

Cybeline

(A music theater work for soprano/performance-artist and quadraphonic electronics)

William Osborne (2004)

Text: Abbie Conant

The video begins with Cybeline in the dark. Her head is down, as if asleep.

Electronics

1

0:00

Cyborg Body Music

pp

Body sounds continue.

Cyborg Body Sounds

The music gradually becomes louder...

mp

mf

f

8vb

8vb

Xylophone

Wood Drum

Mechanical Piano

Xylophone

Mechanical Piano

Wood Drum

Mechanical Piano

Xylophone

Mechanical Piano

Xylophone

Mechanical Piano (all white notes)

Xylophone

Mechanical Piano

Xylophone

Mechanical Piano

Xylophone

This musical score is written for two instruments: Xylophone and Mechanical Piano. It consists of six systems of two staves each. The Xylophone part is primarily in the treble clef, while the Mechanical Piano part is in the bass clef. The score is divided into measures by bar lines, with some measures containing multiple rests. The notation includes various note values, accidentals, and dynamic markings. The Xylophone part features complex rhythmic patterns and melodic lines, while the Mechanical Piano part provides a harmonic and rhythmic foundation. The score is written in a standard musical notation style, with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8.

Mechanical Piano

2
2:15

Xylophone

Mechanical Piano

Mechanical Piano

Mechanical Piano

Mechanical Piano

Xylophone

Mechanical Piano

At the sound of the alarm, a bright spot appears on Cybeline. 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 zap sound abruptly cuts off the applause with a sweeping gesture.

3 Alarm Machine Whine Buzzer Applause

2:48 Clunk Zap

Drums

To *f*

With grand showbiz enthusiasm, very extroverted

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

f

somewhat operatic:

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

f

Piano

Drums

4 Klunk Whispers Cyborg Body Music

3:33

She gestures a cut-off in unison with the klunk, and is taken off-line.

Irritated, 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.

Body sounds continue.

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

Well, we're back!

mf

Drums

Our *mf*

To the public:

o pen - ing guest to - night is the fab - u - lous Hil - de - gard von Bing - en.

Let's *mf* give a nice wel - come.

Drums

Zap

Zap

ffz

At the zap, she jerks back reactively as Hildy'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.)*

mf Thank you for be-ing on the show, Hil-dy! *mf* real - ize you have a bus - y sched-ule. *mf* What with all the pray - ing, doc-tor - ing, com - pos - ing and herbs.

She returns to the interview.

mf When do you ev - er get time to have vi-sions? *mf* Did you have an - y i - dea you'd have such a

Bells *8va* Drums

She watches the angel float away.

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

She startles slightly at the zapped appearance of the face.

grand come back in the nine-ties. Uh, that's the nine-teen nin-ties, Hil-dy. And *mf* Did you have an - y i - dea you'd have such a

Falling Bells Drums Zap *ffz*

She continues to look at the screen, sees the phallic shape, coyly puts 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. *ff* We'll be back in a flash with more!

Bells Drums

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

She gestures a cut-off in unison with the clunk and is taken off-line.

6 4:53 Whispers Cyborg Body Sounds

Clunk

Cyborg Body Sounds

Scraped Cymbal

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

mf

Short musical gesture with glove controller.

Blades of Doom

mp

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

mf

Another gesture.

Screech

mp

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

Another gesture.

Flutter Down

mp

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

mp

Another gesture.

Lyrical Hope

mf

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

A longer, more elaborate passage.

She is cut off by the buzzer and put back on-line.

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

Text of commercial: And now its time for "Cyborg's Top Ten Pet Peeves. Brought to you by Toss-A-Chip. Remember, when it comes to plugging-in that new personality, clinical tests show our circuits to be the best. Toss-A-Chip and you'll get that raise you always wanted. All voices together: Toss-A-Chip and the evening will go right.

Shes returns to her showbiz personality.

Blades of Doom

mf

7 5:37 Buzzer Clunk

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

f

emphatically

8 6:03 Bells

Num-ber ten.

With a touch of indignant 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 peeve a separate entity.

When your wires short cir-cuit on your fil-lings. *mf*

Some-one spills cof-fee in your bo-dy flu-id cham-ber. *mf*

Num-ber nine. (roll r)

Num-ber eight.

Peo-ple talk a-bout you as if you were a mere com-pu-ter. *mf*

Some jerk pro-po-si-tions you *mf*

Num-ber sev-en

Her annoyance builds.

from Nep-tune. 9 6:34

Soft-ware crush-es. Stink-y sil-i-

mf

Num-ber six.

Num-ber five.

cone. Sim sex.

Ren-e-gade spawn-ing ap-li-ca-tions *mf*

Num-ber four.

Num-ber three.

foam-ing in the eye-balls.

Num-ber two.

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

mf

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 motionlessness.

subdued

De - fault - ing to sil - ence.

p

At the clunk her head falls and she becomes lifeless, as if shut off. Long pause.

Her head jerks up as she is brought back to life and on-line mode by the buzzer.

She returns to showbiz mode...

...and returns the pointer to its holder.

So, Lad - ies and gen - tle - men,

mf

Drums

our

mf

Long silence.

10 Clunk 7:31

11 Buzzer 7:48

Clunk

Long silence.

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

next guest is the a-maz-ing Hy - pa - tia, the gor-geousmathgeek of Al - ex - an - dri - a, a - stron o-mer ex-tror-din-aire, phil - o - so-pher and teach-er.

mf

Drums

Hy - pa - tia, you look great!

mf

She looks at the screen: Aside to audience, hand
to side of mouth: (Possible short pause.)

Does-n't she look great? Not bad, for the fourth cent-ur-y. No sign of that lit-tle in-ci-dent with those monks in the streets of dear old Al-ex-an-dri-a.

Bell Cascando

mf

Drums

16 32 16 32

Watch out though, those re-li-gious folk are still mean bug-gers!

mf

12 Bell Cascade

8:26

Bells

What *mf*

15 32 15 32

She exuberantly raises her arms as she turns to the public:

crossed through your mind when they came at you-with their sharp-ened shells? We've come a long way ba-by! We've

mf

Drums

14 32 14 32 15 32

She partially lowers her arms as she becomes more doubtful:

She looks at her cyborgian hand.

She snaps out of it and goes back into showbiz:

Raise hand and drum knee with fist on the last note.

made big prog-ress as a... as a...

p

Sinking Sound

rallantando

mf

Par-don me Hy-pa-tia, it's time for a com-mer-cial break.

Drums

A tempo

18 32 18 32 18 32 18 32

a little more exuberant

He's a num - ber crunch - in' cow - boy and if I cal - cu - late just right he'll be work - ing at my key - board, his arms a - round me

She looks at the screen.

tight. He's a num - ber crunch - in cow - boy, he's the man up on my screen, he's the best of all sta

17

11:45

She gestures to the screen at laptop.

tis - tics, he's the e - mail of my dreams. He's no Mic ro soft when we head up to the loft. He's the best pro - gram - mer out of chang - ing gi - ga - bytes on his lap - top late at night, he's got my heart on - line and I've

great - er Al - bu - quer que. Ex. learned some trig - o - no - met - ry. He's a num - ber crunch - in' cow boy, and if I cal - cu - late just right,

he'll be work-in' at my key-board, his arms a-round me tight.

Cyborg Body Music

Groaning Gliss

Clunk

She is taken off-line at the clunk. 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: As you can see, my producers aren't too happy with me. Pause. Ha! What producers? 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 memory-- she turns to the public and takes a showbiz pose-- 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 is buzzed back on-line, but does not react. She simply looks at the lighting and stage machinery around her. Her head movements are slow and dream-like.

Long pause.

The drums refocus her attention on her routines.

Drums

Cyborg Body Music

19 Buzzer

13:17

Clunk

Machine Sounds

20

13:33

18

She enthusiastically and energetically returns her attention to her public.

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

So folks, did I ev-er tell you a-bout the geek who thought that com-pu-ter-s could be-come op-er-a sing-ers?

mf

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

Zap

sfz

Drums

Same gesture at zap.

mf

in front of his com - pu - ter. Flat as a pan-cake! A - par-ent - ly a sop - ran o broke through se - cur - i - ty and flat-tened him with one sit-ting!

mf

Zap

sfz

Drums

She gestures to the screen at the zap, arm fully extended.

She raises her arms similar to those in the image on the screen and sings operatically.

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.

mf *f*

Zap *ffz*

She divides her attention between the cartoons and public.

We all want to be-come raw song, don't we? If I had a thou - sand arms, I could

mf *mf*

Drums

Bells

turn the wheel e - ven fast - er I could buf-fet the wind and weath - er I could heave up both stones to - geth - 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.

22

14:57

She falters as she realizes she has been taken off-line:

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 section until the next buzzer. At the underlined text she gestures to 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. Equations can't be happy or disappointed, I suppose. They can only serve.

Ach but I am frail of... frame...

mf

p

Clunk

(Her monolog continues...)

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

Her protestations are cut-off by the buzzer and she is put back on-line.

As the advertisement is announced she takes the wood pointer from the side of her chair and assumes a hyper-masculine demeanor.

23

Buzzer

Crying Pad

15:30

The text of the ad on the recording: And now it's time for Turhuuue Crimes, brought to you by Police Dog!! Police Dog goes where you go. Police Dog is loyal. Police Dog can recognize and liquidate your enemies. Police Dog, without all the muss and fuss of a real Fido.

24

15

15:50

Here is Phil-a-del-phi-a's rape and mu-ti-la-tion vic-tim num-ber nine thir-ty three.

Zap

mf

Random Bells

Her name: Max-ine O'-Don-nell. She was stud-y-ing soc-ial work at Penn.

Her attacker was out of jail pending psychiatric evaluation. He worked at the Cyber-fiber plant as a special projects manager.

Zap Random Bells Zap Random Bells Zap Tube Wash UFO Resonator

She had cof-fee with him. He was in-ter-est-ed in her. She was in-trigued with him. Then...

Random Bells Zap Howl Blades of Doom Crying Pad Cyber Voices Clunk

She is taken off-line. Long pause in silence.

Quietly, sober

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

Long silence.

Cloud music begins.

Scraped Cymbal

After the scraped cymbal cue, she speaks over the cloud music: Maybe again to feel the child's fearlessness among the wild horses? To smell their damp auras alight 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 glove solo.)

Bird-Whale Weeping Whispers Dual Whine Bird-Whale Weeping

As the cloud music continues, she creates a longer solo with her glove controller. Each measure indicates the sounds used.

Long silence.

Cloud Music

Bowed Crotale

Bowed Crotale

Dream Sequence

Dove Cry

Talking Cymbal

Chimes

Whine Cymbal

Goblin

Lyrical Hope

Steam Flute

Low Body Sound

Whispers on tape, ordered randomly: ...wet earth...the burning fields...box turtles...tornado warnings...amid wild horses...Edgar and the mouseblood...on the porch...the yellow stucco house...June bugs on the screen door... spring peepers... bubble bath...I fell asleep praying...the three Marys...Campbell's Chicken and Noodle... Mennonites...Will Rogers Turnpike... Claremore...Mrs. Ricky...the blue cat mask...Mr. Nickels...the washing machine dream...Brown Duncan...

Square Wave Bells *mf*

9/16

Ah, the syn-the-tic tran-scen-dent-al, the con-sen-su-al hal-lu-ci-na-tions of

Top of Gliss

-16-

29

21:02

Clunk

I am frail of frame, What I raise up, what I - sev - er, What I car - ry, what I ham-mer An-y - one can do the same, An-y - one can do the same.

30

21:23

Cloud music begins.

Scraped Cymbal

The cloud music continues until the next buzzer.

She listens to the cloud music.

After the scraped cymbal cue, she speaks over the cloud music to the public: Sometimes when all is quiet I hear the cells talking to one another. It's like a flock of birds that have turned into waves on the beach. Or bells...

A glove gesture creating the bells (about two seconds.)

Belltazaar

...millions of nano-bells that have shrunk so small that ladybugs could wear them around their ankles.

A long downward gliss with the controller coordinated with a downward movement of her arm.

Belltazaar

Scraped Cymbal

After the scraped cymbal cue: The lymph moves like a tug headed upriver with a full load. It sounds like the growl of an old Airedale but sustained.

She returns to the solo with the glove.

Cosmic Laugh

Blades of Doom

Scraped Cymbal

After the scraped cymbal cue. (Her voice is optionally altered to electronic beauty): Music is a cyborg's dream, flowers and birds of spring painted on window glass.

She returns to the solo with the glove.

Bird-Whale

Weeping

Dual Whine

18

16

Cloud Music

Bowed Crotale

Talking Cymbal

Goblin

Lyrical Hope

Bowed Crotale

Chimes

Dream Sequence

Steam Flute

Whine Cymbal

Low Body Sound

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 surrounds the earth surrounds me...
I, I am the sacred words of the earth...
It is lovely indeed, it is lovely indeed.

The talking clouds... the coffee colored Tarantula skittering along the side of the road... the full-fledged double rainbow spanning the red curved earth... the flash flood moving the amber waters like terrified cattle tearing the bottom of a desiccated sea...

"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?"

She is put back on-line, but pauses 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 Crimes" segment again. My program says that last version was too loud and aggressive. It says I have to tell 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 tessitura is not possible, sing all in the upper octave.

Feminine, to screen:

31 22:59 Buzzer Clunk Soft Machine music

32 23:22 Bells

Here's Phil - a - del - phi - a rape and

Masculine, to public:

Feminine, to screen:

mu - ti - la - tion vic - tim num - ber nine thir - ty three.

Her name was Max - ine O' -

Masculine, to public:

Don - nel. She was stud - y - ing soc - ial work at Penn.

Masculine, to public:

Feminine, to screen:

Masculine, to public:

Her a - tack - er was out of jail pend ing psych - i - a - tric e - val - u - a - tion.

(8^{vb}) -18- 8^{vb}

He seemed so nor - mal.

Feminine, to screen:

Masculine, to public:

8vb

mf He worked at the Cy - ber - fi - ber plant as a spec - ial pro - jects man - a ger.

Feminine, to screen:

8vb

mf She had cof - fee with him.

Feminine, to screen:

8vb

mf He was in - ter - est - ed in her.

Masculine, to public:

8vb

Feminine, to screen:

She *mf* was in - trigued with him.

Quadraphonic voices crescendo to the end of the passage.

(8th)

33

24:46

She is taken off line. She speaks to her public: Humans do not know the torment of endless knowledge, the world as a network of a billion hard-disks. No secrets to spare me pain, no sanctuaries in the temple of silence. A binary world, an endless on and off, light that gives and takes away. My soul vanishes through steel a thousand times stronger than bone, through wired dreams a million times faster than nerves. In this sanctuary, the money changers are wired straight into the temple.

Clunk

Machine Sounds

a niente

She creates a long a capella improvised solo with the glove controller.

34

Dream Sequence

Vision Machine

Waterphone

Lyrical Hope

Screech

Blades of Doom

Whispers

Cosmic Laugh

25:27

Steam Flute

Flutter Down

Groan Laugh

Guttural

Bird-Whale

Wheeze

Weeping

Groan Inhale

Cosmic Wind

16

Masculine, to public:

Feminine, to screen:

Again she sings the story in two voices, one feminine and the other masculine, dividing her focus and acting as before.

35

Buzzer

Bells

28:16

Zap

They said right in front of her that she

Feminine, to screen:

could' - nt re - mem - ber an - y thing a - bout her for - mer life.

During the interludes she watches the screen.

A violent interlude of machine music.

Feminine, to screen:

mf Took the team three years to get her up and run - ing. They were con - cerned her nerves would - n't hold

Masculine, to public:

out.

A violent interlude of machine music.

8vb

Masculine, to public:

8vb

Feminine, to screen:

mf At first they would turn off her cer - re - bral cor - tex and have their way with her. Then they'd just

Feminine, to screen:

-21-

leave it on,

Feminine, to screen:

put her on cy - ber - net - tic hold

mf

Masculine, to public:

so she could - n't move or re - act.

A violent interlude of machine music.

Masculine, to public:

Feminine, but to public:

And then they e - rased her mem - or - y, or so they thought.

mf

Long pause in silence.

Long pause in silence.

Cloud music on next page begins. She speaks after the sound of scaped cymbal.

A violent interlude of machine music dying away in wheezing.

But mem - or y is ev - er - y - where.

mp

37
30:43

36
30:21

Scaped Cymbal

After the first scraped cymbal:
I hear them
right behind the ringing of my ears,
the laughter,
the singing in full color,
rose petal prism crystals
of softer than soft
all-over nowhere bellflowers.
Pause. She listens.

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

After the third scraped cymbal:
Spiralic expansion
from an unknown source long known,
raiment for the journey home,
feathers and sacred bones
of magic beings.
Pause. She listens.

Cloud Music

Bells

8va

Bells

Bells

Bowed Crotale

Whine Cymbal

Steam Flute

Tibetan Bowl

Bells 8va

Harp

Harp

8va

Dove Sigh

Whispers

Bowed Crotale

Talking Cymbal

Chimes

Goblin

Lyrical Hope

Bells

Harp

Random Whispers

Mirror I am...timbrels by the Red Sea...
Wings of the morning...
Deep calleth unto deep...
The way everlasting...
Flesh song...singing in our cells...
Door of Heaven...

The talking clouds...the coffee colored
tarantula skittering along the side of the
road...the full-fledged double rainbow
spanning the red curved earth...
the flash flood moving the
amber waters like terrified cattle tearing the
bottom of a desiccated sea...

"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 surrounds the earth surrounds me...
I am the sacred words of the earth...
It is lovely indeed, it is lovely indeed.

Wet earth...the burning fields...box turtles...tornado warnings...
amid wild horses...Edgar and the mouseblood...on the porch...the yellow
stucco house...June bugs on the screen door... spring peepers... bubble
bath...I fell asleep praying...the three Marys... Campbell's Chicken and
Noodle... Mennonites...Will Rogers Turnpike... Claremore...Mrs.
Ricky...the blue cat mask...Mr. Nickels...the washing machine
dream...Brown Duncan...

38

Her voice is optionally altered electronically.

32:49

Buzzer Zap-Howl "Yes, questions." *mf* Drone

I was made in sec-ret and cur-i-ous-ly wrought in the low-est parts of the earth.

"Yes, questions." Weeping Birds Resonant Chamber

Cybeline plays an optional instrumental solo over the fixed cloud music below. Set the tempo so that the solo lasts until the indicated cue. Slow and expressive. (Enter on the first lower note of ossilando after the bird's weeping ends)

(subtones, pitch only approximate) (These two mea. optional.)

39 8vb *p* *mp*

33:32 Linear cloud music begins. Linear cloud music continues.

vb (2) (3) (2) (3) (2) (3) (6)

mp *p*

To weeping birds.

Sigh

Bells

Steam Flute

Dove Cry

Low Body Sound

Bells

Steam Flute

Dove

(continued on next page)

Dove Sigh

Low Body Sound

Dove

Steam Flute

Bells

Steam Flute

The weeping birds cue below begins approximately here.

Bells

Dove

40 weeping birds

Cybeline sits in quiet reverie, her hands crossed flat between heart and sternum..

35:12

(Drone begins.)

Cybeline sings as in reverie.

(bells emerge from drone)

41

36:09

Drone

mf

I dreamt of trees and flow - ers, That blos - som and bloom in the spring; I dreamt of bright green

piu animato

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

drear - y, The rav - ens are scream - ing a - bout, The day is cold and drear - y, The Rav - ens are scream - ing a bout. -

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

43 synth organ

She extends her arm upward and silently screams to the heavens as in the images on the screen.

She slowly releases her scream in line with the descending sounds.

36:49 Jet Screams 39:06 Waterphone

Again, a slight rise of light.

44 41:00

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?

45 41:32

Cloud music on next page begins.

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

43 Crystal Choir

Low Wind Chimes

High Wind Chimes

High Drone

Wind Chimes

38:51 Drone Cloud music

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

mp

in oc-eans of air the blood made eth-er the wrench-ing wrought to aught no pain in mus-cle or mind

in an-y world of suf-fer-ing — tune — the neth-ers to your post-a-poc-a-lyp-tic pitch and then weigh — my heart

the feath-er weight dream box-er — feath-er moth-er fath-ther float

weigh less than weight-less my heart on the bal-ance no pain in mus-cle or mind

weigh — my heart weigh — my heart

The light on Cybeline dims 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.)

12

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

Dove Cry Bowed Crotales Lyrical Hope Low Body Dove

Low Body Dove Bells Dove Bells

Dove Cry Bells Steam Flute

(cloud music continues...)

12

Cloud Music (cont.)

(8va)-----

Bells

Steam Flute

Bells

Steam Flute

(8va)-----

The vocal solo ends approximately here.

Bells

Low Body

Bowed Crotales

Dove

Lyrical Hope

Low Body

Dove

Steam Flute

Bells

(8va)-----

(8va)-----

(8va)-----

Random Whispers

Mirror I am...
 Timbrels by the Red Sea...
 Wings of the morning...
 Deep calleth unto deep...
 They way everlasting...
 Flesh song...singing in our cells...
 Door of Heaven...

The talking clouds...the coffee colored
 Tarantula skittering along the side of the
 road...the full-fledged double rainbow
 spanning the red curved earth...
 the flash flood moving the
 amber waters like terrified cattle tearing the
 bottom of a desiccated sea...

*Cybeline softly speaks in unison with the
 following words from the cloud music:
 All that belongs to the earth belongs to me...
 All that surrounds the earth surrounds me...
 I am the sacred words of the earth...
 It is lovely indeed, it is lovely indeed.

The light on Cybeline's face
 slowly fades to black.

Wind Chimes



Talhausen, March 2004
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