

The Music of Future Consciousness

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Introduction

My life, the form and feel of my consciousness, and my sense of personal identity profoundly changed in the mid to late 1960s. Many factors contributed to this deep and pervasive transformation, including the innovative music and the associated new counter-culture of the time, as well as my study and intellectual immersion in psychology, philosophy, and science fiction during my undergraduate college years (1965-1969). All these elements, reinforcing each other, mixed together into an energizing and inspirational whole, generating a new holistic paradigm of consciousness that thereafter informed and propelled my life journey in the subsequent decades.

The purpose of this essay is to explain how this multi-faceted transformative experience in the mid to late 1960s significantly contributed to my eventual professional development as a futurist, a pathway and focus in thinking and action that actually did not become clear in my mind until the early 1990s. Yet, even though I did not explicitly identify myself as a futurist until the beginning years of the 1990s, many of the personal experiences and influential cultural events that laid the foundation for embracing this professional identity and general mindset—to see reality through the eyes of the future—occurred while I was a student in college.

In describing this personal transformation, I include as one central feature of this radical and far-reaching change in my psyche the importance of music. What was I listening to and how did it affect me? In fact, to provide a historical and developmental context, of what came before and what would come after this transformation in the late 1960s, I recount and discuss the music I enjoyed in earlier and later periods as well.

I thought it would be appropriate to title this essay, “The Music of Future Consciousness.” I developed the concept of “future consciousness” in the early 1990s to identify the total set of psychological processes and modes of experience in our consciousness that deal with the future.¹ As an integral dimension of my consciousness as a whole, my future consciousness underwent a deep evolutionary jump in the mid to late 1960s. Subsequently, I looked at reality and especially the future differently than before. This shift laid the foundations for becoming a futurist in the 1990s. Given the importance of music in this fundamental change in perspective, I could say that a new and appropriate “music of future consciousness” emerged and took form during this time. Here’s the story of this deep transformation with its essential musical accompaniment—at least some highlights—of how this happened.

Growing Up in the 1950s

¹ See my books *Wisdom, Consciousness, and the Future* (2011) and *Future Consciousness: The Path to Purposeful Evolution* (2017) for extensive explanations of my concept of future consciousness. Full references for all of the books by me that I cite in this essay can be found on my website at: <https://centerforfutureconsciousness.com/books/>.

I was born in 1947 in Waterbury, Connecticut, a blue-collar industrial town. I grew up in an Italian-Catholic family, religiously attending mass every Sunday, and by and large accepting the beliefs, traditions, and values of this cultural mindset. Among my earliest memories of the early 1950s was the music my parents listened to on the radio, which included the romantic songs and beautiful melodies of Perry Como, Peggy Lee, Rosemary Clooney, Nat King Cole, Patti Page, Doris Day, Pat Boone, and the exuberant Big Band sounds of the 1940s, such as performed by the Dorsey Brothers, Glen Miller, and Benny Goodman. I especially remember the rousing *Sixteen Tons* by Tennessee Ernie Ford and the sublime and lyrical *The Wayward Wind* by Gogi Grant. None of this music was controversial or revolutionary in tone or lyrics.

TV in the 1950s was just as tame, conveying a rather idealized image of American life, such as portrayed in shows like *Ozzie and Harriet*, *Father Knows Best*, *The Mickey Mouse Club*, and *I Love Lucy*. (Jackie Gleason's *The Honeymooners* was, though, a bit wild and rough around the edges.) Decades later, the movie *Pleasantville* (1998) presented a highly entertaining and realistic parody and critique of middle class American culture and TV in the 1950s. In *Pleasantville* nothing changes from one day to the next and everything is in "black and white"; there is no color, no friction, or disruption in the fictitious 1950s town portrayed in the movie. All in all, as depicted in *Pleasantville*, middle-class America, especially in the early 1950s, was decidedly conservative and tradition bound, a cultural reality that was expressed in both music and TV, and in which I was immersed.

Still, from around 1955 on, the "currents of change" in America were intensifying, and this increasing cultural turbulence was especially striking in the music of the era. Rock n' Roll (post 1955) dramatically and rather quickly became the most influential form of music in America, and eventually the world. In the mid to later years of the 1950s, the musical ambience of my social surroundings and in my consciousness transformed and was now dominated by Elvis Presley, Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, Bill Haley and the Comets, The Everly Brothers, The Platters, The Drifters, The Shirelles, Buddy Holly and the Crickets, and many other artists too numerous to mention. I especially recall loving the playful and crazy number-one hits: David Seville's *The Witch Doctor* and Sheb Wooley's *The Purple People Eater*. On TV I avidly watched both *The Dick Clark Show* and *American Bandstand*. By the end of the decade I had purchased and collected probably over a hundred 45 rpm records of the music of the time.

In important respects, Rock n' Roll music challenged the cultural and aesthetic norms and values of the previous era; much of the music (although not all of it) was more intense, rhythmic, pulsating, and unconstrained. The music, intentionally so, was often rebellious and uninhibited, a clear expression of the youth culture challenging the norms and values of the previous generation. According to many social critics of the time, Rock n' Roll music was corrupting the minds of teenagers. I recall that artists such as Jerry Lee Lewis were seen by many adults as way too wild and morally degenerate. Yet, in spite of this pushback (or maybe because of it), Rock n' Roll quickly came to dominate pop culture—an expression of the "new"—and although I was by no means a wild or rebellious kid, I definitely resonated with it.

Yet, given the benefit of a historical perspective on this emergent musical and cultural revolution, when I revisit and listen to the music now, or watch old video

recordings of the artists of the time, much of the music seems to me very tame and even sappy. The songs were predominately simplistic love songs, a plethora of variations on the same theme, with very little social commentary, and the popular artists were almost all well groomed and their clothing generally subdued, neat, and polished. The seeds of social change may have been planted and the first sprouts of a new paradigm may have burst forth in the 1950s, but the real revolution, both around me and within me, had not yet emerged. The big shift in consciousness, culture, and music would happen in the next decade.

Music and the Counter-Culture in My College Years (1965-1969)

During my high school years (1961-1965) I continued to listen to the newest Rock n' Roll music of the time—such as Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, Smoky Robinson and the Miracles, and Diana Ross and the Supremes—going to numerous local teenage dances, as well as hanging around downtown Waterbury looking to meet (and perhaps “pick up”) pretty girls. But my great passion during this time, reflective of the mindset and values of high school, was weightlifting. In a middle-class industrial town like Waterbury, social status in high school was determined by how pretty and friendly you were if you were a girl, and how strong and tough you were if you were a boy.

When I entered college at the University of Connecticut in 1965, beginning my studies at the local Waterbury satellite campus, I started as a Physical Education major, a reflection of my ongoing passion for weightlifting. Yet, within the following couple of years, I moved away from home in Waterbury to live in a college dorm at the main campus in Storrs, Connecticut, lost interest in weightlifting, and changed my focus of study in the spring of 1967 to psychology and philosophy.

By the late 1960s, I had left the music of the 1950s and early 1960s behind me. Popular music itself had dramatically evolved beyond the previous decade. I was now listening to The Beatles (with their beards, long hair, and psychedelic clothing), the absolutely spacey Pink Floyd, and Jimi Hendrix, spiraling toward the phantasmagoric unknown on his electric guitar. Often wearing headphones, amplified by the new hi-powered stereo systems—so as to immerse myself in the sound—my favorite albums of the era included Hendrix's *Are You Experienced* and *Axis: Bold as Love*; *Cheap Thrills* by Janis Joplin and Big Brother and the Holding Company; *A Saucer of Secrets* and *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn* by Pink Floyd; the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, *Magical Mystery Tour*, and their *White Album*; *The Velvet Underground and Nico*; *The Days of Future Past* by The Moody Blues; and for something more mellow, yet lyrically inventive and filled with philosophical aphorisms, Simon and Garfunkel's *Sounds of Silence*; *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme*; and *Bookends*.

All this new music reflected the emerging counter-culture and hippie revolution. In fact, music was the central voice of this cultural transformation. Music no longer simply rhapsodized on love and heartbreak, over and over again, but rather, aspired toward raising consciousness (Are you experienced?), addressing social issues and repressive social institutions and practices, and envisioning new philosophies of life. It achieved all of this through the medium of creative tempos and melodies; enhanced, often electronic instrumentation; and (at times) bizarre and dissonant (“way out”) sound

effects. This music, along many dimensions, compositionally and philosophically, constituted a real and quite intentional break with the past.²

This 1960s cultural revolution and the new music associated with it embraced a philosophy and way of life that emphasized breaking free of past traditions as well as present circumstances and social structures; embracing change and innovation; and opening one's mind to diverse new possibilities for the future. Moreover, this visionary mindset imagined positive possibilities for the future—global peace, free love, and universal human rights—transcending the highly restrictive and often deeply destructive ways of life and thinking of the past and present. As part of this liberating mode of consciousness, there was a good dose of drugs, in particular marijuana and LSD thrown into the stew. In this counter-culture revolution, the human mind turned from what had been and what currently was to the bright and bedazzling lights and visions of what might be. The music and the cultural revolution of the late 1960s was forward looking, and it is this general attitude, which I enthusiastically embraced and which provided an essential liberating psychological framework for my later professional development as a futurist. I came to see reality as a universe of outrageous and wild possibilities, fundamental change, freedom of thought and expression, and social-psychological evolution, all important themes in my later thinking as a futurist.

It's important to highlight at this point that music—whether of the late 1960s or any other era—taps into a key dimension of human consciousness. Human consciousness can be conceptualized as possessing both a Romantic-Dionysian side and an Apollonian side, the latter dimension encompassing abstract thought, rational order, and the intellect.³ Humans are not moved by thought and ideas alone (the Apollonian side of our minds); emotional energy, beauty, and visceral feelings are all necessary ingredients in engaging and motivating human consciousness and action. Music is an expression of the Romantic-Dionysian side of the human mind, engaging emotion, sensation, feelings, aesthetics, and beauty.

In the case of the late 1960s cultural revolution, the music of the era provided the energy, dynamism, vibrant acoustic color, and scintillating perceptual ambience of the time, the galvanized and inspirited medium in which the lyrically expressed new philosophy of life was articulated. As enthusiastic Romanticists, the cultural revolutionists of the late 1960s sang, danced, and gyrated to the new philosophy of the era; the music energized, elevated, and propelled the revolution. As I increasingly came to realize—perhaps the better word is “discover”—as I studied psychology, philosophy, and eventually futures thinking, human action and human transformation require, as a necessary impetus, emotion, sensation, feeling, and imagery. (Freud, whom I intensely studied in college, strongly emphasized this point.) The lyrically expressed philosophy of change and liberation in the late 1960s was able to generate a mass cultural revolution because the message of this movement involved a synthesis of the aesthetics and emotion of its music (and art) with its new way of thinking.

² I should note though that at least the early music of The Beatles was inspired by Chuck Berry and other 1950 rock artists.

³ The Romantic-Dionysian versus Apollonian distinction was proposed by the existentialist philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche (see further discussion of him below).

I did not in all respects resonate with the transforming, musically inspired culture and mindset of the hippie revolution. As a highly studious and disciplined individual in college, I found the hippie way of life too disorderly, self-indulgent, and impulsive, perhaps at times even shallow. To a significant degree in college I immersed myself in the Apollonian side of reality—exercising and empowering my intellect—and earning in the process a double major in psychology and philosophy. Still, in important respects these intellectual pursuits complemented and even reinforced—at least for me—what I was absorbing from the music of the time.

Encountering the Expanded Universe of Philosophy

While I was listening in the late 1960s to the Velvet Underground, Pink Floyd, and the Beatles, I was reading and immersing myself in the abstract and often mentally disequilibrating philosophies of Plato, Spinoza, Berkeley, Nietzsche, and Jean Paul Sartre. As introduced earlier, in my childhood and adolescent years I was influenced by a combination of Roman Catholic morality, rituals, and metaphysics; Italian-American traditions and customs; and the rather immature values and acceptable modes of behavior of high school. I had never encountered, and consequently knew absolutely nothing about, the great philosophical thinkers of Western Civilization. (I was even more ignorant of Eastern philosophies and ways of thinking.) When I began to read and think about the important philosophies of the West as part of my college curriculum, the vast breadth of perspectives I became aware of in Western philosophy was a tremendous breath of fresh air, as liberating and enlightening—if not more so—than the music of my college years. The philosophical ideas I studied broadened and deepened my consciousness, clearly transcending and liberating me from the narrow mindsets of my earlier years. (The expansion of consciousness is an essential condition to becoming an imaginative futurist.)

Over roughly two years (1967-1969), in a whirlwind of one set of provocative ideas after another, I studied Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Bertrand Russell, G. E. Moore, and the inimitable “mad genius” Ludwig Wittgenstein. During this time my consciousness often felt overloaded, both dismantled and rebuilt (more than once). In reading Bishop Berkeley’s *A Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*, the reality of the physical world disintegrated beneath my feet; in studying Spinoza’s *Ethics*, the entire universe coalesced into an infinite deterministic whole, with no angels or demons, and no heaven or hell; and in pondering David Hume’s *An Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding*, almost everything I was certain about disappeared into doubt. Of central significance, these philosophers, beginning with Socrates in the Platonic *Dialogues*, encouraged me to think critically and to think about things I had never thought about before at all.

What was especially unnerving and mentally jolting was studying the existentialist philosophers and their writings, such as, Nietzsche’s *Beyond Good and Evil* and *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Sartre’s *Being and Nothingness* and *Nausea*, Dostoyevsky’s *The Possessed* and *Notes from Underground*, Camus’ *The Myth of Sisyphus*, and Kierkegaard’s *Fear and Trembling*. In Heidegger’s writings, I was drawn into pondering the question: Why is there something rather than nothing? Through all these writings

and challenging ideas, my Catholic upbringing and my naive realism about life were totally upended. Although deeply anxiety generating and conducive toward mental vertigo, I believed that my mind was being liberated, enlightened, and greatly expanded through these studies. Philosophy was a great adventure. (The famous metaphysical philosopher of the twentieth century, Alfred North Whitehead, described philosophy as “Adventures of Ideas.”) Of particular importance in this regard, Sartre convinced me that I was (indeed that we all are) free to determine my own identity and pathway into the future; there is no bedrock to stand on; life is an act of creation with no road signs or predetermined destination.⁴

I should further explain how this intensive study of philosophy connected with and complemented my immersion in the innovative music of the period. Both spheres of experience were consciousness expanding and personally transformative. The Romantic-Dionysian essence of the music and the Apollonian substance and structure of philosophy formed an integrative and balanced whole; music provided the feeling, and philosophy the abstract intellectual form of mental liberation and evolution. In some cases, these two spheres of experience even overlapped for there was a decidedly Romantic quality in the existential philosophers, in particular, and the counter-culture music of the Beatles and others often contained philosophical commentaries and messages. It seemed quite natural to me to be listening to Pink Floyd and their cosmic *A Saucer of Secrets* while studying and debating with like-minded college friends the philosophies of Spinoza and Nietzsche.

As a consequence of all of these experiences and shocks and disturbances to my consciousness, musical and intellectual, I was not the same person in 1969 that I had been when I entered college in 1965. The person of 1965 seemed a stranger to me, familiar in some ways, but still a stranger. In fact, I looked physically very different between the ages of 18 and 22, and the world that I had inhabited in 1965 seemed, in retrospect, dull, limited, and suffocating—indeed only marginally conscious—in comparison to the brilliant lights and revelations and vast mental spaces of 1969.

Science Fiction and the Future of Everything

There’s one more important piece to fit into this story of personal transformation, and that is science fiction. Sometime in late 1968 I went to the theater to see Stanley Kubrick’s new film *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Although by this point in my college years I prided myself on my blossoming intellect and heightening philosophical sophistication, I found the psychedelic and surrealistic ending of the movie almost completely incomprehensible. The musical score—mostly nineteenth-century classical music⁵—was powerful and uplifting and the visual effects transcended anything I had ever seen

⁴ A more in-depth description of my college studies in philosophy and psychology can be found in my book *Mind Flight*, Chapter One.

⁵ The musical score also contained György Ligeti’s *Atmosphères*, a very modernist and decidedly spacey piece of music. It’s also noteworthy that the opening and closing piece of music in the movie, Strauss’ *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, is strongly associated with the theme of profound human transformation and evolution and the philosophy of Nietzsche.

before, but I had no sense of what happened at the end. The luminous “star child” in the final scene was especially baffling and unnerving. Although the movie was uplifting and cosmic, it was mystifying to me as well—mystery and enlightenment, perhaps, being two sides of the same coin.

Soon after, I read Arthur C. Clarke’s highly illuminating novelization of the movie, and the narrative now made perfect sense to me. (Clarke had co-written the screenplay with Kubrick.) But I found my initial befuddlement over the logic and meaning of the movie doubly frustrating and disappointing, because I had been a fan of science fiction since my childhood years, and hence I thought I should have been able to grasp and appreciate its far-out fantastical vision and message.

My long-time interest in science fiction would undergo a powerful re-energization in the late 1960s, coincident with my experience of *2001*. This renewal and reinvigoration of my passion for science fiction became an important part of my personal transformation in the late 1960s—in resonance with my philosophical and musical journeys—and would provide a key building block in priming me to eventually become a futurist.

To set a personal-historical context, through my childhood and early adolescent years, I read a good number of science fiction novels, such as Wells’ *The Time Machine*, Verne’s *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, Huxley’s *Brave New World*, and Orwell’s *1984*, and watched countless science fiction movies, such as *The War of the Worlds*, *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, *The Time Machine*, *When Worlds Collide*, *The Thing from Another World*, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, *Forbidden Planet*, and *Invaders from Mars*. (Notably, to create the appropriate ambience, many of these movies had strange and eerie musical scores.) Also, I avidly watched on TV both *The Twilight Zone* and *The Outer Limits*. Many of these books, films, and TV episodes dealt with the future, often nightmarish and disconcerting futures, but also frequently containing astounding and wondrous visions that stretched one’s imagination. (My immersion in science fiction, both early and later, heightened my “future consciousness.”) Of special note, these visions, literary and cinematic, were personally very captivating because they combined mind-expanding ideas and speculations with emotionally dramatic scenarios and plots, and often an aesthetic and artistic dimension as well. In essence, science fiction powerfully engaged my mind because it synthesized the Romantic-Dionysian and the Apollonian modes of consciousness.⁶

During the period of 1967 to 1969 I dove back into science fiction. (Perhaps to take a break from my psychology and philosophy studies? I can’t be sure.) Aside from watching and then reading *2001*, I devoured a slew of other science fiction novels and stories during my college summer breaks. (Sometime in this period I also watched *The Planet of the Apes*, a classic dark science fiction vision of the future.) I especially remember reading for the first time the great classics of the genre, Walter Miller’s darkly comic and poignant *A Canticle for Leibowitz*—involving a third world war and then a fourth one—and Robert Heinlein’s *Stranger in a Strange Land*—in which the Messiah

⁶ See an extended discussion of the nature of science fiction in my book *Science Fiction: The Evolutionary Mythology of the Future: Volume One*, Chapter One (2018), as well as in my video series: *The Evolution of Science Fiction* - <https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLlvBA8u8-18SiFnH9Y8adqwG2fZA0i074> .

comes from Mars but once again is “crucified”—as well as dozens of short stories in Groff Conklin’s many science fiction anthologies and Kingsley Amis and Robert Conquest’s *Spectrum* series.

One anthology I read during that time, which vividly stands out in my memory, was Harlan Ellison’s *Dangerous Visions*. A powerful expression of the New Wave revolution in science fiction, *Dangerous Visions* contained tales that intentionally embraced the 1960s cultural revolution and its iconoclastic images and philosophies. The stories contained in its three volumes did not so much highlight the hi-tech, outer space, and alien encounter type of science fiction of previous decades, but rather emphasized social-cultural-psychological-ethical themes, attempting to shock and disorient readers regarding their cultural values and norms. The New Wave was rebellious and intentionally innovative along these lines, challenging and attempting to transcend both the conservative culture of the 1950s and the associated type of science fiction written in the 1950s and earlier. Consequently, the mind-expanding quality of science fiction, and in particular the revolutionary dimension of New Wave science fiction, fitted perfectly with the personal evolutionary journey toward enlightenment and transcendence of the constraints of the past that I was embracing as a college student.

One revelatory aspect of my re-immersion in science fiction in the late 1960s was that I came to realize that science fiction examined the “future of everything”; the genre, especially as evident in the New Wave, dealt with the human aspects of the future as much as the scientific-technological aspects. Decades later, after consuming countless more science fiction novels and movies, I included in my futures courses (as assignments) science fiction stories and movies that highlighted possible futures about all aspects, humanistic and technological, of the “shape of things to come.”⁷

All in all, while the cultural revolution of the late 1960s was transforming the collective consciousness of American society, pointing toward an imagined future clearly at odds with the collective mindset of previous times (especially the conservative cultural vision of the 1950s), my personal conscious space was being disassembled, re-configured, and immensely expanded through a synthetic mixing and fusion of revolutionary music, philosophy, and science fiction. Both the emotional-aesthetic and intellectual dimensions of my mind were deeply impacted by this combination of new ways of thinking, feeling, and experiencing reality.

In the late summer of 1969, shortly after I graduated, the *Woodstock* music festival took place. Although I did not attend the event, I eventually watched and rewatched the movie (released in 1970) covering this concert; viewing it still inspires in me enthusiasm for the new and a sense of mental liberation. Among my favorite performances of the concert were “Judy Blue Eyes” by Crosby, Stills, and Nash, “With a Little Help from My Friends” by Joe Cocker, and “Feel-Like-I’m-Fixing-to-Die-Rag” by Country Joe McDonald. As a rather unusual Thanksgiving tradition, beginning around

⁷ This expression is from Wells’ great synthesis of science fiction and futures studies, his novel *The Shape of Things to Come*.

2000, my wife and I often watch the *Woodstock* concert video, or Pink Floyd's Berlin performance of *The Wall*,⁸ while cooking our holiday dinner.

In the fall of 1969 I moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota to attend graduate school. A couple of years later in 1971, I once again was powerfully impacted by the visionary might of Stanley Kubrick in his jolting dystopian movie of the future, *Clockwork Orange*. Classical music was pervasive in the production once again, this time, predominately the music of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. To provide, though, a cutting-edge electronic ambience and color to the film score, many of the musical pieces—including Beethoven's great Romantic symphony—were performed by Wendy Carlos on the recently invented Moog synthesizer. In this new Kubrick movie I immediately understood the meaning of the plot, given my background in both moral philosophy and psychology. Interestingly, after watching the movie I dove into classical music, which I began playing almost continuously while working on my Ph.D. (In my earlier years I rarely listened to classical music.) Music continued, now in a new form (for me), to accompany my ongoing intellectual journey. In my mind, Bach, Sibelius, and Beethoven aligned beautifully with the study of philosophy of science and theoretical psychology.

Conclusion: The Becoming of a Futurist

Looking backward—which, by the way, is the title of a famous science fiction novel about the future by Edward Bellamy⁹—I can see how various experiences in my earlier life contributed to my becoming a futurist in the 1990s. At the time, it felt like I was on an exhilarating adventure, journeying forward but with an envisioned destination that repeatedly changed along the way. During my young adulthood I did not plan to become a futurist. Yet in another sense, perhaps I was always a futurist, at some deep level, at least since the time I first experienced as a youth Wells' *The Time Machine*.

Paradoxically, I have probably always been a historian as well. I have throughout my life enjoyed journeying through time, in either direction, just like Wells' "Time Traveler." Time (at least in my mind) circles around; perhaps it does in reality as well. Clarity regarding what is happening, or what is to become, is often revealed through examining what has already occurred; conversely, what has occurred in the past may only become apparent relative to the present. History and the future mesh. Writing this historical essay in the present about the past, a project I very much enjoyed, helped me to understand better both the present and my past, and my disposition toward thinking about the future.

Thinking dramatically about life—a mindset I acquired through the many science fiction plots I have encountered—my personal and intellectual journey has felt like a thrilling adventure, filled with challenges, setbacks, as well as wondrous sights and surprises along the way. But also, like any good dramatic movie, this journey of

⁸ Pink Floyd's album *The Wall* was released in 1979; the Berlin concert video, with Roger Waters as the lead singer and involving contributing performances by a host of different artists, including Cyndi Lauper and Van Morrison, was recorded and released in 1990.

⁹ Bellamy, Edward (1888) *Looking Backward 2000-1887*.

becoming has been accompanied by an enthralling and changing soundtrack, first Rock n' Roll, then counter-culture music, then powerful classical orchestrations, and most recently New Age music (often cosmic and spacey), and, fascinatingly, a renewed interest in Big Band and popular music of the 1940s. (As I type these words, Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony* is playing in the background, providing tempo and melody to energize and guide my thoughts.) As someone who has simultaneously pursued both the Romantic-Dionysian and Apollonian dimensions of life, my journey towards becoming a futurist has been both intellectual-philosophical and sensual-aesthetic; it is a trajectory of ideas set to music, or reciprocally, music expressed as ideas. One has to feel and sense the future (or life in general) as much as think about and imagine it.