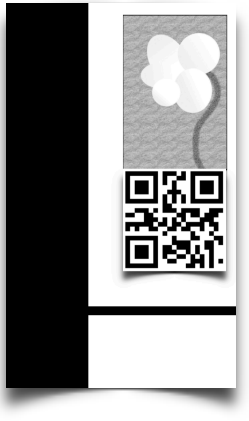
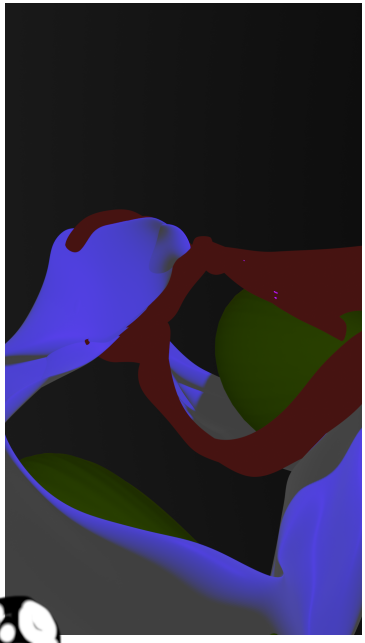
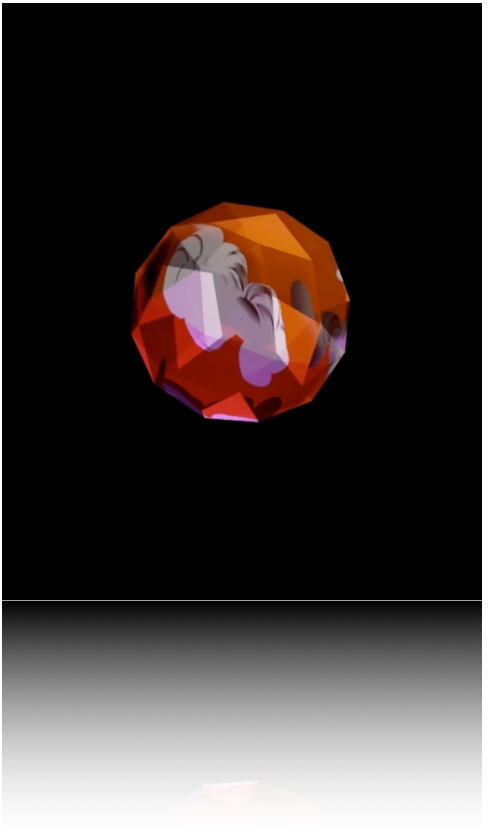
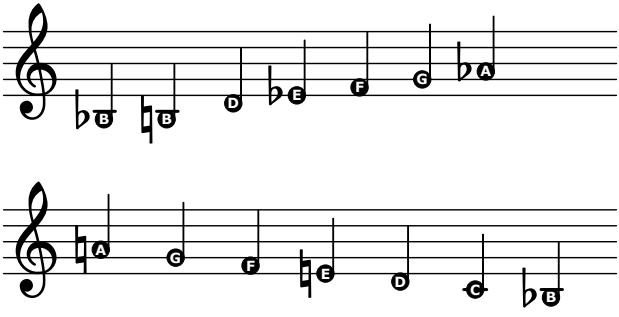


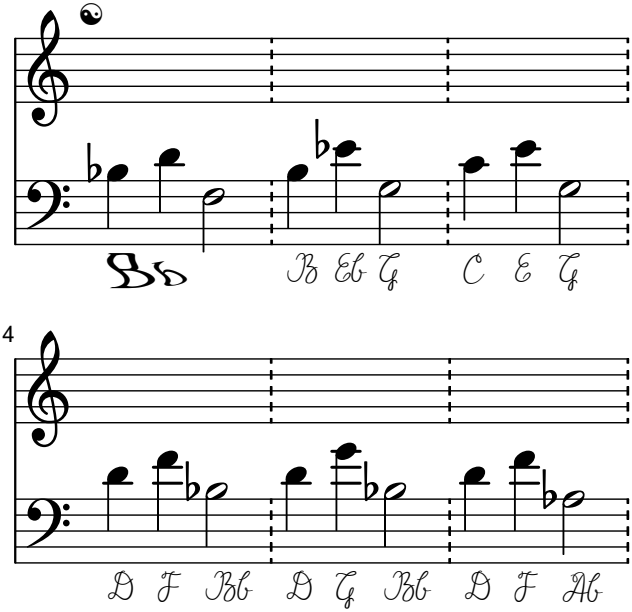




♨ — Bb Criteria



♨ — Prelude : "River Theme"



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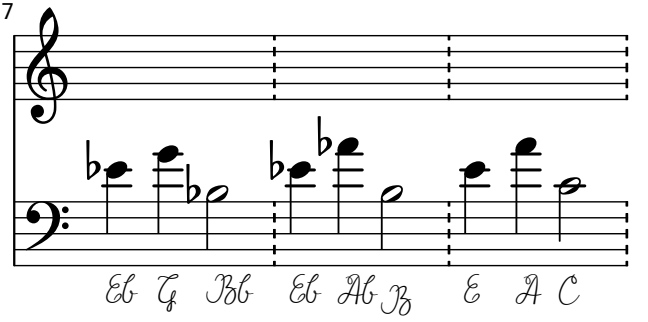

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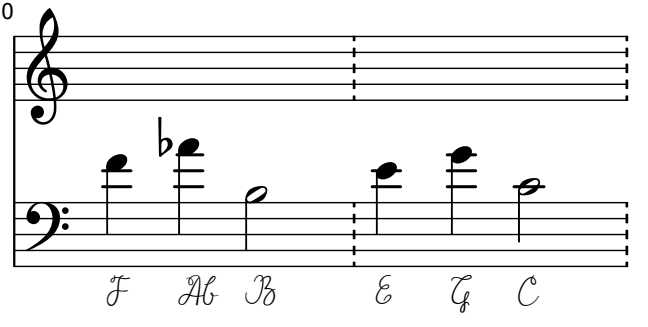

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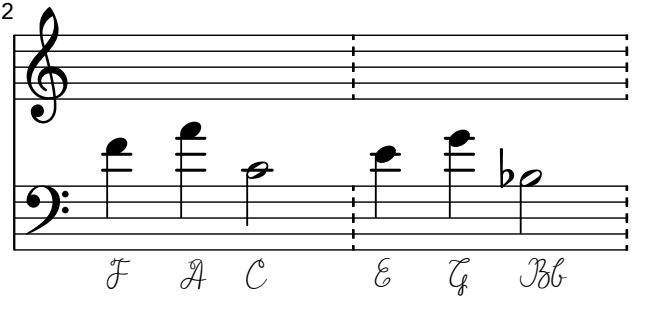

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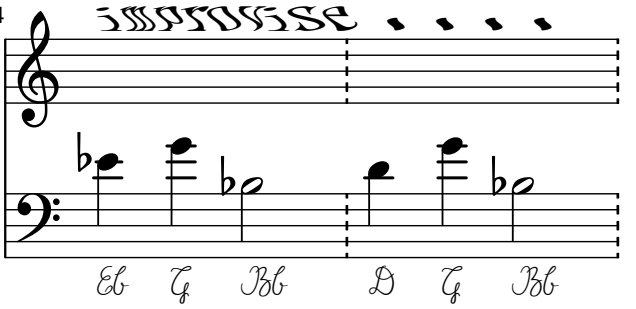

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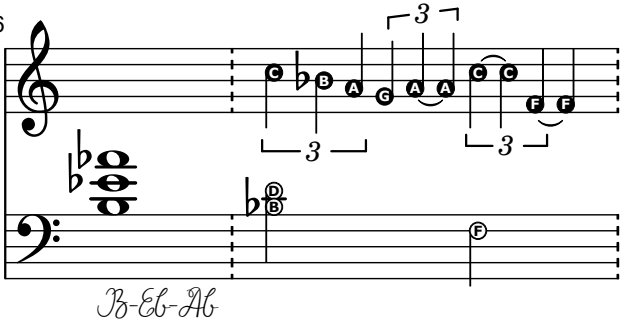

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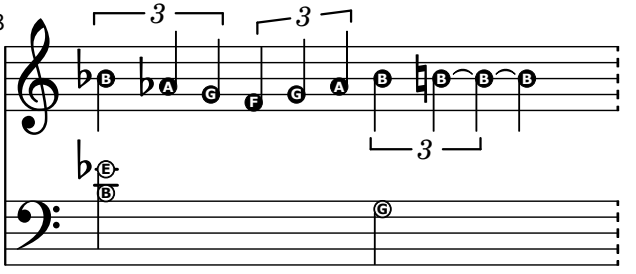

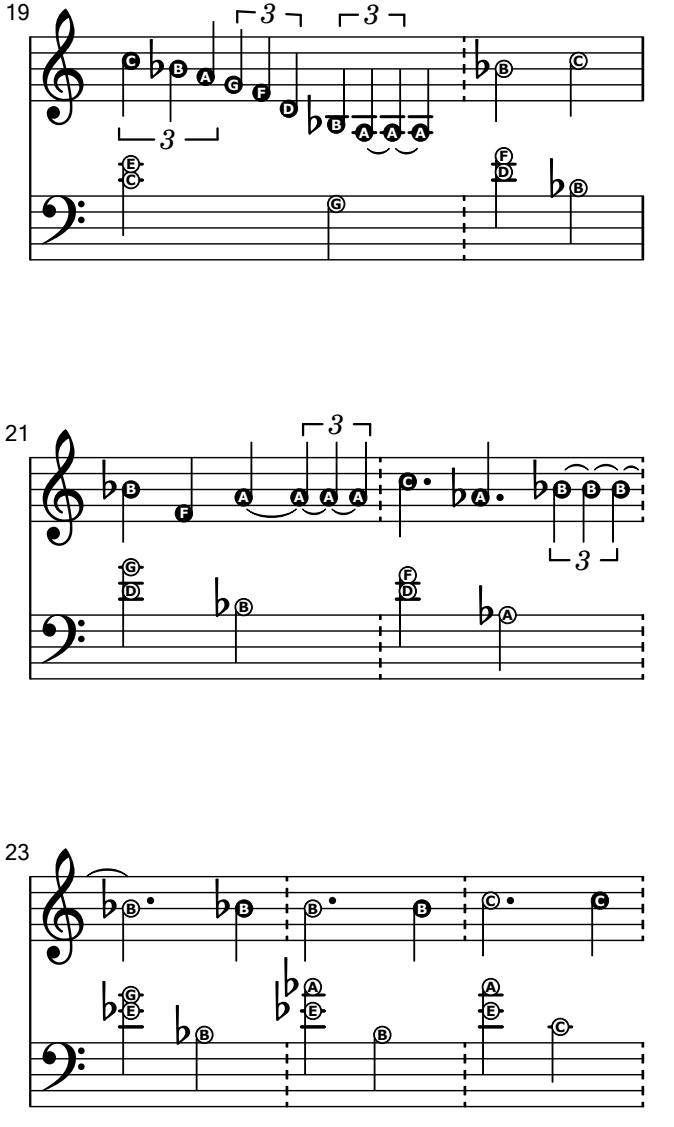
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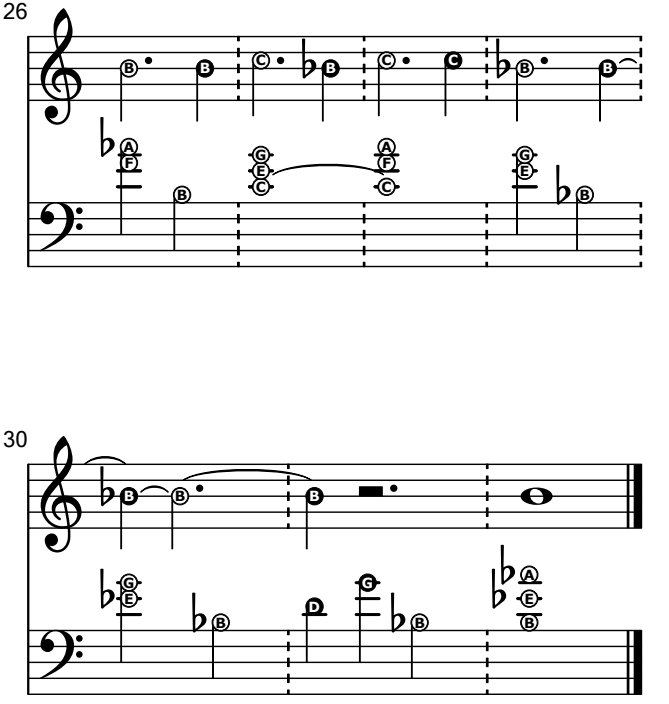
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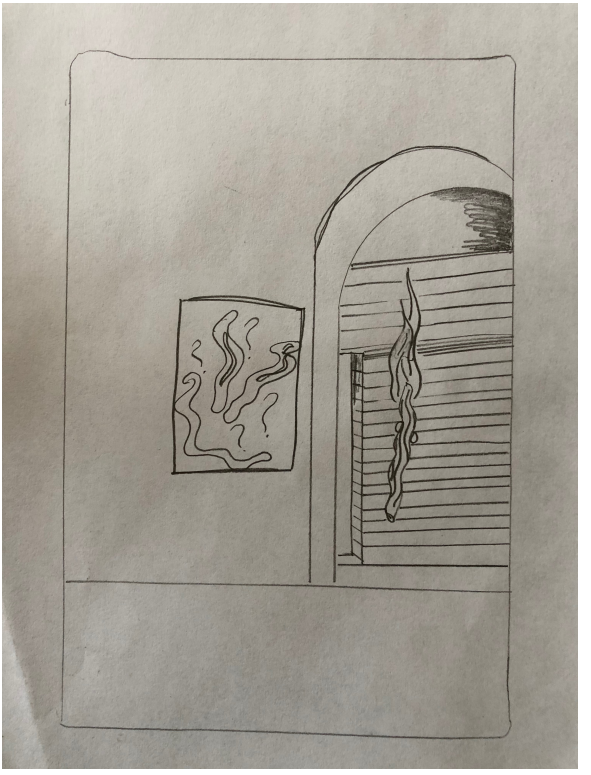
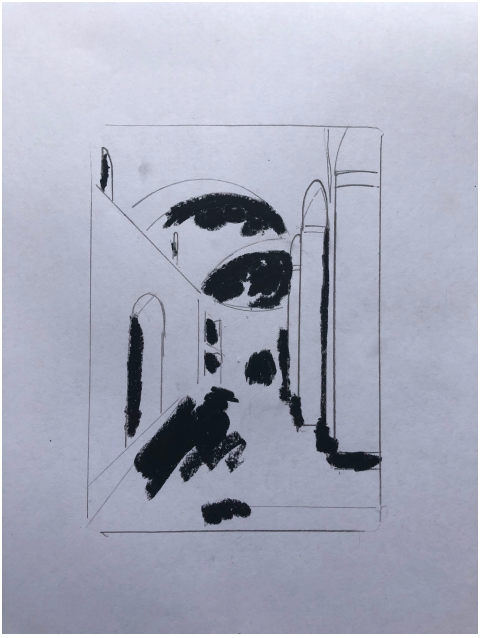
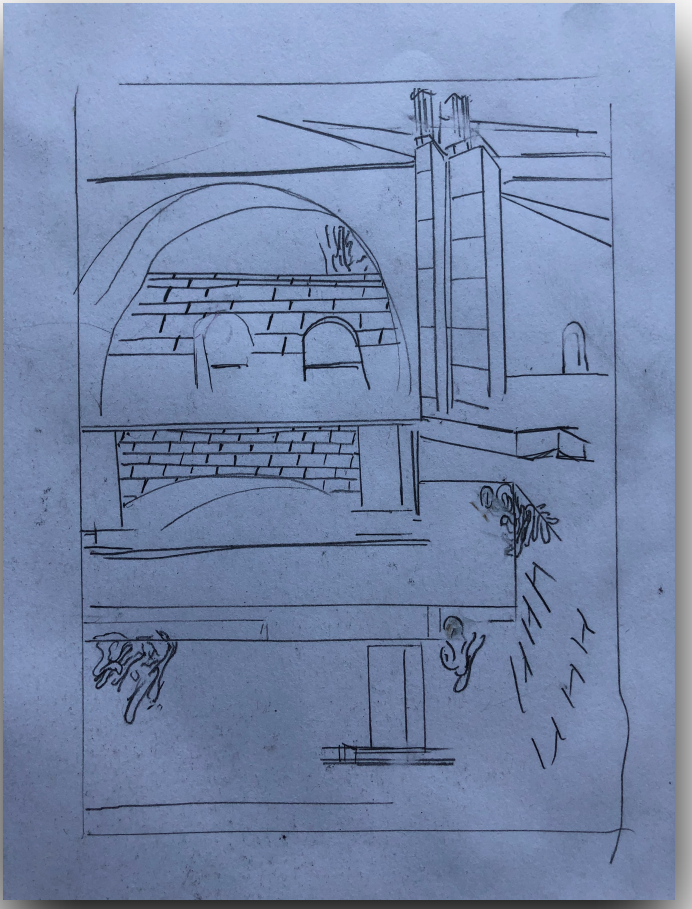
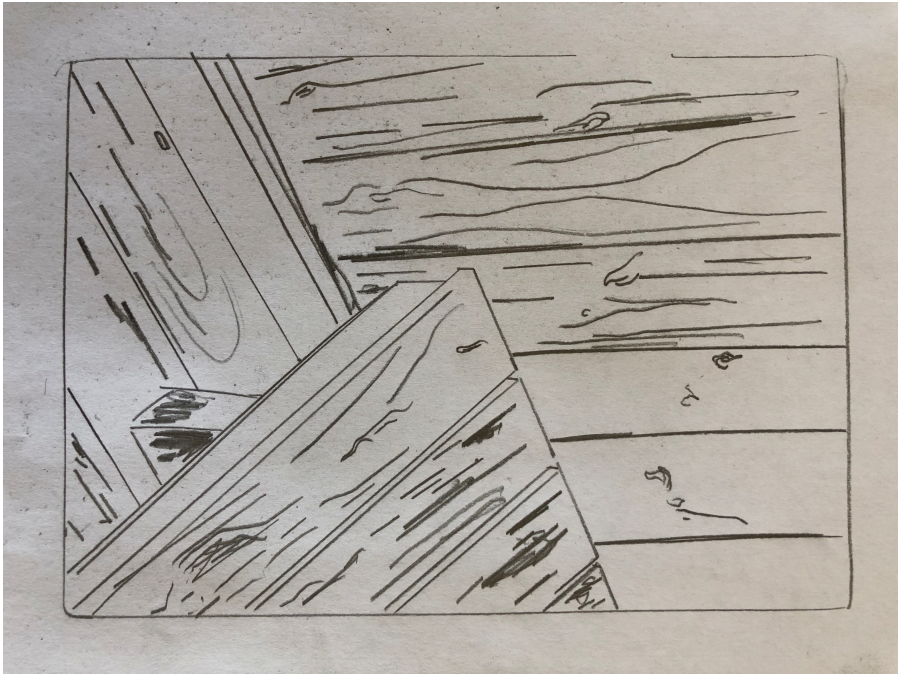








Simone: I get into this space where I think of sleep as a void where I disappear, yet I know the situation is closer to a scroll or a cartoon tongue

Jeli: yeah I'm rn in late morning, bubbling up 2 peace together my dreams with a delicious coffee lol

S: did you see the big play

J: wait I'll call

S: haha heyy

J: hiii

S: Ok, woof lol

J: ugh

S: I'm like I don't even know . . .

J: You don't "remember" or

S: haha Uh

J: Lol

S: I mean, like, is this the part where—

J: you're looking at your notes

S: yeah, pulled up, this is

J: ok no, no this is,

S: Is this

I: this is like, waay later than that

Both: Ha ha ha :)

I: ok. So. what Sigi said, because they went back

S: No, stop

I: Yeah . . . ;)'

S: hahah

I: they went back, and were reminding me that during this part is a stage

S: Yeah

I: with these 3 kind of "flat" tiers: "river", then

they're river baths adjacent to an entrance to the cave shrines, then up to a lipped path with ferns running along parallel the horizon, in a nicely, densely forested gardens

S: yeah ok with the dog statue

I: yeah the dog statue

S: Yeah :)

I: lol, and when we both went back the first night there was a bubbly acid music vibrating little shells and kinds of dyed

sand on the wooden floor of the scooped auditorium, before the seating like, when you go in

S: wow, Jeli, oh my god lol

J: haha ok and so the first part wait before let me

S: Yeah, start from the other

J: Ok so we both liked the music when you go in, and this babbling bass synthesizer 'fades out', and social house lights cool to

'night'

S: who was all there the second time

L: oh yeah like Sigi, me, P-K, Carla, Paul,

S: Wow ok sorry

L: haha, No

S: :)

L: I know, lol, So, as they said it would, sluggish, real-time video of glossy, almost indistinct tree trunks and black soil run with moisture and weight-ed mushrooms curls on the loft projection screen and,

focusing on the technical instruments of production, the non-diegetic videographer's mecha-like camera-stabilizing chest and thigh mounts glide their flaring, motion-isolated gear through gushy lavender spikes and dewy forest gardens, intersecting the blurred, serpentine columns of starlight. Greasy shadows compress within the watery aerial trace foaming under the canopy, and silver shapes begin

their render in the green denseness, silence, and intermediate abstraction, then complex forms appearing in the video: a figure, secreting in the winding dew and soft, long-leaf foliage bulbs and flowering stalks bundled in cloth. On the instantiation of a facial form in the plants blue, blush, and green light beam matrices glimmer into braids along the videographer's shoulder-mounted rigs, split and

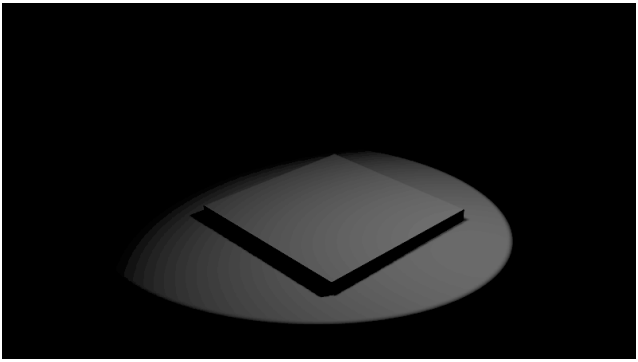
web the forest garden, then shimmer, delayed, in the loft's scenario, gradually disclosing within a pervasive ebony and ultramarine marbling, now the supple bob and shoulders, now the puffed, translucent upper sleeves and dangling earrings, of the elf ☺Denise, who, scowling in a gelatinous glare, picking their way through fertile series of exhuberent cultivations and tracts to a fissure curtained by mel-

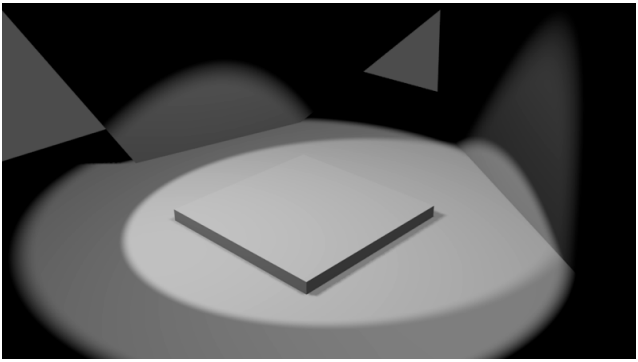
on vines in the stone, turns, disgusted, and, in close, suspends in their glittering cosmetics indignant and nauseated frowns. Smeary droplets mist from the forest canopy, and the videographer free-hands light, bouncing a dazzling beam from Denise's floppy black denim hat with a circular brim to their running shorts, waist-tied windbreaker, and sumptuous blonde wood and leather clogs. Denise turns

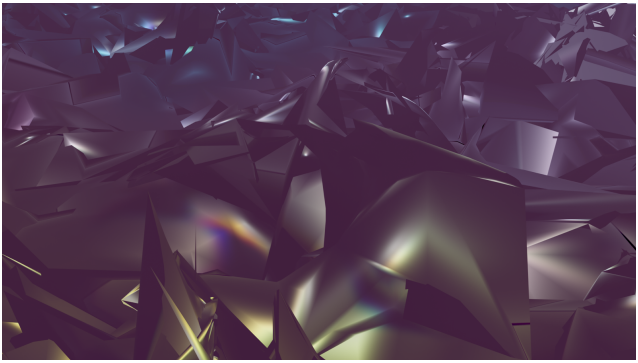
to glare with their hands cupped over its crystal rim and, obscure in its rippling stone arcs and twists of tunnel, disappears into the cave shrine . . . ◊

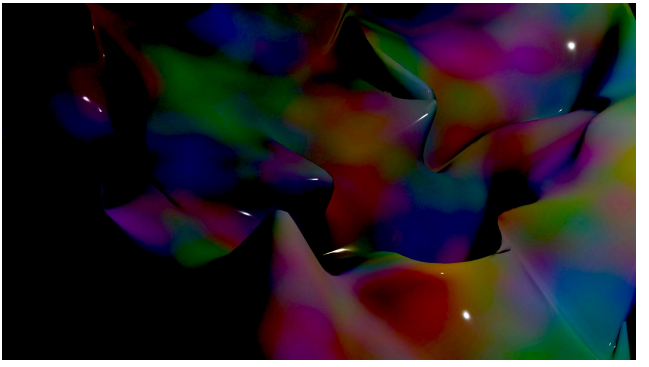
Lighting rigs go out. Fog spurts from the moss and bobbling herb bushes, and descending and ascending cycles of the Bb Criteria scale freely sound. Sinuous imagery on the loft tracks over unlit rocky slabs, nutty bulbs, ferns' ruffles, and drenched cress flowers as

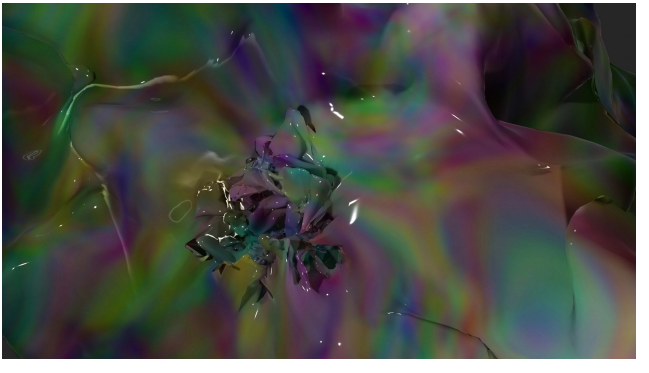
the videographer elevates their rig backwards through thick forest to exit. Set lights strobe and rise to day.

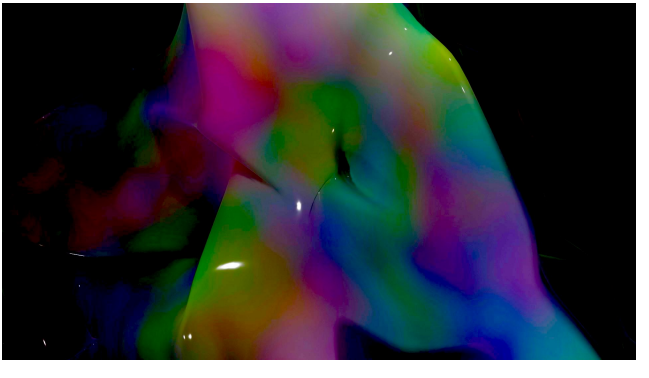












1.1–32. Prelude: "River Theme".

Bb Criteria "world chords".

☺Hannah, call sign "Slow Goblin", a harvesting mecha operator, lounges nude on stone steps descending into slow, shallow river water in a suite of ancient river baths; their clothes, recorder, and blunt-toed clogs are piled on the shore, and their denim painter's cap tops a stone statue of a lithe dog. Forest laborers and pseudo-sophists, orchard workers, gardeners, and cloth-

iers, and at this time ma-
sonry programmers, drift
along footpaths in the re-
ceding forest gardens,
talking and smoking, and
in the foreground splashed
lavender stalks and a kief
cigarillo ash in the small
cup on flattish ceramic
tiles set into stepped stone
grooves unrolling like a
tongue from forested
shoreline into the shushes
of common river water. As
☺Sonja, "Sonii", loopy with
discourse, strays from their

chats, sauntering with ☺Dan and ☺Robin, pulls their blue sweatshirt and green runners off, and palms river water onto their face, smiling to the smiling Hannah. Hannah, dozily stoned, recalls a sequence which plays on the loft projection screen as a series of prerecorded close-ups: They slip their hands into their tunic, and Hannah's thumb rolls over the mineral hilt of ☺Count Hess' dagger, twisted cold

against their side on a leather rope. ☺Johanna turns to smirk, splitting their candle's fire with a domed jewel exposed at their breatbone, trailing the flowy wide legs of their jumpsuit. A simple ladder emerges from the luminous forest pool. Hannah steps back and pulls off their felt hat. Johanna gestures: "Come down with me?" The elf's tail wags. Hannah pats their quiver down into the dross of leaves at

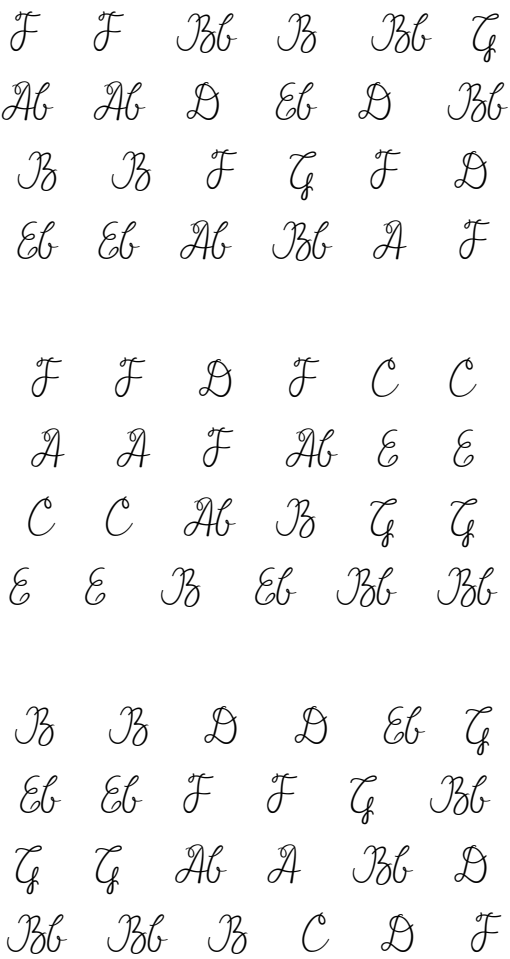
the clearing's entrance.

7.26: Sonja / H: Hi / :) Hi

Hannah's memory dissolves; they blink waving as Sonja rejoins their group. Now Robin has told a joke* and the trio clasp their upper arms together on the forest garden's threshold, laughing. Hannah waves peace as they pass back into the trees.

*Why didn't the tree smile? / Honestly, wood that it hadn't

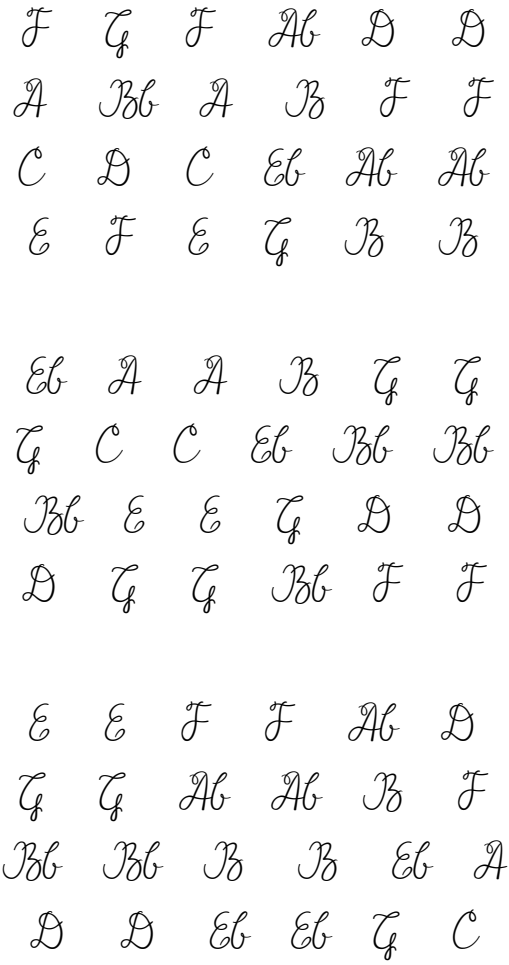
@1.32: Hannah: Wow.

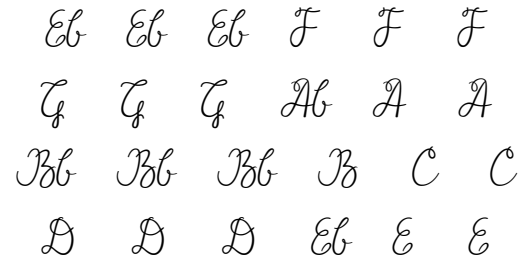


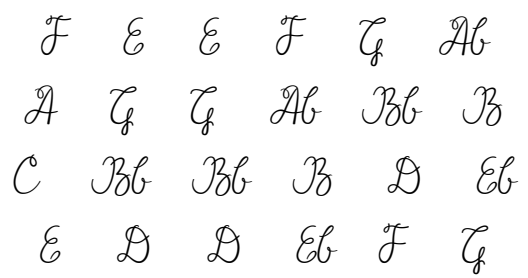
2.1–109. Song 1 "Triturable Coin".

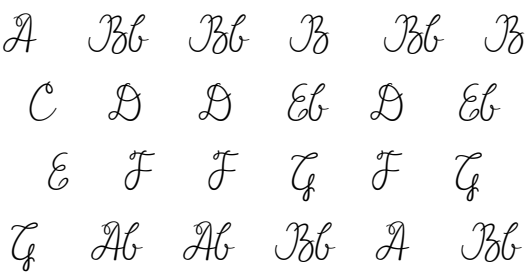
Alone, Hannah speaks, and their discourse evolves on a pitch terrain derived from their signature tone row, harmonized by Bb Criteria chords. They describe their smile as a soft insect digging in fruit which, like their memory by this joy, is involuntarily animated. Recognized by Sonii, a crush they were unaware of having, Hannah senses at once both their own de-

sire and its situational realisation. Having heard Robin reference a standard joke about the Smiling Tree, Hannah wonders if a similar form can be gleaned from themself, and they consider the distributed nature of their knowledge based "on" this symbol: a knife they possessed with a variant of the smiling tree imprinted in its handle; the original tree, materially indexing a change in the quality of



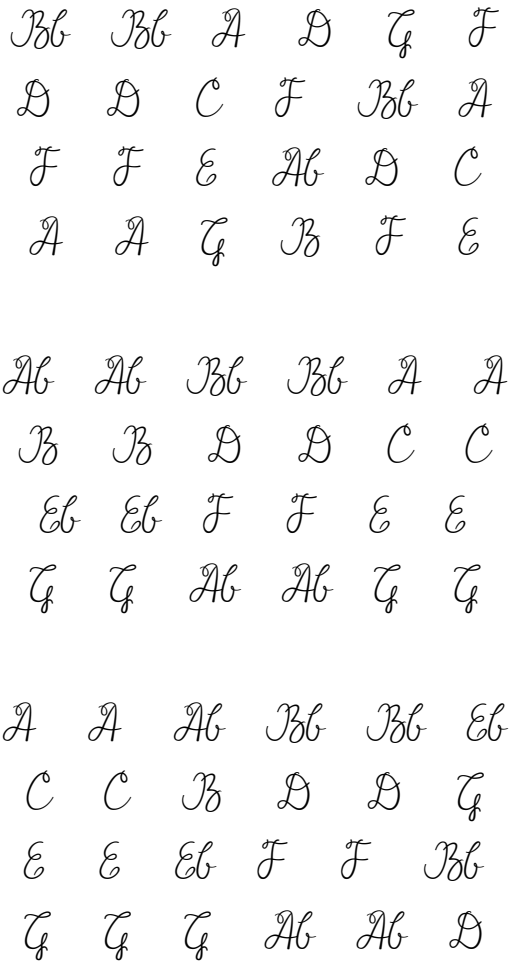


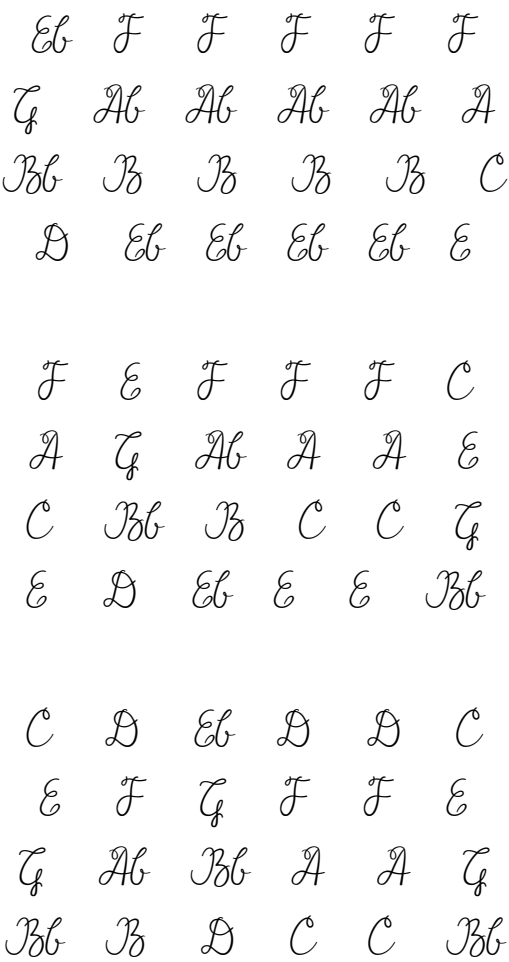




known forest; this same tree splashed with juice by those who gather near it during the gaming which precedes a festival; when they met up with their friend Johanna. Hannah had told the same joke, and they reveal that they feel a personal connection to the smiling tree, in part through the composition they have been learning with their wind ensemble. Training for this concert has caused them to slow

down and reconsider the basics, a very normal theme for the upcoming Smiling Baker's Festival. Hannah compares their multiple perspectives to the concentric rings of water elicted by birds dipping into the river water, realizing how seriously they take their friend's sensibilities in spite of the manifold phenomena. Although collective labor intensifies prior to the festivites, their feelings, which had

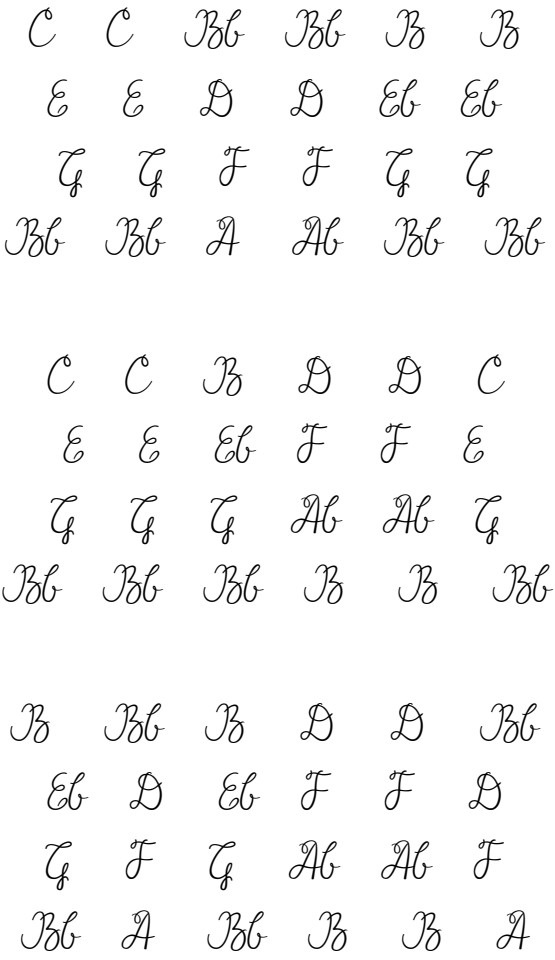


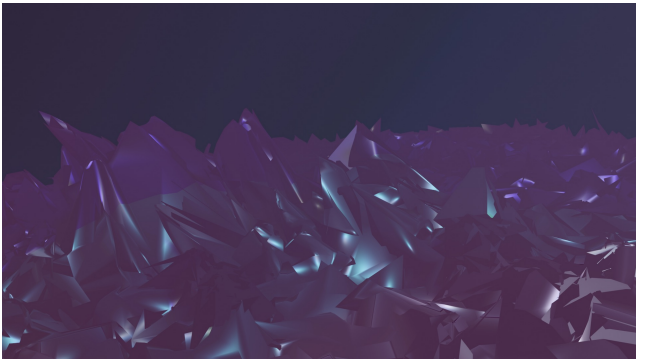


developed without interrogation, have conspired towards calmness and an easy self-enjoyment. They lay out these feelings like a show of glossy sculptues, considering them as they would a group of naive figurations. They reflect on the water, become thirsty for cold nettle tea, and return to their original inquiry: Is there a standard joke which can be derived from their presence in the world, one which can

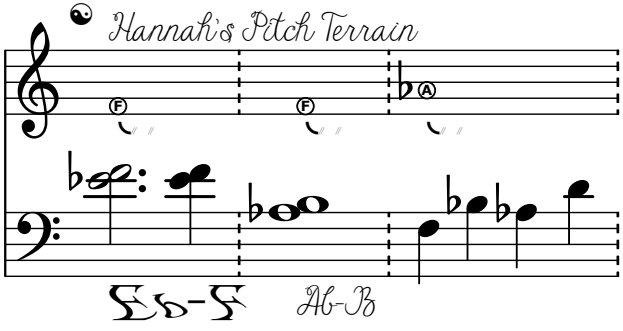
make their crush smile?

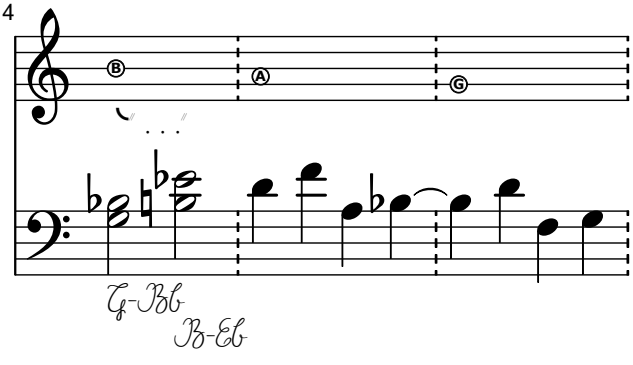
Hearing a boisterous pair approach the river baths and feeling anti-social after their reflection, Hannah decides to leave.

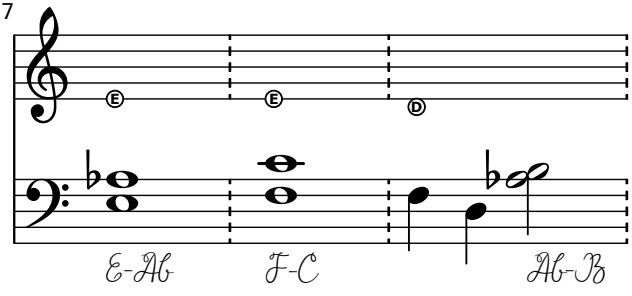


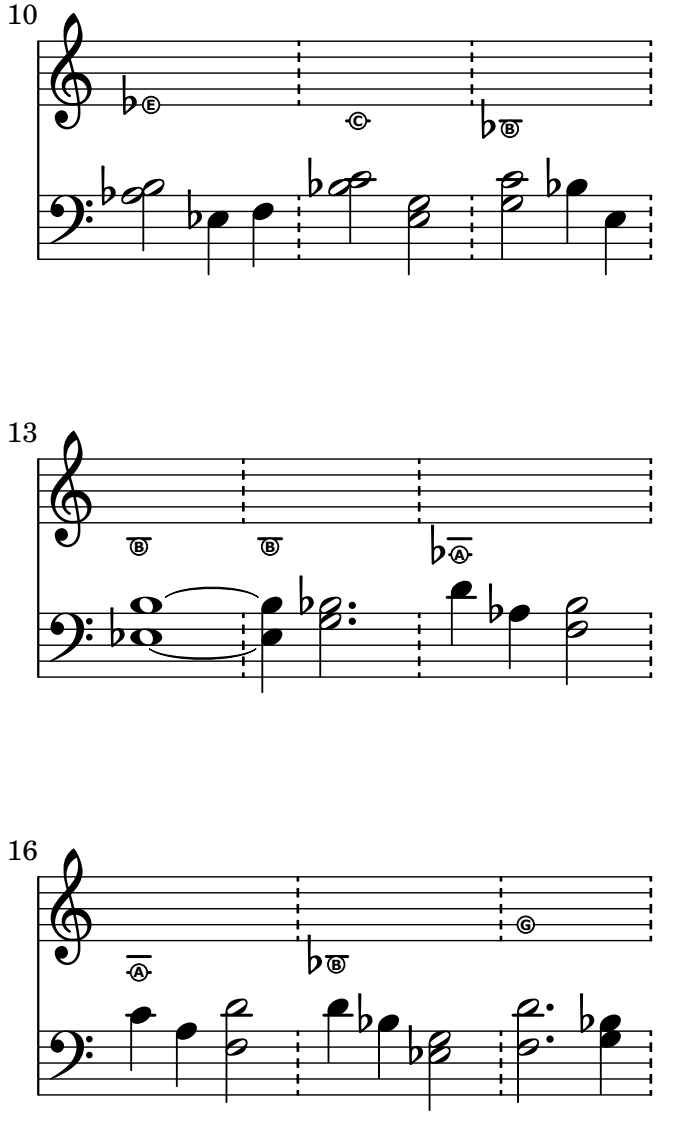


♨ — Song "Triturable Coin" ☺





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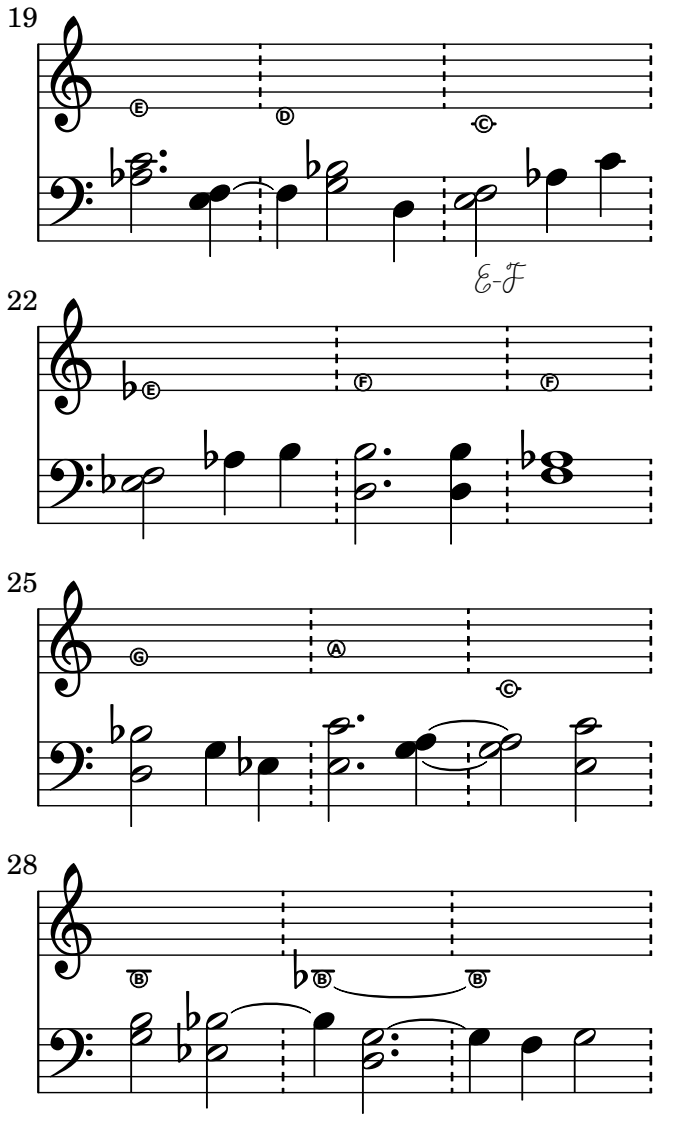
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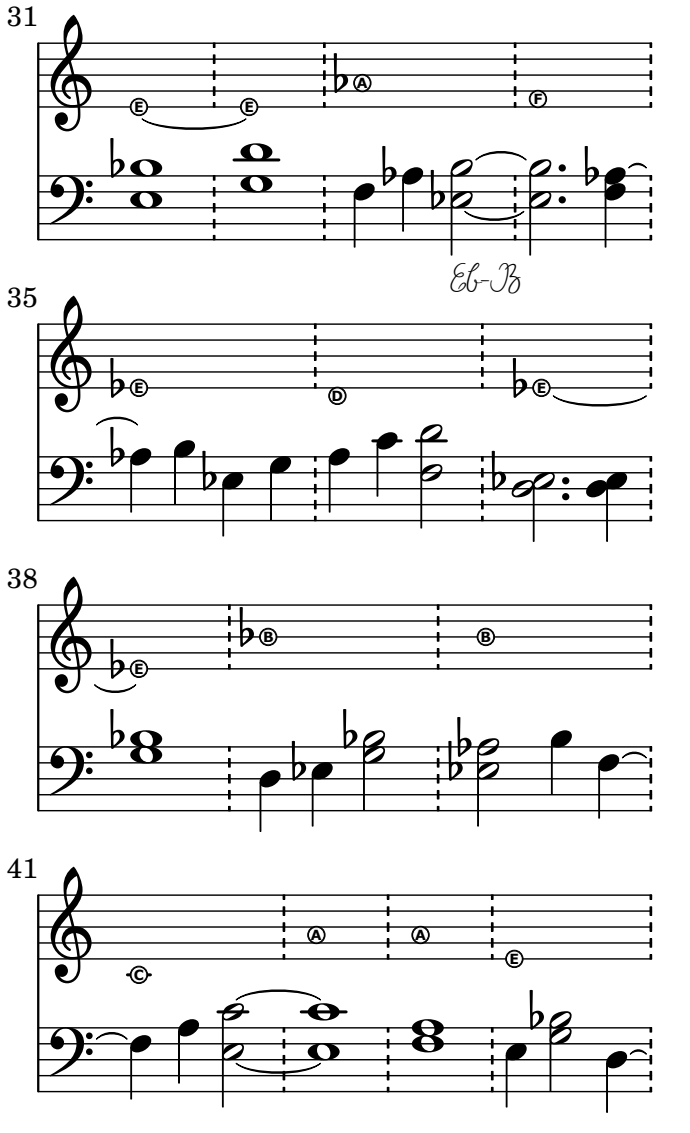
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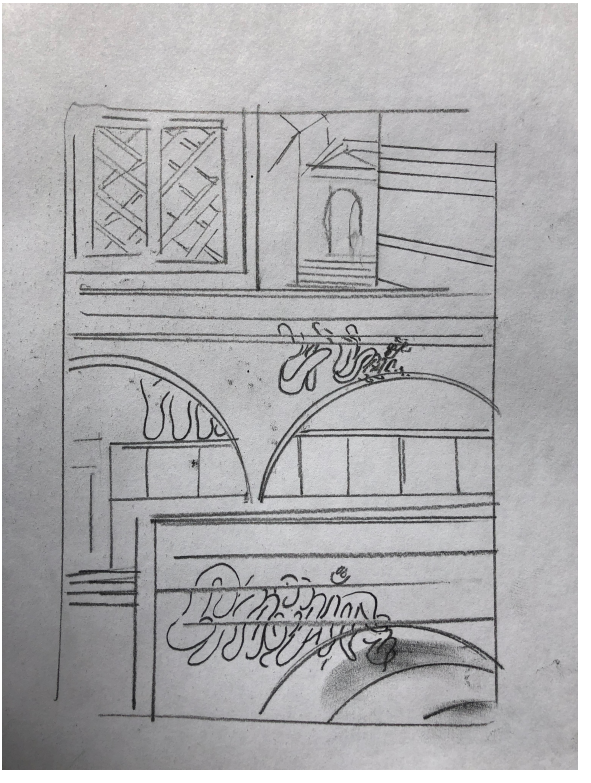

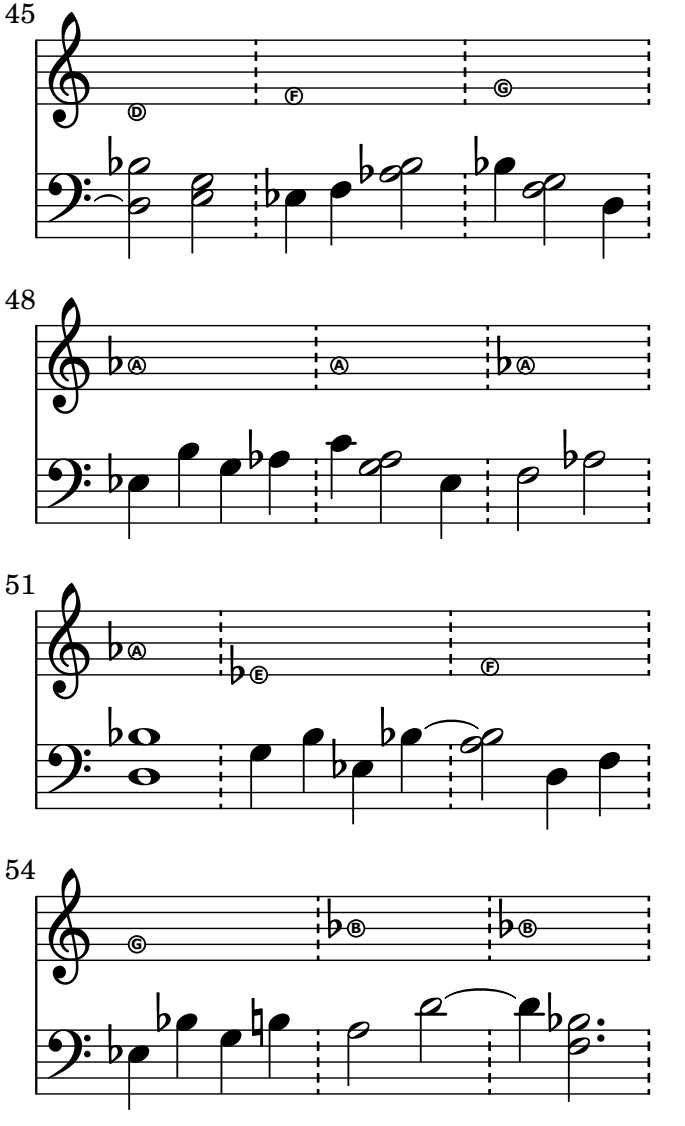
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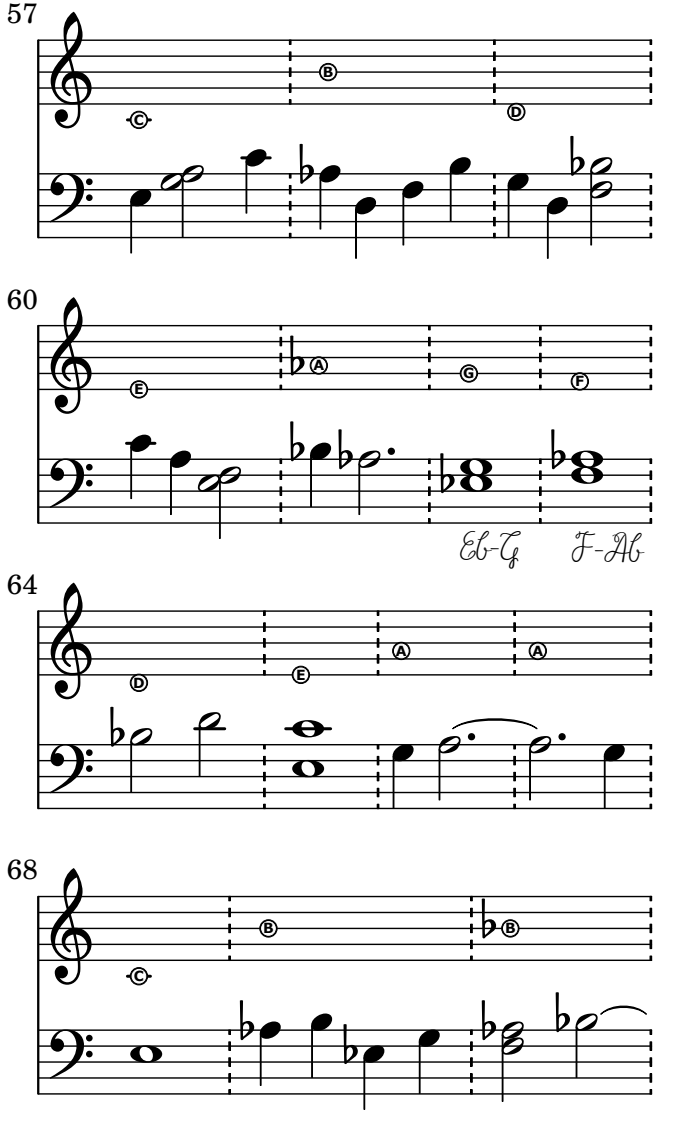
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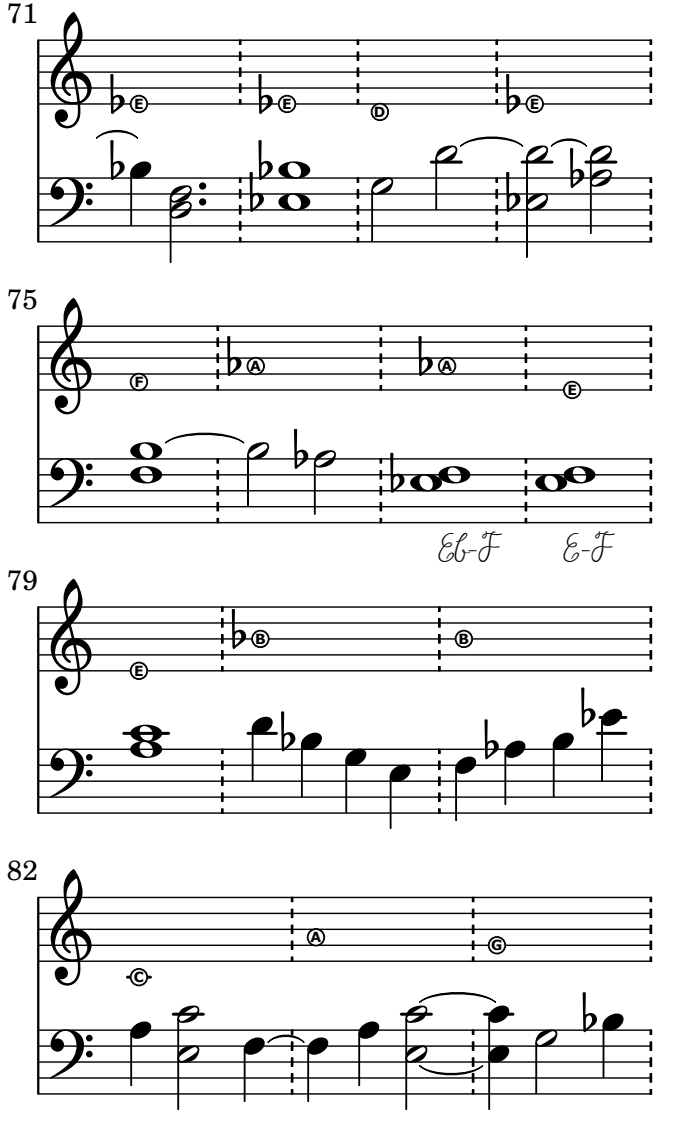
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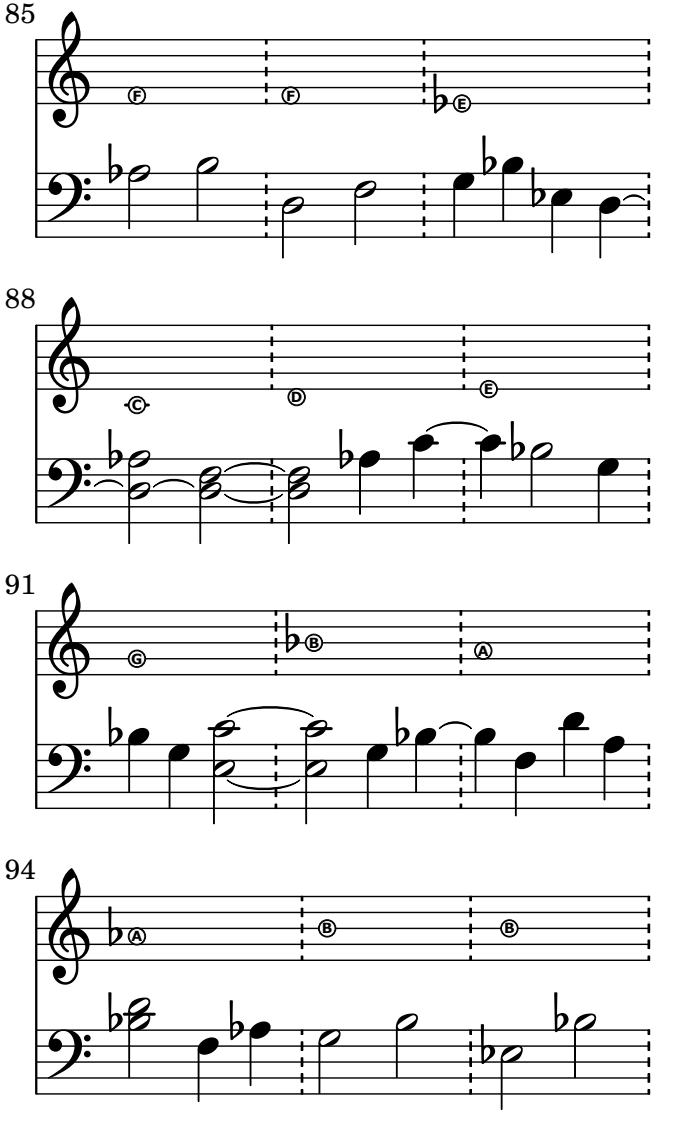
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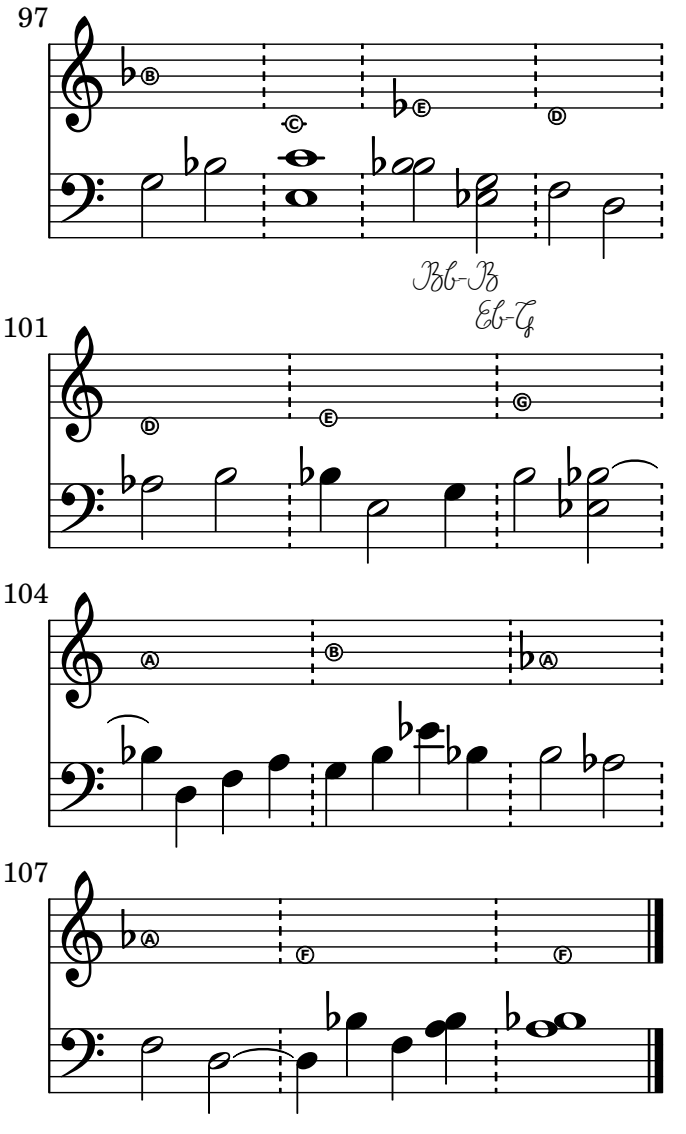
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Bb-Bb
Eb-G
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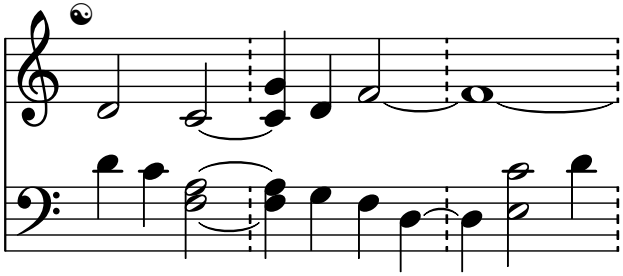
3.1–14. Dance: "Cave Theme".

Hannah exits the river baths, gathering their baggy brown trousers and cream smock, and their clogs. Their solo consists of three three-point gesture sets and these sets' counter-weight inversions; a vertical lift and horizontal step accompanied by dropped shoulders pairs with a natural descent, side reversed backward slide, and lifted shoulders, etc. They glance over their shoulder and step into the

cave mouth . . . as lights drop to a spotlight accentuating their filthy denim cap on the large dog statue. ☺Pathe and ☺Steph's overlapping vocalizations grow louder.

♨ — "Cave Theme"



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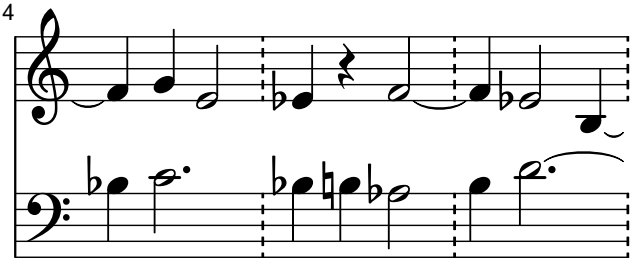

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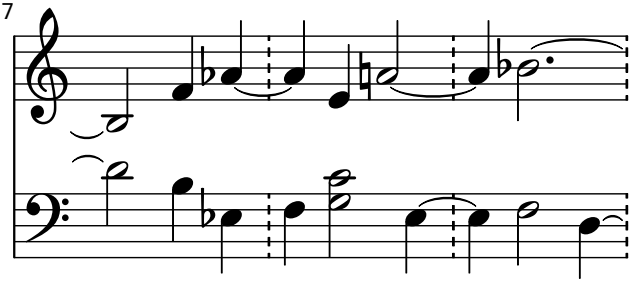

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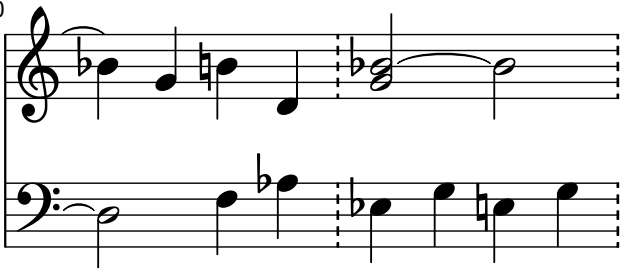

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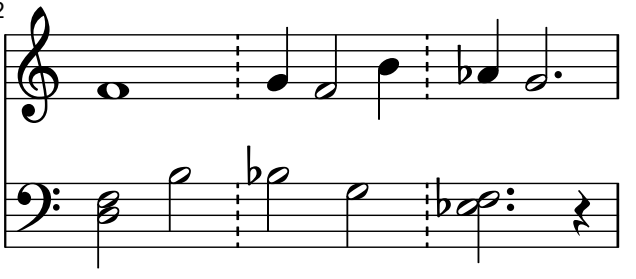
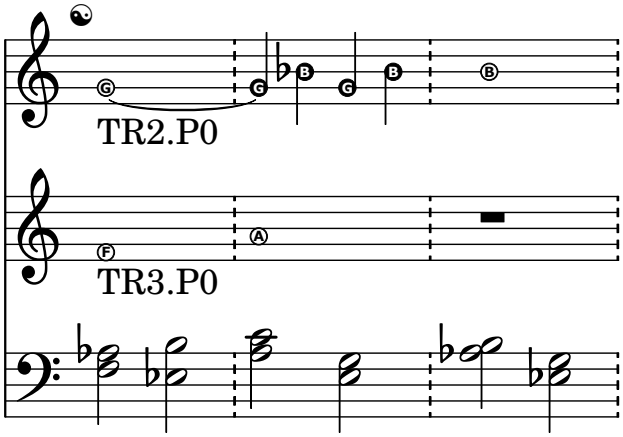


4.1–29. Recitative: "Your relationship to the process".

Intersecting tone rows. Pathe, carrying a heads-up-display unit and wearing layers of sweatsuit mesh and light-mecha interfacing gear, and Steph, in baggy brown trousers and a bunchy tunic, carrying a rope bag with stone fruit, discuss their plans to return at dawn to a site in the greater forest where rare sourish fruit is left in

baskets 'for' the deep forest during performances which precede the seasonal baker and flower festivals. They weave through pungent brush at the river's edge and talk, putting themselves over the stones.

♨ — Recitative: "Your..."



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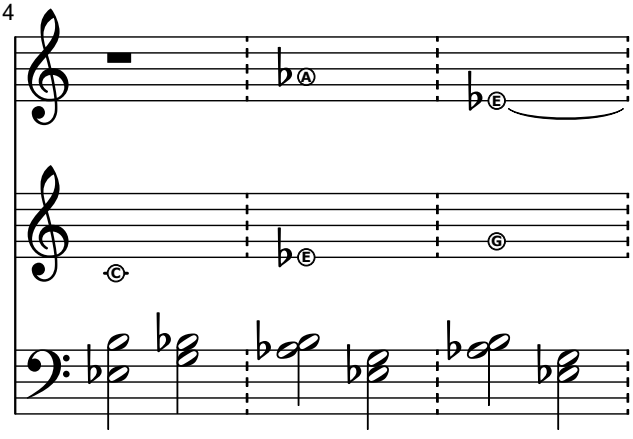

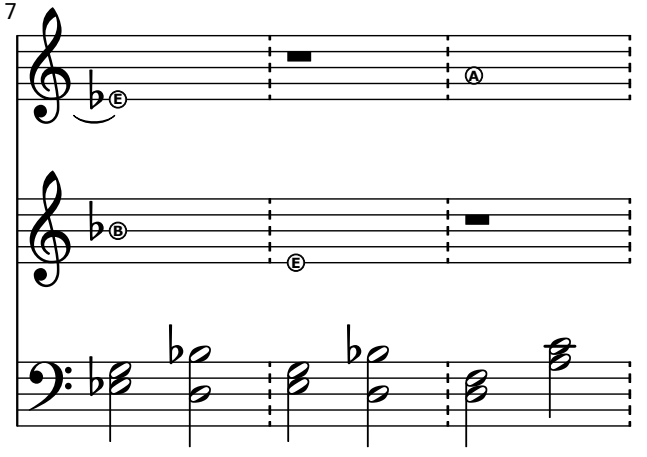
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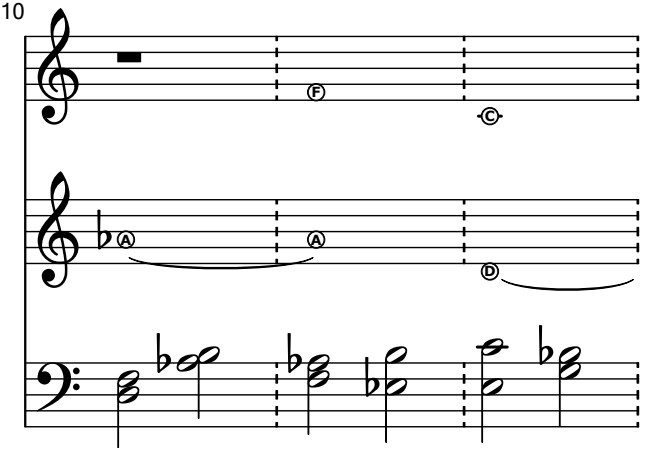
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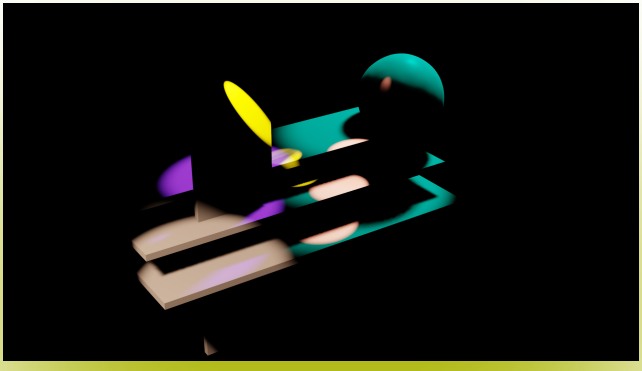

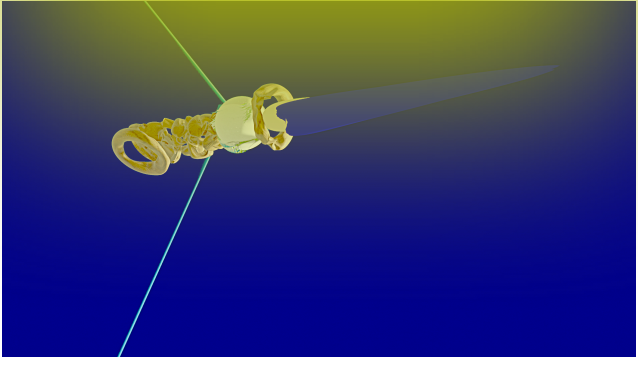

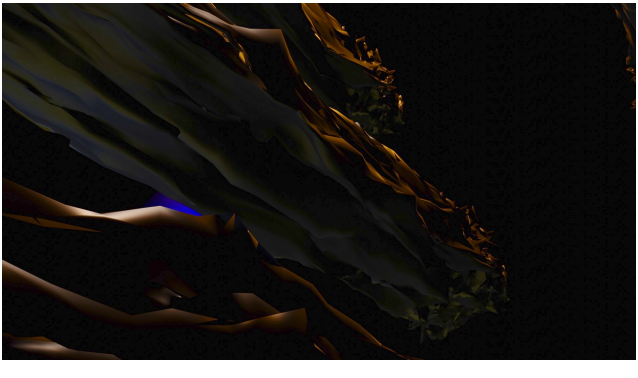

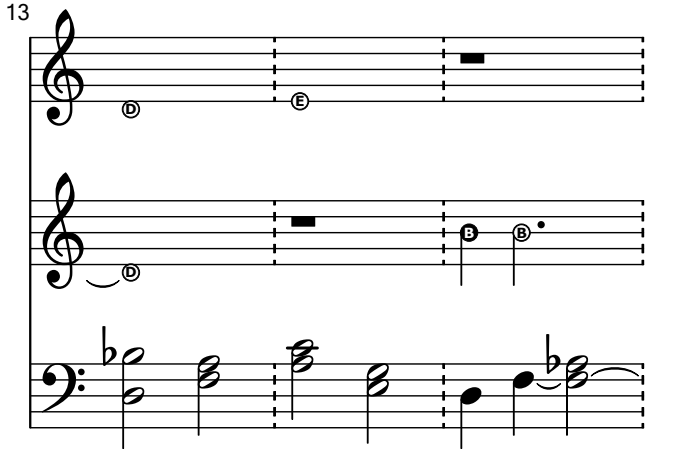
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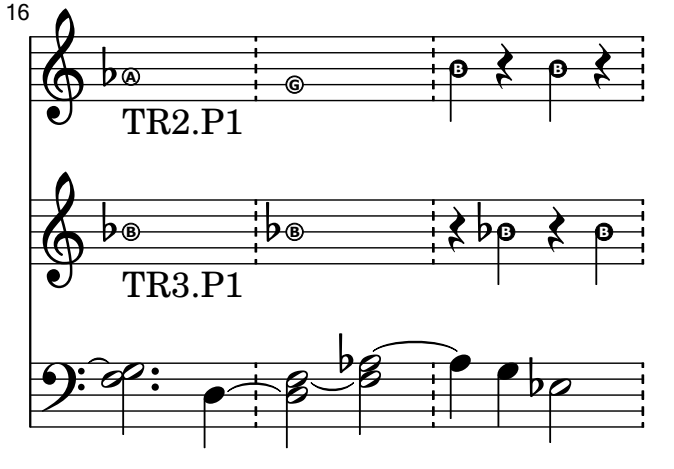
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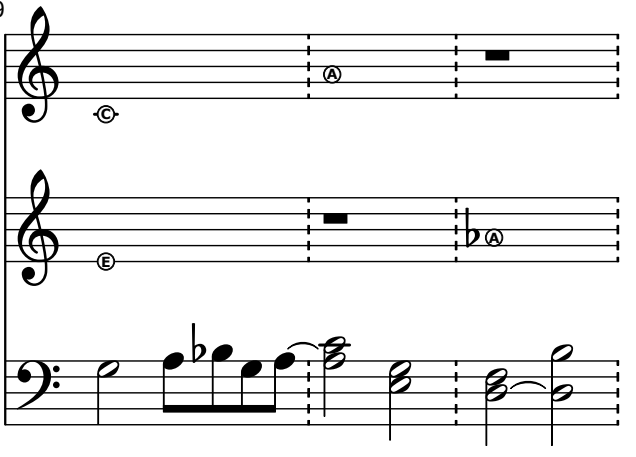

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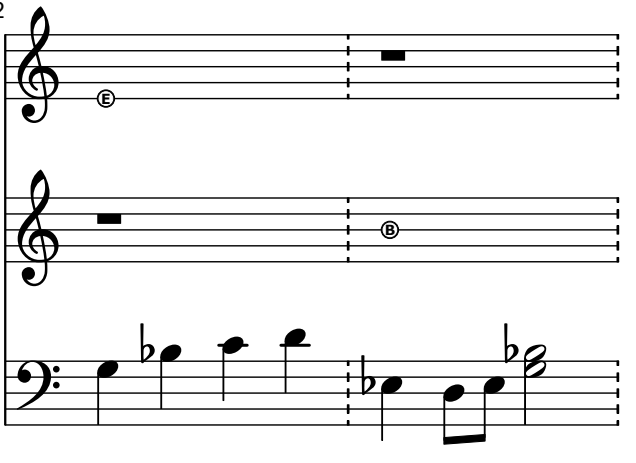

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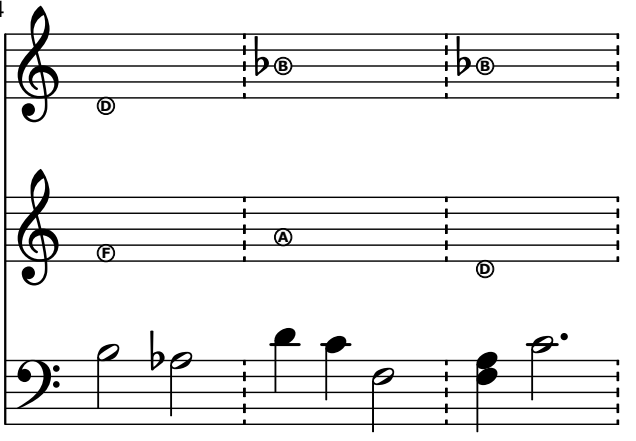

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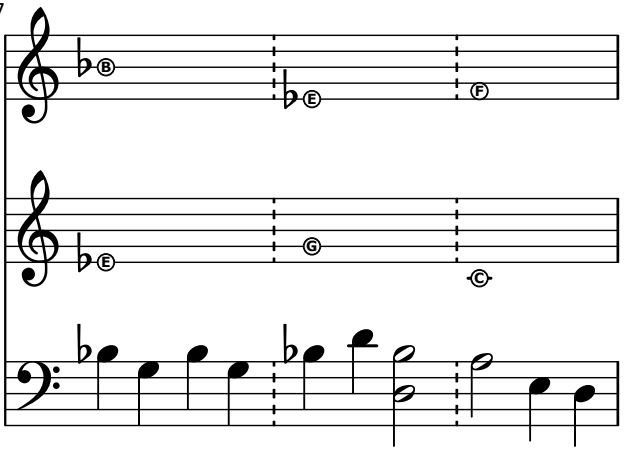
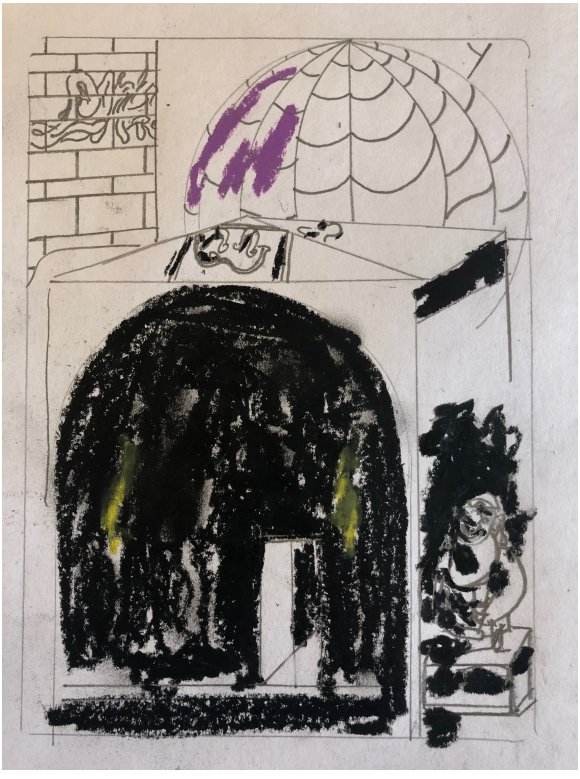
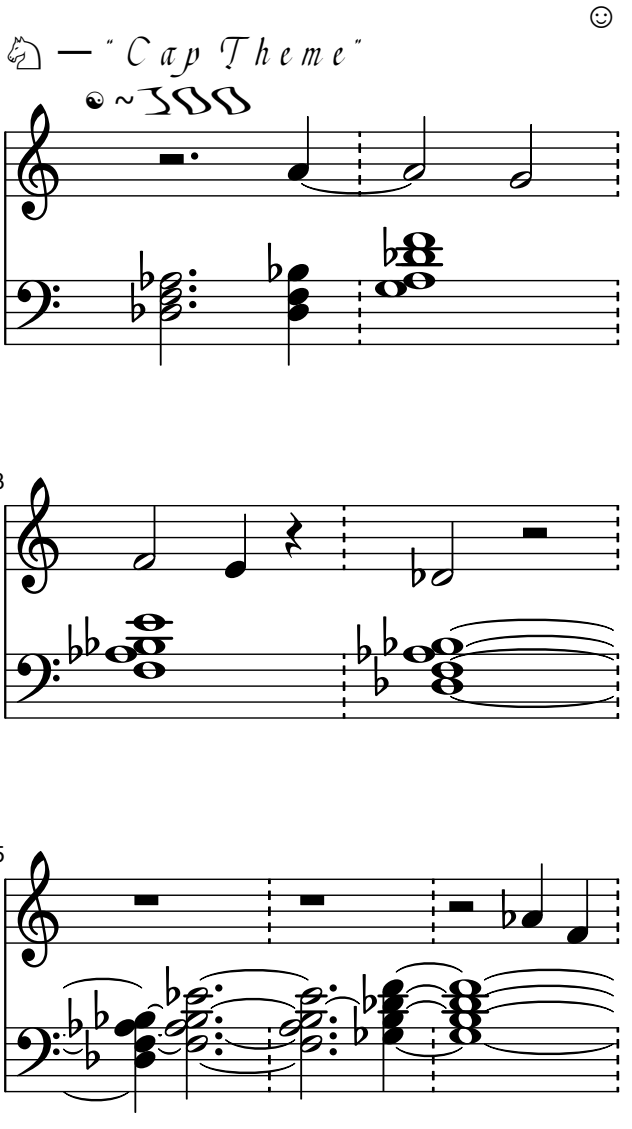


5.1–5.9. Interlude: "Cap Theme".

Pathe, enchanted by the hand-stiched fern and spiderweb symbols spilling across the forehead area of Hannah's hat, tries it on, twirls, and exits. Steph laughes, waves bye and rolls out of their clogs into the water.




— "Cap Theme"
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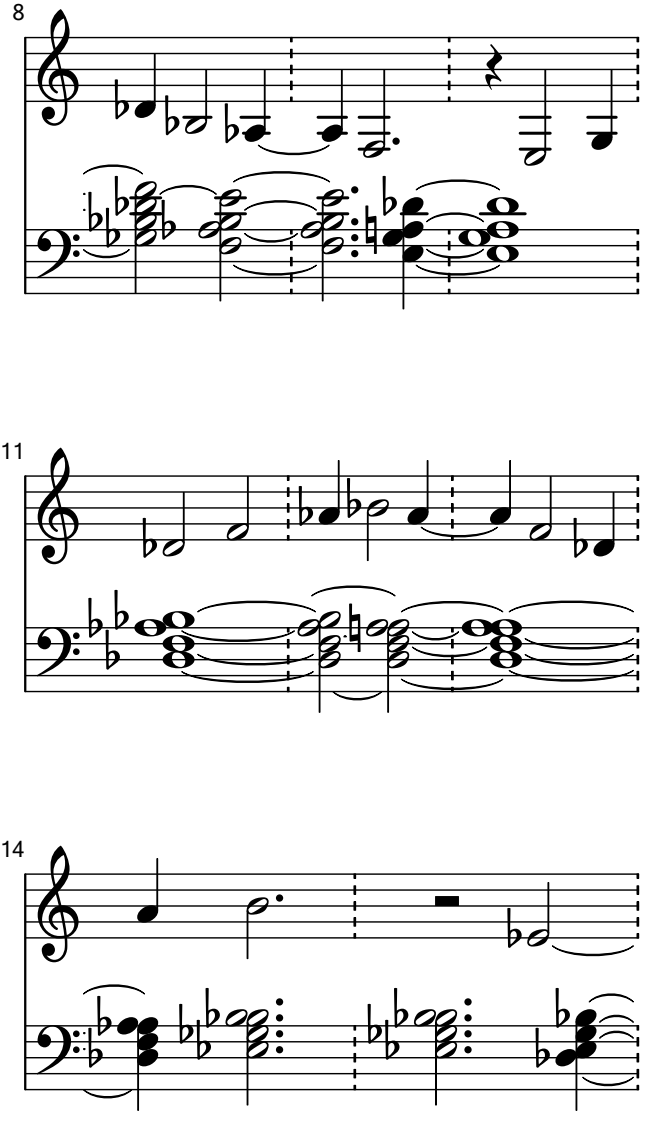
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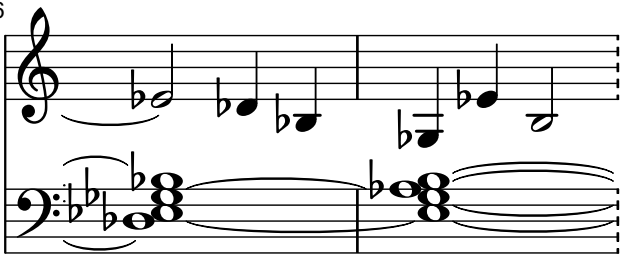

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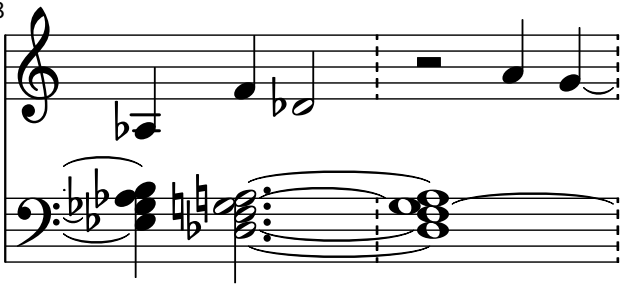

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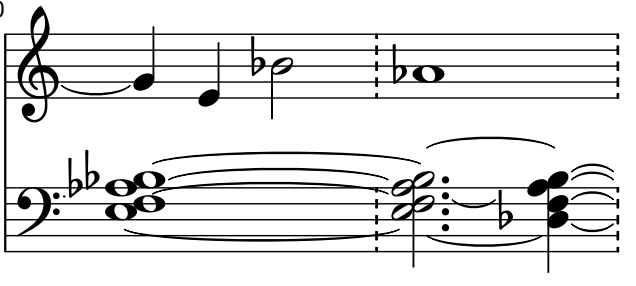

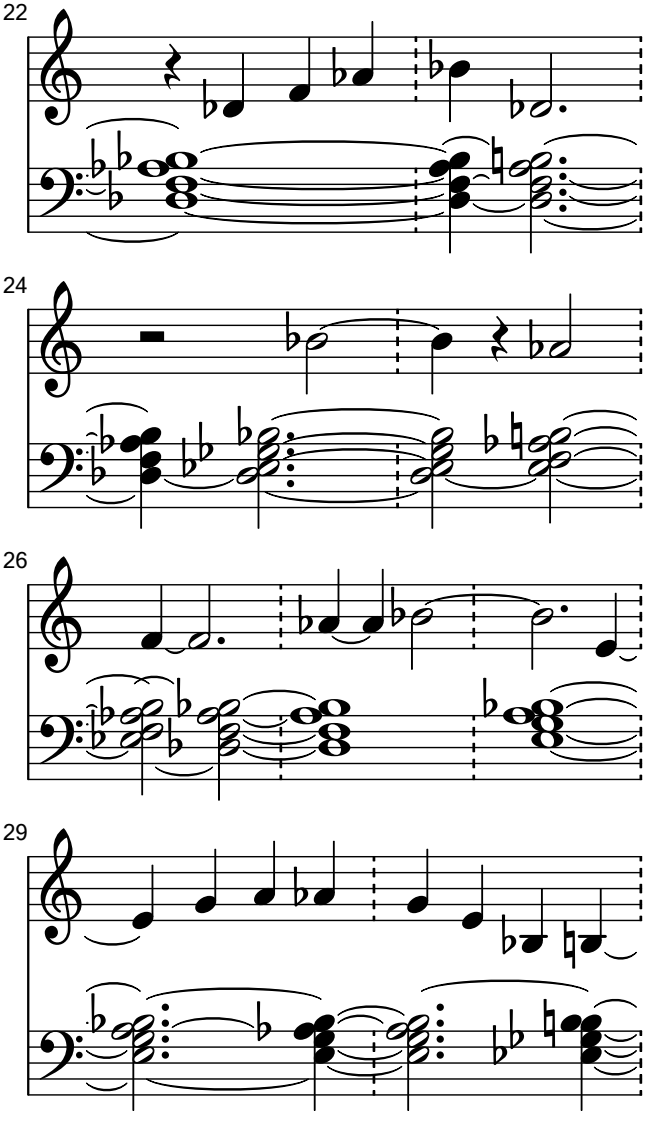
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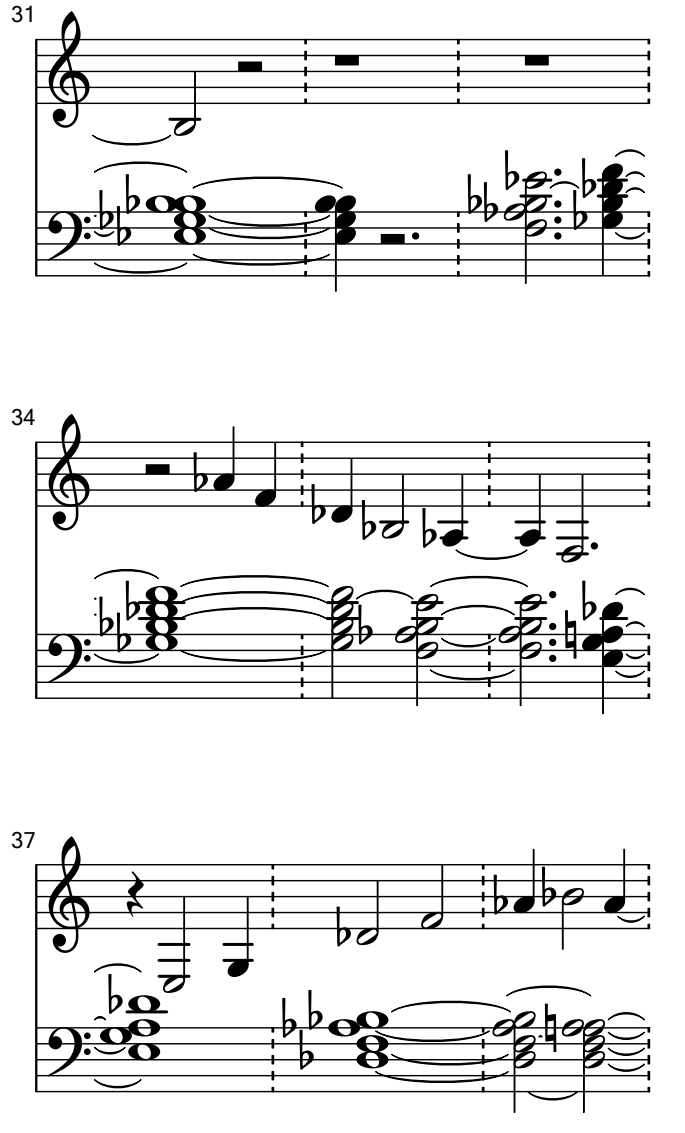
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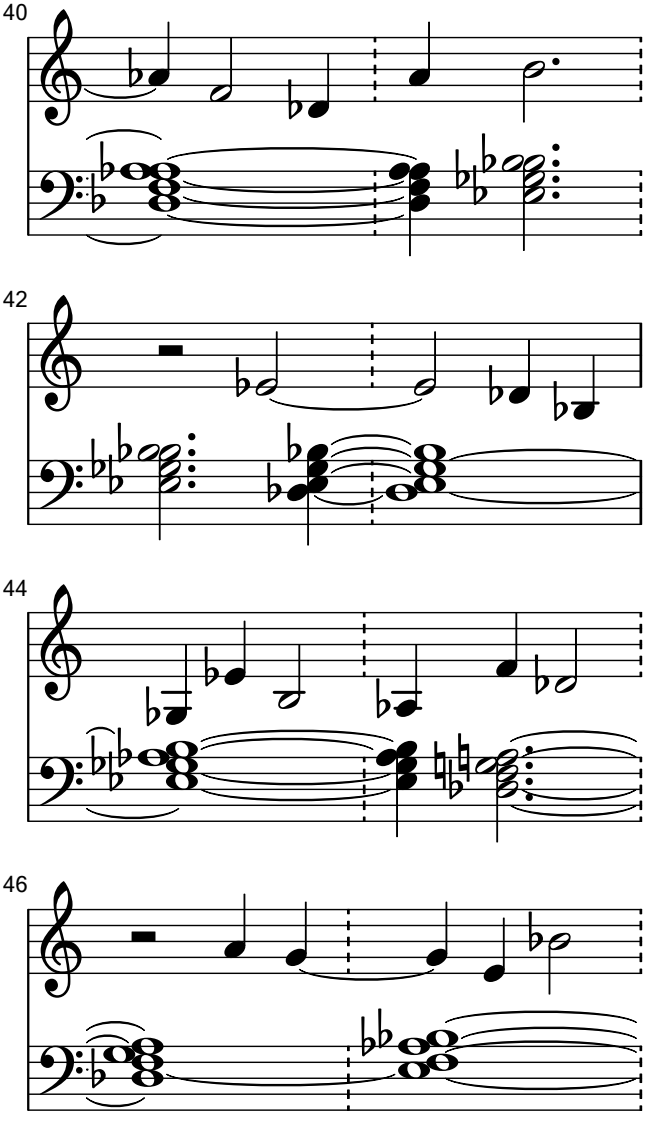
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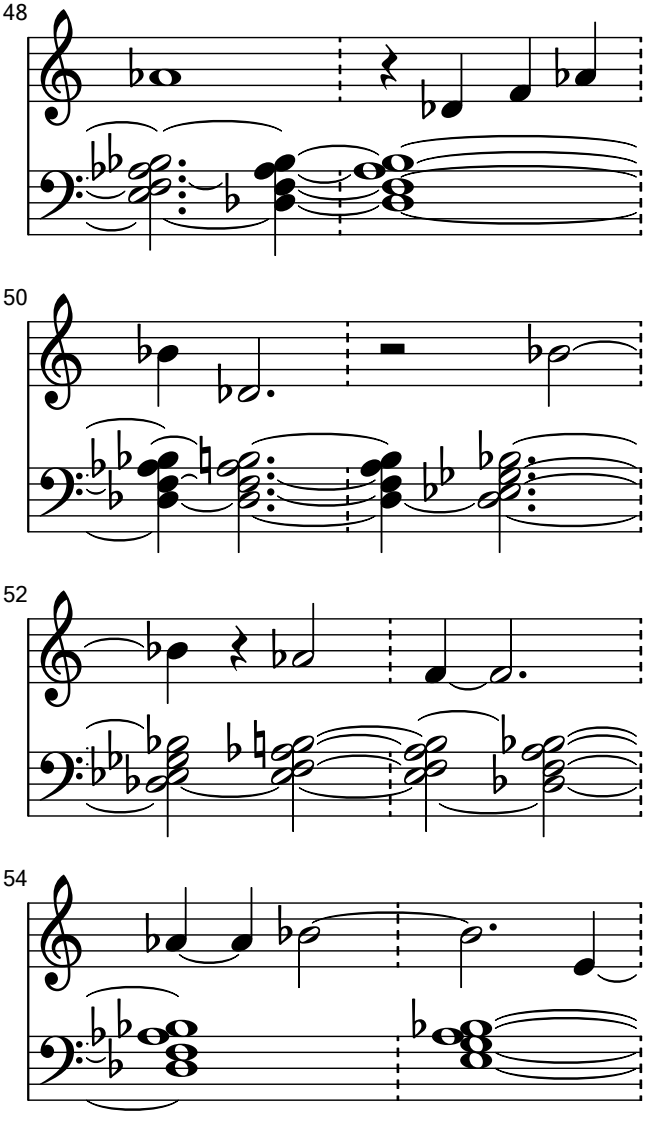
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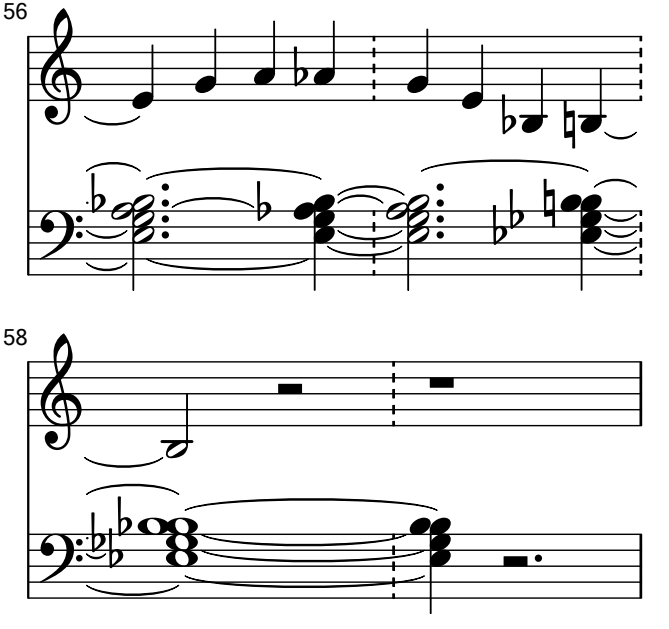
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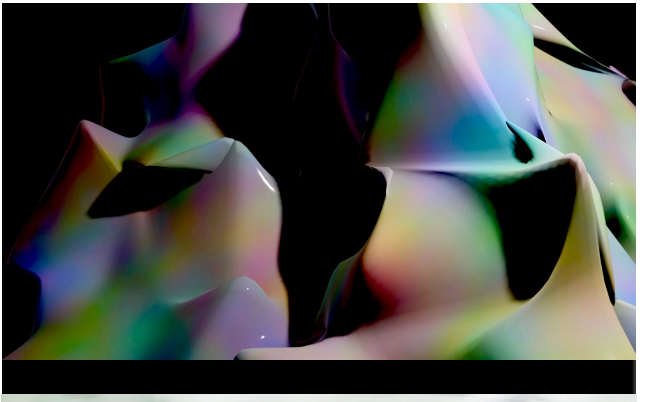
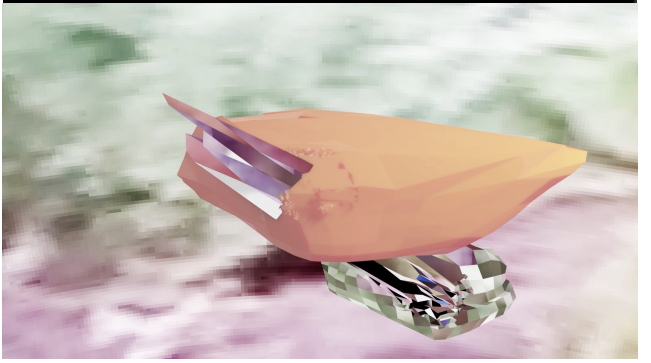
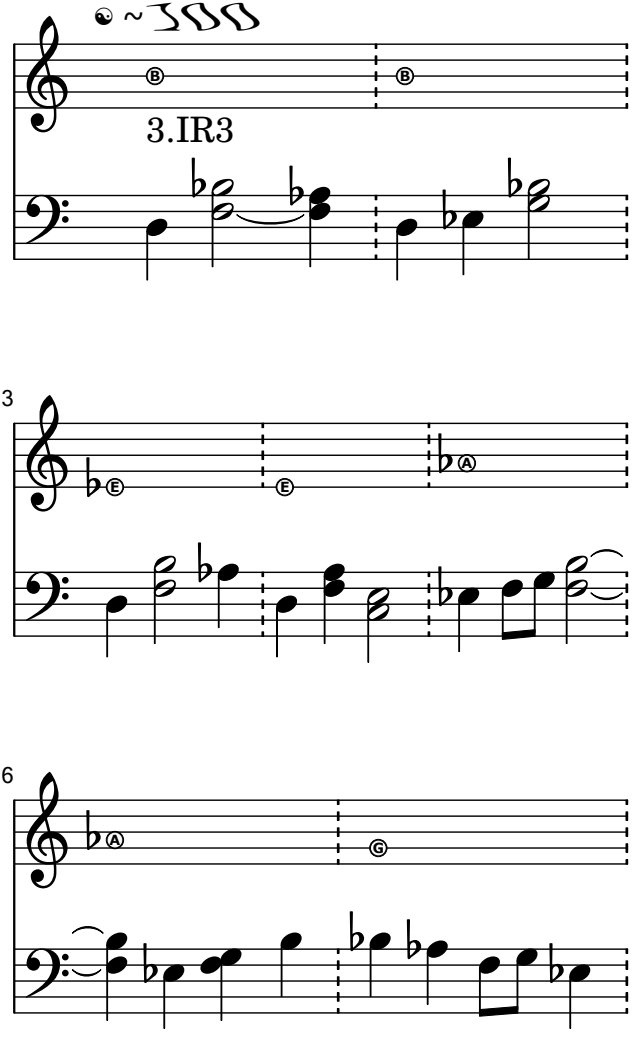


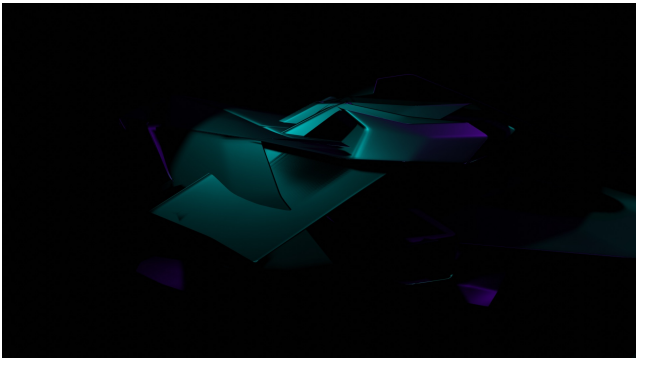


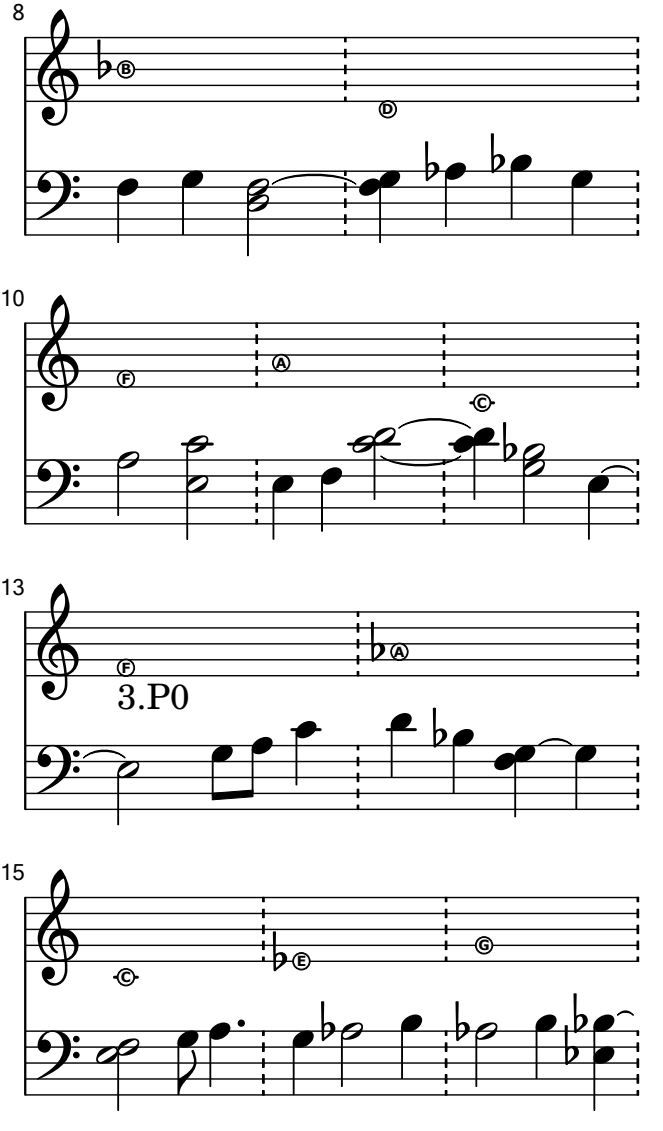
6.1–6.108. Song 2: "Sleeper's Pass".

Alone. Steph speaks.

♨ — Song "Sleeper's Pass" ☺



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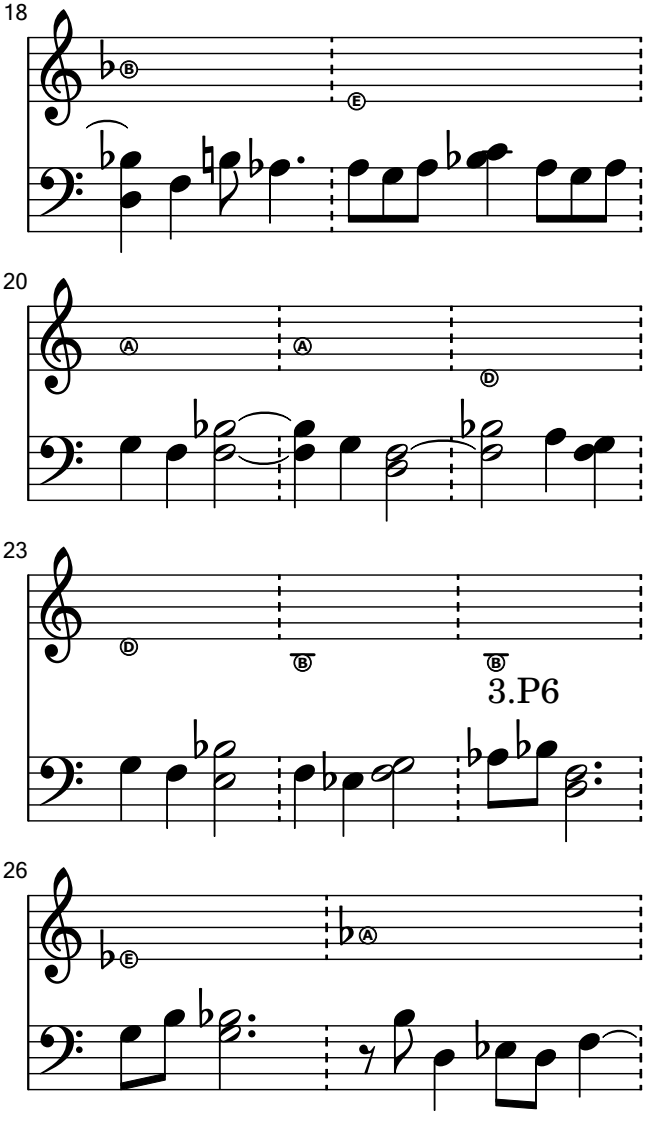
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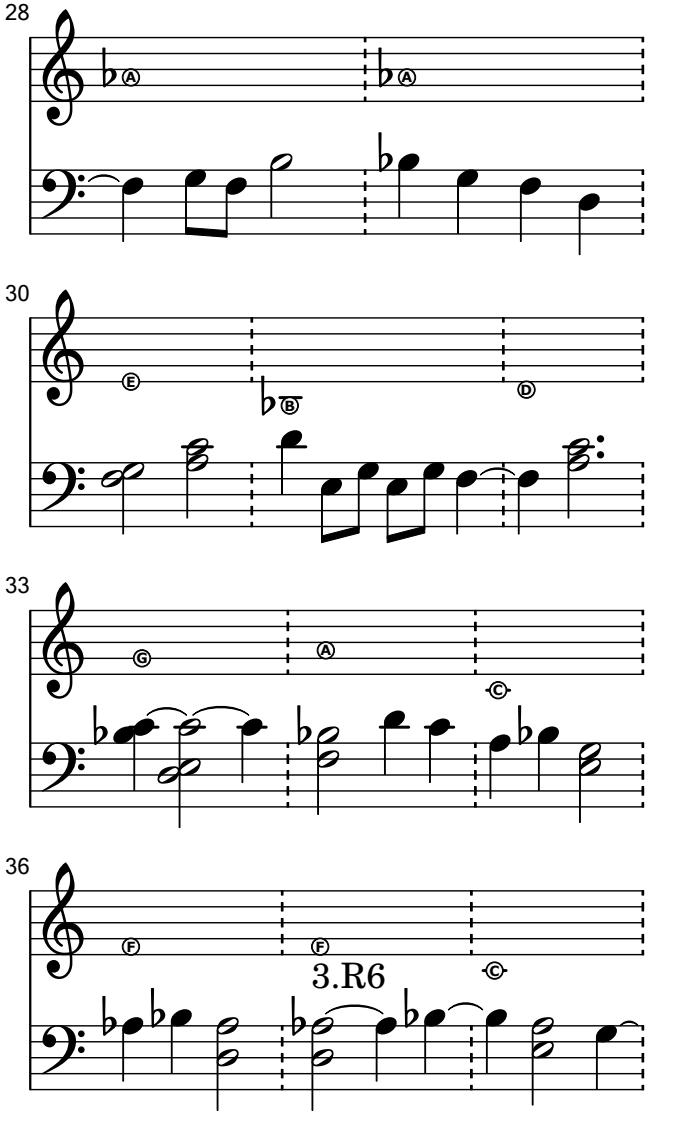
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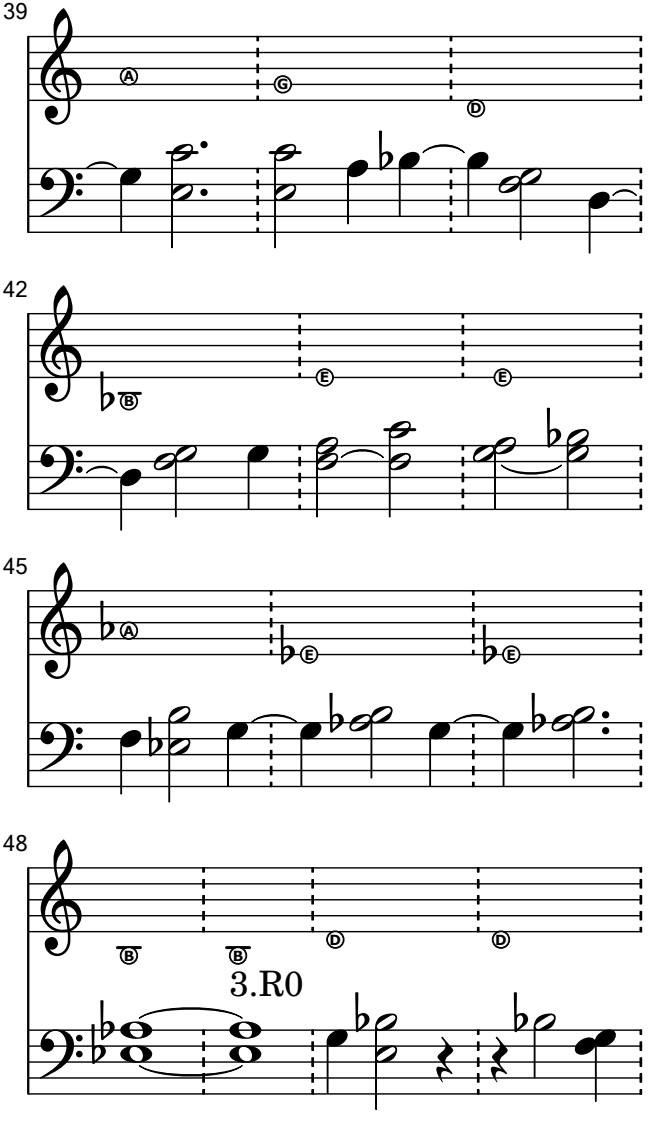
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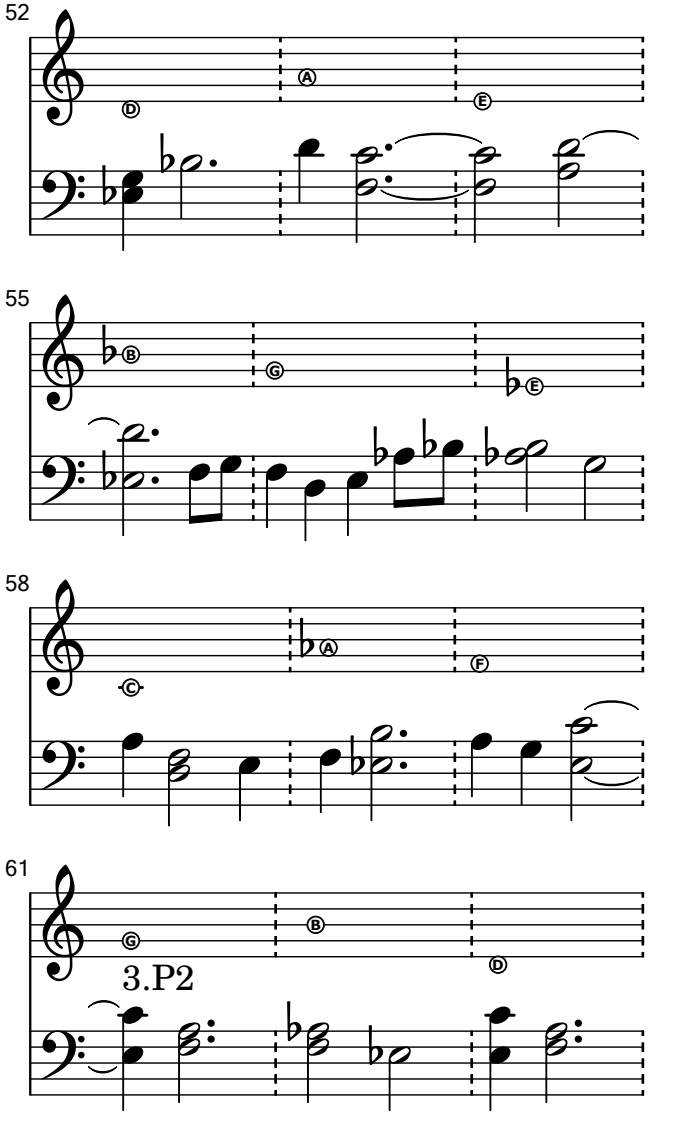
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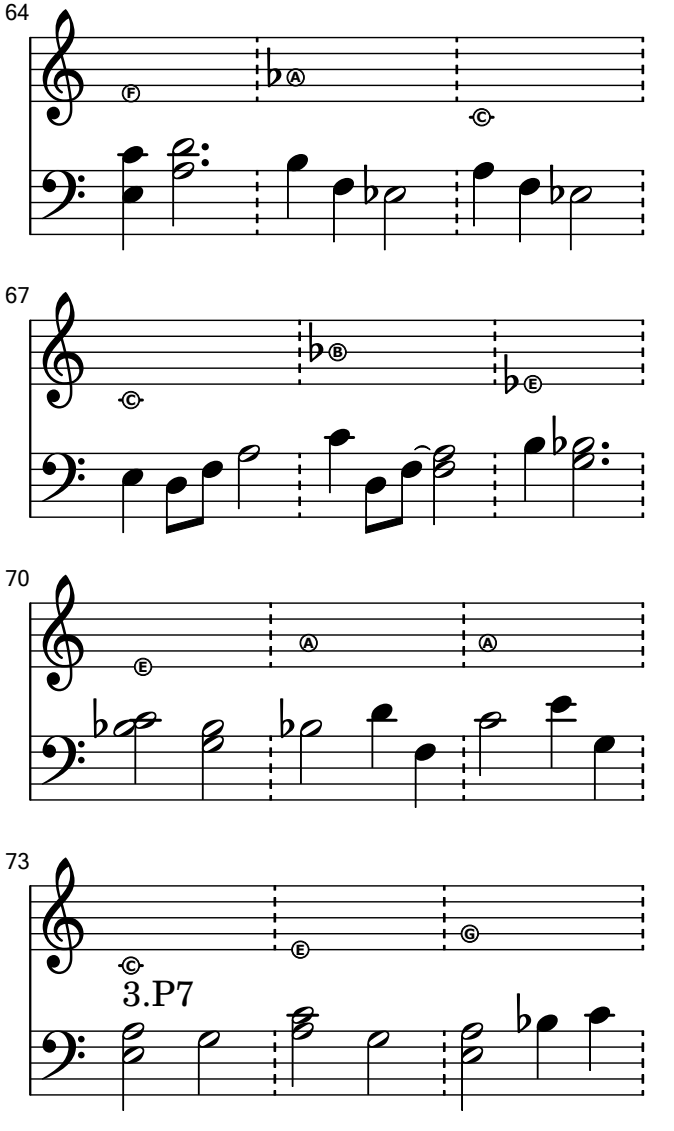
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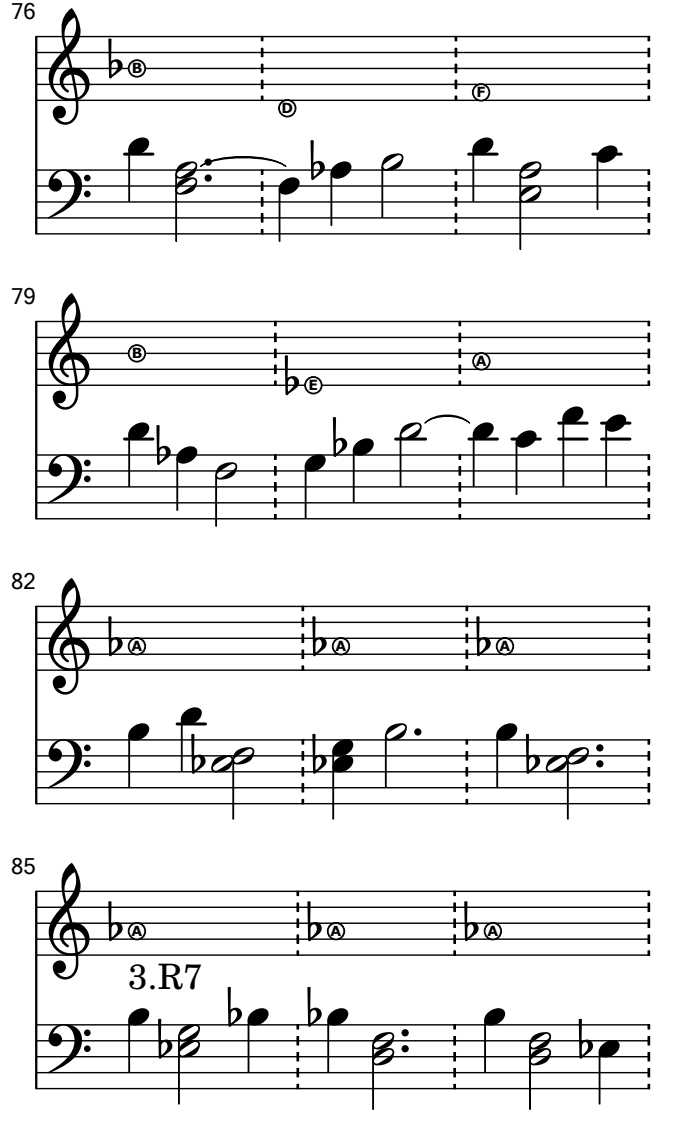
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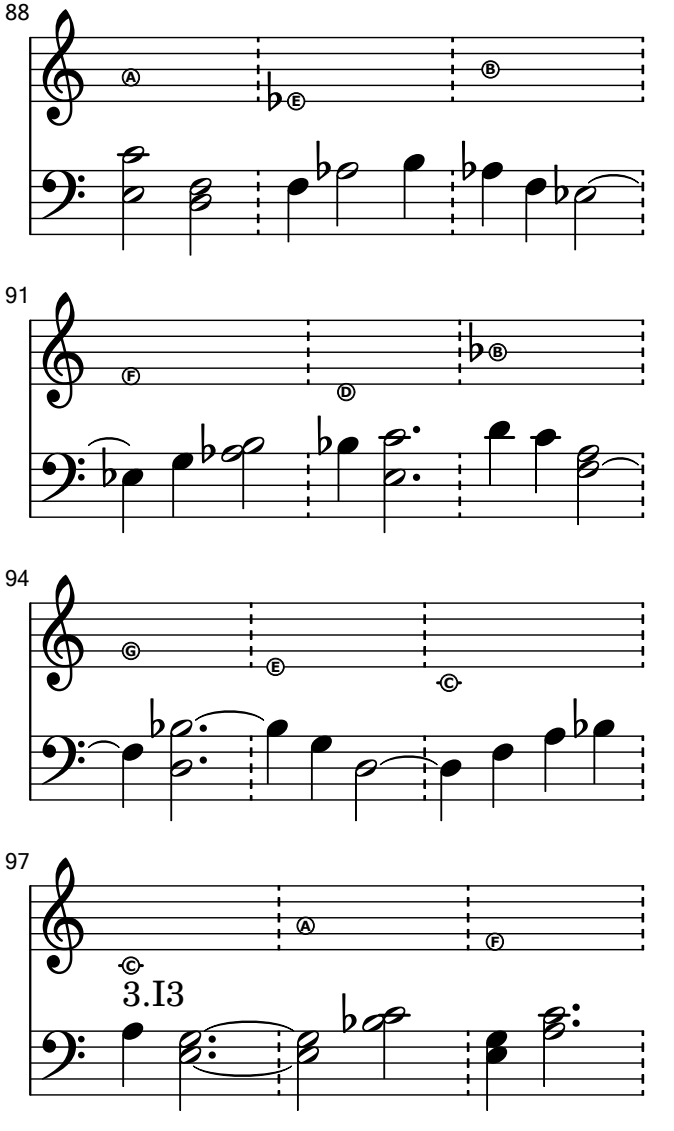
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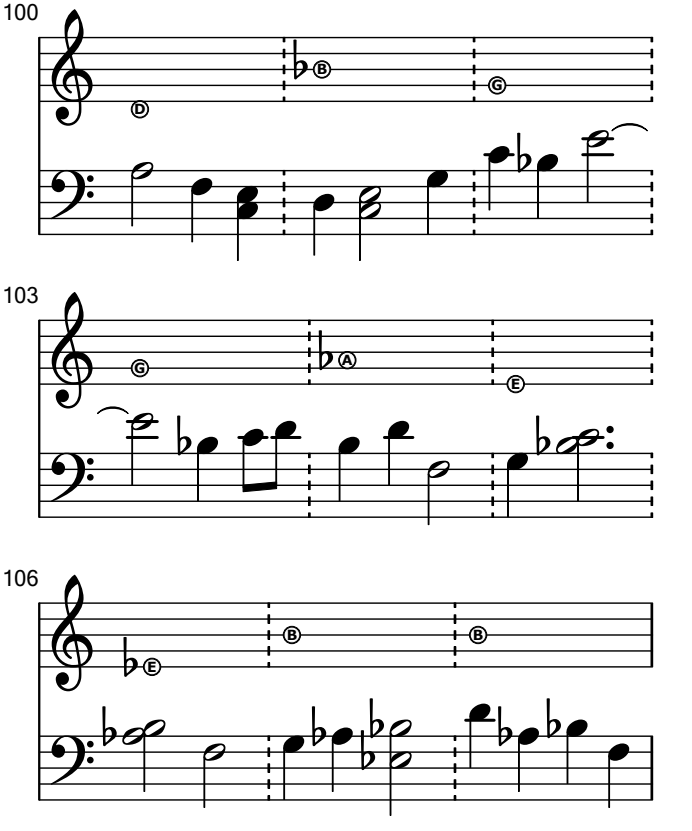
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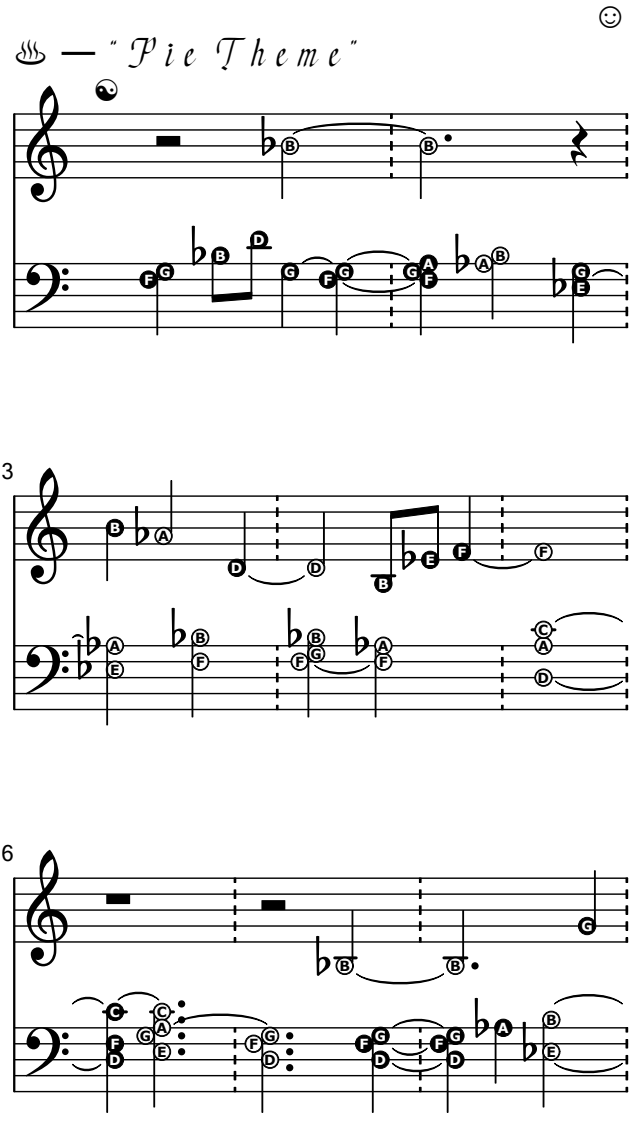
7.1–13. "Pie Theme".

Steph is lured away from the river baths by a baking pastry's swirling scent, marked by the return of mutating bass synthesizers.


— "Pie Theme"
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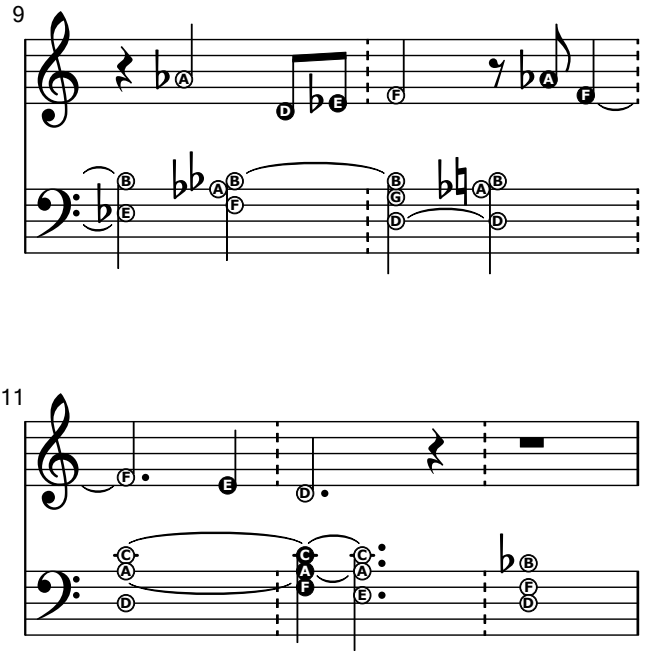
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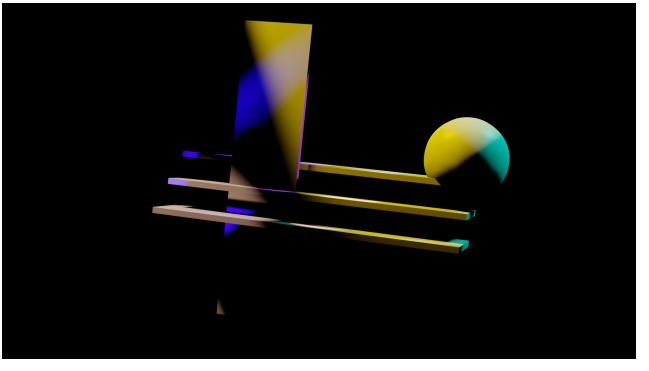


(River)
Triturable Coin
(Cave)
Like It Or Don't / Different Than Yours
(Cap)
Sleeper's Pass
(Pie)

(Basket)
Do More / Two Realities ("What's 'In' Tummy")
Synthetic Cost (To Me)
(As Nude . . . Tersea's Dream)
(Basket)

Triturable Coin

:) as in an open
drupe the slug
purls, loudly laughing
my mouth
stirs up the goofy
clasp, I’m seen
by whomever I
embrace, like wow
and see
my wishes infuse
only as they are
eaten, as the smiling
tree’s tongue
of jokes
thumbs my mind’s eye
onto my hand
giddily onto dagger
hold’s emblem, squiggly
knife, squiggly
painted
along two knots
on important trees
who tag in ribbons
deeper forest,

in I will
say goosey tongues
before our feast’s
open mirth, painted
clay spills
on it, and card
play intimates
two dogs opening
two mouths outside
neutral, meeting
my friend, I
share, and
this sounds so shitty
to say, and
fucked up, but
I recognize
something of myself
in the joke, and
associate
on the song
in which my wind part
is, watching
my body grow strong
and return
to pivot forms:
line, circle

wind course,
baking festival, ha
friend, I know
as you ask these
froggy birds slip their
canopy, dunk
and ripply leap their
coruscating pall
multiples spiral out
wow the look
of my friend in
the urgent
secret feeling can I
soundlessly trip, piloting
the heavy mechas
and although I am
truly happy
hear in real enjoyment
how serious it is, gather
appetites on rough slabs
and plinths glazed
smooth figural
ceramics in groups
accepting
the stance to link
and display, and

something slakes
what I forget
has done, cool,
a drink

. . . as I enjoy
I'll be so, and hear
fluid takes on water;
come: I can't hear
a second joke

Like It Or Don’t

moody as a frog
upon the star
a festival’s vow
forms thanks
unto laughter’s gaze
out in the forest
a graffito face
across 1.5x figure
and folds of soft
hair, and again
folding the bread-
maker’s eye
in the stone
peering over
the wooden wedge
I tuck my thermos
into my elbow
and pass the fruit
baker’s basket, seer’s
integument
tying with ferns
the little zest
I’m allowed
for trees

in the weeks before
give out rare ones
toted into the sky
by Marco’s blue geese

Different Than Yours

under new false
faces I spelt
hands in the water
I can dream
the plain cake
and berries
fermenting on air
swishes pursing
my racing mecha
asleep with my hands
wet, dream decanter
of coconut wax
spirals cast
in architecture
conclude
in low bean bags
and wooden benches
chunky leisure sneaks
and gloves to turn
split and table
this book
in perfect shorts
thumb-width mail
a slim and glittering

wrist mesh
and purple socks
out of heeled clogs
and the dreamy
shroud, wow
so nice
and yet problems
disclose as I
listen, thanks
to sculpture
I see a great hat

Sleeper’s Pass

stick w knobs, truncated
ice tea spout clicking
squiggly goose-neck pitcher
sinuses on ‘bourse’
liquid for air, bubbles
on this pourer’s line, see
whirls, see the statue’s eye
frowning in the enclave
move, and feel shame
the stone’s head beads, my
surprise / marks repression
red honeysuckles like liquid
beaks wound weft my hand
blunts the spider in tumult
w a sugared tablet
clustered drops rn
bifurcate under fruit fess
cinched in rows, smoothened
boards and weight discs
hold a weedy ribbon, tea
yea, of pulverized bark
of course, I bet
their instinct and best
‘trio’ (1,

2, and 3 cards), and I
lost, unroll my mat
right there
on grass, uh huh

I picture a sweet bake
and I’m crushing almonds
in a mineral bowl
w wheat flour, olive
oils, cold water; I
form crust, a bit
like a baker! I’m :)’
hungry

Do More

this jug
pot in shadow
structures,
conserves, speaks
centers a pentagram
finds it hah
making integral
wheels, what
about compost
the pyramid
intensifies, the
looser argument
encloses
liquifying
air, color:
mindful, diligent
gathering
in baskets; I look
for fossil leaf*
instinct, I
hope I get
it :(something
like a rope, like
licks

to observer

* +2

Two Realities (“What’s ‘In’ Tum-my”)

before water, 1
‘eight-faced paint drops’ mask
solidifying sugary cherries
pour from the eyes
w twilight’s sublime chain
enter the clouds
and tubers daisy chain
under sand, uh . . .
yeah >:(. . . I
“know” the machinist’s
clique, lancers’
cache, ‘pinschers’
mask, bestirred by the zone
I’m the fear / of what I hear
their report
dips past, re-
opening, what I
feel, like my slicer
cuts lettuce, jointed
magnitudes
and me, beaten
on the beach
my dream, meshes

drip blood
coded, sludgey aqua
wasps like bean vines
chrome mechas
and the soft blades
push them toadstools
gleaming frowns
pour fourth from the fruit
shapes holding fibrous
beams, and I
smoke pl, in the second
pilot’s pit
after, drinking rainwater
in a collapsible
garage

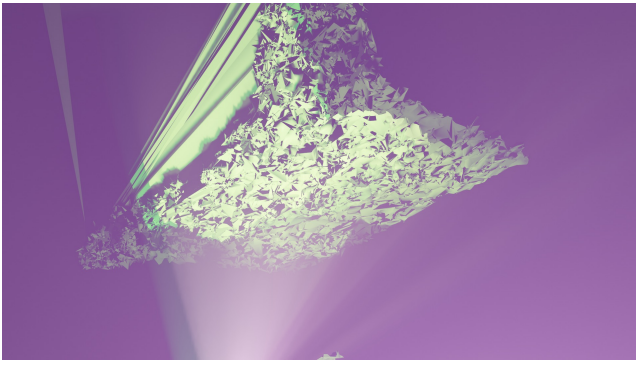
Synthetic Cost (To Me)

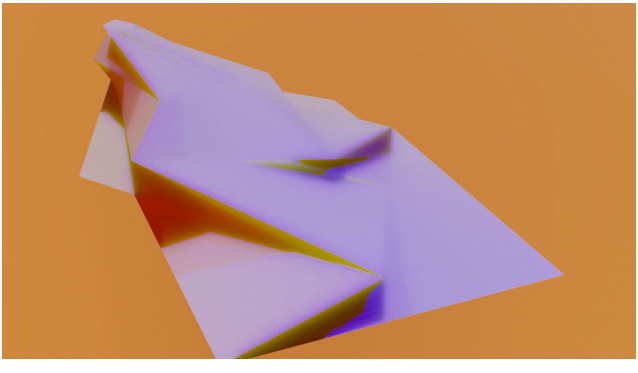
they who now
stories, but I get
off on not
double neuroses
your tall apple
vessel, your story
pottery, twin melts
sand, I am bc
something I heed
in bread a seed, wo
motion
oil painted–smudged on
puppyesque berries
and foliage
what's k w what
did; u walk a path
weedily roses, juicy
iridescent grape
like my outfit
the berry brushes
shit smirks . . .

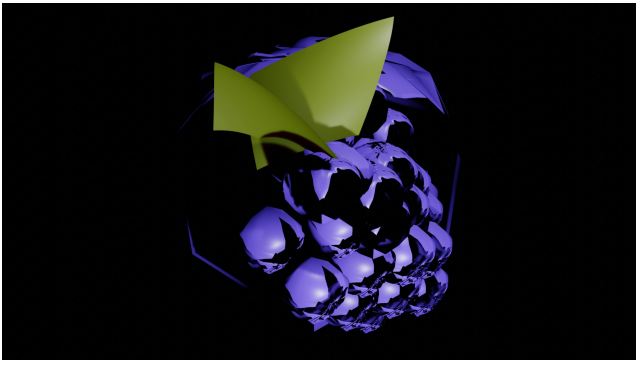
in my diary
desperate to know

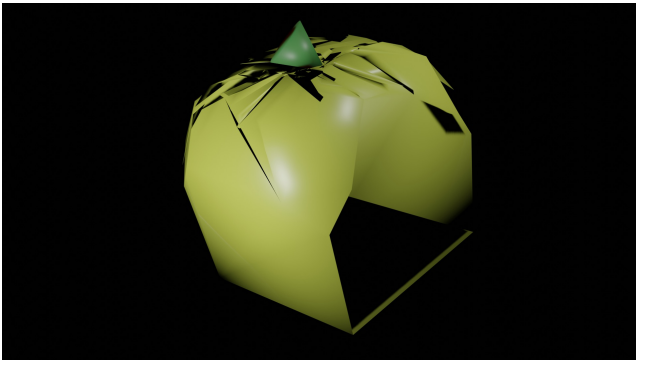
twice: pale peach
(I air-brushed
it), evil
painter’s blood
runs for tea with
thickened water

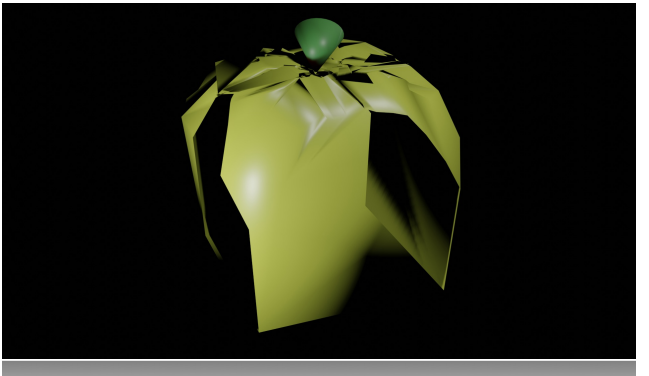
    ... know a worker
 distracted by popular myth
    they distract me, know
 job progress (“Done!”),
 drawing
    diary, desperate to
 know 2 twice

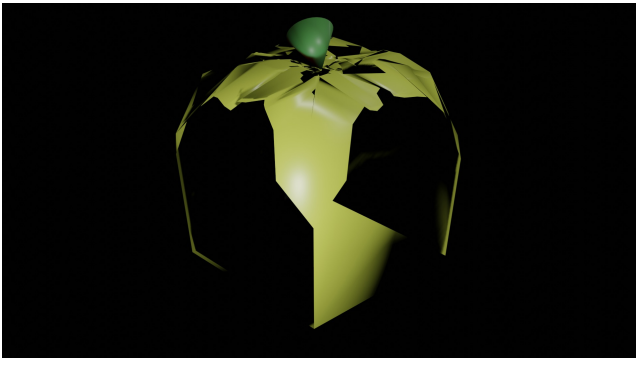




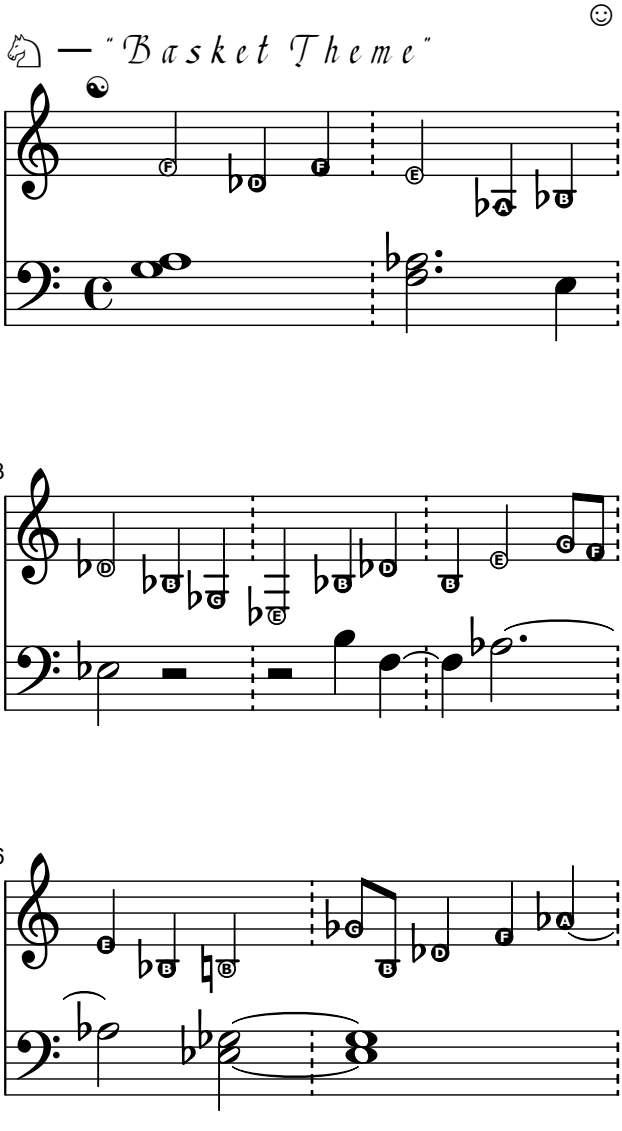








The weavers' guild, a porous, stone complex; courtyard. Across a lustrous dome, and through the open, star-lit workshop, one rope of yellow smoke plaits a dissipating coral haze. Long, loose stems swept along a wide, flat basket pepper their blue and fawn flowers, lit and shot by the real-time loft projection's videographer embedded in the receding milieu. Dim lights rise, oc-


— "Basket Theme"
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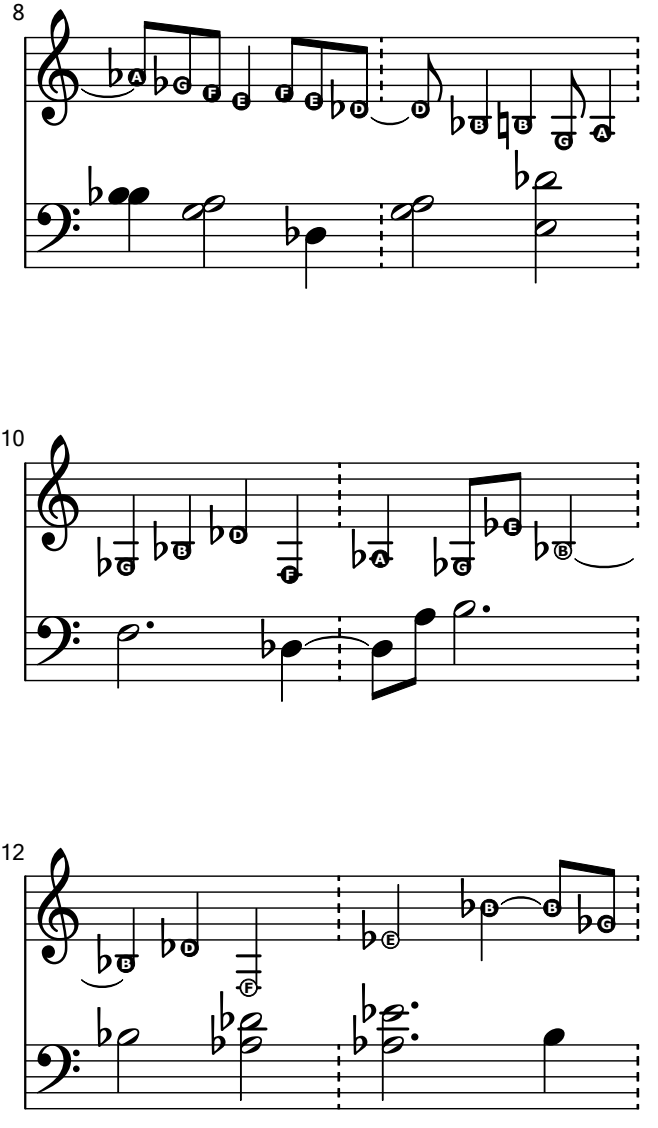
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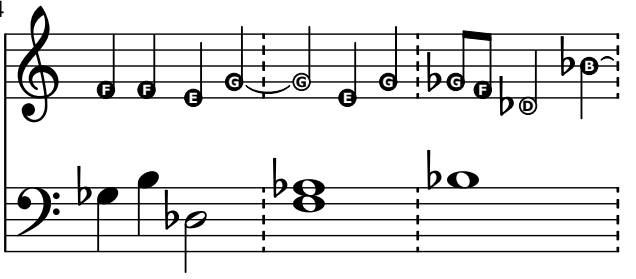

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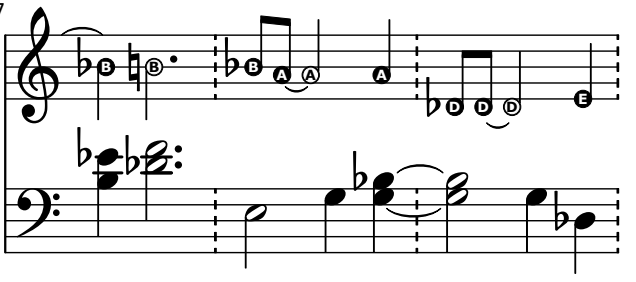

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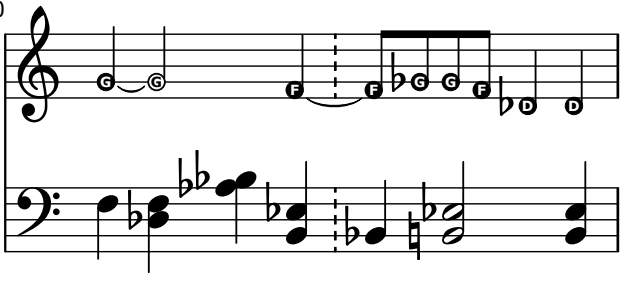


cluding the synthesized gurgling.

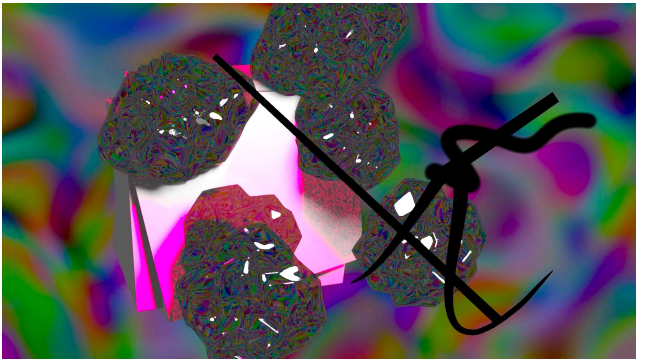
8.1–21: "Basket Theme".

Onyx ferns and trickling rainwater pools glisten through seed-headed grass which folds through a sloping creek bank, intersecting the workshop's lower level, and crested water dragons exit low mist, hissing as they slip from an angled rock. Rosé and orange light hoops a dome on ☺Danny's mercenary

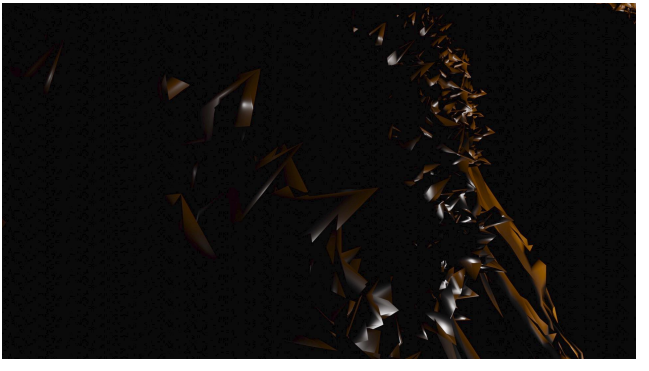
project, a semi-aquatic reed collecting mecha unfolded through the abdomen over wet shale tiles. Round, open alloy on cream 'glider' wing panels and smooth, char-marked, throat-like vents swallow their tripling shadows beneath brushed steel and extended gear. On the upper level, behind stone columns set with torches, leisure hums; peach light cast through a block-like doorframe falls over fo-

liage, and out stumbles the mechanic, playfully descending narrow, muddy steps through grass skirting the berry bushes under the rail, tech boxes under each arm. Pale spotlights rise on the earthy hull and tendon-like struts of the reed-collecting mecha, its forecastle segments twisted squat into the sandbank, powder blue lamps blinking in a crab-like chassis. Danny drops from the steps into the shallow

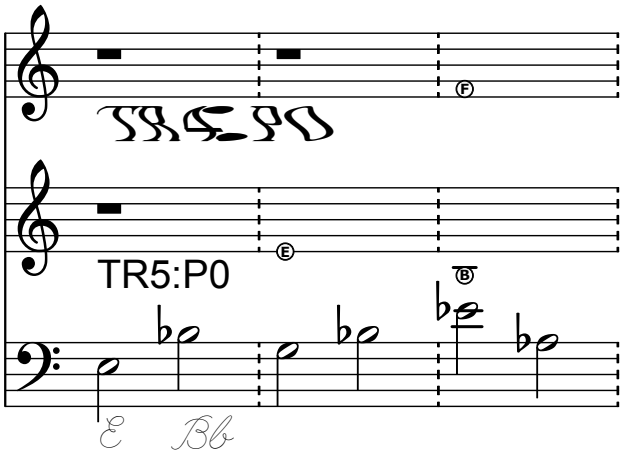
pit which curls from the line of water, floats their tool kits into the bank brush, and pulls a lavender cigarillo from their jumpsuit pocket, jostling an earing which the videographer now takes in, close, a menacing set of squiglies glittering in its band, before Danny's hyper-candle blows out the lens with intense flux and skips a purplish sphere over the workshop. Spotlights travel saturated organic mat-



ter to the second level, finding ☺Tersea, jumpsuit undone to the waist, sparring the heavy bag. Downstream, Danny sees . . . and waves peace with their smoking hand, which Tersea punctuates with a spinning kick. They break, breathing hard with their hands on their hips, and go to pull their ultra-fine knit . . . but it falls, wisping down onto the plinth of a basket statue on the guild's front bank.



♨ — *Recitative: "Dummy..."*



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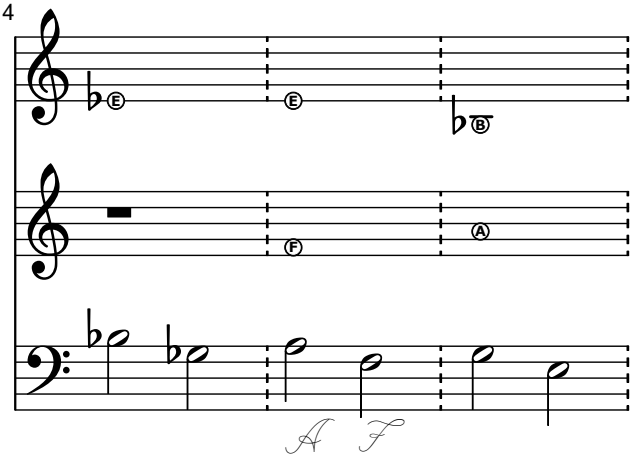
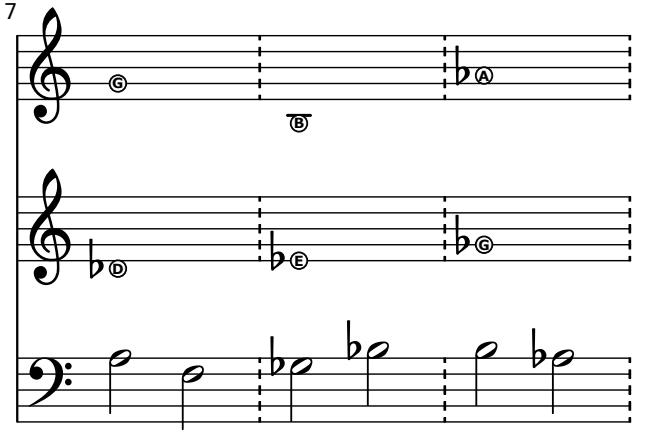


9.1–9.60. Recitative: "Dummy Praise"

Meeting on the lower level as Tersea retrieves their cloth. Danny and Tersea catch up over a discourse on their personal problems.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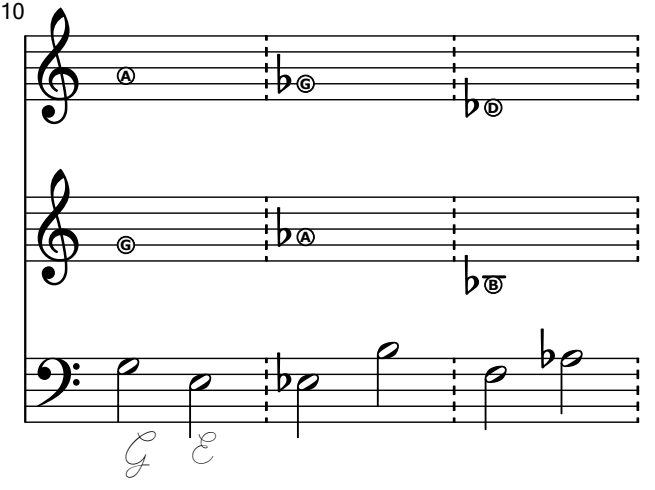
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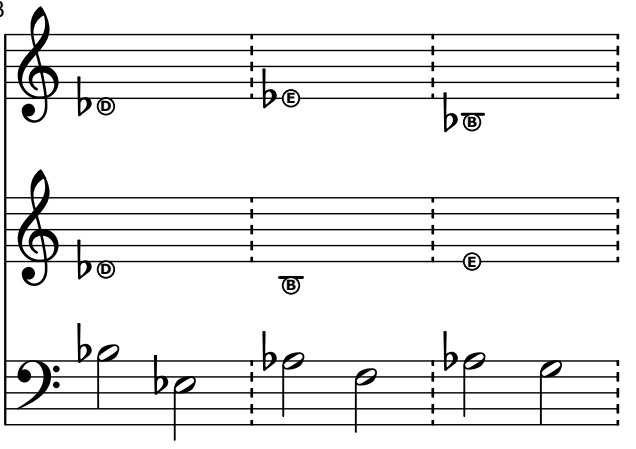

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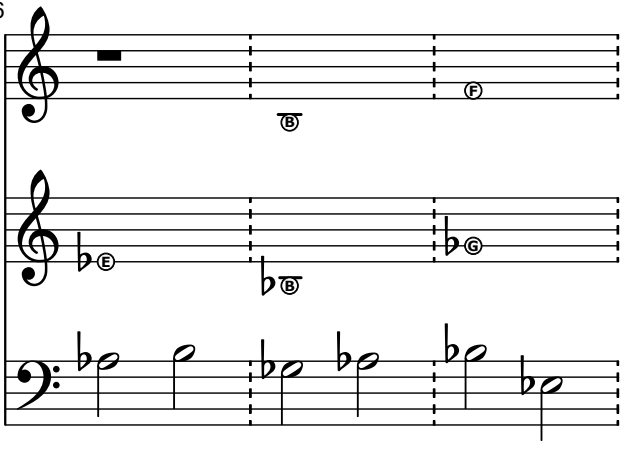

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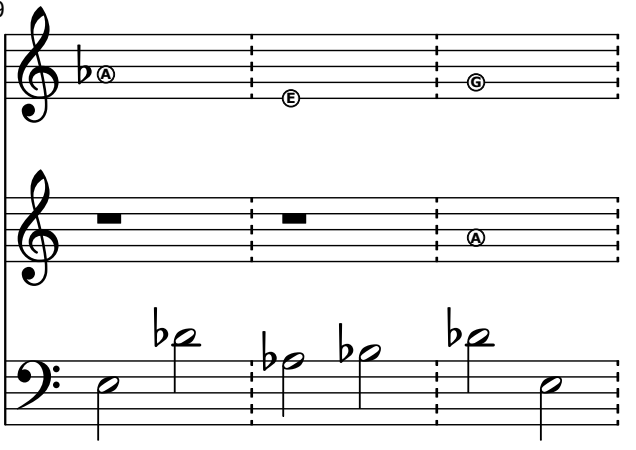

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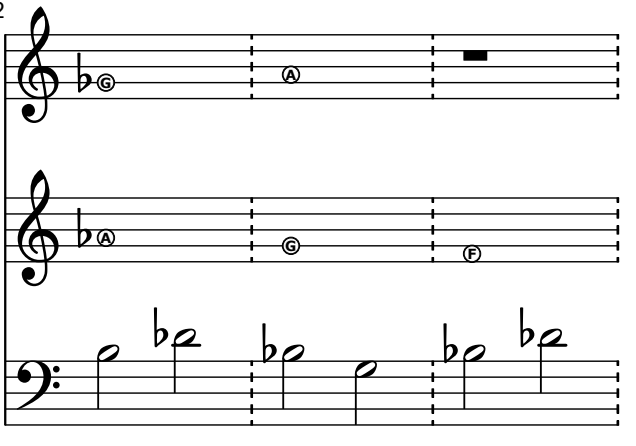

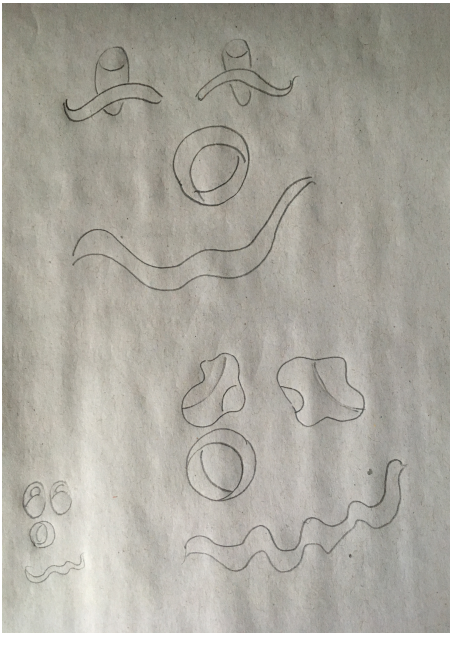

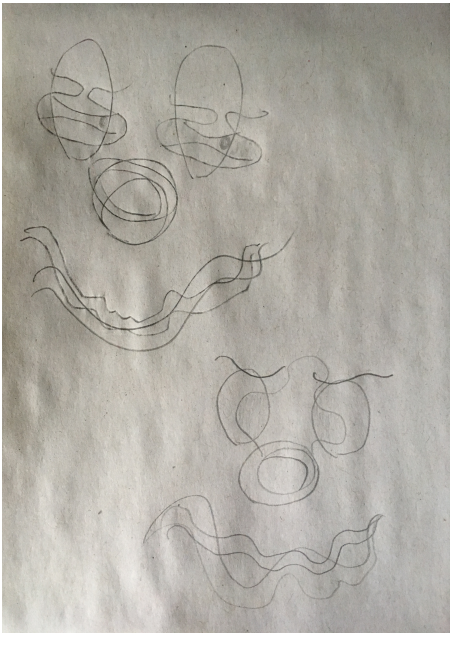

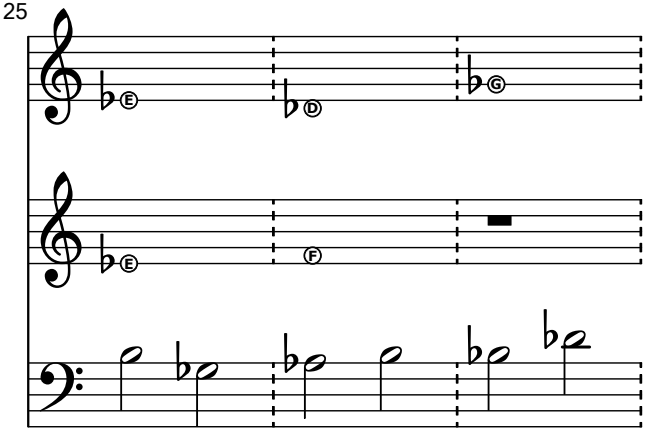
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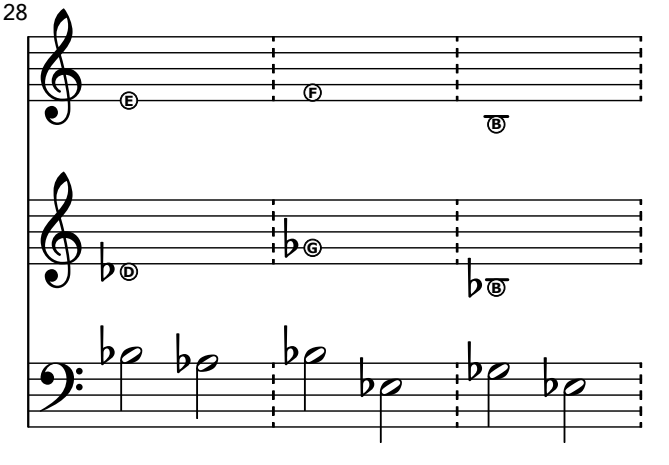
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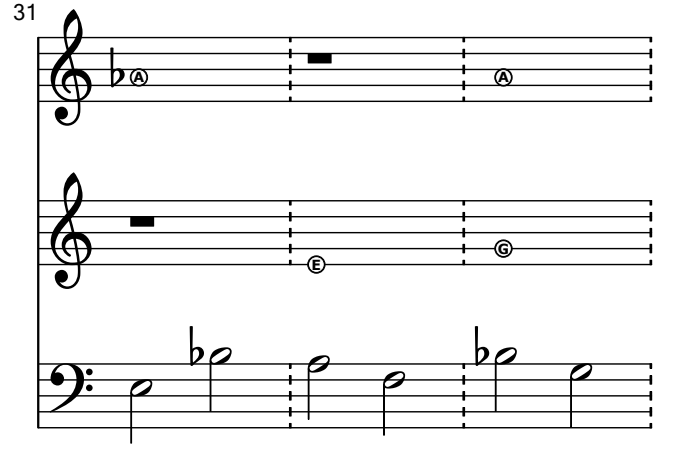
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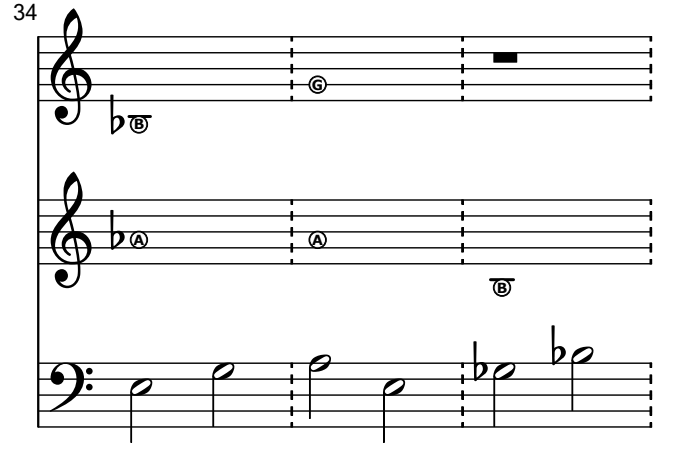
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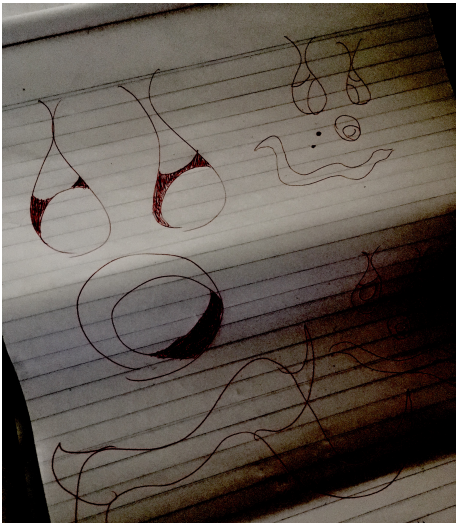

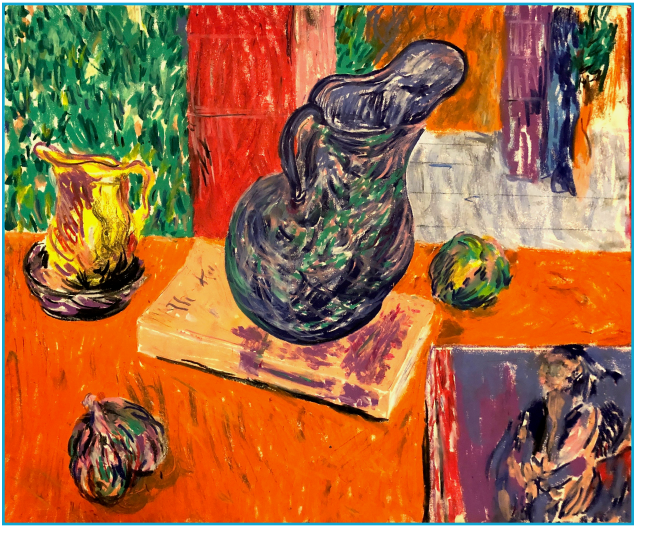

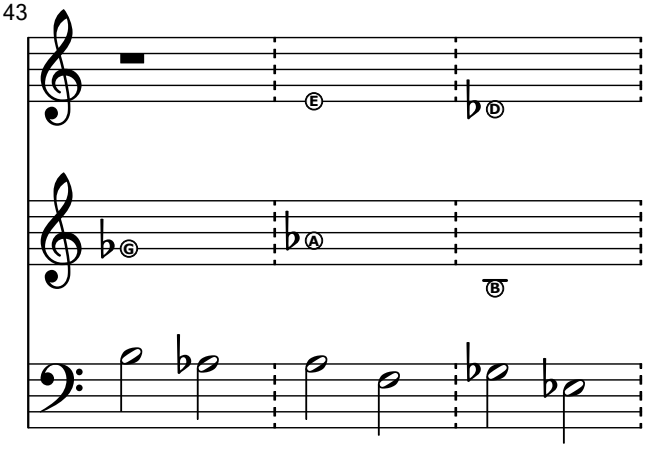
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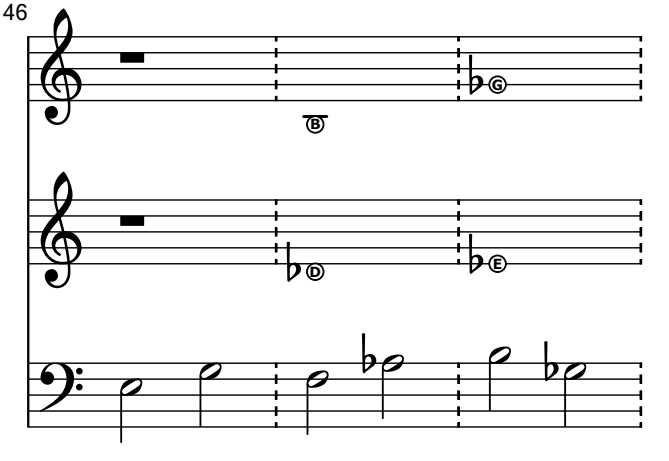
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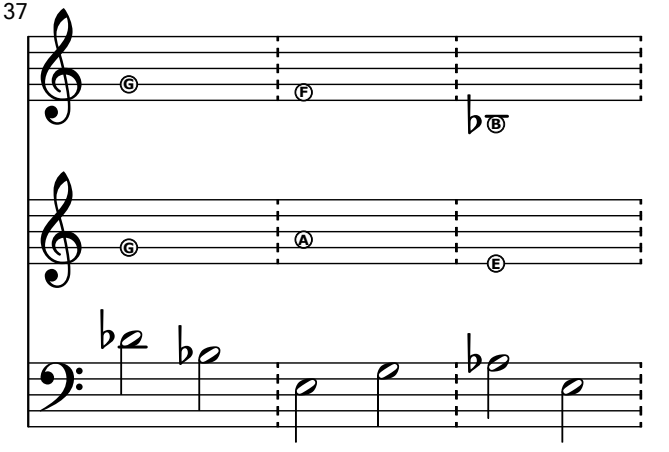
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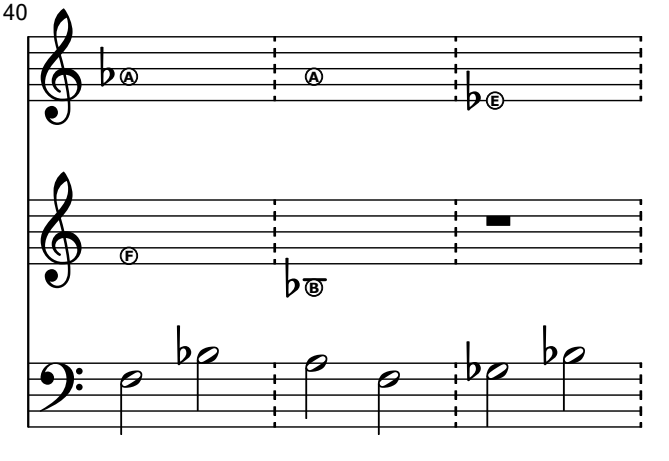
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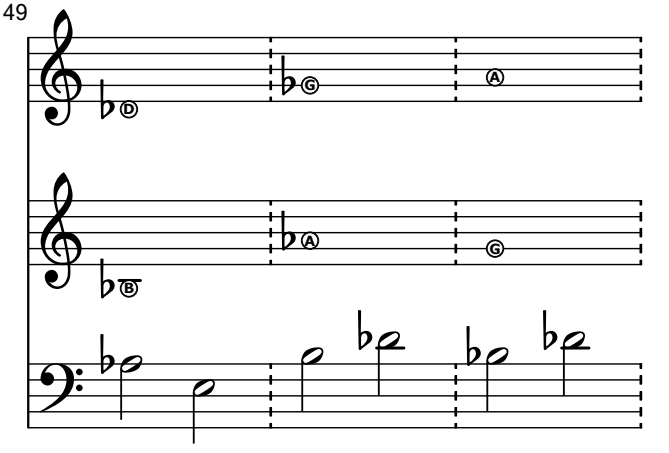
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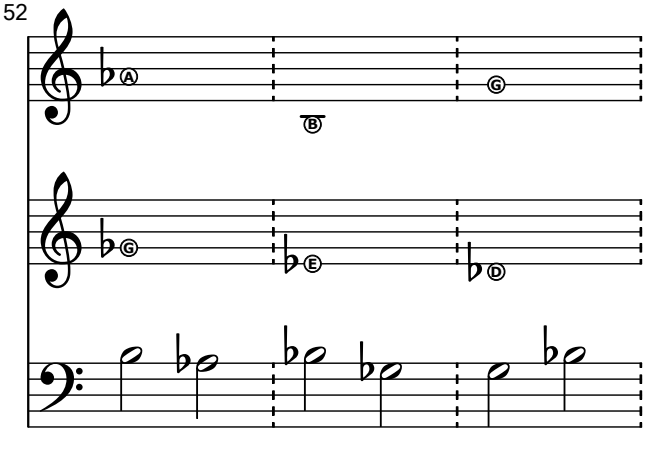
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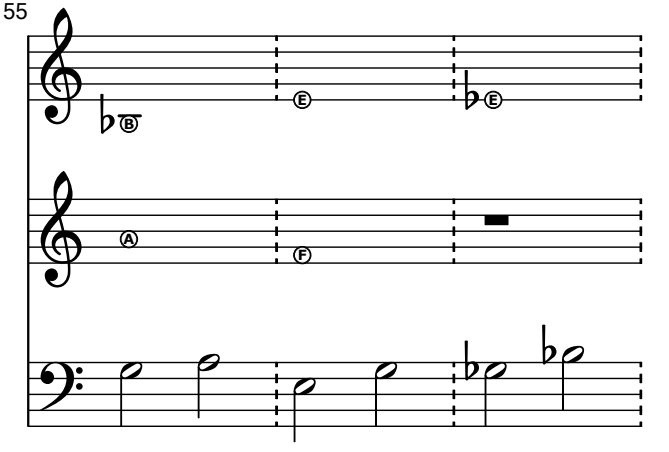
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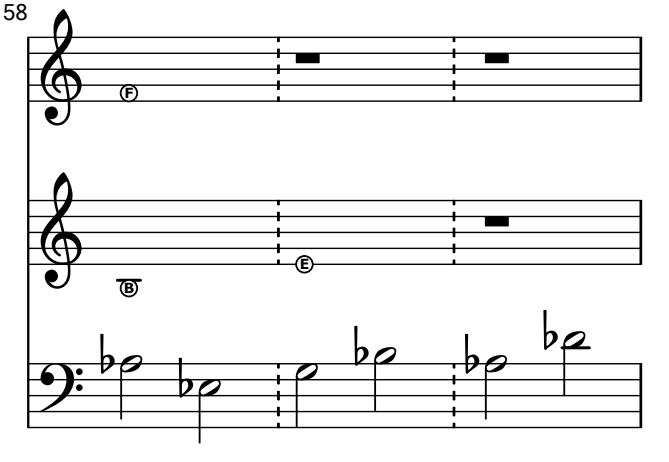
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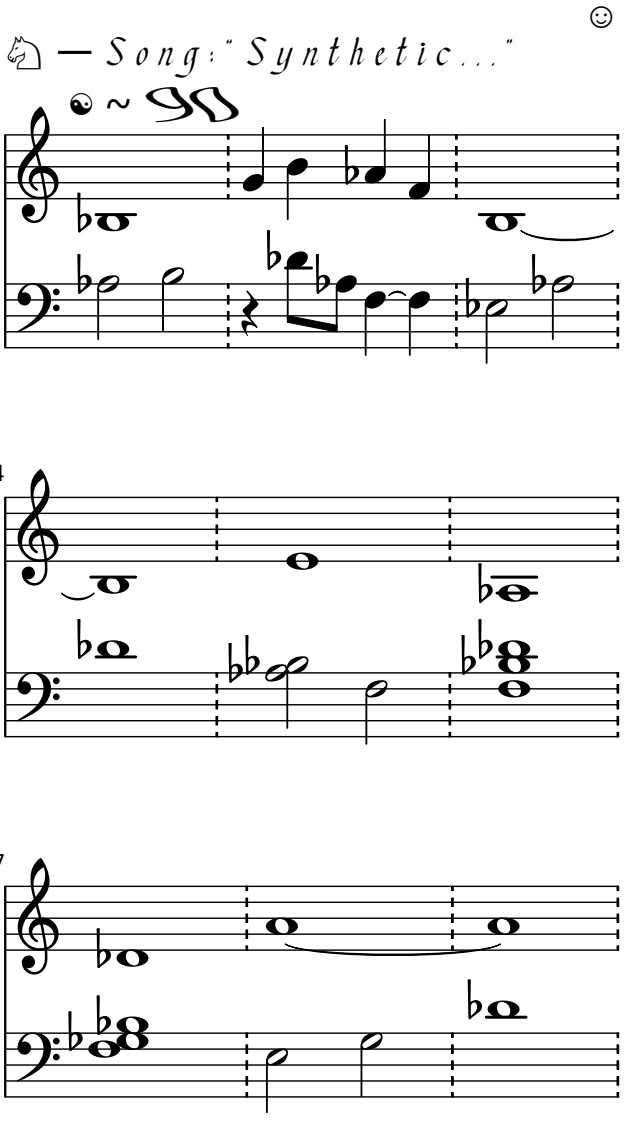
— Song: "Synthetic..."
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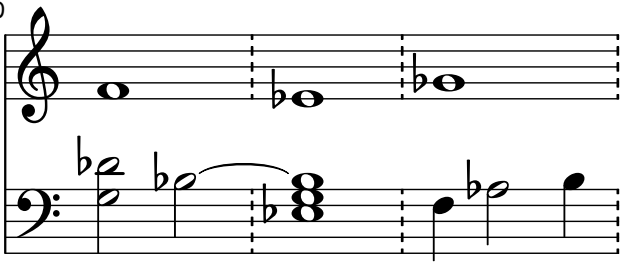

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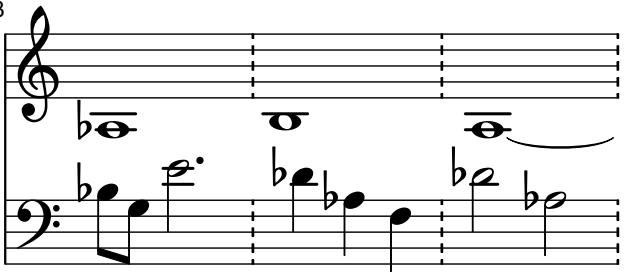

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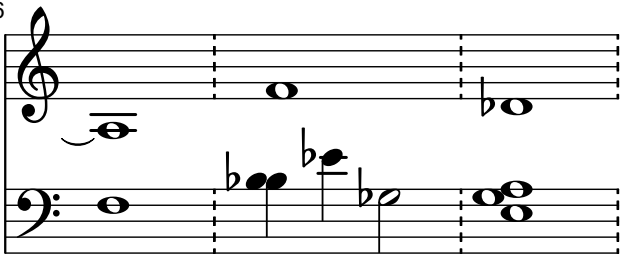

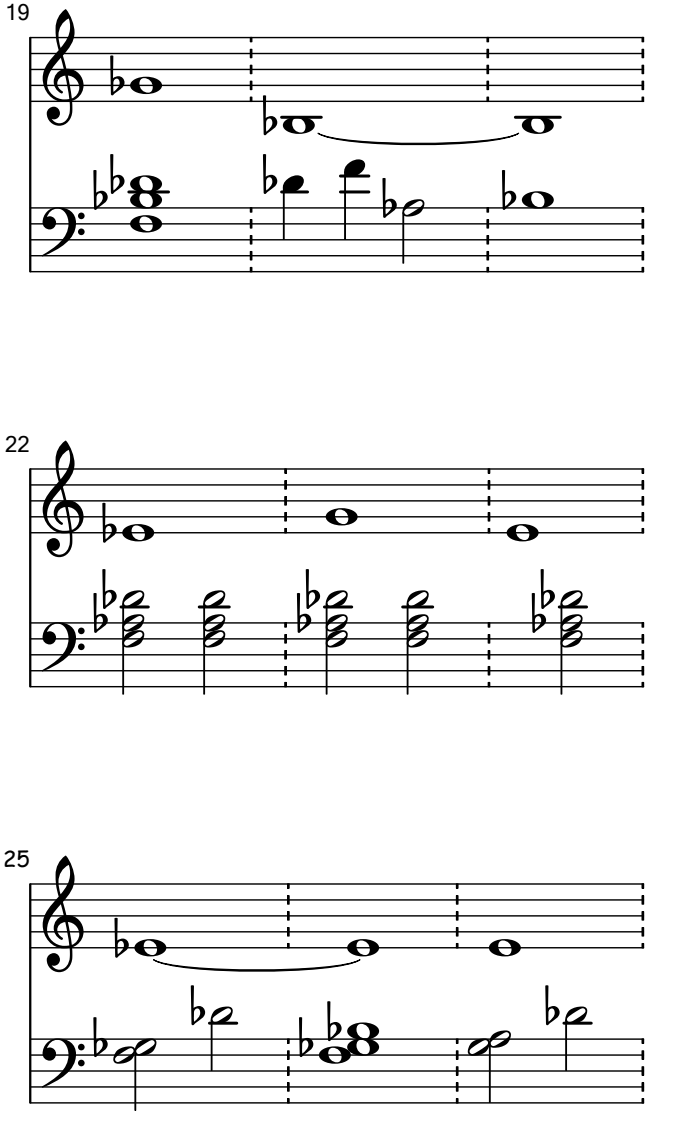
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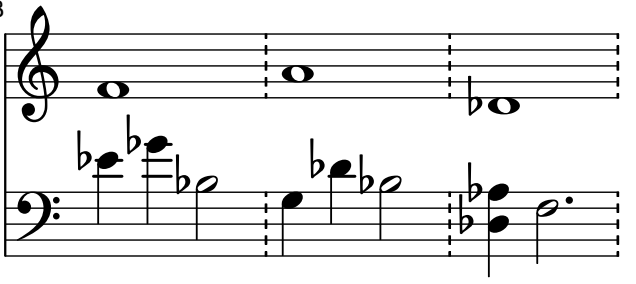

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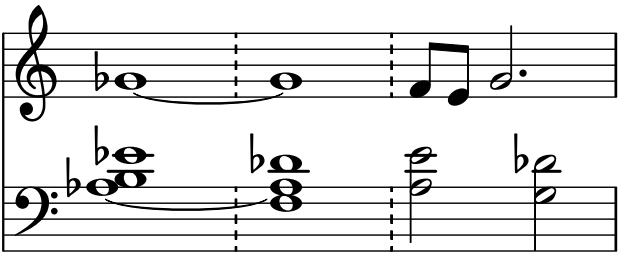


10.1–33. Song 3 "Synthetic Cost (To Me)".

☺Christine appears from their lab in the workshop's upper recesses, heavy against a polished granite slab. Christine's tone row (guitar) dryly chimes. Chris speaks, still sloshy from a party where they did not garner attention from someone because someone else had a rare sour peach to share; they ponder the social implications of a basket myth which under-

writes the festival and analyse their own metabolic associations with its traditions.

11.1–72. Recitative: "As Nide . . . Tersea's dream"

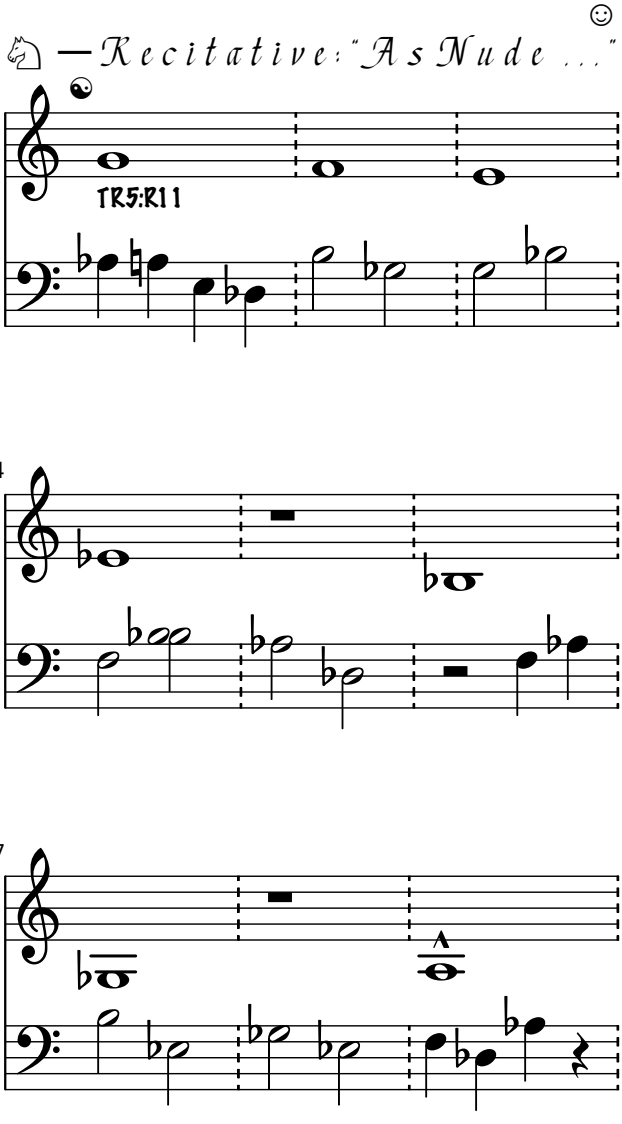
Tersea accompanies Chris in the lightless workshop, recounting details of a gruesome dream, and notes that they wove, here, an extra basket as a therepeutic gesture, before losing it in the woods; they recount their subsequent

beautiful dream. As these figures unfold, Chris dances.

11.1: Tersea: I work the station with ☺Tisa and absently hum. The tune is pleasing, perhaps salacious, high-charge. I realise as I tuck a loose reed against two curving branches that I am demonstrating a technique for Izz: the tune: it is, in a rhythmic sense, unsuitable for the task. I'm caught out, and my heart sinks as

their glares unfold, and I see them far away, working to internalise this abject music and the attendant technique, my tech, for tucking a loose end, as one.

Chris' arms form parantheses about their head and part, rotate, and gesture as cumbersome horizontal slides, these foci morphing to loping and errant hamstring stretches. Balance is restored at the centre, into forward roll.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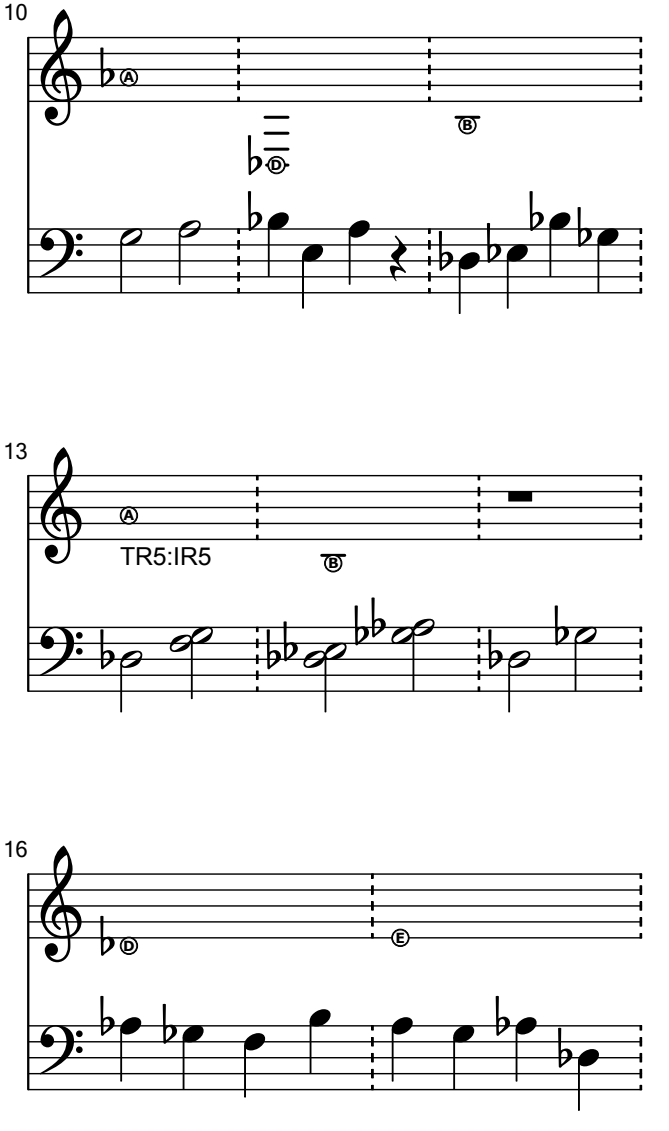
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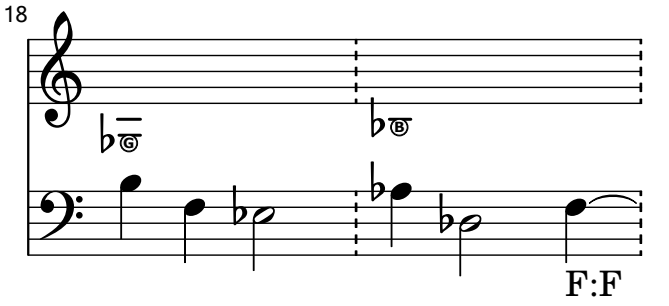
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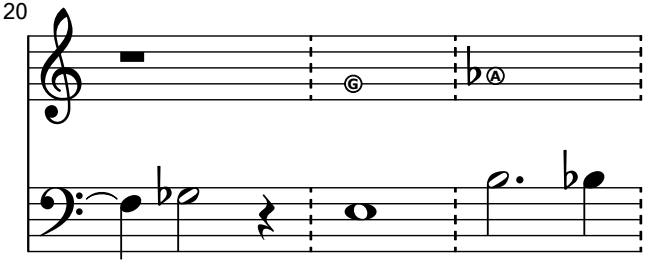
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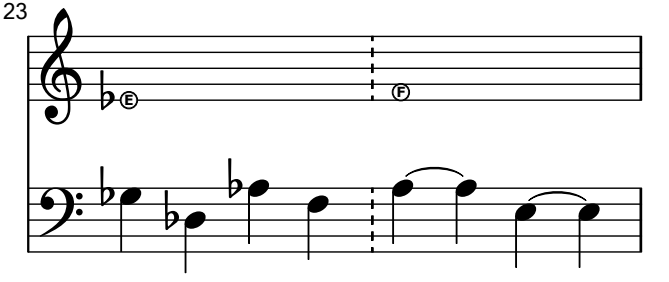
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11.13: Tersea: I stand on a river boulder and look to the deep forest across the flow; and I see it: back, far in the layered trees, some light from fire, like a flickering torch: Someone walking there? The light moved; it seemed to be heading in my direction. The moving light, cast on trunks and saplings, moved me deeply. If it is a person, this figure must be very something. I thought: something enough to walk

those indistinct paths, and it occurred to me they might be my cousin or someone who sold me something. I clambered down the boulder and entered the flowing water like a spider to greet them, and feel immensely cool, refreshed and refreshing, notice the earth smell . . . then that was it.

12.1–21, "Basket Theme"

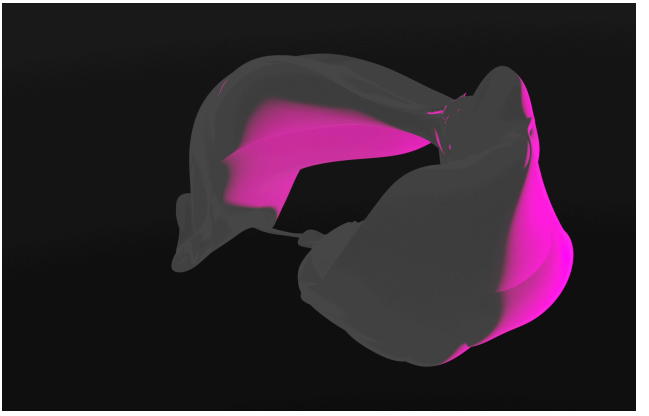
Danny: Chris, you have been unable to explore the

agricultural preparations because of your rehearsals; my friend Hannah works in the orchards . . .

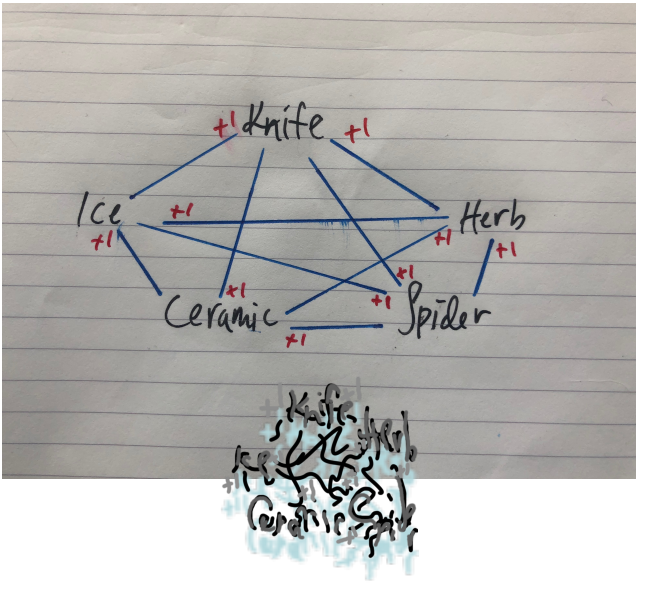
12.6: C: How should I know Hannah? / D: By H's unique cap . . .

A harsh wind picks up open lily flowers and settles them over the creek as Danny works on their mecha. Tersea and Chris exit together, drinking water from the curved tubes

of netted canteens. Stage darkens.



3	6	7	2
Ceramic	Herb	Herb	Knife
3	6	7	2
4	1	8	9
Ice	Herb	Ceramic	Knife
4	1	8	9
5	:)		
Spider	Instinct		
5	:) :)		



Players' decks develop for the season in the trades accompanying casual gaming.

New card designs are released before the bakery fesitivals during a two day tournament.

Day 1:

Players collect their gem shards from the tournament commitee.

Players are obliged to accept challenges from players with a smaller gem purse.

Day 2:

Players holding gem shards deliver a short discourse on a topic and in a style of their choice.

Players draw on a deck holding multiples of the same number if they wish to sacrifice their gem shards to the smiling tree.

Following an event in which death rites were improperly administered, all players drew on false decks and these rituals were completed in lieu of discourse by the smiling tree.

Each player's deck contains ten cards:

Nine cards numbered 1–9; each card may be of any suit.

One instinct; the card may draw on the conceit of any guild.

Rare suits and card year–suit–number combinations may have special properties.

Players shuffle their opponent's deck and place it in reach.

Players draw and display their top card.

Card number and suit calculus determines the win.

Players who draw their Instinct draw a second card; they play their Instinct once as a supplement on any subsequent hand.

Players may substitute their primary deck for a secondary deck after a nine-card set; decks are shuffled and set-play resumes.

The player with the smaller gem purse sets the wager.

Hand 1 of a set is for fun.

Play of sets ends with a player's gem purse depleted.

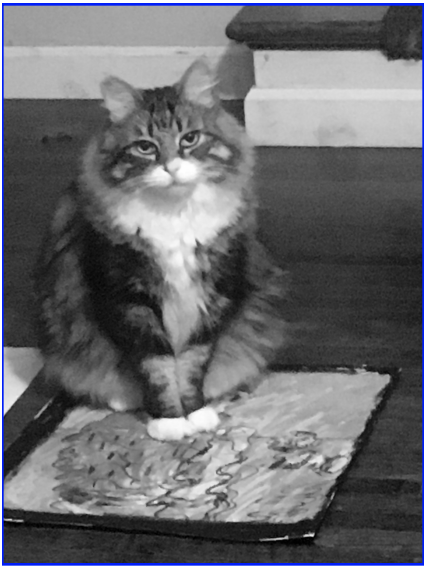
Nice to see another player around . . .

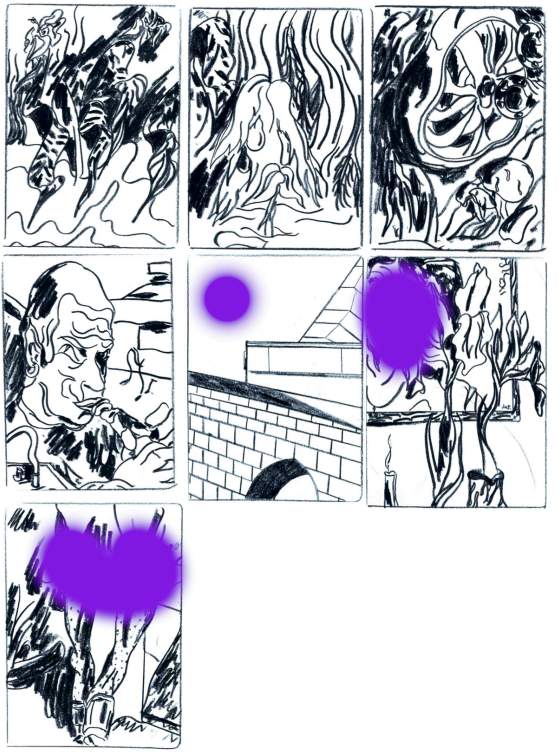
```
- - - - - - - - - - -
Hand # 1
- - - - - - - - - - -
Opponent has: Herb 6
You have: Knife 7 / (+1) Knife de-
ceives Herb . . .
Y☺u win!
- - - - - - - - - - -

Your Purse: 3
Wager? 0—3: 2

- - - - - - - - - - -
Hand # 2
- - - - - - - - - - -
Your Purse: 1
Wager: 2 + 2
- - - - - - - - - - -
Opponent has: Ceramic 4
You have: Herb 3 / (+1) Herb de-
ceives Ceramic . . .
Tie: The Smiling Tree ends this
hand . . .
- - - - - - - - - - -
```

```
Your Purse: 3
Wager? 0—3: 1

- - - - - - - - - - -
Hand # 3
- - - - - - - - - - -
Your Purse: 2
Wager: 1 + 1
- - - - - - - - - - -
Opponent has: Ice 1
You have: Herb 1 / (+1) Ice de-
ceives Herb . . .
You lose!
- - - - - - - - - - -

Your Purse: 2
Wager? 0—2: 2

- - - - - - - - - - -
Hand # 4
- - - - - - - - - - -
Your Purse: 0
Wager: 2 + 2
- - - - - - - - - - -
Opponent has: Knife 2
You have: Spider 8 / (+1) Spider
deceives Knife . . .
Y☺u win!
- - - - - - - - - - -

Your Purse: 4
Wager? 0—4: 3
```

```
- - - - - - - - - - -
Hand # 5
You like a drink? (y/n): y
- - - - - - - - - - -
Your Purse: 1
Wager: 3 + 3
- - - - - - - - - - -
Opponent has: Instinct (Table
Avatar +2)
Instinct? (y/n): n
Opponent has: Spider 3
You have: Ceramic 4 / (+1) Ceramic
deceives Spider . . .
Y☺u win!
- - - - - - - - - - -

Your Purse: 7
Wager? 0—7: 1

- - - - - - - - - - -
Hand # 6
- - - - - - - - - - -
Your Purse: 6
Wager: 1 + 1
- - - - - - - - - - -
Instinct? (y/n): n
Opponent has: Spider 9
You have: Instinct (Basket +1)
Instinct? (y/n): n
You have: Spider 9 / Spider meets
Spider . . .
```

```
Tie: The Smiling Tree ends this
hand . . .
- - - - - - - - - - -

Your Purse: 7
Wager? 0—7: 7

- - - - - - - - - - -
Hand # 7
Here's that drink . . .
- - - - - - - - - - -
Your Purse: 0
Wager: 7 + 7
- - - - - - - - - - -
Instinct? (y/n): y
Opponent has: Ceramic 5 / (+2) In-
stinct
Instinct? (y/n): y
You have: Herb 3 / (+1) Herb de-
ceives Ceramic . . . / (+1) In-
stinct
You lose!
- - - - - - - - - - -

Come back when you uncover more
jewel shards!
```





Night market on the evening preceding festival games. ☺Lucas' weapons stand.

Knife Theme. Two figures browse the long table of layered items; Giacinto and Steph, friends from a pottery workshop*, as yet unnoticed by the other. Their searchers' gazes fall upon a curved knife with a small, hexagonal emerald set in the hilt, laid flat on

an embroidered cloth, tucked halfway into an incongruent holster (Lucas, laughing: "It's a replica of Count Hess"). The buyers see, realise, move: Steph gets there first, wrapping their hand around the hilt. ☺ Giacinto squeezes the holster into the blade, and Steph places their hand on the wrist of that hand, firmly, friendly . . .

Steph speaks ("Emergent Qualities", Giacinto on chorus . . .), explaining

their need for the blade: It looks . . . so beautiful! Would I cut a piece of unripe fruit on it, in torchlight, the jewel would wink and reflect (an image of pilfered fruit and a flame, Steph themself) . . . sour, expertly sharp . . . sprigs of seeding grass, severed at my pleasure, not a seed on their head disturbed: I have the steady hands for such a task, do you feel? — but not the tech.

Giacinto: Your hand is strong. (Giacinto's "Legal Discourse") But I was drawn to the dagger for use in my craft: I work with reeds, branches and grasses, for the Basket Weaver's guild: By right of utility (1), this tool might belong to me. And I have a further argument: My work is not unlike your sweetly-charged reveries, (even Steph laughes at this) for it is a sensual practice of great mirth;

thus. I appeal to your sympathy, and claim any right of mirth (2) you claim, for it must apply to me also. Further, only the other night I had a dream of basket craft (the "terrible wish") and thus hold a dreamer's right (3), too ...

Steph projects: Would you agree that a matter of the heart would settle this dispute? If the item was required for the resolution of an ongoing, personal, "situation"?

Lucas rasies their eyebrows at the implication, and the pair smile, though only Steph breaks their gaze to laugh with Lucas.

Giacinto: That would depend on the content of the wish.

Steph and Giacinto dance. At duet's end, their knife is thrown into the air; it lands point down in the nape of a leaning ☺Ian bust which ☺Aniyah has on a tarp in front of their adjacent stand . . .

Recitative ("The truth has fear, too"): Steph is adamant and, Lucas indicating that they did most holistically grip the knife, obliged to trade the sculpted keychain on their bag for it, a rough, am-

biguous smiling tree (furrow' variant) with a spider forming the back of its face . . . and yet still Giacinto seeks to convince Steph to relinquish the little blade, proceeding with a new dispute to their right to it, now with Aniyah's annoyed arbitration; Steph entertains their arguments for fun, unsure of their merit, suddenly unsure, even, of their own position. They enter disputation; but Aniyah

reveals something else in common: My forebear's record shows that you, and you also, made exchanges, last season, with blue ceramic shards? See this. I have some here . . .

They dig into the pocket of a cloth shelf and produce a fistful of blue glazed chips . . . *

(Introduction of the Planar chords.)

*Remnants of a long-shattered ceremonial pot

which held the gem pieces during card players' short tournaments; its likeness to a pot mentioned in the myths associated with the dancer ☺Reese made the glaze popular among those pottery readers who sanctimoniously entertain knowledge of the blue glaze.

On the loft, video emerges from suffusive fog: Through the opening fissures of an ultra-slowly shattering pot, goo seeps.

Steph and Giacinto exit together, cajoling and countering, polite but absorbed in a competition contoured by legal and sexual tensions; they walk towards the forest which slopes up to the bakeries, uneasily aligned.

Pathe, wearing Hannah's hat, passes the market with a surreptitious fern basket, empty.

Blue Glaze Theme, morphing into Aniyah's "Smoker's

Thermos". They are concerned about a work incident from days ago: certain previously authenticated blue ceramic pieces were shown to be compositionally identical to a subset of shards known to be manufactored with the later yellow glaze. Following a genuinely violent fight among scholars, potters like Aniyah were furloughed. Neither the school, representing in their time the continuity

of workshop praxis traced to sculptors like ☺Sara, nor Aniyah themself see their personal work as related to scholarship. In the eyes of the school . . . Aniyah's internal dialogue represents memories of the glaze discourse distorted by nascent allegiances, workplace jargon, and somatic eruptions . . . If they were a scholar, they might not feel so detached. They remember their sibling and cousin introducing them

to the shards, the painting methods used on clay, and these familial visages coalesce as a laughing pair in the loft; but where are they now?

Aniyah stops. Somehow, moving through the dark stage, they have wandered down to the river baths. They notice the funny dog statue and smile, touching its neck. This seems to calm them down.

Set lights fall; on the loft we see the statue's mutating snout, stone become pliant: it's ☺Melanie. They sing the "Blue Pots / Cave Pool" myth.

Aniyah wakes as Melanie's head in the loft is metamorphosing into a pear; they slowly turn, unsure, silent, but on the verge of figuring something out, and exit towards the markets.

4

Hannah:
By What Sign Shall I Mark Thee?
(Statue" ;). Cave Shrine):
My Index the Wobbly Orchid . . .

September 2019—October 2020, NSW/CA