

Shared Radiant Performance

I came to know the power of music as I observed that absolutely *everything* I ever expressed in song-form came to pass eventually—including this silly little ditty:

Don't whistle stale old cracker crumbs
Don't glue your foot to the floor
Just dip right into the ditty bin
And trill yourself one more

Yes, you guessed it! Last year while repairing a broken cup, I spilled a few drops of Gorilla Glue on the hardwood floor, unbeknownst to self. I was barefoot. OUCH! That's the last time I toss off any lyrics casually!

Of course, this does not apply just to music. It is true of all the arts. Strong emotion is the fuel for creation and manifestation. The arts tend to amplify whatever they embody with that *feeling* fuel. So I have a responsibility to let the gift I have been given be used to expand the highest, best, and finest that I can access.

I feel the same about public performance. I do understand that in our modern world, most people buy their ticket and plop themselves down in their seats with the expectation, "Entertain me. Do something to me. Do something for me. Make me numb or overstimulate me. Above all, distract me from myself and from my life."

This is not my vision. I feel that artistic performances exist for the purpose of trumpeting forth specific hues and fragrances of the Divine into the deep unformed of space, so that form may be shaped in accordance with Love's design. This could all sound very airy fairy, but do a web search on the study of Cymatics. When scientists pour very fine sand on a tight drum head and emit a sound frequency, the sound shapes the sand into exquisitely beautiful geometric patterns. Each frequency shapes the sand differently. Every word we utter shapes space.

In a concert, I see the artist as the mouthpiece of the trumpet. He or she focuses the sound. But the "audience" is the *body* of the horn - the valves, the bell etc. Have you ever heard someone play only a mouthpiece? "Aflack!" comes to mind. The artist may be a genius, and well rehearsed, but without the audience being truly *with* him, all you get is a quack in space. It is the heart of the audience that determines the extent to which power moves through the artist and out beyond.

Can you recall a time when you tried to talk with someone who wasn't interested in you or in what you had to say? It was difficult to even get words to come out at all—much less with any clarity or strength. But when your listener or audience is *with* you—present, open, interested—it is easy to become a vessel for brilliance.

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Personally, I don't often attend a public event unless I feel it will serve to magnify something of beauty, of nobility, of uplift. When I do go, I always arrive early. In fact, I've noticed I'm usually the first person in the room. I love to sit in the empty space, and offer a presence of love, of stillness, until I feel that the space is "empty" no longer. Then when the performer takes the stage, I am deliberate about offering him/her my full attention. I want him/her to do well. I want him/her to vessel something glorious. I know that my focused substance is food for him. And I love to provide it.

However, even flawless circuitry between performer and audience does not insure that what is being expressed is worthy of amplification. For example, if you've heard an orchestra tuning up, then you know the chaotic of a hundred or more instruments referencing themselves. Expand that to six or seven billion people yowling out their own personal whims and desires. This is the chorus of the world at present. But start following the lead of the conductor, and rhythms thrill, and harmonies inspire.

It is to this that I aspire in my own concerts—that performer and audience be drawn up into oneness with the Conductor/Composer. As this is fact, and not just theory, then the tones that we sound together do indeed soar out over the chaos—as an invitation to the whole world to join with us in the melody of Life.

I always finish my performances with "May God Bless You." Perhaps its second verse says it better than my words can:

My heart is a song of thanksgiving
For your melodies mingled with mine
And after you're gone, our refrain will ring on
For our song became one when our rhythms entwined
May God bless you
May warm winds surround and caress you
May all that we care for be lifted in Flame
Till our eyes meet once again.

Bless you, each one,

Ellen

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