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*Combinatorial explosion*

Mill in the grip of a nervous breakdown fell into depression contemplating the finiteness of music: that there were only a limited number of possibilities for melody and harmony, that in principle they could be exhausted, that there could be no new thing under the sun. — Against this, the (Borgesian) observation that there are only 26 letters in the English alphabet, and they suffice for both the King James Bible and the (translated) works of the Marquis De Sade; more to the point, that simply playing the notes of a major chord in different order and rhythm suffices to produce the hooks of *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, *The Ride of the Valkyries*, and the theme from *Bonanza*. (As for the hook from *Satisfaction*, that is all of rock and roll.)