At the sound of the alarm, a bright spot appears on Cissyline. She comes abruptly to life, suddenly raising her head and looking at her public:

A loud buzzer warns that she is about to go on the air. She acknowledges her public showbiz style, then at the snap sound abruptly cuts off the applause with a sweeping gesture.

With grand showbiz enthusiasm, very extroverted

night, lad-ies and gen the men we have a whole be-ry of spec-ial guests...

somewhat operatic:

but we'll be back in a mo-ment, af-ter a word from our spon-sor.

She gestures a cut-off in union with the clank, and is taken off-line.

Invited, she turns to the screen: Turn me up, Bill, I can hardly hear myself! And can you make that applause a little more real. As turns back front, a little calmer: Where'd you get this bunch, at an eye operation.

She is put back on-line. With grand showbiz enthusiasm, she addresses the public:

Well, we're back!

To the public:

A pen-ing guest to-night is the fab-u-lous Hil-de-gard von Bing-en. Let's give a nice wel-come.

In the snap, she jerks back reactively as Hilde's face suddenly appears.
She conducts an interview dividing her attention between the screen and the public. (Generally begin each phrase facing the screen and end facing the public.)

Thank you for being on the show, Hil-dy!

-real-ize you have a bus-y sched-u-le. What with all the pre-y-ing, doc-tor-ing, com-position and herbs.

Looking at the screen, she raises her arms and leans back as if facing a victim herself.

When do you ev-er get time to have vis-sions?

Bell

Did you an-y i-dea you’d have such a

She watches the angel float away.

grand come back in the nine-ies.

Drums

Uh, that’s the nine-teen nin-ies, Hil-dy.

Drums

Short pause, then a slightly ironic aside to the public:

She continues to look at the screen, sees the phallic shape, cooly<br>

flexes her hand over her mouth in shock, and turns to the public:

She continues to look at the screen, sees the phallic shape, cooly

flexes her hand over her mouth in shock, and turns to the public:

come on now, tell us the truth a-bout you and the Pope.

Bell

We’ll be back in a flash with more!
She gestures a cut-off in unison with the clank and is taken off-line.

After the scraped cymbal cue, she addresses her public, quieter, more sincere:

Some-times I turn ev-er-y thing off,- and i-mag-ine what it would be like if I had to go it a-lone

No sound fort-ress... tcha, or may-be it’s a clo-set.

Oh I used to go with-out, with-out all these giz-mos, then some-thing hap-pened

All chips and no old blocks, that’s my house.

As long as the air wig-gles a world a-round me, as long as I have my sound, I feel safe.

As the commercial on the video runs, she takes a long wooden pointer attached to the side of her chair.

And so here they are, my be-lov-ed view-ers: Cy-borg’s Top Ten Pet Peeses

She returns to her character personality emphatically:

Num-her ten.
With a touch of malignant seriousness, she lectures using the pointer to indicate specific details illustrated by the on-screen drawings. She generally points on the last word of each phrase, and continues pointing until the next phrase. Make each pose a separate entity.

When your wires short circuit on your fillings.

Some-one spills coffee in your body fluid chamber.

People talk about you as if you were a mere computer.

Some jerk proposes you

Her annoyance builds.

Software crashes.

Stinky silicon.

Cone.

Sim sex.

Reb-e-gade spawning applications.
foam-ing in the eye-balls.

When your a-prop-ri-ate be-hav-iour soft-ware mal-func-tions at a pur-ty and you end up

wear-ing a mon-i-tor on your head.

Announcer’s voice on the tape: And for the number one Pet Peeve of cyborgs all over the universe:

Long pause. silent and noncommensurate.

rebond

De-fault-ing to sil-ence.

At the clash her head falls and she becomes lifeless, as if shut off.

Long pause.

She returns to robotic mode...

...and returns the pointer to its holder.

She divides her focus between the screen and public as before. Use tenato to stress words and swing the phrases.

next guest is the a-maz-ing Hy-pa-tia, the ge-orgeous math/geoek of Al-ex-an-dri-a, a stron o-mer ex-tro-din-aire, phil-o-so-pher and teach-er.

Hy-pa-tia, you look great!

So, Lad-i-es and gen-tle-men,

mf
After the sound of the scraped cymbal, she speaks over the cloud music. Gesture to the screen at the underlined words. She celebrates herself. Sometimes behind the buzzes and whines of the wires I hear strange voices. The bird'song soft callings of the old she pods. Their presence is like...humming bird breath.

She creates a passage with the glove controller. Lyrical Hope Sereneli

After the scraped cymbal she speaks. (As an effect machine, her voice optionally alters to electronic beauty.) Moon glowing opalescent lips of feral faces light on my bare skin like hundreds of battery butterflies in the thick night. More music with the glove.

Cloud Music

Bird-Whale Weeping Flutter Down

The cloud and hand music is cut-off as she is buzzed back on line.

An advertisement bursts upon the silence. Cybine then quietly takes an old, humorously beat-up, red cowboy hat and some short music, both attached to the side of her chair and places them in her lap.

Cybine returns to her routine. And now what you’ve all been waiting for: Song of the Week. Today’s song was sent in by Hannah DiTeurco of Gallup, New Mexico.

Just the other day I was surfing on eBay. When a big roan horse came and I could hardly hear he was galloping at my number. She gestures to the Mac.

It’s en-ti-led num-ber crunch-in’ cow-boy.

Honernously resultful, in a country-western style, she occasionally reacts amusingly to the cowboy on the screen.

She gestures in the horse.
He's a number crunchin' cowboy and if I cal-cu-late just right
he'll be work-ing at my key-board, his arms a-round me.

He's a number crunchin' cowboy, he's the man up on my screen,
He's the best of all sta-

tis-tics, he's the e-mail of my dreams.
He's no Mc10 soft when we head up to the loft,
He's the best pro-gram-mer out of

great er Al-bu-que-
ex-
learned some trig-on-o-

He's a number crunchin' cowboy, and if I cal-cu-late just right,
he'll be work-in' at my key-board, his arms a-round me tight.

She is taken off-line at the clink. Somewhat more resigned, she speaks to her public over the Cyborg Body Music. Her voice is optionally electronically shifted down an octave. She looks at the screen at the underlined words, does you see, my production ain’t too happy with me. Pause! What producer? What me? Whispered aside: I’m only pretending to be a talk show host. Back to normal. In an hour they’ll arrive for my evaluation. They’ll decide if I’m pause-a-human. And how can I show them, you will ask? Her tone becomes more energetic and analytical. She points to the screen for each example. Well, based on my observations humans are one third sensation, one third scream, she turns to the public and takes a showbiz pause, and one third show biz. So what better way to show the scientists I’m human than by being a singing and dancing talk show host. Makes sense to me, but then maybe I’m not human. She remains motionless, face blank and neutral.

She enthusiastically and energetically returns her attention to her public.

So folks, did I ever tell you a-bout the guy who thought that com-pu-ters could be come op-er-a sing-ers?

At the zap, she gestures to the screen with a fully extended arm.

He was found still sit-ting in his chair.

At the last word of the phrase, she gestures to the screen with a fully extended arm.

Flat as a pan-cake!

A par-en-tly a sop ran o broke through sec u r i-ty and flat-tened him with one sit-ting!

in front of his com-pu-ter.
That's how I'll show them I'm hu-man. I'll be a sing-er, a voice of hu-man - i-ty, ev-en if they think I'm on-ly part-ly hu-man.

She slowly lowers her arms.

We all want to be-come raw song, don't we? If I had a thou-sand arms, I could turn the wheel e-ven fast-er I could buf-fet the wind and weath-er I could heave up both stones to-gath-er, That the fair-est mas-ter might see,

How faith-ful I can be. That the fair-est Mast - er might see how faith-ful I can be.
She pauses an instant, perplexed that she has been cut off, turns and protests to the screen (for next 15 bars): Hey, turn me back on! There's more to the song. Have you no respect for art? Short pause. The following text, briskly delivered, fills the silence until the next buzzer: At the underlined text she gestures in the screen: Well anyway, if I have no producers—no show— the question is, will my examiners be satisfied with me? Of course, if they are equations too, obviously the question is irrelevant. Examiners can’t be happy or disappointed, I suppose. They can only serve.

Delivered like a hardboiled detective, leaning forward, eyebrows down, macho, serious. She uses the stick as a pointer.

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Delivered like a hardboiled detective, leaning forward, eyebrows down, macho, serious. She uses the stick as a pointer.
Her name: Maxine O'Donnell. She was a staff secretary at Penn.

She had coffee with him. He was interested in her. She was intrigued with him. Then...

Ev-en if I could go back in time, what would I change?

After the scraped cymbal cue, she speaks over the cloud music. May say again to feel the child's fearlessness among the wild horses? To smell their damp fur afloat with bruised grass notes expanding in transparent shimmering clouds around their shoeless hooves. Short pause. I never knew that death could smell like grazing horses. (To galloped solo.)

Cloud Music

Bowed Cymbal
Suspended Cymbal

Dense Cym

Whimsy Cymbal

Goblets

Sitar Flute

Low Body Sound

(Whisper on tape; eraser/soundtrack...not earth...the burning idols...the turban...sistanic warnings...wild horses...Edgar and the monitors)

The earth is dry...the yellow smuggler...the wheel of the same face...solar weather...suffucio high...I tell a story prying...the three ways...Campbell's Chicken and Noodle: Mania...Will Rogers Tornado...Clairvoyant...Mrs. T. B. Blue and Mr. Nolich...the watery machine....Brown...
A more elaborate buzz tells me she has been on this set for a while. Her voice is
partly confused and partly serene.

Breezily addressing her technician on the set, somewhat unenergized: Why Bill, I'm
surprised at your bouncing, but let's not over do it. You know how dangerous it can be—
sorcery to the public—to harm someone on live television. Anyway, after my
accident I recorded my technicians whispering—now too hard when you're constantly wired.

With a lugubrious alien voice (like a Cossack head): Her voice can be optionally altered
electronically to symbolize the recording. She's some sort of experiment or mistake, a
process of deceiving transformed into a product of bio-molecular design.

Ah, the syn-thetic transcendent-al, the consen-su-al hal-lu-ci-na-tions of

The scene is set: a blue, exaggerated cartoon voice (such as Sylvester the Cat).

She sings in a normal voice, dividing her focus between the cartoon and public.

That the fair-est mas-ter might see, How faith-ful

I can be. That the fair-est Mas-ter might see how faith-ful I can be.

Ach, but
I am frail of frame, What I raise up, what I sew, er, What I car, ry, what I hammer An-y one can do the same, An-y one can do the same.
She is put back on-line, but passes a moment, flustered, touching her forehead as if something were confusing or disorienting her.

I'm sorry folks, but I am getting some static on my lines. I have to do that "True Crime" segment again. My program says that last version was too loud and aggressive. It says I have to sell both sides of the story. It's all part of my self-corrective software.

She sings and acts the story in two voices, one feminine and the other masculine. When she uses the feminine voice she generally looks toward the screen and when she uses the masculine she looks toward the public. If the written tenor is not possible, sing all in the upper octaves.

Here's Philadelphia rape and

massacre to public:

massacre to public:

Donnell.

Donnell.

She was studying social work at Penn.

Her attacker was out of jail pending psychiatric evaluation.

Her name was Maureen O'
He seemed so normal.

He worked at the Cyber-ber plant as a special projects man-

ager.

She had coffee with him.

He was interested in her.
could

remem-

ber

any

thing

about her former life.

A violent interlude

of machine music:

She watches the screen.

Three years to get her up

and run-

ning.

They were con-

cerned her nerves would

't hold

out.

A violent interlude

of machine music:

To the screen.

At first they would turn

her cere-

bral cortex

and have their way with her.

Then they'd just
leave it on.

put her on cybernetic hold

so she could not move or react.

A violent interlude of machine music.

And then they erased her memory, or so they thought.

Long pause in silence.

But memory is everywhere.

A violent interlude of machine music dying away in whistling.
After the first screeched symbol:
I hear them right behind the ringing of my ears, the laughter, the singing in full color, the brief, flitting shimmer of lighter than light, all-over nowhere bellflowers. Pause. She listens.

After the second screeched symbol:
The flow of gold--unimagined, gaudless, light, feather essence--my being shimmering, melting and clear, extracted from past woe and future deed. Pause. She listens.

After the third screeched symbol:
Spiral expansion from an unknown source long known, ramen for the journey home, feathers and sacred bones of magic beings. Pause. She listens.

Cloud Music

- Bell
- Harp
- Voice
- White Cymbal
- Steel Plate
- Love Body Sound
- Tibetan Reed
- Horn
- Whispers
- Bowing Cymbal
- Snake Sequence
- Talking Cymbal
- Whistles
- Lyrical Bells
- Bells

*Harmonico Whispers*
Mirror I am... (reflected by the blue lily... Wings of the morning... Deep call into depth... The way everlasting... Flush song... singing in our ears... Doors of Heaven..."

*Let me see if this be real... This life I am living... Ye who possess the skies... Let me see if this be real... This life I am living..."

*The thoughts of the earth are my thoughts... The voice of the earth is my voice... The feather of the earth is my feather... All that belongs to the earth belongs to me... All that moves around the earth surrounds me... I am the sacred words of the earth... It is lovely indeed, it is lovely indeed..."

War earth... The burning fields... the cattle... the worms... warnings... amid wild horses... Edgar and the moonfish... on the porch... the yellow stones in brown... Mr. Boggs on the screen door... spring pepper... bubble bath... I fell asleep praying... the three Marys... Campbell's Christmas and noodle... Minutiae... Will Rogers Triplicate... Christmas... Mrs. Ricky... the blue cat wash... Mr. Nickels... the washing machine down... Danny Danes... -23


Reference the score for the full notation and instructions.
mea dows and thrush-es and ro bins that sing And thrush-es and ro-bins that sing. And as the cock was crow-ing, I rise and look with-out; The day is cold and dreary.

The ravens are scream-ing a-bout, The day is cold and dreary, The Rav-ens are scream-ing a bout.

Light dims to almost black, only face lit. She bends her head for about two minutes, as if asleep and dreaming, while the music and image continue.

She extends her arm upward and lightly screams to the heavens as to the image on the screen. She slowly releases her scream in line with the descending sounds.

The light rises slightly. She raises her head and listens to the music.

Quietly, suspended: Silence. The speechless singing of wires. (The high drone begins.) Does the molten core of the earth seep into me? The voice of gods and goddesses? Is it the whisper of silicone, or are they out there... in the dark?

After the first whisper in the cloud music, she sings softly, freely, almost in a folk or ethnic style, her voice slightly amplified. The pauses between the phrases are only approximate. Set the tempo so that the song ends approximately near the indicated cue in the cloud music.

Feath-er moth-er fath-er float weigh less than weight-less - my heart on the bal-ance find my feath-er a-loft
in occas'ns of air
the blood made th'ce
the wrenching wrought to aught
no pain in mus-cle or mind

in an'y world of suf-fer-ing

the neth ers to your post a-po-cy-ptic pitch
and then weigh my heart

The light on Cybeline dim
slightly. Long pause as she
listens to the cloud music.
She quietly speaks in unison
with the final words of the
cloud music. (See cue on
next page.)

Linear Cloud Music
(alignment only approximate throughout...)

The light on Cybeline dim
slightly. Long pause as she
listens to the cloud music.
She quietly speaks in unison
with the final words of the
cloud music. (See cue on
next page.)
Random Whispers

Shine I am,

Wings of the morning...

Food that went... into the sea...

Shine I am, singing in our cells...

Tzintzunta singing along the side of the road...

Wings of the morning...

The flashing... the colors colored... the water... the earth...

The sound... the sound that goes... the sound.

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