

Haiku for Pauline, as Pauline

Words from Seth Cluett and Tomie Hahn

Both of our work with Pauline has cut across many elements of her life and practice. We performed with her, managed projects, organized events, engaged in Deep Listening, studied with her, and have been deeply involved in the stewardship of her archival materials. Most importantly she was our friend and mentor as a colleague in her role as a Professor of Practice at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

We wrote the haiku below together as a series of games. The fifteen letters of her name, multiplied by the three lines of the fifteen haiku equals 85 lines, which would be her birthday number this year. Fortuitously, the resulting 255 syllables equals the maximum value representable by an 8-bit byte and is both a sphenic number and a Mersenne Prime. Since Pauline was a supreme punster, it seems only appropriate to note it here. We can almost hear her giggling.

Pauline, our soundscape
Moving, resounding, expands
Beyond bounds for you

Aquiet stream sounds
While a torrent fills the mind,
Find peace in between

Utopia, a
Dream-reality, listen
All ears opening

Listen to it all
A dump truck, a lawn sprinkler
Some birds, and yourself

Improvising land
A Sonic Meditation
Conch sounding sea, see?

No words can describe
The infinite sound... aza
Wubahhh moooooo luuuuuuuu zah

Energy flowing
Singing cicada... zehzeh!
Chanting in treetops

On open reel tape
The world is frozen in time
And crafted anew

Laugh a belly laugh
Smile broadly as a secret
Mischief makes great sounds

In the pinna, an
Inner landscape unfolding
Mountains and valleys

Very far away
A sound reflects off the moon
She, a pinball champ

Ears alert, fingers
Reaching out to a soundscape
Giggling cochlea

Really? So many
Cables abound under foot
Ah, telepresence

Oh such memories
Soundscapes are never silent
Deeply listening

Spiraling above
An accordion dreaming
Listens to your heart