh).

In America, following the destruction of Classical music (1900–1918), dance after dance pops up, including the *Soft Shoe Shuffle*, the *Buckwing*, the *Two Step*, the *Shimmy*, the *Cake Walk*, the *Charleston*, the *Grizzly Bear*, the *Bunny Hug*, the *Lindy Hop Truckin’*, *The Big Apple*, the *Fox Trot*, the *Lambeth Walk*, the *Turkey Trot*, the *Jitterbug*, and (eventually) the *Break dance*, the *Limbo*, the *Twist*, the *Frog*, and *The Animal*, etc.

Note the return of human beings to *creatures* (Rom. 1:23): “Animal, Fox, Bunny, Bear, Turkey, Bug,” etc.

Charles Darwin in reverse.

Herod loses his soul watching an Oriental belly dancer doing “the bumps and the grinds” (burlesque terminology: 1900–1950). You can see these pornographic movements performed in America, *in public*, from September to December at “halftime,” during

nearly any collegiate football game. African popular music (1920–1950) made Whorehouse music respectable in the colleges and high schools (see pp. 152–153).

Music creates “atmosphere” (environment). Love songs are sung to change the “atmosphere.” When this music needs the movements of *bodies* (the dancers) to “get it across,” it is no longer *pure music*; it is *visual*. Thus, sections of classical music called “suites” are actually collections of dances (*Peer Gynt Suite, Nutcracker Suite, Schenerazade*, etc.). This helps explain why of all the classical composers, the one that Americans like the most is the sex pervert Peter I. Tchaikovsky. This is due to three things: a surplus of *melodies* that can be whistled or hummed, music that was designed as a *background* for half-naked dancing women (*Sleeping Beauty, Swan Lake, Romeo and Juliet*, etc.), and the fact that 1950–2000 is the Age of the Faggot, where sex perverts are not just merely tolerated or welcomed, but are actually promoted and *praised*.

In this respect, both Tchaikovsky and Vincent Van Gogh (Art) both prove to be genuine “prophets” (like Stravinsky and Picasso), for “the more filth, distortion, perversion, and rebellion you can tolerate, the further you have *progressed*.” All educated “Westerners” accept *that* as a fundamental of fundamentals in their cockeyed religion: evolutionary humanism.

The next thing that happens in history, after the crossing of the Red Sea, is David’s instruments (see Amos 6:5). Choirs, singers, and composers are organized to fulfill the original function of music as given in Job 38:1–7 and Psalm 149.

As you know, from reading your Bible, this musical mountain top is followed by a national apostasy under Solomon and Rehoboam (1 Kings 12–13), and the captivity of Israel (613 B.C.) and Judah (589 B.C.). During the Babylonian captivity the Israelites are required to sing to their tormentors, but their harps are “hung on the willows” (Ps. 137:2). Nebuchadnezzar’s attempt (580 B.C.) to bring in a “New Age” of “universal peace” under one group of United Nations Peace Keepers—with him at the head: naturally, naturally!—is accompanied by the sound of *six* instruments, calling worshippers to worship a statue *six by six by sixty* cubits, which was “set up” *six* times.

(For further details see Rev. 13:18 and the *bar codes* on the stuff you have been buying from the stores for the last twenty years.)

The next thing that shows up is the Lord Jesus Christ singing a hymn with His disciples (Matt. 26:30). This is followed by a famous duet sung by Paul and Silas at midnight (Acts 16:25) in a dungeon. The New Testament does not end until Paul assigns *three types of music* to the child of God (Col. 3:16); when it does end, the New Testament ends with harps thrumming (Rev. 14:2) and a 144,000 voice choir singing “**the song of Moses**” (Rev. 15:3; Deut. 31:30) and the “**song of the Lamb**” (Rev. 15:3).

Music BEGINS and ENDS with *God*. The Greek Pan and the ape-men (or men-apes, or whatever) don’t win, place, or show.

There is no music in Hell, and there will be none in the Lake of Fire (Rev. 20:11–15).

Music does not begin with Peking, Neanderthal, Java, or Heidelberg man, or Leakey’s “Lucy.” Music did *not* begin with some mutant monster from Groom Lake Area 51,

named “Pan.” *Music was created by the Creator.* The components of musical sounds—pitch, tone, duration, dynamics, timbre, etc.—were created exactly as clouds, water, hills, stars, electricity, magnetism, and the atoms were created. The word of God was the author of every one of them (Heb. 11:1–2). This means that just as the planets, galaxies, and solar systems are operated by regular, fixed, predetermined “laws”; so the laws of color, harmony, perspective, melody, balance, dynamics, rhythms, proportion, and musical and artistic composition can be discovered in Art and Music (see *Art and Artists*). The *mark* of the twentieth century (in its art and music) is *lawlessness* and *rebellion*, forming *chaos* and *formlessness* as described in Genesis 1:2. The originator of confusion and chaos (John 8:44) is *not* God (1 Cor. 14:33).

Here, we are not going to elaborate on the tradesmen’s terminology: each trade has its own (set up for you to learn), and you will have to pay them money to learn it (*The Damnation of a Nation*, pp. 17–33). In Music (as in all trades), it will be a lengthy series of words making things just as difficult as possible: pentatonic scale, binary structures, motets, trills, triplets, dicant discant, brevis, diatonic scales, clivia, fermata, scandicus, ligatures, meter signatures, clefs, Dal Segno, diatonic minor scales, nuances, nocturnes, chromatic scales, flutter tonguing, postlude, partita, prelude, dodecaphonic scales, metric schemes, mordent, tablatures, strophic forms, duplex triads, longa, neumes, music fiota, microtonality, cantus, firma, tone color, virga, chromaticisms, submediant, mensural notation, recitative, frets, fugues, maestoso, harmonic parallelism, and so forth.

The important thing to observe is that the *Biblical record* of music goes much further into the actual *historical* past than the historians would have you go. When they go any further back than 3000 B.C. (Ur in Sumeria), they simply enter “virtual reality”—a make-believe Disneyworld or Darwinian “Fairy tales for grown-ups.” Their “history” is *non-history*.

Now I will only take time out, at this point, to give one illustration out of several hundred which demonstrates that the Bible is superior (as a Scientific Textbook and History book) to the ramblings, rantings, ravings, and “rot gut” (American army, circa 1942) put out by the educated idiots who believed Darwin.

Whenever mankind began to sing and write music *he prophesied of his own destruction.* The first mention is found in the work of one of “Killer” Cain’s ancestors (Gen. 4:21); this is the “line of Cain” which was wiped out in the flood (Gen. 6). *They* were musically inclined, and used music as a means of forgetting God (Job 21:11–15, 22:15–17). Cain was said to be a murderer **“from the beginning.”** He killed his brother Abel because Abel’s works were righteous and his were not (1 John 3:12). *This is the line that produced HUMAN music.*

According to all authors of musical history, the musical scale used by man before 3000 B.C., was the “Pentatonic Scale.” James Galway and William Mann say *this* is the scale used in *Rock Music* (see p. 209 for that illustrative African “advancement”). But Rock music is associated with DEATH, disease, drugs, abortion, fornication, rebellion, and sex perversion. Do you know what a “Pentagram” is, or what “The Pentagon” is? “Penta” is FIVE. Look at Genesis 5:5. That is where the first human being DIED, according to the only thoroughly objective, documented, scientific TEXTBOOK on the

history of mankind.

“May Day” means a *crash* is about to take place. May in the *fifth month* in the year. The international SOS distress frequency is 500. The breakdown of a ship in water is “Breakdown No. 5.” On a five-by-five altar more than 50,000 animals met their death between 1500 B.C. and the time of Christ. When Christ dies He receives FIVE wounds after being stripped of FIVE pieces of clothing. Look at Acts 5:5, and then check every Chapter No. Five in a *King James 1611 Authorized Version*.

Five is the number of Death; as in “Satan” (the fifth cherub, Ezek. 28:14), “Devil” (with the power of Death, Heb. 2:14), and “Death” (five letters). What scholars call the “first song,” sung in the Bible, is “sung” by Lamech (Gen. 4:23). He had just killed a young man.

We will now take up the history of music on this earth as it shows up following the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and the writing of the New Testament (A.D. 90). We will, of course, be dealing primarily with *western* (European) music. You cannot fail to notice, in what is about to follow, that the News Media’s favorite sacred cows—homosexuals, “modern” women, blacks, and spoiled brats—make a very poor showing for *eighteen centuries*. The world’s smallest volume is *Famous Women Composers*. Right next to it would be *Famous Black Orchestra Conductors*. Only one or two Frisco-Fairy-Fruits (i.e., Faggots) show up between Monteverdi (1567–1643) and Richard Strauss (1864–1949): that is somewhere around *300 years*. The blacks, faggots, and “liberated” women (the gods of the press and TV) evidently are quite impotent, and *nonproductive* when it comes to creating music. The blacks don’t begin to create anything like music until the twentieth century, and then they have to use the *white man’s instruments* to play it on, after learning how to play the instruments *from the white man*. You could count on one hand the number of women (single or married; white or black) who ever composed a symphony or an opera. With over one hundred famous operas still being performed (*Madam Butterfly, La Boheme, Faust, Rigolletto, Thais, Aida, La Traviata, Lohengrin, Das Rheingold, Der Rosenkavalier, Salome, Le Coc D’Or, Prince Igor, the Marriage of Figarro, William Tell, Der Freischutz, Don Giovanni, Die Zauberflotte, Oberon, L’Africaine*, etc.), not ONE was written by a woman.

CHAPTER THREE

EARLY CHRISTIAN MUSIC AND THE CATHOLIC POPES

There are no discussions in any of the history books about the nature of the so-called “Christian” music that didn’t actually crop up until long *after* the New Testament was completed (A.D. 90). Being unable to discern the first thing about New Testament salvation, all of the historians go stumbling into their subject without even thinking about the backgrounds and “setting” of the music they are discussing. “Early” Christian music was, as it is today, 99% LYRICAL. It was vocal: *words* were sung. Solomon’s and David’s orchestras were not present. SONGS are always an expression of the inner heart condition of the singer. “*The Blues*,” for example, are the product of frustration, depression, and loneliness. The famous standard “Twelve Bar Blues” of African-American notoriety are nothing but the inner feelings of a black man (or woman) sitting down somewhere and trying to invent something that rhymes. Since his mind works less than three miles per hour he simply *repeats* the first thing he sings while trying to think of a different sentence that will rhyme with it. This form is called AAB in composition. Thusly:

“Doan ’at moon look purty shinin’ trou’ dem trees:

Doan ’at moon look purty shinin’ trou’ dem trees:

Doan your heart get lonely when yo baby packs up an leaves.”

Or:

“My fust name’s Jack and mah lass names’ ah doan know.

Yes, mah fuss names Jack and mah lass names’ ah doan know.

Been chasin’ purty women since ah was ten years old!”

The standard “folk song” is a story called a “Ballad.” It is about something common and “down to earth,” whether white, black, or brown (Japheth, Ham, or Shem). The Negro “Spiritual,” for example, pictures the inner soul exercises of a *saved* black man or woman. Of this stamp are *Oh Dem Golden Slippers*, *Swing Low Sweet Chariot*, *Sometimes I feel Like a Motherless Child*, *Were You There?*, *Nicodemus the Slave*, and *Ah ain’t Got Long to be Here*, etc. Most of the popular music (at least the *vocal* variety), in the 1930s and 1940s, was an AABA pattern. Thus:

(A) “Down where the Trade Winds play, down where you lose a day: we found a garden of silvery bows; we traded vows way down where the trade winds play.

(A) Music was everywhere, flowers were in her hair, we found a garden where

Paradise starts: we traded hearts way down where the Trade Winds play.

(B) Oh Trade Winds what are the vows that lovers make! Oh Trade Winds, were they only made to break?

(A) When it is May again, I'll sail away again: though I'm returning, it won't be the same. She traded her name way down where the Trade Winds play”.

Moon Over Miami, Blue Moon, Skylark, Deep Purple, Heaven Can Wait, Stairway to the Stars are of this construction; so also *The Angels Sing, The Man I Love, Lover Come Back to Me*, etc. are all of this pattern.

In AABA, you sing a melody and then repeat it; then you make a change in the melody (called a “bridge”), and then return to the original tune or melody. (See notes on the Sonata and Rondo forms, pp. 77–78.)

But in all musical forms containing *lyrics* (words that are sung), the message delivered reveals the condition of the song writer's *heart*, or, at least, he tries to convey the feelings of someone else's heart—in WORDS. The lyrics and the *heart condition* are absolutely inseparable according to Proverbs 23:7 and Matthew 12:34. This psychological fact proves to be a disaster for *four* of the world's great religions: Judaism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Hinduism; for when the time for *singing* comes, *none of them can sing one song glorifying their founders*. And right in the middle of their starless, songless MIDNIGHT, up shows a Christian hymnal with 500–600 songs in it *glorifying the founder of a religion!* The oriental religions cannot compete with it. They do not put a SONG into a sinner's heart: it remains *desolate*.

If one were to count the sheet music that has been published since 1930, in addition to the standard hymnals—they're about four main ones—one will be shocked to see that more than 900 songs have been written about one man who has been *dead* more than 1,900 years. Furthermore, He *stayed dead* according to every *Buddhist, Humanist, Jew, scientist, evolutionist, agnostic, atheist, and Satanist in the EC, the UN, and the U.S.A.* Moslems, in a frantic effort to lie around the truth, pretend that He never did *die*; they do this in the face of a death certificate authenticated by a *medical doctor* (Luke), a *Roman governor* (Pontius Pilate), and a *professional combat Legionnaire* (John 19:33).

This musical phenomenon (above) is absolutely without parallel in the history of mankind. *It is a RELIGIOUS musical phenomenon*. No Moslem can sing you five songs glorifying Mohammed. No Buddhist can drum up ten songs about Buddha; no Hindu can even tell you who founded his religion (let alone *sing* about him), and no orthodox Jew can sing you five songs praising Moses or David. Jesus Christ was a MAN, like Buddha, Mohammed, Moses, or David. How does He rate 600 songs, nineteen centuries after He is buried?

Now, THAT music will be produced at the White Throne Judgment if any of man's “great religions” and “mankind's faiths” with their “scriptures” show up. It can be proved from *documented evidence* that none of the world's great “faiths” can produce lasting peace, joy, love, power, rest, thanksgiving, or victory (see *God is Love*. Ruckman [Pensacola: Bible Believers Press, 1996]).

And this proves also, to be the “pig in the poke” for the Roman Catholic “Christian” music that appears *after* A.D. 325, following the pagan Constantine’s fiasco at Nicea (with “Sylvester” the Roman Catholic bishop: *History of the New Testament Church*, Vol. 1. Ruckman [Pensacola: Bible Believers Press, 1982], p. 129). You see, no Roman Catholic is taught that he can ever know for certain that he has eternal life as a *present possession* (Rom. 8:29; 1 John 5:10–13; John 10:28; Eph. 2:8–10) until AFTER he dies. HE gets it IF he “dies in a state of grace.”

Now! can you imagine the effect which *that* false teaching will have on Catholic religious music when it tries to pass off as “Christian” music? Don’t tell me that the *heart condition* of the composer and the singer will not affect the mood and message of the music that they *produce*. No such thing will happen. Their non-scriptural, anti-Christian inner lives will affect their vocal music and their instrumental music.

First, we find a group of singers called “decani” and “cantorts” in Roman Catholic cathedrals (A.D. 400–600). They sing what is called “The Ambrosian Rites,” named after St. Ambrose (A.D. 390). To further confound things after Nicea, the Catholics adopt a WOMAN (she lived around A.D. 200–230) as the “patron saint” of Music: *St. Cecilia*.

Now considering the fact you do not find *one woman* connected with music from Cecilia (A.D. 230) to Francesca Caccini (A.D. 1600), why would you think that any Catholic on the face of this earth had the honesty or the common sense that God gave to a Boll Weevil? What is a *female* doing pretending to be the “patron saint” of music? Someone has a “Mary complex”? Miss Caccini did not show up until 1600. That was fifty years *after* the Protestant Reformation (with Luther) had been putting out music all over the continent. *Two women* are connected with the history of western music in 370 years. And the “patron saint” of music is *a woman*?!

By the time that Gregory the Great shows up (540–604), Roman Catholics had been killing Bible-believing Christians (Pelagians, Arians, and Donatists) for years. The Gregorian chants, based partially on the old Greek “modes” (see p. 51), in what you would now call “the key of C” (as played on the white keys of a piano), had to be the fruitful expressions of a religious Hierarchy, headed up by an *ecclesiastical dictator*. These “chants” were sung by long-robed (Luke 20:46) monks and nuns in “cloisters,” and by choir boys in stone churches and cathedrals. New Testament? *What New Testament?* There was no New Testament. Catholics have never practiced New Testament doctrines or Pauline example, from A.D. 325–1996.

To be anything like “Christian,” all of these Catholic-Greek chants would either have to express the bare doctrinal statements of the “Apostle’s Creed,” with “Mary” added to it as the leading figure (just like Cecilia got in on the act), or they would have to express the joyful condition of the regenerated sinner as he praised his Saviour (Rom. 5:2, 12:15, 15:10; Gal. 4:27; Phil. 1:18, 2:16–18, 3:1, 3; 1 Thess. 5:16; etc.). What would ANY Catholic know about *those verses* when he had been taught that he could have no assurance of salvation till he was *dead*? What on earth would ANY real Roman Catholic know about *assurance of salvation* and joy at the Second Coming of Christ, when he was dependent on a religious organization (and some pagan “sacraments”) to justify himself before God? Obviously, he would be in total darkness. Can you imagine any Pope—

anyone of them in fifteen centuries—getting excited about the *main theme* of both Testaments? Why, the main theme of both Testaments is *the Second Advent*. If you had \$1,000 for every Ambrosian Rite or Gregorian Chant that rejoiced in the return of the Lord Jesus Christ, you wouldn't have enough cash on hand to buy a pickup truck.

Think for a minute. Use your head. Instead of just blabbering some garbage about “respecting the faith of others,” and “don't criticize other people's faith,” and “that's just YOUR interpretation, etc.,” stop for a moment and *think*. How would *any* Catholic song writer, singer, musician, priest, nun, or pope rejoice over *the burning of the Great Whore on the seven mountains in Revelation 18:18–20, 19:1–3*? Why, it would be impossible. The SAINTS rejoice over her *destruction*. Catholics claim to have “saints,” don't they? I think of Lucky Luciano's brother who attended Lucky's American funeral, after his corpse was shipped back from Italy to be buried in New York (near the grave of Vito Genovese). Surrounded by 200 spectators, a peculiar conversation took place. The 200 “spectators” were New York State Police, FBI, National Guardsmen, and newspaper reporters. Only *two* of Lucky's relatives attended. A policeman, upon noticing a Roman Catholic, bearded “saint” (tending some sheep) pictured in colored glass on Luciano's sarcophagus, asked Luciano's brother: “Who is that saint there?”

“I dunno,” said the gangster's brother, “*I never knew any saints.*”

Think of a New Testament “saint” who didn't know where he was going when he died (2 Tim. 1:12; 2 Pet. 1:13–15; John 14:1–6; Rom. 8:28) and was counting on a Baalite sacrifice (1 Cor. 10:20) to take away his sins (Heb. 10:8–12), singing loudly and *joyfully*:

“Oh Lord Jesus, how long, how long, till we shout the glad SONG? Christ Returneth! Alleluia! Alleluia, amen!”

Wouldn't that be the “cat's meow?”

How comical can things get? Imagine, if you can, any Pope (*any* Pope in 1,500 years) singing *this* in public:

“Some day the silver chord will break,
and I no more as now shall sing.
But oh the JOY when I awake
within the palace of my King!
And I shall see Him face to face
and tell the story “Saved by Grace!”

Any saved, Bible-believing sinner in American, Europe, Africa, Asia, or Central and South America has a better understanding of New Testament salvation than ANY Roman Catholic who ever walked on this earth: that includes all of the nuns, all of the priests, all of the popes, all of the bishops, all of the archbishops, and all of the “monks.”

The music historians cannot “face off” with this musical puck. The Gregorian chants

had to be grossly *inferior* musical productions compared to what went on at the Jewish feasts of Jehovah, even way back in the Old Testament (see Ps. 32:2; 149). After all, the nation of Israel was a Theocracy (see 1 Sam. 8:1–10, 22) with *God* as their real King. The church that Gregory and Ambrose (and John Paul II, and Paul VI, and John XXIII, etc.) belonged to was a *Fascist dictatorship* patterned after the old Roman Empire of the Caesars. It was an attempt to revive the Empire that cut off John the Baptist's head, murdered James, killed Paul, and crucified Jesus Christ. It was a revived ROMAN empire to match **“the kingdoms of this world”** (Luke 4:5–6; Rev. 11:15). Its “king” was a depraved, pagan, Bible-rejecting Pharisee. It was no more a “Theocracy” than the UN or the EC.

What kind of *music* could it possibly produce?

1. The “pope” (a non-Christian, anti-Biblical term) had replaced the *Roman Emperor*.
2. The “College of Cardinals” (just as pagan and non-scriptural as the “popes”) had been invented to replace *the Roman Senate*.
3. The archbishops and “patriarchs” (in the West and the East) had replaced the *Roman Imperial “Governors.”* Both terms are just as godless and as hellish as Limbo, Purgatory, and Perpetual Virginity.
4. The bishops and “Metropolitans” (in the West and the East) had replaced the *Roman Provincial Governors*.
5. The Catholic “priests” had replaced the *Roman “Civitas.”* At the very bottom of this Fascist, Nazi, ecclesiastical dictatorship—the majority of Senators in the U.S. Senate are Roman Catholics—was the New Testament church: the Body of Christ, composed of saved sinners.

Thus, Gregory the Great, before he began to chant like a voodoo witch doctor, took over a pagan *Fascist's ecclesiastical dictatorship* fashioned after the *old pagan Roman Empire*. The whole structure was anti-New Testament. It was *Satanic* from top to bottom. What kind of MUSIC do you think it produced? The Catholic church was set up to reflect a *worldly faith* (Matt. 13:32) set up by a *religious whore* (Rev. 17:1–5). Its profession of Christianity was for one purpose, and one purpose only: to fool the suckers who laid their Bibles down. A whore sells her body to her customers in exchange for her “favors.” Politically, in Europe, this simply meant that for more than 1,200 years Rome sold out Biblical Christianity in order to gain the favor of worldly rulers. We call these 1,200 years, “The Dark Ages.” The highest bidder got the “cooperation.” This explains the peculiar (and totally *unknown*) connection between Catholics and *Nazis* (Mussolini and Hitler), Catholics and *Communists* (Paul VI, John XXIII), and Catholics and *Capitalists* (Reagan, Bush). A whore will adjust herself to meet the demands of ANY of her customers. One look at O. C. Lambert's *Catholicism Against Itself*, 2 vols. (Winfield, AL: n.p., 1956) will show you exactly what is meant by that statement. Lambert's two volumes are nothing but citations, and direct quotations, *from official Roman Catholic literature*: every work bears the imprimatur of an *archbishop*, and has the official Roman Catholic approval of a

Roman Catholic censor (“*Nihil Obstat*”).

In those two volumes you will find, at one time or another, direct contradictions of everything that ANY Pope taught about ANY teaching of his own “church” including marriage, divorce, adultery, stealing, the Virgin Birth, the Deity of Christ, politics, gambling, nations, church officials, amusements, torture, slavery, the Bible, prostitution, heathen religions, lying under oath, the sacraments, titles, and war.

What type of music could such a godless, irrational, pagan, Bible-rejecting outfit possibly produce? I am not talking about what Vivaldi, Corelli, Mozart, and Beethoven produced *AFTER* THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION. I am talking about Ambrose, Gregory, and the Dark Ages, which lasted nearly 1,200 years. The word “chant” should settle the matter. “Chants” are *not* what you find in Protestant *hymnals*. Check the date on any real Christian song in a *Catholic hymnal* and see how many of them were written *before* Luther, Knox, Huss, Melancthon, Calvin, Bezae, and Zwingli scraped some of the spiritual filth and grime off of the “Chair of St. Peter.”

“Chants” are *not* what you find in any Protestant *hymnal*. Chants do not sound like *this*:

“I’ve got the joy, joy, joy down in my heart!”

“We shall sing on that beautiful shore the melodious songs of the blest!”

“I shall see Him face to face and tell the story saved by grace!”

“Some glorious morning Jesus will come!”

“Some day He’s coming! Oh Glorious day!”

Nobody chants:

“Thank you Lord for saving my soul:

thank you Lord for making me whole!”

“It’s real, it’s real, oh I know it’s real!

Praise God the doubts are settled, and I

know, I KNOW it’s real!”

None of that Biblical stuff for Catholics; *they hate it*. A Gregorian chant (and all Catholic church music like it for the next 1,000 years) is “Adominus, fee, fie, foe, fum, Ave Maria, hocus, pocus, locus, E Pluribus Unum, Pax Romana, Adeste fidelis, Excelsius Deo, patrum, petrum, etc.”

If you believe what you find in any Roman Catholic catechism for adults, written *anytime* in the last 500 years (including *all* of those written *after* Vatican II), you will find no cause to thank Jesus Christ or God for three Biblical themes:

1. The imminent return of the Lord Jesus Christ to this earth to overthrow the Vatican, the UN, and the EC.
2. Your predestinated future condition as a sinless Son of God in New Jerusalem (Rom. 8:29).
3. A completed salvation that gives you eternal life as a permanent possession *now* (1 John 5:13; 1 Pet. 1:3–4, 9): not *later*.

“Gregorian Chants” and “Ambrosian rites” are musical demonstrations of a pagan religion gone to seed in degenerate “modes” that totally lack the spirit of New Testament Christianity. They were composed by rejecting light from the New Testament (John 10:28–29; 1 Pet. 1:9). This light was the written words of God (2 Tim. 3:16) as recorded in Romans–Philemon, which were in worldwide circulation before Gregory the Great was born. “Christian” music does not really emerge until the time of Martin Luther (a poet and a song writer, as well as a preacher and a reformer), and then it is restored to its New Testament settings.

Duffay is given credit for “bridging the gap” between the Roman Catholic church music and secular (popular folk) music. He was sort of the “Aretha Franklin” of his time, according to the historians. He also was given credit for bridging the gap between Medieval music and Renaissance (“rebirth”) music. The Renaissance began with the Madrigal (a song sung by singers) in Italy, and then in England. Until this time “church music” was the thing. The pattern was unmistakably pagan; *cannibalistic* (see Gen. 9:4–5; Lev. 17:10–14; and Acts 15:20), for the heart of Rome’s pagan (and false) “Christianity” is a Baalite “Mass,” called by the Thirty-nine Articles of England: “A dangerous delusion and blasphemous deceit.” It was the masses and “Mary” that furnished the main inspiration for most of the Catholic composers from A.D. 500–1900. Note the reality: *literal* bread and *literal* “hootch” for your *literal* belly, while your mind is on a FEMALE, to remind you of your mother that gave you *PHYSICAL* (not *SPIRITUAL*) life; *Flesh*.

The Roman Catholic mass is a blasphemy against the work of God the Father (John 5:17, 36) as carried out through the death of His Son (Heb. 10:10, 12). That is the truth if you do not reject the light (John 1:1–12) given in the New Testament on those matters. Roman Catholics spend their lifetimes rejecting New Testament light—Hebrews 10:8–12; 1 Timothy 2:5; John 6:63; 1 Corinthians 10:4; Matthew 23:9 for five samples out of several hundred. That has been the “life style” of all popes, bishops, cardinals, archbishops, and priests for 1,000 years, and it will remain so. “Light rejected (Ezek. 14:1–10; 2 Pet. 1:19–21; John 7:17) becomes LIGHTNING: (2 Thess. 2:10–12).”

So here, the foundation for “Christian” music turns out to be the *rejection* of the one, final, effective sacrifice of Jesus Christ on Calvary (Heb. 10:8–12). No historian ever mentions the matter. He segregates a man’s deepest religious convictions from *the music* he produces and sings. You could no more do that than you could separate any man’s deepest religious convictions from his *political* convictions. I have never read one copy of any history of music written by anyone, that even guessed what was wrong with western music for 1,000 years. *The problem was the pope*. All of the “Kyries,” “Laudamuses,”

“Glorias,” “Credos,” “Sanctuses,” “Requiems,” and “Agnus Deis” were built solidly upon intentional, Satanic *rejection* of New Testament salvation as found in Acts 13:39–40; Galatians 1:8–12; Acts 20:21; and Ephesians 2:1–9.

It is the ORGAN that Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750) liberates from this deadly Roman Catholic setting. The organ was the chief musical instrument in the Dark Ages, for it was the official “church” instrument. Have you ever listened to much organ music? How much of it were you able to take in at one sittin’? Gets a little monotonous, doesn’t it? A modern electronic organ only ceases to be monotonous because of its ability to sound like anything BUT an “organ.” This is accomplished by series of buttons (“stops”) that temporarily convert the “organ” into a piano, trumpet, clarinet, flute, etc. An organ that sounds like an *organ* will wear you out in thirty minutes no matter how many stops you push or pull in order to change the “timbre” of the instrument.

Back in the days of the Depression (1930–1936) we had a joke that went like this:

“What is your occupation?”

“I used to be an accomplished organist.”

“What happened?”

“My monkey died.”

You would have to be familiar with a common street scene at that time to appreciate the humor.

One might say that the organ is the instrument that would best describe Rome’s “religion,” which has little or nothing to do with Romans, chapters 4–5, 7–8, 10; Galatians; Ephesians; Philippians; 1 and 2 Timothy; or Acts, chapters 15, 20. It is the HARP, not *the organ*, that shows up in Heaven (Rev. 14:2). Remember Jubal’s “harp” and “organ” (Gen. 4:21)? The heavy, stately, somber, rarely cheerful (often ominous) sound of an organ is depressing, monotonous, very limited, and is totally unreal when trying to picture spiritual joy. I have always felt that the best mood music you could use to make a “Tone Poem” for the papal hierarchy would be the familiar theme for the “Phantom of the Opera” (Lon Chaney): Bach’s *Tocatta* and *Fugue in D minor*. Ever listen to it? What could possible be more appropriate (musically) for a church that worshipped a female demon (Jer. 44), after lying about her children (Ps. 69:8), and then spent 1,000 years arresting, starving, torturing, and murdering professing Christians in order to “keep the peace”? The “Holy Mother Church” of *Time*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, CBS, NBC, and Public Radio International is NOT the church of the Bible nor the church of church history. The Roman Catholic Church of church history—as any Jew knows (or any Atheist knows)—is a BLOODY KILLER (Rev. 18:24; Heb. 11:36–37).

In discussing the organ, we are dealing with what musicians call “timbre.” This simply means the quality of the sound that a certain instrument makes. Music is speech; *it speaks*. A speaker’s voice has a “tone” to it. Thus “I don’t like his *tone* of voice.” This means “I don’t like the *sound* of his voice.” (A common complaint for half a century [1949–1996] when commenting on the ministry of Peter S. Ruckman.)

We pick up a certain instrument (any instrument) and play a passage of music on it

(more than a few notes). Now, what did the instrument say? HOW did it say it?

To understand “timbre” all you need is a piano, a guitar, and a harmonica. If you have access to other instruments try (along with them) a violin, a tuba, a French horn, a harp, a trombone, and a flute. Now blow (or pluck or strike) a note, any note, say “F,” for example.

Notice that although you are playing the same note (maybe even in the same “pitch”—position on the scale) it does not sound *exactly* like the same note at all. This is due to the fact that the “sounding board” off which the note bounces, and reverberates, varies in every case. It is like the human voice. No two human voices are *exactly* alike. This is due to the resonance of the voice as it comes up through different throats, past different vocal chords, up into different sinus cavities and mouths, on different tongues, through different teeth. A note blown on a harmonica does not sound like the same note (identically) blown through a trumpet or a bassoon. A note plucked on a guitar does not sound like the same note (identically) that is plucked on a cello, violin, viola, mandolin, or harp. There is a difference in “timbre.”

You see the individual instruments retain certain *individual characteristics*—in spite of the hallucination that “all individuals” are the same!—which cannot be ignored when composing for an orchestra. An instrument may be versatile, and be able to produce more than one type of sound, but all of them still retain their own individual “characters,” which are unmistakable. You would never confuse organ music with piano music, unless you (electronically) converted the organ, *temporarily*, into a “piano.”

Here, for example are seven instruments: a piano, a cello, a trombone, a trumpet, a bassoon, a piccolo, and a bass viola (a double bass). When they speak, what do they convey to the human ear?

A piano is very versatile, but it cannot compete with a *cello* when it comes to pathos, and it cannot reproduce the gloominess of a *bass viola*; nor can it reproduce the commanding authority of a bugle or *trumpet* as well as those instruments can.

Here is the cello. It is rich and warm, thick and smooth; it can depict things like deep meditation, serious reflections, sorrow, and matters of life, death and eternity. True it can do other things, but not as well as those things.

The trombone is commanding or comic or simply a base on which other instruments can move. It cannot possibly compete with the *piano* in expressing a light, bouncy joy, nor can it compete with the *piccolo* in these matters.

Here is the bassoon. It is comic or slightly “ghoulish.” Even though the latter is true it cannot compete with the *bass viola* (double bass) when it comes to expressing the feelings associated with gloominess and threats of death.

There is a *limit* to each instrument that the most talented and ingenious virtuoso cannot overcome. Each has its own “timbre.”

The timbre of the *church organ* is meant to emphasize the power and authority of God, or the power and authority of His Son; but, in the case of Rome, the organ was there to emphasize the power and authority of a demoniac Queen of Heaven (Jer. 44:17–18) called

“Mary,” and the power and authority of a “Man of Sin” (2 Thess. 2:1–4) who took upon himself the honor of being addressed as *God the Father* (John 17:11). *These* were the associations of the organ between 400–1600. No Catholic organ could produce good “Christian” music on the personal, individual level described by Paul in Colossians 3:16 since it could not express the individual joy and individual peace that comes from possessing a completed salvation. It is Bach (who followed Martin Luther *instead* of the popes) who “liberates” the organ from its pagan, Dark Age, medieval bondage.

Now it is true that *the ways of writing music* improved through the Dark Ages. For example, some monk (around A.D. 871, France) worked out a system of signs to indicate pitch (high or low sounds), duration (the length of the note), and stress. These signs were called “neumes” (Greek: “nod” or “signify”). Around A.D. 1030, a monk named Guido devised a way to learn music by “ear.” Musical “staves” began to be produced. Organ music began to advance, and two musicians, named Leonin and Perotin (1163–1225), wrote “free style harmony.” Musical tricks were invented (“canons” like *Three Blind Mice; Row, Row, Row Your Boat*, etc.). The musicians of this period were John Dunstable (1390–1453). Guillaume de Machaut (1300–1377) and Duffay (1400–1474).

The “plain chants” were sung in unison, usually in one octave. They were noted as “syllabic” or “florid” (each syllable sung to one note, or syllables extended through different notes, into a melody). In the eighth century, “sequences” were sung, which were simply *audience responses* to the choir. The audience sang in “ornamental notes.” The Gregorian modes (see pp. 41,44) were Greek, not Hebrew. What they called four “plagal” modes were added to the Dorian, Lydian, Mixo-Lydian, etc. Certain modes began to assume the following notations: Dorian mode: *grave*. Hypo-Dorian: *mournful*. Phrygian: *exalting*. Hypo-Phrygian: *harmonious*. Lydian Mode: *gladdening*, etc.

A man named Guido D’Arezzo (died 1050) was called “the father of music.” (Which of course, from a Biblical standpoint, is just too funny for words. Jubal was using musical instruments more than *3,000 years before D’Arezzo’s grandmother was born.*) Orlando Lassus (1521–1594) was called “The Prince of Musicians,” Frescobaldi (1583–1643), an organist in Rome worked out “toccatas, preludes, fantasies, canaones, ricereares, and capricci.”

CHAPTER FOUR

MUSIC DURING THE DARK AGES

The “Renaissance” is a term used to describe the events that followed the Roman Catholic military crusades against Islam (A.D. 1000–1200) making the period, roughly speaking, somewhere between 1250 and 1480. These details will be found in our work on *The History of the New Testament Church*, Vol. 1, pp. 342–352. The word means “rebirth”: that is, a *counterfeit* new birth (John 3:5, 7), exactly as our word “recreation” is a *counterfeit* “New heavens,” “New earth,” and “New Jerusalem” (Rev. 21:1–3). *Man “recreates” nothing.* It is *God* who creates (John 1:1–9) and *recreates* (Rev. 21:1–3) “new creatures” (2 Cor. 5:17). Historians, as usual, carefully omit GOD every time they write.

From Gregory to A.D. 1430 is a “drag” for music, to put it mildly. During those centuries the Roman Catholic Fascist hierarchy was arresting, exiling, torturing, and killing professing Christians who believed the Bible instead of the hierarchy (Lollards, Cathari, Albigenses, Waldenses, Pelagians, Donatists, Arians, etc.). They were murdering them right and left while singing “chants,” sprinkling babies, twiddling their beads, and talking about “Holy Mary, Mother of God, etc.” The best description of the Roman Catholic Church (at least as far as its *leadership* is concerned) will be found in Matthew, chapter 23 and Jeremiah, chapter 23.

The musical “pioneers” of this period (around A.D. 1430) were Binchois (1400–1460), Duke Philip the Good (France: 1419–1467), Jean Ockeghem (1410–1487), Josquin Desprez (1440–1521), and Heinrich Isaac (Germany: 1450–1517). These gentlemen composed some jolly secular tunes, placed the theme of a song in a high (tenor) voice, used “double time” in their masses (instead of triple time), developed one chord per syllable for singing (homophony), and began to print words with the musical scores, etc. Throughout this, there were traveling Bards or Troubadours (called “Minstrels” and “Jungelurs”) who wandered around Europe singing songs accompanied by instruments like the lute and the cittern, and sometimes small harps. Small orchestras were composed of lutes, flutes, “crumhorns” (similar to an oboe), “shawns” (another oboe-like instrument), trumpets, and bagpipes. The bagpipe first appeared in Germany; it was called a “Doodle-Sack.”

The Bards (or Jungelurs or Trouveres) sang music called “chansons,” “serenades,” “pastorelles,” and “tensons.”

In the Dark Ages (before A .D. 1430), guilds of singers (or “minstrels”) got together. In Germany they were labeled *Minnesingers* (little or smaller in quality), and *Meistersingers* (Masters in regards to quality). These minstrels were really what we would call singers of Country and Western, Mountain, or “Hillbilly” music. Their songs dealt with contemporary events or prophecy. They sang about family life, up-to-date happenings, life and death, love and hate, superstitions, lovers’ messages, homelands; all the things that were “current” in their times.

This is what we call *Folk Music*, and if you want to see American examples that are genuinely American—not African—you should listen to *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, *Old Dan Tucker*, *Life's Railway to Heaven*, *Red River Valley*, *The Royal Telephone*, *My Grandfather's Clock*, *On Top of Old Smokey*, *The Wreck on the Highway*, *Clementine*, *The Yellow Rose of Texas*, *The Prisoner's Song*, *Little Brown Jug*, *Get the Dust off the Bible*, *Tell Mother I'll be There*, *The Great Speckled Bird*, etc.

This means that a lot of the Bible was *sung* in the Dark Ages even though the entire Catholic hierarchy failed to *preach it*. “Folk tunes” are filled with references to Bible stories, Bible incidents, and Biblical commandments. Constant references are made to mothers who pray, grandfathers who die and go to heaven, wicked men who die and go to hell, crimes and sins that sinners commit, memories of church meetings and prayer meetings, vows made to God, prayers for God's mercy, and songs exhorting one to the “good life.” Songs about the book of Revelation are sung clear through the Dark Ages, but they are sung *on the streets*. “The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls” (supposedly connected with St. Pat: 389–465) was not just someone strumming an accompaniment to the *Wearin' O the Green*, or *Mary*, or *My Wild Irish Rose*. Those were songs about Jesus Christ, salvation, repentance, sin and death, the devil, and Heaven.

If you want to see how the “underground” preaching of the Bible was carried on (A.D. 500–1500) without the “benefit of clergy” (priests preaching and teaching it in churches), you need to spend some time in the country churches of Tennessee and North Carolina; especially North Carolina.

I have preached in North Carolina at least twice a year for more than forty-five years. Time and time again, I have seen children (or adults) get up and sing some homemade song, written by someone *in the congregation*. Sometimes they are duets, sometimes solos, and sometimes trios. I have heard them (with, and without, accompaniment), exactly as the bards and minstrels must have sung them between A.D. 500 and A.D. 1500. Nearly every song is centered around *some passage of Scripture*: the woman at the well (John 4), Daniel in the Den (Dan. 6), Jonah in the Whale (Jonah 2), Israel in the wilderness (Num. 13-23), Christ on the way to Calvary (Matt. 26), the resurrection morning (Mark 16), the Rapture (1 Thess. 4), corrupt Bible versions (2 Cor. 2:17), the three Hebrew children (Dan. 3), Noah's flood (Gen. 6), the Pharisee and the Publican (Luke 18), Nicodemus' visit (John 3), etc. Bible: the Bible put to *music*. **“The word of God is not bound”** (2 Tim. 2:9).

The early minstrels majored in juggling, imitating animals, tumbling, balancing tricks, and giving little religious playlets (skits) on Biblical subjects. The skits had musical interludes in them, thus linking the old Greek dramas to the coming “Grand” Opera (pp. 66–72).

Actually, the later forms of music (the sonata, rondo, suite, and symphony) came from the minstrels way of singing a song in AAB form (see pp. 33–34) or the AABA form (see pp. 34–35). These were called “the binary form” (AAB) and the “tenary form” (AABA).

In the Dark Ages, a minstrel was treated as a *tramp*. He had no “rights” under Catholic laws; he was not even allowed to strike back if an adversary wounded him. This choice

piece of Roman Catholic “affirmative action” (“reverse discrimination”) speaks worlds for the *content* of the minstrels singing. When you go out and sing the Bible all over a Roman Catholic country—Austria, South Ireland, Italy, Spain, Croatia, or Mexico, for example—you can expect samples of this Catholic “justice” and “civil rights.” It will match the Vatican’s use of Adolph Hitler’s troops to help the Croatians slaughter 250,000 Serbians in 1942, and its use, again, of UN troops (headed up by Slick Willie) to drive the Serbians clean out of Bosnia (1995).

It doesn’t take anyone long to write about “Music in the Dark Ages.” It is quite similar to writing textbooks on “Black History” to make you think that blacks *did* something in history. It is quite similar to writing textbooks on Modern Art to make you think any “art” is *there*. It is quite similar to writing textbooks on Modern “Classical” Music to make you think it *exists*. One book of twenty pages will do just fine.

The main music of the Dark Ages was the dismal, wailing, half-Christian, half-pagan groans of papal Rome, covered over with a veneer of devotional phrases that gave it the appearance of being “Christian.” The Reformation had no sooner begun than the “pope” in Rome (1562) stated that such secular practices—the *advancements in music that had taken place!*—as HARMONY and FOLK MELODIES, in all church music, should be *banned*. The Fascist dictator wanted to revert back to Gregory and Cecilia and Ambrose, where Europe would have to groan and chant about New Testament salvation. Palestrina (1525–1594), a contemporary of Martin Luther, followed Martin in these matters. He *ignored* the “Holy Father,” so music continued to progress *without the “Holy Father.”*

We will soon be accustomed to noting two musical dates: 1520 and 1611. Both dates will escape the detection of the music historians. The first date (1520) marks a *musical awakening* as well as a *Christian awakening*, and the second date (1611) marks the beginnings of all “modern” advances in philosophy, art, literature, Biblical knowledge, transportation, religion, and music. “Old Bach” (Johann Sebastian Bach) does not show up till the *King James Authorized Version* is fully established in both hemispheres (1685–1750). Rembrandt does not show up until 1606–1669. He is only four years old when the Monarch of the Books (the AV) makes its debut. Rembrandt painted for twenty years *after* the *King James AV* was “THE Book” among all English speaking people.

The best one can say for Roman Catholic music in the Dark Ages (from an impartial and objective standpoint) is that it poured forth over Western civilization like stale, black strap molasses leaking out of a busted jug.

CHAPTER FIVE

LUTHER, BACH, AND THE BAROQUE PERIOD

When the music historian James Galway gets to the period of history we are discussing (1530–1700) he unwittingly calls it “the Golden Age.” Truer words were never spoken. No “gold” in music shows up until the Catholic pope is addressed as “your Hellishness” and “Most Hellish Father” (Martin’s terms). Such language was evidently the “key” to the “Golden Age,” the age that produced Luther’s *Heilige Schrifte* and the *King James Authorized Version*.

“Madrigals” were domestic, informal music, like the music that Martin Luther played and sang in his own home with his own family. There were a variety of madrigals. The word itself is from “mandra” (meaning a “sheepfold” as in John 10:1–14), or from “matrix,” or “materiialis” (“freely formed”). The three words describe extemporaneous music, freely sung and collected, for SHEEP (see 1 Pet. 5:1–4; John 10:15–16); not rigid chants and “modes” composed under an iron-clad religious dictatorship for the purpose of getting people to worship a female demon (Jer. 44:19, 25). The term “madrigal” is actually very *anti-Catholic*, although many Catholics wrote and sang them in defiance of the pope’s desire to control the sheep. Catholic writers in Italy were Giovanni Gastoldi (1555–1622), Orazio Vecchi (1550–1605), and Andrea Gabrieli (1520–1586). Notice that all three of these gentlemen do not crop up till AFTER Luther attacked the Catholic Church.

Madrigals appeared all over England, with the main authors being Orando Gibbons, Thomas Weelkes, and Thomas Morley; every man was born AFTER the Protestant Reformation started. At that time, what musicians call “the lute song” became popular in England. Such songs were sung by Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth. What these songs amounted to was quite simple: a singer simply accompanied himself on a guitar-like instrument, a lute. Sometimes he used a “spinet” or “virginal” (piano like instruments). In short, the minnesingers, troubadours, and bards had finally come out on the top of the pile. That is the kind of music *they* had been producing for over 800 years (500–1500). A “lute song” was originally the song a street minstrel played and sang more than 800 years before the Protestant Reformation. Today, the singer (with his guitar) is still the “standard.” Of course the singers are no longer *singing* (they are bawling and screaming), the singers no longer are *poor* (the major Rock stars get along on a neat little \$2,000,000–\$20,000,000 a year), and the singers often have to have *someone else* accompany them on electronic instruments plus drums; but the basic unit is there: the voice and the “harp” (see p. 23).

The “catch,” here, is that Martin Luther’s “folksy” way of family singing was accompanied (in the home) by *Bible reading and prayer*. Martin’s “madrigals” were songs about *assurance of salvation*, and the power of Jesus Christ to overcome Satan and the Catholic Popes. (See his work on Rom. 5:1.) “Our ancient foe” (in *Ein Feste Berg*) was a reference to the one whom Martin said controlled England, France, Italy, Spain, and

Germany *via the pope*.

Famous English song composers, who followed Luther, were John Dowland (1563–1626), Thomas Campion (1567–1620), William Byrd (1543–1623), and John Bull (1562–1628). And then, right at this point (1540–1609), just before the appearance of the greatest Book the world ever saw (or had seen, or will see), up shows the INSTRUMENT that is destined to become the king of all the instruments in the symphony orchestra, the Chamber Music ensembles, the opera orchestras, the ballets, suites, and concertos (“Concerti”): *THE VIOLIN*.

Gaspar Duiffoprugcar designed it, and it was refined under the work of Gasparo da Salo in Italy. The perfecting of the violin was accomplished by Andrea Guarneri (1626–1698), AFTER the *King James Bible* was produced, and by Antonio Stradivari (1644–1737), AFTER the *King James Bible* was abroad internationally. A.D. 1611 is a *musical landmark*.

Once the Monarch of the Books shows up (1611) everything goes “galley West” (American, circa 1850–1900).

The “Messie” Stradivarius violin is now in the land that produced the *King James Bible* (Ashmolean Museum at Oxford). It is valued at \$70,000.

A concert violinist is reputed to have put on a show for a rather small audience in the Midwest (about 200 music lovers) back in the 1930s. The next day he appeared at the local newspaper which had “written up” the concert. He was mad as a hornets’ nest. “Why,” he screamed, “didn’t you say one word about my *violin*? I told your reporter a dozen times that I was playing on an *original Stradivarius*, and he never mentioned it one time in the write ups!”

“Listen, buddy,” said the editor, “if old man Stradivarius wants to advertise his fiddle in my paper it will cost him seventy-five cents a line!”

Now (1611), the opera is really born. Up shows Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1642). He writes *Orfeo* in 1607. The opera is still performed in the 1990s. The modern version by Christopher Willibad Gluck (1714–1787) is called *Orpheus and Eurydice*. This opera story is about the greatest Greek musician (supposedly) who ever lived. His wife dies and goes to Hell, so he goes down after her to bring her up. For the original, obtain a *King James 1611 Authorized Version* and read Luke 4:19; Ephesians 4:8–10; Matthew 27:52–53; and Revelation 19:7–9. The AV is always several hundred years ahead of *all* writers, artists, musicians, and religious leaders; *always has been*.

In the original, “Orpheus,” the great musician, bombs out. In the original myth, his wife *stays* dead and stays in Hell, and he is *murdered* by the populace for putting up such a musical howl about the decease of his “dearly beloved.” They get so sick of his infernal dirges and chants about the matter that they shut him up permanently. In the opera, however, he makes it, and brings her back up (with the assistance of “Cupid”), and “they live happily ever after,” etc. Jean Baptiste Lully (1632–1687) writes operas.

Henry Purcell (1659–1695) pops up AFTER the *King James Bible* has been firmly established in both hemispheres. Henry was an Englishman, who was an expert in both

French and Italian styles of music. He wrote “theater scores”—music for plays like *The Tempest*, *The Indian Queen*, and John Dryden’s *King Arthur* (1691).

And now we come across the gentleman whom the historian Reumann says was the musical matchmeet to Martin Luther. The comparison is correct. Both were *Germans*; both were born in Eisleben (Bach in 1685). Luther said that *music* was second only to the Gospel itself. He preached the gospel, and Bach interpreted it *musically*. Bach said exactly what Martin Luther would have said if he had taken time to comment on it. He said

“MUSIC’S ONLY PURPOSE SHOULD BE FOR THE GLORY OF GOD, AND THE RECREATION OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT.”

And there it is; the genuine “original” as found in Job 38:7 (see p. 28) and Exodus, chapter 15 (see p. 25). Bach, as Luther, was solidly ANTI-CATHOLIC. Both Luther and Bach were rebels against the popes; both men were geniuses and both were “unfashionable” when they began, yet both wound up making a lasting imprint (for GOD and the BIBLE) on succeeding generations throughout the entire world, as well as their own homeland: Deutschland. Bach had a personal library of eighty-three books, with two editions of Luther’s Bible; and, then, two editions each of different collected works written by Luther’s disciples, and other champions of the seventeenth and eighteenth century: *anti-Catholic* Christian champions of the Scriptures.

The “Golden Age” opens with two *anti-Roman Catholics*.

That is *history*, not an “opinion.”

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750) is regarded as the end of the “Baroque” Period and the beginning of the *Classical Period* of music. He was a born-again, Bible-believing Protestant; something you often find gently “rubbed over” by music historians. The phenomenon can be witnessed in the twentieth century among such Catholics as Rush Limbaugh, Oliver North, and Pat Buchanan. In these cases, no one seems to recall that John Birch—after whom the *John Birch Society* was named—was a Premillennial, *Baptist* preacher trained under *J. Frank Norris* at the First Baptist Church of Fort Worth Texas. He was as *anti-Catholic* as T. T. Shields, W. B. Riley, J. Frank Norris, or Carl McIntire. It is strange how a message gets garbled between its source and its destination. Did you ever study what happened to “God” in the “relay” that took place in Numbers 22:12–14 between Balaam and Balak (Num. 22:38).

Bach, as Luther, was a family man, not a monk in a “monkery” (“a home for unwed fathers”). He married twice and fathered twenty children. While he did this, he worked as an organist and choir master in a local NON-CATHOLIC church, and taught Latin to boys between ten and sixteen years of age. “Old Bach” marked all of his works with “J.J.” (Latin: *Jesus Juva*; “help me Jesus”), and *Nomine Jesu* (“in the name of Jesus”). At the end of the composition, one would find “SDG” meaning, “*Soli Deo Gloria*” (“to God be the glory.”).

Slightly different than the record jackets and the CD jackets you find in your nearest “Sound Shop,” right?

Bach’s music is *Christian* music. It meets the demand for “**spiritual songs**” (Col.

3:16). His

music is aimed at man's SPIRIT (see his quotation above). It is not natural music, program music, body music, or even "soulful" music; it is *spiritual*.

Johann Pachelbel (1653–1706) was a contemporary of Bach, and (like him) Pachelbel (famous for his "canon" in G) was a staunch *anti-Catholic* who wrote music for Lutheran churches. George Telemann (1681–1776) was another Bach contemporary, as was Arcangelo Corelli (1653–1713) and Couperin (1668–1733). Along about this same time, up shows Domenico Scarlatti (1685–1757)—"the greatest keyboard virtuoso of all time"—and then, immediately, George Freidrich Händel (1685–1759). Last, but not least, is Antonio Vivaldi (1678–1741).

My, my my! What just two Bibles were able to unleash! A German Bible and an English Bible: WASP—"White Anglo-Saxon Protestant." Martin Luther's Bible and the *King James Bible*.

Those two books did, *in 200 years*, what all of the Catholic popes, cardinals, bishops, archbishops, "nuncios," inquisitors, priests, and nuns had been unable to accomplish in 1,200 years: *twelve centuries*; six times the time it took Luther and the AV to do the work that *should have been done* back in A.D. 100–325. Assurance of salvation, the priesthood of the believer, the open Bible in the "language of the people," and the exposure of the hellish nature of the Vatican hierarchy had restored Christian music to the Church and to the churches.

Now the reason I listed the men above is to point out to the Bible-believing Christian that the anti-Roman Catholic music which followed the Reformation (some of it written by *Catholic* composers) was aimed at *man's SPIRIT*. What historians call the "Baroque Period" is a period of *pure music*. It has no specific *visual* content. Where a writer writes for a play in a theater (Purcell, for example) or for an opera with actors (Monteverdi, for example), that much music has been transferred from the "audio" to the "video."

Thus, if a child of God (in the twentieth century) were to ask me: "What is good classical music to listen to?" I would immediately respond with: "Anything by Bach, Telemann, Vivaldi, Couperin, Scarlatti, Corelli, Handel, and Johann Stamitz" (1717–1757), sometimes spelled "Staumitz."

These were *Baroque Period* artists. Not every single opus (the word simply means in what *order* the composer composed the piece: the first one he ever composed was Opus 1, and so forth) is *pure music*, for the Catholic "masses" are designed to conjure up a picture of a priest at an altar, and thereby confound it with Calvary; but 90% of the music is *pure music*. As we enter the *Classical Period* (with Mozart and Haydn) this distinction becomes slightly "fuzzed" by the predominate place that opera begins to take. Operatic music is *not* pure music, unless you can divorce the orchestral selections from the "story." *Overtures* and *intermezzos* can meet this requirement, but not even when the "arias" (the sung parts) are converted to pure *orchestral pieces* do you get the *purity* you would get from a symphony or a concerto. Once you start dealing with "a tenor is a tenor, is a tenor" (Gertrude Stein) you get back into the visual realm. "Arias" sung by Placido Domingo, Jose Carrera, Luciano Pavarotti, Maria Callas, Joan Sutherland, Boris Christoff, Victorian

De Los Angeles, Jussi Boerling, Beniamino Gigli, Kiri Te Kanawa, or Mario Lanza are as visual as the TV show on “A Night in Las Vegas.”

Hence, there are numerous jokes about tenors and female Prima Donnas:

“That tenor has a marvelous voice. He can hold a note for half a minute!”

“I know. I’ve held one of his notes for two years.”

Further: “Why do you go out on the balcony when I sing? Don’t you like to hear me?”

“It isn’t that. I just want our neighbors to see that I’m not beating my wife.”

“Pure music” turns out to be, basically, *THREE classical forms*, and as long as a Christian sticks to these *three forms* he will not encounter “background music” for MGM, Universal, Paramount (Hollywood), or a bunch of half-nude, ballet dancers showing off their bodies. The *three forms* which remain “pure” (in spite of later distortions and rotten productions—1900–1990) are: *The Symphony*, the *Concerto*, and *Chamber Music*. Only where the composer jams a *chorale* into his symphony (Beethoven and Mahler do it) is the pure music adulterated with an attempt to “get a message across.” Handel’s oratorios (see p. 79) have visual content, but it is strictly *Biblical*: ditto with Haydn’s *Creation*. But when you stick to Chamber Music, Concertos (Concerti), and Symphonies you are sticking with music aimed at man’s SPIRIT. Thus, even though Mozart (p. 88) fiddles with opera (as well as Beethoven: *Fidelio*), Mozart’s symphonies are pure music and so are all of his piano, flute, cello, clarinet, and horn concertos. The same may be said for all of Beethoven’s symphonies (the last movement of the Ninth exempted), all of Schubert’s symphonies, all of Haydn’s symphonies, and all of the concertos by Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Haydn, and Mozart.

In addition to this mammoth pile of good music (which I have, and have listened to for years), all of what professional musicians call “Chamber Music” is *spiritual*. The best of these works—and they are usually a little too technical for the average Christian to appreciate—are: sixteen by Beethoven, two by Boccherini, two by Borodin, three by Bach, three by Bartok—he’s an “ultra modern,” so he is quite “formless” and meaningless—nine by Brahms, nine by Haydn, eight by Mendelssohn, fourteen by Mozart, eleven by Schubert, six by Schumann, and at least twenty more good ones by Debussy, Smetana, Telemann, Weber, Handel, Saint Saens, Chopin, Corelli, and Sibelius.

Now don’t tell me *that* is not enough secular music to keep a Christian occupied for at least a year or two; *that is over 400 selections*. Why fool with “Contemporary Christian” music (which is cocktail lounge music or jungle jazz) when you can listen to something SPIRITUAL?

Those three lists I gave you are not exhaustive, but they will give you more than two hours a day (yearly) of excellent listening. Such listening will minister to your SPIRIT, not your soul or your body (see 1 Thess. 5:23). All the music histories and church histories miss the *Biblical applications*, intentionally. You see, the Biblical applications prove that after 1900, music will have to degenerate to the *animal functions* of the *fleshy body*.

Just before we enter what is called the “Classical Period” of music, the opera begins to assume gigantic proportions. It, of course, is the forerunner of the deadly work done in

Hollywood in the early twentieth century, and TV in the latter half of the twentieth century. Opera was the offspring of the Greek theater, via the “Passion” plays of the Dark Ages. It now turns into a full-blown, theatrical *sideshow*, replete with actors, costumes, orchestras, stage settings, singers, choirs, backdrops, and “box seats.”

Opera is neither pure music nor “absolute” music. It is a display “show window” for professional *actors* in costumes, *pretending* to be people that they are not: i.e., Hollywood, personified. The word for an actor, or “pretender,” in Scripture, is “*hypocrite*.” You see, John Wayne didn’t fight at the Alamo or Guadalcanal or anywhere else. He was not a *soldier*; he was a professional ACTOR, and his name was not John Wayne; it was *Marion Morrison*. He was not a cowboy or a rancher or anything like either one. He was a professional ACTOR from Ohio. Clark Gable was no more involved in the Civil War (*Gone With The Wind*) than I was. Charles Laughton was never a “Captain” of any kind; let alone “Captain Bligh; (*Mutiny on the Bounty*). Red Skelton was just as hunchbacked as Charles Laughton ever was (*The Hunchback of Notre Dame*).

People in America have become so adjusted to being brainwashed, day and night, with pure FICTION that they actually forget that George Patton was a soldier, and George C. Scott was a *professional actor*. George C. Scott spent his life dressing up in clothes that didn’t belong to him so he could get his picture taken. He no more invaded Sicily or France than he invaded Switzerland or Montreal. The Movie *Patton* (1970) was a *movie*; Patton wasn’t in it: George Scott was.

Now do you understand what all of this has to do with opera when compared to Symphony, Chamber Music, and Concertos? No musician in the last three musical forms has to *pretend* to be anything; *he is himself*—a musician in a musical group. But once you get on that stage to *act out* a story! Ah, beloved, then you are no longer a *real “person.”* Rock Hudson, Gary Cooper, James Cagney, James Stewart, Edgar G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, Paul Newman, Dustin Hoffman, Jack Lemmon, Henry Fonda, Jeremy Irons, Richard Dreyfuss, and Robert Duvall were never genuine gangsters, oil riggers, farmers, soldiers, sailors, airforce pilots, cowboys, politicians, oil magnates, or outlaws a day in their lives. They were *professional pretenders* who made a living *pretending* they did things they did *not* do, saying things they did *not* say, and feeling “feelings” they did *not* feel. *They were fakirs.*

Joan Crawford, Mary Pickford, Greta Garbo, Bette Davis, Katherine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich, Shirley McClaine, Kathy Bates, Jody Foster, Jane Fonda, Liza Minnelli, Diane Keaton, and Faye Dunaway spent their whole lives *pretending* to be women that they were NOT. They got *paid* for propagating a lie. *That is Hollywood. That is how actors make a living.* Opera singers *pretend* to be Egyptian princesses, clowns, kings, slave girls, gypsy dancers, poor “Bohemians,” suicidal Japanese girls, Russian princes, German foresters, bird catchers, dwarfs, demons, Valkyrie, knights, etc. “Pure” music under such circumstances is out. O-U-T, out!

The surest proof that Opera is anything *but* pure music is the emphasis that it puts on the performer himself (or herself) instead of *the music*. In dealing with Telemann, Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Corelli, Boccherini, Vivaldi, Liszt, et al. note that the accent has been on the composer, *not the performer*. It is true that both Mozart and Beethoven

were accomplished musicians (as were Handel and Bach), but the main emphasis was on their music, not the *performance* of their music. It is also true that in the Concertos (Concerti), the spotlight is often on the performer; but not half as much as in any Opera. Liszt was a masterful performer on the piano, as Paganini was on the Violin, and as Bach was a genius on the organ, but the *emphasis* was always on the music (without words) which they composed.

Great classical pianists have played the Sonatas and Piano Concertos (Van Clibern, Paderewski, Anton Rubenstein, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Vladimir Askenazy, Vladimir Horowitz, et al.), but they did not show off their voices, or their “body language,” or their facial expressions, or their costumes. Great classical violinists have played the Violin Concertos (Concerti) and Chamber Music (Louis Spohr, Pablo Sarasate, Yehudi Menuhin, Fritz Kreisler, Jascha Heifitz, Mischa Elman, et al.), but these violinists (and pianists, flutist, cellists, etc. as well) have nothing to do with verbal SPEECH. *Their music speaks for them*, and it was written by a composer of MUSIC, not LYRICS.

In Opera, the performer sings, acts, moves about, and talks. She (or he) changes clothes while talking and singing, alternately, through three “Acts.” During the entire time she (or he) pretends to be something that she (or he) is NOT.

There is nothing like this going on at all in the performance of any chamber music, concerto, sonata, etude, rondo, divertimento, etc. The beginnings of the depravity pouring forth now from Hollywood, New York, and Chicago can be found in nineteenth century Opera.

You see, ACTING becomes involved. There is no *pretense* in performing a concerto, or a symphony. That is the most important thing you will ever learn about “progress” and “evolution” (1800–1990) where it deals with Music. From a Christian standpoint, that is an “essential.” It is almost the *first essential*, for without SINCERITY and HONESTY, no “Christian” presentation of any type in Christian music (see pp. 245–246) is actually worth the time it would take to put the godless mess together.

But, as I said before, without a doubt much Operatic music is great music. Many of the Arias are emotionally and spiritually impressive; they are stirring, thrilling, emotional experiences in music. Of course, if you are unfamiliar with the “libretto” (and the “recitative” is in a foreign language) much of it would just sound like a lot of loud noise (see comic illustrations at the end of the chapter). For example, at an Opera where the conductor is in the orchestra pit, a little boy asks his mother:

“Momma, why does that man keep hitting that woman with that stick?”

“Hush, Billy, he is NOT hitting her!”

“Well then, why does she keep on screaming like that?”

There have been many great voices on the operatic stage: Luise Tetrazzini (1895–1962), Eva Turner (1892–1990), Maria Callas (1923–1977), and Kirsten Flagstad (1895–1962), among the “prima donnas” who sing the “coloratura” passages in the “bel canto” roles. Other great female operatic stars were: Elizabeth Schwarzkopf (1915–1990), Rosa Ponselle (1897–1981), Renata Tebaldi (b. 1922), Joan Sutherland, Nellie Melba, Eva

Marton, and Adelina Patti. Great male baritones were: Robert Merrill, Lawrence Tibbet, Leonard Warren, and Sherrill Milnes. Feodor Chaliapan (1873–1938) was a bass singer; he sang in *Boris Godunov*, *Prince Igor*, and Boito's *Mefistofele*. Boris Christoff (b. 1914) had one of the finest baritones ever heard by Opera goers. I have heard Giuseppe Di Stefano's singing (b. 1921). It is tremendous singing with, or without, Maria Callas. Placido Domingo (b. 1941) is a great operatic star; he made his "debut" in 1961. He is credited with being slightly "heroic" as well as "lyric." Technically speaking, an "heroic" role does not always require an "heroic tenor." The "heroic tenor" came to be associated mainly with German music, especially in a Wagnerian operatic role. It has more vibrato than the "dramatic" or "lyric tenor"; it has about it a certain "macho bravado." Jussi Bjoerling and Mario Lanza are examples of *lyric* tenors. Pavarotti and Beniamino Gigli (1890–1957) are examples of *dramatic* tenors.

I would say "you ain't heard it" till you've heard Jussi Bjoerling sing "Che Gelida Manina" from *LaBoheme*, or Beniamino Gigli singing "O Paradiso!" from *L'Africane*.

Jenny Lind (1820–1887) was called "The Swedish Nightingale." She was hailed as a superstar. Her operatic and concert works were astounding, but right in the middle of her huge success, she quit for what the hypocritical music historians call "*religious* reasons." (Typical News Media stuff. Note how Berchtold's catapulting of the whole world into World War I—a Croatian-Bosnian-Serbian operation—is described in the Encyclopedia Americana as his being "influenced by certain *clerical* sections." Typical CBS, NBC, *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, National Public Radio, and ABC manure.) Jenny Lind's words are as follows:

"I have not been able to spend as much time with my Bible as I should."

Jenny Lind was a *Bible believing* PROTESTANT Christian, as Bach and Haydn.

Another "sure enough" Christian was a British singer named Kathleen Ferrier (1912–1953). Her main forte was the Lieder (songs) of Brahms and Schubert.

As we said before, Classical music is certainly not without its humorous aspects. In the Philadelphia Inquirer, one week, was an ad that said "'Tannhauser' will be SUNK by the Metropolitan Opera" at such and such a date. In another newspaper ad (San Antonio Express, 1926) we find: "Come and enjoy 'Leonore,' the only Opera Beethoven wrote on Monday evening."

Opera is not "Christian" music, although much of it is beautiful, powerful, impressive, and "soul stirring" (the human emotions). It is SOULISH music in that sense, but it is accompanied with costumes, stage settings, makeup, etc., and that is not even SOULISH. It is *fleshy*: music that appeals to the BODY. No one who listens repeatedly to *Che Gelida Manina* (Puccini: *LaBoheme*) ever forgets the melody. *The Dance of the Blessed Spirits* (Gluck: *Orpheus and Eurydice*) will mark you for life, even *spiritually*. Donizetti's *Una Furtiva Lagrima* (*L' Elisir D' Amore*) is a "tear jerker." (The title means "one furtive tear!") The *Intermezzo* in *Cavalleria Rusticana* (Mascagni) is spiritual music; *it has no lyrics*. "De Quella Pira" from Verdi's "*Il Trovatore*" is a soul shaker and an earth quaker. So is Turridu's famous "farewell" to his mother (*Cavalleria Rusticana*) just before he is

killed, and so forth. Most of this music is for the SOUL, but it is quite *visual* most of the time. The soulish music of Beethoven, Schubert, and the “Romantics” is mainly in symphonic form: that is to say, it is *not* visual.

Alessandro Scarlatti wrote six operas for Rome. An earlier innovator in the development of the Opera was Metastasio (1689–1782). Johann Adolf Hasse (1699–1783) was the most popular composer of Italian opera, although he was a German. “Comic” opera came about through Carlo Goldini (1707–1793) and Domenico Cimarosa (1749–1801). Giovanni Paisiello (1740–1816) wrote *The Barber of Seville* (1782), ahead of Rossini’s version by thirty-four years. Handel produced a few operas, but gave them up for oratorios (which really amount to a sort of “sacred” opera). His oratorios were *The Messiah* (1742), *Samson* (1743), *Saul* (1739), *Israel in Egypt* (1793), and so forth. Handel was a born again, Bible-believing anti-Catholic, as was Bach.

By the time the great Romantic opera composers show up (Verdi, Rossini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Puccini, Delibes, Bizet, Charpentier, Richard Strauss, et al.) and the “Moderns” (Stravinsky, Prokofieff, et al.) a number of things have been established.

In the tradesmen’s terminology we find that the *written text* of an opera—the story and speeches of the actors who act out the story—is called “The Libretto,” and *the words that are sung* are called “the Recitative” (“sung dialogue”). Don’t ask me *why*; all tradesmen develop terminology as they go so you have to pay to learn the terms (see *The Damnation of a Nation*, Chapter Two). The opera opens with an overture. “Arias” are special solos which are inserted between (or during) the “dialogues.” They reflect some dramatic thought, feeling, or piece of special information which the singer wishes to express.

There are five kinds of opera: Grand Opera, Comic Opera, Operetta (which is lighter, more romantic, and more popular than “Grand” Opera), Folk Opera, and “Continuous Opera”, which was called “Music Drama” by Richard Wagner. *Music Drama* presents a continuous flow of music as one “chain.” Very recently (since 1930) we have what historians call “radio” and “TV” opera.

Again operatic singers are easy targets for jokes.

“Professor, do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?”

“Well, it might come in handy in case of a fire or a shipwreck!”

And: “My daughter is taking voice lessons!”

“Is she improving?”

“Oh yes. She used to be heard only two apartments away. Now we are getting complaints from the next block.”

CHAPTER SIX

FROM THE BAROQUE INTO THE CLASSICAL

It is the development of the large orchestra that ushers in what historians call the “Classical Period” of music. It begins somewhere around Haydn (1732–1809) and Mozart (1756–1791). The predecessors of the “symphony” (Greek: “consonance”—*sounding together*) were Carl Philip Emmanuel Bach, J. C. Bach, Francois Joseph Gossec (1734–1829), Johann Stamitz (1717–1757), and Ditters Van Dittersdorf (1739–1799). Berlin and Mannheim (Germany) were the main sources for large orchestral works.

The main form of the “symphony” was what they called “The Classical Sonata.” This was an ABA situation (see pp. 33–35). The first “A” was called “The Exposition.” The second “A” was “The Recapitulation,” and the center “B” (the “bridge”) was “The Development of the Exposition.” The Exposition had to contain the principle “theme” of the symphony; As a rule there could only be one or two themes; on rare occasions, three. In the latter case, one had the “main theme,” followed by a bridge to a “subordinate theme,” and then on to a “closing theme.” The “Development” that followed, ran the theme through a number of passages, keys, and instruments with varying tempos. Then in the “Recapitulation” there was a *restatement* of the original “Exposition.” The whole symphony was brought to a “finale” with a “Coda,” which was a sort of “wrap-up” of the whole piece.

An average (or “normal”) symphony would be presented in *four movements*: The *first one* would have a fast tempo in the main key (the tonic) of the whole sonata. *The second movement* would be a slower tempo in another key, most commonly the subdominant. (For example F, if the tonic key were C; G if the tonic key were D; A if the tonic key had been D, etc.) *The third movement* would be a minuet, or “scherzo,” and in *the fourth movement* the tempo would pick up speed again, and come out in one of the “rondo” forms, such as ABACA or ABACABA, etc.

As we have said before, the symphonies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are *absolute* music, not “program music.” They are excellent Christian listening.

George Frederick Händel (1685–1759) was born in Halle, Saxony. He was, without any doubt whatsoever, a Bible-believing, *Protestant* Christian all of his adult life. When George was seven years old he managed to snuggle a small table Clavichord up into his father’s attic, and often he would “sneak away” to play on it “in secret,” sometimes in the middle of the night. Growing up, he studied counterpoint composition under a church organist (Zachau), and for a year lived as Bach has lived: as an organist and director (and orchestra director) in a church, writing a few “cantatas.”

In Hamburg, Händel came under the influence of a young musician named Matheson who could play seven different instruments and was a tenor soloist in operas that he, himself, wrote. He got Handel a job as second violinist in the opera house orchestra. Eventually, Händel saved up enough money to visit Italy. The Italians loved him after

seeing him compete with Domenico Scarlatti on the harpsichord and the organ; it was a “tie” on the harpsichord, but the Kraut beat the Wop out on the organ. He then went to England where he was commissioned to write an opera.

In England, he wrote the famous “*Water Music*” Suite and “*The Harmonious Blacksmith*.” Hard times with money, dealing with fickle audiences, competing with Limey composers, and being in-and-out of favor with alternate Monarchs gave Handel a very interesting life. The Anglicans attacked him for his Bible dramas because they were performed in secular theatres instead of cathedrals (*Esther* and *Israel in Egypt*). Once, he came close to landing in the famous “debtor’s prison.” Like Bach, Händel became blind in old age, but he played and composed music to the end.

The Messiah was composed in twenty-four days. At the end of 260 pages of work Händel said: “Whether I was in the body or out of my body when I wrote it, I know not.” The entire text of *The Messiah* is from a *King James 1611 Authorized Version*. Three thousand people attended Händel’s funeral, and a statue of him was erected in Westminster Abbey. Händel is shown standing holding the score for Part Three of *The Messiah* in his hand. It is entitled “*I Know that My Redeemer Liveth!*”

In the latter years of his life the old bachelor made a comfortable fortune, but (following the Book: 1 John 3:17) he gave most of it away to orphans’ homes, founding hospitals, young struggling musicians, and his old music teacher back in Halle, Saxony.

When congratulated on *The Messiah* for its “being excellent entertainment,” the old saint said: “My lord, I should be sorry if it only entertained them. I wish to make *them* better.” Just before his death his desire was “in hopes of his God, his sweet Lord and Saviour.”

You can listen to Händel in the following compositions, resting assured that you are listening to music more *spiritual* than 90% of the American “Contemporary” Christian music produced in American between 1960 and 1990.

Largo from “Xerxes,” Suite in D Minor, The Messiah, Twelve Concerti Grossi, Harpsichord Suites, Water Music, and the Royal Fireworks Suite, plus any of the Oratorios.

It is Franz Joseph (“Papa”) Haydn (1732–1809) who begins to build the orchestra to the proportions that Ludwig Van Beethoven works with later. Franz Joseph Haydn is also the one who gets “Chamber Music” going. The first man to play string quartets (Chamber Music), in public, was Luigi Boccherini (1743–1805). He wrote twenty-five symphonies, 102 string quartets, sixty trios, and 155 quintets for different ensembles.

Franz Joseph Haydn was an Austrian from “lower” Austria, near Croatia and Hungary. He began his singing career as a choir boy in Vienna for nine years (at St. Stephens). He began his instrumental career playing the harpsichord in Vienna, as a young man. Later he worked for the Esterhazy family, the wealthiest family in Vienna (Prince Nicolas: 1714–1790) and Prince Paul Anton (1786–1866). He was a close friend of Mozart while that young man lived. Haydn traveled to England and received an honorary Doctorate in Music from Oxford University. His famous C-Major Quartet (called *The Emperor’s Quartet*) became the national anthem of Germany (*Deutschland Über Alles*), and still survives in

Christian hymnals as *Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken*.

In his personal life, Franz had the misfortune to fall in love with a girl who left him to go off into a convent. He married her sister, who turned out to be something like a cross between Liz Taylor and John Wesley's "beloved." She would cut up his music manuscripts to use them for hair curling paper.

Haydn is called "the Father of the String Quartet," as well as "The Father of the Symphony." Beethoven called him "Papa" to his face. Haydn's own orchestra was quite small compared to later orchestras. He had eleven violins, two violas, two cellos, two basses, two oboes, two bassoons, two French horns, and sometimes a flute, trumpet, and drums. He had one harpsichordist. People assigned *names* to his symphonies although they were not written to *picture* any of the labels pasted on them. Thus: *The "London" Symphony*, *The "Surprise" Symphony (No. 94)*, *The "Military" Symphony*, *The "Miracle" Symphony*, *The "Philosopher" Symphony (No. 22)*, and *The "Farewell" Symphony (No. 45)*, and so weiter (etc.).

Haydn's Christian testimony is not as strong as Bach's or Händel's, but it is much stronger than Mozart's or Beethoven's. While writing *Agnus Dei qui tollis peccat mundi* ("Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world"), Haydn said that he was "seized by an uncontrollable gladness." Trying to explain this to the Empress Maria Theresa (an extremely tolerant and liberal Catholic), he said:

"The certainty of *God's grace* made me so happy that I wrote a *joyful melody* to accompany the sober words."

Haydn began and closed his compositions with *prayer*. He was convinced that all talent came from God and that God would reward good and evil.

"I knelt down each day to pray to God to give me strength for my work...I would quietly and confidently pray to God to grant me the talent that was needed to praise Him worthily."

One time, Haydn actually changed *the text* of a Roman Catholic mass to place greater emphasis on *Jesus Christ Himself*. Nearing death, he wrote these interesting New Testament words:

"I only have to wait like a child for the time when God calls me to Himself...in the name of the most Holy Trinity, my soul I bequeath to its all bountiful Creator."

And, for a Roman Catholic, THAT is about as evangelistic and as "evangelical" as you can get. No Catholic can think or write in really Biblical terms; they are Bible ignoramuses—all of them, including all seven of their religious "Doctors," and every modern Jesuit in Europe and America.

Although Haydn was not a paragon of virtue, like Bach or Händel, all of his symphonies (nos. 45, 83, 94, 100, 101, and 103 in particular) are good Christian listening. His oratorio (*The Creation*) is excellent. His *Piano Concerto in D Major* and his *Cello Concertos in D major and C major* are excellent, as is his *Trumpet Concerto in E flat*

major. Haydn is 95% absolute (pure) music. His music is aimed slightly at the soul, though it is very spiritual music.

The next famous musician was, of course, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791). He lived and died in “lower, middle class” poverty. The Emperor (Franz Joseph II) never invested much money in him; he gave Mozart a “minor” post in the royal court. Mozart’s father (Leopold) taught Mozart the violin, the clavier, Latin, and music theory. For years, the two toured Europe together, Leopold exhibiting Wolfgang as a child prodigy; which he certainly *was*. Returning from the barnstorming, Mozart was given a job in Salzburg as a violinist; there, he wrote five violin concertos. He married a sixteen year old German girl from Mannheim and returned to Vienna. Haydn told Mozart’s daddy:

“Before God, I tell you, as an honest man, that your son is the greatest composer known to me in person, or by name. He has tastes and, what is more, the greatest knowledge of composition.”

After composing some of the greatest orchestral music the world had ever heard (or ever will hear). Mozart died at the ripe old age of *thirty six years*.

I once saw a book about *The Spiritual Lives of Great Composers*. The author (Patrick Kavanaugh [Nashville: Sparrow Press, 1992]) made a real effort to prove that *Deists* were *Christians*. He seemed to be dead-set on convincing his readers that the following musicians were all Bible-believing Christians: Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Wagner, Dvorak, Ives, and Stravinsky. I am sure he “meant well.” But Deism—belief in God—is a characteristic of *devils* (James 2:19), and there are no demon-possessed sinners in the New Testament (see Acts 19:15; Mark 1:24; and Mark 5:7) who do not recognize the Deity of Christ.

One song that was sung a good deal back in the 1960s and 1970s was, “I believe in miracles for I believe in God.” So did Judas, Ingersoll, Cain, Caiaphas, Tom Paine, the maniac of Gadara, and Mussolini. *Adolph Hitler* was one of the greatest Deists who ever lived. The word “God” occurs in his speeches (and writings) on a ratio of five to one over those of *Franklin Delano Roosevelt*.

One quotation used to prove that Mozart was a saved sinner is:

“God is ever before my eyes. I realize His omnipotence and I fear His anger, but I also recognize His love and compassion and His tender mercies toward His creatures.”

Now, I am not belittling this profession of faith; I am “evaluating” it, in the light of Scripture, exactly as I am evaluating the life and music of every musician mentioned in this book. Mozart was a Catholic and like all the popes, Castro, Mussolini, Francisco Franco, Heinrich Himmler, Hermann Goering, and Adolph Hitler, he was a *Deist*. But Mozart does go a little further than these Roman Catholic gentlemen—the founder of the *Inquisition* was a Roman Catholic—in his statements about his belief. For example, he writes:

“Nothing can go ill as it is the will of God, and that it may so go, is my daily prayer,” and “I prayed to God for His mercy [see Luke 18:13] that all might go well, to His

greater glory...Life and Death rest only with God,” and “I daily thank my Creator...let US put OUR trust in God...as He knows best what is profitable and beneficial to OUR temporal happiness and OUR eternal salvation.”

The anti-Christian “flaw” in this last profession is apparent. Mozart has used what we call an “editorial WE”—“us” and “our.” Convert it to a Biblical statement, and it would read “Let *me* put *my* trust in God. He knows best what is profitable and beneficial to MY temporal happiness and MY eternal salvation.” Do you see the difference?

It is the difference between a sinner praying “OUR Father which art in Heaven” and Jesus Christ praying “MY Father” and “Father.” Don’t get it yet? All right, here are two “Christians” praying. Both of them are alone in their own homes, with no one in hearing distance. Both of them are going through divorce proceedings with “minor children” caught in the middle of the mess. One (in his bedroom with his face on the floor) is praying,

“Lord, I’m in trouble. I need your help. *Father*, you said you would supply all of *my* need through your riches in glory by Christ Jesus. O God, *help me!*”

The other is praying with a rosary over his hands, and is praying,

“Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done...etc.”

Which man is a Son of God (Rom. 8:3–15; Gal. 4:4–7)? The one praying to His own Father, or the one *IMITATING THE ONE WHO TOLD HIM HOW TO PRAY*. The answer is, “Both could be, but when placing your bet don’t be a fool.”

If I were a betting man I would bet that even though Mozart (as Schubert) was a Roman Catholic he probably got saved early in life (like many Catholics in America), and got saved *in spite* of the official theology of his “church.” If any Catholic really believed that “the plan of salvation” as it is found in the Catholic catechisms printed in Europe and America, anywhere from 1700 to 1996, he would be just as lost as a golfball in highweeds. *Fortunately*, there are thousands of “nominal” Catholics who do NOT believe what the Hierarchy says they are *supposed* to believe: Luther and Erasmus were two of them! Catholics get saved *inspite of their “religion,”* not *because* of it.

I believe hundreds of Roman Catholics living in New England and the Midwest (especially in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas) have really had a personal experience with the risen Saviour, and are actually trusting His atonement to pay for their sins. Many of them got saved “outta school.” That is, they got saved by disobeying the “holy” papa’s instructions. They read the *King James Bible* (or Martin Luther’s Bible), they listened to Dr. DeHaan and Charles Fuller over the radio, and many of them “made decisions” listening to Billy Graham, Jack Van Impe, or even Jimmy Swaggart. Not one man listed above believes that any such thing as a “sacrament” *exists*, or that *Mary* has anymore to do with any sinner’s eternal salvation than Queen Elizabeth or Mary Magdalene.

Most Catholics, when they get saved, proceed to nowhere. No doctrinal studies. No information on the Satanic nature of their “religion.” No growth in grace, and little or no assurance of salvation. They live and die as “babes in Christ” (1 Cor. 3:1; Heb. 5:13; 1 Pet. 2:2). They exist on “milk” till the Lord takes them home. I believe that Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert all fall into that category. But when it comes to Ludwig Van Beethoven and Richard Wagner? Ah, beloved, there I would retire from the playing field. Bach and Händel for *certain*; Mozart and Haydn with excellent *chances*; but Wagner, Stravinsky, and Beethoven? Not on your software.

The theological problem here is that no Catholic raised in the Catholic church ever has any *real assurance of salvation* like Peter (1 Pet. 1:3–9), John (1 John 5:10–13), and Paul (2 Tim. 1:12) had. They had no “eternal security” although it was promised to *every believer in Christ* (Rom. 8:38–39; John 10:1–29). Catholic salvation is on an “installment plan,” for it is connected (Satanically) to “sacraments.” Thus, it is nearly impossible to find in any history of Catholic art, Catholic music, or Catholic literature (from A.D. 500–1996). ANY artist, musician, or author who will come out publicly (in the “open”) and say clearly:

“I am a saved sinner, saved by the Grace of God on [and here give the date of his conversion] and kept by the Grace of God. Heaven is my home, Jesus Christ is my Saviour, God is my Father, and I was saved at [and here gives the location] on such and such a date.”

You will find this same glaring lack of real Christian testimony in the lives of every *President* of the former “United States of America” since 1776. (I say “former,” as the USSA—The Unified Search and Seizure of Assets—ceased to be a “Democracy” in 1933. At present [1996] it is a Soviet Catholic satellite of the UN and the EC).

Mozart’s opera (*Die Zauberflöte*), is a long way from anything that any Catholic pope or priest would approve of; it deals with *Masonry*. Such “goings on” spooked “Papa” Haydn, who had “jined up” with the Masons to please Mozart, his friend; but it never “took” with Haydn, so he refused to attend the Masonic “rites” *after joining*.

Mozart was *not* a good Catholic. “Good” Catholics don’t write operas built on the teachings of *Free Masonry* (*Die Zauberflöte* “The Magic Flute”). George Bernard Shaw, the Irish atheist, claimed *The Magic Flute* as the music for his own “private church.” Shaw’s “private church” was his own *mind*. He never attended *any* church and called the Bible “a most undesirable object...I must get rid of it.” Shaw’s “church” was his humanistic-atheistic *philosophy*, which was espoused by all of his contemporary “do-gooders” in the Fabian Society.

A certain E. T. A. Hoffman said that Mozart’s *Don Giovanni* was the “opera of all operas.” (I have heard others say the same thing about Bizet’s *Carmen*.) To produce *Don Giovanni* (*Don Juan* in Spanish), Mozart consulted with a famous, fornicating reprobate of his time, named “Casanova.” Don Juan (or Giovanni) is a neat little opera story about an habitual adulterer and fornicator. Not exactly what one would call “Daily Vacation Bible School” material. If Mozart ever did fool with such matters, then he certainly received exactly what a real Christian would have received if he had fooled with them

(Rom. 8:13).

After Beethoven had given the following recommendation to Mozart: “Mark my words, that young fellow is going to cause a stir in the world,” Mozart fulfilled the prophecy, in *thirty-six years*. He died before the age of forty and his dead body was thrown unceremoniously into a *common grave*, during a downpour of rain. The “common grave,” in those days, was a deep muddy pit about fifteen to twenty feet deep, full of quicklime and dead bodies. Down went the “young fellow” at the age of thirty-six.

“If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die” (Rom. 8:13). That was not written to a lost man. Like 1 Corinthians 10:8–11, it was written to a *genuine Christian*.

From a Christian standpoint the good music produced by Mozart is his output of symphonies and concertos; all of them are first class, for they are “absolute” (pure) music. His trios and string quintets are also musical masterpieces. His best known concert piece is *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* (“A Little Night Music”).

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE ROMANTIC PERIOD

(1830-1900)

This will be the peak for *all* really “classical” music. After A.D. 1900 *everything* (including ethics, morals, and art) go steadily downhill. The Biblical format is laid out for music as well as art and literature; the format prophesies *total degeneration* (2 Tim. 3:1–8, 4:1–5; James 4–5; 2 Thess. 2:1–12; and Rev. 3:16–17). The Bible gives us the Philadelphian “Church Period” (1500–1900) which corresponds to the “Romantic Period” of Classical music. The Laodicean Church Period (1900–1997) corresponds to the “Modern Period” of Classical music in the twentieth century.

You will notice that the “Christian Era,” in which the Body of Christ (Eph. 3:1–6) lives (1 Cor. 12), rises to its spiritual heights through a period of 400 years (1500–1900), and then toboggans straight down the incline into the swamp at a speed somewhere between 230–250 mph. In less than *fifty years* after 1900 (1900–1945), the Christian Era collapses. By 1964 it is so shot through with the Roman leaven of Matthew 13:33, inserted into it by a Roman Catholic Whore (Rev. 17), that it does little but put on performances and talk about politics. Such things as “Full Gospel” Fellowships, “Promise Keepers,” “Make your decisions FOR Christ,” “Release your faith,” “Christian renewal,” “Coping and Sharing,” “The Original Greek text,” “Charismatic revivals,” “Reaching out and touching” people, “Impacting others,” etc., tell all too clearly what happened between 1933 and 1964. *Biblical Christianity* was “shredded.” The men *responsible* for the present ghastly, unholy, powerless “Christianity” in America will be found listed in our works on *The Christian Liar’s Library* and *The Scholarship Only Controversy* (Pensacola: Bible Believers Press, 1996). Everyone of them was a professing *Christian* and 90% of them were Orthodox “Conservatives.”

Classical music simultaneously rises to its spiritual heights through about *300 years* (1600–1900) and then drops off the precipice in less than *forty years* (1914–1940). We repeat for the third time: *there is no demand whatsoever for the so-called modern “classical” music*. The only demand in the world today for the UN and EC is the classics written *before* 1890, or real “modern music.” *Real* modern music is Jazz, Rock, Bop, Swing, Dixieland, Boogie, and “Heavy Metal.” (Most historians make a distinction between Rock, Punk Rock, and Acid Rock. The difference is they vary in the number of queers playing the music, and the amount of drugs being consumed).

The main “Romantics” are Ludwig Van Beethoven (1770–1827), who is a sort of bridge between the Classical and Romantic periods, Franz Schubert (1797–1828), Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847), Robert Schumann (1810–1856), Johannes Brahms (1833–1897), Frederick Chopin (1810–1893), Richard Wagner (1813–1883), and Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky (1840–1893). There are many other “romantic” composers, for example: Franz Liszt (1811–1886), Caesar Frank (1822–1890), Johann Strauss (1825–1899), Hector-Berlioz (1803–1869), Jacques Offenbach (1819–1880), Alexander Chabrier

(1841–1894), Jules Massenet (1842–1912), and the great opera composer Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901).

Now most of this music is aimed at your SOUL. This gradual shift from *the spirit* to *the soul* took place under Mozart and Gluck (1714 up to 1791). When Beethoven shows up he is laboring to reproduce *his own feelings*, not mood music that will make you think about God, prayer, Heaven, Christ, or the Bible. The Romanticists deal with *emotions* before ideas: the exercises of the SOUL as it passes through various “experiences” such as love, loneliness, frustration, misery, panic, sorrow, joy, success, rest, and excitement.

I do not have to prove this to anyone. All you have to do is lay out nine symphonies: three by Haydn, three by Mozart, and three by Beethoven (in that order). Now listen to all nine of them (*in that order*), and you will see a *transition* from spirit to soul that is so obvious only a MUSIC HISTORIAN could miss it.

Beethoven is majoring in *self-expression*, not just “Music.” His music is preaching *HIM* to *YOU*. If Schubert, Beethoven, and Haydn entered a room where I was (and I had never seen any of them before, not even pictured by pen, pencil, paint, or photograph) I would be able to identify all three of them before I had talked to any of them more than ten minutes (that is if I could converse in German!).

You see, music SPEAKS; their *music* had already spoken for them.

The man’s speech (Haydn, Schubert, and Beethoven in this case) would match his MUSIC. So would his personal deportment.

If I met the following men “cold turkey,” I would never miss identifying them if they approached me in “pairs.” Tchaikovsky would not be mistaken for Mussorgsky, no matter *where* you met them, or under what *conditions*. Franz Liszt could never pass for Debussy, even if he tried to *imitate* him. Richard Wagner could never act like, talk like, walk like, or look like Felix Mendelssohn. Neither man would *react* like the other to anything you said.

As surely as Gauguin’s paintings could never be mistaken for the brushwork of Gainsborough, and as surely as you could never get Picasso, Andy Warhol, or Jackson Pollock confused with Degas, El Greco, and Rembrandt (artists), so no one could miss the telltale “clues” that a composer leaves behind in his *compositions*. A symphony by Schubert (any of his “nine”) does not bear the earmarks, hallmarks, or watermarks (or the toe or finger prints) of any symphony written by Tchaikovsky (he wrote six of them).

“Romantics,” whether in art, literature, or music, are all heavy on “self expression” and subjective emotions. Musically, they are the beginnings of what is called “Program” Music: an attempt *to paint a musical picture that can be SEEN as one listens to the music*. It is an attempt to tell a story, musically. Many of the Romantic composers received their inspirations from nature or from pictures they saw or from books they read or from things they heard about. The *source* of their information, therefore, was not strictly MUSICAL. *That* is the point. Technically, the word “Romantic” is not confined to love affairs between humans. It refers more to a fictional account of something musically or artistically. The word is “kin” to “fantasy,” “illusion,” “an invention,” and “fancy.”

Nonetheless, there are hours and hours and hours of great Christian listening for a

Bible believer from the pens of these “Romanticists,” who produced music before the final degradation and degeneracy (1933–1990) set in. Again, we repeat: “Look for the *symphonies* and concertos (*concerti*), and then, if you are experienced and knowledgeable in instrumentation and musical forms, get the *Chamber Music* from these composers. Stick with *pure* music—*absolute* music, if possible, for as long as possible.”

Ludwig Van Beethoven (1770–1827) is the pioneer for this period. His life is well known, being the subject of scores of biographies, feature articles, documentaries, and comments. He was born in Bonn, Germany. (The “Van” indicates *Dutch* [not German] ancestry: “Von,” in German, is pronounced the same way.) He lived a very miserable life as an individual. He began to go deaf before he had written five of his nine symphonies. He never married or had children. He fell in love a number of times but always with disastrous results. The first woman he courted (Magdalene Willman) refused him because “he was too ugly.” Others (Bettina Brentano, Therese Malfatii, and Amalie Leebald) would take the music that he wrote (pouring out his heart to them), but none of them would take *him* with the music. The Countess Babette, the Countess Julietta, and the Countess Josephine would not give him “the time of day.”

Ludwig died in a thunderstorm after contracting pneumonia from traveling around in an “open carriage” in the month of December. One account of his last moments says that he shook his fist at the heavens and said, “The comedy has ended!”

If so, this account would differ slightly (I am sure anyone would say) from Paul’s last comments on the “comedy” (2 Tim. 4:6–8). As far as a *happy Christian life* is concerned, Ludwig would be a match meet for Errol Flynn, Frank Sinatra, Ted Turner, or John Lennon.

But the *music*? Ahh, that is “somethin’ else!”

All nine symphonies are superb, especially the 3rd (E-flat), the 5th (C-minor), the 7th (A-major), and the 9th (D-minor). The *Egmont* and *Leonore Overtures* are great works. All of the piano concertos (Concerti) are good, especially the first five (in C-major, B-flat major, C-minor, G-major and E-flat major respectively). All of Beethoven’s string quartets are good, especially Nos. 1, 4, 7, 9, and 10–16. The piano trio in B-flat is excellent and so is the piano trio on D-minor. All of Beethoven’s piano sonatas are remarkable, and also his three sonatas for piano and cello, and two for piano and violin (*Kreutzer* and *Spring*). Various names have been attached to his piano sonatas, as various names had been attached to Haydn’s symphonies. These Sonatas were in C-minor (*Pathetique*), C-sharp minor (*Moonlight*), D-major (*Pastoral*), C-major (*Waldstein*), F-minor (*Appassionata*), and B-flat major (*Hammer-Klavier*).

Beethoven wrote only one opera (*Fidelio*), but he wrote “Concert Overtures.” He is credited with writing the first “Program Symphony”—his sixth symphony, called *The Pastoral Symphony*. This came so close to creating a *visual impression* that Walt Disney picked it to illustrate it in full color *cartooning* (*Fantasia*); art is a VISUAL medium, *not a musical medium*. Beethoven’s *Choral Symphony* (the Ninth) is supposed to be “the greatest piece of music ever written by man.” When Beethoven conducted it he was stone deaf, and could not hear the applause that followed the coda. He had to be turned around

to face the roar of applause, and when the audience understood his pitiful condition they stopped clapping and began to wave handkerchiefs, wildly.

And now we must stop for a breather. It is time to “button up” and “fasten your seat belt.” You see, Beethoven’s Ninth was adopted by the Roman Catholic European nations as the *International Anthem for the New World Order* in the EC and the UN. In 1995, with the Vatican in full control of the UN, they adopted this classical piece as their “theme song.” The fourth movement of this Ninth Symphony is simply Schiller’s *Ode to Joy* set to music. *It is music for worshipping a pagan goddess.* It preaches that “man is the measure of all things,” that the “brotherhood of man” is the *goal* of man—*not to glorify God or “enjoy His presence”*—and that *wine drinking* bouts are the best medium for accomplishing this. To quote Schiller, one should enter the temple of the pagan goddess “drunk with FIRE.” It is 100% *paganism* from a humanistic perspective: no God, no Christ, no heaven, no Hell, no Bible, no salvation, no redemption, no sin, no payment for sins, no new birth, and no Second Coming of the Lord who gave Beethoven his “talent.” The International theme of the UN is pure, raw, unadulterated, *secular humanism*, coupled with Mythology.

As if to follow the pope’s lead in throwing two *females* into the kettle (Mary and Cecilia), the EC threw in a third *female: the goddess of Joy*. She is pictured on the official EC flag as riding a Spanish bull, and she is crowned with twelve stars: these include the ten kings who will reign with Satan (Rev. 17:12; Dan. 2:41–42) in the Tribulation.

If you know your Greek mythology, you recognize the female. She is “Europa.” In order to “git to her,” Zeus—a famous habitual fornicator and adulterer in Greek mythology—turned himself into a bull and kidnapped her. *Beastiality* (Lev. 20:16). Progress, Darwin, evolution! *Upward and onward!*

“The greatest piece of music ever written by man.”

Those who hold to such naive opinions have been roundly and soundly deceived by a poor lost sinner on his way to hell, trying *to work his way into heaven* by “doing good to his fellow man.” In Beethoven’s Ninth, he adopted the ministerial robes of a “preacher,” hires himself a choir, and then offers his own personal delusions as *a religion* to replace Roman Catholicism and Biblical Christianity. His own religion (like Bernard Shaw’s, pp. 87–88) wasn’t worth the powder and shot it would take to blow it to hell. Beethoven was an *unsaved Deist*: just as lost as a goose in a horse race.

Here are some samples of his New Testament “Christianity.”

“Today happens to be Sunday, so I will quote you something out of the Bible...If order and beauty are reflected in the universe, then there is a God.”

So? The Athenians believed that (Acts 17:24) and more too (1 Cor. 8:5). *There are several hundred* (Ps.. 82:1–6; Jer. 10:11).

“My soul shall rejoice in thee...IMMUTABLE BEING.” (Note the *neuter*. He is addressing a THING, not *a person*).

Beethoven said his “role models” were Jesus Christ and a sex pervert (Socrates).

Strange bedfellows (Amos 3:3)! According to Huttenbrenner, Beethoven's thunderstorm death was accompanied by much more "Christian" words than "the comedy is ended." In Huttenbrenner's version, Beethoven says, "I defy you, powers of evil! Away! *God is with me!*"

That was the profession of every unsaved German soldier in both world wars (Nazi or not). All standard German infantry uniforms had belt buckles which read "Gott Mit Uns" (GOD WITH US).

God is "with you," is He? "Immanuel" means "God with us." *They crucified Him after that announcement* (Isa. 53; Matt. 1:21, 27:25). He is "with" you, is He? On what basis? Look at John 3:36, 8:40–48; Romans 8:9; Ephesians 2:1–3; and Matthew 7:23.

Sentimental, backslidden, Christian historians often get just as carried away with religious sentiment as unsaved sinners do, when they are trying to invent "Christians." All of the major classical composers were *Deists*; there wasn't an *Atheist* in the lot, but belief in God is not "salvation." *Religion* is not "salvation," nor is being religious "salvation." *The church and the sacraments* have nothing to do with "salvation" at all; at least not any *Biblical salvation* revealed anywhere in Acts, chapters 4, 10, 13, 15–16, 18; Romans, chapters 4–5, 8, 10; Galatians, chapters 1–3; Ephesians 1–3; 1 Corinthians 1–3; 2 Corinthians 1–5; Philippians 1, 4; Colossians 1–2; 1 Thessalonians 1–2, 4–5; Hebrews 10–12; etc. *Good works* are not salvation (Rom. 5, 10). "Trying to find peace with God" is not salvation. *Salvation*, according to Jesus Christ (John 3) is *a supernatural work performed by the Holy Spirit* (Titus 3:5; 1 Pet. 1:23) on the DEAD SPIRIT (Eph. 2:1–5; Rom. 8:11) of a descendant of Adam, contingent upon that man's acceptance (John 1:12) of the finished work (Heb. 10) of Jesus Christ dying in his place as a sinner (Gal. 3:13; 2 Cor. 5:21; Gal. 1:11–12; Isa. 53).

There is not the slightest trace of such a thing ever having taken place in the life of Ludwig Van Beethoven from birth to funeral casket. No one has ever found *one* note, *one* notation, *one* prayer in *any* of his writings (including his personal letters) that would indicate he had *any* kind of a personal relationship with Jesus Christ at all.

I wouldn't bet fifteen cents on Beethoven having been a Christian. To the contrary, his whole life bears those fearful, telltale marks of a man like Terry Sawchuck (a Detroit Red Wing goalie) or Martin Gray (*For Those that I Loved*) or a woman like Elizabeth Taylor or Judy Garland; people whose *whole lives* are marked by disaster after disaster, chastening upon chastening, blow upon blow by the "**goodness of God**" (Rom. 2:4) attempting (and failing) *to lead them to repentance* (Rom. 2:4). They are people—and there are thousands like them, plus Biblical examples (Pharaoh, Ahaz, Ahab, et al.)—who resist the Holy Spirit their whole lives and *pay for it* with chastening from the One who warned them in Romans 2:1–4, and gave them their riches, power, wealth, and looks. In Beethoven's case, it was the One who gave him his musical talent. Read James 1:17 and you will understand why we never give the Bible a "back seat" in dealing with any worldly celebrity, saved or lost.

When I want to calculate the "measure of the man," I use a musical guide in measuring the measure of a musical composer like Beethoven. *I listen to his last*

symphony. In the case before us, let us take Schubert's last symphony (*The Great Symphony*) in C-major, and with it let us play Beethoven's *Ninth* (D-Minor), and Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony ("*Pathétique*," B-minor). All three were the final symphonic works of the composers. Now I am ready to listen to a SOUL as it goes out to meet God in judgment. If anyone of these gentlemen is about to *lose* his soul it will show up *here*.

Schubert takes off like a rocket, after some harrowing experiences, deep hurts, and a lot of "playing around." He rockets up through the galaxies, bangs on the gates of New Jerusalem till they open, and goes sailing through in a blaze of glory.

On comes Peter I. Tchaikovsky. The old Frisco-fairy-fruit faggot collapses in a welter of desperate self-pity and depression; and as he exits life, he is accompanied by the dismal sound of bass violas droning out his sorrows, while he dies in sterility and impotency. He fades out in powerless, prayerless, hopeless silence.

Up to the plate steps Beethoven, preparing to meet his "God" (see Amos 4:12). Here is Ludwig! On he comes! He converts a dismal dirge into a triumphant blast. Triumphant roar exceeds triumphant roar until your ears ring. But it *roars*. Something is stumbling along *lead-footed* behind the mighty choral blasts of victory. It can't get off the ground. It tries, but with the wine glass, and all the "joy" and the "brotherhood," etc. we hear the muffled sound of *jackboots*, and sense an *angry welter* of instrumental voices that *rage* at one another. Nothing *bounces*. Nothing is *airy*. It is not in the least bit "heavenly"; it is *grounded*; it never gets off the EARTH; it is *earthly* (1 Cor. 15:47).

The explosive quartets and the choirs, with their explosive endings, accompanied by the roar of a hundred instruments, are not *convincing*. Someone is "over reacting." It reminds us strangely of Saul in 1 Samuel 15:13. The piety is too *bombastic*; there is too much pomp and display. *It ROARS too much*. Nothing can cover up the "notice how well we are singing" in the work by the quartets and soloists. Somebody is *pretending*. They are putting on a *show*. True it is a stupendous show! Gigantic! Colossal! Hugemonduous! But it is *ACTING*. *There is no spiritual victory*. You will find more spiritual joy in Schubert's *third symphony*, or Mozart's *Nachtmusik*, than in Beethoven's exhibition of his *deepest* religious convictions. "Romanticism" is self expression. Beethoven's *Ninth* is Beethoven—*trying to be happy*.

The international anthem of the EC is a *lost man* trying to be happy *without* God, the Bible, and salvation.

According to Isaiah 48:22; Genesis 4:5, 12; Ephesians 4:18–19; and Romans 1:18–26 *it can't be done*.

Now there is no time in a short work of 250 pages or so, to go into the personal lives of all the great musicians who followed Beethoven. My two personal favorites have always been Johannes Brahms (1833–1897) and Franz Peter Schubert (1797–1828). Both men were bachelors. One (Brahms) wept when he died because (he said), he had enjoyed living so much and hated to leave all the good things life had given him.

Schubert, as Mozart, died very young: he was only thirty-one years old. He probably died from the complications of syphilis. But Schubert was no libertine like Casanova, Ted

Kennedy, Eddie Murphy, Magic Johnson, Don Giovanni, M. L. King Jr., or JFK. His nemesis was a young “man-about-town” named Franz Schober who introduced him to Vienna’s night life, and showed him how to “party.” Schubert broke off all relations with Schober in less than two years. But he paid for his sins, just like any Christian will (Gal. 6:7–8).

One should always remember that David’s sins were only *occasional* lapses of faithfulness in a *lifetime* of faithfulness and dedication to God. David’s “life” was not the affair he had with Bathsheba. Readers often fail to notice how harshly God dealt with *Saul* compared with the way he dealt with *David*. There is no record of Saul shacking up with anyone’s wife, let alone killing a man to do it.

When it comes to music, I would enjoy most anything that Franz Peter wrote: not just his *Lieds* (Songs), for which he was famous. His *Rondo Concertina* (miniature piano concerto) is one of the most beautiful pieces of music I have ever heard in my life, and his *String Quartet in A minor* (No. 13) is the richest, smoothest, most spiritually perfect piece of music I think I have ever heard. I enjoy all of his symphonies, all of his duets and trios, all of his string quartets, plus *March Militaire*, *Moments Musicale*, the ballet music from *Rosamund*, etc., etc.

Brahms has always been my favorite classical composer, at least from the first time I began to really study his music (somewhere around 1960). Up to that time, my favorites had been Schubert and Beethoven. Brahms stands at the beginning of the “Modern Period,” but he actually is what we call a “Neo-classicist.” This is a musician who reverts *back* to many of the forms and modes used by Mozart, Bach, and Haydn. Still, one can hear in Brahm’s chords the heralds of the coming “modern” classical music.

I like Brahms because I have to *think* as I listen; I have to *meditate* on what he is actually playing, at least in his symphonic works, and his sonatas. Brahms never lets a theme “sit.” He develops it, he stretches it, he compacts it, he runs it through the different sections of the orchestra in different keys, and then suddenly it will appear (full orchestra: “symphony”) as a melody. The melody is the result of “playing” with the “theme.” Unlike Mendelssohn, who gets sticky fingers and can’t seem to let go of a passage after he has played it three times, Brahms keeps inventing. Unlike Tchaikovsky, Brahms doesn’t have to take the same phrase and repeat it and repeat it and repeat it (see *Overture to 1812*, for example) until you are ready to wave a white flag. Again (unlike Wagner), Brahms will never stay long with the “Dungeons and Dragons” if he crosses their path. If he roars, moans, or raves he doesn’t do it long; he gets “top side” for *fresh air* in a few minutes. When I think of Tchaikovsky I am always reminded of the old “Holiness” preachers of the 1940s and 1950s who preached like this, “Ah, yes God, ah, glory to God, ah, Moses came down from the mount, and, ah, yes God, he did! He came down from the mount! Glory to God, Moses came down from that mount, and, ah, bless God, ah, down he came, and, ah...etc.”

Let me know when he’s through; I’m going to take a nap.

I found Brahm’s symphonies, sonatas and string quartets (piano quartets, piano quintets, trios) to be *intellectual* as well as *emotional*. I like all four of his symphonies;

they never “wear out,” like some of Beethoven’s do. I like all of the Hungarian dances, both piano concertos (Concerti), plus the violin and violin-cello concertos. I think his *Variations on a Theme of Haydn* are superb, and also his famous overture (*Academic Festival*).

CHAPTER EIGHT

ROMANTICISM

AND THE RUSSIANS

Robert Schumann (1810–1856) and Frederick Chopin (1810–1849) are the pianists if you like the piano. Of course, the real virtuoso of the “ivories” was Franz Liszt. He was to the piano what Paganini was to the violin. In the Romantic Period, Rossini (“The Lone Ranger” etc.) wrote three operas: *William Tell*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, and *The Barber of Seville*. Meyerbeer (1791–1864), Bellini (1801–1835), and Donizetti (1797–1848) wrote operas. Hector Berlioz (1803–1869), a Frenchman, wrote three symphonies that are all passable: his *Symphony Fantastique* being the most popular one. George Bizet’s *Carmen* (1875) has splendid operatic music in it, and so does Charles Gounod’s opera about *Faust* (1859).

Opera culminates in the work of two Italians and one German. The Wops were Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901) and Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924), and the Kraut was Richard Wagner (1813–1883).

Splendid music, great music, but VISUAL. It was Program Music or, in the words of the historians, “Music Drama.” The mighty musical *Epic* of *Der Ring der Niebelungund* written by Richard Wagner, when analyzed and presented by the English comedienne Ann Russell, becomes completely “demystified” (if that is the term). The actual plot of *The Ring* is a howl; no one could take it seriously if he ever gave any thought to it, but it is great music. It contains four operas *The Rhine Gold*, *The Valkyrie*, *Siegfried*, and *The Twilight of the Gods* (*Gotterdammerung*). Heavy stuff: Dungeons and Dragons. Boiling cauldrons of strings, ominous French horns, nerve racking double basses, and contact with “aliens” underground in Groom Lake, Area 51, Roswell, and Dulce, N.M., etc. Heroic tenors with vibratos covering three grace notes, and militant, barrel-chested, masculine women who look like they played linebacker for the Green Bay Packers.

One spectator to another after a “Brunnhilde” completed a song:

“What a terrible voice! Do you know who she is?”

“Yes. She’s my wife.”

“Oh, I beg your pardon. Of course, I didn’t mean her voice, actually. It is the awful stuff she sings! Who wrote it?”

“I did.”

Verdi’s “hits” were *Aida*, *The Force of Destiny*, *Otello* (1887), *Falstaff* (1893), *Rigolletto* (1851), *Il Trovatore* (1853), and *La Traviata* (1853). All of these operas are “extant” today; they are performed, yearly, by American and European opera companies. Verdi was succeeded by Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924) who is the most melodious of the opera “recitalists” (see p. 76). His successes were *Manon Lescaut* (1893), *La Boheme* (1896), *Tosca* (1900), and the very familiar *Madam Butterfly* (1904). His last opera was *Turandot*, which is also still “extant” in the contemporary “repertoire.”

By now, one should have gathered that what began with music aimed at man's SPIRIT (the Classical Period) has "progressed" to music aimed at man's SOUL (the Romantic Period). There can be only one terminus to such an evolutionary momentum. The music is shortly going to be aimed at the BODY. The "suites" and "ballets" and operas all testify to this truth.

Orchestral music (mainly the symphony) evolves (to use Darwin's non-scientific terminology) to the "Symphonic Poem," called a "Tone Poem." (Franz Liszt is supposed to be the guiding light toward this extra-musical form.) Then we come to the "Symphonic Suite," which is a series of pieces that describe dance movements, whether a real ballet accompanies them or not. Respighi's *Pines of Rome*, Debussy's *La Mer*, and Korsakov's *Scherezade* represent this kind of music. Then we have the Symphonic Ballet: pieces such as Ravel's *Bolero* and *La Valse*, Prokofieff's *Cinderella Ballet Suite*, Schubert's *Rosamund*, Schumann's *Judith*, Borodin's *Polovetsian Dances*, Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite*, and Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*. These are "Symphonic Ballets." "Symphonic SUITES" would include Grieg's *Peer Gynt Suite*, Grofe's *Grand Canyon Suite*, Gustave Holst's work on *The Planets*, Sain Saens' *Carnival of the Animals*, and Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*.

Now, understand that all of these selections are great samples of great classical music. Any piece listed is so far superior to anything put out by Milli Vanili, David Crosby, The Grateful Dead, Tupac Shakur, Bryan Ferry, Led Zepplin, Chuck Berry, Madonna, or Michael Jackson that they should not be mentioned in the same sentence. Furthermore, 90% of the music I just listed has more spiritual content than the Christian "contemporary" music produced between 1950 and 1990. How does one judge this? Well if a musical selection is able to turn your mind to thoughts about God (Ps. 63:6), New Jerusalem (Col. 3:1-3), God's promises (Phil. 4:13, 19), God's love (John 3:16), God's power and his wrath (Heb. 12:29; Phil. 2:12), your prayer life (Phil. 4:6), the devil's opposition (1 Pet. 5:8; Luke 4:1-13), the need to take a "stand" (Eph. 6:10-14), or the needs and conditions of lost people (Jude 22-23; Rom. 1:29-32), that much of the music can qualify as *spiritual music* (Col. 3:16).

Different people respond to music different ways. A good rule you can follow is that if the music only causes you to tap your *foot* or your *hand*, it has not "gotten out of hand yet." But once the *pelvis* and the *hips* began to move you are moving away from God and the Bible; you are headed back into the jungle with Darwin, the UN, the EC, the ACLU, the NEA, the EPA, FEMA, and the Vatican.

My Christian morale (believe it or not) has often been bolstered and raised from defeat to victory by exposure to German marches from World War II played by Nazi SS military bands. I have been in places where I was flat on my face physically, spiritually, and emotionally, and even with God's people praying for me, the Lord praying for me (John 17:9), and the Holy Spirit praying for me (Rom. 8:26), I needed a "fix—a "booster." I found it in *Parademarsch*, *Der Langen Kerls*, *the Pepita Marsch*, *Regiments Kinder*, *Fredericus Rex*, *Gruss und Kiel*, *Ade Polandland*, *Der Badenweiler*, *Der Grosse Kurfürsten*, *Der Hohenfriedberger*, etc.

There are thousands of "country bumpkins" (Claude Cadiddlehoppers: Edgar Bergen,

1940) who get a spiritual blessing from “cornbread” tunes played on guitars, banjos, mandolins, and fiddles. These tunes would drive a devotee of Caesar Frank (1822–1890) or Gustav Mahler (1860–1911) “up the wall.”

Nevertheless, in classical music the slight but perceptible “leaning away” from the invisible to the visible shows what direction things were going back in the nineteenth century. “Things going” always violate the basic fundamental of *all* fanatical News Media Fundamentalists and *all* NEA radical Fundamentalists. “Things” always “go” just the *opposite* of Darwin’s theory, if they are given enough time. The Second Law of Thermodynamics, dealing with “entropy” (the loss of energy to work with), will NOT take Darwin’s Fairytale for Grown-ups seriously; it will not bow down and kiss the feet of a pack of deluded, egotistical NUTS—Hawking, Einstein, Huxley, Paley, Pythagoras, Heisenberg, Reichenbach, Planck, or Kornberg simply because these poor blind sinners are trying to prove that THEY are improving with the passage of time by misrepresenting their own depravity, and then *applying it to history and nature*.

After the Romantic Period, the accent is on the *visual* and, in particular, the movement of *bodies* and *facial* expressions. This terminates in hard, “Acid” and “Punk” Rock music (1974). This demand for body music becomes so great in the 1930s, 1940s, and 1950s that “Classical Music,” per se, drops slap out of sight; it is “shredded.” There is no demand, whatsoever, after 1918 for anything by a so-called “modern composer” say one born AFTER 1900. Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, and George Gershwin were NOT classical composers. If you called them that, they still produced *visual music* their entire lifetimes, as did Cole Porter, Franz Lehár, Sigmund Romberg, Rodgers and Hart, Oscar Hammerstein, and George Cohen.

Where are their symphonies? Where is the chamber music? Where are the concerti? Their “inspiration” came from either pictures or observing nature or observing people, or reading something about people. Unlike Haydn, Mozart, Boccherini, Vivaldi, Handel, Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven, they could not produce music from musical inspiration which *originated* in pure music.

The “kick off” for this BODY music among the classicists came from a Russian sex pervert named Peter I. Tchaikovsky, who emerges as the main representative of the so-called “Great Five” Russian composers: Michail Glinka (1804–1857), Alexander Borodin (1833–1887)—sometimes Caesar Cui (1835–1918) is substituted for Borodin: I think he is too late to qualify—Mily Balakirev (1837–1910), Modest Mussorgsky (1839–1881) and Rimsky Korsakov (1844–1908). Tchaikovsky (1840–1893) makes a “sixth” to this “handful.”

When this Russian music shows up, there is a move towards “nationalistic” music in a dozen countries. The music historians (Wayne Barlow, Hummel Fishburn, James Galway, and Joseph Machlis) have no explanation to give; none whatsoever. With Luke 21:29 right in front of their noses (or just ahead of their blinders) they fail to see that Jesus Christ, in the New Testament, prophesied *the rise of nationalism* with the renewing of God’s dealing with *Israel*. Greig writes for the Scandinavians (*Peer Gynt Suite*), Jean Sibelius (1865–1957) for the Finns (*Finlandia*: which is now disguised as *Be Still My Soul* in a Christian hymnal). Manuel De Falla (1876–1946) and

Joaquin Rodrigo write music for Spain (*The Three Cornered Hat*, *Ritual Fire Dance* and *Concierto De Arjanjues*). Bedrich Smetana (1824–1884) and Antonin Dvorak (1841–1904) compose for the Czechs. Smetana has six works in a series called “My Country.” All six are excellent: the most popular one is called *The Moldau*, a song about a river. All of Dvorak’s nine symphonies are excellent, as well as his Slavonic dances, Gypsy songs (Opus 55), and Bible songs (Opus 99). All of his chamber music is good, as are his violin, cello, and piano concertos.

Bela Bartok (1881–1945) “takes off” in Hungary where Franz Liszt “left off,” but Bartok is an *improvement* over Liszt—all forward changes have to be *improvements* according to Darwin’s Fairytale for Grownups—in the way that Count Basie would be an improvement over Mozart or Madonna would be an improvement over Joan Sutherland.

Another movement takes place which completely evades the detection of the music historians (David Boyden, Aaron Copeland, Theodore Finney, Hans Tischler, and Hugh H. Miller). Without batting an eye, all of the historians confess that “orientalisms” begin to infest “modern” classical music after 1890. Somehow they all missed Spengler’s *Decline of the West*, in the language of unsaved sinners, and the language of Genesis 3:24, 4:16, 28:18; 1 Kings, chapters 17–18; Ezra, chapters 1–3; Acts 16:6–7; and Exodus 26:35. You enter the Tabernacle going East to West. The sun goes East to West. History goes East to West. Revivals move East to West. Christ returns through the Eastern Gate (Ezek. 46), going East to West. After 1900, God is preparing two World Wars for an Eastern people: *the Jew*. The first World War would prepare *the land* (Palestine) for the people, and the second World War would prepare *the people* (the Jews) for the land. No other point was made, the slaughter was pointless, excluding those two BIBLICAL OPERATIONS (see Jer. 16:16–19; Ezek. 36; Amos 9:11–15).

Western classical music is through by 1918. It is washed up. The well is dry. The garner is empty. History has moved across Europe to Germany, over the channel to England, across the Atlantic to the U.S.A., across the U.S.A. to the Pacific coast, and from there it crashes into the ocean. (Guadalcanal, Rendova, Eniwetok, Makin, Saipan, New Georgia, Bougainville, Tinian, and Japan, and then slap into Red China [in Korea] and Vietnam.)

When the Japanese led British Colonels and Generals captive under a white flag of surrender (Singapore, 1942) it was a signal that WESTERN music was a joke. Aside from Jazz, Boogie Woogie, Dixieland, Ragtime, Swing, and Bop *there was no “Western” music*. In came the Orientals with their chords, twenty-two note scale, irregular rhythms, and melodyless “tunes,” and immediately all of the “moderns” begin to turn out “Lost in an Oriental Swamp” and “Drunken Cossack Charge” (see p. 122). You see, once the “body stuff” got going (and by 1933 it was going good) *pure music* had to go into hiding. This is exactly what took place in America’s popular music after World War II. As all of the Mickey Mouse bands (p. 173) and vocal entertainers (see p. 120) took over, the real musicians—the “purists”—had to *invent* something instrumental: they called it “Progressive Jazz.” It amounted to playing musical “tricks” with instruments and scores. *There was no demand for it*. Progressive Jazz and “Bop” died a miserable death in less than five years (1943–1948). The singers took over. When you get to somewhere between

1900 and 1918 “classical” music vanishes the same way. Old Mother Hubbard’s “cupboard” is bare, exactly as Johannes Brahms feared, back in 1880. *The Revised Version* (Dark Age, Catholic, Jesuit Bible of Westcott and Hort) was produced between 1881 and 1885. That signaled the coming of the great apostasy.

Europe was through in 1918.

America was through in 1950. Korea fought her to a standstill (they are Orientals), and little Vietnam beat her into “rag dollies” (as they say in North Carolina). Today, not one of the pope’s “peace keeping forces” (like he used in Bosnia to get rid of the Greek Orthodox Serbians) would dare land a “corporal’s guard” on the *Chinese mainland* to enforce any “Civil Rights” law, or any UN decree on “humanism,” or anything else. The Red Army of China has been growing “Dragon’s teeth” for forty years without one interruption from anyone in the UN or the USSR or the U.S.A. When American presidents want to show off their abilities as potential international leaders in the “War for Peace” (all peace-keeping is done by armed killers), they invade places like Haiti, Kuwait, Rwanda, or Bosnia; it looks good. It gets “good press,” because it impressed the women and queers who report the news.

The sun has set in the West; it is now rising in the East.

When UN troops (pretending to be U.S.A. troops) invaded Kuwait, under George Bush, not one trooper realized where he was. He had circled the globe from Eden (Gen. 2:8) to Eden (Gen. 2:14) and was right back where the mess started (Gen. 3:1–5). *History had circled itself.* It was over. Not one step further WEST could be taken when you got to Ur, Bosra (Basra), and Kuwait, for that is where the “action” in Genesis, chapters 2–3 took place. If you went back further (Gen. 1) you would land on *the original creation.*

Real, western, “Classical” music can only be found BEFORE 1918.

And 95% of it will be found BEFORE 1890.

CHAPTER NINE

THE LAST OF THE BIG PARADE

Modest Mussorgsky (*Night on Bare Mountain*; sometimes “Bald” Mountain, and *Pictures at an Exhibition*) was a sot drunk all of his life. He drank himself to death after experiencing delirium tremors and attacks of epilepsy. (Not exactly what you would call an ideal “role model” for a Christian musician!) Peter Tchaikovsky was obliged to divorce his first wife when he “found out WHO he was.” That last slanted remark is the News Media way (1990) of covering up the filthy “life styles” of sex perverts. All perverts like to be called “Gay” instead of “Fairies” or “Queers” or “Faggots” and all of them insist they had a terrible time adjusting to life until, one day, they found out “WHO” they were. You are to believe that with a birth certificate, telephone number, area code number, street address, zip code number, bank account number, driver’s license, and social security number, *the faggots didn’t know WHO they were*. Everyone knows WHO he is, and *they* knew WHO they were. What they are trying to cover up is the fact that “one day” they found out *WHAT they were*. But the News Media doesn’t want to be so unkind as to tell the truth; so they just lie—continually.

What every Frisco-Fairy-Faggot-Fruit and Double-Breasted Fink finds out, sooner or later, is that he (or she) is a sex pervert who is so thoroughly addicted to (and completely given over to) moral filth and perversion that his (or her) best bet is just to admit it, yield to it, accept it, *enjoy it*, practice it, and then *brag about it*, and *pretend* that it is “natural.” Thus, anyone who is clean morally (or “straight” sexually) can appear as being *abnormal*; you pretend they have a psychosis called “*Homophobia*.” The entire set-up is News Media Fundamentalism from start to finish.

Contact with his wife repelled Tchaikovsky, because he was a genuine, thoroughbred sex pervert (like Oscar Wilde, et al.). After his divorce, he adopted a female to help him out financially (a certain Nadezhada von Meck) while he committed sodomy with his male “partners.” Nadezhada “exchanged intimate letters” with the queer, but they never “got together” because (as one very delicate writer puts it): “she was sexually wounded.” You can let your imagination play around with *that* one if you like. Tchaikovsky liked to sit up late at night with his faggoty friends and drink, while playing cards (Galway’s *Music in Time* [Harry Adams Pub., 1982], p. 276: written by William Mann).

Another real “role model” for a Christian musician, right? Why, old Peter T. would fit right into The Promise Keepers and their ecumenical endeavors like “hand-in-glove.” Just like any powerless, backslidden Christian in America today.

If you can listen to Tchaikovsky’s music (*Swan Lake*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Nutcracker*, *The 1812 Overture*, *The Violin Concerto*, and the six Symphonies), without thinking about *the filthy pervert* who composed them, you might get some “soulish” edification. “Out of sight, out of mind.”

From 1900 onward, down goes the elevator; “Look ma! No cables!” William Mann

steps into the twentieth century and suddenly finds himself writing about “the Lure of the East,” (Galway, p. 281)—the bringing of eastern and western music together (1889) in Paris, and the fact that the PAINTERS (Cezanne, Braque, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Klee, and Picasso, et al.) were caught up with the eastern styles (see *Art and Artists*, pp. 56, 79). He never noticed that the total collapse of artistic talent between 1880 and 1933 was covered up, then justified, and then *glorified* by the PRESS. The “artwork” (between 1880–1990), without constant Press “writeups,” was *a joke*; see any work by Van Gogh, Picasso, or Jackson Pollock.

And so it came to pass that music finally arrived at the same landfill with the same dumpsters that carried art and the artists: “The end of all flesh” (Bible: “**The way of all the earth,**” 1 Kings 2:2). Music could no longer sell *itself*; neither could art. After 1900, music (as art) needed “good press” in order to *sell* (\$\$\$). It never occurred to one music historian that the works of Vivaldi, Mozart, Boccherini, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Händel, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Bach, and Haydn don’t need one newspaper reporter or one journalist, or one “news analyst” or one music critic to sustain them or to recommend them. They have always “sold themselves.” They sell themselves when you *listen* to them, for they *speak: music speaks*. Good artwork (Rockwell, Detlefson, Gainsborough, Kautsky, Monet, Frederick Remington, N. C. Wyeth, Frank Frazetta, Gregg Hildebrant, et al.) sells itself *when you look at it*. It always has been that way. You do not need some jaded college graduate (brainwashed by Mrs. Roosevelt, Darwin, Marx, M. L. King, Socrates, Plato, and the NAACP) to tell you anything about real art. *Real* art will speak without the assistance of any effeminate “Major in Art” or some ghastly New Age “Global Citizen” (trying to make a living writing articles) trying to convince you that the painter had “talent.” His talent will be obvious *if it is there*, and it will be totally invisible if it is *not there*.

Picasso couldn’t have sold a picture for \$50.00 if he had not been a Roman Catholic Communist, and had not occupied himself with nudes, whores, and the distortion and perversion of the laws of perspective, color, harmony, composition, form, and subject matter. You see, “in his day” the Press (all news media outlets, including radio, TV, newspapers, magazines, etc.) was getting ready to promote *all four items*: nudes, whores, distortion, and perversion, *plus* Communism and Catholicism.

In Stravinsky’s *Rite of Spring*, a young girl dances herself to death in a pagan ritual. That is the “keynote” of “modern man” in the twentieth century, musically. Mr. Mann cannot resist connecting Arnold Schoenberg (the musician: 1874–1950) with Kandinsky, the abstract PAINTER; nor can he segregate Gustav Mahler, the MUSICIAN (1860–1911), from Vincent Van Gogh, the PAINTER (Galway, p. 307). “Real buddies” (Amos 3:3). Vincent was the drinking, fornicating psycho who committed suicide after cutting off his ear and giving it to a whore. Good, twentieth century, American stuff. Progress!

The Overture to Jazz, Ragtime, Dixieland, Swing, etc., was played by the “classical” composers (1880–1930) via BODY music (ballets and suites), assisted by the artist’s pictures (Turner, Pollock, Kandinsky, Klee, Braque, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Picasso, et al.).

We can “sign off” with Schoenberg, Anton Webern, Alan Berg, Paul Hindemith, Georges Auric, Francis Poulenc, Shostakovitch, and Oliver Messiaen with their whole bag

of musical tricks. They are obviously commercial sensationalists, “hot dogging” for attention. *Musical inspiration* is not to be found in their own personal repertoires anymore than *artistic inspiration* could be found in the works of Klee, Modrian, Van Gogh, Picasso, Dufy, Miro, or Nicholson. (In that last list, Van Gogh would have “the edge” for, as a Romanticist—not a “modern”—he painted HIMSELF. He reproduced on canvass what it feels like to be a Bible-rejecting, psychotic, fornicating, whoremongering, ministerial “reject.” In *that field* he did an excellent job.)

What follows Classical Music is “Film Music” (totally visual), “Show Tunes” (totally visual), more Operas (totally visual), and then a mass of tricky tricksters manipulating chords, rhythms, kitchen utensils, electronic short circuits, scales, harmonies, and half aborted melodies, in order to appeal to the fickle (Acts 17:21) with anything that was “new.” (See the *New ASV*, the *New RSV*, the *New International Version*, the *New KJV*, the *New Jerusalem Bible*, the *New English Bible*, etc., etc.) Same crowd, same *cloned robots*, same programmed, New Age “hot doggers.” The name of the game is “\$\$\$\$.”

The only *absolute music* that remains comes to you in four packages, which I have learned to recognize after monitoring several hundred hours of “modern” classical music. Basically, all that is produced is:

1. *Drunken Cossack Charge.*
2. *Lost in an Oriental Swamp.*
3. *The Rolling Upchucks.*
4. *Cocktail lounge for Queers.*

There are, of course, a handful of notable exceptions, but they are just that: exceptions.

1900–1933 is the end of *Classical Music*.

1880–1914 is the end of *Classical Art*.

Both disciplines received an international burial “with full honors” somewhere around the “turn of the century.” *Art*, in the sense of Bosch, Holbein, Franz Hals, Manet, Parrish, Pyle, Bruegel, and Gustave Dore, is gone. *Music*, in the sense of Von Weber, Bach, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Schubert, and Brahms is gone. The MOTIVES for painting and composing no longer exist. The religious beliefs that promoted those works no longer exist. The inner pressure *to create* no longer exist, and if it *did* it would produce nothing but noise in music, or nonsense in Art, because all of the “recognized” musicians (and artists) have no ORIGINS—they are Darwinian monkey-men—and they have no GOALS; for monkey-men, who show up accidentally (by spontaneous generation!), have only one goal in life: *self-survival* (\$\$\$\$).

If the child of God (in 1996) wants to listen to music that does not damage his spiritual life, then let him spend hours (daily, if he can) with the Symphonies, Concertos, and Chamber Music (and “incidental” music) that came from the pens of Corelli, Vivaldi, Telemann, Stamitz, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Mozart, Haydn, Händel, Boccherini, Schumann, Grieg, Mendelssohn, Pachelbel, Dvorak, Couperin, and Albinoni. And don’t tell me that isn’t enough good music to keep you busy!

THE FINALE (Section Two)

CHAPTER ONE THE BAROQUE PERIOD OF POPULAR MUSIC

According to the Scriptures (2 Pet. 3:8), the year A.D. 2000—if *our calendar is right*—marks the end of the U.S.A. and the USSR, the EC and the UN, plus the IRS, HEW, HRS, EPA, FEMA, NAAS, NASA, FBI, NAACP, ACLU, the Vatican, eastern and western music, eastern and western philosophy, eastern and western “religions,” plus eastern and western “cultures,” and “civilizations.” A.D. 2000—if *our calendar is right*—will inaugurate the setting up of the Kingdom of God on this earth (Acts 1:3) with the King of Kings and Lord of Lords (Rev. 19:16) seated on the Throne of David, at Jerusalem (Matt. 25:31; Jer. 14:21), according to the words of the Holy Spirit who inspired Luke the physician (Luke 1:30–33). According to the Scriptures, this Jewish King (John 19:19) will reign over this earth for 1000 years (Rev. 20:1–7; Isa. 2, 11; Ps. 2; Rom. 8, etc.) with a “**rod of iron**” (Rev. 2:27); that is, a *Military Dictatorship*, by a “**man of war**” (Exod. 15:3), called a “**captain**” (Heb. 2:10).

This absolute Monarchy (an International “New Age” controlled by a *Police State*: Ps. 2; Zech. 14:1–21) begins with man’s Creator (Almighty God, the Lord of Hosts) settling accounts between Himself and the humanists, atheists, agnostics (Zeph. 1:6; 2 Thess. 1:7–8), and “do-gooders” who stole his Vineyard (Matt. 21:39–44) under the pretense of making it “a better place to live in.” In settling His accounts with these “environmentalists” (whose environment is going to be burned to a crisp: 2 Pet. 3), God Almighty has decided to send a “Peace-keeping Force” of several million replicas of Jesus Christ (1 John 3:1–3; Joel 2:11; Judg. 5:20; Song of Sol. 6:10; Rev. 19:10–17) who will “enforce the peace” by *slaughtering more than 200,000,000 United Nations troops* (Rev. 9:16, 14:19–20; Joel 2:11–16; Zeph. 3:8; Matt. 13:41–42). You slaughter to “keep the peace.” At least that is the way that *mankind* has done it for 6,000 years. “Peace” means *killing*. “All Kingdom Builders are Bloody Killers.”

The Lord included Himself in this man-made, man-invented, humanistic “tradition.” If you don’t believe it, read Isaiah 63:1–6 and Deuteronomy 32:41–42.

The “countdown,” then, begins with the year 1900. This is the last century that “man” has been given, by his Maker, to demonstrate what a “noble creature” he is as “the measure of all things.” It is his last chance to bring in “the Kingdom”—The Golden Age, the perfect Society, the New Deal, Camelot, the War on Poverty, the War on Crime, International Socialism, Peace on Earth, The New Age, the 1,000 Year Reich, etc., etc.—with “peace on earth to men of good will.” (That is the *Roman Catholic perversion* of

Luke 2:14 as found in the *NASV* and *NIV*, and all other “New Age” translations.)

At Cape Canaveral (or St. Kennedy, or whatever) you are now somewhere between ONE and ZERO, in a countdown that began with TEN.

Ten 1900

Nine 1910

Eight 1920

Seven 1930

Six 1940

Five 1950

Four 1960

Three 1970

Two 1980

One1990—!!

Music speaks: it is the universal language. In the twentieth century, it will have to speak for *the twentieth century*. Don't worry, *it does*. In the twentieth century, Music must describe 40,000,000 combat casualties; twice that many aborted and killed in drunken car collisions; 59,000,000 unarmed civilians murdered by their own governments (Genocides); International bankruptcy and terrorism; International liquor and drug traffics (“liquor” is Alcohol; it is a DRUG); one marriage out of two ending in divorce; sex perversion and Sodomy protected, promoted, and encouraged; and the growth of a prison population in America that exceeds the population growth better than ten to one.

Question: What would be the proper *musical accompaniment* for this great progressive, evolving *New Age*? What could we possibly retrieve from the History of Music (Western music) that would adequately portray this ghastly performance of bungling stupidity, international terrorism, murderous life styles, drunken debauched depravity, and idiotic “higher education”? “Strike up the band! Let's hear it, now!” Music speaks! Com'on, someone! Give us some *musical accompaniment* to eighty-five wars fought in less than fifty years, under the UN! Let's hear how it sounds, now that we have viewed it (visually) with our eyes.

Here, it is “sex o'clock” everywhere you turn; distortion, perversion, and lawlessness in composing music, reporting the news, raising children, painting pictures, handling the Constitution, and in publishing Bibles; the justification of all sins, including adultery (“adult consent”), fornication (“premarital sex”), idolatry (Pope John Paul II), sex perversion (all News outlets), suicide, and murder.

Where would Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, and Haydn fit into such a “New Age?” *They wouldn't*. No; to do the project “up brown” one would have to play the recordings made by the following sinners in order to get the proper “musical perspective.”

Stravinsky, Elvis Presley, the Beatles, Mussorgsky, Cole Porter, Charlie “Bird” Parker, Shostakovitch, Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, “Satchmo”

Armstrong, Janis Joplin, Jelly Roll Morton, Dizzy Gillespie, Frank Zappa, Pete Seegar, AC-DC, Alice Cooper, Zela Bartok, Ravel, and Twisted Sister.

THAT is “progress!” All educated sinners think exactly alike: “Tolerance of moral filth and sin is proof of maturity, growth, “understanding,” and (now) even “spirituality.” **“The wicked...know not at what they stumble”** (Prov. 4:19).

Well, here we are in the twentieth century! We are not in Europe, about to kill 12,000,000 young men (World War I), or kill 28,000,00 young men (World War II; combat casualties only); we are in AFRICA. Here we are getting into ships ready to sail from the Gold Coast and the Ivory Coast to *New Orleans*, via Haiti, Puerto Rico, Costa Rica, and Cuba. Having taken this Dark Age Roman Catholic route, we will wind up in solidly *Roman Catholic* New Orleans, with full knowledge that the *Roman Catholic Church* was a Latin church that originated in *North Africa* (see *History of the New Testament Church*, Vol. 1, pp. 71–138). So (by some wild stroke of fate), we are actually going *backwards* into the Dark Ages under Rome. We are about to reject the Protestant music that came from Bach, Telemann, and Martin Luther (see pp. 59–60). Of course, we will not *profess* to be doing this! God forbid we would ever connect the European Popes of the United Nations with what happened in the U.S.A., *musically*, between 1918 and 1990!

But the facts of history are stubborn. Anyone knows that American Popular music in the 1930s, 1940s, 1950s, 1960s, 1970s, 1980s, and 1990s has its roots in *Africa*. It is Dark Age—not “New” Age—music, from the Dark Continent (see *Black is Beautiful*. Ruckman [Pensacola: Bible Believers Press, 1996]).

This black African jungle (bush) music is only modified in New Orleans, Kansas City, Chicago, and New York by the fact that *Europeans in the U.S.A. had to teach the Africans how to play the European instruments*.

These instruments were the ones that Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner used, and they were in use (by Whites) *more than 100 years before any African “black” knew what one string or one valve indicated*. He wouldn’t have known one key from another if Japheth had not instructed him. He had to come to the U.S.A. to learn how to make a “killing” playing music. Over in Africa, for 3,000 years, it never worked.

Sorry, you don’t like to study history: *Black* history. *Tough apples*: truth has never been relished by race-mixing, truth-adulterating, ecumenical “kingdom builders” whose skins are so thin you could blow smoke through them. They are thin-skinned in dealing with Truth (see John 7:17, 8:40–44, and 9:19–34). You will find that their rotten hides are thicker than the skin of a rhinoceros when it comes to jailing street preachers, prosecuting Christian Youth homes, preventing the distribution of tracts, or “calling a spade a spade” in the pulpit. Rome has always had a *thick hide* when it came to murder and torture; they are only “thin-skinned” when you take a slap at the Papa or put Mary “in her place”—*the place assigned to her by the Scriptures* (Matt. 1:25; Psalm 69:8).

You have to face *history*. The *origins* of “modern” American popular music are the Whorehouse, the Race Track, the Speak-easy, the Gambling Den, the Night Club, the Back Alley, and the Prison. This African music is associated, at its conception, with criminals, gamblers, prostitutes, pimps, VD, chain gangs, strippers, belly dancers, bookies,

fornication, illegitimate children, unwed mothers, and alcohol. “Modern” American music has no such roots as a church, or a royal court, or even some “strolling minstrels.” It was a hybrid plant grafted on to a rotten tree stump and, subsequently, has born putrid, *stinking* fruit for over half a century. Jazz, Ragtime, Dixieland, Swing, Bop, and Rock are rooted in the African life-styles of the JUNGLE. They reflect the life-styles of witch doctors, voodoo rites, sex orgies, devil worship, and an anti-Civilization and pro-degeneracy that prevented its “Global Citizens” from inventing a calendar, an economy, a body of literature, or music, or even a WHEEL, in 2,000,000 years—if Leaky’s “Lucy” showed up when he said she did! Since Leaky added another myth to Darwin’s Fairy Tale for Grown-ups, it is now being taken for granted in all of the institutions of higher learning that human life originated in Africa, not *Mesopotamia*. The tactless and incredible goofball alibi for this is the *advanced nature of African civilization* in ONE North East province next to *Palestine*, that makes up less than one-fifteenth of the Continent; and it was ruled by Shemites from *Mesopotamia* (the Hyksos rulers from Syria and Assyria).

Down where Leaky dug up “Lucy,” in East Central Africa, no one knew what a wheel was until 1,800 years after the birth of Christ. With the largest navigable coastline in the world, affording seamen more open sea ports (year round), than England, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Phoenicia combined, the Africans couldn’t find Madagascar less than 300 miles off their own coast. The African “Navy” is too funny to talk about. Solomon, in Palestine, had a Navy (1 Kings 9:26) sailing all over the Mediterranean Sea, the Red Sea, and probably the Indian Ocean before any Pharaoh had a big enough Navy to take on the Swiss Navy.

With more *Forests* than Europe ever had, more *grassland* than you can find in Wyoming, Nevada, Montana, and the Dakotas, the poor Hamites couldn’t raise enough cattle to feed their own people. The civilization of Egypt, between 3000 B.C. and A.D. 1000, is no more representative of the civilizations in Niger, the Chad, Zaire, the Central African Republic, Mali, Mauritania, Ghana, Nigeria, Kenya, Uganda, Gabon, the Congo, Tanzania, Angola, Zambia, Cameroon, Senegal, and Botswana (during the same period of time) than the civilization of Palestine in 1000 B.C. Solomon matched the civilizations of Scotland, Germany, France, Austria, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Ireland, Belgium, Holland, Poland, or Switzerland *at that time*.

Red Communist “revisionists” have been at work on the High School and College Textbooks in America since 1945.

Croatia has no black government officials.

Russia has no black government officials.

Ireland has no black government officials.

Germany has no black government officials.

Italy and *Spain* have no African government officials.

England and *Scotland* have no African government officials.

America is the only western nation that has Afro-American government positions.

There are no Afro-Chinese or Afro-Japanese in the United Nations.

There are no Afro-Irish or Afro-Austrians in the “European Community.”

To atone for this vicious “racial discrimination” you can install a Quadroon, or a Mulatto, or a “Sambo” (or a genuine African-African) as a *figurehead*: for example, an “ambassador,” or a “Secretary General,” or a “Pope.” But all that means is that you are covering up the truth: Japheth is still “calling the shots” (Gen. 9:27).

In the Scriptures, Africa is called the “**land of Ham**” (Psalms 105, 106); that is where Egypt is. Egypt, itself, is in the land of Mizraim (Gen. 10:6), ONE of Ham’s sons (Gen. 10:6). “**The land of Ham**” is the land that Ham’s four sons were given (Mizraim, Cush, Phut, and Canaan). It is Africa.

In America, modern “popular” music begins in the solidly Roman Catholic “French Quarter” (Storeyville), coming there via Jamaica, Haiti, Cuba, and Puerto Rico. It comes from the West African coast and settles in the Red Light District (“Cat houses,” “Madams,” and “Laced Mutton,” etc.) of a Roman Catholic “Parish.”

The original American popular music (called “folk music”) came from no such source; it was of *Scottish-Irish-English ancestry* with a sprinkling of Moravians (Germans), Lutherans (Germans in Georgia under Oglethorpe, a Huguenot), and Hollanders (the Pilgrim Fathers). This American popular music was from a different tree (see Matt. 7:18–20) and bore different fruit. It produced *the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and the Constitution*: without the consent, permission, assistance, or support of *ONE* African of pure, or mixed, descent. Furthermore, this tree produced those documents without the consent, permission, assistance, or support of *ONE* Roman Catholic male, female, adult, or child. Our *Bill of Rights* was put together by white, adult, *straight* Protestant MALES who read the *King James 1611 Authorized Version* of the Bible.

Sorry; this is history, not someone’s opinion.

If your opinion is *non-historical* that is your problem, not mine.

America’s original folk songs did *not* crop up in the Red Light district of New Orleans. They cropped up in the original thirteen colonies before (and during) the American Revolution (1776). These songs do not smell of the barroom, the Astoria Root Garden, Edgewater Beach Hotel, the Palladium, the back alley, the Steel Pier at Atlantic City, the whorehouse, the Palomar, the Meadow Acres’ Ballroom, the chain gang, or Michael Jackson “in concert.” These songs (like the ones I am about to list) smell of woods, hills, trees, hard work, frugal living, real love stories, loyalty to country and native land, love of mothers, fathers, grandparents, crops, snow, rain, sickness, death, Heaven, Hell, God, and the Devil.

Modern remnants of these seventeenth and eighteenth century songs can be found in pieces like *Red River Valley, Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny, Old Man River, Barbara Allen, Wildwood Flower, Birmingham Jail, Oh my Pretty Quadroon, Old Dan Tucker, Massas in De Cold Cold Ground, Clementine, Nicodemus the Slave, The Wreck on the Highway, Little Brown Jug, On Top of Old Smokey, Casey Jones, De Camptown Races, Get the Dust off the Bible, Oh Susannah, and Shenandoah, etc.*

These types of songs are what we call “White Man’s Music,” at least on the rural, popular level: the “Ballad” level. The music was *Springtime in the Rockies*, *Wagon Wheels*, *The Blue Tail Fly*, *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, *Grandfather’s Clock*, *Old Folks at Home* (Swanee River), *In the Hills of Old Kentucky*, and the Square dances and “Hoe downs.” The country ballads were actually an extension of the folk songs sung throughout the Dark Ages in Europe while Ham was still trying to figure out a way to barter goods with money instead of heads, skulls, slaves, and ivory. We have discussed these troubadours and minstrels of the Dark Ages and the Renaissance (pp. 54–56). The later American counterparts (1700–1900) played on harmonicas, zithers, harpsichords, mandolins, guitars, banjos, and the “fiddle” (the violin). Sometimes homemade bass fiddles were constructed out of washtubs and broom handles; sometimes a “Jew’s harp” or a “jug” would show up.

But all of this is “Whitey,” not *Ham*. “I like mountain music, good ole mountain music, played by a real Hillbilly Band! Give me rural rhythm, an ah’ll stick right with ’em. I think the melodies are grand. I’ve heard Hawaiians play on the beach at Waikiki, but all ah’ll say is, ‘Ya can’t beat *Turkey in the Straw*, by crackey!’ etc.” (1933).

This American popular music (which you can always spot by the accented beat following the “bar line”—unlike the syncopated beat that accents *the second note* beyond the bar line) gradually becomes polluted with African “Whorehouse music.” This took place between 1930 and 1940. Along with this pollution came the inevitable deletion of religious and Biblical themes from the Ballads. True, they survived for Whitey in his Hymn books, as they survived for Ham in his “spirituals,” but the point is they were removed from POPULAR MUSIC: *the secular music*.

You see the old time “Hillbillies” sang about Calvary, the Church, sin, the Bible-rejecting sinner, the saint, Heaven, their mother’s prayers, dying men praying, etc. If you pick up old recordings of Roy Acuff, Homer and Jethro, Bradley Kinkaid, et al. and follow them up to the “country and western” music of Tex Ritter, Bob Wills, Eddy Arnold, Ernest Tubbs, Jimmy Rodgers, the Carter Family, et al. and then proceed through Hank Williams, Spade Cooley, Hank Snow, Red Foley, Kenny Rogers, Tammy Wynette, Loretta Lynn, and the Judds, et al., you cannot fail to notice the “transition” is from SPIRIT music to SOUL music to BODY music. It is just as you saw it done between 1680 and 1880 in Classical Music.

The religious and Biblical themes disappear altogether.

City African Jazz enters the country music (and the “Western” music) about the time of Bing Crosby and Bob Wills with his “Texas Playboys.” Let’s see you find any “Playboys” in rural America between 1600 and 1920! The intrusion is subtle and insignificant at the start—as SIN always is—with a certain Mamie Smith (1920) recording a “12-Bar Blues” (see p. 33). The “Blues” started as a “fad” among “White folks.” A number of lost sinners then showed up to “countrify” the Black Blues: William McTell, Clarence Ashley, “Ragtime” Henry Thomas, “Dock” Boggs, et al. By the time of Hank Williams and Elvis Presley, Whitey’s “hillbilly” music was nothing but Black, Whorehouse *Jazz*. The “integrated” whites who led American popular folk music back into Nigeria and Zambia were The Farr Brothers, “Woody” Guthrie, Tex Ritter, Spade

Cooley (“Western Swing”), Al Dexter, “Tennessee” Ernie Ford, and Merle Travis.

It was FDR’s industrialization of America (1933–1945) that helped these gentlemen convert country *whites* into jungle *blacks*. The “good ole boy” from Dixie, back in the 1930s, wound up in an auto plant in Pontiac, Flint, or Detroit, side by side with the “liberated” cotton pickers. Again, the “good ole’ boys” found themselves working in bomber plants (or shipyards) in New York, Baltimore, Wichita, Oklahoma City, Atlanta, Memphis, etc. *Cities*. No country: *cities*. There are no “wildwood flowers” and “blue birds” and “fields of yellow corn” in downtown Mobile, New Orleans, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Pittsburgh, or Dallas. When he get off “shift,” the country lad is not relaxing on the front porch of his momma and daddy’s farm, sipping iced tea and breathing fresh air. When the “good old boy” gets off his shift, he is drinking beer or whiskey, downtown in a barroom or Cocktail lounge or Night club, without momma or daddy there and (nine times out of ten) without a wife there, or children.

From hence came what we called “The Juke Joint.” It had a *Juke* box. A juke joint is an upholstered sewer with indirect lighting for both sexes. In a juke joint you are not breathing mountain air; you are inhaling *Nicotine*. You are not drinking a mint julep or apple cider; you are drinking Sidecars, Boxcars, Manhattans, Cuba Libras, Singapore Slings, Barcardis, Martinis, Lime Rickeys, Gin Rickeys, Sloe Gin Fizzes, Beer, Vodka, Brandy, and Whiskey (“rot gut,” “panther —” and I forbear to fill in the blank!). Your companion is not a hard-working, family-loving, quilting, canning, spring-water totin’, Wildwood Flower:

“just like the girl that married dear old dad; she was a pearl and the only girl that daddy ever had...etc.”

You are drinking with a *Bimbo* (a “Floozie”), and she is using her alimony payments to hook another sucker with. What kind of a Ballad do you suppose will suit this “cliente?” How ’bout this one:

“Good old fashioned girl with heart so true; one who loved none else but you!”??

I don’t think so; *Ich denke nicht*.

(Don’t you preach to *me*. I’ve played in bands in these juke joints, Discos, town houses, night clubs, dance halls, beer joints, Oyster bars, and “Road houses.”)

The “Country and Western” stars that get the “bread,” via the Grand Ole Opry, are NOT cotton farmers; they are not Soy bean farmers (if they ever were at all when they *started*). They are not *coal miners* no matter how much they sing about coal mining and “sixteen tons.” Most of them couldn’t tote two fifty pound sacks of fertilizer. Like the movie stars we discussed (pp. 69–71), they are professional ACTORS: *they make a living pretending to be people they are not*. This is called “entertainment.” (Let’s see you find it in any chapter of a *King James Bible*.)

What the Judds know about “living off the land” as farmers, twelve months out of the year, you could put in a booklet of twenty pages. Ditto “Country” Charlie Pride.

When Spade Cooley and his “Western Swing” show up (around 1947–1948),

“country” music is CITY music. True, you can find one exception per twenty “hits” between 1948 and 1988, but exceptions *prove* rules; they do not get rid of the rules. With TV (1950–1990), country and city are totally joined. You will find half-naked (and nude) belly dancers and strip teasers filmed in Chicago, New York, and Hollywood, performing in the living rooms (via “dish satellite” etc.) of mountain shacks that are ten miles from the nearest paved highway.

The first man to build a CITY was a murderer (Gen. 4:17; John 8:44).

“The only thing wrong with the Country (U.S.A.) is the City.”

City music (Cole Porter, Johnny Mercer, George Gershwin, George Cohen, et al.) is NOT Country music.

Hank Williams Jr. (1968) sounded more like a fornicating, black dopehead than any ten white farmers or share croppers you ever met in ten lifetimes. Innocent songs like *Back in the Saddle Again* (Gene Autry), *I’m Headin’ for the Last Roundup* (Billy Hill), *Don’t Fence Me In* (Andrew Sisters), *Ghost Riders in the Sky* (Burl Ives), *Empty Saddles* (Bing Crosby), *Wagon Wheels*, *Home on the Range* (WESTERN music) is along way from *Move it on Over*, *You Ain’t Nothing but a Hound Dog*, *Pistol Packin’ Momma*, and *Roll On, Big Momma*.

What is this “MOMMA” stuff? Who ever heard of a country boy, or mountain boy, referring to his *girl friend* as “BIG MOMMA?” Who ever heard of any country bumpkin or mountain “yokel” referring to any *man* as his “Daddy” (*Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar*, *Big Daddy*, *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* [Mary Martin]) unless it was the man who gave life to him?

Gotta Hole in Mah Bucket and *Jailhouse Rock* or *Now, I’m Drunk Again* is a long, long way from:

“Come along, come along, the boat lies low; she lies high and dry on the Ohio; come along, come along, on wantcha come with me, and I’ll take you down to Tennessee!”

D-I-V-O-R-C-E and *Lovesick Blues* (Hank Williams), *Don’t Rob Another Man’s Castle* (Eddy Arnold), and *Freight Train Boogie* (Delmore Bros.) have very little in common with:

“In a vine covered shack in the mountains, bravely fighting the battle of time, lives the one who has weathered life’s sorrows; tis that silver-haired daddy of mine!”

The truth is that modern “Western-Country” music, today, on TV, CD, tape recording, and radio is the most demoralizing, depressing *CITY music* available. When the “back-masking” was going on with the dope-headed, fornicating sex perverts (Satanists, pp. 13–15), we had a joke which said that in a “back-masked” Country and Western tune the Hillbilly gets his truck back, his job back, his wife back, etc.

Black African City Jazz has nothing to do with farms, farm animals, crops, hills, mountains, valleys, forests, streams, lakes, sunrises, sunsets, flowers, fishing, hunting, or dirt roads. It is not “country.” *It is city*. The first man to build a city was “Killer Cain”

(Gen. 4:17; 1 John 3:12).

America was, basically, a *rural country* until 1933–1945 (FDR).

If you want to listen to some American country music, I would suggest that you ignore 90% of the recordings made by Kenny Rogers, Lynn Anderson, Tammy Wynette, Skeeter Davis, Dolly Parton, Faron Young, Porter Wagner, Ray Price, Hank Williams, Mary Robins, Brenda Lee, June Carter, Loretta Lynn, Dotty West, and the Judds.

Well, here is “Leadbelly” (1920). He is a *black convict*, sitting on a cotton bale, picking at an instrument he learned how to play from *a white man* (or another black *taught* by a white man): a guitar.

Leadbelly will lead the nation forward in a grand progressive, pioneering adventure into “new realms” of musical thrills and improvements! Leadbelly will advance (Darwin considers all chronological “changes” to be forward advances) all of our musicians. Leadbelly’s music (1910–1920) will eventually produce: a Great Depression in America; a killing inflation in Germany; the Bolshevik takeover of Russia (Lenin and Stalin); the rise of Hitler, FDR, Mussolini, and Hirohito; World War II, with 6,000,000 civilian casualties (Genocide), and 22,000,000 combat casualties; Socialism replacing Democracy in the U.S.A.; the repeal of Prohibition accompanied by 20,000 traffic deaths a year (for sixty years) due to liquor related accidents; 100 conflicting versions of the English Bible, with more than 50,000 changes in the text; 85 wars sponsored by the UN in downtown New York (Kuwait, Cyprus, Albania, Lebanon, Palestine, Syria, Korea, Vietnam, Rwanda, Cambodia, Thailand, Iraq, Iran, Grenada, etc.); 4,000,000 abortions a year, after 59,000,000 unarmed civilians were killed by their own governments; international Terrorism; Drug Traffic, bringing in \$800,000,000,000 annually (Golden Crescent, Golden Triangle, Sicily, Columbia, etc.); and the banning of the Bible from the public schools, accompanied by the total destruction of every moral standard set up by any nation since 4000 B.C.

Progress! Upward and onward! Darwin! Einstein! Forward March!

Leadbelly plays us the twentieth century “overture.” He begins by talking; not *singing*.

“Down weah ah comes from de ole white boss man’s name’s Johnson, yassuh, Mistah Johnson...he be de fust cookie jumper in de country...he invent cookie jumpin... Cookie Jumpin’, das it, etc.”

(You can see what an *advance* this is over Joyce Kilmer’s “Trees,” or Kipling’s “On the Road to Mandalay,” I’m sure!) After five minutes of inane rhetoric dealing with trivia so “incidental” that a chart on projected Hoe-handle production in North Dakota would look like a screaming “headliner” alongside it, Leadbelly finally comes out with:

“Pretty lil gal wid de red dress on, pretty lil gal wid de red dress on, pretty lil gal wid de red dress on...”

Then, in a sudden burst of musical inspiration, he sings: “Pretty lil gal wid de red dress on,” followed by “Pretty lil gal wid de red dress on, etc.” If you are not completely bonkers you are to gather from this that the name of the song is *Pretty Lil Gal Wid de Red*

Dress On.

Believe me, it is wholly unlike trying to follow a passage in Brahms Symphony No. 1 in C-minor (written more than thirty years before Leadbelly was born), as it proceeds through the strings to the “woodwinds.”

Modern African music, today, in Africa (see pp. 130–135) does little more than present a story with rhythmical accompaniment, and every other phrase repeated four or five times. The joker in this musical deck is the fact that all of the *College Professors* (95 out of 100) think that Africa had more than *fifty times* as much time to *develop its music* than the Europeans did. Imagine “Lucy” popping up before 2,000,000 B.C. so that Ham could have 2,000,000 years to develop musical instruments, while his distant “cousins” in Europe only had 100,000 to 500,000 years to compete with him; and then up shows Japheth (the European) with cymbals, trumpets, bassoons, baritones, saxophones, clarinets, oboes, pianos, violins, cellos, fifes, piccolos, drums, harps, flutes, double basses, trombones, and tubas (fully orchestrated!) before Ham has quit *beating hollow logs and shaking rattles and “clappers.”* According to all evolutionists, Africa should have produced at least 400 symphonies on thirty different kinds of instruments before Cain knocked Abel’s brains out (approx. 3600 B.C.).

As one dark-skinned gentleman said to another one: “Man, where did you learn how to play dat trumpet like dat?”

He replied proudly: “I learned it, mahself, through a correspondence course.”

“Man,” said the first Hamite, “You sho musta lost a messa yo mail!”

If the Africans had a head-start on Europe’s “Cro-magnon Man,” then “dey sho musta lost a messa dey mail.” All about any *European music* any African learned, he learned by reading (or playing) music so far in advance of his own continent, life-style, culture, taste, civilization, and knowledge (Bach, Schumann, Beethoven, et al.) that Whitey had to instruct him the whole distance. Not even “Jazz” is an original African music, for if it had been, it would have been played on whistles, rattles, clappers, drums, bongos, marimbas, hollow logs, and gongs: percussion instruments. The clarinet (the old “Recorder”), the piano (the old “Spinnet”), and the Trombone are *not* African instruments. Ham had to pick them up in *America and Europe* to learn how to play them. “Whitey” invented the instruments that Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Charlie “Bird” Parker, et al. made their “mints” with. Bunk Johnson, Sidney Bechet, “Kid” Ory, and Louis Armstrong couldn’t have made \$1.00 per week in the country they came from.

After noting (correctly) that there are three basic types of instruments (the pipe or reed type, the string or lyre type, and the drum or percussion type), the music historian Clarence G. Hamilton makes a shocking remark, which if he had known it was going to be read after 1964 (the Civil Rights Act), he would have considered “discretion to be the better part of valor” and would have politely abstained from telling the truth; which he certainly told (*Outlines of Music History* [Oliver Ditson Co., 1908], p. 5).

“Here, let us note that as the last type (lyre-string) requires the most INTELLECTUAL power for its development, so the grade of CIVILIZATION is found to be HIGHER in proportion as the

STRINGED instruments take precedence over those of PERCUSSION.”

Ah professor! You never should have said *that!* That put Japheth in one orchestra and Ham in the other. Naughty, naughty! Fascist bigot! Segregationist! Nazi “racist!” *Hate monger*. Tut, tut, tut professor! Who could have said such a thing way back in 1908? Why, my dear professor, didn’t you know that right after World War I (1914–1918), America headed back into the African Jungle (1920–1940) at a clip that would make Al and Bobby Unser (Indianapolis 500) look like skateboard performers?

“How ya gonna keep ’em down on the farm (1918) after they’ve seen Patee (Paris)?”

They *left* the farms; they went to the *cities*.

The first man to build a city was Cain.

“Percussion,” did you say? Why those are the drummers (see p. 168). Primitive music was drum music; it has the “beat” (p. 4).

Better read it again. That was “hate literature” which would now bring a law suit from the Justice Department. The historian has consigned Ham and Africa to a primitive condition *lower*—see the word “higher?”—than European civilization, and has done it on the basis of the kind of MUSIC that appeals to Africans and Europeans. A modern guitar, used in a Rock concert is not, strictly speaking, of the “lyre-harp type” for it is literally HIT to make the chords. It is never *stroked* with a bow, as a viola, cello, violin, or double bass, and it is never *touched* lightly, as in the use of a piano.

The musical speech of the Dark Continent is *Jungle Drums*.

The musical speech of European (“Western”) music, up to 1900, was the *violin section* of the Symphony orchestra, where the “1st violinist” was called “The Concert Master.”

Never mind correcting me; I will correct *you*. I played Ludwigs and Slingerlands in swing bands, jazz combos, country and western bands, jam sessions, Sorority and Fraternity houses, dance halls, road houses, juke joints, back rooms, and pavilions.

The mark of Killer Cain’s race is the *Jungle Drum*.

The marks of primitive degeneracy are *Jungle Drums*.

When Hamilton finished his musical history (near the end of WW II), he made this futile and hopeless evolutionary prophesy:

“Music has become more and more an important SOCIAL factor...and reacts in its PURE and elevated forms...to aid in overcoming the pressing dangers of a gross MATERIALISM...Support of the exponents of MUSIC...will be found one of the potent factors toward the preservation and cultivation of that SPIRITUALITY, which is absolutely necessary for any true ADVANCE in civilization.”

Now, everybody, go into hysterics. Who could compete with such naive comedy?

Those words were written between 1908 and 1918. Hamilton was a contemporary of Leadbelly. Go back and look at page 143 and see what “advances” civilization had made

towards “spirituality” following World War I! Shocking; absolutely “awesome.”

Professor Hamilton should have told you *what kind of music* should be “recognized, appreciated, and supported.” But he didn’t; *he couldn’t*. He didn’t dare tell you what kind. *No one dares now*. That would be “discrimination” (see *Discrimination: the Key to Sanity*. Ruckman [Pensacola: Bible Believers Press, 1994]). You must *pretend* (with Darwin, Einstein, Hawking, Huxley, et al.) that music PROGRESSED after World War I. You must believe (according to Darwin’s Fairy Tale for Grown-ups) that Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Led Zeppelin, Madonna, and AC-DC are *forward movements* (spirituality!) away from *materialism* (God help you, bud!) that surpass the music of Vivaldi, Boccherini, Telemann, Couperin, Bach, Handel, Corelli, and Haydn.

The future of modern American music is Death and Hell (Rev. 6:8; Isa. 28:18). Nothing will alter that prophesy; but nothing. No one’s opinion about that prophesy is worth the time it would take to listen to it, at \$400 an hour. The handwriting is not just “on the way,” it has been on the counter of every Dime Store in America for over half a century.

Negro “spirituals” are original, but they are not connected in any way, shape, or form with the Cat Houses and “Dives” in the cities. They are connected with old “Imperialistic-Colonial” Whitey giving *the Gospel* to black slaves from *The Book*. No African, in America, would know what a “Spiritual” was if he had not been brought to America. In the “Bush,” no one sings about *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; or Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?*

You don’t believe me? Then go to anywhere in Africa where a *white missionary* has not been, and see (and hear) what Ham sings. Never mind your prejudiced, “affirmative action” opinion; just deal with the *facts*, brother, the pure *facts*. True, the “Blues” (lyrically) are “original,” but they are not close to pure or absolute music; they are Ballads (lyrical). No symphonies, chamber music, or concertos, came out of Africa (or came from any Afro-American, or Afro-European, or Afro-Asiatic) *until 300 years after Japheth began turning them out*. History, pal. Never mind your News Media upbringing.

The earliest form of African music in America (played on instruments) is called “Jazz.” I forbear to tell you what is found in the “original, verbally inspired manuscript” in regards to the term. It is *unprintable*. Any musician who professes to be an expert on “Jazz” (a “Jazz” expert) would be the laughing stock of any group of musicians who knew what the word *meant*, and where it came from. I know. Consequently, I make no profession of being a Jazz “expert” or even a Rock and Roll “expert.” I know WHO invented that nomenclature and what it *describes*. The terms are about as “Christian” as dung, puke, filth, VD, sin and damnation, or a queer’s “Golden Stream.” (I know of three “four-letter” words that are in exactly the same class as “Jazz.”)

The “Baroque Period” of Popular Music spotlighted Jazz, Ragtime, and “Dixieland Music.” The “virtuosos” were Nick LaRocca, Joe “King” Oliver, “Bunk” Johnson, Buster Bailey, Sidney Bechet, Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Baby Dodds, “Bix” Beiderbeck, “Mugsy” Spanier, and “Stuff” Smith. Bailey and Smith were clarinetists (a clarinet was called “a Licorice stick”); Teagarden was a trombonist (called a “slush pump” or a “slide

pump”); Eddie Condon was a jazz banjo player, and Bunk Johnson, Louis Armstrong, and “King” Oliver were trumpeters. “Baby” Dodds was a drummer.

Notice the constant insertions of “nick names” in this outfit. You do not find them in Western classical music except on very rare occasions. Here, they show up with a regularity that matches the Mafia. Observe the musicians: “Jelly Roll” Morton, Meade “Lux” Lewis, Early “Father” Hines, “Bunny” Berigan, Charlie “Bird” Parker, “Duke” Ellington, “Count” Basie, Joe “King” Oliver, Nat “King” Cole. (Note the attempt of the black man to counterfeit leadership and *authority* as ROYALTY.) Mafia: Sam “Moms” Giancana, Tony “Bats” Accardo, “Chin” Gigante, Jack “Legs” Diamond, “Big Vinnie” Teresa, Sammy “The Bull” Gravano, “Lucky” Luciano, “Mad Dog” Vincent Coll, et al.

These musicians all had to learn from Japheth; all of their musical knowledge was *borrowed*, where it dealt with the piano, the trombone, the trumpet, the saxophone, the clarinet, or the tuba. Most of the time, they played in small groups, but later (after 1930) they would form into bands at Mardi Gras time and for funerals. The bands were mainly small groups like “Red Nicols and His Five Pennies,” etc. Later, they increased to orchestra size, like Ben Pollack’s orchestra. The famous *South Rampart Street Parade* (later orchestrated by Bob Crosby and his “Bob Cats”) is from this period. Such “goings on” originally came from funerals where “the band”—usually less than ten men—would play *The Dead Man’s March* on the way to the “internment,” and then as they returned from the graveyard, the leader would yell “Jazz it!” At this point, the band would break out into a cheerful “Irish Wake” complete with whiskey and a jingle beat.

When this pagan jungle music first began to be heard outside the French Quarter there were (naturally) thousands of citizens in New Orleans who knew exactly *what* it was, and *where* it came from. Hence, we find jokes like the following “current” between 1920 and 1930.

A couple of Afro-American jazz musicians were out panhandling (door to door) trying to raise enough money to bury one of their buddies (a saxophone player), who had “popped off” (a British expression) through alcoholism. They asked a white lady in Jefferson Parish if she could give them \$5.00 to bury the saxophone player. “Of course,” she said, “Here’s \$20.00. Bury four of them.”

More and more orchestras and bands became organized as “Whitey” got into the act. “Whitey” (via Isham Jones, Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie, et al.) wanted to make black African whorehouse music “respectable.” Obviously the potential audience, at this time, would be *college students*; you can sell those chumps *ANYTHING* (Communism, Atheism, Evolution, Environmentalism, Globalism, Humanism, Agnosticism, Higher Criticism, Drugs, Liquor, Tobacco, Integration, Sex Perversion, etc.). So what occurs between 1920 and 1930 is black African “Jazz” showing up in *the Colleges*. But in Darwin’s Fairy Tale Disney World, everything must “pro-gress”; you must move *forward*. Therefore, it will be imperative to make the Jazz acceptable to *High School students* once you have defiled and corrupted students between 1930 and 1940.

But never say “Hold, enough!” (Macbeth). All “change” is “godly,” for all is automatically getting *better*; at least that is exactly how *all* major leaders in Art, Music,

Education, Politics, Economics, Law Enforcement, and Religious leaders look at “Man.” So the *Junior High Schools*—now called “Middle” Schools—had to be corrupted. This took place between 1950 and 1960.

But God forbid we should cease to “grow” and “change” and “mature,” as we learn to tolerate and appreciate “alternate” life-styles, and “multi-cultural exchanges” (NEA, CBS, ABC, ACLU, NAACP, EPA, UN, EC, USSA, USSR, *Life, Time, Newsweek*, Public Radio International, CFR, etc.).

Between 1960 and 1970—*targeted exactly at 1964* (Civil Rights Act)—the Federal Government, in charge of the Public Schools, allowed the NEA to sell the kiddies in *Grade School* (Primary) on black African, New Orleans, Whorehouse music. Simultaneously, they deprived them of their Bible.

MUSIC CREATES ENVIRONMENT (see pp. 14–18).

This explains the present Public School “environment” from Kindergarten to College, at least in the USSA.

This great new “Global Civilization,” this great Humanistic “New Age,” with “Human Rights” for everyone except the populations in India, Mexico, Pakistan, Iraq, Iran, Mongolia, China, Canada, Russia, Japan, Cambodia, Thailand, Burma, Turkey, Morocco, Austria, Bangladesh, Spain, South Ireland, Italy, Greece, and Bulgaria, now has its *environment* established. In America’s Public Schools it is *sex perversion, jungle music, fornication and adultery, drug and alcohol abuse, abortions, VD, teenage pregnancies, no discipline, and a prodigious display of incompetency and illiteracy.*

Music speaks; it carries a *message*.

Progress! Darwin! Upward and onward; all hail to “CHANGE!” All educated sinners—I realize how redundant this is, but Paul said “redundance” was a good thing (Phil. 3:1)—believe that tolerance of filth, sin, and depravity is a sure sign of wisdom, growth, and maturity. On the other side, the BOOK presents a Holy, Sinless God who says that “**All unrighteousness is Sin**” (1 John 5:17), and then considers it to be of such a serious nature that He measures a man’s moral character by the degree to which he *rejects* evil, *fights* evil, *opposes* evil, *speaks up against* evil, *repents* of evil, and *forsakes* evil (Prov. 28:13). What is “evil?” If you don’t know, you are either a child (Deut. 1:39; Rom. 5:13), as Adam before he fell (Gen. 2:25), or you are a lost adult headed for Hell at the speed of a UFO.

The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob wouldn’t do anything WRONG (Gen. 18:25) if it had to be done to keep you out of the Lake of Fire. (No overstatement: read Exod. 19:6, 26:33; Deut. 23:14; Josh. 24:19; 1 Sam. 2:2, 6:20; 2 Kings 19:22; Job 6:10, Ps. 16:10; Rom. 5:5, 7:12, 9:1; 1 Cor. 3:17, 6:19; Heb. 7:26; 1 Pet. 1:15. *Men are against the Book because it is against them.* Tolerance of evil (sin) in the Book is a sign of:

1. Rejection of light.
2. Rejection of truth.
3. A love of sin.

4. A servitude of Satan.
5. A desire to justify your own sins.

Scott Joplin and “Jelly Roll” Morton wrote “Rags.” W. C. Handy wrote “The Blues.” Active musicians were Frank Teschmacher, Ted Lewis, Al Rinker, Max Kaminsky, “Wild Bill” Davidson, and others. Tunes like *Royal Garden Blues*, *Maple Leaf Rag*, *Beale Street Blues*, *St. Louis Blues*, and *Boogie-Woogie* come from this period. The latter rhythm is simply eight beats to a bar where the signature is 4/4 time, and the “bar” contains *four* quarter notes. You beat them as *eighth* notes.

Thus:

“In a little Honky-Tonk village in Texas, there’s a man who plays the best piano by far;
He can play the music any way the cats like it; but the way they like it best is ‘eight to
the bar,’

And when he *jams*, they have a ball!

He is the DADDY of them all.

The people gather around when he gets on the stand,

Then, say, he gets a hand!

Oh the music he beats sets the CATS in a trance;

Nobody there bothers to dance,

And when he *jams* with that bass and guitar,

They all holler, ‘Beat me DADDY, eight to the bar!’”

That was TEXAS in 1940. Rancher? “Westerner?” Wild Bill Hickock? Wyatt Earp? Doc Holiday? Davey Crockett? Sam Houston? Texas? “Villages” (see above) in Texas, talking about “jam,” “cats,” “Daddy,” and “Beat me, daddy?” Why those aren’t *white* ranchers in *Texas*, those are *black* Africans in *New Orleans* and *Kansas City*. Ain’t radio (1930–1950) wonderful?

Aren’t modern communications (Fax, Internet, TV, Radio, Short Wave) wonderful? Think of the “progress!”

Radio and TV obliterated any distinctions left, in 1939, between “city” and “country.” The modes of music described above (Ragtime, Jazz, Boogie, etc.) came from the African Jungle via the Red Light District of Roman Catholic New Orleans.

The Baroque Period comes to an end with the “big bands” that Whitey organizes to prepare the way for the High School WHITES to start doing the animal dances (Bunny Hug, Grizzly Bear, Fox Trot, Jitterbug, etc.) of Africa (the Twist, Limbo, Mambo, Samba, Break dance, etc.)

“A Break Dance is watermelon withdrawal.”

We now enter the *Classical Period* of Popular Music.

CHAPTER TWO

THE CLASSICAL PERIOD OF POPULAR MUSIC

“Whitey eventually can “out black” a black in ANY endeavor where the decisive factors are intellectual, financial, industrial, or organizational. I don’t have to prove my thesis. The most vicious Satanic Rock groups of the 1980s and 1990s were *not* made up primarily of black musicians; they were *white*. Whitey did something with Jazz; he didn’t let it stay in its native “habitat”—the levee, the chain gangs, the gambling dens, and whore-houses—Whitey “put it on the map” and turned it into a billion dollar industry, yearly.

The basketball and football teams that emerged from the 1950s and 1960s had black players, and these increased between 1970 and 1990 till they made up the majority of players—in basketball better than 80%—under a WHITE COACH. No *African* could teach any African how to play basketball, baseball, or football, *in Africa*, well enough for the poor Hamite to earn \$1,000 a year. No African invented football, baseball, basketball, golf, soccer, tennis, bowling, hockey, Rugby, or Lacrosse. Africa has never produced ONE world champion heavyweight boxer out of the last thirty: Holyfield, Frazier, Tyson, Douglas, Witherspoon, Tubbs, Coetzee, Norton, Spinks, Clay, Foreman, Liston, Patterson, Johansson, Marciano, Walcott, Charles, Louis, Braddock, Baer, Sharkey, Carnera, Schmelling, Tunney, Dempsey, Willard, or Johnson, et al. Johnson was trained in the United States, as was Joe Louis, Mike Tyson, George Foreman, and Holyfield.

Japheth “calls the shots.” He is the one who “raises the ante” everytime.

Where Whitey doesn’t cross Ham’s path, Ham remains *stationery*. As the white man orchestrated Jazz, and began to make a national industry out of it—as he did basketball, baseball, hockey, golf, tennis, football, and bowling—a handful of blacks were able to follow for about two to five years: Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, Chick Webb, and “Cab” Calloway. The white bands (now occasionally hiring black musicians: 1937–1942) smothered them: Stan Kenton, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Glenn Miller, Woody Herman, Harry James, Gene Krupa, Will Bradley, Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Spivak, Claude Thornehill, Kay Kyser, Jan Savitt, Les Brown, Fred Waring, Charlie Barnett, et al.

The musical problem was the ability to compose music, and arrange it for an orchestra, and then train (and “conduct”) the musicians. Lionel Hampton became famous playing for Benny Goodman. But Hampton’s own band pooped out in less than one year. Roy Elderidge made a good living blowing horn for Gene Krupa; on his own, poor Roy didn’t survive six months. It is an old, old story; as old as Noah (Gen. 9:25). No *black* likes to be reminded of it, and no brainwashed *white* News Media “clone” likes to discuss it.

The first “break” that the black musicians got, which put them into white bands (and got the white man interested in orchestrating their Jazz) came through *athletics*, not the

bandstand. The African Pandora's Box opened in 1936 and 1937 with two blacks; *both of them were Athletes*. These men were Jesse Owens, who sprinted at the Olympic games in Berlin in 1936, and Joe Louis (The BROWN Bomber), the boxer who rose to fame in 1937. From here on, Ham got into the white music world through the white dance bands: *WHITE dance bands*. Ham's place (between 1930 and 1950) switched from "day after day in the fields of yaller corn" to entertaining Whitey in rings, stadiums, coliseums, and Dance Halls. He still "served" (Gen. 9:25). He just got better *pay* for serving. Now he was paid to PERFORM instead of *work*:

"White man can't jump; black man can't work."

First, he got pay as an athlete and, then as a musician. During this time, he could get good pay as a COMIC (Step'n Fetch It, Buckwheat, [*Our Gang Comedy*], Rochester [Jack Benny], Amos and Andy, et al.). By these three, white, European avenues—Sports, Music, and Entertaining—scores of blacks (Eddie Murphy, Whoopi Goldberg, O. J. Simpson, Wilt the Stilt, Cassius Clay, Sammy Davis, Jackie Robinson, Redd Foxx, et al.) became millionaires (literally) but not in AFRICA. No way! Not now, or in 1900, or in 1800, or in 1700, or in 1600, or in any other "hundred." All millionaire blacks have to come to *the United States of America* (discovered, settled, civilized, and controlled by *Europeans*) to "get the bread" and "make their bundle." If one black, today, from Reggie White to Jesse Jackson, wants to brag about "Afro-Americans" he had better shut his mouth. No "Afro-American" would return to his native "Roots"—his homeland—for *any price on this earth*; not even where it is an all *black country* run by *blacks*. Ham has some sense, if the race mixers don't.

It is "Whitey" who gave Mandela, Martin Luther King Jr., Jesse Jackson, Representative Powell, General Colin Powell, George Washington Carver, and Booker T. Washington the country, the money, the publicity, *the education*, the tools, and the *News Media support* they needed to make them as unlike AFRICANS as anyone on earth could be. Jesse Jackson in the Congo (or Nigeria) would be a pitiful joke. Mike Tyson and Cassius Clay couldn't take in \$5,000 a year living in Botswana or Angola. Sammy Davis, Redd Foxx, and Eddie Murphy couldn't draw a crowd of 1,000 people to entertain if they lived in Zaire or the Sudan. If they got an audience, Radio and TV from *America* would have to pave the way for them.

Sorry: no *opinions* are needed. All we need are *facts*.

"Whitey" financed M. L. King and Nelson Mandela, two of the most degenerate Communists who ever lived. A white man originated "Marxism."

There would be no African music abroad today in American *anywhere* except among blacks, if "Whitey" had not picked it up and converted it into a *national industry* with the help of the NEA and the News Media selling it as "American Music." Real *American* music would be INDIAN music. *Indians* are Americans. No *African* or *European* is a real "American."

Just FACTS, children; no news cast today.

Well, Glen Gray and his "Casa Loma" orchestra were one of the first ones (1936) to

get “center stage.” Their theme song was *Caravan*. All the musicians had to wear white dinner jackets and a flower in the lapel (or a handkerchief in the pocket). This set the WHITE pace for what was to follow. If you look at any group photos of the “Big Band Era” (1938–1942), you will find all the bands (Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Charlie Barnett, et al.) are dressed immaculately. The following elements are missing from the groups: beards, bare arms or chests on the men, masculine looking women, and feminine looking men (long hair on the men and short hair on the women). The band wore suits or “Tuxes.” Sometimes they sport cuff links, boiled shirts, and white spatz on their shoes.

Benny Goodman’s drummer, Gene Krupa (a hop head on “grass”), received criticism from mothers for informal snapshots where he appeared with short sleeves, or an open shirt collar, or rolled up sleeves, or a “sports shirt.”

The Musicians of the most un-Christian *godless music* in America, in the 1930s and 1940s, look like *clean-cut Christians* in a church orchestra, when compared with the dirty, fornicating, dopeheaded SLOBS (that is what we would call such a person back in the 1930s) who posed for the cameras in the 1960s and 1970s (Elton John, KISS, the Kinks, Led Zeppelin, The Talking Heads, the Yardbirds, Frank Zappa, the Rolling Stones, etc., etc.).

Progress! Darwin!

The “death styles” chosen by the deceived, sex-crazy, money-mad degenerates of the 1960s and 1970s produced forty-two “Rock Star” deaths before the “Star” was forty-five years old. Drugs, suicide, and murder (John Lennon, Marvin Gaye, and Sam Cooke) relieved the American public of a certain amount of depraved filth they would have had to “put up with.” Sid Vicious, Jimmy Hendrix, Jim Morrison, Keith Moon, Janis Joplin, Tim Hardin, et al. all doped themselves into Hell, along with Phil Ochs, Paul Williams, Danny Rapp, Peter Ham, Donnie Hathaway, and Jerry Garcia of “The Grateful Dead.” They finished themselves off on purpose (just like Elvis did), and for this were are truly “grateful.” (“*Here’s \$20. Bury four of ’em.*” See p. 152.)

One can compare the photos of the Swing band “songbirds” who accompanied the bands (Helen O’Connell, Peggy Lee, Helen Forrest, Martha Tilton, Ella Fitzgerald [early], Betty and Marion Hutton, Doris Day, Jo Stafford, Bonny Baker, Ginny Sims, Dinah Shore [early], et al.) with the photos of the modern female “Rock” Stars, and the difference is absolutely shocking. The new “songbirds” look like bisexual pimps who fell out of the back end of a Dumpster. The dirtiest music my generation had to offer was clean “as a hound’s tooth” if it is compared with the teenage music that poured forth from the Middle Schools after 1964 (Civil Rights Act).

But 1964 is AFTER my generation, so it has to be an “improvement!” It has to be. In Darwin’s Fairy Tale all movement is automatically *forward movement*. It has to be, because “All educated sinner think.....etc.” (And by now, you should know the insane formula by heart. It is the first basic “Fundamental” of all News Media Fundamentalism.)

“Chick” Webb was a black drummer (as Jo Jones and Sid Catlett). He used Ella

Fitzgerald to make *A Tisket, A Tasket* a hit. “Count” Basie immortalized a swing number called *The One O’clock Jump*. This is the “Coda” to any dance, so it was the last number played, signifying the “rug cutting” was over. That is, most dances, before 1939, ended at 1 a.m. However, Harry James (Betty Grable’s husband) upped this to *The Two O’clock Jump*, which shows things were *improving* (evolving): i.e., the teenagers didn’t get home in the morning till 2:30–3:30 a.m. “Duke” Ellington did some composing (*Mood Indigo*, *Sophisticated Lady*, etc.). “Cab” Calloway lasted about a year with what he called “Hidee, hidee, hidee ho” music, and “Fats” Waller, a piano player, accompanied himself as he sang:

“You feet’s too big,
Ah’s mad at you cause you feet’s too big,
Ah hates you cause you feet’s too big.
Las night at a Harlem table,
Dey waz jus foah of us dere;
You and me and you two big feet...!”

Almost as good as Schubert’s *Der Erlkonig*, or his *Gretchen am Spinnrade*, right? Did I hear you say: “You cannot compare the two because they are a *different* ‘genre’?” No, that isn’t the problem at all. They were the *same* “genre”; they were just 130 years apart. Both appealed to their listening audiences. Both of their audiences liked to hear them sung. *They weren’t different types at all*. Schubert’s *Lieds* (*An Die Nachtigal*, *Du Bist die Ruh*, and *Die Forelle*—[The Trout]) were the “popular music” of his day. *Your Feet’s Too Big* and *It Must Be Jelly Cause Jam Don’t Shake Like That* were the popular songs of the 1930s and 40s. Why? The “difference” is obvious: it is the difference between BLACK and WHITE. *The audience had changed*. Schubert’s admirers were white Europeans who liked “white man’s music.” Fats Waller’s admirers were what old time Southerners called “white Niggers.” *They liked black man’s music*.

That is what you really meant when you turned up your nose at the mention of Schubert vs Fats and said, “You can’t compare them.” You meant you can’t because of the “racism” involved. You just tried to lie your way through by ignoring *the facts*. You had to; otherwise you would have had to comment on the differences *in the listeners* of 1780–1820 and the listeners of 1930–1941. You couldn’t comment, for *the facts* show that Darwin didn’t know what he was talking about. The Movement in the twentieth century was “BACK TO THE JUNGLE.”

The reigning “Kings of Swing” were all white men: Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, and Glenn Miller (1938–1941). They “ruled the waves,” (the “air waves,” that is) from 1939 up until 1942. Glenn Miller disappeared in a flight over Scotland during WWII. He had been given (without earning it) a rank of Major and had gone overseas, ostensibly, to convert American Military Marches like *Under the Double Eagle*, *Washington Post*, *King Cotton*, *Stars and Stripes*, etc. to black African “hep-cat” Swing tunes for “Swingers.” St.

Louis Blue March and *American Patrol* are two he got “off the drawing board” before the Lord snuffed him out.

FDR’s African dream of an Army of “jiving” hep-cats that “trucked on down,” going out to fight American battles, did not become a reality until after 1945. Now (1996), with a “peace-keeping force” that is one third *black*, it is a reality. Hence we got “our plow cleaned” after WWII in Korea, and then in Vietnam. If you really were interested, all you would have to do is obtain four German marches heard in WWII and compare them with Glenn Miller’s hopped up Swing band. Music speaks. The *Horst Wessel Song*, *Der Wacht am Rhine*, *The Badenweiler*, and *Wenn wir Fahren Gegen England* will settle the matter for you if you have any ear left for instrumental music.

Of the “Big Three” (Goodman, Shaw, and Miller), the closest to a *classical musician* was Artie Shaw who, incidentally, despised the “Jitterbugs” that danced at his performances. Shaw was a musician’s musician. He delighted in complex arrangements which converted “Show Tunes” (*Ziguener*, *Donkey Serenade*, *Villa*, *The Man I Love*, *Begin the Beguine*, *the Carioca*, *Lover Come Back to Me*, etc.) into genuine Swing “classics.” One can study Artie Shaw’s swing music exactly as one can study Brahms or Wagner. The works are carefully thought-out with full instructions to every musician in the band. Jerry Gray was his best arranger. The rhythm section rarely functions with anything more than one beat and one note struck simultaneously by all four instruments; often he does not even accent the syncopated beat. The drummer has instructions on when, and when not, to use “rim shots,” and when to stop the beat altogether for anywhere from four to six beats right in the middle of the piece. Backgrounds for the solos are switched from trumpets to trombones to saxophones during the solo, and mutes are used to create unusual effects. None of the works of Goodman or Miller show the grasp of orchestration, or the care taken to produce “moods,” that Artie Shaw exhibited.

Furthermore, Shaw’s first swing band of twelve instruments could create more “music” than Goodman’s fourteen to sixteen pieces or Miller’s sixteen to twenty-two pieces. Shaw set the standards for what swing bands should play (*Deep Purple*, *Stardust*, *Dancing in the Dark*, *Moonglow*, *Jealousy*, *What is This Thing Called Love*, *Frenisi*, *Rose Room*, etc.) just as Bing Crosby set the pace for the *singers*. (For a similar thing in *Christian music*, obtain the recordings of Jack Holcomb, who set the pace for every male Christian soloist from 1949 to 1979.)

Artie Shaw, like Goodman, was a Jewish clarinetist. Shaw married five times, left no children, and is probably in Hell right now, if the Biblical revelation of salvation is true.

To this day, Artie Shaw has never received the musical honors due him, and he never will. His *Concerto for Clarinet* surpasses anything that Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, or Les Brown (clarinetists) ever turned out in a lifetime, and his arranging of *Jungle Drums*, *Serenade to a Savage*, *Nightmare*, *Traffic Jam*, and *Indian Love Call* will remain as examples of Swing music “supreme.” He hired one negro; a female singer named Billie Holiday (*I Cover the Waterfront*, *Any Old Time*, etc.).

Shaw’s competition (Goodman and Miller) are both in Hell with him, right now, if John 3:3; Ephesians 2:8–9; and John 14:6 mean what they say, and say what they mean.

Mrs. Glenn Miller got saved in New York under the ministry of a Baptist minister: William Ward Ayer.

It is the year 1937 that converts American youth to African “jungle bunny” overnight, thanks to radio and recording companies. Benny Goodman appeared at the Paramount Theatre (some say Carnegie Hall) in downtown New York with Charlie Christian (guitar), Teddy Wilson (piano), and Lionel Hampton (vibes), and Gene Krupa (drums). Of the four, Krupa was the only *white man*. And there, in the future home of the United Nations (led by a Roman Catholic Pope), Krupa set the beat for the coming “electronic jungle” with its Global “tribe”—one huge Global Tribal *African* village filled with degenerate Bible illiterates and depraved pagans. William Ward Ayer (back in 1940) said:

“America will either *Christianize* New York, or New York will *paganize* America.”

No option now exists. There are no alternatives. When there *were* two options there were only two, not three: in 1938 it was “Back to the Bible or back to the Jungle.” In 1938, New York became literally, the capital of *Africa*. *The Guinness Book of Records* states that there are more *Africans* in New York City *than in the largest African capital in Africa*. In 1938, America was finished as a Republic and as a Democracy; it became a *jungle*. The law of the jungle is “the survival of the fittest.” The “fittest” would turn out to be ARMED Federal *Bureaucrats* (1996).

The drum beater who set the beat for this debacle was a hop-headed marijuana smoker named Gene Krupa (1909–1973) who took a trip to Africa to record genuine African drum beats, and adapt them for *Sing, Sing, Sing*. If you listen to Vido Musso’s tenor sax soloing in over that beat you will be hearing the original musical tone (and mood) which sets up the twentieth century “environment.” Music speaks (see p. 2). Krupa’s beat is basically a Rumba beat (African Roman Catholic) interspersed with regular “triplets”—the standard mark of all African music from 1900 to 1996 (including Jazz, Bop, Ragtime, Swing, Dixieland, Punk Rock, and Acid Rock). This beat is a *downbeat* (on the wrong beat), an “after beat,” which is quickly tied to the “upbeat.” A fourth beat called an “off beat” is inserted after a series of four triplets. If you ram the *offbeat* in between all the triplets you get “Boogie Woogie.”

Now I have sat behind the “Slingerlands” with all of the drumming equipment (high-hats, sock cymbal, sizzlers, cowbell, tom toms, woodblock, snare, etc.) more than fifty times, playing dances in USOs, Fraternity and Sorority houses, Elk’s Clubs, Lion’s Clubs, Junior and Senior Proms, Nightclubs, Juke Joints, and backrooms (“Jam sessions”). My equipment was called “gut buckets.” Assisting me, in the “Rhythm Section,” were a *guitarist* (who played a “Git Box”), a *Bass Fiddle player* (who played a “Dog House”), and a *piano player* (who “tickled the ivories”). The Rhythm section is the bottom of the dance band. It functions as follows:

You begin with the steady pulsation of a *nonmusical sound*: the thud of the bass drum. This is converted into a *musical note* on the strings of the Bass Fiddle (Double Bass). Then that note is converted into a five or six string *chord* on the guitar, and then the piano passes it on to the band as *two chords* (right and left hand: Treble and Bass Clef) where

they pick it up.

In my day (1936–1942), a brand new set of good drums would cost you about \$700–\$800. Today, I am sure the same equipment could not be bought for a dime under \$4000.00.

We had our tradesmen’s terminology in those days exactly as musicians had theirs back in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. A singer was a “Chick,” or a “Songbird.” A black musician was a “Cat.” If you understood Swing Music, you were “hep.” A “Jive” (and “Jivin”) had to do with a racy, bouncing swing passage that “sent you.” We liked it “hot.” Nobody “cooled” anything. We said “It don’t mean a thing if it ain’t got that swing!” A “rim shot” was a blow on the rim of the snare drum with a stick, done to accent a beat, or to be used in solos. “Brushes” were made out of wire and were used for the soft, slow sentimental pieces: “fast numbers for the boys, slow ones for the girls.” You played them in “sets.”

To “Jam,” was to improvise without sheet music. A “riff” was any passage that was repeated three to five times before you left it (AAAB or AAAAAB). Good examples of “riffs” are found in Glenn Miller’s *In the Mood* and Woody Herman’s *Woodchopper’s Ball*. They occur, mainly, in black orchestras. Modern Rock will repeat a riff as many times as THIRTY in a row; I have counted them. “*Riding a riff*” referred to a soloist playing loudly over a background that repeats itself. “One Night Stands” were common, with the band having to travel by bus from engagement to engagement.

The thing that separates the *Classical Period* of Popular Music from the *Romantic Period* is the plethora of *instrumentals* that are played in the Classical period which gradually die out until there is nothing left but *vocals*. Although all of this music is BODY music (which began around 1900), it still displays the difference between absolute music and program music, even in dealing with the Body. Glenn Miller wisely omitted the lyrics to *Moonlight* and *Sunrise Serenade* when he played them. Artie Shaw didn’t allow any singer (black or white, male or female) to sing *Rose Room*, *Begin the Beguine*, *Dancing in the Dark*, *Stardust*, *Pastel Blue*, *Villa*, *Donkey Serenade*, or *What is This Thing Called Love?*. Goodman, as Miller, put out *String of Pearls* with no vocals; *Tuxedo Junction*, *Little Brown Jug*, and *Let’s Dance* were without vocals. No one sang *The Song of India* when Tommy Dorsey played it; it was *played*, it was not *sung*. But, as the age progressed, the vocalists took over. Martha Tilton sang *And the Angels Sing*, Helen O’Connell put out *Green Eyes*, Bob Eberle sang *Amapola*, Tex Benke came out with *Chattanooga Choo-Choo*, Jo Stafford sang *I’m in the Mood for Love*, Sinatra reciprocated with *I’ll Never Smile Again*, and so forth.

It was Paul Whiteman (who billed himself as “The King of Jazz”) who accused Tommy Dorsey of wrecking American popular music. According to Paul, Tommy had put so much accent on the vocal *ballads* (Jo Stafford, Frank Sinatra, and the Pied Pipers), and so little accent on *instrumentals* that the ears of America’s young people were gradually losing contact with the TIMBRE of musical *instruments* (see pp. 48–49), and could no longer listen to the various forms and dynamics of *orchestration*. Right or wrong, what he said came to pass. Eventually, the forms were all reduced to screaming, bawling, obscene lyrics by sex perverts and chronic dope heads (1964–1994).

John Lennon can speak for this group of half-civilized animals:

“I have always needed a drug to survive. The others too, but I always had more pills. I don’t believe in the Bible. I don’t believe in Jesus. *I believe in ME.*”(2 Tim. 3:1–2).

So does every *atheist* in the world. So did Pope John Paul II, Jim Jones, Adolph Hitler, John Gotti, Frank Sinatra, Slick Willie, and Charlie Darwin. Lennon was a dopehead from the time he was seventeen till the time he got his brains blown out, after writing a piece called *Happiness is a Warm Gun*. (Don’t kid us Jazz and Swing musicians. We know what a *Yellow Submarine* is. That is what a Limey calls an *amphetamine tablet* that is shaped like a submarine.)

Lennon? An *improvement* over Mozart and Bach?

We know what Rock music says; it says what Elvis’ music said. We know what Count Basie’s music says; it says what AC/DC says. Bud Freeman (tenor sax) said it in 1938:

“Rebel! Raise Hell! Get down on all fours! Shake convention off!”

Jerry Rubin said it:

“We’ve combined youth, music, sex, and DRUGS with REBELLION and treason. That is a *combination* hard to beat.” (*Do It* [New York: Simon and Schuster, 1970], p. 249).

“Hard to beat to do *what?*” “Hard to beat when attempting to do *what?*” “Hard to beat when trying to attain WHAT?” These dopeheaded, fornicating sex perverts are mindless; they’re brainless, their brains have been burned out. They cannot even talk sanely. Who would try to “beat” a “combination” like that above in order to attain *anything* unless they were either trying to *get shot, jailed, hospitalized, or thrown into the Lake of Fire* (Rev. 20:15) by *their Creator* (Matt. 25:41)?

I know of fifty “combinations” that will *beat* Rubin’s combination “all hollow” when it comes to raising boys and girls, establishing a home, making a living, growing crops, enjoying the earth, fishing, hunting, surfing, praying, studying the Bible, learning about God, learning about the earth, getting along with people, getting promotions and raises, staying in good health, paying your bills, obtaining peace of mind, forgiveness of sins, and assurance of salvation.

Youth, sex, music, drugs, rebellion, and treason “can’t be beat” if you are dead-set on *getting in to a prison, a hospital, a coffin, or a Lake of Fire*.

In America’s *Classical Period* of Swing Music, the bands that made the bucks and got the publicity were the orchestras of Harry James (Trumpet), Les Brown (Clarinet), Tommy Dorsey (Trombone), Jimmy Dorsey (Alto Sax), Charlie Barnett (Tenor Sax), Claude Thornhill, Stan Kenton, Gene Krupa (after leaving Goodman), Tex Beneke (after leaving Miller), Bob Crosby, and Will Bradley. All of these gentlemen were Europeans: White.

Alongside these genuine “Swing bands” were what we musicians used to call “Mickey Mouse” bands; they were the swing bands geared to “high society” in the upper middle

class, who didn't like the "real article." Real swing was too "base" for the "uppity-ups" (the "Hoi-Poloi"). It was still too closely connected with its roots—the dives, gambling dens, barrooms, backrooms, beer, bookies, babes, bottles, and Cat houses. The "upper crust" wanted something that would be associated with Hotel lobbies, Ballrooms, Proms, Cocktail lounges, and "Roof Gardens."

Among these Mickey Mouse outfits were Shep Fields (and his "Rippling Rhythm"), Wayne King ("The Waltz King"), Guy Lombardo (and his "Royal Candians"), Kay Kyser (and his "College of Musical Knowledge"), Orin Tucker, Little Jack Little, Pinky Tomlin (*The Object of My Affection*), Johnny Long, Ted Fio Rito, Freddie Martin, Clyde McCoy (*Sugar Blues*), Horace Heidt (and his "Musical Knights"), and Phil Spit-something or other (and his ghastly "All Girl Orchestra"). They were are Europeans: *whites*. The later Post-War "hangover" from these Mickey Mouse bands was the highly successful Lawrence Welk: *Whitey again*.

In the 1930s and 1940s, we "Purists" despised them.

When a band gets going we said "It SENDS me." Another expression was "out of this world." You see, once you focus on *the flesh*, then what Paul calls the "**motions of sin**" working "**in the flesh**" (Rom. 7:5, 13) get busy; this, in itself, explains the "**fruit**" that has been produced in America since 1920 with its tolerance, acceptance, promotion, enjoyment, and magnifying of black African Whorehouse music. This is what attracts DEMONS according to the New Testament (Rev. 18:2; Rom. 1:22–31). There is a definite SPIRIT that takes control of a swing band (or a Rock "Concert") when they get "in the groove." (That was our expression; from whence "groovy!") This spirit is intense and *hypnotic*; it produces a "passive state." *A passive state is needed before a victim is "brainwashed."*

I will let some spokesmen from two generations *after* me testify, in case you think you have been reading the observations of an "old fogey" who got here on Noah's Ark.

A. Dr. Joyce Brothers, 1974:

"Most people cannot long endure a steady onslaught of meaningless noise."

B. *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, 1965:

"Now, in popular music, at least, we seem to be reverting to SAVAGERY, and the most dramatic indication of this is the number of occasions in recent years (1965) when so-called 'concerts' of Rock and Roll have erupted into riots."

What did you expect, a revival in prayer and soul winning?

C. "The Beatle's ability to make teen-agers weep and wail, become uncontrollable and unruly, and take off their clothes (Luke 8:27) and riot (Acts 19:16), is laboratory tested and approved; it is scientifically induced, artificial or experimental, *Neurosis*" (1974).

Nuts. Bonkers. Bananas.

And who confirms the "racist remarks" I have been making the last fifteen pages?

Well, bless my soul, here he is (in 1952), Mr. Samuel Finklestein in *How Music Expresses Ideas* (New York: International Publishing Co., 1952), on page 84:

“The barrier between *Classical* music and *Popular* music must be broken down. It should be smashed, saturated with the music of the *Negro* people.”

“In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established.”

Do you realize what he said (at the close of the Korean War, which we lost)? He said you must saturate *white music* (Western-European) with *black music* (African) until a barrier is “smashed,” thus *joining* white and black. Finklestein was so illiterate he didn’t even know what *his own Bible*, written by *his own people* (Rom. 3:2) said about such matters. See Nehemiah 13:26; 1 Kings 11:1–8; Deuteronomy 32:5–21; and Exodus 23:23–33. Finklestein was a Biblically illiterate Jew, exactly like Marx, Einstein, and Victor Frankl (Third Vienne School of Psychiatry). Other famous Biblical illiterates who took this same position were FDR, Martin Luther King Jr., Jack Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, DeBois, Metro Goldwyn Mayer, Thurgood Marshall, and “Abbie’s Irish Rose.” The famous Biblical illiterates who take this position, *today*, are the heads of the Justice Department, State Department, Council of Foreign Relations (CFR), U.S. Senate, and Jesse Jackson, Mayor Barry, O. J. Simpson, Slick Willie and Hillary, Nelson Mandela, Ted Kennedy, the National Council of Churches (NCC), the ACLU, and the Vatican.

It was not until 1949 that I was able to discern the “spirit” that I have been speaking of. I know what that “spirit” is now—the one that seizes the musicians, listeners, and dancers at certain intervals—and I know where it *comes from*, and what it is *doing* in the vicinity. So, I believe that perhaps, at this point, four illustrations from “real life” will do more to explain things than simply quoting the Bible.

In Kansas (Manhattan: KSAC) I played with a “combo” in various Fraternities and Sororities, as I also did when attending the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa. The swing band in Manhattan, Kansas, was Matt Benton and his “Jayhawkers” (I think they were called that). In Alabama, the big swing bands were Tutt Yarborough and the “Cavaliers,” and Hal (I think!) Halberg and his “Stardusters.” Along with these three full dance bands I played in dances for the United Service-men’s Organizations (USOs), and private “clubs” (Elks, Lions, Kiwanas, etc.). In Florida (Pensacola), I played in Buddy Pellham’s “Top Rail Wranglers” (Country and Western) and Bill Hendricks’ “Gulf Coast Serenaders,” and then with a number of small Jazz and Bop combos in small night clubs like The Green Gables, the Combo, etc. and larger halls (The Port Said, Jack’s Place, The Peppermint Lounge, The Town Pump, etc.).

My experience with music has never been confined to leaning back in a chair or sofa, and going to sleep listening to records, cassettes, or CDs; nor has it been confined to seeing Ballets and Operas in Germany and Austria (which I have done), or even broadcasting (remote) symphonies and chamber music ensembles. For two years (1946–47) I was the “Music Officer” for Radio Station JOAK in downtown Tokyo, I had to sit in sound studios two to five hours a day, with an interpreter (Yokoi-San) “monitoring” all of the Japanese music that was broadcast from Tokyo after the war was over (Aug. 1945).

I recall one scene vividly (about 1941). We were playing a dance on an outdoor pavilion near Fort Riley, Kansas. We were set up on an elevated platform to play for about 100 “jitterbugs” who were dancing on a makeshift wooden dance floor, about 150 by 200 feet square.

They were still passing “grass” around in the bands in those days, but they had been doing that since 1936 when Gene Krupa became the role model for drummers. I had never touched the stuff. Chicken: *it scared me*. I drank (and drank heavily), but the “pot” scared me. A drunk on a “drunk” was one thing, but a pot-head on “snow” was “something else.” One of our trombone players stayed so pickled on cocaine, we called him “Snowbird McGarity.” I had noticed immediately that when our leader got “high,” he lost all sense of tempo (“time”). When he gave me the downbeat for *Blueberry Hill* at 7 p.m. it was kicked off at about one and a half beats per second. When he gave me the four count at 9 p.m. for the same tune, it was two, two and a half beats per second; and when we played it the final time (around 11:15 p.m.) the tempo sounded like rain coming down on a tin roof; about four beats per second. (Somebody must have been stompin’ out the berries on “Blueberry” Hill.)

Well, we were playing Woody Herman’s “stock” arrangement of *Woodchopper’s Ball*. We were “in the groove” (Koine, 1980: “slam out of it”). The riff is set up by the Doghouse who plays eight notes that ascend up and down the scale. The intervals are the third, the fifth, and then the sixth (up just one note), and then the octave. After sixteen beats, in comes muted brass; they play an offbeat staccato and repeat the same phrase five times before they play a long drawn out note: thus AAAABA. The fifth note, thus “B” is raised one whole step from “A” and then *returns* to it.

It is at times like these that a *passive state* is created among the musicians. That strange spirit literally seizes the rhythm section, and I do believe that, at that moment, if you had exploded an atom bomb five miles away neither I nor the Doghouse would have missed a beat. To illustrate, the muted brass is “ridin’ the riff” and suddenly the bridge falls out from under the strings of the Bass Fiddle (Doghouse). You know something? That cat was so far gone into the riff that his bare fingers hit “the boards” (sound board) *four times* before he realized he wasn’t plucking *a string* anymore. The effect was marvelous: “Pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum (going up and down), pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum (repeat), pum, pum, WHACK, WHACK, WHACK, WHACK!”

On another occasion, we were playing Artie Shaw’s *Stardust*. The stock arrangement opens with a loud, clear, piercing trumpet solo by Billy Butterfield. It is a beautiful, “starry,” shattering entro that soon drops back under violins and then fades out. (In the bands, the saxes substitute for the violins.) The drummer uses “brushes” instead of sticks. Well, five notes sound out; they are blown from somewhere above and behind my right shoulder; the lead trumpet being seated on the top row of the bandstand, just by the rhythm section. On the sixth note, the band joins in quietly behind the trumpeter while his solo goes on for about twelve bars or so. To describe what happened, *without sound*, I must print *the lyrics* that are normally sung, although this was purely *instrumental* (trumpet with no lyrics).

“Sometimes I wonder why I spend, the lonely nights, dreaming of a song; that melody haunts my memory, and I am once again with you, when our love was new and each kiss an inspiration...” (Hoagy Carmichael)

What I heard (and the whole band heard)—*if you translated the brass sound into lyrics*—was: “Sometimes I wonder why I spend.....NIGHTSISSISHES! Dreaming of a song...etc.” When “Liver Lips” Potter, the trumpeter—we called him that because he often “jammed” till his lips bled—sat down, or rather *dropped down*, his face was just as white as a ghost. I remember having looked at him over my shoulder while I was “brushing” when he broke off the solo and left out three notes. At that time, I noticed his eyes were about to bulge out of his head; they looked nearly as big as his cheeks. He was staring at something down on the dance floor. Since no one else in the band was staring—they were all right into the sheet music—I didn’t look down *right away*. I studied Liver Lips for a few seconds, and then (still “brushing”) I looked down in front of the bandstand in time to see a couple of men carrying a drunk off the floor. I saw nothing else but a small crowd of dancers who had quit dancing and were “jawing” about something in the spot where they had picked up the drunk.

While the rest of the band went on sprinkling *Stardust*, Potter bent over to me and said, “Did you see THAT?” He was hoarse. While the band intoned “...and each kiss an inspiration,” he repeated it: “DID YOU SEE THAT?!”

“Yeah,” I said (still brushing), “Some drunk passed out and they chucked him.”

“Drunk, *nothin!*” said Potter. “That guy was dancing and some character came up behind him and drove a *butcher knife* right through his kidneys!”

That was what had interrupted Billy Butter-field’s beautiful “entro” to *Stardust*.

Later, we found out that a jealous lover had been “cut in on” by a competitor. He had gone back to the makeshift open-air kitchen, next to the pavilion, gotten an eight inch Frog Sticker to do some “cuttin” himself, and had stuck the “frog.” The man did not die, but his would-be killer was arrested and imprisoned for “assault with a deadly weapon.”

You cannot separate jungle *morals* from jungle *music*. Darwin said you came from the jungle; *the law of the jungle* is the “survival of the fittest.” No options. “Back to the Bible or back to the jungle.” My reader has probably forgotten something. I am sure all of the writers, journalists, editors, news analysts, reporters, and “sources” never knew about it to start with; they are all Bible illiterates. What they forgot (or never knew) was that *the first time in History that all of the Ten Commandments were broken* (Exod. 32:19) was at a DANCE (Exod. 32:1–19). Think about that for a while.

I learned one of the greatest lessons a musician could learn about music, while playing a dance for Servicemen (1942) in a Dance Hall in Manhattan, Kansas. We were playing Glenn Miller’s *Anvil Chorus*. It is a lively tempo and has a long drum solo in the middle of it. I say “long” meaning more than a dozen bars; that is “long” for a drum solo in any dance piece unless you are Buddy Rich, Cozy Cole, Zutty Singleton, Jo Jones, Sonny Greer, Baby Dodds, “Big” Sid Catlett, or Krupa. (When Maurice Purtell played the original *Anvil Chorus*, while he beat the skins for Glenn Miller, he would *loosen* the head

on his snare drum so it would *sound* like he was hitting more beats than he was hitting.) Ray McKinley (Bob Crosby's drummer), Dave Tough, "Nick" Fatool, Ray Bauduc, and George Wettling wouldn't have pulled off that kind of a stunt.

Well, I got to the solo and went into it. I had told the band, beforehand, that I would signal the end of the solo with four taps on the woodblock; I had picked up *that* trick listening to Krupa. Well, off I went, crawling all over the tuneable tom-toms, snares, and high hats; paradiddle, flamadiddle, double paradiddle, etc. I never looked up till the end of my stint; then I gave the boys four sharp raps on the woodblock. *Nothing happened*. With the sock and the bass still thumping and ringing, no *music* showed up. I looked around in dismay (without missing a beat), and then I saw the "band." They had all left the bandstand while I was beating my head off.

They had played a good joke on me. While I was beating the anvil ("He's a cowhide kicking fool...etc."), they had quietly got up, left their instruments, and gone down to the refreshment stand. There they were—all nine of them—standing there, *smiling* and waving their Coke bottles at me.

So, here I was with my Slingerlands and fifty to sixty couples going at it in front of me like Exodus, chapter 32, without one note of *music* to accompany them. I did the only thing I could do: I launched into a drum solo that would have given Krupa or Rich "a run for their money." I kept pounding till the band reboarded. It must have been at least a solid (and I mean "*Solid*, Jackson!"), six minutes.

I learned something that night that I have never forgotten. I learned something that I have never heard *any* musician or music historian comment on. With the exception of a dozen or so couples (who stopped in front of the bandstand to watch the solo), no one quit *dancing*. The dancers didn't need *music* to dance. *Music* is not essential to dancing. All a *savage* needs is a DRUM. These savages were *white*, teenaged High School students and College students; they were all Europeans—*white savages*. Finklestein had "smashed" the "barrier" (p. 175). *That was in 1942*.

The *ancestors* of these Europeans danced to the music of the Minuet, the Gavotte, the Waltz, the Polka, and the Polonaise (see p. 26). *THAT* was the "popular music" of their ancestors. Something terrible had happened to them; what was it?

According to the "original" (Nigeria, Niger: Acts 13:1) they had been "Niggerized," or (if you prefer it) "Africanized." *They had become painted savages dancing to jungle drums*. That was in 1942. Can anyone possibly imagine the "improvements" and "progress" (Darwin) since then?

"Back to the Bible or back to the Jungle."

Looking back over all of this, after *forty-seven years* as "Point man" for *Bible believing Christians* in America (1949–1996), I have sometimes had the peculiar feeling that since God fills the heaven and earth (Acts 7:49) and nothing is hidden from Him (1 Chron. 28:9), He must have (at some times) had to turn away from some of the things that He saw back in those days, not because they were just unholy and sinful (which they certainly *were*), but because He might have been tempted to smile (Acts 17:30) or *laugh* (Ps. 2:4).

I know that God is Holy and that only **“fools make a mock at sin,”** but, honestly, I don’t see how our Lord could have helped from chuckling at times at the messes that sinners get themselves into trying to “strut their stuff” while “puttin’ on the dog” (Koine, 1990 “hot doggin”) and ignoring *God*.

I recall one “bosom buddy” named George Moore, who had the dubious talent of being able to whinny like a horse. His ability stretched far beyond normal talent. George’s “whinny” sounded more like a *real* horse than any *live* horse I ever heard in my life. George (Topeka, Kansas, 1933–1939) had some peculiar way of exhaling air through his mouth and nose *at the same time* so that along with the nasal sound of the “Horse Laugh,” one heard the smacking of large wet lips. It really was quite phenomenal.

Now, what George did with his awesome talent was just as phenomenal. In those days (1933–1939) we would sneak into movie theaters because we didn’t have enough money to pay the twenty-five cents for adults (children were ten cents). We would usually sneak into an open fire exit two hours *before* the flick started. When I say “we” I mean George, me, and two or three other buddies.

Then somewhere in the movie, especially if it was a good Horror movie (like *King Kong*, *Dracula*, *The Body Snatchers*, or *Frankenstein*), or a dramatic tragedy (like *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Gone with the Wind*, or *The Informer*), or a deeply moving love story (like *Kitty Foyle*, *Mrs. Miniver*, *The Life of Emil Zola*, etc.), George Moore (from the second balcony) would sound off with his “whinny.” He had a sixth sense about the *exact spot* to insert it. I have seen him literally “torque” 800 people out of shape right in the middle of an Academy Award performance. You talk about “bringing down the house!” I’ve heard it and seen it. He would crack them up so badly that the laughing could still be heard ten minutes after the film was *ruined*.

Of course, more than 75% of George’s audiences were just lost sinners (like me and George), but what a scene for God to be watching! Here are all these lost pagans in their “worship service,” idolizing and paying homage to their “gods of the Silver Screen,” to see which one would get a golden image (an “Oscar”); and then, at the height of their worship service, at the *exact point* where every sinner is reverently engrossed in holy silence (hypnotically, in a *nonexistent situation*, created by sinners who were *pretending* to be something they weren’t!), here comes George!
“EEYAALGHGESPLURBLAABBAUAEEAGH!!”

I saw George Moore (forever an “unknown” in the annals of “Tinsel Town”; one who will never get the recognition due to him) bust up *Dracula*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *Boy’s Town*, *Going My Way*, *The Good Earth*, *Frankenstein*, *King Kong*, *Good-bye Mr. Chips*, and *Gone with the Wind*. The Theater audiences simply came apart, laughing—at their own stupidity! Now, brother, that is *talent*.

In a similar vein, while we were playing the dance on the outdoor pavilion (mentioned above), I saw our best trombone player (we called him “Snowbird McGarity,” although that was not his real name) put on a performance that should have been on video with *sound*. I cannot reproduce *the sounds* that I am about to describe, but if anyone “in Glory” heard it while watching this mess, and didn’t laugh out loud (or cover their mouth to keep

from being heard) I would be surprised.

We are “sendin’ em,” playing Benny Goodman’s *String of Pearls*. Goodman’s arrangement is about twice as fast as Miller’s, and it has an excellent trombone solo in the middle of it with an impressive brass “entro.” This trumpet entro is, plainly, a real “introduction” to some kind of *important* person (music SPEAKS). The *someone* is the soloist who, in this case, gets up from his chair on the second row (saxes and clarinets first row; trumpets third row, Rhythm section on the “side,” [Drums, Bass, Guitar, and Piano]) and makes his way down to the “mike” while the trumpets announce his arrival.

Well, Snowbird was a virtuoso. He didn’t have the modern “valve Trombone” the big cats had, but with his old “slush pump” he could keep up with the best of ’em (J. C. Higgenbotham, Jack Jenny, Will Bradley, et al.).

The trouble with Snowbird was the trouble a lot of artists, athletes, musicians, and writers have: he was *good*, but he *knew* he was good, and he never let anyone *forget it*, either. He was always “strutting his stuff.” He would always *stand* to take a solo, and would always stand up eight bars *before* it was time to blow. If he had to come down to the mike, he would always start so he got there twenty bars before his solo was due and as he would strut down the bandstand, he would wave his slush pump back and forth, and loftily survey the dancers like an Oriental Sultan examining his Harem.

In short, you would love to have *heard* him play, but you could not have stood to *look* at him (Video), while he *played* (Audio).

Well, here comes Snowbird out of the brass section to take his solo in *String of Pearls*. Now he can come “front and center” and be the main attraction. But just before his introduction starts on the brass, I notice two bikers leaving the front entrance to the dance floor. They proceed to their “bikes” which are parked just below me, where the machines are leaning up against an eight foot wall. (The Bandstand is eight feet up at one end of the pavilion, while the dance floor slopes upward from about two feet off the ground to about four feet in front of the bandstand. I am on the far corner where I can look right down the wall on the motorcycles.)

Both of the cyclists get to their mounts and “saddle up,” at *the exact time* that Snowbird’s “entro” starts on the trumpets. He is already swaggering down to the mike and waving his pump back and forth so everyone will see it. He is wetting his lips and looking at each of us, as he passes by, with a look that plainly says: “Okay boys, here’s what you’ve been waiting for all night! Watch *me* send ’em! Dig *this* solo, man!”

Up he stands before the mike. Up goes the trombone over his shoulder. He inhales and at the split second—the timing could not have been more perfect—both bikers kicked off their machines, *in unison*. I swear to Jack Jenny (Shaw’s trombonist) it sounded like Snowbird had *blown* those “notes” through his trombone: “Kataam! Katoom! Bar-room! Blap, blap, blap! BARRROOM! Bang, bang, bang!!” It was so loud you couldn’t hear one *musical note* that Snowbird produced.

I don’t think that Snowbird ever completely recovered from that disastrous “solo.” By the time the bikers had roared out of the lot, his time for soloing was over.

**“Pride goeth before destruction, and
an haughty spirit before a fall.”**

CHAPTER THREE

THE ROMANTIC PERIOD OF POPULAR MUSIC

As World War II broke out (Dec. 7, 1941), there was a perceptible movement away from instrumental “Swing” and toward the Ballad. Everyone felt compelled to say something, to get across various “messages.” Of course, the Troubadours of the 1920s, 1930s, and 1940s had all “ministered,” and several of them were well known. Rudy Valee and Russ Columbo were the first in a long line of counter-Operatic singing stars to capture the hearts and minds of young Americans; they were both white and sang like whites. Rudy Valee sang through his nose (*The Whiffenpoof Song*). Russ Columbo was almost operatic but lacked the volume (*Song of Songs*). The singers who sang the tunes of Franz Lehar and Sigmund Romberg (“Show tunes”) were of a high caliber. Nelson Eddy and John Charles Thomas are good examples of this type of “balladeer.” But the first male minstrel to really “break the sound barrier” was Harry Lillis Crosby (1903–1977) of Tacoma-Olympia, Washington. He was known as “Bing,” or “The Old Groaner.”

“Bing” Crosby, as Russ Columbo, Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, and Vic Damone, was a good sprinkled, confirmed *Roman Catholic*, so he got excellent “press” (see Picasso, JFK, Da Vinci, et al.). He got rid of his first wife (Dixie Lee) when his climb to fame began. *Going My Way* (a Roman Catholic propaganda film like *Boy’s Town* and *Angels with Dirty Faces*, etc.) put him on top. His recording of *WHITE* (nothing racial intended!) *CHRISTMAS* turned out to be the best “best seller” the world would every see. Today (1996), its sales still overtop any *two* platters (CD, cassette, whatever) that Michael Jackson, Madonna, or Elvis Presley turned out.

After he dumped Dixie Lee, Bing developed a “drinking problem” (as the press always so charitably deals with such sins); that is, he became a “lush,” an habitual drinker. Through the years, his voice dropped from a strong tenor to a mellow baritone, so his first recordings are the best ones (*Gold Mine in the Sky*, *The Last Roundup*, *McNamara’s Band*, *When Irish Eyes are Smiling*, *Thine Alone*, and his theme *Where the Blue of the Night*, etc.).

It is quite normal to find many twentieth century drunks like Leonard Bernstein, and chronic alcoholics like Dean Martin, especially if they are famous musicians, painters, actors, or writers. More recently (since 1964), a good many of them turn out to be chronic dopeheads.

Bing’s successor was a young “hoodlum” (that is what his wife, Ava Gardner, called him) from Hoboken, New Jersey, who sang in Tommy Dorsey’s band. Frank Sinatra (“Old Blue Eyes”) took the teenage girls by storm and, while doing it, took several dozen married and single women “by storm” (*literally*). Like Elvis Presley, Martin Luther King Jr., Ted Kennedy, Errol Flynn, and Wilt “the Stilt,” Chamberlain, Frankie boy was an habitual fornicator. Some of Frankie boy’s best friends were “hoods”—real, sure-enough capos and wise guys in the Mafia. In a biography on Frankie, written by a woman who

interviewed 800 of his personal friends (it is 555 pages long), Frankie knocked up Liz Taylor and then paid for an abortion. Frankie's Catholic mother ran a "quickie" abortion clinic in the basement of their home in New Jersey (\$25 to \$50 per abortion).

"Old Blue Eyes" (1915–199?) in the light of the New Testament, would make just about as good a Christian "role model" for a teenaged boy as Janet Reno, Casanova, Dean Martin, W. C. Fields, or O. J. Simpson.

I could list thirty "hits" that Frankie sang (*I Could Make You Care, Whispering, This Love of Mine, I'll Be Seeing You, Some Other Time, Our Love Affair, Trade Winds, I'll Never Smile Again*, etc.), and thirty that Bing sang, but not *one* of them would fulfill the requirements for the "spiritual songs" a Christian should sing in Colossians 3:16—not even *the hymns* and *Christmas Carols* the two Catholics recorded.

The *death ministries* of people like Bing Crosby, Nat King Cole, Perry Como, and Frank Sinatra have a way of peeping through their voices even when they take on "religious" genre. Even *there*, the breathing, intonation, false piety, and slick, calculated, worldly ungodliness seeps through the vocal chords of the professional actor who is trying to "upstage" the Holy Spirit, in order to sell his own personality. Of course, this cannot be detected by the average, twentieth century American "Christian," because 90% of them have been raised on a diet of Hollywood *acting* (TV and movies) morning, noon, and night for more than forty years.

Actually listening to Elvis Presley singing, *Precious Lord Take My Hand*, or Bing Crosby singing, *Ave Maria*, or Frankie Boy singing, *Oh Come All Ye Faithful* is quite similar to listening to the Three Stooges singing *A Mighty Fortress is Our God*. None of the performers have the slightest idea of what they are peddling.

Two lyrical "teams" teamed up with Crosby and Sinatra. The Andrew Sisters sidled up to Bing, and Jo Stafford and the Pied Pipers became the "backups" for Frankie Boy. With the Andrew Sisters, Bing got on the Hit Parade with *Pistol Packin' Momma*, and *Don't Fence Me In*. On their own, the Andrew Sisters made some sales records with *Rum and Coca-Cola*, *Hold Tight*, and *Bei Bist Du Schoen*.

This type of thing heralded "the beginning of the end" for Classical Swing music. The songbirds in the dance bands, themselves, began to pick up the pace: Helen Forrest with Artie Shaw, Martha Tilton and Peggy Lee with Benny Goodman, Ray and Bob Eberly (Glenn Miller and Jimmy Dorsey), Anita O'Day with Gene Krupa, Doris Day with Les Brown, Ginny Sims with Kay Kyser, et al.

When Petrillo (1948–1950) knocked all of the "Big Name bands" out of business—the leaders couldn't pay their "Union dues" so they *disbanded* (eh, eh, eh! Get it?)—the soloists took over. Where there had been only a handful of recording companies (Vocalion, Brunswick, Bluebird, Victor, Decca, Mercury, etc.) there now began to pop up (1955–1965) almost one recording company per singer. The vocalists quickly found out that people no longer could understand *instruments*; all they wanted to hear was the *human voice*, singing human songs about humans (Secular Humanism). So the thing to do was simply to hire (temporarily) a "Studio" orchestra (Petrillo's Union), or a small combo. Then if even one song out of fifty became a "hit," you were "in the chips." This explains

the following cavalcade of “Romanticists”: Perry Como, Vic Damone, Mel Torme, Frankie Lane, Nat “King” Cole, Pat Boone, Patti Page, Rosemary Clooney, Kay Starr, Petula Clark, Eddie Fisher, Bobbie Gentry, Dinah Shore, und so weiter (et al.).

America has lost its ear even for *dirty* instrumental music by 1950. (She had already lost her ear for *clean* instrumental music, before 1900.) Now the dirty music would have to be SPOKEN (i.e., “sung”) where it could pollute even those who were tone deaf. Hereafter (specifically after 1964), America’s taste for “instrumental” popular music was largely confined to a roaring din of high decibel electronic NOISES that produced the “Neurosis” described on page 174.

Up until Kay Starr (1948–1949), the white female singers actually sounded like white female singers; but gradually, through the publicity given to Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey, Bessie Smith, and Ella Fitzgerald, the whites began to *imitate* the blacks; exactly as all of the Primary and Middle School whites began to adopt black “life styles” following the Civil Rights Act (1964). The instigator of this national degeneration and collapse of ALL moral standards was instigated by—you should be able to guess by now—the same outfit that got rid of prohibition, the gold standard, and capital punishment. This is the same outfit (identically) that promoted booze, race mixing, masculine women ordering men around, queers getting marriage licenses, and disarming every law abiding citizen in the United States. You get one guess in this “Who Done It?” mystery. It is the same outfit that supports *two Terrorist organizations*—the Catholic IRA and Moslem PLO (Arafat); it is the same outfit that delivered South Africa to the *Communist Party*, and installed a Roman Catholic *priest* in Haiti as the head of the government. Same outfit every time. You get one guess. It is the same outfit that teaches and preaches evolution from morning to night (as a *fact* instead of a theory), and the same outfit that approved of condoms, boom boxes, and cursing in the Public Schools, but no Bible, prayer, or moral standards. It is the outfit that made a “god” out of JFK and Slick Willie, and made devils out of Oliver North, Rush Limbaugh, Jesse Helms, Barry Goldwater, George Patton, George Wallace, and Jerry Falwell.

You get one guess. You get the answer at the White Throne Judgment.

Even before Kay Starr, some of the “songbirds” had picked up a peculiar “lisp” which was a halfhearted attempt to imitate a “Southern drawl.” By the time you get to Petula Clark (1949), you are witnessing a white, British teenager whose voice (apart from any visual perception) is identical to that of a 300-pound black woman, *in her forties*.

You cannot breed thoroughbreds with the fence DOWN; it has to be UP.

Every animal breeder in the world knows that.

This means that *the goal* of the Democratic party (and 80% of the Republicans; now), the UN, and the EC (with its “satellites”—the USSR and the USSA) is presently given over, full-time, to producing (in America) “inferior stock” (mongrels) under the *pretense* that if anyone dares bring up objective, scientific, genetic matters, dealing with actually breeding, that they have to be “Nazis.” This desperate piece of slander is the stock-and-trade of every *genuine Nazi* now engaged in setting up a Police State in America and an International Police State, worldwide, *for purposes of GENOCIDE*. The men building the

concentration camps right now (called “Detention Centers” and “Rehabilitation Centers,” etc.) will put up a Totalitarian Police State that will make Hitler’s Third Reich look like a Democracy (see *Black is Beautiful*).

The greatest *Nazis* who ever lived are now operating out of Washington, D.C., New York City, Chicago, Hollywood, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow.

Now when this tidal wave of Ballad singers rolled in on the beach, the real swing instrumentalists had a problem. Stan Kenton tried to solve it by what he called “Progressive Jazz.” (Darwin: progress, upward, onward, forward, etc.), but Petrillo (the Union boss) put an end to that (1946–1949). This is when the instrumentalists were broken down into small groups. What would they do that had not already been done, after twenty years of “Jazz?” That was the exact problem that the musicians had to face, who followed Johannes Brahms (at the end of the Romantic Period of Classical Music [see p. 122]).

The musical expedient that was finally adopted, in America, was called “Bop.” It was, to American popular music, exactly what Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Auric, Bartok, Boulez, Cage, and Satie were to Classical Music. *It amounted to “musical tricks” invented to violate the laws of music.*

“Bop” is based on a simple premise which can be well illustrated by the joke about Charlie “Bird” Parker (note the “moniker”). It was said that he could play five choruses of *How High the Moon* in five seconds. At top speed, no one (not even Les Paul) could play through one chorus of *How High the Moon* in five seconds.

In “Bop,” you do *two things* which are supposed to be Darwinian “forward, progressive” changes. First of all (Dizzy Gillespie), you sing nonsense (literally): “Oooh oaboboadobo! Eeeah-huddododo ababa! Raddabeeeebobedebodebo, ah bit...etc.” (i.e., “Scooby-dooby do!”) The next forward, progressive Darwinian move you make is to see how many notes you can stuff into a measure before the bar line shows up, or how many you can *leave out* that were written between two bar lines.

In Swing (as in Dixieland, Jazz, and Ragtime) the beat is a steady beat (in the case of Swing, the triplet). Occasionally (Artie Shaw, notably), the whole band would come to a dead stop in the middle of a number and skip four to eight beats, but the beat was still steady. In “Bop,” what you are actually doing is assigning drum solos to the individual instruments (clarinets, saxophones, trumpets, bass fiddle, piano, trombone, etc.). It is a display of dexterity on the part of the soloist to see how far he can depart from the written score, and still finish in the same key, and run the same number of measures the melody was written in. That is what you have been hearing late at night on FM stations (that played classical music in the daytime) for nearly twenty years. It is not “Jazz” at all; *it is Bop.*

The best Bop *drummer* I ever knew was Joe Pericola (Pensacola, FL). Joe (1949) could sustain a right foot pedal beat on the bass (every beat) while sustaining a down beat on the sock cymbal (every other beat) and, at the same time, play a Bolero with his left hand and a Rumba with his right hand, on the snare (all at the same time)! Try that one on an “off night!” If there ever lived a Rock drummer, after 1960, who could do such a thing I don’t know who he was, not even when he was spaced out on “Happy Dust,” “Dollies,”

“Smack,” “Crack,” “Mesc,” or “Mary Jane.” I would like to see him try it.

Thus, the Romantic Period of Popular Music was accompanied by a type of instrumental music for which there was never any real demand. This time, Popular Music produced the “Black Sheep.” No one spends any amount of money, at all, for “modern Jazz” recordings. They are only purchased by *radio stations* and *record collectors*. It has no market for the *general public*. The music is so far out in left field that the key titles could be pulled out, blindfolded, and attached to the musical selection and “fit” it. These are *Barney’s Dream, Low Note, High Life, No. 16, At the Trocadero, Willie’s Blues, Tammy’s Lament, No. Seven, Blue Blues, Aces High, Rockin’ the Boat, Coldstreams, Blue Lou, Jivin’ It, Dark Mist*, etc. They are all the same piece.

No attempt was made to make Bop music *visual*. It applied to *nothing*. To solve that problem (later), when Rock music wouldn’t sell, TV found a happy solution. You *play* Rock on a Rock “Channel” twelve hours a day, and then (so no one will notice that it is *rotten music*, depicting NOTHING), you run three to five second “montages” of scenes from some 500 Hollywood Movies and 500 Newsreels, all mixed together while the racket (called “Music”) is going on. The *pictures* change as often as one per two seconds for three minutes; that is *ninety pictures* to look at while supposedly listening to “music.” When you have finished staring at this cavalcade of montages (while absorbing the “Rock”), they have sold you a record. The chump has connected *the pictures* with the music in his mind, although they were not even related.

For example, the music peddlers are out to sell some trashy album put out by a group of dopeheaded sex perverts: the name of it is *Let Love Love My Lover*. What you SEE is *ninety pictures* as follows: a car wreck, a school bus, four flower pots, track runners, a blizzard in downtown New York, a dog and a cat, battleships, babies, two dead bodies, a rainbow, two teenagers necking, an old man in a wheel chair, Roosevelt speaking, a volcano going off, bathing beauties, a straight-haired Mulatto taking off her bra, a tidal wave, a can of worms, two nudes on the beach, a can of Heinz 57 Vegetable soup, Mickey Mouse, and a kid with jam on his face.

This is *progress* in “Music.” It is an “advance” beyond Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. It has to be, according to *every textbook on evolution found in every public school in the Western Hemisphere*.

Without Strobe Lights and cameras, Rock Music couldn’t sell a dozen “albums.” It is the “Cover Jackets,” on the recordings that sells them; not the contents. Anyone who has spent anytime in modern “Sound Shops” (Record stores) knows this. “Popular Music,” after 1964, is exactly where Classical Music was after 1900: bankrupt, defunct, sold out, irrelevant, and impotent, except as a force to confuse minds and destroy the lives of the suckers who were stupid enough to fool with it. Popular music bombed out; it was wiped out.

What next? Easy! Call in Einstein, the NEA, Darwin, the UN, Huxley, the EC, and all of the programmed clones who were raised on the News Media, and have them get to work to prove that it is just the “birth pangs of a new *beginning*.”

“Bach was criticized too when he first came out, etc.” “People spoke badly enough of

Van Gogh while he was alive, but time has proved that...etc.” “Why the *NIV* faces the same opposition the *AV* faced when *IT* came out! etc.” Know the line? “We” know it; “we” know it by heart. “Why, years ago people looked down on a Divorcee! And now look...!” (*Yeah, look!*) “Why, years ago Sodomites were actually arrested and thrown in jail and now, look...!” *ALL EDUCATED LOST SINNERS BELIEVE* “THAT...etc.” You finish it. All unsaved educated sinners are incurable optimists when it comes to making a liar out of the Holy Spirit (2 Tim. 3:1–8).

What is *next*, according to the Holy Spirit (2 Thess. 2; Dan. 11; Rev. 13, 17), is *the Son of Perdition*; “Nebuchadnezzar,” with his dance band, his “swing ensemble” (Dan. 3); his “contemporary music” for multi-cultural “life-styles.” *Bow down or die* (Dan. 3). *Take the mark or starve* (Rev. 13). Receive Beethoven’s “Kiss” (Matt. 26:49; 2 Sam. 15:5), or *be decapitated* (Rev. 6, 11, 20).

And this brings us to the end of the Modern Period of Popular Music and introduces us to the final form called *The Demoniac Period* (1970–2000).

CHAPTER FOUR

THE DEMONIAIC PERIOD OF POPULAR MUSIC

The really talented musicians of the Jazz-Swing-Bop era were Sid Weiss, Arthur Bernstein, and Artie Shapiro (Basses); Bobby Hackett, “Bunny” Berigan, Billy Butterfield, Charlie Spivak, “Mugsy” Spanier, “Ziggy” Elman, “Hot Lips” Page, Roy Elderidge, Al Hirt, Charlie Shavers, “Wingy” Manone, “Shorty” Davis, Miles Davis, “Satchmo” Armstrong, “Cooty” Williams, “Buck” Clayton, Fletcher Henderson, Dave Brubeck, and “Dizzy” Gillespie; these men were all trumpeters. The great saxophonists (Tenor, Alto, Bass, and Soprano!) were Jimmy Dorsey, “Tex” Benke, Charlie Ventura, Coleman Hawkins, Don Lodice, Georgie Auld, Tony Pastor, “Illinois” Jaquet, Lester Young, Harry Carney, “Flip” Phillips, “Bud” Freeman, Charlie “Bird” Parker, “Corky” Cocoran, Ernie Caceras, Vido Musso, and Gerry Mulligan. Outstanding piano players were Jess Stacy, Frankie Carle, “Count” Basie, “Fats” Waller, Art Tatum, Teddy Heywood, J. Jamal, Freddie Slack, and Theodmonius Monk. The Licorice sticks (clarinets) were blown by “Pete” Fountain, “Pee Wee” Russell, Les Brown, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Woody Herman, Buster Bailey, and Sidney Bechet.

I have already listed the drummers; Max Roach succeeded Buddy Rich. The Trombones were played by Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, J. C. Higgenbotham, Jack Teagarden, Will Bradley, Kai Winding, Jack Jenny, and Frank Rosollino. Miscellaneous instruments (violins, guitars, harpsichords, organs, vibraphones, etc.) were played by Joe Venuti, “Stuff” Smith, Merle Travis, Johnny Guarneri, Les Paul, Lionel Hampton, Ethel Waters, Red Norvo, and Jango Rhinehardt.

About two-thirds of these gentlemen were black, and it would be an extremely liberal and gracious thing to say that (from a Biblical standpoint) that no more than 75% of them wound up in Hell (Luke 16) on their trip home to the Lake of Fire (Rev. 20). A more objective (scientific) guess would be about 98%.

The standard work on modern popular music takes for its title a Hymn written by Augustus Toplady, a saved Anglican. He wrote “Rock of Ages cleft for me.” So the definitive work on Rock music was called *Rock of Ages*, referring to the fact that Rock music has not yet lasted *fifty years*. This work is by Ward, Stokes, and Tucker, 1986, and was published by The Rolling Stone Press. We appreciate their unwilling (and totally unconscious) compliance with Scriptures, especially considering the fact that the specific verses were written *more than 3,400 years ago*, and deal with A.D. 1990–2000. The Scriptures (commenting neatly on the Rolling Stones) say: **“THEIR ROCK is not as OUR ROCK, even our enemies themselves being judges”** (Deut. 32:31). Exactly. God wrote those choice prophetic words more than 3,000 years before the “Rolling Stones” crawled out from the underside of a wet rock.

The unsaved sinner who got “Rock” into the limelight was Alan Freed, a disc jockey in Cleveland, Ohio (WJW). He knew where the starting point should be, for he was

trained as a classical musician who loved Richard Wagner (ole “Dungeons and Dragons”). Freed saw (correctly) the “trend” in America in the 1950s. It was definitely “back to the Jungle.” He saw the latest vendetta the News Media was carrying out after repealing prohibition, and getting you into the Second World War. They were at work on *race-mixing* on a *sex level*. (Their present vendetta is against *law-abiding citizens* owning semi-automatic pistols and rifles.) Freed gathered (by watching white high school students buying up African records like they were going out of style) that “progress” was about to take the American educational system “forward” into the African Jungle. He guessed correctly.

In 1953, Sam Phillips, of Memphis, Tennessee, made a notable remark which has often been revised to make it “respectable” and “politically correct.” The original was,

“If I could find a white man who could sing like *a nigger*, I could make me a billion dollars.”

(The up-dated, revised edition says, “If I could find a white man with a NEGRO SOUND and the NEGRO FEEL...etc.” *Nice work*. Lying is a habit these days.) At any rate, Sam found one; he found what old Fashioned Southerners in Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia would call “A White Nigger.” *Real* Southerners—not Scallywags and Carpet Baggers like Lyndon Johnson, Jimmy Carter, Slick Willie, and “Tennessee” Williams—distinguished between “Colored *Ladies and Gentlemen*,” “Poor *White Trash*,” and “Niggers.” *Niggers* come in two sizes: black and *white*.

I have heard Peter Cartwright’s “original”—“If General Jackson don’t repent of his sins he’ll go to Hell like *any Guinea stealin’ nigger!*”—veneered, altered, shellacked, varnished, and refined a number of different ways since it was spoken (1812). I have heard, as late as 1996, a radio announcer announce that “so-and-so” would sing an Aria from *Porgy and Bess* (George Gershwin) called “Bess, SHE is my Woman.” *The old liar*; he ought to be ashamed of himself with that reverse discrimination! The very idea of trying to make Porgy talk like “Whitey!” The Aria was penned as “Bess, *YOU IS* my woman” ever since Gershwin wrote it. The idea of trying to give Porgy a *social promotion* so he could graduate from High School! “Bess, *she* is my woman!” Go take a long walk on a short pier, you hypocrite.

The early “Rockers” were Chuck Berry, Ray Charles, Ruth Brown (three blacks), Fats Domino, the Coasters, Sam Cooke, and Bo Diddley (all blacks), the “Five Royals,” the “Drifters,” Tina Turner, and Joe Waters (all black), plus Little Richard, the “Teen Agers,” and the “Orioles” (nine more blacks), who were followed by Buddy Holly (the Crickets), Carl Perkins, Bill Haley (the Comets), and Freed. This was *the foundation* on which the fornicating, teenaged cult of dopeheaded sex perverts and Satanists was built.

The Beatles headed up this parade; all of them were fornicating dopeheads. While claiming to be more popular than Jesus Christ, John Lennon wrote *A Spaniard in the Works* (1965). It was about “Jesus El Pifco” a “stinking, garlic-eating, little, yellow, greasy, fascist-bastard, Catholic Spaniard.” NO NEWS MEDIA OUTLET ACCUSED HIM OF “RACISM” OR “HATE LITERATURE.” When Lennon and his fellow-fornicating dopeheads would get up to promote fornication and drugs (see p. 197), the

Beatle Fan Clubs would scream “John, not Jesus! John, not Jesus!” (*St. Louis Globe Democrat*, Sept. 28, 1967) Strangely enough, all of this turned out to be nonsense, with the passage of time, After, Jesus Christ died on the cross, more than 1,000 songs were written about him, and they were continued to be sung 1,900 years after He was buried. Poor John Lennon (“John, not Jesus!”) couldn’t get anyone to write even ONE song about him after he was dead, and no one even remembers the lyrics to the songs he sang!

When did you hear anyone sing *Working Class Hero* by John Lennon? He never did any manual labor a day in his life. Like Stalin, Lenin, and Marx, he didn’t have enough calluses on his hands, one week in a year, to irritate a baby’s cheek. What ever happened to the Rolling Stones’ *Beggars Banquet*? It vanished. It didn’t survive twenty years. Neither did *Street Fightin’ Man* or *Free Wheelin’* (Bob Dylan), or *Hard Rain*. Who ever remembered the lyrics to *Mary Hamilton*, written by Joan Baez, a sex-perversed hermaphrodite? Where is Pete Seegar’s *The Pill*, and *Mao Tse Tung*. *Mao Tse Tung never took any pills*. Pete Seegar and the Beatles took them, along with Elvis.

More popular than Jesus Christ? Why, that is the talk of a mad man. Ole’ John Lennon and his “warm gun” (see p. 171) were as spaced out as an Air Cadet. *Blowin’ in the Wind*, *Free Wheelin’*, *Hard Rain*, and *The Pill* are about as popular today as Mah Jong and Telephone Booth packing. They didn’t last three decades. Any hymn book has songs in it sung today coast to coast that were written before WW I—more than eighty years ago.

Think about what this crazy pot head actually said. He made his living singing songs, and claimed that he and his goofball buddies were more popular than Jesus Christ, knowing that Jesus Christ had more than 4,000,000 people singing songs about Him every year since 1800. Who ever sang one song praising Big Joe Turner, Woody Guthrie, B. B. King, Fleetwood Mac, Santana, Steppenwolf, Rod Stewart, John Lennon, Ringo, or Alice Cooper?

Nobody today sings anything about the Beatles or their dopeheaded, fornicating American counterpart, “Elvis the Pelvis.” According to his own doctor, Elvis was a “walking Pharmacy.”

Now there is no point in going into gory details of the Rock and Roll stars. There are dozens of good books on the market (written by real Christians) that go into great lengths in describing the output of T-Bone Walker, Janis Joplin, The Supremes, the Rolling Stones, Ray Stevens, Wayne Newton, Grass Roots, Frank Zappa, The Animals, Charlie Rich, Wilson Pickett, David Bowie, Mötley Crüe, Heavy Metal, KISS, and so forth. Good ole’ Alan Freed (who got this dumpster load of fleshy filth on the road) kicked the bucket at 43. Thank God for THAT.

Never in the history of Music have so few made fools out of so many in so short a time. The thinly disguised *drug-selling* that went on throughout the whole abominable mess was apparent to anyone who “knew the ropes.” Jefferson Airplane’s *White Rabbit*, the Cavaliers’ *Acapulco Gold*, Grand Funk’s *High on a Horse*, and the Monkeys’ *I’m a Believer* all appeal to the same clientele: dopeheaded teenagers, addicted to drugs. “Hits” like *Jumpin’ Jack Flash*, *Rainy Day Woman*, *Strawberry Fields Forever*, *Penny Lane*, *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*, and *Blue Cheer* are not for sane people with any control over

their faculties.

Bob Dylan did write *one* song about Woody Guthrie, but nobody *learned* it, nobody *played* it, and nobody *sang* it; and no one has sung it *one time* in the last twenty years.

Music speaks. Someone once said:

“Music is a mood setter, and no doubt the most effective such an influence in existence.”

Others have said: “Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.” Anatole France said: “Songs have overthrown Empires and Kings.” On page 215 of a book published by Nobel (1974), Henry Thoreau said: “Never have so many sheep been led into singing the enemies’ songs. Such slightly apparent causes destroyed Greece and Rome, and will destroy America and England” (*Henry Thoreau*. New York: New American Library, 1963, p. 147). He said that in 1860. David Nobel said that “real American folk music [see p. 136] is a far cry from the Jungle noise that is flooding the air waves, waiting for some quasi-historian to call it ‘Music.’”

It can be proved in court—even a modern District Court Judge’s court—that the “fruits” of Rock and Roll have nothing to do with any of the Christian fruit (John 15:1–6) listed by Paul in Galatians 5:22–23, including “love” and “joy.” Whatever Rock music did for the American young people, since 1950, there are seven things it has *never done* for any young man or woman in America. It did not inspire any child to obey the police, or a teacher, or a parent. It inspired no one to study harder to make better grades, it never inspired anyone to read the Bible or witness for Christ, and not once did it ever cause you to quit an evil habit or filthy thinking, and it never caused anyone to love the Truth (John 17:17) or search for the Truth (John 14:1–6), according to Truth’s own definition of “the Truth” (John 17:17).

If you listened to all of the depraved trash (the entire output through thirty years) of The Animals, the Coasters, Blue Funk, the Beach Boys, the Holding Company, Alice Cooper, Pink Floyd, Bryan Ferry, Elton John, Boy George, AC–DC, Tom Jones, the Pretenders, Madonna, Tupac Shakur, and the “Rappers,” you would not have received any illumination or inspiration to pray, or read the Bible, study for a test, love your parents and your wife, your husband, your children, or your Church; nor would you have been inspired (one time) to witness for Christ, keep a good job, prepare for the Second Coming, or the Judgment Seat of Christ. Your total “Christian Intake and Output” would have been a point Zero followed by 2,000 “ciphers with the rims knocked off.” All Rock “Hits” are “Flashes in the pan” (Circa, 1700–1800). They come and go like dead leaves before a hurricane.

In the April, 1995 issue of the *Bible Believer’s Bulletin*, you will find a lengthy article on the so-called “Christian Rock.” I do not have time to reproduce it here. “Christian” Rock is a matchmeet to Christian *Whiskey*, Christian *Marijuana*, Christian *Sex Orgy*, and Christian *Belly Dancing*.

At least three videos have been made depicting the relation of physical violence, suicide, murder, and car wrecks to Rock and Roll Music. One was made by an unsaved

man. A Christian (David Benoit) put out one called *What's Behind the Rock?* back in 1987. At that time (nearly ten years ago), there were fifteen teenagers committing suicide daily, and \$17,000,000,000 was being spent, yearly, on teenage abortions, pregnancies, and bastard children. "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit."

Rock and Roll music (as Jazz and Swing) is BLACK music, by blacks who come from the heart of the Congo. It is a *jungle culture with jungle morals and jungle "life styles."* No amount of *Christian lyrics* can convert it into anything else. No amount of saccharin, sweet, sentimental ballads (sandwiched in between the raw flesh) can ever cover the appalling, grinning death's head of the Jungle, or the depravity of lost sinners "gone to seed" trying to thrill their flesh: *Total degeneration.*

All "Punk" Rock is PUNK "Rock." The word "Punk" is a *gangster slang word* (1910–1940); it meant "so-and-so is a sorry, lazy, lying, sneaky, cowardly, good for nothing freeloader." I never heard a more accurate definition of the character of Rock music.

"A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit."

The "fruits" of the black man's music are real "Fruits"—Frisco-Faggoty-Fairy-Fruits. Ninety percent of the Top Rock artists in the 1990s (as well as the 1980s) were chronic dopeheads, and now more than 50% of them are sex perverts. **"By their fruits ye shall know them."**

And so here, finally, we reach the *terminus* of what began as an exercise to glorify God the Creator (Job 38:1–7; Ezek. 28). It will return to its *original function* at the Second Advent (Isa. 2, 11; Joel 12; Matt. 24; Rev. 6, 11, 14, and 19). At that time, once again, David's orchestras and choral groups will be thundering forth the praises of God Almighty, from the heights of Mt. Zion, in the New Temple (Ezek. 40–48). In the interim, the future of modern, American, black sex music is absolutely *fixed* (predestinated) to arrive at its eternal habitat: Hell (Ps. 9:17). There it will join its predecessors and the authors (the Jungle, the Gambling Den, the Whorehouse, the Speakeasy, the Burlesque shows, the Ragtime "Jelly Rolls," the Nightclubs, Barrooms, Jazz Combos, Penitentiaries, the Bop groups, and the Rockers and Rollers. And whether this godless, depraved, jungle music is slipped unobtrusively into Christian Music, Society Music, or music for "Aerobic Exercises" (at Spas, or in Rhythm Classes in Primary and Middle schools), or even into "pop" Classical concerts, it will produce the same fruit. The same music will always say the same thing: *Music speaks.*

The Baroque (1650–1750) said:

"Thank God for life and health and talent. Think about God and Christ. Think about God's providence, and meditate on quietness, peace, cleanliness, and the outdoors."

The Classical (1750–1860) said:

"Rejoice and thank God for salvation. Think about sorrow and joy and the promises of God. Think about life and eternity."

The Romantic (1840–1900) said:

“Express yourself, pour out your feelings. Think about life and death and love; sorrow, suffering, joy, peace, victory, disappointments, tragedies, accomplishments, frustrations, pain, poverty, temptations, God, success, and pleasure.”

The Modern (1900–1950) said:

“Watch the dancers. Look at the costumes; isn’t MAN wonderful? Watch me show you something new in music! Watch me perform! Look what I can do with the score. Isn’t MAN wonderful!?”

The Popular Baroque (1920–1935) said:

“I wanna fornicate with somebody. My wife left me. My husband left me. I’m in jail. I got the Blues. Feel sorry for yourself; blame the white man. Look at her shake and shimmy!”

The Popular Classical (1935–1941) said:

“Swing it! Let down your hair! Dance like an animal! Ain’t it wonderful! Fall in love, do it, do it, do it! Broken heart? Find a replacement! Do it!”

The Popular Romantic (1935–1955) said:

“I love you, you love me. He loves her; she used to love him, I don’t love you anymore. Fornicate today! Young and old; there are no moral standards! When do we go to bed together? She broke my heart; I broke her heart. She’s got his heart. She lost her heart. My heart is running around here someplace, and I can’t find it. Where can I find a sex partner?”

The Popular Modern (1955–1970) said:

“Fornicate, pop pills, get drunk, take off your clothes. Do it, do it! Cuss your parents. Pass out. Cuss the government, get stoned, stay stoned. Do the bumps and grinds; fornicate at least twice a week; male with male, or female; female with female, or male. What’s the difference? There are no absolutes: do as you d— please. Kick off the traces (Ps. 2).”

Music is the universal language: *it speaks*.

The last Modern, black, African (American) music (1970–1996) says:

“Worship the devil; he’s a regular fella. Go on home to hell; you’ll enjoy it. That’s where all the sins are that you enjoy. Go on and end it! Take a short cut! Life is not worth living anyhow! Good is evil; evil is good. Yin is Yang; black is white, God is Satan, Hell is Heaven, etc.”

Insanity is the logical end result of man’s music if it was intended to glorify man (see *Discrimination, the Key to Sanity*. Ruckman [Pensacola: Bible Believers Press, 1994]).

Music and Musicians must end where all human endeavors end that ignore Absolute Truth and Final Authority (John 17:17; Ezek. 12:25; Isa. 55). *Music and Musicians* were predestinated from their start (Gen. 4:21) to end where Art and the Artists end (see *Art and Artists*). *Music and Musicians* will end where the Vatican ends (Rev. 17–18), and the UN (Zeph. 3:8; Matt. 13:40). All purely humanistic endeavors (by the “measure of all things” to please himself) are destined for the *same place* the moment they turn their back on their Creator, and ignore what *He said about them*, and their “endeavors.” Such Music, with its “Musicians,” will end up gently flowing down an underground sewer till they pour, steaming, into a stream of volcanic lava (Isa. 30:33) on its way to a Lake of Fire (Rev. 20; Matt. 25:41) *in outer darkness* (2 Pet. 2:17). Check the references; I made no overstatements.

For the musician who is a child of God (John 1:12) something else “awaits.” If he is a born-again musician, his final destiny is to wind up just like Jesus Christ (Rom. 8:29) and join a heavenly orchestra (Rev. 15:2) accompanied by a Choral group (Rev. 15:3) that you wouldn’t believe. When they finally “sound off” in Glory, to the Glory of God (Rev. 19:5–6), it will make Frederick Handel’s *Alleluia Chorus* sound like a mixed quartet of eighth graders. The Musicians will find very few Rock musicians, Jazz musicians, Swing musicians, or Bop musicians in their ranks: a few perhaps, that had enough sense to leave their dance bands when they got saved.

Imagine a choir of 2,000,000,000 voices singing eight part harmony, in perfect unison, with every singer better trained than Jussi Boerling, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Enzo Pinza, Lauritz Melchior, Giovanni Martinelli, Jenny Lind, Gall-Curci, or Renata Tebaldi!

***“ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS NAME, LET ANGELS PROSTRATE FALL!
BRING FORTH THE ROYAL DIADEM AND CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL!!”***

Man, what a “Coda”!!!

THE INTERMEZZO (Section Three)

CHAPTER ONE THE AUTHENTIC “POPULAR” MUSIC

It should be really interesting to see what kind of music Bible Believing Christians were engrossed in while the Catholics, Atheists, Deists, Lutherans, and Anglicans were engrossed with Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Verdi, Haydn, Wagner, Puccini, Stravinsky, and so forth. So, it is “Intermission” time at the Opera. It is time for an “Intermezzo.” This will deal with what was going on in *Christian circles* (not Catholic, Protestant, or Greek Orthodox circles), while Classical Music rose and fell (1500–1900), and while Popular Music (African) rose and fell (1900–1990).

Issac Watts is the pace setter after the AV shows up (1674–1784). There then follows a Christian “repertoire” through the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. It is still preserved in most Protestant hymn books. These songs began, before Watts, in the old German *Ausbund*, a collection of songs that survived the Dark Ages, without musical scores accompanying them. Luther put out the first real Protestant hymnal (1524) with the help of Johann Walther. While the “elite” sat enthralled in Opera Houses, Ballet Theatres, Symphonic Halls, and elaborate “Chambers,” entranced by the compositions of unsaved Catholics, unsaved Protestants, unsaved Anglicans, and unsaved Deists; the Bible believing Christians were doing what the “Morning Stars” had done before Genesis 1:1. They were restoring music to its original function (see p. 210): *praising and glorifying God*.

They not only persevered through the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century but even today—in a few places, of course—they remain untainted by contemporary (African) music, or by the “age” in which they found themselves. They did this by collating hymns and publishing them in collections as “Hymn Books.” Through the years, the best works of Watts, Wesley, Duffield (1818–1888), Reginald Heber (1783–1826), Edwin Hoder (1837–1904), and Joseph Scriven (1819–1886) were preserved for other Bible believing Christians. Notable hymn writers in the nineteenth century were William McKay (1839–1885), Adelaid Pollard (1862–1934), Charles Gabriel (1856–1932), John Sammis (1839–1919), plus many others (Fanny Crosby, Charlotte Elliott, Clara Williams, and then [up into the twentieth century] John Peterson [1921–1997]).

A Baptist minister (William Doane) wrote *Pass Me Not Oh Gentle Saviour, Rescue the Perishing, Take the Name of Jesus With You, Safe in the Arms of Jesus*. It was a Baptist

who wrote *I Need Thee Every Hour*, and it was a Baptist layman (Robert Coleman) who published *The Modern Hymnal*, and *The American Hymnal*. Those two Hymnals, *alone*, wound up in over 4,000 churches. (The last five hymn titles I just gave are as foreign to ANY Pope, or Catholic Archbishop, as the lyrics to “Hut-sut Rawson on the Rillirah and a Brawla-Brawla Suet.”)

Now, here we must force ourselves to make some entries on the computer that all of the historians refused to make because of their shocking disclosure. You see, literally hundreds of thousands (yea, millions) of saved sinners between 1700 (Isaac Watts) and 1980 (John Peterson) were singing these “popular songs” in and OUT of church. They were so “popular” that they were sung (hummed and whistled) in a variety of places *where no Rock or Swing or Jazz enthusiast would have thought about singing any one of his African “hits.”*

Something like 300–400 songs about Jesus Christ have been sung, for more than 200 years, in concentration camps, jails, Daily Vacation Bible Schools, churches, rescue missions, tents, cruisers, jungles, battleships, airplanes, life rafts, quonset huts, bombers, jails, hospitals, locker rooms, fox holes, slit trenches, POW camps, and public buildings, without a let up.

Where is all of *this* in these little “Histories of Music” that are used as textbooks in the schools, universities, and colleges? How did ALL of the historians manage to segregate and separate *Be Still My Soul, Revive Us Again, Nothing But the Blood, In the Sweet By and By, Lead Me to Calvary, Fairest Lord Jesus, and Springs of Living Waters*, from their histories when discussing “popular music?” Those songs began *before* the American “popular music started,” *prevailed* the whole time the fads (Ragtime, Boogie Woogie, Jazz, Swing, Bop, Rock, Rap, etc.) went on, and *emerged* the other side of them (after sixty years) just as strong *as when they competed with them*.

“That ain’t the half of it.” They were sung, hummed, whistled, and played on musical instruments in ten times as many *places* (by 500 times *as many people*) as the *total output* of all of the “Afro-Americans.”

My, what a thing for an historian to overlook!

My, what an “omission” in the NIV and NASV (Luke 4:4)!

You call that “reporting?” This is “history” is it?

There are still 10,000,000 people in America (at a minimum) who can sing (and do sing) *Just As I Am, Onward Christian Soldiers, and Amazing Grace*. There are not 1,000 Germans in Germany who can sing any songs that Franz Schubert wrote except *Ave Maria*. John Purcell and John Bull wrote in English (see p. 61). There are not 10,000 Englishmen in England who could sing you ONE song they wrote.

What gathering of 40,000 people (every week!) in Germany sings *De Bist DLU Ruh, or Abendempfindung, or Wie Bist Due meine Konigin, or Wesendonklider*? Those were German *popular songs*, written in German. You say it was 200 years ago? So? *Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow* was written in 1510!

Someone has a problem, and it is not the Body of Christ. You say, “It’s a different kind

of music.” What does that have to do with it? *Popular* music is music that people enjoy right NOW, or enjoyed at the time it appeared. The songs of the Bards, Troubadours, and Minstrels were the “popular” songs of their day (500–1500). The songs of Mozart, Schubert, et al. were “popular” in their day. Why are they no longer “popular?” *Why do you isolate Christian music from what you call “popular?”* Christian music has *always* been more “popular” longer, with more of the “masses,” than any “Mass” (or *Kyrie, Gloria, Agnus Dei, and Requiem*) composed by any Classical composer. You see, the Catholics *separated* popular music from church music. Consequently, the “masses” never fooled with *their own church music* (80% of all Europeans have always been Roman Catholics) anymore than they could help it. A Protestant Hymnal contains *Popular Music*, and it is “Church Music.”

More than 100 years before Johann Sebastian Bach was born, Christians were singing *Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow*. They *still* sing it. How did that one tune survive Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, and Bernstein? I have heard it sung more than four dozen times after 1980. And what is this? *O Worship the King*. We sing it about once a month at Bible Baptist Church in Pensacola in 1996. It came to us from 1800 (via Michael Haydn and Robert Grant). That is *196 years*. Isn’t that pretty “popular?” Must be; it went by Borodin, Offenbach, Mahler, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Korsakov, Ravel, Prokofieff, Debussy, Wagner, Verdi, and Respighi like they were stalled on the Interstate.

How could *St. Louis Blues* (W. C. Handy), *Purple Rain* and *Dirty Mind* (Prince), *Like a Virgin* (Madonna), *Thriller* (Michael Jackson), and *Forever Young* (Bob Dylan) ever keep up with *our* “track record?” You don’t know ten people in your town who can sing one stanza of *St. Louis Blues*. You cannot find (right this minute) 4,000 people who can sing *Born to Run* (Springsteen, 1974). His big popular “hit” pooped out in less than thirty years! Some “popular” music! While that flop was dying a quick and merciful death (along with Presley’s *Hearbreak Hotel, All Shook Up, Blue Suede Shoes, and Love Me Tender*) you could find in America well over *10,000 people* who were singing songs written *BEFORE WW I* (i.e., before Springsteen, Prince, Madonna, Presley, Lennon, Jackson, Dylan, et al. were born). These perennial “hits” were *Rock of Ages, O Little Town of Bethlehem, Joy to the World, Bring Them In, Work for the Night is Coming, Christ the Lord is Risen Today, When I Survey the Wondrous Cross, Jesus is All the World to Me, and Come All Ye Faithful*. These songs were written long before Presley, the Pretenders, the Bizarros, the Three Man Attractions, the Doobie Brothers, The High Roads, Little Feat, The Commodores, The Sugar Hill Gang, Lakeside, Rumors, Fleetwood Mac, Rockpile, or the Soul Sonic Force ever showed up. The singers in that crowd had not yet been *born*. All seven of our popular “Christian Hits” outlasted *every singer* named by more than *twenty years*, after *preceding him* by more than *fifty years*.

You do not know 500 people in your STATE who can sing *one song* that any one in that list sang. In your State—whatever it is—you still can find (in 1996) more than 50,000 people who can sing *The Old Rugged Cross* or *Joy to the World*.

Someone is bound to “get the message” after awhile. What is “popular” to a *regenerated* sinner is REFUSE to an *unregenerated* sinner (Prov. 29:27). What is “popular” to atheists, Catholics, agnostics, queers, Anglicans, dopeheads, Communists,

Socialists, Deists, fornicators, Lutherans, and humanists STINKS to a born again spirit (John 3:5; Eph. 2:1–9). The two natures (Rom. 7) are NOT compatible (see Gal. 5:18–24). God decided to *demonstrate* this Biblical and Theological truth in history; He decided to do it with *music*. *He did it*. Music speaks.

My congregation (a very small one of 500–600 Christians) enjoys singing *O Happy Day*. It was written in 1740, before the American Revolution. *That was thirty years before Ludwig Von Beethoven was born*. How is that for “enduring popularity?” Any of you rockers, swingers, zippies, hippies, yuppies, truckers, or “Baby boomers” (in the “X” generation) have a showpiece like *that one*? Where is it? *Name it*. Having a little trouble there, are you? You see, you unsaved music lovers cannot produce the “real goods.” *We can*.

There are hundreds of congregations of saved sinners in North America, in 1996, who sing *Grace that is Greater Than All Our Sin, Saved by the Blood of the Crucified One, Alleluia for the Cross, and Nothing But the Blood*, every year. *Not ONE of those very popular pieces of Christian music was written any later than 1910*. They do “jes’ fine” after being sung to death for more than *eighty years*. They preceded Leadbelly, Bunk Johnson, Sidney Bechet, Kid Ory, King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, and Jelly Roll Morton, and then sailed right through Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, and Duke Ellington, on through Hank Williams, Elvis Presley, the Beatles, KISS, Osborne, Dylan, Madonna, and Jackson, and are still being sung *now* (1996).

Now honestly (com’ on, “honestly”), what could Miles Davis, Janis Joplin, Jackson Browne, Jimmy Cliff, Bob Dylan, Kurtis Blow, Ruben Blades, Pat Benatar, Herbie Hancock, Afrika Bambaata, Frank Zappa, Pete Seegar, Dee Snyder, or Woody Guthrie (combined) produce for you in comparison to *our* hymn book?

Since I Have Been Redeemed, A.D. 1900. *I Will Sing the Wondrous Story*, A.D. 1920. *I’ve Found a Friend*, A.D. 1870. *Jesus is All the World to Me*, A.D. 1890. *Redeemed*, A.D. 1900.

Missed ’em didn’t you? You unsaved “Christians” missed the whole show. You had (right in front of your snoots) more than fifty pieces of “popular music” that were so “popular” they endured *100–400 years of musical history* without falling off of the “Hit List.” (What we used to call “The Lucky Strike Hit Parade,” 1930–1940.)

You never got the message, did you? Beth Farnam, Beverly Shea, Jack Holcomb, the Old Fashioned Revival Hour Quartet, Back to the Bible Choir, etc. The whole thing sailed right by you (1920–1990) while you were trying to get a fix, get drunk, make a buck, “score” on some girl, or roll a drunk. You never picked up a note of really “popular” music.

The first thing that impressed me (1949) when I left St. Michael’s (“Father” Sullivan presiding), and entered the portals of a Bible-believing Baptist Church in Pensacola (Rev. Hugh Pyle presiding), was the *music*. “Music speaks.” For the first time in my life—after a college education, four years of military duty, and four years of playing drums in dance bands, lifeguarding, and bar tending—I heard a bunch of American teenagers singing about Jesus Christ; and they were singing loudly and cheerfully, and *voluntarily*. They

were singing a song written before WW I (1914–1918) *Look and Live!*

It was at that moment (March, 1949) that I realized that my worldwide excursions (literally) into *art* (Michelangelo to Pollock), *music* (Palestrina to Shostakovitch), *black magic* (Alchemy to LaVey), *religion* (The Sutras, Vedas, Shastas, Koran, Puranas, etc.), and *sin* (you name it) had been incomplete. I had missed something. Here I was listening to loud, *joyful music* coming out of the mouth of American teenagers, and the music was not glorifying the flesh, sin, lust, drugs, gambling, thrills, fantasy, pleasure, security, money, or even *self*. It was bragging about Someone who had *done something for them spiritually, personally, and individually*, which was of such tremendous proportions that they had to *sing* about it. *It was something a DEAD MAN had done for them* (see *God is Love*, Chap. One).

I found out, in short order, what that “something” was. But I found it out through exposure to one Book, written more than 300 years before I was born; and that *one Book* is *banned* from the Public Schools by the Federal Government. It was a Book that *Bob Jones University* had been trying to replace since 1930, that *Tennessee Temple* had been trying to replace since 1940, that *Liberty University* (Falwell) had been trying to get rid of since 1980, and a Book that preachers from the *Baptist Bible Fellowship* and the *Southwide Baptist Fellowship* USE while not *believing* it.

The thought has occurred to me, a dozen times a year since that date (1949) when I entered the Brent Baptist Church, that nowhere on earth would anyone find *any* large religious group singing more than even twenty *songs* about their *founder*, after he was *dead!* There are no songs about Mozart himself, nor are there any about the Beatles, Haydn, FDR, Elvis Presley, Mohammed, Mandela, Buddha, Lincoln, Benny Goodman, Beethoven, George Gershwin, James Brown, M. L. King Jr., JFK, the Yardbirds, Louis Armstrong, or Vivaldi.

Who on earth are all of these fakirs who passed off as “great” men, when their own worshippers and followers didn’t think enough of them to write *one song* about them? Isn’t that fantastic? Imagine it! After all these men did to help humanity and “make the world a better place to live in, etc.,” no one had enough respect for any of them to write *one song* about them to keep them “in Memorium!” Jesus Christ dies and *500–800 songs* are written about Him, and they last through *nineteen centuries of history!* In such company, silly counterfeits like Mohammed, Buddha, Confucius, Joe Smith, Mary Baker Eddy, Ellen White, the “Rev.” Moon, Madam Blavatsky, Freud, Einstein, Zoroaster, Plato, Marx, and Darwin (Evolution is a religion like Psychiatry, Humanism, and Scientism) couldn’t “win, place, or show.”

I had two girls in my church (when I pastored at Brent) who could sing *Deep Down in My Heart* (a duet) to where it would almost take you out of your seat. When Jackie Johnson and Melba Jones would sound off with *I’ve Discovered the Way of Gladness*, etc. the bolts that fastened the pews to the floor would come loose—or at least it *seemed* that way. All the rappers and rockers and rollers missed it. No *spiritual discernment* (Eph. 2); dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. 2); no *spiritual life* (Eph. 2); no hope, alone “**without God in the world**” (Eph. 2:12).

Just like all of the Roman Catholic Popes, Priests, Bishops, Archbishops, Jesuits, and Nuns from A.D. 400 to A.D. 1990.

The only thing that “sent” these religious and irreligious fakirs were either jungle beats, strobe lights, and decibels that could fry an egg, or Dark Age chants and “rites” that glorified a pagan religion from Babylon.

CHAPTER TWO

MY FORTY-SEVEN YEARS WITH CHRISTIAN MUSIC

It should be more than apparent by now, that music connected with Bible-believing sinners, who have experienced *personal salvation* via the New Birth (by a Person: 1 John 5:10–13; Matthew 1:21), differs *radically* from any other kind of music (Eastern or Western). The Classicists who come closest to producing this real “Christian” music have already been examined (Vivaldi, Corelli, Couperin, Bach, Haydn, Handel, et al.).

The reason the author wrote this book was to open up to the Bible-believing Christian the vast resources of *instrumental music* that can qualify as “spiritual” music (Col. 3:16). Our Hymnals deal only with *lyrical music*: music with words. (“Lyrics,” the Ballad, will always outlast instrumental music when it comes to “the masses.”)

Now I have been saved for more than forty-seven years. In that time, my acquaintance with Christian music has been as thorough (more thorough) than my acquaintance with Classical, Hillbilly, Country and Western, Opera, Jazz, Ragtime, Dixieland, Symphonic, Swing, Bop, Rock, and Chamber music. I have endured the Sunday afternoon “Vespers” at BJU; I have listened to the slop put out by the Spurlows and Bill Gaither as they saturated spiritual music with African riffs, African Jazz band chords, and Cocktail Lounge “mood music.” I have watched John Peterson turn out some splendid works, while I was taping music from Theodore Epps’ Choir and Quartet, and Charles Fuller’s “Old Fashioned Revival Hour.”

But my Christian musical education didn’t stop there. I have played a tuba in a church orchestra for nearly *twenty years*, while teaching Evangelistic Song Leading to young men (weekly, *for thirty-two years*). That isn’t all. I have led singing in my own churches, off and on, for more than *thirty years*, and have played the harmonica for children in DVBS for at least *twenty-five years*. No music teacher at BJU, Pensacola Christian College, or Liberty University is going to tell me *anything* about Christian music I don’t already know. I accompany ten of my Chalk Talks with “Acapella” solos, and I have sung specials accompanied by organ, piano, and guitar. What the faculty members (above) know about singing on *the street* (which I have done), singing to *prisoners* in cells (which I have done), and singing in *Rescue Missions* (which I have done), you could put in the left eye of a blind mosquito.

I have heard Cliff Barrows and Homer Rhodeheaver, in person, leading a 2,000 voice congregation, and I had two song leaders work with me in my evangelistic work between 1951 and 1954 (Jim Warnock and Bob Persons). I have sung in choirs in country churches all over Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and North and South Carolina. Tell me something about Christian music I don’t know. See if the musical “pillars of the church” (Gal. 2:9) would “add anything to me” (Gal. 2:6) if they stayed up all night. Where I pastor (Bible Baptist Church) we have a 31 piece orchestra; it includes saxophones, piccolos, flutes, baritones, trombones, violins, piano, organ, cellos, trumpets, clarinets, drums, and tuba. In

addition to this, we have two male quartets, two women's trios, two women's duets, two men's duets, four guitar players, three banjo "pickers," three pianists, two organ players, two harmonica players, and children (10–15) who play *classical piano recitals* on Sunday afternoons. Tell me about it, will ya?

Tell "Ruckman" something about *Music and Musicians*.

I wrote *lyrics* for four different Christian songs; only one, so far, (a choir number) has been published. I have three more (two of them are male duets) if anyone wants them. As God is my witness, if I could have mastered the rudiments and technicalities of musical composition while I was "coming up," I could sit down right now and write out a four movement, 35–40 minute symphony for an eighty piece orchestra, and I could do it in less than a year. I always could *hear* the instruments, the rhythms, and the melodies in my head, but I have no way of transferring them to notes on *paper* (sheet music), with the staves for the different instruments. I am a frustrated composer.

With this orientation, allow me to give you a few "live" illustrations about Christian music from my own personal experiences (as I did in regards to the Swing bands of the 1930s and 1940s: pp. 177–187).

To me, the funniest thing on earth is *bad music*. By this I do not mean "evil" music, or even music that doesn't suit my taste. By "bad" I mean music that is clumsily (or wrongly) *performed*; music that gets "messed up," either accidentally or intentionally (P. T. Bach or Spike Jones, for example). I am not a real musician, but I have enough "ear for it" to know when someone has "messed" with it.

My good friend, Dusty Rhodes (who used to play organ and piano in cocktail lounges and night clubs in Mobile, AL), had what is called "Absolute Pitch." Honest to God, you could play any note on any instrument just one time (from a fife, piano, guitar, Bass viola, trumpet, etc.), and Dusty could call out the note in less than ten seconds: "A flat," "G," "F sharp," "D flat," etc.

I am NOT in that class. But when some professional "fakir" (like Bill Gaither, or the Spurlows, or BJU performers, or Jerry Falwell's singers, or John Rawling's singers) tries to *imitate* spirituality, or real "quality" in a musical number (instrumental or vocal), I can spot the bungler as quickly as I could spot a blot of India ink on a white tablecloth.

I have always appreciated Spike Jones; I still do. My salvation has not lessened my appreciation for musical parodies like *Cloe*, *Cocktails for Two*, *The Blue Danube*, *River Stay Way from My Door*, and *The William Tell Overture*. But my very favorite botched-up mess is a classic recording that I obtained back in 1962. I have never found another copy of it since, and if I had not recorded it, it would have been forever "lost to posterity," which would have been a musical catastrophe. It is called: *Music for Non-Thinkers*, and the musical artists who recorded it called themselves: *Guckenheimer Sour Kraut Band*. I have never heard anything to match it in a lifetime, in *fifty* states and *eight* foreign countries.

These Krauts, from Iowa (I think), play parodies on several popular German tunes (like *En München Steht Ein Hofbraü Haus*, etc.) and several Classics, among which are Liszt's *Hungarian Dance No. 2* and the *Overture to Ophelia*. This is a six-piece

“orchestra”: drums, tuba, trombone, clarinet, trumpet, and “Flugel” horn. Nothing like it has ever been heard on this earth, before or since. I still keep two copies of it, though both of them are so worn out you can hardly hear the music anymore. I have played the tape through, probably, about four times a year since 1962. I have never listened to it, one time, that I did not wind up collapsing in a chair, or lying flat on the floor, kicking furniture. It is the funniest thing I have ever heard in my life. No joke, or comic routine, or Sitcom, or stage comedy, night club comedian, or Marx Bros. comedy could come anywhere near it.

The instruments were carefully tuned so that the clarinet is just a “tad” off the trumpet, and the trumpet is just a “shade” off of the trombone. In one song (a parody on *The Star Spangled Banner*) the band plays in “C” and the singer sings the lyrics in “F.” You would have to hear it to believe it. I cannot describe it. It is obvious that all of the musicians are experts on their instruments; they are polished experts, for no one on earth could “ham” the classics the way they do without being really able to play them *correctly*. They know just the right “touch” or “nuance” in blowing a note so that it destroys the integrity of the entire passage. The Clarinet obligato in Liszt’s *Hungarian No. 2* is beyond description. It is hysteria. I have heard it played more than fifty times. It produces hysteria: hysterical laughing.

This reminds me that, at BJU, we had a woman singing teacher (I think her name was Levinson: 1950–1965, somewhere). This dear sister had gotten a wild idea from somewhere that the hallmark of all really genuine “high class” music was a *wide vibrato*. The vibrato she recommended would make a Wagnerian “Heroic” Tenor sound like a note blown on a flute.

To sustain the illusion that BJU was a cultural center, BJU used to put on *The Artist’s Series*. This was to convince the students that Bob Jones Jr. was some kind of an “expert” on Art and Music (see *The Full Cup*. Ruckman [Pensacola: Bible Believers Press, 1992], p. 180). Poor Bobby couldn’t draw water or paint a barn, and the only *instrument* he ever played in a lifetime was a radio or a cassette recorder.

At any rate, while this woman taught at BJU, all of BJU’s “Gospel singers” came out with this ridiculous “ooooah, oooah, oooah” vibrato. (If you want to hear the original get a copy of Bert Lahr singing, *The Road to Mandalay*.) I used to collapse laughing right in the middle of a Gospel song when these novices were singing. The worst climax came when the BJU Choral Society put on Haydn’s *Creation* (an Oratorio). For here, the “grace notes” were so many (and so close together) that if any idiot with a wide vibrato came to the passage, his vibrato *overlapped* the key the note was written in; thus he was hitting above and below each note as he *crossed it*. (Grace notes come in “clusters,” ascending and descending, with four to six notes to the “beat.”) Again, I cannot describe what this sounded like coming from a Baritone; it was absolutely awesome. The nearest thing to it would be a bellowing bull trying to vomit up something stuck in his throat. With 2,000 Christians in full “evening dress,” all sitting bolt upright, and giving reverent attention to the great Christian Oratorio, here is this junkyard dog (Ruckman) stretched helplessly out across two chairs, unable to breathe and nearly strangling with laughter. (How crude, uncouth, vulgar, and “ungodly” can one get!?) Honestly, I am physically weak after such “spells.” I can jog three miles in my bare feet and not be that exhausted.

On another occasion, I was sitting in an empty choir loft of a Brethren Church in Hagerstown, Maryland, where I was holding a revival. I was waiting to take the pulpit after a Prima Donna sang her “special.” She was singing *The Holy City*. It was a catastrophe.

The poor soul got to the last refrain—it goes AABA—and then forgot her “recitave.” Thusly:

“And once again the scene was changed, new earth I seemed to see, I saw...I saw...!”

I “liked to have had” a heart attack. Vainly, the accompanist repeated the measures hoping the soloist would join her, but she never did. Finally, she stopped, and laughing (gaily), she said, “Oh goodness! I have forgotten the words. Please forgive me! I will start over.”

She never should have said *that*.

So help me, that dear lady went clean back to the first lines of the *first verse* “Last night I lay asleeping, etc.” Guess what happened when she got to the third “A” (AABA)? As you live and breathe, she intoned:

“And once again the scene was changed, new earth I seemed to see, I saw...I saw...”

Blank! I began to crack up. I mean when those kind of things happen, I just come apart “at the seams”; I lose all self control.

You won’t believe what she did. She turned beet red and then laughed it off again, and said “I don’t know what is the matter with me tonight, I just don’t seem to be able to remember that last stanza!” And back she went (for the *third time*) to the beginning, and came clear through again! I don’t know whether she got it right the third time or not; I didn’t dare stay in the choir loft to check it out. I got up and went out a side door; I could hardly walk.

I remember another august occasion. Old Claude Bonam (Huisache Baptist Church of San Antonio) was a rough-riding, plain-spoken, Bible believing, down-to-earth, real, male Texan. He used to head up J. Frank Norris’ “Adult Visitation” at the First Baptist Church of Fort Worth. The “cultured” Christians at BJU had made his *daughter* (Becky) head of the Music Department at Bob Jones University somewhere back in the 1980s. So one day, the Huisache Baptist Church got a taste of some real first class *Bob Jones’ “culture”*: real highbrow, uppity-uppity stuff, man! Highbrow, posh, nothin’ but the best; *class*, man, *classy!*

One of Becky’s female friends was invited to sing a special Sunday morning. It was the nearest thing I ever heard on earth to a combination factory steam whistle and a Calliope (a circus pipe organ). I believe that somewhere in San Antonio some workers must have knocked off for lunch when she sounded her first note. In ten seconds I had excused myself from the front row because I knew what was going to happen: I was going to “have a spell” before 400–500 people that I was going to have to preach to. I went down a side hallway and turned the corner by the restrooms. And there was the pastor (Brother Bonam) walking up and down in the back hallway, with both his hands cupped

over his ears; he was moaning, “Oh ain’t it *awful!* My God, ain’t it *awful!*” (He used to be a clarinetist in a dance band.)

I said, “Why on earth did you invite her in?”

“Well,” said Bonam, “She was one of Becky’s friends at BJU, so...” So I had almost “made the scene” again. If I had not gotten up and left the auditorium it would have been “Katie, bar the door!”

I have never recalled that San Antonio scene without being reminded of an old joke that I heard more than sixty years ago (1934). It seems that a famous Tenor was “in concert” before a small audience of about 400 people. One of his renditions was a Stephen Foster “Medley” which closed with *My Old Kentucky Home*. As he sang the last selection, he noticed a middle-aged man on the front row who *wept copiously* all through the number. When he had finished, the Balladeer came down from his small podium, bent over, and shook hands with the weeper. “Pardon me, sir,” he kindly asked, “Are you from Kentucky?”

“No,” replied the sufferer, “I’m a *musician*.”

(Excuse me for a moment, please. I cannot type for a few seconds.)

When Church “bulletins” are put together (or sometimes announcements are posted on a sign out in front of the church), some wild things can happen. I saw a Church announcement in a Kingsport, Tennessee paper which said, “Accompanied by Miss Langer on the piano, Mrs. Graham will sing *Oh Rest in the Lard*. (I hope no one took her advice.)

One Church bulletin printed the pastor’s text as: “There is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one SINGER that repenteth.” This was surpassed by another bulletin which read: “At 10:30 am, our pastor will preach a sermon on the theme of “Evil Members in the Church.” The choir will sing the Anthem, *Who Could It Be?*, Beverly, Mass.

But the one I like best came out of Harry Emerson Fosdick’s Riverside “Baptist” Church—a pagan interreligious temple pastored by a Bible-rejecting fool. The “Order of Service” read:

HYMN 336. Congregation standing.

SERMON: “What are You Standing For?”

(Pardon me again; I cannot type intelligibly.)

I had another rare, musical treat at Bonam’s church, back in the 1970s, at a Preachers’ Fellowship Meeting—a common practice among the Independent Baptists. This time, during a “break” between preachers, when people were getting a drink of water, going to the restrooms, and so forth, I thought I heard someone playing the organ. I was standing behind the back row near the vestibule, and the music wasn’t very distinct, but someone *was* playing it. Someone was playing it very *badly*. I looked down the long aisle (the church could seat about 800 people) and saw a middle-aged farm woman at the “stops.” She was not the regular organist. Then I noticed ten to twelve preachers down on the front

row, near her, and all of them were snickering, chuckling, and nudging each other. One or two laughed so loud you could hear them above the shuffling of the congregation throughout the auditorium. I did not find out what the cause for all of this hilarity was until later.

Later, Brother Bonam told me what happened. This hayseed had asked him for permission to play the organ during the intermission, and she insisted that she had done it for years. Against his better judgment, he let her try it out. When she finished (amidst gales of laughter), Claude Bonam came up to her and said (in that good old masculine, straightforward Texas fashion): “Good God, sister! You can’t play that thing! You had no business gettin’ up there!”

She never flinched. She smiled and said, “Well Pastor, I did the best ah could. But you see that there trumpet stop? Ah couldn’t get it to work for nothin’, so ah had to fill in that part *with mah mouth!*”

That dear soul had been up there on that organ bench, in front of those preachers, going “doo, dedooo, dedodedodoooo” through her nose and mouth, while she was playing a hymn. I thank God I had not been close enough to really hear it. You would have had to call for the EMTs and the Paramedics.

I heard another “intermission volunteer offer” to play *The Holy City*, during a collection being taken at Bob Gray’s Church, where I was holding a Conference with Lester Roloff (Jacksonville, FL). I was sitting next to Bill Mann, who was singing the “specials” during the meeting. Bill is an accomplished musician who sang concerts in his day, along with people like John McCormack, Jeanette McDonald, John Charles Thomas, and Nelson Eddy. Throughout *The Holy City* we kept exchanging glances. I had this mad impulse to start laughing hysterically; something was all wrong with the fingering but I didn’t know what it was. Brother Mann just looked at me “dead pan” about six times. All I could think of was a Christian joke that said, “The piano player must be a good Christian; his left hand doesn’t know what his right hand is doing.”

When the “Offertory” (that’s what they call it) ended, I could not resist saying something to Brother Mann. I asked him, “Was that *The Holy City* or the *Unholy City*?”

Just as sober as a judge, Bill Mann said loudly, “Brother you could have written another song *with the notes he left out!*”

But I recall, further, another great Christian musical blessing. This golden moment took place in a small country church in South Alabama (Wing, near Andalusia). I heard another real “hayseed” (a female) asking the pastor for permission to play a “special.” The pastor, Brother Corliss Thorne (later of Ft. Walton, FL) turned her down twice, but she kept insisting, so—on she came! She brought her accompaniment with her: a thirty year-old guitar that must have been bought at Woolworths or Montgomery Ward.

As I “live and breathe” (and try to maintain my composure) that dear soul played *In the Sweet By and By* in the key of C, and *sang* it in the key of C, but she only knew how to play *one chord* on the guitar: C. Thus the whole song was accompanied by *one chord* (C) while the melody went through the Dominant (G 7th) and Subdominant chords (F).

I flipped out on that one.

I cannot stand it. I do not have enough grace to maintain a straight face when music starts going to pieces. I cannot behave like a gentleman or even stay *rational*. When the music goes to pieces, I go to pieces. I think that fouled-up music is the funniest thing on the face of this planet. I will close this “Intermezzo” with two “encores.”

I am preaching in the First Baptist Church in Bay Minette, Alabama (1953). The pastor is the Reverend Fred Postma. We are in the middle of a real “sure nuff” revival. Adults are getting saved right and left; the prayer room is full; so many people are weeping at the altar that the church secretary cannot get their names; and high school students are leading their friends to the Lord in the hallways of the public schools. Out of this meeting came four preachers and Brother Dickman (one of our Deacons: 1996) who set up a world-wide (literally) Scripture sign ministry in five different foreign languages.

Well, naturally, there were some “big shots” in the “Fust Church” (always), and naturally they wanted to “contribute something” to the meeting (in order to be connected with it), even though they were *not* willing to give up their cards, pool rooms, whiskey, beer, crooked local politics, and their unsaved friends. So, one night a “dignitary” undertakes to sing a solo (*Amazing Grace*) accompanied by a pianist (Mrs. Rhodes). The “catch” here is that *Amazing Grace* must not be just your ordinary *Amazing Grace*; this one will have to have the typical classical “cultural touch” of Bob Jones University, so *this Amazing Grace* will be sung in a minor key. It was a blowout.

The soloist was a typical, carnal, Southern Baptist “deacon” without a spiritual bone in his body. He could have no more put across a *spiritual* Christian song than he could have sold an electric heater to a Ubangi. Up he got (in his Choir robe), open went his manuscript, and on came the piano introduction. (There were about 400 people in a building that seated 350.)

From the very start, it was a spiritual disaster. Somewhere after “saved a wretch like me,” he lost the key—*completely*. His voice had modulated into another key in an attempt to produce a “minor.” The organist quickly transposed into the minor of his chosen key; whereupon he slipped off into the *major*, in another key, to cover his error. As he fled from one key to the next, I began to split at the seams. The performer (and man! what a performance!) knew that something was wrong because his face went beet red, but on he went (beginning to sweat a little): “through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have already come...” I couldn’t look at him. I couldn’t look at anybody. I was done for. I had a mad impulse to holler “Amen!” but, instead, I just ducked my head, covered my forehead with my Bible and looked at the floor; my whole body was shaking.

I don’t know how many keys he went through, he certainly crisscrossed at least three times over the “original.” Every time the organ player would modulate to catch up to the “key of his choice,” he would abandon it and flee for refuge to another one, or at least *the major* of the key *she* was in. When he *did* slip into a minor key, he didn’t stay there long. Throughout this ghastly “Christian” music, I had the wild feeling that I was hearing a pack or wild dogs chasing a wounded possum through a swamp.

I will close with this gem.

I was preaching at a Preachers' Fellowship near Mobile, Alabama. It was a great blessing, because there, in a series of morning, afternoon, and evening services, I encountered converts of one of my students (whom I had led to Christ), and present with those converts was another convert (a grown man) who had led some more men to the Lord. I was preaching to my spiritual sons, spiritual grandsons, and spiritual great-grandsons in the same service.

It was really too good to last without something going wrong.

As fate would have it, the "offender" had to be found in the Music Department. This time it was a middle-aged man. He was asked to sing a special, and he chose *It Took A Miracle*. Now this man was well dressed, but his red neck, dry hair, freckles, and gnarled hands would show anyone (especially an Artist) that he was not exactly your basic "lead tenor" who just graduated from Julliard. He was (clearly and absolutely) a plow-jockey (a "ridge runner" or "briar hopper").

Nonetheless, up he got, and the pianist played an entro. But I got stunned before he had sung five words. Through the rest of the song I could never convince myself that I had *heard* what I heard, but what I *heard* was: "My Father is Omushmunah, and that you can't deny...etc." But I heard this same gentleman sing the same song, *the same way*, in less than two months. Two more times at Fellowship meetings in Alabama, up he got and sounded out with "My Father is Omushmunah and that you can't deny..." (I wouldn't think of denying it!) "...a God of might and miracle...etc."

The critter didn't know how to pronounce "Omnipotent"; no one ever corrected him, so he never looked it up to see *how* it should be pronounced. He just muffled his way through everytime he sang the song. I heard him sing it that way two weeks after that; same song, same words, *same word* ("Omushmunah!"). "My Father is Omush-munah and that you can't deny..." You can imagine my emotional state when I saw him introduced *for the third time*. I could, perhaps, have survived the second time I heard him if it had not been for a choice "ad lib" he inserted into a Hymn in *addition* to his "Omushmunah." You see, in that meeting he attempted to sing *How Great Thou Art*. Here, to the utter destruction of my composure, he sang out with:

"I hear the STARS, I see the rolling THUNDER, thy power throughout...etc."

"Originality is the spice of life!"

(I had to leave the building again, on that occasion.) My personal temperament, for some reason, is unable to hold up under that kind of thing in music; "it gasses me," as they said back in the 1950s.)

Well, I have seen teenaged girls wearing horn-rimmed glasses, standing in "Brogans" (with their dresses six inches below their knees), with no training in voice, singing, or speech; and I have seen them stand on platforms in country churches and sing *While the Ages Roll*, or *Crumbs From the Table*, or *Thank You Lord for Your Blessings on Me*, till the "Sanctuary" was so filled with the Holy Spirit you thought you were looking through fog.

On the "counterpoint" I have seen well-dressed, highly-painted, highly-trained female "Christian" professionals wearing special hairdos, and dresses tighter than a Scuba diver's

outfit, trying to sell *themselves*, while pretending to be “giving God the glory.” (Most of them prefer a sound system with “canned” music already recorded to accompany them.) I have seen the girls smiling at the boys, while the boys section of the choir sings; and then watched the boys gaze (solemnly, in reverence) at the girlies, while they strutted their stuff; all done in order to drum up enrollments (\$\$\$) for a School *that despised every real Bible believer on this earth*.

Tell me something about Christian music I don't know. I know all about those “explosive endings” on Hymns which try to counterfeit power and majesty; they are a disgrace to Biblical Christianity.

I have seen these highly trained professional “Christians” painted up like a “possum hunter at Pokeberry time,” with the males fluffed in lace collars, and sporting permanents—plus red shoes and all. They learned how to *stand*, how to *blink*, how to *smile*, how to close their eyes in the right places; every note was sung flawlessly, with the correct breathing and *diction* (and the right “body language”), and their ministry stank like a Texas feed pen for cattle. In their music, I have felt the flesh and the devil, and it felt like you had one foot in the Bottomless pit, all the time they “performed.”

Tell me “all about it,” will you?

I have sat in Filipino churches listening to Filipino girls with beaming faces, singing hymns with such joy you would think they were on drugs. The richest among them had *three* dresses and *two pairs* of “clogs.” I have heard the Russians sing in their Baptist churches (practically Orthodox, still) and have rocked back and forth on my seat with my eyes closed, and heard that mournful, earthy, “sacrifice of thanksgiving” come out of lips that had put the owner in prison five to twenty years for confessing Christ; through mouths that had had food and water withheld until the victim was down to one hundred pounds; and while those eyes watched husbands, sons, fathers, and children dragged off to certain torture and death. In those minor keys, I could hear the wail of the Volga boatman, the howl of the blizzards over the steppes, the crushing tyranny of Czars and worse (*much worse*) the tyranny of Lenin, Stalin, the KGB, Khrushchev, and Gorbachev: “Mother Russia” weeping for her children.

I have heard the Christian Germans singing in their churches, and the Christian Mexicans singing in their churches. I have sung, in German, in German-American churches in Bavaria. I have played Christian music on the Harmonica for Canadians, Filipinos, Negroes, Koreans, Mexicans, American Indians, Russians, and Germans and have *sung solos* on the streets of Odessa (Ukraine), Seoul (Korea), Guadalajara (Mexico), and Pensacola.

O ye “music teachers” at BBC, Tennessee Temple, Bob Jones, Pacific Coast, Liberty University, and Pensacola Christian College, tell me *all about it*, will you? Tell ole' junkyard dog “Ruckman” something he needs to know about “Christian music,” if you can.

I know Christian music.

I know the pagan “riff” when I hear it sung by Charismatics: “Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, etc., etc.”

I recognize my old bawdie house, barroom buddy, the “Barrel House” piano, when it shows up in a Gospel Concert to back up a “Gospel” Quartet.

You won’t fool this old junkyard dog when it comes to *Music*. I can spot an African Triplet or a Tango beat (p. 168) before you’ve gotten halfway through the first verse in your “special”; whether you *play* it, or *sing* it.

Music speaks. Any music that does not remind you of something Christian, Biblical, or Spiritual is NOT “Christian” music. If your feet get tapping before your *mind* starts thinking, someone is out to mess with your *mind*. Christian music will cause the mind to dwell (and meditate) on the following things: The Love of God, The Power of God, God’s mercy and kindness toward you, your failures to serve God faithfully, your need to witness, the true condition of unsaved people, Prayer and prayer promises, the Person and Work of Jesus Christ (especially His presence and His Second Coming), the joys and glories of Heaven and New Jerusalem, your trials and sorrows and sufferings, as related to your sins, and God’s grace, your victories over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and the joy of resting peacefully in the finished work of Christ while everything about you collapses.

Any “Christian” music that draws more attention to musical *talent*, musical *techniques* (the instrumentalists, or the singer), or the *manner* of presentation, is INFERIOR to the *secular music* of Vivaldi, Couperin, Telemann, Bach, Haydn, Mozart (Symphonies and Concerti), Brahms and Beethoven (Symphonies, Sonatas, Chamber Music, and Concerti). A real Christian musician MINISTERS; he (or she) never “performs.” He (or she) never deserves, needs, covets (or *should have*) any applause. If *anyone* applauds, let it be the One who was magnified and glorified. A real Christian musician (instrumentalists or vocalist) is deeply concerned with conveying a MESSAGE, not a voice, or a technique, or a personality.

**“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly
in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing
one another in psalms and hymns and
spiritual songs, singing with grace
in your hearts to the Lord.”**

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