

excerpts from  
**Combinatorics Theater**

3.

The audience will stand. We are sitting. We were sitting. The surface. We are separate. Now the audience will stand. The whole audience. The whole surface. For the whole play. The constellation of the play is here beside the archer, and the surface of the archer points to the beginning of the dream, where he opens the play: the set trimmed with crystals, the painting of a god in a sky beside a painting of the synchronicity of a sky, where she begins.

“How I find myself here,” you are saying. How you recognize yourself by saying, “a voice,” by teaching your voice to recognize yourself. By saying, “I hear a voice,” I recognize you in particular, by myself.

The result is God. Not meant to disturb the dream she builds, God meant to disturb. To be disturbing. Like a clock on its side. Like God resulting in the shape of the clock I have turned on its side. The clock moves. I move. God moves the clock. I move. I move God. The play turns on its side. The result. A clock through the branches of a dream in water.

She moves closer to the open darkness. In the third act, they come together. The whole sky. The whole surface is trimmed in the constellation of a clock, hovering in the synchronicity of black pyramids. Dark curtains trim the stage. The mouth of Apollo opens on her face and a thousand black-winged birds fly out into

the audience. Into the surface. The birds rain shit and results over us. Shredding us with broken crystals of God for hours and hours until

An interruption.

A girl.

Potential.

They must not wake a potential. A disturbing interruption to the flow of shit and results could wake a girl. They are not the ones to whom God was directed. I am not the one by whom I have been directed to God. Re-direction of a voice, you voice over God. You teach God to recognize results. I recognize results in re-directing you. Resulting in a voice. An audience. A surface.

Together, we encounter our surface. The result is what we can never know. But I know, says God. I know. We are an encounter of water on the surface of a dream. We stand. We stand and hold still. We stand and move. We move. We are sitting. We have been sitting. Our potential is a girl on a stage at the edge of an open darkness. An interruption to the music of the dream. The results. The potential.

Synchronicity, her eyes turned black, moves to the middle of the stage. The edge of the darkness. In water. And your feathers result in hers, pressed into the arms of the archer. A constellation of the audience encounters his surface. The play. He teaches us to sit, to recognize ourselves as the audience. To say, "Misdirected re-translations are not interpretations!"

Are not interpretations our interpretations?

4.

Having approached the double, my future became the pursuit of the audience.

Having approached myself, the other future became the pursuit of an audience.

Having taught yourself to approach your voice, the future of God becomes the pursuit of your voice.

These

synchronicities  
events of the senses  
misinterpretations translated, but not direct  
not directive.

I look back and deliver messages to you  
find patterns translationship  
interpretation not interpretation.

She delivers the synchronicities of a text, the event in which a pattern arises. She is re-translating the pattern of a text that is I, the other, to you, the audience, as a misinterpretation of senses: a re-directed pattern of plays.

A synchronicity of conclusions guides her back to a pattern in the dream:

“In open darkness: in a square: beneath black pyramids:  
beneath a curtain: the surface: between our selves: the audience: the  
encounter: an audience: an encounter: any audience: any encounter:  
any encounter with our double :: we are the surface.”

I thank you. After this performance, our talk on water, this encounter, I have found the pattern. I have delivered the message. The crisis is in re-interpretation: the mistranslations will not direct you. Your

redirection is still not translated, it is still only a crisis of patterns of interpretation.      And lies.

She is lying. I have seen her. I have seen her reflection on water. Her lies. Her crisis. She knows I have seen her. I am looking at her right now. She looks up. She ventures to ask. She is aware that she has already become aware of knowing. She looks up and becomes aware of the other.

In a constellation of uncertainty, the play becomes for us a pattern of encounters, a crisis of mis-interpretation. He says Apollo encounters the surface here, becomes the water that an audience could translate. He says that I am God if my pursuit results in saying 'I am God'.

God, having a crisis, ventures to ask us of the clock. "Where have I seen such a clock before?" Asks God. For us, the audience, the result is clear: our pursuit of meaning is the meaning of our pursuit. Our encounter is merely a crisis of uncertainties.

The result of the poem, the play, the dream: I recite a poem for you. A performance. In a dream.

The result of the poem, the play, the dream: I encounter myself as the other and she performs a dream for me.

In pursuit of a result, God encounters the conclusion of the dream. Synchronicities in the play are a result of uncertainties in his poem. His constellation. I am in pursuit of the result of this encounter. Uncertainty in the form of a play. God in the form of a clock. The dream printed on a curtain that hangs at the back of the stage. We are an audience for the first last time.

I encountered you there. On the stage. I greeted you, but passed into the rest of the dream without waking you.

The other encounters the self on the stage. If not awoken by the other, if not actually stopped before encountering the self on the stage, the dream passes.

The encounter is on the surface, where God finds an audience for the approach. Teach God to approach the heavy curtains with the uncertainty of a clock. Guide me to the conclusion of waking a voice, a synchronicity from a dream about the conclusion of the play. Where have I seen such a clock before? She is walking under black pyramids now. She is awake. She is the result of “where have I seen myself before?”