

The Making of Americans

After the novel by Gertrude Stein

Darkness and an enormous wind. Wind howling. The occasional bit of motion, in the form of a swirl of light. Maybe a title, projected or written in red dots, that says or explains: "The tornadoes were the worst of all, turning everything inside out, or turning them upside down." But then the light begins to appear, first a glow, low on the horizon, and then gaining intensity, slowly. Painfully slowly. Eyes straining to see. And there is an orchestra to the left. And in the distance, rests a dilapidated white house. Situated far back and to the right. A small, one-room, house, like the one where my grandmother used to teach. Inside, there must be a small refrigerator, the door of which slowly rocks open. And then slowly rocks closed, moved by the pressure of the wind. The light from the refrigerator accounts for the occasional, alarming, glow that we saw in the night before the light. Leading to it, or away from it, curving along from downstage to upstage, a set of rails as for a train. This small house rests on the end of them. It's the last stop on some unusual train. This is a landscape—minimal in colour, barren, and minimal. This small, one-room house used to be the whitest white. The color, an extension of the colour of the floor, was never actually all that very white. Above the orchestra a massive screen with two projections that overlap some. Inside the house, two cameras and a monitor. We see, on the screen, what is recorded by these two cameras—unless we are being lied to. Inside of the house, a refrigerator, a large poster of a book cover by an American sculpture and some modest furnishings. Microphones. Video Equipment. Maybe a drum set. A table, maybe some chairs. Maybe a small sofa or a love-seat.

On a white field, a small white house rests on a silver track. Much like in that very west that none of us remember. But just barely miniature, like just this once, make it please be like it is in the movies. Surrounded by Big white walls, there has to be three of them. And a door in each of them, or else just two doors, one right and one left. There is a tree here too. And clouds are forming above—massive clouds. Clouds the colour of sky. The tree lays on it's side. Pulled out of the earth by the roots and they are there too, dirt clinging to them. Torn up by the roots by a massive wind. Or it just fell over.

Light like after a tornado, or after very heavy rains on the plains of Middle America. Dripping from above. The clouds grow heavier and among them, a single bird.

Without warning an asphalt shingle, or a wooden shingle whips off the roof of the house and lands on the floor. Some seconds later as though caught by the wind, like an afterthought, or like the last thought, another shingle whips into the air and when it lands on the floor—

Overture

in eight tableaux.

1.

A younger woman laughing. Hearty joyous laughing. Someone far away, in the house is eating. A young man far away and eating.

A girl leads someone out of the orchestra to somewhere on the stage and picks her up above her head. A sort of barbaric version of a lift. A number of people are standing around and we see them. Sitting and standing around. Crowding into the house.

Her instrument is handed to her. She could play from up there. Her violin.

Titles:

It has always seemed to me a rare privilege,
this of being an American, a real American

Mary Maxworth

It has always seemed to me a rare privilege,
this of being an American, a real American

{

Titles (maybe):

we need only realize our parents, remember our grandparents
and know ourselves and our history is complete.

}

2.

The light shifts direction suddenly and maybe sort of violently.

The girl who picked the other one up, walks away, She just sort of walks away, leaving the violinist hanging there, in the air. She walks away from her toward the audience. A mic standing at center stage and she speaks into it. She speaks with fast savage speed. Or she sings a duet with the man who is eating inside the house. Somehow we learn these things about the world we are looking at and the people who are living here.

Mary Maxworth

When she was a very little one sometimes she wanted not to be existing. This is a very common thing in everyone in the beginning of their living. This is a very common thing in mostly every one in the beginning of their living. Many want then not any longer to be existing, mostly then when they are very little ones they are never thinking I wish I had never come into existing, they have not then any such a feeling, they often say then I wish I had died [enter music here] when I was a little baby and had not any feeling,

3.

The light shifts direction suddenly and maybe sort of violently. Enormous clouds and that woman just hanging there in the air there. And it has started to rain. A single sheet of rain as wide as the room. A real down pour. The woman hanging in the air moves a little bit. She turns a little bit and continues to play, her back arched, her hair in torrents.

Mary Maxworth. Continues without pausing

I would not then have to be always suffering, I would not then now have to think of being frightened by dying, I wish I had been dead when I was a very little one and was not knowing anything.

4.

The light shifts direction suddenly and maybe sort of violently. Light like after a hard rain in the Midwest of North America. There is an unforgettable sound and the the woman hanging there in the air drops suddenly, maybe sort of painfully onto the floor, in the mixture of dirt and water that has gathered there. She stands up and maybe she speaks. And she takes an umbrella from someone now and shields herself from the rain.

Mary Maxworthig. *continues*

It is very interesting the way anybody feels about dying, about not existing, about everything, about every one. Always more and more this is very interesting.

5.

The light shifts direction suddenly and maybe sort of violently. The young woman who was laughing is laughing. Joyous enormous laughing. Soon everyone laughing. She plays a lachplatten inside the house for her brother who can't stop eating and is then laughing. And he is laughing to, and eating and laughing and then he chocking and rolling around on the floor and chocking and then the girl leaves him there. And walks outside and down the tracks and she has a small black object in her hand, and she turns and throws it high against the back wall. Her brother watching her? Or is it her lover? It explodes. It's impact an enormous black stain on the wall like paint. A gigantic black stain smashed along a white field. At long last, finally. Who was eating and then laughing and then eating and laughing and then chocking is now recovering and coughing uncontrollably. He goes back to eating something, a cantaloupe maybe. Alone. Everyone else seems to have disappeared. Except the woman who fell from the sky. She lifts herself up as he coughs.

6.

The light doesn't change but the rain stops. And the clouds begin to roll in, heavy and unusual as the woman who was hanging leaves. She just walks away. Handing the umbrella to a younger girl next to her she just walks away. A single bird in the sky. And now there are four.

Woman on the floor *sings*

Stop. Stop Laughing.

Titles:

This is short story of the acting in her
of her being in her very young living
this one was a very little one then

7.

The light changes maybe violently. And the clouds gather, heavy and unusual. The young girl holding the umbrella is alone there with mud on her feet there. Maybe the woman who was hanging runs back in and hangs herself there again in the air.

Martha as a young girl *holding the umbrella* *sings*

I will throw the umbrella in the mud

(no one hears her)

I will throw the umbrella in the mud

(no one is there to hear her)
I will throw the umbrella in the mud
(and bitterness possessed her)
I will throw the umbrella in the mud

8.

The light changes again but slowly. And the clouds continue to gather, heavy and unusual. The young girl throws the umbrella into the mud. And the woman who was hanging falls again painfully from the air into the mud.

Martha as a young girl continues to sing

I have throwed the umbrella in the mud
(and no one hear her)
I have throwed the umbrella in the mud

Act One

9.

The light changes again really violently. And the clouds gather, heavy and unusual. A younger man, clearly angry, drags his father along the ground of his orchard. Past the uprooted tree and debris through the mud.

Titles:

Once an angry man dragged his own father
along the ground through his own orchard.

Older Man sings.

Stop!
Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree.

Titles slow and legible:

It is hard living down the tempers we are born with. We all begin well, for in our youth there is nothing we are more intolerant of than our own sins writ large in others and we fight them fiercely in ourselves; but we grow old and we see that these our sins are of all sins the really harmless ones to own, nay that they give a charm to any character, and so our struggle with them dies away.

Older Man sings.

Stop!
Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree.

Woman against a wall. Woman having a stroke and standing against the wall. Her life passing out of her. Events simultaneous and misshapen like the nerves, a jumble in her head. The many descriptions that have been made about her, are now uttered by her. This is perhaps to be cut together with his text (ie. As Two arias or a dialogue)

Older Woman

These old people in this new world,
new people made out of old people
That is the story I meant to tell
that
Some looked very weak and little women
But even these so weak and little were strong always
To bear so many children

Older man

Only certain men and women
And the children they had in them
To make many generations for them
Will fill up this history for us of a
Family and its progress

Older Woman

Strong enough to bear many children to bear them and to be
Always strong to lead them
Strong to bear them and strong to suffer with them
Always trickling crying
One gentle weary little weary woman
Strong to bear many children and always after
Weeping for the sadness of all sinning,
Wearying for the rest
She knew her death would bring them
One sweet trickling sadness sweet good woman
Strong just to bear many children
Then she died away and left them
For that was all she knew then to do for them

Older Man

Stop!
Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree.

*As he sings he slowly returns somehow to where she is lurching against the wall. The son
having dragged him away from where she is to where he is now*

My wife she did always like I told her,
She never knew any way to do it different
And now she is gone peace be with her,
And it is all now like it was all over, and I,
I got no right now to say do so
To my children
I don't ever say it now to them

What have I got to do with living?
I've got no place to go on now like I was really living.
I got nobody now always by me
To do things like I tell them
I got nothing to say now anymore to my children
I got all done with what I got to say to them
Well young folks always knows things different
And they got it right not to listen

I got nothing now really to do with their different
new ways
Of living
Anyhow my son he knows good how to
Make a living
He makes money and I never
Can see how his way he can make it
And he has got right always to do like
he wants it,
And he is good to me always
They come to see me always
Only now it is all different,
My wife she stayed right by me always and the children
always got some new place
where they go
And do it different

and then the older man sighed

Older Woman

Such parts of our living are little ever really
there to us as present in our feeling.

To the older man

{

Older Woman

Don't you want to be going David? If you don't really want to be going you've just got to say David what you want to be doing. I'll never be a woman to make you do anything you are not really wanting. You just say David what it is you are really wanting. I'll do it if you want me really badly to do it. You know I never want you not to do everything just like you really need it. The children they are all waiting there just for you to say it. David I say you just say it what you want and I do it.

Older Man

I don't ever think what I am needing. Can't you see Martha I just came back here to see it. I just came here to see I don't forget it. Now I got another look to see I don't forget it. I just stopped here to see it. It's just I wanted to see what way it looked so I would get it right not to forget it. I just look to see I got it fixed right so I don't forget it. I come now. I got it fixed now I can't forget it.

and then the older man sighed

}

Older Woman

She was then very old and then she had a stroke and then another and she died and went away

*The younger man, clearly angry, drags his father again along the ground of his orchard.
Past the uprooted tree and debris and through the mud.*

Older Man

Stop!

Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree.

The younger man leaves him there on the floor in the mud. Leaves him there. And he walks into the orchestra and lifts the girl who was also hanging into the air. Lifts her into the air. Lifts her into the air. Then he leaves. And the lights go slowly slowly slowly slowly down down down.

Mary Maxworth. (act one scene one t. 90)

I take in my family's progress. I have it, this interest in ordinary middle class existence, in simple firm ordinary middle class traditions, in sordid material unambitious visions, in a repeating, common, decent enough kind of living, with no fine kind of fancy ways inside us. This is the history of the ending of beginning being in family living

10.

Lights very slowly up and so many clouds I can barely see. But the rain has stopped. Light slowly like sunrise in the countryside. Bathing and getting old and getting married. Older man and older woman washing. The younger girl washing.

Titles:

Repeating is the whole of living and by repeating
Comes understanding, and understanding is to some the
Most important part of living.

Wedding preparations beginning. Washing and changing. The mic standing at center stage and she speaks into it. She speaks or sings with fast savage speed. Rasping beautifully like her mother before her.

Martha.

(simultaneously with Mary).

Some keep on copying their repeating in their talking in the moving of their hands and shoulders and bodies in living, some keep on copying their repeating in their talking in the moving of their hands and shoulders and bodies in living, some keep on copying others around them, some have almost nothing in them of their own kind of being, that is always in them repeating, that is always in them a real kind of being.

Every one has in them repeating—repeating with a little changing just enough to make of each one an individual being, to make of each repeating an individual thing that gives to such a one a feeling of themselves inside them.

Julia moves.

Mary Maxworth.

(simultaneously with Martha) (Act 1 Scene 2; t. 36)

This is about repeating. Repeating is the whole of living and by repeating comes understanding, and understanding is to some the most important part of living. There must be a history of each one for the repeating in them makes a history of them. History is repeating changing. Every one has in them repeating—repeating with a little changing

just enough to make of each one an individual being, to make of each repeating an individual thing that gives to such a one a feeling of themselves inside them. I said each repeating in each one has each time in a little changing, this sometimes comes nearly not to happening. Some keep on copying their repeating in their talking in the moving of their hands and shoulders and bodies in living, some keep on copying their repeating in their talking in the moving of their hands and shoulders and bodies in living, some keep on copying others around them, some have almost nothing in them of their own kind of being, that is always in them repeating, that is always in them a real kind of being.

Titles:

This is the history of the ending of beginning being in family living

Mary Maxworth.

Many go on all their life copying their own kind of repeating, many go on all their life copying some one else or some other kind of men or women's kind of repeating, some kind of being that they have not in them. Every one mostly has in them their own repeating sometime in their living, this is real being in them, many millions are always all through their living copying their own repeating, some have this in them because they are indolent in living, it is easier for such of them just to go on with an automatic copying of their own repeating rather than really live inside them their repeating. This is going to be a history of such a one and some others.

11.

Blinding bright light like an electric flash, a door opens and the clouds rush out like a reverse cataract. Ballet of wedding preparation and washing and dressing continuing.

Title:

Julia.

Julia looked much like her mother, she
irradiated energy she and brilliant enjoying
and laughing, laughing and
was a very attractive being she
showed in all it's vigor, like her mother, her
Self-satisfied crude domineering American girlhood

strong inside her

so thought her mother, Time,
It is time to have a husband and begin real important living
So thought also Julia, I,
Under her face, body, clothes and manner,
There were also Flashes of passion
Passions given to hearty joyous laughing
An ardent honest feeling, and she hit the ground
With the same hard jerking feet with which her mother
Sometimes rebuked her father for his sinning
And her rasping voice was also here repeating

Some things are also changing

She had no thought of love or marriage with the
Generous decent considerate fellows, frank and honest in their friendship
And simple in their fashion
None were attractive to her temper and
Was ambitious for passion and position and she needed, too,
Romance. She was all ripe for real experience.
For even with her well guarded life she had found
The sickened sense that comes with learning that some
Men do wrong. The aftertaste of disillusion.
That sickening sense that some men do wrong.

[But vitality as they are always hit they always rise and plunge once more,
While their poorly passionate fellows
Who receive a vital blow never rise to faith again]

In Julia Dehning, I, all experience had gone to make her wise
And she had a heroic kind of sweetness in her way of winning.
She was a passionate young woman
Alive and all the emotions she had in her
Were intense and present to her as a sensation of pain
Is to others who are less alive in their living.
Experience had made her wise in her desire.

It came to pass in Alfred Hersland she found a man
a man to make her heart beat with surprise

[
[*maybe this text is not used for anything*

Older Woman.

To a (bourgeois) mind that has within it a little of the fervor for diversity, there can be
nothing more attractive than a strain of singularity.
That keeps well within the limits of conventional respectability
A singularity
Julia has a taste for singularity

The young man in the house possibly lip synching this text]
]

The Young Man and the Young Woman deciding to be marrying one another.

Julia.

Yes I do care for you
And you and I will live our lives together
Always learning things and doing things
Good things they will be for us whatever
Other people may thing or say

*From inside the house by the television,
sitting at a table eating and looking out the window.*

David.

It was only Julia who found him
worthy to be so important to her.
She needed everything for anything could feed her,
her palate was eager, this had the flavour of the dishes
she longed to have eaten and
her palate was eager to have eaten
to have him inside her.

The cousins and the uncles did not like him always with her
They did not like it much that Hersland was important to her

Older Man.

Julia, hadn't you better be a little careful how much you encourage that young Alfred
Hersland.

Julia.

No

12.

*Scenes from getting married and getting married. Ballet of the bride and groom and
washing and getting dirty and washing and getting messy. And eating cake and getting
ready to be beginning family living. Breakfast in the house and Everyone is very nervous.*

Julia.

Resisting is like attacking
Often, as I am saying
Resisting is like attacking
The attacking like resisting
Resisting is like attacking

Alfred.

Each kind of them has in them
Their own way, of eating and drinking
Their own way of sleeping and working
And resting
And having themselves come out
Out from inside themselves.

Julia.

Some in loving are melting—
Strength pass out from them
Some in their loving are worn out by them
With the nervous desire in them
Some in loving are attacking
And some are resisting
And some are believing a simple beginning feeling

duet

*The tiny thing appears between them that makes her know that it is a mistake. This thing
that makes her feel it is wrong, but she has not the courage to stop. She buries the feeling
and they are going to be married. The thing that she will remember so clearly later when*

they break apart.

Alfred.

Yes I do care for you
And you and I will live our lives together
Always learning things and doing things
Good things they will be for us

Julia.

Yes I do care for you
And you and I will live our lives together
Always learning things and doing things
Good things they will be for us whatever
Other people may think or say

Alfred.

I mean to do big things. Do great things.
With a safe man like your father to back me

Julia.

Alfred what do you mean to say

Alfred.

What do I mean?

Some pause, he does not answer right away.

You are my wife, my own darling, and you and I will live our lives together always
loving and believing in the same good thing.

Julia.

Resisting is like attacking
Often, as I am saying
Resisting is like attacking

13.

The light changes really violently. And the clouds build up again, scenes from inside the house. Scenes from going in and coming outside of the house. The Young Woman and her wedding dress and her heavy and unusual pacing racing through the house. Eating wedding cake and being married and sleeping. And somehow, A younger man, clearly angry, drags his father along the ground of his orchard. Past the uprooted tree and debris through the mud.

Titles:

Once an angry man dragged his own father
along the ground through his own orchard.

Older Man *sings.*

Stop!
Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree.

Act Second

A massive curtain falls from above. On it is painted a massive landscape of destruction.

Scene 1

As a little girl Martha threw an umbrella in the mud. She grows up, went to university, married an academic who then falls in love with another woman. Martha left her husband and returned home.

Martha

Sometimes I am almost despairing.
She was the most complete thing of gentleness and intelligence he could think of ever seeing in anybody who was living.
And I am almost despairing.

It is a very melancholy feeling I have in me
and I am almost despairing.

What she had in her
She had it to have in her
She had in her the complete thing of gentleness,
of beauty in sensitiveness,
in completeness of intelligent sensitiveness
in completely loving.

She was the complete thing then of gentleness and sensitiveness
and intelligence

and she had it as a complete thing gentleness and sensitiveness
and intelligence in completely loving.

Always now I am despairing and despairing now.

It was in her complete in creative loving, it was then completed
being being completely loving Philip.
She was complete in creative loving Philip.
[My Husband Philip]

She was the incarnation of gentleness
and sensitiveness and intelligence,
gentle intelligence and intelligent sensitiveness
to the point of completely creative loving,

creative being, attacking, of creative loving,
creative feeling, creative thinking and creative writing.

She could have in her a planning of attacking.
She needed to own the one she needed for loving.
She could be resisting to planning an attacking.

It is hard to know when one is giving pain to someone.

And now I am almost despairing.
It is so very confusing that I am beginning to have in me despairing melancholy feeling.
I have really in me a very very melancholy feeling, so very melancholy being.

I am really then despairing.

This is slow reacting slow expressing.
Everyone is a brute in her way or his way to someone,
everyone has some kind of sensitiveness in them.
Some things touch some and do not touch other ones.

Sadness is then in this one, sadness and gentle melancholy despairing repeating.
Repeating is what I am loving.

Sometimes there is in me a sad feeling for all the repeating no one loving repeating is
hearing like beauty that no one is seeing someone should be knowing the meaning in
repeating.
Everyone is a brute in her way or his way to someone.

This is rich American living always being a whole one and here.
Filled with her sad past and sadder future Me
Sat in her room watching the young leaves
Shining brilliantly

My husband came into the house and passed into his study
And then was called away.
I walked up to his desk, arose and went into his room and
Walked up to his desk, and read a letter in his writing,
But it was not to me. He wrote creative loving.
But not to me.

Sadness is then in this one, sadness and gentle melancholy despairing repeating.
Repeating is what I am loving.

Meaning once can later be empty.
Martha Redfern with hardly a realization of the misery of Pain.
And no Joy None.

Redfern would die young.
Always I was expecting it to begin again
Our living together again always I was
Trying to prepare to be that thing that
He loved

But She was everything he was wanting, my husband,
and she had it as a completely gentleness and sensitiveness
and intelligence in completely creative loving,
but he was not loving me
my husband not loving me

Some are not aware but
Everyone is a brute in her way or his way to someone.
Someone Me.

And very many laughed about her
And she never saw her husband redfern again.
She never understood this thing.
She had no understanding in desiring.
Mrs. Redfern, Martha, Me never understood this thing.
Always she was expecting it to begin again,
Their living together and always it never did.

And then alone she went home.
Everyone is a brute in her way or his way to someone.
Someone me.

Scene 2

ALFRED AND JULIA

Julia.
He always had been with her
But somehow now it had come to her
To see
As dying men are said to see
Clearly and freely things as they are
And not as she had wished them
To be
For her

Alfred.
Some honor what is right to them for them to be doing.
Sometimes I want to know sometime all about sentimental feeling.
Some have it and do not know it. Some have it and do not know it until it is acting. Some
have it and lose while they are speaking.

Julia.
Disillusionment in living is finding
That no one can really ever be agreeing with you
Completely
In anything.

Alfred.
This is then a very little description of feeling
Feeling disillusionment

Julia.
Listen,
Listen to each one telling,
Listen to each one telling about their own virtue.

Alfred steps to a microphone and speaks aggressively and at an alarming rate. Instensely.
Agressively. No clouds this time. Only blaring, beating sun. Sun beating down.

Alfred.

This is then complete disillusion in living, the complete realization that no one can believe as you do about anything, so not really any single one and to some as I am saying this is a sad thing, to mostly everyone it is sometimes a shocking thing, sometimes a shocking thing, sometime a real shock to them, to mostly everyone a thing that only very slowly with constant repetition is really a complete certain thing inside to give to them the being that is no longer them really young being. This is then the real meaning of not being any longer a young one in living, the complete realizing that not anyone can really believe what any other one is believing and some there are, enough of them , who never have completely such a realization, they are always hoping to find her or him, they are always changing her or him to fit them, they are always looking, they are always forgetting failing or explaining it by something, they are always going on and on in trying. There are a very great many of them who are this way to their ending. There are a very great many who are this way almost to their very ending. There ar a very great many who are this way almost to their very ending, there are a great many men and women who have sometime in them in the living and loving complete disillusion.

Julia.

This is then one thing,
Another thing is the perfect joy of finding some one,
any one really liking something you are liking, making, doing, being.
This is another thing, and a very pleasant thing.
A very wonderful thing, not a tearful thing,
To know that someone is really liking the thing one is really liking.

Me.

Alfred.

Always always always some are very good ones
Having in them ways of thinking, pleasing, disliking, beginning and ending.

Julia.

Always Always Always
Often there are very much mixing
Some I am only beginning knowing

Alfred.

I am only beginning knowing very many very puzzling, and always always always,
Having their way of eating, drinking, slieepign, loving, hating, wakening, understanding,
sensiitveness in realizing anything, realizing something, dullness, stupide being in them,
quickness and slowness

Julia.

In Everything and there are
Very very very many men
And
Very very very many women
Always existing and Always
Each one having their own being
Listen to each one telling about
Their very own virtue of being

Coming again to the mic and speaking fast

Alfred.

Sometime there will surely then be written a complete description of all the kinds there are of men and women.

Julia.

He always been what he had been with her
But somehow now it had come to her
To see
As dying men are said to see

{

Alfred dragging his father again past the tree
Stop I did not drag my father past this tree

}

Scene 3
DAVID HERSLAND

David.

If any one is sad enough
then that one is certainly one wanting to be a sad one...

Mary Maxworth. (*speaks*)

Some are asking always that some one sharpen the knives or the scissors they are using,
some are angry when they find that some one will not sharpen a knife or a pair of scissors
for them...

David.

No one will listen while I am talking...
Some will not listen when I am talking.
Some will listen while they are fat ones,
they do not listen
when after dieting they have become thin ones...

This is a description of David Hersland, I
of being and listening and talking and being liked and disliked and remembered and
forgotten and going on being living and dying and being a dead one...

This is to be a history of David Hersland and of his coming in his living to be thinking
again and again and very often of coming to be a dead one.
of his thinking about coming to be a dead one
about being a dead one
about his coming to be a dead one...

Mary Maxworth. (act 2 scene 3; t. 82)

I am in desolation and my eyes are large with needing weeping and I have a flush from
feverish feeling and I I I will give one description and then another description and then
another description and then another description and then I will give another description
and another description and then another description and then another description and

then another description and then I will give another description and another description
and then another description and then another description and then another description
and then I will give another description and another description of the dying he was doing
in being in living the dying he was doing in being in living.

And it was not interesting to her

David.

Some had angry feeling more often in them than others of them.
David Hersland had angry feeling in him once in a while
not very often,
Alfred Hersland had angry feeling in him once in a while
not so very often,
this is to be now a history of David Hersland, I...

needing angry feeling being existing,
wanting to be needing angry feeling being existing
wanting to be needing having angry feeling being existing
sometime needing angry feeling

Some are needing angry feeling being in some one existing...
Certainly each one has their own way of having angry feeling in them...

Angry feeling again and again is in each one being...
Angry feeling again and again is in one being...

being in any living.
Angry feeling...

Some are having pretty nearly completely angry feeling
Some are liking that some are knowing they are having angry feeling...

Old Man.

Some certainly are liking to be working with sharp knives or sharp scissors, some are not
liking to be working with sharp knives or sharp scissors, some have angry feeling when
some one has been sharpening the knives or scissors they have been using, some have
angry feeling in them when some one has sharpened a knife or a scissor for them, some
have very angry feeling when some one will not let the knife or scissors they are using to
be sharpened so that they will be sharp ones, some are very angry when some one is
wanting to be using knives and scissors which are not sharp ones and is preferring them
to be not sharp ones. Some are asking always that some one sharpen the knives or the
scissors they are using, some are angry when they find that some one will not sharpen a
knife or a pair of scissors for them...

David.

Not many are knowing that they are having angry feeling in them when they are having
angry feeling in them.
In a way as I was saying I

I was such a one

had clear thinking,
had expression, feeling
felt inside enough

and not knowing angry feeling

Martha.

Some were very pleased to be with him often.
Some were very pleased to be with him, and not very often.
Some were pleased not to be with him very often.
Some were not pleased when they were with him.
Some were not at all pleased when they were with him.
Some certainly were very pleased to be with him very often.
Some certainly were not very pleased to be with him.
Some were with him very often.
Some were with him quite often.
Some were not very often with him.

Alfred

Some did not believe that anybody ever really liked to be with him.

Martha

Some were not liking knowing him...

Old Man

David Hersland was not sad enough and he was liking being a sad one and he was not liking being a sad one. He was sad enough and he was certainly wanting them to be a sad one, he was certainly then not wanting to be one being a sad one.

Martha

All his living he was a sad enough one...

Old Man

When he was a young one he was interested in sadness being existing, he was interested in sadness being in him...

David

Changing is existing...

She says go, go and I go, she says come, come and I come.
She says come, come and I come,
she says go, go and I go.

being living every day...
all of his being living feeling something.
Sometime eating something, sometime thinking something
In daily living thinking, eating, feeling.

Any one could be such a one. He was such a one...

Eating one thing is a way of living for some.
Deciding to be eating one thing is a way of living for some.
Eating one thing, deciding to eat one thing is all being living for some.

David Hersland, I
was one deciding about eating something.
Sometimes deciding to be eating only one thing.
Deciding about eating one thing,

deciding about eating,
eating one thing,

He was loving one then and he was in a way telling this thing,
telling it to her and others were knowing it then
and in a way it was not interesting to her
it was not interesting to her
and he was not really telling it to her then
and certainly any one could be certain
that he was expressing then something about that thing...

If any one is sad enough
then that one is certainly feeling
wanting to be a sad one...
He was then being eating only one thing...

He was beginning being one keeping a mind open...
He was clearly expressing something...
He was then not being one succeeding in living,
not being one not succeeding in living...

He was then almost not at all
He was not going on being living then.
He was then going on in eating almost only one thing
and he was always then completely being one
completely clearly
and he was then going on to being coming to be certain
that being living is existing.

He had come to be a dead
He was then being eating only one thing...
He was then eating only one thing...
He was not one who had been one being fighting
He was a dead one...

This was a surprising thing to some that he had come to be buried...
He had come to be a dead one and had come to be buried...
Some were indignant about this thing
that he had come to be a dead one...

Some were not certain that there was any difference in anything
in his being then a dead one.

Last Act

*As a massive choral work for 40 plus chorus members. Still To be parsed.
But coming soon.*

Mary Maxworthing.

ANY ONE has come to be a dead one. Any one has not come to be such a one to be a dead one. Many who are living have not come yet to be a dead one. Many who were living have come to be a dead one. Any one has come not to be a dead one. Any one has come to be a dead one.

Very many who have been living have not yet come to be dead ones. Very many are being living.

Any one might be one coming to be almost an old one. Any one might be one coming to be an old one. Any one might be one coming to be a dead one.

It is certain that all some one knows of some one is that that one will be doing some one thing when something has been happening.

All that some one knows about some one is what is true of that one as being one doing what that one is doing when something is happening.

It is certain that some one is not believing that some one is going to be doing the thing that one is going to be doing when something is happening. It is certain that some one is not certain that some one could not be understanding something and be then doing something if that one was one being any one being living.

Some are certain that any one is one understanding something. Some are certain that not any one is one understanding something.

Some are certain that any one is one being living. Some are knowing only this thing about everything, that any one is one being living.

Some are coming to be ones being dead ones. Any one is such a one. Any one can come to be a dead one. Any one can come to be almost an old one if they have not come to be dead by then. Any one can come to be an old one if they have not already come to be a dead one.

There are kinds in men and women. There are kinds of them. There can be lists of the kinds of them. There will be many lists of the kinds of them.

There are kinds of men and women. Many of each kind of them have been living. Many of each kind of them are living. Very many of each kind of them have come to be dead ones. Many of each kind of them are living. There will be lists of kinds of men and women. There will be many lists of them.

There has been some description of a piece of a list of them. There will be a list of them. Some of each kind of them are being living. Many of each kind of them have come to be dead ones. Certainly some are forgetting that some have come to be dead.

There are some families and this has been some description of some of them. There are some families and there has been a crowd then when all of them have been ones knowing that thing knowing that there are some families of them.

There are families and some of them have some children and some of them are dead and some of them are not dead then and the father is dead then and the mother is almost dead then and the mother is living quite a long time longer then. There are families and the mother is dead and the father could be living then and any one in the family could be dead then and any one in the family could be living then.

There are some families and some of them are being living and some of them have been dead then and some of them are remembering this thing are remembering that some are dead then and that time has been passing very quickly.

There are families and some in such of them are completely doing having been a daughter and a son in such a family of them. There are families and some in such of them are completely doing having been a daughter and a son in such a family of them. There are families and some of them are being such a one and some in them can be being such ones and some in them do it again do again and again being such ones.

Some are remembering that some one is completely remembering that family living is needing that some are doing something often.

How it is done the thing some one is doing in family living is a thing that every one in that family living is knowing. How it is done and and how it is done again and again the thing that is done again and again, done by some one in some family living is a thing that every one in that family living is knowing.

They all do so well what they are doing. Any one does so well what any one is doing. Any one does so well being one being living. Any one does so well doing what any one is doing. Any one can go on not doing something. Any one can go on not doing being one living in any family living . Any one can go on not doing being one living in any family living. Any one can go on not doing this thing not living in any family living.

Any one can begin again doing anything, any one can begin again not doing something. Any one can go on not doing something. Any one can begin not doing something. Any one can have heard everything. Any one can hear everything. Any one can not like anything. Any one can know anything. Any one can go on hearing everything. Any one can go on having been hearing everything. Every one is hearing everything and every one has been hearing everything.

Being one saying something is what any one is doing in being living in any family living. Being one saying something is what every one is doing in being one being living in being family living.

Saying anything again, saying something then, saying something again and then not saying anything is what some are doing, is what some are doing again and they are then not doing anything in being one having been in any family living.

Everyone one in any family living can come to be one not completely hearing every one saying anything. Any one in any family living can come to be not saying something. Any one no longer saying something is no longer being existing in family living.

It is time and any one in any family living is one knowing something of some such thing, it is time that some in any family living are ones not forgetting that they are ones having been doing something, having been saying something.

When some one has done something, that one might then do that thing again. When some one has done something and some other one has done something and both of them have not then been doing some other thing, both of them might do something and one of them might do that thing and tell the other one and the other one might then be one going on doing the same thing.

Any one doing anything is expecting to be one doing or not doing anything. Any one in any family living is one doing or not doing something and is one then expecting to be one then doing or not doing something.

Some one has been standing up and is then doing something. Some one is doing something standing. Any one will do something standing. Some one has been standing in doing something. Certainly any one is standing in doing something.

Some one was standing and doing something. He was doing that thing. He was standing and doing something. He was doing something and he was standing. He was one some one was seeing. Some were seeing him doing something and standing.

Any one doing something standing is doing something standing. Some one is doing something standing. That one was doing something and was standing and doing that thing. That one was one doing something, that one was doing something, standing, and doing that thing.

Everyone doing something and standing is one doing something and standing. Any one doing that thing is one doing such a thing. Any one doing such a thing is one doing that thing doing that thing.

Every one doing something and standing is one doing such a thing. Every one doing something and standing are all of them doing that thing. Any one of them do that thing if they do that thing, any one of them, any of them standing and doing something are standing and are doing something.

Everywhere something is done. Everywhere where that thing is done it is done by some one. Everywhere where that thing is done it is done by some one. Everywhere where the the thing that is done by some one comes to be done it is done and done by some one.

Some are doing the thing they are doing in a family living. It is done and done by them. There are very many kinds of them doing something in a family living that is done and done and done by them.

Some when they are being quite young ones are being ones doing something that is being done again and again by some one in family living. Some when they are older ones are being ones doing something that is done and done and done again by one in family living.

Some in any family living are older ones than any other one. Some in any family living are younger ones than any other one. Some in any family living are not so old and not so young as any other one in the family living.

Any one in the family living is doing something. Any one in the family living is not doing something. Every one in the family living is knowing that any one in the family living is not doing something. Everyone in the family living is knowing that any one in the family living is doing something.

Old ones come to be dead. Any one coming to be an old enough one comes to be a dead one. Old ones come to be dead ones. Any one not coming to be a dead one before coming to be an old one comes to be an old one and comes then to be a dead one as any old one comes to be a dead one.

Any one coming to be an old one is coming then to be a dead one. Every one not coming to be a dead one before coming to be an old one, is coming to be an old one and is then coming to be a dead one.

Everyone in any family living who does not come to be a dead one before coming to be almost an old one, comes to be almost an old one and any one coming to be almost an old one has it then to be as something existing that they are ones going on being living. Any one in any family living who does not come to be a dead one before coming to be an old one comes to be an old one and is then being one having hit being as something being existing that they are ones going on being living.

Any family can be one having been existing. Any family living can be one being existing. Any one can come to be one not going on being living.

Some in any family living are older ones than any other one. Some in any family living are younger ones than any other one. Some in any family living are not so old and not so young as any other one in the family living.

Any one in family living is younger than some other one in the family living, has been younger than some other one in the family living. Any one in a family living is older than some other one in the family living. Some in the family living have been older than any other one in the family living.

The one remembering completely remembering something about each one being in the family living has been completely remembering everything about any one being in the family living, is remembering completely remembering everything about some being in the family living, is completely remembering something about every one being in the family living, will be completely remembering everything about some being in the family living, will be completely remembering something about every one being in the family living. Family living can be existing. Very many are remembering that family living can be existing.

History is repeating changing. Every one has in them repeating—repeating with a little changing just enough to make of each one an individual being, to make of each repeating an individual thing that gives to such a one a feeling of themselves inside them.

Family living can go on existing.

Any family living going on existing is going on and everyone can come to be a dead one and there are then not any more living in that family living and that family is not then existing if there are not then any more having come to be living. Family living can be existing and there can be some remembering something of such a thing. Family living can be existing and some can come to be old ones and then dead ones and some can have been then quite expecting some such thing. Any family living can be existing when not everyone has come to be a dead one. Every one in a family living having come to be dead ones some are remembering something of some such thing. Any one can be certain that some can remember such a thing. Any family living can be one being existing and some can remember something of some such thing.