



PROJECT MUSE®

Silence

John Cage

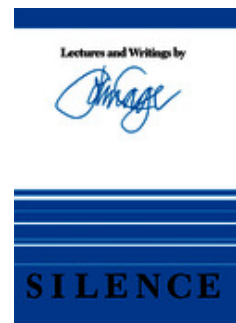
Published by Wesleyan University Press

John Cage.

Silence: Lectures and Writings.

Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 2010.

Project MUSE. Web. 7 Jul. 2015. <http://muse.jhu.edu/>.



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This lecture was printed in Incontri Musicali, August 1959. There are four measures in each line and twelve lines in each unit of the rhythmic structure. There are forty-eight such units, each having forty-eight measures. The whole is divided into five large parts, in the proportion 7, 6, 14, 14, 7. The forty-eight measures of each unit are likewise so divided. The text is printed in four columns to facilitate a rhythmic reading. Each line is to be read across the page from left to right, not down the columns in sequence. This should not be done in an artificial manner (which might result from an attempt to be too strictly faithful to the position of the words on the page), but with the rubato which one uses in everyday speech.

LECTURE ON NOTHING

I am here , and there is nothing to say .
 If among you are
 those who wish to get somewhere , let them leave at
 any moment . What we re-quire is
 silence ; but what silence requires
 is that I go on talking .
 Give any one thought
 a push : it falls down easily .
 ; but the pusher and the pushed pro-duce that enter-
 tainment called a dis-cussion .
 Shall we have one later ?
 ¶
 Or , we could simply de-cide not to have a dis-
 cussion . What ever you like . But
 now there are silences and the
 words make help make the
 silences .
 I have nothing to say
 and I am saying it and that is
 poetry as I need it .
 This space of time is organized
 . We need not fear these silences, —
 ¶

we may love them	.			This is a composed
talk	,	for I am making it		
just as I make		a piece of music.		It is like a glass
of milk	.	We need the		glass
and we need the	milk	. Or again		it is like an
empty glass		into which		at any
moment	anything		may be poured	
.	As we go along	,	(who knows?)	
	an i-dea may occur in this	talk	.	
	or not.	I have no idea	whether one will	
		If one does,	let it.	Re-
		π		
gard it as something	seen	momentarily	,	as
though	from a window	while traveling	.	
If across Kansas	,	then, of course,	Kansas	
.	Arizona		is more interesting,	
almost too interesting	,	especially for a New-Yorker	who is	
being interested	in spite of himself	in everything.	Now he knows he	
needs	the Kansas in him	.	Kansas is like	
nothing on earth	,	and for a New Yorker	very refreshing.	
It is like an empty glass,		nothing but wheat	,	or
is it corn	?	Does it matter which	?	
Kansas	has this about it:	at any instant,	one may leave it,	
and whenever one wishes one may return to it	.			
		π		
Or you may leave it	forever	and never return to it	,	
	for we pos-ess nothing	.	Our poetry now	
	is the reali-zation	that we possess	nothing	
.	Anything	therefore	is a delight	
(since we do not	pos-ess it)	and thus	need not fear its loss	
.	We need not destroy the	past:	it is gone;	
at any moment,	it might reappear and	seem to be	and be the present	
.	Would it be a	repetition?	Only if we thought we	
owned it,	but since we don't,	it is free	and so are we	

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and how un-certain it is Most anybody knows a-bout the future .

What I am calling poetry is often called content.
I myself have called it form It is the conti-
nuity of a piece of music. Continuity today,
when it is necessary , is a demonstration of dis-
interestedness. That is, it is a proof that our delight
lies in not pos-essing anything . Each moment
presents what happens . How different
this form sense is from that which is bound up with
memory: themes and secondary themes; their struggle;
their development; the climax; the recapitulation (which is the belief
that one may own one's own home) . But actually,
unlike the snail , we carry our homes within us,

which enables us to fly or to stay
, — to enjoy each. But beware of
that which is breathtakingly beautiful, for at any moment
the telephone may ring or the airplane
come down in a vacant lot . A piece of string
or a sunset , possessing neither ,
each acts and the continuity happens
. Nothing more than nothing can be said.
Hearing or making this in music is not different
— only simpler — than living this way .
Simpler, that is , for me, — because it happens
that I write music .

That music is simple to make comes from one's willingness to ac-
cept the limitations of structure. Structure is
simple because it can be thought out, figured out,
measured . It is a discipline which,
accepted, in return accepts whatever , even those
rare moments of ecstasy, which, as sugar loaves train horses,
train us to make what we make . How could I

better tell what structure is than simply to
tell about this, this talk which is
contained within a space of time approximately
forty minutes long ?

That forty minutes has been divided into five large parts, and
each unit is divided likewise. Subdivision in-
volving a square root is the only possible subdivision which
permits this micro-macrocosmic rhythmic structure ,
which I find so acceptable and accepting .
As you see, I can say anything .
It makes very little difference what I say or even how I say it.
At this par-ticular moment, we are passing through the fourth
part of a unit which is the second unit in the second large
part of this talk . It is a little bit like passing through Kansas
. This, now, is the end of that second unit
.

Now begins the third unit of the second part .
second part of that third unit .
Now its third part .
part (which, by the way, Now its fourth
length as the third part) . is just the same
Now the fifth and last part .

You have just ex-perienced the structure of this talk from a
microcosmic point of view . From a macrocosmic
point of view we are just passing the halfway point in the second
large part. The first part was a rather rambling discussion of
nothing , of form, and continuity

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when it is the way we now need it. This second
part is about structure: how simple it is
, what it is and why we should be willing to
accept its limitations. Most speeches are full of
ideas. This one doesn't have to have any
. But at any moment an idea may come along
. Then we may enjoy it .

Structure without life is dead. But Life without
structure is un-seen . Pure life
expresses itself within and through structure
. Each moment is absolute, alive and sig-
nificant. Blackbirds rise from a field making a
sound de-licious be-yond com-pare
. I heard them
because I ac-cepted the limitations of an arts
conference in a Virginia girls' finishing school, which limitations
allowed me quite by accident to hear the blackbirds
as they flew up and overhead . There was a social
calendar and hours for breakfast , but one day I saw a

cardinal , and the same day heard a woodpecker.
I also met America's youngest college president .
However, she has resigned, and people say she is going into politics
. Let her. Why shouldn't she? I also had the
pleasure of hearing an eminent music critic ex-claim
that he hoped he would live long e-nough to see the end
of this craze for Bach. A pupil once said to me: I
understand what you say about Beethoven and I think
I agree but I have a very serious question to
ask you: How do you feel about Bach
? Now we have come to the end of the
part about structure .

However, it oc-curs to me to say more about structure
. Specifically this: We are
now at the be-ginning of the third part and that part

is not the part about material. clear from that as we have seen, ginning to get	devoted But I'm still talking that structure form nowhere	to structure. about structure. has has no point either. .	It's the part It must be no point, and, Clearly we are be-
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all I have	Unless some to say about structure	other i-dea crops up .	a-bout it that is
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Now about It is and it certain. , the material material, nothing himself, what structure as a .	material: isn't If one is making the one making must he chooses. which is precisely something that was being made; whereas The technique discipline is a means	is it interesting . something love Otherwise , or nothing is anonymous of handling materials on the rational level of experiencing	? But one thing is which is to be nothing and be patient with he calls attention to the whereas it was he calls attention to . is, on the sense level : nothing
--	--	--	---

I remember loving . . That was because this year of course will go on	sound And so we make our (Last year I was talking I am talking talking	before I ever lives when I talked here about something about nothing for a long time	took a music lesson by what we love I made a short talk. ; but and)
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pupil said, three tones,	after trying to compose "I	a melody felt limited	The other day a using only ."
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her materials	Had she —	con-cerned herself she would not	with the three tones — have felt limited
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, there would not have	and been	since materials any limitation.	are without feeling, It was all in her
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mind , whereas it be-longed in the
 materials . It became something
 by not being nothing; it would have been nothing by being
 something .
 materials characteristic of one's time Should one use the
 Now there's a question that ought to get us ?
 . It is an intel-lectual question somewhere
 . I shall answer it slowly and
 autobiographically .
 I remember as a child loving all the sounds
 , even the unprepared ones. I liked them
 especially when there was one at a time .
 A five-finger exercise for one hand was
 full of beauty . Later on I
 gradually liked all the intervals .
 I realize that I be-gan liking the octave ; As I look back
 major and minor thirds. Perhaps, I accepted the
 I liked these thirds least . of all the intervals,
 Grieg, I became passionately fond Through the music of
 . of the fifth
 Or perhaps you could call it puppy-dog love ,
 for the fifth did not make me want to write music: it made me want to de-
 vote my life to playing the works of Grieg .
 When later I heard modern music,
 I took, like a duck to water, to all the modern intervals: the sevenths, the
 seconds, the tritone, and the fourth .
 I liked Bach too a-bout this time , but I
 didn't like the sound of the thirds and sixths. What I admired in
 Bach was the way many things went together
 . As I keep on re-membering, I see that I never
 really liked the thirds, and this explains why I never really
 liked Brahms .

Modern music fascinated me with all its modern intervals: the
 sevenths, the seconds, the tritone, and the fourth and
 always, every now and then, there was a fifth, and that pleased me
 . Sometimes there were single tones, not intervals at
 all, and that was a de-light. There were so many in-
 tervals in modern music that it fascinated me rather than that I loved it, and being
 fascinated by it I de-cided to write it. Writing it at
 first is difficult: that is, putting the mind on it
 takes the ear off it . However, doing it alone,
 I was free to hear that a high sound is different from a
 low sound even when both are called by the same letter. After several years of
 working alone , I began to feel lonely.

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Studying with a teacher, I learned that the intervals have
 meaning; they are not just sounds but they imply
 in their progressions a sound not actually present to the ear
 . Tonality. I never liked tonality .
 I worked at it . Studied it. But I never had any
 feeling for it : for instance: there are some pro-
 gressions called de-ceptive cadences. The idea is this: progress in such a way
 as to imply the presence of a tone not actually present; then
 fool everyone by not landing on it — land somewhere else. What is being
 fooled ? Not the ear but the mind
 . The whole question is very intellectual .
 However modern music still fascinated me

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with all its modern intervals . But in order to
 have them , the mind had fixed it so that one had to a-
 void having pro-gressions that would make one think of sounds that were
 not actually present to the ear . Avoiding
 did not ap-peal to me . I began to see
 that the separation of mind and ear had spoiled the sounds
 , — that a clean slate was necessary. This made me
 not only contemporary , but “avant-garde.” I used noises
 . They had not been in-tellectualized; the ear could hear them
 directly and didn't have to go through any abstraction a-bout them

. I found that I liked noises even more than I
 liked intervals. I liked noises just as much as I had liked single sounds

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. Noises, too
 , had been dis-criminated against ; and being American,
 having been trained to be sentimental, I fought for noises. I liked being
 on the side of the underdog .
 I got police per-mission to play sirens. The most amazing noise
 I ever found was that produced by means of a coil of wire attached to the
 pickup arm of a phonograph and then amplified. It was shocking,
 really shocking, and thunderous . Half intellectually and
 half sentimentally , when the war came a-long, I decided to use
 only quiet sounds . There seemed to me
 to be no truth, no good, in anything big in society.

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But quiet sounds were like loneliness , or
 love or friendship . Permanent, I thought
 , values, independent at least from
 Life, Time and Coca-Cola . I must say
 I still feel this way , but something else is happening
 : I begin to hear the old sounds the old sounds
 — the ones I had thought worn out, worn out by
 intellectualization— I begin to hear the old sounds as
 though they are not worn out . Obviously, they are
 not worn out . They are just as audible as the
 new sounds. Thinking had worn them out .
 And if one stops thinking about them, suddenly they are

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fresh and new. "If you think you are a ghost
 you will become a ghost ." Thinking the sounds
 worn out wore them out . So you see
 : this question brings us back
 where we were: nowhere , or,
 if you like , where we are .
 I have a story: "There was once a man

standing on a high elevation. A company of several men who happened to be walking on the road noticed from the distance the man standing on the high place and talked among themselves about this man. One of them said: He must have lost his favorite animal. Another man said:

No, it must be his friend whom he is looking for. A third one said:

He is just enjoying the cool air up there. The three could not agree and the dis-

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cussion	(Shall we have one	later?) went on until	they reached the high
place where the man	was	.	One of the three
asked:	O, friend	standing up there	, have you not
lost your pet animal	?	No, sir,	I have not lost any
.	The second man asked	:	Have you not lost your friend
?	No, sir	,	I have not lost my friend
either	.	The third man asked:	Are you not enjoying
the fresh breeze	up there?	No, sir	,
I am not	.		What, then
,	are you standing up there	for	,
	if you say no		to all our
questions	?	The man on high said	:

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I just stand .”

no questions,	there are no answers	.	If there are
,	then, of course,	there are answers	If there are questions
final answer	makes the	questions	, but the
,	whereas the questions,	up until then,	seem absurd
than the answers	.		seem more intelligent
bussy	how he wrote	music.	Somebody asked De-
I take all the tones	there are,	leave out the ones I	He said:
use all the others	.	Satie said	don't want, and
When I was young,	people told me:	You'll see when	:
. Now I'm fifty	.	I've seen nothing	you're fifty years old
			.

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Here we are now		at the beginning
	of the fourth large part	of this talk.
More and more		I have the feeling
nowhere.	Slowly	,
,	we are getting	nowhere
		that we are getting
		as the talk goes on
		and that is a pleasure

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.	It is not irritating	to be where one is	.	It is
only irritating	to think one would like	to be somewhere else.	Here we are now	of the
,	a little bit after the	beginning		
fourth large part		of this talk	.	
	More and more	we have the feeling		
	that I am getting	nowhere	.	
	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on	
		⌘		
,	slowly	,	we have the feeling	
	we are getting	nowhere.	That is a pleasure	
	which will continue	.	If we are irritated	
,	it is not a pleasure	.	Nothing is not a	
pleasure	if one is irritated	,	but suddenly	
,	it is a pleasure	,	and then more and more	
	it is not irritating		(and then more and more	
	and slowly).	Originally	
	we were nowhere	;	and now, again	
,	we are having	the pleasure		
of being	slowly	nowhere.	If anybody	
is sleepy	,	let him go to sleep	.	
		⌘		
Here we are now			at the beginning	of the
third unit	of the fourth large part		of this talk.	
More and more		I have the feeling	that we are getting	
nowhere.	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on	
,	we are getting	nowhere	and that is a pleasure	
.	It is not irritating	to be where one is	.	It is
only irritating	to think one would like	to be somewhere else.	Here we are now	of the
,	a little bit after the	beginning	of the third unit	
fourth large part		of this talk	.	
	More and more	we have the feeling		
	that I am getting	nowhere	.	
	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on	
		⌘		
,	slowly	,	we have the feeling	
	we are getting	nowhere.	That is a pleasure	

	which will continue	.	If we are irritated
,	it is not a pleasure	.	Nothing is not a
pleasure	if one is irritated	,	but suddenly
,	it is a pleasure	,	and then more and more
	it is not irritating		(and then more and more
	and slowly).	Originally
	we were nowhere	;	and now, again
,	we are having	the pleasure	
of being	slowly	nowhere.	If anybody
is sleepy	,	let him go to sleep	.

¶

Here we are now		at the beginning	of the
fifth unit	of the fourth large part	of this talk.	

More and more		I have the feeling	that we are getting
nowhere.	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on
,	we are getting	nowhere	and that is a pleasure
.	It is not irritating	to be where one is	. It is
only irritating	to think one would like	to be somewhere else.	Here we are now
,	a little bit after the	beginning	of the fifth unit
fourth large part		of this talk	of the

	More and more	we have the feeling	
	that I am getting	nowhere	.
	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on

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,	slowly	,	we have the feeling
	we are getting	nowhere.	That is a pleasure

	which will continue	.	If we are irritated
,	it is not a pleasure	.	Nothing is not a
pleasure	if one is irritated	,	but suddenly
,	it is a pleasure	,	and then more and more
	it is not irritating		(and then more and more
	and slowly).	Originally
	we were nowhere	;	and now, again

,	we are having	the pleasure	
of being	slowly	nowhere.	If anybody
is sleepy	,	let him go to sleep	.

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Here we are now			at the middle
	of the fourth large part		of this talk.
More and more		I have the feeling	that we are getting
nowhere.	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on
,	we are getting	nowhere	and that is a pleasure
.	It is not irritating	to be where one is	. It is
only irritating	to think one would like	to be somewhere else.	Here we are now
,	a little bit after the	middle	of the
fourth large part		of this talk	.
	More and more	we have the feeling	
	that I am getting	nowhere	.
	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on
		π	
,	slowly	,	we have the feeling
	we are getting	nowhere.	That is a pleasure
	which will continue	.	If we are irritated
,	it is not a pleasure	.	Nothing is not a
pleasure	if one is irritated	,	but suddenly
,	it is a pleasure	,	and then more and more
	it is not irritating		(and then more and more
	and slowly).	Originally
	we were nowhere	;	and now, again
,	we are having	the pleasure	
of being	slowly	nowhere.	If anybody
is sleepy	,	let him go to sleep	.
		π	

Here we are now			at the beginning	of the
ninth unit	of the fourth large part		of this talk.	
More and more		I have the feeling	that we are getting	
nowhere.	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on	
,	we are getting	nowhere	and that is a pleasure	
.	It is not irritating	to be where one is	. It is	
only irritating	to think one would like	to be somewhere else.	Here we are now	
,	a little bit after the	beginning	of the ninth unit	of the
fourth large part		of this talk	.	
	More and more	we have the feeling		

	that I am getting	nowhere	.
	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on
		⌘	
,	slowly	,	we have the feeling
	we are getting	nowhere.	That is a pleasure
	which will continue	.	If we are irritated
,	it is not a pleasure	.	Nothing is not a
pleasure	if one is irritated	,	but suddenly
,	it is a pleasure	,	and then more and more
	it is not irritating		(and then more and more
	and slowly).	Originally
	we were nowhere	;	and now, again
,	we are having	the pleasure	
of being	slowly	nowhere.	If anybody
is sleepy	,	let him go to sleep	.
		⌘	

Here we are now			at the beginning	of the
eleventh unit	of the fourth large part		of this talk.	
More and more		I have the feeling	that we are getting	
nowhere.	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on	
,	we are getting	nowhere	and that is a pleasure	
.	It is not irritating	to be where one is	.	It is
only irritating	to think one would like	to be somewhere else.	Here we are now	
,	a little bit after the	beginning	of the eleventh unit	of the
fourth large part		of this talk	.	
	More and more	we have the feeling		
	that I am getting	nowhere	.	
	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on	
		⌘		
,	slowly	,	we have the feeling	
	we are getting	nowhere.	That is a pleasure	
	which will continue	.	If we are irritated	
,	it is not a pleasure	.	Nothing is not a	
pleasure	if one is irritated	,	but suddenly	
,	it is a pleasure	,	and then more and more	
	it is not irritating		(and then more and more	

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	and slowly).	Originally
	we were nowhere	;	and now, again
,	we are having	the pleasure	
of being	slowly	nowhere.	If anybody
is sleepy	,	let him go to sleep	.
		⌘	
Here we are now			at the beginning of the thir-
teenth unit	of the fourth large part		of this talk.
More and more		I have the feeling	that we are getting
nowhere.	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on
,	we are getting	nowhere	and that is a pleasure
.	It is not irritating	to be where one is	. It is
only irritating	to think one would like	to be somewhere else.	Here we are now
,	a little bit after the	beginning of the	thir-teenth unit of the
fourth large part		of this talk	.
	More and more	we have the feeling	
	that I am getting	nowhere	.
	Slowly	,	as the talk goes on
		⌘	
,	slowly	,	we have the feeling
	we are getting	nowhere.	That is a pleasure
	which will continue	.	If we are irritated
,	it is not a pleasure	.	Nothing is not a
pleasure	if one is irritated	,	but suddenly
,	it is a pleasure	,	and then more and more
	it is not irritating		(and then more and more
	and slowly).	Originally
	we were nowhere	;	and now, again
,	we are having	the pleasure	
of being	slowly	nowhere.	If anybody
is sleepy	,	let him go to sleep	.
		⌘ ⌘	

mp

mp

That is finished now. It was a pleasure .
And now , this is a pleasure.
“Read me that part a-gain where I disin-herit everybody .”
The twelve-tone row is a method; a
method is a control of each single
note. There is too much there there .
There is not enough of nothing in it . A structure is
like a bridge from nowhere to nowhere and
anyone may go on it : noises or tones
, corn or wheat . Does it matter which
? I thought there were eighty-eight tones .
You can quarter them too .

mp

If it were feet , would it be a two-tone row
? Or can we fly from here to where

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?	I have nothing	against the	twelve-tone row;
but it is a	method,	not a structure	.
We really do need a structure		,	so we can see
we are nowhere	.	Much of the music I	love
uses the twelve-tone row		,	but that is not why I
love it.	I love it	for no reason	.
	I love it	for suddenly	I am nowhere
.	(My own music does that	quickly for me	.)
	And it seems to me	I could	listen forever
to Japanese	shakuhachi music		or the Navajo

¶

Yeibitchai	.		Or I could sit or
stand		near Richard Lippold's	<i>Full Moon</i>
	any length of time	.	
	Chinese bronzes	, —	how I love them

.			But those beauties
,	which others	have made,	tend to stir up
	the need to possess		and I know
I possess	nothing	.	
	Record collections	, —	
	that is not music	.	

¶

The phonograph	is a thing, —	not a musical	instrument
.	A thing leads to other things,	whereas a	musical instrument
leads to nothing	.		
	Would you like to join	a society called	Capitalists Inc.
?	(Just so no one would	think we were	Communists.)
Anyone joining	automatically	becomes president	.
To join	you must show	you've destroyed	at least one hundred
records	or, in the case of	tape,	one sound mirror
.		To imagine you	own
any piece of music		is to miss	the whole point
.	There is no point	or the point	is nothing;
and even	a long-playing	record	is a thing.

¶

A lady from Texas said: I live in Texas .
 We have no music in Texas. The reason they've no
 music in Texas is because they have recordings
 in Texas. Remove the records from Texas
 and someone will learn to sing .
 Everybody has a song
 which is no song at all :
 it is a process of singing ,
 and when you sing ,
 you are where you are .
 All I know about method is that when I am not working I sometimes
 think I know something, but when I am working, it is quite clear that I know nothing.

π π

Afternote to LECTURE ON NOTHING

In keeping with the thought expressed above that a discussion is nothing more than an entertainment, I prepared six answers for the first six questions asked, regardless of what they were. In 1949 or '50, when the lecture was first delivered (at the Artists' Club as described in the Foreword), there were six questions. In 1960, however, when the speech was delivered for the second time, the audience got the point after two questions and, not wishing to be entertained, refrained from asking anything more.

The answers are:

1. *That is a very good question. I should not want to spoil it with an answer.*
2. *My head wants to ache.*
3. *Had you heard Marya Freund last April in Palermo singing Arnold Schoenberg's Pierrot Lunaire, I doubt whether you would ask that question.*
4. *According to the Farmers' Almanac this is False Spring.*
5. *Please repeat the question . . .
 And again . . .
 And again . . .*
6. *I have no more answers.*

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Now giving lecture on Japanese poetry. First giving very old Japanese poem, very classical:

Oh willow tree,

Why are you so sad, willow tree?

Maybe baby?

Now giving nineteenth-century romantic Japanese poem:

Oh bird, sitting on willow tree,

Why are you so sad, bird?

Maybe baby?

Now giving up-to-the-minute twentieth-century Japanese poem, very modern:

Oh stream, flowing past willow tree,

Why are you so sad, stream?

Baby?

I was never psychoanalyzed. I'll tell you how it happened. I always had a chip on my shoulder about psychoanalysis. I knew the remark of Rilke to a friend of his who wanted him to be psychoanalyzed. Rilke said, "I'm sure they would remove my devils, but I fear they would offend my angels." When I went to the analyst for a kind of preliminary meeting, he said, "I'll be able to fix you so that you'll write much more music than you do now." I said, "Good heavens! I already write too much, it seems to me." That promise of his put me off.

And then in the nick of time, Gita Sarabhai came from India. She was concerned about the influence Western music was having on traditional Indian music, and she'd decided to study Western music for six months with several teachers and then return to India to do what she could to preserve the Indian traditions. She studied contemporary music and counterpoint with me. She said, "How much do you charge?" I said, "It'll be free if you'll also teach me about Indian music." We were almost every day together. At the end

of six months, just before she flew away, she gave me the *Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*. It took me a year to finish reading it.

I was on an English boat going from Siracusa in Sicily to Tunis in North Africa. I had taken the cheapest passage and it was a voyage of two nights and one day. We were no sooner out of the harbor than I found that in my class no food was served. I sent a note to the captain saying I'd like to change to another class. He sent a note back saying I could not change and, further, asking whether I had been vaccinated. I wrote back that I had not been vaccinated and that I didn't intend to be. He wrote back that unless I was vaccinated I would not be permitted to disembark at Tunis. We had meanwhile gotten into a terrific storm. The waves were higher than the boat. It was impossible to walk on the deck. The correspondence between the captain and myself continued in deadlock. In my last note to him, I stated my firm intention to get off his boat at the earliest opportunity and without being vaccinated. He then wrote back that I had been vaccinated, and to prove it he sent along a certificate with his signature.

David Tudor and I went to Hilversum in Holland to make a recording for the Dutch radio. We arrived at the studio early and there was some delay. To pass the time, we chatted with the engineer who was to work with us. He asked me what kind of music he was about to record. Since he was a Dutchman I said, "It may remind you of the work of Mondrian."

When the session was finished and the three of us were leaving the studio, I asked the engineer what he thought of the music we had played. He said, "It reminded me of the work of Mondrian."