

ROBT 2 - 1304  
ROBT 3 - 1309  
ROBT 4 - 1304  
ROBT 5 - 1304

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1243

MEME

libretto by bpNichol  
music by David Mott

DRAFT: June 21st, 1988

# 16

CAST:

POET A - a woman.  
POET B - a man.  
POET C - a woman.  
POET D - a man

3 singers

2 singers

1 speaker

Choir

Marching Band

Electronic Ensemble

SETTING:

The setting is outdoors in a park in a layout something like the one in this accompanying diagram:

2/ #

## NOTES:

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### 1) NOTES ON COSTUME, etc.

a) The four poets should not be dressed in either skins or robes. Their outfits should be well-worn, perhaps even tattered, as tho they have been thru hard & trying times. POET A is carrying a knapsack. Inside this knapsack she carries four eggs & four 'envelopes' with dirt in them. All four of the poets carry canteens with water in them. All four of the characters carry rough hewn wooden staffs atop each of which is fastened two carboard discs, the one with a radius 3 inches larger than the other. The sound text on p. 16 is drawn on the discs. If there is very little money in the budget these four characters could also be wearing the t-shirts described in (b) below.

b) The choir should all be dressed the same, preferably in black pants with a white t-shirt. The t-shirts will need to be manufactured for the occasion. They will have printed on them the sound text on p. 11 of this score. (N.B. in a truly low-budget production you could get away with printing only four t-shirts and having the 4 POETS wear them.

c) the band and the electronic ensemble should be dressed entirely in black.

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### 2) NOTES ON PERFORMANCE FOR THE POETS:

a) Certain of the actions performed by the POETS in MEME do look funny. If the audience laughs, that's fine. On the other hand none of these actions should be played for laughs. Nor should they be played for sanctity. They should all be played as tho they were ordinary, every day actions that the characters take absolutely for granted. Then the audience is free to have whatever reaction it has. The performers should in no sense broadcast that they approve or disapprove of any particular response on the audience's part.

b) The notation of sound texts in MEME follows a modified version of Raoul Hausmann's optophonetic notation. Briefly: an analogy is drawn between acoustic space and visual space; size of elements therefore is a general guide to loudness & softness; spatial relationships suggest sequence as well as influencing pronunciation and/or attack. Texts that are gridded (including the discpole text) are performed as follows:

- 1) each separate space within the grid is a separate acoustic space.

2) whenever any individual performer moves on to the next consecutive space on their grid, and the other performers become aware of it, they should follow suit i.e. the line on the grid mark transition points. you can either agree among yourselves as to who will lead the transitions or leave it up to the moment of the improvisation. in either case, the length of the improvisation should be governed by the larger needs of the music of MEME. Note that on the discpole text, the outer grid notates the dynamics to be used while the inner grid provides the source for that section of the improvisation.

In all cases the poets take their cue as to pitch and rhythm from the music. Duration is partially discretionary but, as remarked earlier, is also governed by the music, specifically by the beginning and end of the choir sections. The transitions from CHOIR to POETS should overlap except where noted.

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### 3) NOTES ON PERFORMANCE FOR THE DANCERS

The dancers are always dressed in black as their basic costume. Their faces should also be masked with black cloth. In ACT 1 they appear as shadows, paralleling and commenting on the actions of the poets. In ACT 2 they appear as animals, their heads masked to indicate which animals they are. In ACT 3 they appear first as members of another tribe who war with Poets B, C & D. When, at the end, A, B, C & D reappear, the dancers are once again dressed in their basic black costumes, shadows moving with characters B, C & D (A has no shadow).

Beyond the basic outline presented here, the choreographer should be free to disperse the dancers as she/he wishes.



# Act 1 begin

The work begins about five minutes before the audience is finished being seated, which is to say that the audience sits down within a context of sounds. The performers should recognize this and should allow the audience to be itself. Even once the DREAMER begins speaking, the audience should not be in any sense "called-to-silence". They must be free to encounter the work on their own terms.

At a pre-arranged point, the DREAMER begins to speak the text found in APPENDIX 1. The DREAMER is never seen. She/he is simply a voice that is heard continuously through the entire work. She/he reads in a normal speaking voice (i.e. the text should not be "acted"). The DREAMER's voice is amplified but the effect should be of listening in on essentially private thoughts.

The CHOIR is to the side and behind the audience as it begins singing.

CHOIR: *oo - ooh*

*bad enter*  
stories within stories *b*  
tales to tell  
of the great circles  
beginnings  
illusions of the great circles  
neither his story nor her story  
fragments half-remembered  
imagined  
tells

111 → This is modular and is sung two or three times, whatever necessary, until the conductor feels the audience has "heard" what the CHOIR has sung.

CHOIR:

stories within stories  
tales to tell  
of the great circles  
beginnings  
illusions of the great circles  
neither his story nor her story  
fragments half-remembered  
imagined  
tells

Once the conductor feels the audience has "heard" the text, the CHOIR begins this next section.

CHOIR:

a-aab a-aab-a  
a-aab a-aab-a  
a-aab a-aab-a  
a-i-a ooh und

a-aab a-und-a  
a-aab a-und-a  
a-aab a-und-a  
a-och-a uum iil

aab uum iil  
aab uum iil  
aab uum iil  
uum a-yoo

aii und iir  
aii und iir  
aii und iir

a-yoo-a a-yoo-a  
a-yoo-a a-yoo-a  
a-yoo-a

stories within stories  
tales to tell  
of the great circles  
beginnings  
illusions of the great circles  
neither his story nor her story  
fragments half-remembered  
imagined  
tells

As the choir is still singing, but nearing the end of their piece, POET A, using her wooden staff like a walking stick, wanders into the space. She is looking all around and only gradually becomes aware of the audience. As she does so she bows to them, and then, with a one-handed gesture that takes in the whole space, begins her origin poem.

POET A:

oot uum a-aab  
a-aab  
uum oot-a

uum oot  
oot uum  
a-uum-a a-oot-a

a-aab  
aab  
a-aab-a

(She pauses, waiting for shouts of approbation from the crowd. Naturally enough, none are forthcoming. She looks around expectantly.)

Aab?

(Still no response. She gets a little angry.)

Aab?

There is still no response. POET A can't believe it. She shrugs or whatever to display infinite disbelief and disgust and then starts talking again, very slowly, like a teacher lecturing a class of beginners, which is exactly what she is.

POET A begins by pointing at a tree (in the absence of a tree she points at the t-shirted image of a tree on one of the choir members, actually fingering the cloth, and then sketching the shape of the tree with her staff as well (N.B. the important thing here is to distinguish that it is the image of a tree she is pointing to and not the shirt nor the person.))

POET A:

(pointing at a tree)

oot

(then at herself)

uum

(then at the tree)

oot

(then at herself)

uum

(then at the tree)

oot

(then at herself)

uum

(Now she pauses, looks around expectantly, and then reverses what she's just said. First she points at the tree)

uum

(then at herself)

oot

(then at the tree)

uum

(then at herself)

oot

(then at the tree)

uum

(then at herself)

oot

(Then, hands pointing initially at each other, she performs a circling motion with the arms during which both the self and the tree are pointed at)

uum

oot

oot

uum

uum

oot

oot

uum

(pointing back over the shoulder with the thumb)

aab-a

(pointing ahead)

a-aab



(then pointing back & forth rapidly)  
a-aab-a  
a-aab-a  
a-aab-a

POET A now pauses and taking out an egg, holding it up so everyone can see it, proceeds to crush the egg against her forehead. Having crushed the egg she begins to perform the origin poem with appropriate gestures

POET A:  
(pointing at tree)  
oot  
(pointing at self)  
uum  
(pointing back over shoulder)  
a-aab  
a-aab  
(pointing at self)  
uum  
(pointing at tree & then at self)  
oot-a  
(pointing at self)  
uum  
(pointing at tree)  
oot  
oot  
(pointing at self)  
uum  
(pointing at audience & then at self)  
a-uum-a  
(pointing at forest)  
a-oot-a  
(pointing back over shoulder)  
a-aab  
(emphatic pointing at where she is)  
aab  
(pointing forward, back & at the here & now)  
a-aab-a

As POET A begins performing the third stanza of the origin poem, POETS B, C & D take up positions on the edge of the audience area roughly equidistant from each other. As POETS B, C & D take up their positions, the CHOIR begins to sing the following.

CHOIR:  
oot tree  
oot tree  
oot tree  
oot tree

As the CHOIR continues, POET A crosses over and brings POET B down into the performing area. POET B is led by the hand and then

presented, as it were, to the audience. POET A takes an egg out of her knapsack. She holds it up for all to see and then crushes the egg against POET B's forehead. As the egg is crushed, POET B begins to perform the origin poem. POET A then crosses over and brings POET C down, repeating the same procedure, POET C beginning the origin poem when the egg is crushed against her forehead. The same is done with POET D. The effect is of a spoken round against the CHOIR's continued singing.

CHOIR:

tree tree  
tree tree  
tree tree  
tree tree

three trees  
three trees  
four trees  
eight trees

forest, wood, probable or  
conditional condition of  
knowledge, faith and  
the articulation  
i am, you are, we is  
packed with meaning  
the pact the pack make, the tribe,  
among the trees, within  
the shadows of the dark wood  
the glades, a clarity.  
sung or chanted

tree tree  
tree tree  
tree tree  
tree tree

POET B, C & D:  
(as appropriate)

oot uum a-aab  
a-aab  
uum oot-a

uum oot  
oot uum  
a-uum-a a-oot-a

a-aab  
aab  
a-aab-a

(The CHOIR at this point fans out thru the performing area, taking up various pre-designated positions in clusters of 2, 3 & 4, backs to each other (as close as possible), forming "trees", the tree text on their t-shirts facing out. They may, or may not, at the director's discretion, use their arms to form branches, etc. As they fan out and take up their positions, their singing breaks down into individual voices:)

me me me me  
me me me me  
me me me me  
me me me me  
me me me me

(When the whole CHOIR has taken up its new position(s) they sing, full voice and sustained:)

we

As the CHOIR sings the ending "we", POET A steps forward, raises both her arms to get everyone's attention, then gesturing with her free hand back over her shoulder says:

POET A:

A-aab.

POET A then makes a gesture of introduction to the other three and herself and they proceed to perform the next section in a much more exaggerated fashion. POETS A B, C & D fan out and, approaching the clusters of choristers point to the texts on their shirts.

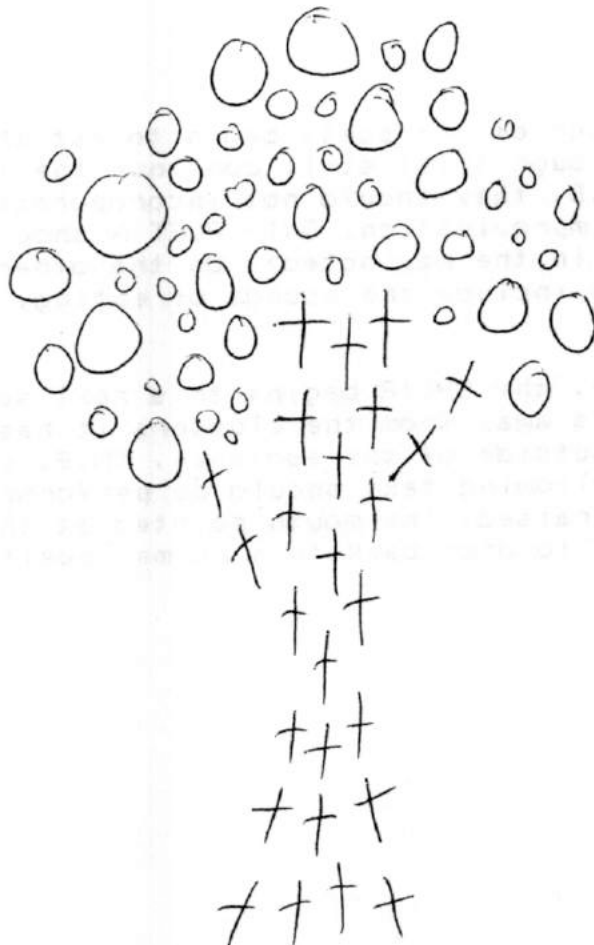
POETS A, B, C & D:

(one at a time, in no particular order)

Oot.

Now they begin to perform an improvisation based on the text printed on the CHOIR shirts.

POETS:



(it is important to make clear that, as in POET A's first use of the shirt text, they are treating the clusters of choristers as trees)

As the POET's tree text continues, POET A now begins to "find" food on some of the "trees." (N.B. This can be any tree fruit except bananas. It would be preferable if the finding of the food were handled like a magic trick, the fruit being palmed and or concealed in some fashion until POET A "plucks" it off the "tree.") The first one she finds is an amazing discovery for her. She holds it up high, showing it around, and shouts:

POET A:

EEN!

(and then, wagging the fruit for emphasis as she holds it out to one of the poets)

Een!

(and then, as she hands it to the poet)

Een-a.

She does this with each piece of fruit she finds. POETS B, C and D continue improvising on the tree text as POET A hands them the food. If anything their improvisation becomes more passionate and intense each time she hands them a piece. She "finds" and hands out six pieces of fruit (two to each POET) and keeps two for herself. She places one of her two in her bag (the others follow suit, putting one piece of fruit in some pocket or other.) Now POET A lifts the fruit above her head and proclaims:

POET A:

A-EEN-A!

At this point, all four of the poets begin to eat the fruit but (as they have all through this) still continue the improvisation on the tree text. (N.B. they should not incorporate the "een" or "a" sounds into the improvisation. Only POET A should use these sounds and then only in the way noted). On the other hand, the improvisation can now include the sounds of eating, some food being spit out, etc.

As the POETS continue, the CHOIR begins this next section. The CHOIR literally breaks away from the clusters it has assumed, and fans out around the outside of the audience. (N.B. each "aii....." in the following text should be performed like a howl, the head being raised, the mouth pointed at the sky, and then the head allowed to drop back to a normal position again.

CHOIR:

aii.....  
aii.....  
aii.....  
aii.....  
aii.....  
aii.....

white white white white white white cloud  
sky, a light blue, blue blue, a  
place to begin, to go to

a-aii.....  
a-aii.....  
a-aii.....  
a-aii.....  
a-aii.....  
a-aii.....

blue blue blue blue blue blue sky  
cloud, a light white, white white, a  
place to fall from, to worship

aii-a.....  
aii-a.....  
aii-a.....  
aii-a.....  
aii-a.....  
aii-a.....

white blue blue white white blue blue  
white, a cloud sky, sky sky, a  
place above us, around us

sky aii.....  
sky aii.....  
sky aii.....  
sky aii.....  
sky aii.....  
sky aii.....  
sky aii.....  
sky aii.....  
sky aii.....  
sky aii.....  
sky aii.....

As the CHOIR sings its substained "sky aii....." section, POET A begins to lead the four POETS in a sky/earth poem:

**POET A:**  
(pointing straight up at sky)

Aii!

**POETS B, C & D:**  
(slamming their discpoles on the ground)

Und!

POET A:  
(pointing straight up at sky)

Aii!

POETS B, C & D:  
(slamming their discpoles on the ground)

Und!

POET A:  
(pointing straight up at sky)

Aii!

POETS B, C & D:  
(slamming their discpoles on the ground)

Und!

(then pointing their discpoles straight up at sky)

Aii!

POET A:  
(pointing at the ground)

Und!

POETS B, C & D:  
(pointing their discpoles straight up at sky)

Aii!

POET A:  
(pointing at the ground)

Und!

POETS B, C & D:  
(pointing their discpoles straight up at sky)

Aii!

POET A:  
(pointing at the ground)

Und!

As POETS A, B, C & D perform their earth & sky text, the choir again breaks up into little clusters and moves to take up positions in, among and around the audience. As POET A shouts the last phrase, the CHOIR begins its next text.

CHOIR:

earth tree sky  
sky tree earth

earth oot sky  
sky oot earth  
earth oot aii  
aii oot earth

und oot aii  
aii oot und

and we are all one, or of one,  
one one, number & kind indivisible,  
invisible divine presence, a pre-sense  
informs our prayers, our praise,  
the days pass, the years change us,  
from flesh to ash our names & bodies  
vanish, but we are all one.  
or of one, one one, number & kind  
indivisible, visible invisible versions of  
the sacred, one one, one

earth tree sky  
we are all one

sky tree earth  
or of one

earth oot sky  
one one

sky oot earth  
number & kind

earth oot aii  
indivisible

aii oot earth  
invisible divine presence

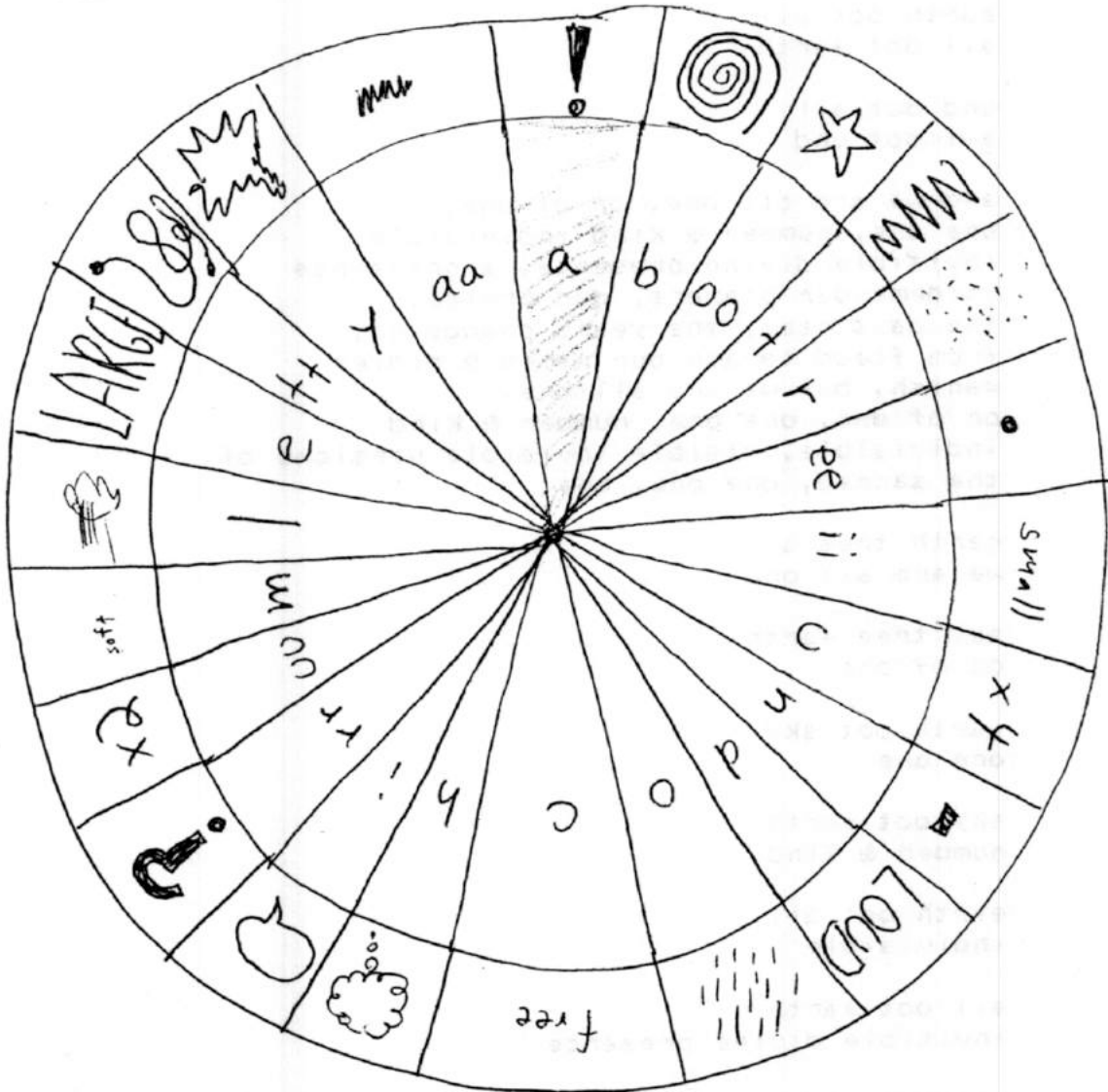
und oot aii  
a pre-sense

aii oot und  
informs our prayers

During the choir's singing of the above text, POET A lays down her staff. POETS B, C & D follow suit. POET A then opens her Knapsack and, taking out the envelopes of dirt, hands one to each of the other POETS, keeping one for herself. One by one the four POETS empty the dirt into their hands and then rub it onto their faces (the egg should cause a certain amount of it to stick.)

As the CHOIR begins the final section of the "all....." text, the POETS pick up their staffs again, move the inner disc so that it lines up with whatever point they choose on the outer disc, and then, beginning with the red area on the inner disc, perform the disc-text:

POETS:



When the POETS disc-text nears its end, the choir begins to sing the following:

CHOIR:

all inn  
oot inn  
und inn  
inn  
inn



sky water  
tree water  
earth water  
inn  
inn

it is all flow, all falling  
water, the deep stirrings, currents  
as the mind moves, fish-like,  
embryonic tugging at the heart, it is all  
and all's flow or flux, the swift  
changes, the slow pull of  
gravity moves us, one limb  
follows another, the movement  
flows, the limbs articulate  
a gesture, water gestures,  
we are lead back, to, from,  
begin again as we did again  
falling, water

Now the POETS lay down their staffs again and, taking the tops  
off their canteens, pour some water into their hands. First they  
wash their faces with it. Then they pour a very small amount from  
each canteen onto each other in a kind of collective baptism.  
Then, taking a small amount of water into their mouths, they  
begin to improvise using gargling and other water-in-the-mouth  
sounds. All thru this the choir continues to sing:

**CHOIR:**

all inn  
oot inn  
und inn

all inn  
oot inn  
und inn

all inn  
oot inn  
und inn

all inn  
oot inn  
und inn

The POETS continue their water-in-the-mouth improvisation into  
the silence after the choir finishes. It becomes more & more  
sporadic & spaced out, then stops. From the beginning of the tree  
text to now, all the POETS actions have been very exaggerated.  
Now, led by POET A, they bow to the surrounding crowd, doing a  
number of bows in various directions. Finished they simply stand  
there. Then, after a moment in which only the music is heard, the  
choir begins to sing again:

CHOIR:

|         |                             |
|---------|-----------------------------|
| and yet | yet                         |
| and yet | yet yet yet yet yet yet yet |
| and yet | yet                         |
| and yet | yet yet yet yet yet yet yet |

The POETS have been standing still until this point. Now they pick up their staves again and begin to drift away from each other so that, by the end of the choir's singing the rest of this text, the POETS are standing at extreme distances from each other on the outer edges of the audience.

CHOIR:

as tho the sky were blue always  
 as tho the night did not fall  
 as the the clouds did not mass and darken

|         |                             |
|---------|-----------------------------|
| and yet | yet                         |
| and yet | yet yet yet yet yet yet yet |
| and yet | yet                         |
| and yet | yet yet yet yet yet yet yet |

as tho the heart felt love always  
 as tho the love did not fail  
 as the the doubts did not mass and darken

|         |                             |
|---------|-----------------------------|
| and yet | yet                         |
| and yet | yet yet yet yet yet yet yet |
| and yet | yet                         |
| and yet | yet yet yet yet yet yet yet |

and yet

the sky was blue

and yet

the heart felt love

and yet

the night did fall

and yet

the love did falter

and yet

the clouds did mass

and yet

the clouds did darken

and yet

the doubts

and yet

the doubts

and yet

the clouds                    we all came from                    and yet

the heart                    we all came from                    and yet

the sky                    we all came from                    and yet

the night                    we all came from                    and yet

the love                    we all came from                    and yet

the doubts                    we all came from                    and yet

the clouds                    we all came from                    and yet

the heart                    we all came from                    and yet

the sky                    we all came from                    and yet

the night                    we all came from                    and yet

the love                    we all came from                    and yet

the doubts                    we all came from                    and yet

the clouds                    we all came from                    and yet

the heart                    we all came from                    and yet

the sky                    we all came from                    and yet

the night                    we all came from                    and yet

the love                    we all came from                    and yet

the doubts                    we all came from                    and yet

Now the POETS all raise their staffs, pointing at the sky, and then slam the hells of their staffs into the ground.

POETS:

All.....und!

The POETS repeat this action.

**POETS:**

Aii.....und!

The POETS repeat this action a third time, but this time they only mouth the words. Even as the POETS raise their staffs, the CHOIR begins to sing:

**CHOIR:**

stories we said  
tales we said  
circles we said  
beginnings we said  
illusions we said  
fragments we said  
imagined we said  
tells

All through this the POETS have been repeating their actions and mouthing the accompanying words. Now, as the CHOIR finishes, the POETS continue but speak the words out loud.

**POETS:**

Aii.....und!

And again.

**POETS:**

Aii.....und!

Now they keep repeating actions but returning to mouthing the words as the CHOIR sings again.

**CHOIR:**

stories  
within stories, we said  
within stories, we said  
within stories, we said  
within stories, we said  
within stories, we said  
within stories, we said  
within stories, we said  
within stories, we said  
within stories, we said  
we say we said  
we say

Now the POETS point their staffs across the circle at each other and shout:

POETS:

A-UUM!

Then they hit their chest with their free hand once and shout:

POETS:

UUM!

Now they advance forward a step, stop, and then repeat the above actions:

POETS:

(pointing staffs)

A-UUM!

(then hitting chest)

UUM!

Now they advance forward another step, stop, and then repeat the above actions:

POETS:

(pointing staffs)

A-UUM!

(then hitting chest)

UUM!

As the POETS advance, repeating the above actions and voicings, the CHOIR picks up their chant and voices it along with them. The CHOIR does not move, but each time the poets hit their chest with their free hand, the CHOIR also hit their chests with a free hand.

**CHOIR & POETS:**

|        |      |        |      |        |      |
|--------|------|--------|------|--------|------|
| A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! |
| A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! |
| A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! |
| A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! |
| A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! |
| A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! |
| A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! | A-UUM! | UUM! |

This continues until the four POETS meet in the centre and form a semi-circle, facing as much of the audience as they can. They begin to move their staffs back and forth between their left and right hands, together in rhythm to the music. The CHOIR begins to sing:

CHOIR:

a-uum-a  
uum-a-uum

a-uum-a  
uum-a-uum

memory  
of the tribe, family,  
familiar figures seen at a distance or  
forgotten, no longer known, no one to talk to,  
of, wander thru this world  
friendless, forgetting, over and over,  
pilgrim or hobo, the dust rises, the years  
are measured by what is lost, details, whole  
parts of a life, periods, comas, the fine  
lines we cross in time, wear on  
our skin, worn and  
"i forgot" he said  
"i forget" she said  
"i'll forget" we said  
"i'm forgetting" they said

a-uum-a  
uum-a-uum

a-uum-a  
uum-a-uum

forgetting said  
forget said  
forgot said  
forgotten said

uum-a-uum  
uum-a-uum  
uum-a-uum  
uum-a-uum

At this point POET D accidentally drops his staff. The other poets stop and stare at him in disgust. POET A is particularly horrified. D is horrified and goes to pick up his staff in a fumbling fashion. As he does so, POET B gives him a disgusted shove and POET D falls over. POET C spits at him and POET B gives him the finger. They both turn their back on him where he lays on the ground. POET A points at him and angrily shouts:

POET A:

UUM-A!

The other two turn around and, wagging their fingers in disapproval also shout at him:

POETS B & C:

UUM-A!

POET D cringes but reaches for his staff again. Around this point, the CHOIR begins to sing again.

CHOIR:

|      |                      |     |
|------|----------------------|-----|
| said | stories              | say |
| said | tales                | say |
| said | to tell of           | say |
| said | the great            | say |
| said | circles              | say |
| said | beginnings           | say |
| said | illusions            | say |
| said | of the great circles | say |
| said | neither his story    | say |
| said | nor her story        | say |
| said | fragments            | say |
| said | half-remembered      | say |
| said | imagined             | say |
| said | tells                | say |

During all the above POETS A, B and C have returned to handing their staffs back and forth between their left and their right hand. POET D has gotten up and is standing off to one side doing the same, but clearly by himself. Every once in awhile, POETS B and C looks over at D, see what he's doing, and shout at him:

POETS B & C:

(randomly)

UUM-A!

Then they spit at him, or give him the finger, and go back to doing what A's doing. POET A remains focussed on the task at hand, handing the staff back and forth, and ignores POET D entirely. As the CHOIR finishes, POET D begins a lament.

POET D:

(gesturing at the other three & at the world around)

a-ett-a

POETS A, B and C turn their backs on him and cry out loudly (to counter him):

POETS A, B & C:

ETT-A-ETT!

POET D:  
(repeating his gesture)

a-ett-a

POETS A, B & C:

ETT-A-ETT!

POET D:  
(repeating his gesture)

a-ett-a

POETS A, B & C:

ETT-A-ETT!

POET D:  
(gesturing back over his shoulder)

a-aab

(making a circling motion to take in everything)

a-yoo-a

a-yoo-a

a-yoo-a

POETS A, B & C:  
(agreeing, but for different reasons)

a-yoo-a

POET D:

aab

a-ett-a

POETS A, B & C:  
(disagreeing)

ett-a-ett

a-yoo-a

POET D:

a-aab-a

yoo-a-yoo

POETS A, B & C:  
(disagreeing)

ett-a-ett

a-yoo-a



POET D:

aii  
yoo-a

oot  
yoo-a

und  
yoo-a

aii  
a-ett

oot  
a-ett

und  
a-ett

a-ett-a  
yoo-a yoo

(and now he repeats the text with appropriate gestures. first he points at the sky.)

aii  
yoo-a

(then he points at a tree (or tree text))

oot  
yoo-a

(then he points at the ground)

und  
yoo-a

(now he points at the sky again)

aii  
a-ett

(now at a tree (or tree text))

oot  
a-ett

(now at the ground)

und  
a-ett

(now making a circling motion to include everything)

a-ett-a  
yoo-a yoo

(now he points at the sky)

aii a-och

(now at a tree (or tree text))

oot a-och

(now at the ground)

und a-och

(then makes the circling motion again)

och-a-och

(then hitting his chest with his hand)

uum yoo-a

(then hitting his chest with his hand again)  
uum a-ii!

At this point POET A points at POET D.

POET A:

Uum-a!

(pointing insistently at the here & now)  
Aab uum-a!

POETS B & C follow suit.

POETS B & C:

(pointing at Poet D)

Uum-a!

(pointing insistently at the here & now)  
Aab uum-a!

Now POET A holds out her hand.

POET A:

A-een!

POET D just stands there, crestfallen.

POET A:

(more insistently)

A-een!

Reluctantly POET D takes the other piece of fruit out of his pocket and hand it over to POET A who puts it in her knapsack. She stares at POET D for a moment and then, turning, walks away. POET B & C spit at POET D and then they too turn and walk away. All three walk until they are out of sight of the audience. POET D is left alone. Now the choir picks up and sings POET D's lament.

CHOIR:

aii

yoo-a

oot

yoo-a

und

yoo-a

aii

a-ett

oot  
a-ett  
  
und  
a-ett  
  
a-ett-a  
yoo-a yoo  
  
a ii  
yoo-a  
  
oot  
yoo-a  
  
und  
yoo-a  
  
a ii  
a-ett  
  
oot  
a-ett  
  
und  
a-ett  
  
a-ett-a  
yoo-a yoo  
  
a ii a-och  
oot a-och  
und a-och  
och-a-och  
  
uum yoo-a  
uum a-ii

As the choir sings, POET D walks away, out of sight, in the direction opposite to the one the three other poets took. As the CHOIR finishes the above they begin to dissolve the little clusters they have been in. They too begin to walk away, criss-crossing the performance and audience areas as they do so. As they walk away they sing:

**CHOIR:**

stories within stories  
tales to tell

beginnings

illusions of the great circles

illusion of beginning

of the told tale  
neither story nor remembrance

fragments

chor

imagined

half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells  
 half-remembered tells

stop

The sound of the choir fades away, even as the band too exits,  
the sound of their instruments fading away, as appropriate.

stop

read til <sup>the</sup> ~~band~~ stop

-- END ACT 1 --

The Commission has been informed by the various departments and agencies that the proposed amendments to the Act are necessary in order to bring the law into conformity with the provisions of the Constitution. The Commission has also received many suggestions from the public and from the various departments and agencies. It has taken into account all these suggestions and has endeavored to make the proposed amendments as simple and effective as possible. It is the belief of the Commission that the proposed amendments will be of great benefit to the State and will be approved by the Legislature.

**ACT 2:**

Section 1. The Commission on the Administration of Justice has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the report of the Commission on the Administration of Justice, dated and captioned as above, and to express its appreciation for the valuable information and suggestions contained therein.

| Section | Page | Section | Page |
|---------|------|---------|------|
| 1       | 1    | 1       | 1    |
| 2       | 2    | 2       | 2    |
| 3       | 3    | 3       | 3    |
| 4       | 4    | 4       | 4    |
| 5       | 5    | 5       | 5    |
| 6       | 6    | 6       | 6    |
| 7       | 7    | 7       | 7    |
| 8       | 8    | 8       | 8    |
| 9       | 9    | 9       | 9    |
| 10      | 10   | 10      | 10   |

The Commission on the Administration of Justice has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the report of the Commission on the Administration of Justice, dated and captioned as above, and to express its appreciation for the valuable information and suggestions contained therein. The Commission has taken into account all the suggestions and has endeavored to make the proposed amendments as simple and effective as possible. It is the belief of the Commission that the proposed amendments will be of great benefit to the State and will be approved by the Legislature.

The intermission has been long enough to allow the electronic musicians to once again begin playing about five minutes before the audience is seated. After about two minutes of music, the DREAMER begins to speak. He begins very very softly and never rises much above a normal speaking volume through the whole of Act 2. As the audience enters the space, the CHOIR enters with them, seating themselves loosely all around and through the performance and audience space. They have become "audience" as well for this first part of ACT 2. The BAND enters about two to three minutes before the piece is to begin and takes up various positions in clusters of two, three and four all through the performance space. There should be a period of at least a minute or two with the CHOIR seated among the audience and the BAND already in their position before ACT 2 proper begins. Its beginning is signalled by the entry, from the furthest edge of the playing area from the audience, of POET D.

POET D enters alone, eyes downcast, scuffing at the ground with his foot. He is carrying a wooden staff. From their position around the space, the CHOIR begins what is, essentially, a grunting text, highly rhythmic and performed from their seated positions.

**CHOIR:**

unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh

As POET D becomes aware of the sound he also becomes aware of the audience. As he does so he looks slightly paranoid, as if he might back away, but then moves forward.

Now, to the accompaniment of the CHOIR and highly percussive music, the three DANCERS enter from different points on the circumference of the playing area. The dancers are dressed in black and each one is wearing a different mask: one has the head of a Bear; one has the head of a Deer; one has the head of a Mountain Lion. They begin their dances separately but at some point become aware of each other. The Mountain Lion attacks the Deer and wounds it. As the Mountain Lion moves in for the kill the Bear attacks the Mountain Lion and the wounded Deer flees. The Bear kills the Mountain Lion and drags it away.

Thru all this POET D leans on his stick and watches from a safe distance. As the Bear kills the Mountain Lion, the entire CHOIR, still singing, stands up for a better view. Then, as the Mountain Lion is dragged off by the Bear, the CHOIR and the BAND begin to walk across, through and around the space, alone and in clusters. (N.B. The bulk of the BAND and CHOIR should remain on the fringes so as to not block the audience's view. But a number of them should, indeed cross thru the space POET D is standing in. POET D remains standing, watching the Bear as it drags the Mountain Lion off, and then staring down, thoughtfully, at the ground, off towards the woods, back at the ground, etc., the only still figure in all of the movement going on around him. The CHOIR, as they begin to walk, changes from the grunt text to the following:

CHOIR:

lost

going everywhere, going nowhere  
going everywhere, going nowhere  
going everywhere, going nowhere

lost

going here, not going there  
going here, not going there  
going here, not going there

lost

air all around, near emptiness  
there, here where only some pain remains,  
a memory of pain,  
a refrain

lost

going across, going under  
going over, going around  
going out, going in

lost      going      lost      lost      going

lost      lost      lost      going      lost

lost      lost      lost      going      lost

lost      lost      lost      lost      going

lost

all around this emptiness  
air where only the refrain remains  
there, a memory of here,  
pain

|       |       |       |       |       |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| going | lost  | going | going | lost  |
| going | going | going | lost  | going |
| going | going | going | lost  | going |
| going | going | going | going | lost  |
| going | lost  |       |       |       |
|       |       | lost  |       |       |
|       |       |       |       | lost  |
| lost  |       |       |       |       |

By the end of this piece the CHOIR members should've all moved to some new location. They have taken up a similar position, as CHOIR, to one they began the Act in, but they are standing &/ot sitting in a very loose arrangement, some looking forward, some to the sides, some facing away and, clearly, lost.

As the CHOIR begins the final "going/lost" section, POET D seems to gather himself together and begins his spoken text against their sung one.

**POET D:**

(gesturing around himself and then, mournfully)

a-och-a

a-ett-a

a-ill-a

a-och-a

(& then angrily)

a-ett-a

(& then tremulously)

a-ill-a

At this point, as the CHOIR is beginning to fade, the MALE SINGER begins to sing a solo coda:

**MALE SINGER:**

going everywhere alone

going here alone

going there alone

going across, going under

going over, going around

going in, going out

everywhere

alone

POET D continues his spoken text all the way through the MALE SINGER's solo.



POET D:

a-aab  
a-yoo-a  
aab  
yoo-a-yoo  
aab-a  
uum-a-uum a-ett

aab ett  
aab-a a-ett-a  
aab ett  
aab ett  
aab ett

aab ett  
aab-a a-ett-a  
aab ett  
aab ett  
aab ett

aab ett  
aab-a a-ett-a  
aab ett  
aab ett  
aab ett

The last three stanzas build in pitch, intensity, speed and rhythm. The last stanza is almost screamed. POET D slams his walking stick forcefully into the ground to emphasise his rage and then turns away. As POET D's rage builds in these last three stanzas, his delivery become more & more emphatic, the CHOIR begins its grunt text again. And this text accompanies POET D as he finishes, turns away, and begins to move away from and out of the playing area.

CHOIR:

unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh

The CHOIR is once again accompanied by strongly percussive music, and as POET D exits, and the CHOIR finishes, the percussion continues as the three DANCERS re-enter. The first one to enter is the wounded Deer, still fleeing for its life. When the other two enter, they are now both Bears. The Bears fall upon the Deer, killing it. The one Bear pulls the head off the Deer and carries it away. The other Bear drags the body away. At the moment of the kill, the CHOIR begins its grunt text again.

CHOIR:

unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh  
unh unh unh unh unh unh

As the two Bears disappear, the CHOIR moves into a brief restatement of the "lost" text.

CHOIR:

air all around, near emptiness  
there, here where only some pain remains,  
a memory of pain,  
a refrain

going across, going under  
going over, going around  
going out, going in

all around this emptiness  
air where only the refrain remains  
there, a memory of here,  
pain

going everywhere, going nowhere,  
going here, not going there

going everywhere, going nowhere,  
going here, not going there

going everywhere, going nowhere,  
going here, not going there...

As POETS A, B & C continue chanting, they take up a position in the centre of the performing space. Now POET A turns towards various sections of the audience; her fingers touching her chest, the backs of her hands meeting, she opens her arms towards the sky. The effect is of a blessing on each section of the audience. POETS B & C, still holding the banners aloft, turn with her. All of them continue to chant.

**POETS A, B & C:**

aii.....  
oot  
UND!

aii.....  
oot  
UND!

aii.....  
oot  
UND!

As the blessing section begins, the MALE & FEMALE SINGERS sing a duet:

**MALE & FEMALE SINGER:**

going everywhere together  
going everywhere together  
going everywhere together  
going

together everywhere  
together everywhere  
together everywhere  
going

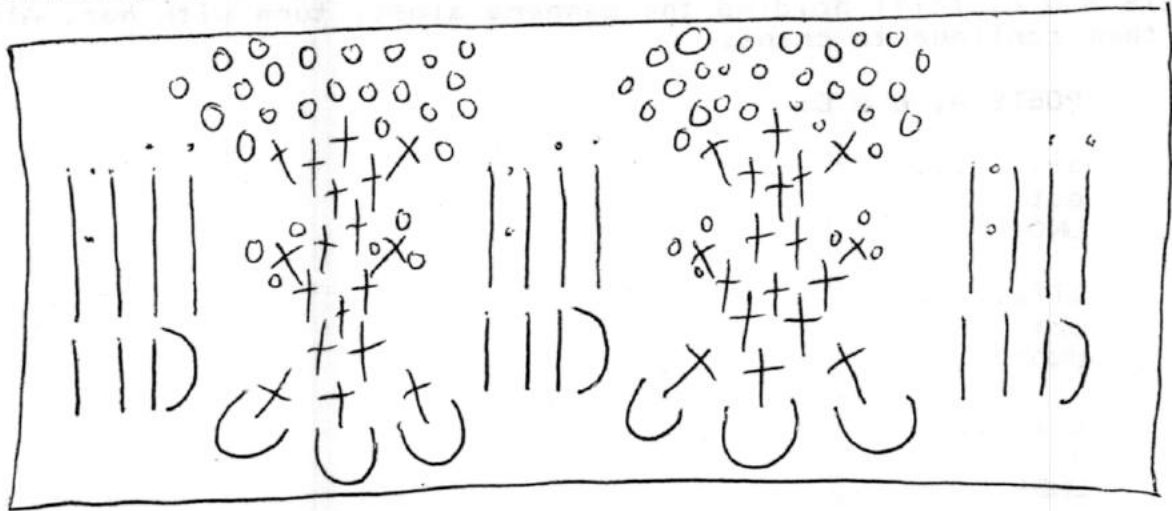
going everywhere going together  
going everywhere going together  
going everywhere going together  
everywhere

The duet flows directly in to, and the MALE & FEMALE SINGER are joined by, the CHOIR. But this next section is sung fairly soto voce, almost like an indistinct mumbling behind the speaking voices of the POETS.

**CHOIR:**

going everywhere here  
going everywhere there  
going everywhere across  
going everywhere under  
going everywhere over  
going everywhere around

As the CHOIR begins the "going everywhere..." section, POETS A, B & C enter. POETS B & C are carrying two rough hewn poles attached to which is a banner that stretches out between them over their heads. POET A is walking under that banner. On the banner the following text is drawn:



In contrast to the song the CHOIR is singing, the three poets stride in definitely, deliberately, almost joyously. As they cross towards the centre of the performing space they chant:

POETS A, B & C:

aii.....  
oot  
UND!

aii.....  
oot  
UND!

aii.....  
oot  
UND!

aii.....  
oot  
UND!

aii.....  
oot  
UND!

aii.....  
oot  
UND!

going everywhere out  
going everywhere in  
going everywhere through  
going everywhere between  
going everywhere after  
going everywhere before

going everywhere together  
going everywhere together  
going everywhere together  
going everywhere together  
going everywhere together  
going everywhere together

As the CHOIR continues with this, and as POETS A, B & C finish the action of blessing the various sections of the audience, POET A begins to address the audience.

**POET A:**

oot  
a-yoo-a

oot-a-oot  
yoo-a-yoo

oot  
a-uum-a

oot-a-oot  
uum-a-uum

oot-a-oot  
und-a-und  
och-a-och  
a-iil

oot  
uum

oot-a-oot  
uum-a-uum  
a-ett-a  
a-iil-a  
yoo-a-yoo

Now POETS B & C begin to raise and lower the banner as they chant with POET A in a kind of call and response. This first section is shouted joyfully.

**POET A:**

OOT!

POETS B & C:

YOO!

POET A:

OOT!

POETS B & C:

YOO!

POET A:

OOT!

POETS B & C:

YOO!

Now POETS B & C lower the banner but do not raise it again. The tone changed to one of sadness.

POET A:

oot-a-oot

POETS B & C:

yoo-a-yoo

POET A:

oot-a-oot

POETS B & C:

yoo-a-yoo

POET A:

oot-a-oot

POETS B & C:

yoo-a-yoo

Now POETS B & C begin to raise and lower the banner again. The mood once again becomes joyful.

POET A:

OOT!

POETS B & C:

YOO!

POET A:

OOT!

POETS B & C:

YOO!

POET A:

OOT!

POETS B & C:

YOO!

As POETS A, B & C move into the repetition of the joyful section, the CHOIR begins to echo their mood in the following text. It is chanted/sung in a kind of phase shifting overlap, the two words sung at different levels of pitch, duration and intensity:

CHOIR:

|     |     |     |     |     |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| oot | oot | oot | oot | oot |
| yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo |
| oot | oot | oot | oot | oot |
| yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo |
| oot | oot | oot | oot | oot |
| yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo |
| oot | oot | oot | oot | oot |
| yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo |
| oot | oot | oot | oot | oot |
| yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo |

As the CHOIR continues to sing, POETS B & C plant the banner firmly in the ground and then, joined by POET A, they stand back so they can see the text drawn on it and begin to perform it.

POETS A, B & C take their cues for pitch and rhythm from the CHOIR and the music. (N.B. They are free to read, and perform, both sides of the banner i.e. any bleed through of paint or ink or, indeed, any imperfections in the material the banner is constructed of). The POETS and the CHOIR should fade in out of a foreground/background relationship to each other in terms of the sound created. The CHOIR continues to sing the same text as before:

**CHOIR:**

|     |     |     |     |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| oot | oot | oot | oot |
| yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo |
| oot | oot | oot | oot |
| yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo |
| oot | oot | oot | oot |
| yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo |
| oot | oot | oot | oot |
| yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo |
| oot | oot | oot | oot |
| yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo |
| oot | oot | oot | oot |
| yoo | yoo | yoo | yoo |

It is this soundscape into which POET D, unnoticed, enters. He sees POETS A, B & C. He stops. Turns as if to leave. Then turns back. For a moment or two he stands there watching. Then he turns away again, as if to go, looks back, turns away yet again, and then, lifting his wooden staff above his head like a club and literally screaming in rage, he rushes forward and strikes POET A to the ground. POET D's scream cuts off both the CHOIR and the POETS. Now the percussive rhythm that was under the grunt text and accompanied the dancers returns. It is accompanied by POET D's screams and snarls as he hits the unconscious POET A again and again. POETS B & C are frozen in surprise, disbelief and fear. As the rage in POET D tapers off, he turns to attack POETS B & C and then, instead, flings his wooden staff to one side and, wailing like some wounded animal, runs off. POET A lies where she has fallen. Now POETS B & C move forward. It is obvious in the way POET A is lying, and the way in which POETS B & C begin to moan, that POET A is dead.



POETS B & C begin a duet. When one is speaking, the other is wailing in grief, hitting their body, etc. And vice-versa.

POET B:

oot-a-oot  
och-a-och

POET C:

oot-a-oot  
och-a-och

POET B:

een-a-een  
irr-a-irr  
a-ett-a  
yoo-a-yoo

POET C:

a-ett-a  
yoo-a-yoo

POET B:

uum-a-uum

POET C:

uum-a-uum

POET B:

uum-a-uum

POET C:

uum-a-uum

POET B:

a-aab  
aab-a  
a-aab-a  
uum-a-uum

POET C:

uum-a-uum

POET B:

uum-a-uum

POET C:

uum-3-uum

Now the CHOIR begins, their mood building on the mood POETS B & C have established.

CHOIR:

lost

going there, going here, going everywhere

lost

lost

going out, going in, going about

lost

moonless sky,  
mossless trees,  
starless, because cloud-covered and  
invisible heaven, useless, lost  
to us, tumultuous sea, broken  
road, overgrown  
path, rusted gate

lost

going through, going around, going under

lost

lost

going over, going across, going between

lost

cloudy sky,  
still stream,  
dark, because of the over-hanging  
branches, intertwined and  
thickening, abandoned, footprints  
erased, footpaths  
neglected, forgotten place

CHOIR: (continued)

lost

going near, going by, going after

lost

lost

going next, going first, going last

lost

lost

everyone, everything, everywhere

lost

Even as the CHOIR sings, the DANCERS re-enter from different points on the edge of the playing area. This time all three of them are wearing Bear heads. They circle the space, gradually moving over to join POETS B & C by the body of POET A. Slowly the DANCERS lift up the body of POET A and, acting as pallbearers, begin to carry her out of the performing area, POETS B & C leading the way. As they begin their procession, POETS B & C chant the following lament:

POETS B & C:

oot-a-oot  
och-a-och  
uum-a-uum  
uum-a-uum

oot-a-oot  
och-a-och  
uum-a-uum  
uum-a-uum

oot-a-oot  
och-a-och  
uum-a-uum  
uum-a-uum

oot-a-oot  
och-a-och  
uum-a-uum  
uum-a-uum

...etc.

This chant continues under the CHOIR for as long as it take POETS B & C & the DANCERS, carrying the body of POET A, to disappear from view.

Now the CHOIR too begins to move through the performance space, wandering, obviously separate from each other, each one lost in their own world. As they drift through, around and out of the space, the sing.

CHOIR:

lost

in the toss

lost

in the swirl of stars, of galaxies

lost

in the wood, in the dark  
branching of the trees

lost

in the lightless reaches of earth  
beneath the dirt, under the stone, the layers  
over which we wander

lost

in the night, in the cold  
the lonely hours before dawn

lost

in the body, behind the eyes,  
locked away in the brain, the fingers  
at a distance, the far limbs, the body's edges

lost

in the throngs of people, the faces  
that peer and pass on, unrecognized,  
unrecognizable

lost

in the very saying of it, among the  
words, in the sighing, the moaning,  
between the syllables, falling

going crazy, going away, going alone

CHOIR: (continued)

lost

in the distance

lost

And the CHOIR drifts away, the BAND drifts away, the song and the music drifts away too. The CHOIR sings the following text until everyone has left the playing area and all the music has stopped.

CHOIR:

lost

lost

lost

lost

loss

loss

loss

loss

lost

lost

lost

lost

loss

loss

loss

loss

lost

lost

lost

lost

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loss

loss

loss

loss

lost

lost

lost

lost

loss

loss

loss

loss

as the choir disappears from the playing area, they begin to switch over to the following hissed text:

CHOIR:

S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S  
S  
S  
S  
S  
S  
S  
S  
S  
S  
S  
S  
S  
S  
S S

The playing area is empty. The voice of THE DREAMER continues, completing whatever page he is in the process of reading when the CHOIR has completely disappeared. Then, when he is finished reading that page, the DREAMER stops too. The hissed text by the CHOIR blends into a substained electronic hiss which continues until the entire audience has left the space.

-- END ACT 2 -- *dw*

All the ... the ...  
... in the ...  
... in three ...  
... of the ...  
... at least ...  
... at least ...  
... for ...  
... the ...  
... the ...  
... the ...

ACT 3:

The ... the ...  
... as ...  
... and ...  
... the ...

All through the intermission between ACT 2 & 3, an electronic hiss is heard in the performance space. (N.B.: If the performance takes place in three different locations simply continue the hiss at the end of of ACT 2 at least three to four minutes after the performance space is empty and begin it at least three to four minutes before anyone enters the performance space for ACT 3.) Two to three minutes before the CHOIR enters, the DREAMER begins speaking his text. He continues it throught the act. Now, as the CHOIR enters, they are performing the same hiss text we heard at the end of ACT 2.

**CHOIR:**

S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S  
S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S

The CHOIR takes its place behind, but close to, the audience, forming as complete a circle as possible encompassing both the audience and the performing space. As they finish taking their places, they move from the hiss text into the following one:





The three poets enter tentatively, cautiously, looking around the performing space carefully, as if slightly paranoid, before walking slowly out into the centre of it.

POET D:

Och-a-och.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

Och-a-och.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

Och-a-och.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

(gesturing at the sky)

Aii!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

(gesturing at the sky)

Aii!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

(gesturing at the sky)

Aii!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at a tree)

Oot!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at a tree)

Oot!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at a tree)

Oot!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at the ground)

Und!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at the ground)

Und!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at the ground)

Und!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(pointing at self)

Uum.  
(then pointing at B & C)  
A-uum-a.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.

POET D:  
(pointing at self)

Uum.  
(then pointing at B & C)  
A-uum-a.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.

POET D:  
(pointing at self)

Uum.  
(then pointing at B & C)  
A-uum-a.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.

This next section is performed with an increasing frenzy.

POET D:

Och-a-och.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

Och-a-och.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

Och-a-och.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

(gesturing at the sky)

Aii!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

(gesturing at the sky)

Aii!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

(gesturing at the sky)

Aii!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

(gesturing at a tree)

Oot!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

(gesturing at a tree)

Oot!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at a tree)

Oot!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at the ground)

Und!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at the ground)

Und!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at the ground)

Und!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(pointing at self)

Uum.

(then pointing at B & C)  
A-uum-a.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.

POET D:  
(pointing at self)

Uum.

(then pointing at B & C)  
A-uum-a.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.

POET D:

(pointing at self)

Uum.

(then pointing at B & C)

A-uum-a.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.

POET D:

A-ett.

POETS B & C:

Uum a-ett.

POET D:

A-ett-a.

POETS B & C:

Uum a-ett

POETS B, C & D:

A-ett-a

Uum a-ett

A-ett-a

Uum a-ett

A-ett-a

Uum a-ett

A-ett-a

Uum a-ett

A-ett-a

Uum a-ett

A-ett-a

Uum a-ett

As they chant the last phrases over and over again, the three POETS begin to back out of the playing area, looking cautiously around them exactly as they did before they entered it. As they begin their slow backing out, and as their chant begins to fade, the CHOIR begins to sing.

CHOIR:

Each time we lie down to sleep  
it is the same:  
the same grass;  
the same sky;  
the same trees, almost  
at a distance;  
some slight sounds  
at the edge of attention.

Each day we fall asleep.  
Each day we dream.  
Each day the dream is the same,  
the details  
slight feeling of panic,  
fear of waking,  
fear of not waking,  
details of things,  
of the dream, a dream,  
the same  
slight variations.  
The same.  
The same.

Nagging,  
insistent at least, there,  
present in the air,  
a dream;

wanting the same;  
fearing the same --

as you turn towards us,  
as we turn towards you

-- a dream, the same, dream, again.

By the end of the first two verses, the three POETS have disappeared. Now, as the CHOIR sings the last verses, the three POETS reappear, entering the space as they did the first time, peering cautiously around; but this time they are obviously feeling more aggressive, and the text is chanted much more aggressively.

POET D:

Och-a-och.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.



POET D:

Och-a-och.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

Och-a-och.

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

(gesturing at the sky)

Aii!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

(gesturing at the sky)

Aii!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

(gesturing at the sky)

Aii!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:

(gesturing at a tree)

Oot!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at a tree)

Oot!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at a tree)

Oot!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at the ground)

Und!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at the ground)

Und!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(gesturing at the ground)

Und!

POETS B & C:

Och-a-och.

POET D:  
(pointing at self)

Uum.  
(then pointing at B & C)

A-uum-a.

**POETS B & C:**

Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.

**POET D:**

(pointing at self)

Uum.

(then pointing at B & C)

A-uum-a.

**POETS B & C:**

Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.

**POET D:**

(pointing at self)

Uum.

(then pointing at B & C)

A-uum-a.

**POETS B & C:**

Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.

Now, as POET D joins in, this chant builds, and then begins to trail off as they once again back cautiously out of the performing space.

**POETS B, C & D:**

Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.  
Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.  
Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.  
Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.  
Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.  
Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.  
Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.  
Och-a-och.  
Uum-a-uum.

As the POETS back out of the performing space, their chant beginning to fade, the CHOIR begins to sing again.

CHOIR:

Each time it is the same:  
the same grass;  
the same sky;  
the same fringe of trees  
almost  
at a distance  
the same sounds  
pressing  
insistent  
there  
present in the air  
in the dream.

Each day we fall asleep.  
Each day we dream.  
We wake.  
We find you there.  
Something changes.  
Something remains the same.  
Something changes.  
Something remains the same.  
Something changes.  
Something remains the same.  
Something changes.  
Something remains the same.  
Something changes.  
Something remains the same.  
Something changes.  
Something remains the same.  
Something changes.  
Something remains the same.

As the CHOIR repeats its ending phrase, the DANCERS enter, dressed in the same kinds of masks and capes as the POETS, except with different tribal colours, carrying their staffs like spears. They enter in a more dramatically choreographed version of the POETS entrance, peering around cautiously, etc. They shout as the move, boldly and rhythmically, to highly percussive rhythmic music, shouting phrases taken from the following text.

DANCERS:

|     |         |     |           |     |         |     |           |     |
|-----|---------|-----|-----------|-----|---------|-----|-----------|-----|
| uum |         | ett |           | uum |         | ett |           | uum |
|     | a-ett-a |     | uum-a-uum |     | a-ett-a |     | uum-a-umm |     |
| uum |         | ett |           | uum |         | ett |           | uum |
|     | a-ett-a |     | uum-a-uum |     | a-ett-a |     | uum-a-umm |     |
| uum |         | ett |           | uum |         | ett |           | uum |
|     | a-ett-a |     | uum-a-uum |     | a-ett-a |     | uum-a-umm |     |
| uum |         | ett |           | uum |         | ett |           | uum |
|     | a-ett-a |     | uum-a-uum |     | a-ett-a |     | uum-a-umm |     |
| uum |         | ett |           | uum |         | ett |           | uum |
|     | a-ett-a |     | uum-a-uum |     | a-ett-a |     | uum-a-umm |     |
| uum |         | ett |           | uum |         | ett |           | uum |
|     | a-ett-a |     | uum-a-uum |     | a-ett-a |     | uum-a-umm |     |
| uum |         | ett |           | uum |         | ett |           | uum |

(N.B.: The DANCERS may follow the previous text as written here but they do not have to. They can use it simply as a supply text.)

At a certain point in the previous text and dance the DANCERS begin to back out of the performing space, even as the POETS did. But they draw back only to the edge of the CHOIR. And the POETS enter cautiously, lingering on the opposite edge. The CHOIR begins to sing.

**CHOIR:**

Each time it is the same --  
going crazy,  
going away,  
going alone,

Each day we fall asleep.  
Each day we dream.  
Each day there is loss  
or lack  
or love  
the gradual losing,  
loosening of,  
awareness.

Always the same craziness.  
The same absence.  
Aloneness.

The same;  
each time the same.  
Time is, time was,  
the same.

During this song, the POETS and the DANCERS make threatening gestures at each other and/or mutter among themselves, plotting strategy. Now the POETS move forward into the space, chanting aggressively.

**POETS:**

|           |         |           |         |           |
|-----------|---------|-----------|---------|-----------|
| ett       | uum     | ett       | uum     | ett       |
| uum-a-umm | a-ett-a | uum-a-uum | a-ett-a | uum-a-uum |
| ett       | uum     | ett       | uum     | ett       |
| uum-a-umm | a-ett-a | uum-a-uum | a-ett-a | uum-a-uum |
| ett       | uum     | ett       | uum     | ett       |
| uum-a-umm | a-ett-a | uum-a-uum | a-ett-a | uum-a-uum |
| ett       | uum     | ett       | uum     | ett       |
| uum-a-umm | a-ett-a | uum-a-uum | a-ett-a | uum-a-uum |
| ett       | uum     | ett       | uum     | ett       |
| uum-a-umm | a-ett-a | uum-a-uum | a-ett-a | uum-a-uum |
| ett       | uum     | ett       | uum     | ett       |

As the POETS move forward as a mass, chanting, the DANCERS spread out, doing a dance around the POETS. The POETS adopt an under-siege stance, backs to each other, staffs pointed out like spears. The DANCERS threaten them with their spears but do not attack. Once the DANCE is established the CHOIR begins to sing again.

**CHOIR:**

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

The CHOIR continues to sing this as an almost-drone as the DANCERS, screaming the words "ETT" and "UUM," attack the POETS. A battle ensues in which both the DANCERS and the POETS scream "UUM" and "ETT," avoiding regular rhythms, erupting as accents on top of the CHOIR's continued drone.

POETS & DANCERS:

UUM ETT  
 ETT UUM  
 ETT UUM  
 UUM UUM  
 UUM UUM

CHOIR:

We have woken from a dream.  
 We have fallen asleep forever.  
  
 We have woken from a dream.  
 We have fallen asleep forever.  
  
 We have woken from a dream.  
 We have fallen asleep forever.  
  
 We have woken from a dream.  
 We have fallen asleep forever.  
  
 We have woken from a dream.  
 We have fallen asleep forever.  
  
 We have woken from a dream.  
 We have fallen asleep forever.

In the course of the battle, everyone is killed. First POET B is killed by one of the dancers. Then one of the dancers is killed by POET D. Then POET C is killed by another of the dancers. Then POET D kills that dancer even as s/he pulls out her spear. The last dancer is left circling POET D, both with their spears at the ready, and at a chosen moment they both charge each other, killing each other with spear thrusts.

Now, with the end of the battle, the CHOIR, still singing begins to advance towards the middle of the performance space, a mass of bodies converging on a central point.

CHOIR:

We have woken from a dream.  
 We have fallen asleep forever.  
  
 We have woken from a dream.  
 We have fallen asleep forever.  
  
 We have woken from a dream.  
 We have fallen asleep forever.  
  
 We have woken from a dream.  
 We have fallen asleep forever.  
  
 We have woken from a dream.  
 We have fallen asleep forever.  
  
 We have woken from a dream.  
 We have fallen asleep forever.

Under cover of the massing bodies of the choristers, the DANCERS and the POETS, shed their masks and cloaks, leaving them behind on the battlefield.

As the CHOIR passes through itself and the members take up positions opposite to the ones they had, the DANCERS and POETS move to the edge of the performing space with them and disappear.

The battlefield is left deserted, the spears, masks and capes scattered on the ground. The CHOIR continues to sing, getting softer and softer, so that the voice of the DREAMER becomes the more audible presence. At that point the CHOIR switches over and begins to sing the following.

**CHOIR:**

stories within stories  
tales to tell  
of the great circles  
beginnings  
illusions of the great circles  
neither his story nor her story  
the same fragments  
the same half-remembered tells  
imagined  
the same

stories within stories  
tales to tell  
of the great circles  
beginnings  
illusions of the great circles  
neither his story nor her story  
the same fragments  
the same half-remembered tells  
imagined  
the same

stories within stories  
tales to tell  
of the great circles  
beginnings  
illusions of the great circles  
neither his story nor her story  
the same fragments  
the same half-remembered tells  
imagined  
the same

As the CHOIR begins the second verse above, POET A, dressed as she was when we first saw her re-enters. The three DANCERS accompany her as shadows, as half-memories of her original companions.

The CHOIR continues to sing and POET A speaks her text over top of their singing. She begins with the same all-inclusive gesture.



POET A:

oot uum a-aab  
a-aab  
uum oot-a

uum oot  
oot uum  
a-uum-a a-oot-a

a-aab  
aab  
a-aab-a  
aab-a-aab

She stops, waits for a moment, and then, accompanied by the three DANCERS, walks through and out of the performance space. The soloists, who have been singing through most of this ACT, now fade away over top of the CHOIR's next text which, The CHOIR, having finished the previous three verses, moves directly into.

CHOIR:

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

We have woken from a dream.  
We have fallen asleep forever.

act 3 END

Once POET A and the DANCERS have left the space, the BAND begins to leave from its position around the edge, followed by the members of the CHOIR. As the piece ends, only the voice of the DREAMER is heard, and then the DREAMER, too, falls silent.

-- END --

APPENDIX 1:

... through the trees (the woods)  
... to see (visibility) a place (land)  
... (about) (at) (at) (at)

... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)

... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)

SOURCE VOCABULARY USED IN MEME:

... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)

... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)

... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)

... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)  
... (at) (at) (at) (at)

oot = tree  
a-oot = to the tree  
oot-a = away from the tree  
a-oot-a = through the trees (the woods)  
oot-a-oot = no tree (unable to see tree[s]); a place (land)  
without trees; etc.

een = food  
a-een = give the food to (me)  
een-a = take the food from (me)  
a-een-a = share the food  
een-a-een = no food

aii = sky  
a-aii = to the sky  
aii-a = from the sky  
a-aii-a = surrounded by the sky (as atop a mountain or on a  
plain)  
aii-a-aii = no sky (unable to see sky, as in a cave, a dark  
wood, etc.)

und = dirt/earth/ground  
a-und = underground  
und-a = above ground  
a-und-a = everywhere  
und-a-und = nowhere (no ground [to stand on])

och = strange/unusual (stranger)  
a-och = to the strange (to become strange OR to approach that  
which is strange)  
och-a = away from the strange (to become familiar OR to move  
away from that which is strange)  
a-och-a = all that is strange; the larger universe; the  
unknown (in the sense of spiritually)  
och-a-och = everything becomes strange

aab = now  
a-aab = to the now (past)  
aab-a = away from the now (future)  
a-aab-a = all time  
aab-a-aab = no time (unaware of time, etc.)

irr = water  
a-irr = below water  
irr-a = above water  
a-irr-a = all waters; great water (ocean, sea, etc.)  
irr-a-irr = no water; to go without water; etc.

uum = self  
 a-uum = close to self (important); family member (lover,  
 spouse, etc.)  
 uum-a = far away from self (unimportant); not part of the  
 family (tribe)  
 a-uum-a = everyone who is familiar and friendly  
 uum-a-uum = everyone who is unfamiliar (and therefore not  
 part of the tribe); everything is far away and  
 unfamiliar

iil = fear  
 a-iil = to become fearful  
 iil-a = to become unafraid (confident)  
 a-iil-a = all that is fearful; all that is feared; all is  
 fearful (frightening)  
 iil-a-iil = all that one is confident about (unafraid of)

ett = anger (self's anger)  
 a-ett = to become angry  
 ett-a = to cease to be angry (calm)  
 a-ett-a = all is angered (i.e. god's/nature's/the sea's/etc  
 anger)  
 ett-a-ett = all is calm

yoo = joy  
 a-yoo = to become joyful  
 yoo-a = to cease to be joyful (sad)  
 a-yoo-a = all partakes of joy  
 yoo-a-yoo = all partakes of sadness

APPENDIX 2:

TEXT FOR THE DREAMER

NOTE: This text is meant to be read at a moderate pace in a normal voice i.e. "feeling" should not be put into the text. the text should generate its own feeling. these ten pages are modular. During ACT I they should be read through in the order presented here and, if the reader finishes reading them before the ACT is through the reader should simply return to the first page and read through them again, repeating this as often as necessary until the act is over. Before ACT II begins the texts should be shuffled and then read through in the same manner as above, pausing between each completion of ten pages to shuffle them again before continuing to read through them. Before ACT III begins they should be placed back in their original order and treated as in ACT I.

The first six pages of this are sung by the soloists in ACT III. The reader should not gear her/his reading to the soloists nor should the soloists gear their singing to the reader.

May 22nd, 1988

start

Each time I lie down to sleep it is the same: the same grass; the same sky; the same fringe of trees almost at a distance; some slight sounds at the edge of attention. The way of getting there is always the same: I leave my apartment; I walk to the park; I choose some spot -- not too close to people, not too far away -- where the ground or the grass is soft enough that I can lie there without pain. Some days there is pain anyway; some days there is pleasure; some days there is neither pain nor pleasure but simply a numbness. Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps none of these things are true. Something occurs. Something is felt. Something is entered into again and again and is always the same. La meme chose, the French say. The memory shows, or is glimpsed, at least. The same.

Even as this morning, though I slept well, though the night had been, as the nights have been, uneventful, I woke thinking the same thought I always wake thinking: I will get up; I will leave the apartment; I will go to the park; I will choose some spot to lie down. The grass will seem the same. The sky will be the same. Clouds perhaps, yes, or some other detail to vary. But the sky, yes, always the same. Only another slight portion of that blue. Yes. The same.

Each day I fall asleep. Each day I dream. Each day the dream is the same, the details, the slight feeling of panic, fear of waking, fear of not waking, each day somehow the same, wanting the same, fearing the same, things, details of things, details of the dream, a dream, the same, slight variations, the same, slight, variations, the same.



I have already remarked on that. Each time I lie down to sleep it is the same: the same grass; the same sky; the same fringe of trees almost at a distance; slight sounds at the edge of attention, nagging, insistent at least, there, present in the air, in the dream. I leave my apartment; I walk to the park; I choose some spot -- not too close to people, not too far away -- where the ground or the grass is soft enough that I can lie there without pain. There is pain anyway; there is pleasure. Some days there is neither pain nor pleasure. Only a numbness. Not a kind of numbness, as I would have said once, as I did say once, told you. No. Not you. Someone else. But I was wrong in any case. There is something that occurs, something that is felt, something that is entered into again and again and again. Always the same.

What is the obsession with talking of this? the need? What are these rituals we perform, daily, patterns, routes we take going places, habitual paths we wear in the spaces we cross, the heart, the rituals of the heart. What is the point in telling this to you who have passed through this space again and again, never noticing, noticing but never grasping the significance, grasping the significance but never seeing the worth. What is the obsession with rehearsing this pain, this pleasure, this numbness?

Each day I fall asleep. Each day I dream, fear waking, fear not waking, wanting the same, fearing the same, details, slight variations, the same, wake to say "i had a dream" as you turn towards me. I say it as you turn towards me. "I had a dream," I say. You turn towards me.

What is the point in saying that, saying this, talking to you? You have woken from a dream, have said that, remarked on that. I, too, waking, remark how each time it is the same: the same grass; sky; trees almost at a distance; sounds pressing, insistent, there, present in the air, in the dream. You leave the apartment, walk to the park, choose your spot -- not too close to people, tho they are difficult to avoid, not wishing, in any case, to be too far away -- where the ground or the grass is soft enough, or there is simply room enough, and this is, that is, enough. Pain. Pleasure. Numbness. Indifference. Something that occurs. Something that is felt. Something that is entered into again. The same. Again and again.

What is the obsession with talking of this? What is the need? We have these rituals, daily, hourly, moment to moment it seems, patterns, paths we take, habitual patterns, not habits perhaps, tho there is a meaning there I like, saying that at times, calling them "habits", but something more than that, superstitions or rituals we have forgotten the meaning of, lost paths to ecstasy we could achieve through what we call "the same," courting change when change is what takes us away, fearing ecstasy because ecstasy is part of the same.

And so each day I fall asleep. Each day I dream. I wake. When I no longer wake will I continue to dream? Will the dream I have then be the same? Always the same? Is that the fear? Waking, I fear not waking. Not waking, I no longer fear. Waking, I find you there. Not waking, I no longer know where you are. Something does change, remains the same.

Waking, I find the grass the same. Waking, I find the sky the same. Waking, I see the same fringe of trees almost at a distance, hear the same sounds pressing, insistent, there, present in the air as in the dream, what i had thought i had imagined or heard in some other world, that world, here perhaps. I get ready to leave the apartment. I get ready to walk to the park. I imagine myself choosing the spot -- not too close to people, tho people are difficult to avoid. I worry about whether the ground will be soft enough, whether the grass will be damp or dry. I want it to be the same. The same as it was the last time. The same as it must be this time. The same.

There is something in that, something in that wish, that desire, that longing for everything to be as it was -- the same. Some days I think I understand it, understand my self, our selves, us. I think I understand it. And when I think I understand it what I grasp is what it is that is the same. La meme. Chosen.

But each day there is that little hesitation. Each day I fall asleep. Each day I wake knowing I'll fall asleep. Then I'll dream. I dream. I'll wake. I wake. You are there and turn towards me. All of you are there and turn towards me. Revelations of the flesh. Revelation of such otherness. Revelations in the moment of waking and dreaming, dreaming and waking. The same. Always the same. Vivid or distant. The same. Brilliant or dreary. The same. Windows. The same. Rain. The same. A door. The same. You. Me. The same. The same.

Suppose it were not so. Suppose each day, each moment were different. Suppose each time anything occurred it was always and absolutely different. We would get up. We would leave our home. We would walk to a park. We would look for a place to lie down -- not too close to people, not too far away -- a place that was not too hard or too soft...would we? How would we? What would we know? Knowing? Would we know what pain was? Would we know what pleasure was? Numbness? Or would it all be sensation? Always different and yet always undifferentiated. Each encounter would begin the process of knowledge anew. Each encounter would be itself. There would be no coherence, no comprehension as we understand it, because nothing would be the same. The spot was the same, the park the same, it would seem unique. It would be the same but we would not, could not remember its sameness.

We rail against that sameness. We curse it. We equate it with boredom, conformity, all that we think of as worst in our world. "Too much the same," we say, "its all the same," we say, "everything just always feels the same," we say. And we long for difference. We long for everything to be different. We try new clothes, new addresses, new sensations, relationships, partners with whom we do the same things we did before hoping somehow this time it will be different.

But each day is the same. Each experience of ecstasy is the same. Each experience of boredom, joy, suffering, indifference, is the same. We remember the sameness. We say to ourselves, "I have felt this way before," or "I'm tired of feeling this way," or "it's nice to feel this way again." Different. The same. La meme. Memory. More real each time it repeats itself.

Suppose it were not so. Suppose each day, each moment, each second were an eternity of difference, each occurrence always and absolutely different. Getting up, we leave our home. Going to the park, we look for a place to lie down -- not too far from people, not too close -- a place neither too hard nor soft, where we could lie down and sleep, lie down and dream, lie down and gaze up at the sky, always different, the trees, almost at a distance, and the sound, all different, all undifferentiated.

There is something in that, something in that wish for difference, that longing for everything to be as it is not. Some days I think I understand it, think I understand myself, ourselves, us, the way we long, and in that longing, that desire, that duration of wanting, which is always the same, I think I understand our ache for difference. And when I think I understand it, what I grasp is what it is that is always the same about it. Long longing. Moment after moment full of that same yearning, that same wish for difference.

And each day there is that little hesitation that is always the same. Each day I fall asleep. Each day I wake knowing I will once again fall asleep. And each day is that on, off, on, off, moment of consciousness, moment of unconsciousness, moment of being neither conscious <sup>nor</sup> unconscious, into which a dream erupts, from the sleeping into the waking world, a dream of longing, a dream of desire, a dream full of the wish for difference. On. Off. Off. On. The same. The same. The same. The same longing. The same dream. The same difference. The same desire.

