

THE CONDUCTOR

BACKGROUND

The underlying theme here is about identity and the roles we play as individuals and collectively. Harmony means different things to different people but sometimes you gotta know when to hold and when to fold.

BEGIN

The party was Orchestrated by a group of people who wanted to celebrate the beginning of another year. By midnight the members of the chorus line had their own designs on how to conduct themselves and Accordionly Oboed the conductor. He was indeed, A sharp fellow who began to C Major riffs developing within the chorus line and built a Bridge. Not being one to Harp on the bias and prejudice shown by the xenophobic crew, he simply exiled himself from the band. When approached by a member who looked CD and identified himself as belonging to the Xylophone section, the conductor Bached, "Leave off!! I don't need your Symphony just because I'm in exile. "It's you who are the Phony, and you, and you."

The Conductor was right. The *Pianist* was sans "ani" excuse and was simply pist. The Organist was blowing his own Trumphet while some degenerate was a mouthpiece for a Saxophonist. The Drummer was really a plummer who preferred to Mix, Fix and then Tune out to the Beat of his own rythym stix. He was not a Violin man or a villian but was highly Strung. He had drawn a long Bow if he were to make it in Woodwind.

The Conductor pointed to each of the accused in what appeared to be a random selection. But it was anything but random. Methodical and deliberate, poised and

purposeful, The Conductor knew how to hit the right Chords with the members. The mood intensified as The Conductor changed gears. His forehead began to crease; the eye brows rose and fell and then in a mesmerising display of hand motion it became obvious control was his. The uninitiated could be forgiven for dismissing his skills as redundant. Let me give you the Drum. It may look like he's up there trying to spear an evasive insect with his chopsticks because someone forgot the Mortein. But The Conductor was a man who knew his craft.

The Band began to play and play. The Conductor brought the members together. They were united and in Harmony. The Conductor filled the Flutes with Champagne and all the members of the Chorus line shared in the celebration that had just been.

In a quiet corner of the room, The Conductor reflected upon the early years of hardship that were endured in a repressive class system hierarchy. Yesterday he was loose change, an ornament upon the timeless "W" Class trams of Melbourne with a shaky command of the native tongue. The Conductor was a relic, ignored by the populous as he moved through the carriageway speaking in truncated English; "Fare Plea, Fare Plea." But it was those years that prepared him for this night of righteousness upon his soap box. He had returned from exile to become judge and jury. His motion was carried. The Conductor backed by Three Tenor years of experience demanded, "Fair Plea, Fair Plea".

END

AP