

## Tender Beats

I told my drum teacher I did not want to use a metronome. That endless ticking... tic tic tic ... Keeping time. I thought to myself, drums are not really about time. I wanted a metaphysical experience. Something meaningful. Something about I and You. A kind of connection. I thought, this could be meaningful. A kind of connection. Even the little things. What occurs between the beats. In between the tic tic tic. So, we got rid of the metronome. In its place, instead, a I and a You. That began to feel like something. I could imagine something, in this between space. The beat. Raindrops. But then my drum teacher, well, he kind of gave up on me. Guess I just could not manage those drum rolls. I went ahead. Instead of the Tic, I went for the Thump.

This is a place to start. Everything else... well... I started not to care. I wanted the Thump, not the Tic – you see, the Tic is like, well, it's like the endless rhythm, the cycle, the defined. As a contrast, the Thump, well... that's the disruption. The thing that stands out. An odd rhythm. The Thump, well, it might be understood to pose a problem. I like problems. For instance: I am here... Right? And you, well, you are there, right? And then... well, something happens. Yes, that's right. A sudden explosion – ? well, maybe... No seriously. To get back to the Thump, to the Problem: this begins to open up something. A negotiation. A conversation. I and You. That might be a beginning. A dialogue. A friction. Or at least a noise. Which is something.

I felt this could be a beginning. Between. But to get back to that Thump. It could be a sudden noise. Or, someone yawning... I'm not sure. But, either way, it disrupts that sense of Time – the Tic. Jump. My drum teacher, he wanted me to learn that Van Halen song, Jump. Well, I thought... Ummmm..... It's not their best song, right? But still, it could be something. So I tried. It didn't go so well. You know, I couldn't find the edge. That brief instant of clarity. Followed by the sudden wash... Like a wave. It comes, first, as a clarity – a rush. Followed by a softness, a confusion, a dissipation. This is what it could be. So I searched. For a change. The break, the line. The one that goes from here to there, from I to You, I searched. Where is that line? Yes, in the beat, that maybe is not so much language – well, yes, of course language is important. At least, well, at least... But a kind of music. Maybe that could be it. A kind of music.

Thump Thump Thump. Not really aggressive, No, but still, just a little. That seems important. Negotiation. On a performative level. Does this make sense? To follow the sound... which is not really language, though it tries, it tries even knowing it won't make it. I might call this: beauty. A little. A background, that, begins, to, be, more. Something. A body. Here, of course, it has to... find a language. What? Where is that Thump? I'm searching. There. It. Is. A window. There, See. A man, well, No. You pick up the line, a thread, you think it makes sense, and you know, well, you have to follow it. You have to. It has already started. It will, in the end, lead somewhere. At least, to something. Shhhhh. Or. So. But to get back to the music. It might be said to put into a single form what should not be together. The different parts. Saturated. Not necessarily a riff, but a dream. Perhaps. A phantom. In the imagination. I went back to the drums. To the Thump. Like a flick of something. A spark. It had to be there. A morning. Or, a breath. I felt...



outside and the breath in your ear and the light rustle of imaginary birds, well... I'm getting carried away. A geography of songs. That might be it. A geography. LA... Beach Boys. The wish for love.