

January 16, 1991

## *Harmony Park*

With a bottle of Schlitz in one hand, and a Black Cherry cigar in the other, Father Frequency strolled down Bliss Avenue, preaching one of his high-powered sermons. Every Sunday afternoon the scenery, movement and aura of energy that made up his peaceful neighborhood would be snapped off pause and put into playback to repeat the same rerun as the week before. This neighborhood, unlike any other in the small town of Shakesphere, breathes sleeps and eats... delicious beats. The vibe that swims down every block, out and around every apartment window and corner shop, brings the people, their ideas, emotions and expressions together as if creating the ultimate remedy for mental, physical and visual unity. Nobody knows exactly how or when this spiritual awakening came about, nor do most remember how life was before it, but this being moves and lives through music. It casually became the people's medicine for pain - a fuel for their energy, a backdrop for their thoughts... a family within itself - a pharmacy to cure all troubles.

Brother Harmony earnestly stood before an alley, patiently waiting for his moment to beat Sister Melody with sticks, wooden blocks or trashcan tin. The sound of his knee slapping and rhythmic poundings were as familiar to the air as the barbecued chicken being roasted in front of the Chinese Supermarket. Uncle Bias was the only distraction, as soon as he got glimpse of his wife and sister returning from church, he would bust out the lawnmower and let it roll over the lawn for an hour or two. Except for that little harmless strain, the humming in front of the barber shop, the roar of the ice cream truck engine, consistent rhyming of the jump-ropers and cries outside the hospital with every birth and death... will always go on like never-ending tape. The sounds of life with the touch of music made up the best prescription for existence... in Harmony Park