

Transcript for *April 4, 1980*

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[sample of the Bahamadia's "Spontaneity" enters and exits]

[vocoder voice enters]

One of my earliest memories

is sitting in the backyard in Mount Vernon trying to figure out
if it was ontologically possible to switch breakfast and lunch.

[smooth feedback tone enters and exists]

Mass arises in the ensemble where it doesn't exist in the part.

[music enters]

[The Manhattans' "Shining Star" enters]

[song continues in background]

[vocoder enters] December 7th

I tried and failed to tell them

that the projector was losing mass as we watched this video
that the dissemination of light that held and halved the image
was the conversion of once stored energy into what we were deeming art.

I even blew vapor onto the beam of light to show its path.

The security camera blew back at me. I swore it was matter –
a physical material

to make something with. But none of this mattered. Matter isn't mass.

And after all, the projector was plugged into an outlet.

Time itself curved away from everything we wanted to call to its grid.

Everything we wanted to say about falling in love remained still

in our seventeen inertial planes,

something still distant to us each – and eaching us all.

The day was almost over

and the day had never begun.

The semester becomes the largest geodesic discussion.

1. A frame consists of axes and clocks. [another voice speaks alongside vocoder]

2. More than space – it is time – that is curved.

And what is it to fall in love when
we can't even fall through space-time?

[The Manhattans continue to sing "Shining Star"]

wanna be

right here where you are

until my dying day, mmmmmm

honey you –

you are my shining star

don't you go away whoa baby

honey you

are my shining star don't you go away no baby

wanna be

right here where you are

til my dying day [music fades]

aww yeah honey you –

you, you are my shining star

are my shining star whoa no

honey you...

[music fades out completely]