

ACT ONE AUTOMATION EMERGENCE ORGANIZED DEMOCRACY

Orderly orderly. Great sense of order.
Everyone his/her own set of rules.
Pick up. Put down. Put up and put down.
One person one rhythm.
3 persons 3 colliding sets of rhythm.
Step sideways. Casually roaming...
90 degree turns.
Diligent soldiers – diligent.

Did you break your own rules?

Backward. Forward.
One stride 3 feet. Two strides 1 foot.

Hello, good morning!
Mr. Resnick. Are you there?
Telepathic presence, or ...

Hurry hurry.
Ants can do. What about you?

Michael's telepathic presence.

I don't know if you know...

But it is quite slow. So slow. When will the job be done?

Since

Since
15 books into 2 piles. Two piles plus one.

Go forward. Forward. I'm losing my beats.
Are you keeping your counts?

Straight ahead. Good transportation requires speed, or not?

Are we supposed to like this?
Do we do this every day?

Walking is good. You feel the ground. Feel the ground. Feel the ground.
Grab the floor with your toes.

Mark your time. Mark. Walk through space.
Each person a different biological clock.

Your fast is his slow.
You mumble. She is deafened.
You look straight. You see nothing.

Keep the rules. Keep the speed.
What is it that I'm watching?

I'm watching my mental space being filled with your
psychological pulse.

One two and two and thru and thru...
Exercise. Exercise books. Blue. Red. Green. White.

Black. Black . Black.
The book is reading itself. Put it down. Pick it up.
Is that all to the rules? Your pulse. His pulse, and her pulse.

She is she. He is he.

ACT TWO / DILIGENT SOLDIERS

More books. Books not for reading, but for transporting.

I write through air. I speak through smokes. I wonder...
I ponder... I need not know why.
I was flying away with my object.

What is your object?
Does your object make a sound? What sound?
Is the sound of an object the sound from an object?

Electricity Failure...

Has Act Two started already?

Has the back stage become the front stage?

Act 2 starts with noise. Ah yes, noise and noises...
What I saw is what I hear. What I heard is what I read now...

She steps on and on and on. Light flies. Light spins. Light
turns. An ocean of sounds also spinning. He is also spinning.
Spinning a rule. Spinning a snake. No, a rope. No, a snake.
Yes, a snake.

Pressure up and down. I'm afraid of light. I worry about
snakes. And there, he's telling stories that I can't read.
What's your story? Is that your story?

16th century. Spring. Spring Festival. The play of light.
Firecrackers. Fire works. Light, the magical.

And she.... Look! He's calling us....
She – Corinthian Maid turn narcissistic....
A shadow she draws. Chalk on black.
Swirling..... sound and sight.
A pile of chalk. A set of routine.
Routines plus routines.
She's bored. He ate the story.
He crossed the line. She remains calm.
May I see the shadow?
Walks walk walking

Tearing.

I walked down Kennedy Road, and found my thought
wavering.

I walked down Robinson Road. The earth turns red and she
was laughing.

Look up. Look down. Crawling with a chain is not the same
as crawling with a rope.

Falling. Faltering.
Columbus' ship is moving fast. Be there. Up here. Islands of
the south....

Everyone in one's place. Fast fast and fast. Drop your gun.

Find it? Got it? Water falling. I've never thought of eating a
pair of scissors.

Individuation. Collaboration. Collective Individuation.
Individuated Collectivity. Collaborative individuality.

She gets it. Excited at how light moves.
Roaming. Sneezing. Nothing stops them.
Hush hush. The story telling is re-telling the story of 1989.

That year, a typhoon came. Everyone was on the street,
Soaked inside out, everyone was burning. Burning in anger:
please do not tell me.
I know I'm Chinese.

Heat doesn't sustain unless you keep fueling it. Fuel. Burn.
Zig-zaz round.

Pure exercise. Movement speaks. Routine speaks...

Would you like to join us?

Ah... together they sort out a consensus.

Doubts.

Doubts. Skepticism. He turns around. The story goes on. I
write on.

I don't mean to hurt you. What are you still contemplating
the meaning of this performance? Yes, something caught
their attention finally. One united gaze. One fixed view. One.
Sweet slumber.

I made a dream last night.

I saw the sky filled with red balloons...

I felt the yellow gust brushing through... and then.//...

They moved together....

Water drops on my head.

We need electricity.

Electricity found us.

Can I continue with our stories?

What do we do with water?

Each one his or her own routine.

He continues with his story.

He remembers the umbrellas.

He's listening. She's reading. Read aloud. Read aloud.

Marxism. Capitalism. Democratic liberalism. Maoism.

Totalism. Conservatism. Fascism. Conservative democracy.

Democratic conservatism

Barbaricism...

What can we do to take this away?

A ghostly visit. Make sure Alice doesn't come.

But Alice is already here

LAST NIGHT,
I HAD A DREAM...
FISH POUR DOWN FROM THE RED SKY
A YELLOW GUST BRUSHED BY
BLUE RAIN POURS....
BLACK THUNDERS LOOM OVER....
I WAS WALKING DOWN KENNEDY
ROAD.
I TURNED INTO TAT HONG
ROAD.

I HEARD. I HEARD YOU. I HEARD YOU.
FOR HOW MANY MORE TIMES
DO WE HAVE TO HEAR YOU?

A LETTER TO THE UMBRELLA.

I WANT WATER.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WATER. BUT...
I NEED WATER.

CODA CODA CODACODACODACODA...
THE TELLER HAS STOPPED. Is she
going to tell the next story?

What do you want to hear?

... ..

we move. We are.

[Evening performance, 21 May 2016]

HISTORY SUBMERGED...

"Mom, what's inside this bottle?"

"Cooking oil..."

warming up. Kicking icking. Strolling trolling.

Spiking. Piking. Definitely spiking.

Good soldiers. Ants in an army.

Michael Resnick in Hong Kong...

A kick is a kick. A kick is an articulation.

Of what? Guess what?

"Mom, what's in this bag?"

"Chinese brown sugar."

"Mom, mom, ..."

Sssshhhhhhh.....

Have we started? Are we already performing?

Back stage. Front stage. No difference.

We're about to start.

Let me tell you a story:

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“Mom, what’s in this bag?”

“Chinese brown sugar.”

“Mom, mom, ...”

Sssshhhhhhhhh.....

“Mom, what are the dots on the bread?”

“Mould-growth...”

“Mom, mom, mom, ...”

Shsssshssssshsss.... “keep quiet.”

“Mom, mom, mom, ...”

The following morning, that is, the following,
morning it is....

Mike, Mike, are you here?

We are about to begin...

We begin with you, in commemoration....

Ants, the ants, ants in a pan. Rushes through...

Stumbling, tumbling over... I keep writing...

You are waiting for a strange performance to
begin.

It has begun. When when when?

Flaaaaaa, Blooooooo

OBJECT-SUBJECTIVITIES

ACT ONE / EMERGENCE, AUTOMATISM, CONTROLLED DEMOCRACY.

Each one a routine of sorts. Each everyone. His
five minutes is his 7 minutes. Every beat of hers
is half a beat in his other clock.

Pick up. Put down. Pick p. put= down.. ====
A logic of sorts....

Can't you hear? Did you see? Something is going
on.

"Mum, Mum, Mom, Mom,"

SSssshhhhhh

Horizontal stride. Vertical walk. Flying through.
Resnick's spirit is here. Fully automated. Fully
personalized.

Stay away. Collide. Do not compromise. Your
routine is your routine. Not his. Not hers. I stick
to my routine.

A routine is a series of short actions...

Must be repeated. A routine is a series of short
actions repeating....

Multiplication.

One pile. Two piles. Two into one piles.

MAGIC!!!!!!

ARE YOU DONE? Routine setting in. I'm lost.
Lost in my routine of writing.

I can't stop. If I do, I'll lose contact with you all.

All and all and let's not fall.

Fall. Fail.

In front of me the books disappeared and
reappeared.

Black.

White.

Blue.

Red.

Books of rules. Our only signs of democracy.

I had a dream last night.

Rain pours . I walked to CMC. There was a snake
in blue.

Ah..... completed! Congratulations, Mr. Michael
Resnick.

All well trained.

Well behaved. Collaboration contained....

Did I hear your moving and fussing around?

ACT TWO

DILIGENT SOLDIERS. DILIGENT DIGITAL
SOLDIERS.

Power! Let there be light.!!

It's raining really hard. I can't bear it.

Talk to the rain. Talk to?????

A tone. A signal. Without sources. Without an
author. A television sings on its own. It speaks
its own language. NOISE – NOISE is its music.

Flows in....

Pours out...

4 feet of space in front of me.

2 feet on my right. A light lights....

Crawling. Ground-wise.

Imagine you're also up there.

Swirling... Swirling.... Sound wavesswirlinga
ropeis swirling...alightbulbis swirling.....

Take me out.

Step by step she figure out her measures.

Did he as well?

Strike harder... keep going.

The ocean is full of thoughts.

My mind, though, is empty.

Strike. Strike. Strike.

Is she still in chain?

Is the story-teller still on?

It was 1989 – May....

A typhoon was striking Hong Kong.

She was strolling, lost in deep thoughts.

Everyone was on the street.

Soaked inside out, but burning inside.

No time to sleep. No mood to hide....

Out on the street. OUT ON THE STREET.

That night in Beijing....

There was no theft.

There was no riot.

There was not a sound of dispute...

But the security was on.... Marshal law.... Is on.

Two cities.... Linked by light and a swirling snake.

Did I say snake? I mean a rope. Rope is not snake. But yes, a rope is a snake....

Yearning, Yawning. The story-teller goes....

Do not mark my territory. Please please please...

Stand up. I'm not running out of gas yet. I believe. I believe. I tried. I believe.

What's the next story?

Tell me more.

Your routine has become my noise, my barricade.

Hush hush hush. In a hurry in a pause...

I
HAD
A DREAM
LAST NIGHT.

LAST NIGHT.
BLUE RAIN POURS....
I WAS WALKING DOWN KENNEDY ROAD
INTO KENNEDY STREET – 2 WORLDS, BOTH IN
WANCHAI, WITH THE BLUE HOUSE IN
BETWEEN

HOME, HOME. LOST IN THOUGHT.

Can you look up?
Alice is here Alice is here Alice is here.....
Light brings darkness,
Darkness brings a roar ...
Roar. Pause...
Where are we in the story?
Gibberish. Doodles. Gibberish. Doodles.
Tracing her path. Tracing my path.

Last night I had a dream....
There was nothing around. A stream of silver
light sneaked in.... Frightened. Two bowls
colliding. Two persons colliding.

You have carried me away to a land of no
stories...
Tell no stories. Tell no more stories.....
Cleaning up. Lighting the way.

They found each other and was trying to sort out the best possible position.

Blink no more.

Suddenly....

Suddenly....

Gradually....

Once upon a time...

That year...

That month...

I lost my mind.

Once upon a time...

That year...

That month...

I regained my tears.

Slowly... carefully. Don't trip over....

Quietly. Nervously. What's next?

When is ACT THREE going to begin?

Or are we already there?

No. Not according to the script. What's next?

Touch ground. Touch wood. Lost in light. Lost in darkness, lost in noise. Lost in water.... Lost in rain.

Raise your umbrella.

How are you? Good morning.

ACT THREE ACT THREE ACT THREE ACT
THREE

I'm waiting. Are you all waiting?

A moment of silence. Think about what?

Thoughtlessness. Mindlessness. Speechlessness.

Fighting for the next moment to come.

I heard a sound. I heard it. It's coming. It's
coming.

It's coming. I want to be out. On stage. May I?

When? What's the cue?

Do I get your permission?

ACT THREE

INDIVIDUATED COLLABORATION

That is:

Individuality subject to collectivity

That is:

Collectivity substantiated by individuality

I hope. I hope not....

When? Where?

Who are you now?

Touch it.

Do something about it.

Take it away. Take it home.

Walk around it.

Tie it up.

Fathoming.

Strike strikeshrike.....

Sssshhhhhh.....

Capitalism.

Communism.

Liberalism.
Conservative liberalism

Anarchism.

Free will free spirit.

Green books green books.
Government green books.
Save me help me.

I don't understand.

Count your days....

I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT
GREEN BOOKS PILED UP ON THE STREET.

I WALK DOWN KENNEDY ROAD.
I WALK DOWN KENNEDY STREET.
I WALK DOWN TAT CHEE AVENUE.
I WALK DOWN TAT HONG AVENUE.
I WALK DOWN PRINCE EDWARD ROAD.
I WALK DOWN NATHAN ROAD....
It's the same thought same story.
I See a red sky filled with blue balloons.
A yellow gust brushed by. Mildly. Not sure which
direction to go.
We are here. We are here. That's for certain.

This is NOT noise.

143 AD
376 AD
1900
1921
1934
1935
1989
1989
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
2016

THE END??????
PERHAPS.

DO YOU WANT MORE????

Let's celebrate. We are HERE.

