



### **Rap Music Is Not Music by Jay Dubya (John Wiessner)**

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"Rap Music" is not music, but it is a cleverly marketed euphemism disguised to give the obnoxious noise societal legitimacy. Describing the (disenchanting) chanting of "Rap Music" as singing or as music is indeed (in either case) a capital misnomer. Real Music is the careful arrangement of organized sounds in the form of notes that then result in a smooth blend of rhythm, tone, and pitch that when united, is quite pleasing to the ear. Rap is not music. The unpleasant-sounding horror is chaotic dissonance and certainly not elegant consonance. Rap is veritable noise pollution that is tastelessly amplified from a cumbersome boom box. Generally speaking, unlike black soul music and traditional black rhythm and blues, Rap is both heartless and soulless. Standard love songs show respect and consideration for a member of the opposite gender but most contemporary Rap lyrics promote a hedonistic "me first" ghetto survival theme that is cruelly perpetuated upon its afflicted listening audience.

When Rap songs first appeared I believed that the clamorous nonsense would be another fad phenomenon that would gradually vanish like '70s disco music had slowly but surely lost its clout (along with our attendant intrigue and curiosity). But unfortunately, the dunce-like Rap lyrics herald the worst elements of society and the brazen inflammatory words glamorize sex, drugs, random and deliberate violence' and gang intimidation themes that through-and-through reek with sexism, racism and the glorification of the ghetto mentality.

In most Rap song themes the dysfunctional dregs of the inner city are elevated to hero status while the "entertainers" sound like disgruntled grunting angry contemporary cavemen' who are advocating the downfall of "white America" with vitriolic words expressing rage, rebellion, and social revolution. This expansion of the "easy-money anti-establishment ghetto mentality" is fueling resentment and hostility among "disenfranchised" inner city youth as well as contaminating the gullible and vulnerable minds of suburban teens. But the entire reprehensible in-progress-brainwashing technique that "Rap Music" demonstrably utilizes is both a sham and a canard that is trafficking affected teens down a treacherous One-Way-Street that leads only to a permanent lackluster socio-economic cul-de-sac. What a pathetic and ignoble social disaster!

In the '50s and early '60s black rhythm and blues imaginatively captured the hopes, the dreams, the ideals and the aspirations of both white and black teens as portrayed in the quality music of Chuck Berry and Fats Domino. Early black music was a unifying force in America. True, Little Richard's music was a tad rebellious but it was not downright dirty, immoral or degrading like modern rap is. The early '50s black

artists' songs paralleled the dreams of both white and black America and the entire country was basically on the same musical wavelength.

And then this constructive and positive racial parallelism continued into the early '60s with the establishment of Detroit's Motown where both black and white society shared a common interest in radio renditions of the ideal boyfriend, the ideal girlfriend, the ideal teen relationship and the music beneficially emphasized the stability that typical teenage romance provided. The Temptations, the Supremes, the Shirelles, the Marvelettes, Stevie Wonder, Lionel Richie, Mary Wells, Smokey Robinson, The Four Tops and Martha and the Vandellas all espoused "civilized relationships" between males and females and their songs genuinely advanced the perpetuation of commonalities in our great American culture.

Ironically white performers were very instrumental in contributing to the origins of "Rap Music." Certainly, Blondie's Debbie Harry's classic rendition of "Rapture" and the Beastie Boys' amusing "Fight For the Right To Party" preceded the appearance of more radical rappers like Vanilla Ice and Eminem. And M.C. Hammer's unique song "Can't Touch This!" gave Rap a happy face and the lively tune showed both versatility and great potential for the development of new sounds in the recording industry. But then Run DMC, Public Enemy, Ludacris (Whatever happened to standard spelling?), 50 Cent (Whatever happened to the idea of plural usage in English grammar? I mean, I've heard of one cent!) and oh yes, Eminem and other rappers gradually emerged and began shouting and ranting words that featured intimidation, class conflict, hatred of authority (including police, parents and teachers), defiance, insolence, animosity, conflict and racial divisiveness.

"Rap Music" is both uninspiring and generally counterproductive to the "good of the order." The scurrilous pox lionizes a mediocre ghetto existence as the epitome of human pursuit. "Rap Music" is essentially non-creative no matter how creative its performers think they are in writing it or in presenting it. And the rappers have the unmitigated audacity to describe themselves as "artists." Well, Michelangelos, Leonardo Da Vincis, Picassos and Rembrandts most of those arrogant buffoons are not. And few rappers can actually sing a strong note like Elvis Presley, Johnny Mathis, Jay Black and Ray Charles could! Most rappers can just robotically shout, yell, holler, drivel, rant, slobber, prattle and babble in rubbish junkish mechanical non-poetic lyrics that lack imagination, inspiration and rhetorical quality. And the egocentric rappers' amoral anthems are designed to corrupt American society and tear it down to the dangerous and literal "dog-eat-dog" human condition that realistically exists and flourishes in American slums.

Why isn't "Rap Music" genuine music? Because Real Music possesses two authentic characteristics: it has grace and beauty, two marvelous components that "Rap" sadly lacks. Rap tunes usually are nothing more than one monotonous beat accompanied by certain anti-social mantras repeated over and over again. Real Music usually has singing associated with it but Rap only pretends to be music with relentless "in your face" threatening lyrics and assorted menacing hand and face gestures. Real Music has a variety of instruments while Rap is ordinarily arranged with only a hypnotic drumbeat and perhaps a guitar accompanied by some hyperactive dolt wildly scratching a record surface. Standard songs are generally arranged in a clever A-B-A verse pattern or rhythm format and most "Rap Music" just sounds like a flat tire riding and rumbling over a series of bumpy dirt roads. There are few chords (piano, guitar or otherwise) exhibited in "Rap Music" and the dictatorial didactical tone of voice that is exhibited (a substitute for real singing) is quite deficient in acceptable harmony and melody. In short, "Rap Music" is

a one-dimensional medium and is devoid of both width and breadth. It is shallow and hollow linguistic jargonized anger-oriented ghetto garbage. "Rap Music" is analogous to looking at a rainbow having only one dull color.

High-profile black leaders like Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton should demonstrate the courage to condemn and denounce "Rap Music" that ostentatiously promotes negative and pessimistic views of American culture along with perpetuating anti-social attitudes. For the most part (with few exceptions) Rap is quite detrimental and deleterious, and the repugnant curse is the antithesis of all that is good for the betterment of America. "Rap Music" extols a subversive counter-culture that undermines all that is advantageous about the USA. It is an adverse divisive force that pits parents against their children, rich against poor and teens against authority. Certainly, it doesn't take much of a genius to concoct lyrics that come up with diabolical rhyming words for "ditch and witch" and for "duck and luck!"

Of course, the self-indulgent rappers insist that they are fine examples teaching inner city kids the value of free enterprise and becoming successful junior entrepreneurs in a capitalistic economy by having the impressionable juveniles tailor their activities after their role-model mentors'. But the stark truth is that less than one percent of prospective rappers ever hit the jackpot with the remainder of aspirants finding a dismal crock of fools' gold at the end of their rainbows. Like everything else from publishing to professional sports and from Wall Street to Main Street, only the top three percent of the participants wind-up making the big bucks while the remainder of the wannabes' in any given profession founder and flounder in defeat and mediocrity.

The "Rap Music Industry" is no different than the rest of capitalistic America is in terms of its low percentage of success stories. Most of Rap's juvenile adherents are doomed to mediocre futures with dead-end minimum wage jobs at best (if they don't become criminals in the meantime) and if the kids actively espouse the ghetto lifestyle as indicated in rap song lyrics, then those youngsters are truly heading in the wrong direction that will guarantee them lives fraught with conflict with society, with adult authority and the with the law. There is no doubt in my mind that the Rap Record Industry exploits and corrupts both the consciences and the hearts of inner city and suburban kids that gravitate to "the sound" and addictively like listening to it.

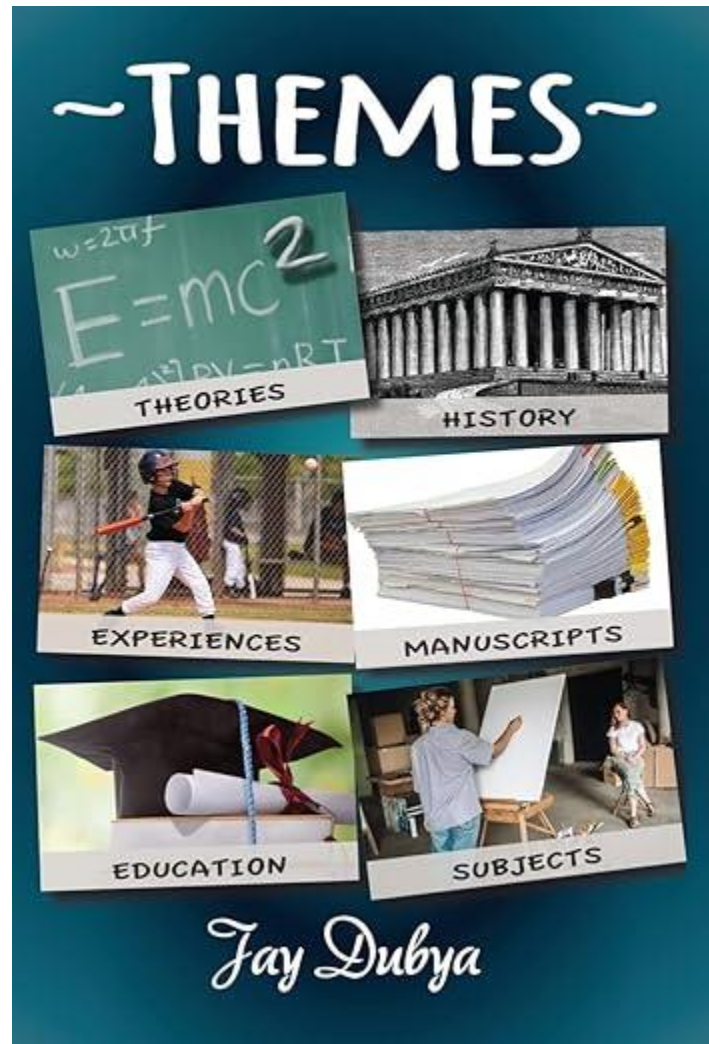
"Rap Music" is both a divisive force and a toxic influence in American society. The pestilence praises the "ghetto mentality model" as a model worthy of imitation and the cultural epidemic (that the rampant social cancer is) has up-to-now generated little redeeming value. "Rap Music" mercilessly reduces mankind to a base biological existence and it insidiously subverts the spiritual and the intellectual aspects of human beings' mental and emotional composition. If human life could be expressed as a mathematical division problem, then according to the rappers' persistent messages, the lowest common denominators of all human relationships are sex, drugs, anger, contempt and rebellion. "Rap Music" connotes a disdain for self-sacrifice for others, it suggests (by omission) an aversion for social commitment and for community service, and it advances (by omission) a despising of individual responsibility and an apparent antipathy for standard accepted interpersonal morality and ethics.

In the final analysis "Rap Music" undermines basic human charity, human decency and human consideration for the rights and properties of others. In the overall "Rap Music" scenario, hate has replaced tolerance, self-gratification has replaced prudence, arrogance has replaced humility and hostility has replaced compassion. To add to the ongoing dilemma other benign abstractions also have been viciously assaulted. In the "Rap Music World" defiance has replaced respect, sex has replaced

courtship, using others for personal gain has replaced basic courtesy and wanton rape has replaced teen romance.

In the final analysis, generally speaking, how does Rap Music promote Woman's Rights? Woman's Equality? Honor for the Sacrament of Marriage? Respect for the institution of motherhood? True love? The virtues of our Judeo-Christian Civilization? The greatness of the United States of America?

“Rap Music” (in general) is definitely a harmful and dangerous factor to American civilization because the colossal scourge equates (in innocent adolescent minds) pervasive corruptive moral fallacies purporting that: adventure tragically equals thugs and drugs, that freedom is social anarchy, that love is the same thing as sex, that justice is a vigilante-oriented lifestyle, that truth can only be represented as deplorable ghetto misery, that honor is nothing more than revenge and last but not least, that Thomas Jefferson’s “Pursuit of happiness” is really only the pursuit of selfish pleasure. In conclusion, the flimflam known as “Rap Music” is not bona fide music because the blight is without grace, without beauty and without love, the fundamental truly joyous qualities that are vitally necessary in order to make life both satisfying and worthwhile in any given civilization.



**About The Author:** Jay Dubya is author' John Wiessner's pen name. John is a retired New Jersey public school English teacher, having diligently taught the subject for thirty-four years. John lives in Hammonton, New Jersey with wife Joanne and the couple has three grown sons.

Counting London: Lashed, Lacerated, Lampooned and Lambasted, along with its companion books Twain: Tattered, Trounced, Tortured and Traumatized, Poe: Pelted, Pounded, Pummeled and Pulverized and O. Henry: Obscenely and Outrageously Obliterated, John has written and published thirty-seven total books. Pieces of Eight, Pieces of Eight, Part II, Pieces of Eight, Part III and Pieces of Eight, Part IV all contain short stories and novellas that feature science fiction and paranormal plots and themes. Nine New Novellas, Nine New Novellas, Part II, Nine New Novellas, Part III, Nine New Novellas, Part IV, One Baker's Dozen, Two Baker's Dozen, Snake Eyes and Boxcars and Snake Eyes and Boxcars, Part II are short story collections all written in the spirit of the Pieces of Eight series.

Other Jay Dubya adult-oriented fiction are the works Black Leather and Blue Denim, A '50s Novel, and its exciting sequel, The Great Teen Fruit War, A 1960' Novel. Frat Brats, A '60s Novel completes the action/adventure trilogy. Jay Dubya also has produced two irreverent Biblical satires, The Wholly Book of Genesis and The Wholly Book of Exodus. A third satire Ron Coyote, Man of La Mangia is a parody on Miguel Cervantes' classic novel, Don Quixote published in 1605. Thirteen Sick Tasteless Classics, TSTC, Part II, TSTC, Part III and TSTC, Part IV are satirical works that each corrupt thirteen classic stories from American and British literature and from Greek mythology. Fractured Frazzled Folk Fables and Fairy Farces and FFFF & FF, Part II satirize and corrupt famous children's literature stories. Mauled Maimed Mangled Mutilated Mythology is an adult-oriented satirical/parody work that pokes fun at twenty-one famous classical myths. Finally, Shakespeare: Slammed, Smeared, Savaged and Slaughtered and Shakespeare: S, S, S and S. Part II lampoon the famous works of the great playwright.

The author has also penned a young adult fantasy trilogy: Pot of Gold, Enchanta and Space Bugs, Earth Invasion. The Eighteen Story Gingerbread House is a collection of eighteen new children's stories. And last but not least, two Jay Dubya non-fiction works are So Ya' Wanna' Be A Teacher and Random Articles and Manuscripts.

Jay Dubya's books are available in hardcover and paperback formats at Amazon.com, Barnes and Noble.com and Booksamillion.com. Kindle versions are available at Amazon.com. Jay Dubya's e-books are available at Amazon Kindle and at Barnes and Noble Nook.

Jay Dubya (John Wiessner), author of 56 books, gives a biography of his life.

Born in Hammonton, NJ in 1942, John had attended St. Joseph School up to and including Grade 5. After his family moved from Hammonton to Levittown, Pa in 1954, John attended St. Mark School in Bristol, Pa. for Grade 6, St. Michael the Archangel School for Grades 7 and 8 and Immaculate Conception School, Levittown, Pa. for grade 9. Bishop Egan High School, Levittown Pa was John's educational base for Grades 10 and 11, and later in 1960 he graduated from Edgewood Regional High, Tansboro, NJ. John then next attended Glassboro State College, where he was an announcer for the school's baseball games and also read the news and sports over WGLS, GSC's radio station.

John had been primarily an English teacher in the Hammonton Public School System for 34 years, specializing in the instruction of middle school language arts. Mr. Wiessner was quite active in the Hammonton Education Association, serving in the capacities of Vice-President, building representative

and finally, teachers' head negotiator for 7 years. During his lengthy teaching career, John had been nominated into "Who's Who Among American Teachers" three times. He also was quite active giving professional workshops at schools around South Jersey on the subjects of creative writing and the use of movie videos to motivate students to organize their classroom theme compositions.

John Wiessner was very active in community service, being a past President of the Hammonton Lions Club, where he also functioned for many years as the club's Tail-Twister, Vice-President and Liontamer. He had been named Hammonton Lion of the Year in 1979 and in 2009 received the prestigious Melvin Jones Fellow Award, the highest honor a Lion can receive from Lions International.

John also was a successful businessman, starting with being a Philadelphia Bulletin newspaper delivery boy for two years in the late 1950s in Levittown, Pennsylvania. After his family moved back to New Jersey in 1959, John worked at his grandparents and his parents' farm markets, Square Deal Farm (now Ron's Gardens in Hammonton) and Pete's Farm Market in Elm, respectively. He later managed his wife's parents' farm market, White Horse Farms (Elm) for three summers.

Also, in a business capacity, for 16 summers starting in 1967 John Wiessner had co-owned Dealers Choice Amusement Arcade on the Ocean City, Maryland boardwalk and also co-owned the New Horizon Tee-Shirt Store for eight summers (1973-'81) on the Rehoboth Beach, Delaware boardwalk. In addition, he was a co-owner of Wheel and Deal Amusement Arcade, Missouri Avenue and Boardwalk, Atlantic City. And then, for 18 summers beginning in 1986, John had been the Field Manager in charge of crew-leaders for Atlantic Blueberry Company (the world's largest cultivated blueberry company), both the Weymouth and Mays Landing Divisions.

After retiring from teaching in 1999, writing under the pen name Jay Dubya (his initials), John Wiessner became an author of 56 books in the genre Action/Adventure Novels, Sci-Fi/Paranormal Story Collections, Adult Satire, Young Adult Fantasy Novels and Non-Fiction Books. His books exist in hardcover, in paperback and in popular Kindle and Nook e-book formats.

**Author's Page At Book Marketing Global Network:**

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