

JOHN CAGE 1985 - 1992

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title: JOHN CAGE 1985-1992

author: Emanuel Dimas de Melo Pimenta

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John Cage, music, aesthetics, poetry

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1985-1992
on John Cage
Emanuel Dimas de Melo Pimenta

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For seven years John Cage was my best friend.
Chinese tradition tells us that everything change each seven years.
I was in the first days of my third-six years old – the beginning of the 6th
seven-year cycle in my life.
John died.
It appeared to me the idea of love as sublimation of admiration.
Last dinner in New York.
Around midnight John asked for a taxi.
We both had spent almost all whole dinnertime talking and exchanging
ideas about macroeconomics, politics, nanotechnology, food and Nature.
Dark street.
I embraced John.
Merce Cunningham and Laura Kuhn were together.
For a brief moment John fixed his eyes on my eyes.
Seconds?
How many senses?
I quickly understood that it was our last moment together.

I lost breath.
A great pressure on my chest.
A tender and long embrace.
A kiss.
Good-bye Emanuel.
Bye John.
New York.
6th Avenue.
Last floor.
On the table, papers and pencil.
A glass and water.
Cactus.
Sun and light.
Windows.
Wood.
Losa, the black cat.
Outside: people and sounds.
Problems on the roof: water.
Looking to the walls.
Jasper John's works.
Stones on the floor.
Pure chance.
Raushenberg, Dove Bradshaw and William Anastasi.
1985-1992 is a collection of letters between us.
Seven years.
Each sentence was selected from a different letter.

In chronological order.

The first word of each sentence, the number of words after each first word as well as the different types – everything designed by chance.

Trigrams alike.

The first line was extracted from the first letter, by John.

The last one, also by John.

Non-intention.

Pure order.

Nature.

On the floor.

Stones.

which I have enjoyed very much please tell me
last year I introduced a concert
on the duty of civil disobedience
by stereo in the theatre
meaning as a Bucky Fuller and Godel minds
you will receive for each performance
opera is almost a joke
an error on the system
glad to have
made with many sounds
received **a last letter**
more
on civil disobedience
the short ones stretched
the long
at seven hours we
time I received
fact that on
annotations
present **your music**
I like
Sun

very much
you will be able to hear
the photos on
scores that I sent
now it is
I look
forest sounds
at 1987

enjoy listening to
I never know dates and cities
made with a primitive musical instrument
not yet answered
can change your plans
some problems in
a vertical cut
going to
it is now the middle of the night
with you
I can feel
especially my lectures and seminars
at Harvard University
the performances
we hope
know SOON
if you would like
next
don't worry about
I'm sending you
works
on the first side
I am still kicking
idea

a very special
people on the world
in New York

were a little more interesting
I am so to speak
they never appear
in Europe now

my skin is **better** but not yet right
a very organi**zation**-minded
saying that the launching
I'm **also** **se**nding a copy
maybe we will play
similar structures
good news!
your telephone number
the one that works
love to know
a work made from environment
your eyes turned to the normal condition
walking is not as easy as when
sound fragments were different bacteria
(or virus)

**then to go to
an anthroposophic center
on the sounds of your respiration
to get involved with those
photo-electric systems
you should
not exactly** the same as before

** each sentence was extracted from letters between John Cage and Emanuel Dimas de Melo Pimenta, from 1985 to 1992.*