

Mp3 Bpmf - Parousia Fallacy



[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Electronic progressive ambient 9 MP3 Songs ELECTRONIC: Electronica, ELECTRONIC: Ambient
Details: parousia () 1. the second coming of Christ Etymology: Greek, literally, presence, from paront-, parOn, present participle of pareinai to be present, from para- + einai to be fallacy 1. a mistaken belief. 2 a failure in reasoning which makes an argument invalid. Etymology: Latin fallacia, from fallere deceive.
When I was a teenager (1980s), I had a dream to write a science fiction novel that I called "Parousia". It was set in the not so distant future when, for some reason, the belief that the Advent had arrived and "the end was neigh" became rampant throughout western society. Madcap hilarity ensues as otherwise seemingly rational people, "prepare" for the end times in ever more mutually destructive ways. But alas, I am neither Robert Shea nor Robert Anton Wilson and my wordsmithery could never describe the scene of unbridled debauchery that came to mind as well as any page from the "Illuminatus Trilogy". The fact that I am not a writer is only the first problem, recently much of what I imagined as fiction fit for a beach read has actually come to pass. How can anyone's imagination compete with the insanity of today's reality? The point of the tome was to beg a philosophical question that remains a direly important one to answer today. Do myths exist, the belief in which, are so caustic to the human psyche that through the madness of taking them to their logical conclusion, have the ability to destroy civilizations? I leave it to academics to debate if this is what happened to the Aztecs, Rome, or the USSR for that matter. But I believe this could be the fate of western civilization today. The ironic "haha" of my story was simply that the belief in the end of the world, will precipitate the end of the world. It seems this dilemma buried into my subconscious and as I produced these tracks over the last 10 years, found a way to bubble out. Only in the last days of mixing and editing did the subtext of these works reveal themselves to me and I recognized the unspoken fear that had motivated much of them. "Ecce Homo" was originally recorded in

1996. For this track I had originally tried to take "Jupiter And Beyond" from the 2001 soundtrack and make something light and "chilly" out of it. Right. Sometimes the best things a producer does happen when the unconscious mind subverts the intentions of the waking self. So I was somewhat taken aback by it, but liked the sound scape I had created all the same. Having realized what it was really all about, 10 years later, I could dust it off and "re-execute" it from a more honest perspective. You see, this is why its great to be an amature, if I want to take a decade to finish something, the rent will still get paid. Does the title refer to that book from my favorite anti-Christian blow hard Freddy Nietzsche? Or does it reference the pompous renaissance biblical interpretations of Caravaggio, Titian, Cigoli or my anti favorite Ciseri? Or all of the above? Maybe. "End of Beginning"/"Beginning of End" are really the same track. Aren't I clever? "Beginning of End" was finished first as I kept pushing "End of Beginning" farther and farther toward dystopia. The result, "Beginning of End", while satisfactory on an artistic level also succeeded in destroying the more satisfying feelings I get from "End of Beginning". Well apocalypses do have a way of doing that to one don't they? Those little devils... My "faith" in the teachings of Siddhartha Guatama gave me the perspective I needed to complete the cycle of creation, destruction and recreation that yielded these tracks about the cycle of creation, destruction and recreation. Same as it never was.... "Siddartha", speak of the devil, is about the man they fashioned the Buddhist religion from (can you really call it a religion?). Now anyone who knows me knows I got nothin' against the Nazarean named Jesus, that Meccan Mohammed and surely not the prince from Lumbini, Siddharta Guatama. I never lent them any money, so they don't own me anything! But throughout history, the religious types have just loved to take their best ideas and find a way to enslave people with them. Way to go people! This track was another of my many efforts to meditate upon the perfection of the lesson that is meditation. Of course, I am much too hyper to actually meditate, making chilly space tracks will just have to do for this lifetime. "Personal Space" was "put in the can - done" first on this cd. Sometime in the spring of 2003. What fascinates me about this overwrought epic is that I made it *before* I had gone to China. Turns out, George Harrison was right when he said "The farther one travels, the less one knows". I had for the first time in my life, gotten an apartment to myself! Then experienced the liberation of my personal space. I actually meditated upon that feeling but could only feel the pressures of the modern word creep back to the forefront of my consciousness. Sad. You can take the rat out of the cage, but will he ever be free? The vocals were recorded by my Chinese teacher some years before I ever had this midlife crisis. What premonition about

my life did she have to choose this text to teach her students? For the non-Chinese speakers out there she's going on and on about how we all have a "personal bubble" around us that we defend as our space. Piercing this periphery leads to stress and discomfort for the owner of said space. We all know pollution, noise and the crush of modern life chips away, and corrupts one's sense of space and destroys the individual's tranquility. Yadayadayada..... "Wee World" is not about having to take a leak. Its about childhood, the original, second, third childhoods and so on. The one that threw gas on my current boyhood are my kids. This is how the cycle of birth and death are perpetuated from the infinitesimal to the infinite and back. Being a father is the greatest thing that can happen to someone, next to being a mother, and will suit me fine this time. I recommend it strongly, but only to those already strongly inclined. Just watch out for that apocalypse thingy! You don't want your loved ones to get all sucked up into that! Funny thing, when I was a wee lad I was in a group called "Free World". See? "Trippin' Through the Wild Strawberry Patch", not to be confused with, Strawberry Paddies for Neverland Ranch or Wild Strawberry Fried Rice from the Rancho Relaxo All-Stars cd "The Answer is Always Yes", is the only "live jam" on the cd. This version is forward and backward at the same time. Two for the price of one! Around the turn of the century, my former wife and I rented a cabin in the woods at Nockamixon state park here in Pennsylvania. We brought a subset of our gear and threw out some rough jams. This one stuck with me. I loved playing with the arpeggiator on her Roland JP 8000 and got so excited I accidentally recorded over part of one of her tracks. Ooops! I suck. Anyway, its really trippy wandering around the woods and finding cute little wild strawberries the bunnies love to munch on. Am I getting too "My Little Pony" on y'all? Scamper away little bunnies its time for the "Beginning of the End"! Dang, I hate when that happens... "Conch You Hear". Conch, you hear it. The conch is used by Tibetan Buddhist monks as a kind of "call to prayer". I figured with the end just beginning and all it was a good time to look beyond this time and space and reflect on the infinite. But I only had a minute, so we must do it quickly. Meditation for the AD/HD generation. Boo YA! Freedom Bird is a reflection upon my tour of duty in Vietnam. What? Ok, well I went to Saigon (HCM city!) on vacation, stayed with friends, had a blast! So one generation's hell on earth, becomes the next generation's Disneyland. Perhaps the most psychedelic thing that could have happened in the last 40 years. The Freedom Bird is what the American soldier called the airplane that would take them home after their 13 months in hell. For some though, they got an early ticket home, which of course was risky business. Imagine you're laying flat on yer back in some rice paddy in Nam, on

the fringe of consciousness, either on the verge of a morphine OD or just in pain beyond pain to the point of having lost all feeling, and you see/hear/feel or otherwise sense this Huey coming toward you. Do you even realize it's your ride home? Is it an angel, is it the hounds of hell? What is "freedom"? So there you have it, everything you never wanted to know about bpmf's "Parousia Fallacy". It took me nearly a lifetime to create, I can strongly recommend that you at least preview it for free and give it a whirl. I have some more things in the pipeline you may like better or worse. I'll be warning everyone soon.

[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Similar manuals:

[MP3 In Color - In Color \(the Lamp Album\)](#)