

# paraphrase on Cage

for one, two, or three performers

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**Performance Instructions**

Each player can start anywhere on the score. The piece must be performed in a linear fashion, and when a player finishes their part, they should stop and wait for the others. A horizontal line indicates a larger section change – there should also be an audible silence between sections separated simply by space on the page. You may read out loud or perform any of the instructions in the piece, but always perform more than you read.

Make nice use of silence, make it enjoyable.

Thirty-two questions.  
Stop asking now and then.  
Make things clear.  
Communication made clear.  
Communication.  
What's clear to me is what's clear to you.  
Music is just sounds.  
It communicates.  
A truck passing by is music.  
I can see it and hear it.  
I don't hear it, it doesn't communicate.  
I hear an egg-beater, I see the truck - one of them communicates more.  
A truck passing by a music school is more musical.  
The people inside the school are musical.  
You mean inside the school.  
Sounds are just Beethoven.  
People are sounds.

There is such thing as silence.  
You still have to listen to something.  
A stream babbling.  
Never any peace and quiet.  
Full of harmony, melody, and rhythm, a telephone rings.  
European harmony, melody, and rhythm, nothing happens to Javanese music with respect to your head.  
We are getting somewhere.  
We are going.  
The twenty-eighth question.  
More important.  
Proceed in dualistic terms.  
Two more questions.  
None.

Thirty-two, forty-four more?  
You may. (Can you?)  
Go on.  
No reason.  
Questions are sounds.  
Words are musical, not just noises.  
Sounds are noises, not always words.  
Musical.  
Two people, two sounds, communication, and someone is beautiful.  
You made the rules.  
It begins here.  
You are where beauty isn't.  
Our experience of hearing when sounds stop being beautiful.  
Ugly sounds were beautiful.  
Drop beauty.  
Get truth.

Get a religion.  
Have a mythology.  
Do something with it.  
Make money.  
Spend it on music.  
Russia spends lots of money on music; America spends a tenth.  
Drop money.  
Don't drop truth yet, look for it.  
We weren't going anywhere.  
Know truth, don't look around for it.  
Drink a glass of water.  
You don't have one.  
Music.  
Drop music.  
You have nothing.  
What.  
Jazz.  
Left.  
Purposeless play.  
First sound of each day.  
Go on monotonously.  
You know how many.  
You know how to count.  
You know when to stop.  
Be alive, ask a question.  
You are alive for a long time.

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Drop music.  
You have nothing to listen to.  
Psychology - never again.  
Put ten fingers on music you'd take to the north pole.  
Not important.

Say.  
Should say something.  
Three. Drop.  
Four. Drop it completely.  
Five. Let go.  
Six. Let go, like rotten wood.

Let go, piece of stone.  
Let go, cold ashes of a fire long dead.

Nine. Energy is measured.  
Agree with Boulez.  
You are hungry.  
Twelve. You should.  
Boulez will go away.  
Number 12 was given up - the series weren't.  
It was.  
Because.  
The very first performance of Christian Wolff's "*For Piano with Preparations*".

They are serving dinner.  
More music.  
Living.  
You are sleepy.  
Lie awake.  
Go on.  
Write music.  
Write music now.  
Call a composer.  
All twelve notes should be in a row. They shouldn't.  
A B-flat just comes to you.  
It pops out of your memory, taste, psychology.  
Like this.  
You know how.  
Let a sound by itself within earshot.  
It's difficult for so many people to listen.  
Talk when there is something to hear.  
Your ears inside your mouth.

More normal, please.  
Keep your mouth shut and your ears open.  
You are stupid.  
Try to hide it, at least.  
Bad manners were acquired when you learned about music.  
You are musical, thus stupid and unable to listen.  
Put a stop to studying music,  
Your thinking cap is here.

High.  
Low.

Middle.  
Soft.  
Loud.  
Two.  
More than two.  
Piano.  
It is.  
An airplane.  
Noise.  
Music.  
Softer than before.  
Supersonic.  
Stop.  
Come.  
It's time.  
Very short.  
Very long.  
Just medium.  
Theatre.

Enough sound.  
Don't need more.  
Give it whether he needs it or not.  
It is a sound.  
It is music.  
The word "music" is a sound.  
The word "music" is music.  
Communicate something.  
Must you?  
High.  
Low.  
Middle.  
Soft.  
Loud.  
An interval.  
An interval.  
An interval is a chord.  
A chord is an aggregate.  
An aggregate is a constellation.  
A constellation.  
Many sounds altogether.  
A million.  
Ten thousand.  
Eighty-eight.  
Ten more.  
You do.  
Because.  
Because you do.  
You decided to ask that many.  
You took a risk.  
You did.

Because.  
No.

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Thirty-three more.  
I am.  
Yes.  
Your own mind.  
You don't know.  
It is.  
Right.  
Bach or Beethoven.  
Why.  
Quantitäten by Bo Nilson, performed for the first time (or not).  
Meister Eckhart, lately.  
Serious music.  
Seventh chord.  
Fifths and octaves.  
Seventh chord is not a seventh chord.  
There's not much to do that's really urgent.  
We're halfway through.  
Buck up.  
The field of music needs to be enlivened.  
I disagree.  
What.  
Communication.  
Two related sounds.  
Someone is nearer the first sound - he is more related to it than the second.  
Sounds that are too far away for us to hear them.  
Sounds are vibrations.  
Range of vibrations include radio waves, light, cosmic rays.

You mentioned it before.  
It stirs the imagination.  
Let's praise God from Whom all blessings flow.  
Sound is a blessing.  
Sound is a blessing.  
Quantitäten by Bo Nilson, performed for the first time (or not).

It's getting late.  
Firstly, Quantitäten by Bo Nilson, performed for the first time (or not).