

László Hortobágyi (Hortator):
The snowsoveten.com symptom
Im Westen nichts Neues /All Quiet on the Western Swamp.
and also in Eastern Europe
(private letter to the Publisher)

Ahoy Don Maistre !

Hope for health-wealth, 'brave new world' and before us life... Unfortunately, I have to write in *English* (history has made it so), a global auxiliary language with little expressive power and idiotic semantics. It is a language that at the intermediate level is extremely unsuited to describing complex phenomena accurately, its dreary, defective vocabulary, its template-pattern sentences, obscuring the depth and complexity of the thought it is trying to convey. Although the majority of humanity is outside the now decaying world of the WASP world system, I must, alas, write in English (history has made it so), this global auxiliary language of little expressive power and idiotic semantics. It is a language that at an intermediate level is extremely inadequate to describe more complex phenomena accurately, its dreary, defective vocabulary, its template-pattern sentences, obscuring the depth and variety of the thought it is trying to convey, but I try.

For my part, I have previously undertaken to endeavour to take into account the value added by music critics.

But now - I'm sorry - I'm a bit fucked up my brain, reading so much degenerate bullshit. Because of the reign of terror of the *Western Big Media* aggregates, bad reviews should also be tolerated by those involved, but statistics show that the (clickable) negative ones always prevail.

In the *West*, the so-called market economy has sanctified the legitimacy of the destructive syncretism of ideologies and views.

Those who write argue that it is their job to do so. Their self-nomination is not democratic and their work does not serve the good of culture but destroys and devalues it.

True, there are exceptions...but very few

I must, however, return to some of my observations about the disastrously distorted Western music scene, which I outlined for the two of us in a letter earlier in private, where only the profitable capacity of the portfolio of marketable invasive heroes determine the style of music criticism after '68, tragically boring and, also for the

individuals involved, counterproductive.

While it is customary here in Hungisthān not to descend from a certain level to a certain level because of yet another idiotic Western critic, I had to write the following letter in the face of this critical approach - which unfortunately also affects the generous *Publisher*.

Where there is no past, only a monotonous future, a culture of '*linear decline*' and moments of daily apocalypse (apocapitalipsys) and a perpetual sense of life can only be realised.

This has resulted in a dark, continental, false consciousness psychozoic bubble cloud over the West, preventing those below from developing a cultural (continent-wide) vernacular, rather than competing music industry portfolios of *Model T. Kanban-Lego-Reihe*-puzzle-type, boringly homogeneous and bleak private hells. Because where there is no agreed high cultural vernacular, or where the '*Davos culture*' of the deep state destroys it, there is no resilient and thriving community culture.

A '*meta-culture*' of transnational corporations of the current music industry is emerging, whose daily practice teaches us to see man and his different cultures as a source of profit and personal enrichment, where material interests are able to absorb all other human feelings, making society to the flea fair market of delirious passions of *Alien-s*.

And the highly educated intellectuals have become loyal but animated pigs, as scientists, artists, and whom dependent on the stables and universities of multinational corporations. This local '*metaverse*' cloud of ideas has now become a global phenomenon and has distorted and eradicated all traditional and other thinking.

This distortion gradually begins to devalue into an alienated direction after the music language movements of '68, and where the global spread of the primitive American proletarian blues vernacular and the American imperial motherships behind it have destroyed everything in music - from rock music to contemporary works, including the rites of the *Borneo* village communities.

And indeed, like the *kuru* disease of the *Borneo fore* tribe, today's western music industry is cannibalising itself, self-infectiously, in its many short-lived waves of remasticate.

Here, in the realised *zombie world music* traditional intervals, the periodic rhythmic systems, the timbres of unique instruments are just meringue samples on the übergeil cake of the entertainment industry, where a whole bunch of little *Himmler Guru-s'* ass fatten on the exploitable fat of traditions.

The literature describing the positive visions of the universality of the universe and the era of visions have come to an end (in the West), when as one of its visual

symbols the essential and hidebound kitch of 2001: *Space Odyssey* was produced in 1968 (by *S.Kubrick & A.C.Clarke*), where the music that sounded during its opening frames was the rotten, infantile and clap-trap music of “*Also sprach Zarathustra*” composed by *R. Strauss* (first performance in 1896!), in contrast to a much more desirable positive example of a new musical language of a new world to be described. Certainly, this would have required a novel and cliché-free way of seeing things.

Just like *Tubular Bells* (1973) which was withered into the music of *The Exorcist*, having perfectly and unintelligently misinterpreted it.

All of the contemporary composers mentioned here as a counterpole, included but not limited to, would have been a more intelligent option: *Whitenoise, Pink Floyd, John Pfeiffer, The Wozard of Iz, Terry Riley, Wladimir Ussachewsky, Morton Subotnick, Pierre Henry, Soft Machine, François Bayle, Tod Dockstader, Olivier Messiaen, Tom Dissevelt & Kid Baltan, David Behrman, Amon Düül, Gordon Mumma, Silver Apples, Otto Luening, Charles Wuorinen, Attilio Mineo* – for example, or shall I continue?

The extinction of the miserable idols of the music scene after the demise of progressive music naturally coincided with the rise of those hazelnut-brained creatures and musically (also) invasively harmful buffoons (like the *Who, Velvet Underground, David Bowie, Lou Reed, Nick Cave*, etc.etc.- endlessly examples etc., dear fans,: kiss my ass, take a line number), whose lumbar had suddenly blossomed by this time, and all this at a time when musicians lowered down their electronic guitars from over their hearts to their genitals.

Then came the serious 'pompous' nightmares from *L. Bernstein* to *Phil Glass*, then *Dror Feiler, Michael Nyman, Kronos Quartet*, endlessly and so on), to no mention only the infantile jazz world.

This astonishing contemporary music-historical bankruptcy can be clearly seen in the hyped to death *Whiplash* (2014), where the humanism of the fist of the American brutal "aesthetic" dictatorship is radiated on to the adust cerebellum of mortals, where the quantity of sounds masturbated per second legitimizes the musical talent.

Nothing more perfectly characterises an intellect that has become barren than this kind of mindless sprain, defective distortion and a cowardly return to the old stinking connotative platitudes, not to mention the hype that persistently surrounds this "pearl" to this day.

This approach is really the enemy of my music.

And he is also an real enemy of the temporarily remaining 70% of the world's non-Western music culture.

It must be seen that in the *West* the musical principles and thinking differently of the traditional Eastern high cultures have not been understood to this day, and this is now disappearing in the *East* because of the *West* (*double blind paradox*).

Earlier, the virtuosic believers and music researchers, in exercising their skinny believer-muscles through the queer movements of musicology, had advanced the progressive evolution of the mind-parasites by making their mind-viruses, similar to computer viruses, herded together. When those data-monterias (*mēme-plexes*) had become stable enough in the colloid world of social false-consciousness, to deserve now and then a collective character series during their longer period of existence like 'progerssive music', 'indie avantgard', "postmodern modal jazz" or 'blues form' and 'demokracy', then the religious ideas and musical art forms turned out to flourish not in spite of the fact that they were ridiculous, but exactly because of the fact that they were ridiculous, indeed.

For me, for example, I strongly miss the category 'Byzantine Surf Jazz'...

As I wrote earlier in our correspondence: when I personally saw the Western music scene from the early 70s onwards, peeking out of the closed proto-communist katorga : I was very shocked.

Huge talent they were bustling in large numbers, but with a complete lack of intelligence, taste, knowledge of music history and IQ. The same person makes amazingly brilliant (instinct) music one year, and the same person makes amazingly cheesy crap the next. They had - and still have - no idea what they were doing and why. Those who did, started to orchestrate the prime and *Fibonacci* numbers. Later, *queer* musicology arrived too...

After a few years, all but the greatest music becomes obsolete and unlistenable. It is a hypocritical critical practice in the *West* (and of course in the *East*) not to say exactly what you think (except when it comes to money – maybe...). The hypocritical practice of 'techno-positivist' smackcreation (*one snap creation work*) in the Western world, the hiding of work (and its pleasure), is part of a lying hypocritical tradition in which alienated transhuman portfolios of competing human objects compete with each other in the network space of profiteering.

When I performed in the *West* I was very polite, usually subside into silence but I was horrified by the degeneration.

Amazing homogeneity, all incoming pigment-rich trends are quickly reduced to the *jazzoid-Gershwinian* soundscape of the major-minor system, including most of the repetitive (*minimal*) school. The self-serving onanism of jazz, which leads nowhere, has been confused with the centuries-old improvisational practice of the high cultured Eastern music, even though the two are heaven and earth. This horrific and distorted practice continues today, with ever more horrifying amounts of kitsch.

And they don't hear...

By the way, you can see the difference if you compare any of the main themes of a *rāga* (*pakad*), *maquam* or the *gamelān gendhing* to the masturbation of the primitive and imbecile motifs of jazz music. The jazz comes from a totally different society

with a totally different '*hidden meanings*' and/of history.

Jazz can never achieve anything, because it is powered by the ergonomics of onanism, and can only be a dysphemic "*dialect*" of the private heavens and hells of the alienated individual. Jazz music, as a personal drug, serves as a quasi-exodus-parade for the proletarians, creating a closed communal vernacular. For example the talented but alienated *Keith Emerson* only symbolizing the brutality of the market-oriented idiotic consumer society and absolutely far from the philosophical and musical attitude of the traditional *Indian music*. Destroying instruments equal to demolish the bridge of the humanoid values which might lead to a better world.

Devolution of his life proved this statement.(R.I.P.)

Well-equipped university music teaching departments existed in USA, where (once) networked *Synclavier* modules served students studying music, but the crop of university departments with amazing potential only resulted in a chaotic mass of unlistenable individual hells.

This feeling was particularly heightened with the advent of so-called 'world music'. In the beginning, the *Anglo-Saxon WASP* and *Western* musicians had all the facilities they needed to get accurate information, with the freedom of technique and expedition organisation, and the whole globe spoke English.

But the musicians of the western hemisphere were not at all interested in the real music of the real otherworlds. And those who were more deeply interested were, unfortunately, seriously misunderstanding the '*hidden meaning of the behaviour connotations*' of the music of these worlds.

And this limited idiom of this delirious and degenerated music industry and by annuity *Stockholm syndrome* music critics perfectly reproduces and stabilate these conditions in his daily practice and critical work.

It can be seen that when the fat of the original capital accumulation of a tired and barren intellectual (strata) enclave runs out, or expires, only floating poltergeist clumps of distorted entelechies pollute the mēmetic space in the resulting vacuum.

A significant number of these mameluks, as the self-stupidited and as a alternative procession of the fake consciousness, reinforce the system they hate with their perceived independence from the prevailing currents precisely because of the innate lack of alternatives of the past and the castration of the corporations. The only thing he can dink around in his piss sandbox is what's for lucrative sale only.

Their counter-selected presence, and the predominance of media nomenclatures "legitimized" by the dumbed-down mass consumer masses (*a billion flies can't be wrong: shit is good*), actually annihilate out of all fields of culture and science those

who wish to outline a new evolutionary step by revising the evolutionary belief and program.

This distorted, petty, utilitarian critical attitude is characteristic of the bleak, 'value' centred priorities of current Western music criticism, where it is not realised that, for example, the use of a simple groove sample of a few seconds can reinterpret and elevate the overall quality of the structure it creates.

The creation of You Tube's censorship algorithm was not driven by cultural considerations (*monetizing*).

One reason for this is obviously that music, capitalised in this way, has lost its capacity to carry meaning (whether underlying or original) in our time.

However, this was not because of music's stunted self-development, but because of the emptying out of primitive lightmusic formatums, selectioned out by the thematic power of the music industry and the critics of the comprador. But progress is not halting, soon these critics together with their limited intellectual radius of action will be replaced by the ideological and cultural gibberish generated by *ChatGPT AI.*, which will pour the manipulated views of the former false human psychozoic onto the consumer consciousness surface – globally. There is no overall picture (*Gesamtkunst*) anymore, there are only commercially fossilised samples, genre boxes in Excell and on the shelves of CD shops.

See also the "evolution" from *Mozart's* dice to the (*Meta*) *Facebook White Paper*.

Petri, Johann Samuel, (1738-1808) : Anleitung zur praktischen Musik. Leipzig : J.G.I. Breitkopf, 1782. wrote:

'Meine Absicht war, den Ursprung der Musik wahrscheinlich zu zeigen, und ehrwas zu ihren Geschichte beizutragen bis zur Zeit ihren großen Katastrophe, welche ums Jahr 1740 sich anfing und noch fortdauret.' - that is :

'My aim was to give a realistic account of the origins of music, and to contribute something to its history up to the time of its great catastrophe, which began in 1740 and is still going on.'

Therefore, these fitness phenotypes music have only a mood meaning, they are also used for that purpose, so in many cases they serve only acoustic-optic exodus-wellness treatment, chemical stimulation of the body orifices and consciousness, and/or meditative-*tantric* rectum cleansing.

Here, hemispherically installed *Gauleiter-s* acting as fact chekker in the distribution of *Metasonglobaloma* aggregates are censored by local *Kapo-s* the unprofitable deviations in the process.

All this will continue in the near future, with dozens of sea-cooled servers circulating beyond continental borders, installed on motherships with satellite internet

connections.

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(László Hortobágyi 2023, <http://www.guo.hu> and
corresponding mēmember of the site “Puppies and Kittens of Budavār”)

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And maybe I'm not right about everything, but I still have to express my hatred for a
system where the truth is so untrue.

Friendly *namaskār* from *Hungisthān*

Hortator de la Mancha

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