

Amice,

From my Studio in one of the last Farmer's Houses  
on Utrecht's outskirts, narrowly escaping our latest  
Architectural outgrowths, ) tender "Soft Song" for  
oboe and Soundtracks.

To me a melody wandering about the civilities of  
irreality Anno 1974.

Transformation catches my ear, there is Softishness  
in the air.

) could scream Federico, and ) care.

Our Sect "New Music" is going through a great  
deal too. It's past midnight for the dodecaphonians,  
the serialists are biting their nails, John from  
the states goes with the wind, but let me pad  
your ears with the oboe-Hen, with crickets and  
water as real as "Die Forellen" von der Franz

Vechtdijk 145 -  
Utrecht Autumn '74