

# Computer Aids to Music and Literature

By

Matthew L. Paris

One of the notions prior to execution that passes through the mind of those in the abyss made specially for authors in the posh minimum security prisons of the suburban United States is how to remedy their seeming indenture to the sharks of business. Even in their princely life they garner selling vacuum cleaners, they must wonder like an ox stunned by a steel club worldwide by invisible demons in a perfumed slaughterhouse how they got there.

As they used to say in England when gaudy public executions were a large and humiliating public entertainment, the prospect of a hanging clarifies the mind. To this day nothing is sadder than reading in the letters of Jack London that he wrote a few months before his half suicide with a rum overdose that had he had his druthers he would have written very different books.

Jack London had the external means, clout and swagger in 1916 as all of us do today without fame and money or even charm to do whatever he had wanted; he was a piteous victim in many ways of imbibing the wrong venoms.

It's equally true that being the designated prey of an institution mostly successfully positioning itself in the public mind as a benign enterprise doesn't help one social position in the world. Ask any chicken. It is the genius of the late Colonel Sanders that he could both be a grand maker of systemic chicken genocide and be a champion of virtue. To do that the plump and avuncular Colonel had to convince his market that chickens were low creatures who deserved the fate he had effectively pushed upon them.

One might if one were a chicken wonder whether their lives as domestic animals were equal in value to them as the existence of their ancestors in the wild. An author might think back to the days when writers after penning a tome had capacities in their pay turn out volumes for others and never thought of profit, publishers, editors, agents, salesmen or being Colonel Sander's packaged lunch to everybody in the business who made a living and survive from their existence while the creators themselves were told they might clamor for the august privilege of being devoured by the fangs and maws of the business. even a chicken doesn't produce its pupick on speculating.

Since 1980 it's been cellar that computers have the potential to put every original mind who creates books back we're Cicero was as an author; the machines can and have replaced the slaves as the messengers and copyists. Why in the next quarter of a centra in our time this has largely not happened to some writers and yet ha freed others is worth one's meditation.

Novelists, poems, playwrights and authors in any old form really haven't made use of web sites, the Internet and our new technology to free themselves from the publishing industry.

On the other had authors and web sites offering information of a more pure technical sort without much concern with style beyond a glittering hard edged clarity have developed access to freedom and pokier that have bypassed the old stifling institutional tyrannies of paper print.

If one is a Count and writes War and Peace one is likely when one places it on a web site to be seen by all as a fool for wasting five years on an original book probably nobody wants. If one puts up a site about the love life and cultural achievements of Sonny Tufts one is viewed by the same society as a contributor to scholarship about a cranny of our pillular culture.

The question for any serious author nowadays is how to get the liberty and contort over his work that he would have if he were a zealot about Sonny Tufts. Usually the Sonny Tufts frantic isn't bothered or notably burdened by the monarchical genuflections one learns in an American formal education, a sense of and taste for the pretentious, an imaginary residence in an envelope created for him but a culture that has always made the odd associations between savants of the past and present and our didacts and publishing industry as if nothing could be more inevitable. A Sonny Tufts fan isn't tethered by such false axioms and venomous faith systems.

If one has some competent independence of mind, courage and historical understanding of how one got to the point where agents and editors when they pay attention to one at all ask one to write three or four books on speculation of a nature exactly like the last skein of trash that has made a profit for some company if not for their author, tell one to spend a year making such synesthetic effusions, spew out thousand of pages of trash, run them though their readers they hire for nearly nothing if not quite naked speculation, one can see that the real dilemma of authors comes from two poisoned sources: one of them the volatile marriage of writing and money.

The other is the inability of the author himself to bid a civil goodbye to such dismal nuptials. The centralized expensive distribution and packaging process that took over from what was even in the middle of the 20th century most an industry of books published for little money in volume to be sold to the masses on the cheap. Now it is recondite as selling polo sticks.

The first process, the expansion of volume sales is one of the few dark sides of the Reformation. As long as nearly all people were alliterate none of them read books, wrote books or thought of writing them.

Their creative efforts might have gone into composing oral somewhat melancholy ballads they recited bibulously at taverns to the accompaniment of an out of tune harp. The intent of the Reformation after all was to put sacred books filled with truth in the hands of the populace to rid them of the scurvy stifling intents of a priesthood, not to sell sleaze, trash and pornography.

Few of us will martyr themselves to purvey trivial or erotic books; the Reformation zealots often were executed for printing the Bible. Yet it was logical that once that smuggle was

won by the libertarians of the time, mostly north of the Alps, the market expanded infinitely from the high texts of sacred law to tomes less holy and even less moral.

Certainly one made more money if one published not merely volumes of the cosmic importance of the Bible but could also turn a penny on books considerably more trivial.

When the poor and socially unconnected without patrons became at once literate and still financially indigent as Thomas Chatterton had been, as Thomas Hardy noted in *Jude the Obscure* and John Osborne asserted later in *Look Back In Anger*, the natural explosive diversity that the Reformation began with really different intents clashed in time with the need for a simpler world of fascist order of one kind or another. After all, even a low revel on a Babylonian hill is a perfumed valley of comfortable fascism.

The fulcrums of the implosive aimed after a while to whoop up enthusiasm for some form of monarchy, invisible faith system, even about the metallic mechanics of the local economics. Diversity and originality in the Arts always is at war with its utility in volume; one might say that the patrons of eccentrics before the nuptials of art and business were as much eccentrics as the creators for whom they were the patrons.

When at the advent of the sales of personal computers around 1980 and the various affordable copying devices already amiable to the public, it was clear to anyone but a reclusive medievalist that computers could bypass profit and business altogether if they could organize those who hunkered and itched for any product at all, who wanted it out of enthusiasm and not profit. This aim wasn't mutually exclusive with purely profit making operations such as E-Bay. The web having no physical size at all is big enough for everything and everybody.

Just as many 19th and 20th century men of education like myself were really the product of vast free libraries; we could not have afforded our education otherwise. Computers with their Gutenberg vaults, other web sites filled with visual Art and file sharing anarchistic Napster-type musical offerings were continuing in a radically expansive way the direction of the forces the Reformation had brought us starting with the Bible, moving to recipes and pornography, now real scientific information. If all it wanted to do was bring us all easy access once to the lives of the saints, if we traveled in a large circular path, if isn't that much of a stretch from the wise to wisdom.

Books of all the conduits of information and art had been clobbered by the most terrible decline of all these realms. I suspect partially it was because musicians and painters tend to think of themselves as artisans, not aristos. Yet there hasn't been any flowering of visual arts in the computer world either. It has only occurred in music. Right now I have many friends who download MP3 files of strangers from far away who make music to amuse others like themselves

One of my friends deep into the computer realms of such sonic troves tells me that there are musical bands in the MP3 world that have never met each other. They live like role playing computer gamers in various parts of the world, download and upload tracks, add to them, lard their expansions of the initial ones, producing amalgams that satisfy everybody. If one is at once an author and adorned with some errant musical gift it has to have occurred to one that to transfer

his energies into a realm where he will be appreciated as these young sonic role players are has to be salubrious.

These music file sharing sites have billions of files. There are no vulpine agents, editors, publishers, advertising employees, carrion eating publicists or anything else of the old industry. These ultimately synthetic mechanics in a floating fragrant vapor have retreated in all friends to the business of only promoting major celebrities in the gym all day or at the dentists with enormous vacuous capacities to make huge amounts of lucre for everybody. A middle range product can't pay the bills of such expensive firms and their resident senescent sharks. They are only performe in the blockbuster market. Like some enormous dinosaurs they can't afford to be less than rapacious in major ways.

Moreover the various juggernaut lobes working by stealth in the book industry, job holding hack feminists most notably, have cut the firms out of vying for the pursues of half the human race, males, and most of it from another angle, those relatively lacking in affluence like Chatterton, Jude or Osborne's red brick cockney hero. Most of the world isn't interested in cheap thrillers about women with money afraid of being ravaged by sinister and powerful male interlopers. I know people sill in the business a I once was when dewy who talk of how 85% of the market for paper books are now angling for the literary hungers and bucks of aging divorced affluent White females with college degrees, many of them on conched in the arms of Medicare.

These authors tell me that if they can't be like them, they can pretend to be so they can publish books for them. They are evidently people who like most zealots of all faith systems since Atlantis have an narrow range of curiosity and like to read about people like themselves. If the market were all or mostly serial killers, these scribblers would write sentimental factions about the justified and sympathetic ones. I couldn't bear it myself. I want in my innocence to write like me.

I suppose if somebody wants to offer me enough money I could think about turning out a fat meretricious volume, even a teratology, pretending I am somebody else, I might do it with the money up front from these scalawags and a contract. Then, rich as an agent or editor, I might wallow in the posh woes of criminal affluence. To ask me to do it and not even offer me ice cream money much less a living is really inviting me to a social condition somewhat comfortably below slavery.

To suggest I do it on speculation and vie with others for the privilege of being a McDonald hamburger if I am a winner in a candidacy for producing trash is an act of scorn and contempt for authors beyond language.

Those of us who as a result have a such a multi-dimensional interest in bypassing the seemingly intractably corrupt realm of literature altogether, producing musical books and distribute them with computers and snazzy Unearned conduits have a very different wold to encounter, thank God, than those who churls hoping to be authors of literature or even trash, fashioned with banal words. Music publishing is not nor ever has been a sinus of garbage and fashionable sterilized or perfumed mards to be savored by the educated rubes in our American institutional cloacas in great volume.

It can't be because the West and our republic in particular has never been musically literate lately in the way they have been at least at one time with reading scurvy words. Anyone who has sheet music has to be able to read it, ha had to study how to read and even write it, probably has some craft however informal or formal of the craft or grammar of the music itself.

There are certain seasons of history in which the culture and the one with calling are at odds. These are lean times for blacksmiths, girdle makers, Edsel fanciers and veterinarians specializing in major surgery and mental therapy for the dido and great auk. Let us say one is unlucky enough born to be an author. There are a whole generation of young writers who have come up thinking that their age is forever, agents and editors should run the industry, that it is okay to get mildly interesting only after one's fourth book, the first four to imitate some hack mimicking some poltroon in turn mimicking another empty opportunist, that whoring is the proper model for writing, the publishing company acting as the pimp or madam should pocket the money from the sundry rubes in the streets, that a book should have the value of a McDonald's cheeseburger.

If one has a calls in that world one is regarded as a naif or fool. The publishing world of literature is sick unto dealt to the point where any other realm will be more efficient, amusing and healthy than the world of words these days. Musical publishing is a realm several leagues in ascent above any abyss one can find in the stale hellholes of literature.

There aren't any nasty and lying vanity houses, agents, editors and salesmen slaving over one's household gods to see who they could do one out of any money at all while they make a living at selling one's wares. Yet one does enter a world several leagues higher than the literary one if one is a musician. The performers have to be able to apply at least a little; they can't be entirely synthetic. There are no musical ghostwriters; the composers usually are the real ones.

Since music is a public art and closer to theatre it tends to have a show business aura. In writing one can meet a world that claims to be opposed to the green-colored elites of the publishing world; they are mostly out to mimic the atmosphere of an AA meeting or midnight after the shootings of the day in a city hospital.

The party line is different; it is none the less an insanity parodying a medieval faith system that runs these shelters. Literature like the other Arts is at least half not what fashionable opinions one has, but how one with the tools of Art expresses and executes ideas and boons that are not ideas. Much of it is magic that is beyond objective criticism. Any system at all that attempts to replace the necromantic element in the Arts is going to perforce do without all the virtues that make Art amusing.

False art and religion is tedious stuff. It belongs in a temple dedicated to false gods who value dulness. A real god and a real prophet may be monstrous but is never dull.

Beyond that if one had opinions in literature these days one usually was for revolutions that had run genocides even against their adherents as well as their satanic enemies of the moment and had failed all but a few American college prophets, even older cults that had

inspired all those forced to live under them to rebel from them and their odious tyrannies centuries ago, or views of the United States as something other currently than an brainless empire with the problems of one with an imaginary lobotomy. Even as opinion literature was a pile of ashes.

It's a different realm in music. Most musicians in one way or another these days honor world adhesions in a charitable and neighborly if not imperial way. There are musical unions and even ones for composer as well like ASCAP and BMI; there are no serious authors unions anymore than there are serious union for college professors or Mexican restaurant workers. Like a guy from Puebla washing dishes in the back of a diner an author is supposed to be glad to be there at all. In fact the musicians does better than the author. No Mexican ever washes dishes on speculation.

In the music world one may work for nothing but one is having fun at some place where it is always party time. One always at least gets a good pasta feed and free drinks. If the Mafia is running the place, which often it does, one is always treated better by them than the aristos of the publishing industry. It seems as if merely putting notes on a piece of paper or playing a ditty on the harmonica is an instant ascent from the ultimate cloaca to being an author in the hellholes of literature. Yet in either case it is a long way from paradise.

Back in 1904 traveling live performers and sheet music was the way music was distributed. One didn't have radio, the record industry was just beginning, most locales had lots of live musical entertainment. Homes often had a piano, an accordion, a harmonium, some way of making music with somebody in the family who had been trained in childhood to read at least a little. Though one could play very well up to a point without reading and writing music, a book of music wasn't picked up and savored as one might a volume of literature or a newspaper.

In 2004 for many reasons, there is probably a dramatically few amount of people in the world who can read and write music. Radio, CDs, and tapes supply much of the entertainment that formerly had to be produced live by some musician in the vicinity. One constantly meets music lovers or high fidelity buffs today who are musically illiterate; more startlingly, one also encounters some very intelligent people who are convinced they don't have to read, write, or know musical craft beyond their intuitions to make music.

There are many computer programs like Reason which assume that their market consists of people who not only are musically illiterate and want to remain so; they are offered what the Reason engineers consider an alternative means to produce music beyond the old fashioned one of writing notes.

I've been showed musical programs like Reason by polymaths who are merely irritated when I point out that nowhere in the program is there any way to translate the music one can make on it into what was a century ago standard way of musical writing.

Since Reason is a popular program, I've met many people who have very powerful

interest in music, are intelligent who think that music writing and harmonic craft is obsolete, the infinite adaptability of business to the perceived needs of its markets is enough to suggest that writing sheet music might be in 2004 a very recondite affair.

The standard music writing programs, Cakewalk, Finale, are all different; all are set up most centrally to allow the illiterate composer to MIDI his effusions into the music writing programs through a slave keyboard or guitar. One can write music now thanks to Cakewalk without being musically literate and knowing what one has written. To the composer of such lack of skills it all looks the same.

Beyond that if the composers and listeners are all of the same ilk, have the same standards the programs mirror an envelope in the world that is happy with what it is getting. Finale will even give you harmony and counterpoint straight from the machine. Perhaps it may represent one, perhaps not.

One can up to a point produce some features of formally written out harmony and counterpoint that composers used to produce out of some kind of intellectual decision through MIDI that doesn't hurt the ears of the creators or the listeners; after all music moves in time and has to have some kind of design. Why not give it that pattern passively? The craters of such works are imitating very simple music they listen to, pop or disco of some kind, arret trying to emulate Beethoven or Mozart. If everybody is happy, what is the loss?

There isn't any. In this soft asylum everybody is an easy winner. Music is after all in the end a private contact between a composer and a set of listeners in which they make the codicils. It's when one is trying to write music that at least honors the level of craft of composers like Beethoven or Mozart if one doesn't want to be compared to them in talent that one has to deal with the clumsiness and ineptitude of the music writing programs available these days.

It can be a disaster to try to whoredom music directly into Finale, the stand music writing program. If one is inspired one might find oneself wanting to write notes that Finale has put into some nook in its diverse and complex operations designed by its engineers and not finding it for a half hour or never. Then one has lost the initial afflatus that inspired one to look for these means in the first place.

One can avoid such a disaster of loss of divine discourse by writing the score in MID with a slave synthesizer, but then one is getting not written out music, but improvised music the computer is writing out. The difference is like the one between conversation and literature. Some conversation is very witty and amusing, even deep and affecting; it rarely given its fresh and speedy creation can have certain measured and complex qualities scores written from the outset are capable of manifesting.

Just as the best literature has been written in longhand, the best way to compose is still to write out a score slowly in pencil, play I over on an instrument, think it over, take up one's second thoughts and more,. revise and then use Finale, not as a composing forum but merely a musical printing device. The real boon of Finale or Cakewalk is that one can produce a score that

looks pretty much like the sort of scores one can make out of a music library.

There is another program out there that some composers use cost several hundred dollars, has a reputed learning curve of half a year to use it properly. I won't mention its name.

If one wants to play back one's score on either Finale or Cakewalk, one hears it, not with the sampled sound of the instruments one has written for as one might expect, but some cheesy synthesizer sound that one has to translate with OEM's ears into what one had composed in the first place. It's dumb stuff.

Finale does offer a Reader as Adobe does its Acrobat Reader for free on its web site. Unlike the Acrobat Reader one gets on the Finale Reader not what one has written on the playback but a synthetic MIDI sound that uproots one's creation with a kind of tawdry impersonality.

For anyone ousting the Finale Reader to hear the score as one means it to be hard, the listener or reader has to take it from the tawdry and robotics MIDI format, print it and remove himself to some instrument where he can play it himself. Lack of sampled sounds and easy download of the real sound of music on the Internet beyond MP3 and now Ogg Vorbis compression systems have produced some odd harvests.

One can hear for example many of Beethoven's sketched sonatas, concerti and other goodies on one web site but since the music comes to one in MIDI. One is constantly having to transmogrify in one's head the frozen synthesizer timbre into what Beethoven had probably heard at least in his head. Since many few people are capable of that action much less reading scores these days, sheet music and MIDI aren't the optimal medium for offering one's music to a public in volume anymore.

Let us say that one has followed this discipline, endured the ineptitude of the makers of these programs with what philosophy one and the other helpless can muster, solved all the nooks and crannies of Finale's cleverly hidden tools, and has in Finale the score ready to deceive to a waiting public all over the planet. One goes to one's web site, creates a link and is ready to offer the score as a PDF file. Zooks, Finale and Cakewalk don't have PDF conversion though Finale's Help is all in PDF; its own web site offers extended materials in that format.

One must print the score on real paper, scan it and save it in PDF. It's hardly lethal to one enterprise; a fair example of who the markets of music writing programs don't seem to have talked very much to literate composers who might be using them. Why should they? The market for illiterate ones is bigger and will bring more profit.

Let us say that one is irritated with the ineptitude of these computer programs to the point of wanting to produce recordings one has translated into MP3 files rather than confront a now largely musically illiterate world with scores few can read. You realize from the rise and fall of various web sites like Napster that there is a worldwide network of music file sharing that will waft your work if you can perform it send it to whomever cares to listen to it from Tasmania to the Upper Volga. You make those files consonant with your own talent or those of your

friends, forget about writing out scores, look to the vast listeners who are musically alliterate whose ears and brains are just as valuable to you, whose dollars are worth the same to you, than those who have such skills and let them fly into cyberspace.

It's a comfortable offering for a while. You hardly notice that there is a slight loss of sonic information in the MP3 compression system; given its competence it's good enough for anybody but an indulgent bat. Flying mice aren't one's audience. Microsoft offers everybody its free MP3 player; there are Malay other players out there to download for nothing. Omega's Records it or offers programs for "ripping" like Autograbber easily convert files not only one has filched from aced sources like tapes and CDs.

Afterwards one sits in one's home comfortably thinking that one has solved the problem of music distribution with all the tools the computer can offer to remedy one's dilemmas.

Then one discovers with mixed rue and awe that a few cunning engineers have come up with a better compression system they mischievously call Ogg Vorbis, there probably will be in time a superior one to that, it doesn't convert very well from MP3, it locoes different aspects of the WAV information in its compressions, it is probably is going to replace all MP3 files in a cyber-season. Curses!

As one swims limpidly in this tepid sea of Leviathan perhaps the large implications of what has happened don't strike one all at once or at all as one modis thorough them alike a bull in the ghostly corrido. Although the Australian-made Fairlight computerized synthesizer had such a program back in 1975 no computer company I've heard of has put out a program that writes music easily, has sampled sound to hear it with no both ends, the composer's and the listeners; they reach the larger market of listeners who are content merely with compressed music flies.

Were such a program to be offered, easily done since it would combine properties of now existing programs that have been around for decades, it would be the standard computer music program as Microsoft with much less reason has become the standard operating system. Yet like so many things in computers this is an event that hasn't happened.

Secondly the enemies of file sharing are pretty much the same copyright faces one finds of free access to books, visual art and information generations science before the Reformation. The producers and distributor of the 19th and 20th century made their whooping services the only way one could make money in the Arts, stifled all independent thinking and kept authors, musicians and painters as close to party lines as they could, much as computer campiness do to those who design their programs. Copyright, property, only has to do with profit from busies, not for the poor slobs who make the property. Some of the inventions were commonly seed in computers like burning of CDs nobody feels as if they are stealing from an acetous or creator of thought or amusement when they do it bach they arret.

File sharing and ripping is one of the ways that music, information of any kind gets distributed in a volume that would be untenable were money to be involved. Since most computers now are made with built in burning systems it's plain that the copying preaches is

ubiquitous; nobody thinks it's wrong, or even litigatable. The question is only whether or not there is a public out there for diverse books, music, or visual arts. Nobody is going to be arrested for trying to find out one way or another.

After about a decade and a half of trying various approaches to computer operations, web sites and distribution I have evolved in my own mind to a set of economic and moral conclusions I shall share with the reader.

I was given hundreds of thousands of books, musical pieces, painting, sculptures, scientific information, and lately films by a world in which almost none of the creators of these treasures, savants and geniuses, ever got paid much or at all for their generosity to me. It isn't going to hurt me at all to give it back to the world as much as my small talents and industry can do so for free as well. The idea that profit legitimizes action is a whore's philosophy. It defines not only oneself but the quality of work that turns out. A whole society offering one standard of labor that are proper for prostitutes is going to give one considerably less excellence than one that has standards that value how conscientious and skilled one can be during one's mortality.

If we think about it there is not enough money in the world to pay anyone who is excellent at anything including masterful honeydipping for their labor. It's hard and painful to lie up to one's talent, even to peruse one's minor enthusiasms to the end. When they do it at all it is only because it is their calling and they love it.

That's true as much of War and Peace as that Sonny Tufts zealot. The motivation for their actions and thoughts really doesn't have their source in money. It doesn't make them aristos or imaginary barons; it doesn't make them legitimate whores who work out of a house instead of the street either.

Most of the people we value in the world made their living from some other source than what we treasure in them. Sometimes that source might seem odious to us. Princes who were patrons, aristocrats who had slaves, oligarchical managers have all made their incomes from the sweaty work of others. Emerson and Byron lived off railroad and coal mining respectively. Jesus was a carpenter; many remember him only for the non-tipping tables and chairs he turned out locally.

Spinoza worked in glass; Eric Hoffer was a longshoreman. Mohammed could always go back to herding goats if the prophet business went dry. Most of the savants we honor did a lot of teaching, often offering pupils without talent their wisdom for money. Novelists sell their product to the movies; musicians write jingles and do bubble gum studio work.

If one can successfully cleave one's life to make a living one way that is not entirely odious, one is free given the distribution cystotome of the Internet to offer one's harvests from one's leisure to the world without censors or concerns with optimal sales. Since there is always a market however much of a minority for those who value the original and eccentric, on a planet of six billion souls, many of whom now use computers, there will always be those who want one's wares if one is an original in any field.

Some of us are not going to understand that their thoughts and actions have value beyond lucre; some will get it and take up the opportunity to be who they are. If somebody can't figure out that they are more than trollops they probably aren't worth our attention. There is nothing more moronic and pretentious than a whore who thinks she is an actuary. We haven't lost much by savoring the meditations of disgruntled or even satisfied prostatitis in a pleasant torpor.

Yet how the parallel but different histories of offering such vaporous wares are going to play themselves out has variate and will continue to vary. There are for example many web sites for visual arts, the technology is there with many programs to offer people all over the globe anything from prostitutes to wallpaper, one can see the copying machines at any book fair that can handle that kind of sea-change perfectly well; one never heard of some equally massive revolutionary change in kinds of usual artists I know themselves to offer their vision free in volume to a waiting globe. Usually at most they think they might be able to design an attractive screen saver.

Writers also aren't able to understand en masse that they are, as Martin Luther king used to say, free at last. No matter how much punishment they take from the current paper industry, they haven't mounted any large scale revolt from it, have always been punks for that business all too traditionally.

Only musicians so far have had the independence of mind to understand what computer make possible for them. If one makes music and wafts it into cyberspace, with all its warts and defects of machines, one does better, at least is one who is understandable to ones peers. That in a calling that includes many eccentrics is not negligible.

It all leads me to conclude I would do best acting as if I were Cicero with mineral robotics slaves the Roman empire had never thought of. If anyone comes up on my web site they can have all my woks for nothing. I keep the copyright. They can't package, sell or make money on it without my permission. If I am exchanging for any direct and initial chance at a profit from my writing the sure knowledge that I can offer it my way it's worth it. Dare I say it? I have enough money.

One should say in closing that it isn't as if one is giving up anything much buy take up computer distribution of anything. You name it; the packagers, distributors and landlords that own the stores whether they are offering it if they are selling it at all are the only ones making the profit on it. An author, a musician, a painter, makes money when he does on professional appearances or a day job.

His direct sales along with synthetic fame are items to put on his resume for his labor that pays his rent, electric bills and gasoline for his car. The job sops up a lot of his time. If he is married and has children he is lucky if he can work at anything and maintain excellence at it that requires constant practice by staying up late at night slugging down coffee and fighting off sleep for a while.

I know; I did it for years. That's why I can no longer play ingenue roles and have immense bags under my eyes.

Knowing that whatever one does one can get it to a public oneself with the aid of fragrant vermin living off oneself isn't a negligible asset if one values one's own health and sanity as well as freedom.

Meanwhile with all the real caveats I mentioned the music world has used computers to distribute performed music in files, sheet music in PDFs to the point where the web sites and file owners are being used by record companies. One doesn't see any publishing campiness of prosecuting or using file sharing enterprises; there aren't any. In fact even when a book or even a magazine article is not in print the materials are locked up legally by estates and lawyers, not the authors, to the point where it isn't worth tracing a suit from these schizoid sharks trying to resurrect them for the Internet.

Thus the promise of computers for freedom in the Arts is an achievement of the music world, sadly not of literature. We all know about musical file sharing; it's been major news. I would suggest one also repair to the Leo Ornstein web site and see it for oneself how easily it is to download scores. They look exactly like pages in books of music. The moment one brings them to the piano and plays them one must be an instant and ardent believer in what is done in music, what could be done but is not even imagined in promoting freedom through computers for the visual arts and literature.