

WHY???

One might ask – why write down a lot of detail about your life (most of which is really of interest only to yourself !) when you know that within a short period of time you'll be gone and hardly anyone will ever read it? There are two answers to that! Firstly, the process of doing it causes you to relive the days of your past life in a detail that can only be attained by recalling things in enough detail to actually put them down on paper. Secondly, I fear that I might actually live on for another few years and, during that time, begin to forget all the things I did in my youth. It gives me a great deal of comfort that some day I might actually enjoy reading what I'm writing now and experience it all anew – by then probably having forgotten all of it in the way characteristic of old folk ...

In the course of recalling my days in Paris and Munich, I came across the name of the German conductor Karl Richter whom I heard in concert on a number of occasions, both in Munich and in Paris. He was a conductor, choirmaster, organist, and harpsichordist, and rather good at all of them. Despite his impressive resumé, however, he died, very prematurely at the age of 54! Where's the justice in that? The answer is that you have very little to say about such matters – caution in your living habits, perhaps, but the rest is very much a crapshoot! If you do happen to live to a fairly decent age, it doesn't hurt to put enough on paper so you can go back and remind yourself what it was all about after your memory has begun to fade ...