





Music for Felines:

Uncountably Infinite Compositions for Cats

by Nicholas Skinsacos



Abstract: The two essential features of a musical note are the following: frequency and duration. Particularly, cats are able to detect some frequencies that cannot be heard by other creatures. Please expose your feline friends to these wonderful compositions (from the heart).

Sets: \mathbb{Z}_{3557} is the ring of integers modulo 3557.

\mathbb{R}^+ is the field of positive real numbers (predetermined fractional duration).

Define $F = \{x \in \mathbb{Z} \mid 25781 \leq x < 29338\}$ (Hz).

Functions: Define the following:

$\alpha: \mathbb{R}^+ \rightarrow \mathbb{R}^+$ is $\alpha(x) = x - \lfloor x \rfloor$

$\theta: \mathbb{Z}_{3557} \rightarrow F$ is $\theta(x) = x + 25781$

$\phi: \mathbb{Z}_{3557} \rightarrow F$ is $\phi(x) = \theta(x^x \bmod 3557)$

$\Delta: \mathbb{R}^+ \rightarrow \mathbb{R}^+$ is $\Delta(x) = \alpha(\int_0^1 x e^{5-x} dx)$

$\tau: \mathbb{Z}_{3557} \rightarrow \mathbb{Z}_{3557}$ is $\tau(x) = 39x^7 - 13x^4 + 2x \bmod 3557$

$\Omega: \mathbb{R}^+ \rightarrow \mathbb{R}^+$ is $\Omega(x) = 77(1 - \alpha(x))$.

Algorithm

1. Choose $b \in \mathbb{Z}_{3557}$.

2. Choose $y \in \mathbb{R}^+ / \{0\}$.

3. Repeat forever:

I. Play the note $(\phi(b), \Delta(y))$.

II. Let $b = \tau(b)$.

III. Let $y = \Omega(y)$.

Holding parched, white paper beneath the fluorescent lights of an idle laboratory, I contemplate succession.

Clements said succession of the land proceeds in a deterministic fashion, with all species colonizing and interacting as a superorganism to achieve a climax community. To which Gleason countered, it's a wild frontier, not fit for all species' tolerances! There is no true climax, he said – communities fluctuate based on dispersal, environment, and the winds of chance. On a separate, but slightly related topic, Elton commented that organisms occupy specific niches in relation to one another and our food, and then rode away on his motorcycle.

Casting my gaze to the concrete jungle outside, I imagine the future city shaped by these opposing frames of fate and coincidence, and examine it according to the "rules of nature" hypothesized by some white guys in suits. Will this urban "re-birth" prove that the best competitors win, or might we attain stable coexistence? Is it possible, through niches and mutualisms, to maximize productivity and diversity?

Let's remember that this land has been disturbed and renewed many, many times. Formed by volcanoes, it was grinded up and weighted down by glaciers, deposited again by their retreat, re-seeded by plants from the South. It was slashed and burned by the Native People, who cultivated and hunted in equilibrium with the ecosystem. Then plowed over and colonized by the West, and covered with new pathogens, fences, prisons and factories. Recently, there was a Great Migration, and more immigration. There was dispersal and White Flight. The people were divided into predator and prey.

Though the great fire of '67 blazed hot, the bare, fertile ground it created for people of color left behind was only re-invaded and depleted by the persistent roots of the white man. So these old lots became vacant, contaminated and nutrient poor.

But grass and chicory still grew on top of the clay and fill, and worms still tilled through bricks and garbage. And the strongest of the human neighbors survived, enriching the land with gardens, block clubs, murals, and entrepreneurs.

And some artists came, building on the momentum of the neighborhood stalwarts, those pioneers. More newcomers came, from near and far - some just to forage and flee, some to engage and set roots.

And then the banks came, to foreclose on the poor and hoard property and demolish asbestos and lead-ridden structures. And then the wealthy came, to buy up the land and raise the rent and push out the pioneers.

In a dusty laboratory of ancient herbarium sheets, I ponder the complexity of this cultural experiment. Is systematic fate returning the city to the "glory" of its white past? If so, will the subsequent fragmentation of a lush and diverse community cause its demise? Alternatively, might we place more value on restoring an interconnected, heterogeneous network of all colors, ethnicities, genders, abilities and income?

Symbiosis exists, whether intentionally or not. I can't speak for plants, but as a human, I suggest we re-consider our future interactions through an altruistic lens.

- Julia Sosin

Finding Your Type

A worn out backpack catches my eye on the bus this morning. The woman has it on her lap. She's wearing a black small-brim hat and suede booties with fringes, macramé jewelry dangling from her ears and neck. I'm not sure how to categorize her. My best bet is that she's a European tourist going to spend the day in Tel Aviv – that would explain the athletic daypack, peaceful demeanor and eclectic style. I have been considering buying a backpack for months now, and this one really catches my eye. The zipper broke on the one I had, and I was dumb enough to throw it out, not knowing that zippers aren't that complicated to fix. This one seemed comfortable, and compact enough for someone like me – a young woman of 5 feet and a petite figure. I wouldn't have to feel like a turtle, collapsing under a bulky backpack, and that was one of the main criteria for success.

I try to make out the letters on the logo to avoid asking this woman what the brand is, but the bag is so worn out that it's impossible to read.

I'm not going to disturb her about a backpack... I probably won't buy it anyway, I determine.

The bus driver yells at the passenger behind him to stop talking on his cellphone, but the passenger ignores him. Other people start calling him out, and drama ensues. The drama catches my backpack woman's attention, and she turns in my general direction to get a glimpse of what's going on. Her eyes are soft, a pale blue. I choose this moment to minimize my precious attention-getting efforts. "Excuse me," I say, gently. She looks straight at me. Success. "I don't want to bother you but... that bag... I really like it. Where did you get it?" I don't know if she's Israeli or not, but I speak to her in Hebrew.

"Oh, yeah! It's a great bag! As you can see, it's well used, it breathes, it has back support... I've had this bag for nine years!" I'm sold.

"What brand is it?" I ask.

"Deuter. I think it's a German company." I thank her and turn back to face the window. I put my headphones on and listen to French afro-pop, staring out at the changing scenery.

After a few minutes, the bus stops at Hemed interchange . A few more passengers get on, and backpack woman slides across the isle to sit next to me.

"That woman is giving me a headache," she mumbles under her breath. I jump, somewhat alarmed by her getting so close to me. I look over to where she was sitting and see a woman seated casually, arms crossed over her chest, talking loudly on the phone. I smile and nod. *You came to the right place,* I think but don't say out loud, and continue staring out the window. She takes something out of her bag, and I catch a glimpse of what it is – her knitting. Looks like the beginning of a dark blue hat. I toy with the idea of striking a conversation, but choose spare the little socializing energy I have. Maybe if I just let it go, we can enjoy a shared silence for the remainder of the journey.

I continue listening to music, wheat fields, bright yellow bloom and small towns zooming by as we start getting closer to Tel Aviv.

She turns toward me, but I can't make out what she's saying over the music. I press pause and take the headphones down around my neck.

"What's that?" I ask.

"Are you enjoying that book?" she repeats. I was holding a book in my lap – and surprised that she was asking me about it. You'd have to have some personal connection to the poet – Emma Sham-ba Ayalon, to know about her book. It's currently just available online, through the publisher.

"Yeah! Her poems are amazing! Are you familiar?"

"I was looking through it the other day at my neighbor's before the book's launch event in Jerusalem. She performed there."

"I was there too, I thought her voice was incredible." I really did. She had an unusually low, soothing voice, and her duo's was high and sweet. The combination of their voices created a fantastic vocal infusion.

"You know, my boyfriend and I were up late last night, talking, in our living room, about how his soul contains everything my soul needs, and the other way around, even if it's not always easy. That's my problem with open relationships.... transformation is truly possible only when there's nowhere to run." She was referring to the content of the book, and Emma's view in general, concerning polyamory and open relationships.

I wonder if it was her or me who started this conversation. Maybe I kindled the spark and she lit the fire. As we pull into the station, backpack woman asks me what my name is.

"Noa, and yours?"

"Hemla" – her name means compassion in Hebrew. We part ways.

As I walk out toward the sea, I begin to wonder how my life could be enriched with more frequent heart to heart conversations with strangers. I recall a time when I lived in a village outside Jerusalem, and worked in the city. Every morning I would hitchhike from the village to work, and I always asked the drivers about their lives if they seemed up to it. There are concepts in Jewish and Chinese philosophy (certainly among others) describing man as a microcosm of the whole world. After these conversations, I'd get in to the office feeling as though I'd just sailed to another continent and back on my way to work. Nowadays, I hide all this wonder and curiosity toward others behind my defenses. Perhaps I'm just docking my ship until the next departure – only time will tell.



I HATE

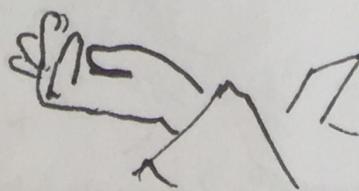
WHEN

MEN

TALK



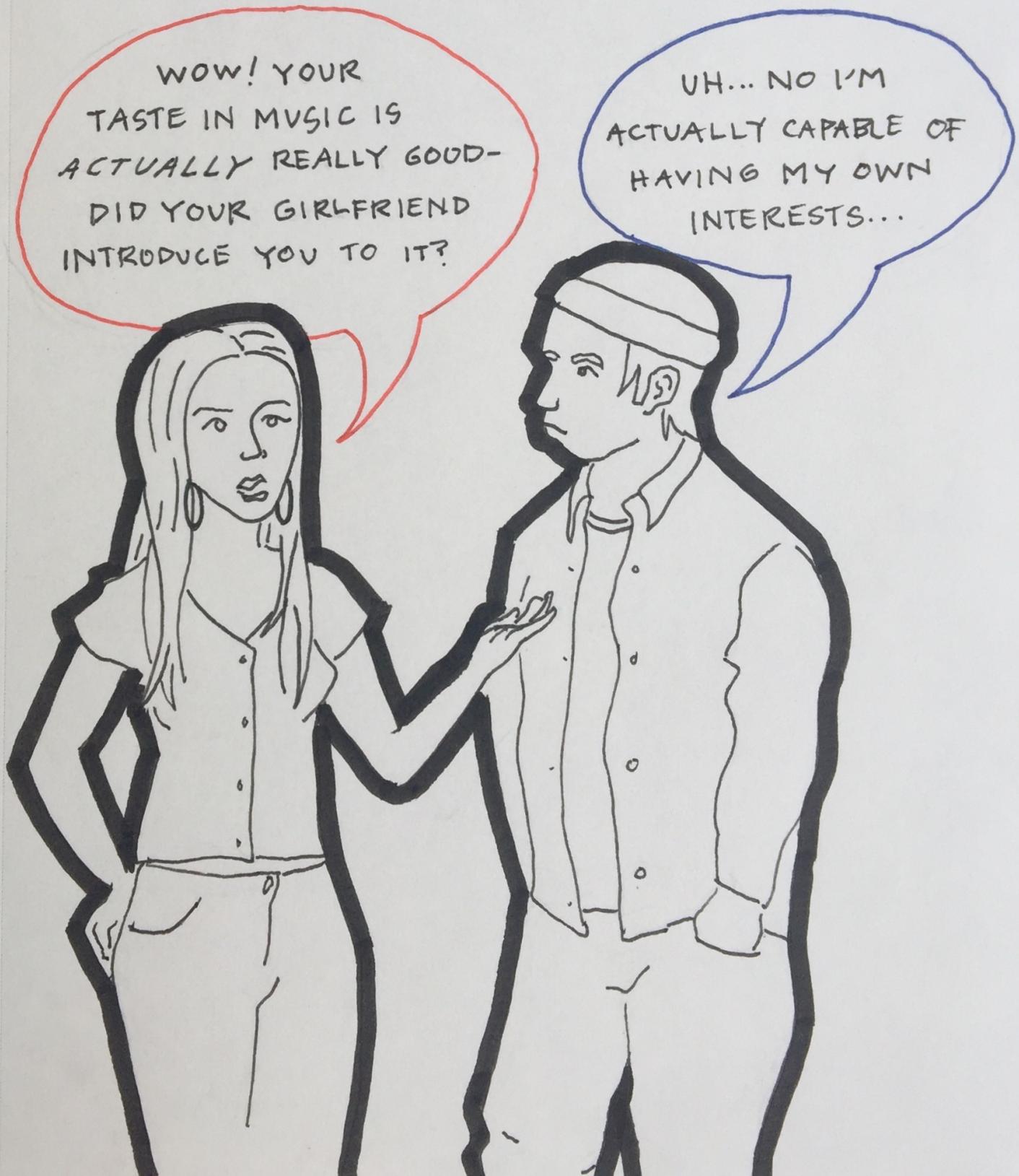
NO.
SHUT UP.



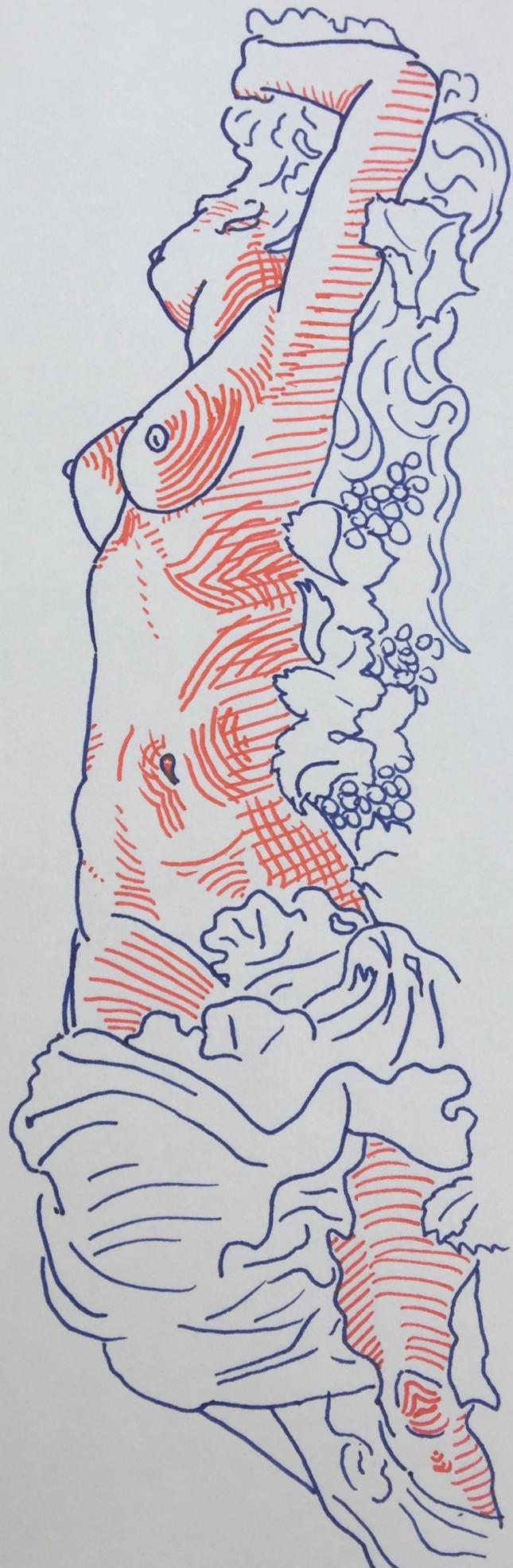
DON'T YOU
THINK THAT'S
ACTUALLY MORE
DIVISIVE?



AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE



BACCHANTE, CLÉSINGER
1848





*Quote by Joe B.

THE ICE CREAM PARLOR

"UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH," EXCLAIMED THE YOUNG WOMAN AT THE ICE CREAM PARLOR, "I'LL TRY THE CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM."

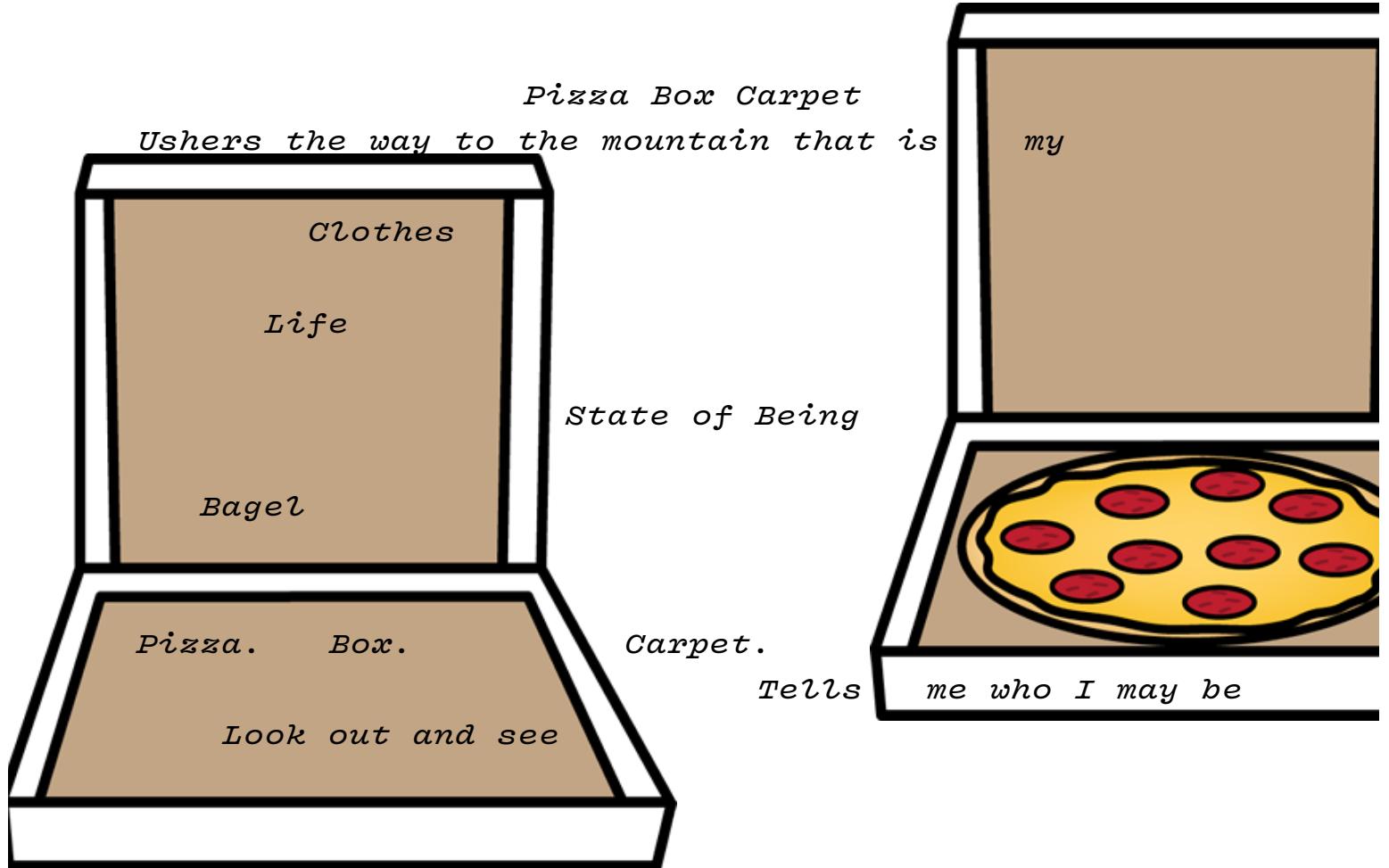
"HMM," PONDERED THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN AT THE ICE CREAM PARLOR, "I'M ON A DIET, BUT WHAT THE HECK, I'LL HAVE A LARGE SUPER BANANA BACON PEANUT BUTTER DOUBLE TRIPLE EXTREME WITH SPRINKLES."

"YOU KNOW WHAT?" ASKED THE WIDOWED GRANDMOTHER RHETORICALLY TO THE SCOOP-PERSON AT THE ICE CREAM PARLOR.

"WHAT THE HECK, I'LL HAVE A SMALL LEMON SORBET"

"DO YOU HAVE GELATO HERE?" NO, THEY DO NOT HAVE GELATO AT THE ICE CREAM PARLOR. GELATO IS NOT ICE CREAM. "JEEZ, THAT WAS RUDE." THE ELK STORMED OUT, ENRAGED.

AND THE ELK, IN ALL OF ITS FURY, WENT STRAIGHT FOR THE LIQUOR STORE. HITTIN' THE BOTTLE AGAIN, HUH, OLD EKLY? YOU COULD'VE JUST GOTTEN SOME DAMNED ICE CREAM, BUT NO, YOU HAD TO GIVE IN TO YOUR WORSE SELF JUST BECAUSE ICE CREAM AND GELATO ARE NOT THE SAME THING.



The Ways in Which

Are just

The Ways



HAVE A NICE DAY

“kCharles PooPay”

*Have a nice
day*