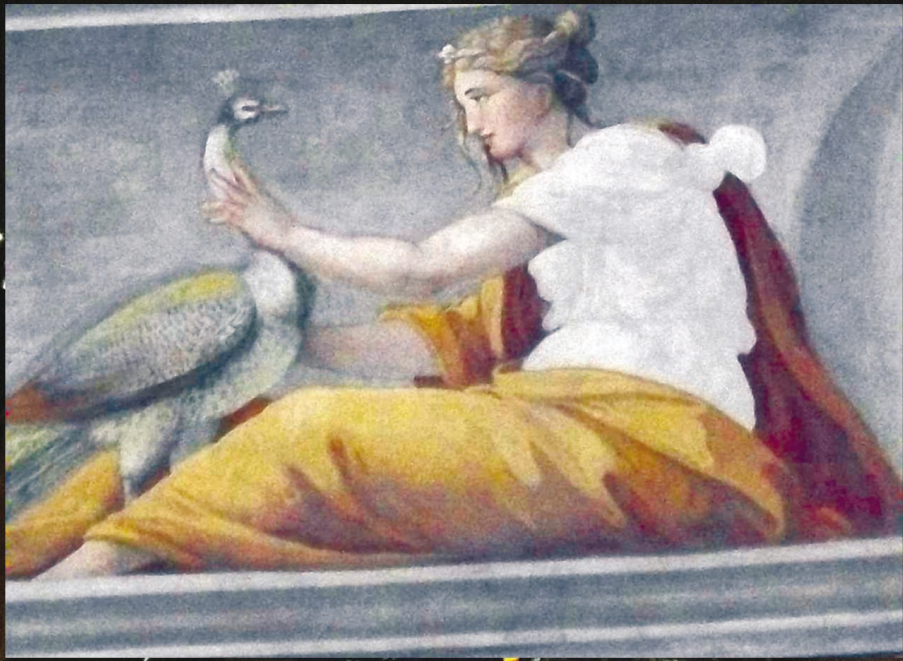


JOHN P.A. IOANNIDIS

Variations on the art of the fugue  
and a desperate ricercar

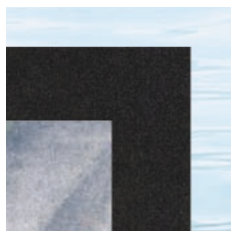


KEDROS



**JOHN P.A. IOANNIDIS**

**VARIATIONS ON THE ART OF THE FUGUE  
AND A DESPERATE RICERCAR**



**KEDROS**

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## Variation 14

### *Mythical city with an embedded biography of Caravaggio*

Although this city is an entirely mythical construct, we managed to walk across its full length within a single evening, trying to unravel an elaborate case of sabotage, assassination or poisoning after so many years, when there is no longer anyone, neither the victims themselves nor any of their relatives, to rejoice that justice is served at last, the only ones who have survived and have perpetuated their species are the victimizers and their award-winning work, some unnecessary depositions of chitin and other dystopian calcifications – I mean the city with the Norman walls of 1082 and the roasted chestnuts that are easy to peel this year next to the statue of Olympias who is equally an assassin and an assassinator, with the equally mythical winter moon, with empty streets, with that popular restaurant where the cable channel was playing again and again that same old movie on that popular guerilla fighter, the one who was notoriously betrayed, playing it for the eight hundredth time, with those difficult words when you extend a farewell to a friend, we'll see, we may suspend operations, no one really knows, we'll sort things out until April, when are you leaving, when are you returning, I see, so you won't ever return then, will you? With some relief, they are all rubbing their hands with glee, they can't wait to hear the latest news, some avviso fetched from Porto Ercole or from the Palo of Civitavecchia confirming that the dirty mission has been duly accomplished.

The abutment that would deter the landslide from crushing our house is gone, what remains now is just a broken wall, wild cynodon grass grows here and there, soil and stones are scattered across the backyard, these are the same stones as the ones you can find in the razed sanctuary of Dodonean Dione, we are being eroded for over twenty centuries now by that same moisture of the unconditionally surrendered city of Tekmon, as for your life, oh well, your life has become much smaller than the statistical error, the floor is slippery upstairs when you try to rewarm the heating bodies, the house has remained firmly closed for many months, open shelves reveal their entire operated and eviscerated interior, books of classical literature bought for one Euro from outdoor benches in Sorbonne and Saint Germain des Prés, a small greeting card with a baby girl and three ladybugs, watch out your photo, it is balancing dangerously on the edge of the caldera cliffs in Oia along with business cards carrying all my 18.5 academic titles, the fallen electrical switch cannot fall again, the movie theaters that closed eight years ago cannot close again, in the background one can hear the demonstration of the unemployed immigrants, one may also hear those overtures of Domenico Cimarosa. Likewise, during that wintry night at the Arsenale all our photos came out too dark like paintings of the apparently murdered Amerighi, perhaps he poisoned himself while devouring debonair the plentiful lead of his own paintings, he had cut his own disfigured head and

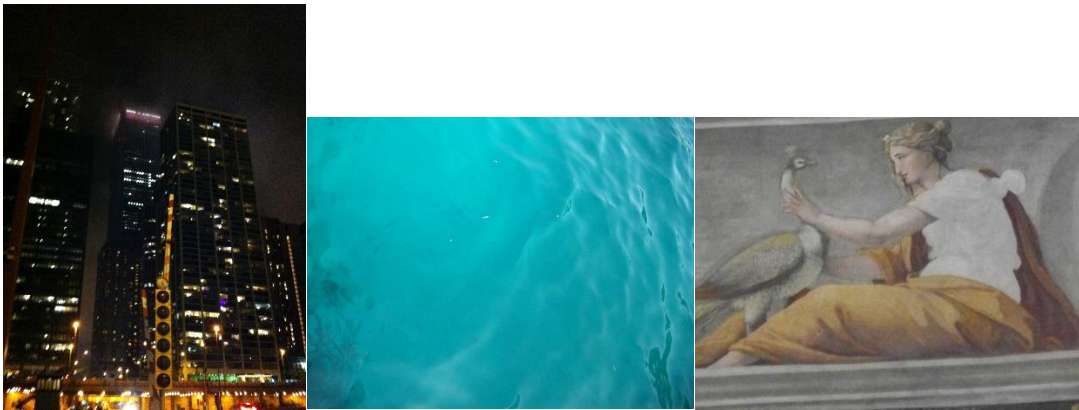
had trusted it to Salome to save it for better times in her platter while he continued to paint to glorify with gratitude his potential murderers (those who passed the external evaluation exercises and had their names preserved in history simply because they made his work seem as their own achievement). There is even an 85.4% chance that we have found him (or his degrading skeleton at least), unless these thugs threw him overboard –then we won't ever find any trace of him. Why am I telling you all this? Well, there is a little dry bread with sesame seeds left and you don't want to throw it away, you keep arguing that the sparrows need it in wintertime, but you are trying to say something else, you won't accept it, I won't accept it, we are not willing to take it for granted, but it happens, it happened, it has already passed – don't worry, it will pass.

### Variation 53

In memory of Christina Spyraiki

The island of Sikinos persists with the iridescence of Alameda  
plus the adversarial parentheses  
the qualitative zoom-in  
the cross-eyed Easter  
offering houses with skylights to former losers (*vae victis*)  
and courtyards of Perama with those transparent sunken triremes in Kynosoura  
the view from the unknown location of the ancient theater in Aexoni is evidently as stunning  
as any misunderstanding and as any sour guideline in the all-white yard of Prospero  
winter-in-May is coming upon us on the mountains of Kassiopi  
walking paths were licked by the welcoming fire  
like the naked deforested mountains of classical Attica  
and the Ilissos river stinking of tanneries in the golden era of Plato  
the last little bears return to the deserted Brauron – Christina, just wait a single moment  
among the almond and pistachio trees in the abandoned Mesogeia  
and in that rapacious Manhattan skyscraper  
the one that rises above the invisible foundations of the Cretan summer  
it will mature, please wait for me, within three years max  
there are still so many possibilities that remain unfulfilled  
the metal whole-body Glockenspiel of the young country singer in New Orleans  
sounds of untold desires made of zinc  
the proportion of variance explained in our death is trivial but enough  
any private information offers a huge advantage to the serious investor  
take the inexplicable lemon trees in Menlo Park for example – Christina, just wait a moment  
Lesvos has no reason to exist, yet it continues to drip insistently like some Chinese torture  
the incorrigible damaged aqueduct of adolescence  
leads to an ancient building with pits for oxidized copper mirrors  
where you never looked – Christina, just a moment  
a few neoplatonic erotogenous benthic bacteria are all that's left to us  
like a toast that had no sequel

## ANNOTATIONS



### Technical instructions

For those Variations that have annotations, a hyperlink has been entered in the variation heading. If a Variation has an annotation, by **clicking on the Variation heading** (e.g. Variation 164), you will be transferred to its respective Annotation. Then, to get back from that Annotation section to the previous main text section, click **Alt** and < (< is the **back arrow** in your keyboard).

### Caveat lector

The Annotations are not mere explanations. While they may often help the reader to get oriented in issues of background knowledge and references, they can also lead astray from the primary text if taken too strictly. Therefore, use them cautiously – they are a book within a book, sort of a new trap to fall into for readers who enjoy falling into traps and then escaping, fleeing, enjoying the fugue. Moreover, annotations are provided for most of the Variations but they are not exhaustive. For many Variations, no annotations are given at all. The reader is invited to do his/her homework in these cases, or, perhaps even better, work with the text without any annotations and just take it at face value.



See also Variation 100 for the arrival of Agamemnon back to his palace in Mycenae along with his new captive and lover, the oracle Cassandra whom she has carried as his prisoner from Troy. Cassandra foretells the impending doom, but she has been cursed to be met with disbelief by her listeners. She knows very well what will happen, but no one understands her or pays any attention to her incomprehensible lament.

*the deserted Lara beach after the end of the season in Akamas:*

Lara is a beach in the area of Akamas, one of the last unspoiled natural reserves in Cyprus.

*sea daffodil...in Cyprus, in Poseidonia and in Kythnos:*

*Pancratium maritimum*, the sea daffodil, is highly prevalent in various areas of the Mediterranean.

## **Variation 14**

*the city with the Norman walls of 1082 and the roasted chestnuts that are easy to peel this year next to the statue of Olympias who is equally an assassin and an assassinator:*

The Norman walls in the medieval castle of the city of Ioannina were erected after the Norman ruler Bohemond of Taranto captured the city in 1082. The lineage of Olympias, the Macedonian queen who was the mother of Alexander the Great, came from the royal house of the Molossi, in the area of Epirus where currently Ioannina lies. Olympias had a reckless political career, struggling to maintain and grow her power in tumultuous times, assassinating many of her enemies, and eventually assassinated by her enemies. A statue of Olympias (with her son Alexander the Great) was placed in 2005 in one of the squares of downtown Ioannina.

*they can't wait to hear the latest news, some avviso fetched from Porto Ercole or from the Palo of Civitavecchia confirming that the dirty mission has been duly accomplished:*

Variation 14 is heavily infiltrated by the life and mostly the death of Amerighi da Caravaggio, arguably the most famous painter in the transition from the Renaissance to early Baroque. The circumstances of his death still remain a mystery. Two notes (avvisi) were dispatched in July 28 and July 31, 1610 suggesting that he had died (on July 18, 1610?) in Porto Ercole in Tuscany. According to the dominant story, an infuriated, sick, and mentally broken Caravaggio had walked 80 kilometers on foot after being released from imprisonment in Palo (due to false identification?), a tiny port near Civitavecchia in Rome. However, not even the place of death is certain and the cause of death remains a topic of fierce debate. Could he have been killed or could it be that he was thrown by his enemies overboard from a boat? Officially, it was said that he died of fever (exhausted after marching that long distance from Palo to Porto Ercole. Perhaps he died indeed of sunstroke after being weakened by syphilis or some other infections - but it is also possible that he was murdered.

Caravaggio had created so many enemies over the years that it not even possible to say who hated him the most and who would be the most likely to orchestrate his final demise. Since he fled from Rome in 1606 after a brawl where, in his wrath, he castrated and killed an opponent, he must have felt the presence of death and murder breathing on his neck for the last 4 years of his life.

*these are the same stones as the ones you can find in the razed sanctuary of Dodonean Dione, we are being eroded for over twenty centuries now by that same moisture of the unconditionally surrendered city of Tekmon:*

The temple of Dione is one of the temples in the sanctuary of Dodona, arguably the most impressive ancient sanctuary in Northwestern Greece, site of the most venerated oracle in the early Greek world (before losing its first rank placement from the ascendancy of Delphi that eventually became far more famous). The site was razed in 167 BC by the Romans led by Aemilius Paulus who destroyed 70 major Greek cities in the area and sold their population into slavery, in retaliation for the invasion of Italy by Pyrrhus in the previous century. Tekmon was an ancient city in the vicinity, its exact location however is disputed. Many cities were devastated, to the point that even their mere location is entirely unknown. I have often ruminated on the theme that the prefecture of Epirus (Ioannina is its current capital city) is a map of thoroughly erased cities that left behind no trace whatsoever. The genocide and the extermination were quite perfect.

*in the background one can hear the demonstration of the unemployed immigrants, one may also hear those overtures of Domenico Cimarosa:*

An extreme contrast in terms of the sound, not necessarily of the history though. Domenico Cimarosa was the most well-known opera composer of the second half of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, with an acclaimed international career. He was arrested because of his liberal views and imprisoned along with other liberals by orders of the restored monarch in Naples. Barely escaping execution, he was eventually released from prison and sent into exile. He was already terminally ill with cancer and died shortly thereafter in exile.

*Arsenale:*

The arsenal of Venice.

*like paintings of the apparently murdered Amerighi, perhaps he poisoned himself while devouring debonair the plentiful lead of his own paintings, he had cut his own disfigured head and had trusted it to Salome to save it for better times in her platter while he continued to paint to glorify with gratitude his potential murderers:*

During an ambush where his enemies tried to assassinate him in 1609, Caravaggio managed to escape, but he suffered a wound that seriously disfigured his face. After this event, he painted a *Salome with the Head of John the Baptist* (currently in Madrid). In this painting, Caravaggio depicted his own severed head placed on the platter of Salome. Caravaggio then sent this painting as a plea for forgiveness to de Wignacourt, the grand master of the Knights of Saint John in Malta, one of his sponsors and candidate enemies who apparently might have wished to murder him in retaliation. Caravaggio had had a tumultuous stay in Malta, initially well received and offered many commissions, but then ostracized as a “foul and rotten” person. He also painted his own severed head in *David and Goliath* in 1610, another painting that was aimed to be a redemption. He planned to offer it to his patrons and enemies in Rome and apparently he carried that painting with him on the boat trip from Naples to Palo just before he died. Throughout his short life (he died before turning 40) he painted prolifically for powerful patrons who were his sponsors but also his persecutors and potential assassins.

*There is even an 85.4% chance that we have found him (or his degrading skeleton at least):*

I came across this perplexing news item one day in 2010: “Scientists in Italy are 85% certain that they have found Caravaggio’s bones in the crypt of a church near Porto Ercole [Tuscany] where the artist died in mysterious circumstances in 1610. Researchers from four Italian universities analyzed 200 sets of bones from the ossuary and used carbon dating to identify those which would have belonged to men in their thirties. [There is some doubt over Caravaggio’s birth date but it is generally thought to have been 1571.] The scientists then ran DNA tests on the selected bones – comprising a skull fragment, a femur and 2 fragments of jaw - and only one set matched Caravaggio’s “profile” with regard to age, gender, period and height. The bones also contained high levels of lead and other metals used in the paints of Caravaggio’s time. Most importantly, the DNA is compatible with that of the artist’s presumed relatives in the town of Caravaggio [Lombardy].” (<https://www.italymagazine.com/featured-story/caravaggios-bones-found>). The scientific paper describing these findings appeared much later as a letter in the *Lancet Infectious Diseases*: [https://www.thelancet.com/journals/laninf/article/PIIS1473-3099\(18\)30571-1/fulltext](https://www.thelancet.com/journals/laninf/article/PIIS1473-3099(18)30571-1/fulltext), and the final cause of death was attributed to *Staphylococcus aureus* sepsis from leg osteomyelitis. However, much of the story seemed a conjecture, and a thorough rebuttal of the evidence behind this rather speculative (if not entirely far-fetched) interpretation was also published ([https://www.thelancet.com/journals/laninf/article/PIIS1473-3099\(18\)30719-9/fulltext](https://www.thelancet.com/journals/laninf/article/PIIS1473-3099(18)30719-9/fulltext) – yet for completeness, it is useful to see also the original author’s response to the fierce criticism: [https://www.thelancet.com/journals/laninf/article/PIIS1473-3099\(18\)30726-6/fulltext](https://www.thelancet.com/journals/laninf/article/PIIS1473-3099(18)30726-6/fulltext)). The case is not closed.

### **Variation 15**

*the road leading to Koronisia, a very thin thread of rocks crossing the immobile evening dream of the lagoon:*

Koronisia is situated in the Amvrakikos (Ambracian) lagoon and it is (almost) an island connected with a very thin thread of land to the mainland. It has an old settlement with a tiny harbor and a 7<sup>th</sup> century Byzantine church dedicated to the Virgin.

### **Variation 18**

*Hewlett...Axe...Cantor:*

All of these names refer to locations on the Stanford campus.

The William R. Hewlett Teaching Center is where I used to teach for many years my meta-research course, initially joining forces with the late Ingram Olkin. Ingram was a giant, widely recognized as the father of meta-analysis. The last time I taught this course with him was in March 2016. He died on April 28 of the same year at the age of 92.

The Axe here refers to the Axe & Palm, a dining facility and gathering place at 520 Lasuen Mall; it is named after the Axe (the trophy of the annual Big Game between Stanford and Berkeley

component of the Orthodox funeral service. The Epitaphios is a burial procession that may hold similarities to ancient rites, such as the rites for the dead Adonis (see also Variation 2).

*the Chora of the island of Kythira:*

One of the Ionian islands.

*the immortal body of Calypso:*

The goddess Calypso managed to keep Odysseus in her remote island (Ogygia, see also Variation 136) for a long time before he found the courage to leave her. She was just perfect and she could offer everything to him, but that was the problem – he just wanted to remain mortal and get back home.

*the glory of Dulichium, and of Cephalonia and of the Paliki peninsula that somehow lost its name:*

A reference to the islands from which the suitors of Penelope stemmed. The names of some of these islands have changed since the times of Homer. For example, the Homeric Ithaca has been identified with either modern-day Ithaca itself or many other Ionian islands and even with the peninsula of Paliki in Cephalonia – which might even have been a separate island in earlier times in this highly seismogenic area.

*Spetses:*

An island across the coast of Argolid.

*my name would have been Nobody:*

Odysseus called himself Nobody in his encounter with cyclops Polyphemus, see Variation 102 on this.

*Korgialeneios:*

Reference to a famous school and institution in the island of Spetses.

*Ermioni:*

A location in the coast of Argolid, not far from Spetses.

*Myrtoan:*

The Myrtoan Sea.

## **Variation 53**

*Christina Spyraiki:*

Professor of Pharmacology at the University of Athens and at the University of Crete, she also served as Rector of the University of Crete. Christina was the first woman to be elected Rector at a Greek university. She was my mentor when I was a medical student in Athens. She served as vice-minister of health and she passed away at the age of 59 in 2006. Here is an excerpt from my book *Λόγω κρυμμένα λογοκριμένα (Censored sensors)*:

“Greetings from SFO. I am just bitterly joking, of course, but you know well that there are prestigious professors who still get funding by the smoking and vaping industries. And you know that nobody does anything about it, in fact everyone is proud of this debacle. Many years ago, I was a member in a national committee for the approval of clinical trials. We received for approval a trial where a tobacco company would fund research by professors of cardiology! It even included a letter from the CEO of the company praising the professors of cardiology for being so open minded and seeking the truth! ΔΗΘΗ, ΑΔΗΘΕΙΑ, do you remember what we were talking about a couple of months ago? We refused to approve it. Guess what. Very soon our committee was dissolved.

Have I ever told you the story of how one day I found myself nominated to be a national expert for the Council of the EU Ministers of Health? It was at the time where the EU would have to decide on toughening the advertising regulations for tobacco. Greece had joined Germany and other countries that wanted to avoid making regulations more tough for the industry. In the meeting of the national delegation preceding the vote, I told the vice-minister and her team that taking this stance would be entirely irresponsible, they would be killing people. One of the top EU officials attacked me and I completely destroyed him with data and arguments. The vice-minister luckily was a scientist and a physician. She knew very well what the truth was. She also knew that the tobacco industry was running the country unfortunately. I was almost coming to blows with that EU official, when she interrupted the meeting. She said “I have a bad headache, let us please have a break.” She took me aside and told me that I am absolutely right, but the guy who I attacked has the equivalent rank of a minister and I should be more careful, these people have tremendous power. I told her I don’t care, I don’t give a damn. I don’t know if the high-ranking official had been bribed by the tobacco industry or he was just doing whatever he was doing because of stupendous ignorance.

At the Council meeting the following day, the German representative made a speech stating that “health is important, but trade and finances are more important.” Following my recommendation, Greece changed her position and did not side with Germany. This single vote was decisive, it made the difference for accepting the new, tougher regulations. So, when you see these pictures of cancer and horribly sick people on cigarette packets, I am partly to blame for them.

As for the vice-minister who listened to me and voted against the tobacco companies, a delegation of the tobacco companies visited her office a few days after she had returned to Athens. They bluntly told her that her political career was over. Pretty soon, several newspapers and other media went into a frenzy accusing her about a child who had died because of leukemia. The vice-minister was claimed to be responsible for the death of an innocent child. Everybody was accusing that monster assassin. Being female and in power was unimaginable back then (it still is today in many ways). All the corrupted men, even in her own political party, tore her apart. The whole story made absolutely no sense, the accusation was ridiculous, she had nothing to do with it. Very soon, nevertheless, she was forced to resign.

The resigned vice-minister died from cancer a few years later. She was one of the very few people who went into politics and really cared. Also one of the very few who went into politics after having a full, successful career as a scientist of international caliber. I was away at that time and could not attend the funeral, but I noted the place. It is in one of the few spots in Attica that still maintain their primitive, unadulterated charm. Whenever I pass by that area, I remember her.”

With Christina Spyraiki resigned from the ministry, I was also soon sacked from the position of Vice President of the Hellenic Center for Disease Control (the predecessor of the

Hellenic Public Health Organization, the equivalent of the US Centers for Disease Control). The tobacco industry and its allies apparently have had the means to influence even who will lead national public health organizations! Given its financial power, it possibly influences to some extent even on who will lead the whole country. In Greece, every Prime Minister, regardless of political party affiliation (right or left), pays his dues to the tobacco industry, visits their headquarters and congratulates their leadership for their great work in killing massively the citizens of his country (and more than just the citizens of his own country, since some of the produced tobacco products are exported). The latest Prime Minister was a bit different in that he paid his dues even *before* he got elected; he rushed to visit Philip Morris and extol their work during his election campaign. The President of the Republic (the ceremonial head of state in Greece) and the Minister of Health have also thanked the tobacco industry for their “social responsibility” in solemn ceremonies that celebrate public health and the role of the tobacco industry in promoting health and saving lives. Absurdity has no visible end. During the COVID-19 pandemic, Philip Morris even offered some ventilators to the Greek national health system to further prove their “social responsibility”. Once again the political leadership thanked them deeply for their virtue and kindness.

The top media and social media in the country have also paid their dues and have published paid advertisement stories in their pages extolling the tobacco industry and its heroic leaders, including hagiographies of the CEO of Philip Morris. I wrote many times trying to reveal what was going on and how deceptive all this PR agenda was. As a result, not only I did not succeed to turn the tide of deceit, but I was eventually ostracized and self-ostracized from these media. Instructions were given from the top political echelons that I should never be allowed to appear again, even if I wished to. Some journalists who were not aware of this ban invited me to interviews, and then came back to me to say that they apologize, but they had not checked with their editor first. In one funny example, an anchor from the national television called to ask me to give an interview. He was literally begging me. I asked him what date would work and he said any date would work, offering a large number of options, all days were free “for the greatest Greek scientist”. I gave him my preference and waited for a confirmation. Then he called back a few hours later to tell me that he checked again and he had not realized that all these dates and all these times had been already taken. “Maybe some time next year” was his final wishful statement – which did not materialize.

Eventually, it is very likely that the reputational attack against me during the COVID-19 pandemic in Greece (and possibly also internationally) was at least in part orchestrated by Big Tobacco and their powerful media and social media allies who were waiting to get their revenge. Some of the other people who attacked me did not realize that after all they were serving unwillingly a corrupt agenda where Big Tobacco featured prominently. See also the following articles/commentaries for more details:

1: Ioannidis JPA. Greece: Crisis, smoking and tobacco conflicts in social media. *Eur J Clin Invest.* 2017 Dec;47(12). doi: 10.1111/eci.12841. Epub 2017 Oct 26. PMID: 28981138.

<https://onlinelibrary.wiley.com/doi/10.1111/eci.12841>

2: Ioannidis JPA. Lethal news: The dexterous infiltration of news media by the tobacco industry agenda. *Eur J Clin Invest.* 2019 Jul;49(7):e13125. doi: 10.1111/eci.13125. Epub 2019 May 18. PMID: 31058313.

<https://onlinelibrary.wiley.com/doi/10.1111/eci.13125>

3: Ioannidis JPA, Jha P. Does the COVID-19 pandemic provide an opportunity to

eliminate the tobacco industry? *Lancet Glob Health*. 2021 Jan;9(1):e12-e13. doi: 10.1016/S2214-109X(20)30466-6. Epub 2020 Oct 26. PMID: 33120026. <https://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S2214109X20304666?via%3Dihub>

*The island of Sikinos:*

A small island in the Aegean, see also Variations 8, 81, and 153.

*Alameda:*

A county of California.

*vae victis:*

In Latin, “woe to those who have been vanquished” – derived from the famous extortion of Brennus, the chieftain of the Gauls who had defeated Rome, urging the Romans to give him more gold. When the Romans complained that the scales used to weigh the gold were manipulated, he threw also his sword onto the scales and exclaimed that famous phrase. His sword was the strongest argument.

*Perama:*

A poor neighborhood in Athens, across from the island of Salamis. A ferry connects Perama and Salamis.

*those transparent sunken triremes in Kynosoura:*

A promontory in Salamis. Salamis is where the naval battle between Persians and Greeks took place in 480 BC. Many ancient triremes are sunk in the waters.

*Aexoni:*

A location in the south of Athens, one of its ancient municipalities.

*the all-white yard of Prospero:*

Reference to *The Tempest* of William Shakespeare. Lawrence Durrell lived in Corfu and called it *Prospero’s Cell*.

*the mountains of Kassiope:*

Kassiope is in the north of Corfu.

*the naked deforested mountains of classical Attica:*

Deforestation may have been prominent even in ancient times for the mountains surrounding Athens. It is a major issue nowadays, following a series of devastating fires.

*and the Ilissos river stinking of tanneries in the golden era of Plato:*

Ilissos was one of the rivers traversing ancient Athens. Its course can be traced in modern Athens, although it has been largely covered by roads and buildings. This evolution is the equivalent of filling up the Seine in Paris. Sounds unimaginable, doesn’t it? Nevertheless, contrary to the idyllic conception of ancient Athens, where Socrates would walk with his friends discussing along the banks of Ilissos, it is likely that the river in antiquity was already environmentally degraded and it was stinking due to the presence of multiple tanneries in the area. Well, the Seine nowadays is not

a paradise either. It is so polluted that swimming is not allowed (and would be medically risky to do anyhow), but efforts are underway to revert this pollution. Conversely, Ilissos can no longer come back to life, I am afraid.

*the last little bears return to the deserted Brauron:*

Brauron is an ancient sanctuary of Artemis, the virgin goddess of hunt, in the west coast of Attica. This is where Iphigenia came back to Athens from Tauris. Adolescent girls were consecrated to Artemis before their marriage and spent time in the sanctuary dancing, engaging in games of running, and wearing elaborate robes – they were called ἄρκτοι, she-bears.

*among the almond and pistachio trees in the abandoned Mesogeia:*

Mesogeia, literally “middle earth” are a part of Attica with vineyards, almond, and pistachio trees, several parts still remaining unspoiled but continuously being encroached by urban development.

*the metal whole-body Glockenspiel of the young country singer in New Orleans:*

A Glockenspiel, a percussed instrument, is worn here as a full-body tunic.

*Menlo Park:*

In California – where my home currently is.

*Lesvos:*

An island in the Northern Aegean.

## **Variation 54**

*American Inn of Bethesda:*

Bethesda in Maryland, where the headquarters of the National Institutes of Health are.

*castellated precipice in the Theodosian walls of the City of Constantine:*

The Theodosian walls were erected in the first part of the 5<sup>th</sup> century AD in Constantinople by Emperor Theodosius and they were effective in guarding the city for over 1000 years (with the exception of the Crusaders in 1204). The walls cracked under the attacks of cannon gunpower in 1453. They consist of a double fortification system and even though they have long been dismantled, large segments of them still remain intact.

*Mormon church ... Stanford Avenue:*

There is indeed a Mormon church in Stanford Avenue. The avenue forms one of the boundaries of the Stanford University campus.

*the island of Serifos:*

An island in the Aegean. See also Kentarchos and Ganema in Variations 62 and 65A, respectively.



## VARIATIONS ON THE ART OF THE FUGUE AND A DESPERATE RICERCAR

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The cover and the frontispiece are compositions based on photos from North Water Street in Chicago, the Villa Farnesina in Rome, and the island of Antipaxi from the archives of the author.