In life’s evolution
there is no perfection.

Yearn to break the mold,
despise pattern, duplication, same ol’

There is no ideal, for things change around us.

I refuse to accept the pattern,

and will always change, time after time, until I die.
Stand... They are free to alter the world. The ecstasy of liberation.

Listen to Mingus: his music can't be seen, and so it is divine... heard and felt, yet fleeting, like rocks and sure achievement, established and enduring. Isn't it all immortal? Yes... until time passes.

Evolve and stand erect... the hands are free to place upon the bass.

They are free to hold... or enslave.
The genius craves phrases of crystal clarity.
The grown man sniffs freedom in a far-off gloom.
The old face knows survival and finally considers doom.

There's no reason for amazement; he knew the rhythms would decompose and end in silence.

...the thin line between the ephemeral and the immortal...
Give me a voice. Let me make a sound.

music to break the box...

and alter the judgments

of others.

The sapient species is all that’s left, alone imposing its will on all that it can see and touch.

We could not allow *Pithecantropus* to exist... in our world

a jazz composition by Mingus

by Mingus

*Pithycanthropus erectus*

Ours is a fated family tree.
Pithecanthropus, a traveler from an antique land,
Gave trunkless legs of stone, fossils of thigh bone
Strewn in the turbid River... Near them, on the sand,
A shattered skull appeared, without frown,
Or wrinkled lip; its brown sheen of cold command,
Tell that earthly forces well his frailty knew;
Which yet survives, as a lifeless thing, and
Mocks us with life's promise, our offspring's child;
And on prehistoric pedestal, the lasting fragments say:
My name is Pithecanthropus, Human Being, now and always,
Look on all the realms my mind and legs command!
The River passes slowly, rends bony remains
From its bare banks, and laps relentless at our feet,
The lone heir by the water stretched far away.
*Pithecanthropus erectus* (noun) Original name given to fossils of an early human; originally presumed to be the Missing Link. (From *pithecus*: Gk. meaning Ape; *anthropus*: Gk. meaning Man) Fossils of a braincase and thigh bone found on the island of Java by E. Dubois, a Dutch doctor: The find made him a little crazed; he sought the essence of human ancestry; and hid the fossils under his bedroom floorboards when others doubted him.

*Pithecanthropus erectus* (jazz) Original name given by Charlie Mingus to an early composition; originally presumed to the Missing Link. (From *pithy*: Amer. meaning Essence) Fusions of a sax, trumpet, piano, and drums found in the mind of Mingus, an American musician. The find may make you a little crazed, or fluid, syncopated, ancestral, still living; a find not to be hidden, never to be doubted.
Pithecanthropus erectus was once the oldest human known. From his thigh bones, we know he walked on two legs. Charles Mingus saw in those bones the rise of humanity—upright, superior, beyond all other beings. Pithecanthropus erectus evolved in Africa, spread to Asia, and thrived. With artless tools, he thrived by pattern, by repetition, for one-and-a-half million years. Charlie Mingus sensed the danger: Superiority is a delusion ... played over and over. Angered by superiority, he sought perfection in revising riffs and running rhythms. Pithecanthropus declined, replaced here and there by something new—more superior? There's the mistake; it is ourselves—Homo sapiens.

Mingus, near the end of his composition, marks with an utterance the beginning of destruction. A voice interrupts the rhythm, and the music ends.