

MUSIC LIB

What is music? A pretentious question? Only if you think that you have the answer. Most of us justify our musical activities within the answer we favor. Our western culture is more often than not manifested in words. Things are as we say they are. If said well enough, anything, no matter how outrageous (it is) initially, becomes plausible, then believable, and finally factual. For example,¹ I recently wrote on an article in the NEW YORKER, "Buy one quart of milk." These words, a directive from my wife, when seen superimposed on the others in the magazine, reminded me of a dilemma in which a friend had once found himself. My friend, a composer of some repute, had a problem which indicated to me a need for some basic changes in the nature of music. One day he was complaining of a ringing pitch inside his head. Not without jest and a little knowledge of music history, I asked him if the ringing pitch was an A. He said, "I don't know!" (In defense of his possible immortality I will withhold his name. I rather wish that this did not matter, but before his name can be mentioned without historical injury to him, music must pass through some drastic changes. Perhaps I'll mention his name at the end of this brief paper.)

A few years back, when I took part in a concert performance, most of the available space would be filled with electronic equipment, some working and some not. Times have changed. No longer is there such a fascination with wires and buttons. They appear to be following the trail of non-returnable bottles and beehive hairdos. For those who are sensitive to DDT in honey and music, there is a simple alternative. Compared to the florescent shine of "electronic" music, it is little more than the dim light of a hot lobster. Musicians from the music-engineer societies have taught us that we cannot have our cake and eat it too. We must learn to be as leary of electronics and its causal technology as we are of falling, burning jet airplanes.

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1. Have you ever noticed how musicians seem to be the noisiest listeners at concerts? Often they talk about music while a different music is being performed. I have noticed too that most people do this same thing while eating; that is, they talk about other food (and wines) they have had, while at the same time they are enjoying a perfectly pleasant meal. Usually, the more enjoyable the meal, the more they talk of other meals. For some reason, food always crops up at a meal. For example, not long ago I invited a friend and his wife over for dinner. It was a very simple dinner, welsh rarebit in fact. To my very great surprise my friend brought with him a 61 Chateau Margaux. All night we talked of the newer Burgundies, and the promise of 69.

In the first paragraph of this paper I was attempting to say that the history of music was simply a history of definitions of music. Music was its definition.² A developing print media added authority to the tradition(s) so that the definitions (hence, music) changed slowly.³ With the introduction of printed dictionaries in the Gutenberg days, changes were marshalled in more slowly yet. Following the appearance of the first authoritative dictionaries, it took music a couple of hundred years to change definitions.⁴

2. John Cage, to whom these footnotes are (styloidally) dedicated, once served Heitz wines at a concert of Satie's piano music. At the time I thought that this was rather strange, like serving escargot without garlic to an Italian music critic. Now I consider the matter to be more serious. (I do understand Cage's reasons for serving the Heitz wines at a concert of French music. The concert was performed at a university near where Heitz once taught Enology. In the early 60's he escaped the university and set up his own winery. Unfortunately, his wine remains academic and overpriced.) Since observing Cage serving Heitz wines at the Satie concert, I would be more hesitant about tasting one of his famous mushroom dishes, were I asked.

3. As a child my father had many chores to perform in the course of a single day. One of these was the collection and chopping of the family's firewood. My Uncle Harry, my father's younger brother, often held the log of wood while my father did the chopping. According to my Uncle Harry, who is not noted for imperishable truths, and my father, who often lies, Dad chopped off the middle finger of my Uncle's left hand. Following the initial hysteria, they found the missing finger and hid it so that my Grandfather and Grandmother would not know what had happened.

My Uncle Harry's wife, June, assured me one day about 10 years ago that this was true. She added (in strict confidence), "I love that missing finger more than I love your Uncle Harry."

4. Several years ago I wrote a piece in which the listener was to listen to his ears rather than with them. I've always been fond of this piece. Imagine my surprise recently when, at an art show, I walked into a darkened, pitch-black room, waited a half minute or so, received about a 2000-watt burst from a strobe light, and for the next minute or so looked at the burning after-images inside my eyes.

Music probably began with the sound of one man beating on a log of wood with a smaller log of wood. Imagine the scene when another man came up to the man beating on the log and told him that it might be more interesting if he grunted simultaneously to the log beating. The log-beating man most likely told the curious man that it would be impossible to do both at once, and anyway it wouldn't be music. Or maybe he just struck him with one of the logs.⁵

This scene is probably nothing in comparison to that in the Temple several thousand years ago when some woman got carried away with the beauty of the singing unison voices of the men.⁶ She began humming along, thus creating octaves. She was most likely beaten. Still, it caught on. Soon a young boy tried the same thing, thus creating 5ths. He was most likely castrated,⁷ thus creating 4ths when he got up the courage to try again.⁸ Crime and punishment gave us all of the so-called natural intervals.

5. I think that Ives should have put an apostrophe in his last name. Stockhausen's name, when translated into English, means tract houses (They all look alike, and anyway, how do you know your own home from all the others?). Like a zoo animal, music should be let out of its ____.
6. In 1967 I participated in a music festival in the Netherlands. Each morning a seminar was held in which the performances from the preceding evening were discussed. Although English was the language most used outside the discussions, French and German were the unofficial languages inside. Unfortunately, a great deal of these discussions were drowned out by the American fighter jets which were continuously landing at an American base nearby. Understanding neither French nor German at the time, I took great pride in the harsh reality of our U.S. Air Force.
7. David Barton, a teacher at the University of California at Santa Barbara, possesses but one nut. My constant joking concerning this lack has shifted his feelings about his remaining nut. Now, instead of feeling embarrassed about it, he takes pride in his singular honor. Judging from the results of testicular dialectics as experienced by most males, we would have to assume a posture of envy in the case of David Barton.
8. Richard Lerman and I were discussing the pros and cons of circumcision one day several years ago. After about an hour or so I convinced him that I was more fortunate than he in that I had retained my foreskin and he had lost his in the old war against white dirt. I thought that the necessary daily washing was well worth the increased sensitivity which the extra skin assured the owner in its long watch over unwanted stimuli (swimming, walking, sitting, etc.). When needed, the head climbs out of its protective cover, giving the lucky owner more subtle enjoyment within

3rds, 7ths, 6ths, and 2nds were eventually added to the 'natural' intervals. This gave us tonality, and for many years thereafter music was defined as being composed of scales which ended on certain notes. Coinciding with the introduction of the first dictionaries, this definition lasted for a very long time. In some circles tonality is still loved as much as a fifth of Liebfraumilch.

Not until the beginning of the present century was the long-standing definition of music challenged. Schoenberg taught his contemporaries that music could live in health without tonality, that a scale had no home, and that all tones were created equally. (Unfortunately, poor Schoenberg lost his home since the Nazis did not agree.⁹ Tones, like men, were not created equally.) While the 'sprechstymied' voices of Austria and Germany were rising to ever greater volumes, Edgar Varese from Burgundy and the hot-rodding Futurists from the South were composing with noise, of all things. They heard no correlation between pitch and the survival of music. Out of their correlative blindness came a new definition of music: "Music is sound organized in time." Not pitch organized in time as it had become only a few years previously. And not pitches organized within scales, or tonality, as it had been for hundreds of years before Schoenberg and Hauer. Simply, sound in time.

deafness

Even with these sudden (and, I should add, overlapping) innovations we knew what music was. Everything was still under control. We had sound. We had time. We had organization. Even if not accepted, the new music was understood.

9. the dark reaches of one's own choice. On that day Lerman became convinced that he would obtain a foreskin transplant. Being of light complexion, he thought that the foreskin of a Black would look especially good. (This was back in the days when cars were of more than one color as well.) I haven't seen Lerman in several years, and consequently, I know nothing of the outcome.

9. In 1968 and 69 half of the pieces that I wrote were in some manner political. This fact has always bothered me, especially since I knew that they would in no way alter the course of society. I did these pieces because I thought that the "left" political wing was the stronger of the two extremes (left: Abbey Hoffman; right: Mr. George Wallace). If and when the "left" took over the U.S. Government, I imagined long-haired radical policemen coming to my house and demanding that I tell them what I had done against the perpetuation of the Viet Nam War. I felt comfortable in that I could always show them my 68-69 pieces. If the "right" took over, I thought myself safe since few, if any, of them would understand music anyway.

I once mentioned this to Harold Budd. A few days later I received a quote from Oscar Wilde with Hal's signature attached. It said:
 "In all unimportant matters, style, not sincerity, is the essential."
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Looking back on this, I now think that in relation to the previously mentioned pieces, the 'un' should be dropped, 'style' and 'sincerity' should change positions, and 'essential' should be misspelled.

Music has been defined as "sound(s) organized in time." However, vestigiality has been coming more quickly in the past few decades. Around 1958 John Cage introduced an entirely new aesthetic, or music. To this day, it is rarely considered, even though it ushered in a new definition of music.¹⁰

4'33" of Cage's is four minutes and thirty-three seconds of composed silence. The piece was composed for a pianist who sits at the piano going through the four movements without producing one sound. He performs silently. (The only sounds heard in a performance of 4'33" are those coming from the audience. This is as Cage intended; that is, he relied on the audience for the sound production. This is an integral part of the piece, as I understand it. Had he not done this -- planned for sound -- the piece would have been far more revolutionary than it is. Still, his intuition guided music into a new era.)¹¹

Since 1958 music has begun to function under a new definition: "Music is a sonically-related activity which unfolds in time." Not "sound in time," simply "sound-related in time."¹²

10. Speaking of transplants as I was earlier, I have always thought that an abortion transplant would make a perfect PhD dissertation. This is because I have always been under the impression that the PhD dissertation must be, above all other considerations, an original document. (To my knowledge an abortion transplant has not yet been accomplished successfully.) And, if one is to be addressed as 'Doctor,' one damned well must be ready to operate. I submitted a proposal for this project to the university owing me the degree. I proposed that the transplant take place in a regular operating room (circular, well-lit, spectator ring above the arena). The performance would consist of the aborted fetus being transplanted from the mother (an A.M.A. member?) to Arther Berger, my thesis advisor. I haven't heard from the university since my project submission.
11. It is unfortunate that neither Buchla nor Moog were given Mirv as a first name. They are doing as good a job protecting our musical culture with their sophisticated synthesizers as MIRV is in protecting our country with its multiple-attack heads. So far, neither they nor MIRV have been needed. (I think that any instrument is a weapon used against music. Gangsters were the first to discover this as evidenced by the shape of their machinegun cases.)
12. As a 'fellow' at Tanglewood one summer, I was to study Composition with Roger Sessions who had come to Lenox especially from Princeton. During my first and only meeting with him (I quit and went back to Boston after a week in the humidity.), Mr. Sessions told me that I wasn't giving myself enough problems in my music. All along I had thought it a problem of solutions. I asked him if it were possible that the perfection of the solutions hid the existence of the problems. He asked me to repeat the question.

Any piece of art begins with an idea, or more than one. If the initial idea is sonic, or has sound intentions, it will most likely develop into a piece of music. If it is essentially a visual idea, it might become a painting, or sculpture, or building. If the idea is kinetic, the result might be a dance or film. Regardless of the results, it all begins with the idea.

If we reduce¹³ our last-mentioned definition of music (a "sonically-related activity which unfolds in time") to simply an "activity in time" as accomplished by a musician or somebody attempting music, we have pretty much taken away its definition. In other words, we have freed it from any further definition. If music is simply an activity, it is no more and no less than anything else done in this world. It differs only in that it is done by a person calling himself/herself "musician." (Even this distinction will eventually fade away.) It differs too from most other activities in that it begins with an idea, or concept. In becoming simple it becomes pure, or a figment of the imagination.

Imagine, if you will, a music based solely on an idea or ideas, without extensions of any kind, sonic, visual, or kinetic. The 'composition' would be complete with the inception of the initial idea; no elaboration or decoration whatsoever; a music of the imagination, needing no score, no performance. But how does one communicate his idea(s), if he feels that it is worth communicating? Conversation would suffice for most pieces. And if it does not? The limit is the imagination.

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13. In 1970 I returned to the Netherlands and the festival which I mentioned earlier. This time there were many more American participants. Gilbert Amy was the leader of the morning seminars. In three years English had become the unofficial language of the seminars. One morning Mr. Amy was discussing (in very good English) one of the American performances. Not without sarcasm in his voice, he asked why it seemed that nearly all American music was in some way within the bounds of a 4/4 meter. An American Indian present quickly replied, "We got da blues."

PART II

On a Saturday early in 1970 the California Time Machine, a performance group which I helped form, was to give a concert at the Palace of Arts and Sciences in San Francisco. The event was arranged by Alden Jenks and was co-sponsored by the Experiments in Art and Technology and the Palace, then under the directorship of Frank Oppenheimer, younger brother of Robert Oppenheimer, an avid mycologist. We had originally planned a performance which would be non-controversially appropriate to the sponsorship. However, upon our arrival in San Francisco, we discovered that we would be unable to obtain the equipment necessary to carry out the planned event, which was scheduled for 8 o'clock that evening. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we were forced to alter our plans.

To make a long story short, the group flew out of San Francisco International Airport at exactly 8 o'clock the same evening, headed towards another time zone (and another concert a few days thereafter). We performed a half-hour piece (called AIR MEAL¹⁴ -- SPATIAL DELIVERY) on the airplane. This was transmitted to the Palace (with help from Canadian Pacific Airline's pilots, the San Francisco Airport tower and terminal, General Telephone of California, and ground hostess Mary Ashley) where it was heard over a 4-channel speaker system. The performance on the plane went without a catch, although the confused audience on the ground had to rely on the ground hostess's descriptions of the performance.¹⁵

About a week later we learned that Mr. Jenks had followed up our displaced performance for the Oppenheimers and E.A.T. with one of his own. He had brought along some of his own electronic equipment to the Palace (he was the only person who knew ahead of time what we were planning) which he proceeded to operate for the (by then) sound-hungry audience. It seems that he was embarrassed by our performance since he thought that the audience should get what they paid for (MUSIC!). For our efforts we were not paid. Fortunately, we had a wonderful time and a pleasant flight.

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14. I find it curious that man's eating habits are so often surrounded by communal ritual, whereas the opposite, his defecation habits, are private or personal affairs. Surely, one is as enjoyable as the other. Adding a defecation course to our meals would require many changes, not the least of which would be in the nature of the necessary seating. (Maybe chairs of a Henry Moore design would function well for this.) I am sure too that the Exlax-type companies could develop as suitable a beverage from plums as the Phonicians were able to do from grapes.
15. As a student at the local Montessori School my daughter Medeighnia became resentful when anyone referred to her school as a "nursery." She much preferred the word "preschool." Knowing this, I still slipped occasionally when talking about her education. One night I was talking with a friend about how much Medeighnia liked her nursery school, how well she was doing, and so forth. Medeighnia heard this but said nothing. The next morning, however, I overheard her (as she intended) telling a new playmate that her father taught at the Uninursery of California. (I said nothing for several reasons.)

The California Time Machine had contracted to perform a concert at Mills College in Oakland, California. Robert Ashley, the Director of the Electronic Music Studio there, was instrumental in arranging the performance. Several weeks before the scheduled performance I asked the other members of the group what they thought of the idea of having an automobile accident rather than a straight concert. D. thought that it was a terrible idea. F. did not care for it either. J. was all for it. Eventually, F. grew to like it and D. began accepting it. J. remained enthusiastic.

The plan was to arrive at Mills and set up the concert as if it was to be a typical 'live-electronic' performance. The performance was to begin at 8:30 P.M. At about 5:30 or 6:00 D., F., and I were to go out for dinner and wine. J. was to remain in the hall and watch over the equipment we had set up. At 8:15, or after the audience was seated, the concert hall manager would receive a telephone call from a near-by hospital via the California Highway Patrol. The message would contain information pertaining to our automobile accident. In tears J. was to tell the waiting audience that there would be no performance due to our unfortunate accident. One of us was to be killed, one critically injured, and one seriously injured. (We arrived in Oakland a few days early in order to arrange all this with the Highway Patrol and the Hospital.) Hopefully saddened, the audience would leave the concert hall, taking a strange account with them.

This was the most difficult performance to arrange in which I have ever taken part. In the classified ads of a Santa Barbara newspaper (where the members of the group reside) we hinted of the coming event. This "notarization" was printed to assure us of our fee, in case the sponsors would think that our performance was a last minute 'cop-out.' (To us it was not only a musical performance in the conceptual sense, but in some technical and sociological senses as well.) The ad said: "CTM Coming To Mills, May Total Car." This Webernesque sentence became the title of the score, or the blueprint of our activities before and after the 'performance.' The fact that a "score" would result from our plans and activities eventually convinced D. that this was a piece of music (all music is scored, after all). The score was to be printed in another Santa Barbara newspaper upon our return from Oakland. It was to consist of descriptions of all events and conversations from the time it was first introduced to the group to the time of our return to Santa Barbara. This material¹⁶ was to be printed as a one page ad in the Santa Barbara News Press (which would cost us about the same amount of money as we were to receive for our efforts at Mills). This large ad was to be sent to the Mills College campus paper which would be asked to reprint it. In this way, the people who attended the concert a

16. Wolfgang Stoerchle, a sculptor whose work I admire, was looking at Medeighnia's artwork. He especially liked a crayon drawing of three ice cream cones, and he told Medeighnia so. Wolfgang thought that it was better than most art which he had seen in the past year or two, at both galleries and universities. Medeighnia listened, seemingly well-pleased. After Wolf left, Medeighnia took out her crayons and added to her ice cream cones picture, completely changing its composition and color scheme.

week or so earlier would finally receive our performance intact. Through the reprinted ad they would be able to consider all of the interesting information (how we arranged it, why we did so, why we thought it to be a legitimate performance, several aesthetic discourses on music and performance, a study of the transformation in musical beliefs among members of the group, a record of our contacts with the police and hospital, and so forth) which we had to offer. I thought that the piece had all of the ingredients which good music is supposed to have, particularly emotion and controversy.¹⁷

The night before the Mills College performance D. and I were in our motel room across from the College when two large men came into the room, one with a machinegun and the other with a 45. After twenty minutes of death threats and general horror, they left. With them they took everything that we had (clothing, equipment, and 15 cents in cash).¹⁸

After working our way out of the closet and notifying the other members of the group, we telephoned Bob Ashley. Although he accepted our story, he didn't quite believe it (I think that he thought that we were up to something). It occurred to us that we would never get away with our planned performance (the auto crash). We would have to stage a regular performance, for we would be expecting too much of our hosts in asking them to believe two in a row.

We got through the concert which we had never planned on doing. It was the worse performance the group had done since its inception.

17. One of the first things I did upon my arrival in California was to organize a performance group at the University so that we could perform some music of my friends, as well as music of other people. I wrote to some of the better known of these other people (Cage, Stockhausen) and asked them to write a piece for us. Cage suggested that we perform his VARIATIONS III, which we did. Stockhausen wrote a new piece for us. Along with the piece he sent most of the music he had composed since about 1965 or 66. He autographed all of it. He also sent quite a few of his later program notes, also autographed. He was very nice about the whole thing. I wanted very much to do something for him in return. Since I was a devoted collector of Danish pornography, I sent him some of my best stuff, which I autographed.
18. For years I have been trying to develop a conversational technique whereas my lips would move noticeably out of synch with the actual words being pronounced. (The sequence, acoustically and successively intact, would be out of phase in the visual sense.) I simply 'lip' the words either before or after they are being sounded. The most interesting thing that I've discovered in my limited use of this technique is the total lack of interest on the part of those to whom I have spoken.

The C.T.M. was to give a concert for the American Centre for Students and Artists at their hall in Paris. Two nights before the scheduled performance we were in Leeuwarden, Holland. After a concert there, we sat down to talk about our Paris engagement. After a few beers it became obvious that none of us wanted very much to go to Paris, and besides, the money they had promised us would barely pay our plane fares to that city. Nevertheless, we did need the money. (A few nights before the Leeuwarden^{concert} the four of us blew about 300 dollars on a dinner in Rotterdam --^{at} the Euromast -- on top of which we accidentally left a hundred dollar tip.) But D. had planned to go to London for a rest (following several weeks of performances), F. had planned to go to Copenhagen (a geographical aphrodisiac before returning to California and his wife), J. had planned to return to Los Angeles, and myself to New York. Later the next day I experienced something very much like Handel had probably experienced before the scoring of the Messiah. It was on the train from Leeuwarden to Amsterdam; a bird flew in the window and landed on my shoulder, and though it said nothing (unlike in the case of Handel), I immediately knew its message: I was to send the concert to Paris via Special Delivery. We put it together on that same day. The package (we called it the PARIS PACKAGE) contained several pieces which the bureaucrats at the Centre and their expected audience could do themselves. The package was, essentially, a kit comprised of the necessary performance materials along with program notes and the like.

We packaged the concert and sent it off immediately, making sure that it would arrive on the afternoon of the performance. We never heard from anybody associated with the Centre, although a source in Paris did assure us that the package arrived on time. Our source added, however, "Daniel, the concert was cancelled."

I think that music of the imagination (imaginational music, concept music, conceptual sound-art, sonimago, senescence sonorum, etc.) is about as "far-out" as music can go (?); that is, until we can find a way to conceive (of) music in a stage before as well as beyond the initial idea, or until we can 'technologically' apply the principles of advanced theories such as the Lorentz Transformation (and make music go every-which-way in time). Still, this would only double the conceptual directionality of music.¹⁹

I have often wondered if the advent of imaginational music has anything to do with the presently popular 'heoclassicism' of the Cataphonic School, or with that school which gets its kicks out of those morbid quotations from the dead. It is a coincidence much like the one which has given us large movements of Jesus people shortly after Americans landed on the moon. (?)

19. Speaking of the Chinese, as I will again in a moment, the ingenuity of their ancients never ceases to amaze me. There has been much talk (as above) about technology and its supposedly inevitable ability to produce "time paradoxes." (Science Fiction writers have been writing of this capacity for quite a few years.) The old Chinese were far ahead, conceptually as well as in actuality. For an example, imagine yourself standing on a hill in ancient China looking down on a 4th of July fireworks display. Following the explosion of a "cherry bomb," you would notice that the light from the crack reaches you a noticeable amount of time before the sound does.

One of the most important aspects concerning conceptual sound-art is its exclusivity (among all types of music) within the human domain. Many animals (lower and higher) are capable of making 'sonic' music. Apes can be taught to play musical instruments. (There is even a chimp in California doing pieces on a Moog Synthesizer.) Birds and whales can both compose and perform their music -- and very beautifully according to even human standards. As far as we know, only man has a conceptual or imaginal base in his brain. This can only mean that conceptual sound-art is exclusive to human beings, the first such music yet developed.

I developed the idea behind the PARIS PACKAGE, eventually putting together a PENNSYLVANIA PACKAGE, and OKLAHOMA PACKAGE, and a CALIFORNIA PACKAGE. I had scheduled performances in each of these states in the autumn of 1970. In lieu of regular (musical, sonic) performances in each of these places, I put together a "sales pitch" wherewith I attempted to sell my packages. Adopting the mannerisms of a (shy) auctioneer, I asked from 7 to 25 dollars per package. Like any musician, I was merely selling my music, although I was less subtle than most.²⁰ Each package contained from 5 to 10 performances which the lucky buyers could do in the privacy of their own homes. Included in each package were the required kits for each piece. Like the package itself, each part of each kit was enclosed in a separate plastic container. They were very pretty; pieces to do while bathing, pieces for social gatherings, blueprints for illegal musical activities, and so forth. After concert performances in each of these states (and Paris), I was forced to accept welfare payments and food stamps from the state of California. New music did it! I had not been paid for four straight concerts for which I had performed.

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20. A neighbor was extolling upon the virtues of the 'new' painting and sculpture in an increasingly visual society. Not at all convinced by his reasoning, especially since I consider the typically visual arts as in their last stage of senescence. I pointed out a fact that you will see in the coming parenthesis. (I cited McLuhan's studies of television as resulting in tactile finds rather/more than visual ones. Previously, my neighbor had agreed that the prime mover in our so-called 'visual' society was the television.) My neighbor was a vegetarian. Remembering this, I showed him two carrot plants in my wife's small experimental garden. The very small carrot plant, I explained, was raised exclusively on water and Matisse, whereas the much larger one was raised on water and Stravinsky. He said that this was insufficient evidence since both of my artistic examples were dead. I replied that to plants "dead" and "alive" mean very little, especially in a sandy soil such as ours. He remained unconvinced, substantiating his stubbornness by quoting from Confucious: In the soil of Buddha
Few plants grow.

An unexpected but striking by-product of imaginal sound-art is the absolute dead-end one reaches when talking or writing about it.²¹ At this point in the paper it has become clear to me that metaphors, footnotes, sophistry and the like are of no help whatsoever.²² Maybe music will move out of its long fetal stage when better papers than this also become impossible. This sounds merely clever, or even worse, unclever. Regardless, it is conceivable that music which can be written about is not music (Am I beginning to sound anti-intellectual?), but words translated into music.

21. When I lived in Stockholm I was often reminded of the differences in social matters between Sweden and the United States. One of the most marked differences concerned medicine and its accompanying organizations. In the U.S. city and suburban streets are invariably patrolled by policemen, more so at night. In Sweden there is some of this, of course. But, in addition, medical doctors patrol the streets at night in case of emergencies in a particular area. If somebody becomes sick at night, there is always a doctor in the immediate area, no matter what the hour. (At 3 A.M. the U.S. cities have cops on the streets whereas in Sweden there are M.D.'s!) Needless to say, I was very impressed by this service; that is, until one night my wife and I were walking home in a condition caused by Swedish aquavit and Elvira Madigan when a patrolling M.D. came up to us and performed a citizen's arrest, citing us for being public nuisances (in his politeness he spoke to us in English, but with such a heavy accent that public nuisances came out as pubic nuances, an offense I much preferred, especially on record).
22. I do not feel that I can mention the composer's name who had the ringing pitch inside his head. (Hopefully, I'll be able to disclose his name in a future installment in this continuing series of papers.) ← opt.