Ouroboros

Paul Hemphire, composer
Commissioned by Plymouth Experimental Theater
May 17th, 2013 – 7 pm

Ouroboros

especially my wonderful and dedicated performers
documentation work: Jessica Foster for making sure all our contracts run smoothly and
plagiarize the manuscript text now read by John Foster for this 11th version of the music
commission: Roger Kaye

[Note: The text on the right side of the page appears to be incomplete or not legible.]
The human spirit can’t be in error when it is not deceived.

Happiness and profundity go hand in hand, and those who find them in other places.

Hands and feet are exercises of the limbs.

Never failure of affection.

Nothing ever lasts until deep roots exist.

A mixture with the right proportions can change a form as plastic as oil and as art as computer.

Happiness flows from the heart’s wisdom and serves its highest purpose.

The sculptor creates self.

With being itself, words that they obey, but mistakes they deny.

The material they quietly mould, working on it vigorously, without effort.

Descartes’ "Cogito, ergo sum."
Dear and beloved,

On a recent trip to the city, I encountered a sight that filled me with awe. In the heart of the bustling metropolis, a statue stood tall, silently observing the world. Its weathered form, sculpted from enduring stone, bore witness to the passage of time. The intricate details and the profound expression on its face spoke volumes of the artist's craftsmanship and the stories it had witnessed.

The statue, with its ancient aura, evoked a sense of timelessness. It was as if I could hear the echoes of the past, the cries of the community that had once thrived here. The statue seemed to be a guardian, watching over the city's history and its people.

In the dim light of the evening, the statue's form lit up, casting a shadow that seemed to reach out and touch the hearts of those who passed by. It was as if the statue was whispering, "Remember your roots, and honor the past."

As I stood there, lost in thought, I realized the power of such art. It not only beautifies our spaces but also serves as a connector, bridging the past and the present. It reminds us of our heritage and inspires us to strive for progress.

In this age of constant change, it is a comfort to know that some things remain constant. And among those things, art stands as a testament to human ingenuity and creativity.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

End note:

The above passage reflects on the significance of sculpture in urban spaces, emphasizing its role as a cultural and historical marker. It complements the visual element provided by the image of the statue, inviting readers to muse on the beauty and importance of such art forms within their own communities.
or an infinite consciousness.

- Steve Goodman, Software Studies

dance to one another
calling networks of imagery connecting analogy
to regions of closed systems; instead
effectively transforming in some culture, but
of actuality the agent of the transpositions.

Articulated transcodings, unactual transpositions

Catching Replays

hunting with a poison sword on a grand step

they fall into a kind of dance.
depicted in the world's manner

making in a harmonized way

the field of the figure

crosses

When the center of gravity is moved in a straight line, the limbs describe

the lines are only pendulums and follow mechanically of their own accord.

sometimes need and shift

in the field and the other

through the momentary depiction, the entire line of limbs

the momentary stance against the ground only lightly

and the angle of direction of the whole

The moment contained with the face

The Channel

III.