



WHY 22?

Vibration 22, that of the **Heart**.

Vibration 22, that of the **Ear**.

Vibration 22, that of **New Harmony**.

Vibration 22, that of the **New World**.

Vibration 22, that of the **Era of Two**.

I could have stopped at « **Ear** ». It would have been simpler.

But....

I could even have stopped at « **Heart** ». This whole thing is so rich. Isn't each beat of the heart stubbornly meaningful and is it not also, all at once, gloriously and indisputably **universal**? .

beat, dream, beat dream, beat dream, beat dream....

Il bat, il rêve, il bat, il rêve....

But....

Why keep it simple when you can make it more **nuanced**?

Why keep it simple when you can make it more **beautiful**?

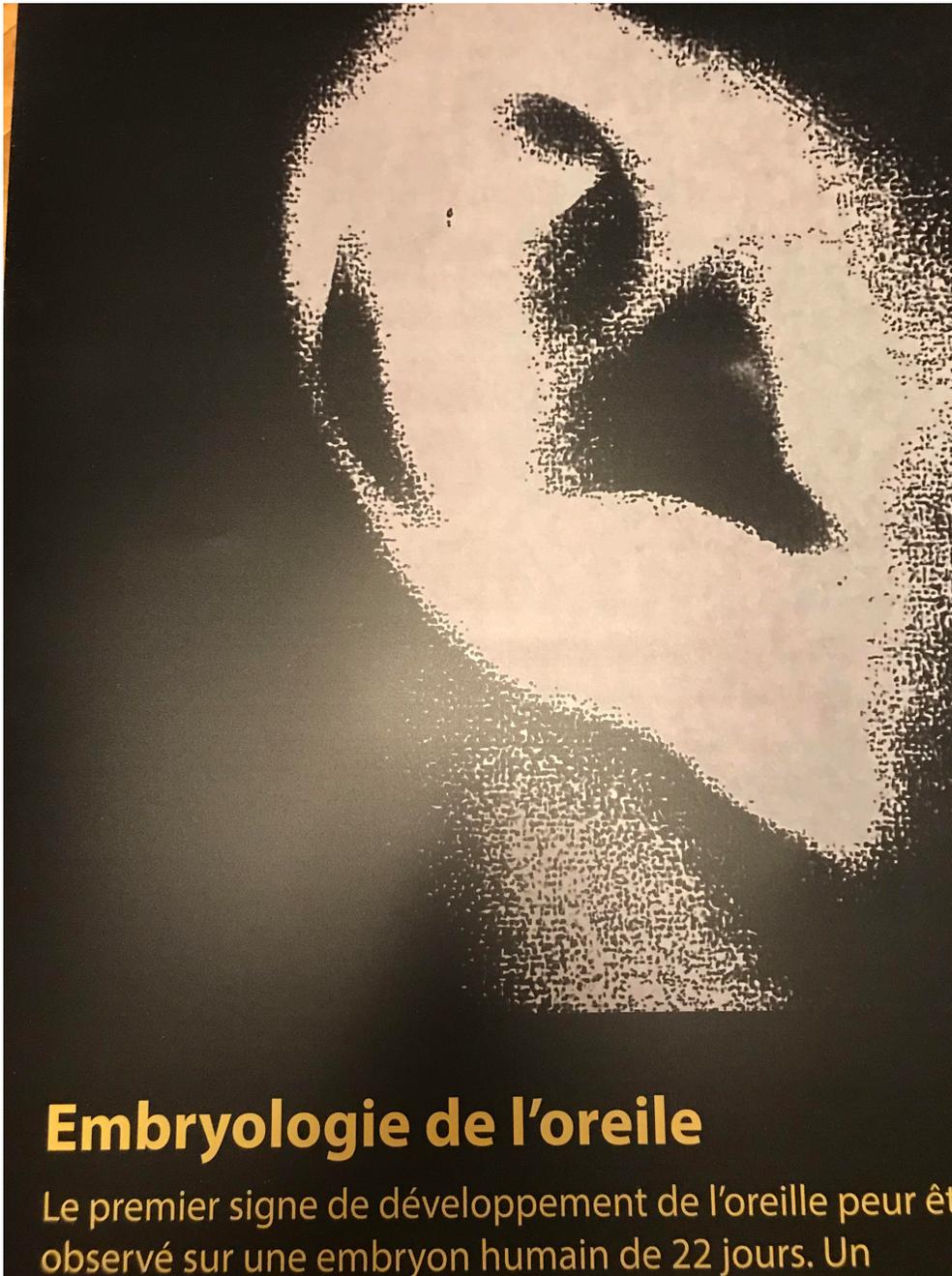
Why keep it simple when you can make it more **meaningful**?

Why keep it simple when you can make it more **promising**?

Why keep it simple when you can make it more **Human**?

On the 22nd day, the heart, which is still only a surprisingly large red ball compared to the rest of the body, begins to beat.

Embryology of the Ear - The first sign of Ear development can be observed in a 22-day-old Human embryo.



Embryologie de l'oreille

Le premier signe de développement de l'oreille peut être observé sur un embryon humain de 22 jours. Un

As a result:

The **ear** is born on the day the **heart** starts beating,



and that prodigious day is the **twenty-second** day.

OUVERTURE

(in A Major)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Mesdames et Messieurs, Damen und Herren, Signore e Signori!

Good evening and welcome to this **Benefit Gala** dedicated to **Women's Rights**, and therefore, inseparably, to **Peace**.

We have for you this evening, on this Saturday March 8, 2025, a truly worthy program, as it should be, worthy of your generosity.

After all, the 50th Anniversary of International Women's Day is no small thing. And we know we can count, I mean count, \$\$\$\$\$\$, on your understanding. Thanks in advance!

For our part, we pulled out all the stops. Imagine!
On the **Music** side, hold on tight....

The Quartet/Le Quatuor/Das Quartett/ Il Quartetto

Yes Yes Yes Yes

alla Beethoven

On the **Ballet** side, the new rising star of « **Pas de deux** »

MOOI



Symphony in the background, « **22 over 11** » has 4 movements.
Here is the content of the first.

The languorous permanent copulations
of the **Ear** and of the **Heart**.

Amoroso.

The languorous permanent copulations
of the **endolymph** and of the **perilymph**.

Vivace.

The languorous permanent copulations
of the **cochlea** and of the **Brain**.

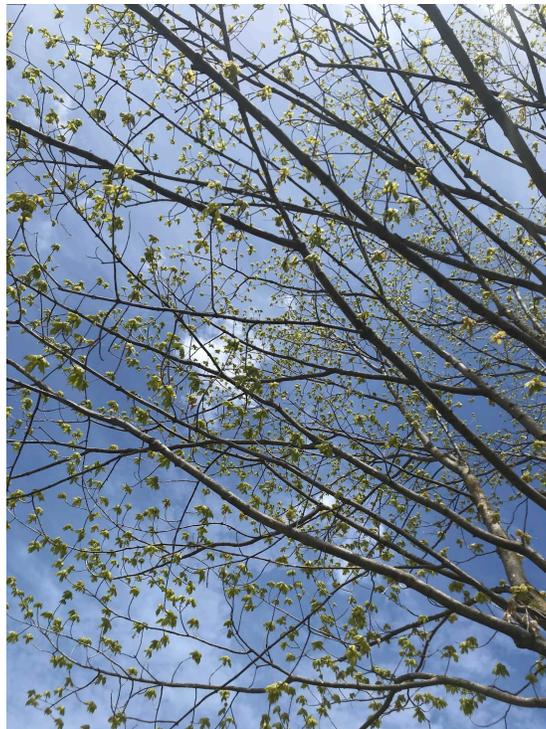
Cantabile.

The languorous permanent copulations
of « **V22** » and of **V11** ».

Affettuoso.

If it **buds**, it's because, somewhere, it's **copulating**.

05/12/24



Copulation is the developmental mechanics most universally used by Life. « Everything copulates! » From the infinitely small to the infinitely large, everywhere, all the time, everything copulates. And it's not really surprising since « Everything vibrates, everywhere all the time ». Furthermore....

**Each musical vibration
has an emotional function of its own.**



«Everything copulates! », « Everything vibrates! » This is non-negotiable! In this light, I take pleasure in affirming here that the ear is the most **beautiful**, the most **generous**, the most **reliable** and the most **extravagant** place of constructive copulation that one can imagine.

In fact, if there is one thing impossible to completely imagine, it is the extraordinary constellation of copulative mechanisms that Life has **hidden** in our ears.

Not just **hidden** this constellation! No! Extraordinarily well **hidden**! Better hidden than the unlimited number of copulative vibratory mechanics displayed by this pinnacle of intelligent design that the Human body is.

That said, I feel the relevant need to say it, to clarify it, to recall it, to decry it, it will be understood that I am not talking here about the sadly contemptuous « **body/prison** » evoked by this lamentably ignorant and shamefully pretentious character that was the so-called Plato.

No! No! No! No!

All this to say that when it is a question of **hearing**, of **listening**, when it is a question of **speaking**, of **stating**, when it is a question of **communicating**, of **exchanging**, when it is a question of **singing**, of **LIBERTY**, **velvet** prevails.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Mesdames et Messieurs, Damen und Herren,
Signore e Signori,

When it comes to the Human Ear, please, make room for **Meaning!**

When it comes to the Human Ear, please, make room for **Nature!**

When it comes to the Human Ear, please, make room for **Intelligence!**

When it comes to the Human Ear, please, make room for **Efficiency!**

When it comes to the Human Ear, please, make room for **Inventiveness!**

When it comes to the Human Ear, please, make room for **Emotionness!**

When it comes to the Human Ear, please, make room for **Imagination!**

When it comes to the Human Ear, please, make room for **Prodigy!**

When it comes to the Human Ear, please, make room for **Exuberance!**

When it comes to the Human Ear, please, make room for **Fulfillment!**

That said, suddenly, without warning, my « **velvet** prevails » leads me quite naturally, culturally, linguistically and theatrically towards « **velvet hand** ».

So this time, dear readers, it is the « Human Hand » that I invite you to make room for. Please!

Better than dreamed!



Better than dreamed indeed when we consider the fact that Life has decided to make the inner ear **the only** element, I mean really **the only** element of the Human body whose physical development is, **from birth**, accomplished, completed, built, finalized. In other words, **from birth**, the inner ear is **100%** operational.

Who says better? **Who? Who? Who? Who?**

Certainly not the seriously deranged, highly narcissistic and sadly ignorant overly publicized characters who maintain that « Yes Yes Yes Yes », there is such a thing as a pregnant man ».

Unless they are the seriously deranged, highly narcissistic and sadly ignorant overly publicized characters who ridiculously suggest that we can, « Yes Yes Yes Yes », do better than....

Please let us guess! **« Better than the Hand »?**



You heat up, you even burn, but no!
Better than Nature?



**In Nature, a vibration all alone,
it does not exist!**

That said, it must be mentioned that Life adds to the remarkable **100%** that I have just mentioned an additional precaution, a precaution to which no other part of the Human body can claim. None!

Indeed, to maximize the safety of the inner ear, Life takes great care to place it at the bottom of the hardest and most resistant part of the Human skull: the **temporal bone**.

The **temporal bone** is an even bone of the skull located in the temple region, on the lateral part of the head. It participates in the formation of the vault of the base of the skull. https://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Os_temporal

Can we imagine a more striking proof indicating the importance that Life gives to Music? I do not believe that!

And me, when I write these words, I cannot help but think of the musical tradition to which I belong, the one which since my childhood has been able to fulfill me, the one which my journey in the field of computer synthesis allowed me to see that it was « **the most advanced** ».

The Western musical tradition is, of all the musical traditions in the world, « **the most advanced** ».

It goes from Vladivostok to the Californian West Coast passing through the rich cultural, linguistic and musical diversity of Continental and peri-continental Europe including Scandinavia and the British Isles.

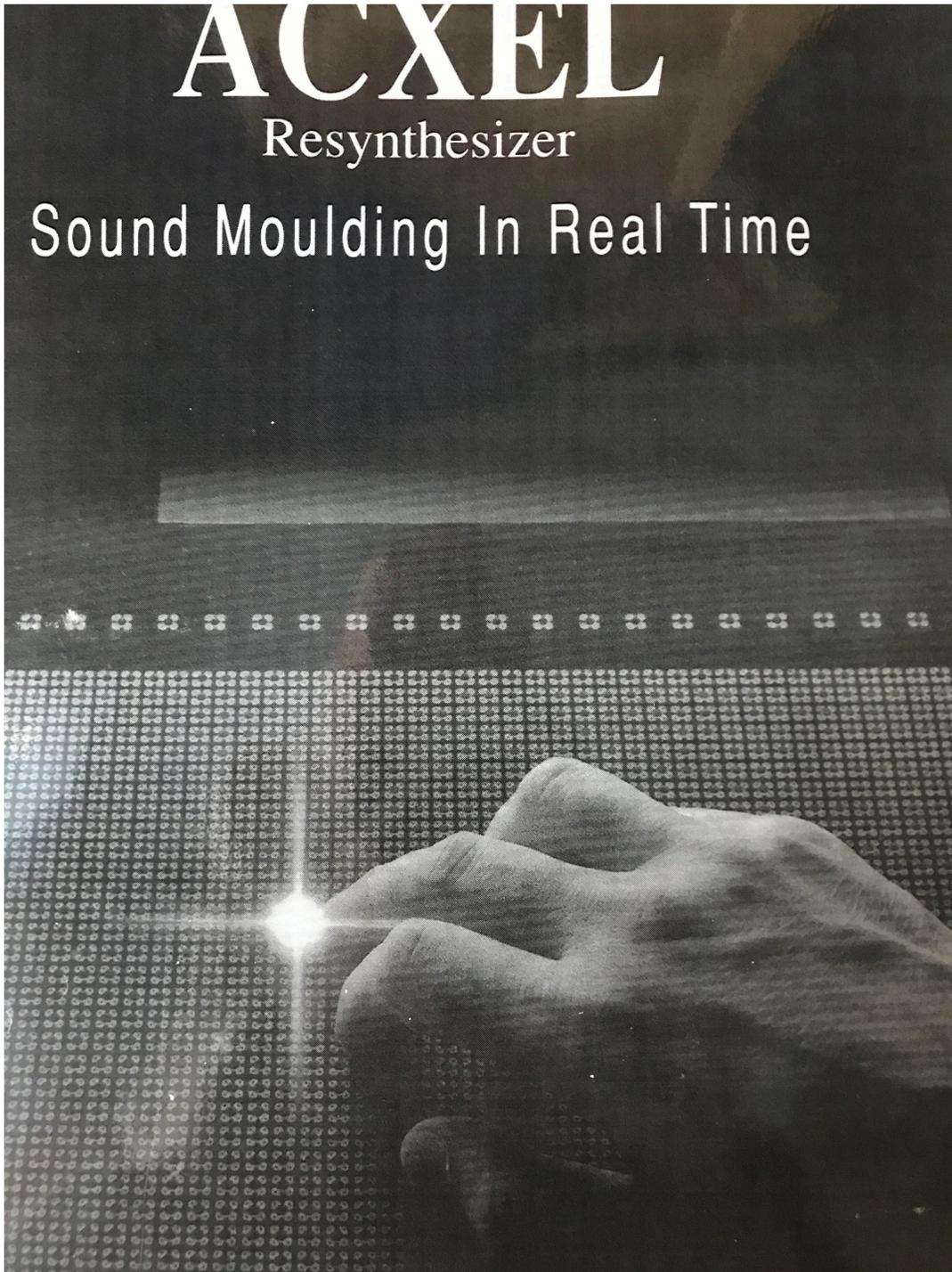
Its **rich diversity** is often envied, desired or even made to feel guilty by all kinds of currents, not to say all kinds of waves coming from musical traditions or musical cultures less evolved from the point of view of the intelligence of discourse, in particular of point of view of polyphony.

That said, the protective device « **temporal bone** » being what it is, saying what it says, reflecting a highly precious, not to say priceless, existential reality, I cannot help but think that, for me, there is a **moral obligation** to do what needs to be done to preserve, to protect and to support without question the musical tradition of **the most advanced civilization**.

ACXEL

Resynthesizer

Sound Moulding In Real Time



TEMPO PRIMO

LENTO

The languorous permanent copulations
of the **ear** and the **heart**.

Amoroso

As an opening, I must tell you that for several reasons, at least that is what I suppose, reasons that I cannot explain, which will not prevent me from sleeping, for several reasons, I have always been **attracted, intrigued, captivated, interested** if not **fascinated** by everything that happens when we are still a fetus, when we are still in our mother's womb.

I add that, with the **notable** exception of the delirious Venusian chimera that classical mythologies have bequeathed to us, the Greek and the Roman, I add that I do not know, have never known and never will know a single person who knew how to escape this fundamental biological rule which is the fact of having been a fetus before leaving the womb of its mother, before being born strictly speaking, before breathing its **first breath of air**.

AIR, as in « **SOUFFLE PRODIGIEUX** »



JAR - DIN DE LU - MIÈ - RES SOUF - FLE PRO - DI - GIEUX



«The Birth of Venus » (1485)
Zephir and Chloris
Sandro Botticelli (1445 - 1510)

Suddenly, from the moment of deliverance,
to live, you need **AIR** constantly.

AIR is to Life what the **Heart** is to **Love**.

AIR is to Life what the **Ear** is to **Music**.

AIR is to Life what **Uniqueness** is to **Meaning**.

Who could escape, who could claim to escape this existential signature coming from « **THE VOICE OF THE BELLY** », a signature that could not be more primary, primitive, earthy, carnal. I am talking here about what constitutes the **ontological imprint** of all the stakeholders of the Human Zoological Group, ontology being the part of philosophy which has as its object the study of the most general properties of **being**, such as existence, duration, becoming.



What **Uniqueness** is to **Meaning**.

I am Human, **Unique**, You are Human, **Unique**, She is Human, **Unique**, He is Human, **Unique**. **Anonymity is despair. It kills!**



The pronouns « iel » or « ael » are only used when it comes to designating an individual who is not being addressed.

<https://www.google.com/search?client=firefox-b e&q=liste+des+pronoms+trans+en+fran%C3%A7ais>

What **Trans** is to **Woke**.



Found on /05/15/24 - Here above, written on 05/14/24

Lefties losing it: **Rita Panahi** reacts to « **homoflexible** » and « **trixic** » pronouns

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uFmRaU8BZoE>



You will perhaps answer me that this is all self-evident, that it is blatantly obvious and that you do not see what could prompt me to point this out to you.

But....

But I, former fetus, just like you, me, I say of this discovery, **glorious fetal images** in support thanks to Mr. Lennart Nilsson, I say of this grandiose ear, so speaking, so eloquent, I say of this sumptuously rich and **unifying** discovery that it turned out to be one of the great **turning** moments of my life, at least of my life as a musician.

At this level as elsewhere, a **turning** moment can always be transformed into a launching pad towards a new stage of your journey, towards a new stage of the adventure of the living as Life offers it to you, whatever it may be. You just have to have **confidence in Life**. And, in this light, music can prove to be of great help, of inestimable help since in fact.....



.....you just need to take the time, the time it takes to really listen to it to realize that music offers you perhaps the most precious gift of all....

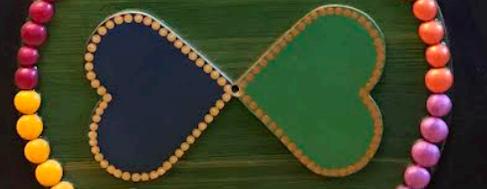
CONFIDENCE IN LIFE

**I HAVE ALWAYS HAD CONFIDENCE IN LIFE.
SO I DON'T SEE WHY I WOULD NOT HAVE CONFIDENCE IN DEATH.**



J'AI TOUJOURS FAIT CONFIANCE A LA VIE. ALORS JE NE VOIS PAS POURQUOI JE NE FERAI PAS CONFIANCE A LA MORT

IN PRINCIPIO ERAT



MUSICA

What is at issue for me in this surprising affair of such a beautiful ear in the making is the fact that I experienced this unexpected encounter in a striking, decisive way, a bit as if it were a kind, the word is delicate, a kind of **apparition**. But, I would like to point out, an **apparition** totally free from any form of esotericism.

Apparition! Shocking moment when, emotionally, mentally, musically and **spiritually** speaking, you understand that things will never be the same again, as if, **without warning**, Life had decided to show you **a new path** to follow.

If Life didn't want us to hope, Life would do what was necessary for us to know it in advance.

Apparition! A pathetic moment, a moment deeply in emotional **resonance** with your journey, your convictions, your hopes, your Human **roots**.

**THE MORE ANCHORED YOU ARE IN THE EARTH,
THE HIGHER YOU VIBRATE.**



I am speaking here, as you may have understood, of a sort of moment, a **quality** of moment that **Sauphia Labottney** will never be able to reach.

?She? has nothing alive, therefore no experience, no connection with the Heart, the Human Heart that is, Heart as in « **full of heartfelt dreams** ».



E - VER SHI - NING CLEAR DOME FULL OF HEART - FELT DREAMS

This amounts to saying that the thing **Sauphia**, the object **Sauphia**, the machine **Sauphia** has, without question, **no direct link**, however small, with the **affective** signature and the indefinable constellation of **emotions** which characterize the existential corpus of the Human Zoological Group.

Consequently, I speak here of a **quality** of moment that the sickly over-exposed talking machine that **Sauphia** is will never be able to assume. In any case, for **?her?**, the word « I » means absolutely NOTHING.

**Ladies and Gentlemen, Mesdames et Messieurs,
Damen und Herren, Signore e Signori!**

Let us salute loudly, trumpets in G double sharp, (G x) **Sauphia Labottney** whose **?heart?**, in the form of a hypothesis, is located billions of light years from any form of Human Life.



SAUPHYA LABOTTNEY

Indeed, to experience a moment like the one I have just mentioned, you must have memory, **real memory**, not «sponge» memory, not «hi-tech» memory, not «fridge data» type memory, not « **Sauphya Labottney** » type memory. No!

To have a **real memory**, you have to have experience.
No experience, no memory!

No memory, no imagination!
No memory, no future!
No memory, no time passing!
No memory, no emotion.
No memory, no **inspiration**

Having experience is the prerequisite for any form of alterity, creativity, meaning of things, finality. Experience is the « **sine qua non** » condition of any form of true knowledge, that is to say, any form of wisdom.

voir dLe **vécu**, c'est la condition « sine qua non » de toute forme de **vraie connaissance**, c'est-à-dire, toute forme de **sagesse**.

Everything is in the experience since everything is in the heart.

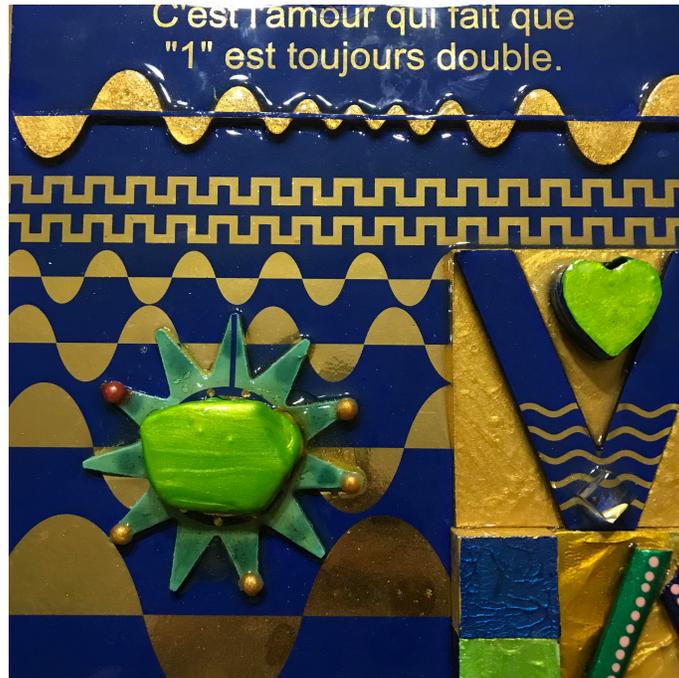
*«Knowledge is acquired through experience; Everything else is just information. Information is not knowledge. The only source of knowledge is experience. You need experience to gain **wisdom** ».*

Albert Einstein
(1879 - 1955)

*«a creative reality constantly renewed by Death,
the servant of Life and by Life,
the servant of Love.*

Yehudi Menuhin
(1916 - 1999)

It's a bit as if meaning were the motor of Life
and that time was the fuel.



CANTABILE

The word Harmony is a prodigious crossroads, an invitation to exchange, a springboard to Beauty, a vibrant path leading to pleasure, a key to knowledge of the real

Harmony! It speaks so much!

Like a growing tree, the word offers our thirst for adventure a remarkable variety of branches whose leaves with endless stories are as many open pages, as many roads to explore, as many paths that can lead, in pleasure, to gardens of sensual knowledge of the living.

Everyday life thus becomes marvelous, like that which one feels from the top of a tree, the ever-promising climbing of which has become so familiar and reassuring to us that it sometimes makes one want to build a small cabin there, a matter of taking the time, the time it takes, to watch, in the shade of the singing leaves, a beautiful summer passing.

The sensual knowledge of the living arouses in us a salutary and comforting feeling, that of feeling very small in front of the Beauty and the life force of Nature.

It is thus transformed into respect for life, into joyful admiration of the imaginative ordering of the living, into childlike dazzlement before the exuberant and ephemeral fantasy of Nature, of its sounds, its colors and its forms.

The sensual knowledge of the living nourishes the imagination, moves the heart and above all, it inspires. And inspiration is the very source of all music.

Music is the privileged vibratory field of life, the tool of knowledge par excellence. Its accompanying fields are countless. From acoustics to physiology, from quantum mechanics to astrophysics, everywhere it is the glorious reflection of the universal vibratory which, everywhere, speaks to us.

You just have to take the time, the time it takes to really listen to it, to realize that music offers us the most precious gift there is: trust in Life.

**I have always trusted in Life;
so i don't see why I wouldn't trust death.**

Even if it is not visible, the musical vibration remains a very tangible reality. By the delicacy of its ramifications, it is the most dazzling; by the strength of its affective resonance, the most moving; by the fragility of the ephemeral

that always accompanies it, the most inspiring; by the universality of its message, the most complete and the most soothing.

The link between music and muse is quite well known. It immediately implies "inspiration". What is less known is that "muse", from the Greek "mousa" derives its origin from "montia". And, what "montia" means is this:

Which means, which makes sense.



