

Beautiful and calming music

Suggestions from a modern composer

Blackburn Hospital, Calder Ward, 23rd November 2018

Prelude to the accompaniment which follows

It is with great relief that having been denied the access at first to a pen to describe the words that follow, that some psychiatric nurse, seeing me collapse on the floor in grief at being unable to express my thoughts for the lack of a mere pen, had sufficient courage to offer her own, to calm my grief as I lay inexplicably on the floor. It is with the greatest gratitude to her that I am able to express the words that follow.

What this text was originally intended was a gift of the idea that Love transcends all boundaries, and in its defeat and mutilation offers a greater and greater gift to the Infinite.

In its initial form it was a presentation of ideas of music as a sublime art of which I knew nothing to excel. In its formulation up to this instant it has been the recognition of the Heart takes many forms, literature included. It is now a celebration of Joy that the offer of a mighty pen was sufficient to calm all external disorders of whatever extent.

Let us now begin this new beginning.

In the writing of this gift we have exchanged many thankfulnesses. It is my great expectation that this gift of a pen and the provision of this paper may enable me now to express my thoughts in true justice as they justly occur.

The classic work of Anglo-Saxon literature has become available to me as a casual instance of being in Calder Ward at Blackburn Hospital. This has enabled me together with my own observations on music, and an intended reflection on two forms of art side by side, music and literature, to give my thoughts in this imperfect medium which is before me.

The classic work *Beowulf* is thought by some to be primitive and corrupt. Nothing could be further from the truth.

This classic saga, so briefly and exactly encompassed on a DVD, *Beowulf & Grendel - THE HERO – THE MONSTER – THE MYTH* is no other than a classic beyond compare, unknown to other literature, before Shakespeare, before Chaucer's *The Pilgrim's Tale*, coexistent with other classics of literature, first Homer's poetry, then Aeschylus who speaks of flailing limbs in slaughter like tunny fish caught in the sea, not only in *the Persians*, a salutary declamation to modernity that it is defunct, but all other literature of all history.

It is well suited to my aim, as an incidental offering, of admitting in the same breath Chinese music and its ancient and fascinating Opera as a true gift to humanity, that I can offer in back-complement to whoever wishes in China or the Far East or elsewhere to see a glimpse of the dark history that surrounds us, that we are enabled together to understand that the classic work *Beowulf*, hitherto inaccessible and with erudition only to English Literature Departments

of academic stature in Universities throughout the UK is also available to a wider, in fact the widest audience. It is the true adventure of *Beowulf*. It is available in English. It is available in DVD. Whether you are Chinese, or Indian, or of any subcontinent whatever, whether you are Russian or of whatever culture from whatever clime, whether you are Papua New Guinean, or some abstract Professor of some high academic institution, this great literature is available to you now.

Rest calm that this great deformed tragedy speaks for mankind, and speaks as *the Ascent of Music* and *the Ascent of Reason*, a new literature always available to itself. It is *the Ascent of Humanity*, and in Depravity the classic of *the Ascent of Love*.

The accompaniment

The following suggestions by Wallace Hamilton Adams, who has reverted to his original first name after adopting for many years the name Jim, may be made for any appropriate occasion, or even as music when it is not. They are a personal selection, very brief, and must be seen as such. They would be best accompanied by many selections of the hearer's own choice, or if he or she is fortunate enough to be a performer, adequate or not, by a personal performance by herself.

I have selected pieces which in some way or other represent a poignancy within myself. This is typical of the best forms of music. The best music is the best music to the person who hears it. It may even be deranged in form or substance, no matter. It is the music which has the most meaning to the listener, even in listening to sounds which are rejected by most music, often directly representing the rejection of the patient by the acceptance of music which is rejected by the mainstream involved in the treatment of mental illness.

I have decided to start with various pieces from the classical musical repertoire, but I have gone beyond what is normal. To start I start what is most simple to say God is with us in our distress. It is by Max Bygraves. He speaks simply *The Deck of Cards*. Repeated it is the most reassuring. I also like John Lennon's *Imagine* (1999), *Greensleaves* and *Che sera sera*.

The next work is the source of much amusement to me. I recommend it here in its entirety. It is Mozart's 14th Piano Concerto in E flat major. The major claim to my acceptance of its simple beauty is the slow movement. However the work itself is not regarded by many as the highest accomplishment of Mozart's work. I had shut the doors to of a Hospital Quiet Room to hear the First Movement, and then decided to open its doors for my favourite movement, the Second, an Andantino in B flat, for the few at that time in the morning that might hear its soft beauty as background to their work. I shut the door as the Third movement began to walk up the corridor to have a piss in my bedroom, and on coming back found my music locked out and playing alone to itself whilst methods were found of opening the Quiet Room door. By the time the door had been opened the Third movement had just finished. I will recommend the Second movement again at the end of this compilation.

Specifically, I have included a great work by an accomplished composer whose work today I equate with my own resistance to a system of conformity. My next selection is the work, Opus 13, *Friede auf Erden*, by Arnold Schoenberg. I frequently mention this master of chromatic

expressiveness, which sometimes fails. This work is freely available on YouTube. This intense and compact work of choral chromaticism accompanied by classical stringed instruments is translated from the German as *Peace on Earth*. It speaks to me justly of a great idea.

In tribute to my father, who both liked opera and like many since was able to sing it in the bathroom, I present a nice suggestion. For starting the morning by, say, shaving, sing the song *Somewhere over the Rainbow*, by Rogers and Hammerstein, which begins unusually for a classical piece, but occurs often somewhere in pop music, with a rising octave. The words are widely available, and as is well recognised, evocative.

I have added the idea derived from my father that Italian Opera greatly expresses the Heart and as I was informed that *Tito Gobi* was its greatest exponent at the time. It is my hope that this great opera star, probably now known only to the specialist, may yet have many beautiful recordings which can with great justice be retrieved by modern means.

Irrespective of that, I know well that the thought has long resided within me that an unusual and pornographic film called *the Discovery of Happiness*, should begin with a theme from an opera muted in its vocalisation as a woman cyclist pedals along the seafront walkway in Brighton to the accompaniment of rain and sunshine and a rainbow I saw once with astonishment arched across the sky from Telford Cliffs at one end to Shoreham Power Station at the other. There is a sequence where the Film Director Adem Gabon-Kent, with subtle sexual connotations, is escorted round the Natural History Museum in London. He is invited to the British Museum, but refuses to go there because the Greek Marbles are there. He remembers https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Melina_Mercouri Melina Mercouri on this. It is a severe and just reprimand of British Imperialism.

The comic second film in continuation is *the Nationalisation of the Means of Reproduction*, an obvious spoof, by the Conservative government of Margaret May and its catastrophic termination, which occurs here as parody but which more often is accompanied by human tragedies, as the Computer Control Centre directed from 10 Downing Street collapses due to instructions of a Gerald Rothschild on private jet to see his friend Konstantin Putin in Russia, and decides the project must end unless an impossible amount is obtained in two days in euros, which only the Bank of Greece is able to provide. A programmer pushing his hair back whilst looking intently at a screen is asked by a supervisor, What is the problem? He replies, You are an Illegal Object.

Margaret May decides to summon Michael Gove-Heseltine to tell him of her task to accomplish this. On her instructions an elaborately dressed official says, Summon Michael. There is a scene of a row of Beefeaters with archaic trumpets from which dangle brocaded red and gold luxurious cloths with golden lions horizontal on them playing the *Trumpet Voluntary*. After a long while Michael Gove-Heseltine appears resplendent in huge trailing red cape bespeckled with intricate decorations of historical interest, followed by a number of flunkys carrying the cape along. He reaches the steps to ascend to the presence of Margaret May. He trips over the steps, whilst Margaret declaims helpfully, Mind the steps! Shouting Gawd! a portcullais descends on his cape and traps him trying to lift himself from the floor. Margaret approaches asking, Are you OK? Amidst tearing of insufficiently fragile fabric, he

mutter about, Our glorious and resplendent history is mocked before you in the abject humiliation of my fucking condition. Fucking Corbinism, look at this idiot document Labour Today and Tomorrow: The Corbinist Manifesto, who on Earth would write that?

At a later audience Margaret informs Michael Gove-Heseltine that he is to obtain immediate assistance from the Greek government for which he is to be the emissary to obtain three thousand trillion euros from the Bank of Greece, Greece being the last remaining available European ally (actually and tragically bankrupt and made indefinitely destitute by the EU Central Bank), to enable the programme on the Nationalisation of Reproduction to continue for a further two days. An automatic service is summoned by a tinkling bell, and a tea pot and rattling cups and wobbling milk jug arrive on rollers for the two guests.

He is unable to obtain an audience in Athens due to delay in buying a villa at an Estate Agent, and is told to lick the boots of the Estate Agent due to misunderstanding of modern Greek, and is preemptorily booted out as a consequence.

The Nationalisation of Reproduction is forced to go back on Manual after three days of crisis and intense news coverage by the BBC, and people are left naked in the street having to go out to get provisions of food, and are viewed in this situation of trying to do everyday tasks whilst needing assistance to get out of mid-fuck.

After the second film there is a third, finally ending in a fuck, in a gay encounter with Adem as bottom in the open air in Edinburgh outside the Firthdale Bank, a parody of the Clydesdale Bank, otherwise known as the Royal Virginal Bank of Scotland (a virginal is an early type of harpsichord), whilst a policeman stands on one side as in *Singing in the Rain* and a helicopter ascent from the Bank is accompanied by the theme now revealed as *O dolce mio*, which I think is *O sweet me*, as a recommendation as very muted background music in stressing situations.

In the film a rainbow extends from the Royal Virginal Bank, as a figurative pot of gold, outwards across Edinburgh, with the caption *the Discovery of Happiness*. The scene moves eastwards to a clip of Prague with the caption in Czech and Slovak. The Kremlin is depicted with the Red Choir in background and a scene of an old woman, perhaps in Murmansk, holding a red rose outside a Russian Orthodox Church, with the caption in Russian. The scene moves on to Mongolia and a picture of horsemen, with the caption in Mongolian. There is a picture of the Statue of Liberty and New York encompassed by a rainbow again. The caption appears in Hebrew, and is accompanied at the end of the phrase by Adonai sung as in a synagogue. The picture of New York splits into four, the United Nations building, a picture of a Harlem Church, Central Park and Wall Street. The scene moves to Mexico or perhaps Nicaragua, with the caption in Yukatan or a Mosquito dialect, and a picture of plantation workers. The scene moves to the Andes and Peru, with an appropriate caption in Spanish. The scene moves to Rio de Janeiro, with the figure of Christ overlooking it, a rainbow again and the words Pax Christi are sung. The caption is displayed in Portuguese. There is a scene from the favela, and a short sequence of the great Pele and the roar of a football crowd. The scene moves to outside a Mosque in northern Nigeria, where the caption is displayed in Arabic as worshippers assemble and the intonation as in Arabic Allah is appended. Simultaneous with this the music is accompanied by a South African Choir. The scene moves to camels moving

with their riders moving along past Egyptian pyramids. Hopefully the caption is available in hieroglyphics. The scene moves to a Coptic church in Ethiopia, but the caption is now in Swahili. Moving to India the caption appears in Hindi and Tamil. A scene in Southern India is depicted and a Hindu Temple. Moving perhaps to Thailand, we see workers in the rice paddies and the Masterpiece we know by repute but not in the West its intention the abandonment of the ancient edifices of Angkor Watt. We move to Japan, where the superfast train reaches its terminus. A Buddhist temple is surrounded by its gathering in meditation of internal poise.

From that location we move to Vladivostok, and therein to Beijing, where the International Conference on the Climate is shown happening, the primary and most universal problem I state in determination and with great emphasis and after not inconsiderable research. It is the great issue of humanity today, above all others, for if we do not in togetherness solve this I see no foreseeable futures, as a minimum with which we might all agree, and as worse an eclipse of all living things on Earth of which we are familiar. I can see no more than we face again the Great Extinction. If we insist time and again this great problem is small, we will have failed in our purpose for the resolution problem of all problems not by great or little wars, but by the great collectivity for all, the great inclusion of life we here on earth declaim as humanity. We must rescue our societies by whatever means. The meaning of this is we are not alone, we are an accompaniment of many living things, but here and in our Galaxy. Die as you must. I alone if derided as unjust, in justification and in truth and its great alarm, correctly adjusted to great pose, see the survival of our civilisation is in our own hands. If we drop to the destitution of the murder of ourselves, those who view our action as well-posed, will drop the laughter of our miserable condition. They can and will assist. Otherwise our suicide is a great joke. I laugh and weep too. I reveal that the scene ascends to encompass the Earth, the planets of the Solar System, to the Milky Way Galaxy and beyond, covering the cosmic Great Void and the Great Wall, to end the film and its characters in a true or intended decreasing or increasing size of their genitalia, in a comment true or imaginary, probably true, but always a spoof of contemporary events.

For those whose need of calm is much simpler, I think a very nice piece is Ravel's *Bolero*. I have myself gone wild with its incessant repetition, but this repetition is a need for many who cannot accommodate more. For those with more intense tastes, it is an incessant and repetitive accumulation of orchestral sounds for which Ravel was the renowned master of his era. It is not no music, as Ravel seems to insist, but the very rhythmic idea of music itself, ascending in a totally organised way to a massive climax in total defiance of all of its previous artifice. I think the last chords are in D of some sort, nowhere occurring elsewhere in the piece. I am amazed once again in my listening that simplicity can be so stupendous.

In accompaniment of the previous idea is to listen to the gravelly voice of Louis Armstrong singing *Wonderful World*, or again the many beautiful songs of Ella Fitzgerald. Particular favourites are *I like Paris in the Springtime* and *Let's Fall in Love*.

I note that upstairs in the Swan Inn in Burnley they have a very nice selection of *Kareoke songs* and performers who for a small fee would be very amenable to providing music for patients here or elsewhere, and for free.

I conclude with my own selections. In disacknowledgement of deference, which is a substantial idea present in the social systems of dogs and their owners, and only replaced by control when their social systems go wrong (I think the idea applies equally to human societies, but contemporary texts say something different), I will start with my own work first.

There is a work *Xena*. It is my own interpretation of a modern idea, but sounds both different than Bach, and I am amazed again, better than any Bach I have heard. It needs constant rehearing to acclimatise the ear to its sounds. To me it is delightful. I hope those for whom the intense appeal of the search for delight recommends itself may not in the long term be too disappointed.

Before we approach Mozart, I introduce the most bizarre music I have composed myself ever to my knowledge and probably hitherto invented, and deliberately so. It is called *Disconnect-1* and is in a new style I have called Earth Lunatic. It represents the disconnection from my friends in Brighton, having left after long consideration at their instruction to escape the lunatic government in London, and finding my strangeness and accompanying loneliness a source of them disconnecting from me. I was isolated in the town of my birth, without friends except my brother who had temporarily accommodated me. Clearly my intense creative activity was too much for anybody. I have always claimed it has never been too much for me. This work is a salutation to myself. The proclamation that strangeness, always rejected by all conformities was a great and valid idea, is central in its evocative poetry disconnected from normal senses of interpretation. It is easily performed, but needs precise preparation. I present it to your Hospital in salutation of the service you provide to your patients. I am willing to perform it myself as the central character. It is a great and substantial new idea and conception in music, even in musical history. I would be devastated if it were never performed. I donate it to you and your Hospital in perpetuity, so that this new development, easily performed, may be used for the wider benefit of the service you provide, as a fitting farewell from your care.

Finally we conclude, I think justly, with one of the greatest composers of all time. Before we begin with two selections from Mozart, in parenthesis I remark that in my listening to *Beethoven's 5th*, which is deconstructed on my website and is described there, I came across on viewing this work on YouTube an advert on *Chinese Opera*. I invite the reader interested in other cultures and perhaps unaware of the immense history of Chinese music and Opera and its huge significance as a cultural icon of contemporary music with variations as vast as those in European musical culture of which we know so much, is that here is an immediate introduction to its essentials that should not be missed.

The work by Mozart which is most intimate to me is almost unacknowledged to be of any significance at all, even by its greatest exponent at the time, Daniel Barenboim, who was wont in his early career to conduct exceptional performances from the keyboard. It is quite early Mozart and *the slow movement of his 14th*. Rather grand, I do not perhaps correctly know the number, is Mozart's *K23*. The ascending theme on the trumpets in the first movement is beautifully and simply accomplished by the repetition at a higher octave.

There is a hymn long forgotten which is close to my heart, *Peace perfect peace*, whose continuation I am unaware and speaks volumes in its simplicity. I asked the name of this her favourite hymn to an old lady who was close in attending to my needs at a young age. Her name may be forgotten but her Love is not. Another is, *All things bright and beautiful*. This speaks for itself. Finally in the name of the Merciful the Magnificent we are obliged to mention the magnificent William Blake for his sonorous work of dramatic intensity representing for him the Love of the Redeemer of our Hearts. *Jerusalem*.