

Recognition not Required

Hallett German

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You are free to distribute this work if there are no modifications.

To Mike

Somewhere during my lifetime, I became wired differently. I do not know when this began. Maybe it was the time spent in school where I just hid strategically in any forgotten corner that I could find. While there, I started to rapidly capture the steady stream of words and music rushing from my brain and passing by at light speed. Along the way, I wore out tall piles of steno notebooks and portable computers. Maybe it was the passing hours at work where we were repeatedly told what to do or else. And no time is provided to truly think. Maybe it was the eternity of those long solitary weekends and trying desperately to decide how to fill in the void.

Somewhere along the way, I discovered the joy of music. No, not those popular danceable numbers with catching tunes/lyrics meant to stay forever in your head. Instead, I became enraptured by those dark and emotional musical collections displaying the essence of hurting souls. It felt important for me to do the same thing. I began to create, produce, and release my own songs. Then repeated the process. I did not care who heard it or whether they liked it. Each of these compositions pierced my soul for a moment, struggled to be born, and is gratefully now out of my head forever.

I cannot understand those that waste countless hours performing shameless self-promotion or any promotion. All for a few more dollars in their pockets. And all along, losing precious time developing their works. I follow a different road. There are no concerts to do. No musical albums to release. No musical videos create or plug. No fame to achieve. Only a growing collection of my tunes and lyrics.

Someone asked me what was my desired choice – money, freedom, or both? Quickly I responded, “Freedom. It is always about freedom with my music.” And I have that completely. There is no calendar of tasks to perform, no difficult managers to please or argue with, no expectations on quality or quantity of output. Just more than ample time to explore various styles, lyrics, moods, instruments, and melodies. Experiment. Review. Trial and error increasingly. My hunger to develop songs is never satisfied even for one minute.

And one day I captured the whole thing with this.

*"I live only for my music.*

*Just a passenger in this moving world.*

*From day start to end, I generate new works and learn.*

*Process and content equally matter to me.*

*Until that one day, I take my last breath and cease working in a musical world.*

*Where my soul escapes to, who is to say.*

*Light interweaving with dark.*

*Not rushing or judging*

*Until that fated day."*

Time to get back. I walked outside and want to write a series of inspiring numbers based on what I see in nature. I can only hope that others will do the same.