

Lessons in . . .

Guitar Morality

*“Twixt the fourth and seventh degree,
a scurrilous hell for all to see.”* — an obscure
Gregorian Aphorism



Within the seemingly safe tonal territories of the mellifluous major scale, festering and bleating with perfidious intent, it lurks stealthily . . . May I introduce you to that beaked, horned, clawed and feathered carbuncular debauch! Steeped in stenchful Stygian vapors; The Embodiment of Armageddon; The Plutonic Sarcophage; The Umbric Pustule . . . THE EVIL TRITONE!!!



Mark! What tenebrous, saturnalian dissonance obtrudes its chthonic way into the otherwise luminiferously pastoral realm of the major scale? Indeed, it is not a veritable hell in the very heart of heaven? In fact, we have been duped. The horrible reality is that the lovely major scale, the ubiquitous queen-mother of all Western Music contains the sulfureous interval that the wise Gregorians named *“Diablo en Musica.”* The very *do-ro-me-fa-so-la-ti-do* we teach our rosy-cheeked innocents in kindergarten is actually the obsequious handmaiden, indeed, bedfellow of the Prince of Darkness!



So I say unto you: Revel not in the wretched squalor of the duplicitous major scale. Banish the hated tritone forever! Stray not from the Path of Pure Pentatonicity! Be steadfast in your resolve: use only scales with righteous and unsullied intervals!