

This iBelieve Essays

Cheating Death through the Power of Music

by Ney Patin

As I open up an interface filled with the instruments of woodwind, strings, brass, and percussion, equalizers, dynamics, mixing and mastering tools, I feel the presence of a virtual therapist, while at the same time I feel completely alone, which is how I prefer to be. Needing an outlet, and loving music, I began to self-teach myself music production. Instead of the torments of the outside world, the constant flow of work from useless classes, the distress that my past brings, I allow all the negativity to flow through me into the strings, percussion, lyrics, rhythm, and other aspects of the songs I write, and produce. The world of self-taught music production has saved my life.

The plain, white, wood door of my room stands between me and my sanctuary of notes. As the static friction on my door begin to give, the speed of my hand on the doorknob begins to crescendo, careful not to awake or surprise my father, if he is home. I sit at my bureau, or my makeshift desk as I think of it. The light of my laptop fills the dark room, quickly speeding through the routine of the log-in screen of the League of Legends champions, Malzahar, and Shaco, I open FL Studio. The depression and daily trauma I face begin to show through within the triad and suspended 7th chords which I input from the years of self-taught music production, theory, and trial and error; or, in short, memory. The inspirations of my own issues, stress, and favorite artists' musical pieces are envisioned as I create the drum loop, thinking of whether or not live guitar would add to the sense of loneliness.

As I create these verses, scores, choruses, or instrumentals, the drowned voices, that have no words, in my mind are revived, ascended from their graves and shown in their brightest or darkest colors. Each key or keystroke I input puts me one step closer to bringing my music to be admired in the same way I admire music from other artists, such as Locksmith, Shostakovich, and Virtual Riot. When I listen to these artists, the daily pain subsides for two to twelve minutes for each melody displayed in my cerebral cortex.

These songs, these musical pieces, keep me away from the negative temptations that the devil may or may not be pushing into my mind. Creating the sad, depressed, angered, melodies are distress signals to show many are not alone in their internal battles, while also venting out the cluttered space within me. When I was on the brink of death, when I had given into the PTSD, which was when I believed I had given into the devil, I had knew I had lost all hope. Writer's block becoming a cinder block in front of an ant, I decided it was either create or be destroyed. My depression turned to an engine, sadness turned to fuel, and heartbreak turned to a steering wheel. The studio, or my room, had saved my mind from self-destruction, and even though I couldn't write, the melody began to write their own words.

The creation process, writing, constructing, and producing, does, in fact, have a tremendous amount of power. Audiences of music, who don't partake in the musical production process, will never experience the same feelings as the creator had, however great the piece may be. The only way to truly experience feeling in song is to create it. The laws of physics may believe that energy cannot be created, however I must disagree.