

<p>Adopting a chronological reception order criterion, some contributions were left out of the 100 names here hosted. It is possible to read them together with those who initially surpassed the requested length limit, at these addresses: www.johncage.it and www.diaforia.org.</p> <p>[dia'foria aperiodic magazine of arts and literature, n°8 - First print: 500 copies (English version), on 120 gr. silent paper and 400gr. cardboard.</p> <p>Crew: Fernando Anatei, Walter Catalano, Stefano Pucci, Daniele Poletti</p> <p>Thanks: Michele Porzio, Renato Marengo, Erik Alfred Tisocco (executive producer), Marybeth Tamborra and Jane Barbara Erkkila (language revision), Louise Read, Carlo Battisti and all the one hundred and more contributors for their works and their aid in seeking new participants.</p>	
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NOTHING	968
<p>Paul Vangelisti (poet)</p> <p>After more than half a lifetime of listening, reading and once interviewing John Cage (KPFK Radio, Los Angeles, 1981), what most remains with me are two things: first, the legacy he consciously bore of the historical avant-gardes, particularly Italian Futurism, in his insistence on simultaneity, that most noteworthy compositional virtue of these early 20th century innovators. For Cage, the inside and outside of consciousness are both one and endlessly dynamic; whether in restless quietude, or in the hurly burly of the most disquieting and violent of actions. Second, and perhaps most telling for me as a poet, is Cage's unerring desire for economy, i.e. keeping it simple in the tradition of his beloved Thoreau. The urge for clarity was never far from Cage's thinking on any subject, whether music, the visual arts, writing, or the gathering of mushrooms. As one of his New York contemporaries, pianist-composer Thelonious Monk reminded us, <i>"Simple ain't easy."</i></p>	
<p>Letizia Renzini (artist, performer)</p>	

<p>Sounds intersect, they slowly interpenetrate. A landscape welds with another, and the transformation takes place wherein the fulcrum is in the middle point of the fusion where both of them manifest toward the possibility of novelty. A horizon of sounds and images apt to explore the uncertain dimensions of our perception of the world. Perception of possible novelty, we are in ex-stasis, precisely adhering to that. Only the introduction to thought detaches me from this affiliation... thought catalogues, perception adheres.</p>	<p>Paolo Ribauff (sound designer, composer)</p>
<p>521</p>	

<p>Debora Petrina (musician, performer)</p> <p>At the end of some concerts, people come to me intrigued by the objects I lie on or I insert into the middle of the piano chords, and by the odd sounds they make: bolts, pieces of glass, rings, necklaces, lids, boxes, chisels, etc. They ask me how those ideas for my songs come to my mind; they are stupefied and fascinated, and they do not know that all this was invented before they were born, or before their parents were... Astonishment. This is what I hope I will be left with the most from John Cage's sonorous experiences. It is not a precise aesthetic, or a technique, but an attitude. Just like breaking easily from a classical instrument to a toy, making the boundaries apart between genres and destabilizing the sonorous habits, the compositional practices. And it is also what I miss the most, from Cage, which I would like to see extended to today's entire musical creation.</p>	<p>I do not miss anything from John Cage... and I am left with a lot! His magic smile and his "instructions for any event" follow me with unchanged constancy in time. One day of many years ago, Cage wanted to attend the rehearsal of one of my performances. As he looked at me fighting against an unexpected predicament which was prejudicing my debut, he told me: <i>"Accidents often are not an obstacle but an indication that changes the direction."</i> Fantastic! Once applied, it gave great advantages to my work and opened the way to a thousand other reveries. Merci.</p>
<p>561</p>	<p>Victoria Magli (artist, performer)</p>

<p>Claudio Lugo (composer)</p> <p><i>"One day I dreamed I had composed a musical piece in which every note had to be cooked and then eaten. While we were about to play it in the hall I interrupted the rehearsals and I cooked the notes. Then a bunch of cats and dogs ran in and they ate them all!" (J.C.)</i></p> <p>Here, this I miss: the chance to ask him if he remembered, in the dream, which smells or perfumes were emanated while cooking the notes and if the cats and dogs had a particular predilection for diets, flats, naturals (Were they perhaps preferring the noise-sounds?...). This remains: an endless catalog of possible musical wishes yet to be evaded. It seems impossible, doesn't it?...</p>	<p>Marco Di Castrì (filmmaker, musician)</p>
<p>650</p>	

<p>Cage</p> <p>In 1996 I made a visual poem homaging Cage: I cut out from a score sheet five pentagrams which I vertically inserted among the horizontal pentagrams of another music sheet, in order to obtain the image of a cage (a pun with his name), and behind the 'bars' so designed I inserted a feather: for 'lightness,' grace' and silence. All with irony and a smile for having sensed that his last name might have helped him to become one of the most brilliantly free men of our epoch.</p>	<p>Giulia Niccolai (poetess)</p>
<p>475</p>	

<p>in the calm of bare boughs, all manner of things couldn't mean pursuing to a here before me, unappeared as the bough, you see, trembles still, now always and if nothing is, then what slips away from my bone my hair, fading like one, last wait? circling the earth, the moon, a listless dancer, memory that grieves, nobility of days that were calm, turned in on themselves, spent remembering a future already spent...</p> <p>men are not without resources: it's enough to let lymph rise up from root to leaf-tip – yet this is no Scherzo, even for one whose forte it is, it was, is the Finale of the unspoken, of the mystery that shudders down my spine like the sea, like the trilling of electric wires, there is no end to tears raining down upon us remember, then, that words belong to no one, nor do</p> <p>the earth or the skies until, like a smile, longed-for music is the only enchantment which will suffice the one stark deception the one trembling peace the one being that becomes the one word inscribed</p>	<p>187</p>
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<p>You (or I) would never have imagined getting lost in meandering motion, being lost in the twists of consciousness</p> <p>obsessions, keywords, words – labyrinths of short-lived conjunctions of all and nothing, between you and me, we're pursued by clouds – at the edge of the page a line, another wrinkle, etches and sketches J. C., making use of fault-lines on the page, no page being perfect, writing itself is imperfect – "once there was a man..."</p> <p>unreachable the fruits of words, renewing life time – reason slips into sleep, while clarity only arrives with grief</p> <p>a blank sheet a nothing-sheet</p> <p>days and nights flow on, said Zhuang-zi, but nobody knows where they come from</p> <p>hold dear the existence of things, even more than the things themselves</p> <p>the violin's breath holds no tremor, it's a line drawn down the sky</p> <p>and when skies are bright, cloudless and bright, does grey shade into blue or blue into grey?</p> <p>no answer is heard – but there is the word</p> <p>so will you scan the clear sky with stars or blue, or white even by day</p> <p>as a child I saw the boughs always trembling, in the wind, high as a song, a miracle, whole, undimmed by tears of an onlooking I</p>	<p>1001</p>
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<p>Whether it is chance or the author who writes the sounds that have to be sung, we must find in ourselves the need of each one of them and the need of their relationship. Just as for an actor, words for a vocalist are like writing a drama in which life, memory and visions enter. Between sounds and between words will take place that dance of ideas, images and thought to enliven with silence where the ganglions of the novel unravel. This is what John taught me: that by freeing the music from ego, its most intimate humanity can be found.</p>	<p>Francesca Della Monica (singer)</p>
<p>539</p>	

<p>When a person – a phenomenon, a work, anything – is more difficult to define, this is the unequivocal sign that this person is more alive. That he is too big to fit into schemes, roles, static identities, specialisms. That he is not afraid of being crossed by multiple currents. Here, it is for this that John Cage is not only one of the greatest inventors of language, but he is also and foremost a real anthropological prototype. Whichever label we would want to stitch upon him will never be sufficient. Music, avant-garde and other similar things were for him solely simple manifestations of a global biological relationship with the world, where everything is flowing and becoming, where if there is something awkward it is exactly a mind that demands to separate and catalogue. Before the connected and global universe revealed it to us unequivocally, John Cage narrated to us that the world and existence are modeled not upon logic but upon paradoxes. We would never be able to thank him enough.</p>	<p>Franco Bolelli (philosopher, writer)</p>
<p>1001</p>	

<p>Teho Teardo (composer)</p> <p>That day in Paris, on the boulevard, the concert in its perfect realization saved the appearances and the attraction exerted a capture. Whoever stopped was blocked, removed from himself, projected into dispersion, without listening. Every sound was an inventory of sounds among us, like a barricade closing the road but opening up the way. John, what are you left with from music? Nothing, he said, except the butterflies' colors. Instruments and voices became superfluous, the way to Perdition, that opened there amidst traffic, was enough. By putting at stake senses and imagination, the concert offered an accurate selection of sonorous sources and physical elements, while the composer without opera forgot why he was on stage. Someone was blowing a horn, someone was reading from a Webern score. John, what are you missing from music? Everything, he answered. Including a vacation from history. What about the Viennese 4tet's? The Langsamers Satz? Nothing, he said. The agreement with time is over.</p>	<p>Carlo Alberto Sitta (poet)</p>
<p>1001</p>	

<p>Marco Angius (conductor) transl. by Marco Angius</p> <p>John Cage's artistic trajectory presents itself as a chaos/case engrafted onto an order/device which explores the conceptual connection within the significance inside. As long as we are imprisoned in an encoded language, only choices of combination/manipulation of notes, but not of sounds, exist. Cage startles the listener with the most unbridled creativity, transmitting a heritage to composers and interpreters of today that doesn't lie in the obsession of discovering something new, but in the attempt to turn the surrounding reality, he shows us its wonders and latent ambiguities. To make Cage current we must react to the <i>martyrium of the anti-music</i> imposed by a mass-culture that worships only media consumption deliries (even if Cage's appearance on <i>Lascia o Raddoppia</i> quiz show demystified this tendency too) and switch to a mass <i>Cageanism</i>, reconducting music outside history (that is, outside itself) in order to bring it back to a really renewed listening.</p>	<p>indeterminacy and circumstances while silence is changing and turning without paying attention</p>
<p>968</p>	

<p>Music learned to be wooed by silence, the wooing of silence was such a luck for us listeners, with our incessant bustle of arteries and cells in operation. The occasion, after years scanned by mechanical ticking and electronic buzz, deserves to be bookmarked, makes the heart skip a beat: where is Cage? We miss his calligraphy, his inventions. After innumerable drinks we are persuaded that absolute silence does not exist. We miss Cage as he stares at us smiling, while feeding our poor minds. 1952: 4'33" does it sound something to you? Or better: does it not sound anything to you? The complexity of his scores was born out of here: works that wouldn't interrupt that first piece, as he used to say. If pataphysics weren't sacked, we would also recall the mushroom maven that won 5 million lire at <i>Lascia o Raddoppia</i>. It was 1959 and the musical genius of the time was performing in front of M. Bongiorno and the tv audience. Incredible, but we also miss all of this.</p>	<p>undefined yet variable never heard still listening to sound with optimistic nonunderstanding</p>
<p>971</p>	

<p>Elio Grasso (poet)</p> <p>The wit of Cage has always been for me a source of precious vitamins for the spirit. Thanks to him, at the age of fifteen I found out how to listen to silence, refining the ear to make it not an instrument of aesthetic satisfaction, but a real gnosceologic device. I think I had comprehended his absolute greatness ten years ago. I was listening to an improbable (to me, in that moment) piece for piano. Incredible, unbearable the distances from note to note. At a certain point I heard the most beautiful cascade of notes of my life. An unexpected, crystal-clear harmonic sequence of sounds which I did not know. I then put the record backwards to hear it again but it was not there. Anymore. I was bewildered. What did I hear? Some days later, I saw the neighbor pulling down the shutters. That was the sound of Cage's record. The majestic symphony of the shutters. I then realized that Cage had won forever, I cried before his greatness.</p>	<p>Aldo Nove (writer)</p>
<p>939</p>	

<p>Mario Gamba (music critic)</p> <p>It is not that the possibilities of a substantial change of our living, in the direction of an expanded liberty now ungraspable, are exhausted. On the contrary, the signs of onsets and renewed desires are strong everywhere. But as long as we felt among us, operating with enviable nonchalance, a guy like John Cage, we sensed that the actuality of revolution was a daily living subject. If we were looking for a 'universal' road comrade, he was at our disposal. He thought that there was no place to go and many situations in which to act for pleasure and for thought unfixed to permanent centers of gravity. How did Gilles Deleuze say? We cannot be revolutionary. Cage went much further: we practice the more dionysiac/reflexive/playful relationships because revolutions are possible in every instant. There is no stronghold to conquer, we must overturn with implacable sweetness the present forms of life by speaking startling languages.</p>	<p>Homage to John Cage</p> <p><i>"On August 29th 2012 at 9 pm, I will suspend any activity I would be then performing and, in silence, I will listen to the sound of whichever space I will be in for the duration of 4'33."</i></p>
<p>939</p>	

<p>Carlo Battisti (artist)</p> <p>I had the pleasure to meet John Cage in Milan (1977) with Demetrio Stratos & Area. I immediately familiarized with him asking questions on what his idea of music was. He replied talking about mushrooms. We were there for his <i>Empy Words</i> concert at Teatro Lirico. Gianni Sassi, who loved contaminations, wanted to bring Cage into the young rock generation. I recall the chat with Franco that was the show. <i>"It's wrong, they won't understand anything. These guys belong to the rock generation, they're not ready for Cage's choices!"</i> John on stage, sitting in front of a dead, reading Thoreau's journal. In the back, the words he wrote were projected on a luminous board. The audience bore it for 15 minutes, passing from uneasiness to insults, screams and whistles up to rage, ending in a stage invasion and an aggression attempt. I recall Demetrio with his bird figure blocking the most aggressive guys and a firm speech of Mario Marengo. Cage calmly: <i>"There was a feeling with the audience."</i></p>	<p>409</p>
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<p>Michele Porzio (poet, musicologist)</p> <p>(translation by Gillian Ania)</p>	<p>1001</p>
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<p>Petra Magoni (singer)</p> <p>Cage, nomen omen, by opening himself to the world he opened the cages: constructions/constraints made of conventions, institutions, genres which separate the arts, minds, people and that, although protecting from doubts by reinforcing beliefs, castrate too many chances of encounter. Cage has left me his mind openness, his determination and his merry subversiveness, the urging need to satisfy curiosity, the extravagance not as a meaningless aesthetic research but as a coherent self-expression; the capacity to grasp presence within absence and music in everyday life, to know how to listen what is happening around by setting his own point of view at the same level of the possible others. His posing questions instead of making choices and by posing these questions, really making free choices. Of Cage I just miss Cage and all the cages that he could have opened through his very personal work mainly made of silence and of all the worlds of which silence itself is imbued.</p>	<p>Paolo Albani (poet)</p> <p>Numeric visualisation of John Cage's 4'33" listening time Homage to G.P. Torricelli, 2011</p>
<p>979</p>	

<p>Paolo Fresu (musician)</p> <p>I try to see the music of John Cage. I peer at it through the interstices of the 20th century, between weighty silences and deep sounds, and I reflect upon the fact that I don't know much about it. This is why I imagine it, looking at it rather than hearing it. What Cage left us as an artist is a line of sound that moves across time cutting space in two, four, multiple parts to reconstruct in galaxies and in black holes, which are as dark as the night and as bright as a comet. Cage was a meteorite. A Big Bang that has totally twisted the yet-to-be-reconstructed contemporary.</p>	<p>578</p>
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<p>Antonio Agostini (composer)</p> <p>It has been a complex experience, to accept later that I did not get anywhere. I emptied myself and this is also positive. A great upheaval, because through exactly this kind of effort I understood how I had buried part of my 90's (a phase of mine strongly influenced by Cage), maybe involuntarily, in a brusque and inopportune way. My ideas remain strong and clear, but Cage's figure reminds and compels me to make an even deeper reflection. However, I am not able to tell, to focus, to precisely clench what is really inside the sound, clear. This is my (non)contribution, this is what is left of the 25th attempt. "John Cage was a mirror", pianist Daniele Lombardi was right. A mirror with a great urgency of shattering before the audience, of melting WITH the audience. The shattering and the melding of a formidable utopian mind is what I miss the most from John Cage.</p>	<p>Antonio Agostini (composer)</p>
<p>873</p>	

<p>Maurizio Comandini (musicologist)</p> <p>John Cage has left us sound while he has taken away silence. We miss the sound, but we also miss the silence that we know doesn't exist. But even if it doesn't exist, or because of that, we miss it anyway. We are aware that silence doesn't exist after he, John Cage, an American, son of an inventor who has been fiddling with submarines, which weren't yellow, told us so. John Cage, son of a century who has eliminated silence from his own life and filled it with sound. The sound of silence. But exist, it doesn't really know if it even doesn't exist, while silence, has left us. Cage taken has he away sound after American, that silence doesn't aware Cage, John he, an exist so. a weren't yellow, told which son Cage, The of us it silence, of that, we because are We away. John miss has or of an inventor son with fiddling been submarines, who from We who has eliminated century life own his and silence miss we the sound, but miss even too, silence if we sound of it with sound, filled John</p>	<p>996</p>
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<p>Gianluca Becuzzi (experimental musician)</p> <p>John Cage has left us a good deal of pictures of and about John Cage, which have found different ways to manifest and transform themselves throughout the years. The idea of creating and selecting images for a portrait that matched both Cage's and my memory was conceived with and upon him, an idea which I later developed with other composers. The multi-faceted, long and deep experience with John produces a continuous tidal wave, a never ceasing undertow that brings back that material in an always diverse and surprising fashion. In Cage's explicit relation between art and life, it might sound natural that even the pictures portraying him are endowed with the same vital elan and alternatively with that originality, liveliness, affability and humor which still mark his personality. Not just in the remembrance but also in its scorching actuality. What do I miss? Staying with him, the thrilling contact with such a charismatic figure and, by reflex, the relentless thrust to delve.</p>	<p>109</p>
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<p>Maurizio Spatola (artist)</p> <p>The one thousand number of characters in which I am asked to enclose my reflections upon John Cage, coincides with the event that enabled me to meet the eclectic American musician in May 1984, Turin, for an interview: an unusual concert for a thousand childish voices set up in the outskirts of the city. The dialogue took place in a hotel, slipping macrobiotic tea prepared by him. I am left with the memory of a nice and simple man, and of extraordinary humanity. A man able to explain his idea of music without technicality or conceptual puzzles. The 'collector of noises' moved and talked with the transparency of normality and the serenity of awareness: a genial Master who refused such a definition of himself. The news of his death left me with a feeling of dismay and emptiness, soothed by the flash of his answer to my question about his source of inspiration: <i>"In New York, I live on the corner of 28th and 5th avenue: I do not need anything else. I just have to listen to the street."</i></p>	<p>994</p>
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<p>Cathy Berberian (singer, Cristina Berio's archives)</p> <p>The first time we performed <i>ARIA</i> was in Rome. The program was all Cage and Luciano was at the piano. At the end all hell broke loose and after the concert there was a extremely spirited debate. I was interpreting for John who could not speak Italian well enough. So a lady got up and asked <i>"Mr. Cage how could you allow that woman to make so many obscene noises? That woman, she was referring to me! And I had to translate that to John. I froze for a second, then I translated the question to him. He remained silent for a good while. Then he said: "There was a village, and in this village there was a beautiful girl, 16 or 17 years old. So beautiful that there was no man who did not desire her. One day, this girl went to the small lake by the village. She undressed and entered the lake completely naked, and the fishes were scared."</i> A long silence followed. Then there was a burst of applause: everyone was expecting a more obvious ending and this story forced them to think. It was amazing.</p>	<p>993</p>
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<p>Ivan Fedele (composer)</p> <p><i>"New music, new instruments."</i> This is how John Cage, often considered just an eccentric though brilliant experimenterator, summarized his thought. <i>"New music"</i> for Cage meant emancipating from the romantic drift of musical composing, that is <i>deciding to not decide</i>. This means, also, <i>not imposing listening but setting oneself to listen</i> to what would manifest as music. Surely a difficult attitude to conceive if educated into logic grids that leave nothing to chance. <i>"New instruments"</i> signify instead the anodic usage of traditional instruments, the invention of new ones and also the musical usage of objects usually used for other purposes. But they were above all <i>conceptual instruments</i>: like the i-Ching, like the observation and the listening of silence, or the reversal of the relation between music and listener, where the former often 'reaches' the latter and not the opposite, as it typically happens. Personally, today, I feel very close to these instances.</p>	<p>Federico Sanguineti (professor)</p>
<p>975</p>	

<p>Maurizio Vanni (museum director)</p> <p>John Cage is a full artist who never posed himself too many questions, who never asked himself what he would have had to do in order to accomplish his own targets, but he simply conceived the arts as an extension and a completion of his own existence. Anti-conventionality, negation of the ego, reference to interdisciplinarity and to multi-sensorial and interactive approach: these were the premises characterizing his wish to realize open containers, to create artistic structures to be joined and shared. A rationally instinctive, cleverly unpredictable creativity that guided him away from his own emotions to exploit the silent eloquence of his body and the nature in which he was moving. A daadistic body, a Zen soul and a coherently surrealist' heart, Cage has left a special gift to our existence: the awareness of immeasurable perceptual possibilities which will make every man who decides to live, immortal.</p>	<p>968</p>
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<p>Franco Buffoni (poet)</p> <p><i>"And as in a symphony of adieu, first an oboe and a horn, then the bassoon and the other oboe, then the other horn and the double bass, each one performing – before ending – its brief solo: letting the movement fade on the violins' last bar."</i></p>	<p>243</p>
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<p>John Cage was for me a pair of glasses with which to see the world of music in a new way. And also to hear the sounds. He put together both the wonder of the child who is amazed for the first time by the sounds of the world, and startling intuitions upon the sense of music. In him lived the virgin candor of an unreachable naif and the depth that transpases conventions, striking you in the heart with his being and not being within music. From his speech at the Inter-Collegiate Art in New York (1948), some marvelous insights: <i>"... fame, self-expression and success make music today what it is: absolutely divided, with an almost total separation among each composer and a severe fracture among them and society. I don't think that a particular finished work is important... what is really valuable instead, is the ancient process of making and using music and our becoming more honest as persons by this making and this using of music."</i></p>	<p>Giuseppe Biagi (artist)</p> <p>My friend John Cage was musically a bluff: he fooled everybody with his eternal smile.</p>
<p>Donella Del Monaco (singer)</p>	<p>Gino Di Maggio (art critic)</p>
<p>940</p>	<p>86</p>

<p>Giampiero Cane (illuminiist)</p> <p>What could be done to increase the wit of listening and the sensitivity to sound, Cage has done and brought to an end. But a listener in music is not an interlocutor, although distant replies are real everywhere and can be ascertained. Musical dialogues are rare, they are in improvised music – of which there's not too much actually – grasping at the good will of jazz. Reality was and is different: common places, just like any chance of improvisation is englobed into a genre (off-the-cuff poets, fluxus musicians). The inescapable quality of Son Ra's orchestra consisted in the musicians' rambling through the audience, causing 'localized' listening even if the electric keyboards, the bass and the little theatrical play in action took place on stage. Son Ra was suggested to disperse the band among the audience by John when they participated in a festival together. There's the recording: the most silent in the history of jazz. The most neglected by the audience of jazz.</p>	<p>Daniele Comandini (translator)</p> <p>In 1984 while describing anarchy John Cage wrote me: <i>"There are many reasons why I am devoted to the avantgarde and this political one is one of them. Another is its close relation to the invention."</i> I am left with a future of an avantgarde idea, and I miss his inventions.</p>
<p>984</p>	<p>273</p>

<p>Luca Francesconi (composer)</p> <p>What I'm missing: nothing. What he left me: the questioning of the western (imperialist) culture's presumption of exhausting the totality (by means of the 'work of art') of the human experience in the world. It seems a lot to me.</p>	<p>Roberto Prosseda (pianist)</p>
<p>938</p>	<p>984</p>

<p>Roberto Masotti (photographer, artist)</p> <p>I am left with a good deal of pictures of and about John Cage, which have found different ways to manifest and transform themselves throughout the years. The idea of creating and selecting images for a portrait that matched both Cage's and my memory was conceived with and upon him, an idea which I later developed with other composers. The multi-faceted, long and deep experience with John produces a continuous tidal wave, a never ceasing undertow that brings back that material in an always diverse and surprising fashion. In Cage's explicit relation between art and life, it might sound natural that even the pictures portraying him are endowed with the same vital elan and alternatively with that originality, liveliness, affability and humor which still mark his personality. Not just in the remembrance but also in its scorching actuality. What do I miss? Staying with him, the thrilling contact with such a charismatic figure and, by reflex, the relentless thrust to delve.</p>	<p>938</p>
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<p>Bruno Ceccobelli (artist)</p> <p>I met Cage in 1964, at La Fenice Theater in Venice, during a Merce Cunningham performance. In those days, inside a private apartment, a concert of Rubin de Cervin was taking place and I was among the performers of the work together with Mario Bortolotto and others. It was a reunion for few guests. Cage, guest of honor, arrived late. The performance was repaid in the end by the compliments that the American master addressed to each of us, also to me who I had gladly played the wrong keys. But just this, I thought, was the most Cagean trait. What startled me was his old spinster face, so astonishing for a sifurous character like him. What calmed me though was the fact that in the middle of summer, he was wearing a pair of suede boots without socks. Then I remembered that Joyce never forgot that he was born Irish and Catholic, while Freud cultivated good Viennese manners for life, and Pirandello, Sicilian from Girgenti, never touched the beloved Marta Abba. Old avant-garde timers.</p>	<p>Emilio Isgrò (artist)</p>
<p>964</p>	

<p>Mauro Cardì (composer)</p> <p>It might be obvious saying it, but what we miss above all about John Cage is the irony and that kind of boldness, almost childish unconsciousness, of who, by experimenting with everything and in all genres – speaking of music only – managed to do it always with utmost lightness and infinite grace, even when his oeuvre appeared provocative or iconoclastic. What is left of Cage is that part of his catalog which is based more specifically on the musical doings, first of all the works dedicated to percussion or piano, while those more abstract experimentation efforts, for which an historical interest survives due to the cultural stirring they contained, inevitably fade by the passing of time, at least from a concert point of view.</p>	<p>964</p>
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<p>John Cage. The unbearable sensoriality of being</p> <p>John Cage is a full artist who never posed himself too many questions, who never asked himself what he would have had to do in order to accomplish his own targets, but he simply conceived the arts as an extension and a completion of his own existence. Anti-conventionality, negation of the ego, reference to interdisciplinarity and to multi-sensorial and interactive approach: these were the premises characterizing his wish to realize open containers, to create artistic structures to be joined and shared. A rationally instinctive, cleverly unpredictable creativity that guided him away from his own emotions to exploit the silent eloquence of his body and the nature in which he was moving. A daadistic body, a Zen soul and a coherently surrealist' heart, Cage has left a special gift to our existence: the awareness of immeasurable perceptual possibilities which will make every man who decides to live, immortal.</p>	<p>968</p>
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<p>Maurizio Vanni (museum director)</p> <p>John Cage is a full artist who never posed himself too many questions, who never asked himself what he would have had to do in order to accomplish his own targets, but he simply conceived the arts as an extension and a completion of his own existence. Anti-conventionality, negation of the ego, reference to interdisciplinarity and to multi-sensorial and interactive approach: these were the premises characterizing his wish to realize open containers, to create artistic structures to be joined and shared. A rationally instinctive, cleverly unpredictable creativity that guided him away from his own emotions to exploit the silent eloquence of his body and the nature in which he was moving. A daadistic body, a Zen soul and a coherently surrealist' heart, Cage has left a special gift to our existence: the awareness of immeasurable perceptual possibilities which will make every man who decides to live, immortal.</p>	<p>964</p>
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