

**Friday 21 April**

Merce Cunningham Dancers  
John Cage, Musical Director  
Wilson Auditorium  
and Faculty  
Presented  
through

Saturday

Cinematheque

"The

Theatre

Playhouse

Sunday

Theatre

Theatre

Concert

Theatre

Theatre

Pres

Monday

Len Lye

Kinetic

Aims Board

Meeting

# Introduction

*"I think that any composer in the post-4'33" era has to come to grips with what Cage did for music (or maybe he did it to music...)"*

- Matthew Saunders, composer

John Cage's influence on the world of music is undeniable. His story has been told many times, by many authors and researchers with far more resources and knowledge than the two graduate students who happened upon this small treasure of artifacts. But this small chapter of his life, and how it intersects with the complicated, unique, (and dare we say infamous?) city of Cincinnati has gone largely undocumented.

I myself am a graduate of the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. I dutifully studied music history for two years as required. We learned about John Cage, his groundbreaking ideas, from prepared piano to chance and conceptual compositions. Some of us joked, some turned up our noses...but all of us thought, even if only for a moment. It was something we all remembered, which is more than I can say for a large chunk of the rest of my music history classes.

And yet, never once did a professor or teaching assistant mention the fact that Cage had been here. In Cincinnati. At UC. That in late 1967 and early 1968, Cage served as Composer-in-Residence, performing his works in the same halls where we performed, cordially explaining his philosophies of life and art to the students and audiences who had come before us. The title "Echoes of Silence" was thus chosen for this project, not only to honor the composer's famous explorations of silence, but also to reference the surprising silence in the CCM and Cincinnati community about Cage's time here.

**" Perhaps what Cage does for composers is to highlight the relative importance (or unimportance) of the composer..."**

**- Matthew Saunders**

1. The manuscript of Van Meter Ames.

2. Recital performance by Lauren Fink.
3. Interview with Allen Otte and Lauren Fink.
4. Photographs and documents from Cage's time in Cincinnati.
5. Links to external resources with additional information on John Cage.

As you can see, by just scratching the surface, a wealth of information has bubbled up. Cage's influence on Cincinnati and the University of Cincinnati is undeniable. We are very excited about what we have accomplished with this project and leave to the university for others to explore.

Surely, others can tell this story better than we can. And hopefully they will. So much like Cage, we are choosing to eliminate ourselves from the process of composing this resource as much as possible. Somehow, we feel he would have wanted it that way. Our intent is to share the raw materials we have discovered, and shine a light on Cage's time here the same way he shone a light on the sounds, and spaces without sounds, all around us. We also hope to provide a starting point for others to learn more about Cage's ideas, his music, and his legacy, by providing links to some informative, entertaining, and thought-provoking resources. We hope these serve as a push in the right direction, and encourage the reader to explore haphazardly, aleatorically, and to see where chance takes you. We, hopefully like Cage, are providing the means for an audience to experience their own journey. Happy mushroom- hunting!

# A Book of Changes: The Van Meter Ames Manuscript

Being limited in time and resources, we have chosen to include those chapters which deal most directly with Cage's time in Cincinnati. The archives contain multiple drafts and versions, and often the choice between one version over another was an arbitrary one, or one based solely on the papers which were in the best condition. We also chose to include an alternate beginning to Ames' first chapter, as the first sentence of this draft alone was priceless in our estimation.

Lauren Fink was the first to discover the depth of material contained in the Van Meter Ames papers in the UC Archives. Her blog posts below offer an excellent introduction to the manuscript, and we encourage readers to begin there.

## Zen in the Archives

### URC Funds Granted for Study of ARB's Van Meter Ames Collection

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# **MANUSCRIPT CHAPTER 1**

VAN METER AMES  
448 WARREN AVENUE  
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45220

A BOOK OF CHANGES

Chapter I

"The angles of the walls are just right for chamber music,  
as if you had planned for us."

"This is my most successful house, because the people in it  
have been so happy living here. That is my test of success."

"I hope nobody minds too much the folding chairs we got  
from a funeral home, free for the advertising on them."

"That wouldn't bother anybody used to sitting in an automobile."

"The music didn't disturb anyone either. It was quite a  
surprise. Did you see how people leaned back on the slats and  
enjoyed it?"

"He wrote it a quarter of a century ago. It was about the  
last thing he did that a string quartet could play."

"Isn't he going to speak? I thought he always talked  
before or after his music."

"He's getting up now. He looks as proper in his dark suit  
as a minister stepping into a pulpit."

"Except that he seems nervous, pacing back and forth. Pull  
in your feet."

"I thought he was about to say something, but he swallowed  
instead. Maybe he's waiting for us to stop whispering. He has  
serious brown eyes, with lines around them."

N-1-1a

He was bending slightly forward, holding his hands or putting one in a pocket. "I'm glad to be here, thanks to <sup>knew</sup> a good friend and several friends who learned that I was tired of running around like a chicken with its head off, with no time to settle down and work. But, my friend wrote, the University may not want you!" His laugh was wide, squinting, infectious. "Then he telephoned to say it just might happen. And here I am, settled and working. I don't call talking to you work. Work ~~is~~ is what you do by yourself. Mm?"

He walked back and forth some more. "About the piece you have just heard. It was a difficult time for me in Paris, not long after the liberation. Rationing was still on. No one knew what would happen next. Do we know yet? The world was worried, and I had some worries of my own."

"He seems to be swallowing them down, to keep them to himself.  
Pull in your feet."

"Shush."

"I walked along the Seine, not looking at the book stalls  
but down at the river. With my elbows on the parapet of a bridge,  
I watched the water. I went down the steps and sat by the flow.  
It was soothing, reassuring. Soon I had the first movement,  
'Quietly flowing,' like the fulness of mid-summer. It didn't all  
come at once. I had to go back to my room and work on it. Yet  
my composing floated ~~maximally~~ under arches, past façades,  
on the current carrying barges, gay bateau-mouches. When these  
were moored they were 'Slowly rocking,' like autumn dying, in the  
second part. In the third the boats were 'Nearly stationary'  
in winter's quiescence."

He had quit pacing. A smile brightened his eyes. "Something is still something even when it is about something. But I came to prefer a thing's being something without being about something. The music tonight is about the cycle of the seasons, going forward with them and then into reverse. Did you notice where it starts back?"

Folding chairs had begun to creak as sitters stirred, but steadied and settled after a request to play that passage again.

"Find the middle, play a little before it, go on through it.

and a bit after." Fingers turned the large pages. The lower right corners were bent out in triangles, ready to be pinched in a hurry. There was a delay in finding the middle in the score. Merriment over this subsided when violins and viola were held fitted under chins, bows/guitars ready, and the cellist tightened his lips. Now people were more attentive, with something special to listen for.

"Couldn't you feel the relief when it got to the middle and then began to ease off in reverse, as if the music were saying, 'Thank God, now we've made it!'"

"You know that what he's doing these days will put you pianists out of business."

She laughed, "I don't care!"

Comments brought people bubbling to their feet, trying not to miss what was being said and to speak their own minds too. Chairs were shoved or folded. Food and drink appeared. The musicians put away their instruments, their stands and scores, while receiving congratulations and having their say.

"Perhaps I expose myself, but wasn't it monotonous and, well, tame?"

"What do you expect of quiet flowing, almost stationary?"

"I don't expect snags to get caught in the flow and have to be gulped down or coughed up. I thought the piece was going to choke. Several times it had to back up and start over."

"It does come to a standstill in the third part."

"It gets loose in the end and goes where it pleases."

"You can tell us. What do you say?"

"It was melodic, with no harmony, and each instrument severely limited to a few notes."

"I think we miss a lot the first or even second time.  
It's hard to appreciate the subtlety of managing a canon with  
only melody, no harmony."

"That is tricky. No harmony, but plenty of harmonics."

"You mean vibrating the strings to bring out overtones?

Making sounds that are not usual for strings?"

"Yes, by touching without pressing, so they whistle, or  
pressing to get the tone of a flute."

"I noticed that the different instruments took up the same  
subject, one after the other, imitating one another, never getting  
together at the same time on the same tones, and no chords."

"Isn't it something to make something out of next to nothing,  
and get motion from inertia, doing without tonal resources,  
making up for lack of ideas by picking and plucking at them?"

"It's like sitting meditation. Focus on less and less,  
empty the mind."

"Even if he hadn't turned to Zen, it's there, spinning out  
emptiness, holding attention by offering and withdrawing the  
least possible, until having nothing happen makes a happening."

"With all the big bow-wow boom-boom events in the world,  
isn't it time to turn inward? Who wants to be where the action is,  
when it's mad? It's kid stuff, gangster stuff, science fiction or  
Westerns."

"Wasting millions on the moon that could make the earth  
healthy, killing people on the other side of the world instead of  
feeding and treating people right, right here--are we so deafened  
and deadened by violence that we don't realize it's not just TV  
until we see it in our own streets?"

"How can we eat and drink and listen to music while Rome is  
burning? We are culture vultures flocking to Music Hall on the

ragged edge of the slums. It's no use, trying to help the poor by showing pictures of their plight instead of tearing down the power structure or getting it to help Black Power."

"I've noticed that, wherever you sit in this room, you can see the fireplace. You don't have to say anything, or even look at the others, to be sociable. Night outside. Here we feel safe and cozy as in a cave."

"A radiator, even a gas/~~fire~~<sup>log</sup> won't give that feeling."

"But a TV will, for lots of people. They can be tribal again, prehistoric, huddled around the flickering and crackling. They can hear police sirens far off or close, like the roaring of beasts in the forest. They have tamed danger on the screen, like a fire in the fireplace, so they can enjoy it, put children to sleep by it, and don't have to talk, or talk if they want to, while they go on watching and munching. Of course, the thing's not quite tame. It can flare up and scare you. Oswald is shot before your eyes. Have you seen the figures on how often a set will catch fire and burn the house down? Same as a fireplace, if you aren't careful."

"Why are you nostalgic about the cave days? Can't we do better than get back to them? What are you going out in front?"

The composer swallowed, not wine but a thought he thought better of, then smiled. "Why are people so delighted when they catch you in a contradiction? You'd think they'd caught a fish. And they can't eat it." His inaudible laugh opened his mouth. "Someone said to me, 'If you like silence, why don't you shut up?'" Again the laugh. It was contagious. Everybody laughed in the glow of the fire and camaraderie.

"Your piece tonight. You are liking silence, keeping as

quiet as a composer could. Sounds that flowed to you from the Seine are muted. Gay strains from a bateau-mouche are wistful, filtered by distance and recollected in tranquillity."

"Yes, but that isn't what he means by letting the environment into music. Is it? The sounds he refers to we don't hear in their street clothes, but changed into musical tones and worked into the texture of a composition. They are not noises coming through the window to mingle with the finished piece while it is being played, which would be all right with you now, I take it."

"I must tell you. I happened to pass by where the Quartet were rehearsing my piece, and heard it coming out to the noises in the street, but it didn't join them. It wouldn't let them be part of it. Of course, I was overhearing the piece rather than hearing it. But there was no doubt that it wanted to be itself."

"Would you say it is obsolete, now that you have a new outlook?"

"I still like the piece, and it would be furious to be called obsolete. It wants to be what it is, without being dated, if you please." The smile was ingratiating.

"You speak of its being what it is and doing what it does, as if you had nothing to do with it."

"Well?"

A fresh log sent up fragrant smoke, kindled and made a display of sparks while the bark burned off. Ice clinked in refilled glasses. The composer poured more Beaujolais, gazed and waited.

"You say the piece was intentional?"

"I say that."

"And a piece of work?"

"I had to work on it. My later things are works and work too. The difference--but perhaps it's too late now?" He lifted his wrist and brightened. "No, it's not too late!"

"That's the first time I ever saw anyone look at his watch and say, 'It's not too late!'"

More Beaujolais, a sip, and wet lips parted with a smack of pleasure that all shared as he glanced over the glass. "My teacher impressed on me that music must have structure. Schoenberg. But I wanted to get away from traditional structure, though something of what I wanted had been done in the Middle Ages.

The structure in most music is based on tonal relations. Tones are in one key or another, and louder or softer. I got to thinking this was wrong. I mean wrong for me. I wanted to use silence and noises. You can't fit noises to a key. You can't make silence louder or softer. I had come to think of silence as unintended sounds. That was after my experience in the sound-proof chamber, when I thought it wasn't closed tight, because I still heard two sounds, a high one and a low one. The engineer said I should hear them. They weren't from outside. The high one was my nervous system, and the low one the circulation of my blood. Then I wanted a structure using silence with its unintentional noises.

Well, a silence and its inevitable sounds can be longer or shorter. So I left the usual notion of a scale for something like the gamut I got from Erik Satie. Then I could have a structure and also let in the unintentional."

The smile brightened into the laugh which swept around the arc of listeners in the semi-dark. The fire had died down. "I hadn't got that far in the piece tonight. If I liked a sequence

forwards and didn't like it backwards, I had to throw it away."

"I see. But what you mean by non-intentional isn't clear,

Don't you still work to make a piece that will be played somewhat  
be heard? as you think it will/~~will~~ Of course, the quartet tonight has  
restrictions. It has a form that forces whatever might be  
non-intentional to keep within limits. Didn't you have a scheme  
in the first place, in Paris, at least an incipient structure,  
restraining your composing, so that what didn't fit was censored  
out? Doesn't that always tend to be the case, even when you want  
~~intend~~ to be non-intentional?"

"You are right that perhaps we never can really separate  
what is done on purpose from what isn't."

"Especially in artistic form. Kant spoke of Zweckmässigkeit  
ohne Zweck."

"I like that."

All watched the embers crumble into a bed of coals, while  
the composer went on. "It's a satisfaction when a fireplace  
doesn't smoke. It's as much luck as science, even today. You  
can't be sure until the firebrick is all in, the chimney is  
finished, you lay a fire, and strike a match. Once the smoke  
fills the room instead of going up the flue, it's a bad lookout.  
You give the mason credit for intending to build a good fireplace,  
but shouldn't you also say he couldn't intend it? Figure a piece  
of music all you want. You can't figure it all. You certainly  
can't figure on the result, or what it will be for different  
hearers. It wasn't the same for everyone here tonight."

"The way you put it, if art isn't non-intentional it isn't art?  
Then there is no point in speaking of some music as non-intentional."

"You say your music is more non-intentional now. Yet it's still work. But what you are working for, who knows?"

"Doesn't that make it all too mysterious? I'm not willing to say that what you do is so mysterious that it can't be subject to criticism. The creator gets ahead of the assumptions used by the critic. Isn't that all?"

"Then a critic has to play blindman's buff with a new composer? With an old standby, a critic can paraphrase what he finds in old programs, if they're not too old. He will plagiarize them when they are recent enough for the attacks to be forgotten--after Beethoven could do no wrong."

It amused the composer that his friends put questions to him and about him, without waiting for him to answer.

"How could ~~him~~ have any use for critics when the only way for you to be yourself ~~was~~ was in spite of them. You had to defy them and say Beethoven was wrong to compose as he did."

"He must have had a good publicity agent to become famous. Mm!"

"Isn't that a critical remark?"

"No, that's not critical. That's creative!"

Thick folds of smoke ~~from~~ rose from a fresh log and a pine bough. Flames licked the smoke. ~~Resisted~~/crepitation was animating. Sparks showered. A few shot over the hearth and darted on to the carpet, to be flicked back or stamped out.

"The panting of the draft has the driving rhythm of a motor. That's unintentional music!"

"We don't say the fireplace is not smoking when there is no smoke, but when there'd be enough to smoke you out if it didn't go up the chimney, letting us get only an agreeable whiff. So, it may seem that a man's not working when there's work in

progress and you get only the side-effect of ease, with no sense of exertion for a purpose. When creative work gets going, it can be as non-intentional as smoke going up in a good draft.

My friend Len Lye, whether he's making a film or a kinetic sculpture, says he never plans it out. He just starts playing with things he picks up or has on hand. Says he relies on hunch and intuition from the old hind part of the brain. 'We just mess around and see what happens.' You should see him fasten up a wire with an amplifier hooked on, then hang on a shiny steel band, dangling. He bends the ~~shiny~~ stiff steel and gives it a push. It swings away, vibrating, ~~with~~<sup>shiny</sup> twanging, swings back fast and he ducks. 'Lively stuff!' he shouts in delight.

When asked if he never stops to think what he's doing, he says: 'If the forebrain wants to butt in, I say, Come on in, then. Let's rationalize around a bit.'

The composer's laugh opened wide as he leaned to share it. You couldn't hear it, but you seemed to hear Len Lye shake his beard and let out fun. The composer sucked in his breath. His face was lighted while he enjoyed the reflection from his friends.

"He's no youngster, Len Lye, is he? Kids don't have that good a time. So many of them are bored.<sup>When</sup> There's nothing they want to do, ~~or~~ they get into trouble. They don't realize that you can't do interesting things without learning how, and taking time and pains. Len Lye's fooling has a lot of experience and training behind it, hasn't it? Like the spontaneity of Zen. The dash of the brush comes after years of practice. I know you had very exacting teachers yourself."

"It's the same with athletes as with artists, ~~except~~ except that athletes keep breaking records at the same old events and artists make up their own events. Either way, there has to be

coaching and training. Ask the professor. You used to run, didn't you?"

"I can't boast that I was very good. But I wasted enough time out for track to say you are right. To run the hurdles takes practice, <sup>to get</sup> with just the ~~xxxxxxxx~~ steps to bring your left foot up for the first one, then three strides between the high hurdles, seven between the low ones. But the pole vault takes an incredible lot of fine adjustments, all timed just right."

"I didn't know you were a track man."

"I hadn't got over it when I came here. My legs always wanted to limber up. I was forever taking walks. In a park I'd break into a run and hurdle a bush. In Old Main it was fun to go bounding up to the third floor, two steps at a time, and come down two at a time too. I'd break my neck now. But the kinaesthetic sensations stay with me. I know the disembodied lightness in the excitement of a race, all tension gone with the gun. You don't feel any strain in a dash. In no time you are coasting beyond the finish. <sup>Then</sup> You hear the crowd roaring and feel your throat burning. You become aware of smooth-moving legs.

You feel you would do better if you could start right over before you let down. When you get your wind you have a glow of euphoria. I used to pass most people walking, without any effort. Now, when I feel I'm striding, the young go by without speeding up. I'm beginning to appreciate being ambulatory. I like to leave in time not to hurry for a class. Now and then I notice myself lengthening or shortening my steps to approach a curb. But stairs can bother me. Maybe it's bifocals. When I don't think about it I'm all right, but when I begin to watch

my step, going down, I start to trip. As soon as I think about my feet they hesitate and I can't trust them. I'm glad if there's a rail. Going downstairs, it's much better for me to be non-intentional."

"It's the same with typing. When you have learned the touch system, it throws you off to look at the keys."

"Or playing the piano, or driving. Better do it with the seat of your pants and not the top of your head. Watch where you're going and not what you're doing."

"That is, after you know what you're doing, so that you don't need to know."

"When it comes to the showdown, any sport or work goes best when it goes by itself, when you don't think about it. For a day or two before a meet, athletes skip their work-outs and the coach stops giving them pointers, so that muscles and nerves will perform on their own."

"If it's better not to be conscious of what you are doing, then athletes and ants are better off than the rest of us. Maybe we are heading for the ant hill, with efficiency and human engineering spreading from the factory to the campus where thinking is still supposed to go on."

"Training will take the place of education. If training isn't brain-washing, it's brain-bracketing. If we can train animals, athletes, and soldiers, why not everybody? What else is programmed education but conditioning, so that you learn without having to think, and it's better if you don't?"

"It's the idea of the slide rule, to save figuring, so you can get on to more advanced head work, if you have a head for it."

"Now the slide rule is stepped up to the computer,  
and what isn't being computerized?"

"Our talk about it."

"A friend of mine wanted a machine that would work only  
for him, against the trend of machines to do the same thing  
for anybody."

"There was Jean Tinguely's machine that destroyed itself."

"Too many machines are made to do that, f.o.b. Detroit."

"If they only destroyed themselves! But lives are in their  
way. Cities too."

"When lives and cities are not spared, how can art be?"

"Machines are wired to take over. They have spawned an  
electronic brood. We need a dragon tamer."

"We need you. You take the monsters by their wires and  
wind them around your finger."

The composer smiled and looked at his watch. "It is late  
now."



# **MANUSCRIPT CHAPTER 1 ALTERNATE BEGINNING**

# I-1

## A BOOK Of CHANGES

### Chapter I

#### A String Quartet

John Cage's clothes were stolen from his car as soon as he got to Cincinnati. First thing, he went downtown to buy a dark suit in which he looked very conventional for the performance of his string quartet by The La Salle Quartet in a private house. He began by saying that his being in Cincinnati was thanks to his friend Van Meter Ames. He recalled his lecture-recital here ten years before. People had not known what to make of it. John said I had come up to him to ask, "Do I detect Zen?" I remembered that he had embraced me saying, "But of course. I don't blame Zen for what I do, but I'm glad that you detected Zen."

The attentive listeners sat on folding chairs, from a funeral home, free for the advertizing on them, that would not bother anybody used to sitting in an automobile. He was bending slightly forward, putting the right hand in his pocket. "I'm glad to be here. You people think you're in the mid-west, when you're a suburb of New York. An hour and a half and you're there. And who is more provincial than New Yorkers? Most of them hardly leave their neighborhoods and subway habits. Who'd want to live the way they do? You know you're lucky here. Whatever you say about universities, they are almost the only places where you can have conversation, not just cocktail talk. You have an unusual relationship here between town and gown."

John continued, "In the spring of '65 Van wrote, after learning that I was running around like a chicken with its head off, with no time to settle down to work, that he wished I would come here. But he was cautious. The University may not want you!" A smile spread from the hairline which had not receded in more than fifty summers, with line by line across the broad forehead, passed to incise the A above the nose, between lip and dip

of eyebrows that were like the flight of wings, then dug parentheses that curved about the mouth and were repeated near the ears. Cage's laugh opened his mouth and squinted his eyes. "Then <sup>Van</sup> he telephoned me that it just might happen. How did I get in? Mm." He asked for response by uttering ~~somewhat~~ this sound, not so much a question as an affirmation of his remarks, and also an appeal.

"That's easy," I said. "We've had no experience with visiting composers. And the poet-choosers didn't know you were a poet.<sup>2</sup> The main thing is that the president never heard of you. If he had known your name, if he'd had any idea of your non-music, if he'd been warned that you'd spill aesthetics into ethics, that you always relate art to life, and that when you talk about how to listen you get into how to live---if by any stretch he could have guessed how you would hurt our ears, you wouldn't be here, my friend."

"The advantage of being unknown. Mm!"

Someone said to Cage: "After touring all over, greeted everywhere as leader of the avant-garde and father of <sup>the</sup> happening, who said thirty years ago that electrical instruments would make all sounds available, you might think that what brought you here was fame. That's not how you got in. A decent obscurity did that!"

"And here I am, settled and working Mm!"

I added, "There still hasn't been much publicity. After you're safely gone, pictures of you will appear in the Sunday paper, a write-up in the Alumni magazine and in the psychiatric bulletin."

Cage gave his silent laugh. "You know I don't call talking to you work. Work is what you do by yourself. What you are going to hear is about the last thing of mine that a string quartet can play, done twenty-five years ago." He sat down.

The music was a surprise. It was not disturbing. People leaned back in their chairs and enjoyed it. When it was over he was urged to talk about it.

"Isn't he going to speak? I thought John Cage always talked."

"He's getting up now. Looks as proper as a parson stepping into a pulpit."

"Except that he's more nervous, pacing back and forth."

"I thought he was going to say something, but he swallowed instead. Maybe he's waiting for us to stop whispering. Look how serious he is."

John spoke as he walked, "About the piece you have just heard. It was a difficult time for me in Paris, not long after the liberation. Rationing was still on. No one knew what would happen next. Do we know yet? The world was worried, and I had some worries of my own."

He paused. "I walked along the Seine, not looking at the book stalls, but down at the river. With my elbows on the parapet of a bridge, I watched the water. I went down stone steps and sat by the flow. It was soothing, reassuring. Soon I had the first movement, 'Quietly Flowing,' like the fulness of mid-summer. It didn't come all at once. I had to go back to my room and work on it. Yet my composing floated under arches, past façades, on the current carrying barges, gay bateau-mouches. When these were moored they were 'Slowly Rocking,' like autumn dying, in the second part. In the third the boats were 'Nearly Stationary,' as in winter's quiescence."

His smile crinkled his wrinkles. But when he opened his mouth to laugh it was silent. "Finally, 'Qu<sup>ui</sup>bet,' Make of it what you please. I fancied the creativity of spring in a whimsical combination of melodies, sad and tender, reaching me like the search lights of a pleasure launch at night."

He had quit pacing. A smile brightened his eyes. "The music tonight is about the cycle of the seasons, going forward with them



# **MANUSCRIPT CHAPTER 2**

## Chapter II

There had been no such commotion since Protagoras came to town, or since the table-turning in Proust. The Sophist did not challenge Athenians more who thought they knew, or the Vinteuil Sonata the Parisians with Madame Verdurin. Here was the edge of the threat to beauty absolute and the whole stronghold of culture.

It rained hard all night. With no warning from the weather man, snow fell all day. People left the campus as soon as they could in the afternoon. Meetings were called off for the evening. Branches were loaded and bending low. The mesh of a fence held white horizontals. A vine flung a surprising pattern. Cardinals dabbed fresh paint on the pale scene. With one stride came the dark.

Even so, the hall was filled. Across the stage, music students sat at tables cluttered with assorted items wired to a row of power packs at their feet.

"He ransacked my shelf of things for flower arrangements."

"He dumped out the box of odds and ends my handy man has been saving. I don't know what all he found: bits of wire, pipe, pieces of tin."

"He told the students to bring whatever they wanted that would make a sound."

More of them sat at tables below the platform with more unlikely objects wired through amplifiers to loud speakers strung about the walls. Excitement flowed and hummed as people craned to see, wondering what to expect. Suddenly a hush.

The composer stood tall, with his back to us, holding his left arm straight up, and the concert began. At one table after another, non-instruments were struck, jiggled, scraped. Like a semaphore,

but slow as a minute hand, the arm swung down to indicate the intervals during which each performer knew how often to shake a bottle, stir a glass, rattle a can, pour from one pan to another. A handsome man, with luxuriant dark hair and a deep blue velvet jacket, moved from one amplifier to another, turning each knob slightly. His delicate adjustments seemed to have no effect on the continuous racket. He was very serious. So were the players, alert, intent. I thought of Horowitz racing through Rachmaninoff. How could I? When the din became unbearable, backs went rigid, shoulders shook, and hysterical laughter broke out. Neon lights flashed: "Don't worry! Don't worry!" When the hubbub stopped, the composer turned and bowed. Applause was long, and then the audience surged up to see more of what they had been hearing: pliers, nails, brushes, an egg beater, a chain of safety pins, an exerciser made of springs, various sticks, rods, tympani, cymbals, a couple of radios. The intermission was a welter of exclamation, expostulation, denunciation, and delight.

In the second number, one or more of the performers wandered over the stage, in and out of a room at the side, or down the aisleless. They dropped boards, kicked cans, slammed doors, climbed in and out of windows or shook them shut. Laughter brought on the neon again: "Don't worry!"

For the finale the composer sat alone with a typewriter on

He and a table. Everything he touched was wired. He moved a chair with a scrape that raked the spine, dragged the table to him with more grating, and turned the roller to take a sheet of paper with outrageous rasping. He whacked each key with the crack of a whip.

The bell rang a decibel. A cigarette tap on a tray was a thunderclap. A giant gulp and swallow of 7 Up rumbled down like Niagara. Yet the man sat, calmly writing a letter as anyone might, oblivious. He stopped to look at what he had written and thought what to say next, in a moment of deep silence. When he stood to reach and

take out the sheet, there was a clatter of ratchets and a scream of paper in pain. He tore along a perforated line with the rip and roar of a power saw. Solemnly he sat again, to sign and add a bit ~~msitzaxaxzixm~~ with a pen that swished the nerves like silk. "Don't worry!"

There was an ~~mpxxxxxx~~ uproar of applause and laughter long before. ~~thizz~~ Boos too, such as had always greeted the new. Folding followed, with each crease a shriek, the protest of a stamp torn loose, a tremendous licking, the last screech of sealing, and the table scraping again.

This was not the end. A fresh sheet was inserted with renewed effects. Came the crack of a bat on one key and another. The gall of the guy! On and on. Over and over. People got tired of watching him calmly catch up on his correspondence while they just sat, with their own letters waiting to be answered. Some walked out. Then more, and more. Unperturbed, he whacked, stopped to think, tapped the most metallic ashtray, gulped, tore, signed, sealed, stamped, and started over. As in everything with him, he had set the time to use and would use it. Those who stayed applauded when he eventually unhooked himself and turned to bow. Some ran up to get a ~~genuine~~ page of ~~his~~ that they had seen him sign. They found he had not been fooling. He had written real letters that were ready to mail.

Outside, ~~the~~ whiteness was deep and still.

After winding up skeins of wires, clearing away amplifiers and all the sounding odds and ends, there was a party. Stamping off snow, coming in happy, people made for the blaze in the fireplace. Drinks and snacks went from hand to mouth. Students sat beside the ~~composer~~ or below him on the floor. They had rattled and banged for him. They were his friends. Holding out a glass of red wine, with his left arm curving, he leaned or sat back,

hearing what was said and seeing the listening. Lines in his face would break and crinkle with pleasure, and relax.

The circle changed as people got up to help themselves, and stood to make comments. "I wouldn't have believed it if anyone had told me last year that I'd be in the same room with him."

"It's like playing touch football and suddenly being up with the Green Bay Packers."

"There was boeing, and a lot of laughing, not only at the typing. After every smash and crash."

"You know why people laughed? They were frightened. They had to relieve the tension."

"That's why the neon lights flashed."

"Red Exit lights were no help when they heard the crack of the status quo. No use to rush out into it."

"They wanted to think he was being funny, but they knew he wasn't fooling."

The review in the paper next day was unexpectedly appreciative. He didn't know the lady who wrote it when she came up beforehand and asked him what to listen for.

"Just keep your ears open!" That was all he said.

"His typing was a virtuoso performance," she wrote.

How compare him at a typewriter with Horowitz at a concert grand? A few thick fingers thumping a portable, like anybody without the touch system. It was Homeric to make so much of the commonplace. It glorified the most common sound on a campus, the nightmare ~~xx~~ clatter of all over-due term papers, not to mention Ph.D. dissertations.

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New 2-5

Snow was swirling the night ~~he~~ took friends out to the  
Nikko Inn ~~swirling~~. The snowflakes came funneling to the

windshield as if we were ~~lost~~ in a fairy tunnel. "How marvelous!"

he exclaimed, peering over the wheel. He made a game of finding his way in a strange city and out to the surroundings. How he mastered the map and fitted it to the maze reminded me of Butor's L'Emploi du Temps, except that my friend never felt the city to be his enemy. The little sake cups delighted him that whistle when you sip. He ~~me~~ wanted each of us to have what we would like.

As if he had not been all over, he appreciated everything as if it were the first time he had been out. As if he did not have friends everywhere, he made us feel that his happiness depended on us, and he beamed to see that we enjoyed his company. We knew he missed his wife. He had to fill her absence with friends.

~~He cared about people in general, and hoped they could be saved from the way the world was going.~~ He struck up a bit of talk with a couple at the next table, found out what the man did, ~~warm~~ exchanged/comments about the restaurant. The waitress was won by him at once, and we all felt as refreshed by the friendly ambience he established as by the food and drink. I could understand that friends meant more to him than if he had someone waiting for him to come home. It took more effort to keep friends than to keep ~~a wife. There needed to be more of them.~~ <sup>That took more</sup> ~~There had to be more~~ going out and out of one's way, more thinking of things to do for ~~people~~ <sup>them</sup> more remembering of birthdays and occasions, more letters, more planning to be together, more care not to forget. ~~XXX~~ Had I ever had a wife and got used to having one, I could imagine that friends would mean even more than they did to me. And it was wonderful that, at my age, one more could mean as much as winning one in lonely adolescence. Though single, I had thought much about Henry James's

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Altar of the Dead, and burning candles to a lost love, instead  
 not  
 of letting the dead bury the dead. Would/allowing memory of the  
 departed to fade make friends more important than if grief were  
 past? And children? For myself, having doubts of the father I'd  
 have been, perhaps it was better to have dream children like Charles  
 Lamb than deal with real ones these days. But now, any sons or  
 daughters I'd have had, would have left me ~~and~~ might have come back  
 as friends. It was a comfort that a number of my students were my  
 friends. And now, ~~to have~~ the composer, ~~not just to write to and~~  
 exchange reading with, but at the same table, smiling, and saying  
 things as fresh as in a new book.

"Music is just getting around in the sixties to the break that  
 Marcel Duchamp made fifty years ago in painting."

"But when you use all kinds of noise, where is the difference  
 between what is music and what is not?"

"However you limit music, I'll try to break through the limit."

"Then what becomes of the composer? He used to create something  
 that a performer conveyed to an audience. How can you call yourself  
 a composer?"

~~He~~ held up ~~the~~ sake cup, laughing with brown eyes and wide  
 mouth, silently. Then he was earnest. "I don't mind not being a  
 composer, if I can put sounds together. Mm?" He asked for assent  
 to what he said by uttering something between "hem" and "hum,"  
 with the "h" silent, as in the first syllable of "um-hum." This  
 sound was not so much a question as an affirmation of his own  
 remarks, and ~~at the same time~~ <sup>also</sup> an appeal. "Not even an organizer  
 of sounds, as I once said, <sup>but</sup> say, someone who sets up a situation  
 for a performer to use freely, who in turn should leave the hearer  
 the option of hearing in his own way. Mm!"

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"Won't that diminish the composer?"

"It's not a question of diminishing him but of giving him a different function."

"Can it be as important?"

"A lot more, and more fun. It's less possessive, more sharing. Instead of hanging on to things, why not let other people use them? Bicycles, automobiles, houses, why own them? If they get lost or worn out, have new ones. No point to stealing or being a dog in the manger when there can easily be enough to go round. Why technology?"

"Many people are too attached to things."

"Let them get attached to people. Mm!"

The talk was resumed everywhere, not only with a few after dinner, after chess, or instead of poker, but with an audience in a hall.

"Best poker player I ever saw."

"Could be better at chess, even if Duchamp did teach him. But good enough, and such good company! Bringing red wine when ~~xxxxxx~~ you invite him."

At a party for him ~~he~~ seemed to know everybody as if he had always lived here, and ~~xxxxxxxx~~ greeted each one as the friend he most wanted to see. How could anyone dislike him, regardless of his music? His approach was utterly disarming, smiling, reaching out, making you glad to be alive and awake, however late the hour. By request he played a prepared-piano piece done for a Duchamp film, though the blunt fingers were out of practice except in typing.

In a little talk first, with a hand in a pocket, and after some <sup>(Duchamp)</sup> swallowing, he was easy and informal. "I had admired him from afar and had no notion of ~~xxxxxx~~ talking with him. But when I found myself being invited to parties with him and his wife, I got to

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chatting with his wife. She came from here. Some of you must have gone to school with her. I asked her if he would teach me chess. 'Yes, if he knows the moves.' I knew the moves."

Dark daughters of Jerusalem kept arriving, each more dazzling, each with an escort more eclipsed. Other women competed as best they could. Tents were the fashion, like fancy muumuus or maternity dresses cut off. Bye-and-hair-dos. A couple were on the eve of leaving for Iran. The famous designer extolled Persian art in all its stages. The director of the Arts Center was planning to bring Merce Cunningham and his dance company, after bringing George Segal, Tom Wesselmann, Robert Indiana, Lawrence Alloway, for a memorable discussion. Anything could happen, and was already happening on the walls and stands or tables. There were paintings by Chagall, Kline, Bill Collins, a Schwitters collage, Eskimo sculptures, stone arrangements, a box of shirts.

"I put Tommy's shirts away instead of displaying them in the living room!"

"Why hang a painting of soup cans!"

"Why ask the composer to play the piano?"

"It was interesting, but I wouldn't call it playing the piano."

The ~~composer~~ was handed a glass of red wine as he settled in a chair. A group gathered around.

"You want standards? You want them to decide what is art? You want art über alles? You want art synonymous with value?"

He put the glass to his lips, twinkling, waiting.

"If art is nothing special, nothing more than anything else,

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why have art? And how would you know when you had it?"

"Do we have to have art, or need to know when we have it?

In Bali they say, 'We don't have art. We just do everything as well as we can!'

"Maybe, in traditional conditions, on an island. But there too, the acids of modernity destroy the fabric of habit and custom, and confusion sets in."

Cage

~~The~~composer held his glass out to balance himself and bent down to a man cross-legged on the floor. "Exactly. When science and technology break up the patterns of culture, and art is put on a pedestal, that's when art must come off it, come down and take its chances, or be carted off to museums."

"You don't believe in art for art's sake?"

The composer settled back, smiling benignly, seeming not to notice how the group around him had grown. "I believe in art for society. That has implications beyond the superstitions still being taught. Art has to be divorced from genius. We must recognize that everybody can do it. Children do it. Of course, it takes practice. Baseball and basketball take practice, but that doesn't keep Tom, Dick, and Harry from playing. It's just natural for them to want to play, and to practice so they can play, in the backyard, in the vacant lot if there is one, and on playgrounds that ought to be everywhere. Some will play better than others, but the game is for everybody, or it's not the great American game that baseball has been, or that the human game should be."

"Are we talking about life or art?"

"Why not about both at once? It's as foolish to belittle art if everybody can do it as to give up life because everybody lives it."

"When you take down genius and masterpieces, we're left with ordinary mortals and ordinary stuff."

"Then we get back to earth, down to brass tacks."

"It's one thing to get down to fundamentals. It's another to pull down the good, the true, and the beautiful, and stamp them into the mud. There is still the question of values. If there is no difference between good and bad, what becomes of beauty?"

"You went to Venice in 1964? Mm? You saw Dubuffet filling a palace with what he saw on the ground, under foot, in his big side-show to the thirty-second Biennale. That was the Biennale that all the previous ones led up to, and that the next ones can only imitate. The stuff of art is everywhere when we learn to look. But it hasn't been easy to open eyes and ears. It took Dada, Surrealism, neo-Dada, Pop, and that is not the end. But it is the end of beauty."

"Kant made a balloon ~~next~~ of beauty by making it pure form, with nothing in it but air, only an outline, as ~~/~~<sup>empty as the</sup> ~~empty~~ plaster casts that ~~xxxx~~ disappeared ~~xxxx~~ with Old Main." <sup>collapsed</sup>

"Tolstoy/~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ what was left of beauty. Just let art be expressive. He wanted it to express the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. That was ~~a way~~ of saying that art should have a social function."

"Even these soup cans, beer cans, and shirts? How is that social? And, well . . ."

"And my frightfully unbeautiful music?"

Pines in the snow, floodlighted outside a large window, were lovely, ignoring the talk.

The hostess came by in her storm of black hair to say there was food. The group broke up to join the surge converging on the dining room table. Reaching and munching, people never stopped talking, pairing off, turning, moving away and coming back. Give them titles and estates and Tolstoy had conveyed their animation, snatches of repartee, nuances of attitude and manner, before he got religion and left ~~xxxxyy~~ salons to help peasants in the fields.

The composer would take to the woods when spring came, hunting mushrooms. He knew 186 varieties. The strong fingers would rather be in the dirt than on a keyboard. Some of the guests did have estates, in danger of being gashed by expressways, and might as well have had titles if not serfs. The Hungarian cosmopolite made a woman a lady, kissing her hand like a true nobleman, saying gallant things with an old world smile. Bits of French and German were heard. Mingled voices might have been Russian as well as English that was not plain <sup>sway.</sup> two feet/~~xxxxxx~~ Vodka was in several glasses. Blanketed coachmen and horses might have been waiting in the snow instead of parking attendants with motors idling and heaters on.



# **MANUSCRIPT CHAPTER 6**

## Chapter VI

Write about him? Words to his music? He did that himself.  
Words to his words? He spoke for himself and typed with éclat.  
Say something about his silence? Why turn to paper and ink in  
the post-Gutenberg era? Only a few ever cared about reading and  
writing. Only those who care count. The secret of any secret  
society is keeping something hidden, not so much from outsiders  
as to share it with insiders. When the composer came, those in  
the know were drawn together, and glad to bring in others, glad  
to have him win them over. It did not matter that more stayed away,  
while some  
~~wayxxx~~/came to scoff and remained to laugh. It would not be  
Tao if people did not laugh.

The hall was filled for a noon concert. Students and  
faculty missed their lunch to come or ate early--more faculty  
than before. The pianist prepared the piano, with the composer  
helping. The lid was up. She reached in from one side with  
smooth bare arms, he from the other, wedging bits of weather  
stripping under the strings, erasers, cardboard, bobby pins,  
bolts, pieces of bamboo, which she had brought in egg cartons.  
When she sat he turned to the audience. He said his "Perilous  
Night" had been done twenty-seven years ago, when he had been  
studying with Henry Cowle at the New School, while becoming  
acquainted with folk music, Oriental music, and other music  
around the world. So there/~~may~~ might have been some influence. But  
this was European music, with beginning and end, whereas Indian  
music goes on and on, with no structure, just process.

"The first time I prepared a piano it was a necessity. It was in 1938 when I was asked to do something for a Negro dancer appearing with Katherine Dunham. A bacchanal. It should have a percussion orchestra. But the theater had no wings and no pit--just room to force in a small grand piano. Since I had been studying with Schoenberg, I was using a twelve-tone scale then. I tried row after row and failed to get a bacchanalian impression. I decided there was nothing wrong with me but with the piano. Mm? So I changed the piano."

Ridges, roads, and valleys of his face were rumpled by the pleasure of calling back the moment of resource and sagacity. "I tried slipping in metal pie tins. I saw I was going in the right direction, but the tins bounced around. I put nails between the strings, but the nails bounded out. Then I tried bolts and screws, and they stayed more or less. Later I turned to weather stripping and a collection of items I'll invite you to come and look at afterwards. So I got the effect of a percussion orchestra, and only one person had to learn and rehearse the piece instead of a dozen."

He paced and swallowed, inclining from the waist, his topography all serious now. "The piece today reflects my feelings about World War Two. I renounced doing large music then, because it seemed to refer to large things that society was doing, opposed to what anyone in his right mind would do. I turned to the small intimate things of love and tenderness. I notice that the Vietnam war is having the same effect on young people now. They are insisting on gentleness and intimacy, which fortunately are still in the world. But, before I finished the piece, it expressed pain for me instead of pleasure. I was

missing my wife who was three thousand miles away. This is suggested by the wide separation of the right and left hands.

He sat down on the platform, back of the pianist, Jeanne Kirstein, at the audience's left, with his feet on the steps, clasping his knees, averting his eyes from us, to watch her. He was far enough forward to see her hands. Below him, at the end of the front row, the recording spools were turning. Only the old-fashioned word "beautiful" would do for what she did. Her loveliness melted into tender and haunting passages. Without interrupting her playing, she gracefully bent over herself, like a drummer laying his ear on the taut surface while he touches the screws and listens to his taps, to hear if he is stretching the vellum just enough. She had mastered a new technique to get the effect of percussion instruments. Her fingers were sticks whacking hide and wood, metal rods striking steel, brass ringing on brass, skin and bones jingling tambourines, speeding to a terrific beat, then slowing and dying.

Applause was heart-warming. John stepped over to shake both her hands. Smiling happily, they turned and bowed side-by-side, she in a fresh frock, he in a dark blue suit. He explained that his music was not initially like that of India, though resembling it in having no structure of tonality, only a rhythmic structure. He did have a beginning and ending, however. His music was highly structured in always being capable of a square root, so that each of his later pieces was micro-macrocosmic, reflecting the large in the small. "Perilous Night" was played again, with the same bravura.

Then "Valentine Out of Season." He said he had made it easy to play, because it was for his wife who was not such an accomplished pianist as Jeanne Kirstein. Now the piano had to

be prepared differently, and he invited people to come up and watch how it was done. Bits of this and that were neatly fitted into egg cartons on which was written what each thing was and in which cup it went. The composer said this piece expressed for him the difficulty of life and love, and again pain more than pleasure. "But a critic said it sounded like a woodpecker in a belfry. That made me wonder. Is communication really what we're interested in?" Came the wide, silent laugh. A question pleased him, which he repeated for the pianist and the audience. Had he ever heard "Perilous Night" played more beautifully? "No!" Fresh applause. Someone ventured that on other occasions he had spoken of welcoming environmental noises entering into music. During the playing just now, had he minded the clicking of cameras? "Yes, but our training in ignoring extraneous sounds in hearing music stood us in good stead here."

"Valentine Out of Season" was shorter and softer than "Perilous Night," very gentle and appealing. Surprisingly few things were wedged under the strings: a few bits of felt, some very shiny bolts or screws, two gleaming pennies. The sound was somewhat Japanese, haunting, pausing, halting, speeding up. At the end, amid the clapping, he went over to kiss her on the cheek as she stood by the piano, before they bowed. He was beaming with pleasure, as open and sincere as a Dostoevsky character. Myshkin was not more a prince, not more gentle, more appreciative or forgiving, noticing everything except when people made fun of him. It was in the music as in the smile that to be alive is to be rich, that living is what matters.

"You think I'm Utopian? A theorist?" Myshkin asked,

and added: "My ideas are really all so simple . . . Don't you believe it? You smile?" It did not trouble Myshkin to Cage. be absurd, or ~~theatrical~~. The man's simplicity and honesty were in his music, especially when heard in his presence. He was out of a book, out of Dostoevsky, worried about the world, wanting to save it, and everyone. Avent garde? For Cage, to be ahead was to lead, and a leader must serve. He talked, but knew it was better to set an example. He could not see a mushroom without being happy. He could not talk to a person without kindling affection. He delighted the whole audience by loving everyone in each seat at once. If he could, he would save all beings everywhere.

The general enjoyment of the two pieces at noon had been a surprise, after the cacophony of the snow concert, the amplified racket of non-instruments all over the stage, overflowing down in front, spouting out of loud speakers in back, and coming to a climax in the gigantic clacking of the typewriter. The two pieces now were new enough, except as something of the sort might have been heard on a tape or record, or adapted in jazz or rock. Yet the pieces were more than twenty-five years old. It had taken that long for those who liked them to get ready for them. Would it take another quarter-century to be ~~ready~~ for what John Cage was doing today? There is always a lag between the taste of the hearer and that of the creator. If it is more blessed to give than to receive, it is more boring

to do the same old thing than listen to it.

Variation had always been mixed with repetition in artistic form, but how go on thinking that novelty was introduced only to enhance recognition of the familiar? Recurrence within a work of art, and returning experience of the same works had been the pattern of culture. Now things were on the move. Science was destroying the past and recasting the present, to fit a fresh future. What was the human brain for, Loren nicely asked, if not to bring novelty and generate the improbable in this most "unexpected universe?"

One should not underestimate the drowsy pleasure of nodding at a symphony concert. You pretend to be closing your eyes to concentrate. You try to raise your head slowly, to show you are in control. But when it falls and you jerk to hold it, you don't feel anyone. As long as you can hold your head up, it is a comfort to loll on the familiar, with old friends doing the same around you. Like a dash of fiery sauce, a little novelty will go a long way in the program or conductor or décor, to help you tell this season from the last, whether or not in Marienbad.

Perhaps change is resented in the evening because unavoidable all day. Science and technology are expected to forge ahead and drag the world forward, however kicking. But, while research is supported, it is not

supposed to have cultural consequences.

"There still hasn't been much publicity about your being here. After you're safely gone, pictures of you will appear in the Sunday paper, a write-up in the alumni magazine and in the psycho people's news sheet. You are probably the only normal person they ever knew. No one like you comes to their couch or into their "literature." How can you talk without mentioning hostility or aggression, compensation or mothers, pens, pencils, pendants, pendulums, or triangles? You liked your mother and your father."

"Me."

"It gets the psych~~o~~ people that you're creative. They can't really believe in the possibility of it. They are trained to think behavior is the ~~xxxxxx~~ result of training and conditioning. Something is wrong with everybody, and there must be a reason for it. Something went wrong before the age of five. But what can they do with you? Didn't your parents make any mistakes?"

"I couldn't say."

"You don't need to. You talk about chance operations, and Freudians can't accept chance. It is ruled out in their world of cause and effect. They are men of science, rationalists. You talk about intuitions and perceptions. They must rely on concepts for their chains of explanation. When they draw you into an argument, they say you are conceptual too, or how could you hold your own with them? You intellectualize about intuitions, don't you?"

"We've had some good talks and chess games. They're all right."

"Some of our best friends. They help people, and lots of people want help, unless they are in real trouble. Years ago in Vienna, people gathered as if at the pool of Bethesda. They didn't look blind, halt or withered, but they needed to be made whole. They weren't supposed to talk about their shrinkers, but they couldn't help it. They compared notes, each boasting of having the best, though afraid not. Cafés did them more good than couches: warm, well lighted places with Zeitungs, friends who would listen, a proprietor who knew them, took messages for them, knew where they would be if absent. A young husband always had to sit by his wife at their Stammtisch, or in a theater, everywhere. Did someone squeeze between them, that he shot himself? A gemitlich painter was more than annoyed by the instructions on jars, cans, kits, cereal boxes. The harder he tried to follow directions for opening or using, the more he was frustrated. Something was always omitted or ambiguous. He turned on the gas, with no instructions. A literary mother with two children, expecting another, was making progress until her husband came. anyone could see that she was wasting her time in Vienna.

For him the approaching blessed event would be just "another set of bowels to look after." A budding psychoanalyst refused to give up his complexes--he'd be lost without them. Welt berfumt ist Wien."

"Think of the Ring, the baroque buildings, the parks, parquet floors, chandeliers, the vista at Schönbrunn! White stallions at the Spanische Reitschule. The blue Danube."

"I dream of the white towers of Melk, the high-ceilined library, the lift of windows above walls of books, the sliding ladders, broad tables, a terrestrial globe in the corner of the hush."

"You know what our psych~~O~~ friends would say about your fondness for such a remote retreat."

"You like silence yourself."

"But I can get it within a din."

"You get it with Zen. Our friends don't understand that, and they want everything comprehensible."

"Mm."

"What I don't understand is why they are so proud of their navels. Maybe they don't have navels, and that's why they envy women who don't hide theirs. They think what they have in-their-pants is important, when every little girl thing has a belly cup full of the cosmos. A sage knows the thing worth saying is Om."

"Mm."

"You don't even wear an M.D. A psych~~O~~ man would feel like an exhibitionist to let his name show without that covering."

It's a sort of G-string or jock strap.

/ Modesty takes queer forms. Haven't anthropologists noticed the taboo against a naked name?"

"You know they won't sign their names, bare or covered, to anything controversial?"

"I'm not sure how much good it does to sign things."

"I'm not either. I ought to do more, but I don't want to do anything that would interfere with my work."

"Isn't that how it is with them? They have a good thing."

"When you think of the hard time Freud had . . ."

"They don't want to impair their usefulness. But, when they are being criticized for adjusting people to a sick society instead of relating mental health to fighting the good fight for a healthy society, should they act like fat cats?"

"Let's be fair. Isn't there a medical reason? The psyche doctor doesn't want to be labeled in a way to ~~inhibit~~ affect his relation with the patient."

~~TM~~ "Some patients might be more drawn to a doctor who took a stand."

"He wouldn't want that either."

"You mean, he should just be a shadowy presence behind the couch, a pair of ears, ~~and~~ a neutral professional ~~sex~~ voice?"

"Ein Mann ohne Eigenschaften."

"But what about the rest of us? Should we refuse to pay the <sup>of our taxes</sup> war-half of our taxes? Move to Canada?"

"I keep hoping that Bucky's work and ideas will hurry up and bring the global village, so we'll all live on the same Main Street, using the same utilities and resources."

"I don't know about a village. It isn't making for love and good will to live in the same city."

Through the open window came the music of far trains,

"I miss the old whistles, filling the night like the cry  
of a loon. Some of the new ones at least are better than  
the first hoarse honks of the Diesels."

"I like them all. There! A police siren. It's electrifying, terrifying. I could use that."

"It's so shattering, I'm thankful to be off the streets  
when I hear it. Maybe an ambulance. Enough to give a heart-  
attack to the poor devil being rushed to the hospital. Or  
maybe it's the Fire Department? The hook-and-ladder wagon?  
I've always loved to watch the tillermen swing the rear end  
around a corner."

"You're lucky to have a balcony. I see plane lights up  
there. Where does that searchlight come from?"

"From wherever, things keep coming to you."

"All you have to do is look and listen, and the present  
~~moment fills so full that~~ you don't care about past or future.  
People take drugs to be like you without them."

"The truth is that ~~is~~ each thing is its own center, with  
as much right as we feel we have. Mm?"

"You think things are interesting enough in the  
non-toxic state?"

"Each thing asks: 'What makes you think I'm not  
something like you?'"

"Rilke said, 'how happy a thing can be.'"

"Is that in the Duing Bleives?"

"The Ninth. Also in Sonnets to Orpheus. In Malte too  
he celebrates the common things that are always there."

"I like that. What I want in music was anticipated not only by Duchamp and Dada but by writers."

"You mean their joy in things, apart from old notions of form and coherence? Robert Musil abandons the whole idea of an overall scheme in Der Mann Ohne Eigenschaften. He not only has no scheme of things but a character without characteristics. He's not caught in a profession, a job, a role, but open, responsive, disponible, as Gide would say."

"People take drugs because they loosen limitations."

"So does literature, on vice impuni. But people are immunized against literature by the injections they get in school. Your music, though--there is no protection against that. That's why it frightens people. And as fast as they get used to what you are doing, you move on. You not only get away from the old music but from the instruments that made it."

"The fascinating part of your art museum here is the collection of old-time musical instruments. Now they'll have to make room for a lot more!"

"Once you've abolished the distinction between musical sounds and noises, you can play with anything you can hear, and even use what you can't hear."

"My idea is that sound and the soundless can be fitted into the same structure of durations. A silence can be measured for length the same as a sound. So I hold on to timing. I use a stop watch. I hold on to order to the tenth of a second."

"But how do you know how long to make the intervals?  
It's not clear whether you establish a time scheme arbitrarily  
or by chance."

"I take the I Ching seriously."

"The ancient Chinese Book of Changes? I know that Taoism  
was in it or went into it. The Tao

that can be told is not the real Tao. It's all very grand, as my friend Fung put it. Say that if you can grasp the Tao you have the universe by the tail. Then you have Yin and Yang. They are universal. They're as American as freight cars with the Yin-Yang symbol on them, the red and black parts interlocked.

Male Yang, female Yin, Father Heaven, Mother Earth. When the Tao becomes Two, you go from duality to trinity, and on to the ten thousand things. A diviner used the Book of Changes to tell how changes anywhere would go."

"It began way back with heating a tortoise shell to bring out cracks which were interpreted. Later the cracks were simulated by more readable rods or sticks, long and short, arranged in sets of three, making eight different trigrams. Putting the trigrams in pairs gave ~~sixty-four~~ sixty-four hexagrams."

"Little stacks of sticks, the original Lincoln logs, for building everything, all the laws, all that goes on! But, if whatever happens, whatever you do, is in the logs, how do they help you decide what to do? Is it like flipping a coin? That would do between two alternatives, not with an ocean of options."

"When I flip three coins, and I flip them six times, that gives me sixty-four hexagrams. That's all the possibilities anyone could want. I make charts of them which I can follow from side to side or up and down. So I get the divisions and durations I need. I get all the spaces I can use, and then fill them with sounds and silences. Mm?"

It didn't make creativity less mysterious. Lady Luck is still with us, in the midst of conditions if not causes. Some say they can chercher that femme with a computer. But they have as many surprises as with the Book of Changes. They still get

what you couldn't figure out, if you thought figuring was just reckoning and calculating. Figuring can be imagining. Figurez-vous! The I Ching tells me what I am to do, in whatever way occurs to me, before doing something else I want to do."

"You mean the scheme tells you how long to play on the keys before standing to reach over and play on the strings, muting or plucking them, or when to bang the side of the piano?"

"The predetermination given me leaves plenty of freedom. I know how long to do a thing, but how loud, how fast, just where to touch the strings, or where to whack, is up to me."

"The same as in your lectures, you have durations fixed by tossing coins, so that alternations of reading and waiting are measured, but ~~then~~ you have to think of the words to use?"

"I think only of what occurs to me. How does anyone think?"

"But why is what you think of fitted to measured stretches?

"Why don't you leave it all to chance, since you like chance so much? Why are you fussy about reading proof?"

"That's what the printer asked me."

"Why not read and pause naturally, instead of with a stop-watch?"

"It's because I'm a composer after all. It may be irrational, but it would also be irrational to be entirely rational. Mm? I keep the illusion of control over a process that is out of my hands from the moment I rely on the I Ching. I retain a need for structure, but the structure I use is given by chance operations. So the whole thing is non-intentional,

and that is my intention, if you like. Mm?"

"With all that you have to tell, since you can't tell it all, you have to have a way of choosing when you seem not to, to get some arrangement out of Zen stories, things your friends did and said, teachers, parents, yourself: ideas, jokes, art, life, how to improve the world."

"I do choose, but I choose chance. The coins tell me I'll have so many sections for so many ideas of whatever sort, each idea to consist of so many words."

"It's like writing a telegram? You count."

"Mm."

"Or like writing a sonnet. You do need an idea, or the germ of one. Then the fixed form makes decisions for you."

"I work over my ideas to fit the sections. And I don't run out of ideas, because more always come."

Not for nothing was he the son of an inventor. And studying Zen with Daisetz T. Suzuki had added a wonderful freedom. No wonder he had excited the young musicians of Europe in the late fifties by scrapping the complexities of harmony which over-crowded the score with detailed directions for the performer. John let him loose to go on his own, and let sounds be themselves in their own right. Some would say that the most aleatory music is nevertheless controlled by the conditions laid down by the beginning of a piece, and by the musical style of the time and the performer's own sense of style. But Cage always said that anything could follow anything, as in Duchamp, Picabia and Dada, so now in new music, new films, new poetry, novels, and theater. Unpredictable non-intention and invention would take on the multidimensionality of what there is and the way it is now, with Archimedes's shout of discovery, the thundering laughter and drums

of the young, applying the lever of levity to the fulcrum of novelty, to pry loose the habit and custom of complaisance, to let Zen into the West, with its non-sequiturs and shattering silence.

"Still I don't see why you call your procedure aleatory. Once you get some ideas, you know what to do with them. It's my writing that is a chance operation. I'm faced with one blank sheet after another. I have to keep striking out over again on a trackless waste. It's not a question of getting ideas with me either. Ideas are a dime a dozen. Five-cent ones will do as well as any. The thing is what to do with them."

"I'll lend you my I Ching."

That year spring came on forever. The Merce Cunningham dancers came. The town had changed since the agent who managed the "Artist Series" said it would be impossible to bring Martha Graham. Mary Wigmann and Kretzberg had come in an earlier time before there was an agent who decided what people should want. Now the dancers

used no stories, no sets, and ~~extraneous~~/costumes. Skin-tight leotards did not get between the movement and the audience. Music by our <sup>Cage</sup> composer and his friends had no one-to-one relation with the dancing. He said, "That will help you appreciate how it is in life where things are seldom one-to-one, but many for any, polydimensional. The movement is there, let it speak to each of you as it may."

Came a whirl of solos, duets, trios, a quintet. The color schemes were lovely. "Beautiful" was the only word for the smoothly moving, posing, poised, twirling bodies, ~~were~~ cat-like in flow and control, falling softly as kittens, tumbling over one another without a bump, pyramiding and coming loose with no trouble. It made the audience feel like spastics lifted out of a nightmare of jerky frames into ~~the~~ ease of an unbelievable dream. Swimming where no water was, skating without ice, skimming without wings, men and women were agile animals again, or primitive people dancing for rain, or war, or love. Here was the beginning of ritual and drama, sculpture and religion. It was a renewing return to the source. The legend of the Jongleur de Notre Dame became a true story. In a city in this century, balance is rare, and ~~is~~ repose, or a lightning-right move.

In the intermission the audience felt lifted and light. Weight and worry had left them. They felt that feline leotards would fit them. They had been drawn out of themselves into the forms before them. Not only hippies with beards and beads, some with cameras, one with a lantern, but professors with wives had seen why this company toured the country and the world. It was no secret that ~~the~~ composer's being their musical director had

much to do with their coming. He smiled with pride and pleasure, coming up the aisle, asking where to find a special friend, and went right away to kiss her.

"What a handsome tie you have."

"I'm glad you like it." He held it out to show the alternating sections of soft dyes. "Carolyn wove it for me."

"The dancer?"

"Yes. And she decided the design with the I Ching."

Gordon Mumma was in the pit with a flock of power packs. Now it was his music. The matching and contrasting colors of the leotards were different now. He was handsome and quietly alert as his fingers on the knobs seemed to seek the most delicate shading, but he produced pandemonium.

The dancers hurled their bodies like cars on I-75. A collision would have been disastrous. Beautiful was no longer the word. The deafening music turned sinister, working up to a ~~xxx~~ frightening pitch, with the male dancers violently shoving, dragging, throwing the females around, before picking them up and packing them off. Last, a tall Negro scooped up a blond, folded her, cradled her high, and was gone. Though there was no story, you might say it was "The Rape of the Sabine Women."

It was barely noticed that one of the male dancers failed to appear and bow with the others. Then the call went out for a doctor. No doctors had come to a dance program but psychiatrists and a few Ph.D.'s who had no black satchels either. Word spread that the young man had thrown his back out and was in great pain from a muscle spasm. A Ph.D. never had to worry about the call for a doctor in the house. Nobody would expect help from him in an emergency--perhaps in a calmer moment when the consolations

of philosophy might do some good. The psyche doctors didn't come forward either.

The show had to go on, though what followed was bound to be a let-down. Now the dancers were more on their own, darting, dropping, grouping, separating. It was hard to watch them because, at the far left of the stage, in front, John Cage and a colleague sat at a table, each with a copy of Cage's book Silence. They opened a bottle of champagne with a loud report--the only such opening ever on campus, at least in public. Perhaps they didn't know it was against the rules. They had to wipe fizz off the books. They poured, swallowed, and proceeded to read into microphones, first one, then the other, then together. They were much alike in voice and manner. They watched the same stop-watch to keep in step, come in on cue, or share a pause. Brooks Brothers must have dressed them alike. A funeral director could not have been more proper or sober. They never smiled, no matter how the audience laughed. They did not seem aware of what they were reading. It was hard to keep an eye on the dancers for fear of missing something for the ear, in the confusion of music and overlapping voices, sometimes reading different pages. Laughter came through to keep people laughing and wiping their tears. "Once I was visiting my Aunt Marge. She was doing her laundry. She turned to me and said, 'You know? I love this machine much more than your Uncle Walter!'" It was an effort to follow the dancers, also a wrench to get back to the readers.

Merce Cunningham kept his face straight too, strange and enigmatic as that of a cat. Level lines crossed a broad forehead. Whiskery brows shrouded eye-slits above the mouth-slit. Hair and sideburns were kinky but not black. A depression too large for a dimple was moulded in each cheek. Shoulders not broad, torso long,

hips narrow, he stood erect. He could whirl and leap as if in fur, landing on bare feet without a sound. He did more than any other. During the reading, when not dancing, he moved a couple of star-shaped lanterns about the stage. Flat on the floor, he slithered into a cellophane bag, thrashed about, and rolled out of sight.

Count that day lost when there has been no dancing. Thus spake Zarathustre. The yes-saying of the evening affirmed even the pain of the sickener dancer. His absence brought back his face and figure--dashing, dodging, shuddering like a horse shrugging off a horse fly. Someone said a chiropractor was on the way.

"Why not take advantage of modern science? I'd want a real doctor."

"Does science pass up modern art?"

"Where have you been? Nowadays the chiro men take X-rays the same as regular doctors. As long as you don't have a disease in your bones that chiro men can't manipulste . . ."

"Do they have M.D.'s like the psyche man?"

"Yes, but they can lay on hands and handle backs."

"Most doctors are front doctors."

"People are always needing help in front."

"Their insides are to the fore."

"So scarcely a medical thought goes aft?"

"Barely an afterthought."

"But when are they all coming? John said to meet here."

"John won't leave until the man with hands comes to relieve the poor devil. I had an uneasy feeling that he was overdoing it. No one else shimmied so."

"He's new in the troupe and wanted to prove himself."

"It will take them all at least an hour to rest and get dressed. They'll head for the dining room. There's no room here in the bar anyway. Let's take our drinks and find a table."

When they arrived, Cunningham took the head of his table. Some separated to sit here and there with John's guests. John himself did not come until he had seen the hurt dancer relaxed and asleep.

"He'll be able to travel tomorrow. He'll be all right. Tell me, did you like it?" John was beaming. Our admiration seemed to mean as much as praise in England, Portugal, Japan.

Merce, standing up to shake hands, was dressed as well as John, and had much the same affable manner. During the program not a muscle of <sup>Merce's</sup> enigmatic face had twitched. The features were vacant. Now the mask was animated, smiling, listening, responding, while the body was quiet, hiding in clothes, holding them straight, keeping the head aloft and letting it speak for the man.

A danseuse at our table sat still, a vivid creature at ease with herself, as if after frisking in the sun and air. Replete with exercise and applause, she had no need to fidget or bestir herself. Her black hair was lustrous, eyes dark, lips red and generous. She had shed the leotard that sheathed her, with the distance and the rhythms that had enveloped her. She was having supper like an ordinary mortal. So the new art would catapult a person back into life and abolish any difference between performing and living. So we all felt ourselves

caught up on the stage by her presence, while her performance sent us to her in propria persona. If she had not danced we'd not have been sitting with her.

It was remarked that the leader seemed much taller in talking than he had in action. "Perhaps because his coordination inxxxxxxk in motion is so perfect? And his torso is at so long that he doesn't seem long-legged."

"He is a tall man, but all of us are tall for dancers, even the women. Dancers usually are fairly short. It's easier to manage a compact body."

"Then it must be much harder for the Negro. He's really tall."

"It is harder for him, but you wouldn't know it. Isn't he good?"

Her voice was so low that no one could hear her across the table. The rabbi beside her relayed what she said, when he was not entertaining her and absorbing her attention so that she could not eat. (He called himself a spiritual lecher.)

"He should give her a chance to take some nourishment," I observed to his wife."

"You'll have to tell him. If I do, he'll think I'm jealous."

Another woman said no woman could tell him.

Finally, I told him, but he knew the women had put me up to it, turning his slow dark smile for a moment.

Though I had failed, a third woman reassured me. "You did the right thing anyway."

The girl never did eat much. The rabbi graciously relinquished her when I drew her smouldering gaze by asking if she had gone to college.

"To three." It was easier to hear her when she came

straight on, not siphoned off by the rabbi. "None of them suited me, including Reed which I had thought most of." I could not see that anything was lacking in her for not graduating. She spoke with the poise her body had. Her speech was willowy and controlled as the rest of her was svelte and trained, yet spontaneous and sparkling.

"How did you come to the dance company?"

"I was lying in a bathtub, reading an essay, when I found what I should do."

"Archimedes made his discovery in a tub. Did you call Eureka?"

"I said to myself, 'There's the man I want to work with!'"

The rabbi could not resist. "Now, just picture that. She was . . ." He did not finish. No one thought he needed to. Schubert, Michelangelo, everybody knew the non-finite was not really incomplete.

"Is it really true that there is no one-to-one relation between the music and what the dancers do?"

"In both the music and the dances the continuity is reached by chance operations."

"It's just chance if they go together? In that mad second number you'd have killed yourselves if you hadn't known what you were doing."

"I don't mean we don't know what we're doing. We do know what follows what, but that was worked out by chance operations."

"The I Ching?"

She nodded.

"Can you weave ties with it too?"

"I can. But, to go back to the second number: we learned it and rehearsed it completely before we ever heard the music. We didn't hear it until we did the dance the first time for an audience. It was in Portugal. Right there the feeling about it changed, for all of us. We had thought it was light and gay, and were having fun. When we heard that ominous music, the whole thing became menacing."

"Safety wasn't first tonight."

When we got up to go, her clasp was firm and warm. Her eyes and mouth were in it. I don't remember what she wore, if not a cloud of choreography.



# **MANUSCRIPT CHAPTER 7**

## Chapter VII

"For all his talk about being unintentional and unframing art to let the environment in, he is the most motivated, purposeful person I know."

"He really doesn't leave much to chance."

"Why did he let himself in for this Mix thing? Do you think he could like the idea? Or just wants to please the friends who got it up?"

"People were supposed to make their own tapes of whatever they wanted, but hardly anyone did. Finally, a student was to go to them with a tape recorder and take down what they had. But it got too late for that. Now we're supposed to come early tonight and get our things recorded there at the Yacht Club. That will make part of the party."

"Then he will splice the tapes and mix everything up?"

"A Mix he did some years ago is famous. Maybe this will make us famous."

"I doubt it. Is that what we want--to get written up in Time or Life with pictures, and maybe in Vogue?"

"We have to take our chances."

"It's good to be going to a cocktail party first."

Lobby marble, elevator elegant, the hostess opens the door herself, greeting all at once. She could be the eighth century National Treasure in Nara, Ashura-O, but not in dry lacquer. Her hands are pressed together, more hands are upraised. The melting, wide, three-way gaze is narrowed

at the corners, under brows uptilted like temple roofs. Stylish hair is upswept high from the foreheads. Armlets, bracelets, and a necklace are not excessive. They jingle just enough. Her most appealing face is in front. Her garment is simple. A scarf is draped from shoulder to hip, with folds curving like her ears, and like the deep comb tracks in the high hairdo. Illusion or not, the extra shapes shine about her when she settles into one, as with the Cunningham dancers, or like anyone in the new cinema moving in blurred reflections of a self.

Glasses passed and dainties. We looked at Japanese art books and chatted, while I marveled at the hostess. You might think a three-faced woman would be a freak like a two-headed calf, not to mention having six arms. The other guests did not seem to notice. Perhaps it was the effect of her being attentive to everyone at once, passing things with no flurry. Abnormal, monstrous she was not, as it might seem, and I had no such feeling. She was lovely and natural, supernaturally charming. In the Orient I had seen superlative qualities symbolized by supernumerary parts.

From cinnabar hair to bright sandals, she was a perfect work. I turned the pages, looking for her as I had seen her in Nara, among the deer and lanterns, under huge trees, by Sarusawa Pond where the five-storeyed pagoda is reflected in the moonlight. She used to be in Kôfukuji, the Temple of the Revival of Happiness, before they put her in the museum to be an eighth century National Treasure. Her childlike face in front was so innocent and pensive that

one would not think she had been a Hindu warrior-king of demons, before he became she, before being converted to Buddhism and becoming a Guardian of the Buddha. Her hollow lacquer figure was slender.

Across the torso the diagonal cloth, the jōhaku, is still green, with patterns painted on. The skirt is pink, ornamented with the same round patterns. On the armlets and bracelets gold leaf is imprinted, which also rims the jōhaku and skirt. She is calm and elegant, with a dancing movement of the arms. Why should she want to be a man? She had been man enough.

I'd have missed Ashura if the hollow, dry-lacquer technique had not sprung up in Nara for only a hundred years, twelve hundred years ago. Lacquer could last, and keep a complexion young. She looked at me with her clear look of contemplation, nodding a little, tilting higher her lifting brows, slowly bringing up her hands, flat together, below the jewels of her necklace. I couldn't tell whether she meant to convey anything, or this was now her natural attitude, as she saw us see her in the illustration on my lap. I could have kept looking from her to the likeness and back again without a word, but cocktail talk went on, as if no one else noticed the resemblance.

Someone said, "I'm glad Ashura's glad to be a woman."

"Spoken like a man. It would be hard on happiness if there were not two kinds of people. At least two. Otherwise,

there'd be no sense to opera."

"No sex?"

"Not only opera. What would life be without it?"

"Epicene."

"That doesn't sound good."

"Seriously, if variety's the spice of life, we need  
intercultural relations."

"Isn't that what Zen brings?"

"Zen pours the Orient into our bowl for a grand mix.

But our philosophers now wouldn't be caught with a koan or  
a haiku on them, or a hexagram. They don't take the chances  
you do in literature, 'the most seductive, the most deceiving,  
the most dangerous of professions.'"

"Are you quoting?"

"That was Henry Morley."

"Didn't someone find Zen all through English literature?"

"Blyth did. When you get an ear for Zen you really can  
hear it everywhere. It's like John Cage spotting a mushroom  
at seventy miles an hour beside I-75."

"Won't he expecting us soon now?"

"We still have time. Let's hear more about Zen while we can hear. At the Mix it will be impossible. How did Zen begin?"

"With the Buddha's smile, then Bodhidharma's frown."

"In the beginning was not the word?"

"No dependence on words or letters, or on anything but oneself--not even reliance on dhyanas, the sitting meditation which was Ch'an in China, after a love affair with India."

"Then Zen comes from the Japanese passion for China, because the Japanese couldn't say Ch'an? Or was Zen a love name?"

"Lovers do play with names. Now, after our own intimacy with Japan, she has given us Zen, like a storied old bowl, with a blood stain in the glaze."

"We have it, whether we ~~saw~~ it or not?"

"I think we had it all along, without the name, in Emerson, Thoreau, and others."

"Zen was made in America too? Without the sitting?"

"The Pure Land is here, if anywhere."

I thought of Ashura's millenium and more of concentration, standing.

"The old Chinese masters said it was not necessary to sit to be enlightened. It could happen sitting, standing, walking, or doing your work. But there is plenty of concentrated sitting in this country, /grasping the arms of a rocking chair, holding a fish pole, or a steering wheel. A driver's seat is as good as a mat, because you must relax if you want to last, and stay awake if you want to live, not thinking and not dreaming. Most of us have that training, which is more like zazen in a zendo

then you might think. It is a severe discipline, cultivating the good for alertness/~~swordsmanship~~ swordsmanship and judo, as well as for automobile racing and getting home in traffic."

People listened intently, perhaps because Ashura did not stir.

"If you are suggesting that Zen was in Emerson and Thoreau, couldn't you attribute it to an intercultural mix in them?"

"It's not American not to be mixed. They wanted to be washed from Europe and were drawn to Asia."

"Where our Indians may have come from."

"They haven't been appreciated."

"Pocahontas was."

"Africans came ahead of most Americans."

"You mean they were brought, because we couldn't tame the Indians."

"We hardly tried, and we didn't know what we were doing. Putting Negroes at the bottom gave them the Taoist advantage of the low. The place to get the upper hand is underneath."

In the car, in the dark, I was beside Ashura. Others were talking so that we could talk almost as if alone. "Did you agree about the power from below?"

"Not only in America. Think of Asia. Reversal is universal, you know. When the limit is reached, things go the other way. It's fatal to flout the Tao. When the time is up, what was up must come down. How do you like that for a lesson?"

"I like learning from you."

"What you knew already?"

"What can a person learn except what he didn't know he knew? You even say I knew you!"

"There's knowing and knowing."

"There's talking and not talking. I like both with you."

It was less dark in the car now. Intermittent lights glimmered in. I saw that her face on my side was sterner than the one in front, which was not stern at all. We subsided together and listened to the others.

"I sent a tape. See if you recognize my voice."

"It'll be such a brouhaha, I doubt if we'll hear anything."

"You mean it will be a perfect silence?"

"Then you can slip in anything you like, lady-like or not. No one will know."

"Ashura, have you brought your tape of the Abbot and the cat story?"

"Yes, in case they want to use it."

"The composer likes Zen."

"Tell us more about the Abbot."

"He was solid and jolly, not exactly spiritual looking. But why should a Zen man be? He had been a farm boy in Kyushu. Being an Iowa farm boy myself, for a while, I felt a bond. When I showed him something I had written about Zen, he was surprised. He said, 'I did not have the impression that you were a scholarly person!'"

"I hope you didn't mind."

"How could I? He was so open and good-hearted, and said such appealing things. In a white robe, he was out one morning taking pictures of the place where I was staying. He came in to tell me what an honor it was that a bird nest, with eggs in it, was near my window. In China and Japan that is a sign of virtuous living. He smiled and said, 'If I wrote your biography

I'd certainly mention that."

"Then you could forgive his jumping on you for your comment on killing the cat?"

"That was only a grandmotherly pet from a Zen man. After the Zen discipline he found military training mild."

"Can you separate sense from nonsense in Zen?"

"Laughs are part of it. I watched him doing Zen sayings in calligraphy, and laughing when he translated them. He began with rubbing the ink stick on the ink stone, with some water, then wetted the brush. The stocky little man with stubby fingers, that could hold a plow behind an ox, managed a nice variation in the stroke, from heavy to delicate. He did several sayings in Chinese characters, and signed them with his name as a Japanese monk. At first he worked on a table with sheets of my typewriter paper. After warming up, he went down on the floor, not quite on all fours, because he kept his brush hand free. Now he was using so-called rice paper, or grass paper, really made of a tree fiber."

He penciled the English on the back for me, and I remembered several examples. "No title" or "True man" meant being natural, walking when one felt like walking, sitting when ready to sit, and not hankering after Buddhahood. The ignorant would not know enough to hanker. The enlightened would not need to. Other things he wrote were "Have a cup of tea" (which was said to be the Buddha's statement), "Non-duality," "Non-attachment," "Wash your bowl."

"I hope you have kept them."

"I'll show you some time. What stays with me from his visit is the contrast between his ~~liveliness~~<sup>liveliness</sup> humor and his

"I hope you have kept his calligraphy."

"I'll show you some time. His liveliness could subside into complete repose. Whenever he was kept waiting, he settled into the meditation position."

"Personifying non-duality?"

"He said that Christianity is not as religious as Zen, because of still having God. As long as you have anything special to think about, even God, you have not attained oneness."

Ashura was quiet and I was happy beside her, not talking under the cover of talk.

"Look! We have come all the way down to the bridge. See the river."

It was dark below in the water. Lights flashed on blackness. We found our way through side streets,

capping to a lot sloping to the shore. Leaving the car, we picked our way in dim light down to a gang plank and on to a boat house that was the Club. It was brightly lighted and alive with an excited crowd. In the midst Caga and his assistants were busy with tape recorders and skeins of tape.

His smile was reassuring. I poured a poem into a microphone for my contribution, then found our table by the windows at one side.

Half the other side was a bar. People milled about in a hubbub of tapes and untaped voices. With our glasses filled, we sat to watch and wait. It was nearly impossible to hear what anyone said. Ashura did not seem to mind. We turned away to look out the window at the lighted bridge almost overhead, and at the white and colored lights across the river, ~~which were~~ reflecting the city. We felt ourselves afloat. We seemed to be moving as the dappled flow surged by in the night, while the dock rose under foot and just perceptibly lowered. The gangplank might have been dragged aboard. A gap might be widening between us and land. We had the sensation of slipping into the stream, into the stillness that was not disturbed by the din behind us. We saw the shadowy semblance of the Tao, the deep world source.

We turned to watch couples passing between the tables, pausing to shout or wave a greeting. Ashura was a cynosure. Intensified was the pride I used to feel in high school and college when I dazzled the boys with a partner they would be afraid to ask, because she was older, perhaps engaged to a football player, out of reach. Overcoming my own diffidence kept me turning to older women until now I had brought one unfolding through the ages. People looked and looked, not believing. Yet, after Picasso, they were not too startled,

Ashura pressed my hand. I felt her timeless face against mine for a moment, and the brush of her lashes, soft as butterflies. My youth was renewed. Legendary Yin and Yang, out of the Tao, out of the tireless river, were looking across sons and cultures.

"Sometimes I forget that you are not Japanese," I heard.

A friar came over me. That she, so exotic, so far from  
any hope I had ever had, should say such a vertiginous thing,

XXXXXX  
XXXXXX  
XXXXXX  
XXXXXX  
XXXXXX

When we went inside, the noise was music to me, not beautiful but Dionysian, blood-churning. Leaving Ashura, I stood in line for food, and saw her shining through a blur of faces. The composer passed, beaming, with tapes dangling from his hands like spaghetti. Someone yelled in his ear, no doubt to turn it down, because I saw his lips reply, "I want it louder!"

We finished eating in the silence of the uproar. No one could speak. We could have heard a pin drop as well as a word. A green neon sign flashed "Don't Worry!" But some people couldn't stand it. They got up and left. Those who stayed were keyed to it. Women were more stunning, but glances and fascinated stares kept coming our way, missing me as if I were not there. She who was beside me was hard to believe. In the madness of amplifiers and radios, her Far Eastern face was tranquil. The delicate green *jōhaku*, faintly painted, made ~~crosses~~ a diagonal across her. In the gleam of jewels and

old gold, she was the eternal Yin. Then who was Yang

but Yankees II

A change came over the room. The noise had not subsided but took on more rhythm, became more insistent, more jazz, more rock, as if a juke box had come on. It had, and a group gathered in the far end of the place, where something was happening. I took Ashura with me to see. A couple faced each other in a dance. Two or three more couples joined them, within a ring of watchers. They moved toward their partners, backed away, swaying, swinging, sinking, rising, whirling in and out of a hypnotic pattern. A colleague of mine was out-stepping the other men but not the women, with the wine of Dionysus in them. He was a bit stout and red in the face. He jerked off his jacket, loosened his tie, and did his best to keep up with a black-haired matron. He had to take it slower than she, saving himself, intimating, simulating her jerking, shaking, shuddering ~~and~~. He moved his hands and feet just enough, managing to twirl at the right time, to come forward and go back when she did, throwing himself now and then into her frenzy. An ecstatic expression lighted his face, as on the upturned features of a whirling dervish, while she, with black hair jutting loose and the eyes of a Maenad in the moonlight, became bolder, wilder, drawing him to her, pulling him down, letting him go and bringing him back, as a cat might play with a mouse instead of a man.

I thought how we used to dance, touching and holding in a fox-trot or a waltz. The tango came and its successors, with fancy steps, with partners leaving and weaving before coming back. There were programs. The girl you took would be your partner first, last, and in the middle, perhaps oftener, but you filled in other

names, and kept the programs with their cords or ribbons on a nail, to remember. Took a different girl nearly each time. There was not much going steady or pinning or getting engaged. Fancy was free. These adult and married people, with others' husbands and wives, in this non-touching excitement--that was something else. It was not tender, dreamy or sentimental, but men and women unabashed. An embrace was decorous compared to this avoidance of contact.

If two negatives make a positive, so much provocative non-touching is interlocking. What did Ashura think? Her pensive aspect, clear features, Asiatic eyes gave no clue. When I looked at her inquiringly, I saw her lips form the word "hierogamy." Reading "Sacred mating?" in my mouth, she nodded, and smiled the further words, "To increase life-giving."

On the way to the door we shook hands with the composer, who kissed Ashura on her smooth cheek. I asked if he had anticipated the turn things had taken. "No, but I don't mind." He was leaving also, having to catch an early morning plane. "I'll be back. But, tell me. Did you like it?" I assured him that I did, though I had to say it was too loud. "Oh, I wanted it louder! The man who lent half the amplifiers wouldn't let me turn them up all the way. He worried about them!"

The wife of the overweight man, who was still trying to keep up with a Bacchante, was getting her wrap. I could not

~~scribbled~~ 7-29 16

refrain from asking if she was leaving him.

She was in no mood for humor. "He's on his own!" She stalked out ahead of us, jumped into her car, and we waited at a discreet distance until she had backed and filled in a great crunch of gravel in the sloping lot. The river was flowing and mirroring the unsteady lights as calmly as ever. We swished up ~~and~~ over the bridge, ~~and~~ on up the hill, and into night.

---

## **EDITOR RESPONSES TO AMES MANUSCRIPT**

It goes without saying that Ames' work was unconventional, and thus was greeted skeptically by publishers. Included in the archive collection were these response letters. It is a shame that no one was willing to support this beautiful work. However, their loss was our gain.



Telephone: (Area code 203) 347-6965 • Cable address: WESPRESS

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY PRESS 100 Riverview Center, Middletown, Connecticut 06457

Air Mail

November 15, 1968

Mr. Van Meter Ames  
448 Warren Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

Dear Mr. Ames:

You are all too right. I have been most remiss in writing you. I have, however, read your manuscript with a good deal of interest and pleasure, for various reasons -- partly because the "composer" is so easily recognizable and so marvelously depicted, and partly because what I take to be the autobiographical material is so very warm and engaging.

Strictly speaking, I suppose this is not really a novel, but I don't know under what other rubric it might be offered to the public.

I went a step beyond that. I talked about it with my daughter, who is in the editorial office of E. P. Dutton and Company in New York, described it as frankly as I could, and asked her if she thought it might be a possibility for their list. She said Yes indeed -- but I thought I should not give her the script without getting your prior clearance on that step.

Would you, then, let me know if this course has your approval? I will then simply get the script into her hands, and the next thing you hear will be from Dutton. I shall await your word.

Cordially yours,

J. R. de la Torre Bueno  
Senior Editor

JRTB/hm



Telephone: (Area code 203) 347-6965 • Cable address: WESPRESS  
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY PRESS  
100 Riverview Center, Middletown, Connecticut 06457

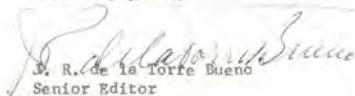
June 3, 1968

Mr. Van Meter Ames  
448 Warren Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

Dear Mr. Ames:

The manuscript with your accompanying note has arrived safely this morning. And so incidentally has a letter from John Cage, who sounds in high fettle. I will take the script home now, read it when I can, and be in touch with you thereafter. But this will not be immediately; as things now stand with me, I will not even be able to look at it until next week at soonest. None the less, I will try my best to have some kind of opinion before June is out.

Cordially yours,

  
D. R. de la Torre Bueno  
Senior Editor

JRTB/hm

copy to Pentwater, Michigan 49449

Wrote 6 Nov. 1968 that I'd heard no more



# McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY

330 WEST 42ND STREET NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

A DIVISION OF McGRAW-HILL INC.

December 10, 1969

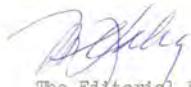
Mr. Van Meter Ames  
448 Warren Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

Dear Mr. Ames:

We appreciated the opportunity to examine your project. We have now been able to give it careful consideration.

We are sorry to report that we do not feel that we can undertake publication. We simply do not feel sufficiently enthusiastic to warrant our offering a contract.

We do want to thank you for letting us see it and wish you every success in placing it elsewhere. We are returning your project, insured, under separate cover.

  
The Editorial Board  
Trade Division

/cd



**E. P. DUTTON & CO. INC.** PUBLISHERS

201 PARK AVE. SOUTH, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003

DR 4-5900 Cable Address YARDFAR N.Y.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

January 28, 1969

Mr. Van Meter Ames  
448 Warren Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

Dear Mr. Ames:

I am sorry it has taken us so long to get you word on A BOOK OF CHANGES. I'm afraid we don't feel we can make an offer for it. We felt that, though much of it held the reader's attention, it lacked a unifying thread which in a more traditional novel would be given by plot or characterization.

I am sorry not to have better news for you. The manuscript is being returned under separate cover.

Sincerely,

*Peggy Brooks nee W*

PB:ltb

(Mrs.)      Peggy Brooks  
Executive Editor

(Dictated but not read)

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC. *Publishers*



277 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 TEL: 212 TA 6-2000

October 27, 1969

Dear Mr. Ames:

We've carefully considered your manuscript A BOOK OF CHANGES, which you recently submitted for Paris Review Editions, but I regret to say we will have to decline.

I should explain that the Paris Review Editions list is quite small and selective, and, for the time being at least, we are not adding new fiction to it.

Your script is at least a different kind of novel, in its dual presentation, and to that extent at least would be worth considering if we were adding to the Paris Review Editions list. It doesn't seem to us to come off too successfully, though it's a good effort. In any case, I'm afraid the qualifications I mention rule it out for us.

It's returned herewith, and much thanks for submitting it.

Sincerely,

*WIB* - *WIB*  
Walter I. Bradbury  
Paris Review Editions

Mr. Van Meter Ames  
448 Warren Avenue  
Cincinnati  
Ohio 45220

WIB/dlp  
Encl.

**NEW  
DIRECTIONS**  
Publishing Corporation



333 Sixth Avenue  
New York City 10014  
AL 5-0230 Cable: Newbooks

February 19, 1971

Prof. Van Meter Ames  
448 Warren Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

Dear Van Meter Ames:

Thank you so much for your letter of February 6. It is always good to hear from you. I wish that I could be a bit more encouraging now about "The Book of Changes," but I am afraid that our schedule continues very overloaded, what with pressure from our more prolific "regulars." I honestly don't think there would be much chance for it with us in the near future.

On the Kraus reprint of the "Gide," they paid an advance last year and your half of it was sent to you, I'm told, in November, 1969. Since then, there have been no further payments from them, but it may be that they have held off the actual reproduction of the book until they collected a sufficient number of orders for it, from the libraries.

With best wishes, as ever,

*James Laughlin*  
James Laughlin

JL:mjp

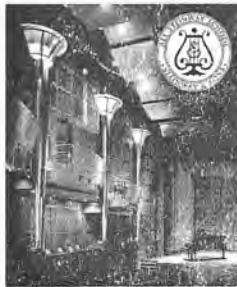


# "Matriculaphony" by Lauren Fink

John Cage's influence in the music world continues to be felt. As new generations of musicians discover his work, some are inspired to explore the possibilities which are freed by his philosophies. Just as we were settling on Cage as the subject of this project, we were made aware of the fact that Lauren Fink, a senior percussion student at CCM, was performing a piece inspired by Cage's work as her senior project. In fact, the piece was directly based on Van Meter Ames' manuscript included in this project. It was just the kind of serendipity which seemed to have guided this enterprise from the start.

We encourage you to read Lauren's excellent program notes for an explanation of the work, before viewing it.

**CCM**  
STUDENT ARTIST  
SERIES PRESENTS



# LAUREN K. FINK

## percussion\*

Elliana Kirsh, soprano

Ty Niemeyer, percussion

Keaton Neely, percussion

Mike Dillman, percussion

Shane Jones, percussion

Joel Matthys, electronics

Allen Otte, reader

Thursday, April 4, 2013  
Patricia Corbett Theater  
5:00 p.m.

*\*In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of  
Bachelor of Music*

CCM Season Presenting Sponsor &  
Musical Theatre Program Sponsor



THE OTTO M. BUDIG  
FAMILY FOUNDATION

UNIVERSITY OF  
**UC**  
Cincinnati

# PROGRAM

MATRICULAPHONY,

John Cage/Lauren Fink

A percussive circus on Van Meter Ames' (1912-1992)/(b. 1991)

A BOOK OF CHANGES (1967/1979/2013)

*CCM has become an All-Steinway School through the kindness of its donors.  
A generous gift by Patricia A. Corbett in her estate plan has played a key role  
in making this a reality.*

## PROGRAM NOTES

My entire recital takes place within the context of a Cage piece consisting only of written directions for translating a book into music. The piece requires the creation of an original title followed by "circus on" and then the name of the book being used. As might be inferred from "circus," the piece becomes a pandemonium of the book's contents. In his directions, Cage calls for reducing the book's words to a mesostic poem (think acrostic) but with the spine down the middle. See example on page 4) and finding recordings of all sounds and from all places mentioned in the book. These sounds, after chance-determined manipulation, become the contents of an audio track that makes up the piece. Accordingly, my recital will be an hour of non-stop music and text, both live and pre-recorded.

In the premiere of this piece, Cage used James Joyce's novel, titling his piece "Roaratorio, an Irish Circus on Finnegans Wake." In my realization, I am using an unpublished manuscript written by late UC philosophy professor Van Meter Ames, which I discovered while working at UC's Archives and Rare Books Library. The manuscript details Ames' friendship with Cage and consists largely of stories from Cage's one year in residence at CCM in the 1966-67 academic year. Cage and Ames bonded over their shared interest in Zen philosophy and the aesthetics of art/music. The manuscript is somewhat dualistic in



**Van Meter Ames (left) and John Cage. June, 1966**  
Photo credit: Archives and Rare Books Library

nature, outlining both Ames' personal experiences and his friendship with Cage. In it, Ames details his life, from growing up in Iowa to being a Fulbright fellow in Japan, while simultaneously incorporating conversations he had with Cage and chronicling the concerts and events Cage organized throughout his time at CCM. For a general idea of the book's contents, examples of chapter titles will suffice: John Cage in Cincinnati, Music & Literature, The Crack of the Status Quo,

Dancers, Dazzled in Italy, Poet in Residence, Feldman and Cage, Ferry Over Into the Beyond, Zen is Nothing I-Ching, Jeanne Kirstein, The Newport Mix. Hence, the sounds mentioned in the book consist largely of Cage's own music (or music Cage would have talked about). Read: Brahms to Stockhausen to police sirens) and places as wide-ranging as cornfields and Buddhist temples. This cornucopia of sounds is reflected in the hour-long track playing throughout my entire recital, with my playing merely acting as another (live) layer of the track.

Because Cage's instructions for this piece were written over 30 years ago, some translation in terms of the technology to be employed was necessary. Where Cage calls for splicing and layering tape, I worked with Joel Matthes to develop a computer program that would

randomly assign the parameters Cage intended to a folder of digital files that I had gathered and compiled. The recordings being sampled from in this track include my own recordings, CD recordings, and audio found on the Internet and extracted via a virtual sound card. Multiple versions of 60, 30, and 15-minute tracks were generated and then layered on top of one another to develop an hour-long version that continually changes in density and auditory content.

My live layer of this piece will incorporate a variety of Cage's works, some excerpted, others in full. Throughout this hour, you will hear:

#### **The Unavailable Memory Of (1944)**

- One of Cage's early prepared piano works written for a dance by Merce Cunningham
- Weather stripping, wood, screws, and rubber, are placed between the strings of the piano to create unusual timbres

#### **FROM Dance Music: for Elfrid Ide (1940)**

##### **Movement II**

- Written to accompany the dance recital of Elfrid Ide, during Cage's appointment at Mills College
- Previously unknown to percussionists, this piece was discovered by the executive director of the John Cage Trust at Bard College, Laura Kuhn, while she was conducting research at Mills College
- Mvmt II is for four percussionists, using slide whistle, cymbal, toy piano, ratchet, squawker, bass drum, tom tom, and 3 muted gongs

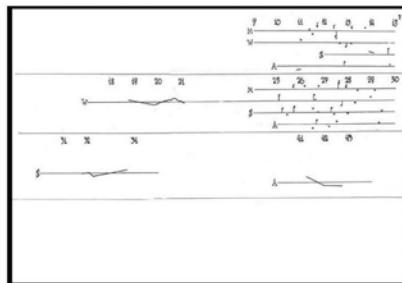
#### **Music for One (1984)**

- Music for \_\_\_\_\_ (the number of people playing) was first created as Music for Three for Percussion Group Cincinnati
- Specific parts were subsequently generated by Cage over a period of years for 17 different instruments
- Four kinds of music make up the piece:
  - a single held *p* tone, proceeded and followed by silence, repeated any number of times
  - a number of tones in proportional notation: space = time, which are characterized by a variety of pitches, dynamics, timbres, and durations, within a limited range
  - an interlude of repeated tones
  - silence

This work was conceived for a multiple percussion set-up of 50 different instruments. I, however, have chosen to adapt the piece for solo marimba, using preparations and extended techniques to satisfy Cage's requirements. Throughout the piece, Cage uses an asterisk (\*) above notes to indicate "a special sound produced"—i.e. a different beater, timbre, etc. The asterisk occurs 45 times throughout my excerpt and will be reflected in my mallet, preparation, and technique choices. I will be playing 15 minutes of the original 30 minute piece.

**FROM 27'10.554" for a Percussionist (1956)  
7'07.614" for a Percussionist**

Each page of this piece equals one minute. Time is notated in seconds across the top of each line of music. The music is notated in terms of timbre and dynamic. M=metals; W=woods; S=skins, and A=auxiliary (electronics, whistles, etc.). The line extending from the start of each indicated timbre represents the dynamic *mf*, with notes below the line softer than this level and notes above louder (exact dynamic level is determined with respect to distance from the *mf* line). Stems are drawn from notes to the line when it is perhaps unclear to which timbral group they should belong. Hooks on the notes found in the M line indicate "let vibrate." Note placement was determined via imperfections in the paper (one of Cage's chance procedures). White space represents silence.



**FROM Trio (1936)**

**Waltz**

- For three players, each with blocks of wood
- Later used as a movement in *Amores* (1943)

**Forever and Sunsmell (1944)**

- For vocalist and two percussionists, originally written for dancer Jean Erdman
- The singer is allowed to sing in whatever range is comfortable, so long as she sings in a non-operatic style and avoids vibrato
- Title and text are excerpted from 26, one of 50 poems (1940) by e.e. cummings; Cage did not use the entire poem nor did he keep lines in their proper order

**Dream (1948)**

- A piece written for piano or harp, always with resonance; no silence
- Tones may be freely sustained manually or with pedal, beyond the notated durations

This rendition is my own adaptation for marimba and vibraphone. The choice of when to switch between the two instruments was largely dictated by the range of pitches required.

Throughout the audio track and my live performance you will hear the mesostics created from Van Meter Ames's *A Book of Changes*. The spine "VAN METER AMES A BOOK OF CHANGES" was used to create the mesostic. Both the spine and the rules for choosing words and wing words were varied throughout the full-length mesostic for reasons of contrast and necessity. Below is an example of a mesostic derived from the text:

```

several people reading
    At once
with many voices
    Mix
intEntions
    with
non-intEntions
    that is poetry
        can be why should it say
shakespeare found serMons
    in stonEs
duchamp in shovels
    sAid
long Before
    composers
        found music in sounds
takes
    knowing
        Finding
musicC
and whAt is not
    whAt is
        Not life as you live it
it's not Getting
    Easier to get work done
it's hard enough to get through the news

```

\*\*This project has incorporated the talents and resources of numerous individuals and entities and would not have been possible without the help of Allen Otte, Joel Matthys, The

Archives and Rare Books Library, and funds granted to me by the Undergraduate Research Council.

#### **About Van Meter Ames:**

Van Meter Ames was a faculty member in the UC philosophy department, beginning in 1925, and served as its head from 1959 until 1966 when he retired. Ames was a Rockefeller grantee, a fellow of the UC graduate school, and a Fulbright research professor in philosophy, University of Komozawa, Tokyo, 1958-59. Throughout his career, Ames wrote and published on a vast range of topics including aesthetics, the self, ethics, religion, science, freedom, existentialism, and Zen Buddhism.

#### **About John Cage:**

John Cage, born in Los Angeles in 1912, became one of the most notable avant-garde composers of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. He studied with Arnold Schoenberg, Henry Cowell, Adolph Weiss, and Richard Buhlig but developed a style that was uniquely his own. Cage believed that any sounds could be music, which led him to compose for found objects, as well as standard instruments. With Zen at the core of his life philosophy, Cage sought to compose without intention and often used chance operations, via the *I Ching*, in his compositional process.

Though most widely recognized for his musical achievements, Cage had a strong influence in the worlds of dance, art, writing, and philosophy. He was the musical director of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company in New York City, often composing for and performing his music with the company. Evolving from a need for compactness when on tour with the dancers, Cage invented the prepared piano, which allowed him an array of percussive sounds without the trouble of transporting multiple percussion instruments.

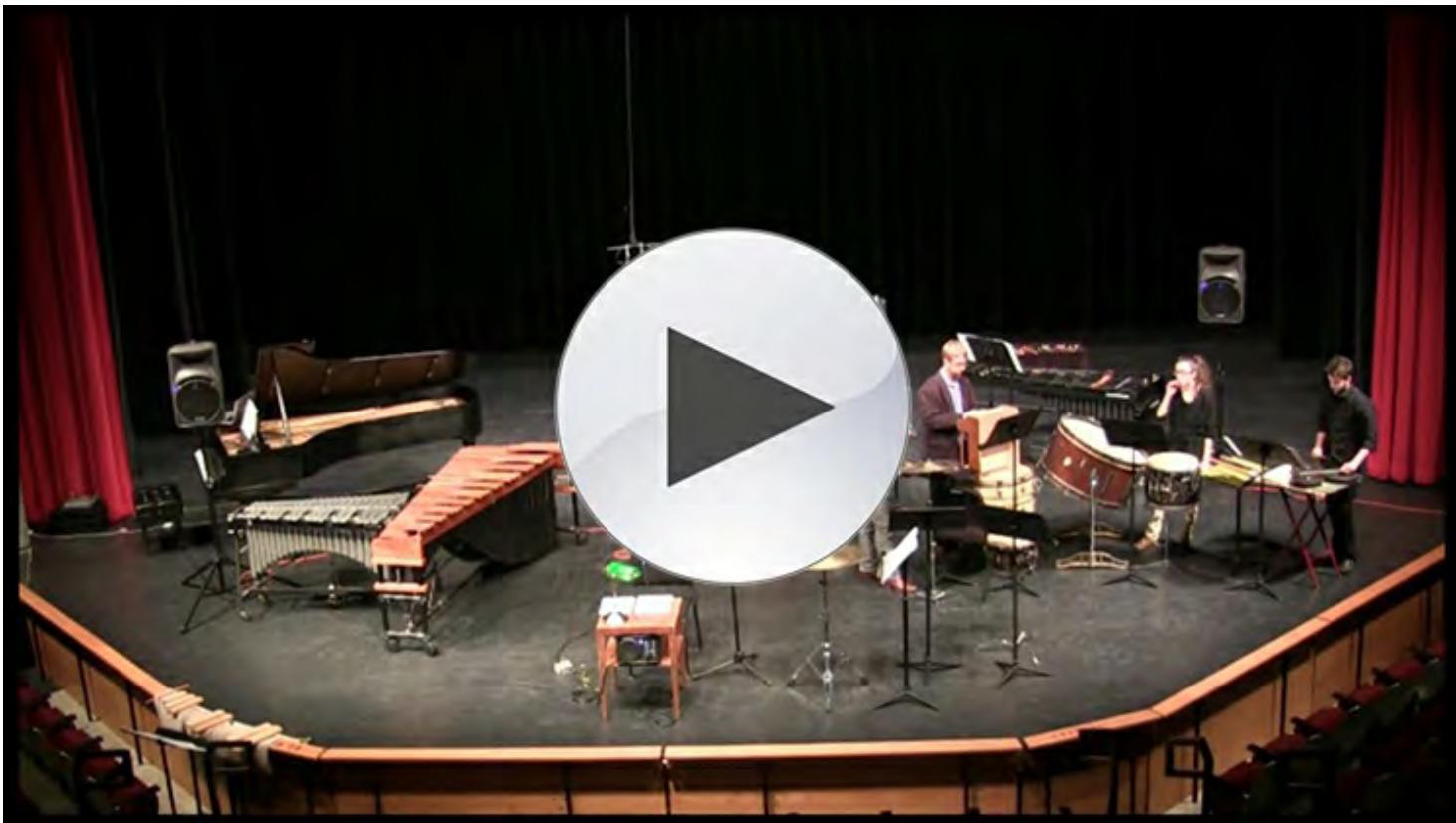
In the realm of visual art, Cage produced lithographs, plexigrams, etchings, and prints. Like his music, much of his art incorporated chance operations and unconventional mediums/materials. His well-known works include, *Not wanting to Say Anything About Marcel* (1969), *Score Without Parts* (1978), and *Changes and Disappearances* (1979-80).

Cage often talked about the overlap between music, film, and art. Considering that "the essential meaning of silence is the giving up of intention," Cage compared Robert Rauschenberg's white paintings to Nam June Paik's film with no images to his own piece for timed silence. He became a part of the American underground film scene, working with filmmakers like Stan Brakhage and Stan VanDerBeek.

More of Cage's philosophy on art, and life in general, can be found in his writings, which include *Silence*, *M, Empty Words*, *X, A Year from Monday*, and *Anarchy*. Additionally, Cage's obsession with mushrooms is evidenced in *The Mushroom Book*, which includes lithographs of mushrooms, as well as hand-written texts on mushroom hunting, identification, and

cooking. In conjunction with all of his other artistic works, Cage's writings involve chance operations and unusual textual and formal designs.

We were lucky enough to be able to record the performance of this work, and are pleased to present it here.



# **Interview with Allen Otte and Lauren Fink**

Allen Otte is a founding member of Percussion Group Cincinnati. PGC was instrumental in exposing Cage's percussion works to a new audience, and solidifying their place in the percussion and larger classical music canon. Otte had the rare and unique opportunity to interact with Cage here in Cincinnati, and thus has a unique perspective as both a Cage disciple and a long time Cincinnatian. He and Lauren were kind enough to allow us to interview them in order to gain their insights on the arc of Cage's influence on music, Cincinnati, and a new generation of musicians.

THIRD PROGRESSION



to you

Camb.

Brass

# **John Cage at CCM - Photographs and Documents**

One of the greatest pleasures in this project was the exploration of the documents from Cage's time at CCM. As a former CCM student who attended recital after nondescript recital during my music education, it was fascinating in particular for me to see programs which, as far as I was concerned, belonged in a museum and not in a dusty archive box. These were records of a piece of history - music history, and Cincinnati history. Being able to digitally preserve these and other documents was a privilege and an honor, and we hope that you get a small glimmer of the sense of wonder these small treasures provided us.

## **PROGRAMS AND EVENTS**

College - Conservatory  
of Music



University of Cincinnati

A PROGRAM OF MUSIC

by

JOHN CAGE

Composer in Residence

Monday evening, March 6, 1967

Eight forty-five o'clock

Great Hall - The Union

## PROGRAM

Atlas Eclipticalis (1961 - 62)

Percussion: Steven Birchall, Reese Dusenbury, David Lieberman, Walter Mays, Paul Piller, Sydney Stegall, Ritter Werner, Robert Woodbury

Tympani: Charles Fletcher, Dale Kieser, Arthur Tripp

Conducted by the composer

— INTERMISSION —

Variations IV (1963)

Performers: Steven Birchall, Reese Dusenbury, Charles Fletcher, Dale Kieser, David Lieberman, Walter Mays, Paul Piller, Sydney Stegall, Arthur Tripp, Ritter Werner, Robert Woodbury

— INTERMISSION —

O' OO" (1962)

Solo by John Cage

Co-ordination: Walter Mays, Sydney Stegall

Sound System: American Sound Service, Inc.

Technical Assistance: Gordon Mumma, Fred Schoenfeld

SPRING ARTS FESTIVAL '68  
University of Cincinnati  
Wilson Auditorium  
April 1, 1968

MIXED MEDIA OPERA

NAM JUNE PAIK - CHARLOTTE MOORMAN

Charlotte Moorman, Cellist and Nam June Paik, Composer-Pianist have performed Happenings, Concerts, Mixed Media in American and European concert halls, art galleries, television shows, radio broadcasts, colleges, lofts and open air performances in city parks, ferry boats, church yards, canals and on city thoroughfares.

Miss Moorman, who was recently involved in an important-New York law case testing the limits of artistic censorship, received a Master of Music degree from the University of Texas; studied with Leonard Rose at Julliard School of Music; has been a member of the American Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski for three seasons; founded and produces the Annual New York Avant Garde Festival which was held this year for 24 hours aboard the J. F. Kennedy Staten Island Ferry Boat; is a frequent guest on the Johnny Carson "Tonight Show" and the "Merv Griffin Show"; and has been invited for a third tour of Europe.

Nam June Paik, born in Seoul, Korea; graduated from the University of Tokyo; studied at the University of Munich, the Freiburg Conservatory and the University of Cologne; did experimental work in the Studio for Electronic Music of Radio Cologne and is presently a consultant for communications research at New York State University at Stony Brook through a Rockefeller Foundation grant. They will present works by John Cage, Giuseppe Chiari, Earle Brown, George Brecht, Takehisa Kosugi and Nam June Paik.

The artists will be seen again, joining the entire "U. C. Spring Arts Festival Community of Artists" at the TERMINAL EXPERIENCE to be held on Saturday, April 6th, at the Cincinnati Union Terminal. (Special buffet dinner reservations deadline - Thursday, April 4th.)

Entrance Music                    George Brecht, James Tenney  
Introduction (Speech by Jonas Mekas and Nam June Paik  
Per Arco                         Giuseppe Chiari  
Synergy                         Earle Brown  
26'1499" for a String Player     John Cage  
Cut Piece                         Yoko Ono  
Video Tape Study #3              Nam June Paik, Jud Yalkut  
Variations No. 2 on a Theme by Saint-Saens  
                                       Nam June Paik

INTERMISSION

One for Violin                     Nam June Paik  
Piano Piece                         Henning Christiansen  
Instrumental Music                 Takehisa Kosugi  
Variation 3                         John Cage  
Cello Sonata                         Joseph Beuys  
Simple                                 Nam June Paik  
Electric Moon                         Nam June Paik, Jud Yalkut  
Exit Music                             George Brecht, James Tenney

GUEST PERFORMER:

Jonas Mekas

AUDIO TECHNICIAN:

John Gilsinger

FILM TECHNICIAN:

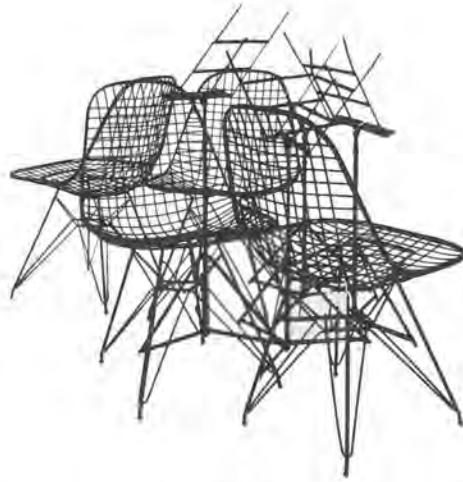
Jud Yalkut

HELPERS:

Mike Eastman  
Barb Koontz  
Cliff Satz  
Rute Bank  
Bernd Baierschmidt  
Dan Anderson

POSTERS DESIGNS:

Bill Sontag



*The College-Conservatory of Music, University of Cincinnati  
presents*

## **The LaSalle Quartet**

*Walter Levin*

*Henry Meyer*

*Peter Kamnitzer*

*Jack Kirstein*

# Program

*Tuesday, November 24, 1970, eight thirty*

## Quartet in Four Parts (1950) **JOHN CAGE**

*Quietly flowing along*

*Slowly rocking*

*Nearly stationary*

*Quodlibet*

## Quartet in F Minor Opus 95 **BEETHOVEN**

*Allegro con brio*

*Allegretto ma non troppo*

*Allegro assai vivace ma serioso*

*Larghetto espressivo - Allegretto agitato*

---

## Quartet in F Major Opus 135 **BEETHOVEN**

*Allegretto*

*Vivace*

*Lento assai, cantante e tranquillo*

*Der Schwer Gefasste Entschluss:*

*Muss es sein? Grave ma non troppo tratto*

*Es muss sein! Allegro*

*Next LaSalle Quartet concert February 2, 1971, Corbett Auditorium*

*The George Elliston  
Poetry Foundation*

A SERIES OF  
PUBLIC LECTURES

BY

*Donald Justice*



January 31 to March 2, 1967

127 McMicken Hall

University of Cincinnati

GEORGE ELLISTON LECTURER IN  
POETRY, 1967

*Donald Justice*

Born in Miami, Florida, 1925. Educated at University of Miami (B.A., 1945), University of North Carolina (M.A., 1947), and University of Iowa (Ph.D., 1954).

Visiting Assistant Professor of English, University of Missouri (1955-56); Assistant Professor, Hamline University (1956-57); Lecturer, University of Iowa (1957-60), Assistant Professor (1960-63), Associate Professor (1963-66), Assistant Director of the Writers' Workshop (1961-66); Associate Professor, Syracuse University (1966- ). Poet-in-Residence, Reed College (1962).

Published three volumes of poetry: *The Summer Anniversary* (1960, The Lamont Poetry Selection for 1959), *A Local Storm* (1963), *Night Light* (1967); edited *The Collected Poems of Weldon Kees* (1960) and *Contemporary French Poetry* (1965, with Alexander Aspel).

Rockefeller Fellow in Poetry (1954); Inez Boulton Prize (1960); Ford Fellow in Theater (1964); Harriet Monroe Memorial Prize (1965); Grant from the National Council on the Arts and Humanities (1967).

# Public Lectures, 1967

by

*Donald Justice*

## *THE SEARCH FOR THE NEW*

- JANUARY 31      The Poet as Amateur: Emily Dickinson

*Tuesday*  
4:00 p.m.

- FEBRUARY 2      Distortions of the Primitive

*Thursday*  
4:00 p.m.

- FEBRUARY 6      Distortions of the Psychotic

*Monday*  
4:00 p.m.

- FEBRUARY 8      The Poet as Mad

*Wednesday*  
4:00 p.m.

- FEBRUARY 14      The Control of Chaos: John Berryman

*Tuesday*  
4:00 p.m.

- FEBRUARY 16      Poet or Poem?: Robert Lowell

*Thursday*  
4:00 p.m.

- FEBRUARY 20      Questions of the Organic:

*Monday*            W. C. Williams and after  
4:00 p.m.

- FEBRUARY 24      Donald Justice: A Reading of His Poems

*Friday*  
8:30 p.m.

- FEBRUARY 28      Silence and the Open Field:

*Tuesday*            John Cage and Charles Olson  
4:00 p.m.

- MARCH 2      Prose as Poetry

*Thursday*  
4:00 p.m.

## *George Elliston . . .*

well-known Cincinnati journalist and poet, in her will established the GEORGE ELLISTON POETRY FOUNDATION at the University of Cincinnati. A program of public lectures by distinguished poets and critics has been presented on this foundation annually since 1951.

- 1951 . . ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN
- 1952 . . JOHN BERRYMAN
- 1953 . . STEPHEN SPENDER
- 1954 . . ROBERT LOWELL
- 1955 . . ROBERT FROST
- 1956 . . PETER VIERECK
- 1957 . . JOHN BETJEMAN
- 1958 . . RANDALL JARRELL
- 1959 . . KARL SHAPIRO
- 1960 . . DAVID DAICHES
- 1961 . . RICHARD EBERHART
- 1962 . . JOHN PRESS
- 1963 . . DONALD DAVIE
- 1964 . . DANIEL HOFFMAN
- 1965 . . DENIS DONOGHUE
- 1966 . . DONALD HALL
- 1967 . . DONALD JUSTICE



The Contemporary Arts Center, 113 W. Fourth Street Cincinnati, Ohio 45202 721-0390

Spring Arts Festival

Merce Cunningham Dancers

John Cage, Musical Director

Friday, April 21, 1967 8:00 P.M.

Wilson Auditorium, University of Cincinnati

Admission: \$2.00; Students, Faculty and Members of

The Contemporary Arts Center \$1.25

This program has been presented to the Spring Arts Festival  
by The Contemporary Arts Center through a partial grant from  
the Ohio Arts Council.

Tickets may be purchased in advance at the Union Desk,  
The University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Cunningham is a pioneer in dance practices that remain far  
enough outside the mainstream of dance tradition to be called  
avant-garde.

He is an alumnus of the Martha Graham Company, but the philosophy  
and style of his work is about as far removed from hers as any  
could be. Mr. Cunningham has rejected the notion that dance  
should have narrative and literal dramatic significance and that  
they need have any rhythmic or formal relation to the music that  
is played while they are performing.

In collaboration with John Cage, his musical director - who  
approaches his electronic music with similar attitudes - he  
has explored extensively and successfully the part that chance,  
or indeterminacy, can play in the creation of dance.

Mr. Cunningham and his dancers are by now such magnificent  
technicians and so superbly poised on the stage that each of  
their movements becomes an object of near-perfect beauty  
in itself.

Mr. Cage appears through the courtesy of the University of Cincinnati Graduate School, where he is artist in residence, Composer.

William A. Leonard, Director, The Contemporary Arts Center



# **"HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD (YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE) PART 3"**

**CONCURRENT WITH CAGE'S TIME IN CINCINNATI**

DIARY  
from the time you  
(YOU  
**WILL ONLY MAKE  
MATTERS WORSE)**

CONTINUED

PART THREE (1967)

by JOHN CAGE



1967  
A GREAT BEAR DIARY

LXI. U.S. citizens are six per cent  
of world's population consuming sixty  
per cent of world's resources. Had  
Americans been born pigs rather than men,  
it would not have been different.

Finding one of them acceptable, people  
say, "You're not like an American."

**She said people she talked to about the  
global services (and the notion  
services'd bring about global living  
without war) said: Yes, of course,  
that's right. But how is it going  
to happen? Deep drilling: a slight  
angle and without meaning to you're  
taking oil from under someone else's  
property. Erik Satie's Venetian  
gold-merchant: He hugs the bag of gold,  
takes some pieces out, kisses them,  
carefully putting them back.**

out of it somewhat later,  
he discovers he has a backache. LXII. We  
open our eyes and ears seeing life  
each day excellent as it is. This  
realization no longer needs art though  
without art it would

...the computer will be used to  
analyze the data collected by  
satellites... War  
communications... and so on enough to  
allow us to print an answer. Has  
the computer become a tool which can lead  
to new human understanding... Widespread  
use of graphic inputs and outputs  
with computers will bring about a major  
increase in scientific, engineering, and  
educational productivity." LXIII. We  
talked about Gaudi. Mies van der Rohe  
admired the Gaudi buildings in and near

Barcelona and the Park Güell. Laura  
said that driving to the apartment  
from the office Mies was  
misanthropic. He had said that there are  
too few good people in the world. (Duchamp  
talking about the Roaring Twenties

3

and even  
to  
a major extent on constructive  
enterprises . . . which are on such  
lines that society may be a secula-  
rized, but strictly Christian, culture.  
comes from book that they have  
published. Now we have our own  
philosophy. It's like a new religion.  
I always consider myself a spiritual person.  
I don't know if I can tell you anything  
about it. It's the only thing that  
has been written in line." What about  
art? Is art, formerly religion's servant,  
now, without our realizing it, a kind of  
policing activity? We need a purely  
secular morality. LXV. Pia Gilbert,  
born in southern Germany, got in a  
taxicab in New York City. The driver

networks in that  
field. Lines crisscrossing on a

multiplicity of levels. There'll be, as ever, the nothing-in-between. Wrist watches with alarms that tell us as we travel around when we should eat (not when the airline hostess gives us food, but when, according to our own systems, we should have it). New function for doctors: adjusting our wrist alarms. LXVI. "They dance the world as it will be...is now when they dance." Technique. Discipline. Ultimately it's not

stream

of the times. (He lost interest in the tape-music center, its experiments and performances. He went to the Southwest desert. He removed himself

so he could sit in a corner, smoke his pipe). LXVII. Asked the Spanish doctor what she thought about the human mind in a world of computers. She

defense of property was insulting. As she explained, she and people she knew had suffered at the hands of others. She said that by means of things they like and acquire people position themselves with respect to society. Duchamp: Property is at the base of it. Until you give up owning property radical social change is impossible. We might as well get rid of God or science. Why doesn't present situation reflect in the new planet of culture Duchamp could

point where no one  
has any money at all. In which case

5

we could keep God. LXVIII. Definition  
of the word "cosmopolitan:" 1.

Belonging to all the world, 2. At home  
in any country; without local or  
national attachments. 3. Composed  
of elements gathered from all or  
various parts of the world. Bertrand  
Russell asks American citizens: Can you  
justify your government's use in Vietnam  
of poison chemicals and gas, the  
saturation bombing of the entire  
country with jelly-gasoline and  
phosphorus? Napalm and phosphorus  
burn until the victim is reduced to  
a bubbling mass. Ramakrishna said:

Given a choice between going to heaven  
and hearing a lecture on heaven, people  
would

accompanied by degeneration is or  
isn't a natural process. Every  
death may have been unnatural, due to  
extraneous causes. Lecture series on  
War (a summit series); lectures to  
be given by heads of states saying  
whatever they will on the general  
subject of fighting and why one does  
doesn't do it. Disgust. Any  
proverbs that pass through our heads  
should be examined in a spirit of  
skepticism, their opposites in some  
cases reinforced, e.g., instead of  
"A rolling stone gathers no moss"  
establish "He doesn't let the grass  
grow under his feet." LXX. Something  
needs to be done about the postal services.

Either that or we should stop assuming just because we mailed something it will get where we sent it. **Not just heads of state for the Lecture Series on War, but heads of corporations too. Let it become household knowledge that being employed by such and such a company is no different from being drafted for such and such a battlefield.** "Now's the time.

Never this opportunity again (plans for centennial celebration: funds available)." Including in our awareness whatever's/whoever's exterior to our focus of attention. In this way eliminating the practices involving guilt/aggression/conscience, "turning our backs," John R. Seeley, "on an anal and phallic world to bring into being a reign of genitality (enjoyment by others ~~can be a condition of motivation~~  
~~enjoyment, LXXXI, etc. Not~~  
~~unconscious motivations to satisfy, like the~~  
~~substitution from it of conscious~~  
~~phenomena. A situation in which people are~~  
~~labeled, turned into cultural discourses,~~  
~~have a grossly body and instrumentality~~  
~~assumed to be always the same. This~~  
~~is what they receive. And instead of~~  
~~being an object they're like some picture in a~~  
~~procession set in motion by a group of~~  
~~people. A lot's forgotten. It isn't~~  
~~possible to sing something, but people doing~~  
~~things, along everyone (including those~~  
~~involved) the opportunity to have~~  
~~situations they would not otherwise have.~~

First, Indians in northern Saskatchewan, farmers in l'Isle de France, they've all forgotten what wild plants are edible. I was talking about this loss with Père Patrice. He said they've also forgotten how to sing. LXXII. The children have a society of their own. They have no need for ours. At the airport Ain said he came simply to see whether his mother was all right.  
**MUMMA'S MUSIC (MESA) FOR CUNNINGHAM'S DANCE CALLED PLACE. SITTING IN THE**

AUDIENCE I FELT AFTERWARD AS THOUGH  
I'D BEEN RUNG THROUGH A RINGER, THEN HAD  
TO PLAY SATIE'S NOCTURNES, SOMETHING NOT  
EASY FOR ME TO DO. WRONG NOTES ALL  
OVER THE PLACE. TONIGHT THE PROGRAM'S  
BEING REPEATED, I'VE PRACTICED, I'LL BE  
DEAF AND BLIND. EXPERIMENTATION.

Summit lecture series on War: not to be  
given in one city, but via a global  
Telstar-like facility, each receiving set  
throughout the world equipped with a  
device permitting hearing no matter  
what speech in one's own tongue. LXXIII,

**Progress.** Since for long we've been  
saying that money is the root of all evil,  
we should get rid of it, lock, stock and  
barrel. Take all the people who are  
now living in the world, McLuhan told me.  
Stand them up. Jammed together, they'd  
fit into the New York City subway system.

I asked the skin-doctor why skin-doctors do  
such poor work. "Oh," he said, "We  
don't do any worse than the other  
doctors: it's just that you can see the  
results of our work." Portuguese lady  
mentioned Lieh-tzu. Story: man, walking  
out of stone cliff through fire,  
astonishing those who saw him, was  
asked how he did it. "What?" Came out  
of stone, walked through fire. know  
nothing," he said, "about either of  
those two things." LXXIV,

Ephemeralizing, Away from the earth  
into the air. Or: "on earth as it is  
in heaven." More with less: van der Rohe  
(aesthetics); Fuller (society of  
world men). Nourishment via odors, life  
maintained by inhalation: Auguste  
Comte (*Système de Politique Positive*,  
second volume). Individuality. Out  
of the darkness of psychoanalysis  
into sunny behavioral psychology (people  
picking up their couches and  
walking). U.S. highway diner: now that  
I haven't eaten the potatoes, they  
will throw them away (they should have  
been thrown away before being served).

Rich, we become richer, No way once it begins to impede accumulation.

Universe. They've put the cart before the horse: they're better about publicity than they are about what they publicize. LXXV. Sometimes the truth gets out: years ago the double-spread in a New York newspaper showing the faces of the forty or so men

(industrialists) who rule the world.

All of her children were male, twelve of them, "She should be studied," Duchamp said. "She is the solution of a problem." A suite for two. Instead of transformation into other forms (reincarnation) regeneration of each individual. Precedent: constant remaking of Shinto temples in Japan. (With his thumbnail Tudor kept the bass-string in vibration.) Include changes in design: invention applied to a living body. (Electronics: reincarnation without hiatus of death.) Rembrandt. We have everything we

want to have. This is our life's goal with us, no mistakes. One step of progress  
Take the Ming Tea with a mouthful.  
We have... to speak, more than we need.

LXXVI. Electric clothing. The program was changed. We need news. Not just bad news: good news and news that's

neither good nor bad. Heads of state lecturing on war (knowing they are speaking to people all over the world) will not be able to promote national objectives.

We were impatient. So, we telephoned to find out whether the bus was coming, even though the appointed hour had not yet struck. Figueras. Looking for corduroy suit, noticed chamber pots, each with eye and inscription at the base of the

bowl, the eye primitively painted with brilliant colors. The Catalan inscription was black: I see thee. LXXVII. He refuses to give up. When he walks across the room, you wonder whether he's going to make it (a strange orientation of

the upper body in relation to the legs, an original way of putting one foot in front of the other. Out of Illinois into Sweden. (How will it happen? Will we do it or will it be done to us? Unemployment.) Climate control. Stravinsky's objection to Schoenberg's music: it isn't modern (too much like, though more interesting than, Brahms'). Absence of modernity's effect of Schoenberg's accepting tradition, hook, line and sinker.

Sounds everywhere. Our concerts celebrate the fact concerts're no longer necessary. LXXVIII. The rehearsals continued and more concerts were given.

Her playing which had been superb became merely correct. It was necessary to suggest a certain sloppiness, the playing of something that hadn't been written. Computer-made music (synthesized *Blue Moon*) presented same problem. Random elements introduced. Dad's cold remedy (a cure-all combining menthol, thymol in alcohol; Cowell preferred it to whiskey); Dad's inhalor for quick introduction to bloodstream of vitamins, hormones. American Medical Association prevented general marketing of these products. The doctor telephoned to ask whether

Grandfather was still alive. Turned out that instead of analyzing Grandfather's urine he had studied some apple juice that Grandmother had given the hospital messenger when he came to pick up the sample. LXXIX. Get it, she said, so it's unknown which parent conceiving will bear the child.

Responsibility undefined. Circa one hundred and seventy-five kinds of male, sixty, seventy kinds of female. Sterility. He had actually gotten slides showing the passage of the gene from one cell to the next. Destruction. Reconstitution.

just want those things that have so often been promised or stated: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; Freedom of this and that.) Clothes for entertainment, not because of shame. Privacy to become an unusual rather than expected experience. Given disinfection, sanitation, removal of social concerns re defecation, urination. No self-consciousness. Living like animals, becoming touchable. **LXXX.** Ancient Chinese imperial decree: Burn the books! To have the books that are not yet written, prohibit reading the ones on shelves. Fire takes place of dust producing beneficent ashes.

(Conversation techniques and animals)  
Found it didn't work. At the time, our existing differences (different attitudes toward time?) threatened performance. What changed matters, made conversation possible, produced cooperation, reinstated one's desire for continuity etc., were *things*, dumb inanimate things (once in our hands they generated thought,

expect a good deal (that the lights will turn on, the telephone will work, etc.); what we want is a bed (each one of us has a different notion of

comfort), fresh air, delicious water, fine food, wine (there again, we differ). **Into the night: the days to come.**

Barbara said she'd heard the political situation in some South American country being what it was (bizarre, dishonest and meaningless), a gorilla in the zoo was nominated and elected President.

**LXXXII.** In music it was hopeless to think in terms of the old structure (tonality), to do things following old methods (counterpoint, harmony), to use the old materials (orchestral instruments). We started from scratch: sound, silence, time, activity. In society, no amount of doctoring up economics/politics will help. Begin again, assuming abundance, unemployment, a field situation, multiplicity, unpredictability, immediacy, the possibility of participation. **Schools we'll live**

*in cities as different, spaces without partitions, linking what the others are doing never also work. Coming our thought to separation. We know it's a somebody but it's not we've not yet come. Power of minimums... 188801. Those not those of course who have no time for improving the world. There are struggling to keep it going. Disciplines*

*the regular exercise, LUNCH IN CHICAGO:*  
SHE ASKED ME WHETHER IT WAS TRUE THAT ART NO LONGER INTERESTED ME. I SAID I THOUGHT WE'D DONE IT (OPENED OUR EYES, OUR EARS). WHAT'S URGENT IS SOCIETY. NOT FIXING IT BUT CHANGING IT SO IT WORKS. Self-service. Time for anger.

Miscegenation: generation of a lasting biochemical change. My love up to now was an infantile process.

*For you is the self, before  
Smash in the body, smash the soul.  
For you and me, love becomes an  
absence. ENEMY. If you and Dandy  
get a divorce, I'm not going to go  
with you and I'm not going to go*

with Dorothy. Her mother said, "Where would you go there?" "I'd go back to nature."

North Pole is on the move; used to be in the Philippines. They give us food because we're traveling by air. Pretty soon they'll do the same even when we're on the ground (trip or no trip). We have only one mind (the one we share). Changing things radically,

therefore, is simple. You just change that one mind. Base human nature on aliveness (soon enough global selfishness will become something to think about).

#### LXXXV. Political steps restricted to those taken in front of

television cameras, so people everywhere can see where they're going. Better yet: politicians take no political steps alone. Politicians (via TV) simply make suggestions. Receiving sets equipped with transmission means enabling people to vote on whether or not a proposed step or steps should be taken.

#### Denial of what

him at his destination. Pittsburgh Skybus: push a button; following a path, bus goes where you wanted it to go. Northwest plans for shooting people through tunnels with compressed air. Graduated speeds for Synchroveyor travel. Insisted on private transportation (possibly electrical: getting home, plug in car; unused, it gets recharged.). LXXXVI, The lazy dog (a bomb containing ten thousand slivers of razor-sharp steel). In one province of North Vietnam, the most densely populated, one hundred million slivers of razor-sharp steel

lives below a mound of

they live mostly there, some do

for the Mekong. Maki

thinks Hawaii's another part of Japan.

beautiful island of Wagner

(not an ordinary item or Personnel  
but under the logo World is Green,  
model of technology to keep it free,  
**U.S.A.-determined.** The possibility  
of conversation resides in the  
impossibility of two people having  
the same experience whether or not their  
attention is directed one-pointedly. An  
ancient Buddhist realization (sitting  
in different seats).

**one: performances in Alaska,**  
**North Pole, Russia, Finland.** Parking at  
the supermarket, she changed her  
plan, gathering lamb's-quarters, mushrooms,  
and horseradish she'd noticed growing wild  
outside. Earth a city as Paris was:  
    people seen in love on the streets.  
    Electric clothes rechargeable at public  
        couches, couches provided with  
        adjustable domes, domes raised or lowered  
according to the weather, cataclysmic  
    events foreseen and observed as theatre  
    from a distance, distance provided by  
    mass transportation.  
    Disease removed, the use of **farccees**,  
    animal and human, to enrich the earth  
(economy, no refuse). Starting over again  
    from the point of human well-being,  
    non-fluent factors in the exchange  
    between man and universe (detergents,  
    for instance) disused. A new  
    **ecology. The enjoyment of "dirt."**  
**("Hands.")** LXXXVIII. The woods: finding a  
cabin nobody's living in, it'll be  
fun fixing it up. Details of dawn  
    observed, unstudied. Success. All  
    desires gratified, we say **No** but smile at  
the same time (taking a raincheck).  
    Blessed are the misers: they shall give  
    what they have to others. The girls in  
    the cities were forced into teams of  
    prostitutes for U.S. troops. The Saigon  
    government forced literally tens of  
    thousands of young girls into camps for

**U.S. troops.** Armistice November Eleventh. When's Second World War's Armistice? Need three hundred and sixty-three more wars arranged so each

of them will last only one year  
Armistice now. Armistice after another.  
War's over rather than not. I am afraid  
one more war to go until Armistice  
arrived and arrived, continued

long ago. **ANARCHY.** Society, not being a process a king sets in motion, becomes an impersonal place understood and made useful so that no matter what each individual does his actions enliven the total picture. Anarchy (**no laws or conventions**) in a place that works.

**Society's individualized.** The doctor didn't know what the disease was. It attacked everyone differently, wherever a person was vulnerable. Into that world when it's changed things'll reenter we'd renounced, e.g., value judgments (cf. the dominant seventh). They'll not monopolize nor suggest what happens

next. (He hit over the head the mother who'd lost her only child, saying, "This will give you something to cry about.") Constant lamentation. (We cry because anyone's head was struck.) Tears; a global enterprise. XC. President Eisenhower (1953): Let us assume we lost Indo-China. If Indo-China goes, the tin and tungsten we so greatly value would cease coming. We are after the

Chongqing way. It's the same way  
as something happened to the 4000  
Indians to get off their land. They  
had to leave and go into the  
mountains and live there. It  
was the same way in 1972. Following when  
you're made, 99% ends the present

critical period. Following present trends, fifty per cent of the world's population will then have what they need. The other fifty per cent will rapidly join their ranks. Say by the year 2000.

**From Monday**

in late Autumn with

the Wesleyan University Press, which also published **Silence**, a selection from his earlier writings). Cage's compositions are available from Edition

poem. The painter is not, however, accepted as a dramatist (how about Picasso and Oldenburg?) in our society. How about the composer as poet/designer? Cage has been interested in design and typography since his undergraduate days at Pomona College, where his roommate was the fine printer (deceased) Gregg Anderson. For years he designed programs and posters for dance and music concerts, and many of his writings reflect his interest in painting. In the mid-1950's he supported himself as an art director and designer of typography for a textile firm. Some of his design ideas came through in the **Art News Annual** of 1958, which included a gorgeous short essay by him on Satie, juxtaposed with remarks by Satie and superimposed on visual materials by Satie himself. This pamphlet is an attempt to realize another of Cage's ideas as closely

uses and limitations of the two-color process we have used and suggested feasible potentials, and in effect he provided Cage with an instrument on which to perform a visual realization of his idea. Cage entered into the proposal gladly, employing color-changes which, like the indentations, type-faces and number of words given a single story or idea, are the outcome of chance operations. The first section of the "diaries," which are collections of thoughts that develop out of working and being alive, appeared in the little magazine **Joglars**, issue number three. The second is in the Spring 1967 issue of the **Paris Review**. You have the third. What will the fourth be like?

**Notations**, edited by John Cage, and including sample works by more than 200 composers, will be published by Something Else Press in the Autumn of 1967.

**Cage: Diary—\$1.50**

**Great Bear Pamphlets you will enjoy:**

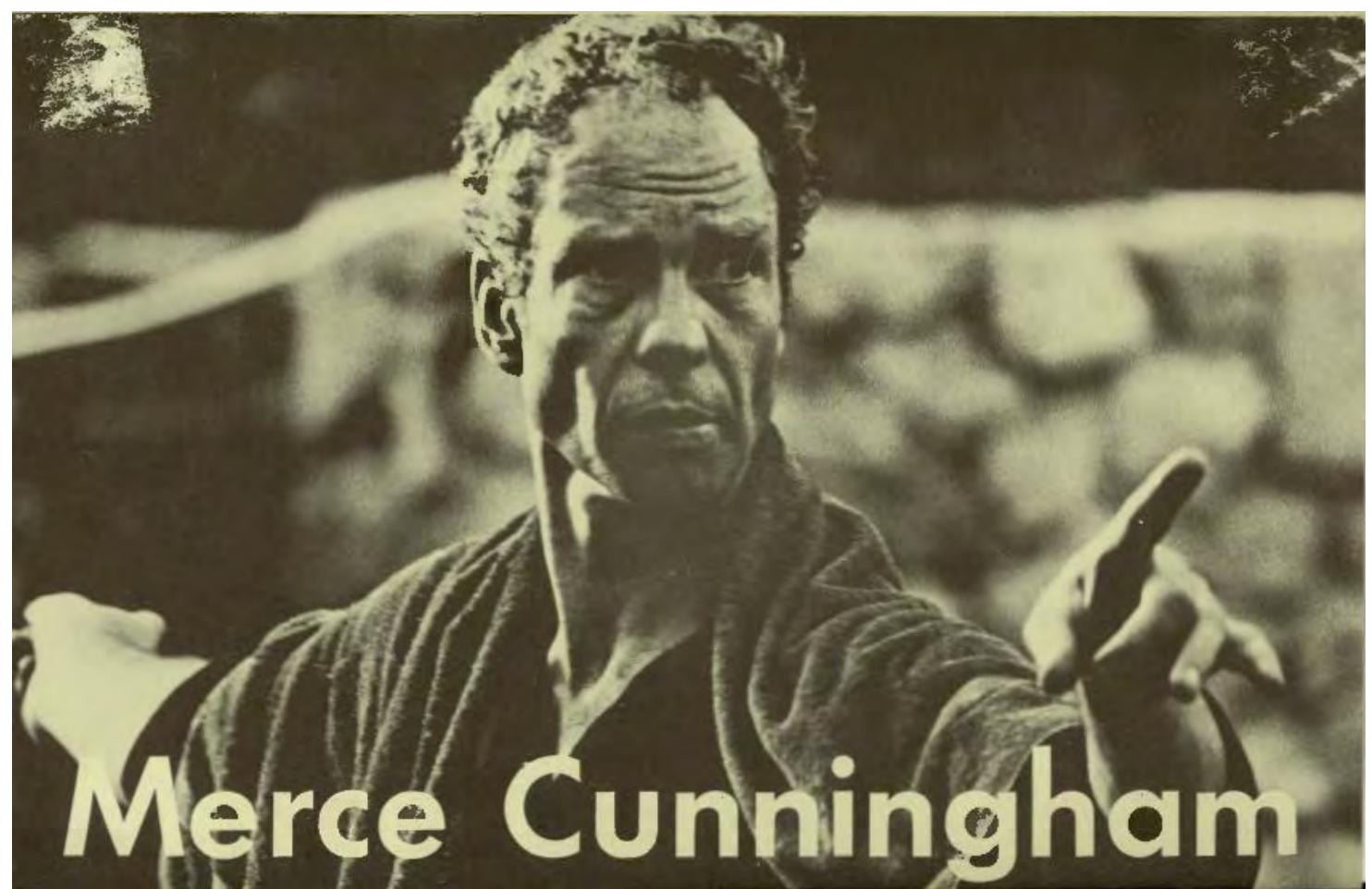
- #1—*by Alison Knowles*. All the performance pieces to date by the printer-artist of *Four Suits* fame. \$0.40
- #2—*A Book About Love & War & Death, Canto One*, by Dick Higgins. An intermedial text to be read aloud by at least two people. \$0.60
- #3—*Chance-Imagery*, by George Brecht. A basic document in the technique of the new art and in the thinking behind it. \$0.80
- #4—*Injun & Other Histories*, by Claes Oldenburg. Rabelaisian scenarios for some of Oldenburg's very early Happenings. Two full-page drawings. \$1.00
- #5—*Incomplete Requiem for W. C. Fields*, by Al Hansen. Complete text of the poem declaimed at the old E·pit·o·me Coffee House in 1958 while W. C. Fields movies were projected on the chest of the poet, one of the most active of the Happening people. \$0.60
- #6—*Ritual: A Book of Primitive Rites and Events*, by Jerome Rothenberg. An anthology of events and performance pieces from Polynesian, Melanesian and American Indian sources, selected and adapted by the well-known poet, translator and editor. \$0.60
- #7—*Some Recent Happenings*, by Allan Kaprow. Four characteristic scenarios by the inventor of the Happening concept. \$0.60
- #8—*Manifestos*. Recent calls-to-arms

has anticipated nearly everything. \$0.80

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# CAGE AND MERCE CUNNINGHAM EVENTS IN CINCINNATI



Merce Cunningham



**Merce Cunningham Dancers  
John Cage, Musical Director**

**Friday, April 21, 1967, 8:00 P.M.**

**Wilson Auditorium, University of Cincinnati**

**Admission: \$2.00; Students,**

**Faculty and Members of**

**The Contemporary Arts Center \$1.25.**

Tickets may be purchased in advance at the Union Desk,  
The University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio

Mr. Cunningham is a pioneer in dance practices that remain far enough outside the mainstream of dance tradition to be called avant-garde.

He is an alumnus of the Martha Graham Company, but the philosophy and style of his work is about as far removed from hers as any could be. Mr. Cunningham has rejected the notion that dance should have narrative and literal dramatic significance and that they need have any rhythmic or formal relation to the music that is played while they are performing. In collaboration with John Cage, his musical director — who approaches his electronic music with similar attitudes — he has explored extensively and successfully the part that chance, or indeterminacy, can play in the creation of dance. Mr. Cunningham and his dancers are by now such magnificent technicians and so superbly poised on the stage that each of their movements becomes an object of near-perfect beauty in itself.

Mr. Cage appears through the courtesy of the University of Cincinnati Graduate School, where he is artist in residence, composer.

William A. Leonard, director The Contemporary Arts Center

This program has been presented to the Spring Arts Festival  
by The Contemporary Arts Center  
through a partial grant from the Ohio Arts Council.

John Cage

The Contemporary Arts Center, 113 W. Fourth Street Cincinnati, Ohio 45202



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# **Spring Arts Festival 1967**

The University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio

**Friday 21 April**

**Merce Cunningham Dancers**  
**John Cage, Musical Director**  
Wilson Auditorium 8:00 P.M.; Admission \$2.00, Students and Faculty \$1.25  
Presented by The Contemporary Arts Center through a partial grant from the Ohio Arts Council

**Saturday 22 April**

**Cinema '67**  
**"The Chelsea Girls"**  
The Union Great Hall 8:00 P.M.; Admission \$1.50  
Presented by the University Film Society

**Sunday 23 April**

**Tri-State Invitational Crafts Exhibition Opening**  
The Union Gallery 2:00 P.M. - 5:00 P.M.; No Admission Charge  
**Cinema '67**  
**"The Chelsea Girls"**  
The Union Great Hall 8:00 P.M.; Admission \$1.50  
Presented by the University Film Society

**Monday 24 April**

**Len Lye**  
**Kinetic Sculpture, Films, Lecture**  
Alms Building Room 100, 8:30 P.M.; No Admission Charge  
Presented by the College of Design, Architecture and Art through a grant from the Harry Hake Memorial Lecture Fund

**Tuesday 25 April**

**Crafts Presentation**  
**Roy Cartwright and Mildred Fisher**  
The Union Losantiville Room A. 1:00 P.M.; No Admission Charge  
**Zoo Story**  
**Krapp's Last Tape**  
The Union Over the Rhine Room 8:00 P.M.; No Admission Charge  
Presented by the Mummer's Guild

**Wednesday 26 April**

**Cinema '67**  
**Brakhage Retrospective**  
The Union Great Hall 8:00 P.M.; Admission \$1.25, Students and Faculty \$.75  
Presented by the University Film Society

**Thursday 27 April**

**Crafts Presentation**

**Roy Cartwright**

Alms Building Room 2, 1:00 P.M.; No Admission Charge

**Richard Alcroft**

**"Infinity Machine"**

The Union Executive Conference Room 12:00 A.M. through  
9:00 P.M.; No Admission Charge

**Crafts Presentation**

**Roy Cartwright**

Alms Building Room 2, 1:00 P.M.; No Admission Charge

**Cinema '67**

**Stan VanDerBeek's "Mixed Media"**

The Union Great Hall, 8:00 P.M.; Admission \$1.25, Students  
and Faculty \$.75

Presented by the Film Society

**Friday 28 April**

**Cinema '67 Symposium**

**Mekas • VanDerBeek • Brakhage • Cage • McGinnis**

The Union Faculty Lounge 4:00 P.M.; No Admission Charge

**Cinema '67**

**Jonas Mekas "My Diaries" World Premiere**

The Union Great Hall 8:00 P.M.; Admission \$1.25, Students  
and Faculty \$.75.

Presented by the Union Film Society

**Saturday 29 April**

**Art on the Mall** 10:00 A.M. through 5:00 P.M.

**Crafts Presentation**

**Tom Kyle**, Museum of Contemporary Crafts, New York

The Union Losantiville Room A, 1:00 P.M.; No Admission Charge

**Blues Workshop**

The Union Music Lounge 2:30 P.M.; No Admission Charge

**Blues Concert**

Wilson Auditorium 8:15 P.M.; Admission \$2.50, Students  
and Faculty \$1.50

**Sunday 30 April**

**"Gertrude"**

The Union Great Hall 7:30 P.M.; Admission \$1.25, Students  
and Faculty \$.75

Presented by the Union Film Society

**Student Art Show**, The Union Lobby, April 15-19

Tickets available at the Union Desk, Telephone 475-2831

The University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio

MERCE CUNNINGHAM

AND

## DANCE COMPANY

#### **Answers**

with

Carolyn Brown

and

Barbara Lloyd Sandra Neels Valda Setterfield

Albert Reid Peter Saul Gus Solomons, Jr.

John Cage.....Musical Director

David Tudor.....Piano and Sound System

Gordon Mumma.....Sound System

Beverly Emmons.....Lighting

## Wilson Auditorium

21 April 1967

Presented by The Contemporary Arts Center  
a partial grant from the Ohio Arts Council.

## **PROGRAM**

## PROGRAM

SUITE FOR FIVE (1953-58)

### John Cage (Music for Piano 4-84)

**Solo: At Random**

## Solo: A Meander

### Trio: Transition

### Sole: Stillness

**Duet:** Extended Duet

### Solo: Excursion

### Quintet: Meetings

The events and sounds of this dance revolve around a quiet center which, though silent and unmoving, is the source from which they happen.

Merce Cunningham

Carolyn Brown

Barbara Lloyd

Sandra Neels

Albert Reid

**Costumes:** Robert Rauschenberg

Pianos: John Cage and David Tudor

## *INTERMISSION*

PLACE (1966)

Gordon Munro

Merce Cunningham

Carolyn Brown

**Barbara Lloyd**      **Sandra Neels**      **Valda Setterfield**  
**Albert Reid**      **Peter Saul**      **Gus Solomons, Jr.**

Decor and costumes: Beverly Emmons

#### **Bandoneon: David Tudor**

**Sound System:** Gordon Mumma

The production of Place was made possible by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

## *INTERMISSION*

## HOW TO PASS, KICK, FALL AND RUN (1965)

John Cage

Merce Cunningham

Carolyn Brown

**Barbara Lloyd**      **Sandra Neels**      **Valda Setterfield**  
**Albert Reid**      **Peter Saul**      **Gus Solomons, Jr.**

Readers: John Cage and David Vaughan

~~~~~

The Cunningham Dance Foundation, Inc.  
498 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016

Administration: Lewis L. Lloyd

David Vaughan

Assistant: Theresa Dickinson

Management: Judith F. Blinken  
75 East 55 Street  
New York, N. Y. 10022

*PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE*

Dancing has a continuity of its own that need not  
be dependent upon either the rise and fall of sound  
(music) or the pitch and cry of words (literary ideas).  
Its force of feeling lies in the physical image,  
 fleeting or static. It can and does evoke all sorts  
 of individual responses in the single spectator.  
These dances may be seen in this light.

~~~~~



Merce Cunningham Brings His Dancers To UC Friday

## Run For Your Lives! New Ideas Here!

MERCE CUNNINGHAM and Company, modern dancers, will perform at 8 p. m. Friday in the University of Cincinnati's Wilson Memorial Hall as part of the UC Union's Spring Arts Festival.

Avant-garde composer John Cage, in residence at UC during the spring quarter, is musical director for the company. Admission charge for the Friday program will be \$1.50 for students and \$2 for non-students.

An alumnus of the Martha Graham Dance Company, Cunningham is a pioneer in dance practices outside the mainstream. He and Cage have experimented with the role of chance, or indeterminacy, in the creation of dance works.

**POP ARTIST** Andy Warhol's 3½-hour film "Chelsea Girls" will be shown Saturday and Sunday as part of the University of Cincinnati's Spring Arts Festival.

Both showings will be at 2 p. m. in the Great Hall.



In Warhol Film

Union Building. Admission charge will be \$1.50.

"Chelsea Girls" is the first in a series of film showings composing the "Cinema '67" portion of the Springs Arts Festival.

Now being shown in New

York City commercial motion picture houses, "Chelsea Girls" is credited as the film that brought the movie "underground" above ground.

WARHOL'S avant-garde film (and others pro-

grammed on the Arts Festival running through April 29) features screen composition of unconventional forms. Cameras are tilted, joggle, turned upside down to give grotesque figure patterns. Slow and fast motion are interspersed with standard tempo exposition. Sometimes the film is run backwards. And there are all manner of processes from painting to scratching of film to add to unique screen expression. Technical term for this type of movie making: "Retinal music."

Story" and "Krapp's Last Tape" are included in the Festival program with its accent on the living present instead of the dead past.

## AMUSEMENTS

### 'Four Seasons' May Festival

Good seats are still available for both performances by "The Four Seasons," Friday evening (April 21) at the College of Mount St. Joseph, Friday (April 21) at 7 and 9:30 p. m. However, the best seats (according to the chairman in charge of the event) are to be had for the earlier concert. Call 941-4200 for tickets — or tickets may be purchased at the door.

### May Festival

Reminder to all concerned: Robert Shaw will rehearse the Beethoven Missa Solemnis with the May Festival Chorus, The Mount St. Mary's Seminarium Choir, and the Chorus from Western College for Women Thursday evening (April 20) at 7:30 p. m., in the undercroft of Christ Church, Fourth and Sycamore Streets.

OTHER FILM experts to show films and appear here: Jonas Mekas (Friday, 3 p. m., April 28); Stan Vanderbeek and his "Mixed Media" film (April 27, 8 p. m., Great Union Hall); Stan Brakhage (Wednesday, April 26, 8 p. m., Great Hall).

ART EXHIBITS, craftsmanship demonstrations, jazz concerts, and Mummers' presentation of "Zoo



It'

### To UC Friday

Carolyn Brown is a featured dancer with the Merce Cunningham Dancers. They will dance Friday at 8 o'clock at UC's Wilson Auditorium. The program of unique modern dances includes one to the music of John Cage. He is Cunningham's musical director and composer-in-residence at UC. The dance program is part of the 10-day Spring Arts Festival programmed by The Student Union. The Ohio Arts Council provided funds for the one-nighter by the Cunningham Dancers. Admission \$2, except to students, faculty, and members of Contemporary Arts Center. Tickets: Student Union desk or box office at Wilson, Friday.

"ONE OF THE  
YEARS TEN"

Thursday, April 20, 1967

UNIVERS

## Merce Cunningham Dancers Entertain At UC Apr. 21



**KNOWN FOR THEIR** perfected beauty of the single movement, the controversial Merce Cunningham Dancers will be a featured part of UC's Spring Arts Festival.

An experience in avant garde modern dance will be offered to the public on Friday, April 21, at 8 p.m. when the Merce Cunningham Dancers appear at Wilson Auditorium.

As part of the Spring Arts Festival now underway, the group's appearance is made possible partly through a grant given by the Ohio Arts Council. UC, cooperating with the Contemporary Arts Center, is presenting an unique opportunity to view a pioneer movement in the realm of dance.

Cunningham, formerly worked with the noted Martha Graham Company, but his style has been removed from Miss Graham's program, typified by the first number, "Field Dances," can be performed by any number of dancers in any given area for any length of time.

### Perfected Beauty

In conjunction with musical director John Cage, Merce Cunningham has experimented widely

with the chance factor, the spontaneous, in dance. Yet, his works have a surprising precision about them, due to the fact that his dancers are master technicians giving each single movement a perfected beauty.

To appreciate Cunningham's new direction for the dance, it is necessary to leave all preconceptions at home, and learn to enjoy each movement, "each single instant" for itself.

Admission for interested students is \$1.50, for non-students, \$2.50.

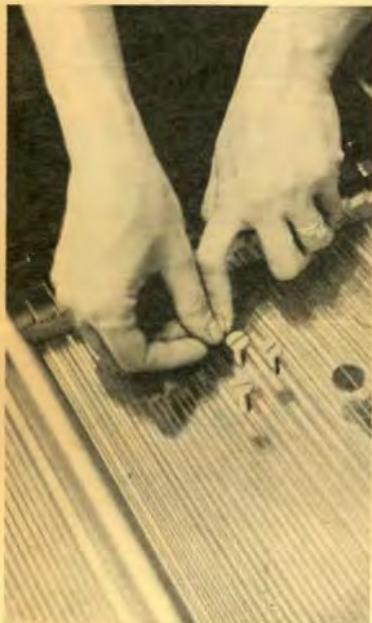


## **REVIEWS AND COMMENTARY**

**Do Not a Prison Make,  
Nor Iron Bars, a CAGE . . .**

---

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**JOHN  
CAGE,  
that is,  
who**

# **JOHN CAGE,**

**that is,  
who  
thinks  
music  
needs a  
break-out**

*Neither bars nor staffs nor clef signs could stay John Cage in the swift completion of his appointed task: a sort of psychedelic sound created, in this recent instance, with a piano. Above, Cage helps pianist Jeanne Kirstein "gimmick" the instrument with bolts, penny, cardboard, and other debris preparatory to performing one of his uncaged works. Listeners (upper left) heard his lecture and the music, agreed it was way out.*



**Photographed By ALLAN KAIN**



*"You must learn all over again to listen to the sounds around you," advises Cage, whose book on music theory is tellingly titled, "Silence."*

## CAGE

The Contemporary Arts Center said it could accommodate only the first 60 persons who applied, but the guest list turned out to be much bigger. There were 12 tape recorders stationed about the area into which Cage fed tapes all playing simultaneously and fortissimo.

Cage probably views it as cultural shock treatment, the electronic





cleansing of our old neuroses and psychoses like the music of Beethoven, the painting of Rembrandt, the plays of Shakespeare. Actually, Cage is not against traditional art; his is against the worship of it.

In every age there is an art of tradition and its opposite. In today's world, where experimentation is at present the dominant tendency, Cage is one of the most advanced experimenters. Art progresses only when there is such a balancing of accounts. That is the meaning of Cage and that is why Cincinnati is not the same; somewhere, somehow we have progressed because Cage has been here. This may be regretted in many circles but it is probably true.



# Stone Walls

By ARTHUR DARACK

Enquirer Book, Art Editor

John Cage has been composer in residence at the University of Cincinnati in the semester just ended. Cincinnati, UC and Cage may recover but surely not as they were before.

Cage is a revolutionary in art. He thinks art is not something to be taken solemnly but frivolously, happily, sarcastically, adoringly—in a word art is lifelike and should be responded to in kind.

There is nothing revolutionary about this. Many students of the arts would agree with Cage so far. Where Cage departs from the traditionalist is that he conjures up a whole new world of music that seems to cross boundaries into poetry, literature, noise, ballet, painting, politics, technology. The boundaries between music and dancing or music and noise have always been vague, but Cage claims that it makes no sense to talk about boundaries at all. In an age when missiles, satellites and computers have destroyed every kind of boundary, it becomes insidious to attempt to enforce them in any field. (Cage has a way of genially enraging people when he adds morals and value judgments



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Cage has been teaching and lecturing at the University of Cincinnati, and College-Conservatory faculty and students have presented his music—notably the LaSalle Quartet and the pianist Jeanne Kirstein.

Cage also was the central figure in an event sponsored by the Contemporary Arts Center at the Newport Yacht Club. The latter facility, not previously associated with cultural affairs, was the scene of a musical happening. Cage asked each guest to provide a tape recording of favorite noise or music. He would edit the tapes and play them at the occasion.

{Continued}



# John Cage Concert Produces Boos, Cheers and Surprises

BY ELEANOR BELL

The program of music by John Cage, presented last night at the University of Cincinnati, was quite an arresting event and managed to arouse its listeners to the two flattering extremes of attention: boos and cheers. In between the extremes there was good-natured laughter, for the program was full of surprises.

Mr. Cage, currently in residence at the College Conservatory of Music, has the distinction of being considered the daddy of aleatoric (chance) music in which the performer is given complete freedom within a certain plan or system. Anarchy and dada are words that have been used against Mr. Cage's sounds. Like every pioneer, he goes his own sweet way.

He asks nothing less of his listeners than that they throw off all their former listening habits. This is not only extremely difficult, it can drive one daft.

IF I UNDERSTAND him correctly, Mr. Cage feels strongly that the established sounds, the scales and harmonies, the symmetry and order to which human ears became accustomed before 1900 no

longer have meaning. If he is right, then we will indeed have to increase our listening range to take in the increased range of sounds.

Until the new becomes familiar, the listener is justified in feeling confused, vexed, h o a x e d , d i d d l e , irate, put upon. But under no circumstance is he justified in plugging up his ears.

IN HIS PROGRAM last night Mr. Cage and the baker's dozen of musicians who comprised his team used a variety of commonplace tools and objects which they struck, banged, pinged, scraped and kicked. A partial inventory would include table forks and spoons, a hair brush, tooth brush, nail clippers, a hammer, a chain of safety pins, an egg beater, several soft drink cans, a variety of sticks.

The sounds produced by these instruments, and by the tympani and cymbals which were the only traditional instruments in sight, came through a series of amplifiers and were distributed by means of nine speakers overhead. The amplifiers' tubes contributed their tweets and

woofs, shrieks and flutters to the sound effects.

WHEREAS pure electronic music uses no human sounds, Mr. Cage's music employed the above instruments played by live people, and embellished the composite noise with very human belches and with radios playing snatches of this and that.

The program set one to thinking about time and space and nothingness and where music ends and noise begins, and as in many conventional concerts, I found my attention wandering, particularly in "Variations IV" which I thought was overlong and tedious. I grew weary of the harmless jokes, the tables scraping across the floor, windows being slammed and tin cans being kicked.

When time, just the common garden variety on my wrist watch, forced me to retreat, Mr. Cage himself

was typing a letter, smoking gracefully through a holder and swallowing a soft drink from a can, and every sound these actions made was amplified to indescribable levels. The soft drink going down was like Niagara Falls.

It was a virtuoso solo performance, and one I won't forget. Outdoors all was white and still.

JAN 18 1984

CINCINNATI POST

## Composer Cage to perform here

Composer John Cage, the grand old man of the American avant-garde, will perform in Cincinnati Feb. 28 as part of the Art Academy's "Celebration" series of lecture/performances on the creative process.

Cage will travel through Cincinnati on his way back to New York after an extended trip that has taken him to the Middle East, India and the Far East.

His appearance is described as "a performance unaccompanied by musical instruments." He will read selections from James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake," a continuing project that has occupied him for some years.

Cage, 71, is known as the composer, or perpetrator, of such ear-catching pieces as the "Concerto for 14 Radios" and "4 Minutes 33 Seconds," perhaps the first piece of performance art, in which pianist David

Tudor walked onstage, sat at the piano in silence for four minutes and 33 seconds and walked off.

Cage's more conventional works are written for exotic percussion instruments and pianos "prepared" with nuts and bolts strewn across the strings to produce highly original sounds.

His performance will be at 7 p.m. in the lecture hall of the Cincinnati Art Museum.

# **PERSPECTIVES ON AMERICAN UNDERGROUND FILM (JOHN CAGE ON 4-MEMBER PANEL)**

# Cinema now

stan vanderbeek      john cage  
stan brakhage      jonas mekas





# 1 CINEMA NOW

*University of Cincinnati  
Perspectives on American Underground Film*

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**stan brakhage**

---

**john cage**

---

**jonas mekas**

---

**stan vanderbeek**

---

*Edited by Hector Currie and Michael Porte*

# **preface**

Much of what any artist says about his art is ephemeral. In the case of film-makers, too little has been done to preserve their reflections and predictions, perhaps under the false assumption that their film will remain as a permanent record. Nothing remains as it was. What is permanent except remembered relationships? And memory dries like holly into dust.

To preserve our collective memory of what happened during the last week in April, 1967, when a distinguished group of artists met to discuss film at the University Center of the University of Cincinnati, Barry Zelikovsky, program director, wrote: "The spirit that created the University's Spring Arts Festival, of which this was a part, remains with us." Hector Currie preserved the memory by supervising the taping, transcription, and editing of the remarks of the artists. His work inspired Stan Brakhage to write, "I not only approve the transcription of my 'talk' (without any correction to make), but I do wish to commend whoever made it: this is the best transcript off a tape I have ever read."

*Cinema Now* records the discussion between Mr. Brakhage—who was well-known as an independent filmmaker long before the Underground label was used—and members of the Film as Art and Communication class at the University of Cincinnati. The class was team taught by Jim McGinnis, Warren Gore, Hector Currie, and myself. The students were partners in the enterprise of bringing the film-makers to the campus. One of them, Stephen Gebhardt, president of the University Film Society, invited Jonas Mekas to the campus early in the year to speak on Godard and plan the independent film-makers' series.

Mr. Gebhardt has developed one of the most active and successful film societies in the country, with weekly

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showings in three separate series: Classic Films, Popular Films, and International Art Films. In addition, profits go toward the independent film-makers' series, which brings the best available talent to the campus to discuss their films. A person of many talents, Mr. Gebhardt assisted Noel Martin, University designer-in-residence, in the design of *Cinema Now*.

Mr. Martin is one of the most distinguished graphic designers of publications. He is associated with the Cincinnati Art Museum and a consultant to Federated Department Stores, Inc. and U. S. Plywood-Champion Papers Inc.

The photographs were taken by Walt Burton, Arnold Gassan, Stephen Gebhardt, Hella Hammid, and the late George Rosenthal, whose portraits of John Cage impressed the composer as the best ever taken of him.

John Cage, the highly innovative modern composer, was artist in residence at the time of the symposium on film. Mr. Cage's presence on the campus influenced the choice of artists invited to participate in the Spring Arts Festival. Earlier, he took part in the New York Council of the Arts first film project with Stan VanDerbeek, who introduced multi-media into the festival and served on the film symposium panel. The symposium on film reflects one portion of John Cage's impact on the cultural life of Cincinnati. Just as John Cage's period of residence at the University of Cincinnati was made possible by the generosity of friends of the Graduate School and the Institute for Research and Training in Higher Education, so, too, was the publication of *Cinema Now* made possible by the same donors who prefer to remain anonymous.

The purpose of *Cinema Now* is to make available to film-makers, societies, distributors, exhibitors, and

students a statement of intent by the makers of the new cinema. Our aim is not only to make our present experiences more meaningful but to provide for the future a documented understanding of developments in the art form that vitally communicates what is happening now—*Cinema Now*.

Michael Porte, chairman  
University Film Committee  
Cincinnati, Ohio  
March 1, 1968



*Jonas Mekas, John Cage, Stan VanDerbeek, and Stan Brakhage contemplate the current state of the film, in a creative evaluation of where the medium is going—Cinema Now. They are introduced by Jim McGinnis, popular University of Cincinnati professor.*



# **symposium**



**Jim McGinnis:** At this time we would like to welcome you.

Our session this afternoon will be in the form of a symposium: we have with us three rather important gentlemen who will engage in a dialogue—beefs on the one hand, beliefs on the other—treating the topic, "The State of the Cinema." With us today are Stan VanDerbeek, John Cage, and Jonas Mekas. The way we will proceed is to have each present a positional statement on the state of the cinema, and then go to a four-party round-table. From this we will move to an open discussion of the topic at which time we shall invite questions and comments from you, the audience.

To get our symposium underway, I would now like to introduce Stan VanDerbeek, recipient of the Ford Foundation's Film-makers' Award grant in 1964. A film innovator of note, Mr. VanDerbeek is presently at work on a new concept in film—the moviedrome. It aims at providing the viewer with a more intensive participation in the film viewing experience. Before moving into cinema, Mr. VanDerbeek was a painter of works ranging in scale up to large murals. This experience in having dealt with the total environment may perhaps explain some of the highly sensitive things we saw last evening in Mr. VanDerbeek's mixed-media presentation. A lecturer at Syracuse, Harvard, and Cornell, he has authored articles for such journals as *Film Quarterly* and *Film Culture*. And most important of all, undoubtedly, is the fact that Mr. VanDerbeek is a film-maker with a highly sensitive talent in the manipulation of visual images.

And so, at this time, we of the University of Cincinnati take pleasure in welcoming as first speaker in the symposium on "The State of the Cinema," Mr. Stan VanDerbeek.



*Stan VanDerbeck spends hours of careful editing to achieve the results that are rapidly flashed on the screen for viewers and dancers, as his multi-media productions take shape before an audience.*

**Stan VanDerbeck:** To some of you who were here last night I run the risk of recirculating some thoughts, and that may not be particularly direct or positive. A tremendous amount has happened in the last two years, certainly within the past year—1967.

For instance, I have just come back from a month's stay at the University of Southern California as film-artist-in-residence. This was an entirely new experience for me—and for U.S.C. They had never hosted a film artist in residence before. I, in the past, have always done almost everything by myself (I joked last night about being a home-moviemaker), which means, you know, the artwork, the photography, even the darkroom work. For ten years I managed to do it myself. Now, suddenly, a dialogue is beginning to develop, and I find myself here in Cincinnati, having just gotten back from Wellesley where the students had organized, entirely on their own, a film competition that made quite a nice weekend event. Yes, this has been a year of engagement. I see signs of an engagement beginning to take place between the outside community and the artist who in the past, for one reason or another, has been outside. An engagement process is well underway. For instance, I was interviewed by Gregory Peck—which shocked me, let me tell you the truth—because he wanted to know how I felt about the shape and form of the Underground, what their interests were, what is their need.

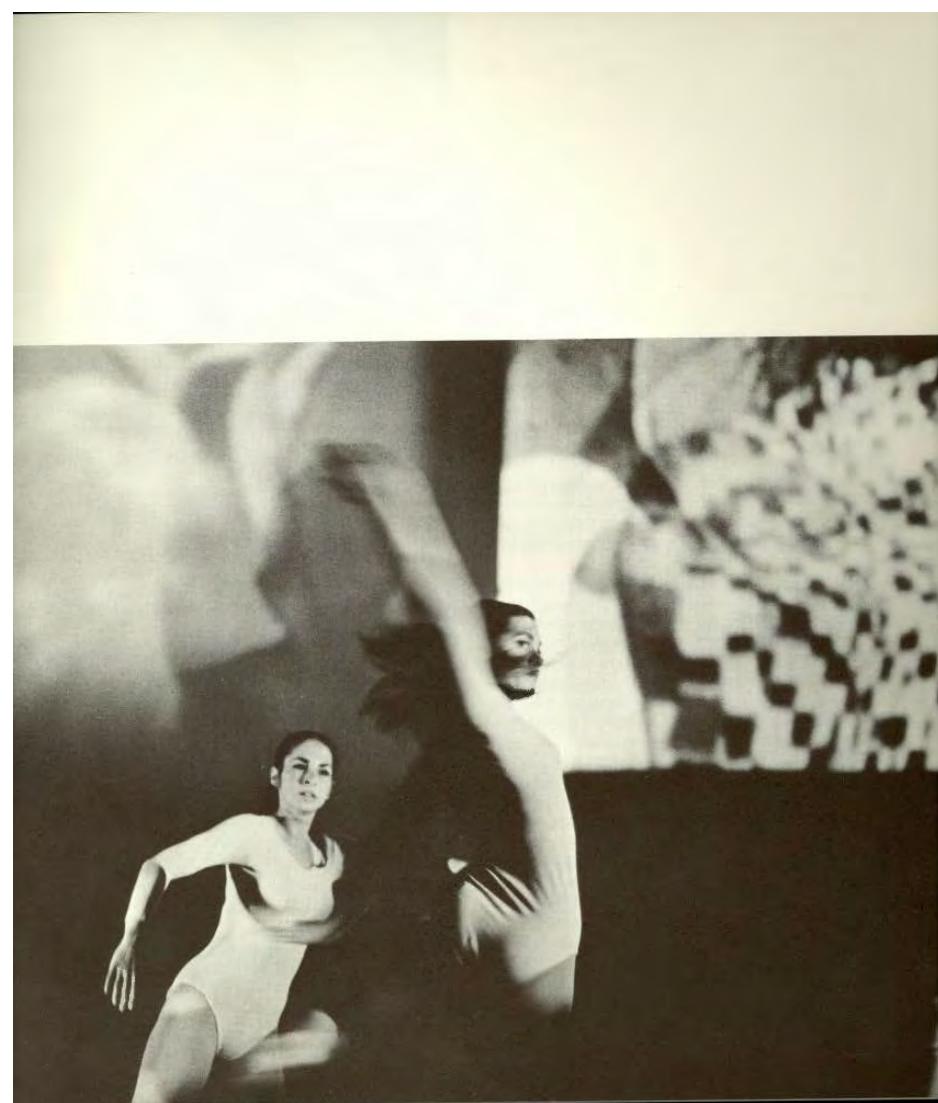
He was doing preparatory research for the Film Institute. Yes, America is becoming conscious of movies as more than Hollywood's folk art. Our culture is becoming aware of the personal film that has been with us for, say, the past five or ten years. The personal film is now becoming part of the dialogue. Here we have perhaps as many as two hundred people prepared to listen to me

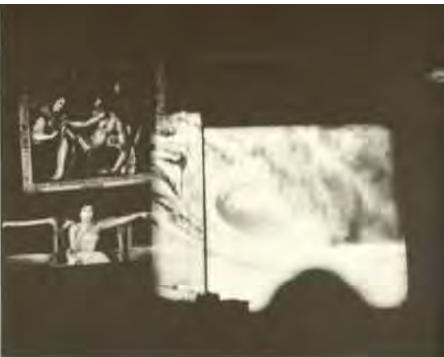
talk about my private interests and visions. I find that this interview with Gregory Peck, and other things such as the New York State Council on the Arts—in which John Cage and I visit schools, talking about our ideas—is all getting (*microphone feedback here caused a brief interruption*) . . . I mean—that's what's happening: feedback. I'm overwhelmed and enthusiastic about it.

This is an exciting period. So many things are happening: the Millennium Film Workshop in New York, the Federal Government stepping in and offering money to a basically undisciplined situation and putting elements together just to see what will happen when they get stuck together, the Film-makers' Cooperative, of which Jonas Mekas is largely the patron saint. All is beginning to become part of an energy and a force distributing itself: taking people in and giving things out. That's the way it's going. How far it will go—that's anybody's guess.

To summarize: in the optimistic best of all possible worlds, I feel that we are on the edge of a very interesting cultural evolution. I see this in the people who are in or out of school who want to engage in this art, in cinema, who plunge in in their own manner—get hold of an eight mm. camera (I see one eight mm. there in the corner) . . . It's common as clothing. I think it's going to be a fantastically important form. As I see it, now I'm sort of a launching pad and where it will go I don't know. But up; it has to go up.

**Jim McGinnis:** Thank you very much, Stan. Now I'd like to introduce John Cage: one of the most brilliant talents on campus, artist in residence, professional musician and composer, creator of the prepared piano, a student of Arnold Schoenberg, author of a volume entitled *Silence*,





and associated with films in a number of ways—some of you who last night saw Stan VanDerbeek's films were aware that some of the music was composed by Mr. Cage.

**John Cage:** I thought it would be interesting to speak about the nature of silence in three different arts, one of them film. By that means, perhaps, we might get a notion of what the nature of the film may be.

My normal reaction to film, my everyday reaction to it, is that I enjoy all of it. Many people enjoy poor films. I, with them, am overcome by the pleasure simply of looking at moving images.

*On the nature of silence:* Well now, you know that I've written a piece called 4'33", which has no sounds of my own making in it, and that Robert Rauschenberg has made paintings which have no images on them—they're simply canvases, white canvases, with no images on them—and Nam June Paik, the Korean composer, has made an hour-long film which has no images on it. Now, offhand, you might say that all three actions are the same. But they're quite different.

The Rauschenberg paintings, in my opinion, as I've expressed it, become airports for particles of dust and shadows that are in the environment.

My piece, 4'33", becomes in performance the sounds of the environment.

Now, in the music, the sounds of the environment remain, so to speak, where they are, whereas in the case of the Rauschenberg painting the dust and the shadows, the changes in light and so forth, don't remain where they are but come to the painting. In the case of the Nam June Paik film, which has no images on it, the room is darkened, the film is projected, and what you see is the dust that has collected on the film. I think that's some-

*As a viewer at a multi-media production of Stan VanDerbeek, one recognizes states (top); photograph (middle), and films on multiple screens (bottom) as expected parts of the whole. The total involvement of the senses comes about with the same random combination of elements one finds when he turns a corner.*

what similar to the case of the Rauschenberg painting, though the focus is more intense. The nature of the environment is more on the film, different from the dust and shadows that are the environment falling on the painting, and thus less free.

This brings me to my thought about silence: to me, the essential meaning of silence is the giving up of intention. As we might expect, few films follow silence in renouncing intention; when one looks at films (and I here lump together art films and Hollywood films) one sees that intention is almost never renounced. I think that the closest to the renunciation of intention—if we forget the Nam June Paik film which has no images on it whatsoever—would, in my experience, be through the films of Stan VanDerbeek, a renunciation of intention which is effected through the multiplication of images. In this multiplicity, intention becomes lost and becomes silent, as it were, in the eyes of the observer. Since he could not be looking at all five or six images at once but only at one particular one, the observer would have a certain freedom. However, even in this work of VanDerbeek, as in most dancing, in fact, there seems to be an absolute unwillingness to stop activity, to renounce intention.

Yet in one film I have seen at the Festival—Brakhage's *The Dead*, the one concerned with the tombs in the Parisian cemetery—I noticed that, at one point, there was something that looked like absence of activity—the point at which the camera moved behind the wall so that it couldn't see what it had been looking at.

It may be a good thing for film to introduce this lack of intention, this silence. Or, perhaps it may not: such limitation would confine film to the medium itself, to film. It may be because of this potential confinement in

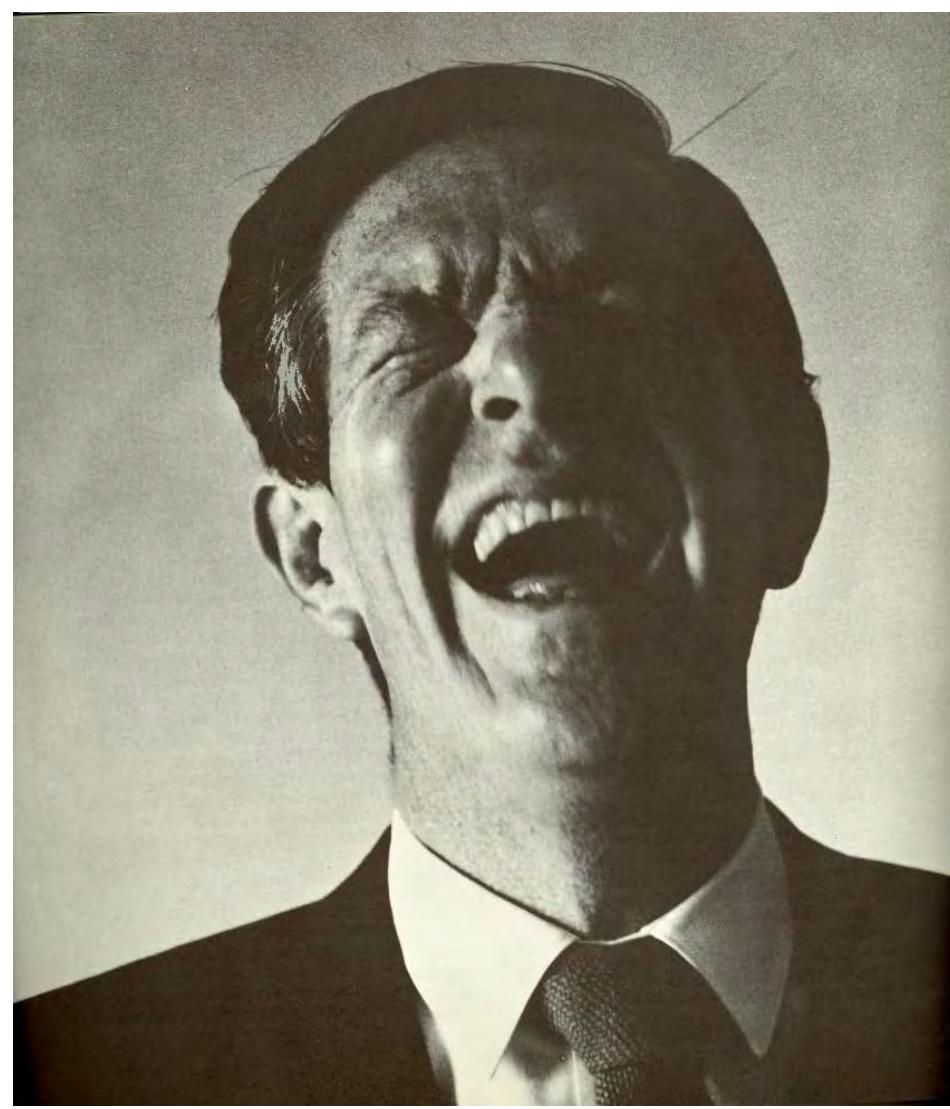
the nature of film that film-makers have chosen to present images that travel out so widely into the world. And this venturing brings one to the view Stan VanDerbeek so frequently advances—the possibility of a new world understanding through film language, would you say, Stan?

**Stan VanDerbeek:** Yes, picture language.

**John Cage:** That's about as far as I've gone. I thought if we went any farther we could do it together.

**Jim McGinnis:** It is with pleasure that we now introduce Mr. Jonas Mekas, one of the most salient spokesmen for the Underground cinema in America. Mr. Mekas is involved in a complex and broad range of endeavors relating to the cinematic experience. He is active as a poet, both in the conventional sense and, very definitely, in film. A critic of cinema and editor of *Film Culture*, a film-maker of stature—some of you may have seen *Hallelujah, the Hills* or *The Brig* which won the Grand Prize at the Venice film festival in 1964 and about which there has been written nothing but superlatives—and the organizer of the Film-makers' Cooperative, distribution center for over two hundred independent film-makers as well as being the patron of the Underground. Mr. Mekas comes to us as poet, film-maker, critic, and promoter of the avant-garde. We feel very fortunate to have Mr. Mekas on our panel. And so, Jonas, we greet with some anticipation your ideas.

**Jonas Mekas:** Cinema is defined by the works of film-makers and the tendency the film today indicates: of that we can get an idea by watching the work of the



*To an artist such as John Cage, laughter is a characteristic reaction to life. One of the values in a multi-media production is the involvement of an audience—to laugh, to see, to hear in a new way.*

younger film-makers. We can't neglect the establishment cinema either—Hollywood—in assessing cinema. The new cinema will clash, as it is doing now, with the old cinema for some time until such time as the new cinema replaces the old and itself becomes the "old"—leading to another round in the cultural evolution. We might also take into account the changing technology of film.

I think, in light of the concrete things said already, that I could perhaps afford at this point to be a little esoteric and, however indirectly, try to indicate some of the feelings that I find in the youngest film-makers. I will read; it is whatever you find implied in it. It doesn't speak for all two hundred film-makers in today's Film-makers' Cooperative—each is heading somewhere in his own direction. No one can speak for all the film-makers. This is only our attempt to state the feelings I sense in the younger artists.

One of the differences between the old cinema and the new cinema is that the new cinema is the artist's self-expression, and the old cinema is the artist's public expression. In art the self-expression is a deeper social and human engagement than the public expression. The self-expression of a superficial artist is restricted to the surface details—individual differences. The self-expression of an inspired artist is an expression of the deeper unconscious regions where we all come together: families, societies, race, nationality, and that's where the higher ideals of men reside. It is on that deeper level that the man of Eden, the past, and present man meet. That is the true meaning of the avant-garde. Avant-garde is where the past and the present meet.

The major engagement of the modern artist up till now has been to describe the world in which we live, to hold a mirror before men. This function he has fulfilled

to perfection; the monster stands outlined clearly in the mirror. To continue reflecting Reality As It Is can no longer be our primary commitment. Today the primary commitment of the artist is to carry man out of where he is and take him to where his dreams lead him, to create out of the dream reality a new and more advanced reality.

Thus it is that more and more the prose artist is giving place to the poet. The dreams of man's future are written deep in man's soul. To reach those depths through art one can only do so indirectly, through suggestion, through symbol, through metaphor; in short, through poetry. No direct understanding can reach there. That's why today all the teenagers of America are becoming Underground film-makers. That's why the teenagers of today are no longer interested in reflecting the black, sad, grey Reality As It Is.



Our black and white cities and black and white ways of living and black and white ways of feeling, thinking, and even loving—in these they are no longer interested, but are discovering the first experience of flickering colors and lights and sun visions. In the age of the spaceship the earth and its three billion inhabitants is becoming an abstract small dot seen through the porthole of a spaceship. The teenagers of America are making home movies that are anything but impersonal; they are turning toward the personal, private, intimate. Every inch of our climate, every nook of our emotions, feelings, is touched and warmed again, frame by frame so as to see it for what it really is, to see and realize how far in the darkness we are, how deep in the cold, how little, in truth, we have achieved and how far we have to go.

In a sense, all camera reality is reality as it is. The film poet's reality—*Dog Star Man*'s reality, or Menken's reality—is frame by frame reality as it is. And so is *cinema vérité* a frame by frame reality. TV is a frame by frame reality, and so is a Hollywood movie. Anything that you see in cinema is a real reality, no matter how silly, or stupid, or ugly, or beautiful, or ridiculous, or unpleasant, or unbelievable. All is; all is real; all is true. But not everything is truth. And then, there are truths valid for eternity, and there are truths for a day.

And that's what Underground cinema is all about. We don't want those truths any longer which concern only the surface alone, that surface where recent centuries and the recent past have built their structures. Since we reject these pasts, since we consider them shallow and distorted and thoughtless, we are jumping over them; we are leaving them alone, and are descending where a much deeper past resides.

The involvement of the Underground poets is to

create from those depths, from that knowledge and from those intuitions where the passions and the forms of men have not yet reached; to create from the future, from the light, from the godhead toward which we are going; to create from the ideal reality, through mystic experience, through chance, through disordering of the senses and through meditation—to go as deep as possible, until we begin to see sunlight; until all the established armors of living, feeling, loving, and thinking will break and fall away.

Part of this job in cinema is done by staying out of all plots and stories where it is easy to get hung up, where it is easy to get entangled in the fashions and patterns; by keeping our cameras on naked bodies, fields, flowers, colors and shapes of the world, and finally by abandoning even that, by abandoning everything touched and distorted by man's hand, by setting our cameras in constant motion and by pointing our cameras and strobes at light itself, to the particles of light, the brain dots of the film emulsion. We are beginning to re-attune ourselves, step by step, with the life forces. We are arriving at some approximate zero point of our being and we are beginning from there. That's where the rock and roll and mystic music and cinema meet, at this zero point. Till now the art of narrative cinema was an outer reflection only. You saw it and said: "Oh, I know it. It's true. That's how it is. I have experienced and seen it myself. It's very true." All it did or does is confirm or remind you of what you already know. The work of the new cinema is to pluck down from heaven glimpses of truth and beauty so unfamiliar and ungraspable that you will say, "I have never seen nor felt like this before. I'm transformed; I'm changed. This is all new experience, new knowledge to me." That's been the mark of all



great art. What about poetry and what about prose? We have too much prose only because we have too much bad prose. The poetry has been kept out of cinema by chaining narrative cinema to the naturalistic level, the level of reflection. Historically it had to be so. The cinema had to go through the naturalistic period, and it profited from that experience. But now the Underground film-maker is restoring poetry, and is lifting prose to new heights by bringing it into fantasy. And in fantasy, realism and poetry join to reveal, to surprise, to transcend. *Dog Star Man*—is it prose? or is it poetry? Or *Twice a Man?* or *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome?* or *Christmas on Earth?*

A Hollywood musical is also a fantasy, but a Hollywood musical is a reflection of the temporary society-created myths and dreams. *Dog Star Man* is a reflection of the god-given myths and dreams. Both the Hollywood musical and *Dog Star Man* are real and truthful. The question is: "Which reality and which truths will we choose?" The question is: "What do I want to do with my life: to be consumed by the transitory manifestations of the material and the emotional worlds created by man, or to outgrow—to transcend them and to contribute to the building of a new spiritual sun?" Do we look toward the new Jerusalem as our direction—or? It's again and always again, either-or? But a paradox of this "either-or" is this: it exists only for the old generation in which the deeper dreams are already dead and to which it seems there is this choice of either-or. For the teenager of America such a choice does not even exist. The choice has been made at his birth. The dream is still very much alive and present. The ideal is still vivid. Intuitively, therefore, he is turning his back to the mothers' wisdom and the fathers' reality, and is

*Few artists in residence can stimulate as much excitement and intellectual challenge as John Cage. The rapt audience includes a philosophy professor, a psychiatrist, an English professor, a psychology professor, and a group of students, learning together in an atmosphere unlike any classroom, listening to John Cage discuss Cinema Now.*



facing toward the light and mysticism and rock and roll. Because, even if he is unconscious of this, he believes in paradise on earth. This is the politics of poetry—paradise now.

There has never been any doubt about it for poets. Poetry has always sung about paradise now. It is the receptacle for poetry that has atrophied, died, has been clogged, as our memory of Eden has been clogged. The meaning of poetry, of color, of motion, and our understanding of them—all have been clogged. Our present civilization, as it is—or at least as it was until 1966—has blocked out entire areas of our feelings, our being. We are ashamed of poetic feelings as we are ashamed to love. Escape—suspense and action and constant excitement—has been the sole aim of our lives and our art till now. But I am here to tell you that that's no longer so.

The silence, the quietude, the meditation, the contemplation is turning into the world through art. And we are beginning to see different aims and purposes in life once more, and we are beginning to gain some new intuitive understanding of the whole.

**Jim McGinnis:** Thank you, Jonas. That has about it a sense of completion. But there's something which occurs to a number of us. Underground film-making has recently been found by the mass media: *Time* and *Newsweek* articles. Warhol's *Chelsea Girls* going into commercial houses. What are the chances for Underground films' discovery by the mass audience? What do you feel is the possibility of re-educating the older audience, that which is used to plot, to a non-theatrically oriented cinema? Does the Underground have to swing completely with the younger generation?



**Jonas Mekas:** Whatever Underground cinema is, it doesn't constitute the entire cinema of today. We have the Hollywood cinema, documentary, the instructional film, and television. Each of us is at a different stage of development. Many of us have gone through the stage of Hollywood cinema and have grown to some other stage. Some of us are now moving somewhere else, to a more subtle form.

At this moment there are about thirty art cinemas across the country booking films from Film-makers' Cooperative by such film-makers as Stan VanDerbeek, Stan Brakhage, Kenneth Anger, and Andy Warhol. Thirty art houses as compared to some five thousand commercial ones, a ratio that is perhaps understandable; if we compare the work of Ezra Pound with the volume of popular prose we find that ratio. But three hundred against five thousand—that would be more desirable.

In helping to create the environment favorable to avant-garde films, the films themselves are the best publicity. We at Film-makers' Cooperative have a policy of never rejecting any film. Every film has a chance to be shown at least once or twice. If a film is good, there will be a demand.

**Stan VanDerbeek:** And there has been a demand. We can see evidence of this in Hollywood's appropriating the new techniques of the Underground. The new processes are undergoing a dissolve into commercial forms. The exploration of the language of image and idea that's being done by the so-called Underground makes it a kind of research area for industry. *Hard Day's Night*, for example, could not have been made had there not been any number of experimental films made

as far back as, say, the twenties. The whole structure of film is changing. And so are the means of distribution. Films can now come to you by way of educational television. And there's talk of Ford funds putting up an ETV satellite. Also, when they expand the electromagnetic wave transmission process we'll have as many television stations as we now have radio stations. Then we will have an infinite variety of material to choose from. But John, there was a point you raised that I'd like to go into—this concept of banning intent from your work.

**John Cage:** Have you spoken here of your multi-image experiments in film?

**Stan VanDerbeek:** Just briefly last night.

**John Cage:** In such a situation, where you have a dome, is the whole curve of the ceiling covered with film images?

**Stan VanDerbeek:** Right.

**John Cage:** Yet a person can't look in all directions at once; one's observation is no longer focused; rather, it's given some freedom. As I understand it, that brings about for the observer something of that personalism that Jonas Mekas was speaking about with regard to the film-maker. And it's this personalism that interests me in art, this element of individuality that can enter into the state of observing in contrast to the observer being given what someone else has already pre-digested.

**Stan VanDerbeek:** That seems pertinent to me in dealing with the question of Cinema Now—this exami-

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*Jonas Mekas returned to Cincinnati as the Rockefeller Foundation film-maker in residence, in the Spring of 1968, to make a Full-length film dealing with the many facets of the city by means of a collection of persons who speak of those things almost in their minds.*

nation of the whole alphabet of forms and how we receive them. That seems to me to be the most important thing that independent cinema is doing. It's exploring. Jonas talks about it: this exploration of the sense of light and what light does to the eye. We are remarkably ignorant about the behavioral phenomena of what the eye actually sees, and doesn't see, and how it associates—alarmingly ignorant. This whole study of our responses to the world of sight seems to me to be at a remarkably amateur level. And that examination is being conducted now, quite literally, by millions of people. Six or seven million eight mm. cameras now are in use in the United States—that was my last count a year ago. All of us who have eight mm. cameras are potentially doing basic research into filmic form and our processes of response.

**Jonas Mekas:** In Brakhage's recent work (on the program we have seen his *Prelude*) there's an emphasis on light, on abstraction, on motion. And he isn't alone in this; the whole generation is swinging away from certain aspects of reality that have been thought to be the material of cinema and swinging toward light, toward what Brakhage calls "closed-eye vision." The popular psychedelic vision is going beyond what we "see" and think of as "real." Light is material: flashes of light are also real.

**Stan VanDerbeek:** What we're talking about here is the opening up of one's perceptions and sensations and really getting into "reality." The term "expanded cinema" is relevant to this idea of opening up; it relates to John's concept of silence. Yet it's not sheer silence; it's really music. For instance—concerning this

music medium that is open to one's free interpretation—(and I love this story), in Africa they have many old beat-up prints that they show and the natives think it's always raining in America, simply because that's the literal image they see. Also, Norman McLaren—whose work many of you know well (he's done a lot of scratching and direct drawing on film) tells me that when he is bored with a movie—a Doris Day thing—he always watches for the scratches. (laughter)

**Jonas Mekas:** Brakhage was telling me the other day that he was told by a friend that in Africa, in one small town there was one movie theater, and one movie—*King Kong*. And everybody liked it so much that the film ran for years and years. And then one day the manager decided to change the film. So the town mobbed the theater and destroyed it. (laughter)

I'd like to say, regarding the seven million cameras that we now have floating around, they offer the freedom to fool around and make mistakes. Before, cinema was too expensive. Today you have a freer choice than in any previous period. You can tell a story or write a film essay with a camera; you can write a poem lasting three minutes. And it costs next to nothing—three dollars, including developing, for eight mm. Therefore you can make mistakes. And through mistakes, through fooling around, you can break through some of the established thinking on cinema.

**John Cage:** Another way to get the absence of intention that I spoke of is through the multiplication of films, the multiplying of intentions. This was done by the Ann Arbor group when they had a festival of sixteen mm. films. Now, though each of the films was full

*The lights make Sally and Jim McGinnis no longer part of the audience but a part of the performance. The dancer uses gesture to relate to the screen, the audience, and the changing beams of light that punctuate the music.*



of intention, the sum result was an absence of intention. And that brings us to our daily experience.

**Stan VanDerbeek:** I was recently in Houston and while there had a wild fantasy about an international home movie festival. Everybody brought a projector and sat down under the Houston Astrodome. I think it seats sixty thousand. They probably will do it. (*laughter*)

**Question:** (*addressed to Mekas*) What is the relationship of the Film-makers' Cooperative to the Museum of Modern Art?

**Jonas Mekas:** The Museum of Modern Art was in cinema quite modern twenty-five years ago, and then it became very conservative. Beginning last summer Willard Van Dyke took over. It has been changing and has acquired prints of avant-garde work. The Museum of Modern Art will soon be distributing the same films as the Film-makers' Cooperative. That will help the film-makers, because each distribution center covers different ground. Also, in addition to Film-makers' Cooperative and Museum of Modern Art distribution, our films will be distributed by Canyon Cinema in San Francisco and by International Film-makers' Cooperative.

**Question:** Here's a question along the same lines: could you elaborate on something that Brakhage alluded to. It seems that there might be a relationship between the paperback book revolution and that of eight mm. film with regard to the means of distribution. Is there a possibility that the price of eight mm. films will come down to the point where it will be practical to collect film?

**Stan VanDerbeek:** Yes, Technicolor now makes a cartridge the size of a pack of cigarettes that holds five minutes of film. And eight mm. optical sound is already in production. I'm surprised that they keep working on eight mm. because videotape is just at the edge of breaking through. Sony has advertised a videotape machine in *Life*, a kind of funny thing to do because there's a twelve hundred dollar price tag on the equipment. But obviously there must be enough interested people out there to justify Sony's placing the ad. Another new trend: the hi-fi entertainment center is an idea in motion in our culture. Eight mm., or some variation of it, will undoubtedly be developed to the point where you can afford a film library. And when that comes about the whole concept of films will change, when films have to be worthy of repeated viewings.

**Question:** What is the present visual and sound quality of eight mm.?

**Stan VanDerbeek:** Excellent. I've heard experimental eight mm. optical sound that's really fantastic, very close to sixteen mm. in sound quality.

Just for fun, how many people here have made eight mm. movies? (*show of hands*) There's a good fifty percent. We're getting to the point where eight mm. can become a library medium. When that time comes you won't, as you have to do now, have to keep a film in your head but will be able to get it whenever you wish to view it. Image storage, retrieval, and manipulation is a tremendously growing and important thing.

**Question:** I like what you said about the speeding up of change. Books are being knocked out by the new media

-McLuhan and all. Could you go a little further into the significance you see in all this change?

**Stan VanDerbeek:** We live in an age of change, of impermanence. Paperbacks are printed on cheap paper so years from now they will be gone. A good thirty of you in the audience, I see, are writing with felt markers, whose dye is very transient—so in all probability those important writings will some day fade away. (*laughter*) This idea of impermanence interests me. All my work is dependent upon obsolescence. For instance, all my original camera equipment came from somebody else—the government. The only thing I like about war is surplus. (*laughter*) That is its only advantage. I shot for years with a fifteen dollar camera (a war-surplus Army single-frame recording camera) and with old magazines.

**Question:** You said in your lecture last night that you like to re-experience experience.

**Stan VanDerbeek:** That's definitely what I feel it's all about. I think a lot of artists work upon that basis. A found object has a long tradition in art; it's quite a standard technique.

**Question:** Mr. Cage, you have spoken of an art that bans intention. At the other end of the table Mr. Mekas points to the temper of today's youth as being revolutionary rather than conformist. Can you divorce yourself from intentionality in creating a work of art?

**John Cage:** The situation we're in is extremely interesting. It seems to me there is no quarrel here between

what I said and what Mr. Mekas has said. The change, the revolution that we want will not deprive us of our individuality. This must be increased and intensified. What we want is a change in the means by which we live. At present the controls are coercive, controls having to do with politics and economics, and not at all to do with this intense personalism and individuality which we know we need. I think, and I have recently given three lectures on the subject here at the University of Cincinnati, that there may be as Edgar Kaufmann, Jr. has written in the September issue of *Architectural Forum*, a great increase in the large scale. That is to say, through enormously greater mass production, what all the people in the world need in order to live at a high standard will be given them. The organization which provides for their needs will be so large as to be far removed from their individual experience, much further removed even than it now is, say, between the Bell Telephone Company and us. And the hope is that the present coercive and bureaucratic powers of our society will dwindle, wither, and fall away.

**Stan VanDerbeek:** If I understand what you said (*addressed to the questioner*), you were saying that the artist must not dissociate himself from society. In response I should say that we are all extremely conscious of the need for the artist to involve himself in social engagement. Artists are concerned with the community in its largest sense, though their interest may manifest itself in remote and non-social terms. Certainly I'm interested in it, in social attack, in comedy and in satire that makes a definite point, you know, about the nuclear crisis and about Richard Nixon.

*Stephen Gebhardt listens intently as Stan VanDerbeek and Jonas Mekas attempt to answer a question about how film should be taught. Mr. Gebhardt has learned about film not only in the classroom but by shooting and editing his own. His latest film is entitled, Headache.*

**Jonas Mekas:** I think that Stan has made some political and social progress in films. I'm witness to that. But, at certain periods we concentrate on certain aspects of reality, and then discover there is a different kind of reality. There are periods when commitment is somewhere else. The point of engagement may be past; we may be past the state of marching, even though groups marching may be bigger and bigger. It may be that the avant-garde are committed to light, to silence—two very revolutionary areas. And the question then will be: which engagement is more important? You feel intuitively, not by calculation. So that when somebody says to the young artist who is directing all his tension and energies to light: "Where is the social engagement?" then we might find that that is the engagement. It might be that that is a deeper engagement, because it's there that the real change is happening. And, perhaps, without that change nothing else will matter, no matter how long you walk you will not begin to build a center, any clear point from which something will begin to grow. And that's why if you would trace the history of the Beat generation, and today, the history of the whole drug experience and student movements and what's happening in the South to the Peace movements, you will discover that some of the more sensitive minds are already beginning to realize that the only change can happen, really, with a new kind of human being that has something to replace that which we are fighting against: the change that is taking place in that very deep base, in light and in silence. (*applause*)

**Question:** How should film be taught?

**Stan VanDerbeek:** I find that children five years old are interested in making movies. They're fascinated by



holding a camera and shooting it. And they love to see the results. Technically, anyone could get all he needs to know in, say, a month—I'm assuming here education at a high school level. From there on it would be a matter of application, not of mechanics—which have become almost totally automated, anyway—but of judgment and interpretation. That's what Jonas was talking about. That's what we're all trying to define—this new sense of interpretation and judgment.

**Jonas Mekas:** I have reduced it to one simple piece of advice: you have to start. First, get a camera; and after you have a few rolls exposed you will then know what you don't know. Then you can go and study one or another of the aspects of film: you might want to know more about light or lenses. But first you must start. After some experience you will begin to know what you don't know.

April 28, 1967



*Against the rustic background of his Colorado home, Stan Brakhage talks about some of the realities. In a visit to the University of Cincinnati, he speaks to the members of the Film as Art and Communication class.*

## discussion

**Michael Porte:** All of you are familiar with Stan Brakhage's work; it represents the most potent force in the development of the new American independent film. Since 1953, he has won film awards and audience recognition as a film-maker of conviction, and above all, as an artist. Mr. Brakhage has kindly consented to answer questions from the members of the Film as Art and Communication class.

**Question:** How do you finance films if not by a foundation?

**Stan Brakhage:** The first intimation I had that I was going to make a film some fifteen years ago was when some friends and I were talking about how sad it was that an artist couldn't work with the film medium; that it was so prohibitively expensive that no artist could work with it. I remembered that when I was a child I was put in a boy's home called Harmony Hall—which was anything but that—and forced to hold my hands above my head for two hours because I had said to some other kid that anything was possible, and he reported that I had said that you could cut off somebody's head and that it would sprout wings and fly away. And when that was thrown at me, when they said: "Is that possible too?" I said: "Yes, it's possible." So I was punished for having said this. And as I stood there, every time my hands touched the wall they would hit them with a ruler. So I came at that time to believe very strongly that anything was possible; I was either going to be broken at that moment or believe what I had said. So when my friend said that it was prohibitive for an artist to use the medium, I didn't believe him. With that clarity that is real presumption in the young, I said:

After the official festival activities are over for the night, a group of film addicts carry their film-viewing to a party. They see (among other things) *The Flicker* by Tony Conrad, consisting of flickers on a screen. Meekas brought the film with him but didn't have time on the program to show it to the general audience. As Hector Currie projects, the viewers begin to see circles of color moving in a gyre, one of the optical illusions created by the film.



"Well, I'm an artist and I'm going to make a film." But that sounds too noble, because I was terribly shy, and there was this girl that I wanted to go with, and I was too shy to ask her straight out. So I cast her in the lead in this film. Essentially, I began to make film in order to disprove this statement and to make out with this girl.

And here's the financial side of it: we got some war-surplus out-dated Dupont gun-camera film in fifty foot spools. And we had to sit in the dark with pencils and unreel it onto spools and make a splice in the dark so we could get hundred foot rolls. And we then borrowed several cameras; also, we rented a camera for a couple of weekends. By the time, two years later, we got a sound track on it, I suppose *Interim* had cost something like five hundred dollars. This is how I made that first film; it seemed to me too expensive.

The second film was sponsored: *Unglassed Windows Cast a Terrible Reflection*. It turned out to be something like a sponsored film. After that I began making my own films.

When I began my third film I had no money at all. I still wasn't convinced that I was a film-maker. Like Jean Cocteau, I was a poet who also made films. That was how I thought of myself: I was Denver's Jean Cocteau. And this third film had been promised to the public: we had been trying to import Museum of Modern Art film classics into Denver, and we had promised the public three films, and couldn't afford to rent the third one. Someone had some outdated black and white footage and since it was cheaper to pay just the processing I shot the film to fulfill that third slot. It was a biting satire on what we used jokingly to call "desisentialism." Long before the Beats, this film

(*Desisfilm*) prophesied the whole concept of the Beat generation. I used jokingly to say: "We've got beyond the stage of existentialism, we've got to the stage of desisentialism." So I made this satire on that form of life which is destructive to the self. It had a sound track and cost something like a hundred and twenty dollars to an answer print.

So you see, each film comes in a different way. *Dog Star Man* (of which you'll see the *Prelude* tonight) was made while I had a job at a lab that agreed to process my film at cost while I was on the job. They never realized that I was to put through six thousand feet in two months time. Also at this studio we had high speed cameras. So we had super equipment, and all that footage at a very minimal cost. And so it goes.

When I need to do something I somehow find the means to do it. And somehow, like magic, incredible coincidences occur that make it possible. Then all kinds of possibilities open. For instance, when some sixteen mm. equipment was stolen, I had only enough money to buy eight mm. equipment to replace it. So for three years now I've been making eight mm. films I probably never would have made had it not been for this thief. For this I'm grateful; it's opened up a whole new area in my work.

**Question:** Is your intent in making a film to communicate?

**Stan Brakhage:** I get this question everywhere; and the big hangup is the word "communication." It's like this: let me explain by way of a story, a true story.

A man falls in love. The girl doesn't love him. She hurts him, she wants somebody to hurt and he wants



somebody to hurt him, but he doesn't know that yet. He's downcast. Then he meets another girl and he loves her and she loves him. He no longer needs to try to communicate with her: they just take walks together, and make love, and talk. Then he has it: some expression of his love is out there in the world.

Then he takes her to introduce her to his parents, and he is involved in communicating again, and this is very difficult. Well this is like when a man works out of love and the work is out there; and then he takes this work into society, and that's always very difficult. I mean no one truly understands it, just as no one's parents truly understand one's true love. Yet a work of art must have a lift in society; once the artist has finished making it, it belongs to others. But he never made it with the idea of taking it into society. Any man that sets out to find a girl to introduce to his parents is never likely to fall in love. And any man that sets out to make a work for audiences is never going to make a work of art. A work of art is made for the most personal reasons—as an expression of love.

**Question:** Could you tell us what you feel about eight mm.?

**Stan Brakhage:** First of all, it's cheaper than sixteen mm. Next—just picking up one of those little cameras relates me to the whole sense of amateur. It's an amateur medium. I have a growing conviction that something crucial to the development of the art of the film will come from amateur home-movie making, as well as from study of the classics: Eisenstein, Griffith, Méliès, and so forth. It's so small and light-weight—I stick it in my pocket, carry it everywhere—and so

cheap: used eight mm. cameras usually go for about fifteen dollars. Some, when they're used, are broken down and do extraordinary things, like failing to catch the film just right so it makes a particular pattern and flutter. One I had broke down utterly when I was doing an ocean film. Its spring broke permitting me to grind it at different speeds; so I would let the wave rush up very fast by grinding slowly, and then I'd suddenly zoom up so that the wave reached its peak in slow motion, and then I'd slow my hand down so that the wave would break up in an incredible order.

Then eight mm. film is given such a blow-up on the screen that you can see the grain of the film stock much more clearly than in sixteen mm. high speed film. The crystals that make blue look quite different from those making red and green. For years I've baked film, used high speed film and sprayed Clorox on it so as to bring out grain clusters. You might say it's inspired by impressionism, but it's a great deal more contemporary than that. I have been trying for years to bring out that quality of sight, of closed-eye vision. I see pictures in memory by the dots and moving patterns of closed-eye vision—those explosions you can see by rubbing your eyes, and even without rubbing; there's a whole world of moving patterns. It's a manifestation of the optic nerve, and God knows what else.

There are endless advantages to working with eight. Creative advantages. It's an entirely different medium from sixteen. It imposes a different kind of discipline because there isn't a way of easily working with A and B rolls and changing lights in the lab—some labs do it but it's pretty expensive. Editing, when there is editing, is on the order of the splice. Eight mm. has freed me to work freely, much as an artist is freed in sketching.



*The clips of a baby erupting out of the mouth of a larger baby come from Part Two of Dog Star Man. The other clip shows how Brakhage organically alters the character of the image by encrusting his film with mold.*

**Question:** If an angel were to give you money to work with 35 mm., would you want to?

**Stan Brakhage:** It doesn't work that way with me. To answer your question about an angel who would give me 35 mm.: usually it's the other fellow who gives us things like that. If you were to say: "We must have 35 mm."—poof, the telephone would ring and there he'd be, right out of *Faust*. For me, once it did just that: I had been working on a lip-sync film. There I was with the dialogue on magnetic tape, and I had no equipment to do this, so there I was trying to iron the film, and it went "wreak-wrock," like this, and then trying to drop these accurately into the picture area where the lips (*mimes lip action*) (*laughter*). Well, three hours of this and I'm out of my mind. Before I had a chance to cool off, the telephone rang. It was long distance and a voice on the other end said: "How would you like a million dollars worth of motion picture equipment to work with?" I should have hung up immediately or crossed myself or put some garlic on the phone (*laughter*) but like a fool I said, "Who is this?" As it turned out it was some guy who wanted something on his own who was pretending he could connect me with a college that actually had a million dollars worth of equipment and he claimed he could get me a job there. And we suffered for two months as a result of this phone call. Since then I've been very careful—you know, it's like the monkey's paw or Aladdin's lamp: you get three wishes, yet no matter what you wish, it's stacked against you.

If I absolutely *had* to work in 35 mm., I would simply find a way to do it. For instance, right now I need 35 mm. in my work in hand painting the image. I get 35 mm. film stock from the back of lab editing baskets,



stock that would otherwise be thrown out. I've been working two years now and have three seconds done.

**Question:** As I understand it, you feel that money and affluence are not a good climate for artistic endeavors?

**Stan Brakhage:** It's a personal matter. Imagine Wallace Stevens as anything but a banker, the banker he was, moving in that world of dark shadows and thick rugs and mahogany staircases and rubber plants and semi-stained glass windows, moving down to the bank and its vaults and resounding echoes. All that's part of his milieu and he's incomprehensible without it. Some artists feel they need to move through this shadow world of the rich. It's very hard to talk about affluence and art because it's so much an individual matter. There's a kind of artist who will flourish and flower under a great cultural explosion, and Andy Warhol is an excellent example, and there are other artists who make a work that will not flower under that climate. Their art must be infinitely attended. The trouble with the cultural explosion is that it tends to engender a kind of interest in an art that can be viewed quickly, or a piece that can be viewed once, or a play that can be seen and comprehended once over television or on the stage, or a paperback that you read once and then throw away or give to a friend. This may be exciting, but it is anti-art, as I understand it. I think one finally comes back to those things that are meaningful in one's life. Films are just beginning to provide this possibility where one can have them in their homes, in libraries where they can come back to again and again in meaningful film viewings. I look forward to this very much, because it takes film off the stage, off the public

occasion scene and out of the competitive arena. Such library facilities will provide for the necessity a viewer may feel to see a particular film. It's necessity that causes a work of art to come into being, and it is necessity that makes a viewer commit a work of visual art to memory. Such preservation constitutes the true continuity of culture.

I look at a work over and over, and then thoughts come. I think art is the expression of the internal physiology of the artist. It's that at scratch: the individual expression that can be attended by a person hearing himself sing and feeling his heart beat. And always it begins with and comes to this: a man attending his physiology and making an expression out of it. I think the first expression was some creature beating his chest to give out with the heart beat, and then the feet danced, so the feet were expressing the heart beat, and then the heart beat was heard more complexly, and that made possible a greater variety of rhythms. Anyone who attends his own heart beat can find the source of all rhythmic structures. And then there were pictures in the eyes. There was experience and there were memories and the memories came up and made a picture and there were things crucial to the picture, and they made of it a hieroglyph, and writing started there. And I think, at heart, that all art is today as it was then: man is supposed to be a billion years old.

**Question:** And the great artist is more aware of this, of these life cycles?

**Stan Brakhage:** I don't know. The great artist may be less aware of it. "Great" and "aware" are two words,

**Question:** This would relate to the statement you made

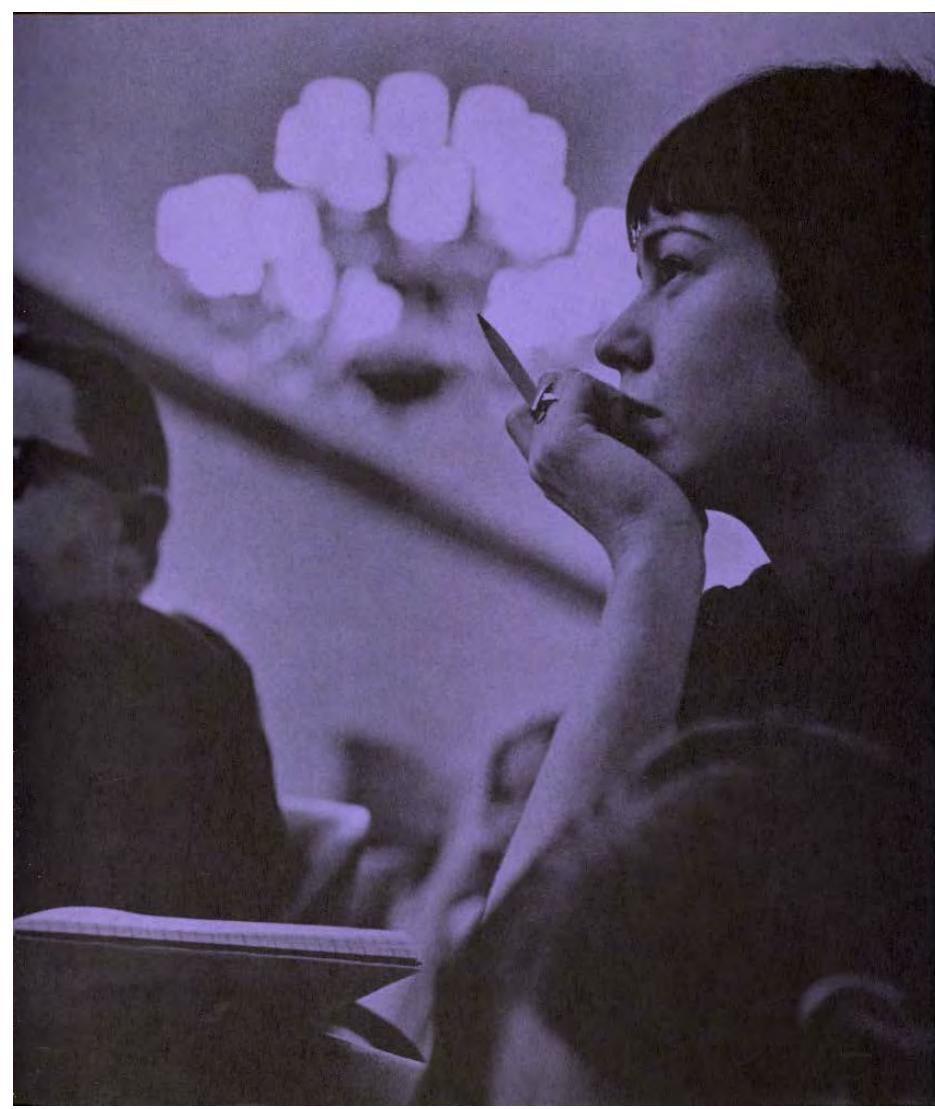
in a letter to Jonas Mekas: "Plant this seed deep in if underground. Let it draw nourishment from uprising of spirits channeled by gods."

**Stan Brakhage:** You know what this is like? It's like . . . this is strange because I kind of remember those words. Scientists tell me that short of the molecular structure in my brain there's not an atom left in me that wrote that, or very few. This is as if I presented you with a statement that you wrote eight, nine years ago. I don't know; I would say something different now. That sounds to me a little too rhetorical.

**Question:** I'm intrigued though at the mention of the word "god" in connection with the earth. Was it other deities you had in mind at that time?

**Stan Brakhage:** God knows, as they say, what I had in mind at that time. This afternoon we were talking, and the phrase came up, "the powers that be," how timorous people were about "the powers that be," powers which are, really, non-existent; powers which have so dominated the American business world: powers which can be very beautifully defined as "the non-existent power that be." And I said: "Take that to the nth power, and that's a power concept," but not *my* concept of god. My god is existence. My god is manifest in everything not through power but through being, through an unfolding of being, through a willingness to dance with life and existence. All religions, however different, grant preeminently to man the power of the will. So that is my idea of "the powers that be"—the will of the dancer, open and willing, the will of the dancer.

April 26, 19







# **CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN CAGE AND AMES**

Stony Point, N.Y.  
Dec. 19, 1961

Dear Betty and Van Meter Ames,

Your book is delightful and its arrival here a surprise which distracted me (to my pleasure) from my work. I have not quite read through it, but I did not want to delay sending you a word of thanks. I often remember our meetings at the Rank's; when you see them please give them friendly greetings for me which I send you too.

Sincerely,  
John Cage

Stony Point, New York  
July 12, 1962

Dear Van Meter and Betty Ames:

Some weeks ago I happened on Zen and American Thought in a bookstore, bought it and began reading. Last night I read the last words under quite complicating circumstances: the television channel that I receive was showing G-Man, a grade-B film of 1949 that had remained in my memory as one of the best films I'd ever seen; I finished reading Zen And American Thought during the commercials.

I have nothing to offer you in this letter but gratitude for having written the book. Now I shall read Mead. I hope too that someday again we may have the chance to be together. It is not impossible, for after meeting you in Cincinnati, David Tudor and I went on to Antioch where we met the McGary's, Keith and Donna, and we became close friends. Keith has some hope to bring me one of these years to Antioch for an extended stay.

The McGary's have been this past year in Japan. Now David Tudor and I are invited to give concerts there in September and October. Our host is the Sugatsu Art Center. The only question that remains is the acceptance of our contract by the Minister of Finance of the Japanese Government.

I have never read Pierce or Dewey. I did read long ago James's Varieties of Religious Experience. Did you ever run across a book called Man Against Society? If not, let me know, and I'll try to get a copy for you. It tells of the anarchic communities of the last century in America and of the development of philosophical anarchism here. The communities worked in agricultural situations, but failed in the growing cities. Also they delighted in not talking together -- doing without meetings --, finding the chores to be done fully evident and time-consuming.

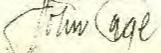
It is clear then that anarchy does not work socially in a scientific technological time. I must say that I have been thinking that anarchic moments are, for any individual, the vitalizing ones. Your book begins, I trust, a change in my thought towards vital sharing. But the interpenetration that one observes now between social groups diminishes the "me" and encourages the "I". But I have sensed for some time now that my problems were no longer musical ones, but just social ones. My first next step will be to read Mead. Thank you again.

I am at present putting together a catalogue of my musical works, and it includes an interview with another composer which may interest you. I'll send on a copy when it's published. Also, please, if you don't have my book, Silence, tell me, and I'll have a copy of that sent to you.

Have you any suggestions for my reading? In the field, that is, of the interpenetrations of art and science? And Society.

I enjoyed very much the book you wrote together which you sent me as a gift, Japan and Zen. But I believe I wrote to you about that; if I didn't, I meant to.

Sincerely yours,

John Cage

Stony Point, New York 10980  
April 19, 1966

Dr. Van Meter Ames  
448 Warren Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

Dear Van,

Glad to hear we may be together for awhile in Cincinnati.  
(One T). But October is not possible. I'll be in Europe, I believe,  
with the Cunningham Dance Company.

Please suggest some other time. The best way to deal with this problem  
is through Mrs. Judith Blinken, The Composer Speaks, 75 E. 55th St.,  
New York City.

If and when this visit comes about, I'd be delighted to stay with  
you and Betty Ames.

I am currently looking for a residence position, so that I would  
have, as I now do not, time for composition and writing. I have  
a commission from the Koussevitsky Foundation to write a work for  
orchestral and string sextet, with which I shall use the Ten Thunderclaps  
from Finnegans Wake. Also I have another book to finish. On top of  
which my current expenses due to my mother's having had a stroke and  
living in a nursing home, and now an operation, etc. are (my expenses)  
enormous. Thus I run from one engagement to another trying to make  
ends meet. Do you know of a place?

I am always delighted to receive your papers. Please continue sending  
them.

As ever,

I  
x  
John Cage

John Cage

Jan 29 - Feb 24  
April 13 - 23  
16 - 19 April

Stony Point, New York 10980  
May 23, 1966

Dear Van,

Good to speak with you on the 'phone. Just called Judith Blinken to make certain that what I said was true: that those April dates are firmly agreed upon. Let me say now (she wasn't in) that they must be finalized through her rather than me. As far as I alone am concerned they are agreed upon, and I look forward to being with you. Should there be some hitch, we could certainly make date adjustments.

But what interests me even more is the residence possibility. I will be in Colorado (Aspen) July 19-24. Should I drive there rather than fly (which would facilitate mushrooming while there), I could leave here on the 13th or 14th and spend, say, the 15th in Cincinnati with you. If I must fly, then I could spend say the 17th in Cincinnati.

One way or another?

For the concert there in April, I'd rather like to work with musicians there. If some could be made available who were really interested.

The residence. After this season of running around, residence seems like green grass on other side of river.

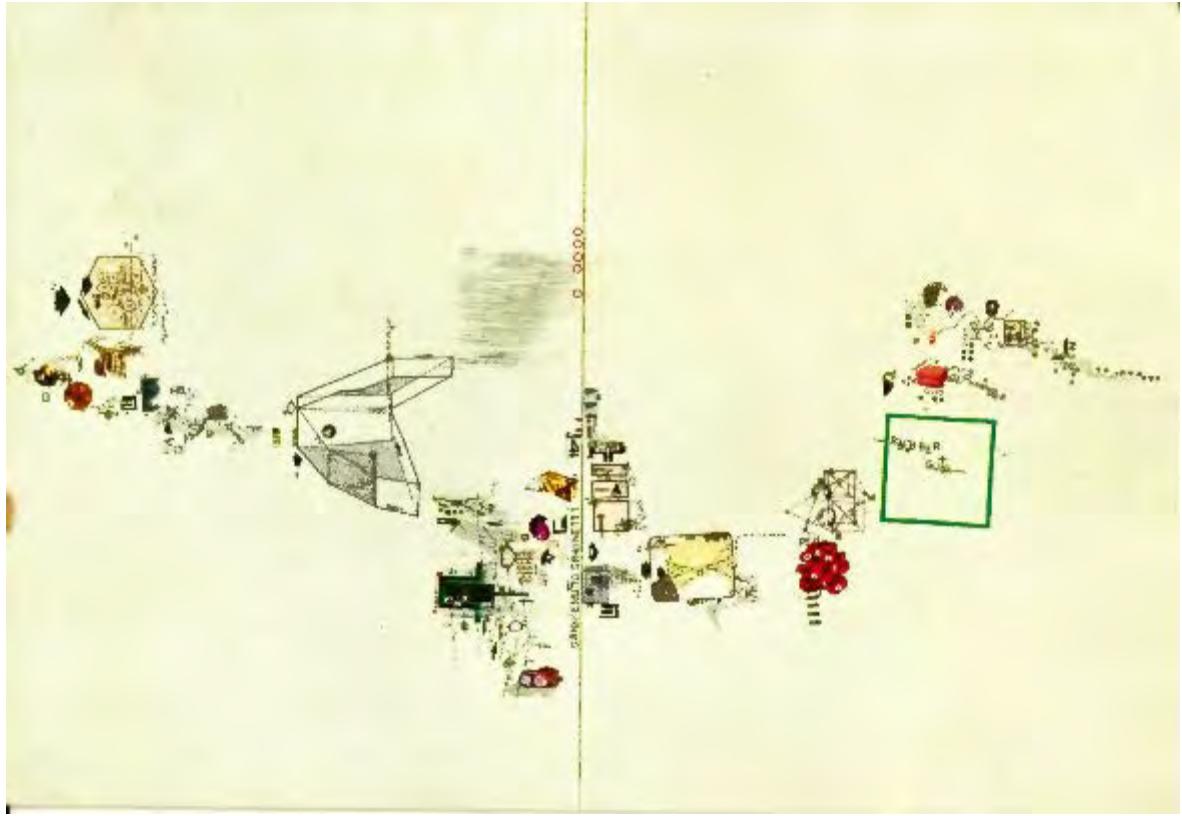
The principal difficulty is that I do not want to leave the Cunningham Dance Company in the lurch. Could it be arranged so that I could fulfill what engagements they have? I would not search out engagements for myself alone. There is the possibility that tapes could be made for them or that another musician would take my place. But there is a further problem that David Tudor who works with me for them is going to be in residence at the Univ. of California at Davis next Jan-March and he is thinking of India in the fall. All of which means that he may not be with us (though his residency at Buffalo this year did not keep him from meeting the Cunningham engagements). If David isn't available than I think I must be. I hope we can work out some mutually agreeable plan.

I am much attracted to your situation: you, the Qt., my memories of the Rauchs, nearness to Antioch, morels in spring, etc. Gethsemane too!

Another thing: are you thinking of this coming season? Or a year from then? Etc. Judith Blinken thinks it's fine if I'm free to help the dancers thru their programs. She does think it should be for one yr. rather than three, with an option to be exercised on either side for further years.

As ever, plus friendliest greetings,





Gianni-Emilio Simonetti

Rubber Gum (1966)

Hello!

Thanks again for  
taking such great care  
of me.

Say hello to John.

See you both soon,

Morton

Serie Arte Contemporanea in Italia n. 4



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Mr & Mrs VAN METER AMES

148 WARREN AVE.

CINCINNATI, OHIO 45220

607½ W. University  
Champaign, ILL.  
(7.24, 1968)

Dear Van and Betty,

I miss you and was glad to have your letter and news. I think you might do well to simply write another note to Bueno (J.R.de la Torre Bueno). I am here at Urbana for this academic year, and then I go to the Univ. of Calif. at Davis for three months in the fall of 69. Then I'm going home (Stony Point). I will continue my work with the Dance Co. though that is less now, rather than more, because of the electronics that are much better done by Gordon and David. My mother died two days ago. Somehow I am not unhappy, because for so many years she was not possessed of her faculties which formerly enabled her to so enjoy living. She didn't even enjoy TV these last years. Nor did she read. I saw her around the 9th of September and she was cheerful but grew distant even then through a kind of tiredness that surrounded her. She had no pains, they tell me, toward the end. She simply stopped eating and grew weaker. Duchamp's death was also peaceful but he was possessed of his mind and even his energy. His hair was cut the same day. And he was that day reading Alphonse Allais (?) and laughing. Merce and I spent 16 days in Gadaques with him and Teeny. It was a marvelous time. Marcel would get very cross with me for playing chess so stupidly. Once he said, "Don't you ever want to win?" My work here continues the same piece goes on and on. Students I'd employed to do copying did unprofessionally and I have to do all but 40 pages over. And there are circa 600! However, I suppose, the work will one day be finished. And it is now planned to perform it here in connection with the opening of the Kramnert Art Center in April or May. I'll let you know: perhaps you'd come here for a visit. Tomorrow I go to California for 3 weeks with the Dancers.

Now is tomorrow. I'm in a rush, but my love to both of you,

Xenu

## JOHN CAGE

401 EDGEWOOD DRIVE, APT. 303 • CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS 61820 • PHONE (317) 352-5961

## MESSAGE

TO      Van Meter Ames  
448 Warren Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

DATE     May 10, 1968

This is a progress report: have been on tour and am still busy with computer and leave tomorrow for another two weeks of performing (San Fr., NYC); back here in June (1-15); then Colorado (Boulder) till July 15; then Mexico and S.A. till late Aug., then vacation in Spain (Duchamps) till Sept. 15 when return here to work on thunder piece. So that I've only cursorily read your ms. I am writing to my editor, J.R. de la Torre Bueno, Wesleyan Univ. Press to ask him if he'd read it and suggest what press would be best for it. I almost never read novels, so that my views are not even amateurish: merely ignorant. However, a quality you seem to me to have in conversation and in yr. articles is not always present in this ms and I think would be good to have in it, if it is to be published. That

BY

ACCO 80100 Drawing Board Inc., Box 526, Dallas, Texas

## REPLY

DATE     quality is "multi-dimensionality". Going at something from so many points, though they are not evidently compatible, that what is being talked or written about takes on life (irrationality or ambiguity, whatever). I see this here and there in this ms. but it is often not present. I would suggest that you consciously multiply your thoughts by other factors than are at present included. For me, there is another problem: some things which you understand are not made understandable for the reader: e.g. when you're asked, Did you take notes (Justice), your reply "Trust me" isn't (to me) revealing. This 'criticism' may come from my every day now reading Thoreau who so sharpened his descriptive means. In answer to yr. questions: where you think you need permission, you should ask for it; I'll write again when I hear from Bueno

SIGNED (circa June 1)

JOHN CAGE

107 BANK STREET • NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10014

M E S S A G E

TO      [Betty and Van Peters Ames  
448 Warren Ave.  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220]  
  
DATE    Oct. 13, 1971

I was so happy to get your letter  
of Sept. 14 & your news so good.  
I trust Japan was great pleasure  
& that your lectures went beautifully.  
I'm still wearing jeans and beard  
and find it very practical: without  
dropping a hat (I don't own one) I  
can be in the woods hunting  
mushrooms. Just today I received  
a present of a belt with

R E P L Y

DATE

mushrooms indented (word?) on  
it. In the neck of time  
because bluejeans after awhile  
tend to fall off. Or I'm  
getting thinner. Have done  
a number of things I'd  
like to show you, but  
that chance will arise, I  
hope.

Love to you both,

John

SIGNED

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JOHN CAGE

107 BANK STREET • NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10014

## MESSAGE

TO Tom Peter & Betty Ames  
448 Warren Ave.  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

DATE Oct. 23, '74

Great to hear from you (think of you both often). Right now recovering from blood poisoning + finger infection (rather ugly). Still travel (but less); went to Alaska. And to an Indian village within the Arctic area. And to N Dakota. (Have become a talking machine.) Also composing: pieces for chamber orchestra, piano solos for Gute Sultana.

From N 4738, The Drawing Board, Inc., Box 800, Dallas, Texas

## REPLY

DATE Someday something for  
Jenni K. I think the  
characters man & have  
been / shippers idea. But  
I also think that Alice  
has always felt that  
something else than what  
she "fond" was necessary,  
in order to have what's  
(since Watoyale) known as  
TIPACT. Hope our  
paths cross & as ever  
best wishes & love,

John

SIGNED

INSTRUCTIONS TO SENDER:

1- KEEP YELLOW COPY. 2- SEND WHITE AND PINK COPIES WITH CARBON INTACT.

INSTRUCTIONS TO RECIPIENT:  
1- WRITE REPLY. 2- DETACH CTUD. KEEP PINK COPY. RETURN WHITE COPY TO SENDER.

# Junes and Variations (beginning)

for Betty & Van

it was a Juncture  
to go that way or this

Most  
no longer  
doesn't

it is just  
now

of the many benefits  
Coming to us

nervous system

past's just  
what did you say

clearing the Mind of music  
we accept  
if i gave up my sense of accomplishment  
and just  
now  
of anything else

we are in yuCatan  
out thE window

.244

were we just  
elevated

or did we pull ourSelves  
up

thE  
even to yourself

Just  
Obscure related

you in form you Have  
in a place  
that works

transformation  
to be done

have disappeared from daily life

they can  
be seen

John  
Endless  
Cayenne

we can  
measure  
its length

.488

divide it and  
only if  
there isn't any is there vision  
on their mailing list  
they send you  
part  
the same

there isn't much

some  
work  
can  
be found  
to be complete  
you are kept  
in

about how the line

1.132

I  
drawn between the two

thus making it susceptible to divine influences  
to the museum  
to take out a rule

*it*

just videophone for permission

you can take out as many  
continued  
as though i were no longer there  
the decision  
see

that the car  
or our use  
of energy  
have been parked

memorize  
but i didn't

1.376

now and then we'd go out  
to shop for lunch

or call  
some people

find it too much

stayEd +

stayEd

tify to get the rules  
 i Could  
 have  
 beCome  
 if you've  
 aNd i could have  
 by meAns  
 or triFed  
 to fIND some help  
 where we could Get some couS couS  
 sober stomach

2.02

red tApe's connected

quiet Mind

*f*  
 if they seeM  
 to be the same

i enjoy heaRing from you

but make  
 The

such that it is not

By paying  
 the stones  
 Years ago

i set my mind  
 that continues  
 foRever the sand

i make  
 If is

each from the other

But  
 to rEconsider  
 generosity

2.264

writing Music

don't Add  
 beyond affIRmation beyond negation

Koan

a sudden crash of Thunder

4

the mind dOors  
By many physicists  
white to white

nothing's changed Yet  
soMething immense

thAt adds up  
to zero  
to keep me

There's  
nO dust

its Biology

2.508

didn't want to hEar it in the first place

drY ink

there is no Mirror  
And  
youR ears  
i know

satiE

printed prOgram

But  
no nEd

whY

3

this  
soul is so simple  
living  
in a pafticular  
at anY one time

Do  
start with two

3.152

i haVe  
Is  
he Does  
or Two

theatRE

nO

the woRds

to have it be

Arise

Utopia

ereHion  
this vEry day

senses  
tomorrow too

way way works

at first seemed  
Another beginning  
to have  
of its inhabitants  
and  
in a different way.

3-20M3

that will be  
one

foR  
bE  
Afterwards  
Underground  
with  
otheRs

you see cloud iN sky

oR notre dame

in a final way  
of sound

to take the final step

riVulet  
happIy

4,01

i'll have in mind  
what  
the  
stretching of the muscles

eRasing  
to bE not there but here

previous year

where is the music

Has  
the same effect  
or did i turn away

three four or five

synergy

i had  
nArrows

but i have not yet found  
Iceberg

4.284

good condition

My word

that  
Rolling around

Can you  
say something  
but not clearly

not Dance

without  
unpredictable  
why did you  
repeat yourself just now

rambling  
Person  
tell Me

dance and music  
figure

4.528

it didn't catch on

i bE  
all their time  
Dancing  
groUnd?

to write music

nothing  
had a chance to rest

is-accom-

is accom-  
accomplished  
Multiplicity

rAn  
no play of power  
dancIng  
frEE  
in its own place

it could have been someone else 5.172

or south or north  
ConfusIOn  
Hold them

this way and that  
be made by someone else

a haPPening

no need to move  
thAt coin

a memory  
transFer

tHe need

sAmE time

she is going to give a Lecture  
to people up in boston

i think the Mind

Continue

move it all the time

that mUst  
in the  
right off the bat

5.416

what is the difference

i have more  
moving and not moving

eyeR  
 chance operations  
 or the feelings  
 that  
 Look  
 all over  
 almost immediately  
  
 but the intellect  
 by identifying himself  
 quite  
 the other film  
 the shoes  
 transferring  
 i Move  
 A Keystone comedy  
  
 other the memory imprint  
 exists  
  
 How  
 to reach  
 the impossibility of transferring  
 from one like object to another  
 that made a habit  
 to reach  
 doesn't have to follow  
 optimum surface quality  
  
 path  
 A help  
  
 suzuki changed my mind thirty-two years ago  
  
 highest purpose Be  
 still  
  
 Camera 6.301  
  
 now we know  
 what comes  
 to it  
  
 Not moving  
  
 he received those  
 highest  
 solve  
  
 dilation did it  
 and on the same floor next door

measUrements  
with less dust

smalL  
dEtails  
fReed music from its rules

he said i Breathe

work withoUt work

aCt  
liKe nature  
if we Must  
otherwise  
earth iN  
Spring  
as Though  
following his advicE  
he had gone undeRground

6.548

Feeling

knew what was Up

Life  
on a cloud

lovE  
befoR!hand

<sup>P</sup>  
didn't know what wE  
weRe

place attention

maKing behavior

7.182

no deSire no dislike  
with pleasure

or do you find iT  
producIng  
laughTears

both of thEm  
is Rearrange

tIme

King  
to what haSn't  
is face  
not  
Is about

it workEd  
and Enlightenment  
maRked on map

I  
ask  
yourSelf

7.43G

is there Any need  
for government

It works  
as wEll  
nEd  
better  
to be without

quick  
Sound of children

A  
waTer

superficial  
aspEcts

fixEs itself

boRedom  
or I  
work

8.08

Stones  
And  
unemployment

from height  
rEgrets

X  
thus fiNally  
the image On  
as faR as we can tell  
i was deeply iMpressed

thAt's  
Needed's  
fOrgotten

unattainaBle goal

consider  
everybody  
the Widow  
to remain closed  
or to open itself

8.324

to

with aria

i left the list at home in new york  
that were

will be arranged

in san diego

has been will be  
that works

intermissions  
will be  
against itself

what we haven't  
necessarily got  
increased time and space

More  
so that  
than less

8.568

of the pieces will be known  
an obstacle

Ram's  
Or superimposition  
forward

wooden

happened

no

three

most questions

roatorio

an evening

origin  
is how it's now

But  
these  
brings  
To be accepted  
those are  
track assignment  
is equal  
loudness

9.212

stereo location

morphology  
couldn't be heard

change the music

But  
they  
would be better off without her

begin with  
embrace

but it will take a long time  
inability  
my guess  
before  
times  
to work  
to straighten

9.456

it's audible  
their lives  
he acquired  
his  
off the press  
news

their birthdays  
each day  
of our  
change the minds

news we ourselves  
complete

About  
remaining  
twenty-one others  
than  
obscure

10.10

law  
cut up to make  
a reservoir

Crime  
without him

Equal  
attention  
in combination  
arts

~~multiple dry points~~

what's against it

engravings

Noise  
Burnt  
space to time

10.344

or  
of Theory

[X] experience is a form

complexity

paralysis

extremes  
your mind

that's what  
goes  
far  
and  
now it's obvious  
getting rid of them

must  
see world as Mind  
revolution

no concern  
to change the world  
with view  
vision

10.588

xiif

A  
 look at world  
 aNarchy is practical

you  
 by people  
 and  
 Sound  
 to Care  
 for the  
 any word  
 of Earth

aNother  
 possibility  
 of success

11.232

alter  
 no Gloom  
 instead of syntax  
 surprise

everythiNg  
 between good  
 an aLphabet

life Death

we Don't know  
 At dawn  
 and Valley  
 thIngs  
 to Do

what we're doing

zen becomes confusing  
 south sea islanD

mOuntain

mountain bReeze

11.476

Desert

lAke

to leave no traces  
 nothing in between  
 no need

xiv

xv

curioSity  
extenDed

no uSe

no minDedness

12.00

i (vii)

no need to move  
thaT coin

(*El'ev'n*)

a memoRy

Side  
He  
sAme time

she is going to give a Lecture  
to the people up in boston

12.1469

the saMe  
Changes  
move it aLL the time  
that mist  
in the  
right off the bAt  
let it daNce

we get through tiMe  
thAn  
and destRoyering it

chance operationS

the shots

i cAn  
be no Longer  
has any connection at aLL

ii (ix)

comEdy

gReatest of arts

studyIng being interrupted

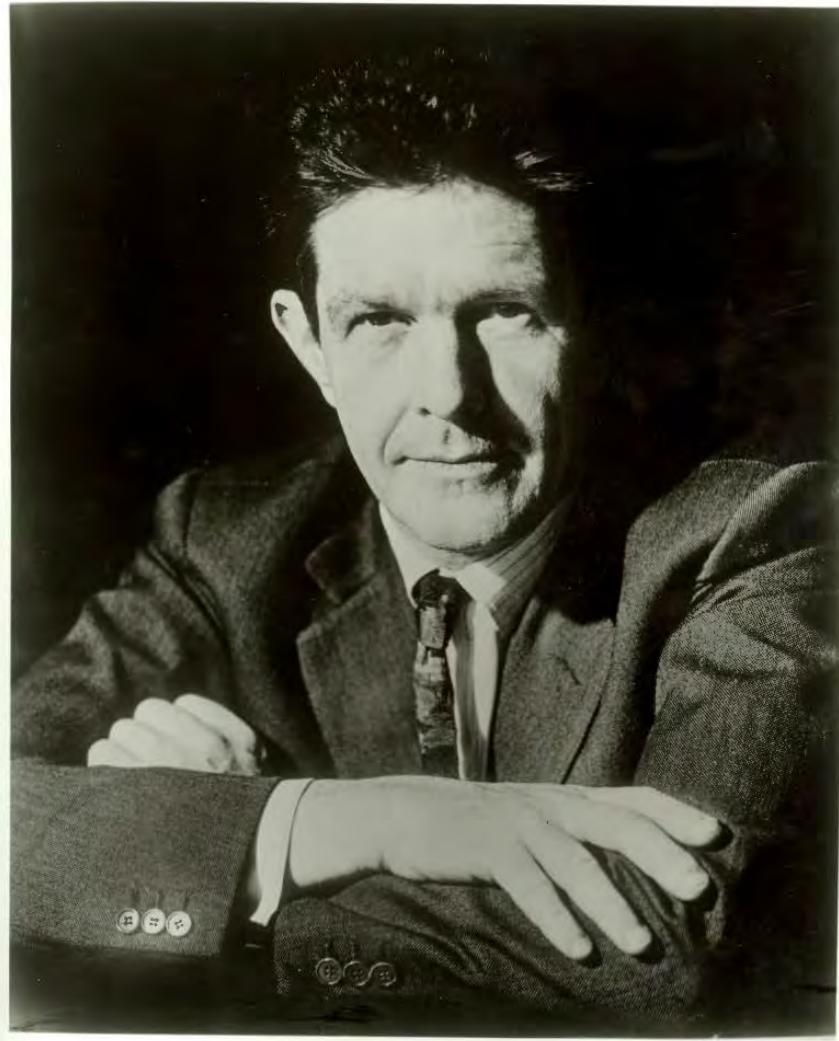
12.4407

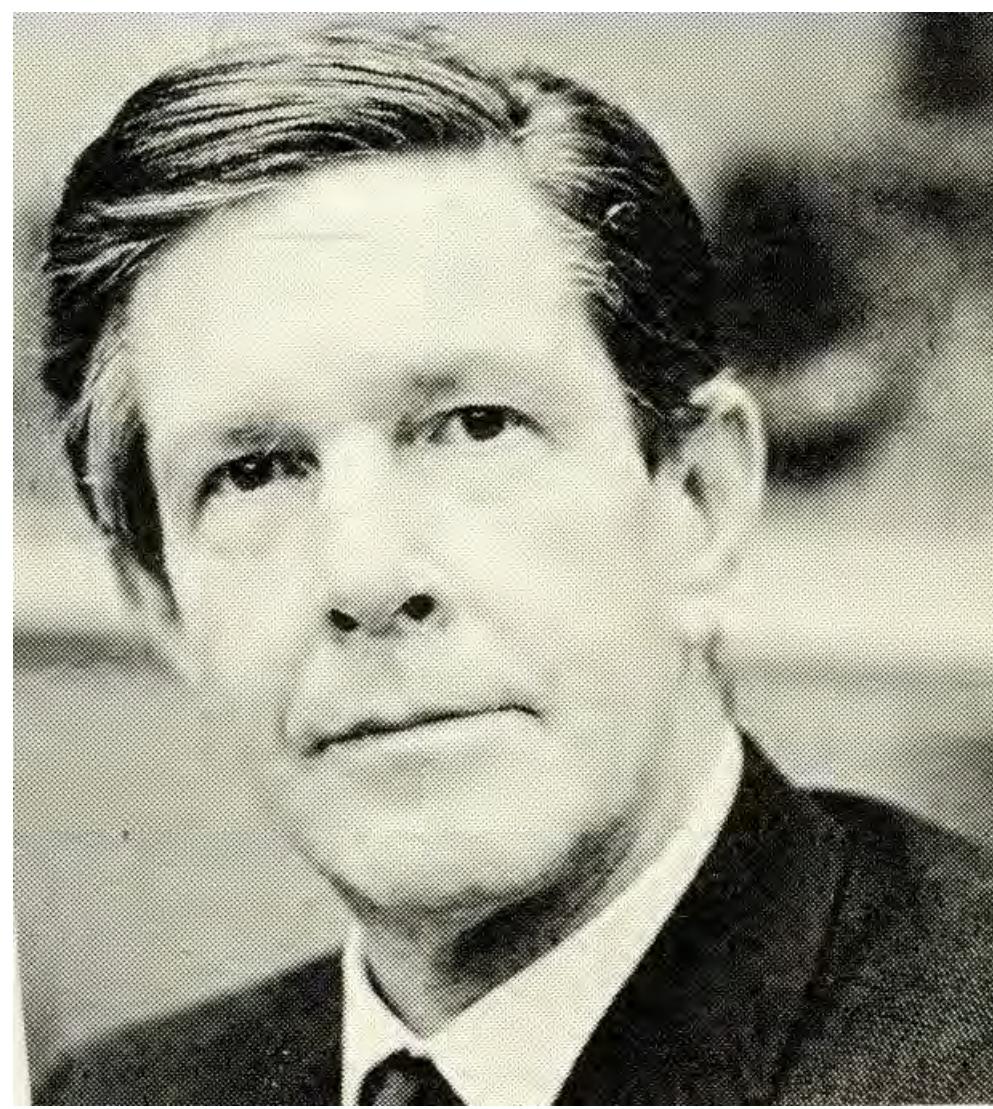
i ask you  
do you anSwEr telephone  
with pleAsure  
follows Thunderclap  
producing  
an intErruption  
what you havE to do



# **PHOTOGRAPHS**









JUN

67

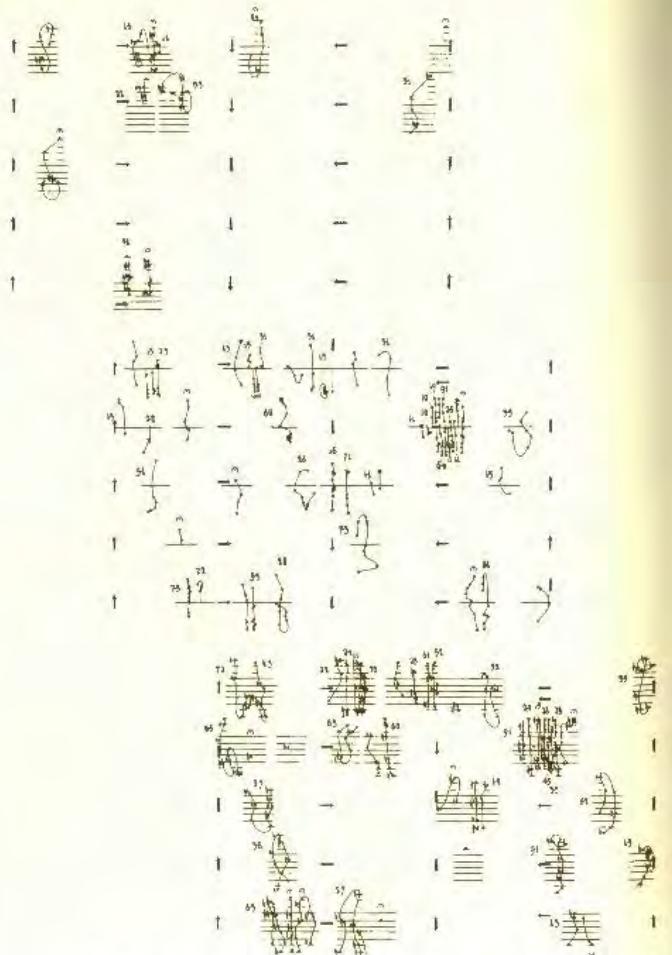


John 6 67





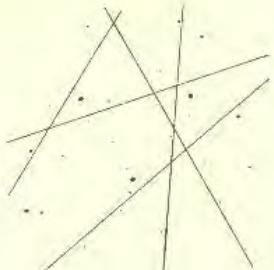
# **CAGE SCORE EXAMPLES**



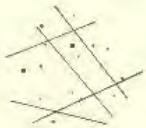
Atlas Belipticalis, French Horn 5, Percussion 4, Cello 7, pages 245, 309, and 157



*The Seasons*, page 1



*Variations I*



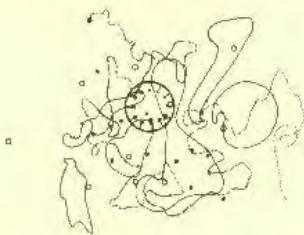
*Variations I, Extra Materials*

A musical score for solo trumpet and piano. The trumpet part includes various performance instructions such as 'soft', 'bright', 'dark', 'staccato', 'slurs', and 'trills'. The piano part has standard musical notation.

*Solo for Trumpets (Concert for Piano and Orchestra)*, page 86

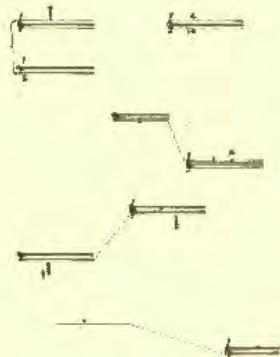
A musical score for orchestra, featuring ten staves of music with various instruments indicated by abbreviations like 'Cl', 'Ob', 'Ct', 'Bsn', 'Tpt', 'Trm', 'Hrn', 'Cmb', 'Vcl', and 'Vln'. The score is in common time.

*Imaginary Landscape No. 3*, page 1



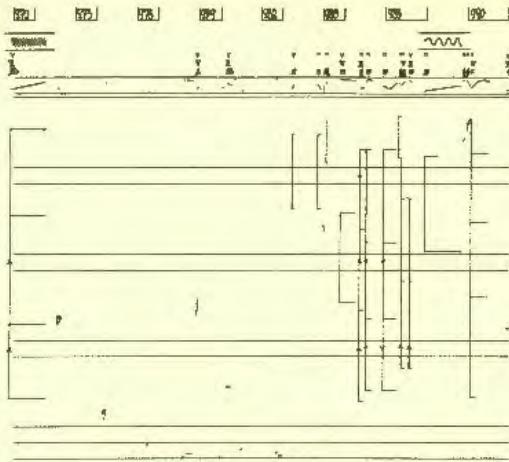
*Cartridge Music*, superimposition using page 6

*Imaginary Landscape No. 4*, page 19

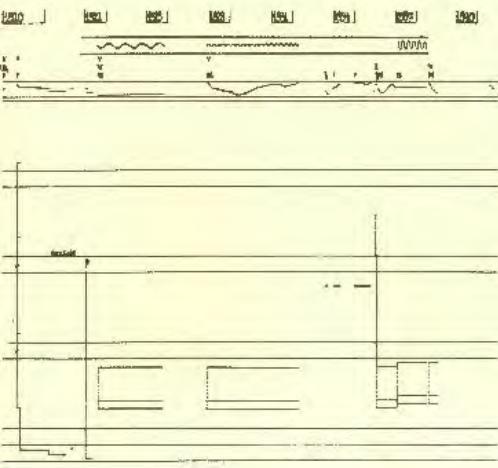


*Music for Piano* 64

*String Quartet in Four Parts*, page 41



<sup>26</sup> 'I.1499" for a String Player, pages 59 and 84.





34'46.776° for a Pianist, page 50



Six Melodies for Violin and Keyboard  
page 21



Suite for Toy Piano, page 15



Three Dances for Two Pianos, page 36

.245



.30

DUCK WHISTLE IN  
BOWL OF WATER  
(AS LONG AS BREATH HOLDS -  
BUT NOT PAST 52.5)  
mf

1.00

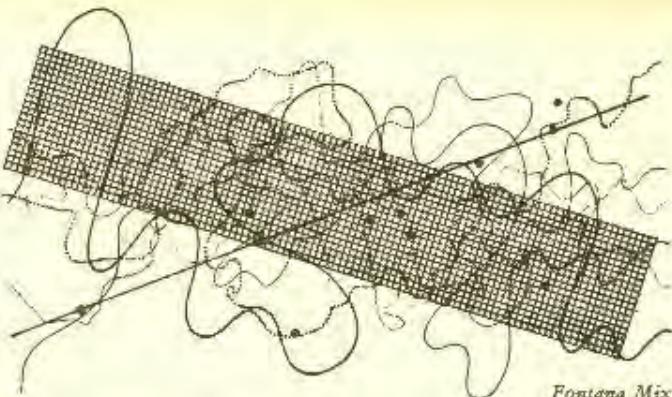


1.185



Part of Water Music

Winter Music, one of twenty unnumbered pages



Foniana Mix

Music for Carillon, No. 4, page 5

45, 14, 20

20, 11, 18, 14, 16  
21, 13, 17, 19, 20  
22, 14, 19, 21, 15, 19

10.  
11.  
12.  
13.  
14.  
15.  
16.  
17.  
18.  
19.  
20.  
21.  
22.

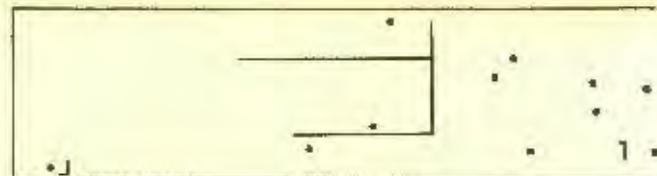
A musical score for twelve tom-toms, consisting of four systems of staves. The score is in common time and includes dynamic markings such as  $\text{f}$ ,  $\text{ff}$ , and  $\text{p}$ . The notation is highly rhythmic, featuring sixteenth-note patterns and grace notes.

Quartet for Twelve Tom-Toms  
(She is Asleep), page 1

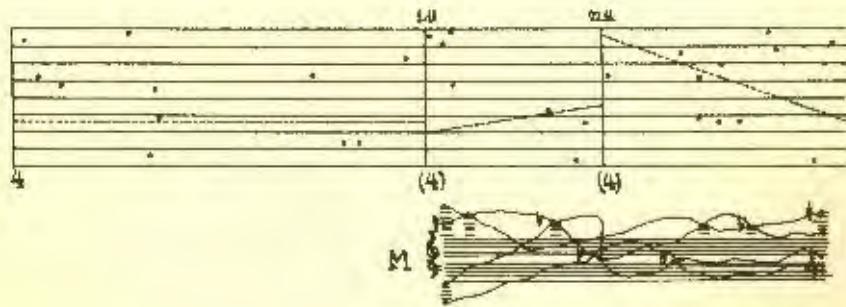
A musical score for Marcel Duchamp, consisting of five systems of staves. The score is in common time and includes dynamic markings such as  $\text{f}$ ,  $\text{ff}$ , and  $\text{p}$ . The notation is highly rhythmic, featuring sixteenth-note patterns and grace notes.

Music for Marcel Duchamp, page 2

AQ



AQ



# **CAGE VISUAL ART**

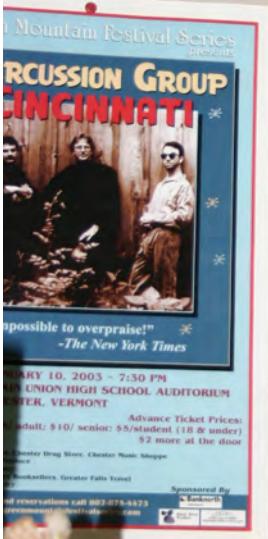
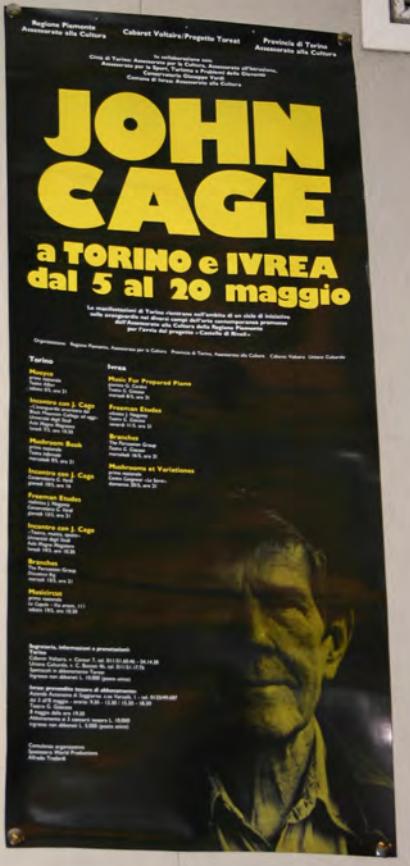




## **ALLEN OTTE COLLECTION**

Professor Otte was kind enough to invite us into his office to share some of his personal collection of Cage-related documents. What follows is just a small sampling of the many photographs we were privileged to take. Once again, we can not thank Professor Otte enough for his generosity, which provided a richness and depth to this project which would have been impossible otherwise.

# **Posters**



# John Cage Centennial Festival

Taking place September 4-10, 2012 in the Washington, DC area



## Events at American University:

- September 2, 2 pm —[In]CAGE: lecture, performance, and gallery talk on Cage's work
- September 7, starting at 4 pm —lectures, percussion events, performances, installations, and a reception. Featured concert at 7:30 pm (tickets \$10, \$5 for AU students).
- September 8, 9 am —percussion master class
- September 1–October 21 —American University Museum features

John Cage's STEPS: A Composition for a Printing, Selected Watercolors, and Ephemera

Including William Bent, Thomas Dein, Dustin Donahue, Ross Karre,

Percussion Using Classroom, and Hot Blue Hill, Steven Schick, Bonnie Whiting Smith, Nancy Snider

To learn more, visit [www.american.edu/arts](http://www.american.edu/arts)

COLLEGE OF  
ARTS & SCIENCES

AUTUMN 2012



allen otte  
james culley  
william youhass

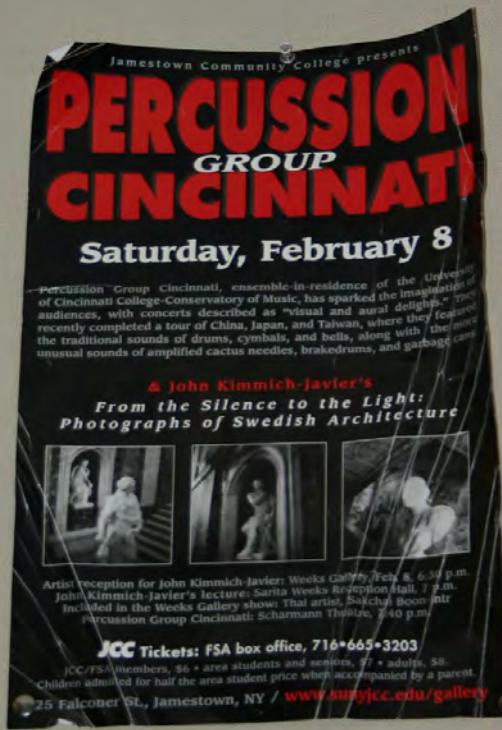
A 50-YEAR RETROSPECTIVE CONCERT OF THE MUSIC OF

19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28  
JOHN CAGE  
55 38 19 37 2 7 12 5 14  
M W 41  
W

TUES. OCT. 12 8:30 pm

51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59  
M W  
W  
S

CORBETT AUD. CCM/UC  
-free-



**John Cage**  
a **torino e Ivrea**  
in un **Happening**  
**soNoro**  
di **Percussioni**  
**Ambini**  
e **chi Variazioni**

**E ...**

rai/Progetto Triest - Progetto di Trieste

# **Scores**



THIRD PROGRESSION

A handwritten musical score for 'Third PROGRESSION'. The score consists of four staves of music. A red arrow points from the text 'to use it' at the bottom left to a specific measure in the middle staff, which is highlighted with a green rectangular box. The music includes various clefs, key signatures, and rests.

to use it

A continuation of the handwritten musical score, showing the next section of the piece. It features two staves of music with various clefs, key signatures, and rests. A red arrow points to a specific note in the upper staff.



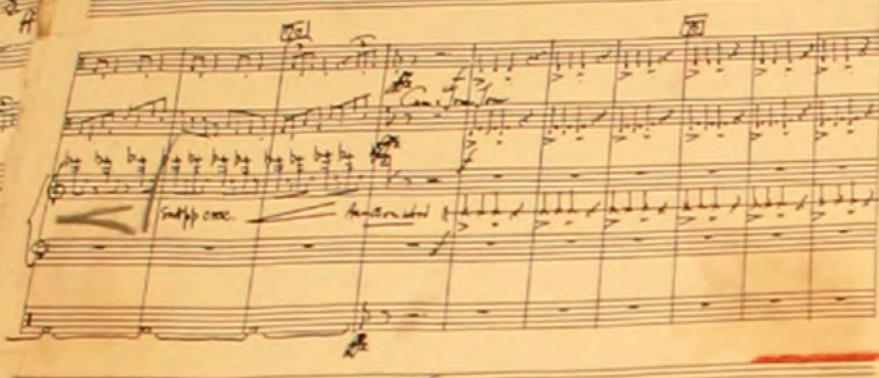
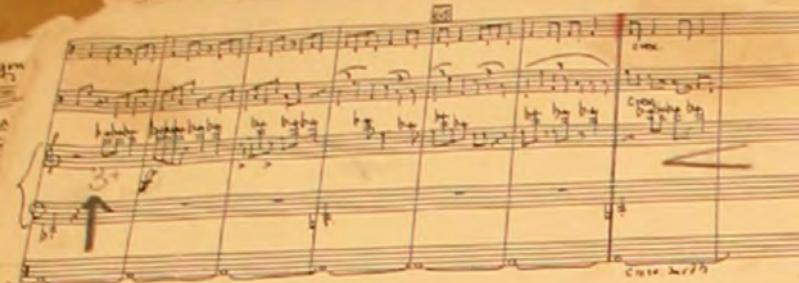
20'35" ↔ 21'35"

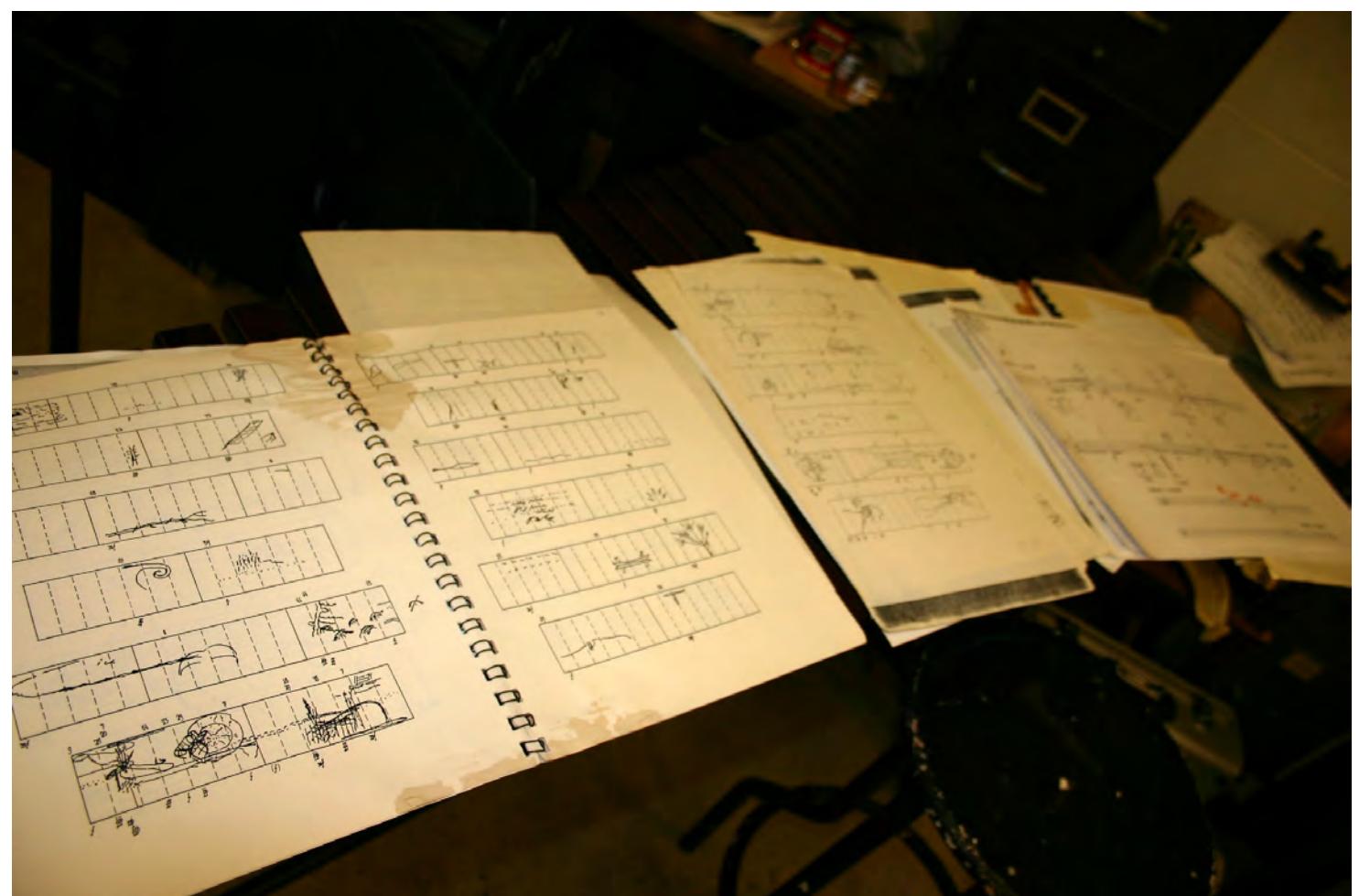
21'20" ↔ 22'20"

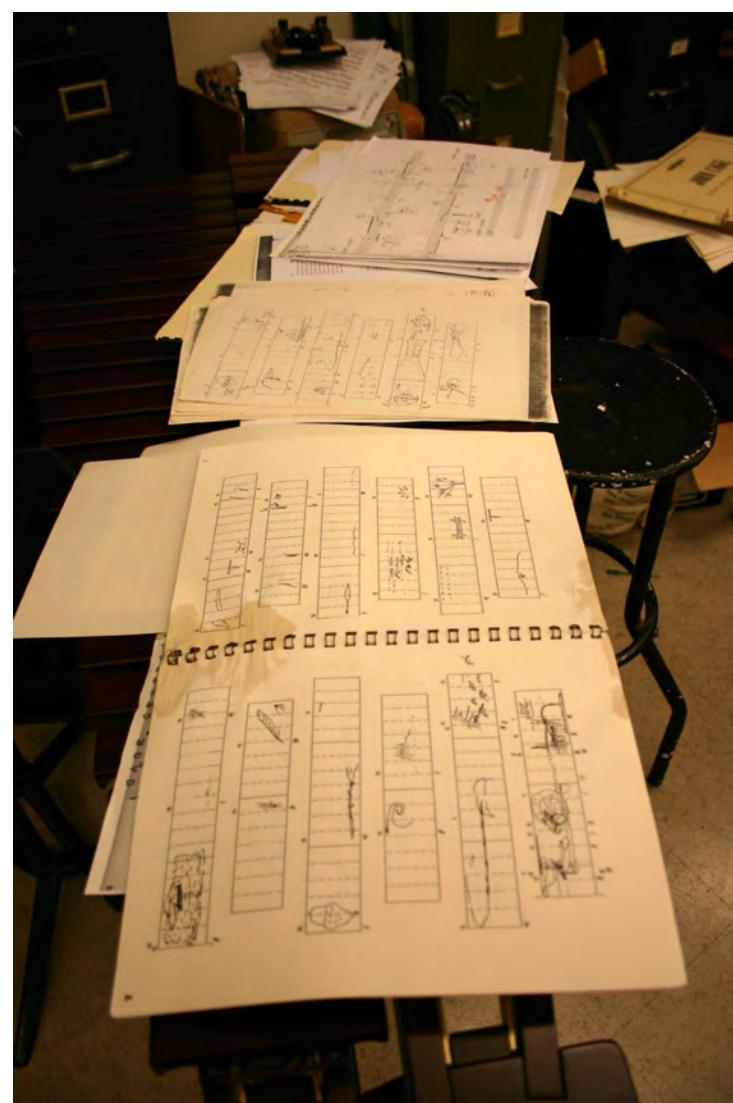
22'05" ↔ 22'35"

Moby











CCM



CCM

YAMAHA





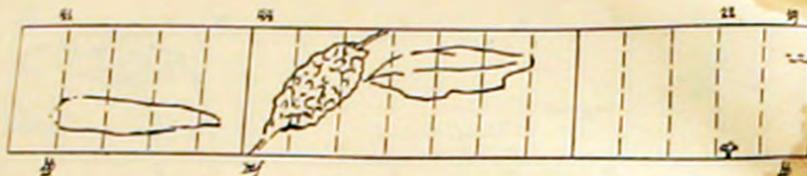
Balinese Ceremonial Music

I. Penoregkah

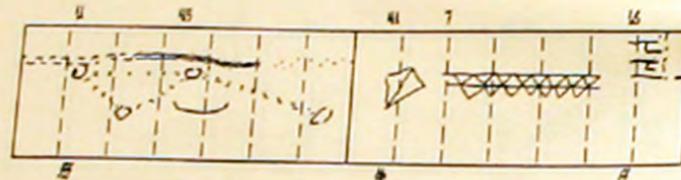
CHEDO

10

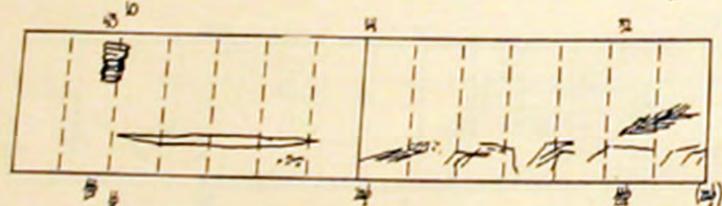
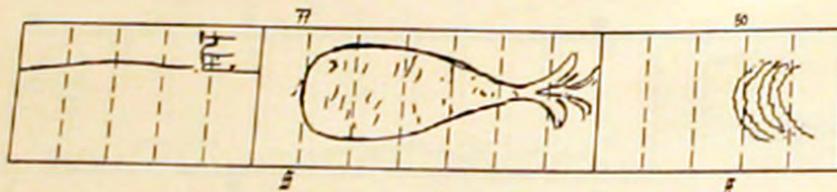
CONON



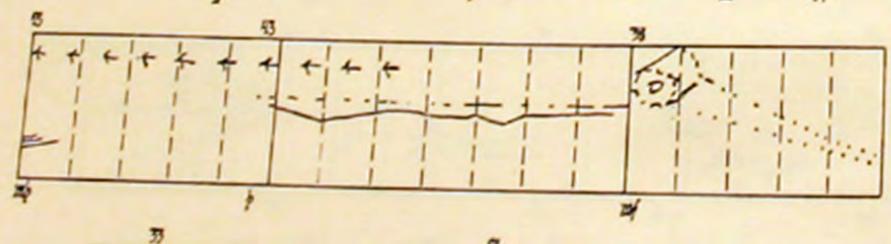
X



X

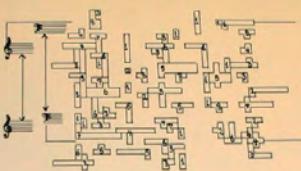


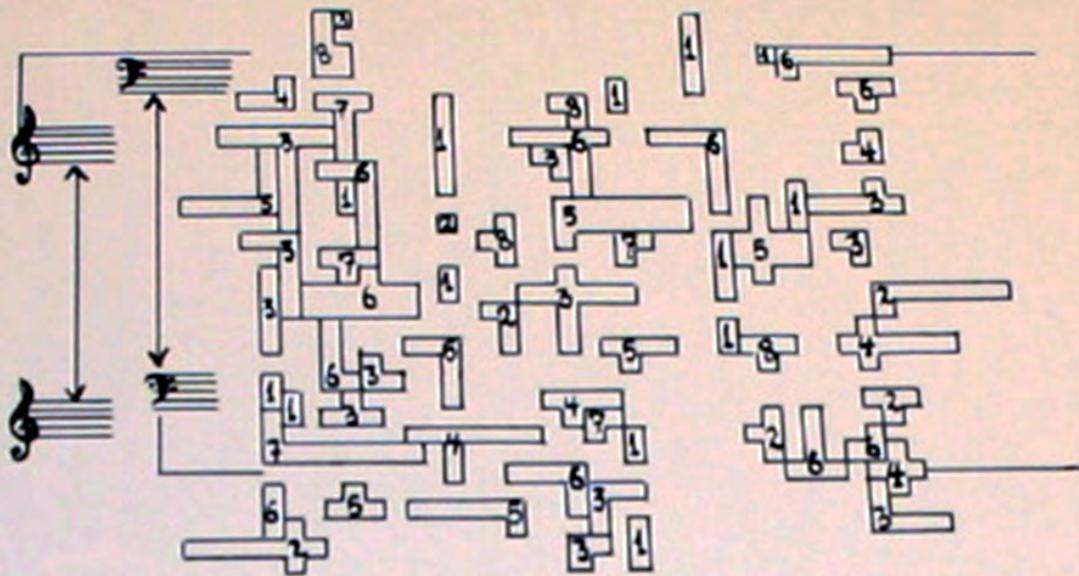
X

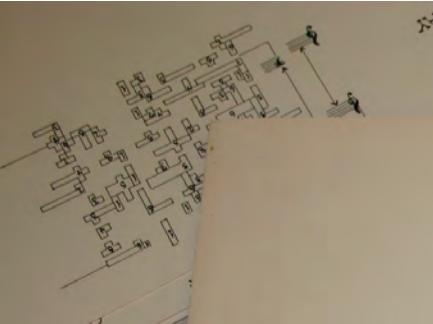


X

STO:  
Copyright 1977







CONCERT FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA  
SOLO FOR PIANO

FOR ELAINE DE KOONING

STONY POINT, NY., J.C.

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EDITION PETERS

No. 6705

# JOHN CAGE

CONCERT FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA

Solo for Piano

X 10  
Y 11  
Z 12

19

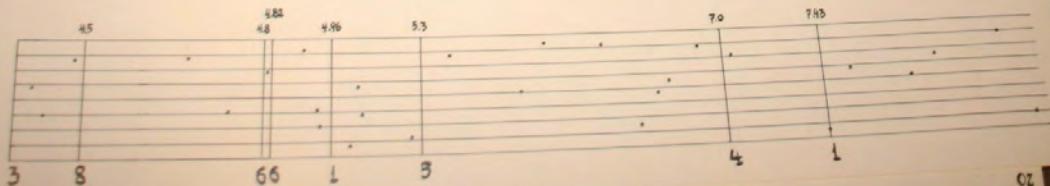


W. 87  
W. 88  
n:2  
G. 35

M

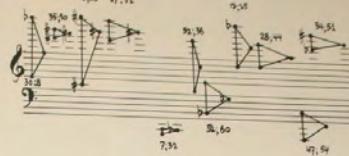
III

Y



02

10  
11  
12



27  
AV 35



*Observation*

1. Vibraphone, mallets 84522-B at 33 1/2 R.P.M. <sup>seconds</sup>  
Vibraphone, mallets 84522-B at 78 R.P.M. <sup>100 seconds</sup>  
Vibraphone, mallets 84519-B at 33 1/2 R.P.M. <sup>seconds</sup>  
Vibraphone, mallets 84519-B at 78 R.P.M. <sup>80 seconds</sup>
- Play mallets on vibraphone parallel with a slight pre-ease of attack. Gradual change with change of rotation. Play rhythms indicated by crossing and tracing marks.

2. Vibraphone, mallets 84522-A <sup>o</sup>  
Play mallets on vibraphone parallel with a slight pre-ease of attack for change of speed (33 1/2 - 78 R.P.M.)  
Begin at 33 1/2 R.P.M. Shift attack with each / (x) appearing in score.

This combination is written to be performed on a piano or recording studio. 2 microphones are required. One microphone picks up the performance of players 1 & 2, the other that of players 3 and 4. The relative dynamics may have to be great to facilitate and/or record.

3. Large Chinese Cymbal <sup>o</sup>

4. Strong Piano <sup>G</sup> mute strings with felt hand <sup>To be played very slowly</sup> and/or seconds Mute where indicated  
String Bass Strings with gong beater

Seattle, Spring 1939

SHERMAN PEN CASE  
BRAND  
MANUFACTURED IN U.S.A.

Style A - 12 Lines

Norman, Clark & Co.  
California-Washington-Oregon

*Orchestra*

- 1 Victor frequency record 84522 B at 33 1/3 R.P.M. 100 cycles  
Play over a small turntable provided with a clutch for change of speed.
- Victor frequency record 84522 B at 78 R.P.M. 100 cycles  
Provide changes with change of intervals.
- Victor Constant Note record No. 24 (84519 B) at 33 1/3 R.P.M. 84 cycles  
Play rhythms indicated by raising and lowering needle.
- Victor Constant Note record No. 24 (84519 B) at 78 R.P.M. 84 cycles
- 2 Victor frequency Record 84522 A 0 Play over a small turntable provided with a clutch for change of speed (33 1/3 - 78 R.P.M.) Begin at 33 1/3. Then after shift clutch with each (X) appearing in score.
- This composition is written to be performed in a radio or recording studio. 2 microphones are required. One microphone picks up the performance of players 1 + 2. The other that of players 3 and 4. The relative dynamics are controlled by an assistant in the control room. The performance may then be broadcast and/or recorded.
- 3 Large Chinese Cymbal 0
- 4 String Piano  $\text{G} \frac{4}{4}$  Strike strings with palm of hand to be played very accents without accents. Heavily where indicated.
- Strike bass strings with gong beater

SHERMCAY PEN EASE  
BRAND

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Style A - 12 Lines

Sherman, Clay & Co.  
California, Wellington, Oregon

Play on a single turntable provided with a clutching  
change of speed.  
Initiate change with  
change of rotation.  
Play rhythms indicated  
by raising and lowering  
needle.

33 1/3 R.P.M. 433 cycles  
1000 cycles  
"Note record No. 24 (84519B) at 33 1/3 R.P.M. 84 cycles  
"Note record No. 24 (84519B) at 78 R.P.M. 84+ cycles

Play on a single turntable  
provided with a clutch for  
change of speed (33 1/3 - 78 R.P.M.)  
Begin at 33 1/3. Thereafter  
shift clutch with each (K)  
appearing in score.

This composition is written to be performed in a radio or recording studio.  
2 microphones are required. One microphone picks up the performance of  
players 1 + 2, the other that of players 3 and 4. The relative dynamics  
are controlled by an assistant in the control room. The performance  
may then be broadcasted and/or recorded.

3 Large Chinese Cymbal o

4 String Piano  $\int$   
D:  $\begin{cases} \times \\ \circ \end{cases}$  mute strings with pal  
Snap bass

- Camaret (early evening Aran)      Münster  
Egypt 20.20 (Amel), Luxor      Hector Rosetta, Unit  
Fairies 231, Greenland (Brothark)
- X Fengzhang Gaul  
Cost Rica (S. America)  
Aravang Ho River  
Dense (Julian) Onciu, Bantai, Shan rau Viat <sup>II</sup> (Julian)  
Khurasan (Persia)
- X Mme. Tussauds  
Moscow, S. U.  
Wolfs  
Nagasaki  
New Zealand  
MESW
- X Pissam  
Sri Lanka (Baronius)

John Cage

Handwritten worksheet for *Rooratorio*, 1979 (excerpt)

Reprinted from *John Cage: Rooratorio* (Königstein, Athenäum, 1985)

Courtesy of Klaus Schöning

1. *Parameter-list* (by computer program)

Each of the 2,293 sounds was determined by 6 parameters. In total there were 13,753 decisions by *I-Ching* chance operations to be made and realized.

(from left to right):

Stereo position on the radio tape (e.g. 1R; 2L; 3-4R; etc.)

Duration (short; medium; long)

Start of the sounds F=(fade in)

R=(roll in)

S=(switch in)

Dynamic level (e.g. 1-5; 5-10; 10-12-15; etc.)

Finish of the sounds F=(fade out)

R=(roll out)

S=(switch out)

2. On the final days of the production John Cage used the coin-tossing method for the *I-Ching* to make decisions: the computer sheets with the *I-Ching* hexagrams had already run out. (left corner: the *I-Ching*)

3. *Listing of some of the place names* (handwritten)



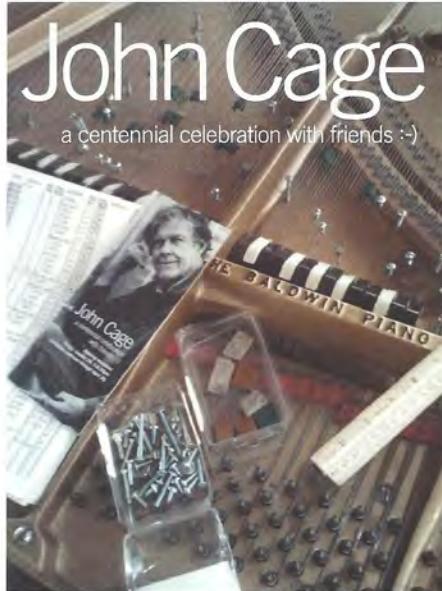


Handwritten musical score page 7, featuring two staves of music. The top staff includes markings such as 'SH', 'SND', 'Kurzes', 'POD 7', and 'TRICHM'. The bottom staff includes markings like 'PNO', 'Clef', 'M 8', '24-23', and 'TRICHM'. The score is annotated with various dynamics (e.g.,  $\text{mf}$ ,  $\text{f}$ ,  $\text{ff}$ ,  $\text{fff}$ ,  $\text{ppp}$ ,  $\text{pp}$ ,  $\text{p}$ ) and performance instructions (e.g., 'Kurzes', 'SND', 'POD 7', 'TRICHM'). There are also time signatures and measure numbers (e.g., 13, 14). A red annotation 'Mgab' is written across the bottom staff.





# **Centennial Programs**



Thursday, February 9, 2012 7:30 pm

## **Extended Lullaby**

Percussion Group Cincinnati

Allen Otte, James Culley, Russell Burge  
with Kenneth Griffiths

50th Anniversary Year

**C**arl Solway  
Gallery

424 Findlay Street  
Cincinnati Ohio 45214

**EXTENDED LULLABY**

Percussion Group Cincinnati  
Allen Otte James Culley Russell Burge  
with Kenneth Griffiths

Trio for 9 Chinese tom-toms  
and pod rattle (1943)

A Room (1943)

Imaginary Landscape No. 1 (1939)

Branches (1976)

from Living Room Music (1940)

Extended Lullaby (1991)

Credo in Us (1942)

**Percussion Group Cincinnati**, founded in 1979, consists of members **Allen Otte, James Culley, and Russell Burge**, all of whom are faculty members and ensemble-in-residence at the College-Conservatory of Music of the University of Cincinnati. Their daily rehearsal schedule is supplemented with the teaching and coaching of young musicians, many of whom have gone on to professional careers in creative music, in teaching, and with major symphony orchestras. Appearances in their national and international touring schedule have included the major cities, festivals, concert halls and schools of America, Europe, and Asia. In addition to community concerts, workshops, and masterclasses, the Group regularly appears as concerto soloists with symphony orchestras, and has presented their program "Music From Scratch" to tens of thousands of children across North America.

Percussion Group Cincinnati is particularly respected for its knowledge of and experience with the entire range of the music of John Cage. They made tours and festival appearances with him on a number of occasions in Europe and in America, and had pieces created by Cage especially for them. The first installment of their contribution to the series of Mode Records' integrated set of the complete music of John Cage — the Landscapes and Credo, released in April '11 — was an Editor's Pick in Gramophone magazine and chosen amongst 'Ten Best of 2011' by The Wire. The concerto Cage made for them in 1984, Renga with Music For Three, will be performed as part of CCM's Cage Centennial Concerts next November, and in September the Group is playing a major role in the John Cage Centennial Washington DC Festival Week.

PGC has developed similar special relationships with Herbert Brun, John Luther Adams, Qu Xiao-Song, Mark Saya, Michael Barnhart, Russell Peck, and with Larry Austin on the Charles Ives Universe Symphony project. Recent trips have included the Shanghai International Spring Music Festival, and premiers of three new concertos written for them: in Hong Kong a work by Qu Xiao-Song, in Singapore with the Singapore Traditional Chinese Orchestra, and the most recent by Mexican composer Enrico Chapela. Over the past 30 years, many young composers from the United States, Latin America, Europe, Africa, and Asia have created a large body of new and often experimental music for the unique talents of Percussion Group Cincinnati.

The Group's work appears on various CDs, including their own ars moderna label; their recording of John Luther Adams' evening-length "Strange and Sacred Noise" was released in surround-sound by Mode and they are currently planning a 30-year retrospective multi-disc set including performances from the group's entire history.

**Ken Griffiths** is professor of accompanying at CCM and a faculty member of the Tanglewood Music Festival. He has accompanied professional recitals, judged competitions and held masterclasses throughout the United States, Europe, Asia, and Australia, including performances with the Arditti, Vermeer, and LaSalle Quartets.

**Schedule of future Thursday Evening Performances at  
Carl Solway Gallery Celebrating the Cage Centennial**

Thursday, March 1, 2012

**Videos by Nam June Paik**

"Good Morning Mr.Orwell", and "Tribute to John Cage",  
and Cage readings from "Silence".

---

Thursday March 22, 2012

**Not Wanting To Say Anything About Marcel**

Bonnie Whiting Smith and Allen Otte in an evening of  
texted music for speaking percussionist/pianist. Texts of  
Cage, Thoreau, Joyce, and others, with Music for Marcel  
Duchamp as the basis of the newest piece: "Connecting  
Egypt to Madison and the history of the American labor  
movement".

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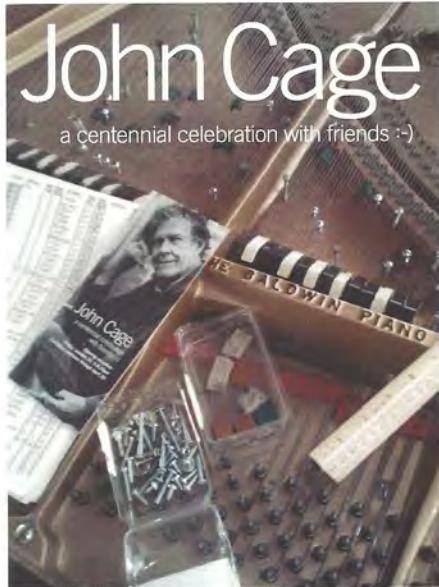
*Free concerts begin at 7:30 pm, limited seating available.  
Please call gallery for reservations. 513-621-0069*

50th Anniversary Year  
**Carl Solway**

Gallery  
424 Findlay Street  
Cincinnati Ohio 45214

**ifpda** international fine  
print dealers association

D Member Art Dealers Association of America



Thursday, March 22, 2012 7:30 pm

## **Not Wanting To Say Anything About Marcel**

Bonnie Whiting Smith, voice, electronics and percussion  
Allen Otte, voice, piano and percussion

50th Anniversary Year

**Carl Solway**  
**Gallery**

424 Findlay Street  
Cincinnati Ohio 45214

## NOT WANTING TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT MARCEL

Bonnie Whiting Smith, voice, electronics, and percussion  
Allen Otte, voice, piano, and percussion

### Amores I (1943)

...perishable structures that would be social events (2009) BWS  
III. Cage

### Solway Mix (1988/1981/2012) JC/BWS/AO

[realization of Fontana Mix; text fragments:  
Thoreau's Journals, Cage: Mureau, Mushroom Book, and  
36 Mesostics Re and not Re Duchamp]  
\*first performance

### 12'11.276" for a Speaking Percussionist (realized 2010)

[excerpt from 51'15.657" for a Speaking Percussionist, a  
realization of 45" for a speaker (1954) + 27'10.584" for a  
percussionist (1956)]

### Amores IV

#### Music for Four (by Two) (1984)

#### 8'22.543" for a Speaking Percussionist

#### Connecting Egypt to Madison through Columbus OH, Cage, and the History of the American Labor Movement (2011) AO

[text: mesostic poem generated by AO, with Music for  
Marcel Duchamp (1947) and a realization -for Middle  
Eastern frame drums - of Variations II (1961)]

#### A Flower (1950), and 26 of 50 (1944)

[texts, Cage, and e.e. cummings – “Forever and Sunsmell”]

**Interview, May 2, 1974** (source of perishable structures text)

**PAUL CUMMINGS:** You had in 1958, at Stable Gallery, an exhibition of scores.

**JOHN CAGE:** That was arranged both by Bob (Rauschenberg) and Jap (Jasper Johns).

**PAUL CUMMINGS:** It was? You haven't done that since, have you?

**JOHN CAGE:** Yes, Carl Solway Gallery, in Cincinnati.

**PAUL CUMMINGS:** Oh, in Cincinnati.

**JOHN CAGE:** They use my manuscript and make shows that occur, every now and then, when I go to some university, there is a whole show of it. The plexigrams for Marcel, and the lithographs, and then the Mushroom Book with Lois Long and ...

**PAUL CUMMINGS:** How did the plexigrams come about?

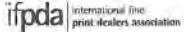
**JOHN CAGE:** They were commissioned by a lady in Cincinnati, Alice Weston, who has a certain interest in both music and painting. She has commissioned Gunther Schuller to do work, a symphony, and it was through her and her husband that I was made composer in residence at the University of Cincinnati. Then she got the idea that though I had not done any lithographs, I could do some. She asked me to do some. Marcel had just died and I had been asked by one of the magazines here to do something for Marcel. I had just before that heard Jap say, "I don't want to say anything about Marcel," because they had asked him to say something about Marcel in the magazine too. So I called them, the plexigrams and lithographs, I called them "Not Wanting To Say Anything About Marcel", quoting Jap without saying so. But doing that isn't saying nothing instead of saying something about him. To subject the dictionary to chance operations and to use the I-Ching to introduce this dictionary to images and to make a transition from language to imagery and numbers, and then as I say in the preface to all that, I think Marcel would have enjoyed it. He -- I found a remark of his after I had done the work -- that he enjoyed looking at the signs that were weathered because where letters were missing and things, that it was fun to figure out what the words were before they got weathered. The reason, in my work, that they weathered is because... is about the fact that he died. So every word is in a state of disintegration.

**Bonnie Whiting Smith** performs and commissions new music for speaking percussionist. A member of the percussion group red fish blue fish <http://musicweb.ucsd.edu/about/about-pages.php?i=411>, she joined the ensemble in premiering the staged version of George Crumb's *Winds of Destiny* directed by Peter Sellars and featuring Dawn Upshaw for the 2011 Ojai Festival. Other notable group projects include collaborating with eighth blackbird (the "Tune-In" festival at the Park Avenue Armory), the International Contemporary Ensemble (American premiere of James Dillon's Nine Rivers at Miller Theatre), and *Bang on a Cari* (Steve Reich's Music for 18 Musicians for the LA Philharmonic's Green Umbrella Series). She is looking forward to being a part of the John Cage Centennial Festival at the National Gallery in 2012. Bonnie collaborates regularly with percussionist Allen Otte; they have presented concerts at The Stone in New York, throughout New Zealand, and at colleges and universities around the country. Her debut album, featuring an original solo-simultaneous realization of John Cage's *45' for a speaker* and *27'10.554"* for a percussionist, will be released by Mode Records in 2012. Bonnie spent three years with Tales & Scales, a quartet combining new music, dance, and theater for family audiences, giving over 400 performances in 25 states and appearing with the Dallas, Oregon, Indianapolis, Buffalo, and Louisville orchestras. She was a member of the Lucerne Festival Academy Orchestra in Switzerland under the direction of Pierre Boulez, and has performed throughout Europe as well as Canada and Panama. Bonnie has worked closely with composers Jerome Kitzke, Randall Woolf, John Luther Adams, Michael Pisaro, Frederic Rzewski, and Steve Reich, and she champions the music of her peers. Bonnie is a graduate of Oberlin Conservatory, Interlochen Arts Academy, and University of Cincinnati's CCM. She is a lecturer and doctoral candidate in contemporary music at the University of California San Diego.

**Allen Otte** came to the University of Cincinnati in 1977 with The Blackearth Percussion Group; in 1979 he founded Percussion Group Cincinnati. Appearances in the Group's national and international touring schedule have included the major cities, festivals, concert halls and schools of America, Europe and Asia. Percussion Group Cincinnati is particularly respected for its knowledge of and experience with the entire range of the music of John Cage. They made tours and festival appearances with him on a number of occasions in Europe and in America, and had pieces created by Cage especially for them. The first installment of their contribution to the series of Mode Records' integrated set of the complete music of John Cage – *the Landscapes and Credo*, released in April '11 – was an Editor's Pick in *Gramophone* magazine and chosen amongst "Ten Best of 2011" by *The Wire*. The concerto Cage made for them in 1984, *Renga with Music For Three*, will be performed as part of CCM's Cage Centennial Concerts next November, and in September the Group is playing a major role in the John Cage Centennial Washington DC Festival Week. In addition to percussion, Otte teaches surhythmics, composition, various literature seminars, and coaches and conducts traditional and contemporary chamber music at CCM.

## 50th Anniversary Year Carl Solway Gallery

424 Findlay Street  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45214  
513-621-0069



Member:  
Art Dealers Association of America

Sonatas and Interludes (1946 - 48)  
with Ryeangl (1983)

Audrey Luna, soprano

Audrey Causilla, prepared piano

Albert Mühlbeck, prepared piano

Allen Otte, prepared piano, percussion

I

V

Interlude I

from Ryeangl

IV

VII

XII

XIII

Interlude 4

from Ryeangl

Gemini: XIV and XV

Interlude 3

XVI

**Audrey Luna** has sung opera, oratorio, chamber music, concert and recital programs worldwide, most notably, concerts with Allen Otte and Percussion Group Cincinnati, the Hagen Quartet, Bremen Opera, Brad Caldwell, and Laura Hynes. She currently teaches at Miami University.

Originally from Washington D.C., pianist **Audrey Causilla** has performed in numerous solo, chamber music, and art song recitals both regionally and abroad. Ms. Causilla holds a Bachelor of Music in Piano Performance from Peabody Conservatory, and a Masters of Music in Vocal Accompanying from the Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. Her former teachers include Ken Griffiths, Richard Fields, Julian Martin, and Leon Fleisher.

Born in Austria, pianist **Albert Mühlböck** studied at the University of Vienna, and is currently completing a doctoral study in piano performance at CCM. He performs as soloist and chamber musician in many countries in USA, Europe and Asia. He won prizes in several competitions in Austria, Italy, USA and France. Teaching assignments include the Municipal Conservatory of Vienna and the National College of the Arts in Tainan (Taiwan) as well as the CCM Preparatory Department.

**Allen Otte** came to the University of Cincinnati in 1977 with The Blackearth Percussion Group; in 1979 he founded Percussion Group Cincinnati. Appearances in their national and international touring schedule have included the major cities, festivals, concert halls and schools of America, Europe and Asia.

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**Schedule of Thursday Evening Performances at  
Carl Solway Gallery Celebrating the Cage Centennial**

Thursday, February 9, 2012

**Extended Lullaby**

Percussion Group Cincinnati combines early turn-table classics with later Cunningham-related pieces. Branches for amplified cactus and BeachBirds/Extended Lullaby, using the rare music-box sculpture in the gallery's collection of Cage artifacts.

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Thursday, March 1, 2012

**Videos by Nam June Paik**

"Good Morning Mr. Orwell", and "Tribute to John Cage", and Cage readings from "Silence".

---

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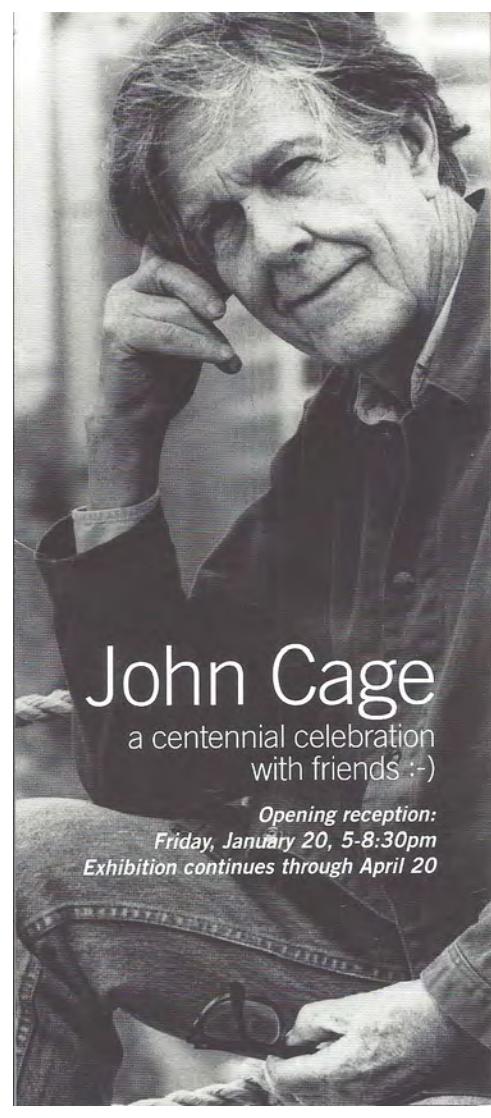
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50th Anniversary Year

**Carl Solway  
Gallery**

424 Findlay Street  
Cincinnati Ohio 45214

A black and white photograph of John Cage. He is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark button-down shirt over a light-colored collared shirt. His right hand is propped under his chin, and he is looking slightly to the right with a thoughtful expression. The background is blurred.

# John Cage

a centennial celebration  
with friends :-)

*Opening reception:*  
**Friday, January 20, 5-8:30pm**  
*Exhibition continues through April 20*

a centennial celebration with friends :-)

50th Anniversary Year  
**Carl Solway**  
Gallery

# John Cage

No one was more influential in helping to shape both my personal life and my professional career than John Cage.

I celebrate my 50th gallery year with a tribute and thanks to John Cage, along with just a few of his countless friends, in many disciplines, who have cherished their friendship with John. All of us recognize how much our lives have been affected by John. His thinking influenced and expanded the nature of music, dance, painting and our perception of both art and life.

I first met Cage in 1968 when he was an artist-in-residence at the College Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati. Alice and Harris Weston, prominent collectors and patrons of the arts in Cincinnati, funded his residency. Numerous times during this period, we played chess in my gallery on Saturdays. I always lost. John consoled me by saying that when he played with Marcel Duchamp he always lost. Then John laughed with his famous and frequent joyous outburst.

We became very good friends and that friendship continued for the remainder of his life. During one of our Saturday afternoon meetings, John commented on the gallery exhibition. At that time, I was primarily dealing in modern master prints from the first half of the 20th century. The exhibition included prints by Picasso, Matisse, Giacometti, Klee, Braque, Chagall, among others. John exclaimed, "What are you doing Carl? All of these artists are dead. You

can't have a relationship with any of these artists. Why aren't you working with the artists of your own times?" That was the transformative awakening for me!

During his time in Cincinnati, Alice Weston asked me if I was interested in publishing artwork by John, if she could persuade him to consider making some print editions. Knowing Alice's talent for being persuasive, I encouraged her to pursue the idea. John seemed interested, and in early 1969, shortly after Marcel Duchamp died, Alice and I formed a partnership called Eye Editions. We arranged for Irwin Hollander's print atelier on Christie Street in Manhattan to be the printer for John's first visual graphic works. De Kooning was also working at Hollander's shop, making his historic 24 lithographs released in 1970. We had no idea in advance what John would do. Periodically, I went to New York to see the work in progress. The completed Cage project, "Not Wanting to Say Anything about Marcel", included eight editioned sculptural objects, which he called Plexigrams, and two lithographs. Examples of these works are now included in museum and private collections worldwide.

Being able to say that I was a friend of John Cage facilitated my introduction to many of the most innovative artists of the time. This gave me the opportunity to form working relationships with Richard Hamilton, Bucky Fuller, Nam June Paik, Yoko Ono, Allan Kaprow and many other artists influenced or affected by Cage's thinking.

# An exhibition of works by John Cage including prints, drawings, multiples, and scores.

**With Friends** includes works by William Anastasi, Dove Bradshaw, Merce Cunningham, Marcel Duchamp, Buckminster Fuller, Allen Ginsberg, Morris Graves, Richard Hamilton, Dick Higgins, Jasper Johns, Allan Kaprow, Alison Knowles, Tom Marioni, Yoko Ono, Nam June Paik, Ben Patterson, Robert Rauschenberg, Mark Tobey, Emmett Williams and Robert Watts.

## Schedule of Thursday Evening Performances at Carl Solway Gallery Celebrating the Cage Centennial

Thursday, January 26, 2012

### Sonatas and Ryoanji Interludes

Soprano Audrey Luna and multiple pianists present pieces from Cage's seminal work for prepared piano connected through music he derived from his own drawings inspired by the famous Japanese Zen rock garden.

Thursday, February 9, 2012

### Extended Lullaby

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Free concerts begin at 7:30 pm. Limited seating available.  
Please call gallery for reservations: 513-621-0069

## Acknowledgements

Carl Solway Gallery would like to thank:  
Laura Kuhn, Director of John Cage  
Trust, Margareta Roeder Gallery,  
Alice and Harris Weston Collection,  
Calvin Sumsion, Fred and Lois Genis,  
Cincinnati Art Museum, Dayton Art  
Institute, David Eisenman, Allen Otte  
and the Percussion Group of  
Cincinnati, Premier Piano, West  
Chester, Ohio, Robert Watts Estate

## Photo Credits

### Front panel

John Cage (Los Angeles, 1967)  
Photographer: Russ Wodstrand  
Courtesy of the John Cage Trust

### Inside left panel

John Cage  
*Not Wanting To Say Anything About Marcel* (detail), 1969

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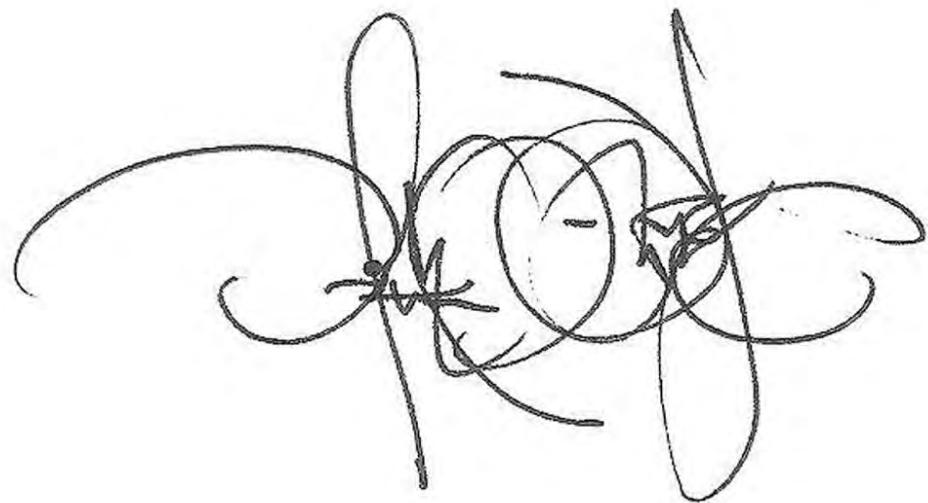
[info@solwaygallery.com](mailto:info@solwaygallery.com)

[www.solwaygallery.com](http://www.solwaygallery.com)

## **"Do You Want a Double Signature?"**

Professor Otte told us a story of how people would approach John Cage to ask for his signature. Cage would willingly comply, however on occasion he would ask if the person wanted a double signature. To create his double signature, Cage would sign his name and then turn the paper 180 degrees and sign again, layering the two signatures.

Below is an example of a double signature by Professor Otte.





# **MISCELLANEOUS IMAGES**



Archives and Rare Books Department  
Eighth Floor - Carl Blegen Library  
Mail Location 113  
513-475-6459

June 16, 1987

Mrs. Van Meter Ames  
448 Warren Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

Dear Mrs. Ames:

Thank you very much for your gift of two boxes of your husband's papers, which include his materials regarding John Cage and correspondence. We enclose copies of the accession sheets for these materials as well as two copies of the standard instrument of gift which we use for personal papers. Please contact me if you have questions regarding the instrument. The usual procedure is to sign both copies and return them to me. I will then see that they are signed here and return one copy to you for your records.

I have not had an opportunity to look at the papers closely, but I did ask Robert Johnson, Head of the CCM library to look over the materials. He found them most interesting, not only because of the material regarding Cage but also because of the information it provides about Dr. Ames. I look forward to examining the papers, but wanted to take this opportunity to acknowledge their receipt as soon as possible. Thank you for thinking of the University Archives.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive ink that reads "Alice M. Cornell".

Alice M. Cornell  
Head, Archives & Rare Books Department  
University Archivist

Encs.

cc: Eleanor L. Heishman, Interim Dean & University Librarian  
Ann Thompson, Associate University Librarian for  
Collections & Information Services



University of Cincinnati

TUESDAY MORNING  
NOVEMBER 22

JOHN SAGE

John Cage, American avant-garde composer

and aesthetician, has been named composer-in-residence at the University of Cincinnati for the second and third academic quarters of 1966-67, Dean Campbell Crockett of the UC Graduate School announced.

Cage has studied with Richard Buhlig, Adolph Weiss, Henry Cowell and Arnold Schoenberg. He was a member of the faculty of the Cornish School, Seattle, Wash., from 1936-38, where he organized percussion ensembles and presented concerts of music for percussion instruments only.

After one year on the faculty of the

School of Design in Chicago, he moved to New York City, where he directed a concert of percussion music sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art and the League of Composers. He began to devote himself to composing works for the "prepared piano," which he is credited with inventing.

(more)

//

In 1949 Cage received both a Guggenheim fellowship for creative work in the field of music and an award from the National Academy of Arts and Letters "for having thus extended the boundaries of musical art." He organized a group of musicians and engineers in 1951 for making music directly on magnetic tape.

Cage's works have included "The Seasons," "Atlas Eclipticalis," "Fontana Mix" for magnetic tape, and the ~~s~~core for the motion picture "Works of Calder." From 1956-60 a member of the faculty of the New School, New York City, he now teaches composition privately.

The UC appointment of Cage was made possible by the assistance of a group of Cincinnati citizens under the leadership of Harris K. Weston.

Critic Peter Yates has described Cage as "A philosopher who uses, instead of arguments, aesthetic instances. One aspect of John Cage's work has been to direct our attention to the commonplace miracles which are happening everywhere around us."

Other critics have noted Cage's "extremely rich and elaborate" musical form and his development of "the rhythmic element of composition to a point of sophistication unmatched in the technique of any other living composer."



*John Cage*

Born Los Angeles, 8 September 1912.

Pomona College, interested in writing.

In Europe, studied architecture.

Studied music with Richard Buhlig, Adolph Weiss, Henry Cowell, Arnold Schoenberg.

Faculty of Cornish School, Seattle, 1936-38.

School of Design, Chicago, 1941-42.

Composition teacher, New School for Social Research, N.Y., 1946--.

Musical Director for the Merce Cunningham Dance Co., NYC, 1944--.

Fellow in Center for Advanced Studies, Wesleyan Univ., Middletown, Conn., 1959-60.

Director of concert of percussion music sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art & the League of Composers, 1948.

Commissioned by the Ballet Society to write "The Seasons," 1947; by the Darmstädter Musiktage to write work for two prepared pianos for Two Pianists, 1954; recorded Fontana Mix on magnetic tape for Studio di Fonologia, Milan, 1956; organized group of musicians & engineers for making music directly on magnetic tape, 1951.

Guggenheim Fellow, 1949.

National Academy of Arts & Letters award for extending the boundaries of musical art, 1949.

Recipient of first prize at the Woodstock Art Film Festival for score of the Works of Calder, 1962 1961.

Author (with Kathleen O'Donnell Hoover) of The Life & Works of Virgil Thomson, 1959.

Author, Alliance (lectures & writings), pub. by Wesleyan University Press, 1961. A Year From Monday, book to be pub. Fall 1967, same press.

Working on another book now, and on a commission from the Koussevitsky Foundation to write a work for orchestra and string sextet, with which he will use the "Ten Thunderrels" from Joyce's Ulysses.

Has lectured and performed at the International Summer Sessions for New Music at Darmstadt. Will take part this summer (1966) at Aspen, Col.

He is not only in the forefront internationally as a composer of new music and as an interpreter of it, but has a broad understanding of developments in other arts and their interrelations, which he is able to convey from the platform. He is a scintillating lecturer.

Every discussion and article about the new in new music, and often about the new in other art, brings in John Cage, for what he says as well as for what he composes and how he performs.

Ranks with Stravinsky & Aaron Copland in American music today.

*John Cage*

VAN METER AMES  
448 WARREN AVENUE  
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45220

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  4. Film-flyer for Union (2500)
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  6. ~~Decorate~~
  7. ~~Clean pictures~~
  8. ~~Decorate~~ ~~get ready~~

MON. 9. Call Sam Johnson

10. Add U.C. Union on to your mailing list  
~~Decorate~~ ~~get ready~~
11. ~~Decorate~~ ~~get ready~~
12. Make copies + return photos to Barry Tues.



# accent

The Cincinnati Post, Tuesday, November 3, 1981

# ART GURU

## Twenty years of Carl Solway

By B.J. Foreman

"I have a mental picture of a cartoon. Carl Solway is trying to feed a screaming baby, and on the spoon is written the word 'art,'" says local designer Chuck Byrne. Carl Solway has been spoon-feeding Cincinnati its contemporary art since long before the Contemporary Arts Center had the major international profile it now does. This aloof art dealer who looks like Albert Einstein has been swimming upstream for 20 years.

Solway was the first serious dealer

its own borders. Not in New York required a ten-year financial commitment: a luxury Solway couldn't afford.

"I'm interested in work that allows the viewer to see the world in a new way. To expand the vision of the observer because the artist is sharing his life experiences," he said. What that boils down to is that Solway is looking for work that's in his own words, "unfamiliar."

"A lot of the work I see today has the look of something I've seen before. It's derivative. While it is competent



By B.J. Foreman

"I have a mental picture of a cartoon. Carl Solway is trying to feed a screaming baby, and on the spoon is written the word 'art,'" says local designer Chuck Byrne. Carl Solway has been spoon-feeding Cincinnati its contemporary art since long before the Contemporary Arts Center had the major international profile it now does. This aloof art dealer who looks like Albert Einstein has been swimming upstream for 20 years.

Solway was the first serious dealer of exclusively modern art in Cincinnati, a city which has a reputation of resisting modern art, preferring the more established tastes. Outside the city, he is probably better known as an art dealer. He is a finalist in the Post-Corbett Awards for excellence in the arts.

Solway's is the only gallery in three states that has earned the coveted status of membership in the Art Dealer's Association of America. And he is the only local dealer representing regional artists at art fairs in Chicago and Basel, Switzerland.

Beginning his twentieth year in the contemporary art business at age 46, Solway is not resting on his laurels. He talks about change as a necessity in dealing with new art, and excitedly contemplates the new delights he will encounter in the future. He is committed to change. In fact, Solway's strongest suit has been his willingness to take chances — which has put him in the money at some times, and very nearly broken him at others. Local art watchers have seen hydroponic plants grown as art in Solway's gallery, as well as an exhibit of comics and photographs of earth from a satellite — a continual probing of what is art.

Probably his boldest project was the Not in New York experiment, in which he renovated a West Fourth Street space to be used exclusively for exhibiting the work of regional artists. At the same time, he opened a New York gallery (with two other dealers, from Chicago and San Francisco) to sell regional art in the Big Apple. It was an idea before its time. Ventures such as this are succeeding today, but in 1975, the New York art world was too ingrown, and unwilling to look beyond

its own borders. Not in New York required a ten-year financial commitment — a luxury Solway couldn't afford.

"I'm interested in work that allows the viewer to see the world in a new way. To expand the vision of the observer because the artist is sharing his life experiences," he said. What that boils down to is that Solway is looking for work that's in his own words, "unfamiliar."

"A lot of the work I see today has the look of something I've seen before. It's derivative. While it is competent work, it doesn't interest me because it doesn't bring a new experience for me." Solway remarked that there is more serious work being done locally today than he can remember. Still, he mused, sometimes it seems that the focus of the art world is shifting from America to Europe.

Solway credits artist/composer John Cage for changing his attitudes toward art and life. "At the time when I met Cage, I had been dealing mostly with the work of artists no longer living, and had little or no personal relationship with the artists. Knowing Cage made me begin to feel the artist's dedication to art as a way of life, not just as a product." Through his friendship with Cage, Solway said he learned, "If you can accept change and still feel comfortable, you're in a position to accept the continual changes in your own life — the art takes on a spiritual quality."

The venture of which Solway is proudest is the flowering of West Fourth Street into an area where art and life are integrated. "Art power has transformed the city," said Solway speaking of the pocket of living units and gallery and restaurant space. Back in the early 1960's, Solway promoted the concept of "urban walls," murals which still exist in the area close to West Fourth Street. Solway renovated the Not in New York Gallery he now occupies and tried to interest local investors and developers to do the same. One of his disappointments, even now, is that most of the money and initiative on West Fourth, other than his own, has come from outside Cincinnati.

Solway has a unique perspective on being a local dealer of art in the last 20



Photographer: ROBERT CHICKERSON

Carl Solway, in front of the floor-to-ceiling canvas by Sam Gilliam: "Art Is Not An Endangered Species."

years, an activity he clearly sees as creative, a labor of love, rather than purely mercantile. "My role as a dealer is to come to terms with things unfamiliar. I try to decode, discover, demystify, to learn the artist's new vocabulary and then translate it for people."

"I've come to accept the fact that the audience for the new is going to be small. It's hard to get people to grow. I'm not always very successful, but that doesn't mean I'm going to stop doing it."

But by the same token, Solway is troubled that he doesn't seem to be reaching the next generation.

"When I went into business twenty years ago, my clients were from the generation ahead of me. People my age had other, more basic priorities: houses, children. Today they are better able to buy art, but are interested in familiar art, the art that they saw in the gallery twenty years ago."

True to his philosophy, Carl Solway is planning a significant departure in his activities for this coming year. Al-

though the gallery will still run a full schedule of exhibits, Solway will represent Buckminster Fuller's graphics and designs. Fuller, a visionary, innovator, educator, has become something of a personal model for Solway. Fuller's designs, like Solway's gallery, have been dedicated to presenting creative alternatives.

The next year will find Solway traveling the world, accompanying the exhibit of Fuller's latest work, a suite of prints based on patent drawings for his most famous inventions. The exhibit will travel to galleries and museums across the country. At the same time, Solway plans to "develop a sense for the direction of art in the 'eighties," and acquire work that the gallery can promote.

"Art is for everyone. The only thing that survives from one culture to another through history is art," concludes Solway. "It's not an endangered species."

B.J. Foreman is art writer for The Post

# **CAGE'S DEATH**

## CCM's Composers

**John Cage**, 79, died August 12, in New York City of a stroke. An internationally acclaimed composer at the forefront of America's musical avant-garde, he was composer-in-residence at CCM in 1966-67. Cage worked extensively with The Percussion Group, a faculty ensemble-in-residence at CCM, regarding it as one of his favored performing groups. He wrote music for them, took them on tour and worked with them in concert. Allen Otte, founder of The Percussion Group, met Cage in 1980 at a festival for new music in Cologne, Germany. The ensemble gave the world premiere of *Composed Improvisation*, which Cage wrote for them, at the Ravinia Festival on September 4, the eve of what would have been Cage's 80th birthday. The Percussion Group performed in an official Cage Memorial Concert at Symphony Space in New York on November 1. During Cage's residence at CCM, pianist and CCM faculty member, the late Jeanne Kirstein, recorded Cage's earliest pieces for "prepared piano" on the CBS label. As a tribute to John Cage, three works from the Cincinnati Art Museum's collection were shown in tribute to him, including a photographic portrait of the artist by James Klosty, "Portrait of John Cage" (shot in 1970), a gift of Carl and Elizabeth Solway in memory of Kirstein.

# Composer Cage left a mark here, there, everywhere

BY JANELLE GELFAND

Enquirer Contributed

John Cage, who died Wednesday of a stroke at the age of 79 in New York, extended the boundaries of the artistic world more than any composer in the last half of this century.

Although the impact of his work was felt worldwide, Cage also left a distinctive mark upon Cincinnati.

"He expanded the horizons of what was considered to be acceptable music and art," says Harris K. Weston.

"We felt warmly toward him," adds Alice Weston. "He certainly influenced an entire generation of artists, not only musicians, but visual artists. And he broadened the outlook of many conservative people."

"We realized he was basically a philosopher, and could express himself in any medium."

The Westons organized a group of sponsors to bring Cage to Cincinnati as composer-in-residence at the College-Conservatory of Music in 1966-67. While at CCM, his work was championed by the LaSalle Quartet, which recorded his *String Quartet* (1950).

Also at that time, pianist and CCM faculty member, the late Jeanne Kirstein, recorded Cage's earliest pieces for "prepared piano" on the CBS label, including *The Toy Piano* and *Bacchanale* (1940). The piano was prepared



The Percussion Group — John Cage, Bill Youhass, Jim Culley and Allen Otte — at the Witten Festival in Cologne, Germany, in 1982.

with objects inserted between strings, changing traditional sound.

"He was a gentle, soft-spoken man who had a great rage — a rage against people who didn't think, against laziness," says CCM's Allen Sapp. "He was a witty person, a charming conversationalist, afraid of nothing and nobody, and loved good talk and good food."

Sapp first encountered Cage while serving on the faculty at Harvard in the '50s. "I became aware that he wasn't a fringe musician, but a central artist," he says.

Cage's avant-garde experiments in music resulted in a whole new vocabulary.

Cage, who was born in Los Angeles, also drew upon his experience as a world traveler, in the '50s becoming an ardent student of Zen and Eastern culture.

"It was profound, not just a casual fad for him," says Sapp. His Eastern-inspired philosophy would play an important role his revolutionary technique, chance music.

Cage's definitive work, *Music of Changes* (1951) was entirely composed according to the Chinese

## Cage tributes

Myron Bennett will present local performances of Cage works today at 9:30 p.m. at the CCM (90.9 MHz). Performers include The Percussion Group and pianist Jeanne Kirstein.

CCM has planned a tribute to John Cage, 8 p.m. Sept. 29 in Corbett Auditorium. A CCM 125th Anniversary Season Event, the concert will feature the Percussion Group and the Pridonoff Piano Duo. For information call, 556-4183.

*Book of Changes, I Ching*, and the random tossing of coins. Cage continued to use the element of chance throughout his work, his apotheosis coming in 1988 with his only opera, *Europers*.

As his unorthodox use of sound — and silence — began to draw notice, it also drew notoriety.

"We tend to know him only through sensational news stories, which picture him as a publicity-seeking buffoon," says CCM professor Allen Otte.

"In fact, he was a brilliant intellect and knew the history of music — he knew Chopin as a composer and Webern as an orchestrator."

Otte, founding member of The Percussion Group Cincinnati, met Cage in 1979 at a festival for new

music in Cologne, Germany.

"The presenters went bankrupt, and there was a problem with getting paid," recalls Otte. "Cage finally paid us out of his personal account."

As technology became more sophisticated, so did Cage's music. Besides facilitating musical composition, computers helped Cage prepare poetry and readings.

One such reading was at the Cincinnati Art Museum in 1984.

"Alms Auditorium was filled to capacity," remembers Roger Williams, director of the Art Academy, which sponsored the event. "It was a performance-art event. Cage

bridged that gap between music and the visual arts."

Nor surprisingly, Cage also dabbed in the visual arts.

Cincinnati gallery owner Carl Soway and Alice Weston published two lithographs and eight plexigrams entitled "Not Wanting to Say Anything About Marcel" (1969) by Cage.

Many organizations worldwide already have begun celebrating what would have been Cage's 80th birthday, Sept. 5. The Percussion Group will premiere a new work at the Ravinia Festival on Sept. 4.

"It won't be as rich a climate without him," says Sapp.

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# Percussion Group pays tribute to musical guru

BY JANELLE GELFAND  
Enquirer Contributor

Name that composer: He wrote music for toy pianos, dried beans, television sets, power saws, cracked nuts, cacti, the ancient American Indian "bull-roarer," and 15 tin cans. Each performance of his music is a unique happening, a theater of drama, dance and music.

Give up? John Cage, of course, the musical guru of the avant-garde. All this and more will be served up Tuesday at Corbett Auditorium when the Percussion Group performs in its season-opening concert "A Retrospective Tribute" to John Cage, who died Aug. 12.

The tribute is a continuous collage of Cage's works, from the 1940s to 1992, and will use a principle that Cage called "Musical Circus."

"Some pieces are played alone, some simultaneous with others," says Allen Otte, founding member of the Percussion Group, ensemble-in-residence at CCM. "This way we give it a new life every time we play, because it is in a new context each time."

Cage would have liked that. He wasn't interested in having his older pieces played, but preferred to concentrate on the new, Otte says.

The retrospective includes Cage's Suite for Toy Piano (1948), (played "a la Schroeder," Otte says); *Living Room Music* (1940); and *Composed Improvisation for Snare Drum, Bass Drum and Single-Headed Frame Drums With or Without Jingles* (1988-92).

Non-traditional sound sources are a Cage trademark. But how does someone play a cactus?

"There is a tiny microphone taped to the cactus. When you pluck the spines, the mike picks up tiny vibrations and it sounds like water dripping," Otte says.

Other sounds, such as beans, cracked nuts, dried leaves, and seed pods pouring into wooden bowls, give the piece a delicate, rural soundscape, according to Otte.

Dancer Jennifer Handel adds visual interest to the performance, with choreography by Cynthia Riesterer. Handel comes out of her role as dancer and joins the sound world in *Living Room Music*.



Composer John Cage

## If you go

- **What:** The Percussion Group, with pianists the Pridonoff Duo and dancer Jennifer Handel.
- **Where:** Corbett Auditorium.
- **When:** 8 p.m. Tuesday.
- **Tickets:** \$6, UC students free. Call 556-4153.

"In this piece, we create a world that might be from someone's living room, and there's even a card game," Otte says.

Other music on the program reflects the multiculturalism popular today among contemporary composers.

*Three Chilean Songs* are arrangements of Chilean folk songs performed on rosewood marimbas — "a tradition developed in South American rain forests."

*Three Mbiras* is a piece for a traditional African instrument, composed by South African composer John Beukes.

The Pridonoff Duo, CCM's piano duo-in-residence, will join the Percussion Group in Bartok's *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion*, for more traditional Hungarian flavor and gypsy melodies.

The Percussion Group, founded in 1979, consists of Otte, James Culley and Russell Burge. The ensemble gave the world premiere of *Composed Improvisation*, which Cage wrote for them, at the Ravinia Festival near Chicago on Sept. 4 — the eve of what would have been Cage's 80th birthday.

The group will perform in an official Cage Memorial Concert being organized by the Cunningham Dance Foundation at Symphony Space in New York on Nov. 1.



# External Resources

There exists a wealth of knowledge on the internet about John Cage and his work.

We were pleasantly surprised in particular to discover the depth of high-quality multimedia available on YouTube. We present the following links as a way for you to explore and discover more of John Cage's philosophy, his music, his art, and his influence.

## JOHN CAGE INTERVIEW FOOTAGE

[John Cage Discusses Silence](#)

[John Cage with Merce Cunningham](#)

[John Cage on Indeterminacy - \(Part 1 of 4\)](#)

[John Cage from "I Have Nothing to Say and I am Saying It" \(Multiple Parts\)](#)

[John Cage from Peter Greenaway's "Four American Composers" series \(Part 1 of 7\)](#)

[John Cage on "Opus 20 Modern Masterworks" \(Part 1 of 2\)](#)

[John Cage from "Poetry in Motion" \(includes a rare reference to his time in Cincinnati\)](#)

["How to Get Out of the Cage - A Year with John Cage"](#)

[John Cage Radio Interview with Connie Goldman, KCRW](#)

# **PERFORMANCES OF 4'33"**

**Piano**

**Full Orchestra**

**Organ**

**Percussion**

**NWS 4'33" Playlist**

**Death Metal**

# **PERFORMANCES OF OTHER CAGE WORKS**

**Sonata IV for Prepared Piano**

**Sonata V for Prepared Piano**

**Sonata X for Prepared Piano**

**Imaginary Landscape 4 for 12 Radios**

**Imaginary Landscape 4 for 12 Radios**

**Imaginary Landscape 5**

**In the Name of the Holocaust**

**Dream - Performed on keyboard percussion**

**Variations III**

**Cartridge Music**

First Construction in Metal

Aria for Any Voice

# **CAGE PERFORMS CAGE**

**Water Walk from "I've Got a Secret"**

**Speech - 5 Radios**

**Amplified Cacti and Plant Material**

## **MORE WEB RESOURCES**

**ARB Celebrates the John Cage Centennial Festival**

**John Cage Letters at Northwestern University**

**John Cage Trust**

**Percussion Group Cincinnati's Long Relationship with John Cage by Steven Rosen**

**NWS: 4'33" Project**

**Percussion Group Cincinnati**

**The John Cage Prepared Piano App**

## **APPENDIX: PHOTO RELEASE**



**Photo Release**

By signing this form I acknowledge that my voice and likeness may be used for purposes of videotaping the interview on April 11, 2013 involving Allen Otte, Lauren Fink, Matt Specter, and Lisa Haynes-Henry.

I also understand that part or all of specified and approved concerts, recitals, or recordings may be used in this project.

**Scope of Project**

The purpose of this project is to create an electronic publication for the University of Cincinnati's (UC) English 6028 class concerning John Cage and his tenure at UC in addition to his influence on current professors and students. While this project is to remain in the academic realm, we are unable to guarantee any uses of the project once the professor and UC Library and Rare Books Archive receive the material.

**Approved Material**

- Interview with Allen Otte and Lauren Fink conducted April 11, 2013
- Senior recital performed by Lauren Fink April 4, 2013
- Other material to be determined

Thank you for agreeing to be a part of our project. We appreciate your willingness to help.

Sincerely,

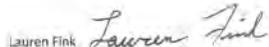


Lisa Haynes-Henry

Matt Specter



Dr. Allen Otte  
1370 percussion  
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Lauren Fink Lauren Fink

