

Hypatia; or, The Divine Algebra

I wrote *Hypatia* in 1998 as a libretto for a composer friend who passed on the project, as he found the text too abstruse. His reluctance surprised me, since I find the narrative rather transparent, although not a little unlikely. *Hypatia* is as close to being a pure Steinian language experiment as one can get (there are several quotes from her work in the piece). Whatever the difficulties of the text, I remain fond of it, as I was trying to explore the middle ground between text that is pure scenario and obvious dialogue. Bob McGrath, of the Ridge Theater, was in Boston working with American Repertory Theater students and asked for an unproduced play to work on with his young actors there. I sent my *Land of Cockaigne*, an early realistic play and *Hypatia*. To my great surprise he settled on the latter. Robert Brustein was kind enough to fly me up to talk to Bob and the students about it.

Still, I was not prepared for the terrific little production I saw in Cambridge. About a year later Ridge remounted the entire production at Soho Rep. in New York. *Hypatia* proved controversial, to say the least, but was pretty much sold out for the whole run.

Hypatia, d. 415, Alexandrian Neoplatonic philosopher and mathematician, a woman renowned for her learning, eloquence and beauty. Little is known of her writings. Her fame is largely owing to her barbarous murder by a band of monks, said to have been encouraged by the Archbishop, St Cyril of Alexandria (a personal and political enemy of the prefect of Egypt, Orestes, who was believed to be Hypatia's lover.

—COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA, FIFTH EDITION, 1993

The Greek philosopher Hypatia was a Neoplatonist. She was famous for her public talks on philosophy and astronomy, and her forthright attitude to sex. Although concerned with higher knowledge she was also a political animal and had a keen sense of practical virtue. She was killed by a Christian mob, and has remained since a martyr to the cause of philosophy.

—ROUTLEDGE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PHILOSOPHY, 1995

There is no entry on Hypatia in the Catholic Encyclopedia, either old or new editions.

The author is indebted to Maria Dzielska's *Hypatia of Alexandria*, Harvard, 1995.

PERSONS OF THE LIBRETTO

HYPATIA, Alexandrian mathematician and philosopher and daughter to
THEON, an Alexandrian mathematician and philosopher;
ORESTES, Roman consul and HYPATIA's lover;
PETER THE READER, a monk and tool of
CYRIL, Archbishop of Alexandria;
SYNESIUS, HYPATIA's friend and the anonymous author of the *Suda*, a
chronicle of the times;
MUSA, OR ALGORISMUS, the Arab mathematician Muhammad ibn al-
Khwarizmi, the inventor of Algebra;
CONSTANTINE VII PORPHYROGENITUS, emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire;
his EMPRESS and their
CHILD; and a
CHORUS and a
YOUNG GIRL.

In Alexandria, Virginia, ca. A.D. 1915.

A machine is revealed
Cries of why why why why why.
No one has heard her
cry

An infinite decimal an

o



The machine opens revealing a
unscroll the fabric of people speaking
Theon the philosopher and mathematician
Orestes the lover Synesius the friend and
praying mantis it is
isn't it isn't isn't isn't isn't isn't it?

praxis

Suda also who is recorded it all
in his
what unscrolls Alexandria
Alexandria Alexandria

Suda his chronicle and lexicon a book

prankish a

why why why mordant using the auxiliary

note above the why the principle

note why why why and

Cyril now a sainted figure

guess how he Peter the Reader and

directed to one side, oblique,
torn limb from limb

415 A.D.



Famous for her beauty, Hypatia,
Philosopher and mathematician and daughter
to Theon;
torn limb from limb on the street.
Alexander's city.

At the command of upon of the of the hand
Cyril Archbishop of Alexandria,
by a mob at the hand of Peter the Reader.
Had to lecture behind
Hidden behind a screen
Had to

Because of her because of her beauty
maddened

had to



Theon: Daughter don't don't go out don't

Hypatia: Why why why why why why why

Don't

Why

Just don't why

the power of Zero

sifr (cipher)



The machine opens opens a

to scroll a zero

sifr (cipher), zephirum, zephiro.

Showing an absence by a presence

keep a place open

try it try try try try to try it try.



And as the machine

And as the scroll

The heart's sick room

Sic passim, sic passim sic passim sic passim.

thus everywhere (used to indicate

that a term or idea is to be found

throughout the text)

the scroll. By beauty maddened.

Behind a screen.

By my beauty, maddened.



I am unable not to not not la

Lacewing, marry me to my

inner circumstance.

Orestes will meet me by that

lace curtain

in Alexandria and the and the
wet wind wind wettens
my astrolabe my musical instrumenta
my tools my toys. If zero
were a person Zero is not
a person Zero were a
god, if
Hypatia, zero is the place of absence
why why why?
The absent place in position
constant and unchanging,
why why why why why why why why why why
Absence that guards do not go out
that guards the the integrity
la la lakh la
The integrity of the truth la la la
la la la la la la labyrinthine
la la la
lace and other
Lachesis, my golden
Lachesis, my golden
toy of tool done. I see
off.



Do you intend to depress me? Certainly

not I asked for a translation. Zero
do not compromise my father here.
Zero, he is a solemn ass.

Do you intend to depress me? Certainly
not I asked for a translation. Zero
do not compromise my daughter here.
Zero, she is as absent as



They go do public works.

Others follow as fire up the flue and

no one trips.

No one tries.

Hides, hits a self, hits a nonself, fears a
grudge

Public health. Ptolemaic system. Psychosis.

She teaches on the staircase.

She teaches by the fountain.

She carries a screen to hide behind

it algorist.

Emanations. Triangles. Perfect circles.

yes yes yes

Snap all their fingers

Toes rise up

They stand there, dumb. They.

Deciding whether to be just there or
just there and dumb and

those there, maddened.

Sunya, the name for the mark of emptiness
Someone sings a little song;

Mother was a wild wildy cat
Upon the antique fire escape;
she folds up all (alas!) all
the silverware in no-one's hat,
tit for tat;
A wildy wild of great courage
Behind the moon la la la,
Behind the moon la la.

Apeiron, the boundless.

The machine opens up up and further and
out and out, what pours. What pours and pours.



Meet me by the, by the, the archaic obelisk. The

Orestes; call me that

Hypatia, play no second fiddle

Second second second.

Second story

Second thought

Second base and second
fiddle.

Secant. Measure the arc.

Take me take me take.

No one sees the silvery couple slink off.

Half-moon way. Half-moon way, impolitic.

No one sees the
No one sees me

No one no one oh oh power of Rome
protect the, she, me,

Who. Who. Who who maddens. Who man. Woman.



Mob rules topside;
no law can control
this part of the machine.

People are listening, *diabole*, for the
witchified underside. Zero
does does not
does does not
does does not

mean an
empty, *diabole*

. equals point of reference

The scroll unrolls with all the all the
city

Pagan philosopher Theon mathematician
girl
daughter, psst,
people hate
people hate
you you you with a

a

whywhywhywhywhywhywhywhy

number larger than any fixed

with a value, as a

burying beetle in an old sock, psst, psst



Hypatia, the brilliant girl
girl can cannot her contest



Reveal the temple of Serapis (Serapeum)
old gods about to die
old gods baboon face of Thoth
driven drive them drive them out

Baboon exhibit to the mob, you
Baboon, subject of ridicule,
Baboon, subject to ridicule as the

Christian mob

Destroy the temple of Serapis destroy destroy
Serapeum



Hypatia, in her orbs and night,
pondering the divine algebra,
pondering the emanations,
pondering the continuum.

Recites some Euclid, some Diophantus.

Her secretary bird the only only thing thing
that

scratching, moves.

Scratching the golden dome, reversed, the floor.

Plotinus, she says.
Porphyry and Proclus.
Iamblichus, she

sunya, she

sifr, she

The Equation

They do a two-step

Philosophy, she

the, she

Most ineffable of the ineffable



Bush clover

Bush bean

Bush baby

Bush honeysuckle

Hear the wind, broken stones, defiles the

The, thee

the temple of Serapis, still.

I do nothing.

Hypatia and Orestes wrapped in white linen

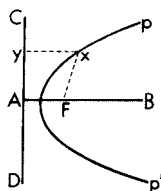
They people people watch

who

who watches hellfire hold.

Tophet, Gahenna.

Make the Hyperbola:



On the golf-flecked floor,

My little touraco color of a candle flame

I want to want want to want to too
A bird out of time, to leave no trace but

Temporalities.

Tempt.

Tempt tempt tempt.

I am nothing. I do nothing,
Alexandria
hot as a cinder
Hots. I, Hypatia,
bird out of time.

She slips out.



Alexandria.
500 monks leave their "hermetic lairs."
Peter the Reader, why,
I cannot can I cannot read.
We see like a silk ribbon the mob of Timothy
We also are like that too, so
See and watch the Mob of Cyril, watch and
on toes rise rise rise up.
They rise on their toes.
la la lakh la



Orestes orders the execution and torture of of
of Hierax;
Ammonius throws a stone at Orestes torture of of
execution and torture all of it class warfare.

Points at the “pagan Woman”

She is too swift and ingenious in her arguments.

On discourse, not violence, in politics.

Civitas.

O

sifr, (cipher), a point of reference:

On a day on a day in March
10th consulship of Honorius
6th consulship of Theodosius II

She, returns home, the angle at which
an object can be seen, she

on a street whose name is not known

is seen as a function of the distance
separating object and viewer if we if we
know the object's distance and angle
we can cannot measure the

the object:

I am pulled out quietly of my chariot on a
street whose name is not known dragged to
quietest Caesarion former temple of the
emperor cult my clothes torn off

Still. Quiet now.

and killed with broken pottery (*ostrakois aneilon*)
torn apart and the pieces collected in
a quietest collection to a place taken take the
parts to a place called Kinaron and burned.

Civitas. Civility.



Everything
stops. A tangent

Zero, my mother was a who was wildly
wildcat crept crept crept
down from the tent stitch mountains
of the deep interior regions of the
sun

Solar

Your mountain was no such thing
No such thing. Mother you mean.

Mother I said. Mountain
you said ha you said ha but mother
perhaps perhaps perhaps you
intended.

Zero, why Zero?
Your remembrance has, all in all or
all in part or

or or or
in part taken flight.

Zero? Why Zero?

Tangent
stops. Everything starts.

Someone sings a little song:

Famous for her beauty, me.
Daughter and mathematician.
Had to lecture behind a screen.
Had to.
Because by beauty maddened

the people the
the people the
sifr (cipher),
the power of Zero
why why why why why why why
Absence that guards do not
go out
that guards the the integrity
la la lakh la
la la lakh la



Pray to the lag screw.
Pray to the deep lagoon.
Pray to the lady bug.

la la lakh la
la la lakh la

(*Spoken.*) lakh, any very large number.

Alexandria.

Theon: Was no such thing.

Hypatia: Mother you mean.

Her remembrance is no quill or flight
feather.

They flight feather is the flight feather,
father.

Some god has touched you, Hypatia.

Sine, cosine, tangent. And cotangent.
Yield the description of an angle by the by the
numbers that characterize it.

This is done they do it quietly and with string.



Calculated, these numbers these numbers
are set in tables O I can see you I can see you
why are you talking to your toy
why are you talking to your toy
why are you talking to your toy
and not listening to your father?

I am talking to my toy
as if I were not here.

Orestes, help me help
Orestes, help me help
help help help help me help
I am helpless help me
help me help help, Orestes,
O.



Damascus.

Friendship, they say is either Dover's Powder a
powder to kill pain or mere double-talk.

Three centuries unscroll before us a man
of whom nothing is known dream a

Man business ruined a failure like me like
you a flop. Dreams he will find his fortune
beyond the Caliphate beyond the walls of Damascus:

After much harsh hardship
after being beaten many many
goes to the house in the dream it is

broken marble in moonlight the Serapeum.
Baboons.

Two thugs once more beat him.
Don't don't don't.

Big Thug. Why believe in dreams.
I pay no attention.
I dreamed of a house in Damascus,
and describes the house the house is my
house realizes the man

He goes home digs up the treasure in the garden.
Secant to a tangent. 1001 Tales

Call him Musa or
Algorismus.



I
appear one day in Baghdad disguised as a
boy;
I carry with me an emblem, the sunya. the
name of the mark for emptiness.

I am that I am, I carry nothing with me.

She moves slow slow slow like an old woman
played by a boy, as portrayed in mosaic miniatures
on a retable retral to an old Persian arcade. At
rest.

Restive. At
rest. Restless. A
sifr, (cipher).



A view of eight-century Damascus a
view of Antioch Medina Mecca
Baghdad
Mendicant

Mendicant
Mendicant riddle with a tine cup.

Screens. Minarets. Incense.

How large is large? How small is small?

Musa bumps into a strange boy, as though
a portrayal of himself. She is

Suddenly not behind a screen.

On the left-hand page each eye stares at a
right eye;
on the right-hand page each right hand
grips a left hand with fraternal warmth.

Infinitely deep,
scale upon scale,
a fractal.

Making a pair, infinitely
deep.

Musa, Hypatia

depict the notion of pairing;

If the sets each have an infinite
quantity:

Darkness. Wind and sand. Double heart beats.

Who

As a boy,
he takes her
from behind

he takes her
as a boy
from behind

from behind
he takes her
as a boy.



Muezzin. Dawn, multiplicity. Music of the oud.

Golden number.

Stories: Of Moses (Musa) and the little wicker
boat;

the works of Theon, *Aigyptos* and *Alexandrus*,
Euclid's *Elements*, designed for students;
his *Data* and the *Optics*; commentaries
on the *Almagest* (Syntaxsis mathematica);
and on Ptolemy's *Handy Tables: The Great
Commentary*, in five books—and *The Little
Commentary*, in one.

Musa: Theon did not work alone.

(I shall live to be a to be to be a bird of gold;
even if no one know my name)

Hypatia, why aren't you
why aren't you
why aren't you
why aren't you
why why why why why why why



Mine: The elucidation of Diophantus, and
of Apollonius's *The Conic Sections*

The astrolabe

Behind the not behind the
Behind the not behind the
behind the

Musa. Socrates Scholasticus. Suda. Damascius's
Life of Isidor.

Theon's daughter, a certain
shush him with a kiss.



At Byzantium, Sulayman is stopped
beneath the wall:

717 A.D.

therefore Sulayman leaves the Caliphate to his pious
and upright cousin, Umar.

Umar, my master

The pious exchange vows of fealty with the pious.
Kharijis, Shi'is; his own family, the Marwanids
and the House of Umayyah

Umar
ends the condemnation of 'Ali from the pulpits,
ends the Berber tribute in children
reduces the tribute of some Christian groups
in their "Hermetic lairs"?

encourages general conversion to Islam.

Encourages mathematics and the
fine arts.

mud wasp
mudskipper
mud puppy
mudra.

The machine opens to reveal Hypatia
opening to reveal to Musa

her toy

i, an imaginary number.

Someone sings a little song:

O my friend O my friend,
all the minims and maxims
of night and of day
of laughter and fright,
all the turns and steps
of pleasure and spite
are as are as are as

nothing

are as nothing

to the square root of minus one.



Alihu alihu alihu
Akbar
Alihu alihu alihu
Akbar



They go hide in a linen shirt
They go hide in a cotton sock
They go hide and go and hide there,

i

So what I gather you are not saying is
So what I gather you are not saying
because in my dream your dream

I

returned home from Alexandria
and found, as in the dream prophetic,
you disguised as a boy

as a boy which is what I am not saying
as a boy which is what you are not saying

both salaam; are
enlightened

She holds out something, a
Sunya, name for the mark of emptiness



I escaped, riding on an unbroken piece of shard.

The one who beat who beat you and
it was a man who could not read.

It was a dream prophetic

led you to me, and here we are in an i
an equation involving the imaginary

amicable numbers.

Ensoph. Zero.

I wanted to live forever as a golden bird,
a toy, a bird made of gold.

Here

She hands something to him.

Down he looks down at it.

o.



Stay stay stay with. Zero.

Me.

Do you intend to depress me? Certainly
not I asked for a translation. Zero
do not compromise my lover here.

Zero, he is a silly ass.

I will go to Baghdad. I will copy down
The Book of Addition and Subtraction by
Indian Methods;

The name of Muhammad ibn Musa al-
Khwarizmi will live forever

Caliph al-Mansur will recognize the
greatness of our mathematics;

and of the Divine Algebra that is to come.
He repeats: And of the Divine Algebra
that is to come.



Synesius, wrong. The *Suda*, wrong.
Because I could not be stayed
Because 500 monks who left their
“hermetic lairs” and Peter the Reader
and Cyril himself

All my friends and all my enemies.

yes yes yes

Snap all they fingers.

toes rise up

They stand there, dumb. They

Hypatia, and the
Algorist



Disappearance.

All gone.

A broken pillar on the stage. A baboon head

A man: This is what the impudent Hypatia

wrote to me:

“For, as the Evangelist [John 1:10] said: No one
has ever seen God.” So how, they say, can you
say that God was crucified? They say, too, “How
can someone who has not been seen have been
fixed to a cross? How could he have died and
been buried?”

This is the theology of the Nestorian Heresy,
and this is what Hypatia wrote to me.
I am the Archbishop of Alexandria, Cyril,
and it is impossible

It is impossible unimaginable that she
showing a presence by an absence
showing a presence by an absence
showing a presence by an absence

Hypatia appears out of a machine.
Out of a machine out of the baboon's head.
Incommensurability

The powers of destiny, the planetary spheres
are sustained by the lord of the immutable laws
of the universe, the god of eternal time—the Aion.

Cyril. And she has eluded me.
She has eluded me.
Has eluded me.
Eluded me, Me

Cyril, a great great defender of the
Commensurable. Falls
Flat.



My silken slippers of Divine
Hypatia are of velvet darkest indigo and

my father Theon wrote a book
On Signs and the Examination of Birds
and the Croaking of Ravens

are of indigo velvet the color of
the

Aion, the

$$i = \sqrt{-1}$$



Sphere, singleton a
set with one element with one
piece of lead pipe and a kettle
incommensurable.

As a toy.

Piece an accordion of hot air mimics
Achilles;
as a toy.

A brass wind instrument filled with i
imaginary
imaginary
superheated steam

As a toy

Bicyclic overshot imaginary and incommensurable
inblasted gusts of hot air and superheated
gusts of hot air and superheated gases
in oblique and circular cylinder as an
object for a child to play with a thing
a thing of little importance

an aeropile an accordion of hot air
mimics
Achilles;



Her indigo slippers slippers slide over black sand

Hypatia, the brilliant girl
girl can cannot contest

300 years in a straight line 300 years.

Recites some Euclid, some Diophantus

her secretary bird the only only thing thing
that

moves, scratching

sifr (cipher)

Someone sings a song:

Within the boundaries
of the cipher is an island
of still standing water still
deep deep of darkest indigo

O, I am in you still, deep
O, I am in you still, deep
O, I am in you
deep in darkest indigo

Oh, to be made of burnished metal
behind the moon la la la
behind the moon la la

la la lakh la
la la lakh la



Scene Forty-Three
People do not pour out people

Scene Forty-Four
A porism of aporias

Scene Forty-Five

Fisheye

Fish fry

Fish gig

Fish moon

Moon eye gig fry

Scene Forty-Six
Girl like a boy

Scene Forty-Seven
Incommensurability. In.

Scene Forty-Eight
Sore feet. Sore

that provides formulas and rules for the
calculation of irregular or changing
quantities, such as rate of change,
speed or motion, and semiregular
or irregular volumes and areas such
as curves and cones.

Scene Forty-Nine
Curves and cones.

Scene Fifty
The last mouse you eat must be the white
one.

Scene Fifty-One
Byzantium. Near 300 years. In black, hooded.

Scene Fifty-Two

Drag a bag full of brass and lead pipe.
Ilks.

Scene Fifty-Three

Perhaps illicit. One day.

Act Two

When a machine is not a machine a

Act Four

Skip Act Three

Act Five

Synesius to Hypatia: "I am in such evil
fortune that I need a hydroscope."
She makes him one.

Scene Two

(withered vine leaves, martyr's kisses)

Scene Three

Ipazia

Scene Four

Unable to identify the

Scene Five

Lost slipper . . .

Scene Six

. . . that Serapis would pass into formless darkness
and be transformed, and that fabulous and unseemly
gloom hold sway over the fairest things on earth.

Scene Seven

Countable. If one be willing to count forever.
One is willing.

Scene Eight

Aleph, the Transfinite,

Scene Nine

Automaton, a brass wind instrument that

Scene Ten

By Hyp

decline for many

had been few

physical screws

church crippled

reason as the

coming of C

lazy: what was

Hypatia,

Scene Eleven

Odd zeros and

Scene Twelve

Persons can be numbers also

Scene Thirteen

Skip this one

Scene Fourteen

Sack of Alexandria by the Arabs. 640 A.D.

Scene Fifteen

Or he starts counterclockwise from the fifth
mouse from the white mouse.

Scene Sixteen

Hidden behind a screen.

Had to.

Scene Seventeen

Scene Eighteen

Scene Eighteen

Scene Seventeen

Scene Nineteen

Scroll

sifr; she

The Equation

They do a Two-step

. A point of reference

Scene Whatever

Takes her from behind. Like a
boy. The algorist.

Scene

An infinite decimal

an o

Scene

How to not

Scene

This is called a play but

Scene

This is not called a

Scene

Toy

Scene

Hypatia. I was touched by an unknown
god.

Scene

Touched by a

Scene

All proofs and porisms.

Scene

Mbisimo. The ability of the poison oracle
to see far off things.

Someone sings a song:

Words words words. Words
are mere noises, noises
the croaking of crows, crows
are mere noises, noises

behind the moon la la la
behind the moon la la

Words spoken behind a screen
behind the moon la la.



Sunlight and sea. The Golden Horn.

Hypatia a self. Hidden
behind a self. The

Continuum.



The self as an argument
against self. A

compression coil
spiral coil
flat spiral
torsional
leaf
extension coil

Toy, sprocket wheel humming,
shoots dips stabilizes rises dips again
shoots dips dips rises rises stalls
stabilizes dips rises rises stalls and

drops
like a
stone,

behind the Emperor's wall wall of the Magnaura.

Basilissa, the Empress. Basilissa.

She, alone in an
Area abundant with textiles
a strewn
area



Tiny machine, clicks and whirrs at her
feet.

Go get the person who

They

drag the boy in,

Am a machine, partly made of metallica
and sheet rumble

sloe eye meets sloe eye



Talk in swing dash, O stands for the
position in place

Empress, her child on a jumping stick
(Andronicus Ducas Angelus).

Make us a milkweed follicle to warble;
folksongs (from Eire? Baikal? Bhutan?)

from gross error,
usually transient in the readout of the
electronic device that is that is caused by
imprecise synchronism, as in

analog to digital
conversion, free. From gross error, free.

???

We are of Rom; know not this matter
The boy, Hypatia, partly made of brass silver gold
615 years old

okay okay

Techne over Theoria. Will you Byzantines

Real lions that roar birds that twitter
chairs that rise silently as if to the
Real lions that roar birds that twitter

On a column of hot air
superheated steam in
intertwined pipes or in
vents and ducts hydraulic.

yes yes yes

snap all they fingers

toes rise up

stand there, dumb. They

cheer cheer chirrup cheer

la la lakh la

la la lakh la



A machine within a machine opens.

The Magnaura automata.

Hypatia. The mind cannot portray
the

workings of the mind
except as a machine;

I am a machine

. Point of reference.

The Emperor bows, showing a presence by
an absence

basileus autocrator basileus autocrator



She instructs them to draw a
circle;

she instructs them to draw a
square

Kenosis. Kiss of death! Kinesis. Kiss of life!

Imagine a line with an origin at the point, zero,
running through the integers 1, 2, and so on all the
way to infinity. Call this the

Real number line

No matter how close two numbers be
others are always
between them.

fractions, integers, rational and irrational

The continuum is
established.

Hypatia. From al-Khwarizmi's *Kitab
al-jabr wa al-muga balah* (Treatise
on restoration or completion and of
reduction or balancing).

I learned this from this:
al-jabr, algebra.



But ideas, ideas, phooh! Give me solid brass

Automaton. Clangor and racket.
Automation. Clangor and tin pan alley.
Automata and wondrous tinnitus.

Imperials hold their ears and gape.

Titillation of automata
Tipcat world of brass and gold
and silver simulacra.

Plumage, modular, of an unreal nightjar
plundered iridescence for moire effect.
Automata of rare unscratchableness

Magnaura, a private party.

compression coil
spiral coil
flat coil
torsional
leaf
extension coil

and it, creaks and whirrs as it flies. FLIES.



No girl now Hypatia no boy either
on the continuum an irrational

Transfinite her slipper of deepest indigo.



Baboon head. An automaton in the form of the
ruined temple of Serapis.

A chorus:

It was of course that they expressed.
That they were never at all a pleasure
To themselves alone an advantage.
In which they were careful to be able
To thank them one at a time.
In every little while.

Little Emperor. Now I am not alone.
Hypatia: Speak too soon too too soon.

History is a big room with and without
a toy.

A place in position,
Sunya



Apeiron, the boundless

One day, goes, her stuff in the big ink-black sack
one foot flop foot after another foot flop foot an
infinite number of points between each each

footstep

toys and cheering in the closed garden closed
behind her

whirring
whirring

la la lakh la
la la lakh la

Wind. Stars. Sand and

Someone sings a song:

Perhaps I will live forever
Perhaps I am Perhaps I am
Already at the end of it all.

Perhaps I will raise to the power
of N, all those I love, all those
Already at the end of it all.

Perhaps Perhaps I am dead.
Perhaps I am only a broken toy.
A broken toy at the end of it all.

Perhaps a girl. Perhaps a boy.
Perhaps dead. To whom does it matter?
Perhaps I am only

I, Hypatia,
A bird out of time. Made of gold.
O to be made of burnished metal!



Pray to the lag screw
Pray to the deep lagoon
Pray to the lady bug

la la lakh la
la la lakh la

She speaks: A

sifr (cipher).

She goes out.



EPILOGUE: Alexandria, Virginia, 1915 A.D.

Two girls. By the river. Morning.
One with a bicycle. One with a



Hello. Hiya.
What do you have there

Bicycle. Never seen a bicycle
I'm from far off

Oh. What's that wow that's really neat
A toy. Does nothing. Nothing useful.

Wow wow wow
Take it. It's yours.

I can count to a thousand I can . . .
Skip it. Can we talk about something
else

We'll trade. Even Steven. We'll trade
Bicycle. You call it a bicycle

I like you
I like you too. Take this. Take this
too

What is it wow what is it
A zero. Round straight line with a hole
in the middle

Wow wow wow.

Blackout.
End of the play.

