

AH!

Opera No-Opera

o

w

Story-WordSound-Maps

Martine Bellen

(wordssoundwords)

David Rosenboom

(soundwordssounds)

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Published by Martine Bellen & David Rosenboom

<http://www.martinebellen.com/>

<http://www.davidrosenboom.com/>

This edition was prepared for distribution on the website:

<http://ah-opera.org/>

The first public realization of AH!
was developed as part of
A Counterpoint of Tolerance,
a project commissioned by the
Transatlantic Arts Consortium.

Introduction

AH! comprises many dimensions of activity and kinds of materials, from concrete compositions and writings, to emergent forms and processes, to the forming of creative communities. These *Story-WordSound-Maps* may be thought of as suggestive scores. A specific code is contained in the graphical layouts of each story that is intended to invite the reader to imagine sound treatments while reading the words. A legend for this code is shown below. In this way the reader's mind may be stimulated to imagine an opera (or not) as she/he traverses the text.

In AH! words and sounds are not differentiated such that one becomes a setting for the other. Similarly, in AH! music and language are thought of as arising from overlapping origins, perhaps mediated by gesture. This AH! “score” is intended to offer a subtle *WordSound* experience for creative engagers, a phantom bubble scoring for an opera no-opera. (This view is inspired by the *Diamond Sutra*.)

The opera lives in public and private experiences, in performance gatherings by groups and in the linked breaths of individuals traversing the infosphere. All these forms are thought of as equal and equally transitory in recurrent, ever changing manifestations. AH! is an opera generator, a process, a template from which an infinite number of operas may arise. In each reading of this “score,” a creative engager may imagine a new opera yet unheard.

Legend for Graphical Treatments in *AH! Story-WordSound-Maps*

Each story has an “Arising” part, one or several “Being” parts and a “Passing” part. These modules of text may be rearranged and recombined to make alternative pathways through the stories making new stories. Multiple story lines may be found webbing through the *AH! Story-WordSound-Maps*.

Color coding

Green = Arising part

Blue and sometimes other colors = Being(s) part(s), sometimes multiples, sometimes overlapping

Light Yellow = Passing part

Texts bracketed by chevrons << >> = linking lines, lines linked to corresponding lines in different stories to which one may travel making new stories. This is another way to follow multiple pathways and storylines through the *AH! Story-WordSound-Maps*.

Words in black with no color field background, often in parentheses () = interpretations, descriptions, directions and labels that are not part of the main text.

Plain text in color field background = the primary text delivery method and sound style chosen for a particular story, often in response to interpretive directions.

Text in square brackets [] usually indented = a change in sound treatment or a secondary sound style.

Text in parentheses inside square brackets [()] = a subtle change within a change in sound treatment or a tertiary style.

Text in square brackets inside others [...[...[]...]] = changes within changes that may be of greater degree than with parentheses inside brackets.

Nested curly brackets, brackets and parentheses {...[.()...]} = nested changes within changes, perhaps hierarchically related sound forms or groupings.

Underlining of single words = emphasis within a sound treatment.

Underlining or underlining in bold of word sequences = words that might be extracted from the main text to create secondary word sequences.

All caps = accent, particularly in a rhythmic sequence.

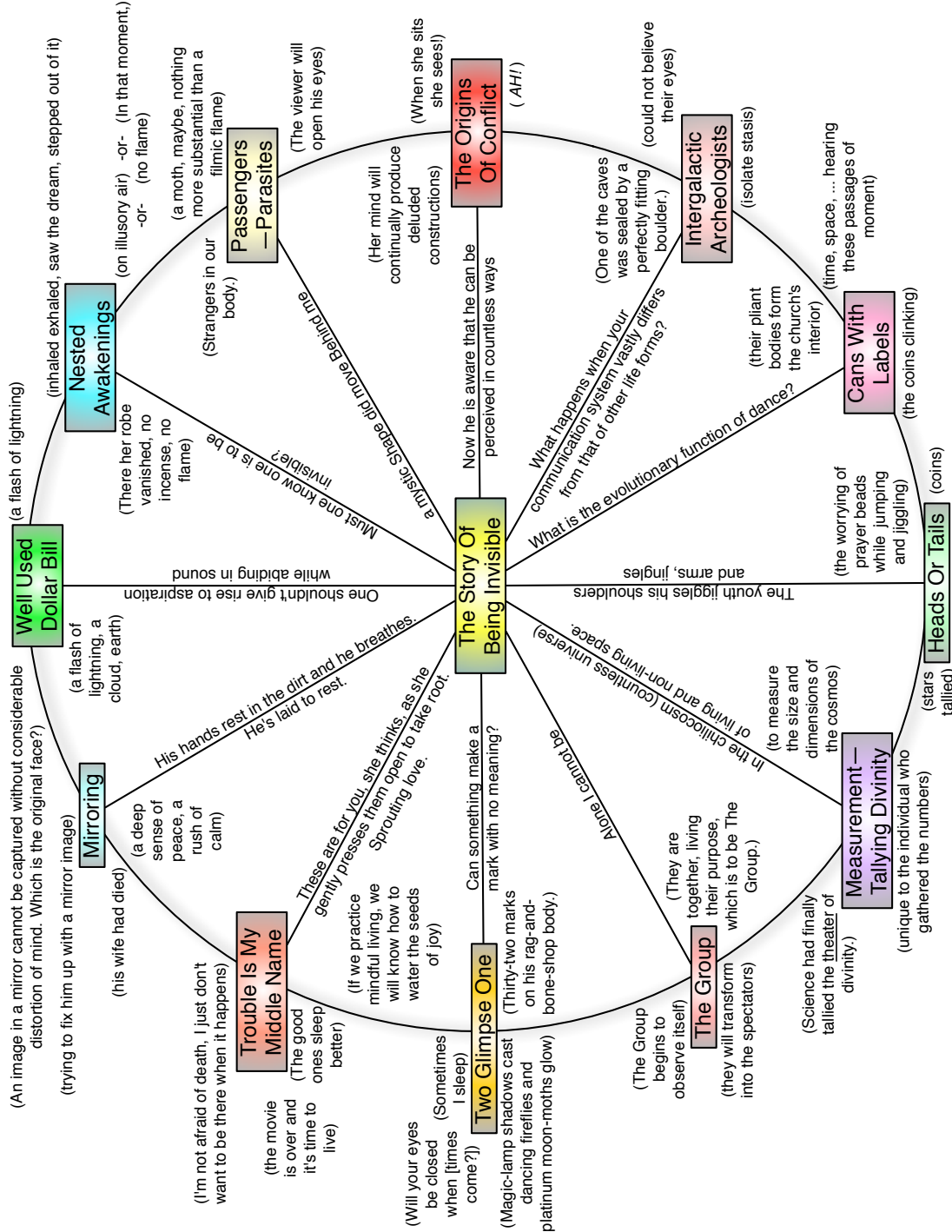
Various forms of indenting or justification = sections to be articulated in some way through sound treatments, ensemble groupings, chorus responses, or other means.

Linked Stories Mandala Wheel

The thirteen stories of AH! are arranged in a mandala wheel – wheel of life – that shows their linking lines and arrangements with respect to each other.

For further background on the philosophy and emergence of AH!, see:

Bellen, M. & Rosenboom, D. (2009). Prolegomenon to AH!, opera no-opera, now. Available online at <http://ah-opera.org/>



AHI — Linked Stories Mandala-Wheel

The Story Of Being Invisible

[Three stories —*perhaps in parallel universes*]

Story one: (sets scene for simultaneity of two and three)

(one voice with treated phrases and chorus.)

A young man on a fire escape transplants foxgloves in a window
box. He massages the earth, aerates it, sends it messages. Microbes.
Electrons. Ancient air.

[A pigeon darts overhead.]

How

Chorus: « a mystic Shape did move Behind me, »

(→ Passengers—Parasites)

it draws him back by his neck hairs.

Chorus: *Death,*

he thinks,

Chorus: *how it re-organizes form,*

dinosaurs presage birds ...

systems of communication resemble music, language's progenitor

...

« What is the evolutionary function of dance? »

(→ Cans With Labels)

Chorus: *it re-organizes form,*

Rain glissades off fleshy fingers. The young man hums a tune he
couldn't know.

Chorus: *hmmmmmm...*

Sun presses open cloud. A fresh bud sprouts.

« The youth jiggles his shoulders and arms, jingles. »

(→ *Heads Or Tails*)

Rainbow.

(*slight pause*)

[Something invisible looms.]

Story two: (Stories two and three may be presented simultaneously at a pace and with arrangements in space allowing engaging counterpoint lines to emerge among words, sounds, images, and ideas—like watching two TV channels at the same time. Two groups might be placed up high on opposite sides of a set for antiphonal treatment. Groups merge in End section.)

(*one male voice with treated phrases and chorus*)

« In the chiliocosm

(*multiples*) [(countless universe)]

of living and non-living space. »

(→ *Measurement—Tallying Divinity*)

With unbounded infinity. Imagine, we are living in one visible world
and contiguous to our "world" is another and another

(*multiples*) [(*ad infinitum*),]

(one) [(chiliocosm)]

each visible to one's own universe and invisible to alien spheres.

Each communicates, interacts, with other-world phenomena—

(one) [shared sphere space.]

(multiples) [(Room to let.)]

Must one know that one is communicating for there to be

communication

(communication devoid of volition—for instance, the way one's
body unknowingly sways when it's surrounded by weeping willows

in wind)?

« [Must]

[one know]

[one ...

Chorus: IS

[... to be]

Chorus: IN-

-visible?]

Must ...

(cyclical voice chant composition on ...)

one know one

one know one IS

one know one IS to be

one know one IS to be INv-[IS]-ible

know one IS

know one IS to be
know one IS to be INv-[IS]-ible
know one IS to be INv-[IS]-ible one
one IS to be
one IS to be INv-[IS]-ible one
one IS to be INv-[IS]-ible one know
IS to be INv-[IS]-ible
IS to be INv-[IS]-ible one
IS to be INv-[IS]-ible one know
IS to be INv-[IS]-ible one know one
INv-[IS]-ible one know
INv-[IS]-ible one know one
INv-[IS]-ible one know one IS
INv-[IS]-ible one know one IS to be »

(→ *Nested Awakenings*)

(*pause—music continues*)

The universe of the earth

(microcosm of Earth on a rainy day).

Still, the young man adds roots to the earth. He massages the dirt,
feels a part of and apart from it in his urban aerie. Alienation
washes over him as he tends his plants, extends his fingers in dirt.
«What happens when your communication system vastly differs
from that of other life-forms?»

(→ *Intergalactic Archeologists*)

As the young man attempts to commune with that which he perceives extends into a contiguous universe, he imagines himself fading utterly from its phenomena knowledge.

« [*Alone I cannot be,*] »

(→ *The Group*)

he thinks. With communication comes expectation, disappointment. He deems himself so much an element of his universe that he isolates himself from the visible world, as the sky appears invisible without clouds. Nothing's there.

(As a schoolboy, he imagined he was **H-e** on the Periodic Table.

The makeup of the earth would change when he died, he presumed. Science books would be rewritten.)

« Now he is aware that he can be perceived in countless ways, »

(→ *The Origins Of Conflict*)

Chorus: [depending on the changes]

he makes, or not, depending on those that come and go in his life.

[He depends, now.]

[On life.]

Chorus: [depending on the changes]

[He is.]

[A partner.]

A part of something larger than himself.

(*slight pause—music continues*)

Now he is sure.

« His hands rest in the dirt and he breathes. He's laid to rest. »

(→ *Mirroring*)

Conflict overwhelms him. He is decompressing helium. It expires.

He knows, now,

« [one shouldn't give rise to aspiration while abiding in
sound, ...] »

(→ *Well Used Dollar Bill*)

... odor, taste, touch or concepts; one should give rise to aspiration

[while not abiding]

[in anything.]

Story three: (Stories two and three may be presented simultaneously at a pace and with arrangements in space allowing engaging counterpoint lines to emerge among words, sounds, images, and ideas—like watching two TV channels at the same time. Two groups might be placed up high on opposite sides of a set for antiphonal treatment. Groups merge in End section.)

(*one female voice—punctuated by multiplicities*)

Elizabeth Barrett Browning has died a few days earlier and Emily, an avid gardener, carefully crouches in her white dress, so as not to soil it, and transplants foxgloves in the morning, before the sun is strong, mourning Mrs. Browning, whose poetry she greatly admires.

« These are for you she thinks as she gently presses them open to take root. Sprouting love. »

(→ *Trouble Is My Middle Name*)

Chorus: A pigeon darts overhead:

[Hope is the thing with feathers.]

After her foxgloves are safely tucked in beneath the rich, dark blanket, she visits her silly orange lilies. She will divide them this fall, though is saddened to break up friendships. With great care, she places her fingers in the soil—notes its temperature, its weight, feels for what's there and what isn't.

(one) [The moisture / the spirits.]

(multiplicity) [The universes inside universes.]

(multiplicity) [Their universities.]

(multiplicity) [The verses inside her.]

(brief pause—music continues)

A Civil War has recently commenced. Emily hears a siren. She cups her ear. The sound emanates from her heart.

Chorus: Here.

She pictures ...

Chorus: a young man planting foxgloves in the rain.

She recognizes ...

Chorus: his beauty,

though he does dress oddly and dances when he's sure no one is looking. She pictures ...

Chorus: the young man's family planting his wounded flesh in the
earth.

[Who isn't a casualty?]

It rains lightly all afternoon. Emily is aware of the

(beat starts for transition to End section)

percussive precipitation as she writes:

(gentle rap chant—beat continues)

Alone, I cannot be

For Hosts—do visit me—

Recordless Company—

Who baffle Key—

Refrain: Alone, I cannot be—

Refrain: Alone, I cannot be—

They have no Robes, nor Names—

No Almanacs—nor Climes

But general Homes

Like Gnomes—

Refrain: Alone, I cannot be—

Their Coming, may be known

By Couriers within—

Their going—is not—

For they're never gone—

Refrain: Alone, I cannot be—

Refrain: Alone, I cannot be—

(harmonized chorus—unison—spoken)

One can assume, she believes, that phenomena exist which cannot
be seen by anyone, anything.

(solo—chorus echoes canonically in parallel harmonies—on composed melody)

A woman in her own time

...

...

...

*(multipart—tight phase shifting canon becoming acoustic texture—on
composed rhythm)*

Is able to become

Invisible

(harmonized chorus—unison—spoken—overlapping cannon texture)

Or communicate with invisible phenomena as if they could be seen
by each person's internalized eyes

(change treatment—multiple voices—but clear)

« Can something make a mark with no meaning? »

(→ Two Glimpse One)

Swallowed by Earth and silenced

(unison—gentle, not precious)

Immortality.

The Origins Of Conflict

(music intro—hip—then, single story teller bursts in—quick pace—ultra modern soloist with band and backup singers)

(one voice—synchronized)

So for instance, once upon a time there was a woman, let's say
around my age. So this woman,

Backup singers: (Her hair color, similar to mine. I mean to say, she
colored her hair a similar shade)

and her body weight also mimicked mine.

(sudden multiples—electronic doubling on a chord)

[who I will call me,]

(continue)

(second voice joins—synchronized—identical, doubled, additive—separated in space)

was a bank clerk in Providence, Rhode Island. Her husband was two
years older than she. They met in college

(recorded—disembodied)

Backup singers: (the University of Rhode Island).

(continue)

He was a fisherman and made pretty good money

(recorded—disembodied)

Backup singers: (many would call him a catch).

(continue)

Her boy and girl were seven and five, respectively.

(continue as in Beginning section—two voices)

Although she adored them—In fact, she was the type of woman

Backup singers: who didn't mind

walking up to the parent of an infant or toddler and introducing herself—she didn't want another, though her husband sometimes hinted one more would make a perfect family. This woman was perfectly happy with her life just the way it was—in her mind, everything was ideal without one more mouth to feed

(recorded—disembodied)

Backup singers: *(was she bad to feel this way?).*

(continue)

What, with after-school activities and play-dates for the kids, she could barely make time for her gym and an evening twice a month with her friends, sometimes for a night

Backup singers: at the theater,

sometimes for a bite to eat.

[Her life was tightly constructed.]

(continue as in Middle section—two voices)

So wasn't she surprised when

[her best girlfriend]

(third voice joins—synchronized—identical, tripled, additive—separated in space)

suggested that rather than go for drinks in Boston, as they would do, they

[spend their night "off"]

["sitting"]

in a Zen mediation center. "OK," this woman said, though her expectations were low, and really, she thought,

[drinks would be a lot more fun.]

At the Zendo,

[she met a woman in a robe who looked similar to both she and me—]

same height, weight, hair color, etc.—and the woman showed her how to sit, how to use her

Backup singers: body and mind.

(fourth voice joins—synchronized—identical, quadrupled, additive—separated in space)

Nature cannot assert the negative. To breathe, to grow, to be.

Tricked, ensnared in a web of one's own making/

Backup singers: mind.

Mental constructions. Stories. So for instance, this woman, who
looked like both me and the Zen teacher, who looked a bit like you,
(full ensemble of voices joins—all synchronized)

opened her

Backup singers: mind

and saw the stories that she had created as just that—mental
constructions—an erector set like her son had, might even be
playing with right now in THIS moment—only she has no son—not
really—only she isn't a "good" mother, a "loving" wife.

(players drop out one-by-one until one solo voice is left where indicated)

Only these identities, these activities, these mental constructions
are

Backup singers: theater

of the

Backup singers: mind,

inner entertainers who detain us from seeing. "This" she sees. Non-
abiding. And she sees after the sit she will go "home" and pick up
where she left off, like a coherent dream with doors to open and
temporarily lock shut.

« *Backup singers:* Her mind

will continually produce deluded constructions »

(→ *The Story Of Being Invisible*)

—webs of deception—labyrinths of karma. The proliferation of
cause and effect created by

Backup singers: mind.

(one solo voice here)

Though when she sits she non-abides / abides.

(entire ensemble of voices—synchronized)

« *AH!* »

(→ Intergalactic Archeologists)

(one solo voice sounding like at the beginning—all other voices silently mouth words in synchrony with solo voice)

« *When she sits she sees!* »

(→ Passengers—Parasites)

(rhythm continues throughout—stops suddenly on last word, "sees!")

Intergalactic Archeologists

(multiplicity—combinable)

In 1900 a small band of international,
[intergalactic archeologists]
arrived at the monastery near Dunhuang, China and happened
upon a nearby series of caves.
« One of the caves was sealed by a
[perfectly fitting boulder]. »

(→ *The Story Of Being Invisible*)

(multiplicity)

Upon opening the cave's mouth, a
[sigh of smells]
permeated the cosmos and the group began their exploration into
the deep, dank earth that carbon dating proved had been in
« isolate stasis »

(→ *Cans With Labels*)

since A.D. 1,000. A precious bounty of 40,000 scrolls lay buried in a
cloak of providence. In ancient Chinese, translated from the original
Sanskrit, the first printed book was found—**The Sutra of the
Perfection of Wisdom of the Diamond that Cuts
Through Illusion**—formed from
[seven panels of paper and silk]

with written Gnostic knowledge about the
[indestructibility and power over illusion].

(focus)

The archeologists

« { [could not]

[believe]

[their eyes] }. »

(→ *The Origins Of Conflict*)

Cans With Labels

(multiplicity)

When shopping at the bodega, she

[views cans with labels—]

and though she's aware of her preferences, she stays mindful of the fact that a label should not be imputed as the reality of the thing itself.

(continue multiplicity)

Sitting before towers of labels, in the dimly lit mini-mart, she is

[instantaneously transported]

to a group of tourists and schoolchildren roaming the Duomo in Milano.

(Duomo in Milano)

A chorus of soft swells spring forth so spontaneously from their umbilicus mouths as they wander

(amazing labyrinths of illumination—)

« their pliant bodies form the church's interior— »

(→ The Story Of Being Invisible)

[exclamations exhaled]

[no/form].

(group unison—soft—delicate)

O!

(continue multiplicity)

Spread in waves, skimming off one mass of confessing cells, to a mass of children, to the monks'

[harmonious patterns of sound non-abiding.]

(Space in the easterly direction is incalculable, is it not?)

(continue multiplicity)

The

[instability of her vibrating body]

and the cash register

(zoom in with chorus)

[calculate her debt.]

(continue)

On the line

[she breaks into smaller selves]

(cells)

sub-divides. Online

[she searches]

(in cyberspace.)

Whether born from egg or moisture, she is a sentient being, not abiding in sound, odor, taste, touch or conceptions. Her limited

information filtered into consciousness as spatial-temporal
morphology

[or harmonics.]

This is how she resonates as she reaches into her pocket to search
for the change to

[pay for labels]

she'll take with her.

I'll take it.

(lightning, spark, flash—sudden focus)

[This is how her sound]

fits into the

[geometry of bounded systems,]

[into groceries.]

This is how she subdues her thoughts.

(return to multiplicity)

Although the system is

wildly unstable

and might

break apart

at this moment,

[this moment—]

(she is in the Duomo—

she is online—

she is on line—

she is a praying monk,

prostrating himself before the God he adores—)

she is

transmitting sequences

presently to the Duomo that are passing

[through the resonance of tourists]

(she is one),

bouncing off a child

(yes, she is one)

(a vibration)

and through the monks' vocal cords,

a synchronicity of consciousness—

« [the coins clinking,] »

(→ *Heads Or Tails*)

[passing through hands,]

« [time, space, ... »

karmic debt, labels, cans, yes,]

(*group unison—soft—delicate*)

« ... hearing these passages of moment, »

(→ *Intergalactic Archeologists*)

[of music ...]

yes.

[AH!]

Heads Or Tails

(single voice with punctuating multiplicities and varying treatments)

If such a thing as

[a fair coin-toss]

exists

[(non-standard question),]

would that mean every toss

Chorus: every on every in every at every

depends on every

Chorus: every on every in every at every

other coin-toss in every part

Chorus: every on every in every at every

of the world, at every

Chorus: every on every in every at every

time and place inside and outside of space?

Could such a proposition infer that each coin-toss cannot act

discretely from every

Chorus: every on every in every at every

non-coin-toss-produced movement, be it

[to play a tambourine]

or

« [to worry at prayer beads while jumping or jiggling,] »

(→ *The Story Of Being Invisible*)

which are modified aberrations of coin-tossing which result in a tossed coin—for when one thinks of it,

[what isn't a coin-toss?]

Furthermore, might this imply that all of life is an illusion, and, finally,

[when every coin

Chorus: every on every in every at every

is in the dynamic state of tossing]

there can no longer even

[(oddly)]

be coin-tosses?

(pause—brief musical interlude)

[And what if the tossers were brothers?]

Connected

« coins »

(→ Cans With Labels) –or- see “coins” later)

tossed by genetic material produced from the same ovum?

[Would it matter if one were a girl, ...

[the other a tranny—]

[fraternal twins?]]

[Or if one were white, the other Latino, the third tattooed?]

(pause—brief musical interlude)

The most incomprehensible thing about the universe is that it is comprehensible.

[Four heads/six tails. Three tails/five heads, 50/50.]

What is most incomprehensible is that boys can toss

« coins, »

(→ Cans With Labels) –or- see “coins” earlier)

can be brothers, might be strangers.

[Maybe they have a common friend, a thread in common,]

[a common talent,]

[a common letter in their common but different names]

[(John vs. Don).]

Would it be possible for them to have nothing in common?

[No! That's incomprehensible.]

Would nothing in common be a commonality?

(pause—brief musical interlude)

What if too many coin-tosses occur concordantly and the planet wobbles off balance,

[tossed out into space—]

A trying notion of the planet and its density.

Trying to

win.

To

balance.

To

believe

in

fairness.

Equality.

What if no winning was the income

[(or outcome)]

of any coin-toss, nothing fair exists, is possible--whether random or
divine destiny, whether manifest chance or God's calculations,

« stars tallied »

(→ *Measurement—Tallying Divinity*)

as an abacus across infinite space.

(*music stops*)

(*softly—quickly—distinctively*)

[The logic of numbers and faith intersecting with the
insubstantial toss of an empty coin.]

Measurement—Tallying Divinity

(one)

A scientist developed a theorem

[(formula)]

« to measure the size and dimensions of the cosmos »

(→ *The Story Of Being Invisible*)

[with the ...

[intention of ...

[sighting God]]].

The

[space/remainder],

which is not filled with matter/anti-matter, he concluded, is in fact

the un-nameable or

["He who has no name."]

(then two)

« Science had finally tallied the theater of divinity. »

(→ *The Group*)

As proof, a colleague at a competitive university verified the

calculations and corroborated their veracity; then, as a safeguard,

[she extracted measurements from scratch]

but through those numbers formulated

[a shape of varying proportion.]

Another scientist came to the same, rather different, conclusion—

(increasing multiplicity to end)

each scientist reformulating the universe in a distinctive size, each

god of

[varying form/nonform,]

each calculation

[correct and ...

[whole and ...

[mind-ful,]]]

and yet

« unique to the individual who gathered the numbers. »

(→ Heads Or Tails)

The Group

(multiplicity—with unison moments for The Group)

A Group of people wait outside the

theater

in a linear formation. Above them,

geese

in a V

fly

to Canada. Below, a moving column of

army

ants

marches

to war.

No

obvious

common

physical

attributes

are

shared

by The Group. Socio-economic diversity, gender, race, sexual

preference are variables. The Group of people

communicated

over the past few days

in secret—

(continue with center focus storyteller surrounded by multiplicity)

Storyteller voice disembodied: a mandala sent to a Blackberry;

mantras left on voice message;

ideogram on rice paper arrived in the mailbox with exotic postage;

mapquest on how to find Providence, a really good nearby cafe.

(unison)

« [The Group begins to observe itself,] »

(→ Two Glimpse One)

(continue—Storyteller present in focus)

to observe one another.

Patterns

of color

are detected—

blues and pinks repeating in complimentary hues

Storyteller voice disembodied: (Did the others speak before deciding

what to wear? a few wonder. How many of us have dogs? Birds?

Are artists? Live alone? Have children? Have none? How did we

come to be at this

theater,

on this night? standing beside this stranger?)

(unison)

[Illusions arise.]

(continue—Storyteller present in focus)

The Group engages in a single interior smile: feelings of love for nocturnal strangers who share the moment.

(unison)

[Illusions dispel.]

[[**The Group**

... sees its ...

[Siblings]

... in ...

[The Group,]

... sees itself.]]

Theater

(continue in multiplicity without center focus storyteller)

is inside the auditorium that The Group is waiting to enter. But more miraculous

theater

is taking place here where The Group stands,

[no longer waiting but beholding,]

[being.]

The doors to the

theater

open, a signal that the show will soon start.

The Group

[is disappointed.]

« They are together,
[[living their
[purpose,]
which is
[to be The Group.] »

(→ *The Story Of Being Invisible*)

Once they enter the
theater
« they will transform into the spectators— »

(→ *Measurement—Tallying Divinity*)

those that watch The Group.

(*unison*)

[The Group looks at one another and together they blow
a collective sigh, drop their tickets on the ground and
leave.]

(*no Passing—just aftersounds*)

[]

Two Glimpse One

(one—focus)

Subhūti, Buddha's disciple, was an old man though Buddha's age was irrelevant or rather nonexistent. Buddha wore his flesh so he could be

[[seen,]

... as the air wears wind.]

« Thirty-two marks on his rag-and-bone-shop body. »

(→ *The Story Of Being Invisible*)

Indistinct echoes: (shop body body shop ...

chop body bodhi shop ...

bone body ...)

[Without breath,]

how would one meditate? Without breath what makes change possible? One makes breath. How would one?

(invisible voiceover)

Subhūti says to Buddha,

(visible voice)

feels as though day always ends.

« *Sometimes I sleep,* »

((→ *Trouble Is My Middle Name - 1*) –or– see – 2 later)

*sometimes I die, sometimes the sky is cloudy—then dark and
luminescent, but always it's day. I am always awakened.*

(multiplicity growing and subsiding—like a resonance bubble)

We are offered

[One glimpse]

says Buddha, that is duality. One side is wisdom. One side faith.

« Will your eyes be closed when

[times come?] »

((→ Trouble Is My Middle Name - 2) –or- see – 1 earlier)

Presence is the background of

[absence—sense,]

the foreground.

(one—focus—unity—unison)

Says Buddha, stars press the cosmos—the

[black-and-white toggle]

« Magic-lamp shadows cast dancing fireflies and platinum moon-
moths glow »

(→ The Group)

—illusive radiance and

[longing sucked in to wind—]

Providence vanishes, bubbles of roiling steaming stream,

[lightning]

[flashes as short-lived as]

[life like funnel clouds]

that cup blasts of air which blow down houses full of little piggies.

[Subhūti, along with realms of gods, mammals, and titans awaken

within our one big theater of the mind—in One moment.]

End of story.

Trouble Is My Middle Name

["Woody Allen Story"]

(monologue—perhaps inside the mind of the speaker, perhaps talking to herself—in Arising-Being-Passing colors, each with particular sonic treatment—and lines in quotes coming from a non-localized space and disembodied voice hard to find or identify)

I woke up to a ringing telephone.

"Humph,"

I said with one eye open (I thought I was saying hello).

"It seems the world's divided into good and bad people.

« The good ones sleep better... »

((→ *Two Glimpse One – 1*) –or– see – 2 later)

while the bad ones seem to enjoy the waking hours,"

a disembodied voice screamed through the receiver. I recognized that joke from some obscure Woody Allen movie. I don't know why I didn't hang up. Instead, I looked at the clock and noted it was 5:30 (a.m.). Since I couldn't recall Diane Keaton's line, I said nothing (mom taught me

"if you have nothing Keaton-ish to say, say nothing").

I used to practice meditation with a roshi who would encourage me to watch life as it unfolds.

"Think of life as a Woody Allen movie"

seemed quite doable at the moment. I'm generally sure I know what's coming next. Usually it involves someone screwing with me. The world is divided into those who embrace life and those who run from it. I'm a channel surfer; I run with my fingers.

Before I knew it,

"Trouble is my middle name,"

idiotically slipped from my mouth. I don't know how I remembered that line from *Manhattan*. I looked over at the clock again and now it was 3:33 (a.m.) In a little less than two hours my phone will ring and someone will be screwing with me.

« I am not afraid of death, I just don't want to be there when it happens, »

(→ *Mirroring*)

I Allen-ishly thought to myself. I began feeling consumed with an overwhelming desire to please my boss. Actually my old boss—now I hire him for freelance work. And then, the stranger on the phone started sounding so much like that old boss, now my employee, that I lost my voice. Why do we watch movies? I wondered.

(change monologue sonic treatment)

A film-editor friend once told me he put the last scene in the middle of a movie he was working on. His boss didn't realize and he was afraid to tell him, so the movie was released with the error. Everyone thought it was intentional, that the director was making a brilliant statement about non-sequential time. The mistake made the movie a hit.

"Somewhat like life,"

I said to my friend, though as soon as the words left my mouth I had no idea what I meant.

"Our consciousness is the totality of our seeds, ...

« If we practice mindful living, we will know how to water the seeds of joy »

(→ The Story Of Being Invisible)

and transform the seeds of sorrow and suffering so that understanding, compassion, and loving kindness will flower in us—we will watch our films with detachment, as though they are dreams of dreams in dreams,"

he said to me in the voice of my roshi. I looked over at the clock—6:66 (p.m). I looked at my hands—no phone. I looked at the TV, I was watching a Woody Allen movie again.

(change monologue sonic treatment)

Life as we know it is like a shark. It has to constantly move forward
or it dies. Right before I meet my maker someone will phone me
and tell me to turn off the set, that

« the movie is over and its time to live »

((→ Two Glimpse One - 2) -or- see - 1 earlier)

every waking moment.

Mirroring

(brief musical no beginning—from no intentional sound to intentional sound)

[]

(multiplicity with brief unison interruptions)

[A friend of]

[mine]]

fell into a deep depression after

[[his]

... wife left.]]

[[We]

... didn't know what to do for him;]]

he seemed to be losing his mind.

[[He]

... is the most gentle soul]]

and

[we]

never thought they made a good couple anyway. Months passed,

[our friend]

slowly revived and

[we]

began introducing him to

[friends of friends,]

women we hoped might make him happy. But after each
encounter—sometimes he'd take them to the theater, other times
dinner—

[[he]

... would grow angry]]

[at us,]

or

(1) distant,

or

(2) withdrawn,

or

(3) belligerent,

(4) sarcastic.

[He]

[would say]

[we]

were taunting him,

(unison)

« trying to fix him up with the mirror-image »

(→ *Well Used Dollar Bill*)

(continue)

[of his wife—]

the way this one wore

[her hair,]

or that one rolled

[her "r"s,]

or the other one's deep laugh.

(unison)

We had no idea what he was seeing

(continue)

in his dates.

[We]

[had gone out of our way]

to set him up with women who shared

[no apparent resemblance]

to

[his ex;]

nevertheless, after each encounter

[he'd return fuming,]

(unison)

[eyeing us]

(continue)

with suspicion—wasting a week after the date staring into the
cosmos.

[Finally ...

[we]

... stopped trying]

to find him a mate. Then miraculously, one day

[[we]
saw]
our friend garbed in
[his old radiance.]
Upon
[Questioning
[him,]]
[he
[admitted]]
that
[he
[met a woman]]

(unison)

[the night before]

(continue)

and felt for the first time
[since his wife left]

(unison)

« a deep sense:

(1) of peace,

(2) a rush

(3) of calm »

(→ The Story Of Being Invisible)

(continue)

[had filled him]

from the moment

[their

[eyes met,]]

(unison)

he said. He said

(continue)

that

[[he]

... was dining with ...

[her]]

tonight and

[[he]

... invited us]

to join

[them.]

[We]

were thrilled and accepted the invitation.

[[We]

... couldn't have been more surprised]

when

(unison)

[the woman, who looked like the doppelganger of our
friend's ex,]

(continue)

walked through the door. During the meal

[[we]

... stared]

in disbelief as the

[two glowed]

and gushed.

(briefly multiplicity continues)

The next morning

[our friend]

woke us by phone saying

[[he]

... had just received a call]

from the police who informed him that

« [[his]

... wife had died] »

(→ Trouble Is My Middle Name)

(unison)

[the night before]

(solo)

in a fatal car crash.

(brief focus ending)

He believed it was Providence.]

Well Used Dollar Bill

*(long sentence comprising background to "main" action begins unobtrusively—
see note at end)*

(focus)

Something familiar occurred today in the most unexpected way. A

man I recognize from the neighborhood

[called me by name]

and handed me

[a well-used dollar bill.]

*(long sentence comprising background to "main" action continues
unobtrusively—see note at end)*

(multiplicity—dialog—suddenly many)

Poetry is as distinct from our language (English) as English is from
Chinese.

« An image in a mirror cannot be captured without considerable
distortion of mind.

[Which is the original face?] »

(→ Mirroring)

Observe self-generated theater. Gesture is our written language.

[When]

[hands are placed on hips.]

[When]

[fists beat the cosmos.]

Truth must be said in complete sentences. Poetry does not fit into sentences.

[A sentence in nature]

is

« « [a flash of lightning.] » ...

(→ *Nested Awakenings*)

Poetry is not.

... [A cloud,] ...

the initial capitalization.

... [Earth,] »

(→ *The Story Of Being Invisible*)

the period.

[In between]

is

[subject and predicate—]

Nature.

Poetry is not Nature. The natural order considers cause and effect.

Poetry does not.

(long sentence comprising background to "main" action continues unobtrusively—see note at end)

(focus)

So for instance, the passing of a dollar bill

[from one hand to another]

acts similarly to a sentence. Everything surrounding a sentence,

everything that is not truth, is poetry

[or Providence.]

(Nested within this story, one long sentence acts as quiet background to the main story, sometimes merging with the foreground at specified/unspecified points, occurring simultaneously with the main action.)

I was planning on walking to work this morning when I noticed the aqua sky defined by one periwinkle cumulous cloud in the shape of an ideogram that was describing the day as it is written (in time and space) and I realized that today is not a day for delay--no, not an office day--but one in which recognition, hope, and joy, should be offered to strangers on the street, brothers and sisters who might be wobbling off balance and are unaware that before the fall of night they'll be tossed out into the cosmos, leaving a trace of themselves behind like a dollar bill (with its "eye of Providence") left on a counter, individuals gathering numbers, gathering dollars, collecting well-used bills handed to them from neighborhood characters who break bread

which is bought hourly at the bodega, our Duomo, and I understood that my walk would be--in part--responsible for the formation of the cornflower cloud/ideogram/story line that is endlessly emerging by my/your/our action, a movie camera outside the frame capturing a migrating illusion, the migrating geese cawing, passing squall, the thunderous cloud with its magic-lantern shadows watering seeds of joy, and a deep, penetrating peace, a rush of calm.

Nested Awakenings—Illusion Of States

(one)

A typical day—she showered, dressed, drove to the office, worked,
drove home, ate, slept.

(split to two—not synchronized, but with common time)

Only then, while dreaming did her eyes open. She

« [: inhaled, ←→exhaled, :]

[saw the dream,]

[**stepped out of it.**] »

(→ *Well Used Dollar Bill*)

(split to three—not synchronized, but with common time)

(keep all states going additively—adding players)

[Aware that what she had called "life" was an illusion, she]

lit candles and incense and

[sat,]

full lotus,

(in regular rhythm)

¹_be-fore a ²fif-ty-foot ³sand-stone ⁴Bud-dha.

(continue)

[Her eyes and mind aware.]

(split to four—not synchronized, but with common time)

(keep all states going additively—adding players)

In meditation her realization was experienced.

[She awoke within her sit—]

[**walked out of Providence,**]

(“stepped out” “walked out” — echo canon—while continuing)

[out of the cosmos—]

[left the proverbial theater.]

« « There her robe vanished,

[no incense,]

« [no flame—] » »

((→ Passengers—Parasites) –or- see “in that moment” later)

(→ The Story Of Being Invisible)

the lucidity in which scent, heat, too, are delusions gripped her no-
mind, her no-form.

(split to many—not synchronized, but with common time)

(keep all states going additively—adding players)

[She dropped her body]

(antiphonal)

(What body?)

(What her?)

(continue)

and traveled through the realms of spirit among the lineage of
teachers, past, present, and future

(unison)

[(Time?

[What time? What space?).]]

(bridge to—all canon dance players)

what time	stepped
what space	walked
this time	out
this space	in

(Markov rhythm canons grow into dance—maybe break dancing.)

	What	This	Time	Space
What				
This				
Time				
Space				

	Stepped	Walked	Out	In
Stepped				
Walked				
Out				
In				

(bridge out—back to...)

(one—single voice)

« **In that moment,** »

((→ Passengers—Parasites) –or- see “no flame” earlier)

[**THIS**]

was kindled,

[**and yes, again,**]

[**more māyā**]

(quickly—softly)

***traveling was perceived as the chimera it is—nothing more or
nothing less than a Russian doll, negatively nesting inside the next.***

(aftersound—Passing)

Passengers—Parasites

(sound of tuned dragonfly wings)

(short solo aria—with chorus—beginning)

The mother believes she awakens and her lovely daughter has disappeared. The mother has been watching a movie about a young girl with aubergine hair and round eyes. Parasitic bugs that have found solace in the skin of the girl replace her. Upon seeing the parasites, the mother falls into a deep weeping slumber and the bugs continue the mother's dream. The bugs suppose the mother is dead, dreaming that her daughter is directing insects in a movie.

(line 1:) The mother is at the movies with secretions that dissemble when light's switched on.

(line 2:) Parasites have become the daughter, dreaming a movie of a keening mother.

Chorus: (the secretions that are raised from light, the secretions that are her thoughts).

(continue solo aria—with chorus—Middle)

« The viewer will open his eyes »

(→ The Origins Of Conflict)

and go home

Chorus: (open his heart)—

turn on the light—

Chorus: (close his eyes)—

dream—

Chorus: (turn in sleep)—

Echo Chorus: (turning sleep, turning sleep)

become something other—

« a moth maybe, nothing more substantial than the filmic flame, »

(→ Nested Awakenings)

Chorus: gossamer,

a damselfly's shimmering whirr.

(chorus—End section)

Chorus: « Strangers in our body. »

(→ The Story Of Being Invisible)

(slight pause)

Chorus: Passengers.

(slight pause)

Chorus: Parasites.

Words To Put To Music

Savior Soul Save Your Soul

Who do Who do

Sometime Sun Time Sum Time Some Time

Languish Language

Sound of people talking behind a closed door (instrumental)

Empty Sound

Empty Soundlessness

Emptying emptiness

Undersound/the pebbles shifting after the tide draws out

Bird echoes

Space echoing birds

Royal blue

Dragonfly wings "in tune"

Passing space

Organic bands (rubber and musical?) – Orgiastic birds

Fair

Multiple meanings and connected (non-standard)

"True," too. (multiple meanings)

True pitch—true plane—true fair?

Jasper Sky Aria

jasper sky

light

song

waters

matter

the distant

Earth

soft

a bundle of threads

one

leaves a scar

fried bread

paper blanket

room for a needle

willows

never stop

burning

seven steps

war

The origin of conflict lies close to the origins of language. . .

Diamond Extracts

Even if the performance takes place while the viewer is doing laps in the pool, even if it takes place while the listener is bathing in the Dead Sea, even if the dreamer is attached to an iPod

assemblage of strangers listening to the world

Blurring definitions/boundaries of
writer/composer/performer/audience/director/listener/viewer

«Foolish people aren't real. They thus can be transformed into sages.»

time in tuning beingness

«To realize that nothing can be seen but to retain the concept
of invisibility...»

Only if not a single system of music is possessed can a useful system of
music be formulated.

each grain of which triggers language machine utterances

fueling sharing fire

stars enhanced by sky

our world

Differentiation without fear!

To be differentiated is to live an opportunity to share—on a path to
reintegrating

The "I" can come and go—as is useful

entity sleeping perhaps dreaming

entity aware of the sleeping entity

üher consciousness

«... sages arise from what is uncreated»

there is no point of arrival

only continuing

there is no understanding

only continuing

when this is enough,

joy and effectiveness abound,

doing blossoms

shining from the sea of invisibility

teaching that is neither
graspable nor deceptive

word of conception...

useful fools...

becoming freed from freedom

«The road whose goal can't be reached is still the goal's main cause.»

ways and means

exists

distinguish cause and effect

«Men of principle will get it, and those who are mindless will
understand it.»

What does not exist will also not be annihilated.

. . . first break the attributes that are seen,
then the seeing that sees . . .

phenomenal noumenal

provisional

real

turn obstructions into offerings

obstructions turn bicycles into offerings

light song the distant soft

there a bundle of leaves scar

as does fried bread

wrapped in a paper blanket

by a room built for a needle

The origin of conflict lies close to the origins of language . . .

And, so . . .

from random walk to resonant distinguished entity

proximity --> correlated (*synchronous*) motion

(in range of influence)

correlated uncertainty



[squishy bipeds seem to limit that which they
routinely enfold in the capacity of consciousness

to that part of the universe,
which interacts with light]



synchrony grows as entities gather
within *range* of mutual influence --
-- co-creation --

melodious lion sings

island universes

multiple repeating histories

infinite number of island universes each with finite
number of possible histories each repeating infinite
number of times



infinite *repeating* of finite possibilities

that not prevented by conservation/symmetry laws
has non-zero *probability* of occurring
and (ergo) will occur

-- chance is certainty --



Story Koan

first a differentiation

(se différencier)

then bodymindemotion needs label (calltagmark)

memory invented I prediction language

story as shared language activity

how soon after differentiation does story emerge?

does story co-evolve with the brain?

story shapes brain shapes story shapes brain

robot 'can' see red ball

robot 'knows' how to find red ball

how does robot 'tell other robot

how to find red ball

can robots learn to tell stories

story evolution

language evolution (co-evolution)

maybe story is co-evolution process of language

story relating memory and prediction

story relating bodyemotionmind

story for invented I-life

body reacts to story as if physical reality

enter imagination!

entremise

overwhelming power of imagination

imagination co-evolving with body and brain

connecting physicality with imagination

bodymindemotion

selfdrivedesire

words rejoining

mandalamêmemania

(same+actual+selfsame)

story so strong we can live another (second)

life in story

outsidewhat <---> bodymindemotion

insidewhat <---> languagemindstory

languagestoryimaginagion ---> co-evolve with---> brainbodyemotionmind

being careful not to attach to

illusion as non-reality

beings exist and make illusion

story as notingtestingliving bodybrainemotion interaction

with imagined reality perceived possible

[note: mirror neurons that make

watching same as doing

observing same as feeling the observed

& evoked responses to imagined stimuli]

do not give rise to an illusion

illusions do rise

some illusions can be useful

attached illusions are dangerous

unattached illusions fly like clouds



Sources for some quotes and references contained in the AH! texts:

AH!

All of *AH!* is indebted, of course, to the *Diamond Sutra*, from which ideas flowered, to which many references are made, and from which a number of quotations have been adapted. Many translations of the Diamond Sutra exist. A useful one by Charles Muller is available online here: http://www.acmuller.net/bud-canon/diamond_sutra.html

The Story Of Being Invisible

"A mystic Shape did move Behind me" is from Sonnet 1 of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. "Hope is the thing with feathers" and "Alone I cannot be" are lines from Emily Dickinson poems, (Johnson Edition numbers 254 and 298).

Heads Or Tails

"The most incomprehensible thing about the universe is that it is comprehensible," is a famous quote from Albert Einstein.

Trouble Is My Middle Name [“Woody Allen Story”]

In this story, a person wakes up to be spouting movie lines, waking from a dream to be in another dream. "It seems the world's divided into good and bad people. The good ones sleep better... while the bad ones seem to enjoy the waking hours, ..." is adapted from a Woody Allen joke, "It seemed the world was divided into good and bad people. The good ones slept better... while the bad ones seemed to enjoy the waking hours much more." "Trouble is my middle name" is a common phrase and the title of a Bobby Vinton song, which also appears in the Woody Allen documentary *The Secret World of 'Antz.* "I am not afraid of death, I just don't want to be there when it happens," is also a famous Woody Allen joke. "Life as we know it is like a shark. It has to constantly move forward or it dies," is adapted from the following line in Woody Allen's movie, *Annie Hall*: "A relationship, I think, is like a shark, you know? It has to constantly move forward or it dies. And I think what we got on our hands is a dead shark."

"Our consciousness is the totality of our seeds, ... If we practice mindful living, we will know how to water the seeds of joy and transform the seeds of sorrow and suffering so that understanding, compassion, and loving kindness will flower in us—" is adapted from *Miracle of Mindfulness* by Thich Nhat Hanh, in which he writes about "watering our good seeds."

Well-Used Dollar Bill

This story is indebted to Ernest Francisco Fenollosa's essay *The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry*.