

me gently passing as a slow fever from my five senses through sympathetic wires to a phonetic recorder. O culmination of the meridian o fountainhead of tonalities sepulchral cadences dulcet incantations — at the second movement three bassoons exploded and three oboes expired foam frothing at their beards — at the third the casualties it grieves us to relate included one cymbalist a flutist four violins and a piccolo.

It was at a difficult adagio in Lydean measures that the conductor collapsed over the rail of his stand — among the first to reach him were the cellists who tearing open his white shirtfront revealed the breasts of a woman — at this point the two men entered stealthily by a fire-door of the sixth gallery — I observed them however and with admirable presence of mind stepped full force on the lever.