



Audiobook Script Round 1

Imagine, if you can, a small room, hexagonal in shape like the cell of a honeycomb. It is lighted neither by window nor by lamp, yet it is filled with a soft radiance. There are no apertures for ventilation, yet the air is fresh. There are no musical instruments, and yet, at the moment that my meditation opens, this room is throbbing with melodious sounds. An arm-chair is in the centre, by its side a reading-desk. That is all the furniture. And in the arm-chair there sits a swaddled lump of flesh-of-a human being, about five feet high, with a face as white as fungus. It is to them that the little room belongs.

An electric bell rang.

The switch was touched and the music went silent.

'I suppose I must see who it is,' they thought, and set their chair in motion. The chair, like the music, was worked by machinery, and it rolled them to the other side of the room, where the bell still rang importantly.

'Who is it?' they called. Their voice was irritable, for they had been interrupted often since the music began. They knew several thousand people; in certain directions human intercourse had advanced enormously.

But when they listened into the receiver, their white face wrinkled into smiles, and they said:

'Very well. Let us talk, I will isolate myself. I do not expect anything important will happen for the next five minutes-for I can give you fully five minutes, Kuno. Then I must deliver my lecture on "Music during the Australian Period".'