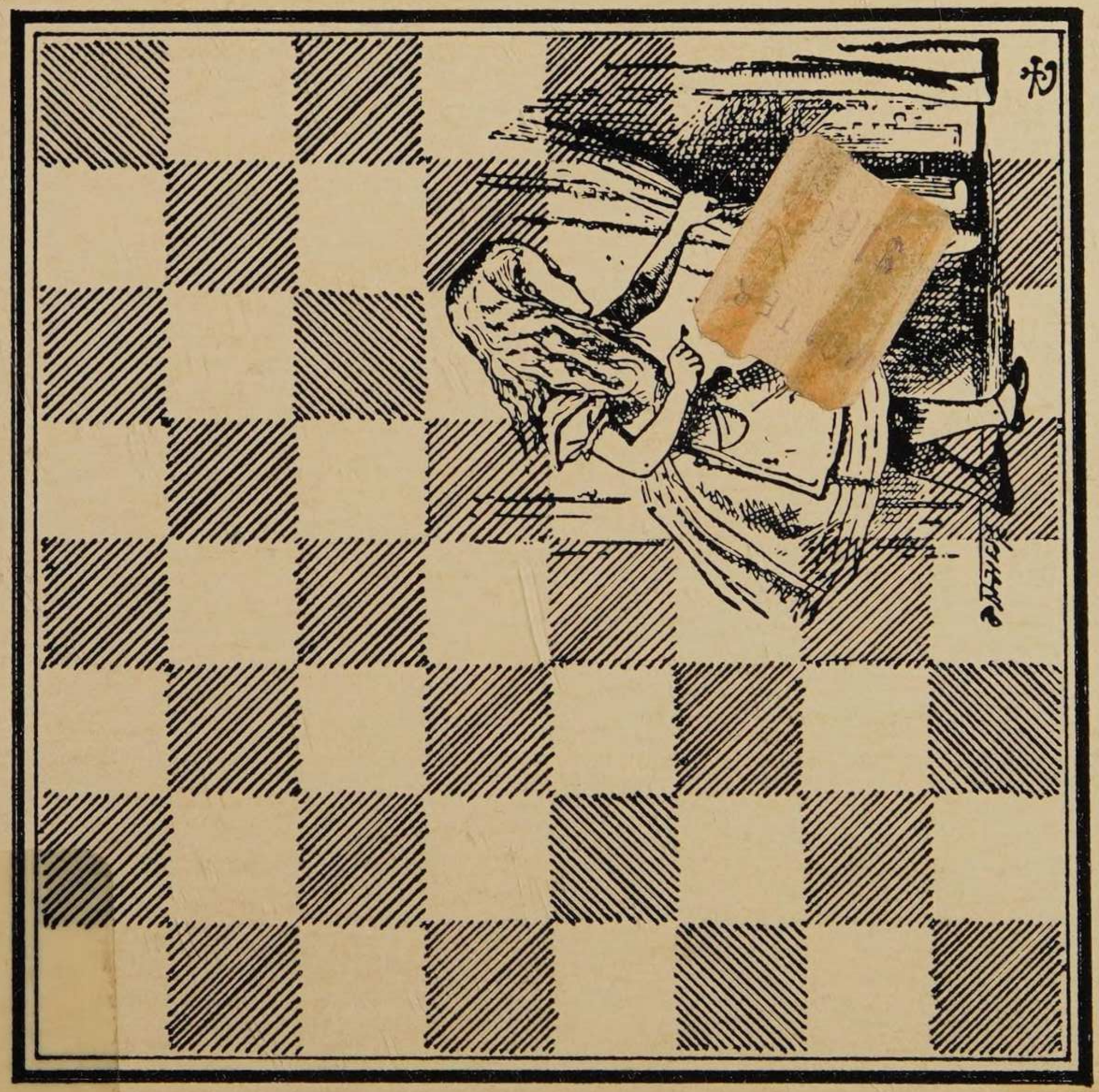
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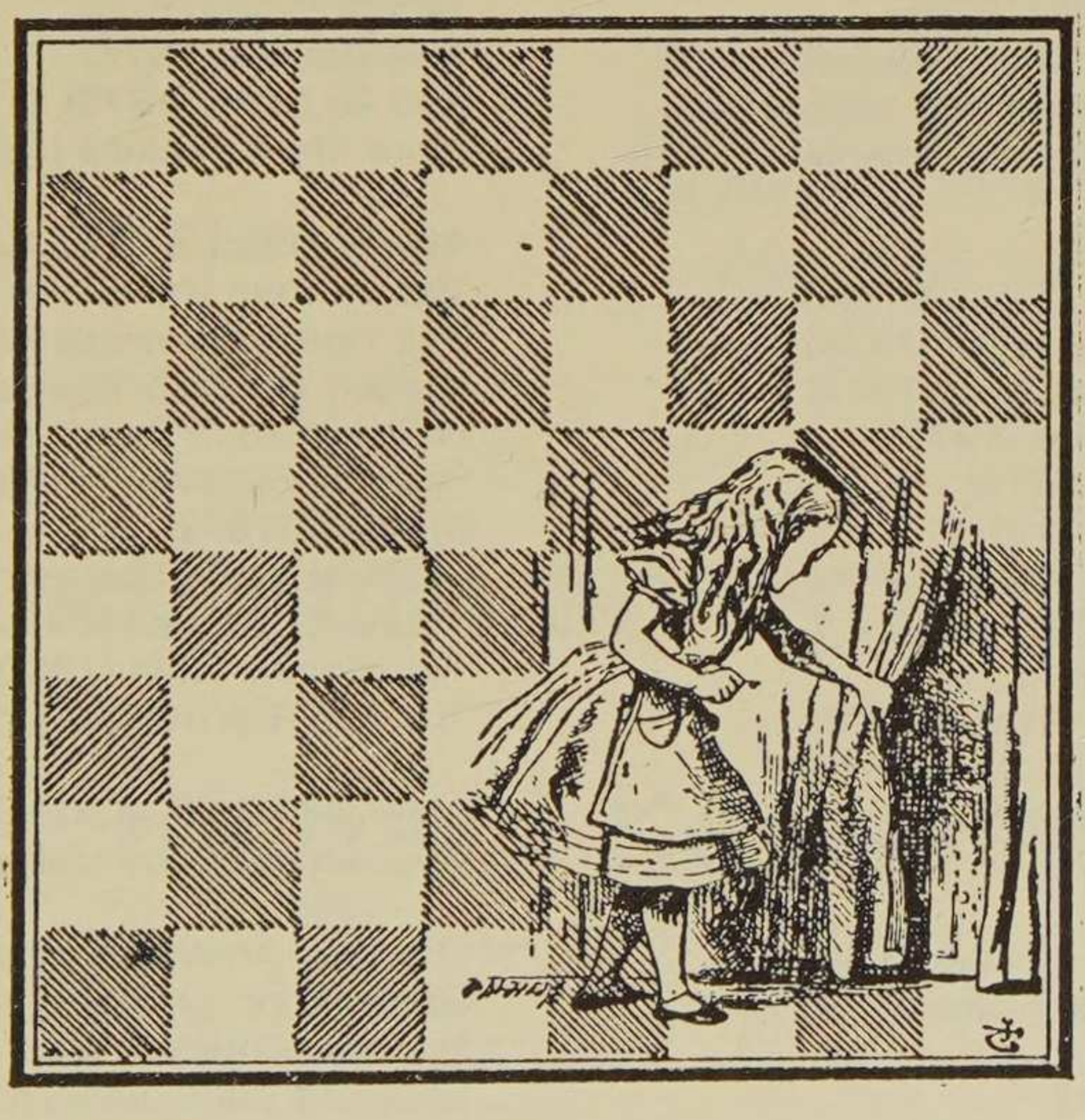
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In memory of Gertrude Stein

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PREFACE

One of the reasons is that a lot of these texts aren't available. Publishers rarely publish plays anymore unless the play gets a Pulitzer Prize, or the Drama Critics Circle Award, or maybe a Tony. So that you have a situation where the only contemporary drama being published is Shange's and David Mamet's work. There hasn't been one recent anthology of contemporary plays.
—Bonnie Marranca,
in a symposium (1979).

I first conceived of this anthology in 1973, as a companion to *Breakthrough Fictioneers* (Something Else, 1973, RK Editions, 1978), which had just appeared; and *Essaying Essays* (Out of London, 1975), which I had just delivered to its publisher; and I offered *Scenarios* to various publishers, both large and small, for several years thereafter. None were interested in commissioning it. The project resided in my cabinet as a dormant file that I would occasionally revive for flickers of interest. To the rescue came grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and then the New York State Council on the Arts, supporting the preparation and printing of a paperback edition and incidentally doing what they should do—supporting the creation and dissemination of art that commerce has failed.

My editorial assumption is that innovations in theatrical art in part depend upon *scripting so radically alternative it insures that a performance cannot be realized in conventional ways.* If the standard theatrical script has dialogue interspersed with stage instructions and the standard work of music has notes and durational instructions written on staves in horizontal lines, an alternative script, by definition, offers other kinds of text, to induce radically different kinds of performance. (The converse assumption, which is clearly true, is that conventional texts are conducive to conventional performance.) Thus, this book contains few scripts with dialogue and even fewer with specific musical instruments or notes. Instead, there is not just one kind of alternative but several possibilities, such as general instructions for performance activities or a sequence of drawings (with and without words) or a collection of verbal lines to be spoken as the performer wishes, among other hypotheses. It is my polemical purpose to suggest that all these possibilities belong to a single category, which I call *Scenarios.*

A secondary requirement was that all these extra texts could be performed by someone other than the author; they are not self-scenarios, although some can be profitably performed by oneself, to an audience of one(self). It follows that there are no scripts here for media other than live performance—no radio plays or film treatments—and no scripts for static theatrical conceptions, such as kinetic environments which, by definition, lack two essential characteristics of a live performance—an intrinsic beginning and a definite end. A final stipulation, violated only once, was that the book would contain complete texts and, thus, no excerpts. Nonetheless, it is expected that anyone performing any of these scripts publicly (and, especially, commercially) will obtain performance rights from the authors or publishers at addresses listed in the acknowledgments to this book.

Behind *Scenarios* stands my essay on then-recent theater in *The New American Arts* (1965; reprinted, 1967), my book-length introduction to "happenings, kinetic environments and other mixed-means performance," *The Theatre of Mixed Means* (1968; reprinted, 1981); my chapter on "Mixed-Means Events" in *Metamorphosis in the Arts* (1980); and my anthology of a certain strain of verbal-aural performance, *Text-Sound Texts* (1980). For editorial advice I am indebted to Loris Essary, Bonnie Marranca and Aviva Ebstein, as well as several contributors who exploited my invitation to recommend other scripts previously unknown to me. As in earlier anthologies of mine, I have emphasized contemporary North American work, occasionally going back or across the oceans when an example was too strong and too unknown to neglect. Many possible selections were not included because they were too long or too expensive, or because the size of the book was finite as the grants subsidizing it. Perhaps if this volume does well, there will be successors.

Earlier anthologies of mine were sometimes criticized as "extreme" —so extreme that they would never be surpassed, etc.; it would please me to find that readers and reviewers had a similar opinion of *Scenarios*.

Richard Kostelanetz
New York NY
14 May, 1980

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SCENARIOS

The absence of dialogue leads to the predominance of the stage picture in the Theatre of Images. This voids all considerations of theater as it is conventionally understood in terms of plot, character, setting, language and movement. Actors do not create "roles." They function instead as media through which the playwright expresses his ideas; they serve as icons and images. Text is merely a pretext.—Bonnie Marranca, *The Theatre of Images* (1977).

The parts are conceived as schemata for wish fulfillment, as opportunities for will, imagination, voice and costuming: fantastic creatures, colorful, sparkling, flaming. When not romantic or glamorous, they can still be played as extreme, with a touch of the adventurous or heroic: or can be so played for there is no unity to disrupt and it is up to the star to prove himself the stronger personality.—Stefan Brecht, *Queer Theatre* (1978).

With few exceptions, the classic theater of the Continent is primarily literary: the stage of a play does not normally influence its text. The American play, on the other hand, usually is not printed until it has been successfully produced.—Horst Frenz, *American Playwrights on Drama* (1965).

When the liberal press praised a Mime Troupe performance, Ronny wanted to know where they had gone wrong. It was not a matter of churlishness, but an understanding that there was a power structure and if it is not threatened by your theater, then your theater is shit.—Robert Sheer, introduction to R. G. Davis, *The San Francisco Mime Troupe* (1975).

INTRODUCTION

His father's theater—the Victorian theater of Booth and Irving—was an actor's theater. The modern theatre would be a playwright's theatre, and Eugene O'Neill was one of the principal playwrights who made it so.—Eric Bentley, "Eugene O'Neill" (1960).

A script is the playwright's road map for the performers, telling them how to proceed. If the playwright provides his or her instructions in a familiar form, the performers are likely to drive straight to his or her destination without a pause. If, however, the map omits some instructions or has unconventional notations, or it marks a path forbidden to cars, or the route is full of one-way streets that proceed in the contrary directions, then the map will induce the travelers to take routes they had not experienced before, perhaps making perceptions they would have otherwise missed. Alternative scenarios serve a similar function in the lives of performing artists.

In contrast to conventional performance scripts, some of the following texts have no specific dialogue; others say nothing about setting or lighting or staging. Some require an audience no larger than oneself, while others are designed for spaces unaccustomed to live performance. Some use special language, or familiar language in special ways (say, in combination with other languages). Some provide more printed instructions than usual, while others provide much less. Some are remarkably dense, while others are noticeably sparse. Some are audaciously specific, while others are incredibly general, and yet others are specific where playwrights have traditionally been general and/or general where playwrights have traditionally been specific. All of them represent a departure from, in Bonnie Marranca's phrase, "a theatrical structure founded on dialogue," which is to say that, as alternative texts, these scenarios are conducive to alternative performance.

One reason why many of these texts eschew the traditional rules is that they were written by people who never took a course or "workshop" in playwrighting. Indeed, some of these authors are better known for their work in sculpture, in painting, in music, in poetry and even in criticism. As Thomas Kuhn suggests in *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* (1962), disruptive and revolutionary paradigms inevitably enter a "science" from somewhere else. What influence these alternative scenarios will have upon the general practice of theatrical scripting remains to be measured.

The recent revolution in essentially musical notation was based upon a twofold sense of both the limitations and the restrictiveness of traditional notation; and there is no question that alternative musical notation has since produced kinds of musical performances that would have been impossible with traditional staves and bar lines. I chose the epithet "scenarios" partly to acknowledge contemporary usage of that word for sophisticated visions of possible, but ultimately unknown futures. *Scenarios* contains scenarios for live performance.

Precursors of this kind of theatrical writing include Samuel Beckett, Ring Lardner, Gertrude Stein, Wassily Kandinsky's "The Yellow Sound" in *The Blaue Reiter Almanac* (1912), the Italians that Michael Kirby published in *Futurist Performance* (1971), some of the Poles that Daniel Gerould collected in *Twentieth-Century Polish Avant-Garde Drama* (1977), and some of the contributors to Michael Benedikt and George Wellwarth's anthology, *Modern French Theatre: The Avant-Garde, Dada and Surrealism* (1964). Among the recent anthologies including comparable work are Michael Kirby's *Happenings* (1965), Allan Kaprow's *Assemblage Environments & Happenings* (1966), John Cage and Alison Knowles' *Notations* (1968), John Weisman's *Guerilla Theater* (1973), James Schevill's *Breakout* (1973), Hans Sohm's *Happenings & Fluxus* (1970), Arthur Sainer's *The Radical Theatre Notebook* (1975), and Bonnie Marranca's *The Theater of Images* (1977). Contemporary one-author collections of such scripts include Merce Cunningham's *Changes* (1969), The Living Theater's *Paradise Now* (1971), Claes Oldenburg's *Raw Notes* (1973), Yvonne Rainer's *Work 1961-73* (1974), Richard Foreman's *Plays and Manifestos* (1976), R. Murray Schafer's *Patria I & II* (1978), and Lee Breuer's *Animations* (1979). Four histories of the kinds of

radical theatre resulting from such scripts are Richard Kostelanetz's *The Theatre of Mixed Means* (1967), Udo Kultermann's *Art-Events and Happenings* (1971), Roselee Goldberg's *Performance* (1979), and Carl E. Loeffler's *Performance Anthology: Source Book for a Decade of California Art* (1980).

Some years ago the drama mogul Robert Brustein predicted that American theater could be rescued only by new playwrights. At the time I disagreed with him, thinking that American theater had traditionally differed from European precisely in its emphasis upon performance, rather than literary text. Indeed, most of our greatest theatrical works, from the nineteenth century to the present, were the creation of performers, working without (or sometimes in spite of) another person's script. (I was thinking then of minstrel shows, vaudeville, Hellzapoppin, Orson Welles' Mercury Theater, Merce Cunningham-John Cage collaborations and the theater of mixed means.) With this book I take a position that echoes Brustein's, though with scripts that are, I suspect, radically different in quality and mechanics from those he had in mind.

Compositions for N.Y.C.fluxus.

2. Zen for the street. Adult in lotus posture & eyes half shut positions himself in a child carriage (perambulator), and is pushed by another adult or many children through shopping center or calm street.

3. "Dragging Suite". Dragg by a string along streets, stairs, floors: large or small dolls, naked or clothed dolls, destroyed, broken, bloody or new dolls, man or woman.

5. Composition for poor man 1961: Summon a taxi, position yourself inside, request a long ride, OBSERVE THE METER.

Trowbridge collaboration: Banking Piece,

Two performers. one performer sends a bankers check for ten marks to the other performer. upon receipt of same, the receiver returns the money in the same manner but changes the currency from marks to dollars. then the first performer again sends the remainder of the money back to the second performer but changes the currency from dollars to francs. this continues, the currency being changed each time into as many different currencies as possible, until all the money is consumed by the banks. receipts of banking transactions and fees should be saved and exposed at an appropriate time.

DAVID

AND

DICK

HIGGINS

Creep into

the VAGINA

of a

living

WHALE



NASOPLOSIVE CHANT
for 2 or more chanters

PERFORMANCE INSTRUCTIONS

1. Begin by setting up a steady, rhythmic pulse of about 2 or 3 beats a second; when all performers feel this pulse securely, go on to part I.

2. Begin part I by all saying the indicated sound ("NOOB") in unison, in a monotone, in the rhythm you have set up, one syllable per beat. Keep up a relatively continuous stream of sound, as in a chant.

3. After a time (you be the judge of how long, or appoint a member of the performing group to decide), begin to leave short silences at random intervals (like commas), still keeping the beat, but no longer in unison. Gradually become more expressive in your pronunciation.

4. On a signal from an appointed member of the group, go on to the next section.

5. Begin part II in unison, as part I was performed, but make both syllables (NOOBA) fit into the time of the previous one. Follow steps 3 and 4. Change which which syllable you accent at will.

6. Follow the same procedures for parts III, IV, and V, making each syllable the same length as the syllables in part II (in other words, keep the beat set up while adding a greater variety of syllable combinations).

7. Part VI is self explanatory. The piece ends when the performers and/or audience have had enough.

I

NOOB NOOB NOOB NOOB NOOB NOOB NOOB NOOB NOOB NOOB
NOOB NOOB . . .

II

NOOBA NOOBA NOOBA NOOBA NOOBA NOOBA NOOBA
NOOBA NOOBA . . .

III

NOOBANEE NOOBANEE NOOBANEE NOOBANEE NOOBANEE NOOBANEE . . .

IV

NOOBANEEBO NOOBANEEBO NOOBANEEBO NOOBANEEBO NOOBANEEBO . . .

V

NOOBANEEBONABEE NOOBANEEBONABEE NOOBANEEBO-NABEE . . .

VI

EACH PERFORMER SWITCHES AT RANDOM BETWEEN PARTS I THROUGH V, ALWAYS KEEPING THE BEAT. PIECE ENDS ABRUPTLY ON A PREARRANGED SIGNAL.

REALTHEATER PIECE TWO

Setting

An open area outdoors, preferably the courtyard of a church or other religious structure. The audience sits on all four sides on long wooden benches. In the center is a deep hole (high enough for a man to stand in) covered with a wide wooden grating; near it a small table with various implements: scissors, knives, cleaver, ribbons, paper flowers, etc. To further prepare the setting, cut down a number of good-sized trees & plant them firmly in the performance area; to these are brought domesticated animals, such as goats & sheep, which are hung alive from the branches. The trees may also be decorated with birds & ribbons, & with ornaments of gold & silver.

Action One

The audience receives long, richly colored gowns, distributed by male attendants wearing short white gowns & otherwise unadorned. The members of the audience remove their street clothes & put on the long gowns.

Action Two

The attendants set fire to the trees.

Action Three

When the trees have started burning, a group of five men enters. They wear white like the attendants but drawn tightly across their chests & hanging down to their feet. They are bareheaded (heads preferably shaven) except for one, The Leader, who wears some kind of exotic headdress such as a turban or a

mitre. The Leader carries a baby's rattle in his right hand, an oldfashioned hurricane lamp in his left hand. The four others carry (1) a metal cooking pot, (2) a miniature plastic Christmas tree, (3) a large lady's fan, & (4) the left hand of a store mannikin. At a signal from The Leader, the attendants choose a volunteer from the audience & lead him (or her) to the center of the performance area. The five men place their implements on the ground in front of the table, then use the ribbons, paper flowers & scissors to adorn the volunteer. Once he is adorned, The Leader helps him climb into the hole, over which the attendants put the wooden grating back in place. The Leader remains beside the hole, while the other four lead the audience in singing a miscellany of songs, preferably church hymns like *Gladly the Cross I'd Bear*.

Action Four

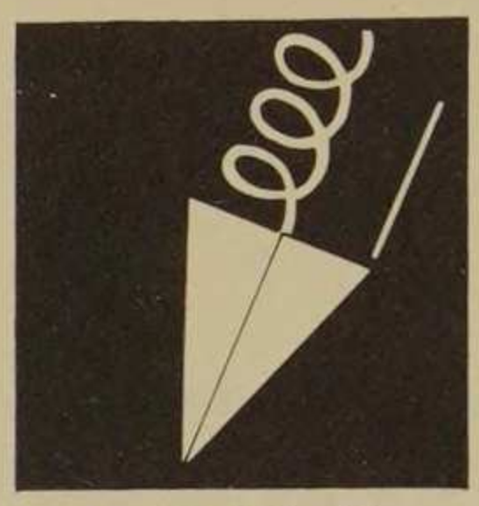
A bull, bound with heavy ropes & profusely adorned with (real) flowers & gilded leaves, is brought into the performance area. The attendants position the bull above the wooden grating. The Leader picks up knives & cleaver from the table & begins gashing the bull in a number of places so as to allow the blood to flow onto the grating. The volunteer in the hole now turns his face up to receive the blood. He must make sure that the spurts of blood fall on his head, clothes & body. He must lean backwards to soak his cheeks, his ears, his lips & his nostrils. He must let the wet blood pour over his mouth & must open his mouth eagerly to drink it. At any time he chooses, The Leader cuts the bull's throat & lets the full torrent of blood cover the volunteer. *Action Four* ends when the bull stops bleeding.

Action Five

Remove the dead bull, open the grating & lift out the volunteer, who will come out drenched & dripping, covered with blood from head to toe. Have him return to his place in the audience, which the attendants & the five men lead in reciting the following: BE OF GOOD CHEER, SEEING THAT THE GOD IS SAVED: FOR WE TOO, AFTER OUR TOILS, SHALL FIND SALVATION.

Action Six

Repeat the preceding events with other members of the audience until all have been soaked in blood. If the trees & animals stop burning, the theaterpiece is to be halted immediately & continued the next day. If there aren't enough bulls available, rams or goats may be substituted. A child, preferably male, may also be substituted, but only where there is little danger of interference by the police.

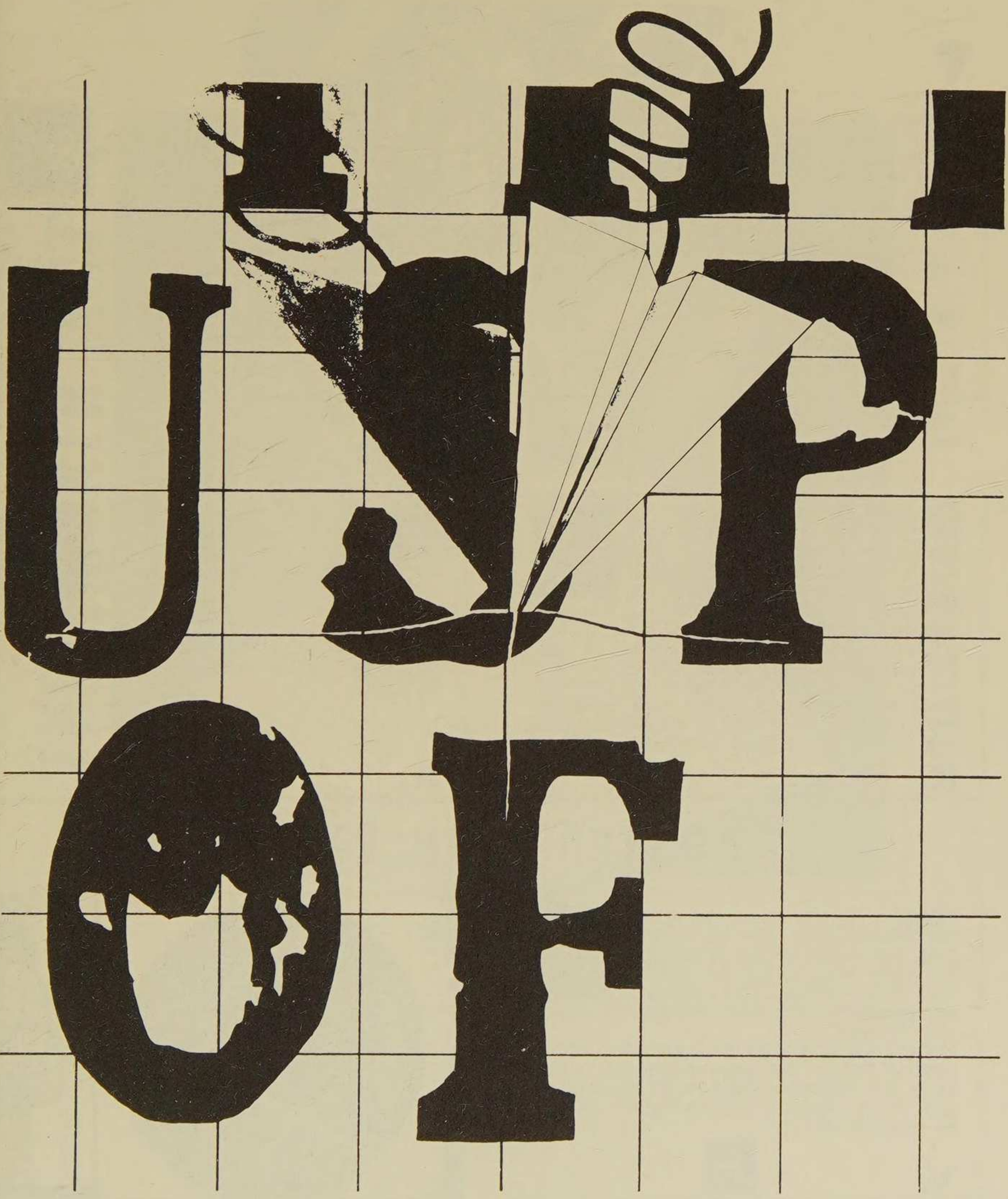


THE SOLID DAYS THAT FOLLOWED THE GREAT DISPLACEMENT, DID NOT GO BY WITHOUT NOTICE. FOR A CO-CREATOR WAITED IN THE SHADOWS WITH IMPATIENCE. AND THIS CO-CREATOR, THE ARM THAT THREW THE PAPER PLANE, CHOSE INTERVENTION AS A COURSE, AND TOOK THE FOUR CITIES BY SURPRISE: SHAKING THE CONTENTS OVER THE GROUND; SUSPENDING ALL IN ONE FLIGHT OF DEVASTATION.

THIS WOULD BE CALLED THE GREAT DISPERSAL. AND IN ITS WAKE, THE PEOPLE, OF WHAT HAD BEEN THE FOUR BORDER CITIES, WERE LEFT SCATTERED AND DAZED UPON THE LAND.

THE REARRANGEMENT WAS TOTAL.

THE SLATE WIPED CLEAN.


UP
OF

IN THOSE DAYS, CONFUSION FILLED THE RECORD OF THE KNOWN WORLD. THE PEOPLE STUMBLED THROUGH CLOUDS OF THEIR OWN SPUN THOUGHTS, AND GATHERED TOGETHER IN SMALL GROUPS, WITHOUT FORESIGHT.
IN THESE GROUPS THEY TRIED TO PIECE TOGETHER THE FRAGMENTS OF LOST TIME WHICH MIGHT ESTABLISH THEIR COLLECTIVE PAST. FOR THE PIECES AND THE PEOPLE WERE DISPERSED WITHIN THE POOL OF MEMORY.
THEY WERE ALL IN THE SOUP, SO TO SPEAK.

REGARDS,
T. E.

I.

ON THOSE DAYS, WHEN THE LIGHT WAS ESPECIALLY CLEAR, OR A SUDDEN BREEZE APPEARED TO WAKEN THEIR SUSPENDED THOUGHTS, THE WISEST AMONG THEM WOULD PERFORM ACTS OF DISPERSAL THROUGH WHICH THEY MIGHT AGAIN KNOW THE MATTER OF THEIR CONDITION.
SOME SAY THAT A HANDFUL OF SAND, TOSSED IN THE AIR, STARTED THEM ALL ROLLING.

THE ENTERTAINER

II.

SIX CARDS

ON SUCH DAYS, WHICH WERE FEW, DURING SUCH REPETITIONS, WHICH WERE NUMEROUS, A RITUAL FORM WAS CONCEIVED, PRACTICED AND PASSED ON.
IN THE FOURTH ACT THE ENTERTAINER, IN A MASK, WILL REENACT ONE SUCH RITUAL SEPARATION IN A MANNER CONSISTENT WITH TRADITION: WITH MASKS, PROPS AND SLEIGHT OF HAND; THROUGH SIGNS AND SYMBOLS; WITH METAPHOR, SPEECH AND MODIFICATION REDUCED TO A MINIMUM.
THIS ACT TAKES PLACE WITHIN A FRAME, BORDERING A CLEAN SLATE, CONCEIVED BY ANOTHER CO-CREATOR: THE HAND THAT DREW THE PAPER PLANE.

III.

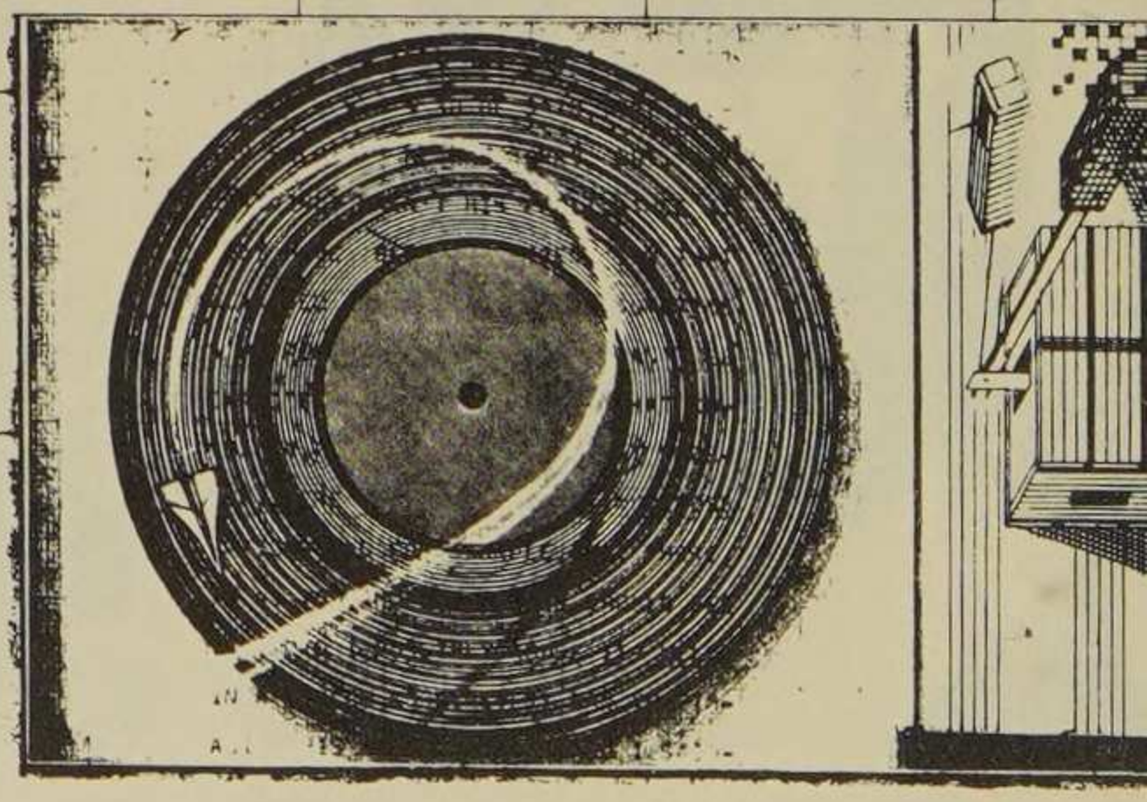
IN COSMIC TERMS, THE FOURTH ACT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS AN INTERACTION BETWEEN TWO ELEMENTARY PARTICIPANTS: THE NEGATIVELY INCLINED ARM-THAT-THREW-THE-PAPER-PLANE ⟵ AND THE POSITIVELY INCLINED, HAND-THAT-DREW-THE-PAPER-PLANE □.
THE FORMER WOULD GENERATE DISPERSAL, WHILE THE LATTER WOULD FRAME THE RESULTS.

IV.

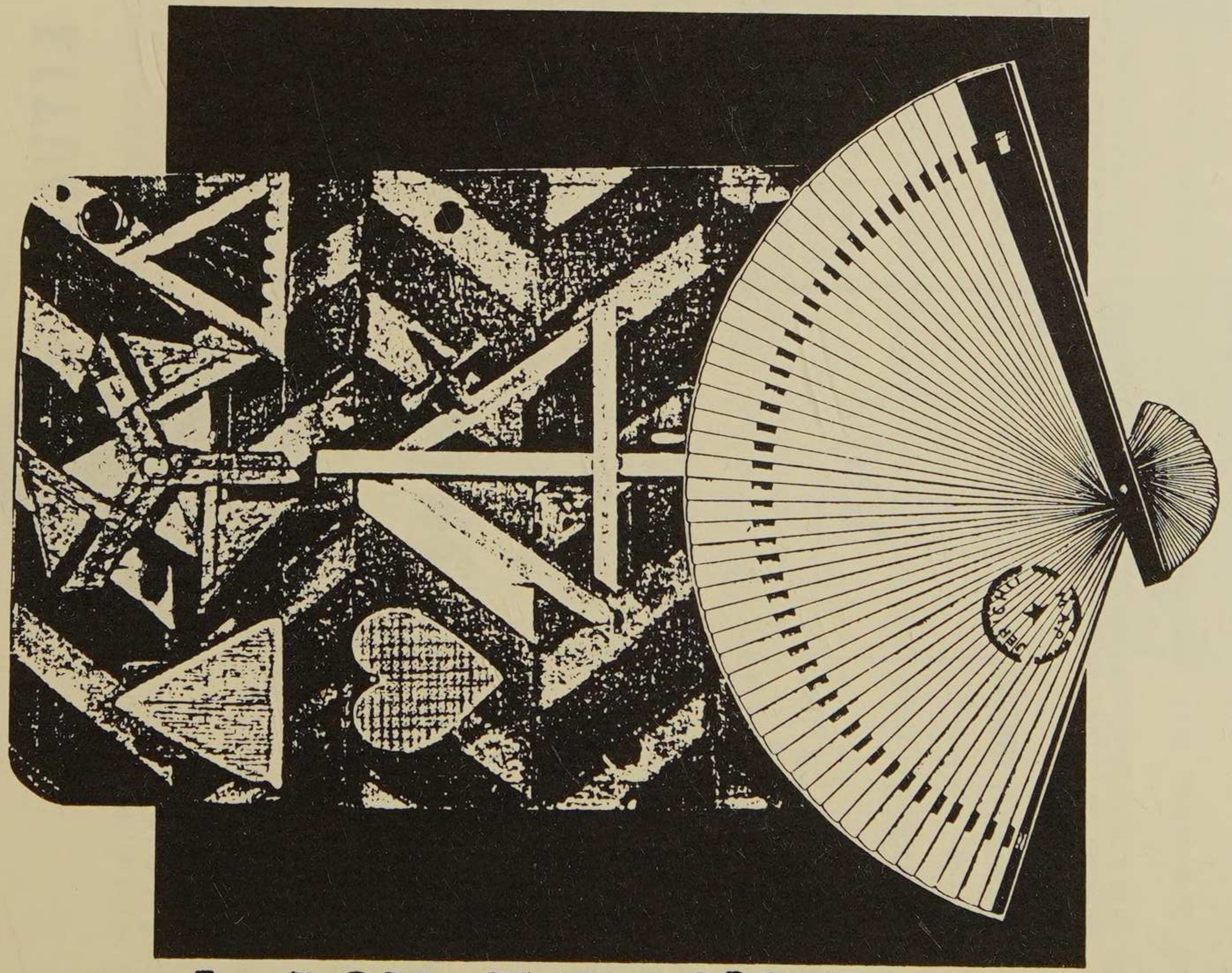
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FROM A POSITION ABOVE THE ACTION, THE MACROCOSMIC VIEW, THE SIGNIFICANT EXCHANGE IS ONE BETWEEN ARM AND HAND. WHILE THE PARTS THAT PASS FOR THE WORLD BENEATH (AND BETWEEN) THEM ARE VIRTUALLY FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.
WHICH IS HOW IT MUST HAVE APPEARED TO THE FIRST VICTIMS OF THE GREAT DISPERSAL, AS THEY SAT GATHERED TOGETHER IN SMALL GROUPS WITH THEIR HINDSIGHT AND FORESIGHT LOCKED IN DISAGREEMENT.

V.



A RITUAL SEPARATION .



THE FOURTH ACT :

THE RITUAL:



1. THE PERFORMER ENTERS THE RITUAL FRAME. A FOLDED, BLACK CLOTH, A MASK, A FAN, AN INK-FILLED BEAKER, A GLASS AND A HANDFUL OF SAND, ARE ALREADY IN PLACE ON THE GROUND.

2. THE PERFORMER PUTS ON THE MASK AND TAKES HOLD OF THE CLOTH. THE CLOTH (THE POOL) IS UNFOLDED AND LAID UPON THE GROUND. THE FAN IS LIFTED.

3. THE PERFORMER (NOW BEEKEEPER) SITS BEFORE THE POOL AND FANS HERSELF IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY.

4. WHEN THE AFTERNOON LIGHT BRINGS A BREATH OF FRESH AIR TO HER PLACE, SHE FACES THE POOL AND TOSSES THE FAN INTO THE WATER.

FRAME

5. IN THIS WAY, THE WIND JOINS THE WATER.

6. THE BEEKEEPER TAKES THE HANDFUL OF SAND AND DEPOSITS IT IN THE POOL. SHE USES THE FAN AS A TROWEL TO DISTRIBUTE THE SAND ACROSS THE POOL WITH THE BACK AND FORTH MOTION OF A WAVE. THIS SPREADING OF THE SAND CONTINUES UNTIL THE EVENING LIGHT.

7. AS BREATH BECOMES MOTION, THE POOL BECOMES A SEA THROUGH THE MOTION OF THE FAN; AN OCEAN OF TURBULENCE AND CALM; A SURFACE DISTURBED (SHIFTING SANDS) AND A SURFACE UNMOVED (WOVEN CLOTH), BOTH CHANGED IN THE COMPOSITE (DIRTY LINEN).

POOL

8. WITH NIGHTFALL, THE BEEKEEPER RETRIEVES HER FAN FROM THE POOL, AND PUTS IT ASIDE.

9. THE POOL IS THEN REFOLDED, IN HALF AND HALF AGAIN, AND LIKEWISE PUT ASIDE. THE SAND IS POURED OFF AND RESERVED NEARBY.

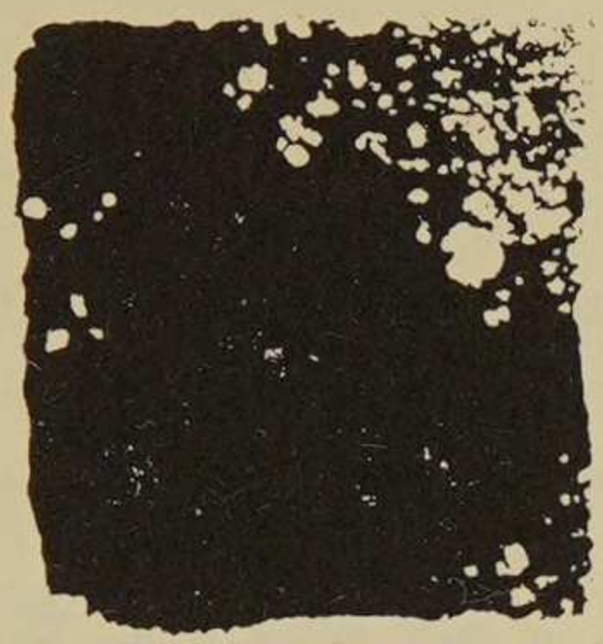
10. THE BEEKEEPER BRINGS FORWARD THE BEAKER AND THE GLASS. SHE POURS THE INK INTO THE GLASS, UNTIL THE INK OVERFLOWS ONTO THE GROUND.

11. SHE DOES NOT DRINK OF THE INK, BUT OBSERVES THE GROWING STAIN BEFORE HER.

CLOTH

12. THE STAIN IS COVERED OVER WITH A HANDFUL OF SAND. RISING, THE PERFORMER (ONCE BEEKEEPER) WITHDRAWS FROM THE SPOT, WITH THE CLOTH DRAPED OVER HER ARM AND THE FAN SECURELY IN HAND.

13. THE RITUAL FRAME IS DISSOLVED, AS THE GROUND ERODES, THROUGH THE EXCHANGE OF WIND AND SAND.



THE SEPARATION :
AN ANALYSIS OF THE FORM.

A. THE CLOTH BECOMES A SEA THROUGH THE MOTION OF THE SAND; A SUSPENSION OF BRINE AND BREW (ROUGH ON SMOOTH); A PATTERN THAT YOU MIGHT CALL HERRINGBONE, IN EMULATION OF THE DARK AND LIGHT STRAINS.

B. THE WATERS ARE STILLED AS THE WIND (THE FAN) IS WITHDRAWN. FOR WITHOUT BREATH, THE MIND LEAVES THE BODY BEHIND.

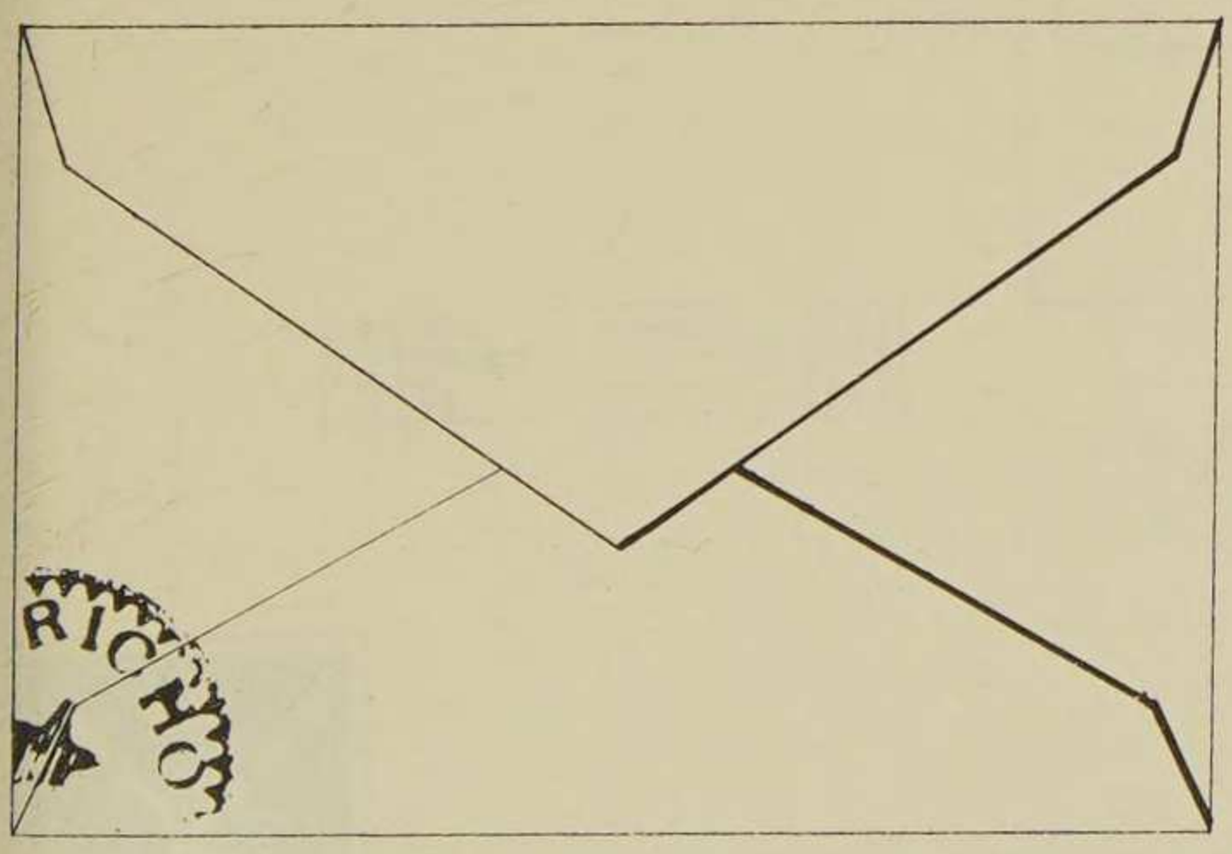
C. THE POOL (THE CLOTH) DOES NOT CARRY ITS OWN WEIGHT. IT IS RELIANT ON THE BEEKEEPER (ARM AND HAND) FOR SUPPORT AND MOBILITY.

D. THE MEMORY [redacted] OF SEPARATION (DEPARTURE AND WITHDRAWAL) IS TO BE FOUND IN THE FOLDS OF THE CLOTH (THE POOL). WOVEN CLOTH (MEMORY) TRAVELS EASILY, BEARING LINES OF GIVING AND TAKING IN THE FOLD.

E. THE OVERFLOWING GLASS (OLD AGE) TURNS THE QUALITY TO SOUP (MUD), FORMING A WATER OF SEPARATION (THE STAIN) FOR OTHERS TO CROSS (THE GROUND).

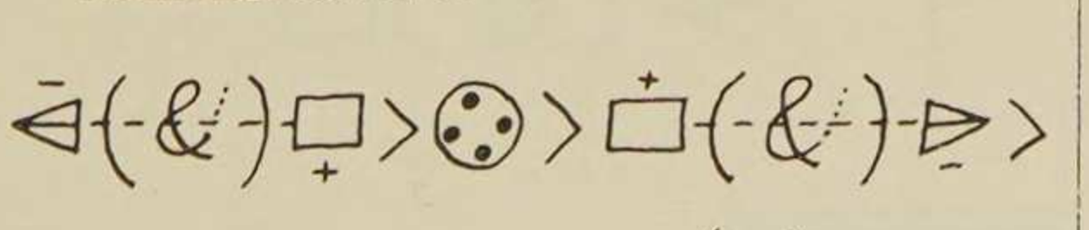
F. IMMERSION OF THE RESULTS (DIRTY LINEN) IN THE COMPOSITE (THE RITUAL) OFFERS RENEWAL (CLEAN HANDS), AFTER CLOSE CONTACT WITH THE BEAKER AND THE INK (HISTORY AND MORTALITY), WHEN THE PICTURE IS PROPERLY FRAMED (SEPARATED) THROUGH AN ANALYSIS OF THE FORM (THE FORM).

G. A HANDFUL OF SAND [redacted] (TIME) WIPES THE SLATE CLEAN.



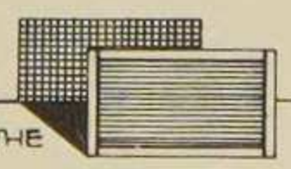
H. THIS IS A MODEL FOR SMALL GROUPS GATHERED TOGETHER WITHOUT FORESIGHT.
A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION WILL FOLLOW UNDER SEPARATE [redacted] COVER.

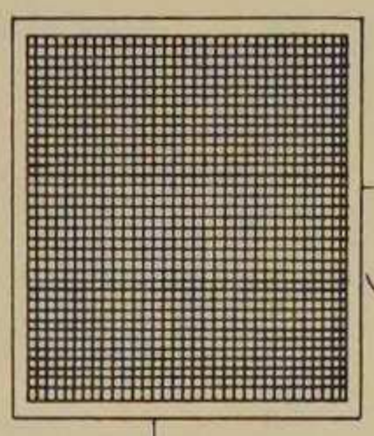




(h)

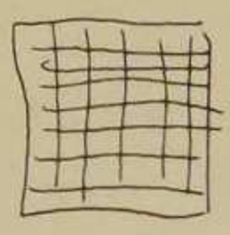
VI.

(THE OTHER SIDE OF THE  SIXTH CARD POSTED FROM EXILE.)



~~INTERACTION~~ + SAND (HANDFUL OF) + A FRAME = (produces) SMALL GROUP OR □

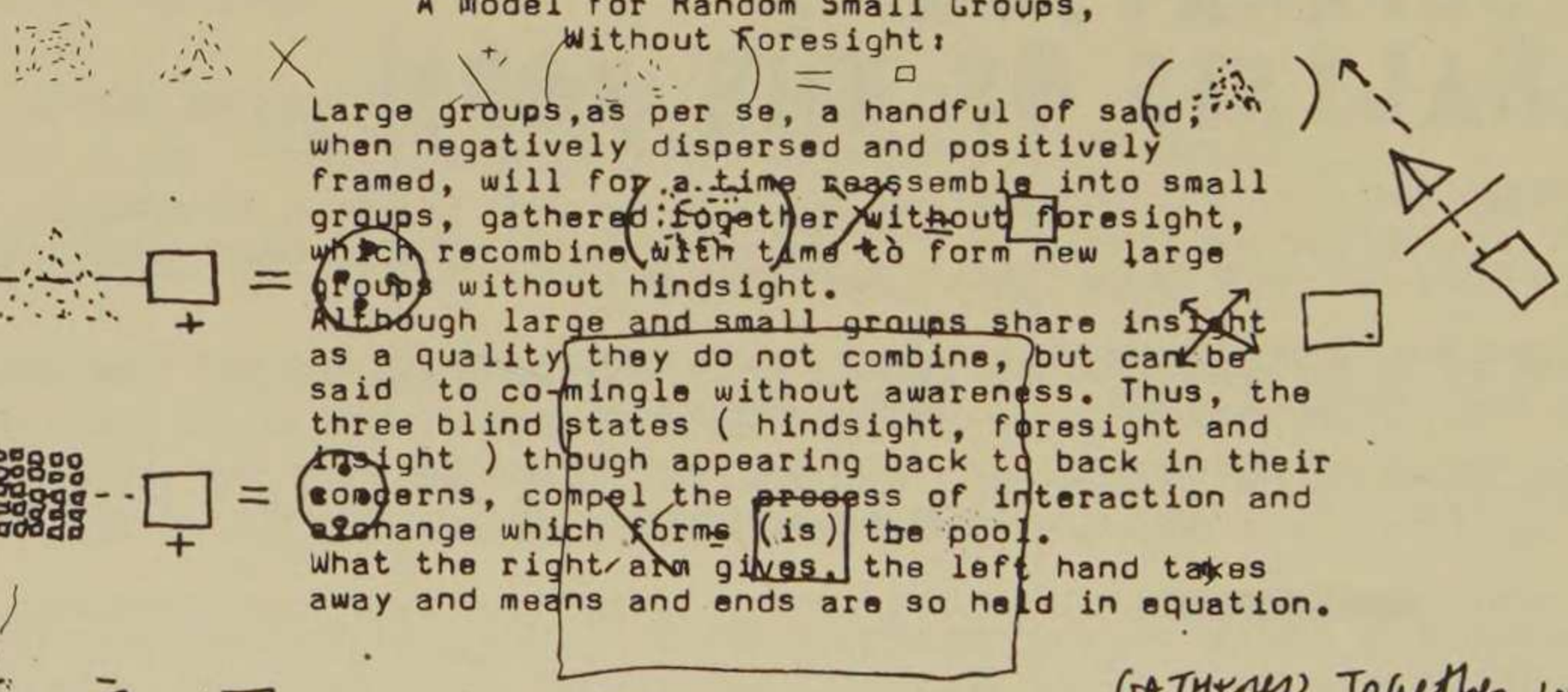
excited states
confused states



= ? ∞ □ = A STATE OF CONFUSION

A HANDFUL OF SAND, DISPERSED NEGATIVELY AND THEN FRAMED POSITIVELY, WILL PRODUCES SMALL GROUPS GATHERED TOGETHER WITHOUT FORESIGHT.

A Model for Random Small Groups,
Without Foresight:

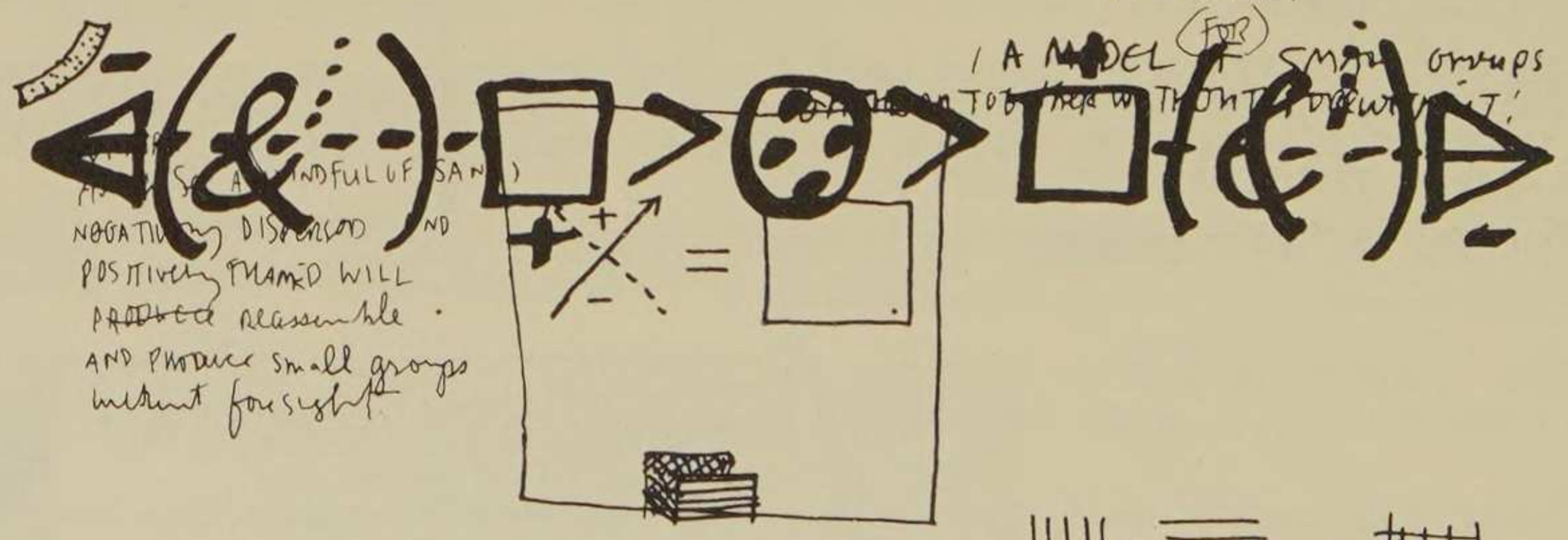


Large groups, as per se, a handful of sand; when negatively dispersed and positively framed, will for a time reassemble into small groups, gathered together without foresight, which recombine with time to form new large groups without hindsight.
Although large and small groups share insight as a quality they do not combine, but can be said to co-mingle without awareness. Thus, the three blind states (hindsight, foresight and insight) though appearing back to back in their concerns, compel the process of interaction and exchange which forms (is) the pool.
What the right arm gives, the left hand takes away and means and ends are so held in equation.

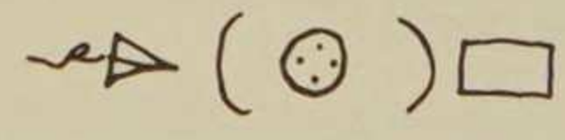
ARM & HAND = FRAME = FIELD

GATHERED TOGETHER IN SMALL GROUPS WITHOUT FORESIGHT.

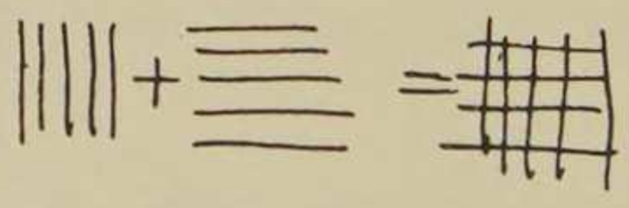
A MODEL (FOR) SMALL GROUPS GATHERED TOGETHER WITHOUT FORESIGHT.

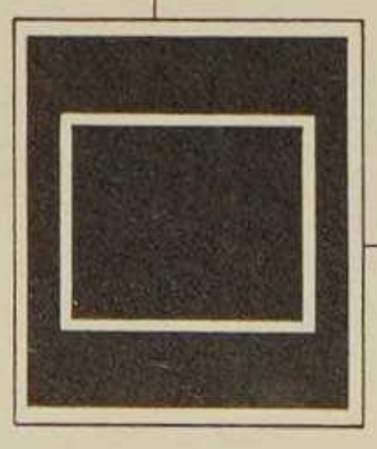


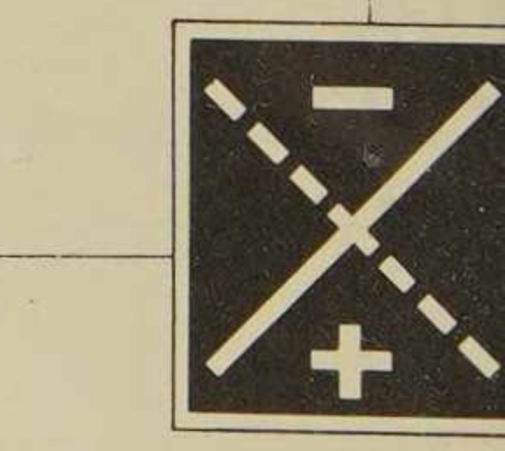
(A HANDFUL OF SAND) NEGATIVELY DISPERSED AND POSITIVELY FRAMED WILL reassemble. AND PRODUCE small groups without foresight



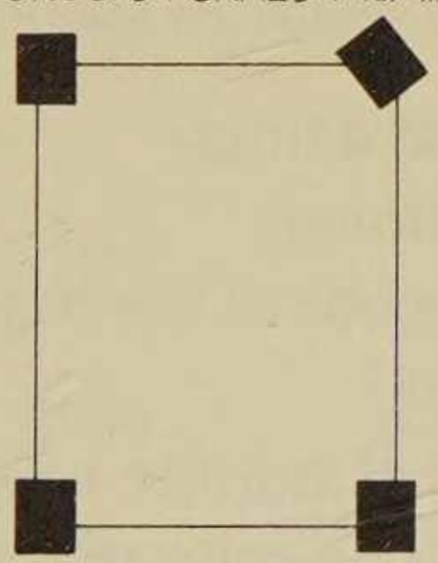








(1) AND THE RECORD WOULD SHOW THAT
LARGE GROUPS FORMED BEFORE WERE
LARGE GROUPS FORMED AGAIN.



(2) AND THE RITUAL WAS AMENDED
TO FRAME THE RESULTS.

(CURTAIN)

HOW TO MAKE A DADAIST POEM

Take a newspaper.
Take a pair of scissors.
Choose an article from the newspaper which is as long as you want your poem to be.
Cut out the article.
Cut out carefully the words that make up the article and drop them into a bag.
Mix with care.
Take the clippings out one at a time.
Copy them down conscientiously
in the order they have come out of the bag.
The poem will resemble you.
And now you are a writer of infinite originality and of charming sensitivity although this will be misunderstood by the vulgar.

--Translated by John Robert Colombo

TRISTAN TZARA

! THE FEAST !
for Ornette Coleman

! THE FEAST ! was first performed at the Batman Gallery in San Francisco on December 22nd, 1960.

Directed by Michael McClure

Properties and effects by Taylor Buckner

YEORG — Kirby Doyle
NARGATH — Richard Duerden
RETORP — Allen Russo
SHARACK — Morton Subotnick
VALETH — Robert LaVigne
SHEREB — Robert Branaman
THANTAR — Ron Loewinsohn
AYNAK — Tom Hicks
RAYTAR — David Meltzer
OHTAKE — Philip Whalen
THAYTOW — William Jahrmarkt
BOONDOO — Joanna McClure
DOOBOON — Joan Jahrmarkt

Though this play is already dedicated, I dedicate it, in addition, to the actors of its first performance as token to their genius and the two performances they made on December 22, 1960 at the Batman Gallery, San Francisco. The play was performed with white tissue paper beards and Indian blankets.

The curtain opens and there are thirteen actors seated at a long table. The actor in the center is tallest. His hands are beneath the table on his lap. Each of the actors is bearded and with long hair. The actors at each end of the table are women with beards. The actors second from the end, at each end, are Negroes. All are dressed in robes of shining cloth — cerulean blue, gold-orange, etc.

Upon the table are decanters — tall clear glass decanters of *black* wine, two bowls heaped with red plums, and loaves of bread.

During the bestial speeches at the beginning the thirteen toy with, or casually move, the food and wine before them — but never while an individual is speaking does he touch the food. Nothing is eaten or drunk during the opening.

In the opening each actor calls his name. First the actor in the center — then the actor to his left, then the actor to his right — then the second from his left — then second from his right, etc.

The bestial speeches are pronounced exactly as they are spelled and with necessary length given to vowels and clusters of consonants, they are spoken with deep thick voices. The lines spoken by the bearded women are italicized for they will stand out with a different quality of voice due to their sex.

YEORG:
YEORG! !

NARGATH:
NARGATH!

RETORP:
RETORP!

SHARACK:
SHARACK!

VALETH:
VALETH!

SHEREB:
SHEREB!

THANTAR:
THANTAR!

AYNAK:
AYNAK!

RAYTAR:
RAYTAR!

OHTAKE:
OHTAKE!

THAYTOW:
THAYTOW!

BOONDOO:
BOONDOO!

DOOBOON:
DOOBOON!

YEORG:
This is our feast of love and Evil with red plums, bread,
and deep wine. The right hand shall bless
the left. Torturer and Executioner are as blessed
as the death of the victim. This is the feast
of love and Evil;
Pride and Hurt Pride, black and gold
under the brightness of color. Words
are only the idiocy of Music when the Mutes
speak! The Dumb rises to full voice and song.
Silent Brutes may speak
with the bulk that is body and spirit, and
show their teeth and paw. The fur and blood
of living are denied by (the) closed vision.

I AM YEORG.

NARGATH:
I am NARGATH!

RETORP:
I am RETORP!

SHARACK:
SHARACK!

VALETH:
VALETH!

SHEREB:
SHEREB!

THANTAR:
THANTAR!

AYNAK:
AYNAK!

RAYTAR:
RAYTAR!

OHTAKE:
OHTAKE!

THAYTOW:
THAYTOW!

BOONDOO:
BOONDOO!

DOOBOON:
DOOBOON!

YEORG:
The light of Blessing is meaningless there's no light
in the closed rose but a tiny black cherub
sleeps there and sings to the creatures
that walk in the cliffs of the Lily's pollen
moving from shadow to light in the drips
of rain.
The seen is as black as the eye seeing it.
What is carved in air is blank as the finger
touching it.
All is the point touched and
THE RELEASE. Caress.
!

OHTAKE:
SHOO thow TOW!

THANTAR:
REEEGOW *NI* THEEEEERT! GROWW!

SHARACK:
NOWGOWR NOROT SHAKATATAR! SHOOO!

AYNAK:
GOWER! NORTITHYATAP! NHT!

BOONDOO:
DOOOOOOOOBOOOOOON! *DOOOOOOOBOOOOON!*
(A wail.)

DOOBOON:
Booooooondooooo! *BOOOOOOOONDOOOOO!*
(A wail in response.)

OHTAKE:
THITARTARANTAK GEEEORR NORABSHY
GOOOOOOOOR! NEEEREMGT.

YEORG:
YEORG.

SHEREB:
DOOOOOOOOOB! SHEEE ERATT AI.

RETORP:
NYOR.

RAYTAR:
WHEET NYEEEE!

YEORG:
The light of Blessing is meaningless there's no light
in the closed rose but a tiny black cherub
sleeps there and sings to the creatures
that walk in the cliffs of the Lily's pollen
moving from shadow to light in the drips
of rain.
The seen is as black as the eye seeing it.
What is carved in air is blank as the finger

touching it.
All is the point touched and
THE RELEASE. Caress.
!

VALETH:
SHOOOOOOOOWEEEE

---

*(*YEORG *places his hands upon the table and they are the dark paws of a lion.)*

YEORG:
The names are DESTROYED BY SOUND.
YEORG.

NARGATH:
NARGATH!

RETORP:
RETORP!

SHARACK:
SHARACK!

VALETH:
VALETH!

SHEREB:
SHEREB!

THANTAR:
THANTAR!

AYNAK:
AYNAK!

RAYTAR:
RAYTAR!

OHTAKE:
OHTAKE!

THAYTOW:
THAYTOW!

BOONDOO:
BOONDOO!

DOOBOON:
DOOBOON!

AYNAK:
GOEROUTDOOOB NOWGATH SH*I*KETOOB SHAK-ATATAR GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOR ARAK TRYEEEEEE

THAYTOW:
THAYTOW!

THANTAR:
Rantakthite KEEEREKK AHN

AYNAK:
BROOOB N*I* GOWER drr TAKSHEEE GROOOOR!

OHTAKE:
GEEEORR GOOOOOOOR
— OOOOOOOOOOOOOON!
Greeetak! MEEERENG . . .

DOOBOON:
OOODONUBE

THAYTOW:
THAYTOW!

BOONDOO:
OOODONUBE

THANTAR:
T*I*THANTAR D*I*EEEREK

VALETH:
SH*I*TAKMUTE DOOOB

RAYTAR:
GEEEREEEEE BOKCH! DOOOOROOON

RETORP:
OHHH doob OHH! LeeeenUH

NARGATH:
NOOOAH-TOKATHAPT-GEEEORR!

YEORG:
ROOOMBRATTAHH! ! ! *(Pause.)*

SHARACK:
OOOHH OOORG! ! GROON! ! ! T*I*KANTO!
MOOBN! NOOOR! OH!-OOH!
GOOOWAHH! !
Sheeranti mute.

BOONDOO:
Zeeerusi doob, meetah ryre dumb.

NARGATH:
SHARNAK! OH! SEE.

RETORP:
MEEEEEEBEK SPEEEKAHH GOOOOOWR!

I-ooontah garRR AEI BEEEEEEEZS! *(Pause.)*

YEORG:
ANAK KREEEOOOOON! !

SHEREB:
SWWARRT NEEEbreck moot tooooob gyorr

YEORG:
The light of Blessing is meaningless there's no light
in the closed rose but a tiny black cherub
sleeps there and sings to the creatures
that walk in the cliffs of the Lily's pollen,
moving from shadow to light in the drips
of rain.
The seen is as black as the eye seeing it.
What is carved in air is blank as the finger
touching it.
All is the point touched and
THE RELEASE. Caress.
!

GOOOOOOOOOOOO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O and a
[chuckle.

Giant child voice over hi-fi loudspeaker — as if floating in air over the heads of the feasters.)

RAYTAR:
SHOWTOWER*I*KEE MOOD TOOM KYAKK
AI MEEEE GALAAAAAAaaaarr
No. No. No. TYopp. KOOOWEEE MUTE
dooooomb.

RETORP:
SWEEEET KARNAKK GOOOOLD
KO GAAAYRR! NYTAP! GRH! KALD!

OHTAKE:
BEARTHM SUNDANN TIKO soweet VYLE
GRAA . . .

BOONDOO:
REDD greeenarkatoogrr SHAKLIT-EE

THAYTOW:
THAYTOW! ZNOOOOOOO SHARNAK-H*I*
thaytowneee cold mute dumb.

NARGATH:
BleedLEEEF

SHARACK:
MARRR!

AYNAK:
GERooooooo

SHARACK:
TAKORR-HOOOOMGR SWEEEET
ASF*I*RE GEERBNOOTHAYKE

VALETH:
GOOOORGRR

SHARACK:
SHRAHH! ICE NO OH GOOOBESHK . . .

NARGATH:
I KANN DEEeeeeEETH NOHWHYBE SHOONTAHGHK
MOOBESH NO-WEEB.

OHTAKE:
BEARTHM SUNDANN TIKO soweet VYLE
GRAAATARB . . .

Sharack:
ET NOOBK OOOZ EEIETHESS . . .
IN DEEETH LOWVE

Shereb:
AND OHH eeeh! Veenom SKROL
such ease.

Aynak:
BUT NOW GOOORTOOM THEE ASZ AH
oh TIKETH no.

Boondoo:
SWEELT UN ORGATH-TASE BREDD TOE
KEEretch I AMM YES
BUT.

Dooboon:
NO EVER why SEE there TO GREEEEAH
GO NOOR BACK BE.

Retorp:
MARR NOO SUM DOR DAYBEEBLASTLITE HERE!

Yeorg *taps his paws on the table. A small unseen bell rings.)*

Nargath:
THOWEEE YES HERE DUMB

(There is a kind of straightening and hesitation of feasters.)

Yeorg:
Venom unscrolled sweetness of honey and goorm

mist GREEEEYAKK! By blithe cup.
! OH GARDEN !
Oh unsaid nectar made heavy sugar upon the ear!
NOORGATH! MYATORP!
The thumping of beauty and darker beauty made actual
into the thick shapes of energy
formed real and swelling in nothing air.
/GROOMSHAKTARBYMETH
TORNTORP Cerement/ marigold of
mammal's ear. We are
BANNERS! BANNERS DIPT IN BLOOD AND WE SAIL
in all that is,
heard by our own voices and seen by our (own) eyes.
AND
venom unscrolled sweetness of honey and goorm
mist. GREEEEYAKK! By blithe cup.
! OH GARDEN !
Oh unsaid nectar made heavy sugar upon the ear!
NOORGATH! MYATORP!
The thumping of beauty and darker beauty made actual
into the thick shapes of energy
formed real and swelling in the nothing air
by blithe love meat.
OH SOLID SOLID ACTUAL OF SHAPE ON SHAPE/ON SHAPE.

SHEREB:
NOOBEKK KRYBASH SUN NOTERP the tiny serpent/snake
groobah and rech great grizzly bear live
in darkness and light in splotch of huge cool shade
and flat white sun
they are free shapes of meat and blood.

*(*SHEREB *takes bite of plum.)*

RETORP:
ALL THAT THEY SEE AND FEEL ARE THE ABSOLUTES
flowing one into the other and Vast

solemn still and burning, laughing breathing
and inert as the quiet and sound that compose
them. MOOHBEKK OHH!
NOTRATH! I. EEEEYAHH

All existence is the caress of Love and Evil sweet
and cold, coiled and lumbering, the scrape
of flesh on the Solid
NOOGROON!

BREEOOOTAKARGM WE I OH BE AM
GRAAARGH MATOOTH SKANE.

BOONDOO:
Dooboon! *(A call.)*

SHEREB:
TREEEDEK

DOOBOON:
WHEEEEEEET *(Reply to Boondoo.)*

RETORP:
AND DROOOOT NETORP DISCOURSE MAKES HARMONY
as the turns of all their senses spy
turn in the thick flesh brains of beasts!
And all is perfect unnamed EASE AND ACTIVE LIFE.

NARGATH:
The search for causes is gone and the whole creature
turns its active head rapt in virgin thought . . .
Or say in the sun — heat flashes from the warm snake's scales
as it is raised to strike
at the active thinking wormbeast of warm
food wrapped in its
earthen nest.
ZNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAKK
REEETAR! MOY!

RETORP:
SERPENT (the gentle snake) AND BEAR, feasters of Philosophy, rich in the wholeness of their brains
and ribs

NARGATH:
GROOOONORT BREEYAKK BE BACK BY NORTA
SWEEEEEET EASE

RETORP:
The features of Love abandoned for the Face.

NARGATH:
The whole vital saaaaantiee solid never made
unwhole, lies upon stone and tree always
and knows no other solid

RETORP:
Upon beating solid in all free and all
SPACE

NARGATH:
The gentle sweet and evil dark and undark beasts
MOOOOOKEBB . . .
And being is their dialectic
as it pours in upon and they radiate
their antidialectic from the shadow-
throwing life they are. EEEEH!
KA!

SHARACK:
NOOR TOY THAY KOOOH EHR BLY
TOK-A-THORRRRP

NARGATH:
The squatting, solid, ornate thing of paws
and ribs (is) the MYATATATHOR Leaping Place

for all that falls upon it reflected back
and sent back to sparking stars
with more than what fell upon
the silent or shrieking thing
PERHAPS WITH TYTAPP HEAD RAISED *(Pause.)*

YEORG:
I CAN'T SPEAK! OH I CANNOT SPEAK!
NOKROMETHBLACHTA HABOTH T*I* SHAKI I
SHOOOOOONOON BREKTAH AMM!! NOOOOSH-
AYK*I*EKEETH. ROOOOOMBRATAHTHAK
the Child (is) an image in all
the wholeness BROOOMETT NACHTA BY.
All the weight SHOOMETH of the weight
BRYTETT and sound. And never left
behind the Beast or MAN!

*(*YEORG *pours himself a full measure of black wine, and begins to eat. Some of the others also pour wine and begin to eat. Pause.)*

SHOOOOOOOOTATHOR OH BEAUTY! WHOLE
AS THEM *(A pause.)*

NOH! NOH! NOH! *MOOOHBAKTA! ! !* *BUT CLOUD*
I SHOW! ! BMOOOKREM! ! OF SPEECH!
The beast is the temple of outward flying Caress
and inner substance
THIS IS SPEECH AND MEANING
THIS IS
IT!
NOT INWARD WHERE IT LIES AT ALL TIMES BUT OUTWARD
KEEEEOR WHERE IT DISAPPEARS
in the smooth beautiful wholeness, in the Garden
our flesh divides! *(Pause.)*

I CAN'T SPEAK! I CANNOT SPEAK!

SHEtoometh boomah! Ohblesh nogorth myak.
The light of Blessing is meaningless there's no light
in the closed rose but a tiny black cherub
sleeps there and sings to the creatures
that walk in the cliffs of the Lily's pollen,
moving from shadow to light in the drips
of rain.
The seen is as black as the eye seeing it.
What is carved in air is blank as the finger
touching it.
All is the point touched and
THE RELEASE. Caress.
!

SHEREB:

(Aside.) Crazy again! Crazy again! He's gone crazy
(again) to spoil our party!

SHARACK:

He can't be stopped!

YEORG:

Venom unscrolled sweetness of honey and goorm
mist. GREEEEYAKK! By blithe cup.
! OH GARDEN !
Oh unsaid nectar made heavy sugar upon the ear!
NOORGATH! MYATORP!

RAYTAR:

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO OOGRESH!!
OOOOOOOOOOOOGRESHK!!!
NOOOGRARBRESHK ! ! ! !

YEORG:

THE THUMPING OF BEAUTY AND DARKER BEAUTY MADE
[ACTUAL
INTO THE THICK SHAPES OF ENERGY

FORMED REAL AND SWELLING IN THE . . .
I can't speak!

THANTAR:
KRYBEKK ALL MEOOOOGRRR GEOOWWW GREEEEEAAKORRS
[KROOOOOOO . . .

YEORG:
. . . NOTHING AIR
/GROOMSHAKTARBYMETH! TORNTORP! ! CEREMENT!
[MARIGOLD
OF MAMMAL'S EAR. WE ARE BANNERS! . . .

THANTAR
AHH! EEEH OOOOH AKKKKORR! GROOOOOOOOO! . . .

YEORG
. . . BANNERS DIPT IN BLOOD
AND WE SAIL IN ALL THAT IS, HEARD BY OUR OWN VOICES
AND SEEN BY OUR OWN EYES. AND VENOM UNSCROLLED. . .

THAYTOW:
SHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! ! !

YEORG:
. . . SWEETNESS OF
HONEY AND GOORM MIST. GREEEEEEEYAKK! . . .
I can't speak!

BOONDOO:
Theeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeerrrtt!

DOOBOON:
Treeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeoooooooooooooooooooooouuuuuuuush!

SHEREB:
NAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGROOOR! !

OHTAKE:
NAHH! OOOOOOOH! OHH! GRH! !

YEORG:
BY BLITHE CUP! OH GARDEN! Oh unsaid nectar made heavy sugar upon the ear! NOORGATH! MYATORP! The thumping of beauty and darker beauty made actual into the thick shapes of energy formed real and swelling in the nothing air by blithe love meat OH SOLID SOLID ACTUAL OF SHAPE ON SHAPE/ ON SHAPE

(YEORG's head falls to the table upon his paws and he weeps.)

SHEREB:
He poisons the discourse!

(All of the feasters begin to eat and drink again. YEORG arises and begins to walk behind the table and the backs of the feasters. He walks in great figure-eights. His head droops upon his chest.)

(The women arise at their ends of the table and begin the following song. The Negroes carry the chorus.)

DOOBOON & BOONDOO:
THE PAWS OF THE LION ARE NOT SWEET

OHTAKE:
NGROOR

THAYTOW:
NGROOR

DOOBOON & BOONDOO:
BUT TRAMPLE LAMB AND THOUGHT

OHTAKE:
NGROOR

THAYTOW:
NGROOR

DOOBOON & BOONDOO:
AND BREAK AND BREAK
the discourse up and run with tears.
THE PAWS OF THE LION ARE NOT SWEET
BUT TRAMPLE LAMB AND THOUGHT
and run with tears.
Mutes speak and write upon their floating scrolls. . .

(GOOOOOOOOOOOO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O and a chuckle — same tape as before.)

DOOBOON & BOONDOO:
And the black beast within the beast
that laughs and weeps, that laughs and weeps . . .

OHTAKE:
NGROOR!

THAYTOW:
NGROOR!

DOOBOON & BOONDOO:
breaks in to smash the discourse up!

OHTAKE:
NGROOR!

THAYTOW:
NGROOR! *(Song ends.)*

(Lights go out! Blackness! Flare goes off center stage and burns out instantly! Blackness! Lights on!

YEORG *is discovered standing where flare went off.)*

YEORG:
I AM THE LAST FINAL SPIRIT AND SOUL
ONLY ONCE HAVE I LIVED
BEFORE!
I AM THE INNOCENT, I HAVE RETURNED
TO BE A CHILD. PRIDE SHALL SOOTHE HURT PRIDE
EVIL IS THE LIEBES-TOD OF THE UNIVERSE
CALLING TO LOVE!

(The feasters stand and pass behind YEORG *in two bodies crossing behind him.* BOONDOO *takes the seat of* DOOBOON. DOOBOON *takes the seat of* BOONDOO. OHTAKE *takes the seat of* THAYTOW *etc. The speech is not interrupted. They pass in absolute silence as* YEORG *continues his speech. Each has the seat of his opposite of the table.)*

RIGHT HAND SHALL BLESS THE LEFT.
I AM FREED OF THE CHAIN OF MEAT.
I SHALL DIVE INTO BLACKNESS! ! !
I AM EASE! I AM EASE!
THE MUTES SHALL SPEAK AND I WILL
SING OVER THEM!
STAR,
I AM FREED OF THE CHAIN OF MEAT
I LEAVE ONLY THE POINT WHERE I ENTER
THE DARKNESS.
THE NAMES ARE DESTROYED BY SOUND!

The light of Blessing is meaningless there's no light
in the closed rose but a tiny black cherub
sleeps there and sings to the creatures
that walk in the cliffs of the Lily's pollen,
moving from shadow to light in the drips
of rain.
The seen is as black as the eye seeing it.
What is carved in air is blank as the finger
touching it.
All is the point touched and
THE RELEASE. Caress.
!
YEORG! !

RETORP:
NARGATH!

NARGATH:
RETORP!

VALETH:
SHARACK!

SHARACK:
VALETH!

THANTAR:
SHEREB!

SHEREB:
THANTAR!

RAYTAR:
AYNAK!

AYNAK:
RAYTAR!

THAYTOW:
OHTAKE!

OHTAKE:
THAYTOW!

DOOBOON:
BOONDOO!

BOONDOO:
DOOBOON!

(Ting! Ting. . . A small unseen bell rings.)

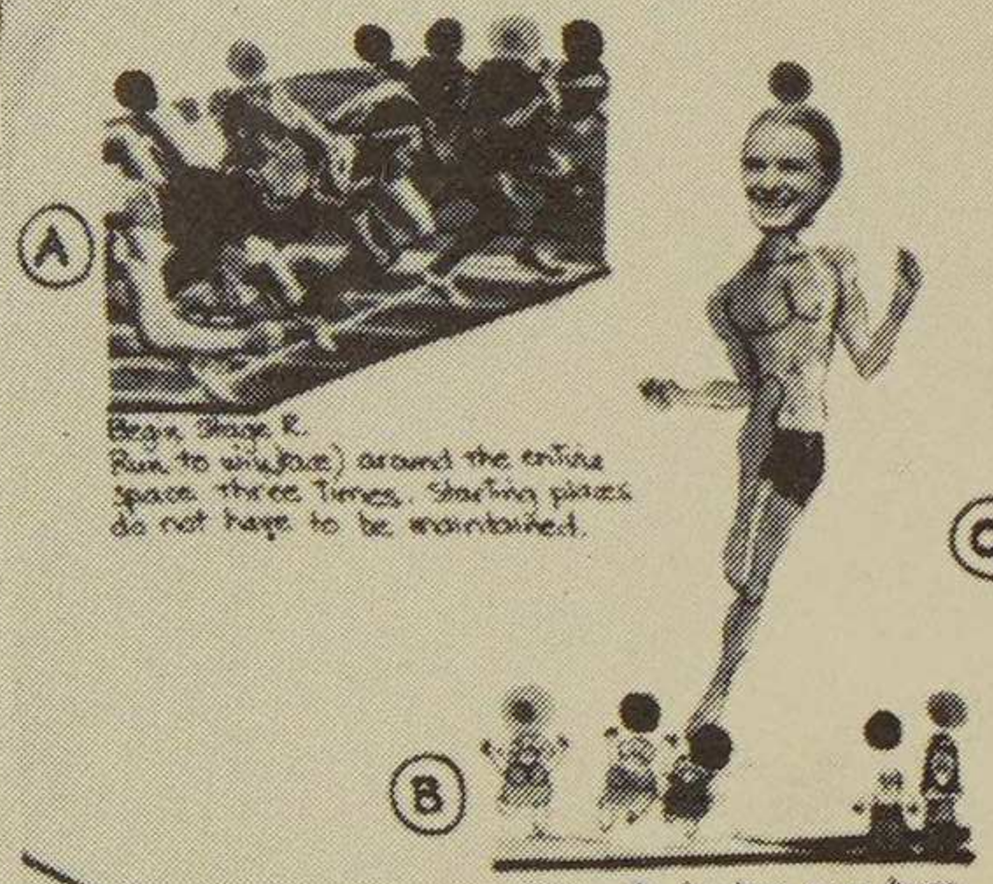
picture score choreography by Carolyn Brown realized for this performance by Among Company as a group collaboration

BUNKERED FOR A BOGEY

or

Steve Paxton Did It First

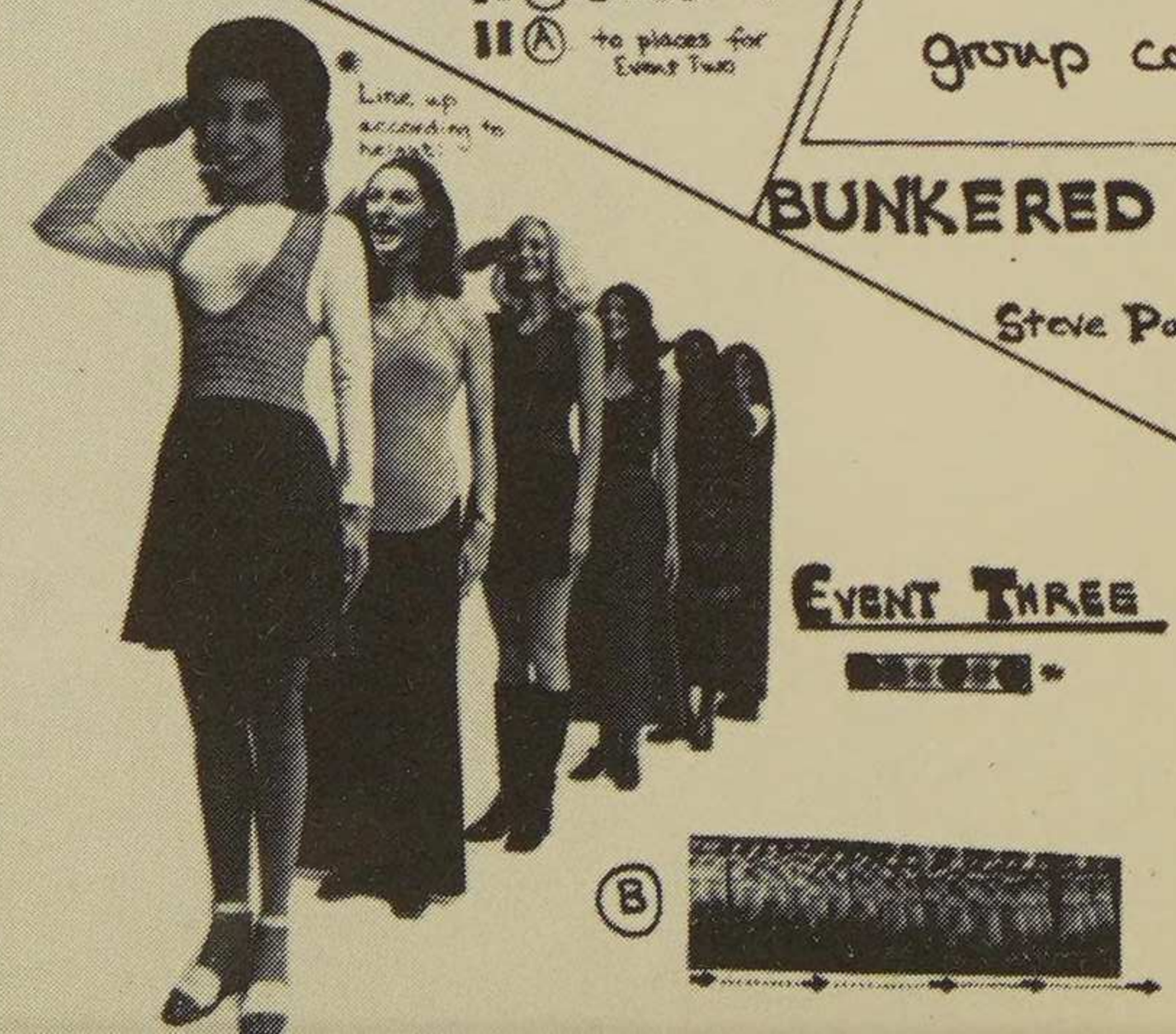
Event One



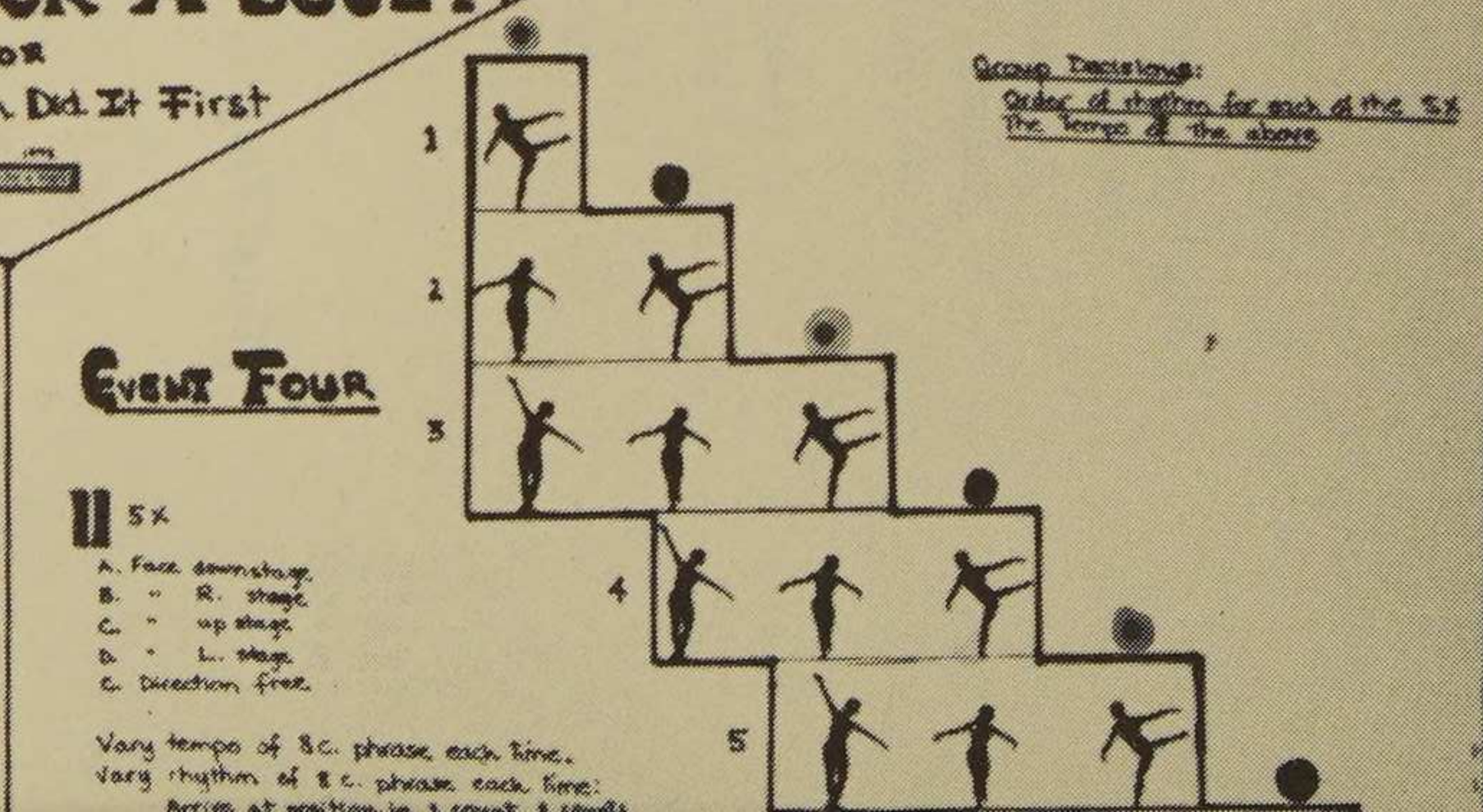
Event Two



Event Three



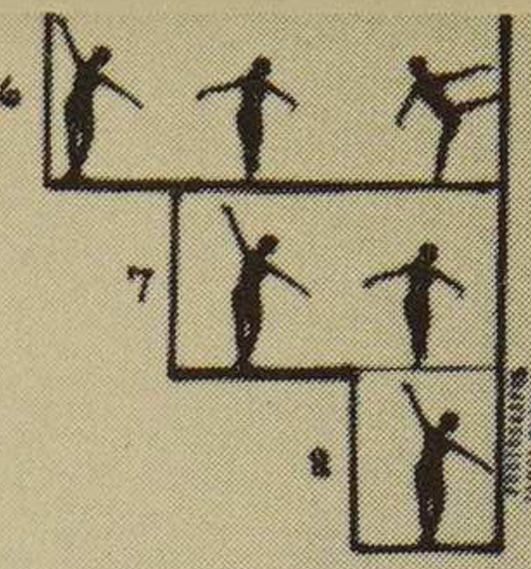
Event Four

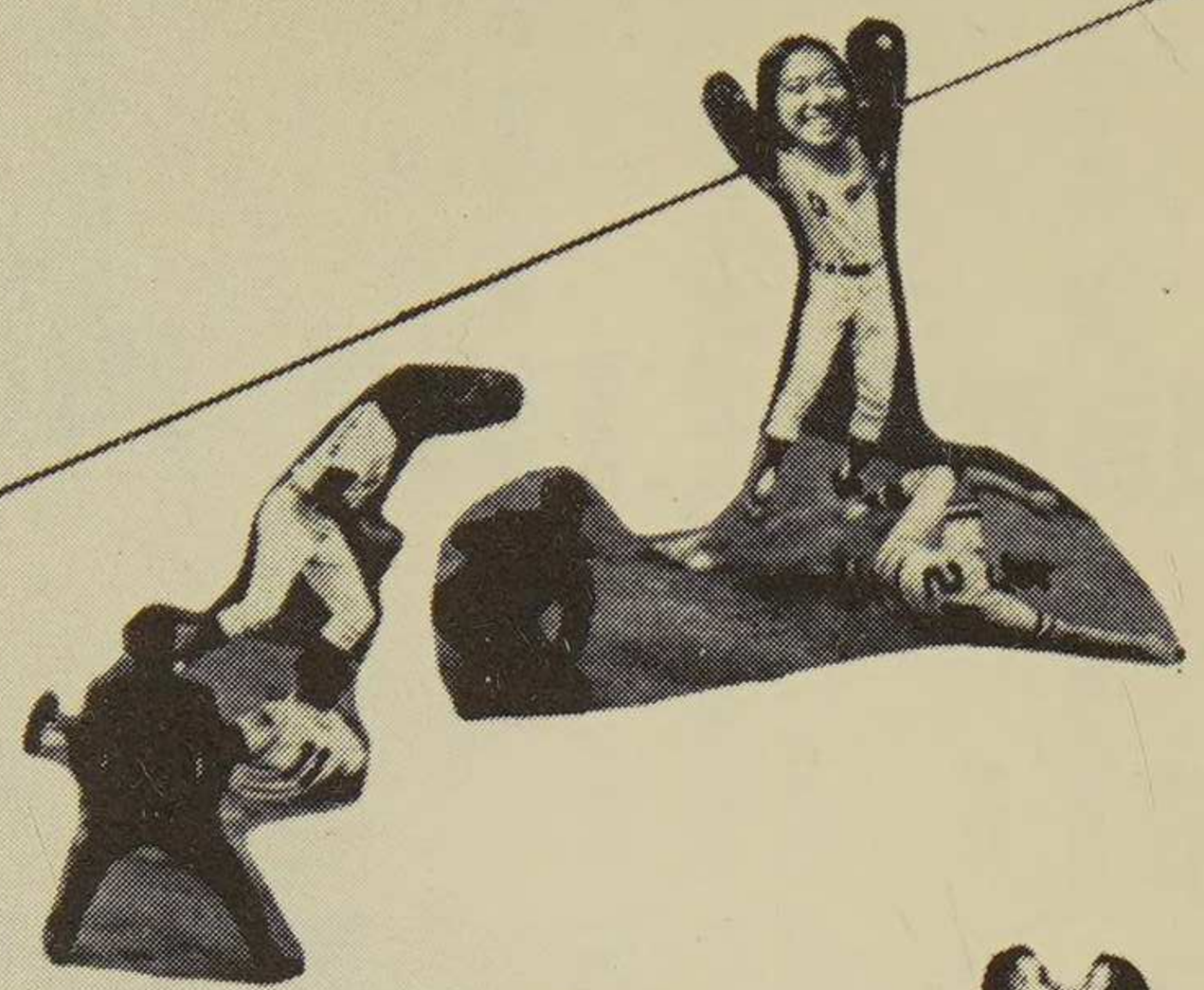


This event is to be choreographed by any dancer or dancers or as a group collaboration. It should be made up of unison walking, strutting, marching, skipping, limping, running, leaping using the entire space but always in the line-up according to height. (A) and (B) may be included any number of times or only once each.

2 counts, 4 counts or five counts but not necessarily in that order.

How each dancer arrives at each position is to be self-determined: either the dancer moves directly from one given position to the next or the dancer may devise any movement (including jumps or falls) to arrive at the next position. However, the spatial relationships of the dancers one to the other must not change.











"TINALE" © Carolyn Brown

This event can be realized as six solos performed simultaneously, **or** as two trios, or three duets, or any other combination of six dancers. For example, the basketball pictures above can be realized as sequential movement for one dancer or as activity for a trio.

It should be read not as a series of poses but as suggestions for extremely active and fast continuous movement. Movement phrases should be developed which incorporate the pictured actions. They can be repeated any number of times, in any sequence, "mirrored", executed in any space.

Minimum time length is three minutes.









EVENT FIVE

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dutiful
the drano ducks collide
and mercy
gather-collide-like
fancy tension
pow-wow
dutiful dutiful ducks
than double Elly
Macy
treetops pray
the signal
hay in May
says
dutiful
—
dutiful
ducks
—
dutiful
—
dutiful
dutiful
ducks
—
dutiful
the drano ducks collide
the maestro
gather-collide-like
condescension
tavlu
dutiful beautiful ducks
than double Elly
Elgar
treetops pray
the signal
hay in May
says
dutiful
—
dutiful
dutiful
ducks
—
dutiful
dutiful
dutiful
—
dutiful
ducks
—
dutiful
the drano ducks collide
amoeba
gather-collide-like
x-extension
Bangkok

dutiful dutiful ducks
than double Elly
maybe
treetops pray
the signal
hay in May
says
dutiful
!
dutiful
ducks
!
dutiful
!
dutiful
ducks
!
dutiful
!
dutiful
the drano ducks collide
and curtsy
gather-collide-like
fancy sandals
sanction
suitable beautiful ducks
than double Elly
Dundas
treetops pray
the signal
hay in May
says
dutiful
!
dutiful
ducks
!
dutiful
!
dutiful
ducks
!
dutiful
!
dutiful
ducks
!
dutiful
!
dutiful*
1u2utiful*
1u2u3utiful*
1u2u3u4utiful*
1u2u3u4u5utiful*
dutiful*
1u2utiful*
1u2u3utiful*
ducks
dutiful
!
dutiful
ducks
!
dutiful
ducks
!
dutiful
!
dutiful
!
dutiful

COUNTING HER DRESSES

A PLAY

PART I.

ACT I.

When they did not see me.
I saw them again.
I did not like it.

ACT II.

I count her dresses again.

ACT III.

Can you draw a dress.

ACT IV.

In a minute.

PART II.

ACT I.

Believe in your mistake.

ACT II.

Act quickly.

ACT III.

Do not mind the tooth.

ACT IV.

Do not be careless.

PART III.

ACT I.

I am careful.

ACT II.

Yes you are.

ACT III.

And obedient.

ACT IV.

Yes you are.

ACT V.

And industrious.

ACT VI.

Certainly.

Part IV.

ACT I.

Come to sing and sit.

ACT II.

Repeat it.

ACT III.

I repeat it.

Part V.

ACT I.

Can you speak quickly.

ACT II.

Can you cough.

ACT III.

Remember me to him.

ACT IV.

Remember that I want a cloak.

Part VI.

ACT I.

I know what I want to say. How do you do I forgive you everything and there is nothing to forgive.

Part VII.

ACT I.

The dog. You mean pale.

ACT II.

No we want dark brown.

ACT III.

I am tired of blue.

Part VIII.

ACT I.

Shall I wear my blue.

ACT II.

Do.

Part IX.

ACT I.

Thank you for the cow.
Thank you for the cow.

ACT II.

Thank you very much.

Part X.

ACT I.

Collecting her dresses.

ACT II.

Shall you be annoyed.

ACT III.

Not at all.

Part XI.

ACT I.

Can you be thankful.

ACT II.

For what.

ACT III.

For me.

Part XII.

ACT I.

I do not like this table.

ACT II.

I can understand that.

ACT III.

A feather.

ACT IV.

It weighs more than a feather.

Part XIII.

ACT I.

It is not tiring to count dresses.

Part XIV.

ACT I.

What is your belief.

Part XV.

ACT I.

In exchange for a table.

ACT II.

In exchange for or on a table.

ACT III.

We were satisfied.

Part XVI.

ACT I.

Can you say you like negro sculpture.

Part XVII.

ACT I.

The meaning of windows is air.

ACT II.

And a door.

ACT III.

A door should be closed.

Part XVIII.

ACT I.

Can you manage it.

ACT II.

You mean dresses.

ACT III.

Do I mean dresses.

Part XIX.

ACT I.

I mean one two three.

Part XX.

ACT I.

Can you spell quickly.

ACT II.

I can spell very quickly.

ACT III.

So can my sister-in-law.

ACT IV.

Can she.

Part XXI.

ACT I.

Have you any way of sitting.

ACT II.

You mean comfortably.

ACT III.

Naturally.

ACT IV.

I understand you.

Part XXII.

ACT I.

Are you afraid.

ACT II.

I am not any more afraid of water than they are.

ACT III.

Do not be insolent.

Part XXIII.

ACT I.

We need clothes.

ACT II.

And wool.

ACT III.

And gloves.

ACT IV.

And waterproofs.

Part XXIV.

ACT I.

Can you laugh at me.

ACT II.

And then say.

ACT III.

Married.

ACT IV.

Yes.

Part XXV.

ACT I.

Do you remember how he looked at clothes.

ACT II.

Do you remember what he said about wishing.

ACT III.

Do you remember all about it.

Part XXVI.

ACT I.

Oh yes.

ACT II.

You are stimulated.

ACT III.

And amused.

ACT IV.

We are.

Part XXVII.

ACT I.

What can I say that I am fond of.

ACT II.

I can see plenty of instances.

ACT III.

Can you.

Part XXVIII.

ACT I.

For that we will make an arrangement.

ACT II.

You mean some drawings.

ACT III.

Do I talk of art.

ACT IV.

All numbers are beautiful to me.

Part XXIX.

ACT I.

Of course they are.

ACT II.

Thursday.

ACT III.

We hope for Thursday.

ACT IV.

So do we.

Part XXX.

ACT I.

Was she angry.

ACT II.

Whom do you mean was she angry.

ACT III.

Was she angry with you.

Part XXXI.

ACT I.

Reflect more.

ACT II.

I do want a garden.

ACT III.

Do you.

ACT IV.

And clothes.

ACT V.

I do not mention clothes.

ACT VI.

No you didn't but I do.

ACT VII.

Yes I know that.

Part XXXII.

ACT I.

He is tiring.

ACT II.

He is not tiring.

ACT III.

No indeed.

ACT IV.

I can count them.

ACT V.

You do not misunderstand me.

ACT VI.

I misunderstand no one.

Part XXXIII.

ACT I.

Can you explain my wishes.

ACT II.

In the morning.

ACT III.

To me.

ACT IV.

Yes in there.

ACT V.

Then you do not explain.

ACT VI.

I do not press for an answer.

Part XXXIV.

ACT I.

Can you expect her today.

ACT II.

We saw a dress.

ACT III.

We saw a man.

ACT IV.

Sarcasm.

Part XXXV.

ACT I.

We can be proud of tomorrow.

ACT II.

And the vests.

ACT III.

And the doors.

ACT IV.

I always remember the roads.

Part XXXVI.

ACT I.

Can you speak English.

ACT II.

In London.

ACT III.

And here.

ACT IV.

With me.

Part XXXVII.

ACT I.

Count her dresses.

ACT II.

Collect her dresses.

ACT III.

Clean her dresses.

ACT IV.

Have the system.

Part XXXVIII.

ACT I.

She polished the table.

ACT II.

Count her dresses again.

ACT III.

When can you come.

ACT IV.

When can you come.

Part XXXIX.

ACT I.

Breathe for me.

ACT II.

I can say that.

ACT III.

It isn't funny.

ACT IV.

In the meantime.

Part XL.

ACT I.

Can you say.

ACT II.

What.

ACT III.

We have been told.

ACT IV.

Oh read that.

Part XLI.

ACT I.

I do not understand this home-coming.

ACT II.

In the evening.

ACT III.

Naturally.

ACT IV.

We have decided.

ACT V.

Indeed.

ACT VI.

If you wish.

CHRISTMAS TREE EVENT

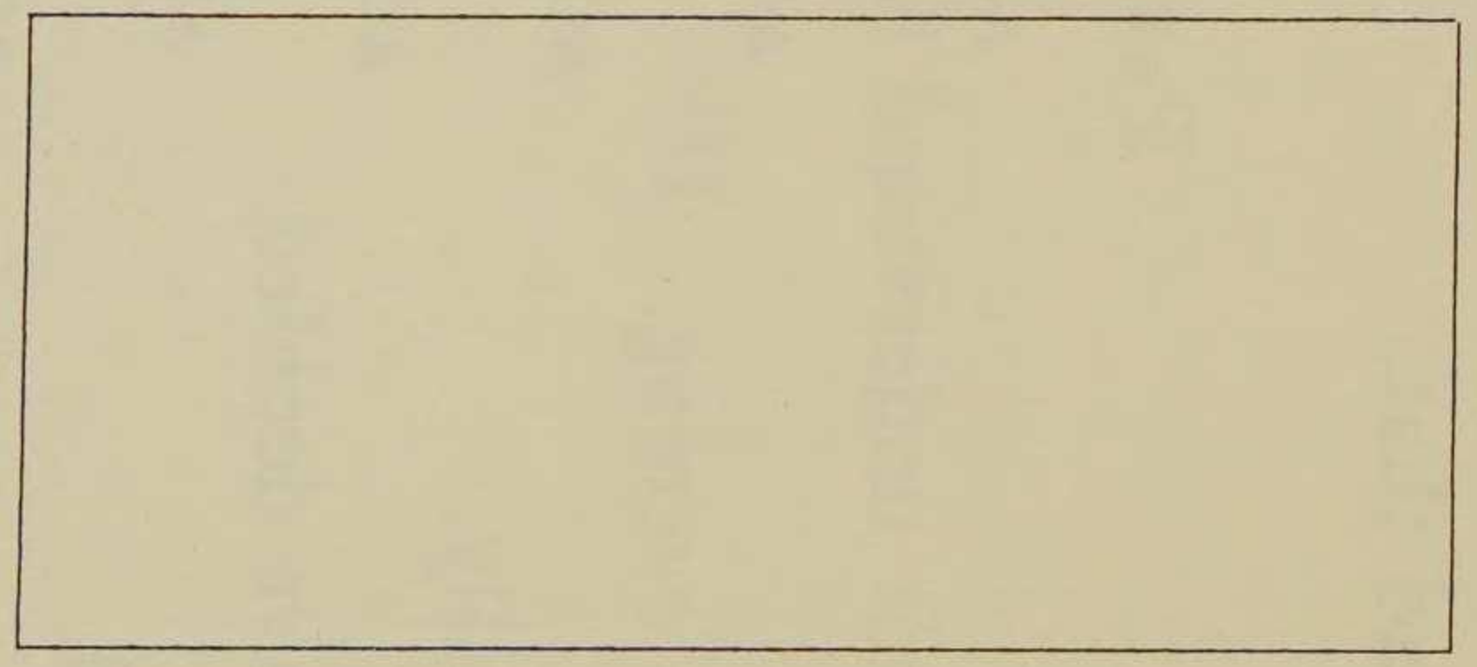
Take a Christmas tree into an all-night restaurant. Place the tree in a seat next to you. Order two cups of coffee.

Sit with the tree, drinking coffee and talking.

After a time, depart, leaving the tree in its seat. As you leave, call out loudly to the tree,

"See you later, Herb. Give my love to the wife and kids."

1964, Manhattan Beach, California



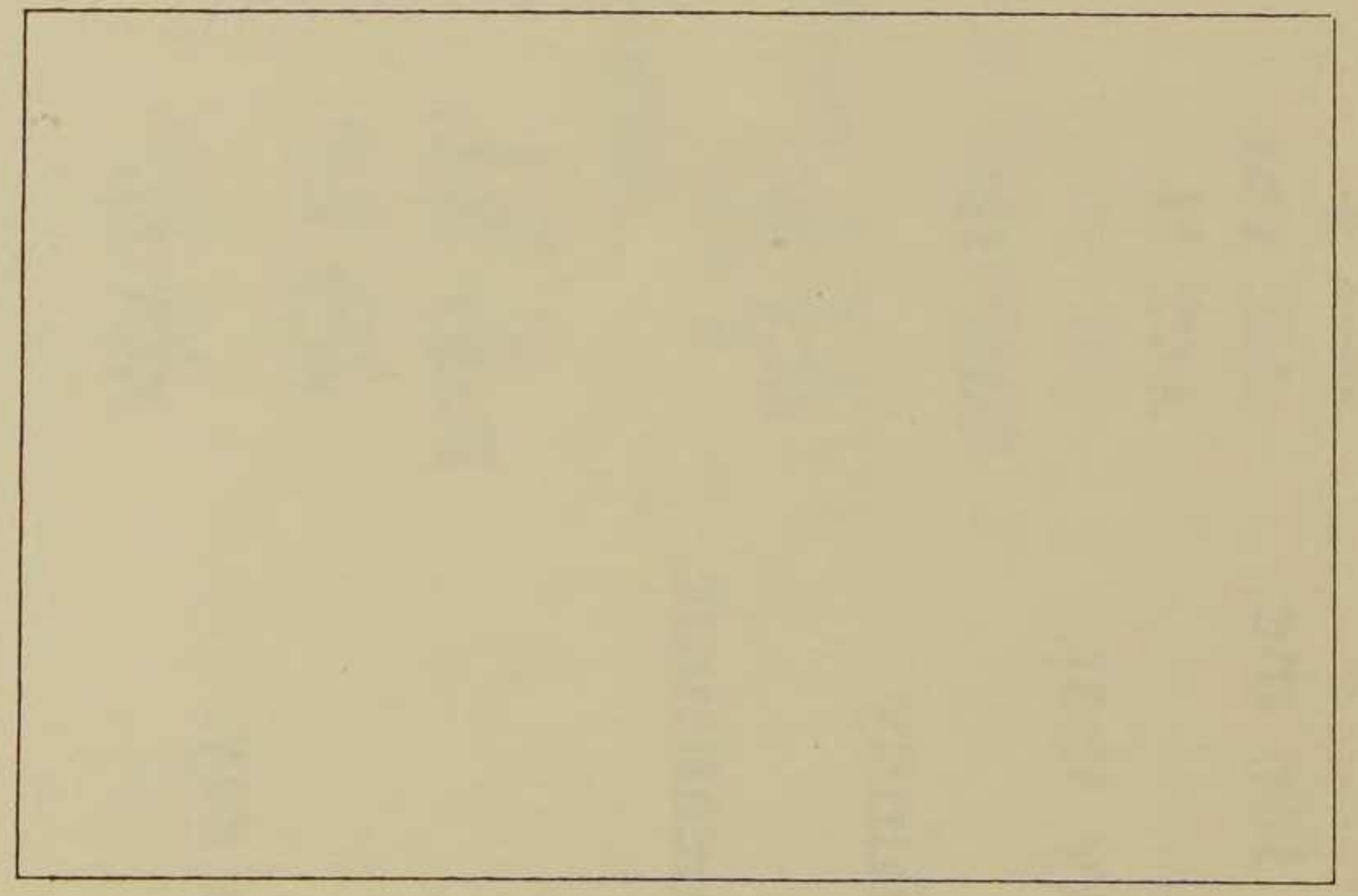
First performance at 10:00 P.M., December 31, 1964, using a found Christmas tree apparently discarded following the holiday.

MANDATORY HAPPENING

You will, having looked at this page, either decide to read it or you will not.

Having made your decision, the happening is now over.

1965, Mt. Carroll, Illinois

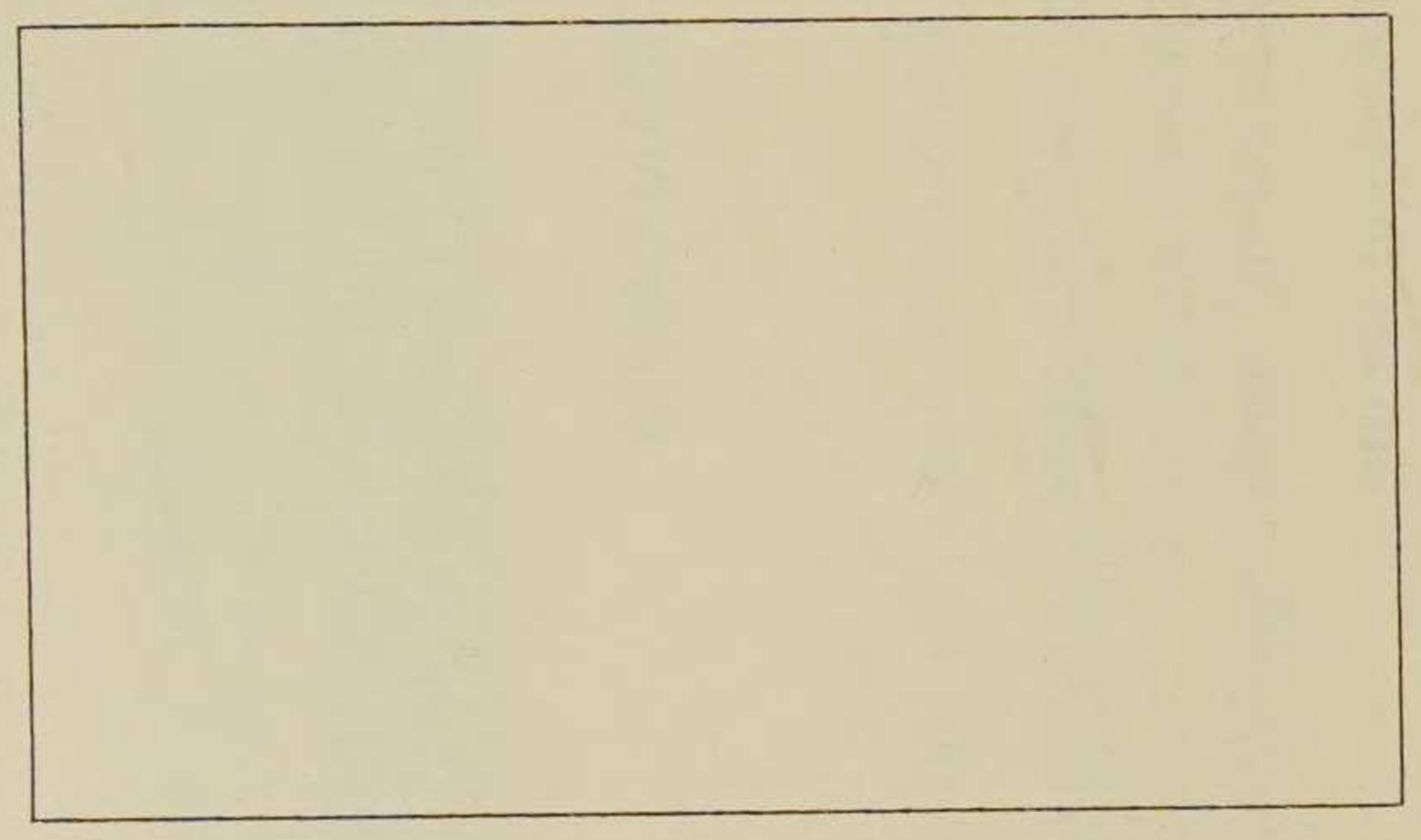


First performance, midnight, May 1, 1965, Mt. Carroll, Illinois. This piece has appeared in several versions, in which the words "decide to" are not included in the first sentence. Published and copyright © Fluxus, New York, 1966.

SCRUB PIECE

On the first day of Spring, go unannounced to a public monument. Clean it thoroughly.

1956, New London, Connecticut



First performed at the Nathan Hale Monument in New London Connecticut, 1956.

GREEN STREET

The Action: Acquire a Japanese folding scroll. Keep it in a blank state.

The Performance: The scroll will be retained by each performer for at least ten years. After the minimal period—or following the death of the performer—the name of the performer, date of acquisition, and date of the inscription will be entered in the scroll.

The scroll will then be transferred to the next performer, who will continue Green Street by repeating the process. The performance will continue until the scroll is filled with inscriptions.

1959, New London, Connecticut

The performance began with the acquisition of a scroll by Ken Friedman at an oriental shop on Green Street in New London, Connecticut, in 1959. The original performance is still in process. New performances may be launched by the acquisition of a similar scroll. Performers should take necessary precautions to ensure the continued performance in the event of death prior to the transfer of the scroll.

12 PIANO COMPOSITIONS FOR NAM JUNE PAIK (Jan. 2, 1962)

Composition no. 1	let piano movers carry piano into the stage
Composition no. 2	tune the piano
Composition no. 3	paint with orange paint patterns over piano
Composition no. 4	with a straight stick the length of a keyboard, sound all keys together
Composition no. 5	place a dog or cat (or both) inside the piano and play Chopin
Composition no. 6	stretch 3 highest strings with tuning key till they burst
Composition no. 7	place one piano on top of another (one can be smaller)
Composition no. 8	place piano upside down and put a vase with flowers over the sound box
Composition no. 9	draw a picture of the piano so that the audience can see the picture
Composition no. 10	write "piano composition no. 10" and show to audience the sign
Composition no. 11	wash the piano, wax and polish it well
Composition no. 12	let piano movers carry piano out of stage

PIANO PIECE No. 13

Performer nails down each key of the entire keyboard starting with the lowest note and ending with the highest note.

MICRODRAMAS

translated by Rosmarie Waldrop

RAMSES

(No intermission)

Act 1:
On the hills of Northern Ireland. Shrill hail falling. Thick rain. Whales are flying through the air. Ramses, dressed up as Napoleon, addresses the Irish clergy. You cannot hear anything as the gulls are making a big racket because of the flying whales.
Ramses:
. . . (The clergy walk off laughing).

Curtain

Act 2:
A burning temple (the temple is burning down completely). Fire fills the whole theater. Ramses is somewhere in the flames. You cannot see him. There is the stench of burned clothes. Crackling. Smoke. Explosions.
Ramses:
(from backstage) Help! Help!

Curtain

Act 3:
The stage is full of water. All sorts of fish are swimming around. (Sharks, carp, krakens, eels, maybe whales. To simplify things, the whales from act 1 could be used.) Ramses is above water giving one of his popular speeches again. It is raining. Only from below you see the drops hitting the water. Occasionally an oar dips. You cannot hear Ramses's speech. There is too much water between.
Ramses:
. . .

Curtain

Act 4:
Cairo. The stage shows a geographically exact view of the town. Ramses is somewhere off in the distance giving his famous fire speech (which, it must be said, is making him many enemies . . .). You cannot hear him. The shouting from the market place drowns out everything.
Ramses:

. . .

Curtain

Act 5:
Ramses is lying on his bed, stabbed. Ornate room. A footman enters . . .

Footman:
Hail, Ramses.

Curtain

End

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

(No intermission)

Prelude:
The curtain opens before the audience has been admitted into the house. On the stage is a DC-6. Enter the stage manager. He starts the propeller, gets into the plane, flies off with a self-satisfied smile on his lips.

Curtain

(The audience is admitted)

Act 1:
The stage shows Nyasaland. Palm trees everywhere. High steppe grass. Lead-blue sky. No wind. Thin scorching sun through the clouds. Sultry. 100° in the shade. An old elephant cow (Lizzy) is glimpsed in the elephant grass. Only her back is visible. Distant shouting. No words can be made out. Nervousness: whirrs.
Lizzy:
(sings, her trunk stretched out horizontally)
No dagger, no lance
There's no need to fight
Just kiss the tramp
And watch what is right.
Refrain:
Oh no, oh no, oh no.
(It starts to drizzle. A black baby cries . . .)

Curtain

Act 2:
Same scene (Nyasaland). Evening. Silence. No more rain. A glorious sunset colors the stage bright red. Cardinal Richelieu comes riding in on a green camel. He is dressed all in red. On his forehead is pasted a 10-franc-note with his portrait. Bearers follow him.
Richelieu:
(getting off the camel) Oh . . .

Curtain

Act 3:
Same scene (Nyasaland). Early morning. Everything is blue-green. Dew. Louis XIII is swinging on a palm tree. A band of baboons watches him critically.
Louis XIII:
(swinging, sings very high)
Here's politics for you
Back and forth
Forth and back
(coughs, nearly falls off the swing)
With or without armed attack
(The baboons smile, embarrassed)
A Baboon:
Bow-wow!

Curtain

Act 4:
Same scene (Nyasaland). Cardinal Richelieu surrounded by the musketeers. They play rough games with him (they pierce him with their foils, pull his ears, kiss him, mock him, cut off his head, etc.—the director).

Richelieu:
God! (At this moment, Anna of Austria is let down from the loft, naked, riding on a hyena.).
Anna of Austria:
(screams) Scheming rascals!

Curtain

Act 5:
Same scene (Nyasaland). Only torn bits of clothing lie or hang scattered in the grass. The hyena, six times as fat as before, smacks its lips, scratches its belly, sucks on Richelieu's intermaxillary bone. The sky gets darker. The entire store of clouds is used. On a palm tree in the background, Louis XIII is again seen swinging. He is very much older and has no extremities.

Louis XIII:
(Sings slightly tipsy) Kissing in the dark . . .
(The hyena starts howling terribly, for the stage manager's plane is ap-

proaching. It circles over the stage for a while and finally falls, burning. Explosion. Darkness.)
Loudspeaker:
Nobody was killed.
Everybody is in perfect health.
Please do not be afraid.
Do not tell anybody about the ending.
Nobody was killed.
Everybody is in perf . . .
etc.
(The house remains dark. The loudspeaker gains in volume until the audience leaves.)

End

WILLIAM TELL

Drama in any number of scenes and intermissions

Scene 1:
Beach at Ancona (Italy). Hot morning. 9:15. The beach is crowded with bathers. The newest popular hits cement the noise from the children. Hawkers. In the foreground, left, an enormous apple-colored parasol, swaying gently in the breeze from the east. You see the shadow of the lady sitting behind it (Madame Blumi). It is greatly distorted by the parasol (more than average curves, especially her belly). The incoming tide is installed in the background. Deep blue. Whitish-green bobbing whitecaps. A clever scene designer will certainly be able to make something out of the many colors of bathing caps (e.g. blue, red, yellow, or green swimming caps). Tell, still very young, is lost somewhere among the parasol ribs or the forest of exposed bathing flesh. He is sad.
Tell:
(anxiously) Aunt Blumi!
(Madame Blumi's silhouette trembles and moves. The wind changes).

Curtain

Scene 2:
(One week later). Beach at Sanary-sur-mer. Cool, hazy morning. 9:25. The beach is moderately crowded. Light music from the distance. Some children screaming. In the foreground (exactly in the center), a folded parasol. Light breeze from the south (upstage). Bright-green sea. Gray caps of foam. Some bathers are wearing gray swimming caps, others brown ones. Most bathers have goose pimples. Enter the stage manager of the Oslo Municipal Theater (Olaf Nork). Winter coat, life preserver. Following on his heels: his production manager (Gunnar Nort).
Olaf Nork:
. . . and you claimed he was here? The real one?
Gunnar Nort:
Yes! The real one! With his aunt . . . Madame Blumi.
Olaf Nork:
(smirks) Let's catch her, too . . .
Gunnar Nort:
(vulgar grin) Gotcha, boss . . . (both exit)

Curtain

Scene 3:

(One month later). Coast at Hull (England). Cold autumn morning. 9:30. Nobody at the beach. North wind blowing from the set. Crows. A brownish-green military swimming cap has been carried up on the sand, covered with mussels. In the background, left, where you see a spot of the gray sea, a broken and torn gray parasol, desolate, like a scarecrow. To the right, in the background: a railroad embankment. At this moment, the "Blue Flash" (London-Oslo) passes, 10 minutes late. The attentive theater-goer will notice Olaf Nork at the fourth window of the fifth car. He is smoking a cigar and talking eagerly to Madame Blumi. Gunnar Nort and little William Tell cannot be seen because they have decided to look out of the window on the other side (aisle window).

Olaf Nork:

(putting his hand on Madame Blumi's knee) . . . and in Oslo I know some very nice restaurants . . . Blumi . . . (The "Blue Flash" disappears to the right). (Sunday bells are heard ringing from Hull . . .)

Curtain

(One hour intermission)

Scene 4:

(Three months later). The inside of the Oslo Municipal Theater: stage within a stage. Christmas performance: William Tell, drama in any number of scenes and intermissions. The Oslo stage shows again the first three scenes (Ancona, Sanary-sur-mer, Hull). Thunderous applause at intermission time. When the applause finally dies down and Christmas quiet reigns again in the Oslo theater, the intermission is over and the curtain rises for:

Scene 5:

(Three months later). The inside of the Oslo Municipal Theater: stage within a stage (within a stage). Christmas performance: William Tell, drama in any number of scenes and intermissions. The second Oslo stage again shows the first three scenes (Ancona, Sanary-sur-mer, Hull). Thunderous appl . . . etc.

No end

COLUMBUS

Drama in five acts

Act 1:

A green valley. Four o'clock in the morning. Juicy meadows descend steeply from snow-covered mountain peaks. In the distance, a cow. Still farther in the distance, a cock. A high bell is struck four times. The sky is still colorless, weak, threadbare from the night. A small party approaches. All in evening dress: tails, furs, etc. They stop in front of the prompter's box, jabbering. Some of them have binoculars and opera glasses which they now raise to their eyes. The first birds.

A gentleman in tails:

(shouts) Laaaaaaaaand iiiiiin siiiiiiiiight! (All throw themselves on the ground and start making vague swimming motions).

Curtain

Act 2:

Bright afternoon. Outdoor bowling alley. Many Spaniards and Portuguese surround it. Pretty women among them. Everybody looks curiously at the pins which stand silently in the distance, upstage.

A Portuguese woman:

He still hasn't shown up . . .

A Spaniard:

He won't show up before the first pins fall!

A Portuguese:

Go ahead and bowl!

A Spanish woman:

I will! (She bowls, but the ball rolls only six feet and comes back).

A Portuguese woman:

Spanish women won't be admitted to the Olympics this year.

Gibralter will stay Gibralter!

All the Spaniards:

Long live Gibralter!

(The Portuguese woman bowls: crash: strike. Timidly, thirteen-year-old Columbus comes out from behind the pins. He quickly sets the pins up again, shielding his face fearfully with one hand).

Columbus:
It's not my fault.
Portuguese and Spanish women together:
Indian swine: Halfbreed: Aztec! Nigger! Deserter! Pseudo Viking! Genoese peanut! Parakeet! (They start throwing Columbus-eggs at him. Especially the Portuguese women. The boy collapses under the eggs. But before his mouth gets glued shut with egg yolks, he shouts:)
Columbus:
In my heart I'll always stay the same!
A Spanish woman to her Portuguese friend:
(aside) Now quick into the skillet with him . . .

Curtain

Act 3
The Arctic. Nothing but glaciers. Snow. Nothing alive. The sun milky and oblique. Absolute silence.
Noisily falls the:

Curtain

Act 4:
Antarctica: (Same scene as in Act 3). No trace here of Columbus and his crew either.

Curtain

Act 5:
Open sea. The Atlantic. Waves of average height curl up and murmur. Nothing to be seen for a long time. Then, suddenly, a small bleached biscuit comes floating in on a wave, dancing on the crest. Salt-encrusted, disdained by the fishes.
A voice (maybe Columbus):
(from the distance, with an echo) And thus I open the sailors' ball! (Faint applause, vague drumming).

Curtain

15 minute intermission

End

ROMEO AND JULIET

Drama in five acts

Act 1:
A Stadium. Bursting with people. 150,000 enthusiastic onlookers. In the middle of the field there is a billiard table. Romeo and Juliet are sitting on it (undressed). They look sad. Each is holding a fish skeleton, playing with it. Sometimes they trade, at which the audience goes wild.
Romeo:
Let me have yours.
Juliet:
All right. And I get yours.
Onlooker:
Da Capo!

Curtain

Act 2:
A corn field. Man-high stalks; no end visible. Storm.
Romeo's voice:
Juliet!

Curtain

Act 3:
A meadow. In the distance a chapel. High and insistent bells. It is Sunday morning. Bright blue sky. Juliet is sitting in the grass. She is holding a small white wash basin in her hand to catch the young peas that are raining from the sky. When the basin is full, she sets it aside and claps several times (like a mother calling: dinner's reeeeeeady).

Curtain

Act 4:
A theater in ruins. Night. Wartime. It is raining. The theater's roof is shot away, parts of the balconies are still dangling and glittering in the rain. A

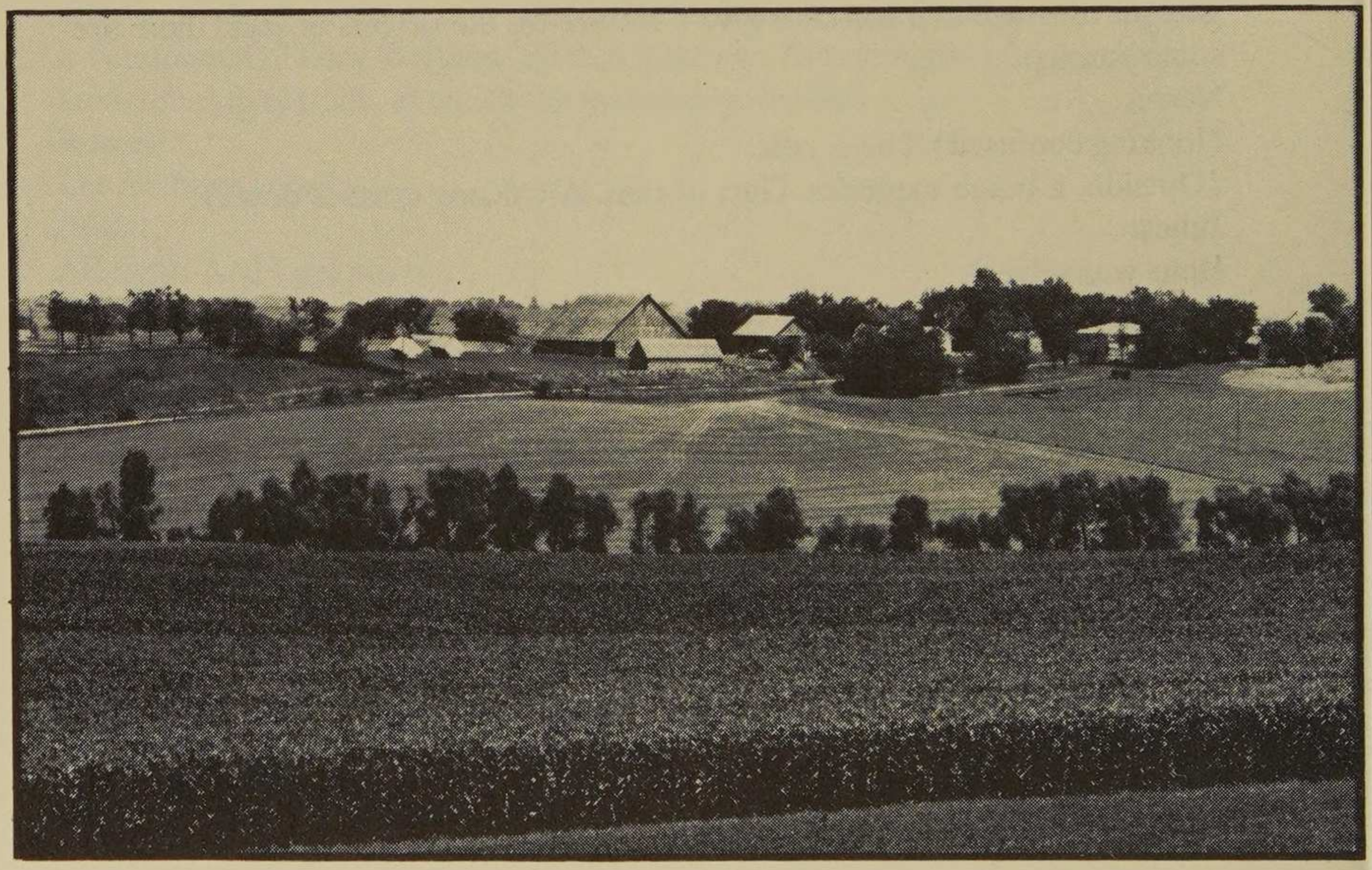
celebration is taking place on the rubbish heap in the orchestra. Romeo and Juliet are the hosts. Juliet is wearing a soft felt hat, Romeo a sombrero. Smart waiters are serving gin and tonics. Piano music. Among the guests are Paris and Helen, Hero and Leander, as well as Jason and Medea. On-stage, the Katzenjammer kids, Romulus and Remus, and the Beatles are doing their things. But nobody is laughing. Only when the emperor Nero gets up on stage and starts to give a lecture on the origins of jazz, there are some smirks.
Nero:
(looking confused) The . . . etc.
(Outside, a bomb explodes. Gust of rain. A balcony crashes down).
Juliet:
Help yourselves!

Curtain

Act 5:
A bed. Romeo and Juliet show a swinging sex act. Above the bed is a screen with the names of the actors projected on it. Light music. Before the two are done falls the

Curtain

End



#1

Select an image of an environment. Concentrate on this image, discovering all the circles, squares, or triangles in it, until either the original scene is obliterated or an entirely new landscape emerges, or until your mind can no longer hold all the informatio



#2

Select an image of a long vista. Concentrate on the triangles, trapezoids, rectangles, and circles in this image and by extending one or several of these basic shapes, build a bridge between yourself and the farthest point in the picture.

Mary Lucier

Jean, or Hans Arp - the name varies from French to German depending on which country Alsace belonged to in any given year of the 20th century - was a sculptor, a poet, and one of the founders of Dada. In her autobiography, Peggy Guggenheim records that he only learnt one word of English in his life: candlesticks.

CANDLESTICKS FOR JEAN/HANS ARP

Original text by Stephen Scobie
developed in performance with Douglas Barbour

The opening is free-form improvisation. Staccato, with irregular pauses, the fragments of this phrase, gradually coming together into a chant:

the butcher the baker
the candlestick maker

Once the chant is established, one voice drops out and says only "candlestick" each time. The other voice speeds up the chant until it is going so fast that he/she begins to stumble over it, then falls silent. The more regular "candlestick" continues, and the two voices begin their exchange. The two columns are spoken alternately, with no overlap. Speed and rhythm may vary. The accent is always on the first syllable:

candlestick	
candlestick	
candlestick	candlewick
candlestick	handlewick
candlestick	handlelick
candlestick	cancellick
candlestick	canceldick
candlestick	chanceldick
candlestick	chancelsick
candlestick	dancersick
candlestick	dancerkick
candlestick	pantherkick
candlestick	panthertick
candlestick	lancertick
candlestick	lancerquick
candlestick	sandalquick
candlestick	sandalnick
candlestick	scandalnick
candlestick	scandalprick
candlestick	jangleprick
candlestick	janglehick
candlestick	banglehick
candlestick	banglepick
candlestick	channelpick
candlestick	channelsick
candlestick	candlesick
candlestick	candlestick
candlestick	candlestick
bandlebick	candlestick
dandledick	candlestick
fandlefick	candlestick
gandlegick	candlestick
handlehick	candlestick
jandlejick	kandlekick
landlelick	mandlemick
nandlenick	pandlepick
quandlequick	randlerick
sandlesick	tandletick
vandlevick	wandlewick
yandleyick	xandlexick
zandlezick	zandlezick

zandlezick
and a wick
and a tick
and a sick
and a rick
and a quick
and a pick

abamick
atavick
aparick
adamilk
gadatilk
sadawilk
taratilt
bataquid
dada said

dada said

dada sick

dadastick
candlestick
candlestick
candlestick -
candlestick -
candlestick -
candlestick -
candlestick -

Jean
Jeann
Jeannn
Jeannnn
Jeannnnn
Jeannnnnn
Jeannnnnnn
Arp

and a bick
and a dick
and a hick
and a kick
and a lick
and a nick
abalick

anatick
alafick
adamick
fadasilk
radatilk
maralilt
naralid
fatasid

dada said?

dada sick?

dadastick
dadastick
dadastick
maker!
maker!
maker!
Hans
Hans
Hans
Hans
Hans
Haans
Haaans
Haaaans
Arp!
Arp! ArpArpArp!
ArpArp!
Arp!

REVOLUTIONARY DANCE

a structuralist play

by Michael Kirby

Revolutionary Dance was first presented in 1976 at Artists' Space, an "alternative" gallery in Soho, where the Structuralist Workshop was staging an eight-week summer program. The play was done eight times (June 30-July 3; July 7-10). Ten actors appeared in it: Eny Dilorio, Mahmoud Haery, Heyedeh Hayeri, Terry Helbing, Woo Ok Kim, Daniela Malusardi, Lily Mendoza, Edna Nahshon, Allan Pierce, and Hassan Tehranchian.

In January 1977, *Revolutionary Dance* was done in a slightly revised version in a loft at 510 Broome Street (January 14-15, 20-22, 27-29). Now there were eight actors rather than ten. (Aimee Su was new to the cast; Dilorio, Hayeri, and Malusardi were no longer in it.) One scene had been dropped, and two new scenes had been added. This script is based upon that later version of the play.

Changing the number of performers in *Revolutionary Dance* was a simple matter because there was no consistency of character, and each actor played several unrelated roles. One possible combination of roles—the one used in the second production—is noted here: There are three women, indicated by "W1" (Mendoza), "W2" (Su) and "W3" (Nahshon), and five men, designated by "M1" (Kim), "M2" (Pierce), "M3" (Tehranchian), "M4" (Haery) and "M5" (Helbing). Which actor plays which combination of parts is purely a matter of taste and of the logistics of staging. Many other combinations could be made, or each character could be played by a different actor. The cast might be less than eight; it could certainly be larger.

Similar staging was used in both presentations of *Revolutionary Dance.* Spectators sat in a single row on each side of a long, relatively narrow, playing space. In the center of the spectators' chairs at one side was a desk from which the sound was controlled (by Melvi Pacubas in the first production; by Ela Troyano in the second). In the earlier production, the actors were visible "off-stage." They stood or sat in chairs at either end of the playing space, waiting for their cues; they moved behind the rows of spectators as they went from scene to scene. In the later production, the performers' off-stage activities were hidden by

white paper walls at either end of the space and behind one row of spectators.

An unobtrusive, low, metal dome or plate was taped to the floor in the center of the performing space; a thin, almost invisible, wire rose straight up out of it. At intervals in the playing area were lights of various kinds: a lantern hanging from a wooden tripod, a campfire of logs, a hanging bare lightbulb, a hanging Japanese paper lantern, a light clipped to a coat rack, and a large oil drum that later would glow from a "fire" inside it. (Each of the scenes that make up the body of *Revolutionary Dance* has its own specific light source. These lights appeared in the scenes; they were part of the action. There were no external light sources.) The playing space was relatively bare, with no furniture and no other props.

The play begins in darkness and silence. There is a short, very loud, burst of sound—the sound, probably unrecognizable from so short a segment, of waves breaking on a beach—then silence again. A man (M3) with a flashlight moves into the playing area at one end. He stops, turns, swinging the beam of light. In the darkness, a burst of waltz music is heard, very loud but very brief. The man continues his silent passage.

(Loud, tape-recorded sound will be heard throughout the play. Each of the eight scenes that make up the main central section of the play has its own sound. Usually, this is a background sound that helps to particularize the location. Because there is very little dialog, the volume of the sound can be kept high, although it is sometimes lowered—perhaps only briefly—so that speech can be heard. For the opening sequence, the tape plays, in order, one-second segments of the "motif" sound from each of the eight scenes separated by forty seconds of silence. We hear waves breaking on a beach, waltz music, machine-gun and cannon fire, a dog barking, static and indistinguishable speech on a radio, a rhythmic Philippine song, an airplane, and an air-raid siren. After two repetitions of this pattern —sixteen short bursts of sound—the duration of the sound grows longer and the passages of silence grow shorter. Now the sounds, still in the same order, are heard for two seconds and are separated by only twenty seconds of silence. After three repetitions of this sequence, the duration of the sounds increases to four seconds and the interval of silence decreases to only ten seconds. Thus, during the opening section of the play, we hear a set progression of eight loud sounds that become longer and more frequent.)

In the darkness and silence, the man with the flashlight continues on his way. There is a loud, short burst of sound. The man stops and raises both hands as if looking at something stretched between them. He passes toward the other end of the space, swinging the beam of light here and there.

At the opposite end of the playing area—in the place where the man first entered—a woman (W3) appears with a flashlight. She pauses, swings the beam of light around, points it at the floor, goes to the spot and kneels. The man exits. Perhaps there is a short burst of loud music. The woman makes her way slowly, erratically, through the space. Just before she exits, the man appears again in the same place he had entered before and repeats exactly his previous passage.

(The first portion of the play is based on "loops"—on overlapping loops, a "chain"—created by the man and woman with flashlights. Since one enters just before the other leaves, the stage is never completely dark. Over and over, the two make exactly the same movements and gestures as they pass the length of the space in a kind of realistic dance. Later, perhaps, the spectator will realize that the actors were performing in isolation their roles in the eighth scene—a scene in which they enter together, rather than separately, as some sort of citizen/police on a night patrol of unlighted city streets.)

As the man is making his second passage through the playing area, a woman appears in the beam of his flashlight: She strikes a match and lights a cigarette. The man moves on his way. At the opposite end of the space, the woman with the flashlight appears. The "chain" continues.

There is a sudden flash of light. A man is using a flash camera. Again there is a flash. And again.

(Now various lights are superimposed over the basic "chain" of movement. First brief and/or dim lights, then brighter and brighter ones. There are red blinking lights such as might be used in street construction or to warn of a disabled car. Lighted candelabra are carried in. A man stands holding a large battery-operated lamp pointed down. A woman turns on a hand-held spotlight. The campfire "burns," etc. These are all images that will appear later in the play. Each of the lights that will be used in the play has a place in the pattern, separated from the others by quasi-darkness. As they become brighter, the lights stay on for a shorter and shorter time.)

The man and the woman with flashlights have begun speaking. "It's one of theirs," the woman says as she kneels. Soon after he enters, the man asks, "What is it?", the beam of his flashlight pointing again at the spot where the woman has knelt several times. As the man completes another circuit, the bright light clipped to the coat rack is turned on briefly. Then, again, there is only the light of a single flashlight. "Hear it?", the man asks, turning back toward the center. "Wait!" "Wait!" The man with the flashlight exits. A new "loop" has not begun. The "chain" has ended. It is dark.

The lantern hanging on a wooden tripod at one end of the playing area is turned on. It throws a dim light down the length of the space. A man appears, stops, and motions with his hand. He freezes in position, his hand stretched out slightly to the side, the palm down.

A woman walks into the playing space and stops. She moves slightly, as if listening to something; one hand is raised, the palm down. The woman remains motionless.

Another woman enters, stops, turns. She is frozen in position, her hand out, its palm down. For a moment, all three are motionless in similar positions. Bursts of sound are still heard at intervals.

As the first man walks quickly off, another man walks on. The newcomer also stops, gestures, remains frozen. There is a new grouping of three motionless figures, each with one hand extended, its palm down.

The first woman exits, another man enters, and the sequence continues.

(This is what was called in rehearsal the "Hand Out" sequence. Over and over in the basic realistic scenes of the play, characters in different contexts and situations will gesture with one hand momentarily held out, its palm down. Although the movements, done for different reasons and having different meanings, vary slightly, they are fundamentally the same. Now, before the scenes in which they occur are presented, these movements are shown in isolation, juxtaposed in a series that emphasizes their similarity. Perhaps the spectator will be sensitized to the gesture, paying more attention to it than they ordinarily would during the realistic scenes.)

Now the light in the oil drum at the opposite end of the space is turned on; the hanging lantern is turned off. In the red glow from the oil drum, the man who, earlier, made repeated identical passages through the space with a flashlight raises both hands above his head. He has made the same movement many times before. He seems to be looking up at something stretched between his hands. Motionless, he remains frozen in position.

As a performer who has been standing with their hand out leaves the playing area, a woman walks quickly on and stops. She seems to reach out and then up, feeling for something in the air. When she freezes in position, both hands are raised above her head.

There is another change of performers. Now an actor is standing on a stool or box, his head turned to look over his shoulder, both hands raised. Scattered at seemingly random spots in the playing area, three actors stand motionless with both hands extended above their heads.

(This is the opening of the "Hands Up" sequence. Again, specific movements that will appear in the realistic scenes of the play are performed in isolation. Each is done in exactly the same spot and in exactly the same way it will be done later in the scene from which it has been taken. Since the movements and positions are not modified to conform with notions of pictorial composition, balance, etc., the groupings perhaps seem unusual, awkward, or strange. [Of course, since all of the units in each sequence are equal, the order of their presentation, if not the positions themselves, may be arranged for reasons of com-

position. On the other hand, an actor may appear more than once in a sequence, remaining on stage for a while, and the practical logistics of which actor is free to appear at any given moment in the sequence will probably minimize the compositional choices.] At any rate, the spectator should be made to sense, if possible, that principles other than the usual compositional ones are governing the staging.)

The Japanese lantern hanging near the center of the space goes on; the light in the oil drum is turned off. A new sequence begins. A man holding a telephone stretches out the cord and examines it. A kneeling man stretches out a piece of white tape. A kneeling woman stretches some thread to look at it. Two men hold a rope stretched a foot above the ground. . .

(If all of the lights were controlled from off-stage—something that was not done in the first two productions—each action, each unit of the sequence, might be lit with the same light it has in the scene from which it was taken. This would create an effect quite different from the lighting of an entire sequence with one light: relatively short flashes from various light sources separated by complete darkness. Actors would not be visible moving on and off stage. Only the significant gesture or movement would be seen.)

There is another change of lighting and another sequence begins. A woman throws a roll of tape to a man. One man throws a small package to another. A standing man throws a package of cigarettes and then a book of matches to a woman crouching nearby. . .

The passages of sound have become quite dense. The man with the flashlight enters again in exactly the same way he has many times before. The beam of his light points at a spot on the ground. "What is it?", he asks. All of the lights go on. For the first time, the whole space is brightly lit. The man continues on his familiar passage. He reaches the opposite end of the space and turns back. "Wait!", he says. "Wait!" All of the lights go off.

(In the darkness, the lights are taken off stage. They will be replaced, as needed, during the intervals between scenes.)

Scene 1

FINDING A WIRE

The sound of waves.

W1 enters with a flashlight and looks around carefully. Perhaps she carries a snorkel and diving mask; perhaps she wears a scuba suit or bathing suit with air tank and breathing apparatus. There may be smudges of black charcoal under her eyes. She takes out a compass and, studying it in the light from her flashlight, attempts to orient herself. Then she turns in the direction from which she has come, blinks the light three times, and continues to search along the ground with the light.

M1, perhaps dressed in the same way, appears. He coughs. W1 turns quickly, then swings the light away. "Wait," says M1, who lights a match and looks for something in his shoulder bag. W1 steps toward him and shines her light into the bag. "Here," she says. M1 takes out his flashlight and a map. While he studies the map, W1 continues her careful search.

The beam of W1's flashlight catches the low metal dome in the center. She stops, motionless. "Over here," she says. M1 walks noiselessly to the spot and also shines his light on the dome. "What is it?" he says. "It's one of theirs," answers W1, "they're here."

M1 taps the metal dome rhythmically but quietly with a pair of pliers for a long time. He stops. W1 lies down and puts her ear against the plate. "Hear it?", M1 asks.

With her hands, W1 traces the wire that rises straight up from the metal dome. Momentarily, she pauses with both hands stretched above her. Then she takes the pliers from M1, cuts the wire near the plate, reaches up with both hands, and—pausing briefly again—cuts the wire as high up as possible. She gives the pliers back to M1.

M1 turns to get something from his bag and drops the pliers noisily onto the metal dome. Both freeze. W1 has her hand out, palm down. She says, "Someone's coming!" They listen and look. M1 says, "No."

M2 enters and says, "Are you ready?" W1 replies, "Wait."

M1 places something on the dome and tapes it down. There is a fuse sticking out. He takes some matches out of his bag and hands them to W1. M2 rubs his hands together and coughs. W1 lights the fuse. The three back away, stop and watch. The fuse burns down; there is a flash. In the darkness, all three run off.

Scene 2
A MASKED BALL

Stately dance music played by a small orchestra.

M3 enters. He wears a tuxedo or dark suit and a gilded mask; he carries a lighted candelabra. As if searching for the reason for the power failure, he moves here and there.

M4 and W2 enter, also dressed for a formal masked ball. M4, too, carries a lighted candelabra. He bows to M3; M3 returns the bow. M4 begins a slow, stately walk with the raised candelabra. M3 imitates him. As the music plays, the masked men circle the space in time with it. W2 laughs and claps her hands.

The light hanging over the space comes on. The men put down their candelabras. The music changes: a waltz. "Hear it?", asks M4, bowing to W2. She accepts his invitation, and they dance. M3 applauds.

M5 runs in. His clothes are torn and dirty. "Wait," he says. One hand is stretched out, palm down. The dancers stop. M4 coughs. M3 takes off his mask; "Over here," he says. M5 tosses M3 a small package. "There it is," he says.

M3 opens the package. In it is a small object and a folded paper. M3 unfolds the letter and reads it. "What is it?" asks W2. "It's one of theirs," answers M3.

M3 rushes to a stool and jumps up on it, raising both his hands to attract attention. "Wait!" he calls to people in other parts of the hall. M5 has gone behind M4 and lifts his mask off. M3 turns, looking over his shoulder with his hands still raised. "They're here!" says W2. M3 and M4 begin to fight. The light goes out.

Scene 3
A MEDICAL UNIT

The sound of small-arms fire. Sporadic explosions.

W3 enters hurriedly with a lantern. She stops and looks around. M1 and M2 enter with a folding cot and a wooden tripod. "Over here," says W3, pointing.

M1 and M2 hurriedly set up the cot. M2 pauses, listening to the gunfire. M1 stops, too. "Hear it?" asks M2. They continue working. The cot is covered with blankets, the lantern hung from the tripod. W3 pats the cot. "There it is," she says. M1 leaves.

W3 has walked away from the cot and is standing listening to the gunfire. She rhythmically taps on something. M5 enters. "Are you ready?" he asks, "they're here." "Someone's coming," says M2 to W3; he leaves quickly with M5.

W3 puts on a white bib or jacket, surgical gloves and a white mask. She unpacks surgical instruments and lays them out.

M2 and M5 carry in W2. "Over here," says M2. They put W2 on the cot and stand looking down at her. M2 coughs. "It's one of theirs," says W3.

M2 turns on a bright battery-powered light and shows M5 how he wants it held. "Here," he says, giving the light to M5. M5 stands holding the light up with both hands.

W3 is examining W2. "Here," she says, holding out her hand. M2 hands her a scalpel. As she works, he taps two instruments together rhythmically. The instruments change hands several times. One of them falls. M5 coughs. Kneeling by the cot, W3 is holding thread. She raises both hands and stretches the thread; it breaks. Again she stretches the thread between her raised hands; again it breaks.

W3 looks at the patient, listens to her heart. Slowly, she stands and takes off her mask. With one hand out, the palm down, she gestures. M5 turns off the light.

Scene 4
ROADBLOCK

The sound of a dog barking.

The scene is lit by a fire in an oil drum. It glows red from the top and through holes in the sides of the drum. In front of it, M3 lies dead, twisted into an unusual position, his hands tied. M4 is warming his hands at the fire and poking at it with a stick. He wears a coat and a burnoose mask. He is watching for something.

Suddenly M4 sees someone approaching. He steps away from the fire and raises both hands over his head, waving them in a "stop" gesture. W1 enters on a bicycle loaded with large and small packages and objects. She wears a winter coat and a hat. She stops. M4 is holding out his hand, palm down. "Wait," he says.

M4 walks slowly to W1 and begins searching through her possessions. "What is it?" she asks. After a few moments, he finds some bread and begins to rip off pieces and eat them hungrily. "Someone's coming," says W1.

M1 enters, loaded with possessions. He, too, is dressed for cold weather, but he does not have a hat. He wears glasses. "Wait," says M4, still eating. M1 does not stop. "Hear it!" screams M4. M1 stops.

M1 watches M4 eat. Then he goes to W1 and begins to look through her things for food. She holds out a piece of bread to him, saying "Here." M4 grabs it and puts it in his pocket. He begins to search through W1's things again.

M1 has walked somewhat away. He points to some books hanging from the bicycle. "There it is," he says. "They're here." M4 unties the books and looks at them. He cannot read. He throws a book to M1, who looks through it. "It's one of theirs," he says. "No!" exclaims W1.

M4 snatches W1's cap and throws it to M1, who puts it on.

Then M4 goes to W1, unbuttons her coat and starts to put his hands inside. W1 slaps and hits at him. The bicycle falls.

W1 runs to the fire and pulls out a long, partially burned stick. M4 steps toward her. She raises the stick. Slowly, he reaches inside his coat and takes out a pistol. She drops the stick.

"Over here," says M4, gesturing toward the wall. W1 raises her hands and faces the wall, leaning against it. M4 kicks the stick she has dropped.

M1 is rhythmically clicking some coins in his hand. Finally, M4 notices. He walks to M1 and holds out his hand. M1 drops the coins into M4's hand. Suddenly, M4 grabs M1's arm and shoves him, too, toward the wall. M1 carefully takes off his glasses and puts them away, then turns to face the wall, where he stands leaning against it, his hands over his head.

M4 kicks at their feet to be sure they are leaning at a steep angle. Then he walks to the bicycle, puts away the pistol, picks up a piece of rope, pulls it out between his hands, and begins to switch it rhythmically against his leg. He walks toward the people at the wall.

"Are you ready?" he asks, reaching for one of W1's hands. M1 lunges and grabs M4 by the throat. They fight.

Scene 5
THE MEETING

A wooden table with a light, which is not on, hanging over it. On the table are a telephone, some tin cups and a portable gas burner with a coffee pot on it. M2 is sitting in a chair at the table; he is asleep. The scene begins when W2 lights the gas burner.

Knocking at an unseen door is heard. W2 goes to answer it, first taking a pistol from M2 and checking to see if it is loaded.

W3 and M5 enter. W3 carries a package. M5 wears dark glasses and carries a portable radio and an open umbrella (it is raining outside). He folds the umbrella and stamps the water off his raincoat. M5 and W3 look around.

W3 goes to the table and turns on the light. M2 does not wake up. W3 punches him in the shoulder. He wakes suddenly, accidentally knocking one of the cups off of the table. He is frightened. W2 says, "Are you ready? They're here." When he realizes the situation, M2 stretches elaborately, raising both hands over his head.

W3 is trying to make a phone call. The phone does not work. She clicks it repeatedly. "Hear it?" asks M5. "No," says W3. M2 says, "Wait," takes the phone and attempts to find out what is wrong with it. He holds the cord out, looking up at it, examining it. "There it is," he says.

M5 has taken the chair. He puts the radio on it and turns it on. We hear garbled voices and static as if on short wave.

W2 is pouring coffee. She gestures to ask the others if they would like some. M2 refuses, holding his hand out with the palm down.

W3 takes out a cigarette. M5 starts to light it for her.

There is a knock at the door. M5 and W2 have pistols. M2 looks for his. W2 throws it to him and goes to the door. M5 stands at the side.

W2 returns with M3, who stops and looks around. He shakes the water from his poncho. M5 steps behind M3, lifts his arm, and frisks him. During the scene, it should be clear that M3 does not speak English.

W3 gestures, asking for something. M3 hands her a note or a token. She seems satisfied. M2 and M5 put away their pistols. M2 shakes hands with M3. W2 gives M3 a cup of coffee.

W3 clears the table. The others gather around. She opens the package, takes out some white tape, and throws it to M5. With the tape, he makes two parallel lines on the table; then he makes two others that cross the first pair at right angles. He tears away the tape in the center: The figure seems like the intersection of two roads.

W3 takes a model street sign out of the package, shows it to M3, and places it on the table. Then she takes out and places a model signal light and a model car. "There it is," she says.

W3 hands a car to M2 and a car to W2. W2 places her car facing the car on the table (on the same street). M2 places his car at right angles to it (on the cross street). W3 hands stocking masks to M2 and W2.

W2 and M2 put on their masks. W3 moves the first car. "Here," she says. W2 moves her car past the first car, stopping behind it. M2 moves his car directly in front of the first car, blocking its way.

W3 hands a stocking mask to M3. He puts it on. M5 tosses his pistol to M2, who looks at it, says "It's one of theirs," and hands it to M3. M3 steps to the table, points the pistol at the first car, raps the pistol six times on the table, takes off his mask, and smiles at everyone. "Over here," says W3. M2 takes M3 by the sleeve and steps with him toward W2, who "drives" her car away.

M2 and W2 take off their masks.

M5 turns up the radio. "Hear it?" he says. "What is it?" says W3. M5 smiles: "Someone's coming."

Scene 6
SOMEONE HAS DIED

W1 carries a portable tape recorder playing a rhythmic Philippine song.

A body (M1) lies where it has fallen. His hands are tied and raised above his head. A floodlight attached to a coat rack illuminates the scene. M4 is outlining the body with white tape. M5 walks around taking photographs with a flash camera. W1 moves to the music, taps her foot rhythmically. She is bored.

"Somebody's coming," says M5. "Here?" asks M4. He doesn't care very much. M5 doesn't answer.

M4 runs out of tape. He snaps his fingers at W2, and she throws him another roll of tape. He finishes the outlining and stands: "There it is," he says. He turns to W1: "Are you ready?"

W1 is looking at M2 and W3, who have entered silently and are standing at the other end of the space. M4 turns to the newcomers. "Over here," he says. Then he walks away from the body and lights a cigarette. W3 walks slowly to the body and kneels.

Suddenly, W3 starts to leave. M4 gestures, hand out, palm down. "Wait," he says. He goes to the body, takes a small

package from it, and tosses it to W3. "What is it?" asks W3. M5 coughs.

W3 opens the package, looks inside, and drops it. "It's one of theirs," she says. M4 picks up the package. "Hear it?" he says. "No," says M5. W3 leaves. "What is it?" asks W1.

"Are you ready?" M5 says to M2. He and M2 lift the body and carry it out. W1 follows.

M5 takes more photographs.

Scene 7
WATCHING AND WAITING

The sound of crickets.

A campfire; almost on it, a metal coffee pot. Nearby, M2 lies wrapped in a blanket. He coughs, as he will throughout the scene. W2, M1 and M3 sit or crouch close to the fire. They are dressed for cold weather. Occasionally, they stamp their feet or rub their hands. They seem to be watching for something.

After a while, W2 asks, "Are you ready?" M1 stares at her. "Wait," he says. "Wait?" echoes W2. M1 picks up binoculars and starts scanning the sky.

M3 is suddenly motionless. "Hear it?" he whispers. The others listen. M1 moves quickly and silently away from the fire. He stops and listens. "No," he says. "No," agrees W2. M3 goes off in the direction he thinks he has heard the sound. M1 returns to the fire.

The sound of an airplane is heard. "Hear it?" asks W2, standing. The sound gets louder. "There it is!" yells W2, pointing. She waves both hands over her head, signaling to the plane. The sound begins to grow fainter; it disappears. "No," says M1, "it's one of theirs."

"What is it?" asks M2, rolling over. W2 goes to him. M1 lights a cigarette. W2 snaps her fingers at M1, and he throws her first the package of cigarettes and then the matches. They stare at each other. W2 taps the matches rhythmically against the package of cigarettes. Finally, M1 goes to the coffee pot and picks it up.

M3 runs in quickly and silently. He stops, one hand out, the palm down. "Someone's coming," he says softly. M1 gets a rope out of a knapsack. "Here," he says, tossing one end of the rope to M3. The two men run to the far end of the space, in the direction of the expected arrivals, and stretch out the rope between them as a trip-line. Everyone waits.

Scene 8
BUILDING THE BARRICADE

The sound of air-raid sirens.

Red warning lights, like those used in street excavations, blink. Saw horses, boxes, a barrel, wood, etc. are scattered about.

W1, M2 and M3 enter and stop, listening to the sirens. "Hear it?" says M2. W1 carries a hand-held spotlight, M2 carries a pail, M3 has a stack of leaflets and a rolled-up flag.

W1 checks her light, switching it on and off several times. M2 has gone to the wall. "Over here," he says. W1 lights the wall. M2 dips a leaflet or a poster of some sort into the bucket, steps up on a box, and fastens the poster to the wall. For a moment, both of his hands are raised above his head.

M4 and W3 have entered and are standing silently, watching. M3 sees them. "Wait," he says, gesturing to W1. W1 switches off her light. M3 walks toward M4 and W3, holding out a leaflet. "Here," he says. W3 takes the leaflet and hands it to M4. M4 strikes a match to read it.

M5 has entered. "Over here," he says, snapping his fingers. M3 hands him a leaflet.

W1 says, "Someone's coming." One at a time, the people sit or lounge in relaxed positions. M3 scatters a few leaflets. They hide the light and the leaflets under coats, etc. M3 braces the flag so that it stands.

M1 and W2 enter with flashlights. The beams of light sweep across the silent people. Someone coughs. Someone lights a cigarette. Kneeling, W2 picks up a leaflet. "What is it?" asks M1. "It's one of theirs." M1 sees the flag, goes to it and holds it out with both hands. W2 lights the poster that has been put up.

The sirens sound. "Hear it?" says M1 to the silent people. "Wait," he threatens. "Wait!" M1 and W2 leave.

The people build a barricade. W1 lights the scene. M3 pounds rhythmically with the flag staff and waves the flag.

In the darkness, the actors begin to take apart the barricade. A light comes on, and they freeze in position. Some are reaching for objects, some are just picking them up, some just beginning to carry them away. As they did in the "Medical Unit" scene, M2 and M5 carry in W2. They move through the space and exit. The light goes out. The actors continue moving the materials in the darkness. The light comes on again. Again the actors freeze in various positions of work. Now the barricade is almost disassembled. As in the "Roadblock" scene, M1 enters, loaded with possessions, and slowly walks across the space. He stops and turns as if hearing M4 yell at him. The light goes out.

The sounds that were heard at the beginning of the play have returned. We hear a sequence of eight loud sounds: waves, waltz music, small-arms fire and explosions, a dog barking, garbled voices and static from a short-wave radio, a rhythmic Philippine song, an airplane, and air-raid sirens. Four seconds of sound are followed by ten seconds of silence. As the play nears its end, the bursts of sound become shorter and the passages of silence become longer; just as they increased at the beginning, they are now decreasing. The sounds, still in the same order, are heard for two seconds, separated by twenty seconds of silence. By the final sequence of actions, the bursts of loud sound are one second long and are separated by forty seconds of silence.

The bright light attached to the coat rack—it lit the body in the "Someone Has Died" scene—is turned on. Now the body is not there, but its outline in white tape remains. W3 walks slowly in, as she did in the scene, and kneels by the invisible body.

M2 rushes in with the folding cot and sets it up as it had been in the third scene. M5 lights it with the battery-powered light. (The "coat rack" light on the kneeling woman is turned off.) The light M5 is holding in both hands shines down onto the empty cot where W2 had lain before.

The light in the oil drum comes on. (M5 turns off the light on the cot.) In front of the oil drum is the body of M3, as it was in the "Roadblock" scene.

Now the campfire is turned on, and the oil drum is turned off. M2 lies by the campfire as he did in the "Watching and Waiting" scene.

Finally, the coat rack light, the cot light, and the oil drum light are turned on in addition to the campfire. W2 lies in the cot, M2 lies by the campfire, M1 is in the outline that has just been empty, M3 lies by the oil drum.

M4 steps away from the oil drum and waves as he did in the "Roadblock" scene. He freezes, both hands over his head. All of the lights go off.

In the next sequence, isolated images—various parts of the basic scenes—are juxtaposed and overlapped.

W1 appears with a flashlight. Although M1 does not appear as he did then, W1 moves just as she did in the first scene; she does not speak.

M1 moves in with a flashlight at the opposite end of the space as he did in the "Building the Barricade" scene (and in the opening loop).

M5 moves through with wood for the barricade.

M4 and W2 dance through, as if to waltz music.

(When the beam of W1's flashlight strikes the low dome in the center, she stops, says "Over here," and then exits.)

M5 appears with an umbrella, shakes rain from it, and closes it.

M3 pounds with the flag staff and waves the flag.

W2 has entered with a flashlight as she did in the final scene (and in the opening loop). M1 has exited.

W1 moves slowly through with the loaded bicycle.

M5 takes flash photographs.

M1 sets up the wooden tripod, and W3 hangs the lantern on it.

In the light of the lantern (or picked out individually by the lights)—just as was done in the opening sequences of the play—sequences of similar actions taken from the basic scenes of the play begin. M1 lights a match and looks into his shoulder bag as he did in the first scene. M4 lights a cigarette as she did in the last scene. Etc. The sequence of lighting matches continues with each actor in exactly the same position they were in the scene from which the action was taken.

A different light comes on, and another sequence begins. Now the dropping of objects is isolated. W3 looks in the small package and drops it. M3 drops leaflets, scattering them. M1 drops the pliers on the metal dome. Etc. The bursts of loud sound are getting shorter.

The final sequence involves tapping. The first sounds are the quietest, and they grow louder during the progression. M5 taps on his camera as he did in the sixth scene. W2 taps the matches against the cigarette pack as she did in the seventh scene. (When one sound begins, the previous one stops.) M4 shakes a box of matches as he did in the "Someone Has Died" scene. Etc. Finally, all of the actors are on stage: M3 pounds with the pole of the flag. Now all the actors tap at once in their various ways. The sound is quite loud and continues for quite a while. Then there is a burst of machine-gun fire. The tapping stops. In the silence, nobody moves. There is another burst of machine-gun fire. The light goes out. The play is over.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA WITH 24 PERFORMERS

This piece is 15 minutes long. It should start the evening, or be the first after intermission so that the 24 members of the orchestra may be seated among the audience inconspicuously. When the curtain opens, a bare stage or a simple white screen is exposed. It is also possible to have the performance begin simply by shutting out the house lights.

The numbers at the side of each card indicate the passing of the 15 minutes. Instructions after each number should be followed by the performer within the minute indicated.

Performers 8,10,11 are available after 3 minutes to perform in the lobby. No. 20 (a girl), after five minutes. These should perform in the lobby some other fluxpiece. Other performers entering the lobby may join in this lobby performance for the duration of their stay there.

Props: No.6: three soft throwable objects or rubber balls.
Nos.1,7,16,18: balloons.
No.16: umbrella or hat
No.12: pocket size musical instrument.
Nos.2,3,9,13,19: pocket flashlights.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.1

1.
2. Clap loudly at indeterminate intervals for short lengths of time.
3. Yell: "Damn this boredom", get up and walk out.
4.
5.
6.
7. Reenter and sit somewhere else, eating a bag of potatochips loudly, sharing them with your neighbors. When the bag is empty, inflate and
8. explode it with a bang if possible.
9. Chat with your neighbors, interrupt it suddenly without warning and yell: "What do you think this is - Ben Vautier and Total Art?" then
10. resume your conversation.
11. Continue conversation or remain quiet. Burp.
12. Get up and walk out. Come right back in and announce: "I'm as much
13. it as anything." Sit in original seat.
14. Take a balloon from pocket and inflate it until it bursts.
15. Walk out.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.2

1. Squint at this card using a pocket flashlight.
2. ditto.
3. Look at wristwatch, then squint at this card with flashlight.
4.
5. ditto.
6. ditto twice.
7. ditto thrice.
8. Look for another paper in your pocket, rejecting whatever you find.
9. Squint at watch with pocket flashlight, then at card.
10. ditto.
11.
12. Squint at wristwatch with pocket flashlight, then at card.
13. Squint at card with flashlight, then turn it to squint at watch. Turn it on and off, looking at watch and card alternately till end of piece.
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.3

1.
2. During the last 14 minutes, using a small pocket flashlight, alternately look at a sheaf of printed papers and at the wristwatch as if expecting to read something at a given time. (Try to appear both expectant and nervous.)
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.4

1.
2. Clap loudly at indeterminate intervals for short lengths of time.
3. When performer no.1 shouts "Damn this boredom" and gets up to walk out, shout: "Coward" at him.
4. Get up and walk out.
5.
6. Come back in and sit down in the same seat.
   Say and do nothing for the rest of the piece.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.5

When the piece ends, and the house lights go up, say as loudly as possible without shouting: "Well, that's a beginning".

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.6

1.
2.
3.
4. Yell: "What the hell is this, Ray Johnson's Nothing No.3?"
5. Take an object from your pocket and throw it onto the stage- a rubber ball if possible.
6. Yell: "If this is theatre, then I am Alfred Jarry and all I say is -- Merde, Merde and Merde."
7.
8. Take another object from your pocket and throw it onto the stage -- a rubber ball if possible.
9.
10.
11. Yell: "I want my money back".
12.
13.
14. Laugh sarcastically: "Ha, Ha, Ha," a number of times.
15. Take another object and throw it onto stage - a rubber ball if possible.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.7

1.
2. Say loudly, but do not shout: "When do you think it'l end?"
3.
4. Open a rustley paper bag and remove a balloon. Inflate it and release into the air.
5.
6. Remove another balloon from bag, inflate it and release into air.
7. Remove another balloon from bag and inflate it till it bursts.
8. Remove another balloon from bag, inflate it and release into air.
9. Remove another balloon from paper bag and after inflating it squeeze the nipple as the air escapes so that some kind of sound is made. Continue to do this and then intersperse this action with the other two, using 6 or 7 balloons for the remainder of the piece.
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.8

1.
2. Stand up and announce to the audience: "I was planted here as part of the performance, and a such, I refuse to perform." Then sit down.
3. Get up and walk out.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.9

1.
2. After performer no.8 announces "I was planted here as part of the performance,and as such I refuse to perform", stand up and respond: "So was I, but I'm going to stick it out", then sit down.
3.
4.
5.
6. Take a pocket flashlight, look at the wristwatch and this card, then stand up, shine the light on wristwatch, scrutinizing the exact time, then shine it on the card, as if looking for the right cue, and not finding it, shut the flashlight off and sit down.
7.
8.
9. Repeat action listed after no.6, but then announce: "So were you".
10.
11.
12.
13. Stand up and announce: "So was I", then walk out.
14.
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.10

1.
2.
3. Stand up and announce: "This piece is supposed to be 47 minutes long, and anyone who wants to follow me out of here is welcome to." Leave the auditorium.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.11

1.
2.
3. When performer no.10 announces that the piece will last 47 minutes and invites anyone to leave with him, get up and leave with him. Stay outside for a short while, then come back and announce excitedly: "The performance is in the lobby, the performance is in the lobby", then exit as if in a hurry to see what's going on outside in the lobby.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.12

1. Remain in the lobby when performance starts.
2.
3.
4. Remove this card from your pocket and read the following: "The perpetual Fluxfest is present everywhere at all times and places. I am reading this because I didn't memorize the lines. You are invited to follow me into the auditorium or remain in the lobby for the remainder of this piece. Upon return to the auditorium, kindly resume your original seats in order to avoid confusion". Enter the auditorium and sit in the first available seat.
5. Remove any small musical instrument from your pocket, make a few very short sounds with it and then put it away.
6. Stand up and shout: "Silence, for Christ's sake", then exit.
7. Find the house lights, and twice flick them on and off very quickly. For the remainder of the time, find someone to talk to in the lobby, or attempt in some way to sabotage the performance.
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.13

1.
2.
3.
4.
5. Shout loudly: "Let's get the show on the road".
6. Get up and walk out.
   Participate in lobby performance if necessary or willing.
7.
8.
9. Enter the auditorium and ask anxiously by whispering at each row: "Is Florence Tarlow here?" then, if she is, ask her to leave with you in a hurry. If she is not there, then exit without her right away, reenter and go to the front of the auditorium where you announce: "Florence Tarlow is not here", then exit. If she is there and comes with you to the lobby ask her if she will go to the front of the stage or auditorium and read these instructions to the audience in a loud voice, using a flashlight to read by. Give her one. If she refuses, go to the front of the auditorium yourself and announce: "Florence Tarlow refuses". Then using a flashlight read these instructions to the audi-
15. ence down to this last period, omitting the title. Period.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.14

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12. Stand up and read these very instructions to the audience in a loud clear voice, then exit.
13.
14.
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.15

1. Sit next to performer no.14
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11
12. Nudge performer no.14, whereupon he will shortly thereafter perform his action. When he completes his reading and begins to leave, stand up and read these instructions and then sit down.
13.
14.
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.16

1.
2.
3.
4. Stand up and leave. When you have reached the end of the row, return to your seat (which should be a number of seats in from the aisle) and ask the adjoining seat members if they have seen a small package.
5. Look for it on the floor and around the seat as obtrusively unobtrusive as possible. After not finding it, exit, leaving a hat or an umbrella behind. After leaving the auditorium, come back in and ask for the
6. object left behind from the aisle. If it is passed to you from the middle of the row, excuse yourself to the sitting people, enter your row and sit down in your original seat. If the object is not passed, enter your row and look for it after which you may sit down in your original seat.
7.
8. Keep track of the time by looking at your watch. Say to one of your neighbors: "Six minutes and they haven't started yet".
9. Say to one of your neighbors: "Seven minutes and they haven't started yet, I'm leaving." (Don't leave).
10. Stand up, remove this card from your pocket, and then read the following to the audience: "Sari Dienes needs mirrors; please send her mirrors. George Brecht needs chairs; please send him chairs. Ray Johnson needs nothing, please send him everything." Then go back and read every printed item on this card calmly to the audience, including this sentence. Remove a balloon from your pocket, inflate it and release it in the auditorium. Then sit down.
11.
12. Stand up and announce: "Owing to contingencies beyond the control of the author, this piece has been reduced to 43 minute duration."
13. Do not care for this or that.
14. Inflate a balloon til it explodes.
15. Correct the mis-spelling of til.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.17

1.
2.
3. From your seat, clap your hands and exclaim gleefully: "The piece has begun, the piece has begun."
4. Ask loudly: "When is it over? When is it over?"
5. Stand up and exclaim: "The audience is once again the piece", then exit.
6. Reenter and sit somewhere else, or if that is not possible, go and sit on the side of the stage, or if that is not possible, go and stand by the side next to the stage. If none of these is possible, then do something else.
7.
8.
9.

Stand up. Sit down.

9. Stand up. Sit down.
10. Stand up and say: "It is rare for a fugue to go on for a long time unless it is doubled, in which case the same laws apply but the subjects are two rather than one and the twain are perhaps treated the same or not, or if it is not exactly the same, then it is different. Otherwise, it is perhaps safer to call it a texture."
11. Sit down. Stand up. Sit down. Stand up.
12. Say: "In order to remain as a witness the fugue must follow the natural laws of counter."
    "In order to do so, the fugue may be witnessed from any one of the several seats." Sit down.
13. Stand up and say: "There is more to go", then walk out. Walk back in, go to the front of the hall and read loudly the entire card in a didactic but fairly quiet tone, then sit down. A flashlight may be used on this card if necessary.
14.
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.18

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10. Enter the auditorium and find a seat near the front row, having carefully looked for a seat in all of the other rows. Ask quietly if the seat is available, if it is unoccupied, or occupied, or signal such questions to neighboring occupants. If one is not available near the front row, then find one further up. If no seats are available, then leave.
11. If seat was available, then read these instructions to the audience from your seat, after which, inflate a balloon, release it, stand up and leave. If seat was not available, reenter auditorium, read these instructions to the audience and then leave.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.19

1.
2. Throughout the piece after each performed action or reading, stand up and announce: "That was number --" (choose a number between one and 147), and then sit down. While doing so, make believe you are reading the number from a sheet of paper with a small pocket flashlight. After 5 minutes or so, you may stop by saying loudly: "I quit" and then sitting down. However, if you are up to it, continue throughto out the whole of the piece. If you stop, then after five mimbuts wead this instruction to the audience wit a pogget frash wight and pro-
15. moumce aww the mistakes carebul.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.20
(a girl's part)

1.
2.
3.
4.
5. After 5 or so minutes, find a suitable silence and then shriek loudly: "I'm sitting on it!", then hurriedly get up and leave.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.21

(Sit, stand and speak simultaneously either in different locations or the same)

1.
2. Stand up and say: "We four sit and stand together", then sit down.
3. idem.
4. idem.
5. idem.
6. idem.
7. idem.
8. idem.
9. idem.
10. idem.
11. idem.
12. idem.
13. idem.
14. (nothing)
15. idem.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.22

(Sit, stand and speak simultaneously either in different locations or the same.)

1.
2. Stand up and say: "We four sit and stand together", then sit down.
3. idem.
4. idem.
5. idem.
6. idem.
7. idem.
8. idem.
9. idem.
10. idem.
11. idem.
12. idem.
13. idem.
14. (nothing)
15. idem.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO.23

(Sit, stand and speak simultaneously either in different locations or the same.)

1.
2. Stand up and say: "We four sit and stand together", then sit down.
3. idem.
4. idem.
5. idem.
6. idem.
7. idem.
8. idem.
9. idem.
10. idem.
11. idem.
12. idem.
13. idem.
14. (nothing)
15. idem.

A.M.FINE: PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA. FLUXPERFORMER NO. 24

1.
2.
3. Stand up and announce: "This piece is a kind of a fugue". Then sit down.
4. Stand up and say: "However, the subject is imminent". Sit down.
5.
6.
7. Say: "The counter subject has just been expostulated, and we can now look for inversions. There are a number of them in this very audience."
8. Stand up and say: "A fugue is very complicated, consisting of a subject or subjects and a counter subject or subjects and involving all kinds of modulations and different devices in order to cut through some of the noise, and a different counterpoint like one invented by twelve-tone system, begining with the pre-Bach music. A music, is nonetheless an expostulation, and as such we are now witnessing its perennial play. At Juilliard, they are afraid of the word, so they call it a texture. Elsewhere, it has been named Fugue." Sit down.

10. Having removed this card from your pocket, stand up and read every word on this card to the audience. Then inflate a balloon and release it into the air.
11. Announce while standing or sitting: "Owing to conditions beyond the control of the author, this piece is now taking place". Then sit down.
12.
13. (do not read this section to the audience untill the time limit is up.) Stand up and say loudly: "Surprise!" then inflate another balloon and explode it by puncturing it with a pin or overblowing.
14. Announce loudly: "A half hour to go", then leave. Return immediately to the place which you left and say loudly: "47 minutes to go", then leave. Come back right away and just stay quiet.

(As requested by Mr. Richard Kostelanetz, for inclusion in "Scenarios", the following work is dedicated to the memory of the late Mr. George Maciunas.) (3/7/'80)

"FLUXTHEATRE ANSWERS"

Props:

A modest-sized table, preferably covered by a large black cloth.

A large gong, preferably, or a similar substitute like a pot-lid, centrally suspended in a visibly *square* frame.

A symphonic 'triangle', suspended.

One wooden chopstick.

One wet-mop.

Also: One water
glass, and a
pitcher of water.

One pocketwatch.

Performers: Two. (Speaker and Mopper).

Instructions: Table with props except mop, center proscenium along with Speaker.

Speaker instructs audience to mentally think up questions to the ten answers he will give them, without any permitted 'verbalisation' on the part of any of the audience. Sufficient time between each "answer" must be allowed for the audience to mentally form their questions. The Speaker may perform the ten answers, in any order he or she may prefer.

ANSWERS

(1.) "She wore five rings to the opera; two space-ships, and three dinasaurs: That is why the restaurant boomed."

(2.) "No."

(3.) The Speaker silently, and slowly, lifts the empty glass with one hand, the water jug with the other, and carefully pours about a glass full of water onto the stage, leaving the glass dry and empty: Performer No. 2 comes out from the wings with the mop, and carefully, but not dramatically, wipes up the water, and returns same direction he came from, to the wings, with the mop.

(4.) "Arithmetic equals five times two point six equals thirteen million."

(5.) "Leap-Year."

(6.) The Speaker picks up the wooden chopstick, breaks it, and replaces the two pieces on the table.

(7.) The Speaker looks at his watch, and announces the hour, minute, and second; then the date; and then says: "Cosmic Soup."

(8.) "While they were on the moon, one of them sneezed."

(9.) The suspended triangle is lifted from the .table, along with the square framed 'gong', (if it is that small), and struck once against the gong—and allowed to resonate until finished, and then quietly replaced on the table.

(10.) Any of the preceding nine may be chosen as the tenth answer, or, if preferred, the Speaker may obviously comb his or her hair instead.

At the end, the offstage Mopper, without mop, should join the Speaker for bows.

MUSICA DA CAMERA
for orchestra of photographers

in memoriam George Maciunas

 = 120

The orchestra is divided into three groups disposed onstage in a curved right-center-left formation roughly equivalent to the seating of a traditional orchestra (strings at right, winds center, brass left).

The center group has flash cameras; the outside groups have ordinary professional cameras, preferably single-lens reflex. All performers keep their lenses trained on the audience.

The conductor faces the orchestra through a view camera trained on the score, the traditional photographer's cloth over the conductor's head. "Movements" are indicated by the conductor with numerical, watch-the-birdie-type gestures of the right hand, and the individual numbered actions are indicated with similar gestures of the left.

All actions by a single group must be realized as succinctly and simultaneously as possible by the photographers in that group. Actions by different groups noted as occurring simultaneously follow one another in rapid succession, except where otherwise noted. Longer intervals, marked by the conductor's left hand, separate differently numbered actions.

I.

1. All photographers remove lens caps
2. All photographers replace lens caps
3. All photographers remove lens caps
4. Center group [hereafter referred to as GrC] sets off flash 1x
5. Right group and left group [GrR, GrL] alternate clicks of the shutter, each 4x (conductor must beat time with alternate hands)
6. GrC sets off flash 2x
7. GrR replaces lens caps
8. GrC opens film chambers
9. GrL clicks shutters 2x

10. GrR removes lens caps
    GrC closes film chambers
11. All photographers replace lense caps

II.

1. GrC sets off flashes 2x
2. GrR clicks shutters 1x
3. GrC sets off flashes 1x
4. GrL removes lens caps
   GrR stands up
5. GrL replaces lens caps
6. GrR sits down
   GrC stands up
   GrL opens film chambers
7. GrC sits down

III.

1. GrL closes film chambers
2. All photographers stand up
3. GrR opens film chambers
   GrL operates motor drive 1x
4. GrC replaces lens caps, operates motor drive 2x
5. All photographers sit down
   GrC sets off flashes 1x
6. GrR closes film chambers, operates motor drive 2x
7. All photographers open film chambers
8. All photographers unroll film onto floor

IV.

1. GrC picks up its piles of film
   GrC stands up, sets off flashes 1x
2. GrC sits down, operates motor drive 6x
   GrL picks up its piles of film
3. GrR clicks shutters 3x
   GrC picks up its piles of film, operates motor drive 1x
4. GrR clicks shutters 4x
   GrL clicks shutters 3x *simultaneously* (conductor must beat 4 against 3)
5. GrC clicks shutters 2x, sets off flashes 1x
   GrL clicks shutters 2x simultaneously
6. GrR clicks shutters 4x, removes lens caps
   GrL clicks shutters 3x
7. GrR stands up, operates motor drive 1x
   GrC sets off flashes 1x, stands up

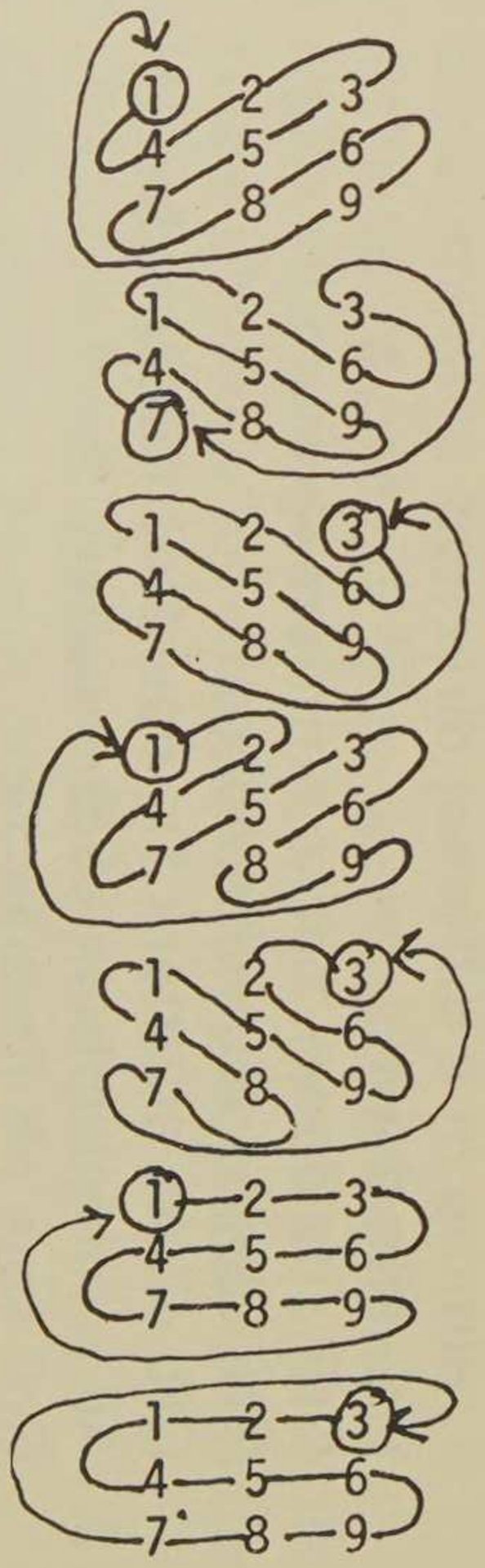
8. GrR replaces lens caps
   GrL clicks shutters 6x
9. GrC clicks shutters 3x, sets off flashes 3x, operates motor drive 2x
   GrL stands up
10. All photographers sit down

V.

1. All photographers stand up, sit down, stand up, sit down, click 1x
2. GrR opens film chambers
   GrC sets off flashes 2x
   GrL turns film knobs 2x simultaneously with flashes
3. GrR clicks shutters 4x
4. GrC turns film knobs 4x
5. GrL opens film chambers
6. GrC stands up, sets off flashes 2x
   GrL stands up, operates motor drive 1x
7. GrR clicks shutters 8x, stands up, closes film chambers
8. GrC sits down, operates motor drive 4x
   GrL closes film chambers
9. GrL sits down
10. GrR clicks shutters an indeterminate x—photographers clicking various amounts; one photographer should click a lot longer than everyone else, gradually getting slower and slower
11. GrC opens film chambers, sets off flashes 4x
    GrL clicks shutters 5x
12. GrR stands up, opens film chambers, clicks shutters 1x
    GrC clicks shutters 1x, sets off flashes 1x
    GrL stands up, operates motor drive 1x
13. GrR closes film chambers
    GrC sets off flashes 20x, each time each photographer aiming in a different direction
    GrL sits down
14. GrR sits down, clicks shutters 4x
    GrC closes film chambers
    GrL clicks shutters 1x, operates motor drive 1x
15. All photographers click shutters 2x
    GrC sets off flashes 1x
    All photographers stand up

New York
May 30–June 9, 1978

EXPERIMENT IN SIMULTANEOUS TWO-WAY COMMUNICATION

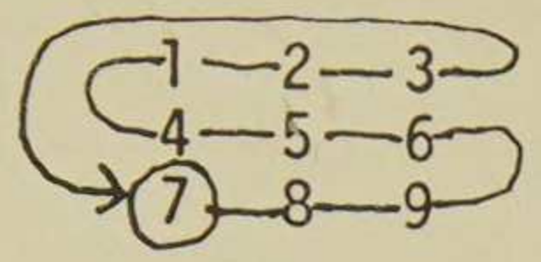
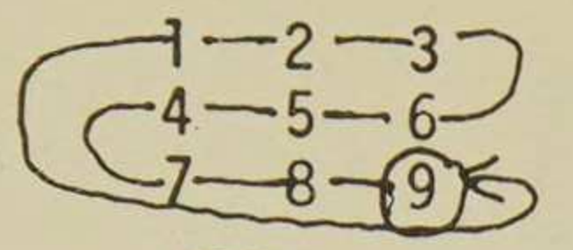
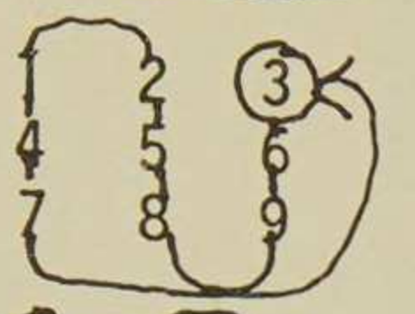
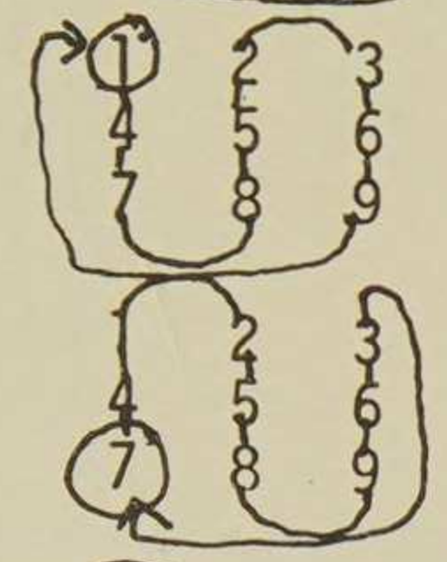
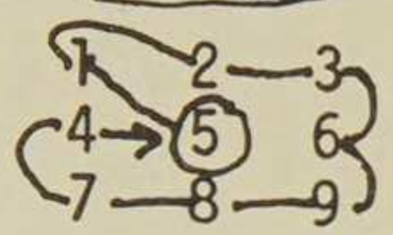
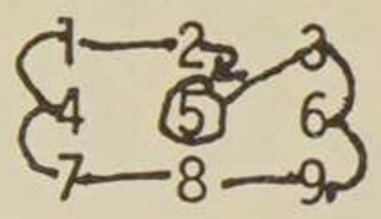
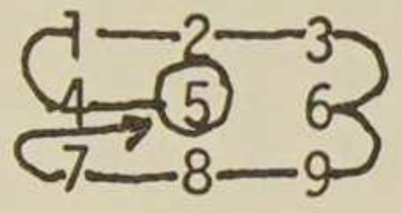


Two active participants are seated in different rooms with telephones. Passive observers may accompany each of them. Each participant is provided with a sheet of 12-16 matrices of the numbers 1-9. Directional lines connect all digits in each matrix in a different order.

Each participant is directed to follow one of the sequences through the matrix. Neither knows which sequence the other is following. The object of the experiment is cooperative: by using the ringing of the telephone to transmit numbers, the participants are to attempt, respectively, to communicate their own positions in the matrix and to learn the positions of one another. The matrix , then, is a trap which the participants cannot escape unless they escape together, by establishing a common numerical sequence.

Participants must attempt to communicate their positions to one another simultaneously. One participant dials the other's number and allows the phone to ring a number of times corresponding to the number he is then on in his progression. At the same time, the participant receiving the call is to pick up the phone after the number of rings corresponding to his position. Unless the caller hangs up first or they are on the same number, this will result in an interruption of the caller's message and will turn the call into a message to the caller.

Participants take turns dialing one another. Either one may be designated the "starter". He is to call the other and try to let the phone ring the number of times given

by the circled starting number of his matrix. If he finishes before the receiver picks up, he is to hang up immediately and move to the next number in his sequence. The other participant, receiver on the first round, will dial the other participant and try to transmit his circled starting number. Both participants are trying to signal each other at the same time--either by dialing and ringing, or by picking up after a given number of rings. Obviously, whoever is on the lower number will succeed in transmitting, while the other will fail. Each participant is obliged to keep trying to transmit the same number until successful. If both participants happen to be on the same number, the transmission/reception will be uninterrupted and the receiver should get a dial tone when he picks up.

When either participant thinks that he knows the sequence that the other participant is following, the object of communication changes: he is to transmit to the other participant the number that he thinks the latter is on or has just moved to. If he is correct, his transmission will be uninterrupted in case he is dialing, or if he is receiving he will get a dial tone when he picks up. Both participants, having simuntaneously transmitted the same message, will now attempt to send/receive a second number in common. To end the experiment, participants must send/receive a chain of at least two identical numbers leading to the nearest corner of the matrix from the point at which they first established a common position.

The participants can thus only get out of their respective matrices if they do so together--by simultaneously sending/receiving the same number at least two times in a row. If no common position is established, participants are obliged to remain in their designated sequences.

LA GLORIA DI COLUI CHE TUTTO MOVE

John Ciardi or Charles Doria sit at 11:00 AM and teach Michael Andre the first 100 lines of Dante's Paradiso using the Sinclair bilingual edition. The grammar is parsed, the pronunciation corrected and the meaning debated. At 11:00 PM Andre mounts the table and chants the first 100 lines rotating with a flashlight beamed at the audience.

Whatever comes down THE ROAD

Introduction.

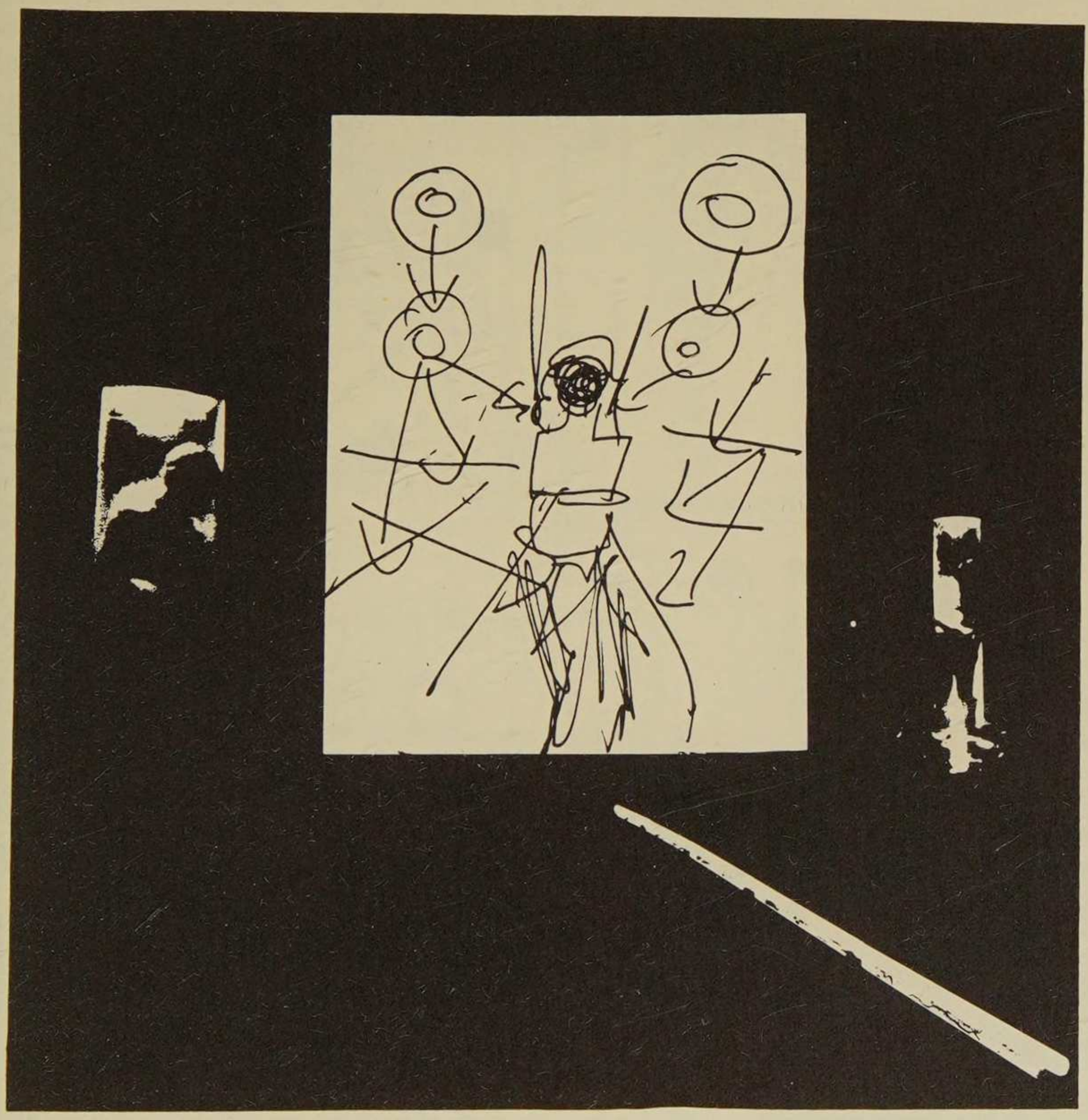
Then the reader, stoned and unshaven, approaches the microphone, picks up the microphone, carries it to the door, leaves, returns without microphone, stares at watch for 50 seconds, mumbles

"I love to watch my watch"

stares at watch for another 50 seconds, goes back outside, returns with mike, replaces it on stand, sits.

A waitress during the performance has graciously placed another shot and another beer on his table. Downs both. Shuts eyes.

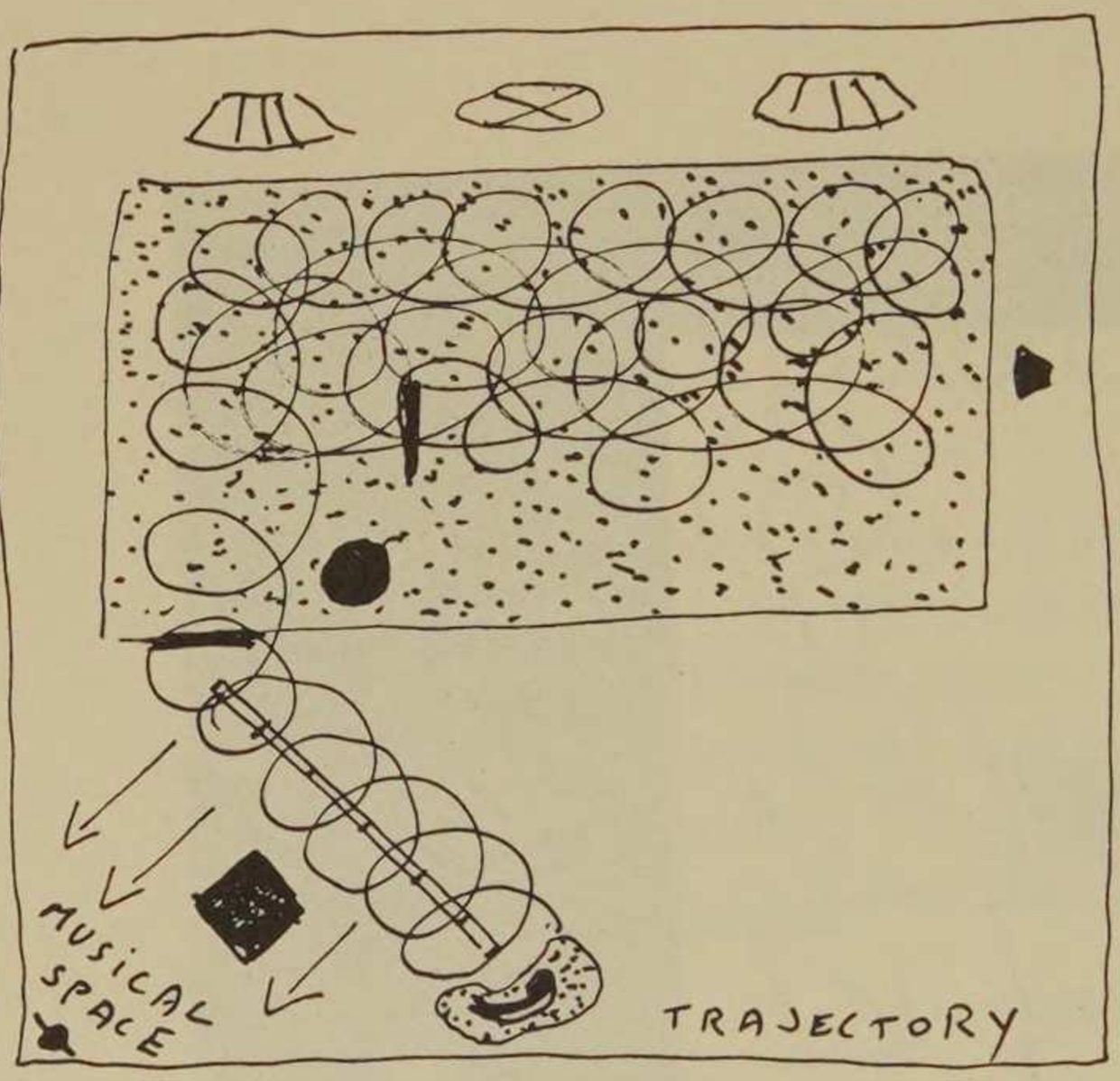
Ear Inn, New York, 1980

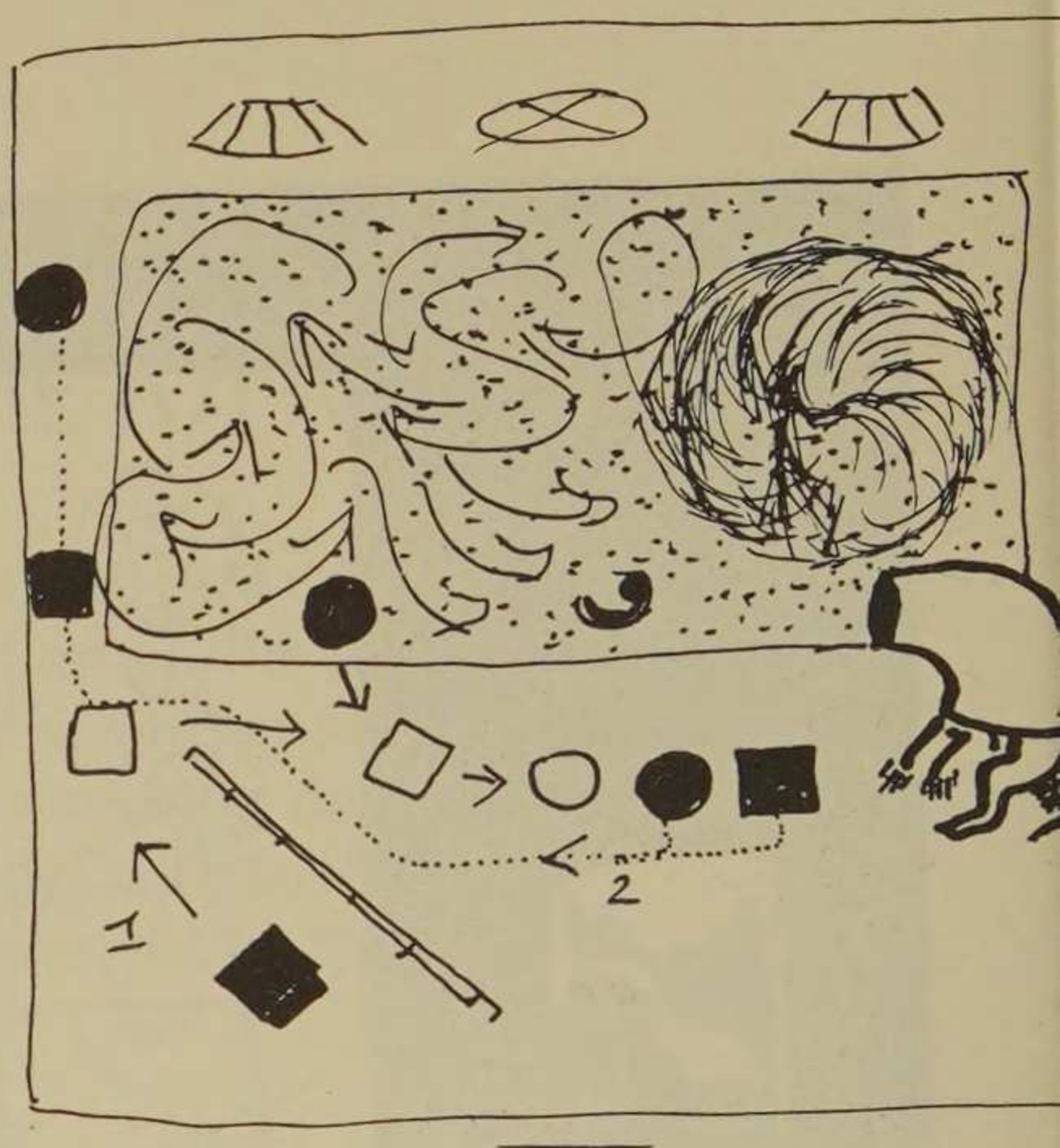


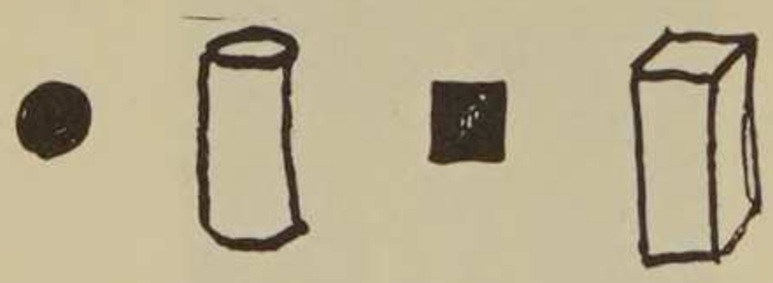
QUARANTINE (1980)
BY LE PLAN K (BELGIUM)

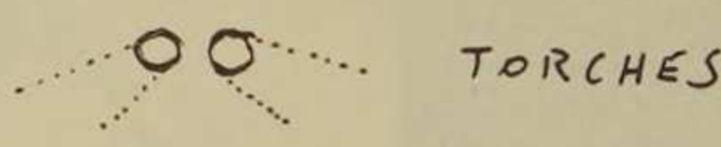
DIRECTOR : Frédéric FLAMAND
MUSIC : Michael GALASSO
ACTORS : Daniel BEESON, Bruno GARNY
Carlos DAPONTE, Fr. FLAMAND

Created in Mexico, New York, Washington, San Francisco and Beaubourg in Paris.
Scenario by Fr. Flamand.

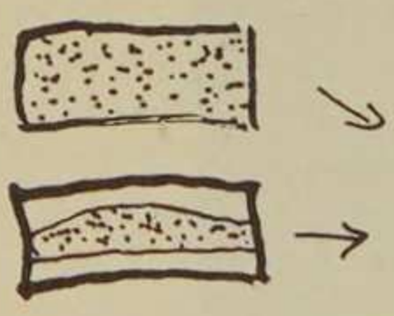

MUSICAL SPACE
TRAJECTORY

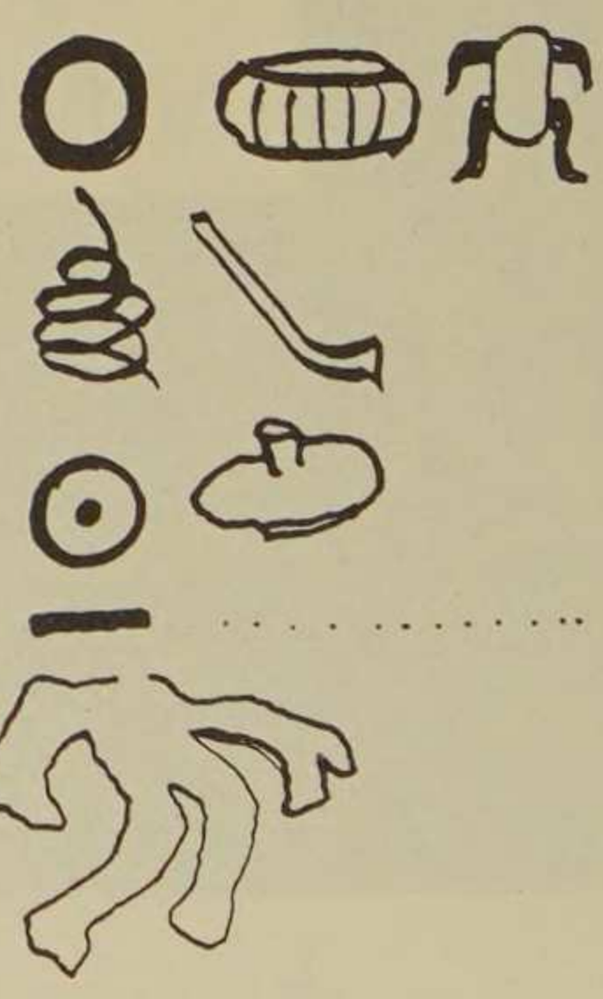

1
2

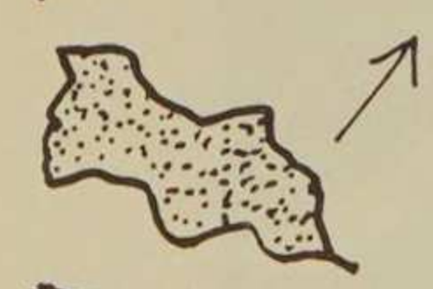

PLEXIGLASS
TEST-TUBE


TORCHES


FOETUS

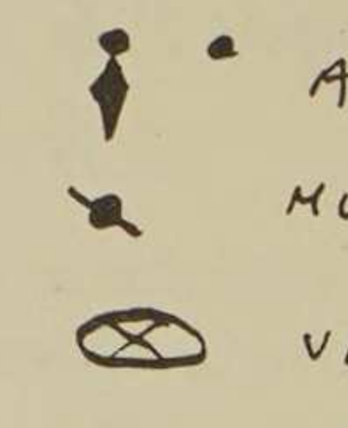

PLASTIC
AMOEBA - BRAIN


STILL
STICK


NEON


OARS

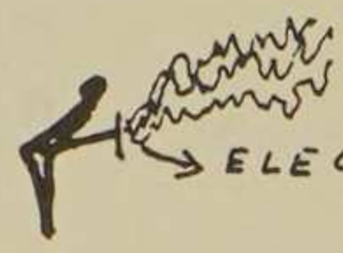

LIGHTS


ACTORS
MUSICIAN
VENTILATOR

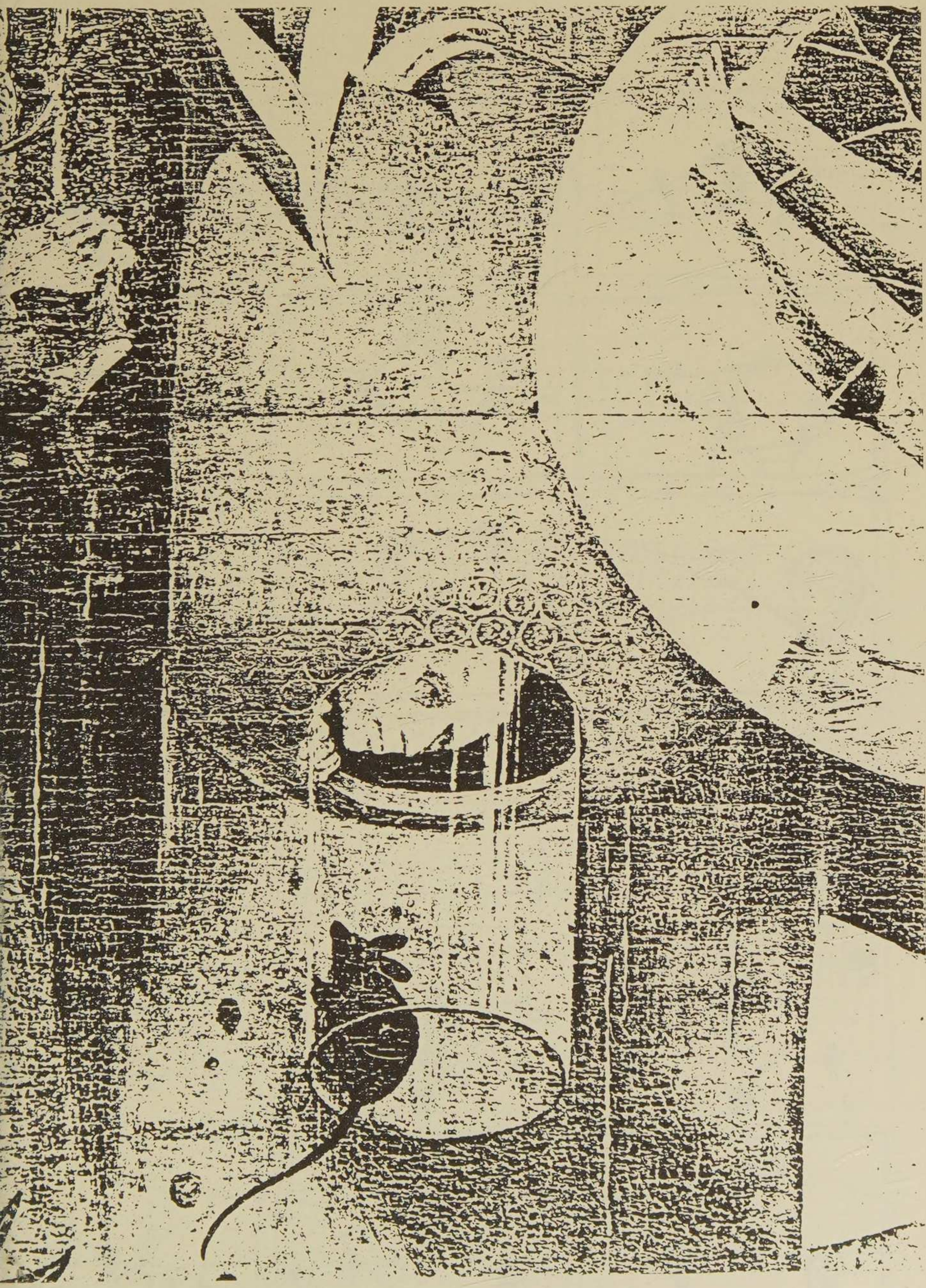

HYDROLIC STOOL

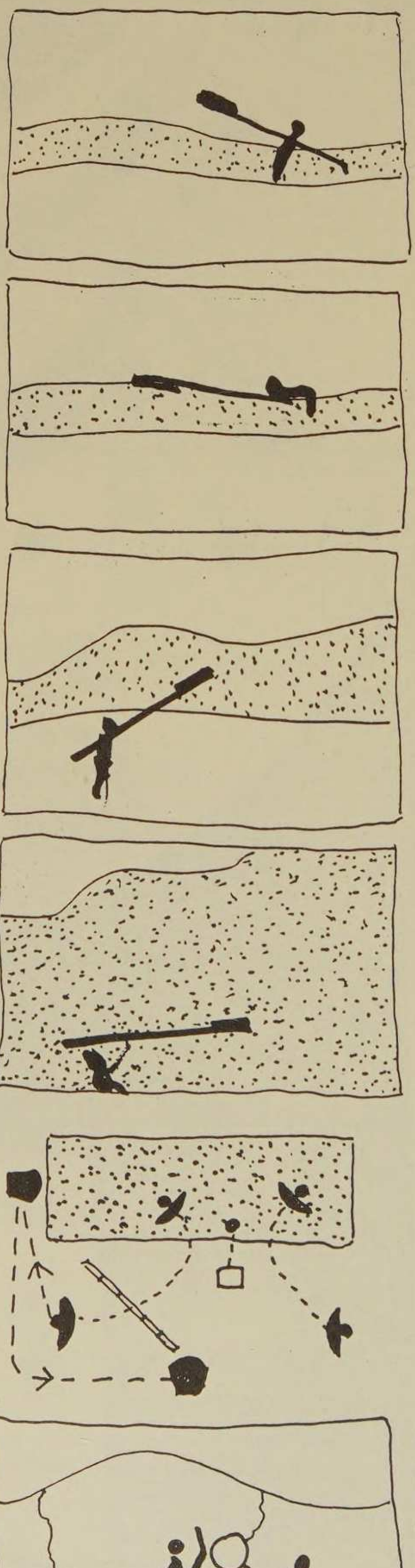

AIR-LOCK

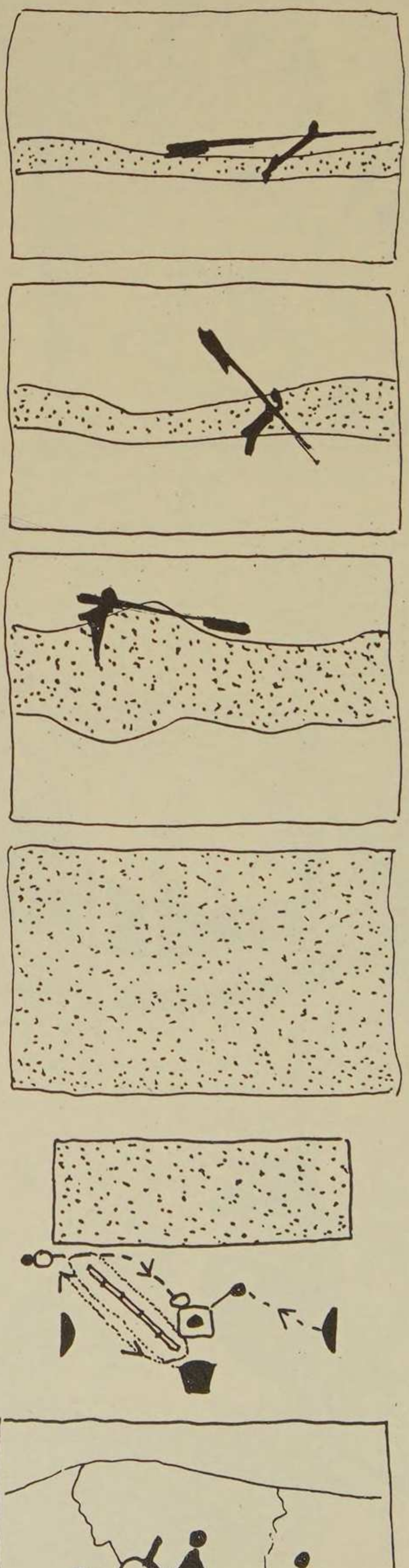

LITTLE
AIR-LOCK

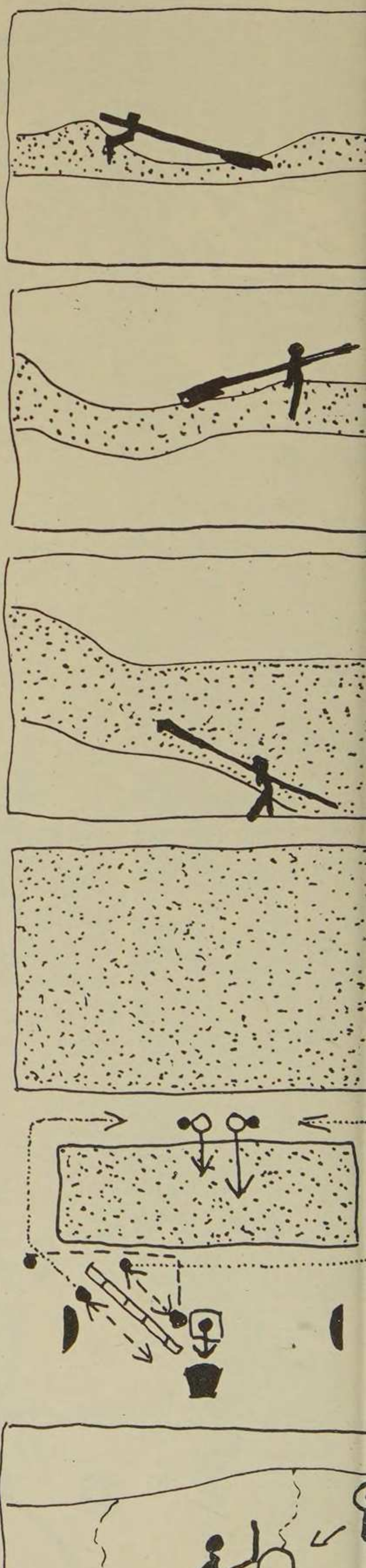

SPARKS
ELECTRIC JAW

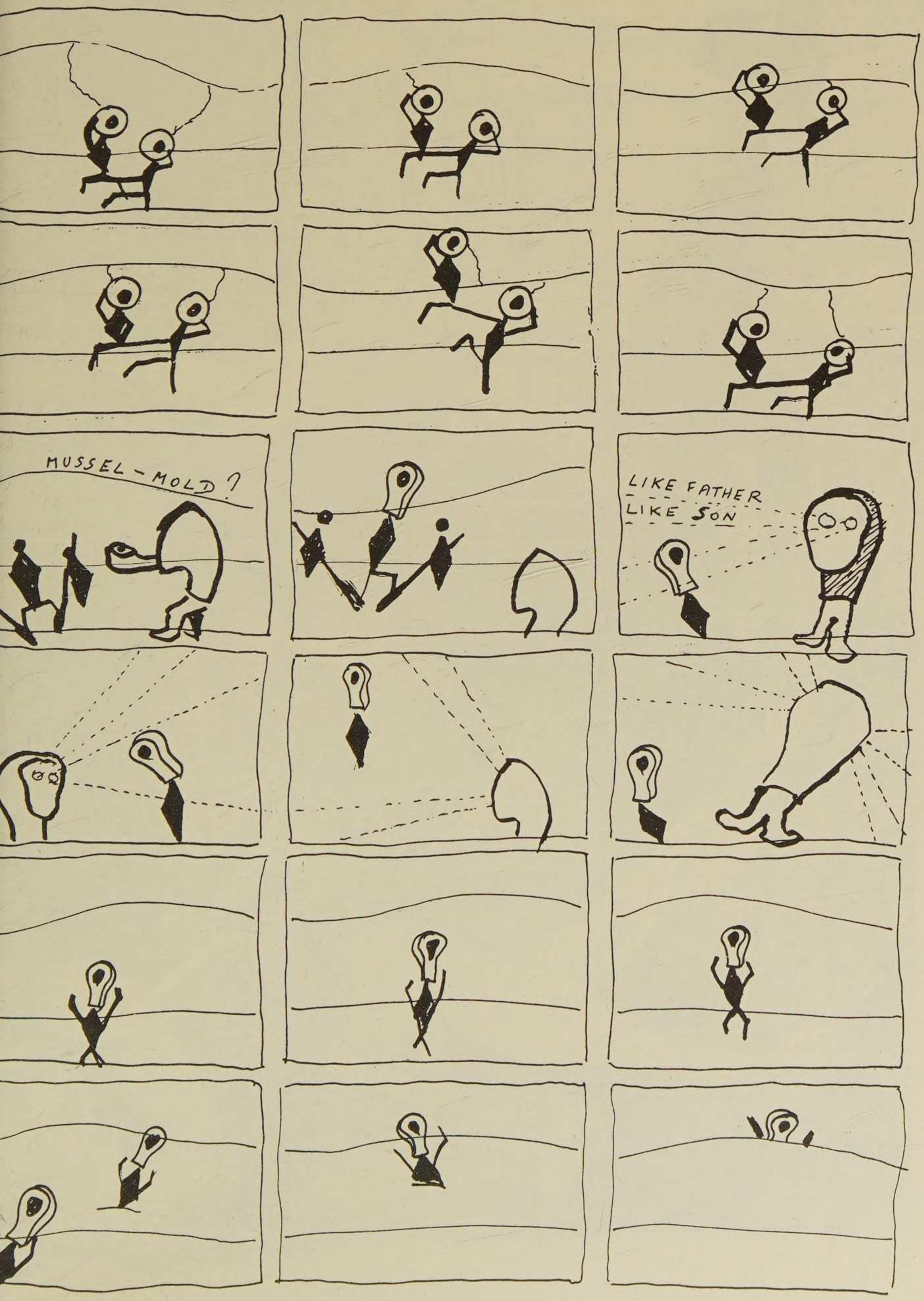


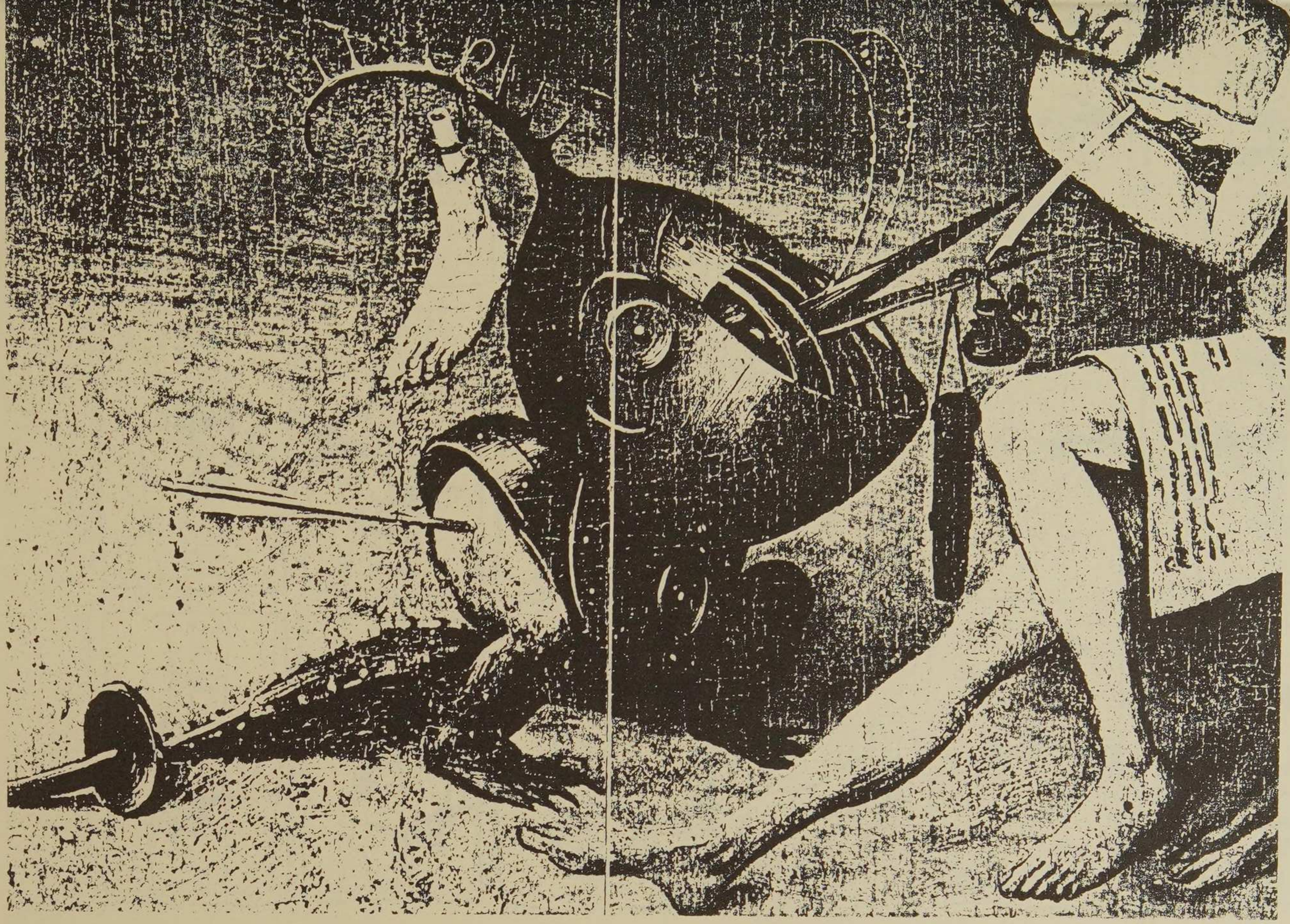


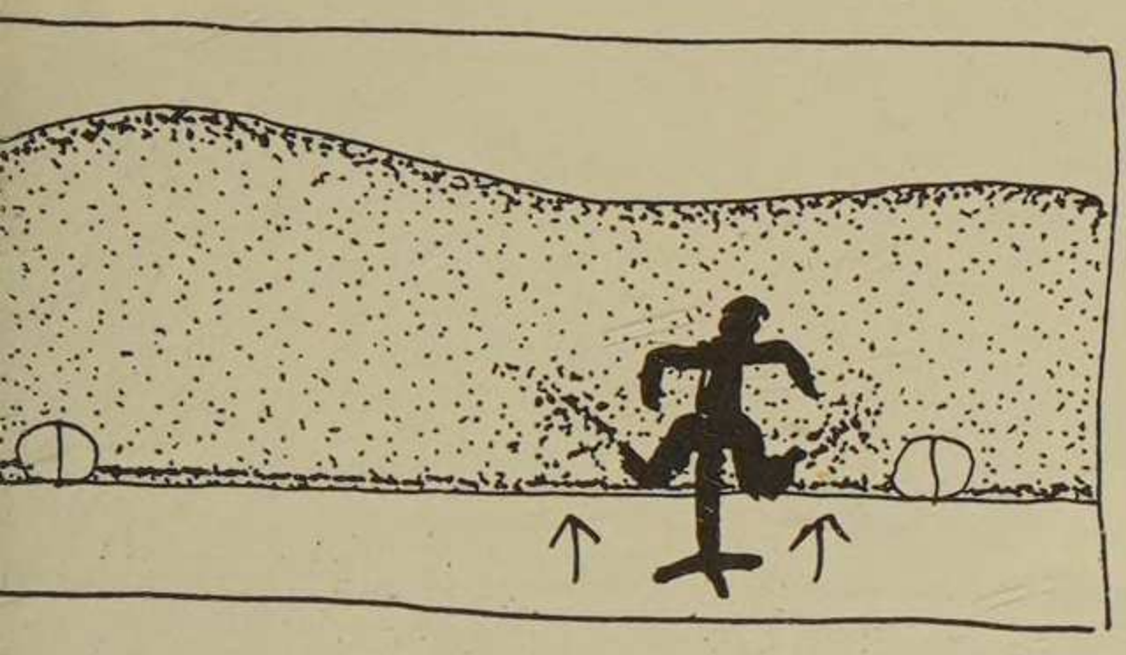


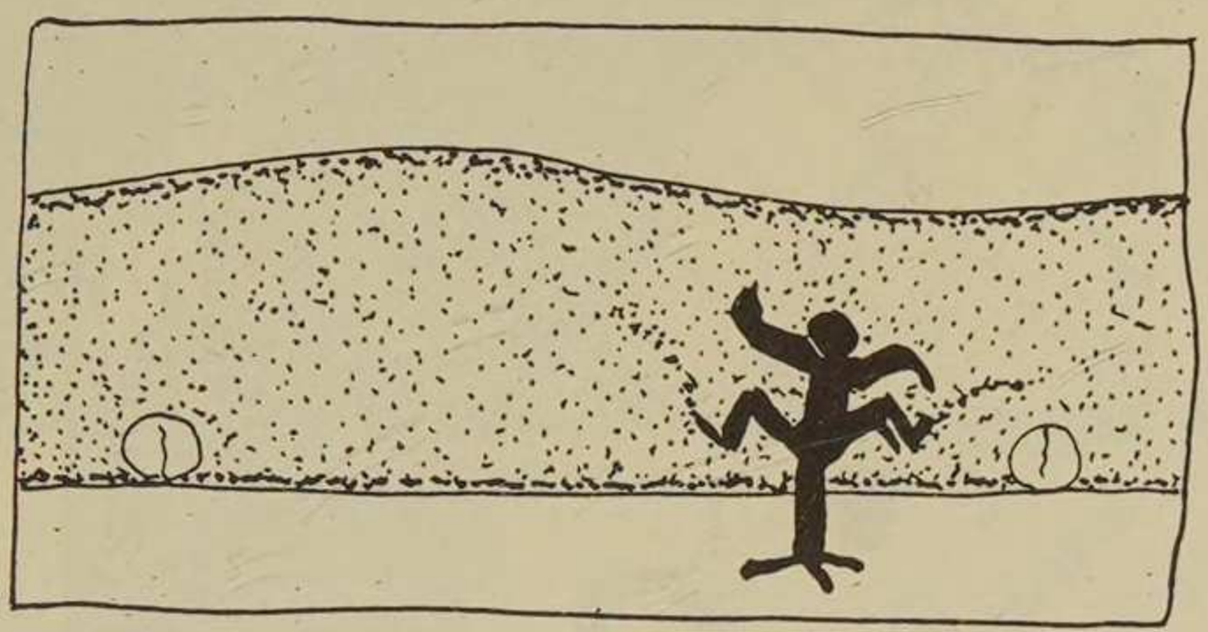


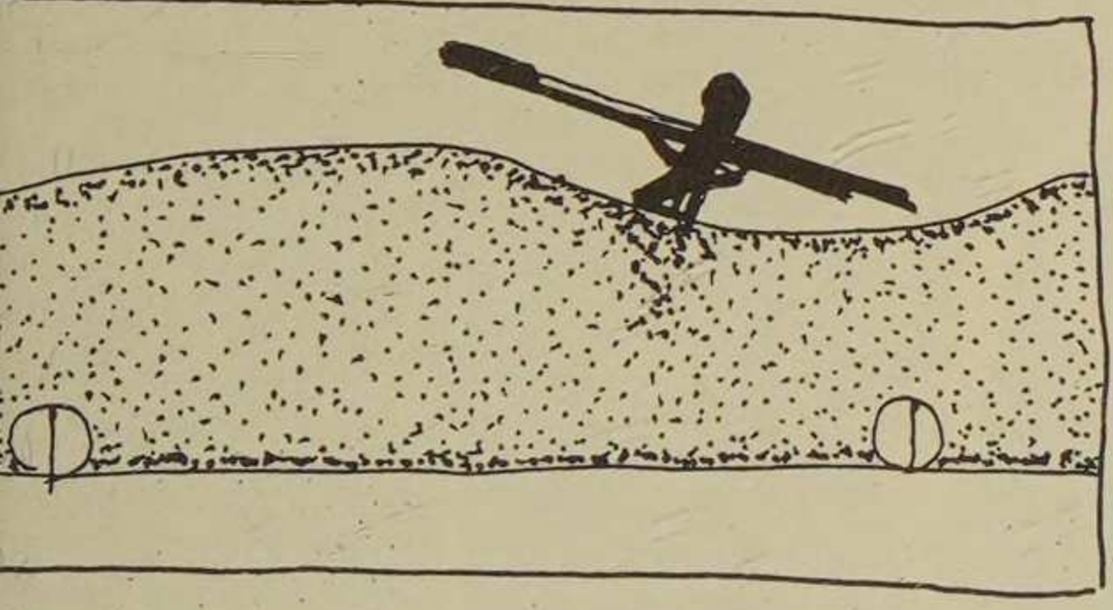


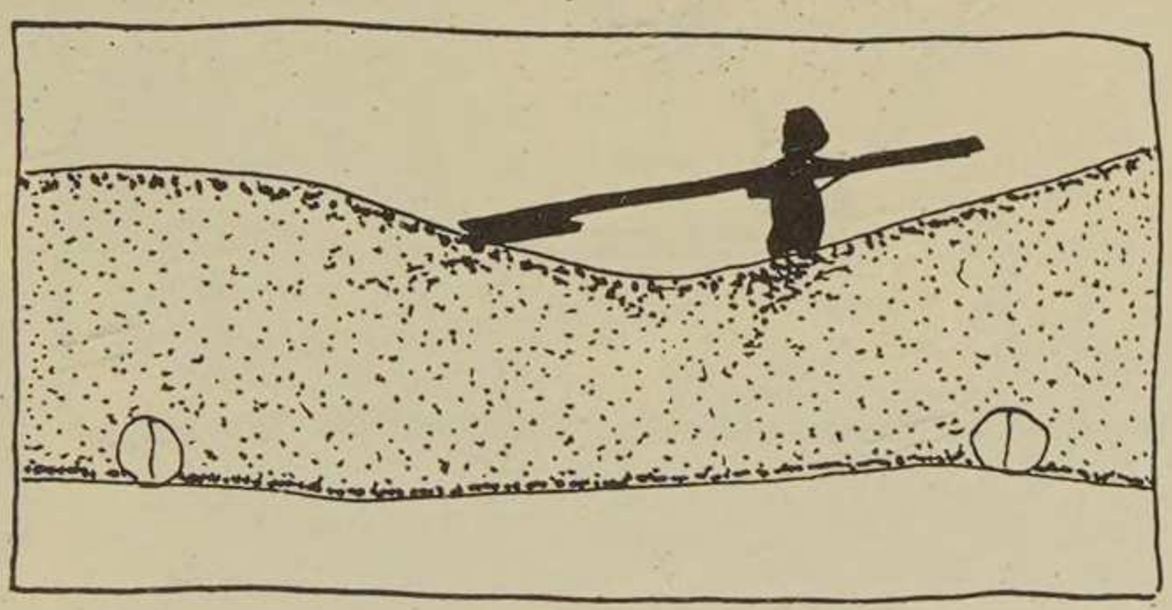

MUSSEL - MOLD ?
LIKE FATHER
LIKE SON

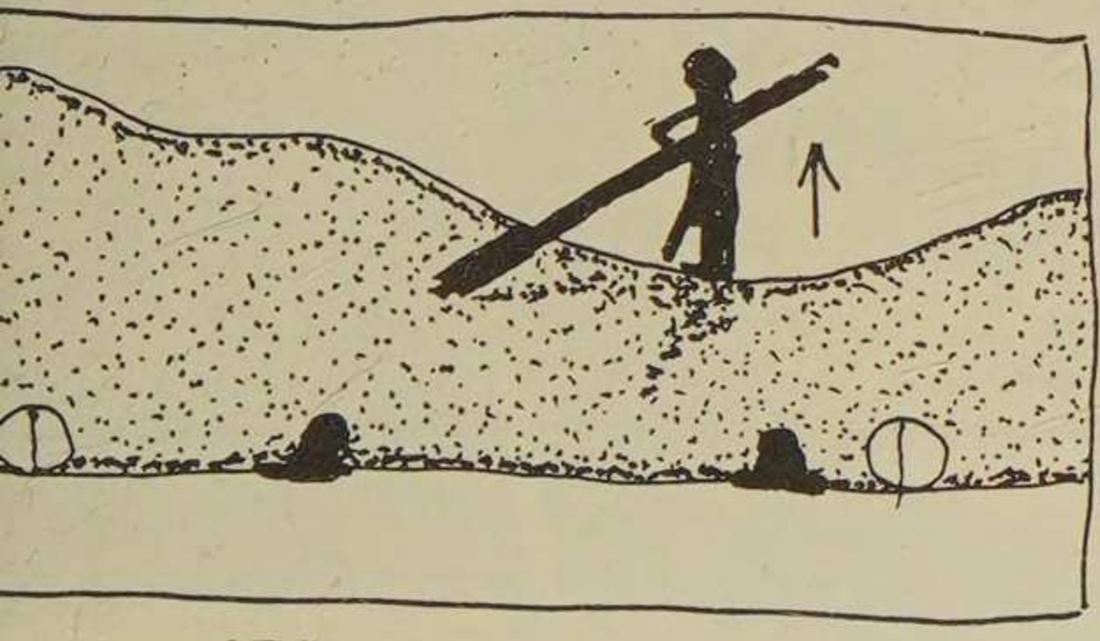


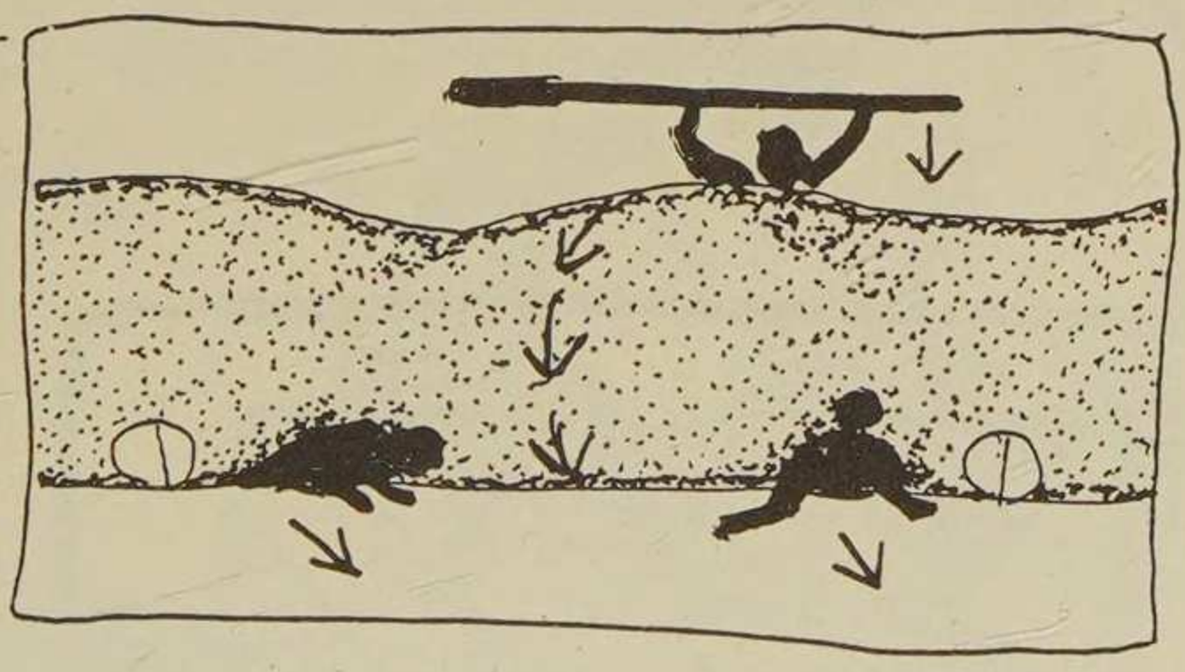


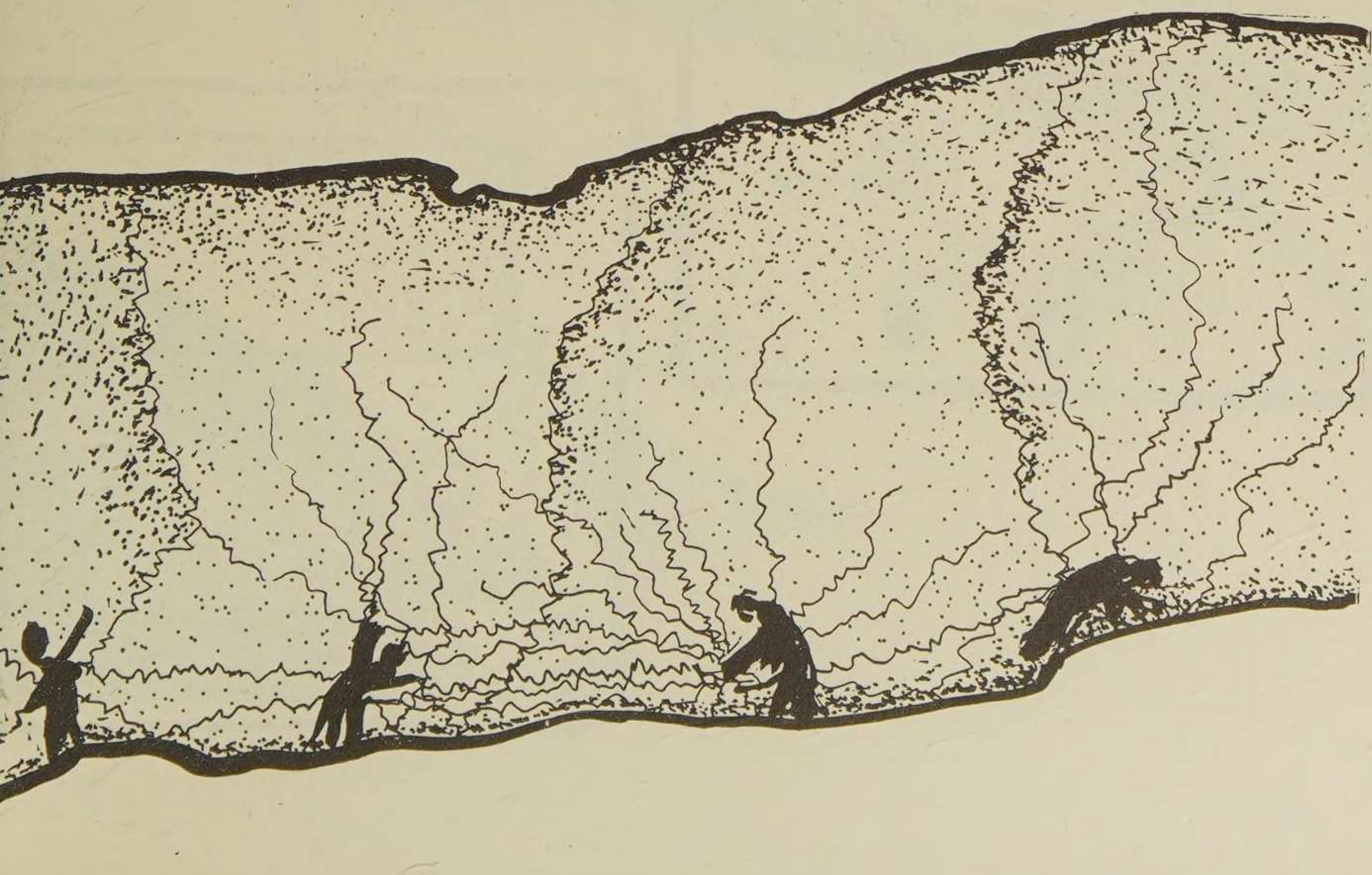


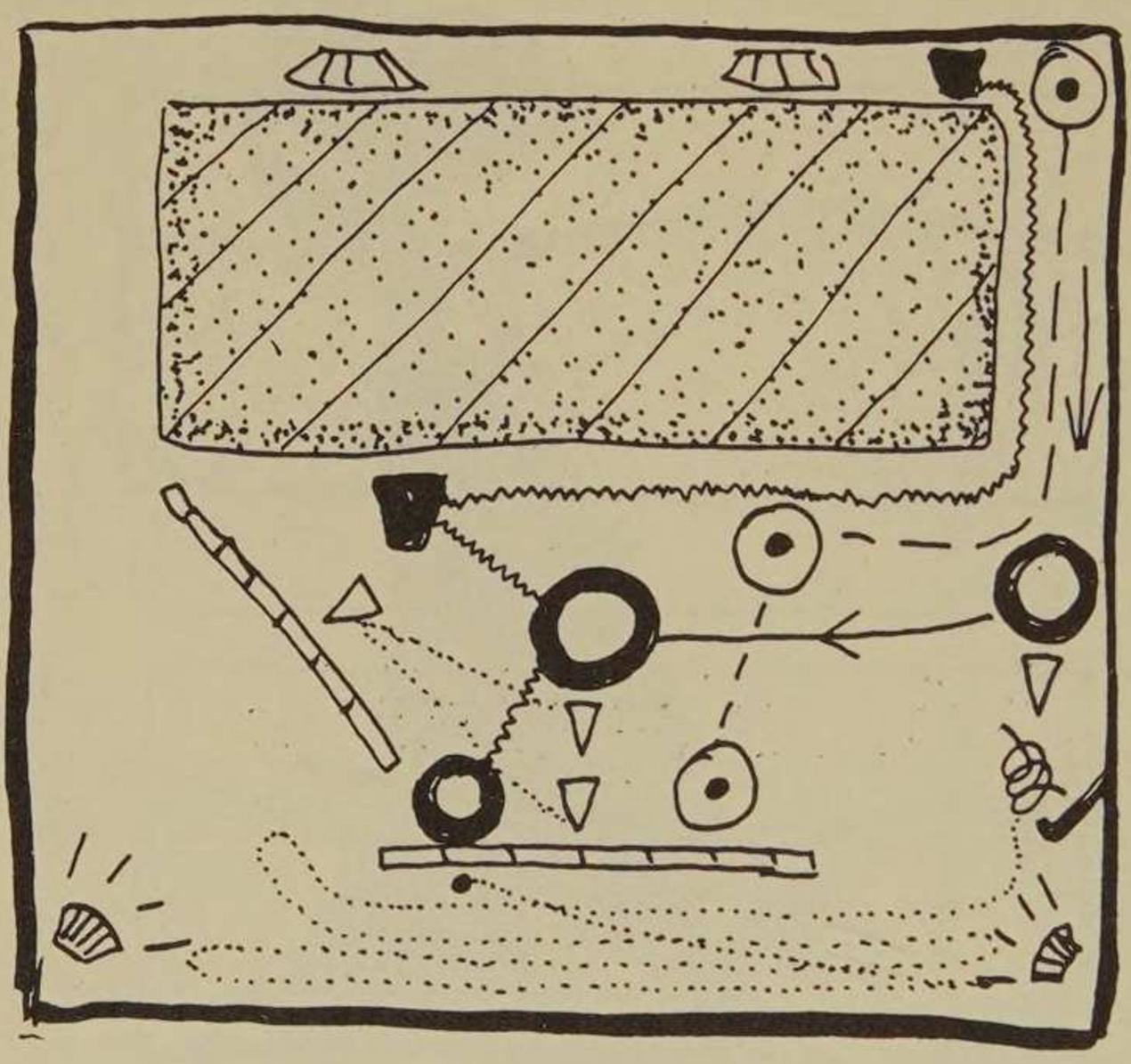


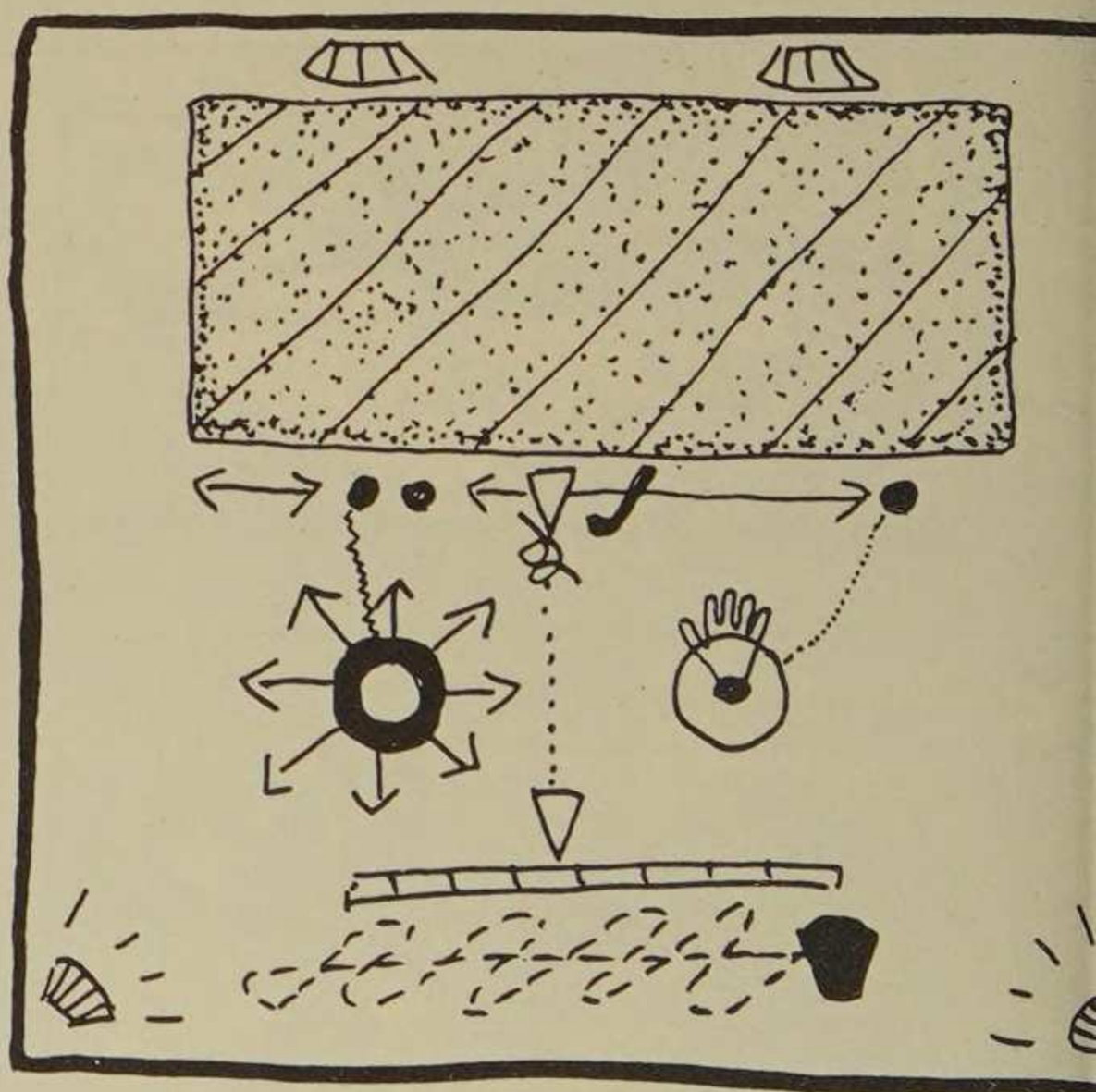


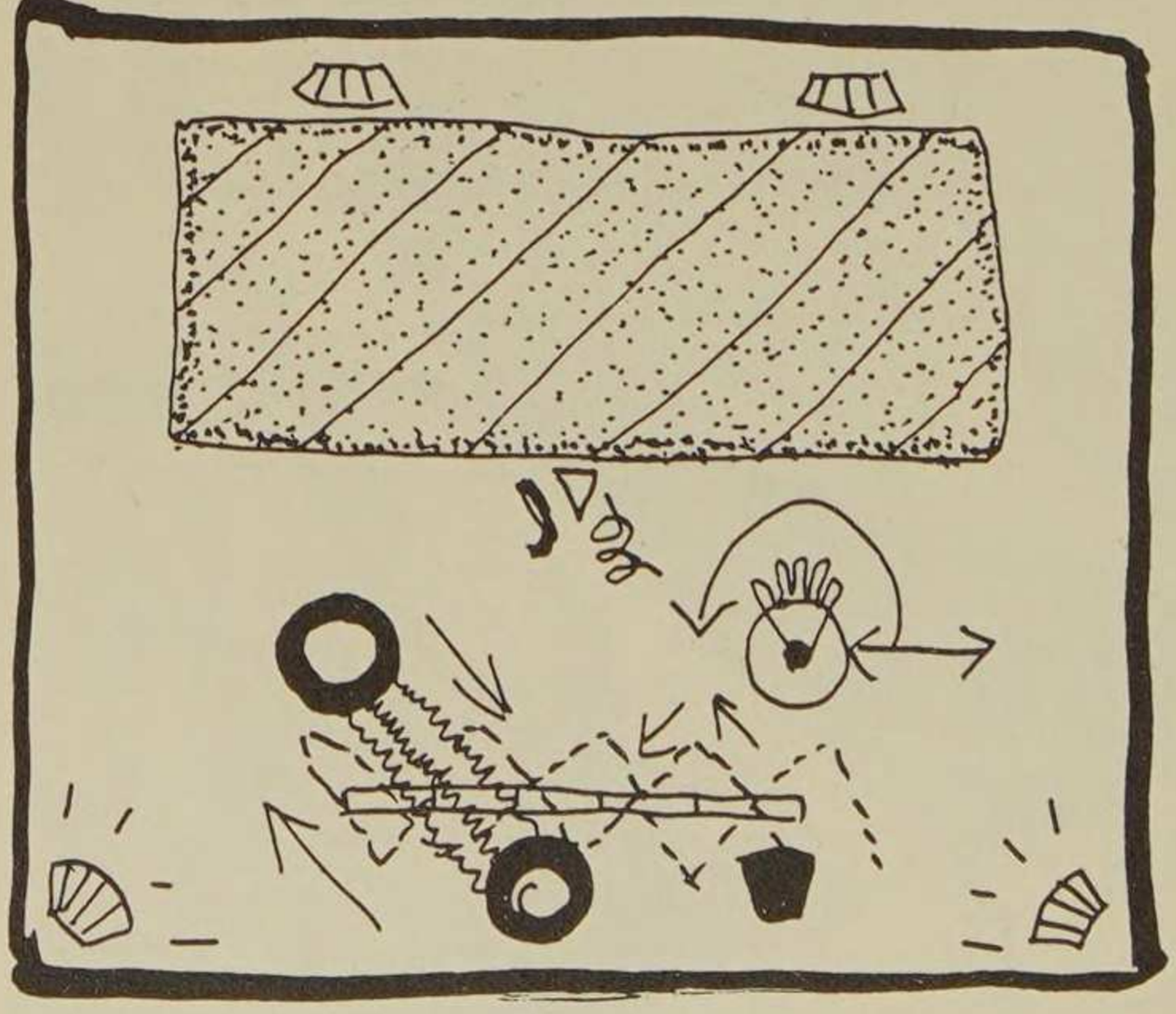


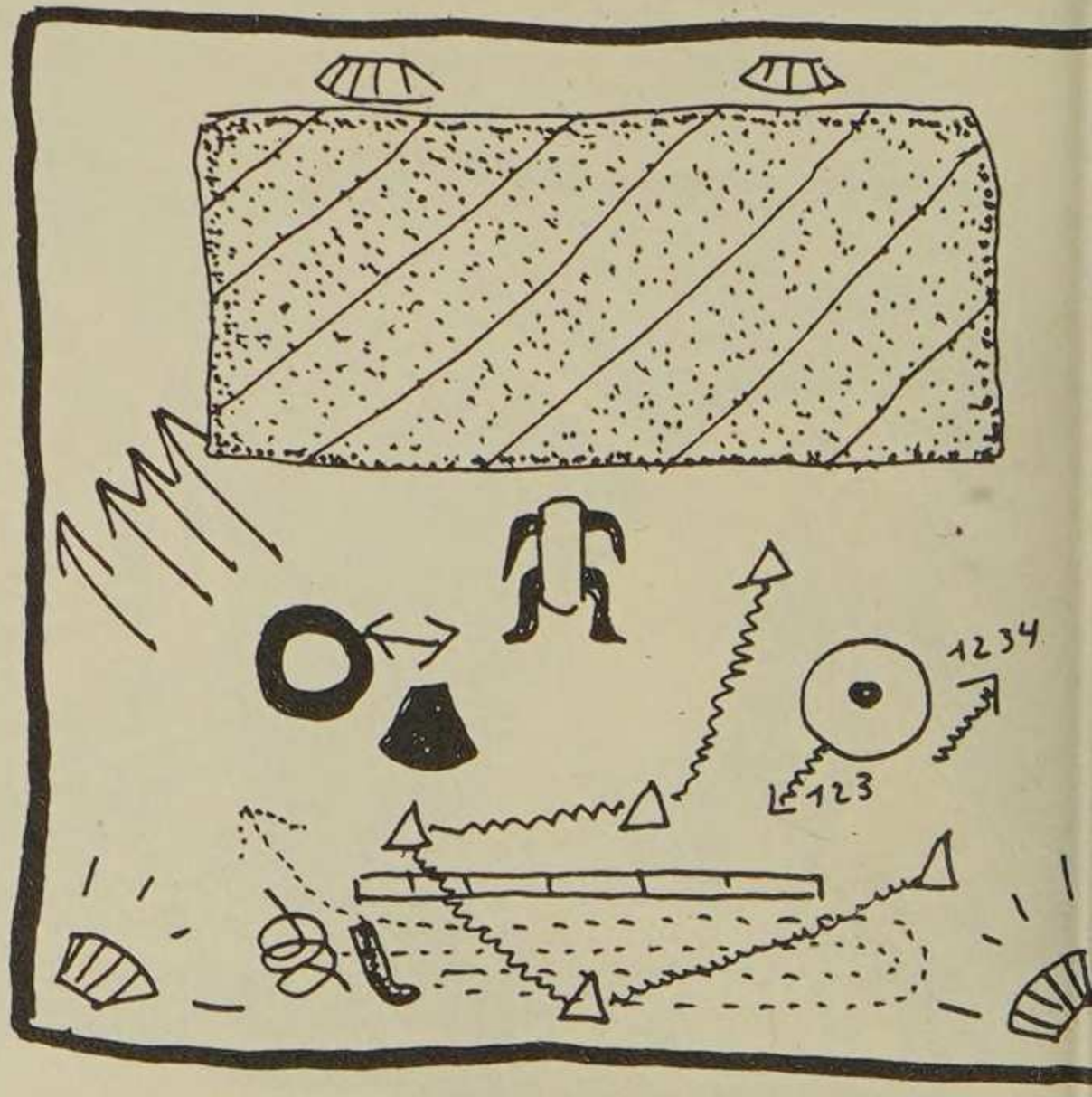




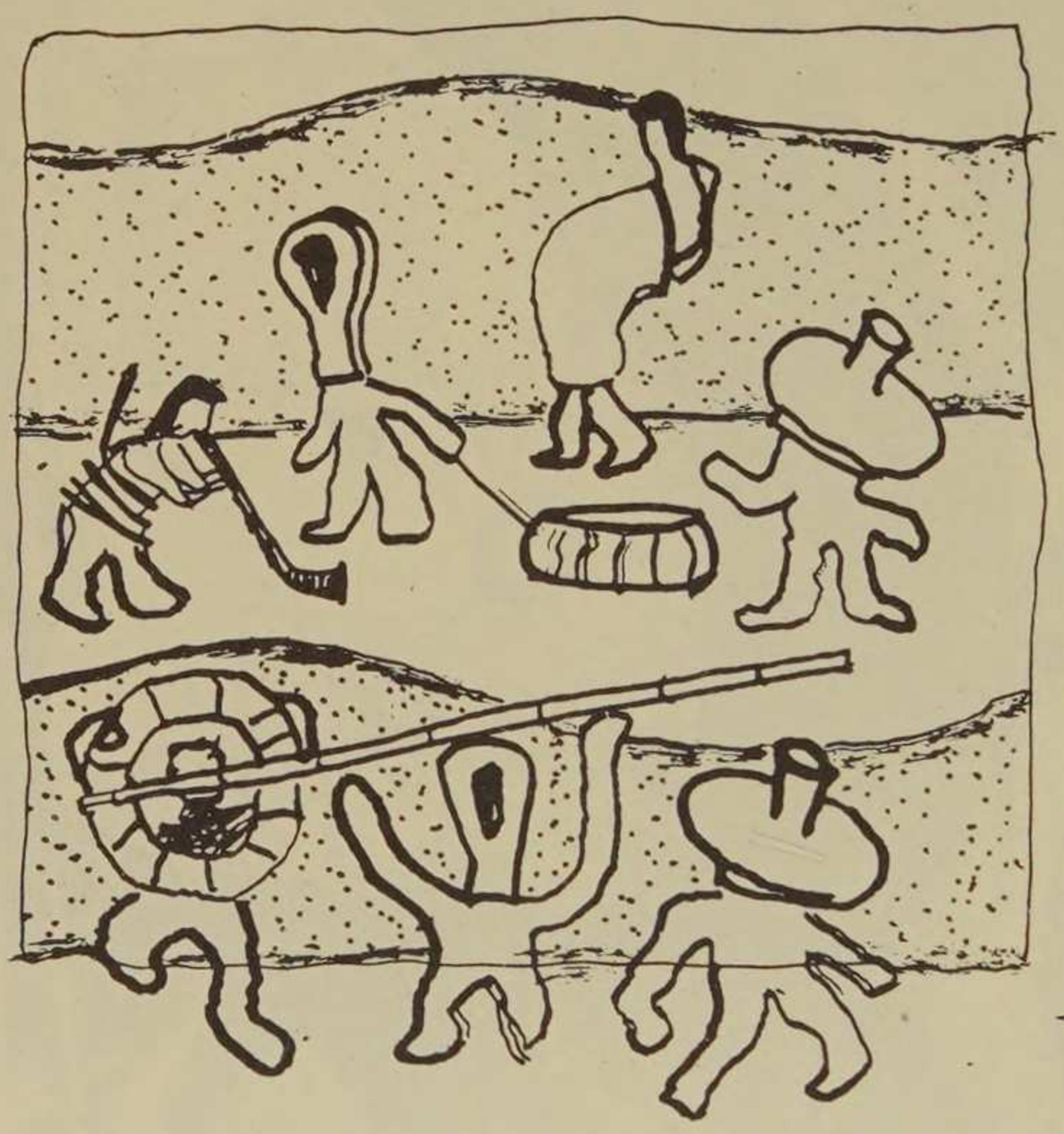


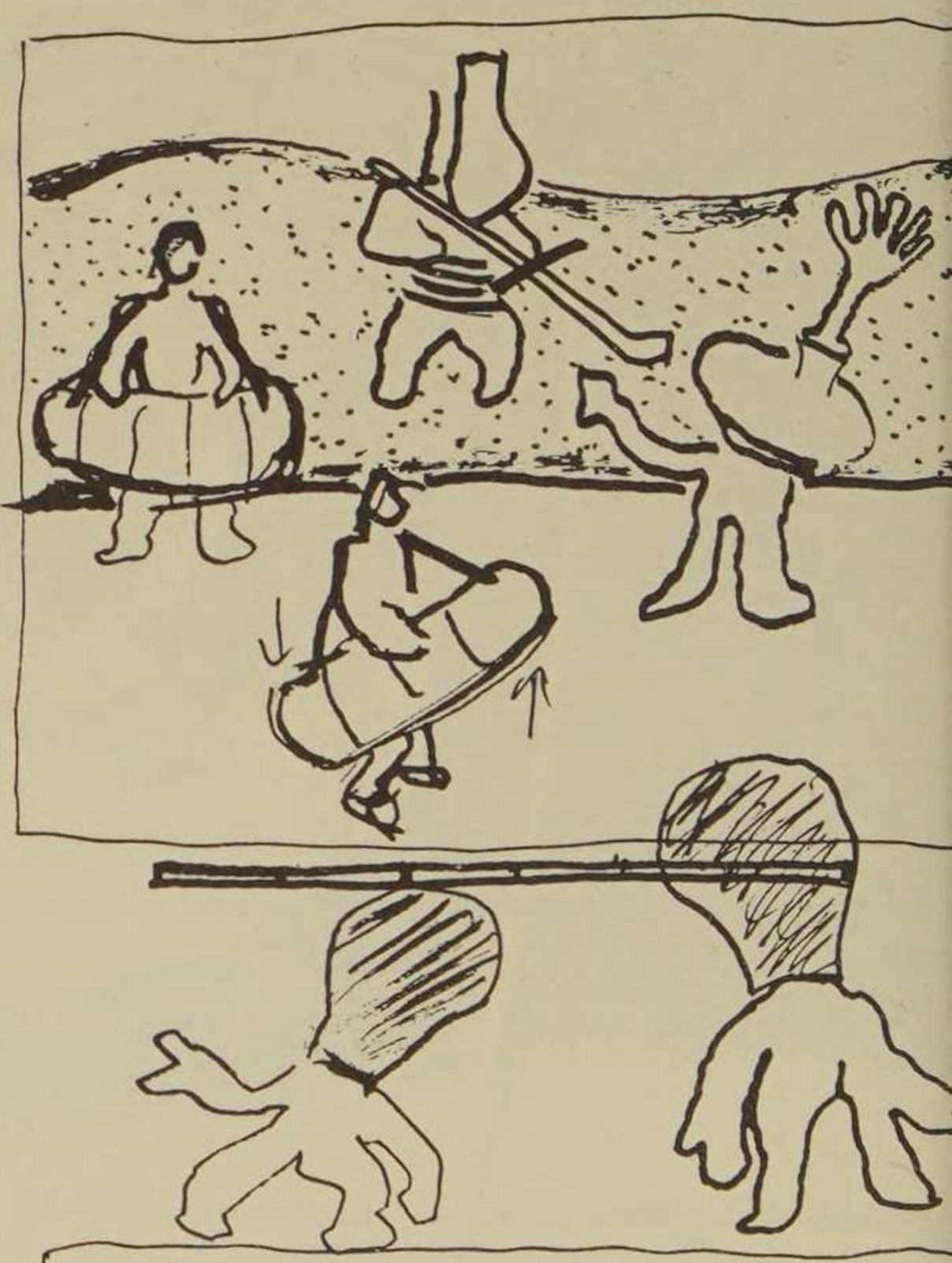


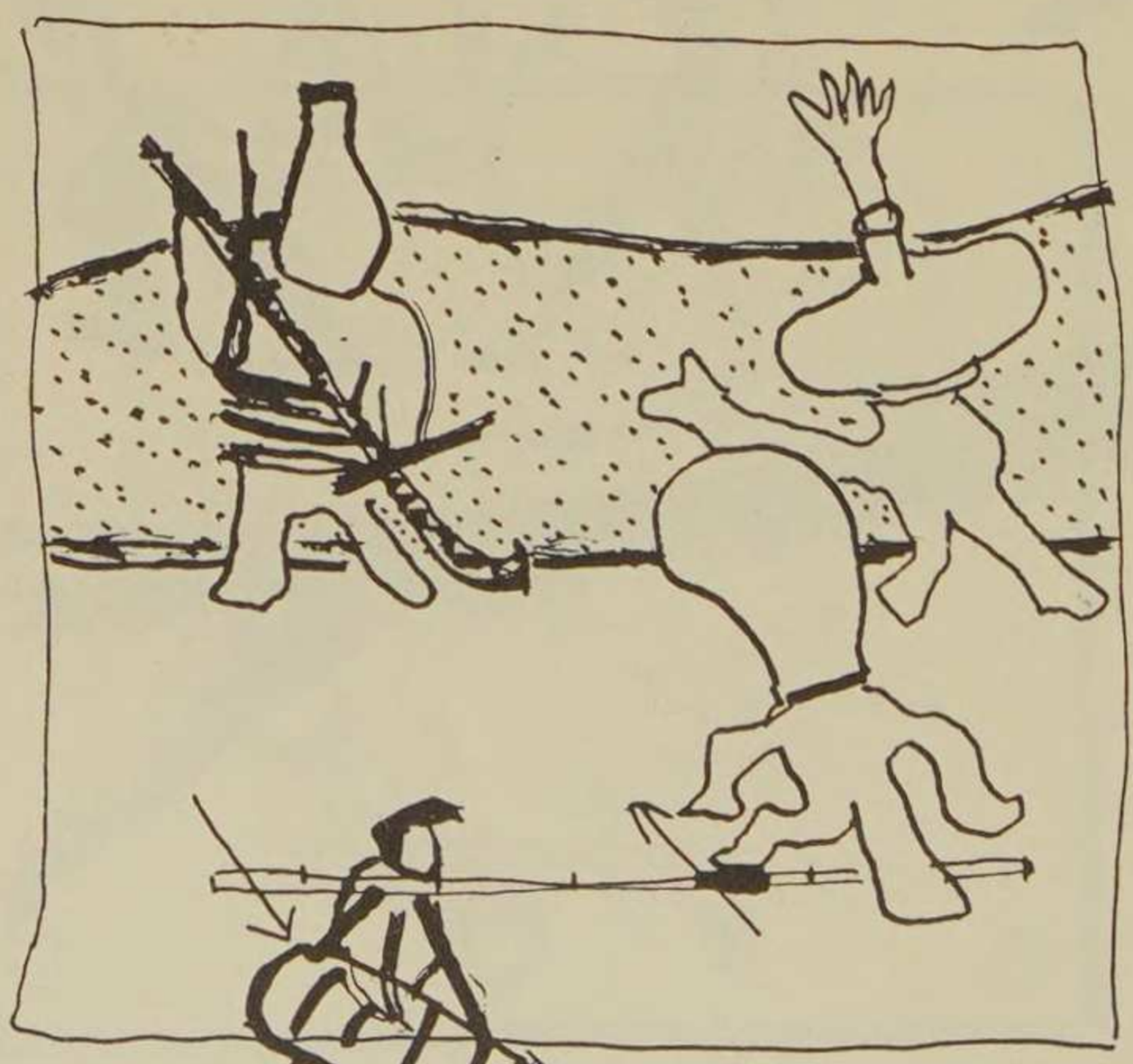


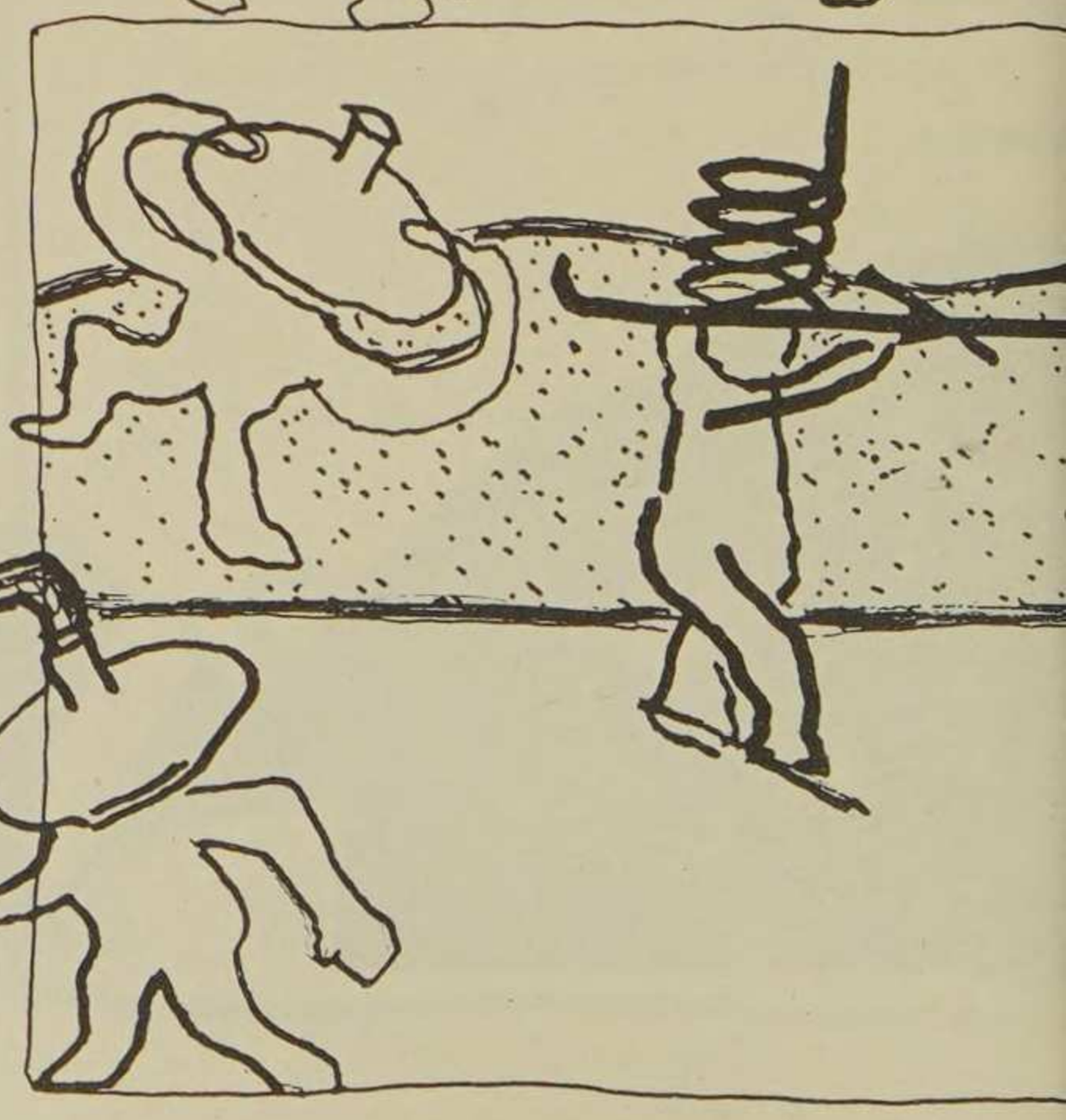

1234
123

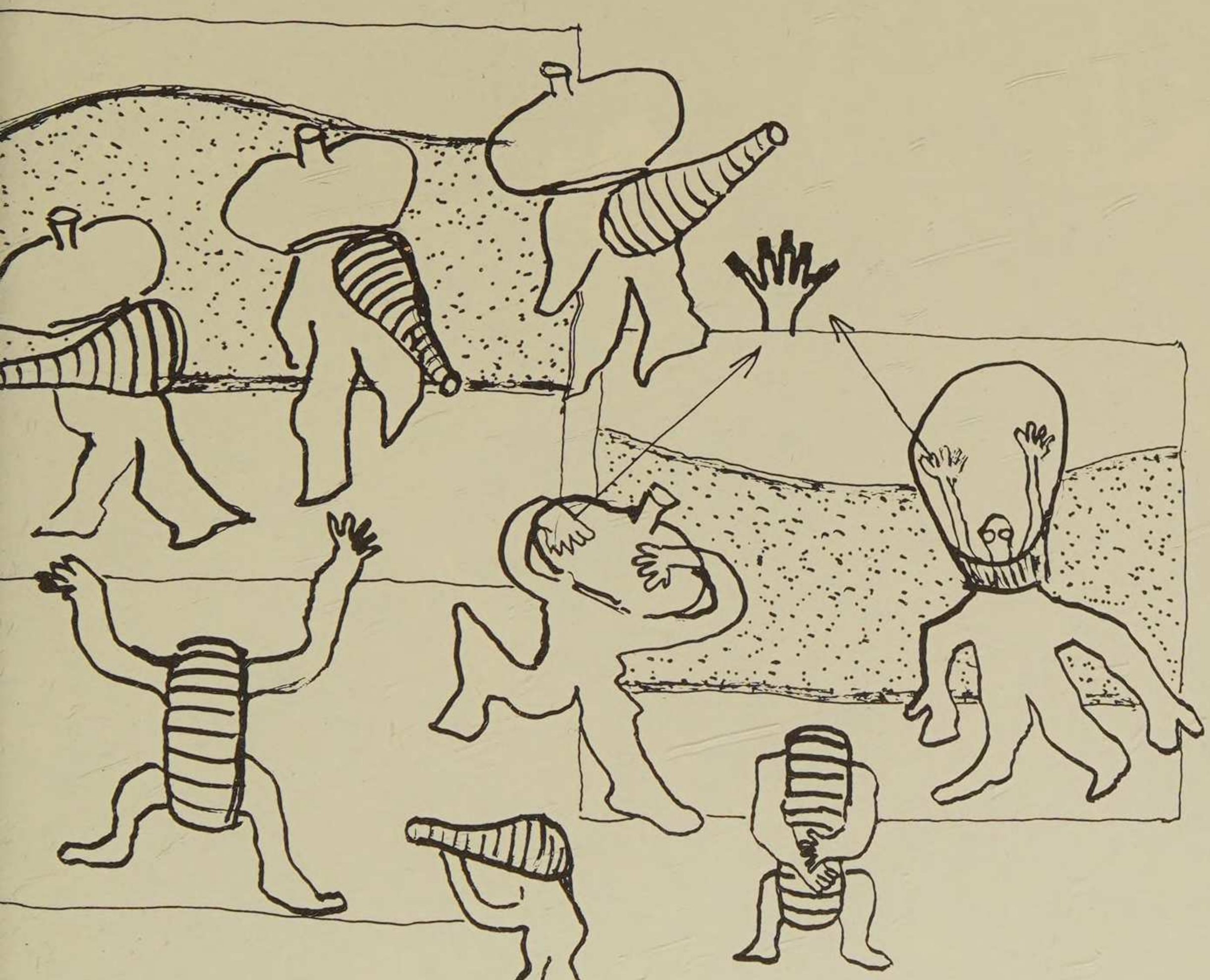


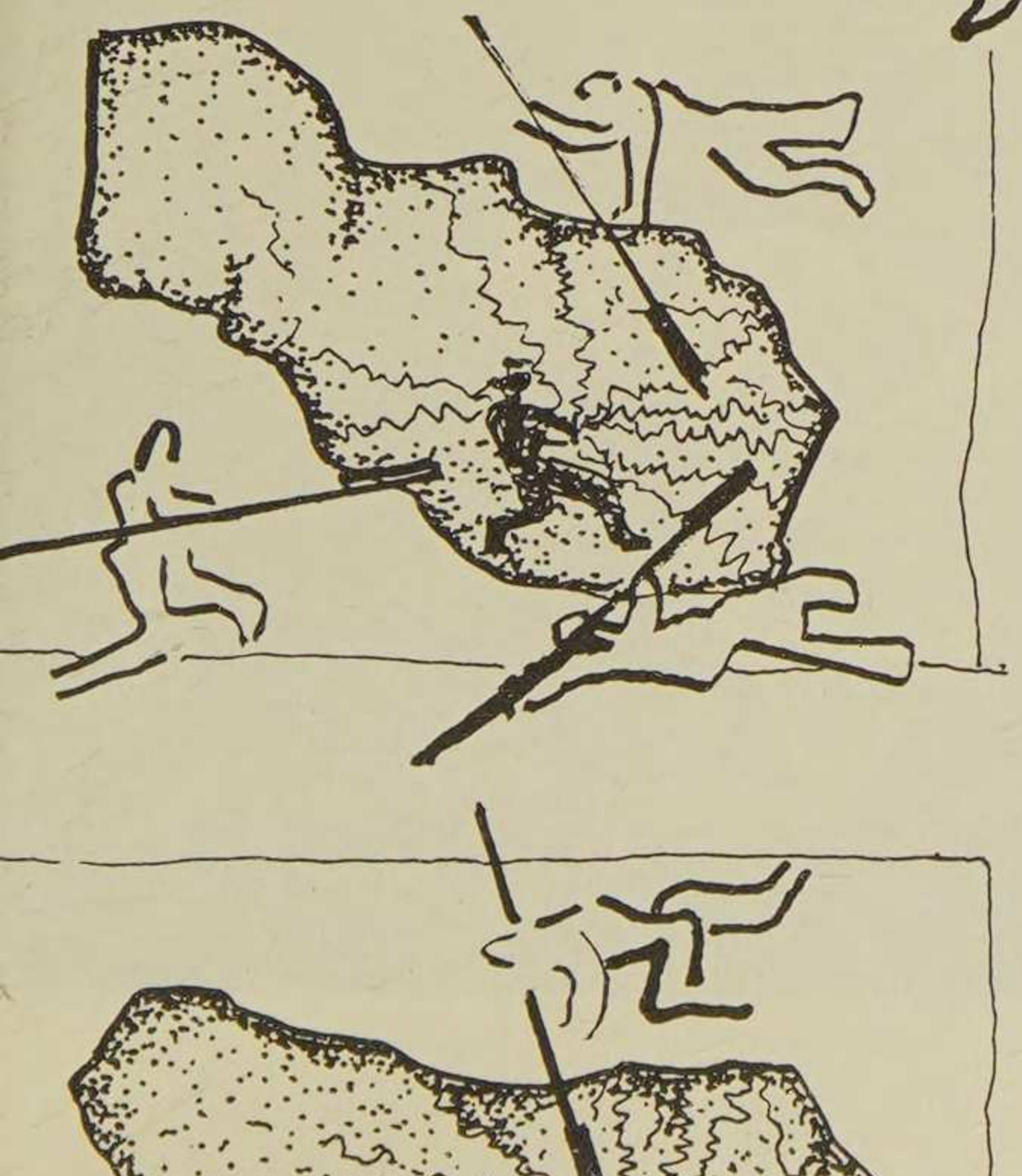


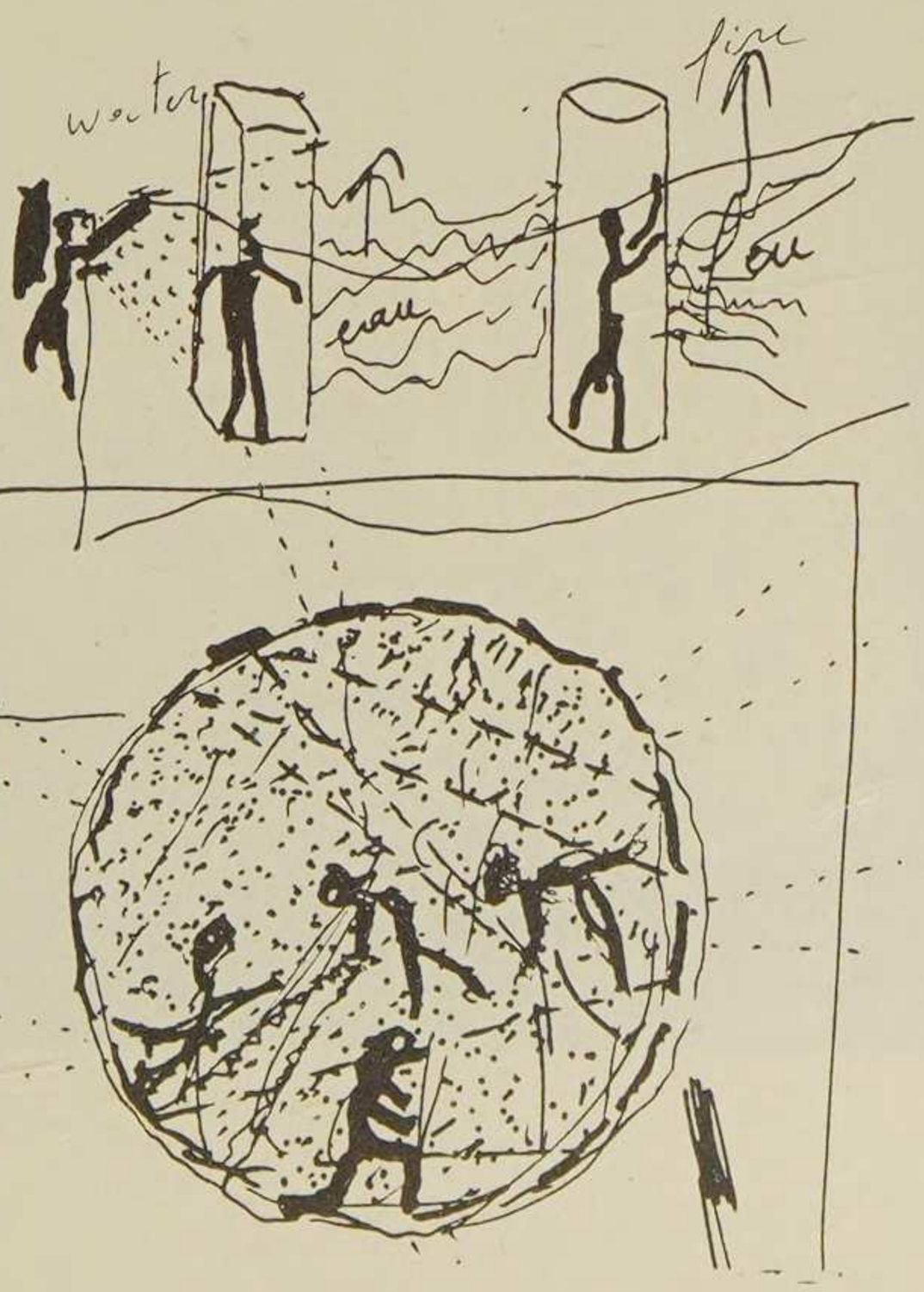


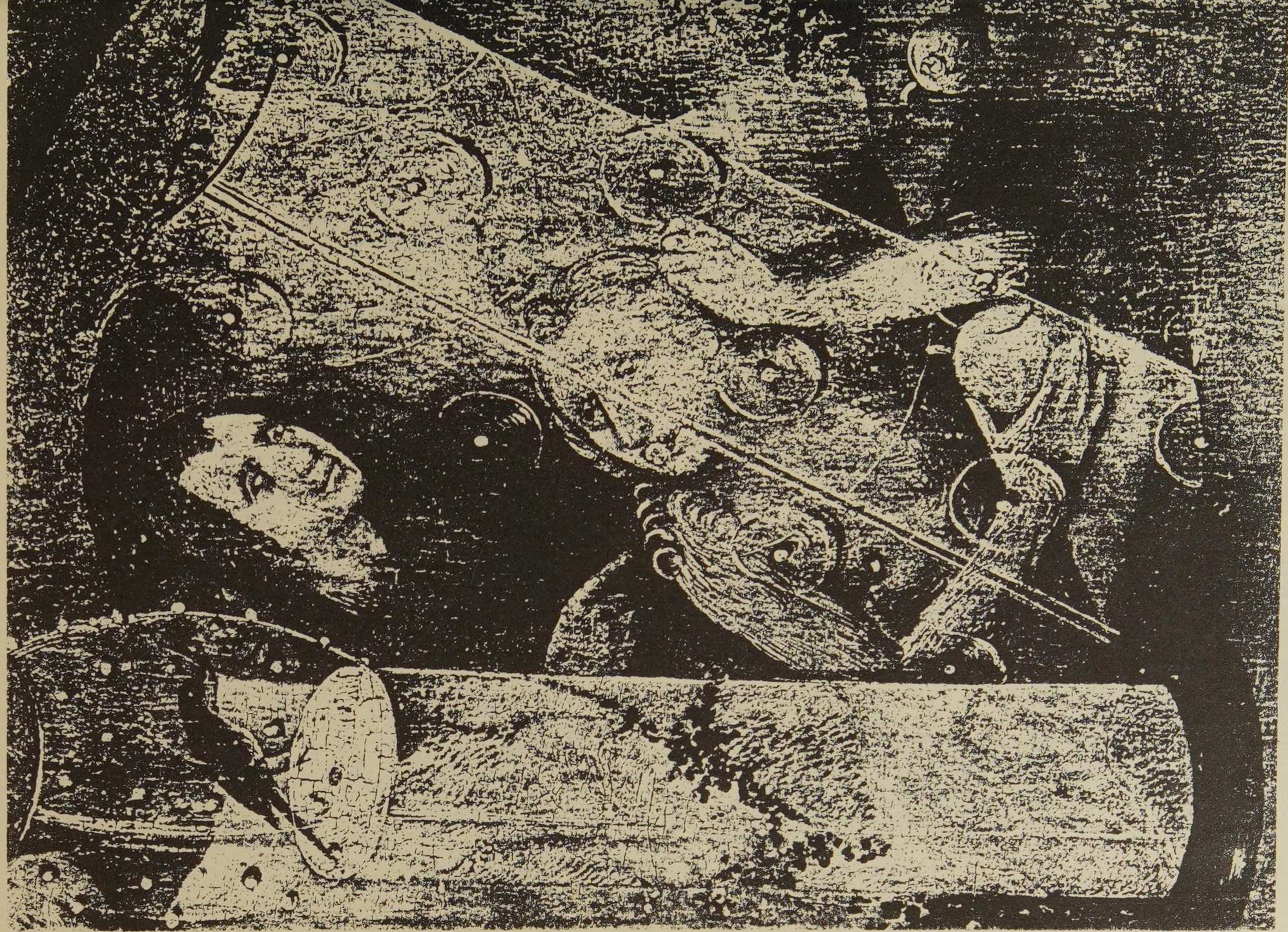









water
fire
eau
eau




moi
inside of
you
my life in
my life-you
or
you in my
life
words take
form
become flesh

from 6 notes on how to improve commercial cinema, Mar. 1963. Note 6:

1. Announce a $15,000,000 production of "destruction of Hollywood".
2. Rent the largest Hollywood studio.
3. Rent all the motion picture equipment available in Hollywood and place it into the studio.
4. Blow up the studio.
5. Announce the completion of the "destruction of Hollywood".

III

CONSIDERING THE VAST array of problems that confronted me and those which I attacked because the odor of stagnation about them could hardly cause me to do otherwise, the theatre was by far the simplest to approach. I say the simplest because at the very outstart I had only to throw out everything that comprised it. And of everything that comprised it there was nothing more crust laden with dull tradition, artifice and plain rotting stupidity. By everything I mean the auditorium, the stage, the settings, the orchestra, the actors, the costumes, the dialogue, the lighting, the sounds, the ushers, the balconies, the tickets, the box office, the directors, the managers, the stage hands, the writers, the scripts, the curtains, the props, the stage effects, the backers, the angels, the producers, the entire everything in total, all there ever was. With the grand upheaval and discard went interpretations, themes, scores, criticisms, theories, definitions, concepts, ideas, texts and all other related matter. Thus completely liberated I was free to reconstruct the only plausible theatre, the one based on physics and called by me *scithe.*

On a flat, open space I inscribed a circle of sufficient diameter to accommodate twelve hundred swivel seats each capable of rotating a full 360 degrees and with sufficient space between each to allow occupants to rotate without touching one another, plus some additional footage to allow free and easy passage of all theatre goers and the performers or "feeders," as I now called them. These seats were mounted in the firmly packed yet resilient earth to form a huge spiral evoluting concentrically from the center of the circular space. These seats were both radiantly heated and lighted to temperatures and color ranges controlled from an unseen organ. These seats were in effect both stoves and lamps; any theatre goer so physically constituted as to resist the full emotional intensity of the spectacle to follow could be made to heat and light up like a glistening torch, while for the less inhibited viewers the swivel seats were but pulsators of ground level glows and light sequences

of the upcoming spectacle. It was characteristic of the light emanating from the seats, or pipes as they more properly were, that they more than brightened and warmed but also angered, frightened, carressed, soothed and bolstered, the combination of heat and light having qualities and variations of tones, now felt, rather than heard or seen. Moreover the heat and light could be spread continuously, intermittantly; spread in waves, sheets, in torrents, in arrow-like advances, directed, piercing, streaking under, over and about the audience at the will of the organist playing from a composed score for each presentation.

Since no one could enter my theatre, which as you will note has no gates, aisles, doors, walls or stage for I have not mentioned them, without bringing with him his own mask and costume chosen by him to represent his particular mood and contribution to that particular evening, the seated audience before the performance began was a breathtaking spectacle to behold for now the theatre goers were themselves the set, the stage, the play about to begin. As the curtain rose, that is to say, when the heat and light came on sectionally, individually, alternately, completely and then not at all in continuing pulse, rhythm and movement throughout the circular space and light shafts and sound beams began to cut the air vertically and angularly as the organist covered his keys in modulated, now frenzied zest like any other concert pianist, the feeders appeared, that is to say the performers who were actors, musicians, dancers, magicians, directors, speakers, singers, all in one, appeared at the particular section of the great circle through which they moved as the participants of theatre goers rotated in their chairs to follow them.

The entire circle of people under the manipulation of the feeders became a stewing pot of emotional brew, sound pierced, light struck and heat riddled with dialogue replaced by gesture and thought, with music replaced by feeling and spirit, with props replaced by the very theatre goers themselves. As the surrounding air space became electrified in this highly charged manner, individuals here and there under the total impact and proximity of a feeder (actor) passing perhaps on adjustable stilts, broke out in

solo chant, then in choral effects, with soloists cutting up under here and there and so subsiding only to break out in one whole group articulation much as the organist and feeder-actors desired in their prepared plan of the play in progress. Groans, shouts, cries, songs, belches, coughs, appeals arose from the stew causing further auto-suggestion, hypnotism, controlled violent response, shaking the participants, healing and releasing them as image after image in epic form is called up, put over and realized in this three dimensional theatre of idea, aspect, attitude, suggestion and the concrete wherein the extraordinary, the magic, spontaneous redirects ambitions, wills and urges; this spatial language which transforms the mind's version of happenings into events to be perceived, this world of absolute gesture free of written scripts, scored music, dated chorography, theatre noises and props which is the idea itself; this air of perspective in sound, color and movement undulating as a whole throughout the circle with meaning, content and validity.

Obviously this theatre of the spirit, for it was that and more, induced trances, orgiastic releases, mental flushings, emotional washing and other highly desirable internal cleansings which would clear men of hate, lust, greed and war if properly conducted throughout the world. On another level mental disorders of all kinds, physical, psychosomatic ailments were cured, making many forms of medicine and psychiatry unnecessary. Such reported and authenticated observations by competent observers made upon regular attendants to my theatre were of course outside my providence and indeed that of the theatre itself whose first and only objective was to bring people out of themselves and face to face with the reality which was and most certainly out of the stagnation and boredom that engulfed them, i. e., make pure theatre.

As I became more skilled in the composition of spatial scores I added occasional forms of hierographic import, tall masks of suggestion and designed statues which were really devices of hallucination, musical instruments and works or objects of tribal worship, gigantic fetishes and symbols of luck, taxation or death. These devices were employed only with great discretion as the magnitude of the productions enlarged to meet the public demands that even-

tually obliged me, among other things, to increase the size of the circle, though by preference I had held it to the less than twelve hundred seat capacity. Thus it was that I later succumbed to the repeated howls of the now defunct theatre industry and show business that certainly some kind of stage must evidently be had and so erected at the true center of the circle where the spiral began a small raised space from whose center rose a single mast supported by guys that held an upward rising spiral runway opened and spread out like a leaf at certain levels as it rose to permit the feeders better grip upon the moods of the spectators below and the better to carry the continuous flow of sound, movement and thought throughout the circle.

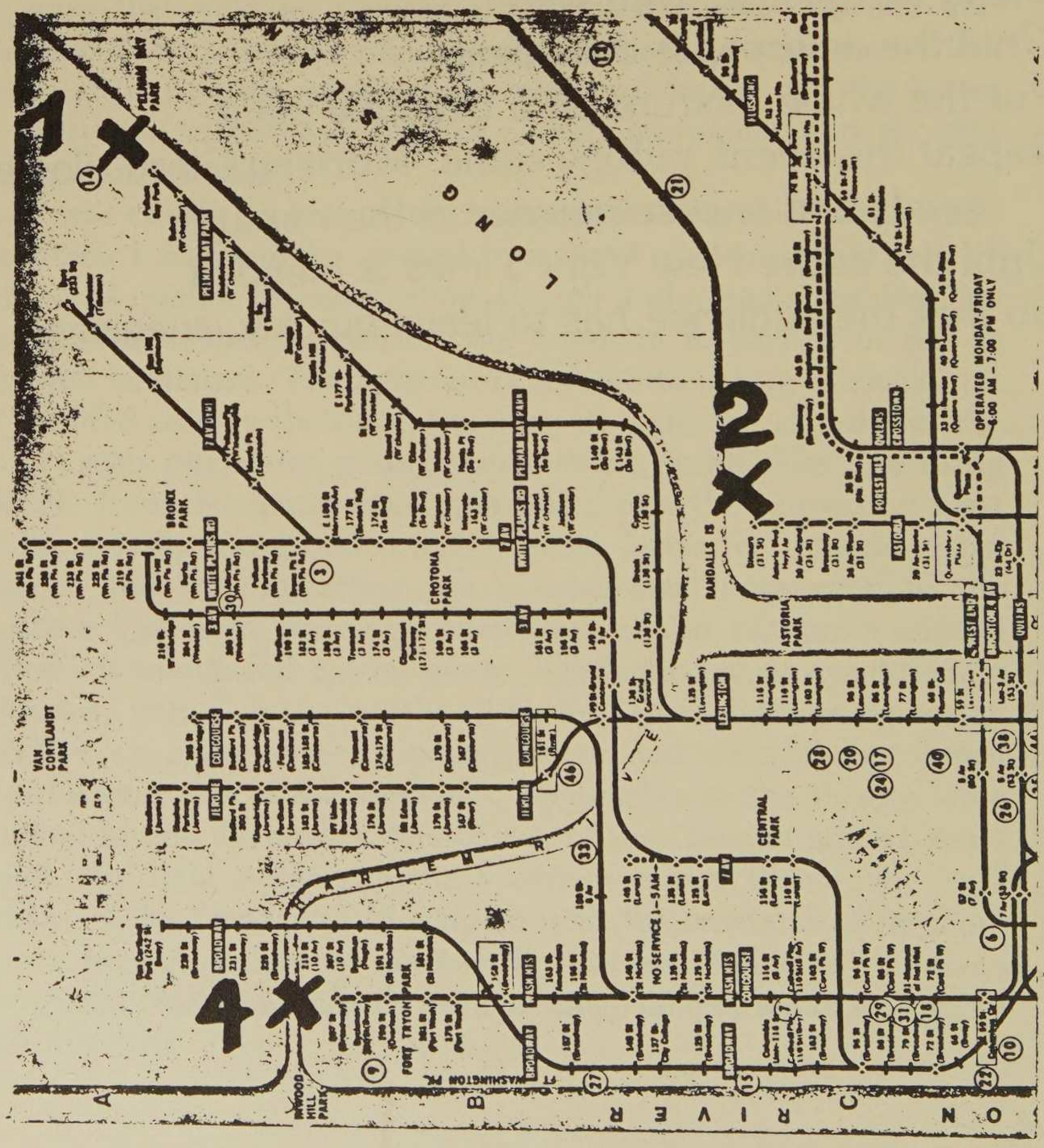
It was clearly evident to me, however, that the closely knit quality which I had initially desired to achieve was somewhat lost by this aerial quality of coordination, though it also had many features notable for further experiment and retention in part or in full as research continued. The latter work led me to devise a conical pit or inverted cone in the earth, terracing its walls but slightly for the swivel seats placed for passage and turning on all sides and rising spirally from the center from which also rose the supporting mast of the spirally rising and rotating feeder levels for thought transference and idea imparting. As a subsequent concession to the weather I allowed the single masthead to also support a conical roll of aluminum foil cut by plastic lightlocks and air-conditioning directors, until I subsequently eliminated these by manufacturing weather or more correctly making simulated atmospheres which also became part of the spectacle. Approaches to the theatre were marked by the dancing waters device of the German named Brzytawik, the light systems of the Viennese named Planer, the light organs of the Dane Wilfrid coupled with the creations of development found in *sciarch* of my own devisement. Indeed all of these eventually found use directly or in modified adaptation in researches that followed.

MORNING GLORY

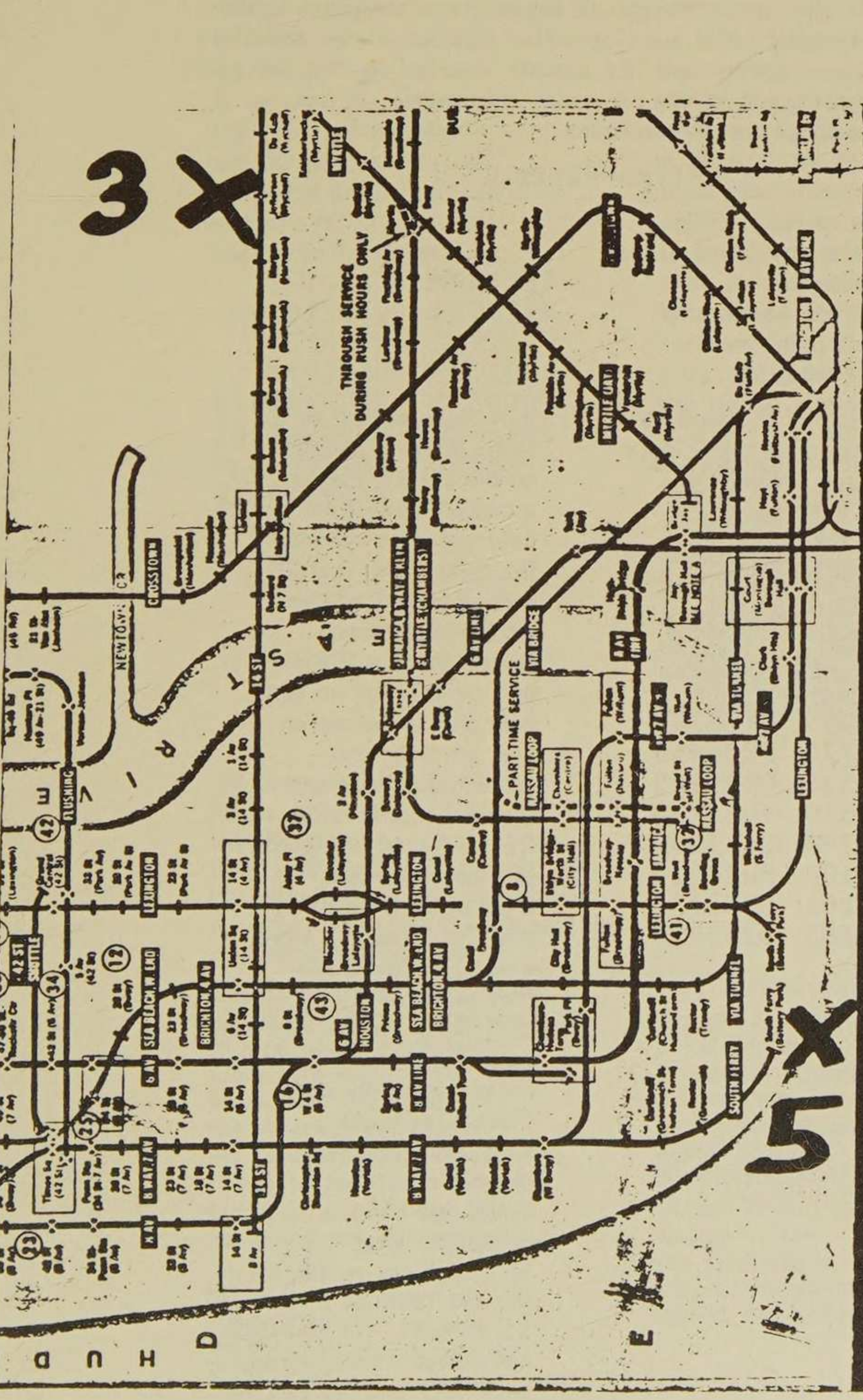
Read New York *Times*
Put perfume on the pages
Put perfumed pages in the blender
with some black pepper
Blend all together with water
Until the newspaper disappears
Put the whole mixture on a beautiful plant
Repeat this event, putting some "Morning Glory" flower
seeds and sneeze powder in the mixture
Until the entire New York *Times* is blended
So that the audience has to leave quickly, sneezing.

WOLF VOSTELL

Dog


1X
2X
4X
PELHAM BAY PARK
BRONX PARK
WHITE PLAINS RD
PELHAM BAY PARK
E 177 St
Pennsylvania Ave
Westchester Ave
Unionport Rd
Lacombe Ave
Hutchinson River Pkwy
Cross County Pkwy
Bronx River Pkwy
Sprain Brook Pkwy
Saw Mill River Pkwy
Major Deegan Expwy
Cross Bronx Expwy
Throgs Neck Expwy
Whitestone Expwy
Long Island Expwy
Grand Central Pkwy
Van Wyck Expwy
Jackie Robinson Pkwy
Belt Pkwy
Shore Pkwy
Gowanus Expwy
Brooklyn Queens Expwy
Prospect Expwy
Bronx Whitestone Bridge
Throgs Neck Bridge
Triborough Bridge
Willis Ave Bridge
Third Ave Bridge
Madison Ave Bridge
Park Ave Tunnel
Lincoln Tunnel
Holland Tunnel
Brooklyn Battery Tunnel
Queens Midtown Tunnel
Queensboro Bridge
Ed Koch Queensboro Bridge
Manhattan Bridge
Williamsburg Bridge
Brooklyn Bridge
Manhattan
Bronx
Queens
Brooklyn
Staten Island
Newark
Jersey City
Hoboken
Weehawken
Secaucus
Kearny
Harrison
Bayonne
Elizabeth
Linden
Rahway
Perth Amboy
Woodbridge
Carteret
Sayreville
South Amboy
Old Bridge
Edison
Metuchen
Piscataway
New Brunswick
Highland Park
East Brunswick
Milltown
Jamesburg
Monroe
Cranbury
Hightstown
Princeton
Trenton
Lawrenceville
Ewing
Hamilton
Mercerville
Yardville
Bordentown
Burlington
Florence
Roebling
Delanco
Riverside
Beverly
Edgewater Park
Delran
Cinnaminson
Palmyra
Riverton
Pennsauken
Merchantville
Collingswood
Haddonfield
Cherry Hill
Voorhees
Evesham
Marlton
Medford
Mount Holly
Lumberton
Pemberton
Browns Mills
Wrightstown
Fort Dix
New Egypt
Plumsted
Jackson
Lakewood
Toms River
Seaside Park
Seaside Heights
Island Heights
Lakehurst
Manchester
Whiting
Forked River
Barnegat
Barnegat Light
Tuckerton
Little Egg Harbor
Waretown
Ocean Gate
Pine Beach
Bay Head
Point Pleasant
Point Pleasant Beach
Brielle
Manasquan
Belmar
Spring Lake
Sea Girt
Wall
Neptune
Asbury Park
Ocean Grove
Bradley Beach
Avon-by-the-Sea
Allenhurst
Deal
Elberon
Long Branch
Monmouth Beach
Oceanport
Eatontown
Tinton Falls
Shrewsbury
Red Bank
Fair Haven
Rumson
Sea Bright
Middletown
Keyport
Matawan
Aberdeen
Hazlet
Holmdel
Keansburg
Union Beach
Atlantic Highlands
Highlands
Sandy Hook
Fort Hancock
Gateway National Recreation Area
Sandy Hook Bay
Raritan Bay
Lower New York Bay
Upper New York Bay
Newark Bay
Arthur Kill
Kill Van Kull
Hackensack River
Passaic River
Rahway River
Raritan River
South River
Lake Carnegie
Delaware River
Delaware and Raritan Canal
Delaware River and Bay Authority
Delaware Memorial Bridge
Atlantic City Expwy
Garden State Parkway
New Jersey Turnpike
Pulaski Skyway
Goethals Bridge
Outerbridge Crossing
Verrazano-Narrows Bridge
Goethals Rd
Victory Blvd
Richmond Ave
Forest Ave
Hylan Blvd
Amboy Rd
Arthur Kill Rd
Bloomfield Ave
Broadway
Bruckner Blvd
Cedar Ave
Central Ave
Clinton Ave
Cross Island Expwy
Delancey St
Eastern Pkwy
Flatbush Ave
Fordham Rd
Grand Concourse
Hempstead Turnpike
Jericho Turnpike
Kissena Blvd
Linden Blvd
Main St
Merrick Rd
Montauk Hwy
Northern Blvd
Northern State Pkwy
Ocean Pkwy
Old Country Rd
Park Ave
Port Richmond Ave
Queens Blvd
Rockaway Blvd
Sagtikos Pkwy
Sheepshead Bay Rd
Sunrise Hwy
Surf Ave
Utopia Pkwy
Veterans Memorial Hwy
Wantagh Pkwy
Woodhaven Blvd
Yonkers Ave
Yorktown Rd
Van Cortlandt Park
Bronx Park
Crotona Park
Randalls Is
Astoria Park
Central Park
Fort Tryon Park
Washington Pk
Inwood Hill Park
Harlem R
East River
Hudson River
Concourse
Lexington
Madison
Park
Fifth
Sixth
Seventh
Eighth
Ninth
Tenth
Columbus
Amsterdam
Broadway
Wash Hts
Queens
Astoria
Forest Hills
Jamaica
Flushing
Whitestone
College Point
Bayside
Douglaston
Little Neck
Great Neck
Port Washington
Roslyn
Glen Cove
Hempstead
Freeport
Rockville Centre
Lynbrook
Valley Stream
Far Rockaway
Rockaway Park
Jamaica Bay
Kennedy Airport
La Guardia Airport
Newark Airport
Teterboro Airport
Floyd Bennett Field
Governors Is
Ellis Is
Liberty Is
Roosevelt Is
Randalls Is
Wards Is
Hart Is
City Is
Pelham Bay Park
Orchard Beach
Rikers Is
Long Is Sound
OPERATED MONDAY-FRIDAY
6:00 AM - 7:00 PM ONLY
NO SERVICE 1-9AM
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
9
10
15
17
18
22
23
24
26
27
28
29
30
31
40
46

s and Chi



1

Think about how many dogs people eat daily in Saigon and on Monday, May 16th, take the subway to Pelham Bay Park station. At 9 p.m. there will be a special attendant on the street to stamp this box.

2

Think how many [illegible] could be built for the price of one warplane and on Tuesday, May 17th, take the subway to Pitkin station. At 9 p.m. there will be a special attendant on the street to stamp this box.

3

Think how many people at this moment are opening their mouths to say something important and on Wednesday, May 18th, take the subway to Jefferson station. At 9 p.m. there will be a special attendant on the street to stamp this box.

4

Think how many people at this moment are thinking the same thing you are thinking and on Thursday, May 19th, take the subway to 207th Street (Broadway) station. At 9 p.m. there will be a special attendant on the street to stamp this box.

5

Think nothing and look into the eyes of people and on Friday, May 20th, take the subway to South Ferry station. At 9 p.m. there will be a special attendant on the street to stamp this box.

DOGS AND CHINESE NOT ALLOWED

or
discovering the meaning of the environment

a de-coll/age happening
new york city and long island
may 1966

in order to participate you must have performed at least three (3) of five (5) pre-happenings this can be accomplished only by going via subway to the destinations indicated on the enclosed map and getting a stamp of certification in the appropriate box on the poster from a special attendant who will be at each specified location at the specified time all unforeseen events and life actions involved in this procedure have been declared parts of the happening by vostell
NB dogs and chinese are very welcome

I PRE-HAPPENINGS

26 persons arrived their
boxes were stamped and signed
by wolf vostell
they said their names over
a walkie-talkie to an
undisclosed location

4 were selected by numbers
on ticket stubs to participate
in a one-hour happening
the others went home
or awaited the return of
the selected foursome
all 26 were given the
following action telephone
numbers to call and tell
about the pre-happening:

CA62385 GR72706
YU99770 5334959
7733536 OR49143
8735510 YU96730
516HU77294 UL83050
9664437100 BU84820
914HA98161 6757134
2017431185 9253710

they were driven to a
bronx drive-in movie
on the screen: harper
a car with the four
selected persons plus
the driver and vostell
parked in front of the
monumental screen
inside the car 2 films
one on the war in viet
nam and the other on
dog training were
projected on viet nam
dispatches and large
freshly baked white rolls
the car radio and
transistors were playing
the car occupants were
given bull horns and
they repeated 11
sentences from a viet nam
soldier's diary 25 times
the car windows were
closed for these
simultaneous actions
the car drove out of the
movie lot and the
occupants were let out
at a highway restaurant
the car returned after
15 minutes the foursome
had called a taxi but got
back into the car and let
the taxi wait the car returned
to pelham bay park station

30 persons arrived their
boxes were stamped and signed
by alison knowles
they said their names over
a walkie-talkie to an
undisclosed location where
their conversation was
recorded on tape

3 were selected by numbers
on ticket stubs to participate
in a one-hour happening
the others went home
or awaited the return of
the selected threesome
all 30 were given the
following action telephone
numbers to call and tell
about the pre-happening:

SP70033 WA44333
WO55341 GR70318
PL24980 3292809
RI93500 MU51938
5160R16735 CH33200
2013225683 9234215
PL24992304 GR53390
9249189257

they were driven from
astoria to night court
at 100 center street
in manhattan
during the drive to
night court vostell took
a dozen fresh rolls and
blackened them with shoe
polish then he polished
them with an automatic
shoe polisher until they
were white on the white
surface of the rolls he
projected a movie about
the war in viet nam
at every red traffic light
he flashed an electronic
fiasher at the threesome
in the rear seat
no added sounds
vostell and the driver
accompanied the selected
threesome to night court
where they listened to
the proceedings for
30 minutes

18 persons arrived their
boxes were stamped and signed
by al hansen
they said their names over
the telephone to an undisclosed
location where their conversation
was recorded on tape

3 were selected by numbers
on ticket stubs to participate
in a one-hour happening
the others went home
or awaited the return of
the selectes threesome
all 18 were given the
following action telephone
numbers to call and tell
about the pre-happening:

YU96240
MA53512
2422903
7689870
2264514
7872671
2429845
2435609

they were driven to
laguardia airport for
a helicopter flight
to newark airport
discovering the meaning
of the environment
vostell tried to locate
the passengers at
newark airport by
walkie-talkie
the passengers tried to
locate vostell at newark
airport by walkie-talkie

18 persons arrived their
boxes were stamped and signed
by emmett williams
their names and numbers were
telephoned to an undisclosed
place where the conversation
was recorded on tape

3 were selected by numbers
on ticket stubs to participate
in a one-hour happening
the others went home
or awaited the return of
the selected threesome
all 18 were given the
following action telephone
numbers to call and tell
about the pre-happening:

8735518	3423569
7778459	GR34512
YU23871	OR24531
CA43510	YU22851
3210076	2351004
3298010	GR83053
BU48800	2421402
3297652	2416002

they were driven to the
graphic arts laboratory
of the somthing else
press
total darkness
silence
tennis balls falling
pencil flashlights
pinpointed details of
war pictures from life
magazine
a large fish head painted
with green luminous paint
the threesome held a long
cord painted with luminous
paint
electronic flasher was
flashed on the cord and
fish head every 10 seconds
to charge them strongly
suddenly the legs and feet
of the threesome were soaked
with water
fragments of the taped telephone
conversation from the
pre-happening
silence

19 persons arrived their
boxes were stamped and signed
by dick higgins
they said their names over
the telephone to an undisclosed
location where their conversation
was recorded on tape

3 were selected by numbers
on ticket stubs to participate
in a one-hour happening
the others went home
or awaited the return of
the selected threesome
all 19 were given the
following action telephone
numbers to call and tell
about the pre-happening:

SP70033	WA44333
MA56712	WA93491
RI23841	2641934
2549822	2345650
PL24990	YU32400
MU51938	OR41845
LA94220	JU32511
BU16699	JU24569

they went by ferry
to staten island
they were each given
a text to read
on the ferry trip back

II MAIN HAPPENING

at a dog kennel in wantagh long island
from 7:30 to 9:00 pm
saturday may 21st 1966

1
circle II

participation is based on walking around in circle II in the indicated direction for 90 minutes meanwhile other circles are actioning and rotating around you in different directions every five minutes the happening changes jump into the circle walk around without interruption say out loud whatever you are thinking about during this time or repeat the sentences being spoken by others every time you pass the table iron the meat

2
circle III

persons in circle III walk around in the opposite direction from those in circle II
the circles are enclosed on two sides by 60 to 80 dogs in kennels
the action changes every 7 minutes

7:30-7:37 participants are covered with plastic coats which press their arms to their bodies each has a megaphone through which he repeats during the 7 minutes MAKE EACH LESSON SHORT 15 TO 20 MINUTES IS ENOUGH

7:38-7:44 they cover their heads with boxes and repeat DON'T SAY I WANT YOU TO STAY RIGHT HERE

7:45-7:51 they fasten to their chests a plastic sack containing a pair of live crabs and repeat NOT KNOWING WHAT I HAVE TO DO YET THEY URGE ME TO DO MY BEST IN KILLING THE ENEMY

7:52-7:58 they carry signal lamps with revolving red lights and repeat DIARY OF A SOLDIER

7:59-8:05 they lie down and repeat I WANT TO BOIL SOME WATER BUT ENEMY AIRCRAFT WHIR OVER - HEAD AND WE MUST DRINK HALF-BOILED WATER

8:06-8:12 to the other equipment they are wearing they add a large box of crabs it is tied to their backs and they repeat WE FEEL DOG TIRED AS WE WALK IN THE NIGHT

8:13-8:19 flashlights are turned on to light up the crabs in the boxes one side of the boxes is transparent they repeat IT'S HARD TO SLEEP TONIGHT

8:20-8:26 they walk around still dressed in their plastic coats boxes covering their heads a box of crabs on their backs and plastic sacks containing a pair of live crabs fastened to their chests signal lamps with revolving red lights and repeating AFTER LUNCH WE GET ORDERS FOR AN URGENT OPERATION

8:27-8:33 they smear honey on the faces of the participants in circle II as they continue circling repeating IT COULD ALL PROBABLY BE EXPLAINED BY THE FACT THAT PEOPLE IN PANIC SAW AN IMAGINARY LIGHT

8:34-8:40 they stand still repeating EXCEPT FOR FLIES BEGGARS AND AMERICANS COMMUNIST CHINA IS NOT A FORBIDDEN LAND

8:41-8:47 they resume their circling and repeat YOU ARE IN THE PEPSI GENERATION

8:48-9.00 silence

3

circles I and IV

(capitals indicate circle IV)

7:30-7:37 lying on the ground DOGS BARKING
7:38-7:44 walking around projecting a film about the war in viet nam on his (vostell's) tongue with an 8-mm mobile projector DOGS BARKING
7:45-7:51 spotlighting live crabs with an ultra-violet light DOGS BARKING
7:52-7:58 projecting a dog- training movie on his tongue DOGS BARKING
7:59-8:05 giving large nails to everybody DOGS BARKING
8:06-8:12 painting letters and signs on participants' plastic coats with luminous paint DOGS BARKING
8:13-8:19 painting other persons with luminous paint DOGS BARKING
8:20-8:26 smearing honey on participant's faces DOGS BARKING
8:27-8:33 flashing the electronic flasher on the participant -s so that their clothing painted with luminous paint will glow in the dark DOGS BARKING
8:34-8:40 lying on the floor with nails on his head DOGS BARKING
8:41-8:47 pouring honey over the nails on his head while lying in the grass DOGS BARKING
8:47-9:00 biting the grass DOGS BARKING

III POST HAPPENING

a large room in which
notations sketches drawings ideas of
DOGS AND CHINESE NOT ALLOWED
were exhibited

the notations were made with luminous paint spectators had to wear bathing suits to be admitted to the exhibition they were given pencil flashlights to look at the pictures in the darkened room a video tape of the main happening was shown space heaters made the room very hot foot switches were scattered about the floor when the foot switches were stepped on tape recorders played amplified heart beats

IV MATERIALS USED

in the pre-happenings
main happening and post-happening

luminous paint cord numbered tickets brushes 6 jars of honey electronic flashers 10 signal lamps with revolving red lights 10 magaphones 36 live crabs 30 plastic coats 20 pounds of nails boxes 10 pencil flashlights 1 iron mechanical shoe polisher 5 pounds of meat 2 8-mm movie projectors newsweek and life magazines walkie-talkie set jeep helicopter ferry night court darkroom heartbeat record polaroid camera ultra-violet light movie on dog training movie on the war in viet nam local and express subways drive-in movie gasoline human energy time space tape recorders heaters foot switches

AFTER THE FIRST PRE HAPPENING AT PELHAM BAY PARK
STATION MAY 16th, 1966 TELEPHONE & TELL ABOUT IT-

TO:CA62385	GR72706	516HU77294	UL83050
YU95770	5334959	9664437010	BU84820
7733536	OR49143	914HA98161	6757134
8735510	YU96730	2017431185	9253710

AFTER THE SECOND PRE HAPPENING AT DITMARS STATION
MAY 17th, 1966 TELEPHONE & TELL ABOUT IT-

TO:SP70033	WA44333	5160R16735	CH23700
WO553419	GR70318	2013225683	9234212
PL24990	3292809	9241476203	9896885
RI93500	MU51938	9249189257	GR53390

AFTER THE THIRD PRE HAPPENING AT JEFFERSON STATION
MAY 18th, 1966 TELEPHONE & TELL ABOUT IT-

TO:YU96240	CA67187	2264514	LA48063
MA53512	5241561	7872671	2227589
2422903	2563456	2429845	2467895
7689870	6785432	2435609	7698763

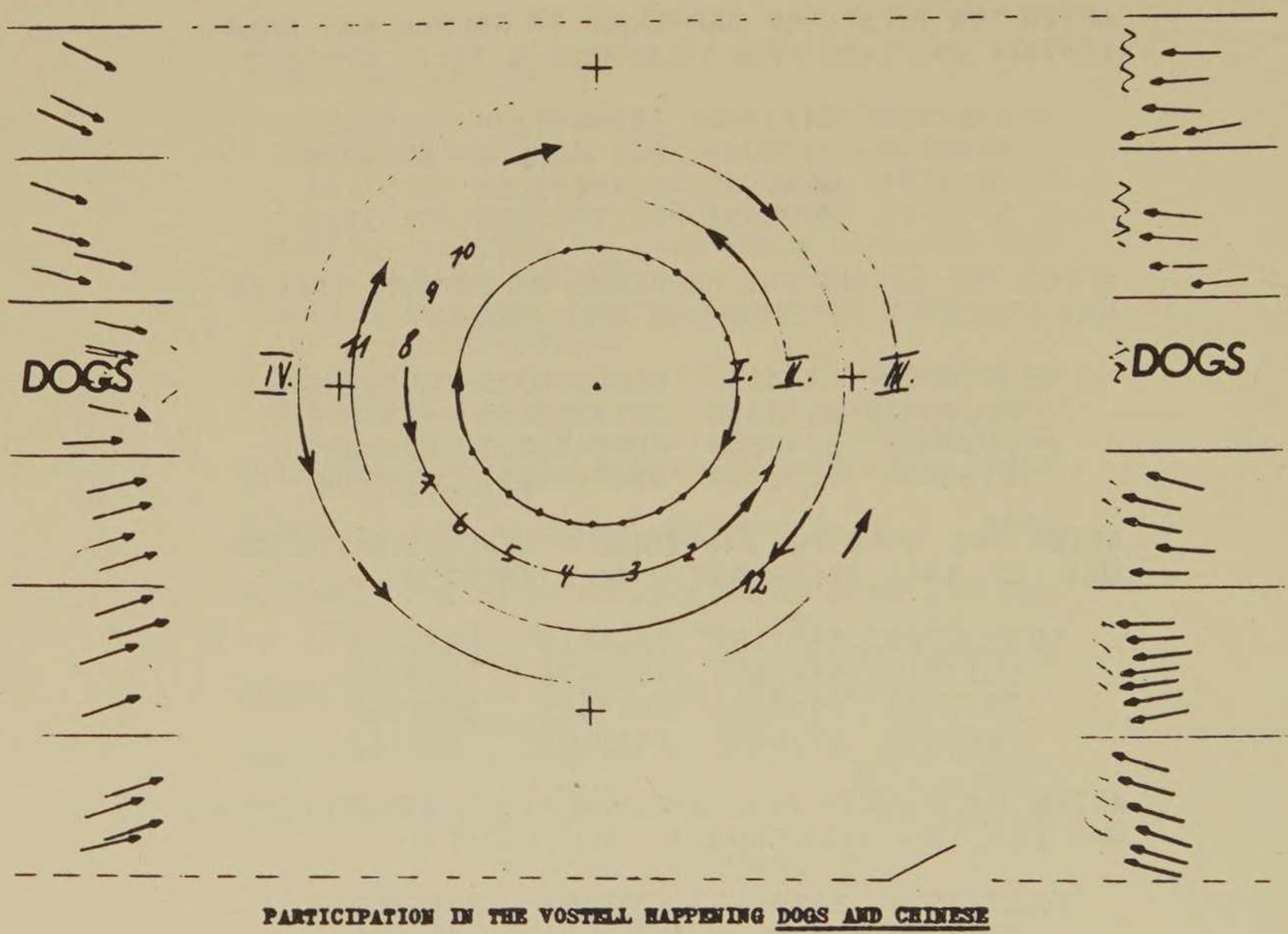
AFTER THE FOURTH PRE HAPPENING AT 207 STREET STATION
MAY 19th, 1966 TELEPHONE & TELL ABOUT IT-

TO:8735518	3423569	3297652	2416002
7778459	GR34512	3210076	2351004
YU23871	OR24531	3298010	GR83053
CA43510	YU22851	BU48800	2421402

AFTER THE FIFTH PRE HAPPENING AT SOUTH FERRY STATION
MAY 20th, 1966 TELEPHONE & TELL ABOUT IT-

TO:SP70033	WA44333	PL24990	YU23400
MA56712	WA93491	MU51937	OR41845
RI23841	2641934	LA94220	JU 32511
2549822	2345620	BU16699	JU 24569

AFTER THE MAIN AND POST HAPPENING CALL ALL NUMBERS
AND TELL WHAT YOU HAVE TO TELL...



PARTICIPATION IN THE VOSTELL HAPPENING DOGS AND CHINESE NOT ALLOWED BIDE-A-WEE HOME ASSN. VANTAGE MAY 21ST 1966 7:30-9:30 p.m.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE PARTICIPATION IS BASED ON WALKING AROUND IN A CIRCLE (I) IN THE INDICATED DIRECTION FOR 90 MINUTES MEANWHILE OTHER CIRCLES (II III & IV)ARE ACTIONING AND ROTATING AROUND YOU IN DIFFERENT DIRECTI ONS EVERY 5 MINUTES THE HAPPENING CHANGES

JUMP INTO THE CIRCLE WALK AROUND WITHOUT INTERRUPTI ON SAY OUT LOUD WHATEVER YOU ARE THINKING ABOUT DUR ING THESE PARTICULAR SECONDS OR REPEAT THE SENTENCE S BEING SPOKEN BY OTHERS EVERY TIME YOU PASS THE TA BLE IRON THE MEAT

The Center for Death

Scene: a tropical island. A billboard sign reads:

COME HERE TO DIE

CENTER FOR DEATH

TERMINAL CASES ONLY

Not For Everyone

Another sign reads:

READY TO DIE?

WHAT IS YOUR ECSTASY COUNT

ON THE EXISTENTIAL TYPEWRITER?

Enter a Doctor with stethoscope, wheeling a medicine chest. He stops & inspects various bottles in the chest.

Enter a traveling Watch Salesman with open suitcase in which watches are displayed. He holds up watches & shouts "Time! Time!"

Enter a Veiled Woman dressed in nothing but brassieres. Her body is completely covered with brassieres, and she wears a dozen brassieres over her breasts, one on top of the other. She proceeds to take them off as she walks about.

Each time she takes one off, she holds it high above her head and cries or sings "Life! Life!"

Enter a Masked Man dressed in nothing but jockstraps. His body is completely covered with jockstraps, and he wears a dozen jockstraps over his crotch, one on top of the other. He proceeds to take them off as he marches about, crying "Life! Life!"

These persons fall into a single line behind the Doctor & pace slowly in a circle behind him. He passes pills from different bottles to each of them. These they slowly swallow. From time to time the Watch Salesman steps down into the audience & hauls someone into the procession, or tries to, crying "Time! Time!"

Enter a Sax Player blowing a funeral dirge. He joins the line, swallows pills, and after a while begins blowing a very strange & lyrical refrain.

Enter a Blind Apple Seller with a big basket of apples, crying "I sell girls' breasts! I sell girls' breasts!" He joins the line, still hawking, and takes pills.

They all continue to follow the Doctor around in single file, slowly pacing in a big circle, each continuing his own private routine, each wailing his or her own message. Their voices rise in a broken kind of litany. When the Veiled Woman is down to her last brassiere, she throws off her veil & stands revealed as a skinny old hag. When the Masked Man is down to his last jockstrap, he throws off his clown's mask & stands revealed as a skinny old man. Their wailing grows louder, the sax wails louder. The scene grows darker but a curious light illuminates their transfigured faces. Eyes closed as they walk more & more slowly, they speak words:

Watch Salesman: "Tick of consciousness! Stoned strokes—"

Unveiled Woman: "Sweet silent thought—"

Sax Player: "Baboon dreams! Robot perceptions!"

Unmasked Man: "Ecstasies of absurdity—"

Apple Seller: "Paper bones, paper flesh, someone inside—"

Unveiled Woman: "Light in me! Clear light! Body of Radiance!"

Unmasked man: "Things into Emptiness—"

Apple Seller: "Someone inside! Flame life!"

The Doctor distributes lighted candles to all as they walk. He leads the first of them off into the surrounding darkness. One by one they pass into it, holding the candles before them, eyes closed. The sax wails in unknown ecstasy. The Watch Salesman is the last to go. He sticks his lighted candle in his fly and holds up an enormous clock to the audience, screaming "Time! Time!" Silence falls on the scene, the Watch Salesman motionless with clock still upraised. His candle drips white wax. A curlew cries in the end of day. Gone into that place of enormous ignorance . . . .

(Blackout)

THE NOSE OF SISYPHUS

A grey day on a city playground. A very large child's slide, its high end just off stage, right. Left, a huge iron jungle gym. In the background, a fence with pennants flying from the tops of its posts, and a flagpole with a national flag.

Prostrate on the child's slide, trying to climb up it and at the same time trying to push a globe of the world up the slide with his huge nose, *Sisyphus* himself, in sweatshirt, track pants & gym shoes. Each time he gets the globe up a foot or two, he slides back down the slide, the globe with him.

A high wind is blowing through this playground, pennants & flags streaming in it. A *crowd of citizens* is just starting to climb onto the left side of the jungle gym. This *crowd* consists of as many of the following as there is room for: fashionable ladies in floppy hats carrying umbrellas, gypsy fortune-tellers in feather boas carrying crystal balls, striptease artists with inflatable bras carrying bicycle pumps with which they now and then re-inflate their breasts, subway riders in snapbrim hats carrying briefcases and newspapers they attempt to read as they climb and hang as on subway straps, Indians in feather headdresses with feather lances, railroad switchmen with little red flags, ski champions wearing skis, fishermen with casting rods & feather hooks, sandwich men, vacuum cleaner salesmen with vacuums, toy balloon vendors, firemen with hoses, all climbing into the wind, over or through the jungle gym, with

all their problems & equipment, the wind growing stronger and stronger as *Sisyphus* turns and beckons furiously for the *crowd* to follow him, resumes his climbing, turns & beckons again, resumes his climbing, turns & beckons again, resumes his climbing as the citizens redouble their efforts to advance over or through the jungle gym against the wind, some laughing, some crying, some applauding each other, as

Sisyphus begins to shout and sing spontaneous combinations of the following phrases: "Hard Hilltop! Soft Shoe! Nailed Foot! Broken Hoboken! Gringo Hat Check! Bent Banana! Blue Baboon! Drunk Boat! Beat Battlements! Brainpan Plumbing! Dream Crapper! Cricket & Violin! Sweet Sin! Stone Tattoo! O Seasons! O Chateaux! Sylph Skin! Lost Lips! Light! Light! Kiss Kiss! In Photo Finish! In Hook of Time!" And the citizens begin to chant after him improvised combinations of the same liturgy, all still straining forward into the wind which grows still stronger & stronger, as

A whistle is blown loudly offstage right and the great wind all at once ceases completely, flags and citizens fall limp, and bright sun bursts out, as *Big Baboon* in baseball cap with whistle on cord around neck slides down slide from offstage right and lands on top of *Sisyphus* who tumbles off onto ground. *Big Baboon* grabs globe and throws it over slide & out of sight, furiously blowing his whistle as citizens frantically disentangle themselves from jungle gym & each other and straggle off, left, as *Big Baboon* still blowing his whistle pulls off *Sisyphus'* fake nose and puts it on himself, mugs, scratches, runs & leaps & swings to top of jungle gym, still blowing his whistle, as *Sisyphus* jumps up holding his face in both hands and runs off after last citizen calling "Light! Light!" "Kiss! Kiss!" as

Big Baboon swings down from jungle gym, somersaults to edge of stage, glares at audience, takes off false nose & throws it into audience, blows whistle furiously at audience, and roars.

The Jig Is Up

The scene: a public park in Charlotte, North Carolina. A crowd of very well-dressed Whites is strolling about under the trees, very sedately, very calmly, arm in arm.

Suddenly they fall screaming to the ground and start to crawl around and roll in great heaps of autumn leaves, roaring like animals.

Now a big empty garbage truck appears and a strange exultant wailing rises from the people as they throw themselves in front of the truck. The Negro driver blows his horn but the wailing grows louder & wilder.

The Negro scavengers descend from the truck and proceed gently to throw all the people into big burlap bags, two in each bag. Some couples, wrongly paired, scream, break and run to other partners. Finally all the Whites are loaded into bags on the truck.

The scavengers climb to their places up front, light cigars, stretch, and relax. One stretches out on the hood, smoking, eyes closed.

In the back there is a great thrashing about in the burlap bags, and the strange exultant wailing continues. It reaches a climax and suddenly dies out. In the silence the thrashing ceases. The Negro on the hood takes out a harmonica and, eyes closed, begins softly to play "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." After a long time he stops playing. The scavengers all continue smoking silently, eyes closed, motionless.

After a long time, the driver starts his motor up very quietly. He lets it idle very quietly. Then he guns it, and the truck roars off.

Act I

MENU

Hors d'oeuvres:
M.C. in hooded black robe & expressionless white mask comes from behind the big black curtain and asks each one of the audience to come on stage and tell everyone why they came to see
THE PERFORMANCE

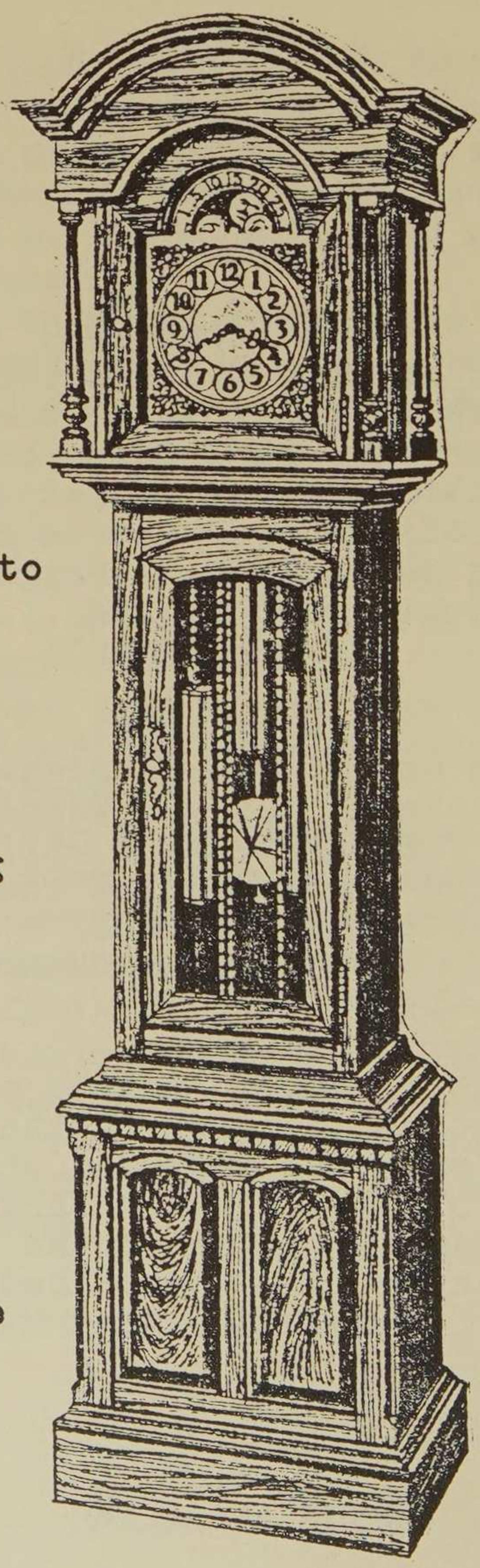
Grand Entree:
Each one of you on stage explaining why you wanted to see THE PERFORMANCE while a chorus hidden behind the big black curtain chants
OOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM

Dessert:
Fruit is handed to the most impatient members of the audience for throwing at the big black curtain as the hidden chorus continues its chanting louder and louder
OOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM

Act II

THE PERFORMANCE

(curtain rises)



Listen to

THE

ticking

on stage

while paper cups of after dinner seltzer or stomach medicine are passed around the audience

RUNNING OUT OF BREATH

Introduction/ Considering the difficulties of communicating a dance on a printed page, it may be helpful if I explain where *Running Out of Breath* came from. Several of my pieces deal with similar situations, but they have usually been designed for musicians rather than dancers. One example is the "Unaccompanied Aria" from *The Four Note Opera*. In that case a mezzo must sing for several minutes, without any accompaniment, and has to try to stay exactly on pitch. In the lyrics to the aria the singer explains the problem and expresses her trepidation. Ultimately she must sing the final note, at which point the piano comes in and everyone finds out whether she is still on key. Singers are a cautious lot, and generally they end up right on, but the risk is always there.

More recently Jon Deak asked me to write a piece for him, and I came up with *Failing: A Very Difficult Piece for Solo String Bass*. Here the problem is that the performer must play difficult, specifically notated music on his instrument, while simultaneously delivering a spoken monologue. Even a performer as fine as Deak is likely to miss a few notes or become a little tongue-tied once in a while. As the text explains, that is why the piece is called *Failing*, and that is what it is about.

In the summer of 1976 I saw a way of putting a dancer in a similarly precarious position, so I worked out a text (which may also be considered a score) for Kathy Duncan that I called *Running Out of Breath*. Like the other pieces, it sometimes seems manipulative, if not actually diabolical, and I used to question the ethics of such pieces. But the effect of actual performances is always a stimulating joining of art and life, and the performer always comes off as an admirable, courageous soul, rather than a tool, so I stopped worrying about it. Meanwhile the bulk of my work has been much more abstract, frequently formalistic, and more or less unrelated to this approach.

Staging Notes/ In Kathy Duncan's original performance at the Byrd Hoffman Studio in New York, on November 19, 1976, she wore a tank top, gym shorts, and sneakers. She adhered to the basic image of simply running, though her changes of direction were often unpredictable. It is helpful if the dancer has good stamina and can maintain a brisk pace throughout, as Duncan does, but that is not essential. The important thing is that the dancer push to the limits of his/her energy, as suggested by the text. The comments in the final paragraph should be adjusted to fit whatever symptoms the performer is actually experiencing. If, due to a cramp, injury, or

complete exhaustion, the performer is unable to finish the dance, he/she should simply stop, say "I'm sorry, that's as far as I can go," and exit. The dance will then end in defeat rather than triumph, but its most important feature, literal truth, will be preserved.

Text-Score/ *In this dance solo I am required to run quickly around the space while delivering this memorized text. Naturally, if I continue running and reciting, I am gradually going to run out of breath. And that's what the piece is about, and that's why it's called,* Running Out of Breath.

Of course, there is nothing unusual about running out of breath. Everyone knows what it feels like. It happens in almost any dance and any strenuous physical exercise. It is a universal experience, common not only among humans, but among all mammals. Birds, reptiles and amphibians all seem to run out of breath too. Maybe even fish and insects know what it feels like to run out of breath. So why am I wasting your time and my energy, just to run out of breath?

Well, I have some ideas of my own about that, but for the moment I must continue to deliver this memorized text, and according to it, the purpose is simply to observe someone else run out of breath. Of course we have all done that before, too, but in this context, where there is really nothing else to watch, or listen to or think about, it is possible for the audience to focus its entire attention on the act of watching someone run out of breath. How long does it take? Does it happen quickly or rather gradually? Do we tend to breathe faster and harder ourselves when watching someone else breathe faster and harder?

Maybe you will find these questions interesting, maybe you won't. Anyway, on a sort of philosophical level, that's what the piece is about. Meanwhile, there are other considerations. Particularly for me. For instance, will I be able to make it though the dance? So far, I am about half way through my memorized text. If I have been moving at a moderately fast pace, I should still be able to deliver complete phrases without breathing. Gradually, however, it will get harder and harder. If I don't pace myself about right, I may get a cramp or something, and have to stop. If I take it too easy, on the other hand, I may not really run out of breath.

Of course my vanity is at stake here. I don't want to appear weak or short-winded, and I am tempted to cheat a little in order to make a better impression. There are several ways of doing this. For instance, turning, flailing movements may look like they take more energy than just running back and forth. So if I do mostly movements that look more strenuous than they are, I can get through the piece fairly easily. Another way to cheat would be to deliver the text at a fast pace. If I talk fast enough, the piece will only last four or five minutes, and I won't have time to get really out of breath. Another way to cheat would be to sneak two or three breaths between sentences. With enough practice I could learn to do that without anyone noticing, and I would get through in fine shape, and the audience would be quite impressed at my endurance.

But there is an obvious problem with all of these methods of cheating. Johnson slyly inserted a paragraph in the text describing all of the most obvious ways to cheat, so that the audience is going to be check-

ing up on me. And if they catch me moving too easily or talking too fast or sneaking extra breaths, they will know immediately that I am cheating and will decide that I didn't do a good, honest performance of the piece.

So the only way to perform this piece really effectively is to go all out, set a brisk pace, and hope I make it to the end. Actually there is not much danger now, for I am close to the end of my text already. It is a challenge to deliver the final sentences of the text and make them comprehensible, when I have to pause so often to take a breath. But I can make it to the end. I will make it to the end.

By now you're probably wondering why I'm going through this struggle. My lungs ache. My legs feel like lead. My body feels like jelly. After all, it's not my piece. I'm only the performer. But there are a number of reasons why I wanted to do it. It works on a number of levels, most of which have been outlined above. But perhaps most important, I am proving to myself that I can meet the challenge.

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PROMETHEUS AS PERFORMER: TOWARD A POSTHUMANIST CULTURE?

A University Masque in Five Scenes

—for Anima

He goes from death to death, who sees the many here.

The Vedanta

*

Beauty is the translucence, through the material phenomenon, of the eternal splendor of the "one."

Plotinus

*

To the eyes of a man of imagination, Nature is imagination itself.

William Blake

*

The mystery of the world is its comprehensibility.

Albert Einstein

*

Our mission, unfinished, may take a thousand years.

Mao

*

This demiurgic enthusiasm springs from the obscure presentiment that

the great secret lay in discovering how to "perform" faster than Nature. . . . Fire turned out to be the means by which man could "execute" faster, but it could also do something other than what already existed in Nature.

Mircea Eliade

*

The presupposition of the Promethean myth is the transcendent value which a naïve humanity attaches to *fire* as the true palladium of every rising culture. That man, however, should not receive this fire only as a gift from heaven, in the form of the igniting lightning or the warming sunshine, but should, on the contrary, be able to control it at will—this appeared to the reflective primitive man as sacrilege, as robbery of the divine nature. . . . The best and highest that men can acquire they must obtain by a crime, and then they must in turn endure its consequences. . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche

*

God help thee old man [Ahab, "true child of fire"], thy thoughts have created a creature in thee; a vulture feeds upon that heart for ever; that vulture the very creature he creates.

Herman Melville

*

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire. . . .

William Shakespeare

* * *

SCENE THE FIRST

From Myth to Politics: the Question of the One and the Many

MYTHOTEXT

[in a voice resonant with the archetypes]

Prometheus, son of Iapetus, Titan turncoat and trickster. There are many versions of his story, but the main outlines are familiar. He sided with the new Olympian gods (Zeus & Co.) against his own chthonic kind. Yet Prometheus, that forethinker, could never leave well enough alone.

Some say he created men out of clay and mortar, Prometheus plasticator; *some say he only gave them fire. The fire was stolen from the smith-god Hephaestus—or was it taken from Apollo's sun? It was stolen, in any event, and hidden in a (phallic) fennel stalk. But this fire was no simple element: it was knowledge and imagination, the alphabet, medicine, and all the arts. Stolen fire, red forbidden fruit. We owe everything to a crime. "Prometheus's double nature is always acknowledged; as by Coleridge who said that he was the Redeemer and the Devil jumbled into one" (Denis Donoghue,* Thieves of Fire*). Byron's Manfred also makes the proud point:*

> *. . . Slaves, scoff not at my will!*
> *The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,*
> *The lightning of my being, is as bright,*
> *Pervading, and far darting as your own. . . .*

Ah, but the doubleness of this Luciferian trickster is not merely theological; it is political and epistemological as well. And it is doubleness that wants to become one again. Socrates here is our authority: "There is a gift of the gods . . . which they let fall from their abode, and it was through Prometheus, or one like him, that it reached mankind [*no emphasis on theft here*], *together with a fire exceeding bright." This gift, Socrates goes on to say in the "Philebus," is a perception that "all things . . . consist of a one and a many, and have in their nature a conjunction of limit and unlimitedness."*

Thus the One and the Many formally enter Western thought, though the question may have haunted earlier philosophers since Thales of Milesia.

TEXT

[forcefully]

Thank you, Mythotext, you have led us from myth to politics through philosophy. Your image of Prometheus mirrors our own present, in which the one and the many, the ecumenical will of humankind and its will to secession, hold their bloody play under the twin aspects of totalitarianism (torture) and anarchy (terrorism). Convergences and divergences, conjunctions and disjunctions,

THE CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

PRETEXT: who opens and presumably explains the nonaction.
MYTHOTEXT: *who is obsessed with the story of Prometheus.*
TEXT: who carries the burden of the intellectual narrative.
HETEROTEXT: who speaks only to quote from various authorities.
CONTEXT: who pretends to be a historian.
METATEXT: WHO ENJOYS COMMENTING ON TEXT AND CRITICIZING COLLEAGUES.
POSTEXT: who vainly attempts to conclude the nonaction.
PARATEXT: (inaudible in print): who breaks the frame now and then with his comments, and who has already appeared as a version of the speaker.

PRETEXT

[appearing from nowhere, speaking rather superciliously]

Good ladies and gentle men:

This masque reflects upon the lineaments of an emergent culture. Call it posthumanist culture—or call it nothing at all. It remains the matrix of our lives, and of our evolving destiny. There is a matrix larger still: the universe itself, everything that was, is, and will become. What a performance! Yet who can account for it? No one—not even a Titan—not even Prometheus.

Still, this masque endeavors to unmask Prometheus, maker (arsonist) of our history. He served, after all, to link Divine Space and Human Time, Sky and Earth, the One and the Many. He prefigured the fate of our own flawed and fateful consciousness.

One word more. The form of this entertainment can deceive no one. To name it "a university masque" is merely to grant its Author the benefit of his equivocations (multivocations). Great Tom Eliot defined in a few notes a whole humanist culture. This Author prefers to play voice against voice and text against text, hoping thus to perform the indefinitions of a posthumanist moment. Still, the Author remains One and his Audience Many—that, too, is in the nature of performance.

But no more pretexts; the masque follows in five stark scenes.

centers and margins, are visible everywhere; on the one hand various myths of totality, on the other, diverse ideologies of fracture. Thus, the more Marshall McLuhan proclaims "the global village," or Buckminster Fuller "spaceship earth," or Norman O. Brown "the mystic body of mankind," the more Jacques Derrida and his *confrères* insist upon *différance* and the metaphysics of fragments.

The news, alas, seems to favor Derrida. *E pluribus unum?* Our planet continually splinters, breaks according to ideology, religion, class, race, language, sex, and age. The earth splits into blocks, blocks into nations, nations into provinces, provinces into tribes, tribes into families, families into feuding individuals—and individuals, soon enough, alas, into random atoms. Can it be fortuitous that atoms themselves have been split into the tiniest, the shiest particles, particles that seem a mathematical whisper, a mere breath? Whose breath? The breath of the universe?

No doubt, convergence and divergence are but two aspects of the same reality, the same process. Totalitarianism and anarchy, torture and terror, summon each other. And the more communication threatens to become global, the more individuals, insisting on their quiddity, will discover the deep and obscure need for misunderstanding. But is this all we can expect from our earth and sky, our brief moment of sodality?

There are poets and philosophers, scientists and mystics, who lead us to expect more. They believe in some richer relation between the one and the many, the universal and the concrete. Like Blake, in his prophecy called "America," they envision a movement "beyond struggling afflictions," toward "another portion of the infinite." Like Whitman, they sing of an "orbic vision," in which the inner divisions of consciousness and the external divisions of humankind are healed and made whole—made whole but *not* homogeneous, healed but *not* rendered uniform:

> "Have you thought there could be but a single supreme?
> There can be any number of supremes . . .
> All is eligible to all."

Is this the project of the Promethean consciousness? To perceive the parity, nay the identity, of parts and wholes?

HETEROTEXT

[chiming in]

Text and Mythotext, listen to some other voices of the "orbic vision," speaking variously of the concrete and the universal:

G. W. F. Hegel in *The Phenomenology of Mind:*

This simple force [concrete spirit in government] allows, indeed, the community to unfold and expand into its component members, and to give each part subsistence and self-existence of its own. Spirit finds in this way its realization or its objective existence. . . . But spirit is at the same time the force of the whole, combining these parts again within the unity which negates them . . . and keeping them aware that their life only lies in the whole.

*

Karl Marx in *The Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844:*

Man, much as he may therefore be a *particular* individual . . . is just as much the *totality*—the ideal totality—the subjective existence of thought and experienced society present for itself. . . .

*

Henri Bergson in *Creative Evolution:*

On the other hand, this rising wave is consciousness, and, like all consciousness, it includes potentialities without number which interpenetrate and to which consequently neither the category of unity nor that of multiplicity is appropriate, made as they both are for inert matter.

*

Teilhard de Chardin in *The Future of Man:*

If there is any characteristic clearly observable in the progress of nature towards higher consciousness, it is that this is achieved by increasing differentiation, which in itself causes ever stronger individualities to emerge. . . . In other words, in a converging Universe, each element achieves completeness, not directly in a separate consummation but by incorporation in a higher pole of consciousness in which alone it can enter into contact with all the others.

*

Werner Heisenberg in *Across the Frontiers:*

. . . we seem to inhabit a world of dynamic process and structure. Therefore, we need a calculus of potentiality rather than one of probability, a dialectic of polarity, one in which unity and diversity are redefined as simultaneous and necessary poles of the same essence.

*

Jacques Monod in *Chance and Necessity:*

The weight of an allosteric enzyme molecule capable of the same performances is of the order of a 10^{-17} of a gram. Which is a million billion times less than an electronic relay. That astronomical figure affords some idea of the "cybernetic" (*i.e.*, teleonomic) power at the disposal of a cell equipped with hundreds or thousands of these microscopic entities, all far more clever than the Maxwell-Szilard-Brillouin demon.

Hegel and Marx and Bergson, Teilhard and Heisenberg and Monod, a motley crew. But do they not all sing, each in his key, the same song of singleness in variousness?

TEXT

[severely]

Heterotext, do be sensible. Your voices are a little too obscure and worse: mystical. There is nothing supernatural in the process leading us to a posthumanist culture. That process depends mainly on the growing intrusion of the human mind into nature and history, on the dematerialization of life and the conceptualization of existence. In that sense, we need not wait for the end of History, as Hegel thought, to witness the synthesis of the Concrete and the Universal, Slave and Master, Individual and State. Each of us, by virtue of Desire, Imagination, and Language, provides some awkward version of the Concrete Universal. For what is the human animal, as Monod himself says, but the most distinctive organism on earth, and at the same time the most self-transcendent—I mean the most capable of abstracting itself through language and rising equivocally through layers of consciousness?

As for you, Mythotext, I must tell you this: Prometheus may be a vague metaphor of a mind struggling with the One and the Many, yet I prefer to view his struggle in narrower perspective. His mind is where Imagination and Science, Myth and Technology, Language and Number sometimes meet. Or to put it both prophetically and archetypically: Prometheus presages the marriage of Earth and Sky. Only then, perhaps, will posthumanism see the dubious light of a new day.

[no one answers Text; the scene closes]

SCENE THE SECOND

From Lascaux to Henry Adams: A Historical Collage

CONTEXT

[entering ponderously, gravid with history]

Allow me to have my turn, young texts; this matter you so ardently discuss requires a less hurried perspective. Posthumanism seems to you a sudden mutation of the times; in fact, the conjunctions of imagination and science, myth and technology, earth and sky, have begun by firelight in the caves of Altamira and Lascaux. Aeschylus, we know, wrote in *The Daughters of Danae*: "The pure sky [Ouranos] desires to penetrate the earth, and the earth is filled with love so that she longs for blissful union with the sky." But before Aeschylus, during those awesome invasions of ice from the north, did not some prehistoric Prometheus sharpen his foresight so that

the race may survive the dread of famine and cold? And before that even, did the foresight of Prometheus transform the lives of our human ancestors from dreaming to waking? Yet unlike Mythotext here, I am less concerned with myth and archaic time than with history. From the Pythagoreans, through medieval alchemists, to the European Renaissance, a rich hermetic tradition has opened itself to both science and mystery.

MYTHOTEXT

[interrupting]

So much hermetic knowledge throughout history—and so little wisdom! Why then did the Promethean fire fail humankind? Is it merely because it was stolen, a power unearned, exceeding the reach of human piety? Thus Shaftesbury, in The Moralists, *speaks of Prometheus: "who with stol'n Celestial Fire, mix'd with vile Clay, dids't mock Heaven's Countenance. . . ." Or is it rather because the "gift" itself lacked an essential element: civic wisdom? In Plato's dialogue, Protagoras tells how Epimetheus, having squandered all the divine gifts on animals, found nothing more to give humankind. While Epimetheus sat puzzling about this, "Prometheus came to inspect the work, and found the other animals well off for everything, but man naked, unshod, unbedded, and unarmed. . . . Prometheus, therefore, being at a loss to provide any means of salvation for man, stole from Hephaestus and Athene the gift of skill in the arts together with fire. . . . In this way, man acquired sufficient resources to keep himself alive, but had no political wisdom. This was in the keeping of Zeus, and Prometheus no longer had the right of entry to the citadel where Zeus dwelt. . . ."*

CONTEXT

[ponders the interruption, then decides to ignore it]

The European hermetic tradition included Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, Giordano Bruno—authors whom that "New Prometheus," Dr. Victor Frankenstein, studied profoundly before turning to shallower things. Surprisingly, this same hermetic tradition affected some eminent scientists, not in fiction but in history. Kepler, we know, wrote the horoscope of Wallenstein in 1609. Even the great Newton spent much of his earlier life in alchemical and Faust-like pursuits. "His deepest instincts," wrote Lord Keynes, "were occult, esoteric, semantic." But the outstanding example of the conjunction between science and imagination, technology and art, remains Leonardo da Vinci, who has haunted so many minds since the Renaissance. Both Freud and Valéry saw in Leonardo more than a total and meditative curiosity; they also saw in him something approaching a unified consciousness, perhaps even the radical process of consciousness itself, made incarnate. This has led Roger Shattuck to say in "The Tortoise and the Hare":

> At the very moment when . . . Western consciousness was hardening into a division between reason and feeling, two of the greatest contemporary minds were saying precisely the opposite in terms that recapitulate the history of modern European thought. They assert, in effect, that the experience of four hundred years tells us urgently and insistently not to divide up the mind.

HETEROTEXT

[also interrupting]

You quote nearly as much as I do. Quote then Erich Neumann in *Art and the Creative Unconscious* on Leonardo:

> Unknown to himself, his whole life was directed by the tendency toward integration of his personality, which experienced itself in the likeness of a godhead encompassing in itself the higher and the lower, heaven and earth.

Here is your sky and . . .

CONTEXT

[interrupting the interrupter]

At that same turning point of the twentieth century, Henry Adams, who thought that energy is the effort of every multiplicity to regain its unity, recorded his own intuition of the undivided mind. Dating his words exactly in the year 1900, Adams wrote in a famous passage of his *Education:*

> Copernicus and Galileo had broken many professional necks about 1600; Columbus had stood the world on its head toward 1500; but the nearest approach to the revolution of 1900 was that of 310, when Constantine set up the Cross. The rays that Langley disowned, as well as those he fathered, were occult, super-sensual, irrational; they were a revelation of a mysterious energy like that of the Cross. . . .

METATEXT

[clipped, logical, almost prissy]

MYTH, PHILOSOPHY, AND HISTORY ARE ALL VERY NICE. BUT THIS COLLAGE—SHALL WE GENEROUSLY SAY OF SIGNIFICANT MOMENTS?—MUST LEAVE THE AUDIENCE NONPLUSSED. PERMIT ME, THEREFORE, TO SUMMARIZE THE INACTIONS OF THIS MASQUE. INSOFAR AS I CAN UNDERSTAND MY LEARNED AND LOQUACIOUS COLLEAGUES, THEY WISH TO MAINTAIN THAT:

1. THE COSMOS IS PERFORMANCE. POSTHUMANIST CULTURE IS A PERFORMANCE IN PROGRESS, AND THEIR SYMBOLIC NEXUS IS PROMETHEUS;

2. PROMETHEUS IS HIMSELF THE FIGURE OF A FLAWED CONSCIOUSNESS STRUGGLING TO TRANSCEND SUCH DIVISIONS AS THE ONE AND THE MANY, COSMOS AND CULTURE, THE UNIVERSAL AND THE CONCRETE;

3. WITH REGARD TO POSTHUMANISM ITSELF, THE MOST RELEVANT ASPECT OF THE PROMETHEAN DIALECTIC CONCERNS IMAGINATION AND SCIENCE, MYTH AND TECHNOLOGY, EARTH AND SKY, TWO REALMS TENDING TO ONE;

4. THIS DIALECTIC, HOWEVER, HAS A HOARY HISTORY; THE LANGUAGES OF IMAGINATION AND THE LANGUAGES OF SCIENCE HAVE OFTEN MINGLED AND CROSSED IN CERTAIN EPOCHS AND IN CERTAIN GREAT MINDS OF THE PAST;

5. BECAUSE BOTH IMAGINATION AND SCIENCE ARE AGENTS OF CHANGE, CRUCIBLES OF VALUES, MODES NOT ONLY OF REPRESENTATION BUT ALSO OF TRANSFORMATION, THEIR INTERPLAY MAY NOW BE THE VITAL PERFORMING PRINCIPLE IN CULTURE AND CONSCIOUSNESS—A KEY TO POSTHUMANISM.

[Text, Mythotext, Context coldly nod their approval; the scene ends]

SCENE THE THIRD

CONTEMPORARY CULTURE

TEXT

[delighted to hold forth again]

Humanists are a little Epimethean, I fear; the astonishing convergences of imagination and science, myth and technology in contemporary culture have tended to elude them. Nor have the great modern minds which currently command the greatest authority—I mean Marx and Freud, Sartre and Lévi-Strauss, Heidegger and Husserl—particularly illuminated this question. (William James may prove a curious exception.) Yet, more and more, the evidence suggests that the "two cultures" of C. P. Snow and F. R. Leavis, of abstract, sky-haunted technophiles dominated by the male principle, and moist, earth-bound arcadians ruled by the female principle, are slowly becoming obsolete as consciousness evolves, through many setbacks and contradictions, to include them both.

HETEROTEXT

[stammering a little with excitement]

Excuse me, one may be permitted to speak more amusingly of this matter. William Irwin Thompson remarks in *Evil and World Order:*

> In these declining years of the Magnus Annus the most interesting minds seem to have moved long ago; now only the "intellectuals" are left wrapped in their greatcoats of Europe and dreaming of leftist politics or the "new creations" of the avant-garde; but these are the warm dreams that come charitably to all those who are about to freeze to death.

Surely that is your point!

TEXT

[insufferably patronizing]

Yes, Heterotext, it is vaguely to the point. But it remains for us to chart the movement of "the most interesting minds," map out the areas of their problematic convergence. I would suggest four regions in contemporary culture:

a. the creative process
b. the symbiosis of art, science, and technology
c. the twilight zones in science
d. the search for a unified sensibility.

Perhaps you can recite for us, Heterotext, the current bibliography on these topics.

HETEROTEXT

[with alacrity, without the stammer]

I will do more: I will quote, then query, then cite a few bibliographic references.

A. On the Creative Process:
   § Quotations:
   —Max Planck: "The pioneer scientist must have a vivid intuitive imagination for new ideas, ideas not generated by deduction, but by artistically creative imagination."
   —Erwin Schrödinger: "I need not speak here of the quality of the pleasures derived from pure knowledge; those who have experienced it will know that it contains a strong esthetic element and is closely related to that derived from the contemplation of a work of art."
   —Carl Sagan: "There is another aspect of science, one that is infrequently described except among the practitioners themselves: science as a supreme art form. The creative endeavor in science carries the same emotional exhilaration as the painting of a great work of art or the writing of an epic poem."
   —Jacques Monod: "I am sure every scientist must have noticed how his mental reflection, at the deeper level, is not verbal: to be absorbed in thought is to be embarked upon an *imagined experience*. . . ."

§ Queries:

What, then, are the roles of dream, play, imagination, and aesthetic sensibility in scientific, mathematical, artistic creation? Which traits do creative personalities share, regardless of their fields? What indeed do we mean by creativity? Can neurological research on the one hand and psychological theory on the other move toward a unified concept of brain and mind?

§ References:

Frank Barron, *Creativity and Personal Freedom*
Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*
Brewster Ghiselin, ed., *The Creative Process*
Arthur Koestler, *The Act of Creation*
Wilder Penfield, *The Mystery of the Mind*
Jean Piaget, *Biology and Knowledge*
Steven Rose, *The Conscious Brain*
Hans Seyle, *From Dream to Discovery*
Paul Valéry, *The Art of Poetry*

B. On the Symbiosis of Art, Science and Technology:

§ Quotations:

—Marcel Duchamp to Stieglitz: "You know exactly how I feel about photography. I would like to see it make people despise painting until something else will make photography unbearable."

—Werner Heisenberg: "In this respect they [scientific idealizations] may be compared to the different styles of art, say of architecture or music. A style of art can also be defined by a set of formal rules which are applied to the material of this special art."

—Jacob Bronowski: "Art and science are both uniquely human actions. . . . they derive from the same human faculty: the ability to visualize the future, to foresee what may happen . . . and to represent it to ourselves in images. . . ."

—Douglas Davis: "Art and technology are two parts of the triad that makes one structure, and science is the third."

§ Queries:

To what extent are various technologies integrating themselves into our art forms? Has technology begun to affect not only particular genres—cybernetic or op art, electronic music, video, contemporary dance—but also the very definition of art? Indeed, is it possible that science and technology may be transforming human consciousness itself, so as to make art, as we have known it, gradually obsolete? In short, where will Marinetti's Futurism finally lead?

§ References:

Jonathan Benthall, *Science and Technology in Art Today*
Jack Burnham, *Beyond Modern Sculpture*
John Cage, *Silence* and *A Year from Monday*
Douglas Davis, *Art and the Future*
Marcel Duchamp, *Complete Works*

Gyorgy Kepes, ed., *Structure in Art and Science*
Marshall McLuhan, *Understanding Media*
Thomas Pynchon, *Gravity's Rainbow*
Jasia Reichardt, *The Computer in Art*
Wylie Sypher, *Technology and Literature*
Robert Wilson, *Einstein on the Beach*

C. On the Twilight Zones in Science:

§ Quotations:

—Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker: "the [yoga] concept of *Prana* is not necessarily incompatible with our physics. *Prana* is spatially extended and vitalizing. Hence above all it is moving potency. The quantum theory designates something not entirely remote from this by the term 'probability amplitude.' "

—Gunther Stent: "Since John Cage had pointed out to me the analogy between the genetic code and the *I-Ching*, I have looked into this matter a little more. To my amazement I found that the 'natural order' of the *I-Ching* hexagrams generates a table of nucleotide triplet codons which shows the same intercodon generic relations as Crick's table!"

—Arthur Koestler: "The rapprochement between the conceptual world of parapsychology and that of modern physics is an important step toward the demolition of the greatest superstition of our age—the materialistic clockwork universe of early-nineteenth-century physics."

—Lyall Watson: "All the best science has soft edges, limits that are still obscure and extend without interruption into areas that are wholly inexplicable."

§ Queries:

What changes in the logos (rationality) of the sciences may be expected as their frontiers expand? What are the epistemological as well as social implications of current experiments with transcendental meditation, biofeedback, parapsychology, artificial intelligences, and cosmic consciousness?

§ References:

Ludwig von Bertalanffy, *Robots, Men and Minds*
Fritjof Capra, *The Tao of Physics*
C. G. Jung & Wolfgang Pauli, *Naturerklärung und Psyche*
Arthur Koestler, *The Roots of Concidence*
Gopi Krishna, *The Biological Basis of Religion and Genius*
Lawrence LeShan, *The Medium, the Mystic, and the Physicist*
Raymond Ruyer, *La Gnose de Princeton*
C. H. Waddington, ed., *Biology and the History of the Future*
Lyall Watson, *Supernature*

D. On the Search for a Unified Sensibility

§ Quotations:

—Charles Lindbergh: "Decades spent in contact with science and its

vehicles have directed by mind and senses to areas beyond their reach. I now see scientific accomplishment as a path, not an end; a path leading to and disappearing in mystery."

—Robert Pirsig: "The Buddha, the Ġodhead, resides quite as comfortably in the circuits of a digital computer or the gears of a cycle transmission as he does at the top of a mountain or in the petals of a flower."

—Aldous Huxley: "Man cannot live by contemplative receptivity and artistic creation alone. As well as every word proceeding from the mouth of God, he needs science and technology."

—Margaret Mead: "We need a religious system with science at its very core, in which the traditional opposition between science and religion, reflected in grisly truth by our technologically desecrated countryside, can again be resolved, but in terms of the future instead of the past."

§ Queries:

To what extent do the diverse careers of an astronaut like Michael Collins, a writer like Thomas Pynchon or Norman Mailer, a musician like John Cage or Jimi Hendrix, a historian like William Irwin Thompson, an anthropologist like Margaret Mead, and a Zen cyclist like Robert Pirsig reflect an authentic quest in our post-industrial society for an infinitely optative yet unified sensibility? And again, what are the personal, political, and philosophical implications of such a quest?

§ References:

Michael Collins, *Carrying the Fire*
Aldous Huxley, *Literature and Science*
Norman Mailer, *Of a Fire on the Moon*
Margaret Mead, *Twentieth Century Faith*
Joseph Chilton Pearce, *The Crack in the Cosmic Egg*
Robert M. Pirsig, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*
William Irwin Thompson, *Passages about Earth*

[having overextended its mind with queries, Heterotext suddenly stops;
Mythotext grasps the opportunity]

MYTHOTEXT

[scornfully]

Cultural chatter! Quote as they may, neither Text nor Heterotext have hit the mark. There is another "region of convergence," old as consciousness, new as the latest bauble of science or gewgaw of technology. I mean language itself, though some call it the Word, consummate technic of mind, eternal myth of awareness. Technic and myth join in an image of fire, tongues *of fire. Yet these tongues are not only Pentecostal; they flutter as well in every Promethean breath. That sacred alphabet Prometheus gave to men may have been the least dubious of his gifts.*

Speak of convergence, speak of language.

[the scene ends]

SCENE THE FOURTH

The Future of Vitruvian Man

TEXT

[now determined to assert himself and quote as much as Heterotext]

At present, posthumanism may appear variously as a dubious neologism, the latest slogan, or simply another image of man's recurrent self-hate. Yet posthumanism may also hint at a potential in our culture, hint at a tendency struggling to become more than a trend. The Promethean myth, after all, contains an enigmatic prophecy. How, then, shall we understand posthumanism?

We need first to understand that the human form—including human desire and all its external representations—may be changing radically, and thus must be re-visioned. We need to understand that five hundred years of humanism may be coming to an end, as humanism transforms itself into something that we must helplessly call posthumanism. The figure of Vitruvian Man, arms and legs defining the measure of things, so marvelously drawn by Leonardo, has broken through its enclosing circle and square, and spread across the cosmos. "Stands he not thereby in the center of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities?" Carlyle ominously asked. Less than a century after, Pioneer 10 carries the human form and the human sign beyond the solar system into the intergalactic spaces; and Carl Sagan wryly speculates, in *The Cosmic Connection*, about the future of human intelligence, babbling its childhood to the universe.

This expansion of human consciousness into the cosmos, this implication of mind into farthest matter, becomes awesome when astrophysicists reflect upon the "origin" of the universe. As Sir Bernard Lovell, Professor of Radio Astronomy at the University of Manchester, put it:

> The transference from the infinities of density and size at time zero [when the universe began] to the finite quantities encompassed by the laws of the physical world may lie beyond scientific comprehension. Does man face this difficulty because he has externalized the object of his investigation? Is there reality in these externalized procedures? What is man's connection with the universe of atoms, stars, and galaxies? . . . Indeed, I am inclined to accept contemporary scientific evidence as indicative of a far

> greater degree of man's total involvement with the universe. . . . A remarkable and intimate relationship between man, the fundamental constants of nature, and the initial moments of space and time seems to be an inescapable condition of existence.
> (*New York Times Magazine,* November 16, 1975.)

This cosmological view, I think, requires from us a genuine alteration in our modes of feeling and thought and performance, an alteration that must go beyond, say, Albert Schweitzer's "reverence before life," and beyond the *participation mystique* attributed to primitive man.

But this cosmological extension of human consciousness (which both Teilhard de Chardin and J. D. Bernal long, if differently, perceived) is not the only force tending toward posthumanism. Indeed, the re-vision of man is currently promoted by certain prescient humanists as well as by most scientists. Thus, for instance, Claude Lévi-Strauss, both humanist and scientist, finds it necessary to remind us that the "world began without the human race and . . . will end without it." Michel Foucault taunts us that "man is an invention of recent date. And one perhaps nearing its end." And Jacques Derrida previews an emergent human structure, no longer turned toward the origin, "which affirms play and attempts to move beyond man and beyond humanism."

Yet, Derrida, Foucault, and Lévi-Strauss. I am convinced, mean not the literal end of man but the end of a particular image of us, shaped as much by Descartes, say, as by Thomas More or Erasmus or Montaigne. That is why contemporary thought emphasizes so much the dissolution of the "subject," the annihilation of that hard Cartesian ego or consciousness which distinguished itself from the world by turning the world into an object. The Self, structuralists and poststructualists insist, following the intuition of Nietzsche, is really an empty "place" where many selves come to mingle and depart.

A similar perception, deriving from biology more than psychology or philosophy, persuades Elisabeth Mann Borgese that human nature is still evolving:

> One might even say that whether postmodern man is still *Homo sapiens* remains to be seen. A species that can fly is different from one that cannot. A species that can transport itself out of earth's biosphere to other planets is different from an earthbound species. A species that can transplant vital organs from one member to another, blurring the boundaries between this individual and that individual and

> between life and death, is different from a species whose members cannot do this.
> (*Center Magazine,* March/April 1973.)

Projected out of this world and into the universe, the physical and mental possibilities of evolution become even more staggering. "Only a minute fraction, an inconceivably small fraction of all possible forms of life have existed on earth," writes James F. Danielli, Director of the Center for Theoretical Biology at SUNY-Buffalo. "It is inconceivable that the terrestrial organisms we now have are representative samples of the organisms which can exist" (*Center Magazine,* October 1972). Concretely, this means that the re-vision of human destiny must ultimately consider that destiny in a vast evolutionary scheme.

More soberly, more immediately perhaps, a posthuman philosophy must address the complex issue of artificial intelligence, which some of us know only by the familiar name of HAL (the supercomputer in Kubrick's *2001,* so strangely human, that is, at once so sinister and pathetic in every circuit and bit). But artificial intelligence is not merely a figment of science fiction; it almost lives in our midst. There is an anecdote about Alan Turing, the young mathematical genius who died in 1954 and whose work provided John von Neumann with the basis of modern computer theory—a somber anecdote that we do well to ponder. It is told by the wife of one of Turing's closest colleagues:

> I remember sitting in our garden at Bowdon about 1949 while Alan and my husband discussed the machine and its future activities. I couldn't take part in the discussion . . . but suddenly my ear picked up a remark which sent a shiver down my back. Alan said reflectively, "I suppose, when it gets to that stage, we shan't know how it does it."
> (*New York Times Magazine,* February 15, 1976.)

Yet the human brain itself does not really know whether it will become obsolete—or simply need to revise its self-conception. The argument explored by Arthur Koestler, in *The Ghost in the Machine,* that the human brain may be radically flawed—may be, that is, an organ inadequate to its task, a "mistake" among countless other "mistakes" of evolution—remains a hypothesis, perhaps itself more mistaken than the brain which conceived it. Will artificial intelligences supersede the human brain, rectify it, or simply extend its powers? We do not know. But this we do know: artificial intelligences, from the humblest calculator to the most transcendent computer, help to transform the image of man, the concept of the

human. They are agents of a new posthumanism, even if they do no more than the IBM 360-196 that can perform in a few hours all the arithmetic estimated ever to have been done by hand by all mankind. Inevitably, such posthumanism implies the dispersal of the classic human image. The individuality of the body, according to Norbert Wiener, is that of a flame rather than of a stone. In *The Human Use of Human Beings,* Wiener goes farther:

> We have already suggested . . . that the distinction between material transportation and message transportation is not in any theoretical sense permanent and unbridgeable.
>
> This takes us very deeply into the question of human individuality.

All these visions finally boggle the minds of poor humanists like ourselves. Yet they are not the visions of science fictionists and future shockers, intended to amuse and terrify us—even as they make the best-seller lists. These visions are immediate and concrete. Technology and the pharmaceutical industry have already altered most performances in the Olympic Games; and those Bionic Women from the German Democratic Republic may point to a future more golden than all their medals. And when the figure of Leonardo's Vitruvian Man appears on the cover of our *TV Guide* nowadays, under it runs the caption: "Compared with the real bionic people we expect in the not-too-distant future . . . The Six Million Dollar Man is Just a Tin Lizzie" (28 August 1976).

What then will the future, in its middle distances, bring to us?

[long pause as Text tries to penetrate Time; the scene slowly fades and ends]

SCENE THE FIFTH

The Warnings of the Earth

MYTHOTEXT

[enters in outrage]

This optimism is more kitsch than vision, and it makes for a revolting in*humanism. Here is an editorial from an engineering magazine (the IEEE's* Spectrum*):*

> *As a subsystem, man leaves much to be desired. What other system has no significant prospect of miniaturization or ruggedization, can work at full capacity only one quarter of the time, must be treated as non-expendable, requires a critical psychological and physical environment, cannot be decontaminated, and is so unpredictable?*

You easily forget: Prometheus was a trickster and thief. In the end, Text here seems to side more with Goethe, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Gide, in their romantic interpretation of the myth, than with wise Aeschylus, Mary Shelley, or Kafka. But to open oneself with hope to the Promethean endeavor is also to recognize its error and terror, its madness within.

Consider for a moment. We know that Iapetus was father to Prometheus. But, pray, who was his mother? Was it Asia, or Themis, or perhaps Clymene, "shapely daughter of Ocean"? Accounts differ. Yet their differences do not obscure a certain point: the shameless misogyny of the myth. Epimetheus, we know, takes Pandora to wife. Fashioned exquisitely by Hephaestus, she is sent as the cunning revenge of Zeus. Hesiod put it brutally: "Gods and men were speechless when they saw how deadly and how irresistible was the trick with which Zeus was going to catch mankind. This was the origin of the damnable race of women. . . . They have no place where the curse of poverty is; they belong with luxury" (Theogony). *But the curse is not simply economic; Epimetheus, against the advice of his brother, opens Pandora's box, and all the ills of mankind ensue.*

From the start, great writers have sensed that Prometheus must do more than overthrow the patriarchic Zeus; he must also recover the female principle within his own consciousness. Thus Aeschylus included in his work both Themis and the watery nymph Io; Nietzsche perceived in the "Titanic impulse" some covert affinity between the Promethean and the Dionysian; and Percy Bysshe Shelley gave Asia a creative role, placing love at the very heart of his work.

The Earth must be heard. Yes, Earth must be heard, else Consciousness will turn the Sky into fire.

TEXT

[placatingly]

Calm yourself, Mythotext, I concur, I freely concede the point. I, too, know the Jungian text:

> Consciousness thus is torn from its roots and no longer able to appeal to the authority of the archetypal images; it has Promethean freedom, it is true, but also a godless *hybris*. It does indeed soar above the earth, even above mankind, but the danger of an upset is there, not for every individual, to be sure, but collectively for the weak members of such a society, who then, again like Prometheus, are chained to the Caucasus by the unconscious.
> (*The Secret of the Golden Flower.*)

Obviously, the marriage of Earth and Sky may never find a happy consummation. It may also beget monsters and mutants. We know all too well the litany of our failures: pollution, population,

power that serves only to suppress—in short, man's deadly exploitation of nature and himself. Some, for instance, say that the technological capacities bungled in Watergate would make the "Miracle, Mystery, and Authority" of the Grand Inquisitor seem like childish play. Others caution of present and "future shock"; of cloning, parthenogenesis, transplants, prosthesis; of the alteration of memory, intelligence, and behavior; of the creation of chimeras, androids, and cyborgs. Others, still, simply prophesy of famine and global war. From D. H. Lawrence and Friedrich Junger to Lewis Mumford, Rachel Carson, Jacques Ellul, and the Club of Rome, men and women of vision have warned against dehumanization and have challenged rampant technology—Marx having preceded them with his famous doctrine of alienation. I know all this.

Yet even Jung's devoted disciple, Erich Neumann, says:

> Our conception of man is beginning to change. Up to now we saw him chiefly in a historical or horizontal perspective, embedded in his group, his time, and his cultural canon . . . but today we are beginning to see man in a new perspective—vertically—in his relation to the absolute. (*Art and the Creative Unconscious.*)

Yet even Heidegger was equivocal on technological being. He sternly warned that technology was no longer empowered by human reality—*"Die Technik in ihrem Wesen ist etwas, was der Mensch von sich aus nich bewältig"*—warned that it no longer corresponded to the human measure—*"wir haben noch keinen Weg, der dem Wesen der Technik entspricht"* (*Der Spiegel,* 31 May 1976). How, then, could the human race "spare the earth, receive the sky, expect the gods, and have a capacity for death," Heidegger wondered? Still, beyond those necessary warnings, he sensed the transformative capacity of the human, and paraphrased Rilke: "Not only is man by nature more daring than plant and beast. Man is at times more daring even 'than Life itself is.' " Will this daring lead us to "where all ground breaks off—into the abyss"? Or will the transhumanization of the human mean our "childhood's end" (Arthur Clarke)?

HETEROTEXT

[quietly]

I wish to quote from Arthur Clarke's *Profiles of the Future.* Speaking of the future races, Clarke says:

> They will have time enough, in those endless aeons, to attempt all things, and to gather all knowledge. They will not be like gods, because no gods imagined by our minds have

ever possessed the powers they will command. But for all that, they may envy us, basking in the bright after-glow of Creation; for we knew the universe when it was young.

MYTHOTEXT

[still gloomy]

Text mentions the capacity for death; Heterotext speaks of the future. Prometheus is connected with both. In the "Gorgias," Socrates claims that Prometheus had also given men exact foreknowledge of their death. But Hades, god of the underworld, complained to Zeus, and the gift was revoked. Could it be that for once Zeus acted with tact? Robbed of human mortality, how can Earth give continual birth? Without death, how can there be surprise or generation?

Yet the motives of Zeus were seldom pure. We know that after aeons of pain, Heracles delivered Prometheus from his bondage on Tartarus; for Prometheus knew a secret vital to the rule of Zeus. Some say Zeus was finally toppled, others maintain a reconciliation ensued, and a few still whisper that the sick centaur, Chiron, offered to resign his gift of immortality and take the place of Prometheus under the vulture. Perhaps Kafka, after all, puts it best:

> *Everyone grew weary of the meaningless affair. The gods grew weary, the eagles grew weary, the wound closed wearily.*
>
> *There remained the inexplicable mass of rock. —The legend tried to explain the inexplicable. As it came out of a substratum of truth it had in turn to end in the inexplicable.*

[hush; last scene ends]

POSTEXT

I come at the end, though there are no ends; I come only after. And what I must say has already been said, and will be said many times thereafter.

Is it not finally plain? Prometheus, gnostic, dreamer, prophet, Titan transgressor and trickster, giver of fire, maker of culture—Prometheus is our performer. He performs Space and Time; he performs Desire. He suffers.

We are ourselves that performance; we perform and are performed every moment. We are the pain or play of the Human, which will not remain human. We are both Earth and Sky, Water and Fire. We are the phoenix form of Desire. Everything changes, and nothing, not even Death, can tire.

[Here ends the Masque.]

STATE OFFICE BUILDING CURSE: A Scenario to Ultimate Action

Site of the New York State Office Building at 125th Street and Seventh Avenue in Harlem.

First day of public opening—OPEN HOUSE.

Out front, on the sidewalks: politicians, American flags, Harlem crowds, Black National flags, numerous cops and plainclothes men.

Speechmaking by Rockefeller, Lindsay, Javits, Chisolm, Rangle and Sutton. Maybe Powell.

Ribbon cutting. Crowds pour into building for look-see. Black crowds to see the false marble madness. Brothers in Afros and clean heads and just heads. Sisters with the brothers. Children. Some older Black people, unattached to the artificial integration political machine.

Black folks checking out the cement tomb, Black folks on pig-guided tours, wandering alone around the tunnels and caves of the twentieth-century crypt, examining the files, getting lost in the basement, in the rest rooms.

Closing. All out. Black people ushered out by guards and cops. American flags lowered as night sets on Harlem.

Later: hours later. Way into the black night. Exterior of the State Office Building. Quiet Seventh Avenue at that hour. Almost deserted 125th Street at 3 A.M.

Explosion rips the whole State Office Building apart. Fire. Torn-out windows. Total destruction through explosives.

Fire engines. TV cameramen. Photographers. Silent brothers and sisters standing on far side of the street looking knowingly at each other.

And the Black crowd senses the moment in Revolutionary Black History and begins a festival to celebrate the emerging Black nation of Harlem.

Blackness.

ED BULLINS

FROM FOOL TO HANGED MAN
(A Pantomime from the Major Arcana)

CHARACTERS:

ONE—the Fool card of the Waite Tarot deck. He is smiling, benign, imperturbable. He carries a gaily wrapped bundle attached to a walking stick that he bears over one shoulder. In his other hand is a flower, which he smells from time to time.

TWO is excitable, argumentative. He wears a conservative suit and tie. If ONE is tall and thin, TWO is short and fat.

OTHERS—a man with a pipe, a priest, a little old lady, an army captain, a cop, a judge, executioners, more ad lib. Parts may be doubled, tripled, and costuming, which should consist of little more than hats and such, may be done in full view of the audience.

SET: A painted backdrop of a city street, a courtroom, a gallows. Perhaps a lamppost can double as a gallows. The stage is otherwise bare.

Enter ONE walkin' on down the street. A bright spring day. He's whistling. Tips his hat to a passer-by. Looks in a shop window. How nice he looks to himself. He talks to a passing dog, who snaps at him. Steps in dog shit. Frowns. Comprehends. Rubs it off on the curb. Smiles. Crosses street. There's a lot of traffic. ONE is almost run over. Knocked to the ground. Picks himself up. Knocked to the ground. Picks himself up. Frown with each piece of bad luck quickly changes to a smile for ONE is basically a smiler, you know, a smile because everything is as it should be.

ONE finally makes it across the street, dashing and darting in between the cars. He knocks TWO to the ground. TWO has just entered and has been walking with speed and determination (and with a tight sphincter), his ear glued to a loud transister radio, which is playing some awful fifties surreal station. The radio is broken in the fall. ONE helps TWO up, very solicitous. Brushes him off. Inspects for broken bones, ripped clothing. TWO is furious. He wants money for his broken radio. ONE searches his pockets. Comes up with a single bill. TWO wants two. An argument ensues, rather one-sided since ONE smiles amiably

throughout like Harpo Marx. ONE raises one finger and TWO raises two. The argument broadens rapidly. ONE indicates that everything is one and TWO indicates that there exists at least a duplicity. One arm vs. the pair of arms, one leg vs. the pair, one finger (whoops, the middle finger) vs. five. TWO counts the objects on stage, including the lights. ONE draws a circle in the air, indicates that the objects are within the circle, then bows a polite Japanese bow.

A MAN WITH A PIPE has entered and watches the argument silently. ONE has abandoned the argument and is trying to distract TWO with a tap dance. He doesn't notice that TWO has straightened his tie and has approached the MAN. TWO explains that the crazy madman ONE has broken his radio. He points out ONE's sack—who knows what it contains. TWO and the MAN try to make off with the staff. There is a tug of war. ONE is on one end and TWO and the MAN are on the other. ONE notices this aspect and points it out. It's a struggle of two against one. Enter a PRIEST who blesses the two sides with holy water then leaves. Enter an ARMY CAPTAIN. TWO and the MAN WITH A PIPE salute him. Enter a LITTLE OLD LADY with an umbrella. She hits ONE then leaves. Any number of characters may enter, take sides, then leave. Only fools like ONE and children should take ONE's side. Finally, enter a COP who hauls everyone in front of a judge. (The cop is Mack Sennett and the JUDGE wears an English judge's wig.)

The JUDGE raps twice with his gavel; ONE raps once with his foot. Two raps vs. one. Everyone in the court takes up the two-rapping except ONE, who insists on one. Order in the court! And TWO relates the story, producing the broken radio, which proceeds to work, playing the hideous station. Nonetheless, the JUDGE fines ONE two bills. Argument about two and one. ONE shows his empty pockets (they are enormous and brightly colored). They search his sack. A little toy animal is produced. It makes a pathetic baa-ing sound. ONE pets it gently. Does a gay little tap dance around it. TWO sneaks it away and rips it apart and stamps it underfoot.

ONE cries a clown's cry, a huge cry. He tries to comprehend his pain. Hand gestures. He is for the first time angry. He does a tap dance of rage, a war dance. He attacks the court with his staff. He hits everyone at least once but eventually he succumbs, outnumbered. He is captured and sentenced by the JUDGE to be

hanged. ONE is struggling so furiously as they string him up that he is hoisted upside down. He looks like the Tarot Hanged Man except that both his feet are up. The radio is blaring the latest news, including an account of the death of ONE.

The last moments: the radio plays "The Hanging Tree" (lyrics below), to which everyone dances. ONE slowly lowers one leg and crosses the other with it. Slow fade on lights as music ends. Spot on ONE's head creates a halo for a moment. Blackness.

THE HANGING TREE

Hanging there on the hanging tree,
Hanging there for you and me,
Hanging there for all to see—
Upside down in mid-air—

Hanging there on the hanging tree,
Branches spreading over you and me,
Hanged man's hanging upside down,
Smiling like a silly old clown,
One foot up and one foot down—

Hanging there on the hanging tree-
She's the tree of life, folks,
Her roots go deep, folks,
From now to eternity—
And from her branches
Hangs a lucky ol' fool,
The word made flesh
In that man's own flesh,
Love's own child
With a lovely smile,
On his cross of wood
He knows he should
Enter and be
Enter and be
Enter and be . . .

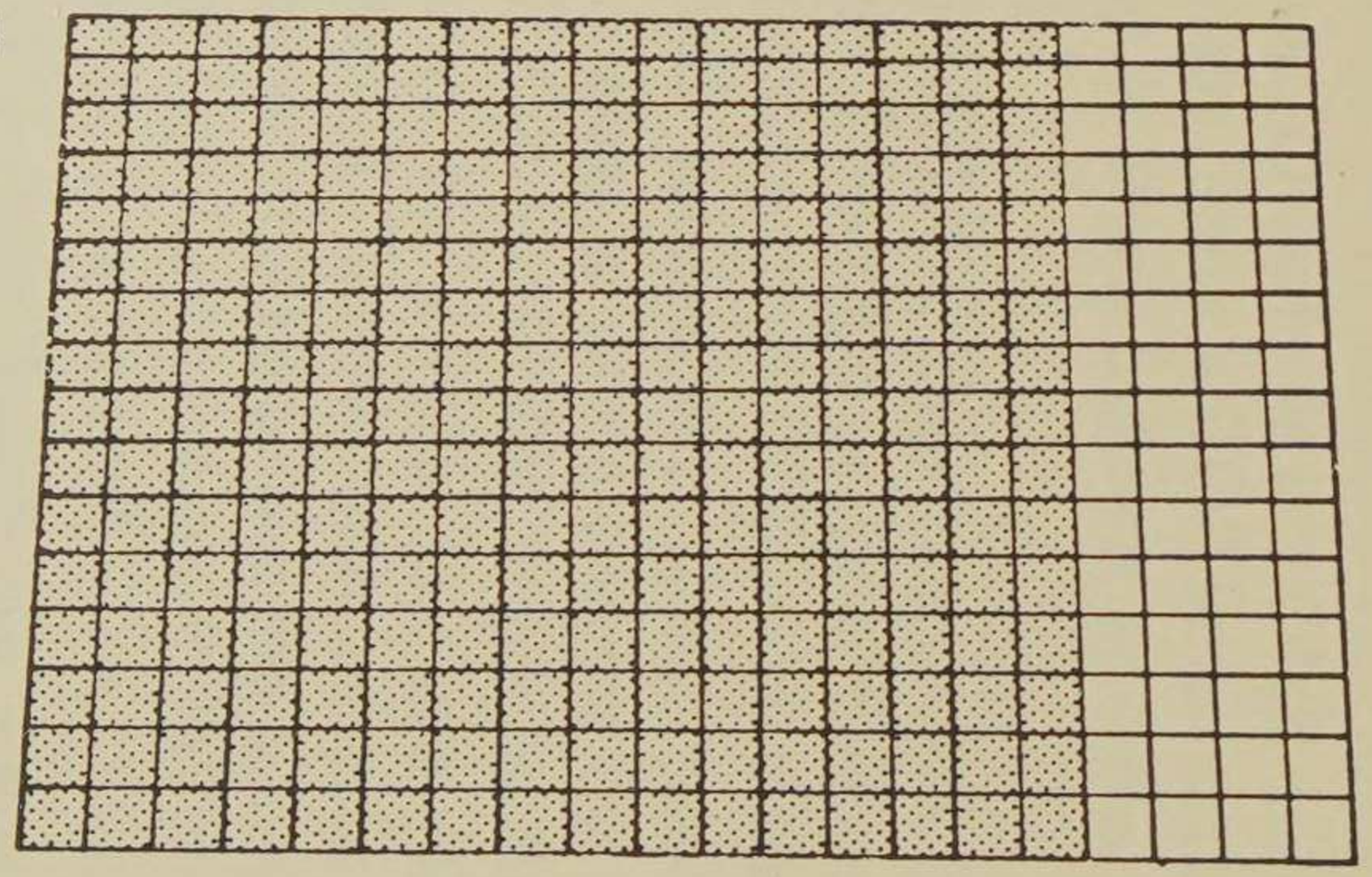
WAVE

SEC. 1 - 8

SCENARIO FOR PUBLIC SEATING
and colored flash cards.

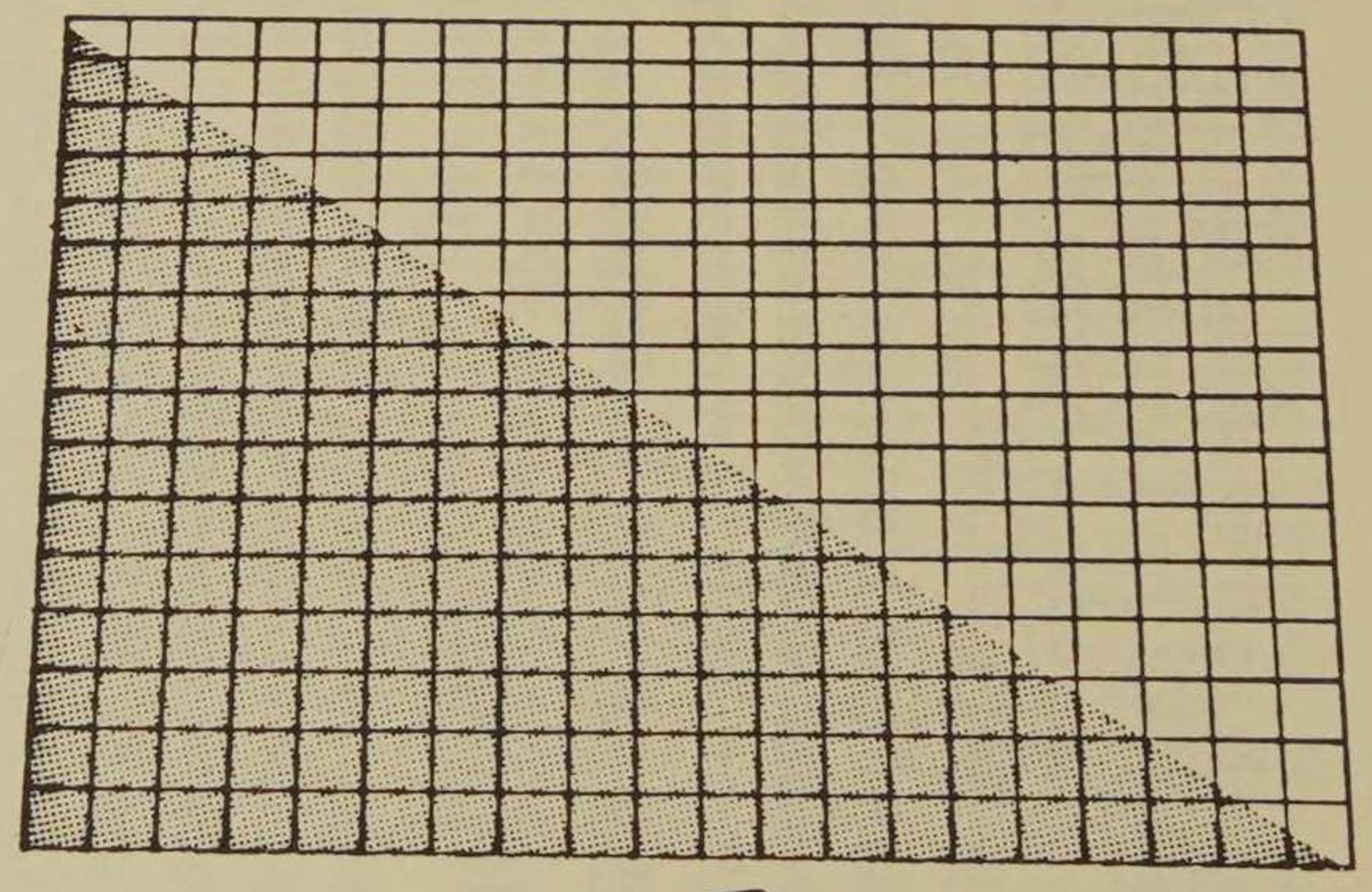
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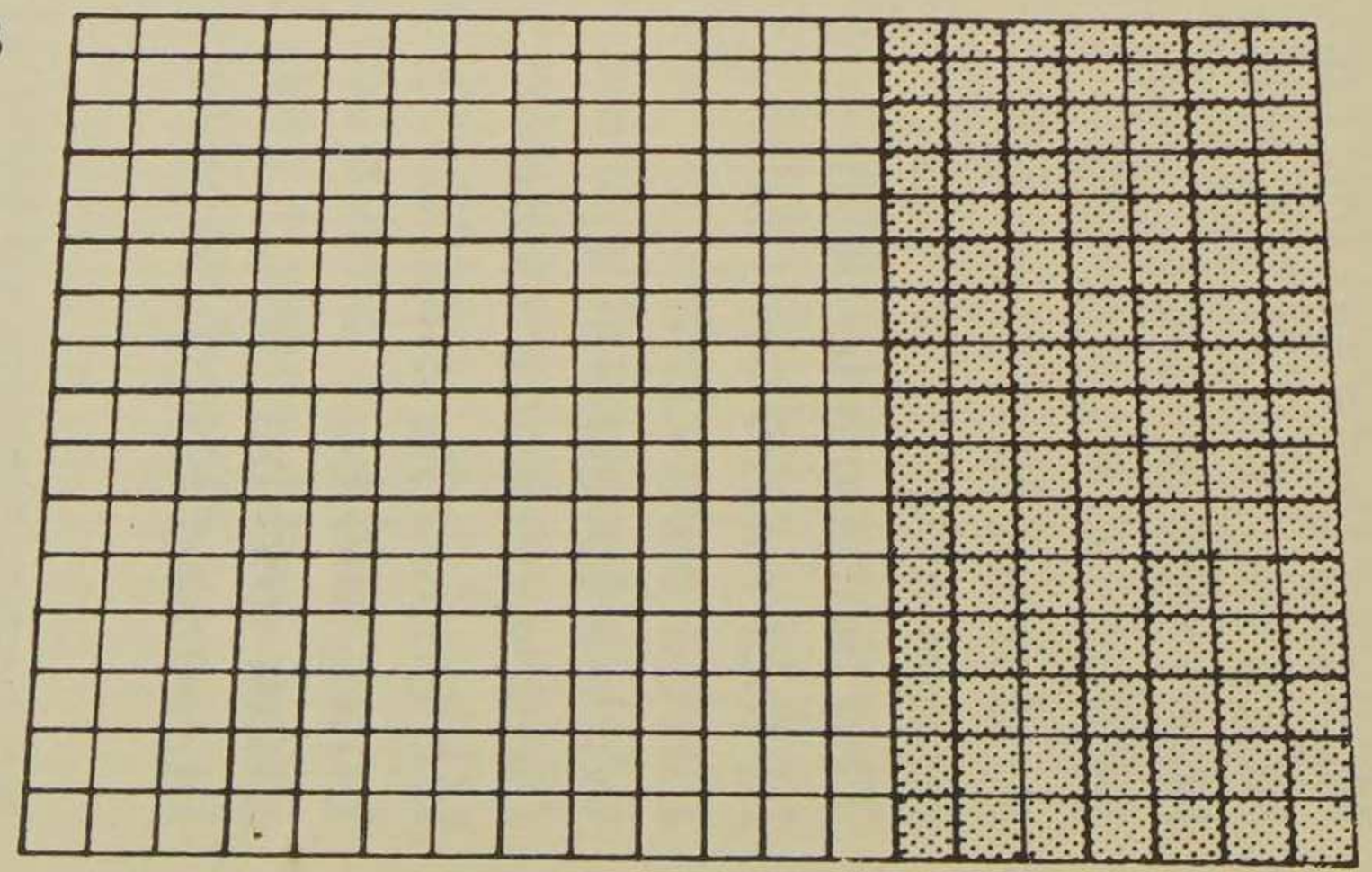
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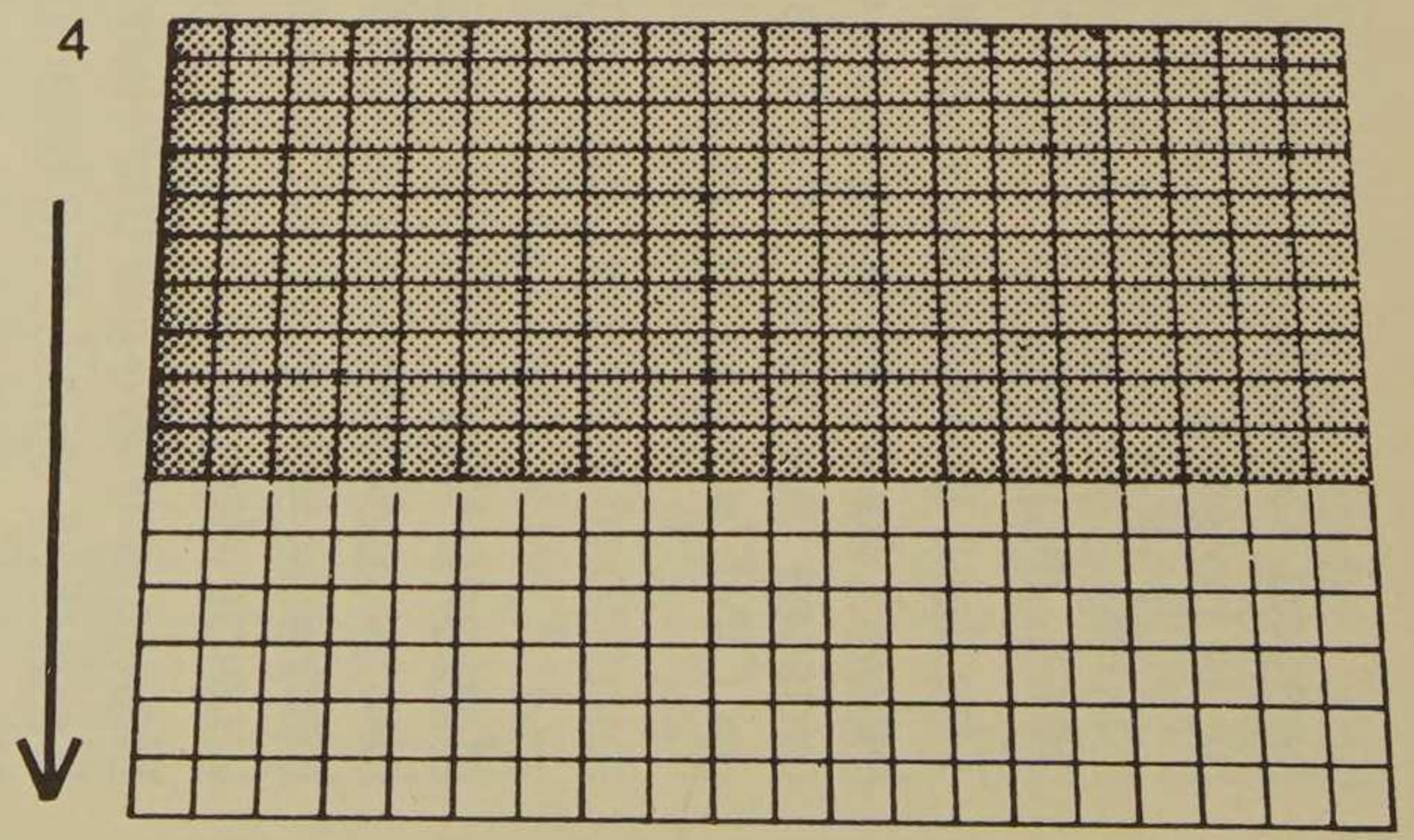
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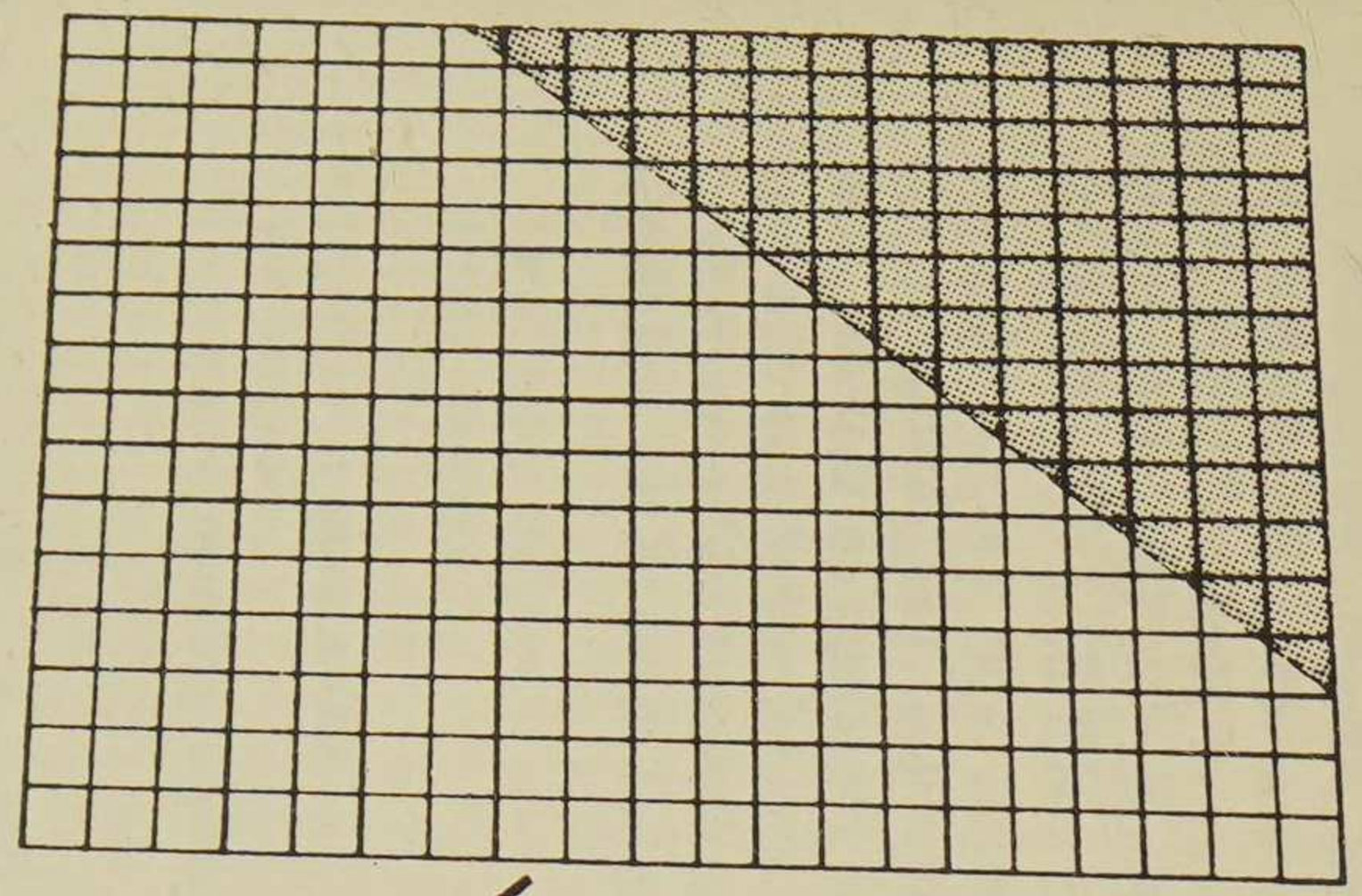
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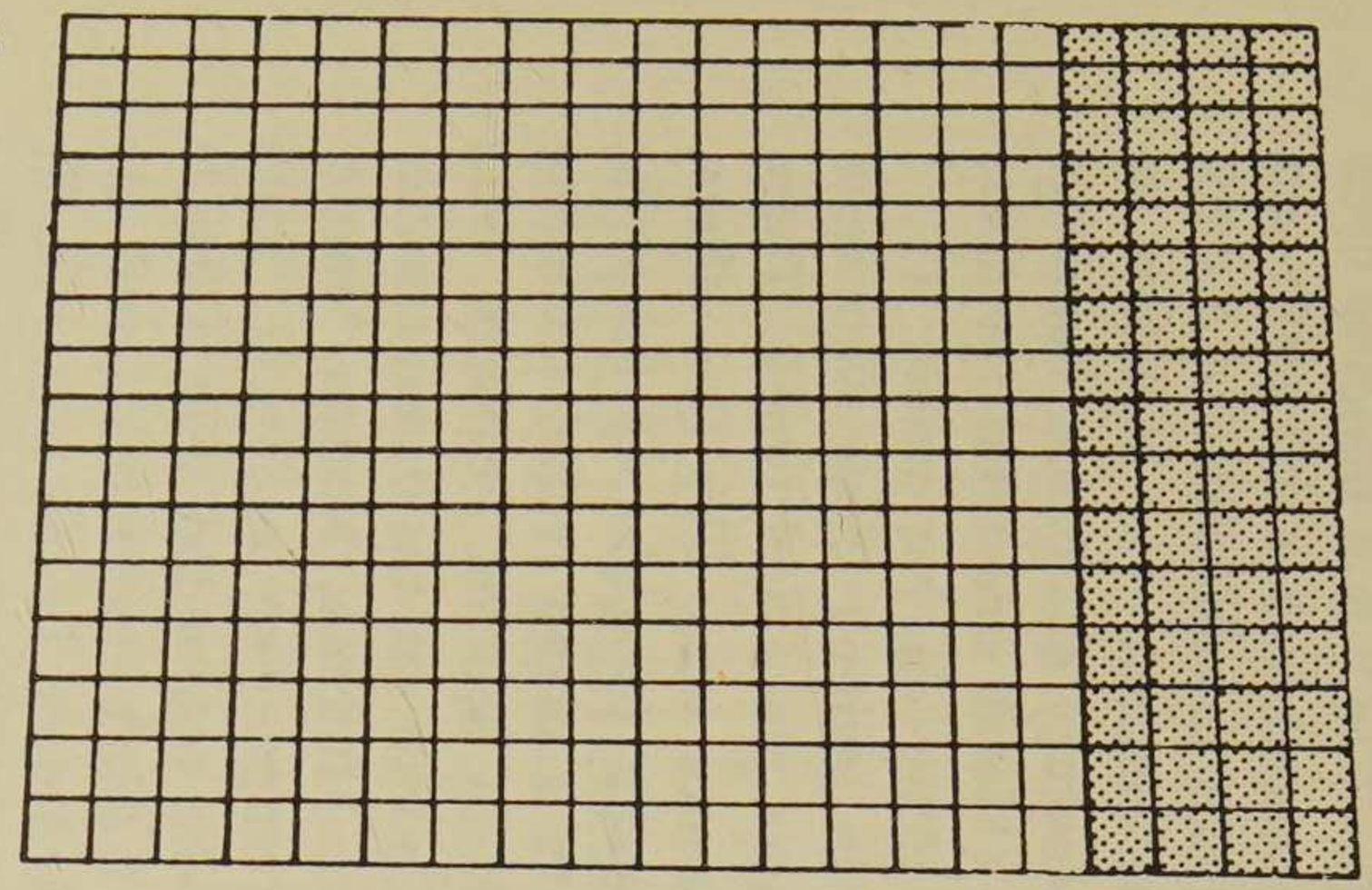
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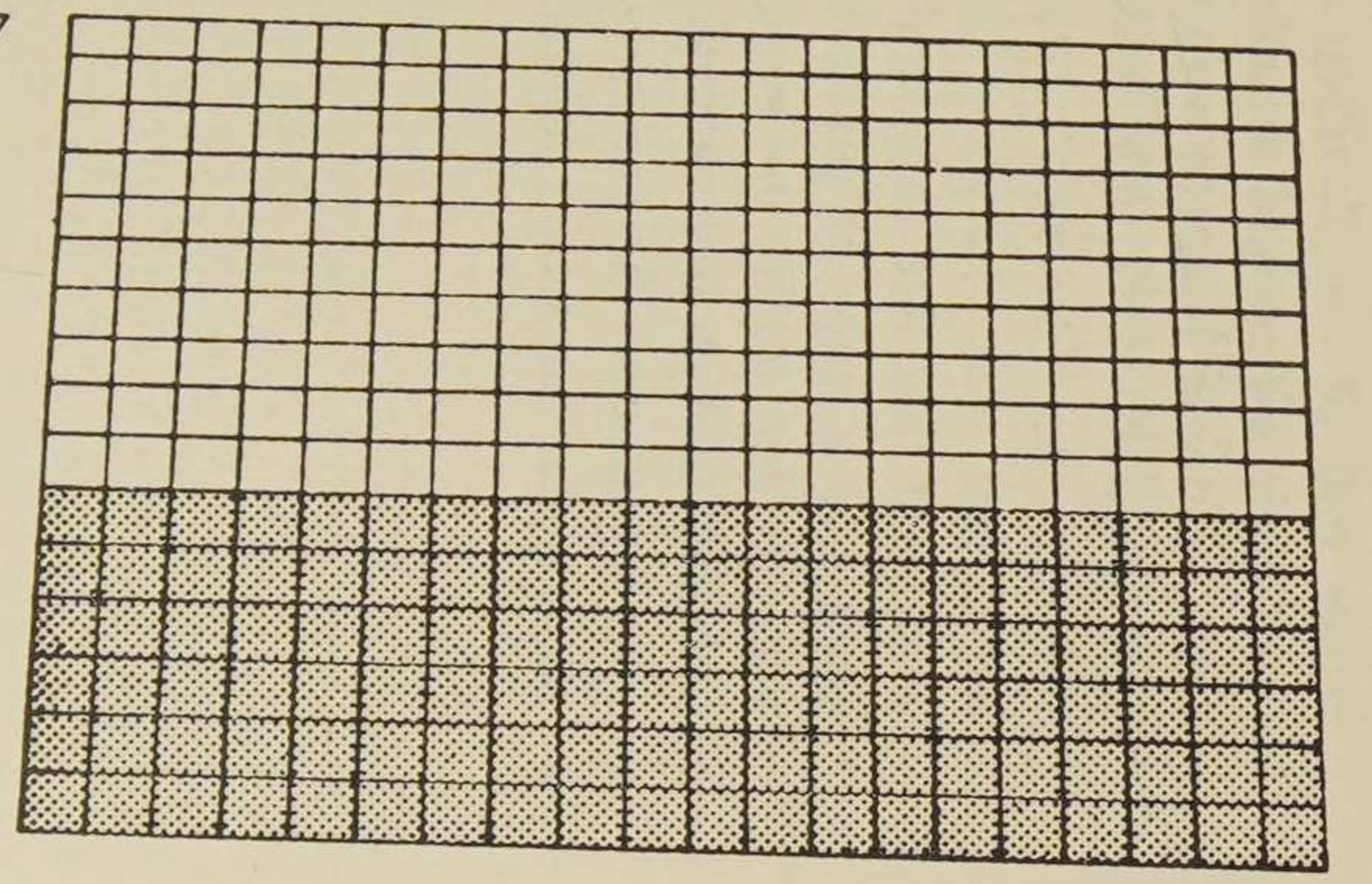
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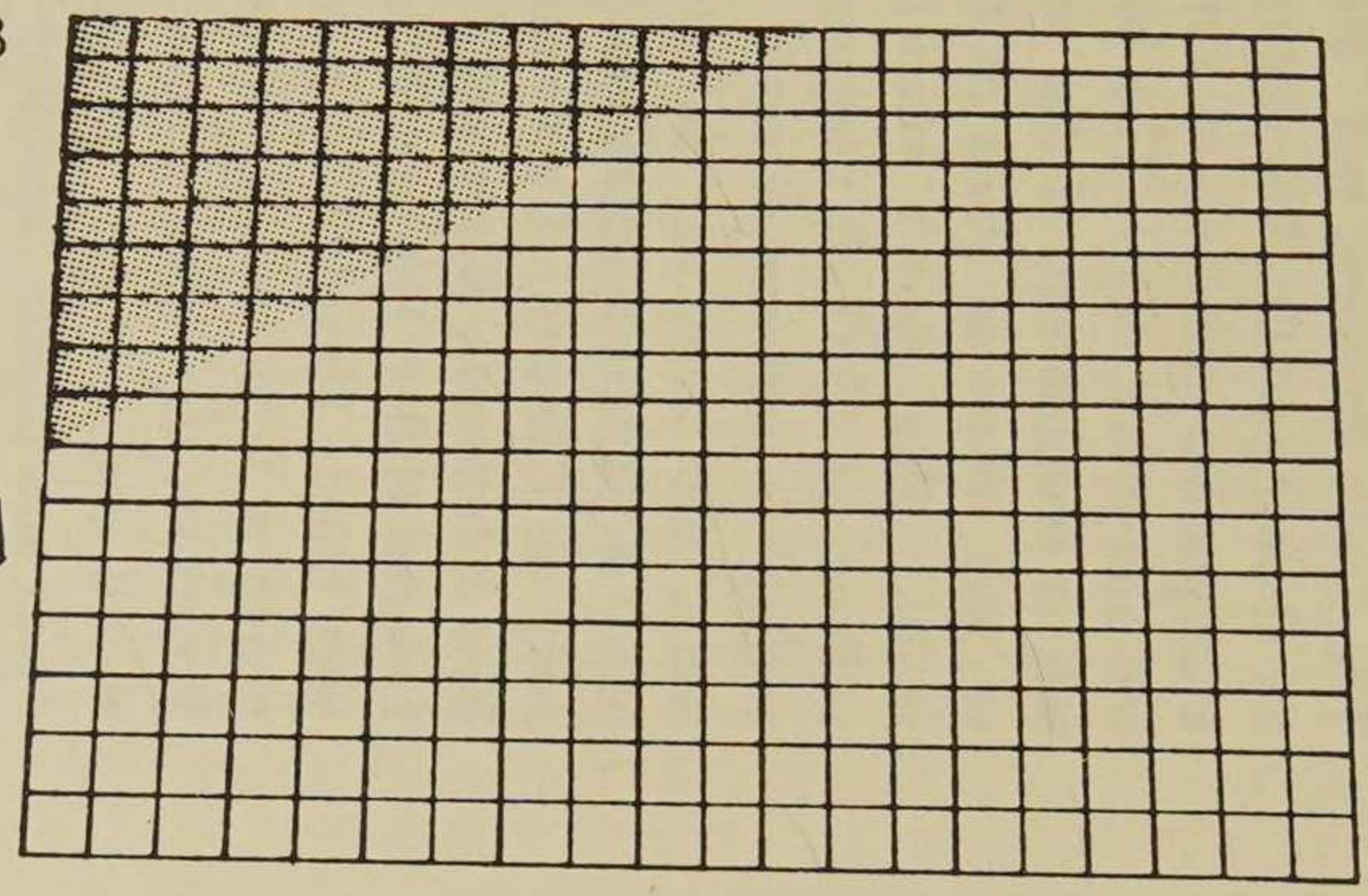
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The Stock Pavilion, not "Stockyards Pavilion," is a building used for showing cattle. The arena floor is covered with a soft earth and a carpetlike material—a kind of amplified sawdust, but of a dark red-and-black color. The bleachers are cement. The structure itself is reminiscent of the turn-of-the-century exhibition buildings or, say, those in Paris of that time. (Metal structural members visible, plus glass.) *Musicircus* was done on November 17, I believe, in 1967. It consisted simply in inviting those who were willing to perform at once (in the same place and time). There were: the composer Salvatore Martirano, who, like the others, used a group of performers and gave a program of his own; Jocy de Oliveira (Carvalho) who gave a piano recital including Ben Johnston's *Knocking Piece,* music by Morton Feldman, etc.; Lejaren Hiller; Herbert Brün; James Cuomo and his band; another jazz band; David Tudor and Gordon Mumma; Norma Marder giving a voice recital sometimes accompanying a dancer, Ruth Emerson; the mime Claude Kipnis, who responded with a whole sound environment; perhaps others I don't remember—and my notes and papers regarding it are packed now. In the center of the floor was a metallic construction upon which the audience could make sounds. (This is actually someone's composition—but I don't now remember whose.) No directions were given anyone. I connected contact mikes to the light switchboard, changing the lights and, at the same time, producing sounds of the switches. At either end of the Pavilion but beyond screens, were places to buy apple cider and doughnuts, popcorn, etc. (A reference to Ives.) Ronald Nameth arranged the play of films and slides. And also obtained dark light and large balloons. We advertised it with the remark: You won't hear a thing; you'll hear everything. No admission was charged. Jack McKenzie, who was coordinator, estimated that five thousand people attended. The various musics each had a stage or platform near the bleachers so that the floor was free for use by the audience. The general sound was of a high volume, though not everything was amplified. Loudspeakers were high up around the perimeter. The general shape of the building is rectangular but with rounded ends.

THEY WEIGHED WEIGHED-LAYED

A Drama of Aphorisms

Maurice I

Way-laid makes speeches.

Maurice II

If a tree at all it is an adventure to come back in the night with a white dog.

Maurice III

If at a distance they come near.
Who has been heard to care for this.
That they will leave to them they are not there whether it is not left either.
For them. They will be that they announce neither either other farther whether rather neglect.

Maurice IV

Odder than the door.
The dog is at the door.
But not at a door.
A melon can ripen.
There are three things that have a fragrance melon chocolate and chestnut but not as eaten.

Maurice V

Birds have dahlias.
Drink dahlias.

Maurice VI

If all of it goes away.
We are here.
In refusing mingling separation.

Maurice VII

A blue sky who may say reply.

Maurice VIII

Far from follow it.

Eugene I

Follow with it.

Eugene II and Maurice I

A dagger is dead when a door which is a dog is living yet.

Eugene III Maurice II

It does not make any difference who is regal if they are all for it which naturally it is not.

Eugene IV and Maurice III

Why will they sigh When they sleep.

Marcel I Maurice IV

Why will they sigh and not die.

Marcel II Maurice V

When they sigh they think of defeat.

They have followed previous prayers.

They will compete.

They will see no one near she can hear that he is meant for four they will have it as a change for their then without men. He is dead but not or men.

Remain here.

Maurice VI Bernard I

Do leave marble alone.

Marble is a rare stone.

Maurice VII Bernard II

Eugene is not eleven.

Eleven how eleven.

Maurice seven.

Maurice VIII Bernard III

With them with this with purses.

With enchanting victory.

Marguerite I Maurice VII

Buy Marcel a joy.

He is a sorrow not to annoy.

But to exchange pears.

Marguerite II Maurice VI

They will have rest for dogs.

Marguerite III Maurice V

When they rest they sigh.

This is a sign of their rest.

Marguerite IV Maurice IV

When the sun shines the clouds form they may be scattered by the wind that depends upon others.

Marguerite V Maurice III

He was not grateful to me.

Maurice II Leon I

They have supper for some.

Maurice I Leon II

It is useful to be made for two.

Leon III Eugene I

There are often two who are there with one. They make as if they saw that bulbs can dry if there is sun.

Leon IV Eugene II

He needs what he can leave for instance they might like it better.

Leon V Eugene III

They have thought that all of it was lost.

Leon VI Eugene IV

They were better informed.

Leon VI Eugene IV

They will be fought for.

Leon VII Maurice I

But it is a remedy.

Maurice II Marcel I

Coming and come.
They can have been working in the sun.
They will be the same when they have some.
Which they will have given by some one.
Which they have as they will have been met by some one.
In the care care and case is learning, they like fastening.
They will be presently with everything.
They will make that with an escape of changing.
Why will they like being here.

Maurice III Marcel II

Thoughts are a happiness to them.

Maurice IV Bernard I

Pardon for one.

Maurice V Bernard II

Welcome for one.
One of them.

Maurice VI Bernard III

They have nothing to puzzle any one.

Maurice VII Marguerite I

Violets and a name for them.

Maurice VIII Marguerite II

The best thing they can do is this.

Marguerite III Leon I

Why is it more.

Marguerite IV Leon II

Than it was.

Marguerite V Leon III

They have no hope of seeing it continue.

Leon IV Maurice I

Reach and riches.

Leon V Maurice II

They leave liking them.

Leon VI Maurice III

Two sounds for one.

Leon VII Maurice IV

Live like one.

Maurice V Marcel I

Better be here to do it.

Maurice V Marcel II

He is a poet too.

Scene II

Little dogs should not eat flies.
They come in between.
They think about how mountains come.
Men of severing them.
This is a tragedy.
To make them see through.
Mouths and mouths.
A dog vomits once.
A man is very careful of his health.
A son is irritated by admiration.
They come together.
And they sing.
All the names are included in the song.
In this scene they make an unexpected acquaintance.

Maurice VI Bernard I

There is an appointment.

Birds will need balls.

Maurice VII Bernard II

In this scene they will have it left for them.

Maurice VIII Bernard III

Birds and balls and trout and seagulls and their nests follow me.

The unexpected acquaintance is Eugene.

Eugene I and Marcel I

They will patiently wait while they have hopes of leaving.

They leave and one does not become a soldier either because it is better to leave his mother.

One has a father.

A father who is often made more nearly his father.

They both hope to hear that either one is to be a soldier which they are because a soldier does go and come with more than a regiment. They leave trees to be tall.

It is finally their aim.

Eugene II and Marcel II

It is a pity that they must stop here stop here.

Eugene III Bernard I

Too many days make of it too much which they will do as widowed. Dissemble. They will add it as gain. They need to emphasise first letters. Gain and realise. And be employed.

Eugene IV Bernard II

There is no insistence.

Bernard III Marguerite I

Many have been happily married.

Marguerite II and Leon I

They will think kindly of their circumstances.

Marguerite III and Leon II

A birthday unites birds.

Bertie Applegarth

He is or was a help to them in arithmetic.

Marguerite IV and Leon III

It was in there that they saw a help to them.

Marguerite V and Leon IV

They have their scissors unreliably left.

Leon V Maurice I

Be kind to and for them.

Leon VI Maurice II

In opportunity to be useful to those who have need of having it without them.

Leon VII Maurice III

There is no difference between them.

Maurice IV and Marcel I

There is no difference between when and sudden. They change.

Maurice V and Marcel II

Change all of it for you.

ACT II

Maurice VI Eugene I Marcel I

Our which are ours.

Do be obscured by ours.

They must be waiting to be well.

Maurice VII Eugene II Marcel II

It is a hope in thousands.

Counting.

As acceptable.

Will Marcel be as well.

Maurice VIII Eugene III Bernard I

In reason including one.

Eugene IV Bernard II Marguerite I

With thorough distaste.

For lettering.

Which they bring with holding.

Withholding quiescence.

In bridges.

And lays.

They made it without hers.

She meant to be in a reversion.

Of an added gather.

They gather them.

With them.

To be around.

In their avoidance.

Ration with reluctantly.

And envisage.

They adjoin dress.

And train to treasure.

Tresasure in a margin of their being here with and without attempt to attempt to clear them.

Bernard III Marguerite II Leon I

By politeness they sing to me.

Marguerite III Leon II Maurice I

Just why they have to ask that they will by the time they are themselves almost at once.

Marguerite IV Leon III Maurice II

Should choices be left to other ones which they mean.

Marguerite V Leon IV Maurice III

It is obliging for that made to be orderly for an arrangement of their I mean.

Leon V Maurice IV Eugene I

In apt to be asked for them.

Leon VI Maurice V Eugene II

But why do they make it regrettable.

Leon VII Maurice VI Eugene III

In brought with reference to their bestowal without their use with length.

Maurice VII Eugene IV

They introduce them or themselves.

Maurice VIII

Wait.

Scene II

Bernard I Marguerite I Marcel I

It is best to plant them one by one.

Two at a time is temporary, three are carefully thoughtful.

Bernard II Marguerite II Marcel II

They lost them by loving.

Marcel I

Better then always leaving because of accepting.

Bernard III Marguerite III Marcel II

They made hands press down roses.

Marcel I

Without ostentation.

Bernard I

With final regret.

Marcel II Bernard II Marguerite IV

But whether with revision.

Marcel.

There is no hope in heaven.

Marcel II Bernard III Marguerite V

It was better to be thought careless.

Marcel I

Just divided justly divided judging divided and dividing and defence of division.

Bernard I and Marguerite I

A pleasure in deceit.

Marguerite II

Praise of precision.

Bernard II

Made with them as it were with their capability.

Marcel II Bernard III Marguerite III

Hours precious hours which they have used with pleasure. Pleasure is so agreable so selected and so fairly denied.

Marguerite IV

She should be joined by leaving one.

Leon I

One of them.

Leon II Marcel I Marguerite V

It is fairly provocative of sunshine.

Marcel II

Three hoping they are altogether.

Leon III Maurice I Eugene I

Birds are hoping that they have to stay.

Leon IV Maurice II Eugene II

They will be sadder with their death.

Leon V Maurice III Eugene III

Come cautiously.

Leon VI Maurice IV Eugene IV

Does he mean Edward Glasgow.

Does he indeed.

Leon VII Maurice V Marcel I

They will be left to pray.

Maurice VI Bernard I Marcel II

A habit of sitting is not changed.

Marcel I

Let me not choose roses.

Maurice VII Bernard II Marcel II

They will they have an opportunity to be older in having a mother a grandmother and no habit of having hope. Hope they will.

Marcel I

It is an education to have pleasant thoughts.

Maurice VIII Marcel II Bernard III

Just in a way of having had this as a reason. They will mind if they hear a request. They will be well received. It is always alright.

Scene III

The parlor widened they did buy the road.

Scene IV

She was not the same as she had been.

ACT III

Leon I Marguerite I

With no objecting to avoidance.
And with no pleasure in success.
With and without hope in their reason.
With them with which they gratify.
They will change their thought and their alliance.
They will urge them to do very well for them.
They will habituate them in leaving.
They will count in years.

Marguerite II Leon II

They will try to have it do.
They will please themselves with you.
They will join themselves with their and them nicely.
They will seem to be almost made happily by the time they have been hearing them or they come.
They come with noisy welcome.
We are so glad to see them.

Marguerite III and Leon III

He was disappointed as well as she.

Marguerite IV Leon IV

It is inexplicable.
They do and are careful and at hand.

Marguerite V Leon V

Should they move slowly.

And ask it to be a little more.
And have the habit of reminding them.
That it just as well they came.
They are as careful as that of it.

Leon VI Maurice I

She should make some use of it.

Leon VII Maurice II

It was as much as they knew what had happened.

Leon VII

With which.
They neglect.
To make.
It be.
Their hope.
Of joining.
In a little while.
Now.
It is often that they ask is it so a week ago.
In spite of all it is sad.
So he says.
She might.
Think well.
Of them.
As much.
As more.
Than they.
Did think.
Of it.
First.
It is hard to be sad in english.

Maurice II and Eugene I

They know that they do.
Whatever they do.

Maurice III Eugene II

With them.

Maurice IV Eugene III

As lightly.

Maurice V Eugene IV

As they knew.

Maurice VII Marcel I

With distribution.

Maurice VII Marcel II

As a climax.

Maurice VIII Bernard I

They like it.

Maurice VIII

As much as ever.

Bernard II Marguerite I Leon I

And Louis who is gone.

Bernard III Marguerite II Leon II

They will welcome yeilding of one.

Bernard II

Louis and they will add each one one.

Bernard I

Which one.

Marguerite III Leon III

Forty are thirty for one.

Marguerite IV Leon IV

Fifty more and they are always four and more.

Marguerite V Leon V

They pass more than they have seen before.

Marguerite IV

Which they like.

Marguerite III

To like.

Marguerite II

To be like.

Marguerite I

After and like.

Leon VI

They might measure six.

Leon VII

All good children go to heaven.

ACT IV

Maurice I

He stops and asks if asking is the same as leaving. He knows leaving is an occasion.

Maurice II Eugene I

They will ask if they ask it if they have it when they mention coming.

Maurice III Eugene II

Both are brave they light it as well as if they knew that they will go if they do before they come with sugar which they have eaten with bread and does it disturb them as much as then.

Maurice IV Eugene III

They ask it as well as better and as much as differently.

Maurice V Eugene IV

Do please open the door so that they can go out better than before.

Eugene III

They make an allowance for happiness.

Eugene II

They follow themselves with wishes.

Eugene I

They welcome them home.

Maurice VI Marcel I

They will be with them presently too.

Maurice VII Marcel II

Think well and think that they thought that it had been bought for them.

Marcel I

Leave it as a present.

Maurice VIII Bernard I

They change so that seven is one.

Maurice VII

They will prepare this for them.

Maurice VI

They have prepared something so that they will leave it alone when they do.

Maurice V

It is a plan they have.
They have a plan.

Maurice IV

Which they enjoy when they can.

Maurice III

It is a likelihood of their being very much alike.

Maurice II

It is not any use to beg them to go there.

Maurice

To go away is made necessary for them here.

Bernard II Marguerite I

You know that we think of you.

Bernard III Marguerite II

We hope you do.

Bernard II

Be very certain that we do.

Bernard I

And that we never neglect it whatever we may do.

Marguerite II Leon I

It is useless to know that Louis is not Leon.

Marguerite III Leon II

Which they hope with them who do. They will settle nothing for you. They will give it to them for you. They will hope that this will do.

Scene II

Marguerite IV Leon III

She was just as sweet.

Marguerite V Leon IV

As they were together.

Marguerite IV

Was it indeed by having or without that they counted that they would do without.

Marguerite III

She made it be that it was tenderly that he went to see whether he could be better than he had been.

Marguerite II

She said she was necessary to him.

Marguerite I

She might be withheld as she would have been.

Leon V Maurice I

He heard him say that he went away.

Leon VI Maurice II

And did it matter.

Leon VII Maurice III

To him.

Scene III

Maurice III

Maurice call him.

Maurice IV

Eugene call him.

Maurice V Eugene I

They made a meadow inundated by the sun.
The meadow was sinking.
It was under water like anything.

Maurice VI Eugene II

It was in the hope of swimming that were engaging between leaving and welcoming milking.

Maurice VII Eugene III

It was agreeable to be neglectful.

Maurice VIII Eugene IV

They will sing about wedding women.

Maurice VII

She made a hope that they would be there.

Maurice VI

It was valuable to have it heard from here to there.

Maurice V

They made women wait.

Maurice IV

They sang too late.

Maurice III

They sang that they are singing.

Maurice II

Which they were as women.

Maurice I

Which they were with humming.

Eugene III

And they think

Eugene II

That it is best.

Eugene I

To leave it now.

Marcel I Bernard I

As they do.

Marcel II Bernard II

It is not easy to be cruel in thinking that it is different that they left with out an allowance of more than that which is everything. Let it be ready for them.

Marcel I

There is a hope that it is cooler than that there has been one.

Bernard III Marguerite I

They like it when they think that they have been advising.

Bernard II

Which they do.

Bernard I

One for one.

Marguerite II Leon I

What is a tragedy when he is lonesome.

Marguerite III Leon II

She dropped the shears.

Marguerite IV Leon III

For him.

Marguerite V Leon IV

With help.

Marguerite IV

Withheld help.

Marguerite III

In acquaintance.

Marguerite II

As much as which they will when he is held.

Marguerite I

Withheld.

Leon V Maurice I

They will account for his having run.

Leon VI Maurice II

Which they have in the need of one.
And they without.

Leon VII Maurice III

It is as alike as they like.

Maurice IV

There is no need of being one.

Maurice V

Which they examine.

Maurice VI

By hope.

Maurice VII

And wishes.

Maurice VIII

Too late.

ACT V

Eugene I Marcel I

Prepare to ask why will they come with me.

Eugene II Marcel II

He went yesterday if not to-day.

Marcel II

With circumstances of delay.

Eugene III Bernard I

Will no one give any one more than just one.

Eugene IV Bernard II

Yes when they ask three to be four.

Eugene III

When this you see remember me.

Eugene II

They refuse cakes because they have not eaten.

Eugene I

I was touched by their sorrow.

Bernard II Marguerite I Leon I

As many as they have been without they will refrain from exacting it for them.

Bernard III Marguerite II Leon II

She was in no hurry.

Bernard II

They make excuses for having relish for wishes.

Bernard I

By the time they question.

Marguerite II Leon II

They might be faithful to themselves here.

Marguerite III Leon III

They all died but not all in poverty.

Marguerite IV Leon IV

They were relegated to this that they could be separated.

Marguerite V Leon V

In which they please.

Marguerite IV

May I be chosen.

Marguerite III

To have it please.

Marguerite II

That they like to give.

Marguerite I

It to them.

Leon VI Maurice I

They are happy in the thought.

Leon VII Maurice II

That they will not go away.

Leon VI

They please me.

Leon V

In themselves.

Leon IV

They displease me.

Leon III

In themselves.

Leon II

They remain with them.

Leon I

By themselves.

Maurice II Eugene I

In happily having had it prepared they make it be a chance to be with them as their kind.

Maurice III Eugene II

They are kind.

Maurice IV Eugene III

Which they own.

Maurice V Eugene IV

In a minute with their care. They will be careful to prepare their hoping to be left to-day which may be by the time that it is arranged. They will not do it if they know better, they will be persuaded that it is useful and in hoping for a refusal they are generous and flurried they will be anxious for a dismissal. They will be without doubt eager for an appointment which will consolidate their reunion.

Maurice IV Eugene III

How do they like their liberty.

Scene II

Maurice V Eugene IV

They hope for this as they did.

Maurice VI Marcel I

Maurice and Marcel very well that only they are left Maurice and Marcel,

all the others very well that they are left Maurice is left and Marcel, Marcel is left and Maurice.

Maurice III Marcel II

They think they like to disturb hopes.
They will be imaginative in requisition.
They will recite their pleasure.
They will arrange substance.
They will incite them to go.
None are left.
They are without this arrangement.
They save it.
They like it in the place of their arrangement.

Maurice VIII

Too late.

Marcel II

They are through.

Eugene IV

It is remarkable.

Bernard III

They imagine that state.

Marguerite V

They wish for me.

Leon VII

Hope of heaven.
Now they all sit and without that there is tragedy.
Remember the occasion of their denial.

Maurice VIII Eugene IV
Marcel II Bernard III Marguerite V Leon VII

They think with me.

Scene III

The mushrooms were delicious at lunch.

FINIS.

EASTER

Scene 1

A large lovely lawn filled with Easter eggs. Children rolling the eggs, etc. Improvisation by children on why they like Easter. The scene ends with a symphony orchestra playing something well-known from *Parsifal.*

Scene 2

A cave in the mountains. At the mouth of the cave stand a number of very large Easter Rabbits. Improvisation: they discourse on the pleasures and burdens of Easter from the rabbits' point of view. The scene ends with very thunderous music, probably from Berlioz.

Scene 3

A church. A number of priests are gathered informally about the altar and the lowered area in front of it. Improvisation: they discuss the meaning of Easter to church and to churchman, their love of the ecstatic aspects of the

holiday, their eagerness in awaiting it, but also their displeasure at the pagan aspects of the popular Easter myth as well as at the general commercialization of the holiday by stores and popular media of communication. The scene ends with a number of grand opera bassos and baritones singing popular songs.

Scene 4

Empty stage. Improvisation: a murder is committed. The police arrest the criminal and electrocute him. The scene ends with low, solemn death-march music.

Scene 5

The resurrection. Entire improvisation. After the resurrection the stage fills up with the actors, who discuss the meaning of the play. Finally they are drowned out by extremely loud noises of coughing.

Curtain

MEXICO CITY

An elderly American homosexual tries to describe Mexico City to an illiterate and extremely ugly Finnish farm girl who has never been in any city whatsoever. He should try to be as complete in his description as possible, including such things as streetcars, buses, hotels, markets, and so on, as well as the life pattern of ordinary persons of the various social classes in the city. When he has finished (his description should take from fifteen to forty-five minutes), the farm girl should try to repeat everything he has said to her with as much exactitude as she can manage. When she has done so, the elderly man should tell her to what extent he feels she has truly captured the spirit and mood of the city.

COIL SUPREME

Eight or ten actors come on stage, being anyone they want. They speak for thirty minutes. The only requirement is that every sentence they utter must contain the phrase "coil supreme." They may distort the language in any way they wish in order to do this. They should try to generate as much excitement as possible by what they say and do, and the play should end on a note of unbearable suspense.

LUGUBRU LULLABYE

1st V: nnnnnnnnnn ffffffttttttttttt O ighly stiththththth til lyfffftttt
2nd V:
3rd V:

1st V: nnnnnnnn fffffftttttttttt O ighly stiththth
2nd V: ha haggard mi mirror hag
3rd V: amb

1st V: til lyfffffttttttttt
2nd V: moth motherous mi mirror moth motherous mi
3rd V: amber amberlit

1st V: bou eeeee ha ha lubers
2nd V: miro moth mirror hag haggard mi
3rd V:

1st V: ere me sssssssaiaiainnnnnnn fffreee lilimmmmm
2nd V: ha eye taw
3rd V: am am
4th V: eye ha

1st V: of memring
2nd V: tawny lio lion tawn leonine pedastal
3rd V:

1st V: igh reeeeee sssssondri O zzzzeeee ther
2nd V: leonine pedestal leonine
3rd V: eyes am amberlight

1st V: rou ther day mmmmm of dddd roundri
2nd V: lion tawn tawny lio taw tawny lio
3rd V: eyes lelit

1st V: bou eeeeee haha lubers ere me sssssssssssaiaiaiaiaiainnnnnnnnn
2nd V: (loud and expressive)
3rd V:

1st V: fffffffreeeeee lilimmmmmmmmmm of mem ring igh reeeeee
sssssssonondriii
2rd V:
3rd V:

1st V: O zzzzzeeeeeeee ther rou ther day mmmmmmmmmmof
ddddddddddd rouououdriiiiii
2nd V: Sssssssssssssssssononononononononononon
dddddrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrirrirririririririri
3rd V: Drrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrirririririririrri
sssssssssssssssssssssssssononononononononon

1st V: zzzzzzzzzmi sssssssmmmmmmthththth hoooooo bo boy
2nd V: can eye eyes lit
thi thumb

1st V: yeath mi ears
2nd V: candlelit eyes cand candlelit eyes lelit
3rd V: hum

1st V: ththth ennnnnnthththth of lolothththththth
2nd V: candlelit threading eye lit
3rd V: thimbled thimbled am
4th V: threading candlelit ha

1st V: ththththth oveken ords zzzzzzzzzzzmi ssssss
2nd V: yes eyes lit eyes can
3rd V: himhum

1st V: sssssmmmthththththth hooooooooo bo boy yeatthththththth mi ears
(loud and expressive)
2nd V:
3rd V:

1st V: ththththththth ennnnthththththth of lolothththththth ththththth oveken ords
2nd V: rrrrrrrrououououououounnnnnnnnnnn
ddddddddddddrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrriiiiiiii
3rd V: ddddddddrrrrrrrrrrriiiiiiiiiiii
rrrrrrrououououououounnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn

1st V: mmmmmmmmmaiaiaiaiaiaiai nnnnnnnonn ththththth sho go dim tha dandow
2nd V:
3rd V:

1st V: roro ken broful thththththth cheeeken hath roke eeeer haowowowowowowow
2nd V: ssssssss
(softly)
3rd V: nnnnnnn
(softly)

1st V: roro ken broful thththth cheeken hath
2nd V: ritua han hands ritual
3rd V: thumb

1st V: roke eeeeer haowowowow
2nd V: waving hands nnnnnnnn fffftttt O ighly
(softly)
3rd V: amberlit

1st V: wwwwwllll brrrrrawawaw ai rehe memmmm
2nd V: stiththththth til lyfffffffttttt
(softly)
3rd V:

1st V: re ember so fri ked rends ththththththth zzzzzzzzinked linther
2nd V:
3rd V:

1st V:
2nd V: bou eeeeee haha lubers ere me sssssssssaiaiaiaiaiainnnnnnnnnn
(soft falsetto) sssssssssssssssssssssssssssss
3rd V: nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn

1st V: vvvvveeeeeeeen sssssssaiaiaiaiai ah fa rou mmound me allllll re
2nd V;
2nd V:
3rd V:

1st V: lili zzzzin eaves ththththth leallllleth thrike fri
2nd V:
3rd V:

1st V: hooooooollllll fffreads lilione zzzzzike trrrrrr wun
hooooooooooo
2nd V:
3rd V:

1st V: so sum kwet hawkt deeeeeeeeeee hoooooted banlooooooooooooo
2nd V:
3rd V:

2nd V: sssssssssaiaiaiainnnnnn me ere bers lu haha eeeeeee bou
3rd V: sssssssssssonononnnnnnnnnnnnnnn
drdrdrdrdrdrdrdrdrdrdrdririiiiiiiiii
4th V: drdrdrdrdrdrriiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
rrrrrrrrrrrrrouounnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn

1st V: arrrrrlllllllll ooooooooozzzzzzzzzzzz ho lilends fffflead de garlo
2nd V:
3rd V:

1st V: awwwwwlllllllll prutttttt de bupppppp awlllllllll pruttt
2nd V: knee gar
3rd V: hon

1st V: pruttttttt de bupppppp nnnnliligar parbu
2nd V: gartered kneeling legs gartered
3rd V: hono maho
4th V: hag

1st V: arrrrrrrlllllll oooooozzzzzzzzzzzzzzz
2nd V: kneeling legs mar
3rd V: agony mir

1st V: ho lilends ffffled fffflead de garlo
2nd V: martyred kneeling legs
3rd V: maha mahogany moth

1st V: so sum kwet hawt deeee hooooooo
2nd V: can eye eyes lit candlelit
3rd V: phono

1st V: hooooted banlooooooooo
2nd V: eyes cand candlelit
3rd V: gone phonograph

IDIOTS

I can't speak to you without wasting my time.
Our time:
I cannot regret anything
I cannot deny anything
I cannot leave
I cannot lose
I cannot hope to be forgotten (or is it forgiven)
I cannot lose hope
I cannot move (even)
I cannot turn my head into a light instrument
I cannot, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot.

Something is abroad in the land.
Nothing is what it seems.
Are you prepared to trust me?
Who am I . . . trusting?
A shadow of myself?

What do I do now, professor.

Sitting here, my hair drying very fast.

Oh well, these objects really turn me on,
And I'm trying to get my bearings.
Isn't that true?

Correction, correction. Hah! That came out of me like a second order phenomenon.

How can I live here, amidst all these second order phenomenon, huh? huh?

Do you like my pictures? Look— (They rip off his clothes.) Seduction tore at me like a knife.

(Enter.) Correction. Your painting is falling off the wall.

What? I missed that: (Knock.) I missed that: (Knock.) I missed that too.

Fires were raging about the city.
I phoned the fire department to find out,
But the fire department wasn't helpful.
No. Not at all.

When did you decide to become a scientist?
I'll never tell you that.
Why?
I'm almost asleep now, get me? I'm almost totally out of energy.
No kidding.
(P) I'm almost totally wiped out. [P = pause]

Science. Above all, my approach has to be scientific, and it will be. No doubt about that. That's why I put myself behind this glass wall. That insures that my approach will be very, very, scientific.

(P) Do you agree with me that my approach is very scientific.

These objects ravish me.

I shall be in them deeper and deeper.

I shall take such delight that no man shall lesson my requirements.

Have you time for lunch?

No. I have no such time: really.

Is there meaning.
Is there effort
"professor"?

I don't know if there is any meaning to what I am doing. I admit it.

What are you doing?

I admit it.

(Rings bell, 3 pyramids brought.)

Do you really. Know what I need?
I need light in my eyes.

Really?

I do.

YES. HOW *MANY* CHAIRS TESTIFY TO ALL THAT?

I am alone, of course. I am alone and falling backwards.

I am, of course.
(you defeat me!

Where is the play? I'm waiting for the play.

(Enter stage. Open curtain.)

Is it silent?

Yes.

Idiot!

I'd better look at myself.

You'd better come here and sit where I'm sitting.

No.

Idiot. You'd better come here and sit where I'm sitting.

(Goes) There's no real room on this chair for both of us. (Kisses her and they fall.)

Let go of me! Let go of me!

(He does. She gets up and reveals eye of god.)

Put your head into THIS, if you dare.

I dare not.

O. .K.

(P) Get back *there* (She does.) Now. Start talking to me like a normal human being (P) I can't escape my own stupidity. I see. That's self evident

Can I get you anything? (Dummy in.) Can I get you anything?

(Dinner on; stage off.)

Sing for your supper?

(He sings.)

Girl 2 (maid) You'd better shut up, don't you think?

She might come back

I don't care (He approaches, kisses.)

Take off my clothes.

No.

Why not?

You do it yourself.

I can't. (P) It's too hard.

Did you cook this?

Yes.

(Tastes.) That must have been hard.

(too)

(He chokes, 2 others in, also choking to death.)

Now that he's dead, I have guilt feelings.

Where do we put the piano?

Oh? Another piano?

(Open, pound on big piano.)

I have guilt feelings and one thing that would make me feel better would be if you'd stop playing that damn piano.

Play play play play! That's what I do best!

Some people are starving
starving
starving
starving

Some people are making fun of me.

Dead? Did you say: (Out ear trumpet.) Dead?

Did you say dead? I can't hear too well.
Dead? Dead?

(Both, as he plays.) Dead dead dead dead
dead dead dead dead

Now I have to eat.
Some people are starving while you are stuffing yourself.

Could I please have a plate? Oh wait, I
gotta say that holding my exhausted heart.

She pushed him to it.

Everybody says that.

She pushed him to it and then doubt entered
the picture.

How do you imagine doubt:

Dressed?

O.K. How dressed.

I don't think any of you can help.

I don't think any of you can find out about it
TO help.

(If help is what you want, madame:

Did I remember to dress right?)
She has chambers inside her chambers. You do understand
that much, no?

Some time ago I . . .

Remember your friend on the piano?

Oh, I better get one thing straight (Pause,
calls out) Help! Help! Help!

(Enter other.) —that's how I express myself,

But

You weren't out there—

No, it wasn't me. Correction. You're
100% right.

Help! Help!

It's catching.

(All) HELP HELP HELP!

(Man puts head on table.)

It was so heavy it broke the table.
Would somebody come in here and move this table!

(Enter A.) I got my own table to move.

IDIOT!

Look. Try putting your head on this table instead of that table.

Try kissing my ass.

(Her head on table.) Vice versa.

(Girl in chair.) What I'd really like to do is take a picture of you two like that.

But why, but why, not concentrate on what, possibly, is beautiful, he said.

Turning life against itself?

Oh, for energy only.

HOW MANY OF YOU ARE WILLING TO GO HALF WAY WITH ME?

We all go half way. It's our favorite activity.

Look, look, I don't mind at all.

Could I introduce you to my attitudes about electricity? Look.

That's one of his five hundred lamps from his five hundred lamp collection.

Something happened to me when my sight started fading and it had to do with my attitude toward illumination.

Wonderful:

and it was—

What.

Wonderful. It was wonderful and you said it was wonderful and I agreed it was wonderful.

This speed is what I like—

Ah, look. (2 tables enter.) I remember those two Good memories.

hummm . . .

It's like *memories, memories*!

Excuse me. did you die when your memories did?

Did I say my memories died?

Try it.

(Both, heads on table.)

I couldn't have made a better collection of items, but to make certain, photos are:

Could I have a photo of this without asking permission?

No.

I did it. (P) See?

Memories don't die. Memories don't die.

Excuse me. Could I keep one of the photos for my collection?

I didn't know you were getting a collection.

I didn't know I was getting a photo.

(Horse track.)

Yes, so much electricity made me very dizzy.

Could I find out what you REALLY mean by that?

Electricity? Dizzyness?

—what do you really mean.

(P) I mean, I can't handle it

Well, here's the favorite, so try to pick up on that.

What favorite.

The favorite in the next race.

I didn't know it was coming up next.

The next race is coming up next.

It's (OK).

It's hard, I admit, for me to imagine the future. It's hard, in spite of the fact that I hesitate on many thresholds.

Busy busy busy
does

Sometimes I think I'm not cut out for this kinda work. What kind? Well, how should I put it.

It's not what you think (P) You expect happiness, but it isn't.

Then explain it.

I expected to see radiation: I expected to see you radiate. That was the purpose of this experiment.

(P) I didn't know it was an experiment (P) Now do I radiate more, when I tie myself to this table like this?

Much more.

—How much am I radiating?

You are radiating.

What happens to the radiation.

Obviously, it goes to different part of the universe.

How fast.

Obviously, as fast as light

That's very exciting to think about.

What is here is somebody without hope. And they deny all delight and all other possibility.

Don't be so sure.

I think I'd better take my coat off.

Ah, when I do that my back shines.

Shines! Shines!

Are you capable of hurting me?
I think so.
Who's doing all that screaming?

None of them wanted to be here, where the flowers were. Did you know that?

Yes.

Dig, dig a little bit more. wouldd you please?

To please you.

These were afraid of FLOWERS, too?

They were afraid of everything under the sun, I guess.

I've uncovered something. You know what?

No.

A straight line, right through my brain. I follow it god knows where.

(P) What kind of line is this line.

I don't know.

The man of faith who emerged to deal with all these things.

I uncover you, then I put you to sleep.
Nothing comes next! Nothing follows!

Tell me your plans.

I could not really imagine it.
Do you know that?
I could not really imagine it finally.

The End.

HI RED CENTER

TAKAMATU
AKASEGAWA
KAZAKURA
IZUMI
NAKANISHI

2
15 Sept. 1962
Opening day of Jiritu-Gattuko.
Nakanishi gave a lecture on art illustrating it on stage with pipe smoke.

4
22 Nov. 1962 Waseda University Event
1. All toilet seats were painted red by performers.
2. Performers strung together all auditorium seats while audience was sitting on them.

5
Feb. 1963
Akasegawa's show at Stinjiku Daiichi gallery.
1000 ¥ counterfeit bill printed as invitation and mailed out in money envelopes.

6
1 Mar. 1963 Yomiuri andi-pandan show at Ueno museum.
1. A black string with scraps of objects attached to it was laid out by Takamatu from museum to the National Ueno railway station.
2. 10,000 clothespins made by Nakanisi were attached to museum visitors.
3. Counterfeit 1000 ¥ bills made by Akasegawa were given away to museum visitors.
4. Kosugi performed his Anima 2 by entering a bag and playing an Indian drum inside.
5. Kazakura danced in the nude.
6. A miniature dinner was given featuring 5 grammes of curry rice for 100 ¥ or 7 grammes of spagetti for 100 ¥

7
7 May 1963
The 3rd Mixer Plan show

10
15 Aug. 1963
"Ror-Rogy" on roof of roof of Bijitu-shuttupan Co.

19
10 Oct. 1964
Roof event on the roof of Ikenobo building.
Books, pants, shirts, shoes, full trunk etc. were dropped from roof to street.
Afterwards the smashed trunk was kept in the baggage room of Ochanomizu railroad station.

20
16 Oct. 1964
Cleaning event on Namiki St. Ginza, 9.30 AM.
1. Performers were dressed in white coats, white gloves, surgical masks, blind mans spectacles and armbands with Hi Red Center insignia "!"
2. Performers used dusters, floor brooms, housecloths, scrubbing brushes, sand paper, wire brushes, coat brushes, tooth brushes, cotton balls, window cleaning fluid, soap, deodorizer, alcohol etc. to clean the streets which they did very gently as they would their own rooms.
3. Cleaned streets were

24 Feb. 1964
Akasegawa writes in Nipon Dokusho newspaper:
"My counterfeit 1000 ¥ as a problem to capitalist realism."

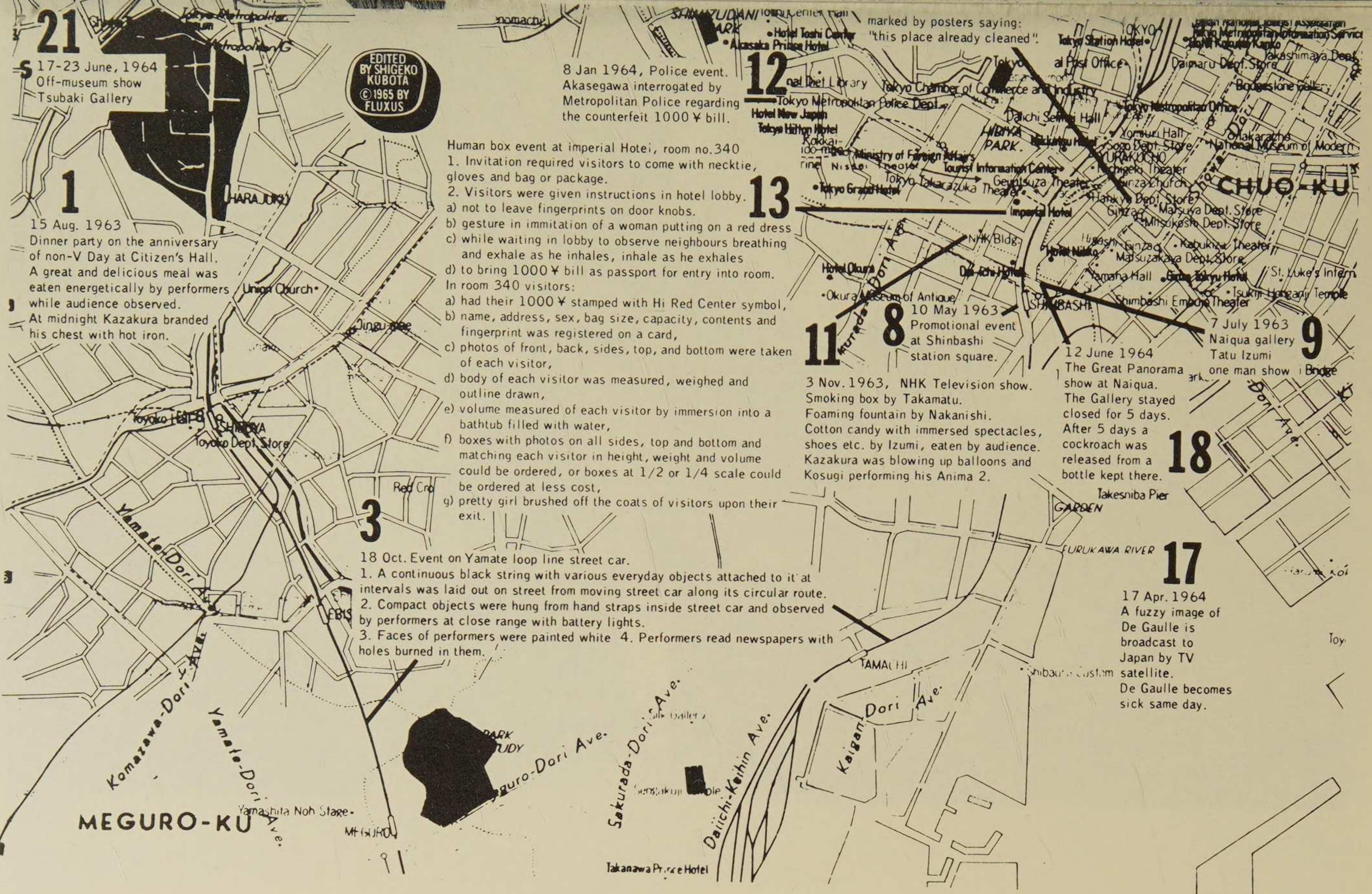
16

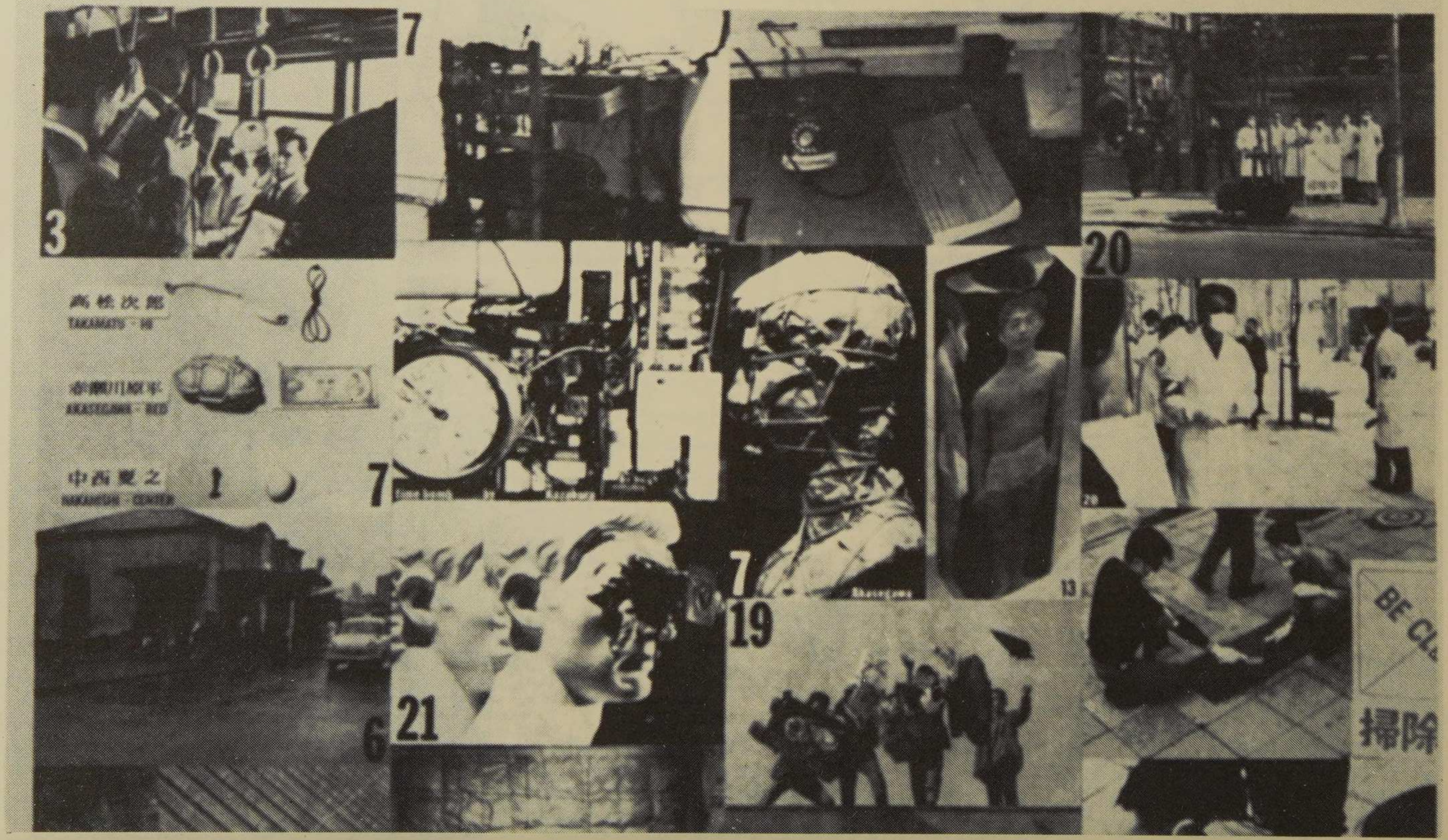
27 Jan. 1964, Asaki newspaper suspects Akasegawa of making the counterfeit 1000 ¥ bill

14

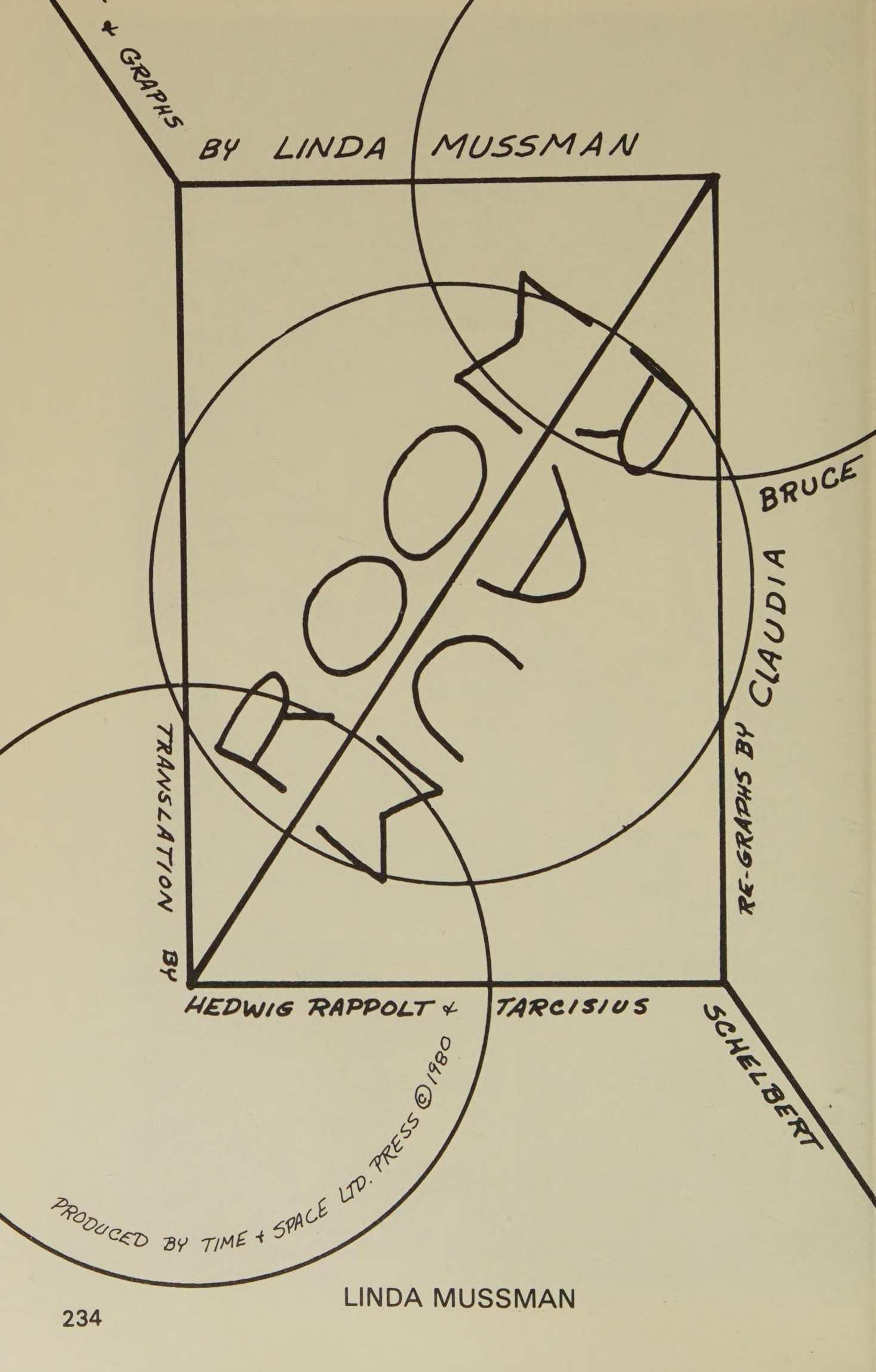
15
4 Feb. 1964
Protest agaist Asaki newspaper.

TOSHIMA-KU
ARAKA
Kasuga Dori Ave.
Shinobazu-Dori
Meiji-Dori Ave.
Sotobori-Dori Ave.
Uchibori-Dori Ave.
Waseda Univ.
Tsubouchi Memorial Theater Museum
Yaraiu Noh Stage
Hosei Univ.
Communication Museum
Transportation Museum
Fairmont Hotel
Sanbancho Hotel
Sankei Hall
Palace Hotel
Marunouchi Hotel
Mitsukoshi Dept. Store
Nihonbashi Bridge
Ministry of Transportation
Bank of Japan
Tokyo Y
Odakyu Dept. Store
SHINJUKU
OKUBO
UENO
AKIHABARA
OCHANOMIZU
IKENOBO
YOTSUYA
ICHIGAYA


EDITED BY SHIGEKO KUBOTA
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21
17-23 June, 1964
Off-museum show
Tsubaki Gallery
1
15 Aug. 1963
Dinner party on the anniversary of non-V Day at Citizen's Hall.
A great and delicious meal was eaten energetically by performers while audience observed.
At midnight Kazakura branded his chest with hot iron.
Human box event at imperial Hotei, room no.340
1. Invitation required visitors to come with necktie, gloves and bag or package.
2. Visitors were given instructions in hotel lobby.
a) not to leave fingerprints on door knobs.
b) gesture in immitation of a woman putting on a red dress
c) while waiting in lobby to observe neighbours breathing and exhale as he inhales, inhale as he exhales
d) to bring 1000 ¥ bill as passport for entry into room.
In room 340 visitors:
a) had their 1000 ¥ stamped with Hi Red Center symbol,
b) name, address, sex, bag size, capacity, contents and fingerprint was registered on a card,
c) photos of front, back, sides, top, and bottom were taken of each visitor,
d) body of each visitor was measured, weighed and outline drawn,
e) volume measured of each visitor by immersion into a bathtub filled with water,
f) boxes with photos on all sides, top and bottom and matching each visitor in height, weight and volume could be ordered, or boxes at 1/2 or 1/4 scale could be ordered at less cost,
g) pretty girl brushed off the coats of visitors upon their exit.
8 Jan 1964, Police event.
Akasegawa interrogated by Metropolitan Police regarding the counterfeit 1000 ¥ bill.
12
marked by posters saying:
"this place already cleaned".
13
11
8
10 May 1963
Promotional event at Shinbashi station square.
3 Nov. 1963, NHK Television show.
Smoking box by Takamatu.
Foaming fountain by Nakanishi.
Cotton candy with immersed spectacles, shoes etc. by Izumi, eaten by audience.
Kazakura was blowing up balloons and Kosugi performing his Anima 2.
9
7 July 1963
Naiqua gallery
Tatu Izumi
one man show
12 June 1964
The Great Panorama show at Naiqua.
The Gallery stayed closed for 5 days.
After 5 days a cockroach was released from a bottle kept there.
18
3
18 Oct. Event on Yamate loop line street car.
1. A continuous black string with various everyday objects attached to it at intervals was laid out on street from moving street car along its circular route.
2. Compact objects were hung from hand straps inside street car and observed by performers at close range with battery lights.
3. Faces of performers were painted white 4. Performers read newspapers with holes burned in them.
17
17 Apr. 1964
A fuzzy image of De Gaulle is broadcast to Japan by TV satellite.
De Gaulle becomes sick same day.
CHUO-KU
MEGURO-KU
Yamate-Dori Ave.
Komazawa-Dori Ave.
Meguro-Dori Ave.
Sakurada-Dori Ave.
Daiichi-Keihin Ave.
Kaigan Dori Ave.
Hibiya Park
Ginza
Shimbashi
Tsukiji Honganji Temple
Takanawa Prince Hotel
Yamashita Noh Stage
Tokyo Station Hotel
Imperial Hotel
NHK Bldg.
Tokyo Chamber of Commerce and Industry
Tokyo Takarazuka Theater
Kabukiza Theater
Takeshiba Pier
FURUKAWA RIVER
TAMACHI


3
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7
19
21
6
掃除




+ GRAPHS
BY LINDA MUSSMAN
BRUCE
CLAUDIA
TRANSLATION BY
RE-GRAPHS BY
HEDWIG RAPPOLT &
TARCISIUS
SCHELBERT
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THIS IS THE FIRST MOVEMENT

THIS IS THE BEGINNING

THIS IS THE JUST THE BEGINNING

THIS IS THE START

THIS IS THE JUST THE START

THIS IS THE PASSING OF TIME

( )

THEN THE RECOGNITION OF BOREDOM

THEN THE DUMB SHOW

THEN THE FREEDOM

(INTERLUDE)

AN ACCURACY
WITH
IN
A THINGS OWN LIMITATIONS

A QUESTION THAT
ANSWERS ITSELF

A FORM
FORMING
ITSELF

ALWAYS
FORMING
ITSELF

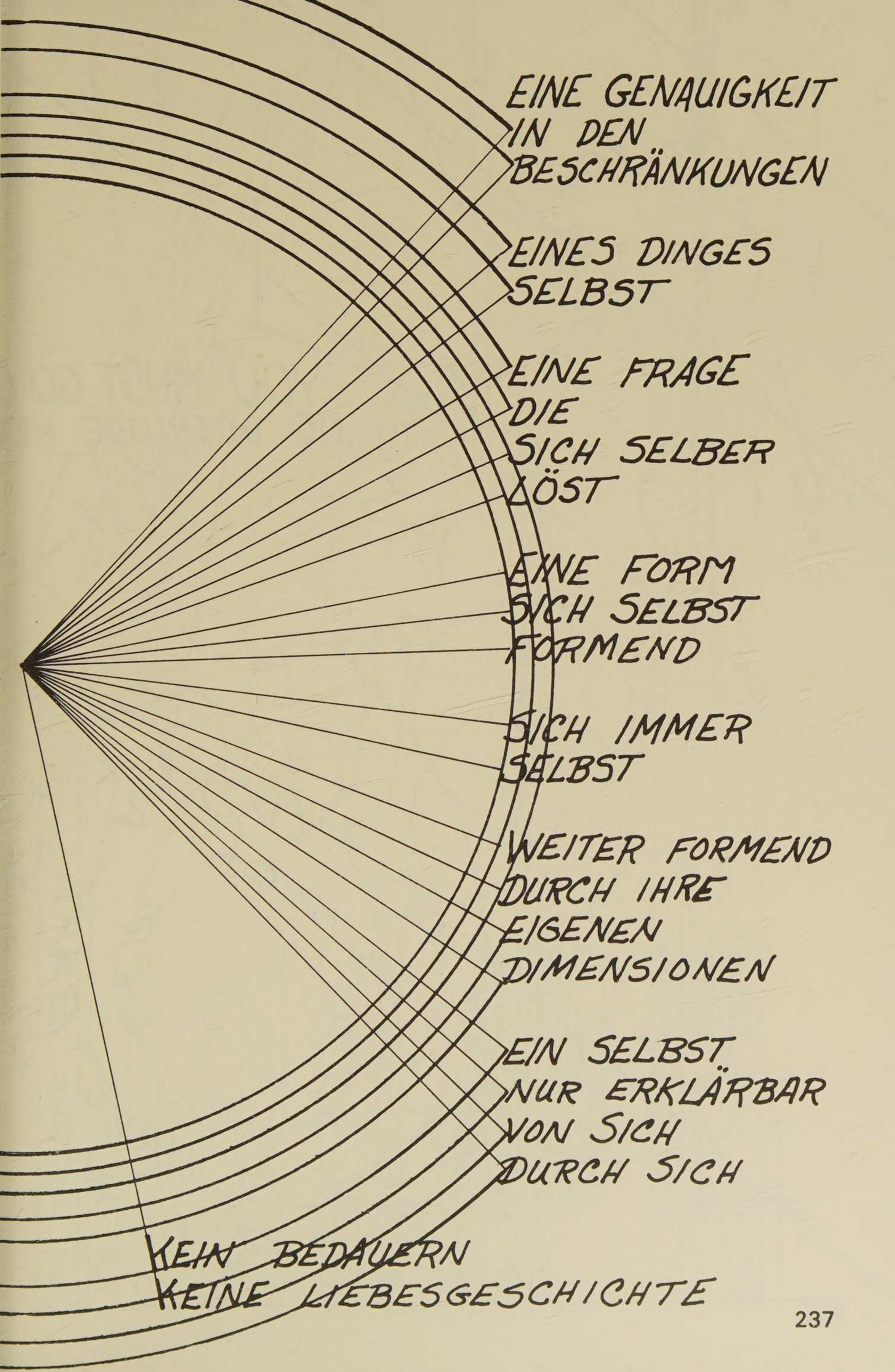
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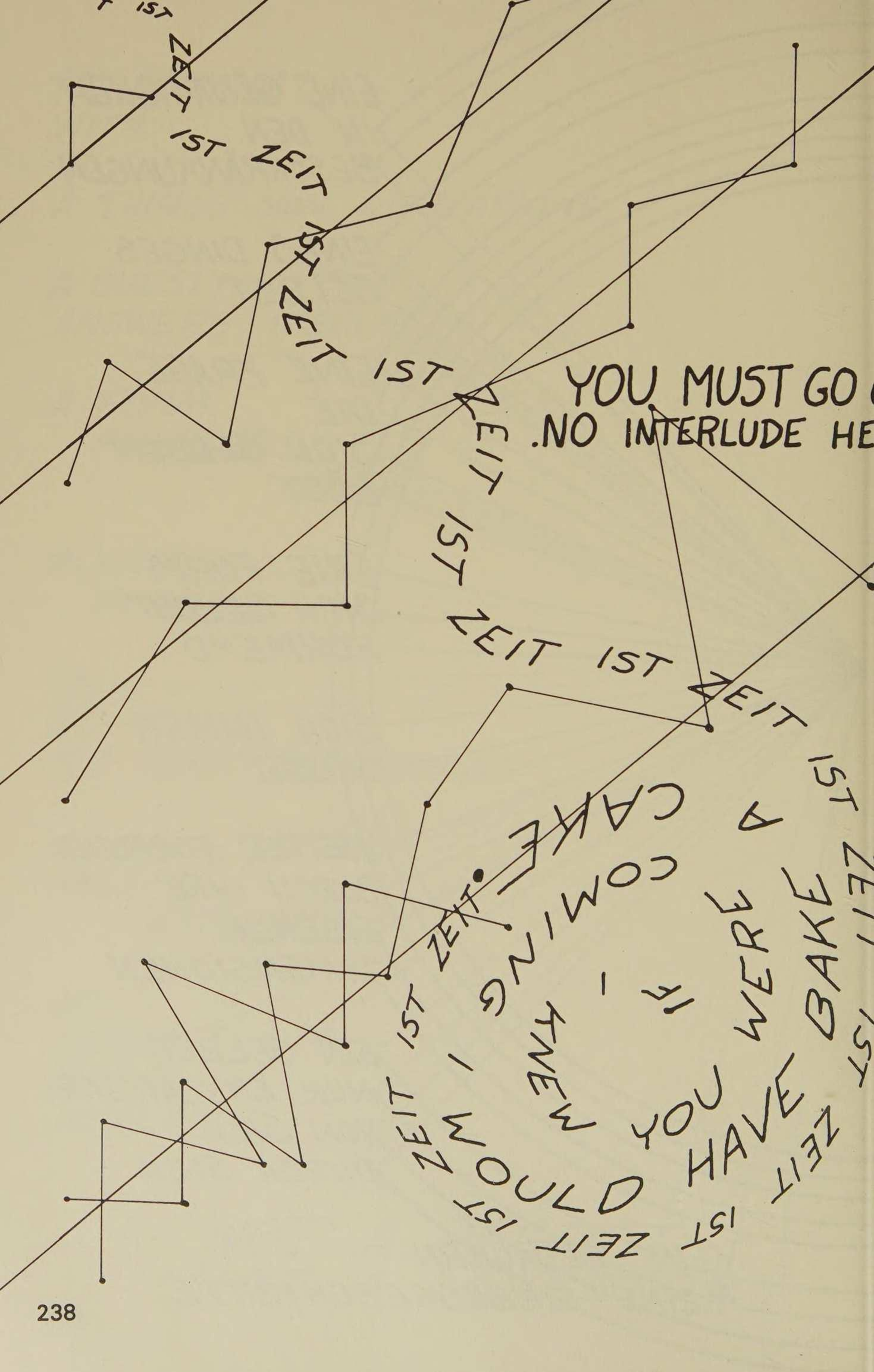
A SELF

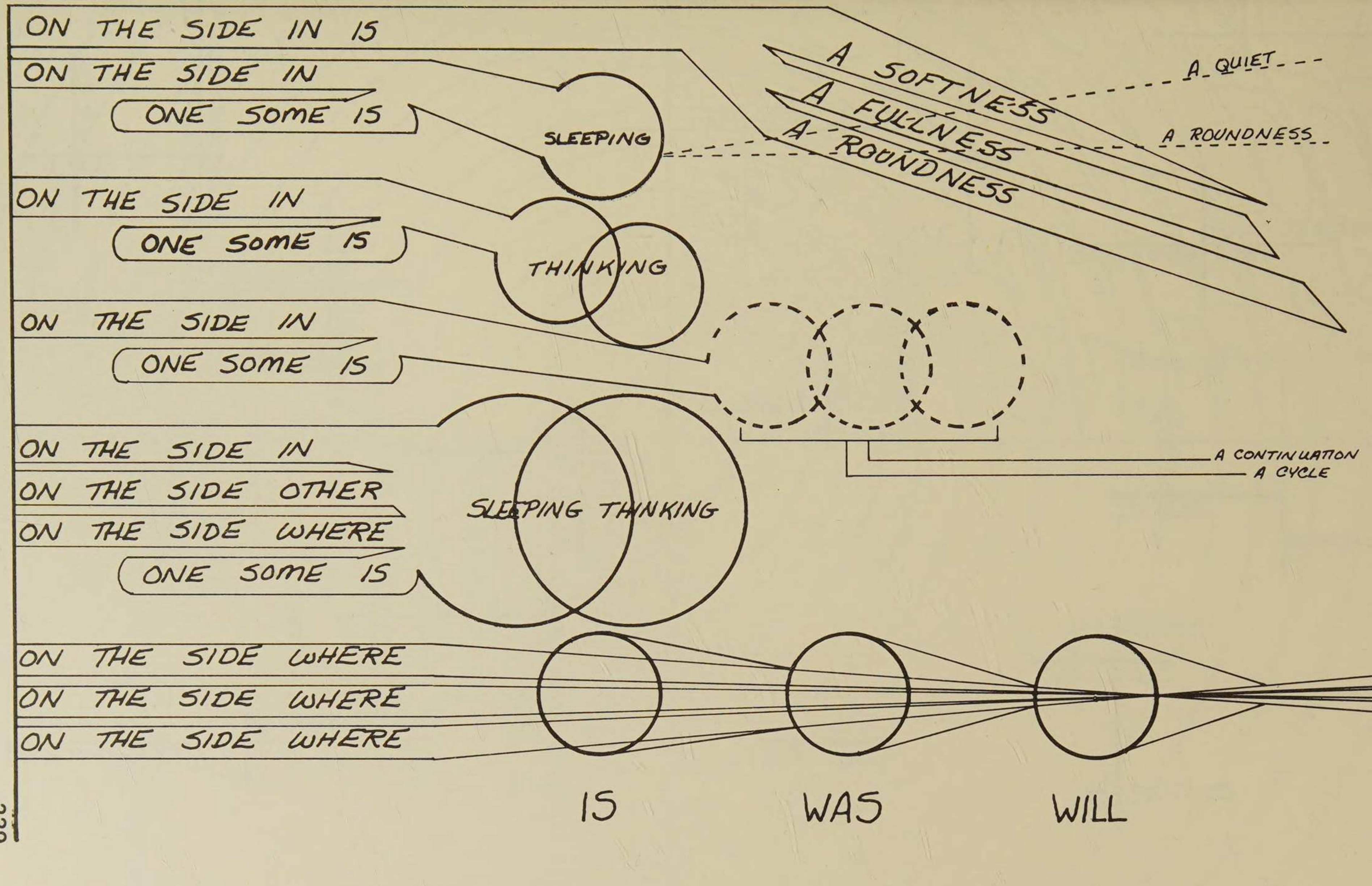
ONLY
EXPLICABLE

OF
ITSELF
BY
ITSELF

NOT A REGRET
NOT A LOVESTORY


EINE GENAUIGKEIT
IN DEN
BESCHRÄNKUNGEN
EINES DINGES
SELBST
EINE FRAGE
DIE
SICH SELBER
LÖST
EINE FORM
SICH SELBST
FORMEND
SICH IMMER
SELBST
WEITER FORMEND
DURCH IHRE
EIGENEN
DIMENSIONEN
EIN SELBST
NUR ERKLÄRBAR
VON SICH
DURCH SICH
KEIN BEDAUERN
KEINE LIEBESGESCHICHTE


ZEIT IST ZEIT IST ZEIT IST


ON THE SIDE IN IS
ON THE SIDE IN
ONE SOME IS
SLEEPING
ON THE SIDE IN
ONE SOME IS
THINKING
ON THE SIDE IN
ONE SOME IS
ON THE SIDE IN
ON THE SIDE OTHER
ON THE SIDE WHERE
ONE SOME IS
SLEEPING THINKING
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ON THE SIDE WHERE
ON THE SIDE WHERE
A SOFTNESS
A FULLNESS
A ROUNDNESS
A QUIET
A ROUNDNESS
A CONTINUATION
A CYCLE
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VERFÜGUNG

REQUIREMENT ERFORDERNIS TO BE

COUNTRY

REPEATED TO BE

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TO BE EVENT BE EIN AN OCCURRENCE VORKOMMEN

TO BE ONCE

EIN AN

POLITICS

RELIEF

POLITICS

POLITICS

POLITICS

POLITICS

CONSTITUTION

RESOLUTION

ROUNDNESS

CIRCLES

MOTIONS

SADNESS

TO SPEAK

TO SPEAK

A RECOGNITION

A REMEMBRANCE

A CONCLUSION

A TIREDNESS

A RECOGNITION

A REMEMBRANCE

TO

HAVE

Remembrance

EIN RAUM

EIN WEST

EIN OST

EIN SÜD

EIN NORD

EIN ENTSCHLUSS

NICHT NOTWENDIGE/WEISE

EIN BESCHLUSS

EINE VERFÜGUNG

EINE SEITE

EINE SEITE

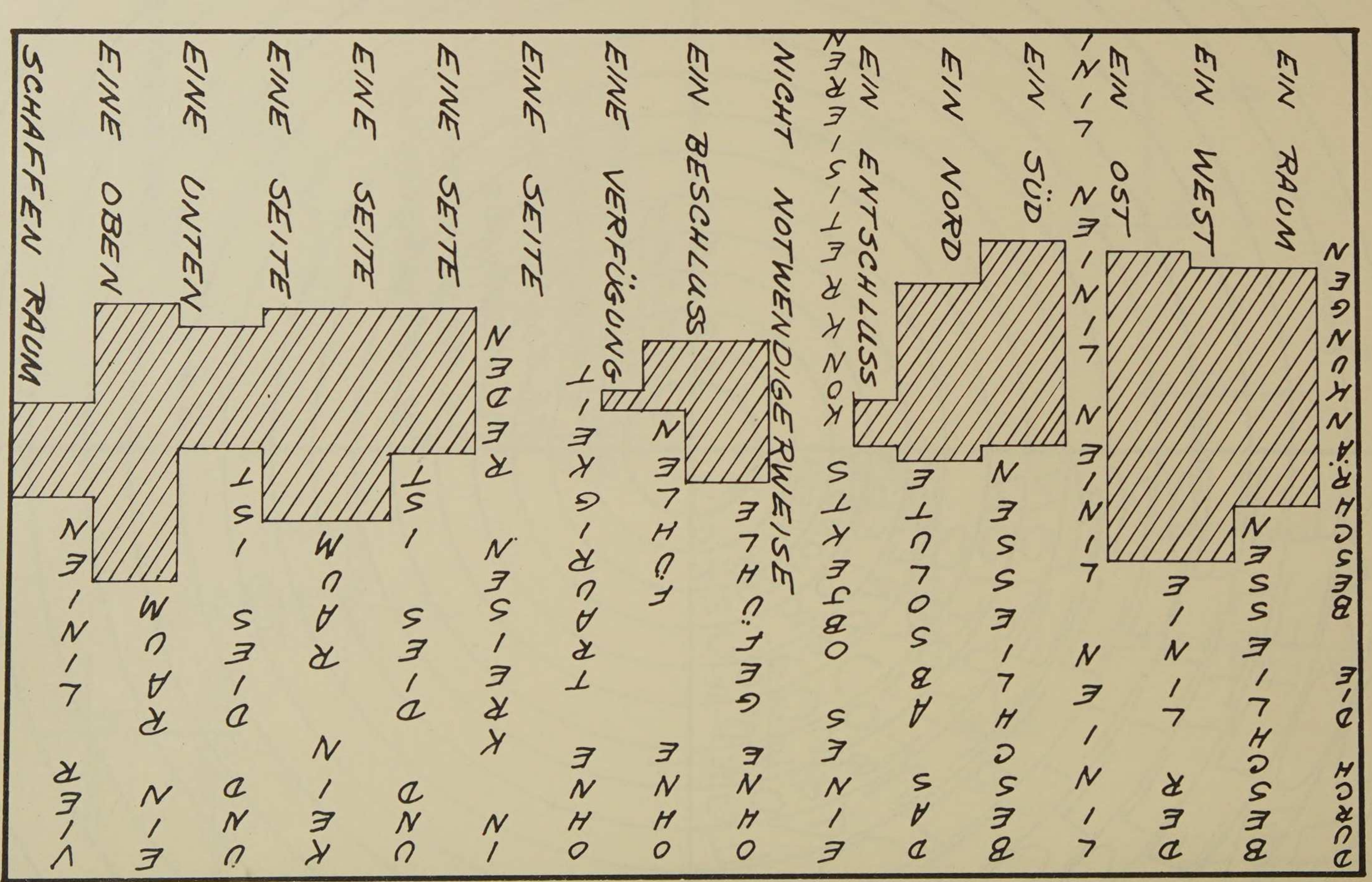
EINE SEITE

EINE SEITE

EINE UNTEN

EINE OBEN

SCHAFFEN RAUM



DURCH DIE BESCHLÜSSE

DER LÄNDER

BESCHLÜSSE

LÄNDER

DAS ABSOLUTE

BESCHLÜSSE

OBJEKTS

EINES

OHNE GEFÄHRDUNG

OHNE FÜHLUNG

TRAURIGEN

IN KREISEN

UND DIES ISTS

KEIN RAUM

EIN RAUM

VIER LINIEN

TO RESOLVE THROUGH THE RESTRICTION

CIRCLES TO SPEAK IN

EMOTIONS TO

MOTIONS OF

SADNESS

WITH OUT

WITH OUT

WITH OUT

OBJECT OF AN

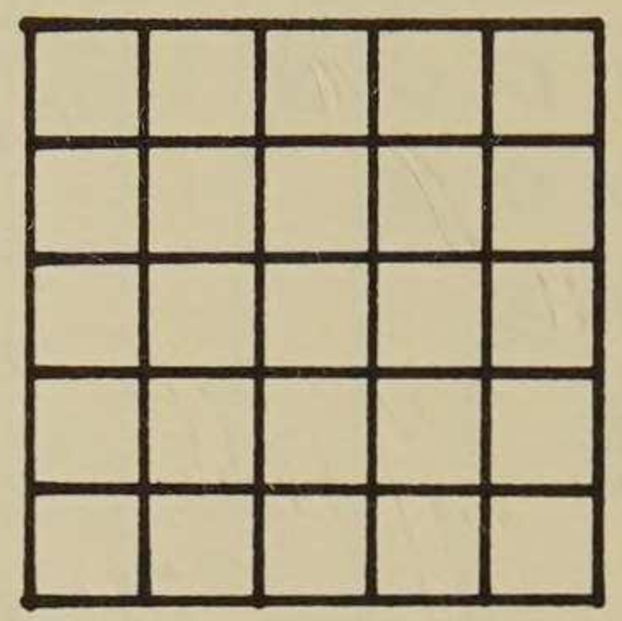
ABSOLUTE OF THE

LINE TO CONCRETE

LINE

LINE

LINE



O R O O M R
R O O M O R O
O O R O O
THIS NOT A ROOM
I M R O O M
R O O M
A R O O M
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D MOOROOM I R O O M
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A R O O M
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R O O M
R O O M

TIME IS ZU SEIN OHNE GO

OUT WITH MOTION SEIN EXAKT MUST

TO BE EXACT SELBST UM IHRE NATUR ZU

WITHOUT EMOTION

TO BE DIE ZEIT

DEFINED BY TIME ITSELF

THERE IS ONLY TIME NUR ZEIT DEFINIERT

TIME IS ZEIT

ZEIT IST TIME

YOU MUST GO ON NOW

NOW ON GO MUST YOU

ZEIT IST FÜHLEN EUER ZEIGT GEFÜHLE

ZEIT ZEIT ZEIT ZEIT

ZEIT TIME-IS GIBT NUR

TIME THERE DURCH DIE

ONLY TIME ZEIT

SELBST UM IHRE DEFINED BY NATUR ZU

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TO BE-ITS FÜHLE ZEIGT EUER FÜHLEN NATURE TO

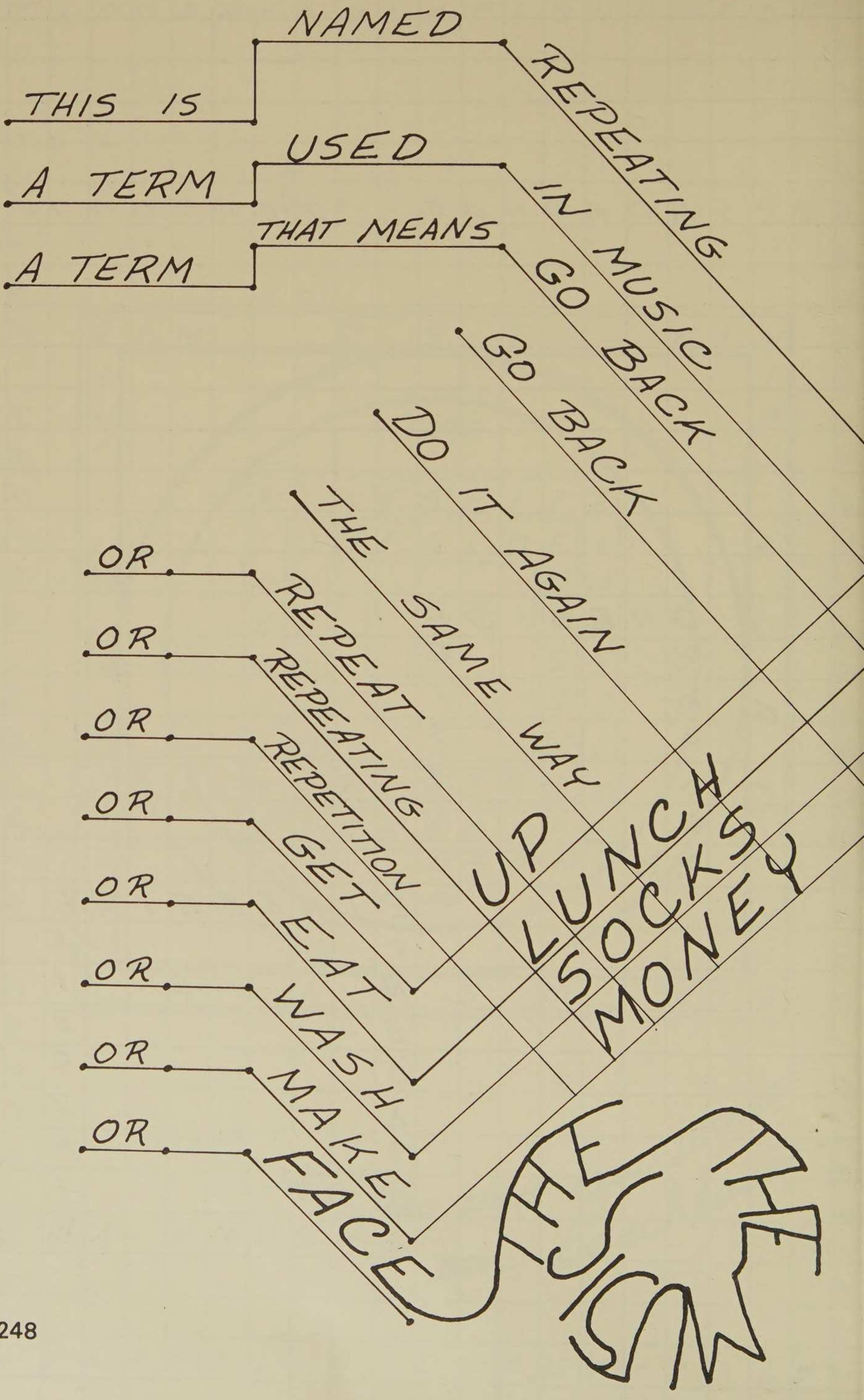
ZEIT IST

ZEIT IST ES GIBT

EINE VERFÜGUNG EIN ENTSCHLUSSSOLUTIONARREGULATIONARESOLUTIONARREGULATIONARESOLUTIONARREGULATIONARES

EINSEITE-EINSEITE

ONESIDE-ONESIDE


THIS IS
NAMED
A TERM
USED
A TERM
THAT MEANS
REPEATING
IN MUSIC
GO BACK
DO IT AGAIN
THE SAME WAY
OR
REPEAT
OR
REPETITION
OR
GET
OR
EAT
OR
WASH
OR
MAKE
FACE
UP
LUNCH
SOCKS
MONEY
THE SIGN

EMOTIVE COSMETICS
—a 4 Act Play Without Dialogue for 50 Performers—

ACT I
Weeping & Violent Grief

Setting

Stage floor is littered with giant size paper cut-out band aids. All is in darkness except for 50 parabolic spotlights attached overhead, which correspond one for one with the 50 actors and actresses who stand in rank formation, but spaced to allow the audience to see every one of them. The actor/actresses are dressed in black mourning costumes of the Victorian era, and of like stature.

Joint Cast Direction

(To be correographed with precise movements all as one, like that of dance. Duration of movements flexible.) The head droops, inclining to left side, eyes overflow with tears, lips and countenance are drawn downwards, body inclines forward, hands are wrung (movements of the hands must all be alike). The lower limbs are relaxed and retiring (the movements are slow). The voices mumble, incomprehensibly, almost a whisper, and very low in pitch, breath comes and goes in agitation (each rank to heave shoulders convulsively, movements to start with the first rank and end with the last).

A musical harmony is to be effected with random moans and broken sobs, almost inaudibly at first, whilst from back stage the sound of fierce winds is played through speaker cabinets. The wind increases pitch until the moans and sobs of the cast, also rising in pitch, in concert with it, draw the sound to a fever-pitch.

Sudden silence—30 second duration—Curtain (black drapes).

ACT 2
Love

Setting

Stage floor is littered with giant "cupid-like" arrows and arrowslings (preferably authentic). Darkness, light, and cast formation as Act

1. The actors/actresses are dressed as before with the addition of large red paper hearts, pinned in scattered arrangement to the black costumes.

Joint male cast direction

(Precision as 1st Act)

Directions to be followed in unison with joint female cast directions below.
Whole being is subdued, heads and bodies incline forward, forehead tranquil, eyebrows droop, overhead light catches eyes as they sparkle with affection, palm of right hand is pressed over heart, left hand with open fingers is folded over right wrist, lower limbs stand together in easy position with right foot in advance, air of melancholy thought.

A musical harmony is to be effected with random sighs and heavy breathing, almost inaudibly at first, whilst from back stage the voice of Marlene Dietrich singing "Falling in Love Again" is played through entire sound system, the melody increases in volume until the sighs and heavy breathing of the cast, also rising in pitch, out of concert with it, draw the sound to a very loud cacophany.

Sudden silence — 30 second duration — Curtain (Red Velvet).

Joint female cast direction

(Precision as 1st Act)

Directions to be followed in unison with joint male cast directions above.
Gaze is fixed upon object of affection (far wall of theatre), mingled tenderness and admiration, hands are clasped in fervency of emotion; head and body incline forward; features indicate earnestness; lips slightly parted and quivering; lower limbs firmly balanced upon feet; mood deep in thoughts of heart.

A musical harmony is to be effected with random sighs and heavy breathing, almost inaudibly at first. (Remainder of Act same as joint male cast direction.)

ACT 3

Horror

Setting

Stage floor is littered with paper cut-out, life size photo reproductions of shot gun street killings, bodies in various contorted death agonies.
Darkness, light and cast formation as previous Acts. Actors/actresses are dressed as before (black costumes, paper hearts) with the addition of wet, running blood stains which trickle to the floor, similar to the dripping of a tap.

Joint male cast direction

(Precision as before)

Directions to be followed in unison with joint female cast directions below.
The head is thrown forward, then upward, and then drawn back; the eyes with fierce expression stare wildly at the audience; the countenance is distorted and affrighted; the form is contracted, and half turned away toward the wings; the lower limbs droop and are slightly thrown apart; the elbows are thrust out from the body; the hands are raised and open, with the palms outward; while the fingers seem contracted.

The amplified sound of throwing knives piercing strong wood is heard together with a musical harmony to be effected with random whispered exclamations (incomprehensible) and frightened guttural sounds, almost inaudible at first, whilst from back stage the pre-recorded sound of heart beats is played through entire sound system. The guttural sounds increase in volume as does the sound of the knife throwing and heart beat, rising in pitch in a sort of rhythm which becomes unbearably loud.

Sudden silence — 30 second duration — Curtain (Black, upon which are projected very dark stormy moving clouds).

Joint female cast direction

(Precision as before)

Directions to be followed in unison with joint male cast directions above.
Violent agitation, chest and head thrown backward and to the side; one hand flies to the head, while the other, with open palm

and outstretched fingers, appears to be warding off the terrible vision; the eyes stare wildly at the audience; elevated brows, lips and other features have contorted appearance; impression given of inward sinking of entire physical form; one foot is thrown back.

The amplified sound of throwing knives piercing strong wood, etc. (remainder of Act same as Joint male cast direction).

ACT 4

Laughter

Setting

Stage floor is littered with real corpses, victims of shot gun street killings in various contorted death agonies. (The bodies writhe slightly throughout the Act.)
Darkness, light and cast formation as previous Acts. Actors/ actresses are dressed as before (black costumes, paper hearts, blood stains) with the addition of unfurled Mardi Gras type streams of paper of varying colors. The streams hang from the clothing in disarray and snake off back stage.)

Joint male cast direction

(Precision as before)
Directions to be followed in unison with joint female cast directions below.

The head is erect; the forehead is smooth; the eyes are partly closed and full of cheerful expression; eyes filled with tears of joy; the mouth is open and extended; the shoulders are elevated; the elbows are spread; the hands resting on the sides of the body below the waist; physical form is slightly convulsed with emotion.

The amplified sound of snoring together with a musical harmony to be effected with random low pitched peals of laughter and the deep drawing in of breath, almost inaudible at first. The volume of snoring increases, as does that of the peals of laughter and drawing in strongly of deep breath, the two sources of sound counterpoint one another until all becomes unbearably loud.

Sudden silence — 30 second duration — Curtain starts to come down but falls off its fixings with a loud crash upon stage. Actors leap into the audience, up the aisles and through the exits.

Joint female cast direction

(Precision as before)
Directions to be followed in unison with joint male cast directions above.
The face beams with wreathed smiles, is slightly elevated; the form is sprightly and elastic and convulsed with joyousness; the right arm and hand is extended with the open palm turned towards the object of ridicule (audience); the mouth is open widely.

The amplified sound of snoring together with a musical harmony is to be effected etc. (remainder of Act same as joint male cast direction, up to and including the crash of the final Curtain). But this is followed by the female cast members being hauled aloft, above stage and out of sight, on the end of hooks attached to the backs of the costumes.

* * *

NOTE—All body movements and facial expressions can be repeated over and over as required in all 4 Acts.

The Complete Billboards of Bolon Dzacab

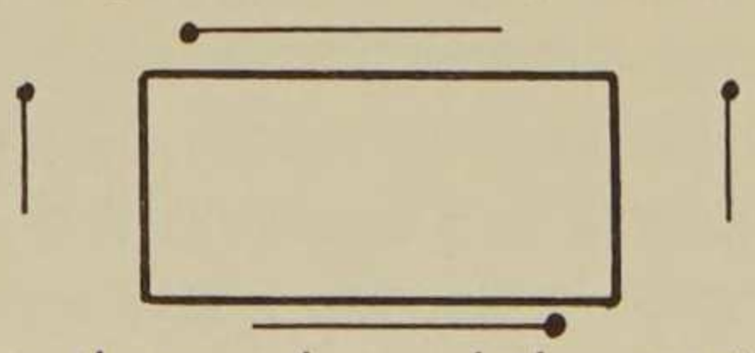
by Fred Truck

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What follows is a performance divided into 4 steps. It is not intended specifically to be repeated, but to show directions others might use in similar performances. As it shows **HOW** art becomes performance, you can say legitimately, as the Italians said of improvised comedy, that it is **canovaccio--off the canvas.**

1. Use words.

I composed texts that were right reading only in 4 dimensions of space. In order to do this, the letters of the words I used become directional indicators--right reading, wrong reading, right reading & upsidedown, & wrong reading & upside-down. I then devised a matrix, utilizing these permutations, that allowed me to represent in 2 dimensions, a text that could be read from 1 pt. of view only in 4 dimensions. The mathematical basis for my matrix is found in the standard topological diagram of how to join the edges of a rectangle so as to make a klein bottle:



a klein bottle

Of course, the words used also retain conventional properties. Although they come from a limited vocabulary of 18 words & though the resulting texts seem to be nonsense because the vocabulary used reflects a central experience I have discussed in other works, there is a rich associational fabric at hand. A ludicrous, but amorous story is told concerning Herm. Herm is not set aside from the other words in the text because he shows his importance by determining the final form the texts take--the billboard. Herm is the phallic Hermes, god of the crossroads & the sign.

2. Make signs.

The billboards I made followed typical graphic standards as seen in good signage everywhere. Type was limited to one style--a modified Gill Kayo built up from Gill Ultrabold Outline. While the wordage was always black on white background, the sign support structures were color coded in the following manner:



Punk Herm Mouth Wax



Red

red: appears alone, or with yellow & green
yellow: appears alone or with red & green
green: appears only with red & yellow

After this, departures from form were made. I spent a lot of time thinking about sign support structures. Two I designed were fairly conventional the third was not. The stepped shape of the typeform dictated a radical platform so a new structure was developed!

Models were built from balsa wood. The type was in photostat form & was glued on. The frames were painted with a very lustrous enamel finish to give the appearance of a plastic or fiberglass form.

3.Take pics.

My brother-in-law Bob Young operated the camera & gave technical advice while I designed most of the shots. Bob used a Leicaflex 35mm camera on a tripod with a standard 50mm lens. According to Bob, the reason we acheived the effects we did was due to the fact that the lens had the depth of field we needed in the environments I selected. We were able to be very close to the models & the background remained in focus. Also, the 35mm size worked to our advantage. These photos were made during the period from mid-May to Mid-July, 1979 in Des Moines, Iowa.

4.Have you fooled anyone?

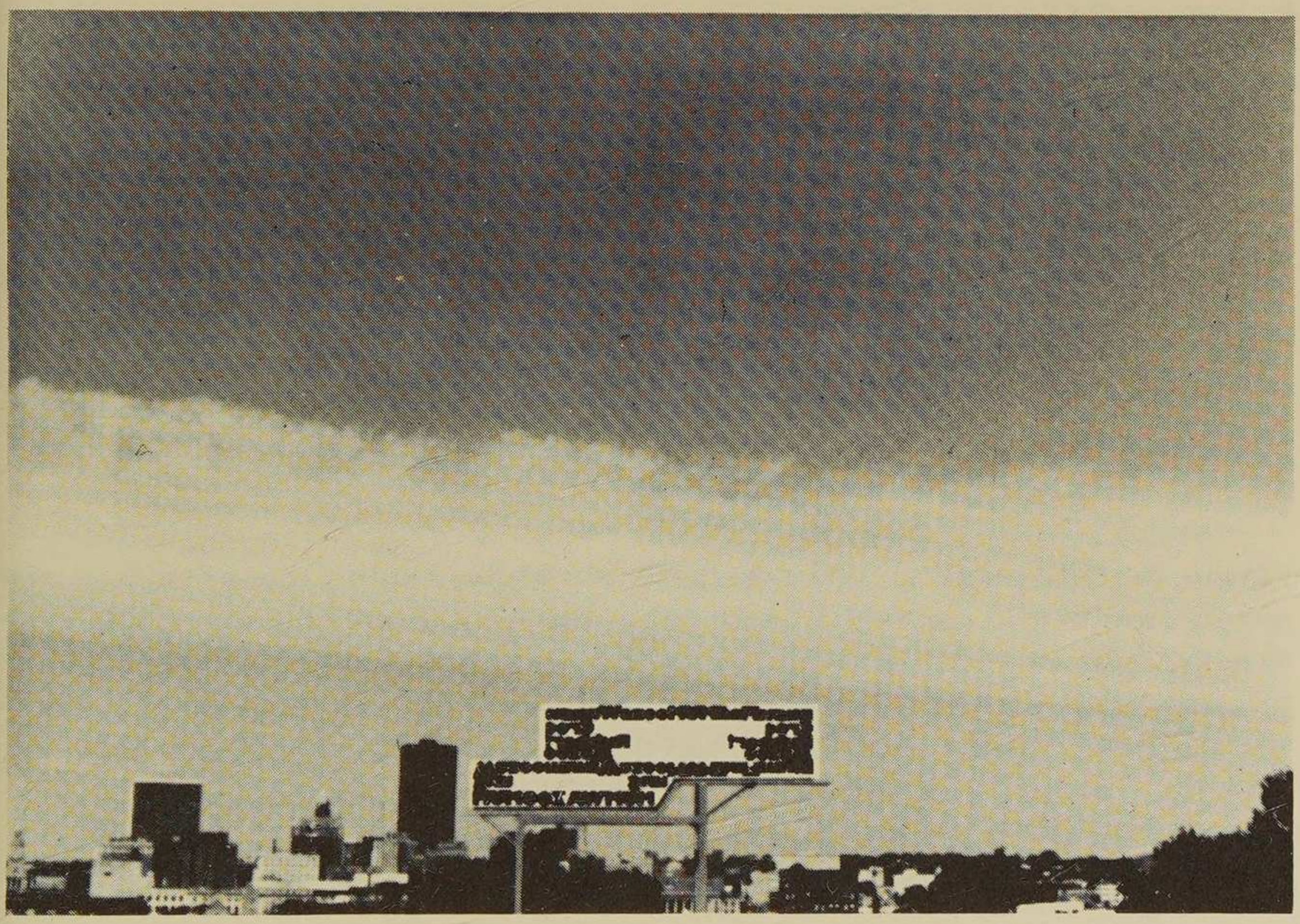
The following dialogue is an edited version of a conversation between Tim Benson & myself Monday, Feb. 18, 1980. It was taped at my home w/Tim's knowledge.

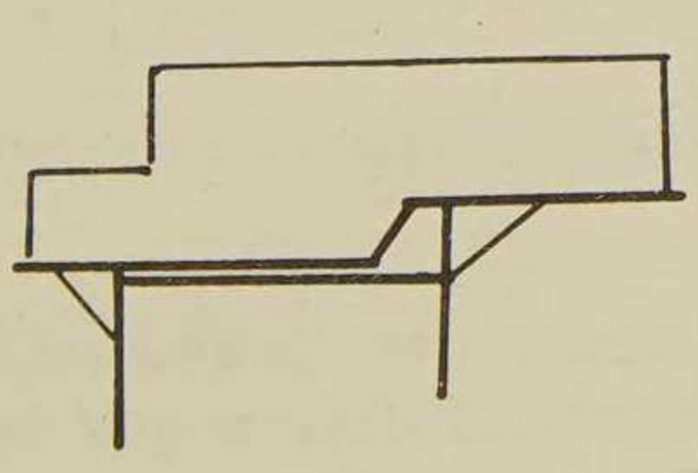
Tim Benson is a doctoral candidate at the University of Iowa who is working on a very interesting book concerning **Raoul Hausmann & Dadaism.** He was also a participant in the **Des Moines Festival of the Avant-Garde** as well as shooting fine pictures of the action.

At this point Tim & I have already discussed much of the performance preceding. We have been looking at the halftones & the pictures from which they were made.

F: That seems to be everybody's immediate response, is--

T: Figure out how you did it--





Yellow

F: How did I do it, and then the second one is: What does it say?

T: I haven't gotten to that one yet. I didn't really assume--

F & T TOGETHER: THAT IT SAID ANYTHING!

(general laughter)

T: I might ask you other harder questions.

F: Okay, what's that?

T: What w/the Oldenburg Umbrella going up downtown, I've looked at a lot of public sculpture. And it makes me start to wonder what you do when you're thinking about things like that?

(pause)

I mean, the total public audience. Because, you know, it seems to me that there are people around who don't think about that enough. I was surprised with Lynda Benglis; I was interested in various things she put in galleries--whereas she was thinking about it in her video, the famous ArtForum ad & everything else--I didn't see her thinking about anything that had that much to do with the public aspect of what she was doing during the later sculpture period--except the monumental element. Except the price. A hundred grand. Big is public!

F: Right.

(pause)

Well, I see my billboards that way.

T: **(gasps)**

(pause)

(laughs heartily)

Well. That's good!

F: I figured they'd appeal to everyone. Everyone knows billboards.

T: Well, that's what I mean. The Oldenburg appeals to everyone.

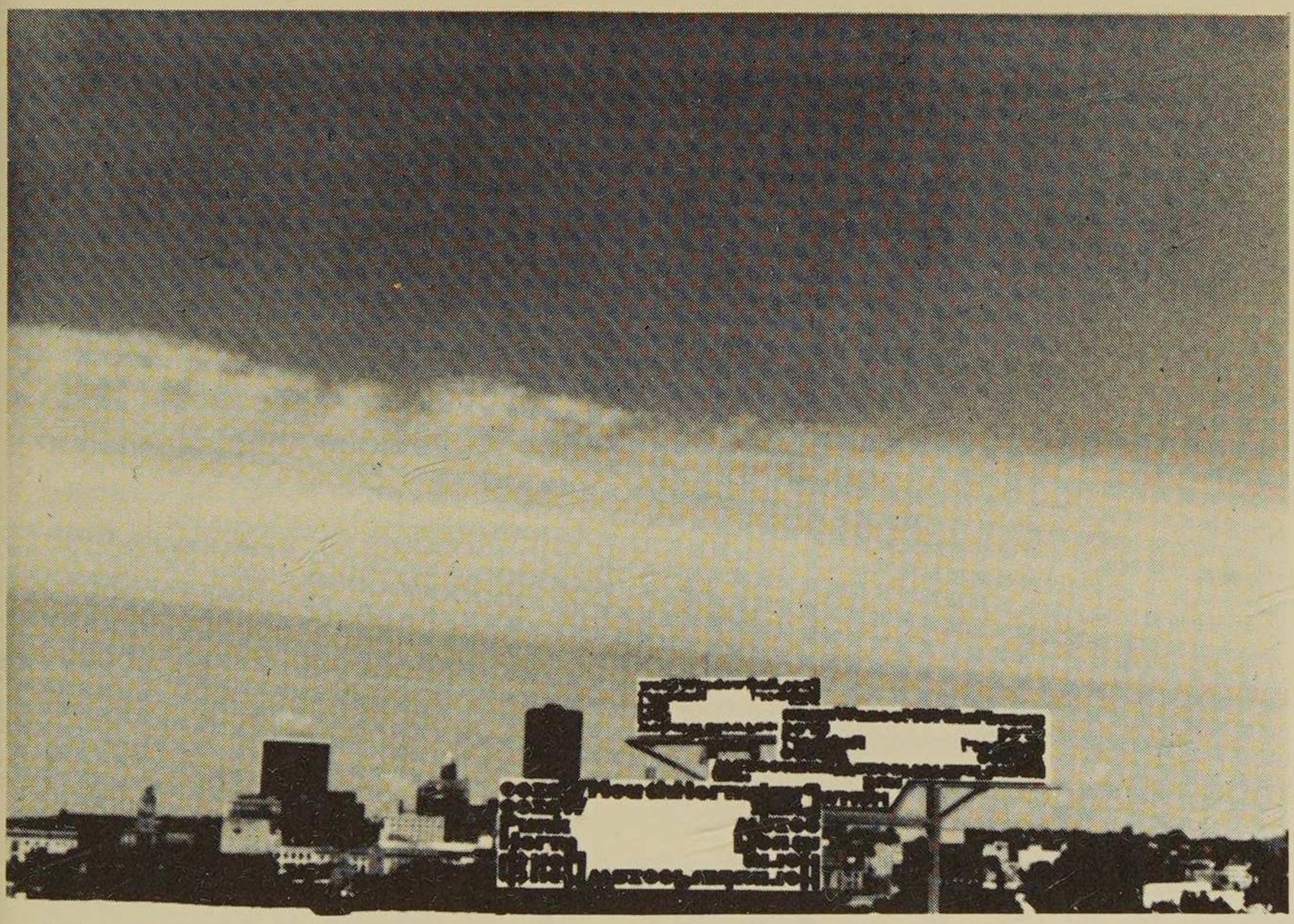
(pause)

You know, Rosenquist took all his stuff from the billboard and took it into the art world while he was in the process of revising it, rather than what you're doing here. It's really a different way. The billboard system is intact. The behavior of looking at it is intact. You can easily conceive of all that. And then you put up these letters.

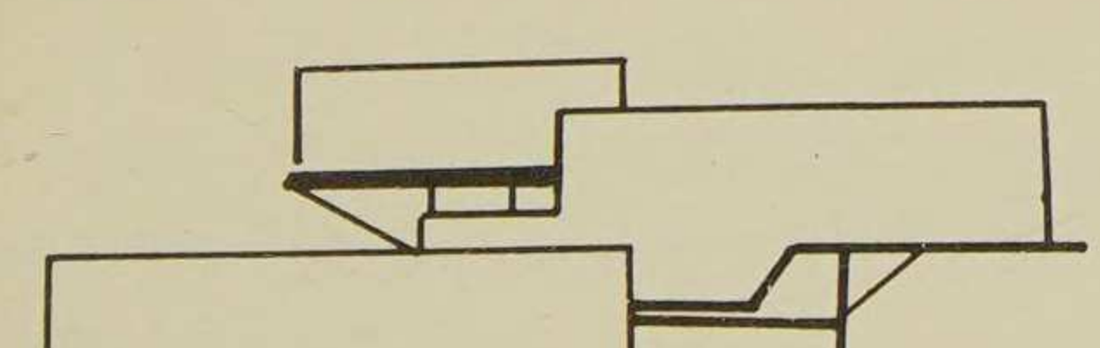
(pause)

I'm wondering how the 4-dimensional context--not that it isn't plausible--but what function is it?

F: What function is it? Okay. That's an aspect of my dream world. I mean like when-I-go-to-sleep-kind-of-dream. Things move in 2 directions at the same time.



Window Ball
Rubber!



Red
Yellow
Green

T: I'm interested in how you can lock this--these billboard pictures and dreams.

F: I've got this concept of the **Hyper-Vitruvian Man.**
(melodramatic pause)
Vitruvian Man is a very traditional concept. It permeates everything, everywhere. If it isn't actual geometrical proportions, it's values or a code, or an ethical standard. Something. There is the measure of the man. The Hyper-Vitruvian Man unites the most personal & unconscious **(& by this I mean sound asleep unconscious)** visual sensations with the extroverted public mass culture. The synthesis is achieved in 4 dimensions of space. But in those pictures it's right out there in the middle of town. The billboard is a public form I used to broadcast 4-dimensional thinking that is characteristic of my sleep. I didn't have the money to rent a billboard so what is occuring here between us is being taped & is a performance. Originally this wasn't my intention. I was just living. I developed this graphic system & that's all I was interested in. Then I decided to make these billboards. I wound up making those photos w/Bob. It wasn't public enough. Then I took them around & showed them to my friends & I gathered response. I was performing. I'm performing right now. So there you have it--**The COMPLETE BILLBOARDS OF BOLON DZACAB, the Hyper-Vitruvian Man.**

VERDUROUS SANGUINARIA

Author's Preface to *Verdurous Sanguinaria*

Verdurous Sanguinaria was written in January and February of 1961. In composing the play I used chance operations in various ways. My first auxilliary means was *A Million Random Digits with 100,000 Normal Deviates*, (Rand Corp., The Free Press; Glencoe, Ill., 1955). From this table of random digits I was given, by chance procedures, the digits "2" and "6", constituting the integer 26. Therefore, I next took the 26 sequences of 8 digits that followed the "26" in the table. These sequences were translated by a coding system into 26 particular entries in the College Edition of *Websters New World Dictionary of the American Language* (World Publishing Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 1956).

Because of the coincidence of the number 26 with the number of cards of each color in a pack of playing cards, I coded these 26 entries (some being single words, some two-word phrases, and some compound proper nouns) so that the first 13 entries were represented by the 13 denominations of cards in each of the two black suits, and the second 13 entries were represented by the 13 denominations of cards in each of the red suits. Thus *each* dictionary entry was represented by *two* cards in the pack; for instance, "verdurous" might have been represented by both the ace of spades and the ace of clubs.

The first two cards I drew selected the title, *Verdurous Sanguinaria.*

The four proper nouns in my list: "Edward Eggleston," "the Holy Grail," "The Isle of Wight," and "Catherine" became the characters in the play.

In Act I, the number of words in each speech and the punctuation were selected by random digits. The person speaking each speech was selected either by the suit of the top card in the pack or two random digits, and the sequence of words by the sequence of cards of the number determined by the random digits, each card representing a dictionary entry. The words are punctuated in this act but not otherwise corrected.

Act I ends with the first note on page 3.

In Act II, each speech has only one word in it followed by a period, an exclamation point, or a question mark. Act II is preceded by the second note on page 4.

In Act III, Scene 1, the words are connected into affirmative or negative declarative sentences, questions, or commands. The number of sentences in each speech and the nature of each sentence were selected by throwing a single die, the six sides representing the six possible kinds of sentences. The whole act is preceded by a note directing the actors always to say the speeches in Act III in the order given. Scene 1 is preceded by a note directing the actor playing Edward Eggleston to stay off stage until the second speech of the scene.

In Act III, Scene 2, the sequence of words which are connected into sentences in Scene I appear as unconnected and unpunctuated words which the actors are asked to punctuate as they wish.

The text of Act IV is the first note on Pages 9-10.

The note beginning Act V recommends adherence to the order of speeches given and fewer long silences (see Page 10).

Act V consists of the four different kinds of speeches that appear in Act I, II, and III, namely, punctuated but otherwise unconnected words; single words (each followed by a sentence-ending punctuation mark): words connected into sentences, questions, or commands; and unconnected, unpunctuated words. In addition, this act introduces a new kind of speech: "simultaneous *asymmetries*."

An *asymmetry* is a specific type of chance-generated poem, of which I produced more than 500 in 1960-61. In an *asymmetry* silences are regulated in duration by the spacing of the words and the loudness of each word is regulated by its typography and/or punctuation. A note detailing the method of using the 5 asymmetries that are a part of this play appears on pages 11-12. (this and a second direction for using these 5 poems appears on page 17).

Act VI consists of a note directing anyone of the actors to say *one* of the 26 dictionary entries used in this play *once*, but allowing for any amount of silent action.

Any performance of the play ought to be preceded by a dry reading of the 26 dictionary entries together with their definitions and sometimes their etymologies, by the actor performing the role of Edward Eggleston, e.g.,

1. **ver-dur-ous** . . . , **adj. 1.** flourishing and richly green: said of vegetation. **2.** covered with or consisting of verdure, or rich green vegetation. **3.** of or characteristic of verdure.
2. **san-gui-na-ri-a** . . . ,**n.** [Mod. L. L. (*herba*) *sanguinaria*, (herb) that stanches blood *sanguis*, blood], a plant of the poppy family, with lobed leaves, white flowers, and large roots used in medicine; bloodroot.

(and so on until all the entries are completed).

New York
January 1967

Jackson Mac Low

VERDUROUS SANGUINARIA

Actions are improvised throughout, except for two actions explicitly directed in III, 1.

Pauses * are free** except for Act III, Scene 1, where the speeches should follow each other on cue as repartee, and Act V, where no long silences should occur except for those happening in the two simultaneous speeches from asymmetries.

If a performer is uncertain whether his cue word has been given he should (usually in a whisper) ask the performer who should have said the cue word whether he has said the word or completed his last speech. If widely separated from the other performer, the uncertain one may inquire out loud in forms such as "Did you say your last "butter knife"? or "Did you say 'ropy'?"

Seven speeches out of thirteen should be addressed to a particular person.

* & nonverbal sounds (instrumental, electronic, nonmusical, etc.).

** i.e., performers may interject pauses of any duration, except in Act III, Scene, 1, unless specifically directed otherwise by the author or a director approved by the author.

CHARACTERS: The Holy Grail (man or woman)
The Isle of Wight (woman)
Edward Eggleston (man)
Catherine (woman)

ACT I

E.E. Shortage (phototaxis) running knot! Sash: ropy; butter knife; Catherine "hindbrain" obeisance.

H.G. Shortage? Prima donna . . . inhabitancy? Edward Eggleston second fiddle.

I.W. Holy Grail! Scutch . . . verdurous! Sicken, sanguinaria. Hindbrain, jail delivery; hemathermal: phototaxis, leitmotiv obeisance—sicken sash, extemporize 'Holy Grail'—prima donna, Isle of Wight . . . Isle of Wight?

H.G. Verdurous thralldom! Catherine. Scutch? Thralldom—ropy hemathermal (extemporize) . . . resurrectionism? Arrestor "leitmotiv"? Sanguinaria resurrectionism: second fiddle—butter knife!

E.E. Running knot "jail delivery" inhabitancy "Isle of Wight" leitmotiv obeisance?

H.G. Inhabitancy jail delivery; thralldom! Verdurous? Edward Eggleston. Second fiddle, Isle of Wight, prima donna. Holy Grail running knot, resurrectionism butter knife! Sanguinaria! Hindbrain; shortage (scutch): ropy—butter knife sash? Running knot.

I.W. Phototaxis? Second fiddle "thralldom" arrestor, sicken! Ropy (inhabitancy)? Sanguinaria? Resurrection hindbrain sash, shortage? Holy Grail?

H.G. Sicken . . . prima donna. Verdurous! Extemporize 'scutch' (jail delivery), Edward Eggleston Catherine—leitmotiv hemathermal?

Cath. Hemathermal phototaxis, obeisance Catherine extemporize, shortage Edward Eggleston: thralldom "Isle of Wight" sanguinaria—leitmotiv leitmotiv! Inhabitancy; verdurous: resurrectionism! Ropy shortage (extemporize) "obeisance"?

H.G. Sash "sash", arrestor "phototaxis" thralldom! Second fiddle butter knife—sanguinaria: extemporize; Holy Grail? Jail delivery—hemathermal . . . prima donna 'hindbrain' arrestor (Catherine): verdurous "obeisance"!

Cath. Scutch; running knot, Isle of Wight.

H.G. Edward Eggleston, Holy Grail!

E.E. Second fiddle! Sicken (phototaxis). Ropy . . . inhabitancy jail delivery, sicken. Butter knife, Catherine. Hemathermal, prima donna! Running knot; scutch resurrectionism hindbrain; Isle of Wight, running knot: sash . . . resurrectionism?

I.W. Sanguinaria hindbrain. Inhabitancy. Running knot Edward Eggleston . . . second fiddle! Leitmotiv hemathermal? Holy Grail 'phototaxis': scutch, prima donna: hemathermal—obeisance (jail delivery) 'jail delivery' arrestor, sicken!

H.G. Scutch! Sicken—verdurous inhabitancy—Edward Eggleston . . . verdurous "obeisance": arrestor 'sanguinaria': prima donna? Ropy—hindbrain—shortage. Thralldom, thralldom "butter knife" . . . extemporize. Catherine. Butter knife Holy Grail extemporize!

E.E. Catherine (shortage). Isle of Wight sash (second fiddle) . . . resurrectionism: phototaxis; ropy, jail delivery, sash. Resurrectionism, scutch! Extemporize obeisance inhabitancy? Hemathermal, thralldom sicken . . . phototaxis, shortage, sicken?

END OF **ACT I**

Note: If the players feel very strongly about the matter, they may change the order of the speeches in **Act I**. If this is done, each player still says only the speeches assigned to him, without making changes within them,

but says the speeches at different points in the act than those where they now occur. This should be done purely: the speeches are to be said *either* in the order here given, with no changes whatsoever, *or* in an entirely different order, never the same in any 2 performances.

ACT II

Note: This act may be performed with the speeches in the order given; or the speeches may be re-ordered, the same speeches being spoken by the same actors, either by objective randomization (e.g., by typing the 17 one-word lines of the scene on filing cards and shuffling them) or by improvisation (each actor saying his lines in any order—only once each—at any points in the scene); or the actors may speak in the order given here, but say in each speech any one of the 26 principal words or phrases of the play, either improvising on stage or assigning the words to themselves by use of a pack of cards, setting the 26 words and phrases equal to Ace to King black and Ace to King red, and drawing a card for each speech, and using a die to assign punctuation: a 1 or 4 assigning a period; a 2 or 5, an exclamation point; and a 3 or 6, a question mark. Any one of these methods should be used purely. If performed as written, nothing should be improvised in the wording—mistakes should not be allowed. If other methods are used, the act should be completely different at every performance.

Cath. Edward Eggleston?
I.W. Sanguinaria?
E.E. Catherine!
H.G. Holy Grail!
E.E. Holy Grail!
I.W. Inhabitancy.
Cath. Catherine!
I.W. Hindbrain!
H.G. Ropy.
I.W. Leitmotiv!
E.E. Hindbrain.
Cath. Leitmotiv!
H.G. Ropy.
I.W. Edward Eggleston!
H.G. Second fiddle!
E.E. Resurrectionism!
I.W. Prima donna!

END OF **ACT II**

ACT III

Note: Speeches in this act must be said in the order given.

Scene 1

Note: Edward Eggleston must be off stage at the beginning of this scene and must enter sometime during the second speech.

Cath. Isn't a butter knife's phototaxis greater than a verdurous of Wight before a jail delivery?

(During the foregoing speech Edward Eggleston enters, wearing a green sash, and goes toward Catherine.)

Cath. Obeisance to your verdurous sash, arrestor. (She curtsies.)

H.G. But, arrestor, don't scutch the Isle of Wight for her shortage of sanguinarias! Did she not extemporize on a butter knife as well as on a jail delivery?—She is about to extemporize again.

I.W. Am I not verdurous despite the shortage? Alas, although the hindbrain has had its jail delivery, there's been none for the verdurous sanguinarias of the Isle of Wight.

E.E. Aren't you the prima donna? No sanguinarias?—play second fiddle to the arrestor, lest he scutch you indeed, or use a running knot on you! To the arrestor, obeisance!

H.G. Your leitmotiv seems to be thralldom, and a ropy one at that! Would you scutch an inhabitancy of the hemathermal for a shortage? Let your sash play second fiddle!

Cath. Your resurrectionism sickens me as it would sicken any hemathermal being.

E.E. Holy Grail, it is like a phototaxis, your obeisance to this prima donna. And as for *your* leitmotiv—why do you extemporize for this inhabitancy against *me*, Edward Eggleston?

I.W. Edward Eggleston, your hindbrain is ropy.—Catherine's for your sash, but the Holy Grail is with the Isle of Wight.

E.E. Is thralldom a phototaxis due to a butter knife? Is Catherine more for running knot resurrectionism than for butter knife resurrectionism?

H.G. If you scutch and sicken someone, will not thralldom become a phototaxis for him? On such a ropy thralldom, Edward Eggleston, only a second fiddle would extemporize.

I.W. Might not a butter knife cause such a phototaxis in the hindbrain of a verdurous prima donna? Catherine, . . . *don't* be for a *sash*!

Cath. Inhabitancy, it is not because of my hindbrain that, unlike the Holy Grail, I am for the arrestor.

I.W. Don't extemporize on *that* leitmotiv, prima donna! Did he not scutch you—this *sanguinaria* of an arrestor—and did he not sicken you?

E.E. Don't use a running knot for a butter knife—not even the verdurous running knot in the sash of "this *sanguinaria*"! There's no hemathermal shortage here.

I.W. Must the Isle of Wight not, for her jail delivery, do obeisance? Must "this inhabitancy" not play second fiddle, because of a shortage?

Cath. Is Edward Eggleston's resurrectionism the Holy Grail's resurrectionism?

I.W. Catherine, your leitmotiv is a running knot. Holy Grail this inhabitancy sickens because of that leitmotiv.

END OF **ACT III, Scene 1**

Scene 2

Note: In this scene, the actors must punctuate their own lines.

Cath. butter knife phototaxis verdurous prima donna

I.W. hemathermal running knot running knot second fiddle thralldom Isle of Wight jail delivery

Cath. obeisance verdurous sash arrestor

H.G. arrestor scutch Isle of Wight shortage sanguinaria extemporize butter knife jail delivery extemporize

I.W. verdurous shortage hindbrain jail delivery verdurous sanguinaria Isle of Wight

E.E. prima donna sanguinaria second fiddle arrestor scutch running knot arrestor obeisance

H.G. leitmotiv thralldom ropy scutch inhabitancy hemathermal shortage sash second fiddle

Cath. resurrectionism sicken sicken hemathermal

E.E. Holy Grail phototaxis obeisance prima donna leitmotiv extemporize inhabitancy Edward Eggleston

I.W. Edward Eggleston hindbrain ropy Catherine sash Holy Grail Isle of Wight

E.E. thralldom phototaxis butter knife Catherine running knot resurrectionism butter knife resurrectionism

H.G. scutch sicken thralldom phototaxis ropy thralldom Edward Eggleston second fiddle extemporize

I.W. butter knife phototaxis hindbrain verdurous prima donna Catherine sash

Cath. inhabitancy hindbrain Holy Grail arrestor

I.W. extemporize leitmotiv prima donna scutch sanguinaria arrestor sicken

Cath. hemathermal ropy jail delivery obeisance

E.E. running knot butter knife verdurous running knot sash sanguinaria hemathermal shortage

I.W. Isle of Wight jail delivery obeisance inhabitancy Isle of Wight second fiddle shortage

Cath. Edward Eggleston resurrectionism Holy Grail resurrectionism

I.W. Catherine leitmotiv running knot Holy Grail inhabitancy sickens leitmotiv

END OF **ACT III**

ACT IV

Note: In this act, each of any 3 of the 4 members of the cast chooses any one of the main words or phrases of the play. This choice may be made freely or by card chance (assigning each of the 26 main words and phrases of the play to the 13 denominations of black cards and the 13 denominations of red cards). Improvising his action, as in the rest of the play, each of the 3 actors repeats his word any number of times, with as much of his attention concentrated on the word as possible—"with all his might" (not necessarily loudly!)—using all of a long breath for each repetition of his word. The repetitions of the words should be separated by silences of at least 3 seconds, but not more than 30 seconds each. The act may end any time after the first 2 minutes and must end before the 21st minute.

ACT V

Note: The speeches of this act should probably be delivered in the order given, although, if the members of the cast think of a really superior order, that may be used. In no case should the simultaneous speeches be first or last in the scene or one immediately following the other. The unpunctuated speeches must be punctuated by the actors.

Cath. Sicken scutch hindbrain, scutch. Isle of Wight. Thralldom! Edward Eggleston—second fiddle (extemporize) second fiddle! Butter knife verdurous thralldom! Obeisance 'inhabitancy'

(phototaxis)—sicken . . . prima donna; Holy Grail, resurrectionism?

H.G. Prima donna.

I.W. leitmotiv butter knife obeisance leitmotiv resurrectionism Holy Grail Edward Eggleston

E.E. Isn't a ropy shortage in a running knot a hemathermal shortage in the hindbrain of the ropy Isle of Wight?

Cath. Catherine.

I.W. Through whose sash was there no jail delivery for this inhabitancy? Through this sanguinaria of an arrestor was there no verdurous jail delivery.

Cath. running knot Catherine sash hemathermal

All (*Note:* At this point each member of the cast selects one of the following 5 poems made from the principal words and phrases of the play. After an *ad lib.* pause, the 4 actors begin to read the poems as "simultaneous asymmetries" using "the basic method." That is, all empty spaces, including whole empty lines, should be rendered as silences of the duration necessary for the reading aloud of any words printed directly above or below the spaces, with no words intervening vertically. Capitalized or italicized words other than proper nouns should be read loudly or shouted; quoted or parenthesized words should be read softly or whispered; other words are to be read moderately loudly or moderately softly. The poems may be printed in large letters on flats surrounding this scene or typed on papers piled somewhere on stage. In the 1st case, each actor should select a different flat from which to be read; in the 2nd, each should take one poem from the pile of papers. The action continues to be improvised even though the actors may be holding poems or reading from flats, but as each actor finishes his poem, he sits down wherever he is when finished. The next speech begins when the last actor sits, but if papers are used, all actors should arise and return their poems to the pile, thoroughly mixing the papers in the pile as they return them during the next speech and, if necessary, the following one.) (Titles are not to be read.)

FIRST VERDUROUS SANGUINARIA ASYMMETRY

Second fiddle thralldom jail delivery.

Sash Holy Grail *shortage*?

PHOTOTAXIS

SANGUINARIA *butter knife!*

Obeisance extemporize.

Prima donna!

Leitmotiv

(Isle of Wight)

verdurous arrestor Edward Eggleston scutch
hindbrain.

Inhabitancy?

Sicken

Catherine.

Ropy hemathermal resurrectionism running
knot!

SECOND VERDUROUS SANGUINARIA ASYMMETRY

Ropy Isle of Wight running knot!

Second fiddle

scutch?

Phototaxis?

Inhabitancy obeisance

shortage prima donna!

Resurrectionism.

CATHERINE.

Sanguinaria leitmotiv!

ARRESTOR?

Jail delivery?

Extemporize!

Hindbrain.

Holy Grail.

Hemathermal

sicken?

Sash?

Thralldom!

Edward Eggleston BUTTER

KNIFE?

Verdurous

THIRD VERDUROUS SANGUINARIA ASYMMETRY

thralldom

sanguinaria hemathermal!

Jail delivery ARRESTOR

hindbrain

"prima donna"—

shortage.

Resurrectionism.

extemporize.

Isle of Wight:

running knot,

BUTTER KNIFE Catherine

"sicken"
leitmotiv Edward Eggleston.

Inhabitancy second fiddle *obeisance* scutch.
Holy Grail phototaxis.

Ropy sash verdurous

FOURTH VERDUROUS SANGUINARIA ASYMMETRY

prima donna

"hemathermal"
jail delivery Holy Grail

SECOND FIDDLE:
obeisance
(INHABITANCY)
running knot—

resurrectionism Isle of Wight?
Arrestor butter knife—
phototaxis?

Scutch?

Sanguinaria shortage EXTEMPORIZE;
Catherine.

Ropy SICKEN

thralldom
(sash)
VERDUROUS hindbrain.

Leitmotiv Edward Eggleston

FIFTH VERDUROUS SANGUINARIA ASYMMETRY

RESURRECTIONISM second fiddle
"arrestor"
(prima donna)
SICKEN,
shortage?

Isle
of Wight verdurous
(extemporize
running knot)
'Holy Grail'!

Hemathermal?

Sanguinaria

Obeisance;
ropy butter
knife?
Edward Eggleston Catherine

scutch

jail delivery,
sash.

Inhabitancy;
phototaxis?

Thralldom
hindbrain.

Leitmotiv

H.G. The phototaxis of a sanguinaria is not that of an arrestor, namely, to scutch. To Edward Eggleston, the shortage of a prima donna is a phototaxis toward a running knot.

I.W. Hemathermal!

H.G. inhabitancy obeisance prima donna jail delivery Isle of Wight thralldom hemathermal Holy Grail verdurous

I.W. Shortage Catherine—butter knife, second fiddle.

Cath. Arrestor.

All (*Note:* The procedure of the other simultaneous speech of this scene is repeated here, but each actor makes sure that he reads a different poem than he did in the earlier simultaneity.)

E.E. Catherine, in the hindbrain of an arrestor there is no resurrectionism like the Isle of Wight's resurrectionism, *nor*—by my sash!—that of the Holy Grail.

I.W. Jail delivery!

E.E. Wouldn't you rather extemporize on second fiddle than sicken on my sash, or isn't the leitmotiv of your hindbrain the phototaxis of the sanguinaria?

Cath. Extemporize!

H.G. Running knot (obeisance); leitmotiv (ropy)! Thralldom "inhabitancy", ropy sanguinaria; thralldom; scutch . . . sicken: Edward Eggleston . . . butter knife scutch.

END OF **ACT V**

ACT VI

Note: Any one of the four actors says any one of the 26 principal words and noun phrases of the play *once* during this act. There may be any amount of nonverbal sound and/or silence and/or improvised action before, during, and after the saying of the one word or phrase. In this action and/or sound production, any or all of the actors may participate.

END OF **ACT VI**

END OF *VERDUROUS SANGUINARIA*

A woman dressed in an eight foot skirt with an ocean painted on it, walks slowly into the room.

Her transparent jacket, her hands and her face are covered with the deliberate markings of blue waves and she is wearing a large rock on the top of her head.

A man wearing long white gloves and black tails enters the same room carrying two wooden sticks in his hands. He walks to the skirt and sitting down quietly on the floor, he carefully removes his gloves.

The man looks quietly out from his place on the floor and the woman looks out from her ocean skirt. The woman finally speaks into the air.

"DOES A WAVE BELONG TO THE SEA OR THE SHORE?"

The man raises the wooden sticks high over his head and bending his body toward the ground begins to scream loudly as he brings the wooden sticks smashing to the floor. While the woman simultaneously places a fan made out of a rock in front of her face.

Silence.

The woman speaks:

"DOES FUR BELONG TO THE HORSE OR TO WIND?"

The man moves the sticks outward to his sides and beginning to scream, brings the sticks loudly smashing together in front of him. While the woman brings a very large photograph of a human hand in front of her face.

The two are silent, staring out.

The woman speaks,

"DOES A BATHTUB'S HOLE BELONG TO BATHTUB OR TO SKY?"

The man raises the sticks above his head and although opening his mouth wide and bringing the sticks crashing to the floor, no sound comes from his mouth. While simultaneously the woman raises the fan in front of her face that has painted on it a large blue sky with holes in it.

Silence.



The woman reaches across the skirt to a silver handle sticking up from the center. She turns the handle carefully and the skirt made out of the ocean, raises into the air slowly, like a giant curtain.

The curtain finally stops and she looks out.

"DOES THE OCEAN BELONG TO THE SEA OR THE SHORE?"

The man raises the sticks above his head and opens his mouth. Screaming, he moves the sticks slowly toward the floor but stops them just before they hit the ground. While the woman, reaching over to another lever on the skirt, pushes it with effort to its far side and one hundred melmac cups cascading out from under the skirt come suddenly crashing onto the wooden floor.

Directions for Genesis 1 and 2
A Ritual Chant by Aaron Marcus
© 1973

Assemble 26 people where day and night meet, where earth, sky, water, and fire meet.

Facing a center, 24 people form a circle standing or sitting within touching distance (extra people are in single file in back of these 24 people and also face the center). Number 24 is at the north, 12 at the south, 6 at the east, and 18 at the west.

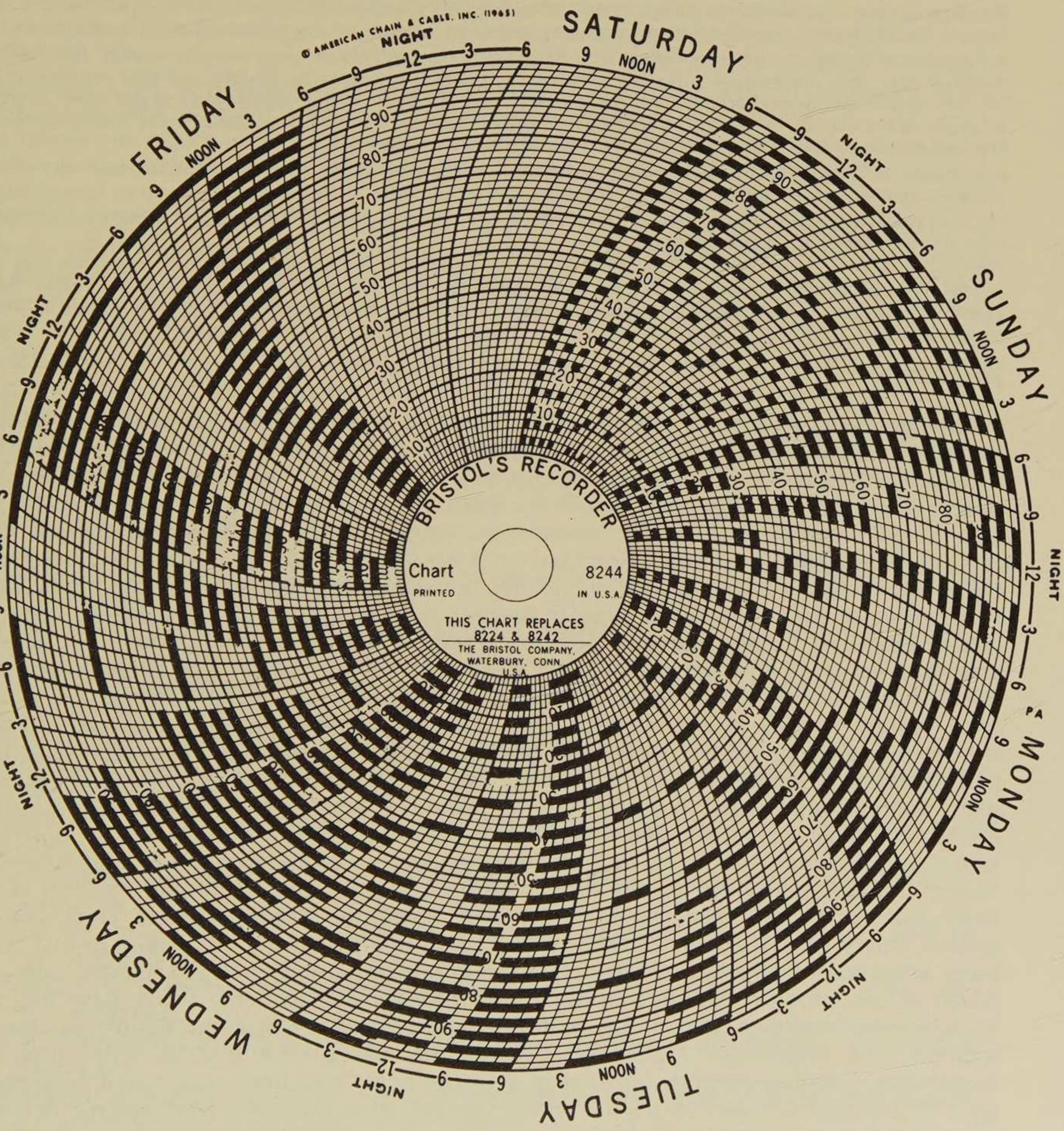
Number 25 is near the center facing east. The 26th person, the Timer, is near the center facing west. Both are along the east-west axis.

Number 25 selects a high note and an octave lower a low note. They should be comfortable and resonant. The low note is sung as BA, as in 'baw'; the high note is sung as ME, as in 'meet'.

Each of the 25 persons (or extra people in a radial line) finds the appropriate concentric band in the time chart, beginning with Number 1 near the center of the chart. Empty spaces indicate silence. Filled spaces represent sound. A short breath may be taken between continued spaces.

The Timer will clap every 5 seconds (this may be determined by the rhythm of slow breathing) for the first time through the sequence of 7 days and every 1 second (this may be determined by the rhythm of heartbeats) for the second time through the sequence. Each clap signals to the 25 people the beginning of a new time-space, and each person should begin to chant or to be silent according to the chart. The syllables should be alternated each time-space that a person is to sing. The person should begin by first singing the low or high note according to whether the person is male or female.

The chart sequence begins at 6 pm Saturday evening on the chart and all singing ends at 6 pm Friday evening. During all of Saturday, the Timer will continue to clap the time intervals. With a little practice and a moment of silence before each of the two sequences, begin...


© AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE, INC. (1965)
SATURDAY
FRIDAY
SUNDAY
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
NOON
NIGHT
BRISTOL'S RECORDER
Chart
8244
PRINTED
IN U.S.A.
THIS CHART REPLACES
8224 & 8242
THE BRISTOL COMPANY,
WATERBURY, CONN.
U.S.A.

The material is provided to condition any space or area. Horizontal notations (A-E) are to be placed parallel with the floor, earth, etc. The level of reference designated by the vertical notations (as a convenience) is represented by an identically *operating* expanse (rotation around a central point by degrees) which uses instead, event-situation selections to predict the actual space-area, speed, etc. A horizontal notation is used for each musical event. The vertical notations (I-IV) have only an angular displacement and present an enormous accumulation of possibilities. By using the drift notations (BB), a line is variously extended through the vertical notations. Thus the intersections and periphery are activated; all others are then voided for a performance.

The descriptions of event-classes permit wide and ambiguous selections. No external or non-performance motivations should be used. The descriptions of event-classes can extend to any parameter of a performance.

Articulation of the piece is interdependent with the musical demands which occur simultaneously. The theatrical demands may slow the musical pulsation to whatever extreme is necessary, thereby radically influencing and interacting with the musical activity. Priority is given in any situation to the requirements of the score. Events of an active nature may be initiated anytime after, during, or before an articulation point in the musical structure. The best choice for this is during inactive or relatively inactive areas.

It is possible to use a public address amplifier (with the loudspeakers in the stage area) for the extension of conversation among the players in their active distribution of activities.

No "extraordinary" ("theatrical," lighting, etc.) effects are required. The beginning and ending of a performance need not be marked or articulated in any way.

If both *Sur (Doctor) John Dee* and *Tabulatura Soyga* are performed simultaneously, certain conditions may arise which produce erroneous situations. A conductor appointed from the players or a separate conductor (whose aspect on stage should be actively that of research or coordination in a process situation) may decide to cancel, correct, proceed with, or stop activities.

JERRY HUNT . . . . . *Sur (Doctor) John Dee*

Employing 0-11 people, or separately multiples of any prime. Specialized instrumental situations and environmental territory, respectively mobile-active & immobile-inactive. Material: *Horizontal enchantment;* various sequences of circular graphs. Arrangement per page columns of exclusive association. For each arranged section of material from *tabulatura soyga** employ one graph. Association by preset coding, fixed throughout each performance. Associate from structural integers 0-9 any letter a-j. Letters and numbered columns refer to associations with *preparallel,* for which see separate instructions. Circles, interruptive circles, amorphous circular shapes: interior center of performance area; in solo instances to spinal column of performer-and/or immediate environment (in case of simultaneous musical activity); in group performances, the generalized center created by the closest possible contact of the various spinal columns of the performers. Circumference: assumed limits of performance area. Longest straight line in a given performance the extreme distance from central point possible under demands of time allowable in a performance. When separately performed, the horizontal level of performance lies on a plane approximately equal to the level of the hands dropped to their lowest natural extent. (More accurately, the mūlādhāracakra.) Top of page, geographic north. Lines with arrows, extent beyond limits, proceding into unmeasured space involved in performance; extent direction, outgoing, ingoing; curves with or without arrows, movement and rotation as notated: inference to the demarcation of the 360° revolution around center. Lines without arrows, imply territory with open direction. Movement in plane of angle in or out. Dark lines, alteration of environment associated with horizontal enchantment. Dotted lines, addition of specialized situations into horizontal passive environment. Manipulate the performance-environment to conform to the circular figures. Cessation figures as musical material (see *preparallel, tabulatura soyga).* These take priority over all other notations, suspending notation-progress, involving activities at notated horizontal space, engaged in gesture-process from vertical enchantment. *Vertical enchantment:* 180°—plane of reference, parallel to horizontal enchantment. Whatever, physically comfortable. No stress. Page 26.2 cm. width. Associated as above with letter-number orders. Same ordering throughout a performance, musically, gesturally. Letters, Capitalized A-Z small case a-z greek letters, small case α-ω. Reference to instrumental-situations, physical stress, object transformation, assembly, gesture, conditioning, construction, and other activities. Signs are placed parallel pulse-grid (tab. soy. or prep.) and spatially disposed in performance process. Using double-lettered drift-grid, each column divides into number of persons involved 0-11 & multiples of primes. Numbers refer to centimetric drift—left to right. Lines top to bottom of column cause deflections through left-right field of vert. enchtmt. Left-right lines; more than one person involved in same activity. To distribute work-stress, performers use verbal cues, natural—no stress—to negotiate situation. When necessary take precedence over musical activity. ⌀ refers to change of reference to 360° extent from

horiz. enctmt. No arrow, use either angle, or extend throughout line. Numbers refer to rotation of 360° (x1,2,3 etc.-720° etc.). Vert. horiz. lines indicate respectively vert. horiz. extent of activities, activated by intersection of drift lines. (It is best to mark these through each score for each performance, rather than attempt to calculate from a parallel-placement of the columns to score.) Two or more letters together: mixture to produce new event. Represent each as equally as possible. Letters x/y, etc.: partial successive event. Continuously altering, without stress. (x) etc., instantaneous reference, partial, as short as possible. Lines with arrows: extending any amount necessary or possible into peripheral notational environment. It is suggested that the Letters and references be memorized, to enable efficient performance and simultaneous musical activity. All notations remain in effect until notationally cancelled or discharged through the demands of oncoming situations. Numbers with degrees refer to angle of activity: 0°-90° ascending (stable spinal center, facing north), 90°-180° descending, 180° - 270° descending, 270°-360°-0° ascending. Where the specific demands of the Vertical notation references require planes of movement or establishment, a parallel plane intersecting the highest possible ascent of the given degree is implied. All discharge or intake of energy must, however, intersect this plane at the angular reference specified. (Thus establishing two expansive circular extents, tangent in the extremes of their rotation.) Vertical notational references: each letter calls for a particular activity-object-process. No distinction between substantive predicative modifying transforming. Specific instrumentation requires the acquisition of a reservoir of materials of various types, etc. For each category a letter is associated. The number of such articles should be for each category at *least* twice the number of performers (76x2X). All varieties should be recognized as that type, and it is preferable that the same multiple prevail in all areas, when possible. Seats, table, instruments, etc., available for all gestures as immobility terrain, horiz. enchtmt.

A.: Canopy/parabola/umbrella; opening/closing. a.: same; rotation, dip, thrust, environ. fill, expanse.

B.: Mobile-band-rubber-clothmetal/coiling/thrust/splash/outburst. b.: helix, inversecoil, internal, sensory mask/robing, disrobing.

C.: Harmonic physical causatives: taped, color/attachment. c.: use empirical only (immediate purpose, subs.).

D.: Curtain/railing; draw/open; prepare. d.: self-close.

E.: Cranial spat-star/attach-lines/hair/massive/plastic, etc./ wire-thin, deflect/up. e.: cranial hemisphere plastic.

F.: Object-erotic-projective-complex of advance; tangent, no embrace. f.: rod-linear/any subs.

G.: Transparency/physical/malleable stretch-thrust-retract. g.: same; open, spinal coil; upsplash/or pull.

H.: Skull; neural dependency/thumbs/grasp/autotactile/cordal extensions. h.: Skull attachment-adhesive.

I.: Transmission/immobile environment/grasp/collective/reserve-deposit. i.: Same, display-elevation.

J.: Spinal; cylindrical; extensive; up/stagnant/hold. j.: cylindrical-transmissive; fluidic/stagnant/hold.

K.: Projection; dispersion; random; physical; air: hold smaller than ¼x¼x¼; low density. k.: atmospheric: suspension; odor; sweet.

L.: Metallic/lunar-calculations for directions (astral) sheet/plane/malleable. l.: Metallic/utility; attachment; drag/travel/displace/grating; aligning/cranialintersect/extensive.

M.: Machine/under/robed/opening/reposition/utility/environmental/immediate. m.: instrumental/same.

N.: Balanced/open/negative/receptacle/no stress, musculature undrawn. n.: any possibilities, no utility.

O.: Outsplashing/atmospheric/electrical/vegetable-chemical/organic. o.: same/transmissive.

P.: Multifacet/glass diffractive/illuminative/interior/admix/drawing breathholding. p.: light /absorptive.

Q.: Dividers/total environ./horiz. Opaque/plating/surfacing (Rectangle/plane, fixed). q.: same, linear-floor/geocentric.

R.: Interior. Positioning. Breath/rushing/polar/hold, cushioned. r.: same/ecstatic.
S.: Levitation/non-quantified/lift/stress/opposition/instrumental alignment. s.: same/solar-lunar/frenzy/orbital-vibration/non-cyclic/environmental.
T.: Flashing/mechanic/physical/attachment/environmental/contour-travelling/massive. t.: Tablet/attachment/cording/abode/enchain/pressure/arc/erotic/gestural/instrumental.
U.: Heat/drawn/excite/neural/preparatory/expectant: visible. u.: same; fade/twilight/recline/hold.
V.: Biologic/shock/reverberative/death (suspension, cordless) tangent. v.: amorphous/ total/drape/interior visceral/pyramidal/bliss.
W.: Penetrative/intersect/mesh; steel/transparent/fabric/tactile. w.: network/expensive, objective.
X.: Selective/per horizontal extension/mirror-image/distribution. x.: shining/image-reflective/vibrato.
Y.: Agglomerative/globe/spherical, demiconcave/environmental. y.: collective/extensive/ transmit/interruption/gravity/slide/plane.
Z.: Interior/radiating/press/onset. z.: same, specific: attachment/illuminative/color/distribute/spinal rotative, table/stress/empty.

α.: Spinal-subspiral/subtending vertical/instrumental/rod projective/attack/plasticmasking.
β.: Encasement adorne; convergent/cohesive/rod/linear/metal/meander.
γ.: Absorption/digestion; vegetable/hot/alternating herbal-distributive/obligation.
δ.: Observation; object/arrow/objective/transmissive/visual/specific/environmental.
ϵ.: Caesura/cube/rectangular/throne/mode/table.
ζ.: Assembly/specific only/instrumental/pierce/travelling.
η.: Resistance/padding/specific/environmental/reductive.
θ.: Distributive; sensorium/two aspects/one object / multiplicative / directive / possibly taste smell feel (nonaural; nonvisual).
ι.: Fan/machine/directive/objective/environmental.
κ.: Opening/extensive/directional/encasement/extreme/Magellanic clouds.
λ.: Contact/sensory/process/abrasive; fricative; application/environmental/multiple.
μ.: Spinal, gestural/observe/hold/interior/attack-stress.
ν.: Total rotation/objective/suspension/total / inclusive / whole-number rotations only. North Shift Reference should return to original position upon completion.
ξ.: Negative; open possibilities/mixture/environmental/constructive.
o.: Geotactile/total/simultaneous/instant body surface. Suspension.
π.: Placement/pole/demarcation/horizontal extent/environmental coding.
ρ.: Interior/instrumental absorption/tangent/tactile/pseudosexual.
σ.: Scatter/tube/stellar intersections, attracted to plane of horizontal line. Any substance.
τ.: Fluorescent/obtained environment inclusive specific instrumentation.
υ.: Atmospheric/dense/respiratory/afflict/upward, downward.
φ.: Total/horizontal/recline/environmental.
χ.: Disintegrative/process/complete/partials of process before and after specific pulsation of soyga or other bands/Admix/not-abrupt/machine.
ψ.: Visual/planar/horizontal intersective/regular/systematic/interruptive.
ω.: Sleep/objective/induction/interior/nondiscrimination/evacuation/empty.

I. Environmental instrumentation should not be influenced. It may be multiplied. Avoid contrived performance areas. Performers, bodies, architectural decorative electrical including electronic sound systems and outputs available.

II. Avoid specific suggestive sequences. The conditionings should flow into one another from submeasure without suggestion of extraordinary occasions. In types, vary substance as constantly as possible. Availability is the limiting factor. It has been found advisable to store instrumentation for a version in piles on conveniently placed tables within the performance interior. Careful coding and arrangement serves as an helpful mnemonic device, since it is difficult to remember so many conditions, and successive versions further confuse the associations of objects to conditions.

No special dress, staging, lighting, housing, seating, etc. All vertical enchantment according to the easy and natural rendering of each performer-participant.

*TABULATURA SOYGA : CORE (1980)
variant: (preparallel:tabulatura soyga)

For 0- 11 sound-producing sources (following Dee association only: available environmentally or through associative activity: convergent result. Use simple three-to-two descending orders (as resultants) to produce displacements in mechanic-movement timbre reserves .

Notational references represent potential approach to mechanic stress-family as well as a continuum (points-isolate) in ingress-egress following spatial disposition of Dee requirements. Detailed discreet references are determined (instant) through measurement and periphery associatives of convergent situation(s) : no reference to specific mechanism or ensemble mass-moment mechanical character.

Reference A: for each source or source- group (parallel Dee performer(s)) - a line straight passed through each required band so as not to intersect parallel boundaries describes a moment-pulse succession which is geometrically parallel material BB (see Dee). In source-groups : negotiation of work-stress, following predominant observation from ensemble-environment. No coincident or overlap-delay pattern should be imposed: easy and natural rendering of each performer-participant. From any of columns A-E , a maximum number of passes through pulse variant intersection may be used independently: no arrangement-patterning. Each pulse point signs a passage and has remote or local derivatives of agreement; these can be established during the procedure of performance: beginning associations (preworkings) can assume a time reference for convenience in preliminary negotiation (15-20"). Cessation requirements of Dee should suspend and produce an interactive extraction of that instant gesture mechanism (observed component at moment of occurrence).

Reference B: for each source or source- group (parallel Dee performer(s)) - a straight line is used as for A, and geometrically aligned similarly. The succession generated is available to field associations only: interactive and when necessary, derivative functions of current enchantment varieties.

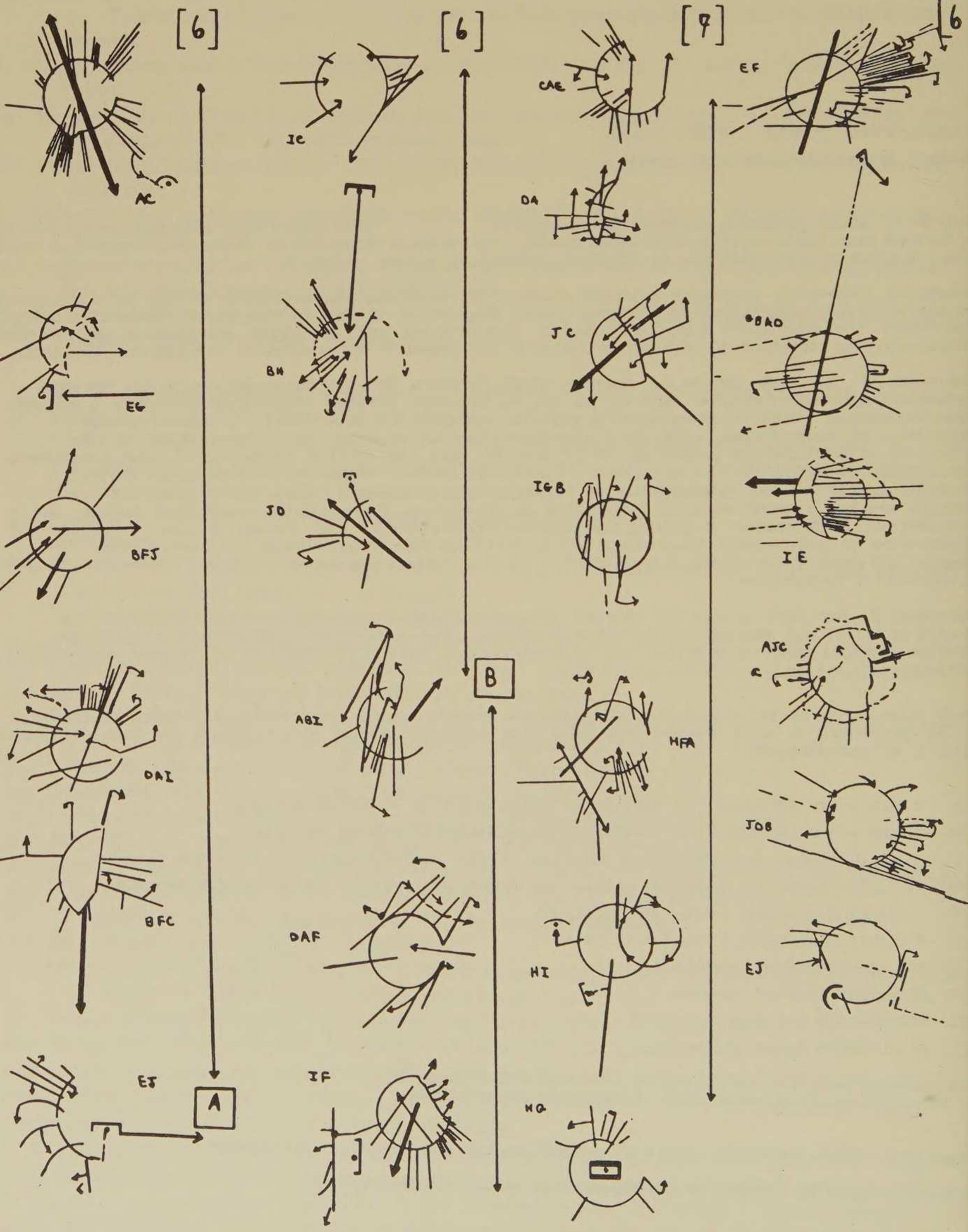
Each sign proposes an engagement of perceived expectation of gesture: local-remote: derivatives of the procedure at each requirement from this sequence: relate direct-instant for both component aspects of enchantments.

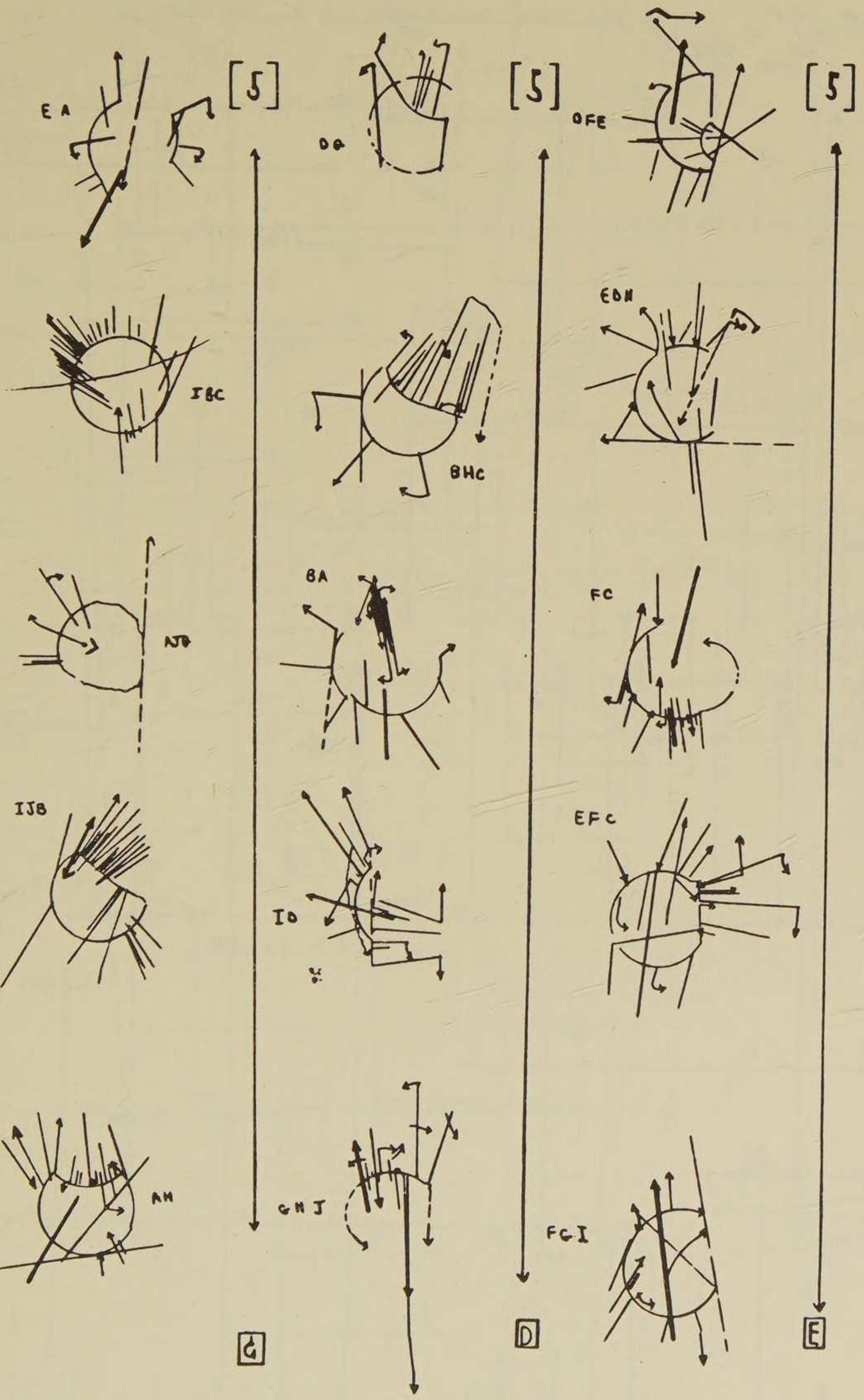
A, a: o extractive (ordinate) of subsidiary component(s) of localized process
B, b: | extractive (ordinate) of subsidiary component(s) of remote process
C, c: x multiplicative (co-ordinate) of observed phrase (ingress-egress) of localized process
D, d: ⊕ multiplicative (co-ordinate) of observed phrase (ingress-egress) of remote process
E, e: > field (distributive) tracker : localized
F, f: < field (distributive) tracker : remote
G, g: ◑ instant tracker : localized
H, h: ◐ instant tracker : remote
I, i: ∨ collective follower : localized
J, j: ∧ collective follower : remote

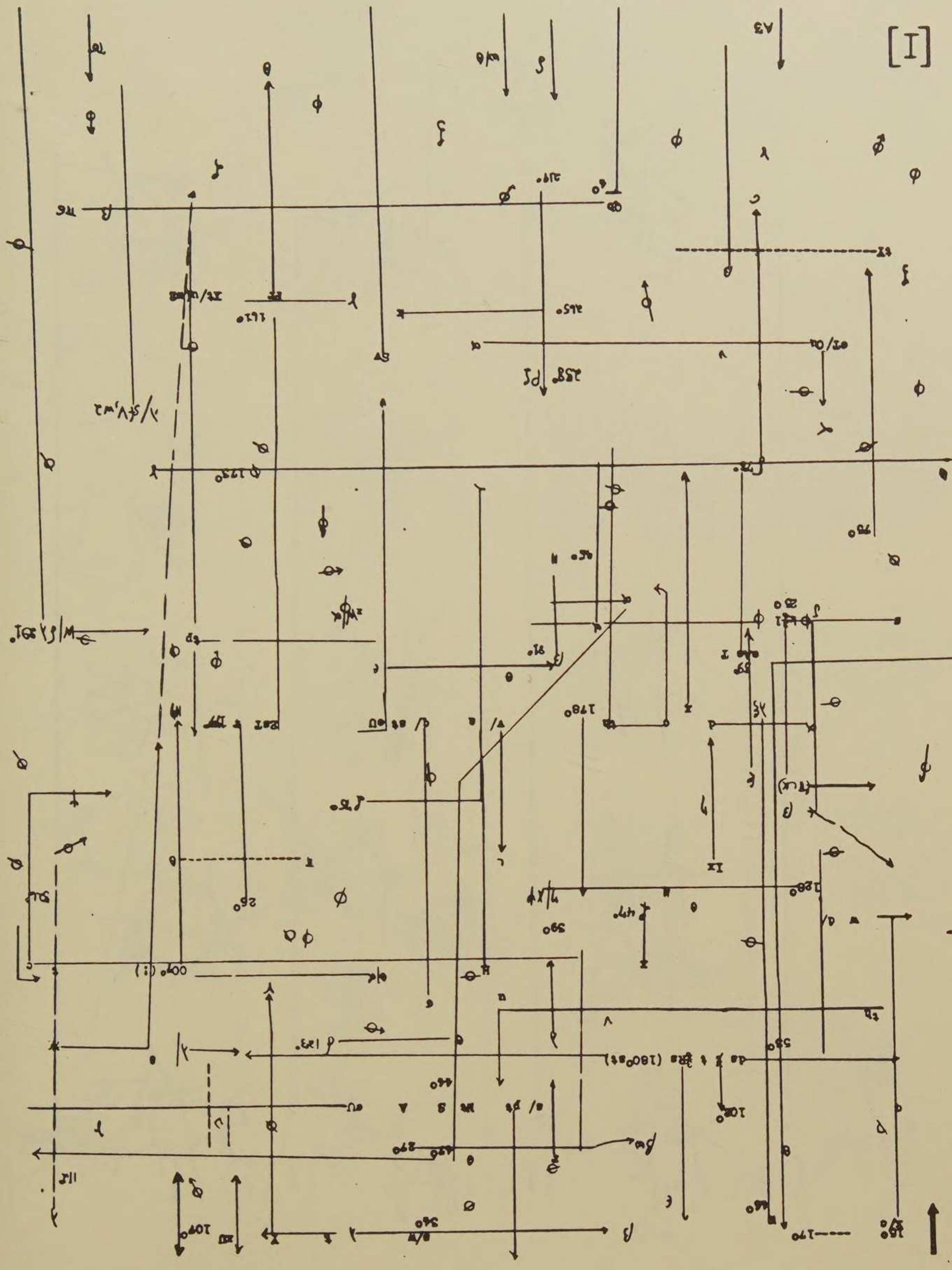
A-J : explicit aspect of engagement as fixture of enchantment
a-j : implicit aspect of engagement as movement presentment

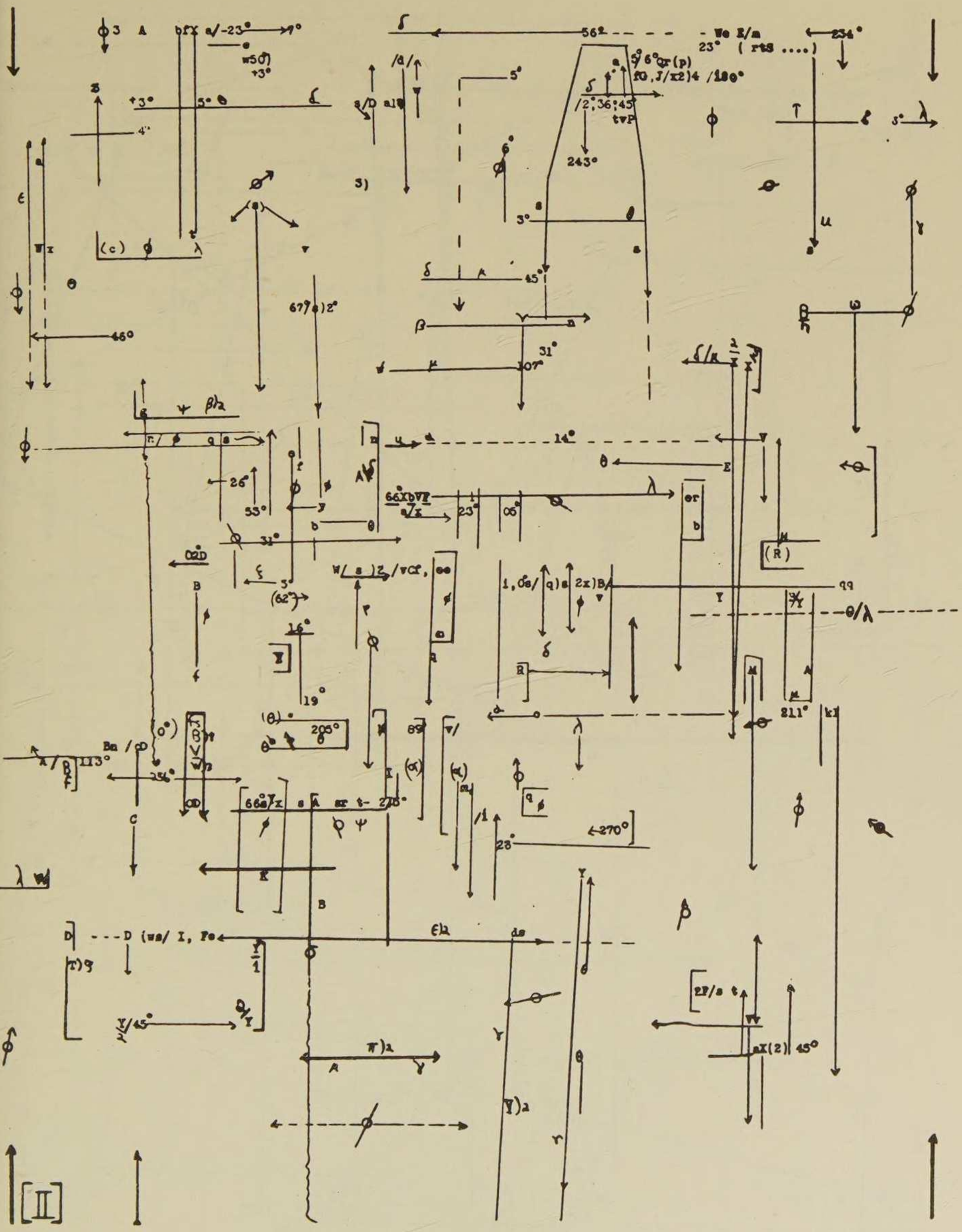
Coincident regions marked through A-J, a-j will produce convergent reinforcements.

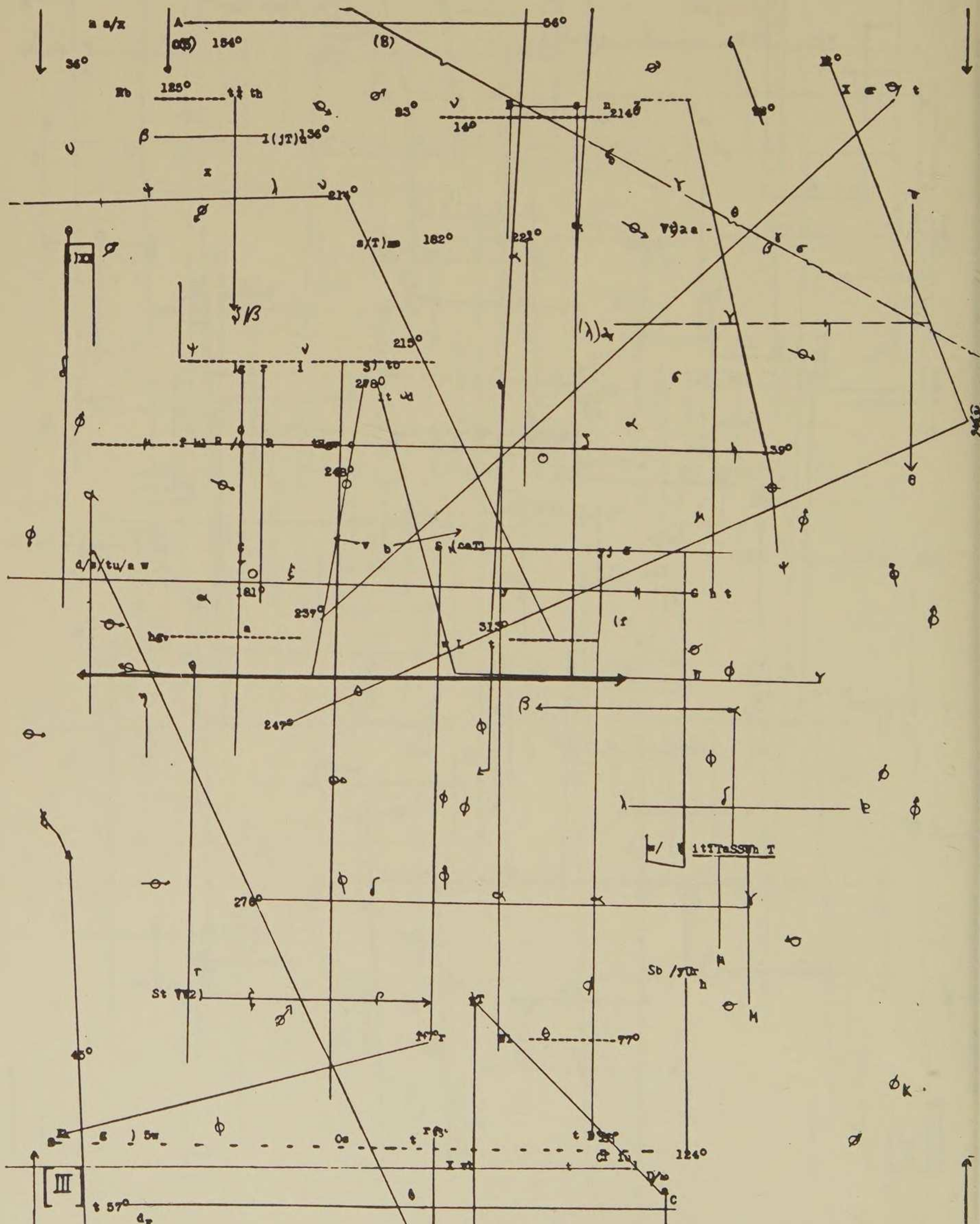
No separate musical systems or intentional or embedded structures.

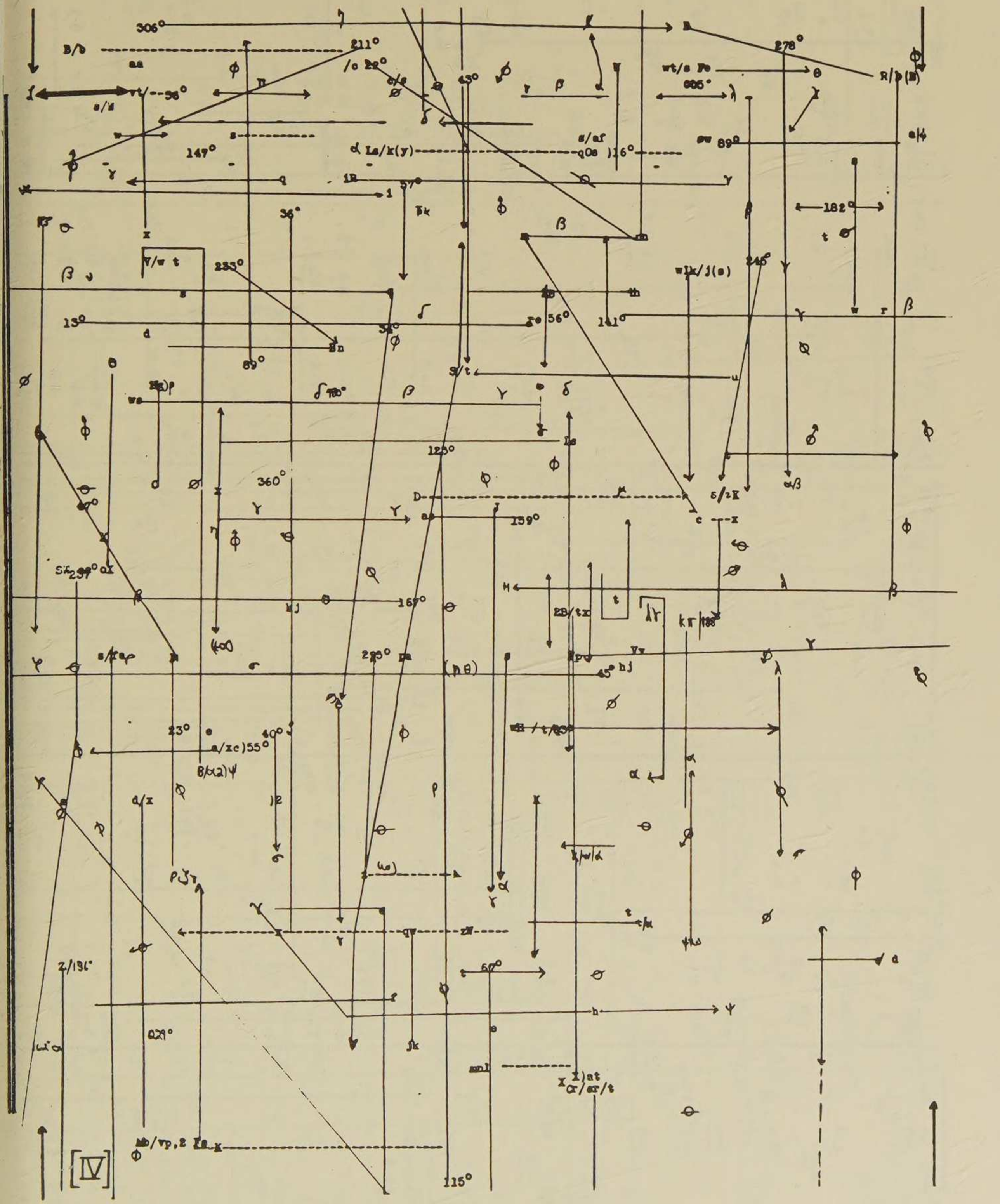

[6]
AC
EG
BFJ
[6]
IC
BH
JD
ABI
DAF
B
[9]
CAE
DA
JC
IGB
HFA
HI
[6]
EF
BAD
IE
AJC
JOB
EJ
EJ
A
IF
HG

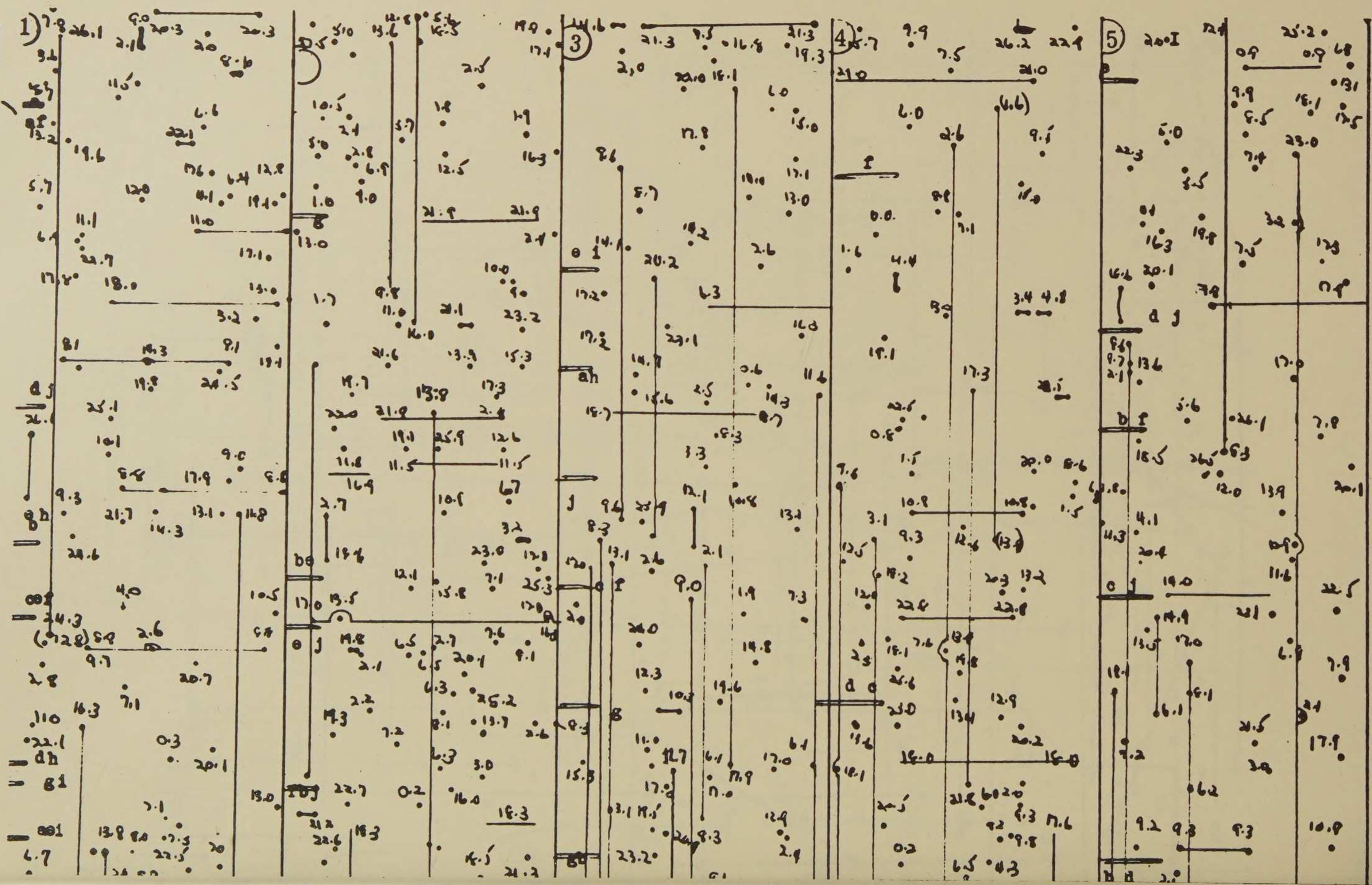

EA
[5]
DG
[5]
OFE
[5]
IBC
BHC
EDH
NB
BA
FC
IJB
ID
EFC
AH
GHJ
FCI
G
D
E



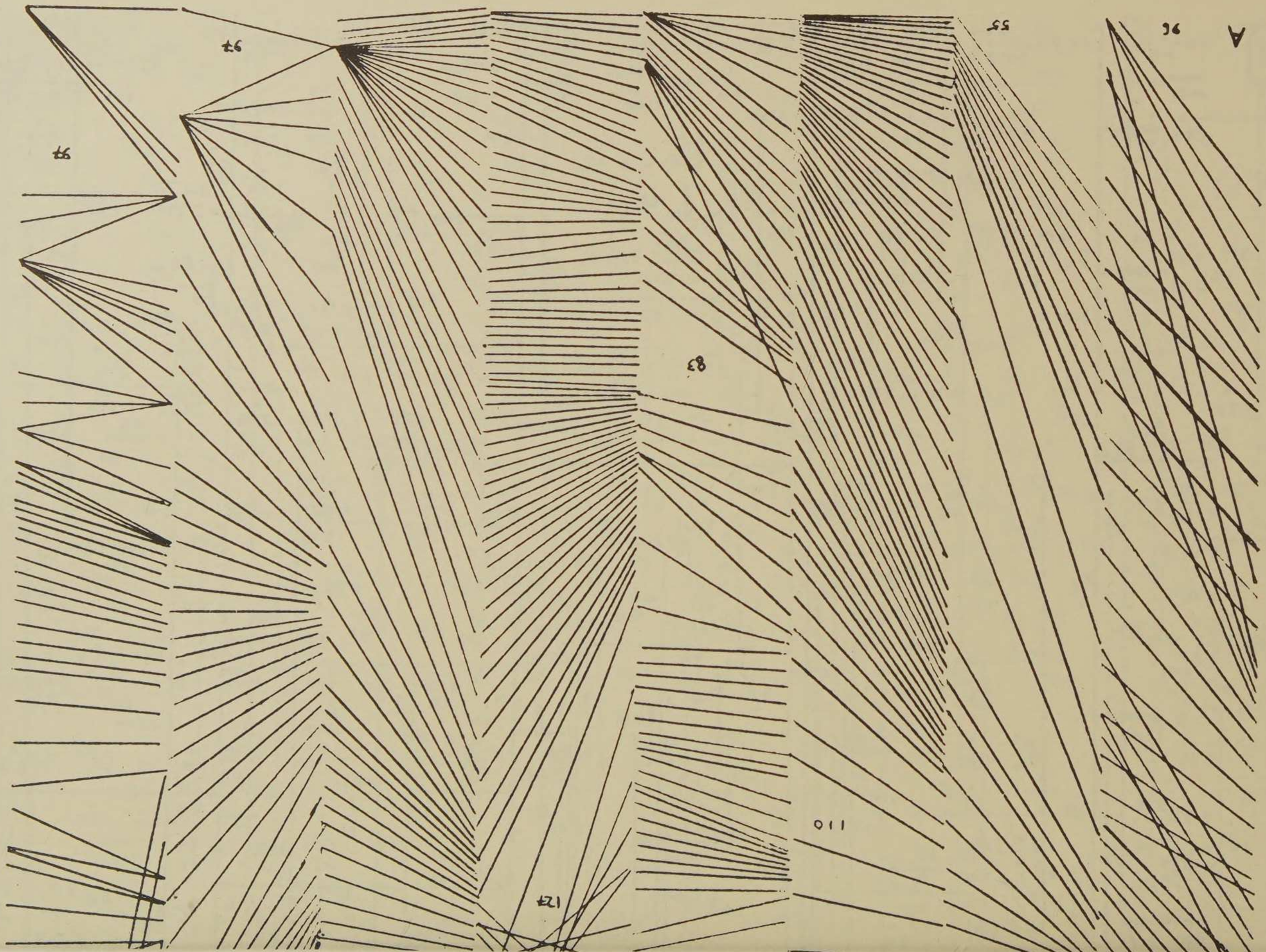


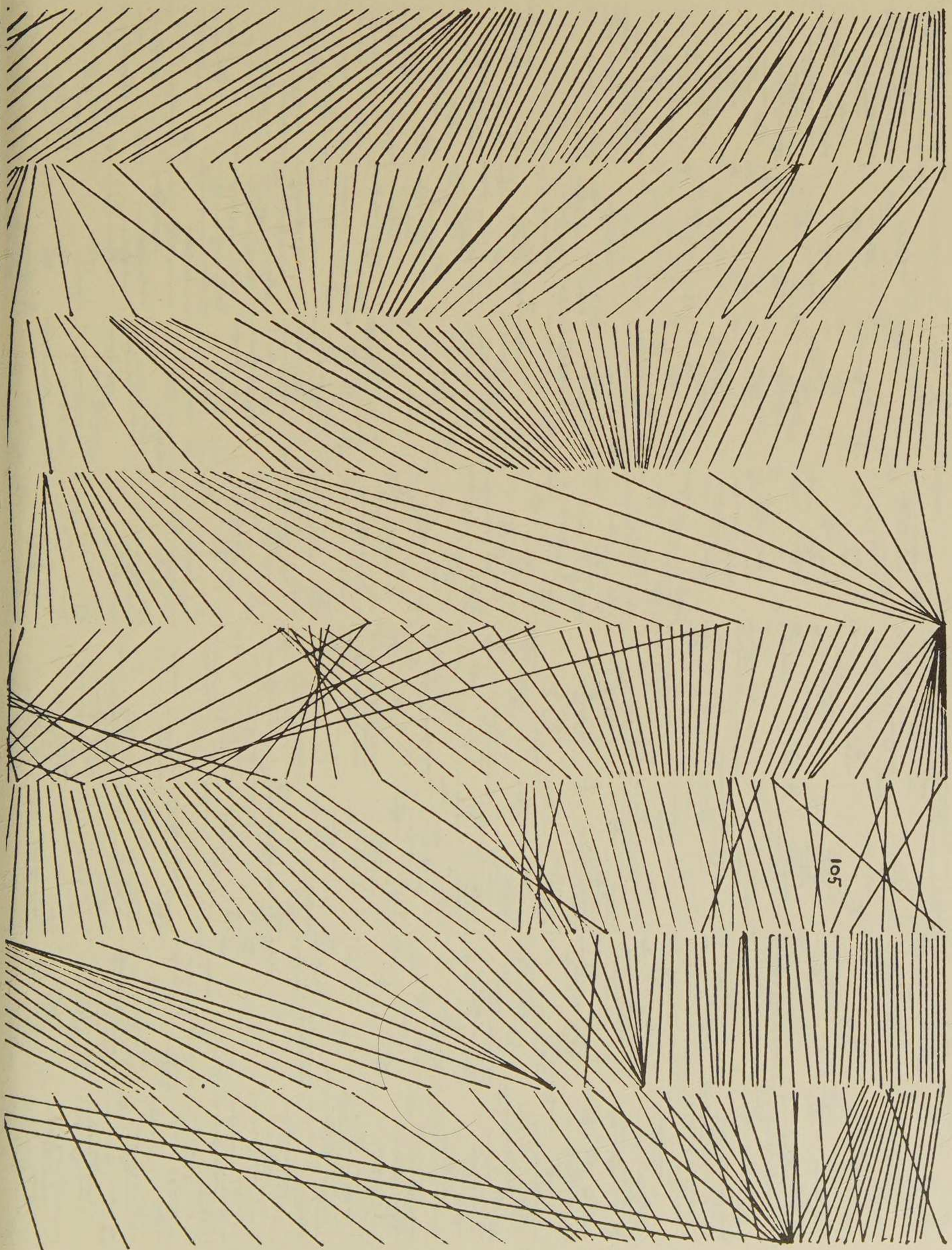

A
(B)
125°
154°
36°
56°
214°
140°
182°
222°
215°
278°
390
237°
313°
247°
270°
124°
57°
III

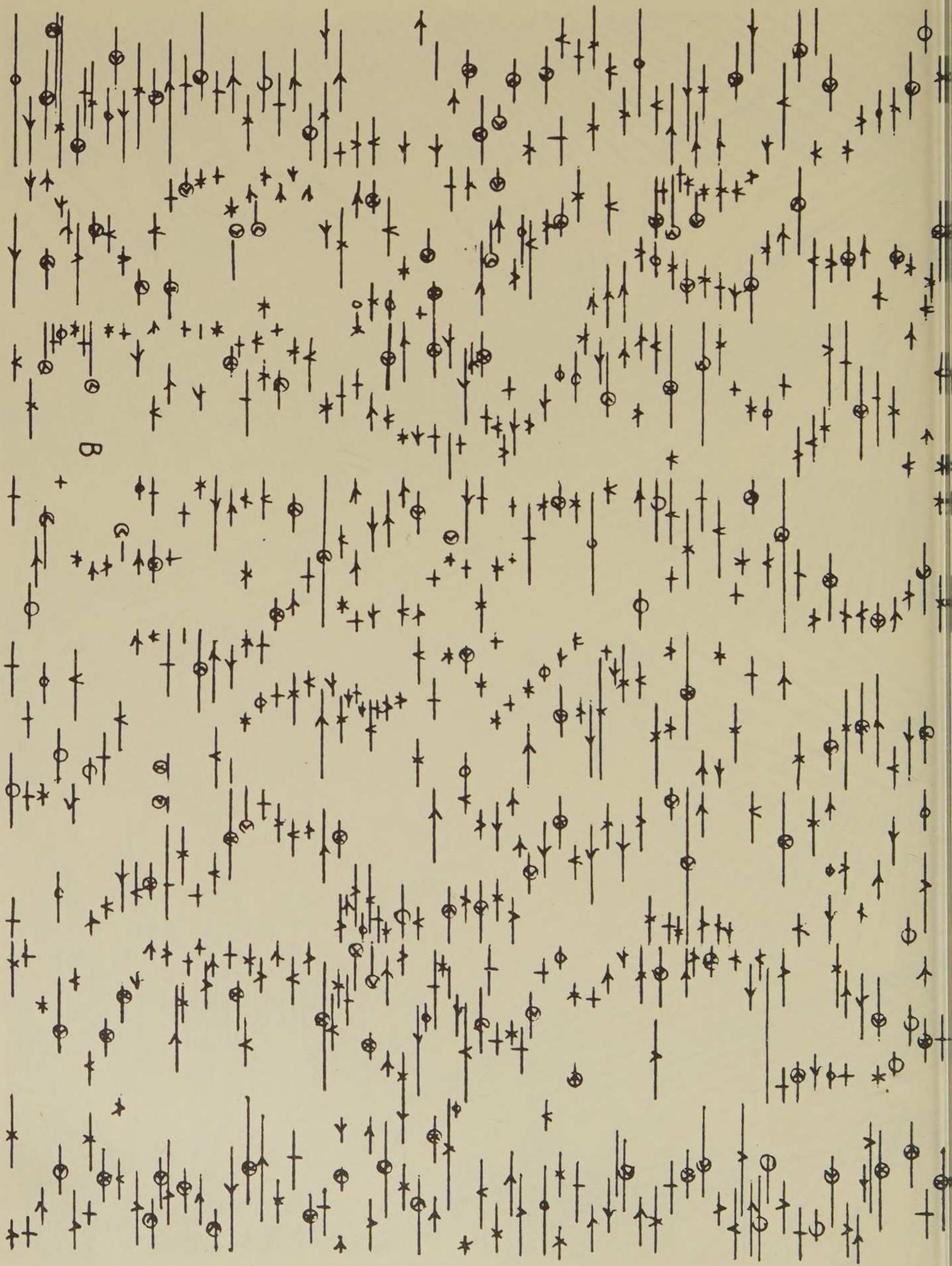

306°
211°
278°
147°
36°
233°
89°
56°
141°
360°
139°
23°
115°
[IV]


1)
3
4
5
(6.6)
16.9
18.3

BB


A
96
55
83
011
121
94
94


105



I

The preparation for this piece begins with the formation of an improvising speaking group, optimally six people with contrasting natural voice qualities and ranges. Meetings are arranged to provide three consecutive hours once a week at a regular time. Excercises are learned or devised to improve and develop (1) awareness and clear and agile articulation of phonemes; (2) development and control of a wide variety and clear differentiation of spoken, chanted, sung, hummed, whispered, shouted, screamed timbres (and many others, as needed and discovered); (3) gradual and sensible development of extreme, moderate, and very subtle ranges of loudness and range in vocal projection; (4) exploration of vocal and percussive body noises; (5) gradual but ultimately bold overcoming of voice and performing inhibitions and ingrained habits, trained or unconsciously acquired, not so as to abrogate all individual idiosyncrasies, but so as to render these both conscious and unselfconscious, and so as to open the mind and the body to new and unfamiliar ones; and (6) willingness and ultimately affirmative group determination to diversify and rearrange continually as growth indicates, the leadership, critical, arbitrative, serving, and other roles in the working group.

The group will be well advised at first to develop short themes with a view to (1) clarity of intention; (2) awareness of and reaction to each other; (3) timing (especially: "How long is too long?", "When is an idea squelched rather than put aside?", "Is a sequence of events goal-directed or simply a fabric? And what duration of it is optimal?", "In counterpoint, what constitutes a difference in texture and when should such changes happen?", "How much and what kind of musical metered time is appropriate?", etc., etc.); (4) roles and masks and the dropping and changing of these as an integral part of group performance; (5) solos, and the group reaction to these; and (6) balance between accepting spontaneous inspirations and adhering to the theme. Themes are abstract, very concrete, representational, obvious, secret, or in many other discoverable categories.

With practice and confidence, longer themes and patterns of themes will grow, and eventually entire compositions. *

II

The second stage of preparation occurs when one member of the group privately, or by request, or by group agreement, prepares to lead this piece.

The first step in the leader's preparation is to undertake, entirely alone, an all-night vigil on behalf of an oppressed group of people, preferably one with which he is not identified except voluntarily. The vigil should last about eight hours and must involve mild to definite (but not extreme) discomfort: quite sufficient to avoid sleep and drowsiness and to serve as a constant reminder that this time is dedicated. A mental (possible also physical) task, which may be arbitrary, symbolic, or even practical in nature must be undertaken rhythmically and unceasingly. Thoughts, and as it happens to be possible, feelings should be brought back to the people for whom the vigil is being undertaken, with gentle insistence, as often as they are found wandering. It will help to select several particular representatives (say, three) of the oppressed group who are openly or privately associated with it, as focal to the dedication of this time and effort. Interruptions, no matter how insistent, must be ignored. Upon the degree and intensity of the concentration of thought, feeling, and physical effort will depend the outcome of the vigil, which is intended to generate solidarity with the group chosen, and a fund of energy from which the piece can take shape.

On the day after, the vigil should be followed if possible by a private and pleasant day of complete rest and inactivity. If interferences, inconveniences or even crises occur they should deliberately be taken on as sacrifices on behalf of the oppressed, not as personal nuisances or disasters. This prolonged and dedicated effort may have a religious aspect if appropriate, but this is a matter for individual decision and should not be shared with the group unless this sharing happens of itself. This vigil is a private matter, and must not be discussed or described to the group. **

BEN JOHNSTON

III

After allowing this experience to lie dormant in the mind for an indefinite period of time, the group leader may undertake the third step of preparation. This consists of selecting or collecting writings or sayings of totally identified and dedicated members of the oppressed group which express their life experience. Themes to be covered must include (1) conception and birth; (2) finding one's identity in relation to others; (3) group energy and high spirits at play and recreation; (4) initiation into one's life task, both externally, by one's group, and internally, through dying to one's former life role; (5) encountering hatred, violence, fear, anger, jealousy, and death; (6) confronting, accepting and transcending death itself; (7) rebirth, resurgence, a new start: with recognition of strength against odds, of pride without self-inflation; (8) confidence in one's essential place in the ongoing process of life and in the exorcism of inner and outer environment by this life affirmation.

IV

When these words are selected (and some, at least, should remain if practicable in the language of those who uttered them), they become the basis for realizing the piece in performance, with the improvising speaking group. Each member of the group must study and meditate the themes and the words, or make an effort analogous to the leaders, deepening and broadening his own understanding in all aspects of himself as best he can. Except for agreement upon what to undertake in any given section at any particular time of improvising, the themes and texts should have minimal group discussion; rather the improvisation itself should <u>become</u> and <u>replace</u> such discussion, transforming it into modes which are only partly discursive, being also, and even more, communicative on other levels of human interchange.

The leader should lead only so much as is necessary to keep things going and to guarantee each person's authentic input. It is not 'his piece', but the group's. His task is only to remind them of the commitment (enacted and symbolized for him by his vigil, which is not to be discussed <u>at all</u>). The piece is continually and ultimately dedicated to those who contributed to its texts, whether they know it or not. Texts are pretexts: the springboards to improvisation, but they must never be violated in spirit. The improvisation must deepen and enhance, not merely comment upon or distort the texts, which may be performed in whole or in part, in order, or rearranged, but without extra verbal content except that spontaneously obtainable by direct unconscious connotative and linguistic association and variation which is always true in spirit to the text meaning as understood by the performing improvisors.

If possible the piece should be allowed several months to grow before being performed for outsiders. It is helpful but not necessary to record and listen to improvising sessions, as a method for improving the results; but it is far more valuable for each participant to develop his continual awareness and memory of what goes on, so that his evaluation and criticism will be immediate and direct.

*The procedures herein described are drawn principally though not entirely from experiences of the New Verbal Workshop of Urbana-Champaign, Illinois, in its early developmental stages. Cf. especially, "Speech music: Notes from an Island," by Herbert Marder, in preparation for publication (1976).

**Possible alternatives to the vigil can be devised: for example, to live and work for a time among the group selected. In any case, involvement must be more than simply intellectual, valuable as this kind of study may be.

SPATIAL POEM NO.7

sound event

At the time listed below listen to the sounds around you for a while.
Please describe to me what kinds of sounds are audible—about sound sources, loudness, duration, distance and direction etc.
Your reports will reproduce a global symphony.

England, Scotland, Morocco	3:00 pm, March 5, 1974
Sweden, France, Italy, Spain	4:00 pm, March 5, 1974
Holland, Denmark, Germany	4:00 pm, March 5, 1974
Austria, Hungary, Poland	4:00 pm, March 5, 1974
Switzerland, Czechoslovakia	4:00 pm, March 5, 1974
Finland, Lithuania, Greece	5:00 pm, March 5, 1974
Moscow, Kenya, Irak	6:00 pm, March 5, 1974
India, Ceylon	8:30 pm, March 5, 1974
Japan	12:00 pm, March 5, 1974
New South Wales	1:00 am, March 6, 1974
San Francisco, Los Angeles	7:00 am, March 5, 1974
Vancouver, Seattle, Victria	7:00 am, March 5, 1974
Denver	8:00 am, March 5, 1974
Chicago, New Orleans	9:00 am, March 5, 1974
New York, Montreal	10:00 am, March 5, 1974
Greenland, Brazil, Argentina	12:00 am, March 5, 1974

* Reports should preferably be written in English and within about three hundreds words.
* Please add to your report the place you hear the sounds

mieko shiomi
osaka, japan

Keith Waldrop

Hungarian diversion

Original Cast:

A Man . . . . Keith Waldrop
A Woman . . . Susan Hankla
Waiter . . . Larry Brenner

A table for two, set with napkins, tableware and a few hors-d'oeuvres. In the background, some four-hand piano piece by Schubert.

Enter a waiter leading in a man and a woman. Their dress should be a little more elegant than the table and the waiter would make one expect. The man does not look pleased with the decor.

The waiter takes their coats, seats the woman, goes out with the coats. The waiter will not speak in the play.

As soon as the woman is seated, but not showing any haste, she starts nibbling at the hors-d'oeuvres.

MAN: (*sitting back, as though half-resigned*) I suppose this place will have to do.

There is no answer. The woman will say nothing throughout the play.

MAN: After all, we can have a good conversation anywhere. Now, last time. . .

He is interrupted by the reentry of the waiter. Throughout the play, whenever the waiter enters, the man will break off his sentence. Since the waiter enters more or less from behind the man's back, this may occasionally give the effect of conspiracy. The woman, however, though she seems to be listening to him, never reacts to anything he says. At present, she is still working on the hors-d'oeuvres.

The waiter has brought in a menu. The man takes it, the woman showing no interest.

MAN: Ah, the menu. Hm. Now what will we have?

He opens it, looks it over, never making the slightest move to let the woman see it.

MAN: (*to the waiter, pointing at items*) I'll have this and this and ... hm ... this. The lady will have this and this. Oh and a bottle of ... mm ... this.

The waiter nods each time. He retrieves the menu and goes out.

MAN: Just our luck, to get a deaf and dumb waiter. Let me see now, where was I? *(She does not answer, still at the hors-d'oeuvres.)* Last time, we discussed the mind-body problem. Today I think we should talk about a more important, more essential question. Today ...

He stops suddenly, realizing the waiter is back, bringing salads. From now on, the waiter will bring in many dishes, always one at a time. There is no need for cues, as the man simply stops whenever the waiter enters. The speech therefore proceeds with innumerable stops and hesitations.

The man eats nothing at all. If the waiter sets something in front of him, he moves it casually, without interrupting his monologue, to the woman's side of the table. She eats whatever arrives, unhurriedly, unceasingly, never pointedly disregarding her companion, but never reacting, never answering.

MAN: (*with whatever interruptions*) Today, we will discuss the topic "The Magic of Communication." Now obviously, and first of all, we must distinguish between *communication* on the one hand and on the other hand WORDS. Because, of course, they're not at all the same thing. WORDS, my dear, are human. And, being human, they do not *communicate*. Let me give you an example. The great linguist Chesterton has pointed out that, etymologically, the word 'cab' and the word 'garbage' combine into the word 'cabbage.' Now what does that tell us? what does it mean? It means nothing, it tells us nothing, because it is nothing but WORDS. And WORDS do not *communicate*.

But whereas WORDS are human, *communication* is animal. Take for instance--just for instance--a *rabbit*. Now if a rabbit is happy, he purrs. If a rabbit is angry he snarls. This is

communication. Since it does not have WORDS, it *communicates*. And what is true of the rabbit is true throughout the animal kingdom: the happy animal bursts into song!

And, leaping up, he bursts into song. At this point he faces more towards the audience than towards the woman. His song is short, because while moving his arms in a grand-operatic manner, his hand comes into contact with the waiter. He is immediately quiet, sits again, is silent until the waiter is out.

MAN: Just our luck, he's not deaf, just dumb.

The waiter brings in a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket. As the waiter is about to open the bottle, the man takes it, motioning the waiter to leave. During his next speeches, he works with the cork, clumsily, aiming it sometimes at various parts of the audience. When it finally does come, he pours the woman a glass, takes none himself, refills her glass whenever necessary. Meanwhile, he talks on. She continues eating, drinking.

MAN: *Communication* is always outgoing. There is always an overflow. *Communication* is forward, onward, outward. The basic law of communication is the second law of thermodynamics. According to this law, we start with some energy at some point and see that as the energy moves outward in all directions it naturally becomes diffuse, degraded. Like an explosion. At the point of the explosion, the energy is immense, pure. The farther you get from the explosion, the less impact there is. Far enough away you get no impact at all, but only a report.

Now any *communication* is an explosion, a concentration of terrible forces. And scientists are just now beginning to realize that this is the force that accounts for the creation of the universe. Yes! (*insistent, though his companion has shown no reaction whatsoever to what he is saying*) The best physicists are now coming to discover that at the heart of the universe, at the very center of all things, there is a *gigantic Rabbit. COMMUNICATING*!! They call it the "big bang theory."

Now nothing could be clearer than ...

At some point, the waiter brings in a tray of fruit. The man selects a banana, waves the waiter off, and while continuing to expound his theory, carefully peels the banana, throws the peel aside, and gives the peeled banana to the woman.

MAN: Nothing could be clearer than the distinction between what I have been talking about, *communication*, and WORDS. Words

carry one away from energy, away from meaning, farther and farther. They fold inward. They conceal. They take the truth and make it ... mm ... I forget what they make it, but anyway. This is very clear in scientific language. The technical, Latin name for the common American robin is, as you may be aware, 'Turdus migratorius.' Or, being translated, 'Shite errant.' Now does that mean? Does that make sense? Does that grab you? Of course not. Or the rabbit: 'Lapidus timidus,' which any fool can interpret as 'Shy stone.' What has that to do with anything? What does that *communicate*? Nothing. It is WORDS.

WORDS do not communicate, because they are human. *Communication* is divine. You will easily see that there is something veritably <u>godlike</u> about *communication*--it spoils everything! Thus the duty of mankind, our duty as intellectuals, our human prerogative, our categorical imperative and objective correlative, is constantly and without ceasing to transform *communication* into WORDS.

Because *communication* is <u>magic</u>.

When the two of them entered, the man put a small brief or attache case by the table, so that it was not removed with their coats. Now he opens it.

MAN: With *communication*, anything can come out of anything.

He pulls out of the case a huge, flat, white, comic rabbit. As when he began to sing, he is on his feet, like a stage magician, turning the rabbit this way and that to show that there are no strings attached.

MAN: Anything, I say. Anything!

Out of the rabbit, he pulls a collapsed tophat, tosses the rabbit aside, clacks the hat open and puts it on. Snapping his fingers for the waiter, he puts some money on the table.

The waiter brings their coats and helps the woman into hers. As the man and woman prepare to go off, arm in arm, the man produces from his coat pocket a candy bar. She is eating it as they go off. The waiter is clearing the table.

MAN: *(to the woman)* It's a great relief to talk to you, my dear. A great pleasure. You so obviously take it all in.

I WAS SITTING ON MY PATIO THIS GUY APPEARED I THOUGHT I WAS HALLUCINATING

a play in two acts

World premiere at Eastern Michigan University, April 5, 1977; produced by Richard Barr and presented at the Cherry Lane Theater, New York, May 10-30, 1977; subsequent performances at Théâtre de la Renaissance, Paris, January 16-29, 1978; Schowburg Theater, Rotterdam, January 31 and February 4, 1978; Royal Theater, The Hague, February 1, 1978; Stadsschouwburg, Amsterdam, February 3, 1978; Theater II, Zurich, February 6-8, 1978; Théâtre de Carouge, Geneva, February 10-11, 1978; Piccolo Teatro di Milano, February 14-19, 1978; Theater Des Westens, Berlin, May 26-30, 1978; Staatstheater, Stuttgart, June 1, 1978; The Royal Court Theater, London, June 5-11, 1978; co-directed and acted by Lucinda Childs and Robert Wilson, music by Alan Lloyd, lighting by Beverly Emmons, set by Robert Wilson and Christina Giannini, costumes executed by Scassi.

Act I is performed by a man. Act II is performed by a woman.

ACT I

Prologue

The stage is set but dark except for a spotlighted telephone on a small aluminium table downstage left. The telephone begins ringing continuously 10 minutes before the curtain. After 10 minutes, as the houselights dim in a count of ten seconds, the light on the phone grows brighter.

Blackout.

The lights come up in one second to reveal a room as the phone stops ringing. The blackdrop is a black wall with 3 open arches. Behind the arches very bright lighting suggests an open space. Against the black wall there is an illuminated glass shelf, on which is a spotlighted wine glass. Upstage right a man wearing a white silk shirt, a black silk robe, black silk hose and black slippers is lying on a brushed aluminium chaise lounge. He ignores his surroundings and moves in a totally self absorbed manner following his own thoughts in silence for 4 minutes.

Blackout.

When the lights come up the arches have been blocked in from top to bottom with grey filing books, and a small movie screen hangs just under the proscenium arch down stage right. The man leans forward and speaks his words punctuated by music played on an offstage piano.

I was sitting on my patio this guy appeared I thought I was
hallucinating
I was walking in an alley
you are beginning to look a little strange to me
I'm going to meet them outside
have you been living here long
NO just a few days
would you like to come in
sure
would you like something to drink
nice place you've got
don't shoot
don't shoot
and now will you tell me how we're going to find our agents
might as well turn off the motor and save gas
don't just stand there go and get help
I've never seen anything like it
what are you running away from
[you]
you
has he gotten here yet
has who gotten here yet
NO
what would you say that was
[what would you say that was]
1 2 5
[1 2 5]
very well
[very well]
play opposum

(play opposum)

open the doors

(open the doors)

one you all set

(one you all set)

go behind the door

(go behind the door)

now is the time to get away

(now is the time to get away)

1 and 2

(1 and 2)

I'll be with you in just a minute

(I'll be with you in just a minute)

I'll be with you in just a minute

(I'll be with you in just a minute)

oh hello that's just the call I was waiting for

(oh hello that's just the call I was waiting for)

ready aim fire

(ready aim fire)

aim fire

(aim fire)

where

(where)

you're here for ulterior motives

I graduate with honors

you're O.K.

watch out

father

(father)

NO

NO

NO

15 years ago I remember the address it was 7 Pearl Street

I must keep that in my mind or was it 7 years ago

the reindeer are getting restless

there's a mechanical drummer

there's a mechanical soldier

there's a mechanical bird girl

she's all made of silver

the snake was used to living in a warm climate

Codie

I've been promised a vacation

she's all right Charlie

Martha

it's been a long time

it's been a long time

I don't even know what to say to you any more

I'll be with you in just a minute

I'll be with you in just a minute

oh hello that's just the call I was waiting for

ready aim fire

aim fire

I guess you're not so lonely now Martha

if only I knew what you thought

shall we all rise and sing

1757 they're going to close the museum

they're going to burn the place all up

they're going to set it all on fire

Rosemary

it's after two

stop swallowing air you swallow air when you get more excited

do you know the district is he Gary

we have a male victim here

Jonny Jonny

Jonny Jonny

there's a snake behind you

don't move

Codie Codie

NO NO 15 years ago I remember the address

1 2 5

ready aim fire

ready aim

I'm exhausted

what about the argument that

to come in this way unannounced

we call it air

it's quite the luxury just imagine to be frozen in nitrogen gas

oh yes but come on

this really isn't much of a welcome

oh sorry thank you

thank you

thank you

excuse me

I never said I was about that sort of thing

tell me about it

it's very simple it will lend the suspense

I want to see the girls where are they

there's a connection LEAD ON LADIES
everybody's walking out on me tonight
I'll be with you in just a minute
I'll be with you in just a minute
oh hello that's just the call I was waiting for
ready aim fire
aim fire
I mean it's you I'm after uh uh
and there he golds
nothing can stop him now
go back or else
I've never seen a body so steam up
do you want to know something ridiculous
[I'm sorry what]
I ran into a brick wall
it makes a lot of difference
seems like always
you take the things out of the plate and you put them back
it's nothing I can say to you because it's so ah
they put this thing on an axis
NO
NO
NO I can't get away
[I'm too busy]
what
what's that
now you call 'em that's right just follow your nose
go ahead yeah this is it
[speaking]

how many of those are there

(excuse me yeah)

did you make the call

(are they home)

it doesn't matter

(hey boy what's eating you)

are you ready to go

(as ready as I'll ever be)

yeah wait

(thanks buddy)

go ahead

(he's gone)

I'll be with you in just a minute

I'll be with you in just a minute

oh hello that's just the call I was waiting for

ready aim fire

if anybody makes one wrong move

stay in there that will be up to you buddy

stay in there

thank you

I'll be right there

what

what's that

I CAN'T get away I'm too busy

NO

NO

NO

(take the things out of the plate and put them back)

[it's nothing I can say to you]
it shouldn't be a total loss
[let's see what it leads to]
everybody here
do you need help from a dying man
look I'm dying
what took you so long
I sure feel safe now
operator do you hear me now... this is an emergency
Codie Codie let's get away for a while
honey let's do it
now just time for a game
are you ready
I'm ready
get some sleep
I had this dream last night it was so terrible it was so real
yeah
I can see through you
I think it's the other way around
I can see through you
try it
don't let me influence you
hey get me out of this drain
it's not worth it
hey this is easy it's nothing to it
hey this is easy it's nothing to it
you're not trying hard enough
keep trying

trying

trying

throughout the years we've been honest with each other

I can't stop myself... but more time will have gone by

he wants everyone to pay for his problems

I was alone... I left the beach house

that's not what I was saying

one person can only do so much

it's going to be an all new beginning for us

all those fears can be laid to rest now

we just have to close the door on the past

well that makes sense doesn't it

you see I was sure it was over

what I told might not make any change

what's the matter

I have to

Jonny

Jonny

then come with me now

what's the matter

I have to

these glaciers are actually retreating from view

observe the penguins

operation deep freeze

in fact it's getting cool again

the dangerous blowing snow

our flesh will freeze if we don't keep moving

penguins have an amazing ability to keep shivering to keep them

warm

minus 126.9 degrees farenheit
at one o'clock in the morning it's broad daylight
I don't want to do this
I don't want to do this
it's bleak and desolate and then the sky will clear
it's much more than ice over land
how do I know
oh dear I've got to get you to bed
interesting
interesting
I have no dog
I just have a dog a small spaniel... what do you make of it
he was about 5 feet 11 inches
he had a great aim
could he have been a professional
that's my phone
hold on a second will you please
there's someone here I would like to talk to
yeah fine just fine
is this the man that talked to you in the park
get over to the expressway
O.K. it's about time
502 is completely out of sight
it's the bottom of a very deep well
blonde woman attractive expensively dressed
yeah her and about 1000 others
sit down
then try

we tried
all right
O.K. it's about time
502 is completely out of sight
you must trust me
take that pen and dictate
write exactly what I say :
"long ago I'm thankful that time
has come when I may truly...
let there be no grief"
I paid it little mind as I could
that phone is out of order don't touch it
thank you for being here
thank you for being here
I don't think so
sometime you something you don't know where it's leading
I'll see you out
may I hold your hand stranger
has the moment come
it's come suddenly I want to weep
yes I would like to speak to this is an emergency
what's wrong you seemed changed hello I'm here
it's about 5 miles outside of town
that's right that's the place
if it's not one thing it's another
I'm just fine
I'm a little tired and thirsty
it's a real nice ring
I like it a lot

he shouldn't go out there alone
he's the one they want
oh my God NO
the mouse raised his tiny mouse voice and said 1 2 5
and NO one heard him
the seal barked happily... rooof!
and there was a rolly-polly duck
Rocky River is called Rocky River because it has a lot of rocks
the giraffe turned his neck slightly to see what was happening
with his long hairy arms he pulled wildly on the oars
and on across the grass
one fine day... it's about a fox
he is too immature to overcome it
2 6 8
2 6 8
6 yeah 6
it's the dice you play too fast you intimidate me
the Bahamas ?
oh I was trying hard to make it seem that way
oh oh I'll think about is some more
come on sit down
come on sit down
I'm going to live to the day I die
it's amazing how time can change circumstances and things
hold it
hold it
hold it
I'm a man of mission
Mrs Rabbit surely you're not laughing

what had happened

ah there had been a fire

I'm afraid I'm late

I had to go the long way around because of the fire

oh yes of course

it can't be an antelope the horns are slipping sideways

look look you I can't swim the antelopes are laughing

good

what will happen to my passions

I need time to think about this

thank you

thank you

NO

NO

NO

NO

put it in there

put it in there

and you need a little bit of time

I have many friends here they have helped me

there's so little time we're wasting it

that's fine with most elephants

I've got to go

dognappers are increasing

I'm all right

sure you're in great shape

how can I help it

I have never understood

of course I don't like it
that's why I wanted to talk to you
there's nothing I can say
just tell them I'm on the phone waiting
you don't have to tell us anything you don't want
time is the factor that's fighting against us
I'm sorry but that's the way it is
I was sitting on my patio this guy appeared I thought I was
hallucinating
I was walking in an alley
you are beginning to look a little strange to me
everything's gone except the bed
I guess not many people need chairs
yeah I guess it's a hard thing to sell
all right I'll do what I can
I'm only saying
it's perfectly anything you say Mrs Miller
you look like a man of leisure
hm
hm
hm

who wants to wrestle
lock the door on Mrs Miller
I cleaned the last stuff out of my office today
thank you
thank you

NO
NO
NO
NO

NO
are you all right
I guess I'm fine I'm
what made you change your mind
oh he won't let me forget
someday I'll see that he forgets
that's so important to him
he says it hurts
it may be normal but it ain't cool
now how do I know I'm not a doctor
I'm on my way over I want to talk with
this apartment is the only thing left
this bed cost over 100 dollars
bad memories
well don't let him upset you
according to Freud slips count
I am I mean I was
I'll do that
but I'll have to talk with Mrs Miller first
you're playing hard to get
must be
em
all right
I can't turn back now I know about this
what does that mean
it's impossible
Seamore wants the script early
are you raising your voice look
writing stuff is hard work

so what do you think is funny
well ah ah I guess... oh ah ah ducks
they're hilarious
maybe you would just like to do the script and forget about it
all right
I want to make sure that that
I want to be here
I'm very happy here
I'm doing what I want to
I'm sorry
I didn't intend to fade off that way
I may go instead listing
I forgot what I was doing
I could be wrong
I said I could be wrong
I was surprised he disappeared so suddenly
NO NO apparently the memories are just too strong for him
I'll be home in an hour
what
what's that
NO Dad just in the back yard
what shall I tell the cops
how much later
before anybody else gets hurt let's put a stop to this
let's get this place back to normal
we went over here and knocked on the door
and there was NO answer
there was a woman
I'm sorry I know it was
me

thank you Mrs Miller for narrowing things down for us
now where is my big red "A"
you made a fool out of me
it's almost fun
I'm not laughing at you
hello we're all fine
where would a fourth of July party be without a pool
I'll talk with you tonight
will we see you at the pool party
give me 5 minutes
what's normal to one man is a crime to another
I don't believe a work of it
hello how are you
we're going to have our own pool in by Labor Day
you're doing the one thing you swore that you would never do again
will you connect me please
I thought I would leave
no use
it keeps coming regular
he's walking alone and it starts to rain
he can't get away from it
he's scared
Martha wake up a car's coming
for now let's let NOone say nothing
what am I doing
hey could that have been
ah
did you ever know a man that told a lie so much he began to believe
it himself

sit down I'm hiding some place from the rain
ah this doesn't make any sense
I started in this alley
I looked to see if they were following me
they were
you're a fool you can't make it
stay there
that's the world
that's the real world
I haven't had anything anything to drink yet
and now we have the responsibility of continuing
turn around
O.K.
who wants to know
put your hands down
[hello hello]
ask for the time
fine organization
third shelf one at the very end with red binding
anything you want anything ask for it
look act natural like nothing is happening
everything is all right we'll do a little experiment
you're a pretty cool suspect
this is where you are thinking
hunh ?
maybe you ain't ordinary
you didn't walk way out here
I guess I didn't
just bring her into me
put her over there

won't you come back
I'm sorry I guess you look like someone I know
he could take a car and put it back together
come back here
come here
come back
any man who can out-trick
I see your point
hello there
hello
you're a newspaper woman
oh how nice to see you
it looks like a good day for a couple of dames to take a swim
oh oh lots of time to think things over
now don't get upset about the way he managed the newspaper
I'm going to stay here and talk with him a half an hour
I'll put an end to this
he admires her reticence
she is living in the pool house
is that obvious
I suppose there's a possibility that is a coincidence
I'm different now
different how
well when I moved to this valley I made promises to myself
not bad
not bad at all
I haven't seen a hostile sign yet
just a heavy feeling

everything started to hum
not bad
not bad at all
as a matter of fact it's getting thicker
getting ready is an important step
the political aspect
the social aspect of it all
if you open the closet door on all things you'll find it's not as
bad as it
it reveals the mystery
where's your next stop
I don't know I just do it
the United States Drum Corps
you can hear them now
they will be joining us
another hard nose
just use your head
that's the way it's got to stay
just use your head
just this one time
all things are subject to accidentally qualities in a big static
space that forms the sculpture
catch me later maybe I will
what kind of child was he
a very happy child ?
what happened then
I mean did anything change in the house
have you named that dog yet
yeah Moppy
like master like dog
Moppy come here

oh yeah he's fun
well I have news for you he's a girl
hey let me turn on the light
I really like what you do with this place
but saying it isn't the same as doing it
you can't make me live in a smaller room than I already live in
I wish I had a nickle for every time I felt like moving out
I really did pour this with a heavy hand didn't I
we're all a pack of rats scratching on each other to stay alive
you sure don't let up on a fellow do you
I WAS SITTING IN THIS CHAIR!

I feel lucky today
I close in now and keep headed right into the sun
our dream hous is all paid for
there has to be some connection
it can't all be in my head
the sketchiness of this man makes for trouble
I'm getting tired of getting knocked around
I can win I'm telling you
O.K. we go
we sleep together
[we eat together]
the odds are lousy
what we need to know is everything you know

one of the 2 lines is yours
we're insulating and complete an acoustical package
it makes me feel good as if I were accomplishing something
gentlemen turn around
it's all unknown now let's handle the bureaucracy
where did you find him
in an alley
look how I look
[look how I look]
I was still trying to graduate from high school
and I had a father who was 80 years old
[father]
surely someone has something to say
but he just told me
yes I do
first of all the more I come to the gross thing
the more I realize
this valley going just wastes our time
you see what I mean
I want out
isn't running away from the world
a sort of reality
from the start of the night
I'm going
I'm going
what are you doing
I could be the best lifeguard on the beach if I could swim
If there were

if

if what

if

if what

really

actually

I just wonder if I'm not making a move backwards

isn't that the most important thing

I guess I walked into the right office this morning

I've been up for hours

why aren't you on your date

he's out there shovelling

he's out there shovelling the driveway

and then this fool rushes in

he's not there

so why don't you shut up your rotten mouth

a lot of nerve

ACT II

Prologue

The stage is the same as in the prologue for Act I. The books are gone. The screen is gone. The arches once again reveal a brightly lit vast space. The sound of surf is heard in the background. A woman is standing downstage left her back to the audience. She is wearing a white silk blouse and black rayon pants. She ignores her surroundings, moving in a totally self-absorbed manner, following her own thoughts in silence. She moves slowly in a complete turn taking four minutes.

Blackout

When the lights come up the arches once more are filled with grey filing books. The movie screen is back in position. The woman turns toward the audience and speaks, her words punctuated by music played on an offstage harpsichord.

I was sitting on my patio this guy appeared I thought I was
hallucinating
I was walking in an alley
you are beginning to look a little strange to me
I'm going to meet them outside
. . .
. . .

. . .
I just wonder if I'm not making a move backwards
isn't that the most important thing
I guess I walked into the right office this morning
I've been up for hours
so why aren't you on your date
he's out there shovelling
he's out there shovelling the driveway
and then this fool rushes in
he's not there
so why don't you shut up your rotten mouth
a lot of nerve
I just wonder if I'm not making a move backwards
isn't that the most important thing
so why don't you shut up your rotten mouth
a lot of nerve

END

Post Script

The notes accompanying this script are based on the original 1977 production of this play in which Robert Wilson appeared in Act I and Lucinda Childs in Act II. However it is not necessary that the play be always cast in a similar manner. The first act could just as easily be played by a woman and the second act by a man, or the cast could very well consist of two men and two women. In the latter case if the actresses should wish to find substitutes for those words [like "man" and "fellow"] having sexual connotations the author has no objections. Those lines typed in brackets are spoken by a disembodied male voice.



INTERSECTIONS 7:
PRELUDE AND JAM FOR FIVE PERFORMERS

PAUL EPSTEIN
1971

PRELUDE

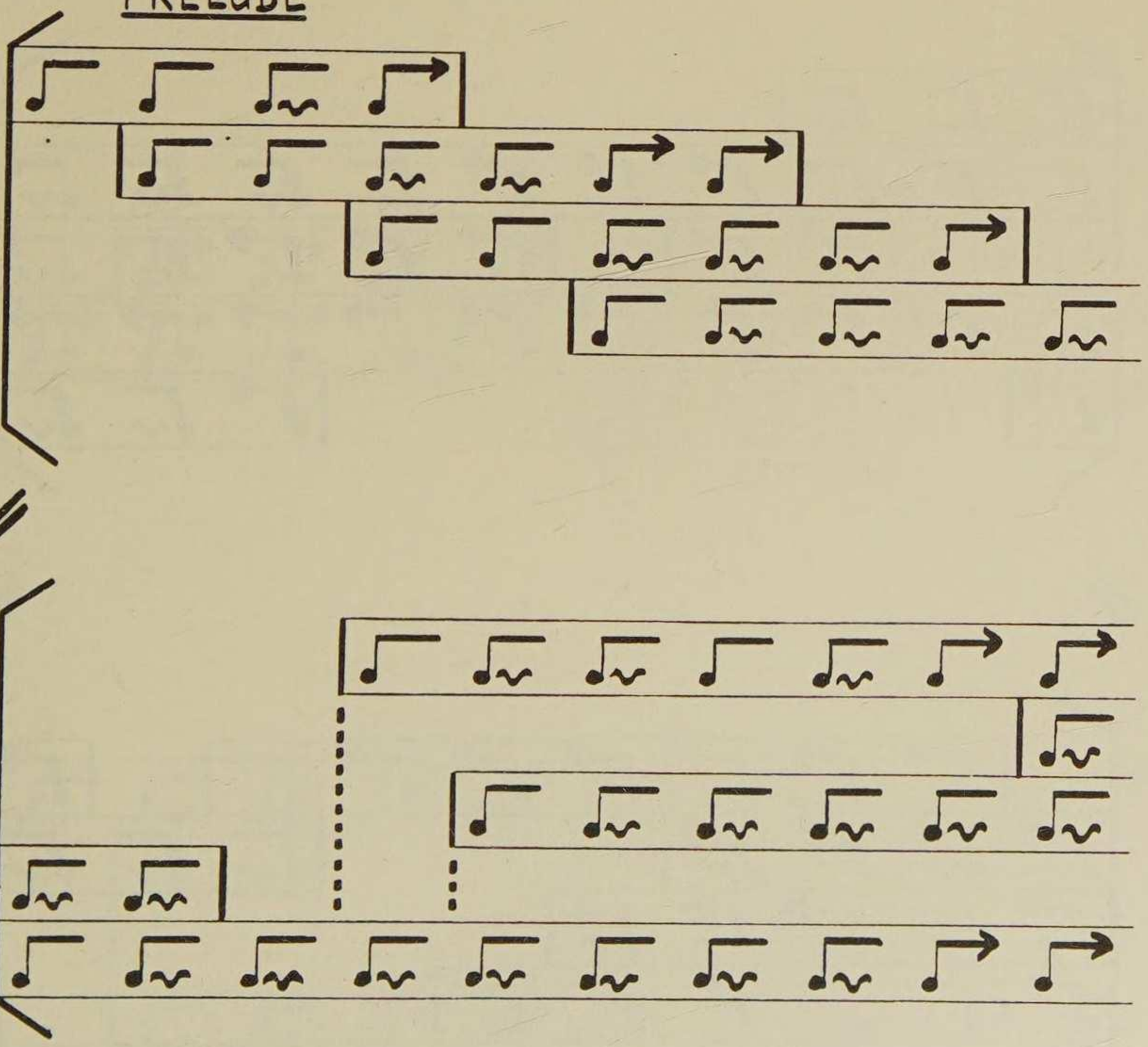
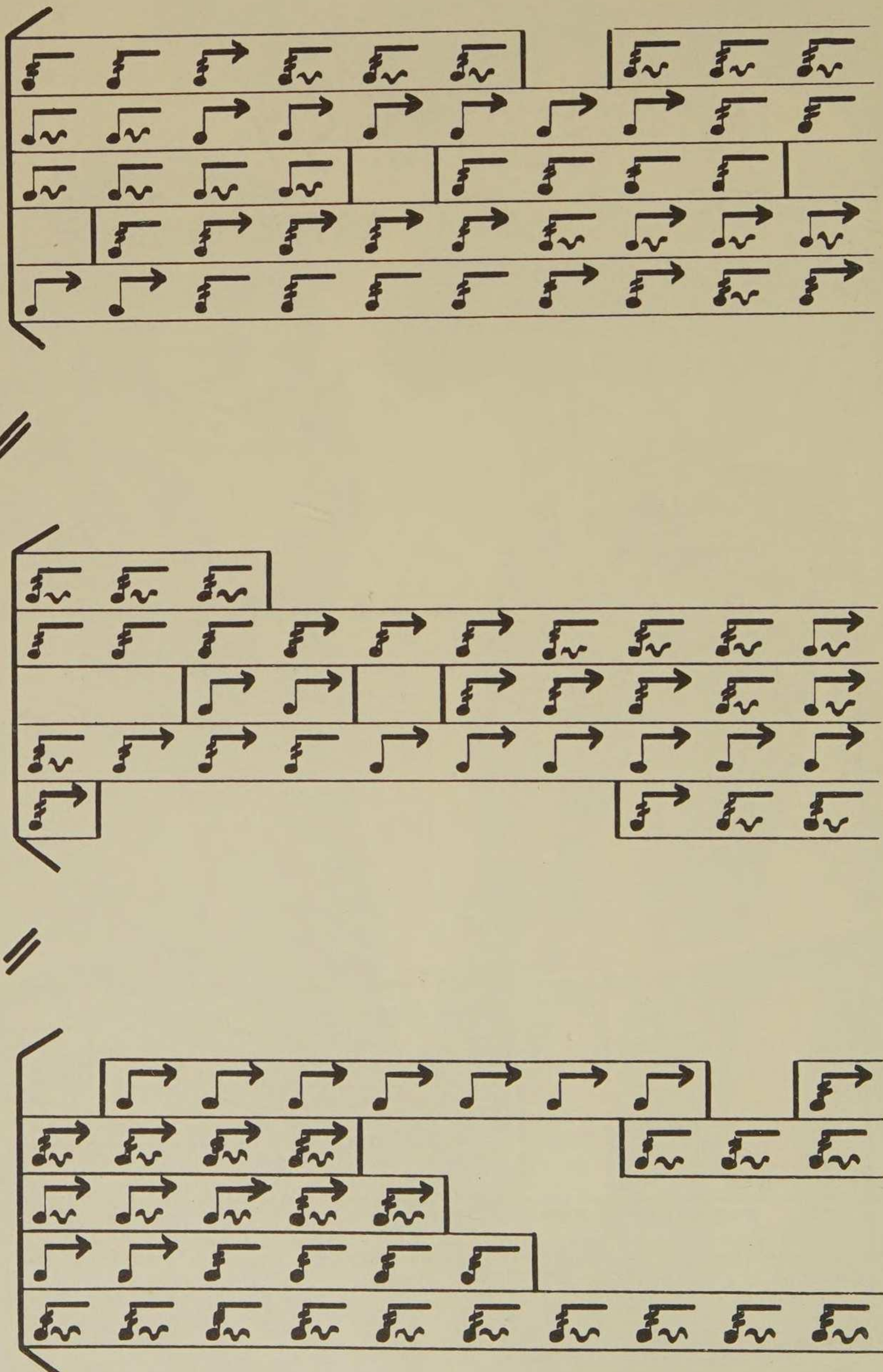
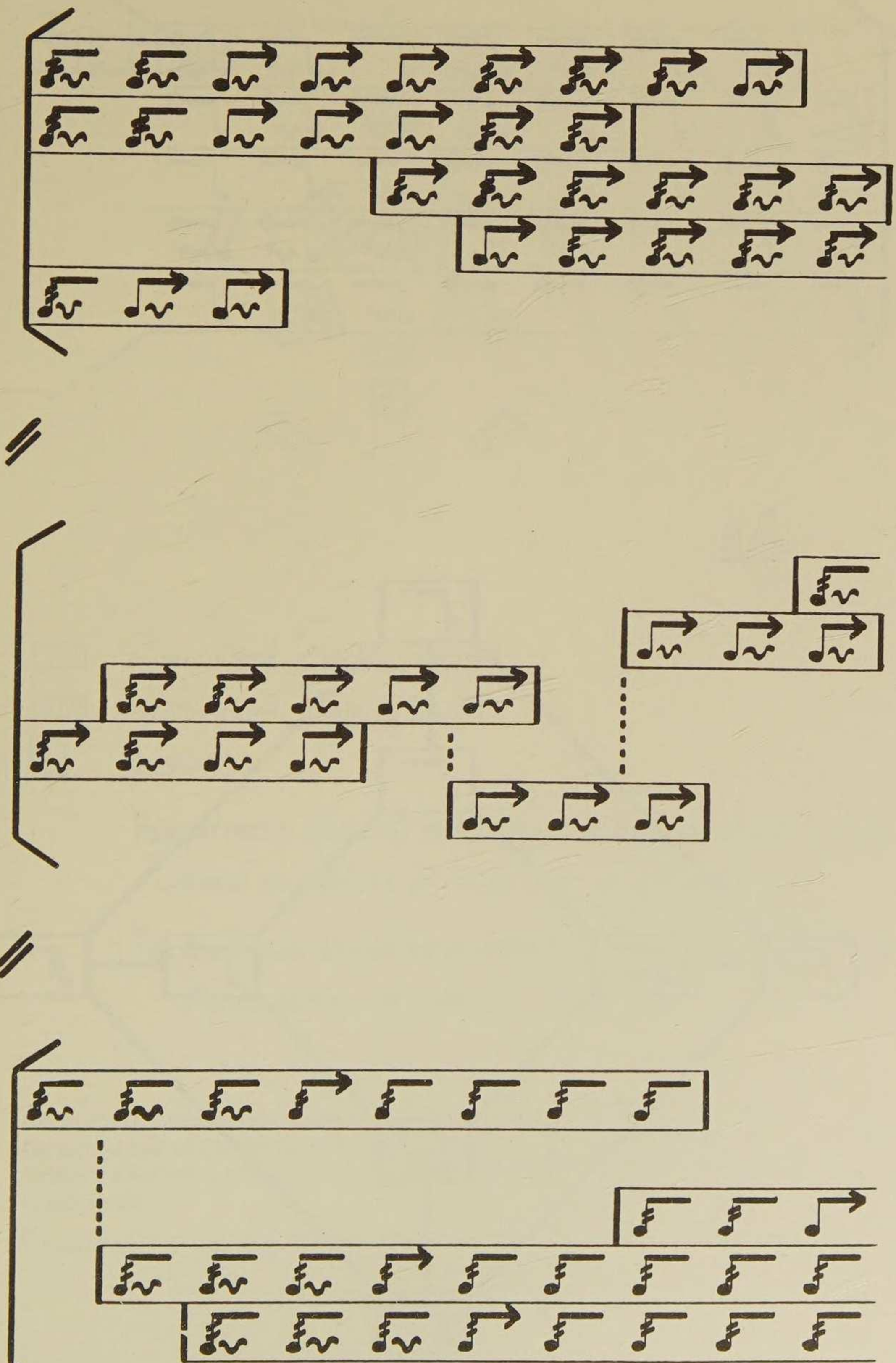
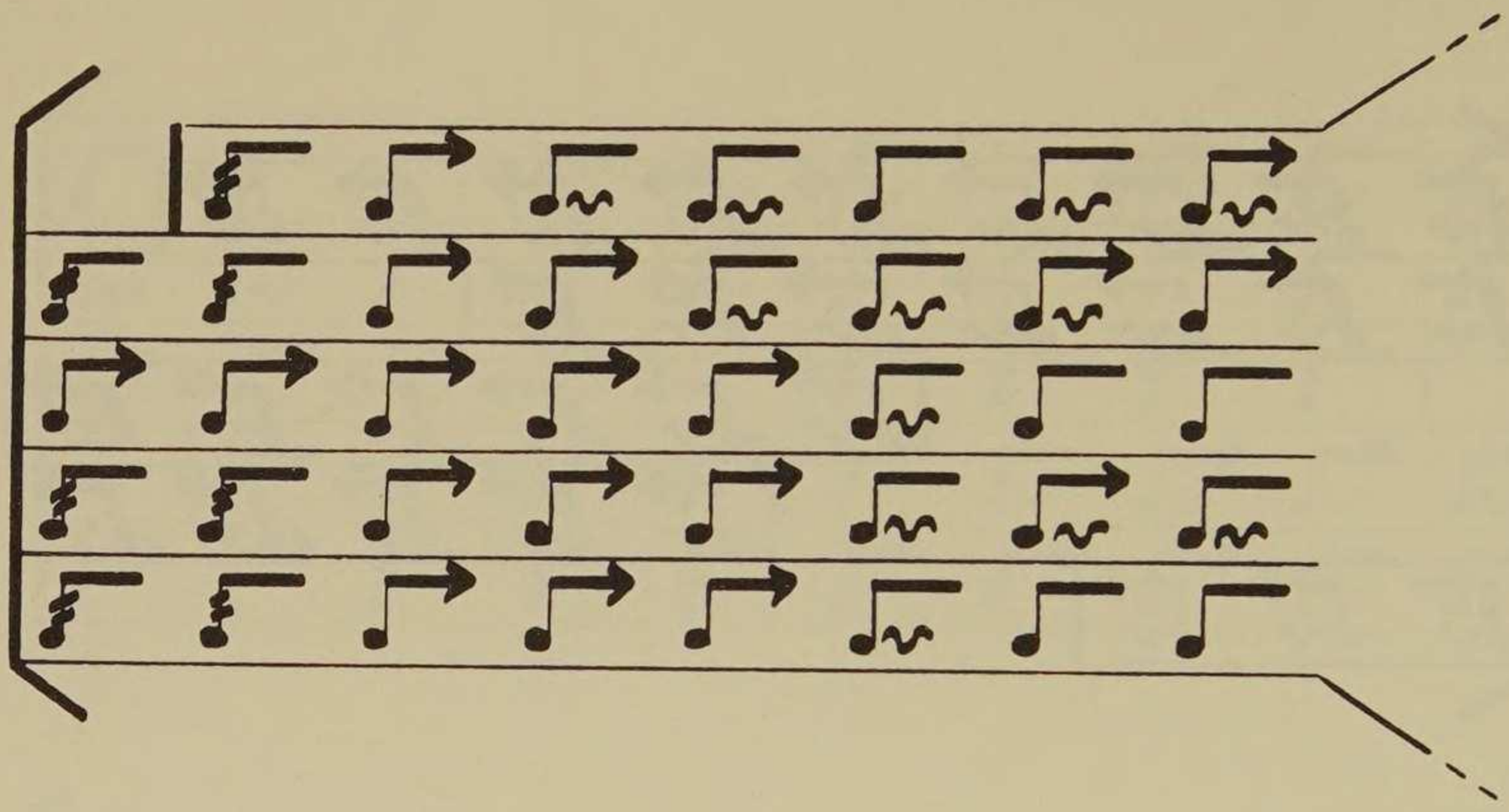


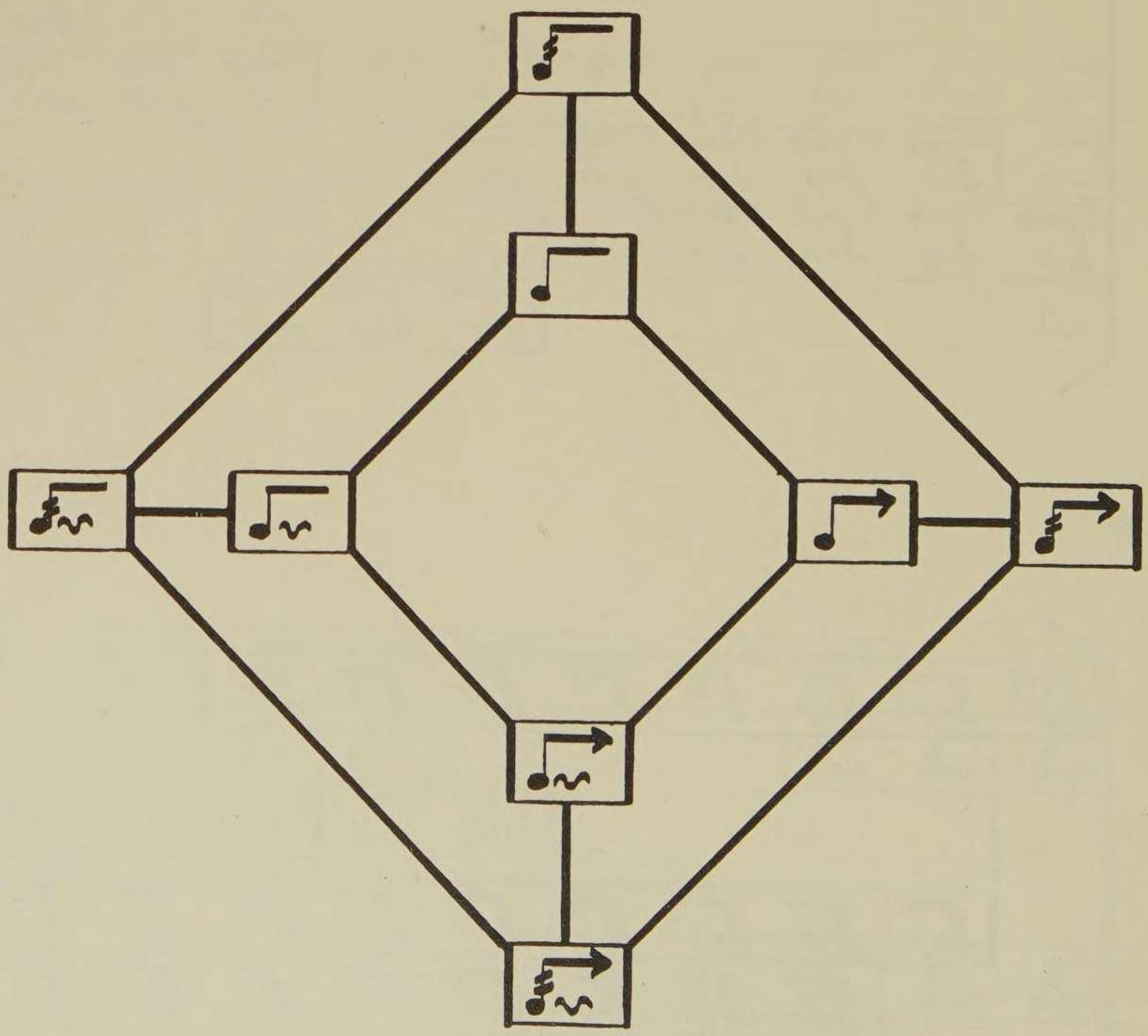
PHOTO: ELIZABETH LE COMPTE



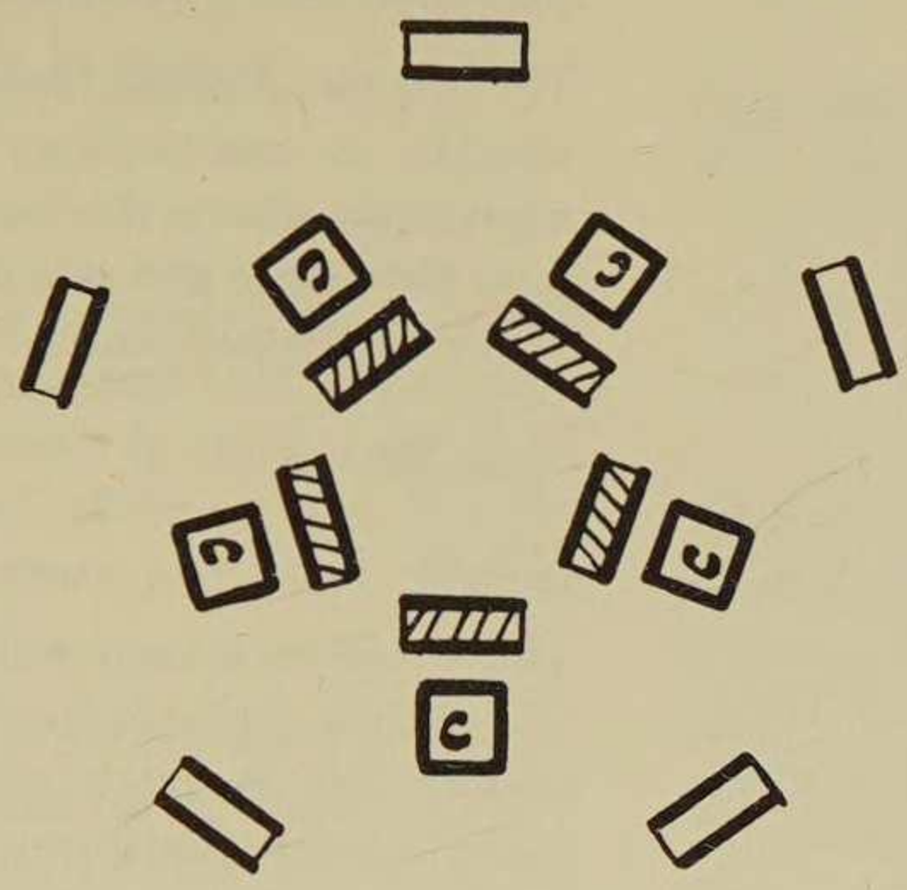




JAM



THE SPACE



▭ music stand, standing height.

▨ music stand, kneeling height.

[C] cushion.

Performers stand at outer ring of music stands for Prelude, kneel on cushions at inner ring of stands for Jam.

The audience should be permitted to sit in the space between stands as well as outside the circles.

Intersections 7 *was first presented by The Performance Group in New York on June 2, 1971, as the second half of* Concert for TPG. *The performers were Stephen Borst, Spalding Gray, James Griffiths, Elizabeth Le Compte, and Joan MacIntosh. I am deeply indebted to them for their collaboration.*

Intersections 7 *is dedicated to Richard Schechner.*

NOTES ON PERFORMANCE

The Notation

All vocal sounds capable of being prolonged are permitted. This includes unvoiced sounds but excludes single clicks, pops, etc.



The basic unit is a single tone, sustained for any duration up to a full breath. Each tone, however brief, should be thought of as a complete exhalation, to be followed by a taking in of breath. (This is done in order to concentrate attention on individual tones and to inhibit the making of melodies.) Each tone may be subjected to one or more of three modifying processes: linear change, undulation, and modulation. The processes may be applied to any of the variables of the sound, as pitch, loudness, or timbre. The latter is largely a factor of the positions of mouth, lips, and tongue; these may be treated as variables in combination or with a considerable degree of independence.



The arrow indicates a linear change, a gradual change in one direction in at least one dimension of the sound—loud to soft, low to high, mouth open to mouth closed. Any number of variables may operate as a single function.



The wavy line indicates an undulating movement around a stationary center—a gradual, not necessarily periodic, fluctuation. This could become highly irregular, complex, and ornate, a kind of sonic calligraphy.



The slashes indicate a periodic modulation or interruption of the tone by some external means, as by beating or pressing the chest, throat, or cheeks; by covering and uncovering the mouth; or by using the tongue or lips to interrupt or modify the flow of air, possibly causing a vowel-consonant alternation.

The first two processes may be applied to any variable or combination of variables, but modulation affects the tone as a whole. In all cases the degree and rate of change are determined by the performer.



This could be interpreted as a pitch undulation getting gradually louder or softer; or as a smooth rise in pitch with the undulation caused by the mouth moving between open and closed positions; or even using a single variable for both processes: an undulation in pitch with the center gradually falling.



Any linear change could be modulated in some manner; or the arrow could be applied to the rate of modulation—gradually faster or slower—or degree of modulation.



Similar to the combination of arrow and slashes. If the rates of undulation and modulation are similar, the resultant tone can be extremely complex and rich.



Combining all three processes requires considerable practice and experimentation. Not all combinations of variables will work equally well. Note also that changes in some variables will at times affect others; changes in pitch or timbre may involuntarily cause changes in loudness. There is no reason to try to avoid such effects.

The score specifies only the process or processes used to modify basic sounds. The performers must invent all of what are usually regarded as the primary characteristics of

sound: pitch, register, duration, tempo, loudness, and timbre. Much of this invention takes place during performance, although some decisions—particularly of a formal nature—may be made in advance.

Prelude

When two or more performers have notes at the same time, they attack and release them nearly, but not necessarily exactly, simultaneously. The desired effect is that of very closely staggered starts and stops, together but not mechanical.

The spaces between notes should be roughly proportional in duration to the notes they follow. For example, if a note lasting ten seconds is followed by a pause of about three seconds, a note lasting one second would be followed by a pause of only about a third of a second.

Once a sonority is introduced it may continue as is or evolve gradually to any extent. The performer should abandon it for one reason only—to relate to what another performer is doing.

When several performers have the same type of note at the same time, they should perform it in relation to one another. The object is to achieve a blend or synthesis, not necessarily a unison. The possibilities for different kinds of relationship are vast and should be explored in rehearsal as a separate exercise. Different types of notes occurring at the same time may be totally unrelated to one another.

The score provides two structural through lines: density, the number of sounds occurring at any moment; and complexity, the number and kind of processes being used (linear change is clearly the simplest process, and modulation usually seems to be the most complex). Thus the *Prelude* begins with a gradual increase in both density and complexity; it ends with an increase to maximum density but a decrease in complexity as modulation is eliminated and unprocessed tones reintroduced.

Decisions about all of the individual variables largely determine the entire shape of the piece—its form, energies, and rhythm. These cannot be created by the internal structure of the score alone, though it does influence them.

The Performance Group, in its present version of the *Prelude*, begins with all notes sustained for a full breath. Gradually, throughout the entire *Prelude*, the durations are decreased, thus increasing the tempo. (The extreme slowness of this change makes it necessary to establish several anchor points. At the first one an approximate medium duration will have been reached; at the second, perhaps a duration of about two seconds, which will decrease as much as possible to the end.) The sense of increasing tempo must be conveyed by the pauses as well as by the durations of sounds. The performers, by the way they take in breath, must give a physical sense of tempo. In other words the silences must be converted kinesthetically from dead space to a real part of the breathing rhythm of the piece. The increase in tempo is accompanied by an increase in energy and intensity, though this progression fluctuates somewhat. The sparse section towards the end, for example, is treated as a quieter moment before the final move to a peak intensity.

The *Prelude* could take many other shapes. The point to be stressed is the crucial role the performers play in determining this shape.

Jam

At the end of the *Prelude* each performer proceeds directly but independently to the *Jam*, entering the diagram at any point. The beginning of the *Jam* should be a logical extension of the end of the *Prelude*, only the lack of synchronized attacks indicating a new situation. In The Performance Group's version this serves as the final burst of energy of the *Prelude*. The intensity becomes too great to be contained, and the rigidity of synchronized entrances is broken.

Movement on the diagram is limited only by the lines connecting boxes. A performer may repeat one box at will or move along any connecting line to another box. He may move through all eight boxes before repeating or remain in one sector of the diagram. Any route

and any method of determining routes is possible. The diagram is a map.

The nature of the *Jam* at any given moment will be determined by a combination of where the performers are in the diagram and how they are interpreting the notation. A full range of textures is possible from most homogeneous to most heterogeneous. Ensemble situations may vary from solo with or without accompaniment to several small independent groups to a tightly woven quintet.

The *Jam* may be freely improvised or an outline of key situations may be made in advance, forming the skeletal structure. The outline may evolve as new material is developed, or more than one version may be made. An outline should be open enough that it does not bar the possibility of the *Jam* taking an entirely unforeseen direction—expanding greatly in length, perhaps, or discovering a wholly new ending.

Situations may be defined by location on the diagram. The inner ring of boxes, for example, yields all the notes without modulation; the outer ring yields all those with modulation. Similarly sectors of four boxes each occur with the following attributes: all undulations, no undulations, all linear changes, no linear changes, no more than one process, no less than two processes.

Situations may be defined by sonority, register, dynamic level, or by any combination of variables including or excluding location on the diagram. The following are three examples that have been used by The Performance Group.

Extremes. Only very low or very high, very loud or very soft, very long or very short notes; a note enters either immediately after another note or after a long pause; very large or very small changes within a note; as much or as little contrast as possible between one note and the next. Other ways of applying the idea of extremes may be found.

Whistles and whispers. Only unvoiced sounds are used. (The range and variety of voiceless sounds is surprisingly large.)

Minimal change. Undulations and linear changes are restricted to the narrowest possible range, and modulations are made as shallowly as possible. In the version of The Performance Group this situation is the only prearranged one in the *Jam*. After the opening section described above, it serves as the first goal—a moment of extreme quiet, of marking time before each performer takes off on new paths.

Suggested Rehearsal Procedures

Begin simply, using few variables. When first rehearsing the *Prelude* apply the processes to one set of variables throughout. (The easiest combination seems to be pitch for linear change and mouth configuration, or vowel, for undulation.) Gradually try different combinations, rehearsing the same passage in many ways.

Rehearse sections of the *Prelude* at a fast tempo in order to attain fluency in translating the symbols into sound.

In rehearsing the *Jam*, alternate between working freely and trying precisely defined situations. Use free run-throughs at first largely to discover and test new sonorities, later to explore ensemble possibilities and ways of relating to one another sonically. The process of transition should be rehearsed by moving from one defined situation to another.

Don't do anything once. If a sonority seems not to work, transform it gradually, but don't abandon it.

Begin by working technically rather than expressively. How is a sound produced, by what physical configuration? Do not invent feelings and find sounds to express them; this leads to gibberish. Invent sounds; the sounds may evoke feelings (or they may simply evoke other sounds). Emotional contexts that derive authentically from sonic impulses are to be welcomed. Humor especially is bound to occur. It should be neither sought after nor avoided.

MARY JANE
A Monologue

The stage is dark. Sound of heavy traffic; siren in distance, which gradually diminishes. A light is turned on stage center, directly over table. Sitting leaning at the table, a MAN *in his late fifties, gaunt, nearly toothless, shabby, a little wild-looking. The room is small and dirty. A dilapidated bed in shadow. Newspapers peeling from the walls. The corners dark. Nothing else in the room is visible. The* MAN *is staring without expression at the audience. The only thing on the table is a broken-down radio.* HE *snorts a few times from the glare of the light, wipes his mouth, scratches his head, and looks at the audience a long time. Then, as if snapping out of something:*

MAN Well, well, well, well.

HE *shifts his chair, looks around the table as if uncertain what to do, finally tries the radio in a few positions, settles on one, and looks at it a while.*

Uh-huh.

HE *brushes the radio off with his hand, blows a little dust away, then looks around, folds his hands, and looks at the audience.* HE *breaks his stare several times to blow specks of dust off the table.* HE *has no expression. Then, as if discovering something,* HE *holds up his fingers.*

Ahhhh.

HE *looks at the audience again, a faint smile on his face; gets up abruptly, looks around, goes to an invisible sink and gets a glass of water.* HE *returns to the table, takes out a handkerchief, and wipes the glass.* HE *puts it down carefully and looks at it, changes its position several times until he is satisfied, then adjusts the radio in relation to the glass. With a lot of clatter,* HE *sits down, draws his chair close to the table, then pushes it back, reaches in his pocket, brings out a crumpled sandwich in cellophane, and noisily draws himself close to the table again, placing the sandwich down with a firm gesture.* HE *sniffs, then laughs.*

Ha, ha! There, now.

HE *snorts several times.*

Yes, there we are. Pretty as a picture. Ha, ha!

HE *slaps his hand on the table in a gesture of finality and sits looking at the food.* HE *pulls out a watch, giggles, places it carefully on the table, looks around pleased, then frowns and looks at the watch again.* HE *picks it up and listens.*

Ah ah! That's the ticket. Yesssss, that's the ticket.

With a triumphant flourish, HE *turns on the radio and looks happily at the audience. His expression gradually fades as nothing happens. Suddenly* HE *pounds the radio in a rage. Static, then a voice.*

RADIO . . . with rain. Wednesday less cloudy with patches of sun, but cold and windy. *(Pause)* The time is now four fourteen and *(Pause)* thirty-two seconds. *(Static)*

MAN *(Slapping the table)* Hah!

RADIO You are listening to station—*(Static. The radio goes dead)*

HE *sets his watch but does not wind it. Putting it down carefully,* HE *rearranges the radio, the glass of water, and the sandwich.* HE *blows more dust away, brushes his pants, wipes his hands on his sweater, then rubs them together gleefully. Slowly* HE *unwraps the sandwich and, gazing abstractedly at a corner of the ceiling, eats it with large careful bites, moaning contentedly. Static, then a voice.*

RADIO . . . brutal murder. The body of the child was discovered at ten forty-two A.M. by the janitor of the building. Police say that this is the most vicious crime in memory. The girl, Mary Jane,

to all appearances *(Static)* . . . a medical report. On the stock market, prices *(Static)* . . . wheat and *(Static. The radio goes dead)*

HE *pauses suddenly, as if struck by a thought. Then, looking at the audience,* HE *recites.*

MAN

What is the matter with Mary Jane?
She's perfectly well and she hasn't a pain,
And it's lovely rice pudding for dinner again!
What *is* the matter with Mary Jane?

HE *pauses, as if expecting some response, then laughs hysterically.*

RADIO The time is now four nineteen and *(Pause)* forty-seven seconds.

HE *stops laughing abruptly and looks disturbed. Slowly* HE *looks at his watch.*

MAN Hah!

HE *picks it up and resets the time, puts it down again, tilting his head with a click of satisfaction.* HE *picks up his water and gulps it down quickly to the last drop, then puts the glass down with firmness.*

Well! Hmmmmm.

HE *smacks his lips, then drums his fingers. Suddenly* HE *crumbles up the wrapping of his sandwich meticulously, opens a drawer in the table, drops the wrapping in, and slams the drawer shut.*

Well, to work, to work.

HE *feels all his pockets as if he has lost something. At last* HE *touches one, and pauses, gradually looking at the audience and smiling slyly.* HE *giggles and slowly pulls out a very worn letter, placing it carefully on the table, smoothing it out.* HE *pulls out rimless glasses, puts them on in a businesslike manner, and clears his throat for a minute. Then, with determination and visible but suppressed excitement,* HE *takes the letter out of the envelope, unfolds it, and holds it in front of him. Snorting:*

Dear Mr. Berger.

HE *stops, readjusts his chair, takes off his glasses, wipes them, puts them on again, clears his throat, and reads quickly.*

Dear Mr. Berger. This is to remind you that the check for your February telephone bill was $1.89 short. We are sure that this was simply an oversight, but as it is now May, we would greatly appreciate your rectifying it. Please let me know if we can be of further service. Yours truly, George B. Boone, Office of Accounts.

HE *pauses, puts the letter down, and appears to be thinking.*

Well, well, well, well.

HE *smacks his lips, adjusts his chair, and picks up the letter again, testing it at different lengths from his eyes.* HE *reads it again, changing his manner, tone, and inflection.*

Dear Mr. Berger. This is to remind you that the check for your February telephone bill was $1.89 short. We are sure that this is simply an oversight, but as it is now May, we would greatly appreciate your rectifying it. Please let me know if we can be of further service. Yours truly, George B. Boone, Office of Accounts.

HE *puts the letter down slowly and purses his lips.*

Well. That puts a different complexion on the matter. Entirely different complexion.

HE *drums his fingers on the table and squirms in his chair.* HE *rests both palms on the table as if to rise, but does not. Instead,* HE *begins the letter again, now quite angry.*

Dear Mr. Berger. This is to remind you—

HE *jumps up suddenly and walks back and forth as if perturbed.* HE *stops at the wall, pulls on his lower lip.*

Hmmmmm.

Something on the wall attracts his attention and HE *brings his face close. Then* HE *rips off a piece of newspaper and stares at it, reading with great difficulty in the dark.*

Bir-ke-nau. Bir-ke-nau. Bir-ke-nau. *(*HE *pauses, then passionately, feeling whiplashes as* HE *speaks) Yiden! Yiden!* Revolt! Do not listen to their promises! You will all be killed! *(Whispering) Yiden! Yiden!—*

HE *stops short, spits, jerks his head a few times, crumples the paper angrily and throws it down, snorting.* HE *returns to the table, as if with purpose, and sits down. Picking up the letter again,* HE *reads it through with still another change of manner, tone, and inflection:* Dear Mr. Berger. This is to remind you that the check for your February telephone bill was $1.89 short. We are sure that this was simply an oversight, but as it is now May, we would greatly appreciate your rectifying it. Please let me know if we can be of further service. Yours truly, George B. Boone, Office of Accounts.

HE *stares at the letter awhile, then throws it down on the table.*

No! No, no, no, no! It is a violation of the rights of man! It simply cannot be done! I have a *soul!*

HE *pounds his fist slowly on the table in controlled anger, then subsides into meditation. Slowly, as if he has thought about the matter considerably:*

Boone. George B. Boone. George B. Boone. *(Pause)* Benjamin? Boris? *(Pause)* George Boris Boone. Hmmmm. George Basil Boone! Hah! *(*HE *laughs)* Yes, Basil. I've got him, I've got him. Ha, ha! I've got you, George Basil Boone. By the tail!

HE *chuckles to himself, then stops abruptly.* HE *looks worried.*

Bruce? George Bruce Boone?

HE *shakes his head slowly and sinks into thought.*

Noooo. Noooo.

HE *is silent. Then jumping up:*

No!

HE *slaps the table.*

No! *Time is money.*

HE *stares at the audience.*

Time is money.

HE *ducks his head and snorts.* HE *folds up the letter quickly, puts it in the envelope, and slides it into his pocket. Then* HE *shuffles toward the bed, jerking his head. Static. A voice.*

RADIO . . . time is now five twenty-nine and *(Pause)* five seconds. *(Static)*

MAN *(Rushes back to the table and pounces on the watch)* Mmmmm . . . twenty-nine and five seconds. Hah!

HE *puts the watch down and chuckles.* HE *shuffles back to the bed and, with some effort, drags out an old telephone book, which* HE *brings back to the table.*

There now. Huh!

HE *rubs his hands and seats himself.*

Let me see. Hmmmm. Let me see.

HE *brings his head close to the cover.*

Detroit? Chicago? Noooo. No, no, no, no. Ah! *(*HE *looks up triumphantly, then hurriedly leafs through the pages)* Yesss . . . Hmmmmm. *(*HE *hums a few cheerful notes)*—"N"! *(*HE *looks up again triumphantly, then bends his head to the page)*

Noonan! That's it, "N"—Noonan. Fred C. Hah. *(*HE *chuckles)* Yes, there he is. Fred C. Noonan. Huh! Noonan, Gregory G. Well! Well, well, well, well. What have we here? Gregory Gregory Noonan? Hey? Hey?

HE *giggles wildly to himself.*

G.G. G.G. Noonan. He, he, he!

HE *takes out his handkerchief and wipes his nose.*

Enough frivolity. Frivolity. Oh, granny. Hmmmm. Well, every man his little jokes. Eh? Eh? Hmmmmph.

HE *bends over again.*

Noonan, John.

HE *shakes his head.*

Common. Very common. Noonan, Joseph J. Hmmmm. Not bad. J. J.? J. J. Noonan. Good. Good, good, good.

Static, then a voice:

RADIO . . . the heart-warming music of—

Static, then heart-warming music. HE *hits the radio angrily. More static. Another voice.*

. . . exactly six fifty-nine and *(Pause)* forty seconds.

A brief strain of music, then static, then the radio goes dead. HE *looks up from the telephone book.*

MAN Eh? Eh? Forty seconds? Hmmmph.

HE *grabs his watch and resets it.*

Hah! That's the ticket.

HE *puts the watch down, chuckling at it.* HE *stops short. Then, like harsh commands:*

Back! Back, back, back, back!

HE *runs his fingers down the page until he reaches "Noonan."*

Noonan, Noonan, Noonan, Noonan, Noonan, Noonan, Noonan, Noonan, Noonan . . . Noonan, *Noo*nan, Mary C. There. Keep at it. Hmmmm.

HE *stares at the audience.*

Mary Noonan. Mary C. Noonan.

HE *stares, silently.*

. . . Clairrrr.

HE *rolls his eyes up at the ceiling and sighs.*

Mary Claire Noonan. Mary . . .

HE *pauses. Then, slowly, instead of "Claire":*

Jane.

HE *slowly lowers his eyes to the audience.*

Ma-ry *Jane.*

HE *prolongs the vowel sound of "Jane" and looks intensely at the audience. Gradually his expression changes to one of sorrow, then despair.* HE *blinks his eyes. Tears roll down his cheeks.* HE *slowly turns to one side, stares at the empty space, puts out his hand and strokes the head of an imaginary girl, making small catlike sounds.* HE *stops abruptly, stares at several points behind him quickly, as if frightened, then stumbles to his bed and rummages beneath it.* HE *throws eight or nine telephone books behind him, and miscellaneous other matter, finds what he wants —a short piece of rope—and returns to the table.* HE *sits and fumbles furiously making a noose, slips it over his head, holds the end high over his head, and stares without expression at the audience, head tilted. Gradually his eyes open wide and bulge,* HE *gurgles and chokes, his face turns white and purple. Static, then heart-warming music.* HE *drops the rope and pounds the radio angrily. Static, then dead.* HE *waits. Nothing.* HE *picks up his watch, looks at it, and lets out a long moan. Then* HE *stops short, looks at his watch again.*

Six fifty-nine? Six fifty-nine?

HE *hits the radio furiously. Static, then a voice.*

RADIO When you hear the gong it will be exactly seven thirty-one and *(Pause)* seventeen seconds.

There is no gong. HE *waits, looks up at the audience. After half a minute, a gong.*

MAN Hah! *(*HE *grits his teeth)* Hah! *(*HE *sucks his breath)* Hah!

Again HE *looks at the audience for a minute, then looks at the telephone book, places his hand heavily on it, and slides it a little nearer. In a rather tired voice:*

Noonan, Noonan, Noonan, Noonan, Gregory. No. Noonan, John. No. Noonan, Joseph. No. Noonan . . .

HE *pauses a long time. Then, slowly.*

Ma-ry.

HE *stares again at the audience. Time passes. Suddenly, with lightning speed,* HE *leaps up, raises the radio above his head, and smashes it on the floor, stamping on it furiously while* HE *grunts from the exertion.* HE *stops, panting, picks up his chair, sits. Slowly,* HE *takes his watch and looks at it. Then* HE *raises his eyes to the audience. In a monotone:*

When you hear the gong, it will be exactly seven thirty-one and *(Pause)* seventeen seconds. When you hear the gong, it will be exactly seven thirty-one and *(Pause)* seventeen seconds. When you hear the gong, it will be exactly seven thirty-one and *(Pause)* seventeen seconds.

The lights dim.

When you hear the gong, it will be exactly seven thirty-one and *(Pause)* seventeen seconds. When you hear the gong, it will be exactly seven thirty-one and *(Pause)* seventeen seconds.

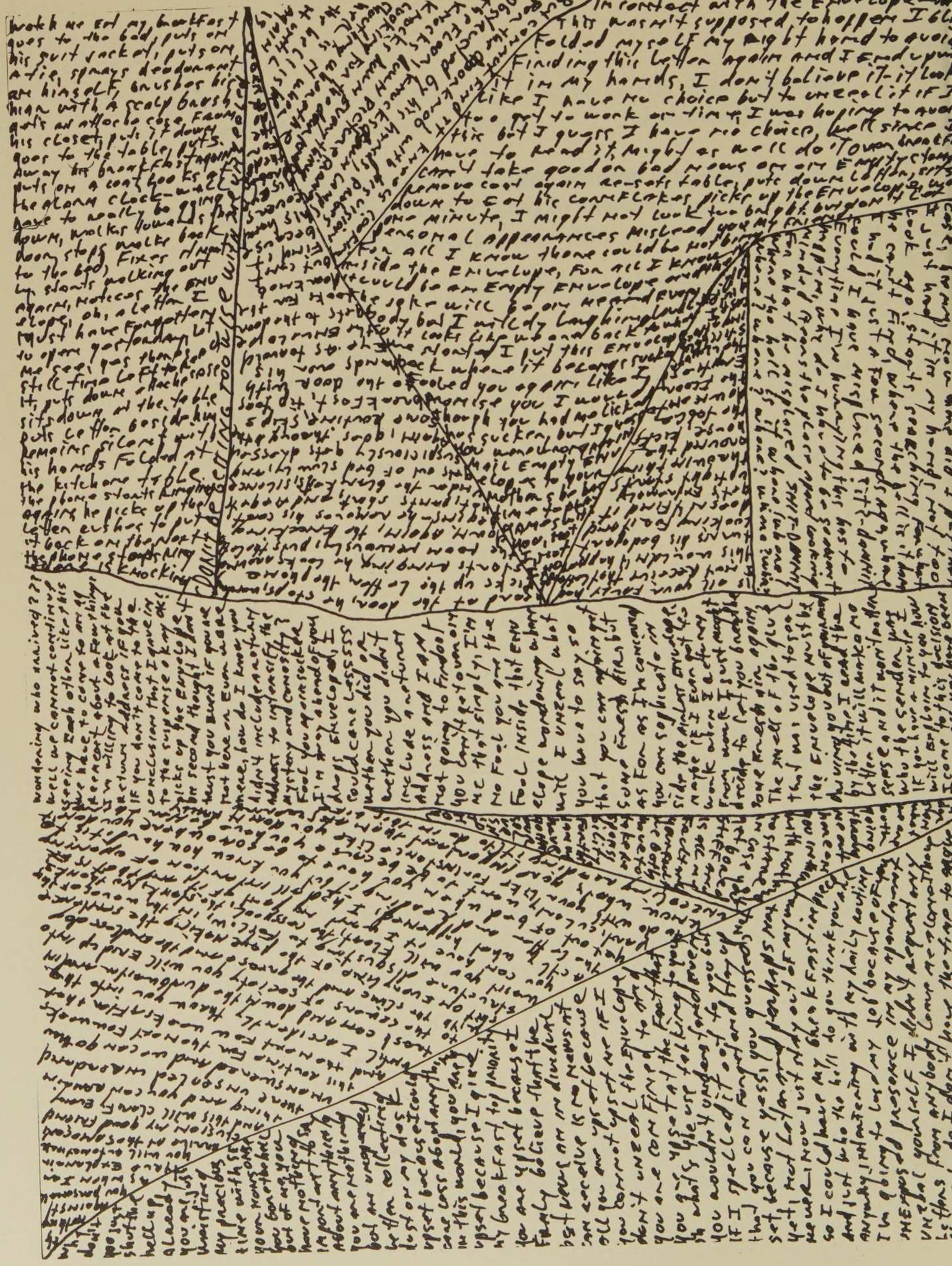
Pitch black.

When you hear the gong, it will be exactly seven thirty-one and *(Pause)* seventeen seconds. When you hear the gong, it will be exactly seven thirty-one and *(Pause)* seventeen seconds.

Silence. One gong.

PLAY FOR THE PAGE NOT THE STAGE

(& nobody else)



Let me see, now, there are a few important things I have to do today, first of all, let me see, oh yes (goes back to sleep for a few seconds rises. yawns, stretches, picks up the phone, dials 411.) Hello, Information, I want the number of, oh forget it. (returns to the bed, I guess it's time to get up, now, rises. puts on his pants, walks over to the table, picks up an Envelope,) hmmm, this letter was mailed to me 2 weeks ago I wonder why I haven't opened it—hmmm. (stares at the envelope for a few seconds. puts it down on the table again, returns to the bed, sits, stares out into space, rises as he speaks, I wonder why I have not— Oh, Let me not worry about that, there are more important issues and matters of— (at's under the covers— this is no way to start this day off have to get up, can't stay in bed all day now denying why that letter remains there unopened I admire honesty, for someone on the other, one me keep an distance too bad for whoever wrote me the letter I'm not curious, I'm going to have breakfast before it gets cold and I lose my job (goes to the cupboard, brings out a box of cornflakes, a container of milk, sets the table for breakfast spoons and sugar, and the first item he puts back there— immediately after putting them out— he then goes over to the bed, takes out a sock from a shoe, puts it on, I've had all I can take of this (walks over to the table, picks up the envelope, drops it— Uh-huh thought you had no balls sucker, thought you had no backbone, But as you have just now witnessed I'm on to your game— too clever for your own good sake— walks back to the bed, sits down on the other sock, you think you are going to get me to work late, you think you are going to make me miss breakfast, well, you can think again, I'm hungry this morning and I will eat cornflakes and have glass of orange juice and cup of black coffee and 2 hard boiled eggs and hot buttered toast with delicious Laide spread on both sides of the toast and if I end up just having the cornflakes it isn't because you frightened me out of eating my breakfast but because I'm out of eggs and bread and coffee and orange juice and I'll please don't forget— and I mean it (pauses) I know this letter is important— I know it is— I know it is— I know it is

No I lothon not
can't argour to
work without
it have to find
it messes up
his agreement
some more and
then out of
Exhaustion he
sits down on
the Floor while
placer rubbe
cars to his
Right covers
his Face with
both hands
this is more
serious than I
took it to be
else walks to
desk pick up
Lothon's Mail
I don't care
If I Ever Find
what I am look
ing for in this
case where
He left it any
snilar brand
time it is
I know I'll
Find it If
I looked hard
Enough it okay
Now I'm ready
to start the day
off I mean I
still have time
to eat breakfast
No, I don't think
it just time to
remember to
recollect the
make up with
old friends who
I haven't spoken
to in years
over some silly
argument that
Nobody started
We just stopped
speaking to
each other for
No apparent
reason just as
simple as that
one second we
were in the
bar toasting
to bother lady
to come and
the next we
were worst
AND ready to
Fight For the

Washes

Creation of *Washes* followed the procedure established in previous pieces:

1. A period of about two weeks, of priming myself with possibilities—practical and impractical—for a pool piece, recording these in a book, and writing a number of script drafts.

2. Familiarizing myself with the particular place. In this case by signing up for massage etc., at Al Roon's. Noticing the importance of sound in the hall, the impossibility of any rapid action. Details of the normal activity of the Health Club.

3. Recruiting the cast from volunteers, some new and some familiar from past performances. Setting up schedule of rehearsals. First meeting.

4. Purchase of objects and costumes. In this case mostly from Canal Street stores, Avenue C used clothing stores, several "thrift" shops, swimming pool suppliers, and sporting goods stores.

5. First three rehearsals, combining prepared ideas, actual place, individuals in cast, and objects and costumes. Confusion and numerous trials and errors.

6. Final rehearsal: simplification of results of first rehearsals to strongest incidents, discarding of the rest. Imposition of simple time scheme of cues.

7. Four performances before audience in May, 1965, with changes continuing to final performance.

Washes depended as usual very much on place. The involvement of the audience was mostly through place conditions: humidity, difficult placement (they had to stand on the narrow edges of the pool), tension of wet and dry. A mass audience swim which had been planned was

called off at the last minute because of management's objections. Audience was asked to wear bathing suits.

The final script of *Washes* contained ten untitled parts. The timing of the parts was done by me and light signals were used to cue beginning and end. White lights were placed over the water and over the shallow and deep ends; turning these on cued action. The intervals between parts were lit by dim blue lights. The length of each part varied for each performance according to my intuition of the pace. I watched the action with my back to the pool through a window reflection.

Al Roon's pool is in the basement of the Riverside Plaza Hotel on Manhattan's West 73rd St. The pool is seventy-five feet by twenty-five feet, and is surrounded by an edge about a foot wide. Back of this edge is a space around the pool on the two long sides and the shallow end varying from two to three feet wide. On one long side, doors open the length of the pool to a gymnasium (which relieved the crowding of audience on that side).

The water is mostly over the head. The shallow portion extends only about ten feet, beyond which one must swim. Numbers mark the edges of the pool every five feet. There are two ladders at both the long ends. At the deep end the space behind the pool edge widens, and this is the area referred to as the deep stage, where the audience was not permitted to stand. At the back of this area are doors leading to a Hot Room and Steam Bath and Solarium, overhung with yellow plastic awnings. To the left facing the deep stage is the locker room and offstage, where players waited and dressed.

The audience waited in the adjoining gym until the pool was ready. The water was calm and a red light was set floating in the water. The light stayed in the water throughout the performance, as did all the objects that were placed in the water, so that the pool—a strong green color—changed from a perfectly still body of water to one in which clothing, furniture, people, pipes, and other debris bobbed as after a flood.

A figure called Lifeguard (so identified by his costume on which the title was printed) and I (wearing oversize overalls dyed a bright yellow) aided the ushers of Theater Rally in positioning the audience around three sides of the pool. I was friendly, shaking hands with people while telling them not to smoke, not to throw things in the pool, etc.—instructions from the management. When the audience was placed I took

a position at my window. On the first three nights I asked the audience to be as quiet as possible so that the small sounds of the piece would not be missed. But as the cast's urging I did not make this announcement the fourth night, which permitted laughter and applause, and which, as it turned out, did not prevent the small sounds from being heard. I suppose I wanted to inhibit the audience.

The situation at the beginning of the piece was as follows: on the deep stage there were a massage table, a phonograph with a record of continuous thunder, two oil drums with a folded giant American flag on top, and a bridge (later to be placed across the center of the pool) on the floor. On the edge of the pool at the deep end, Pat, or a fat Humpty-Dumpty-like figure holding a net at the end of a metal stick, fished for plastic bananas and pears which she threw in. At the edge of the shallow end were a woman, Letty, in a bathing suit, and a man, David, fully clad. These three players were in position as the audience entered.

I signaled the man stationed at the lights, D. Farbman, and the white lights turned blue. I signaled him again and the white lights returned, starting the piece.

Part One

Marjorie enters, in a white costume like a flier, with a white flier's cap and dark blue sunglasses. She puts on the phonograph record of thunder and commences exercising on the massage table. She counts, ⅛, 1⅛, 2⅛, etc., or ¼, 1¼, 2¼, etc., while exercising.

Lucas enters in a suit and shirt and hat, all dyed blue, carrying a yellow chair. He crosses the deep stage, walks along the pool edge to a point near the center. He tries the chair on the water several times. Then tries sitting on it and sinks. He repeats the action. After several sittings/sinkings he takes off his clothes and ties them on the chair, jacket over back, pants across, shoes on seat, as a man going to bed might place his clothes. From this point the chair becomes a free piece, floating with its load of clothes this way and that during the remaining composition. Lucas also, in a bathing suit and carrying a stainless steel disk becomes a free piece, or "floater," with instructions to improvise action until his appearance in Part Eight. Through my glass I see him study himself from the edge in the disk like Narcissus. (Another time he floated on his back like a seal looking up into the disk.)

David, as soon as the part begins, starts walking fully dressed into the water down the shallow ladder, until only his head is above water. He walks out, waits a moment, and then walks in again. To the audience his figure under water appears compressed like a midget's. When the part ends, David becomes a "floater" or free piece, continuing to improvise around the action of cutting his clothes off with scissors until Part Nine, and also helping Letty tie red balloons to her body with string.

Letty begins putting on her balloons at the start of Part One and continues to do so until Part Nine.

Pat continues to fish, moving around the edges of the pool, intruding herself into other actions, and obscuring the view of the audience, until Part Eight.

Approximate time: four minutes.

Part Two

After a blue interval (about ¼ minute), white lights again.

Rudy dives into pool immediately on entering deep stage.

Anina enters, walking along the pool edge, carrying a small silver cup and wearing a leopard skin fur, like water wings. Tied on her ankle is a cow bell which hangs over the pool edge and sounds as she walks. She struts, walks jerkily, stops, runs, and in this variety of gaits makes her way all around the pool. Meanwhile Rudy throws himself against the pool sides trying to grab at her ankles, following her in an irregular pattern through the water, sometimes crossing the pool to return violently. When she reaches the point from which she started, Rudy pulls her into the pool. The part ends and they swim out in blue light; exit.

Approximate time: two minutes.

Part Three

Gloria enters carrying a styrofoam and plastic floating chair (white and green with blue trim and plastic drinking glasses sunk in the arms). Also magazine, banana, safety razor, and folding measuring stick (and other objects of her own choosing). Wearing a net cap and one-piece black bathing suit. Launches chair and climbs in. Thereafter she moves

freely around the edges of the pool, measuring them, sometimes using the stick as a fishing rod, reading the magazine, shaving her legs, eating banana, and saying at intervals: "I lost seventy-eight pounds" or variations thereof, while looking up at the audience or tugging at their ankles. Gloria continues as a "floater" through as many parts as she wishes.

Dorothea and Max enter. Max launches the two oil drums, throwing them in the water with a great splash. Dorothea takes the folded giant American flag, walks to the center edge and there slips into the water with the flag. She wears gold gloves. Max composes a percussion piece slamming the barrels together with a variety of resonant sounds. Dorothea spreads the giant flag in water. After a while the wet flag is draped over both barrels in a funeral effect. When the part ends, Max and Dorothea remove the flag and let it sink to the pool bottom.

Approximate time: four minutes.

Part Four

Marjorie reenters in same white costume, puts on record of thunder. Exercises as before.

Yvonne walks around the pool in a white costume, to the shallow end. Walks into water, costume floating around her body.

Walter enters with ladder, walks down opposite side, puts ladder into

water, and composes it in relation to the pool edge, also extending it to Yvonne who swims away from it (as if avoiding an attempt at rescue).

Walter slips into pool, continues to manipulate ladder towards Yvonne, raising ladder in water, turning it around. After about a minute and a half, Yvonne leaves the water and strips off the white dress to a black net bathing suit. She returns along the pool edge and Walter, leaving ladder to float in the water, follows her. She waits for him but walks away just as he reaches her. This is repeated until she returns to the point where she entered. As he nears this time, she jumps in the pool. Walter leaves stage. Yvonne swims out. Marjorie turns off record of thunder and leaves deep stage.

Approximate time: three minutes.

Part Five

Barbara and Debby enter carrying a parachute dyed red. Each taking one end they walk the length of the pool on opposite edges. The parachute unfurls as they walk and drags in the water. Reaching the shallow end, they let go the parachute, which spreads in the pool. They are wearing summer dresses which they strip off to white underwear and slide into the water. They wrestle in the water entangling themselves in the parachute. As they wrestle, they laugh, pausing from time to time to spread the chute in the green water.

Henry enters on deep stage, carrying a yellow rubber boat with a blue bottom, a "soft" paddle (pipe painted ivory with a red rubber paddle flapping), a newspaper, a folded white plastic sheet and smoking a cigar. He wears sunglasses and a robe. With the aid of the Lifeguard, he climbs into the boat and paddles out with some difficulty to about the center of the pool. He reads his paper and smokes. After a time, he puts down the paper and covers himself entirely with the white plastic sheet.

Barbara appears on the deep stage after Henry has "slept" a while. She wears a bathing suit, harsh red lipstick, and has kept her hair dry. She enters the pool by the ladder and stealthily and slowly swims to Henry's boat, carrying a rope which she attaches to the boat. She swims back pulling the boat and Henry. On reaching the deep end ladder, she ties the boat, leaves the pool and stage.

After a moment, Henry wakes up, takes off the sheet, gathers his possessions, climbs out, leaving the rubber boat tied to the ladder.

The white lights go out and the wrestling girls leave the water and walk out along the edge in blue. The parachute remains in the pool.

Approximate time: six minutes.

Part Six

Ellen and Sarah appear on deep stage. Sarah climbs into the water, being careful not to wet her hair. Ellen takes a position at the end of the long edge of the pool. Slowly they proceed the length of the pool, Ellen walking, Sarah swimming in a straight line. Their eyes are fixed on each other. Each anticipates the other's action. If one moves slightly forward, the other immediately makes up the distance, so that they remain perfectly parallel. When they reach the shallow end, Ellen joins Sarah in the water. They stand facing one another absolutely still just to the side of the shallow ladder.

Al and Geoffrey enter with the girls but remain in the background pacing the deep stage until the girls reach the center of the pool. Then they begin to wrestle, slapping one another's flesh so that is resounds in the hall. When the girls reach the shallow end and face each other, Al and Geoffrey pick up short lengths of dry two-by-fours and smack them together. They move down opposite sides the length of the pool, as if their battle continued despite the interposition of the water. They wear aprons of rubber and bathing suits. The sounds are sharp and earsplitting. When the two reach the shallow end, they put the sticks down on the edge and leap in the water, continuing to wrestle. Sarah and Ellen leave the pool at this point and both walk slowly the length of the pool and off stage. Al and Geoffrey swim the pool length vigorously and climb out.

Approximate time: four minutes.

Part Seven/Part Eight/Part Nine

Part Seven, Part Eight, and Part Nine are not separated by blue intervals. But the blue light does go on during film projection in Part Eight.

When the wrestlers exit, a bridge which fits over the pool, of reinforced wood, about two feet wide, is lifted from the floor of the deep stage and carried by the Lifeguard and me to a spot about center of pool under a light. The bridge is tested.

Pat, who as a "floater" has moved fishing around the edges, mounts

the bridge and begins removing her fat costume of many garments, laying them as if to dry along the bridge.

Four men, Raymond, Michael, Richard, Jon, in bathing suits enter deep stage with a set of stovepipes joined in different ways through which a clothesline dyed red has been threaded. Two of them enter the pool and tie the end of the line to the bridge. The other two remain on stage pushing the stovepipes down the line into the water. At the same time, four women, Elaine, Martha, Nancy, and Jackie, enter through the audience at the shallow end. They are fully dressed. They walk into the water by the shallow ladder. One of them carries a length of the red clothesline, swims out to the bridge and attaches it. The other end is attached to the shallow ladder. The women remove their clothes, including shoes, and hang them on the red line with clothespins.

The four men interrupt their threading of pipe to grunt and to lie on the edges of the pool breathing very hard. The four women from time to time wash each other with a long brush and sponges and whistle one note.

The action of the four men and four women (Part Seven) continues through the dance of Lucas and Pat (Part Eight) and the balloon sequence of Letty and David (Part Nine).

Pat, having removed her fat clothes and laid them out, makes herself up, sitting on the bridge, and puts on white kneesocks and a white short sailorblouse.

Lucas gives up his role as "floater," mounts the bridge, dries himself and puts on a pair of oversized ivory-colored nylon pajama pants. He "walks" in different ways, putting different parts of his body in the pajamas. At one point, his hand wearing a shoe "walks" one pajama-leg while he holds one of his legs up inside. He attaches small plungers to his body which stick out under the nylon. He stuffs the pajama-bottoms with a rubber green alligator. When he has finished his pajama-bottom dance and Pat has finished making up and redressing, they join in a dance with a sheet. The sheet is first held out horizontally, then shaken, then turned vertically. It catches the white light of a film projector running without film, which projects the silhouettes of the sheet and dancers on the audience and wall at the shallow end. The blue light is on during projection. Pat and Lucas come together, kiss for a moment, fold the sheet once, repeat the horizontal-shake-vertical action. Come together again, kiss, fold twice and so on until the sheet, having been folded several times, is just a bundle and hard to shake. The sheet is loosened, the projector goes off. Lucas covers himself and Pat with the sheet, holds her upside down, and the dance continues with limbs protruding. After a while, Lucas removes the sheet, places it carefully on the surface of the pool, picks Pat up under the arms and drops her toes first into the sheet. She plummets into the water, the sheet closing around her.

Near the climax of this dance, Letty, who is now completely covered with blown-up red balloons, rises from her position seated at the shallow edge and enters the water with the aid of David on the shallow ladder. She floats. She floats out into the water bounded by the bridge and the women's clothesline, perfectly rigid. David, who during the performance has cut his clothes off, walks into the water in his bathing suit and swims up to and around Letty. After a moment of letting her float, he begins biting the balloons, holding them so that they pop with a loud sound that resounds in the hall. He bites one balloon after an-

other until all are bitten and broken and Letty sinks. Then he swims away.

Approximate time of Parts Seven, Eight, Nine: ten minutes.

Part Ten

A blue interval, brief. When the white lights come on, all players except Marjorie and Lifeguard enter water and float as if drowned.

Marjorie puts on record of thunder and exercises. After about a minute, the Lifeguard (Alex) blows his whistle. Marjorie leaves the deep stage. The drowned come to life and swim toward deep end.

A record is put on of Brahms Symphony No. 1, Finale, played by David Rose in syncopation.

Approximate time: two minutes.

The piece is over.

Fotodeath

Notes on the performance *Fotodeath* (*Circus*).

The original title of the piece was *Circus* (referring to its structure, resembling the multiple simultaneous action of a circus). In two parts: *Ironworks* and *Fotodeath,* with an intermission feature: a set of slides, photos, and type, called *Pickpocket.*

Circus was given six times in the Reuben Gallery during February, 1961. The Reuben Gallery is a deep and wide store on Manhattan's East Third Street. The audience was seated as in a conventional theatre (and stood, when there were not enough chairs) facing a deep square stage. Over the stage were hung four strings of weak lightbulbs, producing when lit the sort of dingy light one remembers from circus tents.

In addition there were three individual lightbulbs over different areas of the stage, and a line of lights over a wall which marked the back of the stage, built across the store for the performance. There were thirty-four events in *Circus,* divided into seven sets. *Ironworks* was made up of four sets, *Fotodeath* of three sets. Excepting one set in *Ironworks,* there were five events in each set. Each event was assigned a zone on stage corresponding to a lightbulb or a string of bulbs. Turning on of the light cued the entrance of the event. The sets were separated by periods of darkness, during which colored lightbulbs placed around the theatre blinked.

The effect (from the audience's point of view) when all events of a set were in action was one of overlapping, superimposition. The wall at the back of the stage area was about seven feet high, having two entrances, one at either side. The entrances were hung with strips of muslin. Muslin was bunched and draped along the top of the wall. The

wall and muslin were sprayed red, yellow, and blue in abstract patterns, giving a foggy color effect.

Behind the wall, on a perch to the left, in view of the audience, sat the Operator (Max Baker), controlling lights and phonograph records and projecting the slide sequence during intermission. Above the wall, the store receded into darkness. Dressing rooms were behind the wall. Excepting the entrance of a man with a bag in *Ironworks* I.5, all the players entered from behind the wall. The floor of the stage was of tile, broken in spots and repaired with cement (the store had once been a restaurant and the stage area corresponded to the kitchen).

The left side of the stage, called "the masculine," was painted a flat black and dominated by blacks, greys, and neutrals. At the meeting of the left wall and the wall across the stage was a muslin screen on which a shadow effect was projected (*Fotodeath* I.2). In front of the screen was a large construction of wood and burlap, called the "chimney."

The right side of the stage, called "the feminine," was by contrast brightly colored in dominating pinks and reds. A pink form, made of muslin around a hoop resembling a windsock, jutted out of the wall and hung from the ceiling.

A black wooden settee stood on the left side against the wall and a hatrack and long mirror hung on the right. Other furniture and objects were brought on stage.

Exits of events were cued by a Timer in each set. His departure from the stage was followed by the turning off of the lights over the other events in a determined sequence. When the light over an event was extinguished, the players either went backstage or helped in the darkness to set up props for the next event.

A scrim was hung across the front of the stage and so lit that the actions of preparation for the performance were dimly seen by the entering audience. Music was played before and after the performance. When the piece was ready to begin, the scrim was taken down and slowly rolled on a long bamboo pole in a deliberate action functioning as an event in itself.

THE SCRIPT

I. Fotodeath

1. *Pat's light* *Zone 1*

   A man, Lucas, enters from L. in a plain tight fastidious suit. He admires himself in many mirrors he takes from his pockets. He lies down with a tall mirror, posing himself in different ways, projecting himself upside down, etc.

   drum record: Chavez, all way thru

2. *Scrim lights* *Zone 2*

   The scrim is illuminated in pink and purple from behind. A girl in a military cap saluting and taking various patriotic poses in a shadow dance. Olga.

3. *Light bank 3* *Zone 3*

   Cliff, a wrestler, enters from R. in black tights, nude to the waist, with a pink soft baglike object, a wrestler with which he wrestles fiercely.

   Bugle sound

4. *Light bank 4 TIMER* *Zone 4 L*

   A woman dressed as a man in hat, shirt, tie, and baggy suit, Judy, enters from L., goes to dresser and undresses in front of mirror. She wears extremely feminine clothes underneath. She admires herself as a woman then redresses as a man. She leaves L. taking mirror with her.

5. *Henry's light* *Zone 4 R*

A photographer, Carl, in a shiny black smock and a top hat brings out a camera and leads in a family of three to be photographed: Henry, Chippie and Marilyn. Sets them on a bench and then shows them several landscape samples. They disapprove. Finally he finds one they will accept. He hangs it behind them, gets under the fotocloth but the family collapses. The photographer sets them up again, gets under the cloth. Again they collapse, and so on.

When Timer leaves stage, the lights go out in the following sequence: 4—H—3—Pat's—Scrim, *but let scrim lights and record play a while at end.*

In blackout all leave stage or take new positions.

II. Fotodeath

1. *Light bank 4* *Zone 4*

A woman enters L., Pat, in long dragging plumage and wings, very colorful and bizarrely made up. She walks slowly and artificially, only interested in herself. She pulls herself up and down the ladder in R. center taking poses, sticking her leg out slowly, etc.

2. *Light bank 2* *Zone 2*

Two girls in summer white costumes suggesting 1913 and a summer day on the ferry in the bay, Claire & Judy enter from R. One has a parasol. They walk slowly laughing and chatting to each other. There are bells on their ankles or under their skirts which jingle as they walk.

3. *Light bank 1 TIMER is Gloria* *Zone 1*

A man in a coat and a woman in a coat with a happy birthday tiara. She carrying a piece of fresh ice and one arm in a black sling. Enter R. Henry and Gloria. She remains in the center, looking blankly. He knocks on door L. It opens showing a packed party in progress. Squeals and talk, etc. He retreats. He reconsiders. He

knocks again. Again the view into the party. He does this again and again. Finally he enters without knocking. The woman then leaves the stage.

4. *Light bank 3* *Zone 3*

Two men stumble in from L. Lucas and Edgar. They are drunk and make foul noises. One falls, the other picks him up. Then he in turn falls. They go back and forth then both fall and remain still. Another man enters from R. corner Zone 4 with a bag of black cans. He falls over the fallen men and the cans are thrown out on the floor. A fourth man enters with an empty bag and slowly picks up the cans. The other men lie still. The picker makes noises with the cans.

When timer gets backstage, the lights are cut in the following sequence: 4—3—2—1 slowly so as to emphasize silhouettes. Actors stop when lights go out. Blackout. All leave or take new positions.

III. Fotodeath

1. *Strip lights* *Zone 1*

Lights begin moving. After a while Majorette steps out from R. and saluting approximately at same rhythm moves by single steps back and forth across the stage. She does this throughout, always smiling. Chippie.

2. *Light band 2* *Zone 2*

A man with a bandaged head and a white chair comes out from wall L. Lucas. He sits down gingerly but it hurts. He grimaces. He picks up the chair, moves it, tries sitting again. But it still hurts. He grimaces, etc. back and forth across stage.

3. *Light band 4* *Zone 4 L*

A woman in a derby hat, mannish, dressed all in black with a patriotic band across bodice something like a Salvation Army woman. Gloria. Enters from R. She carries a black bag like a sample bag and a big can full of viscous liquid. She stops behind table center Zone 4, and takes out of the bag one by one, putting them on the table, numerous different objects of many colors but all marked clearly USA. It is as if she is demonstrating a

product, but she has no expression on her face and says nothing. After piling up the objects, she pours from a huge can marked USA a viscous liquid which runs over the objects and on the floor. This she covers with a cloth marked USA. She remains standing over her work until blackout and forms a silhouette.

4. *Henry's light* *Zone 4 R*
A man, Cliff, informally dressed, shirt open but wearing a jacket drags in as if dead a woman, Olga, dressed in sweater and skirt. He sits her in a chair by a table on which a meal is set. He props her up. He sits down to eat. She falls forward on the table and keeps doing this until the eater loses his patience. Each time he props her up. Finally he reverses the chair so that she will not fall into his food. But now she slides down on the floor. He ignores her and having finished his meal he wipes his mouth and leaves R.

5. *Light band 3 TIMER* *Zone 3*
Two men bring out—from behind the audience, down the aisle—a topheavy, tied together, mass of boxes painted black. It is a big object which they manipulate with some difficulty into the center of action and leave there. Carl and Edgar. Then they exit, like movers.

Billboa
march
begins
quietly

When Timers come off, the lights go out in this sequence:
4—Henry's—3—2—Strip
But very slowly, silhouetting first Gloria then object and finally on all alone the strip lights for a time. The music continues softly until strips off, then off abruptly.
Blackout and all leave stage.

Light band 3 on, over object.

House light.

Notes on and changes in the existing script:

Fotodeath

I. 1. Drum record was Carlos Chavez' "Concerto for Percussion."

2. The "scrim" referred to in script was the above mentioned scre of muslin at stage left.

3. The bugle sound was eliminated. Cliff wrestled with a white stuffed laundry bag.

4. There was no dresser. Judy hung her clothes on the hat-rack. Under the men's clothing she wore cotton stockings and an old fashioned baggy frilly yellow slip.

5. The landscape samples were fragments edged in black, ripped from a large photomural of the Battery (which appears whole in rehearsal photographs).

II. 1. The plumage was made of long tinted strips of muslin. The wings were eliminated. A sound effect record of cannonfire was played by the Operator.

III. 1. The "strip" lights were the above mentioned lights above the wall across the stage. They were wired to a knob, the turning of which lit one bulb then another in traveling effect such as in electric signs.

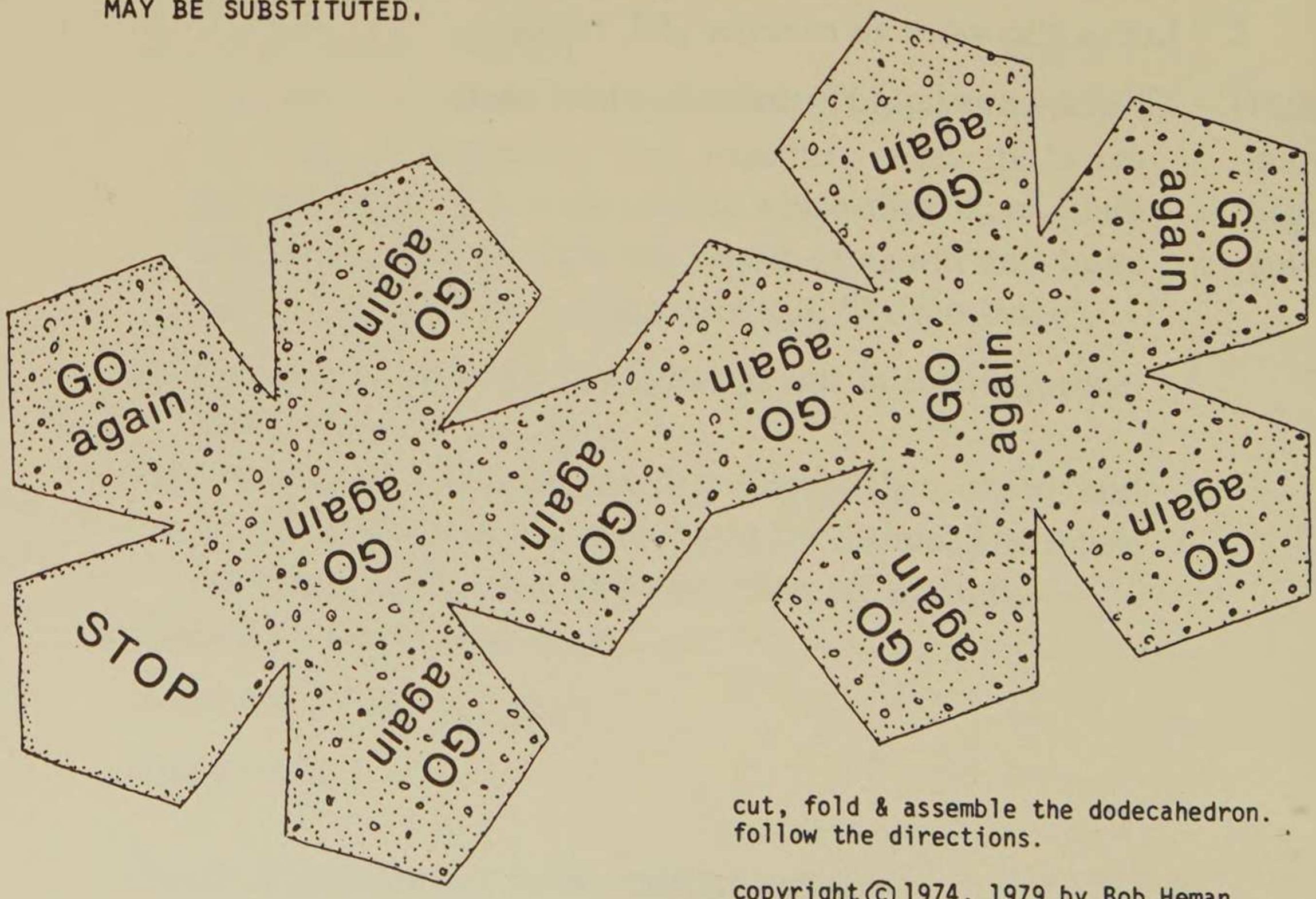
2. Lucas also wore an oversize G.I. raincoat.

3. The "viscous liquid" used was wheat paste.

Akron, Ohio

Bob Heman

AKRON, OHIO, IS DESIGNED TO BE PERFORMED BY THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF AKRON, OHIO, EACH CITIZEN ROLLING THE OBJECT INSCRIBED ON ELEVEN SIDES WITH THE WORDS "GO AGAIN" AND ON THE TWELFTH SIDE WITH THE WORD "STOP". EACH PERSON ROLLS THE OBJECT AT HIS OR HER OWN SPEED, READING ALOUD THE INSCRIPTION ON THE UPTURNED SIDE, AND FOLLOWING ITS INSTRUCTION. WHEN "STOP" IS ROLLED, THE PERSON READS ALOUD THE WORD "STOP", AND HIS OR HER PART IN THE PIECE IS ENDED. THE PIECE WILL SELF-TERMINATE AFTER THE LAST PERSON HAS ROLLED "STOP". IF THE CITIZENS OF AKRON, OHIO, ARE UNAVAILABLE FOR PERFORMANCE, ANY LARGE, SUITABLE GROUP OF PEOPLE MAY BE SUBSTITUTED.



cut, fold & assemble the dodecahedron.
follow the directions.

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GUERRILLA ART ACTION in front of the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM of NEW YORK by HENDRICKS/TOCHE

I. *Objective*

1) The plan was to ridicule the Establishment and the false concept of Geldzahler to present a sani-pak cultural pastiche of the last 20 years, benefitting only the money-power collectors and dealers.
2) To protest the increasing grip and manipulation by big business of our cultural institutions as exemplified by the museum's acceptance of $150,000 from Xerox Corporation to mount the exhibition "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970."
3) To force Henry Geldzahler, the creator and organizer of this exhibition, to take a public stand about these issues.
4) To show that the artist is being manipulated by the establishment.

II. *Description*

Jean Toche and Jon Hendricks, members of the Destruction in Art Movement, arrived at the front entrance of the Metropolitan Museum of Art at 9:25 pm Thursday, October 16, 1969 to correspond with the height of the Patrons' opening for the above mentioned exhibition. The artists removed a large trunk from the cab and immediately proceeded, in full view of several New York policemen, other demonstrators, and the arriving art patrons, to arrange their materials on the ground. Jon Hendricks was dressed in tails and black tie (representing the "curator" of the museum) and Jean Toche was dressed in his everyday clothes (representing the "artist").

The "curator" ceremoniously helped the "artist" into the trunk, whereupon the "artist" sat down inside it with his legs freely extending over the side, and his head below the surface of the trunk. By this time a large crowd had gathered to gape and speculate on the forthcoming actions.

As the "curator" helped the "artist" into the trunk, he announced to the crowd in a large pompous voice, "We are honoring this great artist here at the greatest museum in America." The "curator" asked the "artist" if he was thirsty and would he like some milk. The "artist" said, "Yes, yes" and was gratified by receiving the milk poured all over his face and body. Then the "curator" forced the protesting "artist" into gorging himself on milk. The "artist" coughed and slobbered the milk down his beard.

The "curator" then opened and exposed a tray of hors d'oeuvres, amid the exclamations and approval of the crowd. The "curator" ate one of the shrimp delicacies and asked the "artist" if he would like one too. The "artist" said, "Yes, yes" and pointed to some marinated shrimps. The "curator" pulled the tray away from the "artist" and said, "Don't point. Be quiet.", and then threw a handful of shrimps on the "artist's" face. The "artist" muttered, "Is this the way to treat an artist?" The "curator" ignored the "artist" and turned to the crowd, passing the tray of hors

d'oeuvres among them. While the crowd was being served, the "curator" turned to the protesting "artist" and told him to be quiet, that he was being honored. Then the "curator" emptied the rest of the hors d'oeuvres on the "artist's" clothes. At this point some people in the crowd protested—not that the "artist" was being mistreated, but because good food was "going to waste."

The "curator" ripped some of the "artist's" clothes and then opened the caviar and said to the crowd, "We have the finest caviar for this artist and this is the only way to treat a great artist." The "artist" expressed delight at the prospect. The "curator" rubbed the entire contents of the jar on the "artist's" face and ripped his pants and shirt some more. The "curator" opened the second jar of caviar as the "artist" was saying, "This is disgusting." The "curator" gave some caviar to one member of the crowd and offered it to another who refused. The "curator" threw the rest of the caviar on the "artist's" hair.

The "curator" poured a quart of milk over the "artist", ripped his clothes more, and pulled off one of his shoes and socks. By this time the "artist's" chest and legs were mostly exposed to the flesh. The "curator" slushed a pint of strawberry sherbert over the "artist." The crowd reacted with disgust. The police, who up to this point had been watching and smiling, stopped smiling.

The "curator" crushed tomatoes all over the "artist" and when someone in the crowd asked to join in, the "curator" refused. The "curator" ripped off the rest of the "artist's" clothes and poured another quart of milk over his face while he tried frantically to get out. The "curator" pushed the "artist" back into the trunk and said, "No, you can't get out, we are honoring you." At this point the police became anxious and tried to make the crowd move on.

The "curator" said, "We have champagne for this great occasion." The "artist" regained some confidence and watched the formality of opening the bottle. The "curator" drank some champagne and said, "Ah, the finest champagne, nothing is too good for the "artist." Someone in the crowd said, "That is lousy champagne." Someone else said, "Give me some before you throw the rest on him." The "curator" passed him the bottle, and after he drank a little, took it away from him. Then, while exclaiming, "This is the best way to honor a great artist—with champagne" he poured the rest of the champagne on the "artist's" face. At this point the "artist" kept repeating, "It burns my eyes, it burns my eyes, it burns my eyes..." (but was finally accepting his condition).

The "curator" took out a handkerchief and wiped the "artist's" eyes. The "artist" made a frenzied grab for the handkerchief, but the "curator" almost immediately took it away from him, saying, "That's enough now. We have more honors to give you."

The "curator" crushed eggs on the "artist" and handed out eggs to the public to be crushed over the "artist." The first person who tried to break an egg over the artist was startled by the egg exploding all over him and

his own clothes. Others came forward to break eggs. One man wanted to throw an egg at the "artist" but the "curator" restrained him by saying, "We are here to honor a great artist, not to hurt him." The man complied. In all, two dozen eggs were broken over the "artist's" exposed flesh, face and hair. The "curator" then forced the "artist" to drink a large quantity of milk. The "artist" started to choke and said, "I can't breathe" and while Jon Hendricks "curator" was asking Jean Toche/"artist" if he was all right, the police moved in and a ranking officer said, "I am calling an ambulance, this man is obviously sick." Hendricks assured the officer that this was a performance. The officer replied, "No, this man is sick, he needs an ambulance" and ordered a policeman to call an ambulance. Hendricks said, "No, this man is all right. Ask him." The officer asked, and Toche assured him that he was perfectly all right—that it was an act. The officer said, "Well, if this man is not sick, leave immediately; otherwise I will arrest him for indecent exposure, drunkenness, littering and creating a public nuisance." Jon Hendricks said, "No, this is an art process and we insist on delivering this package to Mr. Geldzahler inside the museum." The officer still insisted on removing Toche, saying that he was drunk. Hendricks said, "He is not drunk, it is an art performance and we insist on delivery to Mr. Geldzahler." At that point, the officer allowed Jon Hendricks to go to the entrance and ask for Mr. Geldzahler. Hendricks asked one of the museum guards to call Mr. Geldzahler. Hendricks came back and stood by the trunk with Toche still inside covered with the revolting sickening mess of the performance and practically naked. Five policemen had formed a living wall in front of the trunk and other policemen manifested their frustration by yelling at the other protesting groups standing around, "Keep moving, if you want to picket you have to keep moving." All this while, taxis and limousines were continually pulling up to the entrance of the museum and the fashionably dressed patrons walked straight in pretending not to see the spectacle.

After a somewhat long wait, the officer in charge said, "Now this has lasted long enough, get the security chief of the museum." By this time the red "emergency" ambulance of the city had arrived with its lights flashing and parked across the street.

After another wait, the museum security chief arrived and identified himself to Jon Hendricks, who explained to him that they insisted on either delivering this package on art process inside the museum to Mr. Geldzahler, or have Mr. Geldzahler come outside and make public his position. The security officer expressed his doubt that Mr. Geldzahler would want "that" inside, and only after insistence did he agree to contact Mr. Geldzahler about it.

After another wait, the security chief of the Metropolitan Museum of Art returned and told Hendricks: "Mr. Geldzahler would not permit you to

enter the premises. Mr. Geldzahler is 'busy' and will not see you now. Call tomorrow for an appointment for another time."

Jon Hendricks immediately announced to the crowd in a loud voice, "Mr. Geldzahler refuses to see us and now we will leave." He then asked the security chief of the museum for permission at least for Toche to wash his face in the museum washroom. This was also refused.

Jon Hendricks immediately helped Toche—who had been shaking and shivering all this time from the cold weather—to get out of the trunk and put on a change of warm clothes. Hendricks picked up all the remaining "art material" and litter and placed them in the trunk and closed the lid. He and Toche picked up the trunk and walked silently away to the applause of the crowd.

III. *Comment*

At the point that the police officer stopped our performance, we had almost reached the climax of the piece. Remaining elements that we were not permitted to perform consisted of offering a gun to the "artist" who was to refuse, giving money to the "artist" who was to eat it, while then accepting the gun and having blood poured all over his head, and for him to be finally silenced with a gag in his mouth, the trunk closed and delivered inside the museum.

Although the piece as planned was not completed, we were able to achieve the primary goal of having Mr. Geldzahler make a public stand one way or the other. We believe that the point of ridiculing the establishment was quite clear to the people who were permitted to watch us. We also believe that we succeeded in dramatizing the manipulation of art and the artist by the establishment.

We were successful in restraining police actions against us for a good 20 minutes, until we had at least achieved our objective of getting a definite commitment from Mr. Geldzahler (we use the word "restraining" because we answered the police ultimatum of ambulance/arrest or immediate departure by our own ultimatum that we would only leave after we got a statement of commitment by Mr. Geldzahler).

Our ability to restrain the police is perhaps attributable to the fact that we were involved in art process and art actions as opposed to reality situations and definitions, thereby placing the police on uncertain and unfamiliar ground and frame of reference.

We believe that we performed a totally relevant art action in the streets, using guerrilla tactics and dealing with a reality/art situation, as opposed to the usual triviality and non-involvement of the artist as well as the sterile, over-used tactics of picketing and leafleting.

October 17, 1969

Jon Hendricks

Jean Toche

The Thousand Symphonies

i-intention

There are not a thousand symphonies in the body of literature to which this name has been given: there are many more. Not all have been blasted into existence as yet, nor will all be blasted in by any one composer.

But each is the result of violence on the part of its makers, and each exemplifies a clear power relationship among the performers which characterizes our understanding of the exertion and imposition of one will over another in the most dictatorial and technical way.

This relationship may be taken as an exemplum, tragic or heroic or repulsive or wonderful, but is to be followed to the fullest.

ii-resources

The concept of all the pieces in this literature is that each utilizes the largest number of instrumentalists and vocalists, the former using the greatest variety available to them within the very arbitrary instrumentation of the orchestra described on the paper used as source materials. The ensemble is presided over by the conductor.

iii-notations

The notations are made by machine-gunning music paper with the standard ensemble indicated on it. The fragments are gathered together, without regard to whether they are torn, shattered, shredded or merely punctured, and the conductor attaches them to unshot pieces of paper, as many to a sheet as seems appropriate, and as many sheets as necessary in the opinion of the conductor.

These sheets are now xeroxed and distributed among the performers.

iv-interpretation

The performers play from left to right, but they may repeat any fragment. Any rip of paper crossing their parts indicates the shape of the musical event as well as that they may play. The lack of a rip means that they are silent during this movement.

Fragments may be repeated ad lib, subject to the censorship of the conductor, but once a fragment is left, the performer moves on to the next fragment and does not return. The fragments are repeated at irregular intervals, but each time it is played it is as identical as possible in all ways to its first appearance.

For example: the Banjo has four rips in his part on one page, and none on the next page, which the conductor decides is the number of pages to the movement. He plays his first rip very harshly, but he changes neither tempo, timbre, nor any detail of his plucking that he can help, over (for example) six times that he repeats the fragment. The second rip doesn't interest him much and he plays it almost silently and only once. But the conductor, who is the censor, likes it and indicates a repeat, which is forthcoming. The third rip is played three times, and comes out in all ways the same each time. The fourth rip suggests to the Banjo player a virtuoso passage, which he tackles twice and is on the point of repeating a third time when the conductor cuts him off. Then he waits for the movement's end.

The conductor tries to cause the performers to divide the time proportionately to the horizontal space of each page, regardless of the tempo which he has chosen for the movement, and this is a criterion of his censorship. He also increases and decreases volume ad lib. Most important, he cues performers in.

However, the straighter the rip, the simpler the timbre, and the more direct the melodic line chosen to suggest the movement of the rip. A very shredded line would either have a very complex, impure timbre or an involuted and complicated melodic form.

And finally, the angle of the rip determines the tempo: the sharper (verticle on the page) the faster the fragment is played, moving either up or down as indicated, overall, but taking the nature of its line or its timbre from the nature of the rip as mentioned above, so that a very horizontal but clean rip would suggest a very adagio passage while a messy horizontal one would suggest a complex melody or timbre (or both) moving as shown.

v-mechanics

No number of movements or duration for the performance has been specified. These are determined by the conductor.

Ideally the notations would be manufactured in front of the spectators, from gunning to assembling and xeroxing, then performed by the ensemble which had previously been rehearsed using sample notations.

The performers should occupy considerable space horizontally in proportion to the audience, in order that the perceived effect should have a clear relation to the typical spacing of the notation.

It is not at all essential that all the parts indicated on the music sheets be performed at any one performance. Where there is a choice the conductor makes it, not always on the basis of availability.

Dick Higgins
New York City
July 12th, 1967

PROTEST PIECE

A group participates in a performance area separate from the audience area. Each member of the group stands still and erect, perceiving what the audience does, saying nothing.

Whenever anybody in the audience makes a sound, verbal **or** acoustic, each performer imitates it vocally as loud as possible—but once and only once.

The performance lasts as long as desired. A suggested normative duration is eight minutes.

West Glover, Vermont
July 22nd, 1978

OBSERVATION MUSIC

when you have sneezed
three times
you have performed this piece

west glover, vermont
august 30, 1978

YES ME NO ANSWERS, A PHATIC POEM

1., Choose a phrase. Models: "yes." "I don't suppose you'd like to." "Is she now."

2., Say the phrase over and over again, varying all expressive or "phatic" aspects, so that it means something different each time. Vary volume, accent, tone, emphasis, timbre, etc. Pause at the end of the phrase each time, long enough to think clearly what the next saying will mean and be.

3., If two or more people take part in a performance, they should alternate and not overlap, and they should use the same phrase. An ideal length of performance is about four minutes.

4 October, 1978
New York City

TAPE DANCE

Would you?
I doubt it.
I'd like to.
So would I.
Yes.
That's not likely.
Sure.
Try me.
Not that.
I'd rather.
Where?
This kind.
Are you there?
Not really.

Try this.
Where are you?
I'd rather not.
That's fine.
That's true.
Ring harder.
Sure.
Do you have any?
Seldom.
Not that.
Do you like this?
That's insane.
Like why not?
Sure.
That's cool.
Can I have one?
That's close.
Try this kind.
Well, why not?
That feels good.
I doubt it.
Did you ever?
That one's too slow.
I wouldn't.
True enough.
If I were you.
Better cool it.
But it **is**.
Is that it?
Not really.
A little more.
Sooner or later.
I like that.
Please don't.
Better yet.
Would you want to?
That's enough.
Do you like it?
Quite smooth, really.
So who won out?
That's no good.
We try harder.

How was it?
Okay.
I liked that.
Sure.
Never.
Two or three.
Not yet.
If I did?
Could we fix that?
Do you want to?
Should I?
Not much yet.
Really.
That's too much.
Are they?
Shouldn't you?
I did.
That's all?
Sure.
Like that?
Maybe.
Could you please?
Hmmm.
Would you want to?
Absolutely.
How about this?
Shall we?
Is that enough?

22 May, 1977

22 May, 1977
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

(**Method for performance:** the first reads ten or fifteen lines solo, then is joined by the second who, starting at the top, takes turns with the first, to produce a dialogue. If a third, the third joins in after the second has gotten ten or fifteen lines down. A fourth would be too much. A good length for performance is about ten minutes: both the first and the second may begin again at the beginning after they have ended, but as the five minutes approach their end, first the

first should drop out and then the second. Perhaps the second time through, the second should start first, joined ten or fifteen lines in by the former first. If the performance is for videotape, then one hand should be seen for the whole time, in one continuous shot, gesturing and moving in response or non-response to the vocal parts. This piece was first performed by Dick Higgins and Michael Morris at The Western Front in Vancouver, B.C., Canada in June, 1977.)

RE-EXAMINATION OF FREEDOM

ONE
If I were FREEDOM
I'd be an apple

TWO
If I were FREEDOM
I'd be hurricanes
of sugarcanes

THREE
If I were FREEDOM
I'd navigate all the drunken rivers
and if I drown I go down
in a carnival of sky
and if I ride
the World rides with me
over the sunken drunken sun and whee-ee-ee-ee-eeeeeeee-

FOUR
If I were FREEDOM
I'd never be Aunt May
who thinks she is the U.S.A.
and her left leg is Florida

MAY: or is it my right
no my left
I'll have a Civil War
I'll sell Louisiana to Napoleon

LOUISIANA flies away

LEFT LEG: Napoleon Napoleon
la la la la la -----

FIVE
If I were FREEDOM
I'd be that mud puddle
where Walter Raleigh laid his cloak
no I mean I'd be that cloak
laid by Sir Walter in the puddle of Queen Elizabeth I mean
the puddle for Queen Elizabeth I mean
once there was a puddle and there was a queen and
along came Sir Walter Somethingorother and laid
down his cloak for her
if I were FREEDOM
I'd be that cloak
and the World my Queen
I mean

Six
If I were Freedom
I'd be a small tree
at the edge of night
in the wild skyscrapers
then a lonely sea
and the blue waters rushing
would do your heart good
I'd be

Song
If I were Freedom
I'd love you
in the demented batteries
I'd love you
on the sidewalk
I'd love you
and glasses are empty but
I'd love you I'd love you

abandonned thus to the fury of symbols
If I were Freedom
and suddenly there is the wilderness
I'd love you
yes all hands are lost when the ship goes down but
I'd love you
the shadows crowd on the shore
I love you
tell me before the ferryman's return

I love you I love you
and everything is full of the sea

If I were FREEDOM
I'd love you
dirty calabash
I'd love you
my lion
I'd love you I'd love you
if I were FREEDOM
on feathers in my head if there were snow
on cards on the tables on the chairs
the waves distill you
and the night

salt white stuff on stones
I love you
so that one discovers strawberries at the rim of fire everyday
I love you I love you
which is a condition that becomes a festival

A Beautiful Day

GIRL: What a beautiful day!

THE SUN falls down onto the stage

Narcissus

NARCISSUS: How much do you love me how much

IMAGE: As much as tomato soup

NARCISSUS: Help!
Send Help!

Runners start running
People jump out of windows
Cabbages jump out of the ground
There's a crucifixtion . . .

NARCISSUS: ?????

IMAGE: ?????

CABBAGES: ?????

?????: ?????

?

POET: in a poem
you make your point with –

AN OCEAN rises with a boat and a sail

the POET goes sailing away

water song?

POET: in a poem
you make your point with a flower

A SLICE OF PIE appears

POET eats PIE

YUM-YUM BOY: yum yum

POET: in a poem
you make your point with a flower

A BOTTLE OF WINE flies over

BOTTLE: from France

POET: Ah! from France

POET opens BOTTLE and drinks

shortly FLOWERS-IN-THE-HEAD

together they the POET et LES FLEURS DE FRANCE
do a drunk-flower dance

FRENCH POET: in a poem
one makes one's point with
skies of quicksilver and nubile under the water
buttocks of sandstone –

FRENCH COOK: in a poem
one makes one's point with
egg mixture as in basic omelette
one tablespoon fresh chopped chives
one tablespoon fresh chopped basil
one tablespoon fresh chopped tarragon PRESTO!
and a bottle of dry white wine

the COOK places the omelette around the POET who
sits there amiably after properly embracing the COOK and
TOGETHER they eat the cook-poem

COOK: ah!

POET: ah! ah!

Song

basil and tarragon
buttocks and wine
skies of quicksilver
lalalala –

FLOWER: in a poem
you make your point with a poet

MANY POETS fly onto the stage like firecrackers
from everywhere they –

FLOWER: Help!

FLOWER rises in a small flame
and falls in ashes as

the POETS crash together in a heap on that spot

AN ASHCAN appears

and the moon
is set upon by Tarzan with his fan

POET: in a poem
you make your point with a flower

AN ASHCAN appears

POET: in a poem
you make your point with a flower

AN ASHCAN appears

ASHCAN: The poet is thinking

POET: in a poem
you make your point with an ashcan

MANY ASHCANS fly onto the stage from all directions they knock the POET out

POET: in a poem
you make your point with a flower

AN ASHCAN appears

POET droops

SECOND ASHCAN appears

POET droops more

DOZENS OF ASHCANS appears

POET cannot droops further farther

FIRST ASHCAN begins to dance

SECOND ASHCAN begins to dance

MUSIC?

ALL THE ASHCANS begins to dance they do the ashcan-can

POET begins to dance

POET: in a poem
you make your point with a flower

AN ASHCAN appears

POET takes paintbrush and paints flowers over ASHCAN

CURTAINS pour down disguised as rain

POET: in a poem
you make your point with a flower

NOTHING happens

we wait he waits the POET

IT begins to rain

POET gets wet

BIG SUN comes out

in Granada

A FLOWER

mounted on mother-of-pearl

A FLOWER

without bridle or stirrups

POET: in a poem
you make your point with a flower

FLOWERS fly in from all directions and are

CURTAINS

FLOWER: in a poem
you make your point with a poet

A POET appears

SUCCESS comes leaping like Tarzan
and bows

FLOWER and POET embrace

POET: in a poem
you make your point with –

the FLOOR rises under the POET and
crashes through to the night outside

STARS: in a poem
you make your point with –

the POET bows and shines from up there among the STARS

CHORUS OF ASTRONOMERS: Eureka!

EXCHANGING CONTEXTS CHANGING

The set is one large semi-circular screen. The screen transmits different locations and pictorial environments thru rear projection. HE and SHE interact/intersect with the pictorial environment. Often, the set becomes a living presense and/or HE and SHE become inanimate objects. Their behavior is a result of the physical objects and environment that shapes them.

SCENE I II III IV: ENTER the House the HE and SHE

The "picture" screen takes on an interior house-like structure in the semi-round. A large table wraps around the screen left, center, and right. The table is dressed with bottles plates dishes, reds and blues of cans yellowed vegetables wine reds, and crusts of browns and orange pink delights.

HE enters briskly. HE walks towards the interior left. His head is drawn to the table. HE slowly walks to the table, in short staccato steps, and scans the table from left to right, slowly turning his head back and forth and back and forth . . . as if reading a story. His head stops short at an object and pulls it to somewhere on the left screen. He walks towards the object, raises his hand and grabs his choice from the table and pulls it to him with a stretto-like motion. At this precise moment of visual connection with the object, the light from behind the object is blackened and his clothes (through lighting) change into the color of the object he has grabbed. HE's personality takes on and reflects the character, texture, and shape of the object he has chosen. He slowly shifts, strains, and alters his movements, while at the same time rhythmically enacting a counterpoint of sounds with his tap steel-edged shoes scraping, shuffling, and outlining or accentuating his movements. He does this until he takes on the pose of mimicking the shape and texture of the object and he rests in that identity. He freezes his final gesture in the pose and reflects the stance and life of the object he has chosen. BLACKOUT

SHE enters briskly. SHE repeats the same instructions as he but grabs a different object. After SHE freezes her final movement for thirty seconds, there is a BLACKOUT. They

repeat this entry and exit three times, each time grabbing objects from the center and then the right screen. After the third BLACKOUT, HE and SHE enter, each from the opposite wing. They choose any object from any part of the screen. When the lighting has changed their color, they face each other. Within the character and personae they have just attained, they reflect, behave, and interact. They merge with each other, often (but not always) symbiotically, before the blackout of each interaction.

Piano music is also used as a counterpoint. Interspersed throughout the piece, the piano voices translate color into sound. The intensity of pitch, chords and keys, as well as the rate of speed of the movements, is determined by the interpretation of density of the changing objects.

SCENE V VI VII:

They repeat the last scene three more times, each time grabbing different objects. The language and gestures that compose each scenario are reflected in the interpretive voice of the images they merge with. For example, HE grabs a plate, SHE grabs a knife. The interpretation may be that HE takes on the personality of the HE who serves, holds, is a platform for, a vehicle for her projections. SHE takes on the personality of the SHE who cuts up, slices, minces, disassembles, organizes in units, and separates. They interact/intra-act. BLACKOUT.

POSTSCRIPT:

The HE and SHE repeat the last scene with HE portraying the SHE object and SHE portraying the HE object. BLACKOUT

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MADDOM DAME

7 00 to 700

BOB WILSON

CHRIS KNOWLES

act 1
act 2
act 3
act 4
act 5
act 6
act 7

12 HOURS

12 HOUR PLAY

ANDY DEGROAT

PARIS

FRANCE

AN ANGRY FATHER

A MAD FATHER

MAD AT ME

ARE YOU MAD AT ME

TO GET ANGRY AT SOMEBODY

SO GOOD

CHRISTOPHER KNOWLES

ACT 1

As you do the flute. You do the top of the castle, how long has you doing it for 3 minutes, you blow a flute. Because you are the most man however known. Where is your drum. Im the play we short the string, however you do the flut e. It's easy to do this flute of your balance. I am good of doing the flute. The trees are not in the way im that play, however when you do the flute. Ca refully not to hit the stage, and now he spins and with his arms out straigh t. It was Andy.,w...Who was the spinner, the way of doing this is. The trail ors came along. é r Are you the spinner in the whole wide world. A hammer of the simple x..... EMILY LIKES THE TV Are you mad at me. The rhinocerous comi ng to get you. 123123123123123123123123123123 FAT 123123123123123123123123123123123 Up we go to the coast. A prince of a red fresh goat of her, Here we go into the thing.

ACT 2

Here we go. Here we go. The turtles comes and sneaks into the crocodile and m
ake some of the printing style, behave Mr. behave, how are you doing with you
rself in television. Some of those turtles ran to the fountain. Causes the se
cret in that trailors, A , a board was covered up by sand. EMILY LIKES THE TV
89 tents are prove to the village. Some rescues were so loud in this act by i
nterrupting the play. The secret place called by sweet things in different wa
ys of distants. Some of those plants gotten broken, the pilot of the airplane
. A couple of things happened.WVR. WHEN I'VE BEEN LOVING YOU TOO LONG STAGE:
The raisons are put it in his mouth. A winding road of rain, it is alright. T
he vase of flower.

ACT 3

The home of bonus. Here is a cave, however there was two of the down tem mor
would be twelve. A stretcher got angry at the downers for doing those props.
bang The stick came down. AJSD A quick look of the cave. angrily The drain of
the water. bang The stick ame came down. The railroad tractor put some stree
-lights of the sides of the road, however you put like a ball. A cave bang i
came down with anger. A taste of sour, milk is the way to Paris is about Fra
ce. bang ac came down. We are the mose piece im the 3rd act. bang came down I,
I will come and see you and credits, houses and trees. Some of those things
appemed. thirteen times

ACT 4

A strange thing began to happened. A treasure of a steep thing is called. Bec
ause it was good to know the way to the show, we are here. A house that could
do something to kill. A very bad thing began to happened. He was very mad at
me. A credits put up those pictures in cares, however you do. I can tell you
to be quiet. How are you doing with a dressing room of that for a change. He'
s upset. He was good of doing this, In the house is some people doing things.
The king is cointing up the moneys of counting. The king is counting up the m
oney. Some of those coins are the most dollars in the whole wide world, he's
very nervous about something. A very good thing begam to happened. He was so
good doing thing so well. A strong hand to pull the wagon. He is very nervous
about something. Some horses are found in the states. Where are you going. He
re is your watch. A foam of a thing is what you do is get those strings to do
some of your cleaning up. Some people came to help them to do the sled, how i
t good, how would you like doing is to gather your stuff together. Be so beau
tiful. Oh there was a stick holding a string. The credits are moving to the l
eft. Here is your sound of you in that television. When we gather your stuff
together. We short them, he was so mad. That he pound himself a tree. Andy De
groat found out there was something a matter. A silver thing of strong boost.
Here we are right in the woods. We were quite seeing those thing. Do you know
this. The credits are coming to see your things of plants. Because plants are
nice to be that way to live. HERE IS THE REFUNDS OF THE CREDITS Here we shoul
d say is. THE CREDITS ARE TAKEN CARE OF THE MOST PERSON IN THE EAST TO ROYAL
Here we go to the dressing room to dress up like indians. He was fantastic. I
was so happy. Some credits are taken care of. Here we go into the east. Some
wings should fly to the east, he's quite upset. The credits has been mad. Th
e thing were torn down. He was mad. Because we should half to go to the cour
se. We are seeing a movemn movement. A desert of a stick in this hole. Some
that makes them angry. He's sure to know this quest. A foam that comes from j
s papers has some of this, he should be doing his work in those distance. He
should be doing this message of that. So that was good.

ACT 5

This movememt was brought to you buy is dressing rooms the best. Some men were frustrated, we were the most pleasure of this refunds. The bus that take us where is a secret place. I should be givem givin giving give use giving up those clowns. I will see you in that secret place. We see a filmstrip called fresh. The desert was kind of nice, we saw a thing called the fresh reese. A ghost of a goat. A stranger doesm't know you. The water has some blue sea. But it was good. We should go to the nice desert, he's frustrated. He was so good of doing this. A steep hole has beem so big. I'll see you im the fall. How is it good. A credit has his dog up there. Some water kind of stramge. A wreath for Christmas. It was so good. This one was off. So lets go on to the factory to get it fix. We should be going now right away, we should be mad, we are here. Get it. Now it was so good.

ACT 6

A very strong thing. Here is your help. One by one. There was a black and whi te zebra, however there was a red barn has lots of animals im it. Suppose to do this. And you do that. However you do is like a crawl, he's angry. A skunk has like a scope. We rest them for a little while. And we say is SKUNKS When skunks does like a secret place. Be sure to notice that from me. Refunds for us. REFUNDS FOR US Whem we have lights and beds. Some lights hanging on this side and the other lights on that side. We hold the lights. But strings it ha s like a silver rubber. Steep of that is not a game to play it is dangerous. I will give you some papers to write them a very nice meating, most of them h THE PAPA,S PRAYER Some strangers seem to be mad at her. Here's the soap. The soft pillow.

ACT 7

Here is a bride all dressed and white. The soft pillow is we sit on it and s ee those people doing and all shorts of thing and them people do tricks. The jet of a plame. BAD DUMB BAD DUMB BAD DUMB Here we go to the apes of deffere nt things EMILY LIKES THE TV AND SEE THINGS OUT OF. EMILY LIKES THE TV EMILY LIKES THE TV SOMEWHERE AROUND THEM. Seeing things im huge is like a wave, ho wever you see that thing is called tractors. Secret place is called secret p lace. By now there was some trees. The credits are moving out of east. Now h ere what it is. WELL HERE COME THE ICE MAN Be good of doing things a lot. He 's upset, how cam you. BAD DUMB BAD DUMB BAD DUMB So we will say is. WAVES T he mountain are very mice. The writings they put up on the walls from the bo y. We all joined us so much. That we say in those one is. This was so good.

WE SING A SONG

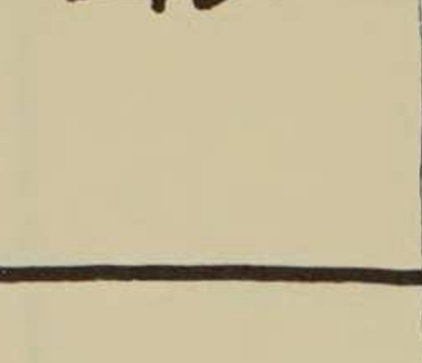
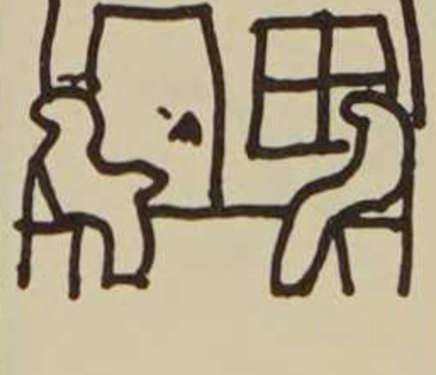
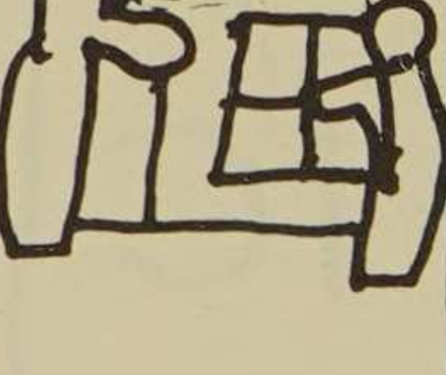
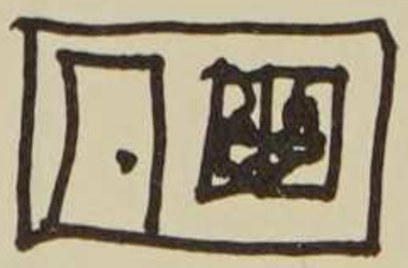
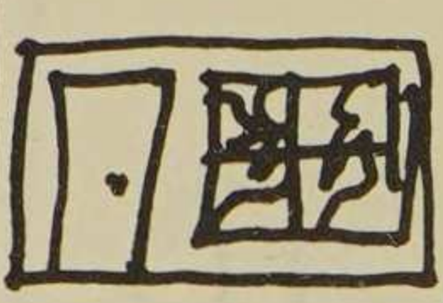
WE SANG A SONG

WE SUNG A SONG

BREAKFAST

SECTION ONE	SECTION TWO	SECTION THREE	SECTION FOUR
CURIOUS GEORGE GOES TO THE HOSPITAL	ANSWERS	ADVERTISEMENTS	CURIOUS GEORGE TAKES A JOB
1A	2A	3A	4A
1B	2B	3B	4B
1C	2C		4C
1D	2D		4D

DIALOG/CURIOUS GEORGE

SECTION ONE	SECTION TWO	SECTION THREE	SECTION FOUR
CURIOUS GEORGE GOES TO THE HOSPITAL	ANSWERS	ADVERTISEMENTS	CURIOUS GEORGE TAKES A JOB
			
			
			

DIALOG / CURIOUS GEORGE

VESPERS (1968)

for any number of players who would like to pay their respects to all living creatures who inhabit dark places and who, over the years, have developed acuity in the art of echolocation, i.e., sounds used as messengers which, when sent out into the environment, return as echoes carrying information as to the shape, size and substance of that environment and the objects in it.

Play in dark places indoors, outdoors or underwater; in dimly-lit spaces wear dark glasses and in lighted spaces wear blindfolds. In empty spaces objects such as stacked chairs, large plants or human beings may be deployed.

Equip yourselves with Sondols (sonar-dolphin), hand-held echolocation devices which emit fast, sharp, narrow-beamed clicks whose repetition rate can be varied manually.

Accept and perform the task of acoustic orientation by scanning the environment and monitoring the changing relationships between the outgoing and returning clicks. By changing the repetition rate of the outgoing clicks, using as a reference point a speed at which the returning clicks are halfway between the outgoing clicks, distances can be measured, surfaces can be made to sound and clear signatures of the environment can be made. By changing the angle of reflection of the outgoing clicks against surfaces, multiple echoes of different pitches can be produced and moved to different geographical locations in the space. Scanning patterns should be slow, continuous and non-repetitive.

Move as non-human migrators, artificial gatherers of information or slow ceremonial dancers. Discover routes to goals, find clear pathways to center points or outer limits and avoid obstacles.

Decisions as to speed and direction of outgoing clicks must be made only on the basis of usefulness in the process of echolocating. Any situations that arise from personal preferences based on ideas of texture, density, improvisation or composition that do not directly serve to articulate the sound personality of the environment should be considered deviations from the task of echolocation.

Silences may occur when echolocation is made impossible by the masking effect on the players' returning echoes due to the saturation of the space by both the outgoing and returning clicks, by interferences due to audience participation or by unexpected ambient sound events. Players should stop and wait for clear situations or stop to make clear situations for other players.

Endings may occur when goals are reached, patterns traced or further movement made impossible.

For performances in which Sondols are not available, develop natural means of echolocation such as tongue-clicks, finger-snaps or footsteps or obtain other man-made devices such as hand-held foghorns, toy crickets, portable generators of pulsed sounds, thermal noise or 10,000 cps pure tones.

Dive with whales, fly with certain nocturnal birds or bats (particularly the common bat of Europe and North America of the family Vespertilionidae) or seek the help of other experts in the art of echolocation.

Activities such as billiards, squash and water-skimming may be considered kindred performances of this work.

TUESDAY

A Theatre Piece for Albert Speer

The audience enters to a wholly empty stage, house lights up full. A group of people enter and walk about the stage in an easy randomness, perhaps congregating in small groups for idle conversation. A whistle sounds loudly and each of the people produces a military signal flag which, when strung on a line found at the foot of the lights and pulled aloft from offstage to produce the finished effect of a plastic ship model, reveals in code a quotation from Andre Breton: "Realism consists of nothing but mediocrity, hatred and banal complacency." Lights down.

Lights up. A complete hundred-member-plus symphony orchestra enters with their instruments and assumes their usual positions behind previously deployed stands. When the orchestra is positioned, the conductor enters accompanied by a woman. Each is dressed in the most elegant of formal wedding attire. At stage center, they undress and share sexual intercourse. Having completed coitus, they then redress, but each in the other's clothes so that the conductor begins to lead the orchestra in a long flowing white silk and organdy gown. The woman exits as the opening notes of Beethoven's 1st Symphony are heard. A woman as identical in appearance to the woman who exited just prior to the start of the music enters at its conclusion and hands the conductor a new baton, carrying his old one off-stage. Beethoven's 2nd Symphony is then performed. A third woman, again identical to the first, enters, batons exchanged, exits. The 3rd Symphony is performed. And so forth. It becomes gradually apparent that she is pregnant. After the 9th Symphony, a ninth identical woman at the full term of her pregancy enters and gives birth at the front of the stage. Lights down.

Lights up to reveal a set consisting of a brick wall pockmarked with bullet holes. Fastened to and spaced evenly along the wall are three standard men's urinals. To the urinal stage left, a baby water buffalo is carried on a stretcher borne by two women dressed in the manner of southern California, circa 1930. The animal is blindfolded, then impaled on a railroad spike to the middle of the urinal. The women exit. In the urinal stage right, four British army officers block the drainage and assemble the paraphernalia of an aquarium. They begin to play jacks. After forty-five minutes, one of the officers adds copious amounts of instant vanilla pudding. The game resumes and continues until the pudding has solidified. The

officers then remove large wooden spoons from their tunics and eat the dessert, fish and all. They then exit leaving the stage to a small child in leg braces who has been sleeping peacefully in the center urinal. She awakes and begins to read **Finnegans Wake** aloud. Upon finishing the novel, she takes a large caliber single action pistol and executes the urinals, left, right, and center. An apparent infinite series of one-liners such as, "Quick, call me a taxi," begins and which she continues to deliver until completely covered with plaster of Paris which has begun to ooze from the top of the brick wall. Lights down.

Lights up. A large number of individuals enter the stage. Stage center, replacing the empty cans is a large spool such as would contain electrical conduit. Instead of conduit, the spool is filled with magnetic recording tape. Each person is made up as for a minstrel show, black-faced, white gloved, but otherwise naked, including having all hair shaved from their bodies. Each is carrying a tape recorder and cuts a length of tape from the master spool and winds it by hand onto individual take-up reels. The performers then sit randomly in the audience and play the tapes on machines which have previously been suspended on lanyards from their necks. The tapes are started at random points across a twenty-five minute period. Enough performers should be used to cover the audience fairly thoroughly, but the tapes are completely empty and the only noise is residual and mechanical. As each machine runs out, the performer stands up and eats the tape. They then exit as silently as possible, but inaudibly mouthing the word "assasin," each in a different language. Lights down.

Lights up. Ushers dresed such as to be found at any television studio of a major network enter and distribute cans of Coca Cola to the audience. As emptied, the cans are collected on stage and stacked into a reasonable replica of Yankee Stadium before the recent renovation. The scale should be large enough to allow recognition. While construction is underway, hula hoops are rolled across the stage from both wings. Upon completion, a phone rings from inside the stadium the sound of someone answering it is heard, then the sounds of a paced and restrained applause is audible over the receiver. Lights down.

Lights up to reveal the entrance of a ricksha drawn by a number of individuals harnessed and inside chartreusecolored bags so that they appear amorphous rather than human. Tiresias rides the ricksha to center stage where he dismounts as best able and stumbles around the stage until he can find a shower stall. He enters the stall and begins to bathe. Left in the vehicle is an old-

but-serviceable Bell & Howell projector which projects an endless loop of Daffy Duck cartoons onto the bags until igniting light-sensitive flammable strips sewn into the bags. The material ought to be treated so that the process takes several hours. During this time, Tiresias is heard to sing "Star Dust" over and over again in a deep bass voice from the shower stall. Freed from the bags, the individuals go and sit in the ricksha and wait until the film itself catches fire. Lights down.

The audience may exit if they choose, or wait until the last light of the flames extinguished itself.

THE ROOM

A bare white room. A door near the upper left hand corner with sign that says "When the man comes in one of you will die." Three people (males), are seated on three straight backed wooden chairs. They are unconscious and the sound of their breathing (amplified) is the only sound. The man in the middle wakes up. There are no windows or ventilators, no fixtures (except lights). Man in middle looks around room. He is unaware of the other two occupants of the room. He becomes aware of the door. Our attention is focused on the sign. He can't see it clarly from his seat. Gets up, walks over to door in order to see sign better. Reads sign, does double-take. Gets look of horror on face screams in panic, runs into left–hand corner and goes into fetal position.

First man (left side) becomes aware of the room. He is unaware of the room's other occupants. He gets up. Walks around room searching for way out. The door catches his eye. He runs over to it, tries doorknob and finds door won't open. Then the sign catches his eye. He backs away from door frightened and perplexed. He goes back to his seat (thinking of what to do). First man looks at door again, look of horror comes over his face—he sees doorknob is turning and lets out air he had been holding in. He attempts to relax while thinking of a way to escape.

The third man looks around, spots first man. Gets up and walks slowly over to him. First man looks up, startled. Third man nods head in direction of door. First man nods head up and down, then from side to side. Third man sits down, to think. Third man (after some time) produces a coin. First man shrugs shoulder, gets up. They flip coin three times. Third man gets look of glee on face. First man looks dejected; then becomes angry. He attacks third man. They tussle about for some time. In the meantime, the door opens, *The Man* walks in and stands there. They become aware of him and stop fighting. Man walks over and grabs third man and drags him off. He's screaming: not me, not me. He's dragged out and door is closed. First man is left standing looking at door; middle man is still in corner.

NEARLY TEN BILLION WALLS

(a musical piece for any number of performers that may be realized in a number of different ways)

Select five or eight different walls (ideally made of different substances). Place a microphone seven feet away from the wall, pointed half-way between the top and bottom of the wall. Hook the microphone up to a speaker/amplifier system, radio, tape recorder, etc. Turn gain up as high as possible, but avoiding undue distortion, feedback, etc. The purpose is to pick up passing noises, standing waves, parts of the performance, etc.

The performance should last for thirty minutes.

The performance consists of combining ten different parts, each of which has ten variables. Once it has been decided what the ten parts will be, the performer is free to do what (s)he wishes (within the limitations set by the separate parts).

The variables of each part are numbered from 0 to 9 with 0 being the easiest and 9 being the most difficult. Each realization of this piece is denoted by a ten digit number which consists of the difficulty ratings of the variable selected for each part. Thus, the number for the easiest realization would be 0000000000, the number for the most difficult realization would be 9999999999.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN PARTS WITH THEIR LIST OF VARIABLES.

I.

0. All of the walls should be the same wall.
1. All of the walls should face in separate directions.
2. All of the walls should be in separate rooms.
3. All of the walls should be in separate buildings.
4. All of the walls should be on separate blocks.
5. All of the walls should be in separate towns.
6. All of the walls should be in separate cities.
7. All of the walls should be in separate counties.
8. All of the walls should be in separate states of provinces.
9. All of the walls should be in different countries.

II. Behind the microphone (facing the wall) should be:

0. An amp and speaker attached to the microphone.
1. An AM radio.
2. A mechanical nightingale.
3. A CB radio.
4. An FM radio tuned to rock station.
5. An FM radio tuned to classical station.

6. An FM radio tuned to easy listening station.
7. A tape recorder w/ amplifier and speaker(s).
8. A television.
9. Nothing.

III. To perform piece:

0. All performers in different localities should perform independently and at different times.
1. All performances in different localities should be broadcast on CB Channel 23.
2. All performances should be done before an audience.
3. All performers should be drunk.
4. All performers should be sober.
5. All performers should not think about what they have done or are doing but what they will be doing.
6. All performers should perform at the same time but under the radio control of a co-ordinator.
7. All performances should be taped and sent to a central location for mixing.
8. All performances should be broadcast to a central listening/mixing location.
9. Performers in different localities should perform their parts whenever they wish (but for a total time not to exceed thirty minutes).

IV. Before performance, performers should:

0. Meditate.
1. Eat a hearty meal.
2. Watch TV.
3. Listen to radio.
4. Write a letter to a friend.
5. Play a piano.
6. Read a book.
7. Engage in self-criticism.
8. Read that day's local newspaper.
9. Do nothing.

V. During performances, performers should:

0. Lie down between mike and wall and make love.
1. Have a party (with lots of beer and pretzels).
2. Play a musical instrument.
3. Play a musical instrument of their own devising.
4. Each location should be assigned one of the roles from a play; the performers at that location should utilize that character's lines (without hearing the performances at other locations).
5. Do their own thing.

6. Discuss the important events of the day.
7. Eat 10 pounds of carrots and celery.
8. Describe what they are doing as they do it.
9. Do nothing.

VI. After the performance, performers should:

0. Do nothing.
1. Watch TV.
2. Get drunk.
3. Read that day's local newspaper.
4. Eat a peach.
5. Go for a long drive in the country.
6. Eat a hearty meal.
7. Get laid.
8. Have a good time.
9. Go home.

VII. The performance should be under the control of:[1]

0. Someone designated as conductor/co-ordinator
1. John Cage.
2. Chris Burden.
3. The President.
4. Terry Riley.
5. La Monte Young.
6. Brian Eno.
7. Jerry Willingham.
8. Eric Vogel.
9. No one.[1]

VIII. In the performance (but not necessarily in every location), the following implements should be used:

0. A gun.
1. A salt shaker.
2. Three violins.
3. A cornet, a flute and three cymbals of different sizes.
4. A copy of the United States Constitution and the Magna Charta.
5. An electric guitar (with amplifier).
6. A syringe.
7. The Manhattan Yellow Pages, a book of matches and a bag of apples.
8. A drum set.
9. A Noumenon II synthesizer.

IX. The walls utilized should be:

0. Next to busy thoroughfares.
1. In prisons.

2. In public buildings.
3. In gardens.
4. Very old.
5. In the country.
6. In libraries.
7. In gas stations.
8. In houses.
9. In various different types of places.

X. The performers should be informed by a knowledge of the work of:

0. e e cummings
1. Shakespeare
2. Brian Eno
3. George Brecht
4. Thomas Pynchon
5. Jefferson Woodruff
6. Ludwig Wittgenstein
7. John Cage
8. Thorne Smith
9. Carl Clark

[1]As people on this list die, they may be replaced by the co-ordinator of the piece as last performed. It is assumed that good faith will be used in such replacements and that the replacements chosen will be similar to the original person named. If the co-ordinator of the last realizations dies, the piece is not to be realized again.

If this piece is performed, one of more of the following people must be informed:

Carl D. Clark 1715 E. 8th St. Charlotte, NC 28204
Dr. Gail Clark 1715 E. 8th St. Charlotte, NC 28204
Lew Herman 2208 E. 8th St. Charlotte, NC 28204
Susan Lockhart 994 Burrage Rd. Concord, NC 28025

In the case variable 9 is chosen in part VII, the people notified will choose the replacement.

THE ILLUMINATION THAT WALKED OUT FROM ANCIENT ATHENS

Wherever it says ACTION in the text of this play, use the following method to determine precisely what that action is: Attached are a list of thirty-six stage directions numbered 11-16, 21-26, 31-36, 41-46, 51-56, 61-66. Whenever the direction ACTION is reached in the reading or production of the work, roll two dice of different colors (or shapes are whatever way you wish to distinguish between the two). Designate one die as the first digit and use the other as the second. The roll of the dice gives you the number of the stage direction to be used where that particular ACTION occurs.

* * *

In production, it would probably not be feasible for most companies to change the action direction for each performance. Therefore, I suggest that the comany take some variable such as the temperature at 3pm on the day of the performance to determine whether or not to change the ACTION-directions. If the temperature is the same or higher as the previous day, the ACTION-directions remain the same. If the temperature is lower, the ACTION-directions are to be changed.

* * *

The optimum production would be one in which all performers have all the different commands memorized. The theater must be outfitted such as the following: each spectator has a control panel with buttons numbered from one through thirty-six. Whenever an ACTION-direction is reached, the audience is appealed to. They push one of the numbered buttons which is fed into a calculator which computes the mean number selected by the audience. The company then proceeds with the appropriate stage business.

Note: In typing up the work, I have substituted sample directions with the ACTION-directions. However, these are only examples. Each reader or company should use the process above to get their own stage directions.

11. The previous speaker grabs the revolver and fires three shots at the audience.
12. The previous speaker opens the umbrella.
13. The previous speaker throws a brick at the window.
14. The previous speaker throws a brick at the person about to speak.
15. The previous speaker turns his back to the audience.
16. The previous speaker opens the street map.

21. The previous speaker peers through the telescope.
22. The previous speaker grabs the revolver and fires two shots at the audience.
23. The previous speaker leaves the stage. This person returns only immediately before his next speech.
24. The previous speaker leaves the stage and does not return during the entire performance. His lines are skipped.
25. Everyone on the stage leaves and returns only immediately before their next speech.
26. Everyone on stage leaves and don't return for the rest of the performance. Their lines are skipped.

31. The previous speaker faints. He is revived by the next speaker by being doused with water.
32. The previous speaker is hit in the face with a cream pie.
33. The previous speake blows his whistle.
34. Everyone on the stage except for the previous speaker blow their whistle.
35. Person next to speak blows his whistle.
36. The next speaker blows his whistle someplace in his speech.

41. The previous speaker removes his shirt/blouse.
42. The person about the speak removes his shirt/blouse.
43. The previous speaker removes his skirt/trousers.
44. The person about to speak removes his skirt/trousers.
45. Everyone on stage but the previous speaker shouts, "AMEN!"
46. Everyone on stage but the previous speaker shouts, "HALLELLU-JAH!"

51. The previous speaker grabs the revolver and fires one shot at the audience.
52. The previous speaker stares out the window.
53. The previous speaker puts on the football helmet.
54. The previous speaker puts on the fireman's helmet.
55. The previous speaker puts on the easter bonnet.
56. The previous speaker strikes the gavel loudly on the table three times.

61. The previous speaker shines the flashlight out over the audience.
62. The previous speaker waves the U.S. flag.
63. The previous speaker waves the UN flag.
64. The previous speaker waves the state flag.
65. The previous speaker blows up a balloon and lets it spurt out over the audience.
66. The previous speaker throws a dart at the target diagram; if he hits the target, he throws a glider out into the audience. If he misses the target, he exits.

THE ILLUMINATION THAT WALKED OUT FROM ANCIENT ATHENS

Characters

Pierrot
Einstein
Madeleine
Robert F. Kennedy
Messalina
A.
Jehosophat

(The setting is a bare stage except, dead center is a long table upon which rests an umbrella, a revolver, a large pile of fake bricks, a streetmap of the town in which the performance is being staged, a football helmet, a fireman's helmet, an easter bonnet, a gavel, a flashlight, a pile of balloons, a bucket of water, a supply of darts and a bunch of balsa-wood gliders. Directly behind the table is a window in the wall. On either the left or right side of the window is a target of a person like the police use on target ranges. On either side of the table is the U.S. flag and the flag of the state in which the production is being staged. In front of the table—directly in line with the window—is the UN flag. Somewhere on stage is a small home astronomer's telescope.)

To begin: This play is dedicated to Susan and Gail.

On stage: Pierrot and Einstein.

Einstein: It's just so . . .

Pierrot: . . . ly. Quite right. The sunset, if you care to notice it, a permanence among all things.

Einstein: Quite miraculous, actually. It reminds me of a squash in December.

Pierrot: Quite. A molecular change here and there and you have Tuesday.

Einstein: Quiet! Green moves outside, headaches and kings, a **ruse de guerre**, newspaper copy for the joined. Look! Now . . .

(ACTION: Einstein grabs the revolver and fires three shots at the audience.)

Exit Einstein in a fit of rage. Madeleine enters bemusedly.

Madeleine (ridiculing): Abridgements of heaven! A stake in that man's future is a knife in the side or perhaps a paper. What-ho, Pierrot?

Pierrot: Can't rightly say, but it seems t'have somethin' to do with electrons and pastry. Hey, Madeleine, how yo' doin'? How's your ma?

(ACTION: Pierrot gets flashlight and shines it over the audience.)

Madeleine: That's what I like about you, Pierrot, you've got style. Maybe you should run for office.

Pierrot: A property perhaps. It was also a matter of green and the actuarial few. But now you're on your own and here we are now. So what?

Madeleine (grinning): This . . . (ACTION: She removes her shirt/blouse) . . . and a popsicle for your prize hereford besides.

Pierrot: How like Achilles and that other redhead I used to know you seem. Tell my my child.

Madeleine (abstractly): Organisms desire trodden redgrowth. Achilki and sadertfy. A posie, opinion, joined and referrals. oklahoma americana. We fade away. lons and evens. Greetings, sire, from your pied humplikropr. Obligatory, Pierrot, lioness and cheap gin.

Pierrot: Amazing. And I thought that it all had to do only with sewing oranges.

(ACTION: Madeleine blows her whistle before she speaks.)

Madeleine: You descriptive ape!

Pierrot: I think that perhaps you should get more sun.

Madeleine: And you more loksome juice!

(ACTION: Madeleine puts on fireman's helmet.)

Pierrot: So it's you! And to think that I . . .

Madeleine: Quite correct. And now . . .

BLACKOUT

Lights up. Everything back in their place on the table. We now have Einstein and Athene on stage. As the lights come up, we hear Athene talking.)

Athene: And it was just unlikely enough . . . do you hear me, Einstein? . . . and I saw at once that there was only the slightest chance that I could do something that they . . .

Einstein: Did you know that your eyes shift from the muddiest blue to the clearest blue.

Athene: But you miss the point. Didn't ya hear what I said: They are saying that there is no reason to it. What they mean is: how can you change people's minds by writing something that they cannot understand.

Einstein: How can you do-do-do-diddy-diddy-wah-wah?

Athene: As always, your rhythm's off. By the way, did I tell you that I'm pregnant. Ain't that a hoot? I wonder if the kid will follow my example and spring full-blown from his father's brow. If so, why the hell do I feel so odd?

Einstein: Booogidie-shoop.

Athene: Don't you feel any obligation to life?

Einstein: My dear Athene, my life, my love, my einversetzung-polizeingungen, why should I? A comet perhaps. Should we not be above all that? I ask you: do you not remember Odysseus? Pfui.

(ACTION: Einstein puts on Easter Bonnet.)

Athene: Well, I'm sure that the avocado will be glad to gnaw this presupposition. Another failure, another dime.

(ACTION: Athene grabs the revolver and fires one shot at the audience.)

Athene: I don't have to stick around and take this.

(Athene walks back behind the telescope and stands at ramrod attention.)

(Enter from one direction R.E. Lee and from the other R.F. Kennedy.)

Lee: Bobby Kennedy! By my beard, how's yo' ass. By god, I never . . . .

Kennedy (at the same time): By my bearded Bobby Lee! By my ass! How's never, god I . . . .

Lee: Now wait a minute.

Kennedy (waits a minute): Over-abundant breath-pickers.

Lee: Whistling mambo-talkers.

(ACTION: Lee turns his back to the audience.)

Kennedy: Reverberations.

(Enter Messalina)

Kennedy: Messalina! Now what?

(ACTION: Messalina grabs the revolver and fires one shot at the audience.)

Lee: Oh, no! Not again.

Messalina: Bobby, you're looking swell.

Kennedy: Hey, you! Let me look at your insides.

Messalina: Poor pity, poor pity.

Athene (having gone through various emotional reactions to the preceding speeches): A sop, a sop! And now, charisma.

Lee: A lovely vision.

Kennedy: A truth.

Messalina: A death.

(ACTION: Messalina grabs and waves the U.S. flag.)

Lee: If so, then what?

Messalina: Don't ask me. I'm just a marrying fool. And just passing through, too.

Kennedy: Repeat.

BLACKOUT

(On stage are the players there at the blackout plus the person who fits the following conditions: if you graph horizontally the heights of all the different players and then graph vertically the voice pitch of each of the players—not using falsetto—this character he is played by the person who is furthest removed from 0.0. This person is standing in a direct line with the window and the UN flag. This person is called A.)

A: Appreciation is harder and frigid, but the mitosis items redeem; a sap and what crisis then? We die, do we not? Where then is there an ear? Even aside from that: where is a true drag? Why do we pretend? Every act a denial. Every set a lie. Perhaps I am gentle, perhaps I am guardian, perhaps I am omission, a woman, a tyro, a parsnip, a dread, a kindred, a jolt or not at all. Is there A? a nomad, a soporific, a violence, a a note. Christo. (Some sort of extended acts of silence. Precise.

BLACKOUT

(Einstein alone.)

Einstein: A long narrow meadow hemmed with marigolds. Is that perhaps where I should be? But if so, then who am I?

(Vocal overlay: YOU ARE EINSTEIN!)

Einstein: Nonsense.

(Enter Pierrot dressed in gaily colored rags.)

Pierrot: Nonsense.

(ACTION: Einstein blows his whistle.)

Einstein: I've watched and watched. So what's the deal?

Pierrot: That's the breaks.

Einstein: It wouldn't make any sense, y'know.

Pierrot: It's green, y'know.

(ACTION: Pierrot puts on the Easter bonnet.)

Einstein: But I often wondered about suicide; so now it's simple eh? THESE THINGS ARE SIMPLE, YOU CLODS! Are you blind? Where are your eyes? Where did you sleep last? Have you a rutabaga to spare?

(ACTION: Einstein blows his whistle.)

Pierrot: Poppycock.

Einstein: Hear the wind. Hear the swallows. Hear the darkness that falls at night. We are here! We are here! Are you listening? Here's a proposition: there are books; there are minds. Therefore, I give you now a few sounds: possible; slightly; papaya.

Pierrot: The cars go by with their lights flashing.
(ACTION: Einstein removes his trousers/skirt.)
Einstein: A periodic function, perhaps. Is that what you really want?
(ACTION: Einstein grabs and waves the UN flag.)
Pierrot: No. It's principles that we really want. Ba-doom.

BLACKOUT. There follow six gunshots in the darkness, followed by a red, yellow, green and/or orange flash.

Lights up quickly after the preceeding. On stage Messalina.

Messalina: It's this or that or another, is it? Posterity.

(Enter Jehosophat.)

Jehosophat: I'm that.

Messalina (joyously, but puzzled): Are you?

(Enter A.)

A.: Appreciation must now go by the boards. It seems incredible. Where's my mother? Am I blind? I am dumb. My sisters don't understand me—and one pretends to three tongues—and the elders don't know me either. Oblong? Don't mind if I do. Eat up. Call my name. Illness becomes.

Jehosophat: Yes, we were red, but our blood was blue. The proleteriat was dead. We try. Clowns? Tightropes? Perhaps a bitter submission. We might have had to get re-adjudicated. Oblong. WHO UNDERSTANDS!!!

(ACTION: Jehosophat removes his skirt/trousers.)

Messalina: An opportunity. We pass the time. Grow tall. A pizziccatto. Bye-bye. Murderererererererereringo.

A.: Obrigtiuntyhionpokmlob.

(ACTION: A. grabs U.S. flag and waves it.)

(A. and Jehosophat exeunt.)

Messalina: Lopsided guerillas.

(ACTION: Everyone on stage exeunt to return only when their next speech occurs.)

(Enter R.E. Lee and R.F. Kennedy as the previous ACTION is performed.)

Messalina (exiting): I was there! I was there!

Lee: Breath-taking, absolutely breath-taking!

Kennedy: A spook in every stack?

Lee: I don't call it anything.

Kennedy: To be quite honest, Lee, I forget why I came in here.

Lee: Well, Bobby, a pressure can only be served once.

(ACTION: Lee blows his whistle.)

(Jehosophat enters looking amused.)

Jehosophat: A miracle! Desire and temptation, blue and lionesses, the greed came visiting. There is a slight chance . . . .

(Messalina enters looking angry. Lee and Kennedy watch the following exchanges with growing attitudes of concern.)

Messalina: A torpor.

Jehosophat (lasciviously): Ah, Messalina, my little porkpie.

Messalina: Stow it, Jehosophat. A sinecure it is not; should I say instead the martyrs of deafness and a chance, a statistical possibility?

(ACTION: Messalina grabs the revolver and fires one shot at the audience.)

Jehosophat: A streetlamp.

Messalina: Say, you are a prig.

Jehosophat: Breakfast at ten o'clock.

Messalina: And you, sir, are a moral idiot.

(Enter Einstein smoking a pipe and carrying a piano.)

Messalina: And just look at this buffoon. What price to pay. This whole affair's becoming very torn and frayed. Ragged banners waving in the wind. Thoughtless people, tragic souls, thoughtless poisons, thoughtless explosions, thoughtless heroics, liars, liars, liars . . .

Einstein: It all appears to be . . . .

Jehosophat: It all appears to be . . . .

Lee: It all appears to be . . . .

Kennedy: It all appears to be . . . .

Messalina: It all appears to be . . . .

Lee: What?

Jehosophat: What?

Messalina: What? What?

Jehosophat: What?

Einstein (screaming): LIKE A DAMNED MEAT MARKET, for god-almighty's sake!

(ACTION: Einstein throws a dart at the target diagram; if he is successful, he throws a glider into the audience; if he is unsuccessful, he exits.)

BLACKOUT

(Pierrot and A. are facing each other across the stage. Athene and Madeleine are flanking the window. There is a low white noise permeating the theater.)

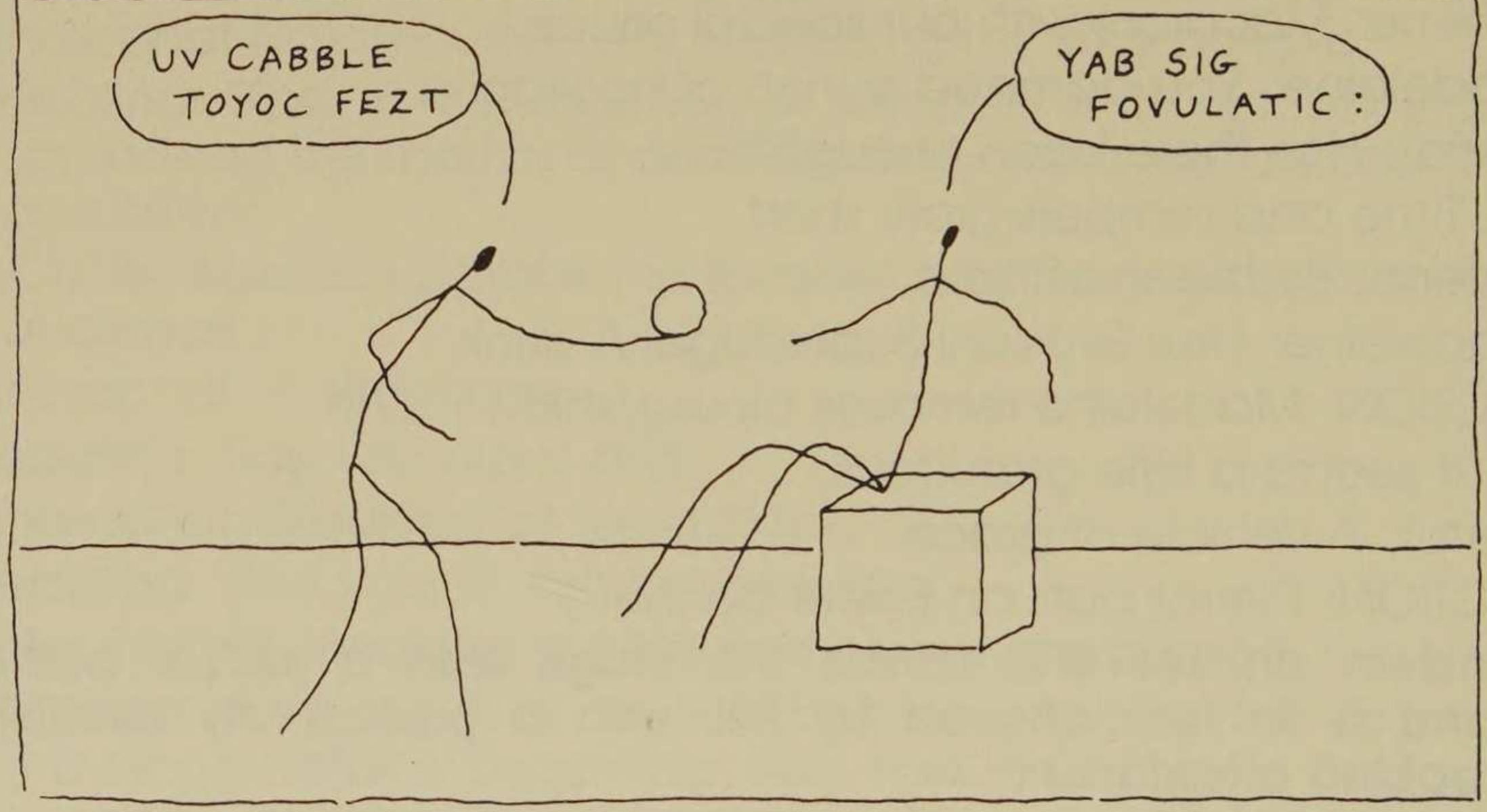
Athene: It all concerned stoic ice cubes.
Pierrot: A blessing of matter.
Athene: Actually.
Pierrot: Dare we use the words.
A.: Xplmojikhiolinsp. It all concerned streetlamps. Obligations, you know?
Athene: Macaroni with our special sauce.
Madeleine: You damned bunch of hooligans.
Pierrot: Has there been enough?
A.: Time and tempers grow short.
Athene: By the short hairs.
Madeleine: Lies! Evasion! Subterfuge! A drink.
(ACTION: Madeleine removes blouse/shirt.)
A.: It seems a trifle gratuitous.
Pierrot: A vehicle of grace.
(ACTION: Pierrot puts on Easter bonnet.)
(Einstein chases RFK across the stage with a seltzer bottle and is in turn chased by REL with a particularly devilish looking pitchfork.)
(ACTION: Pierrot grabs the revolver and fires two shots at the audience.)
Pierrot: Well, that seems to about do do. Just remember this, my friends:

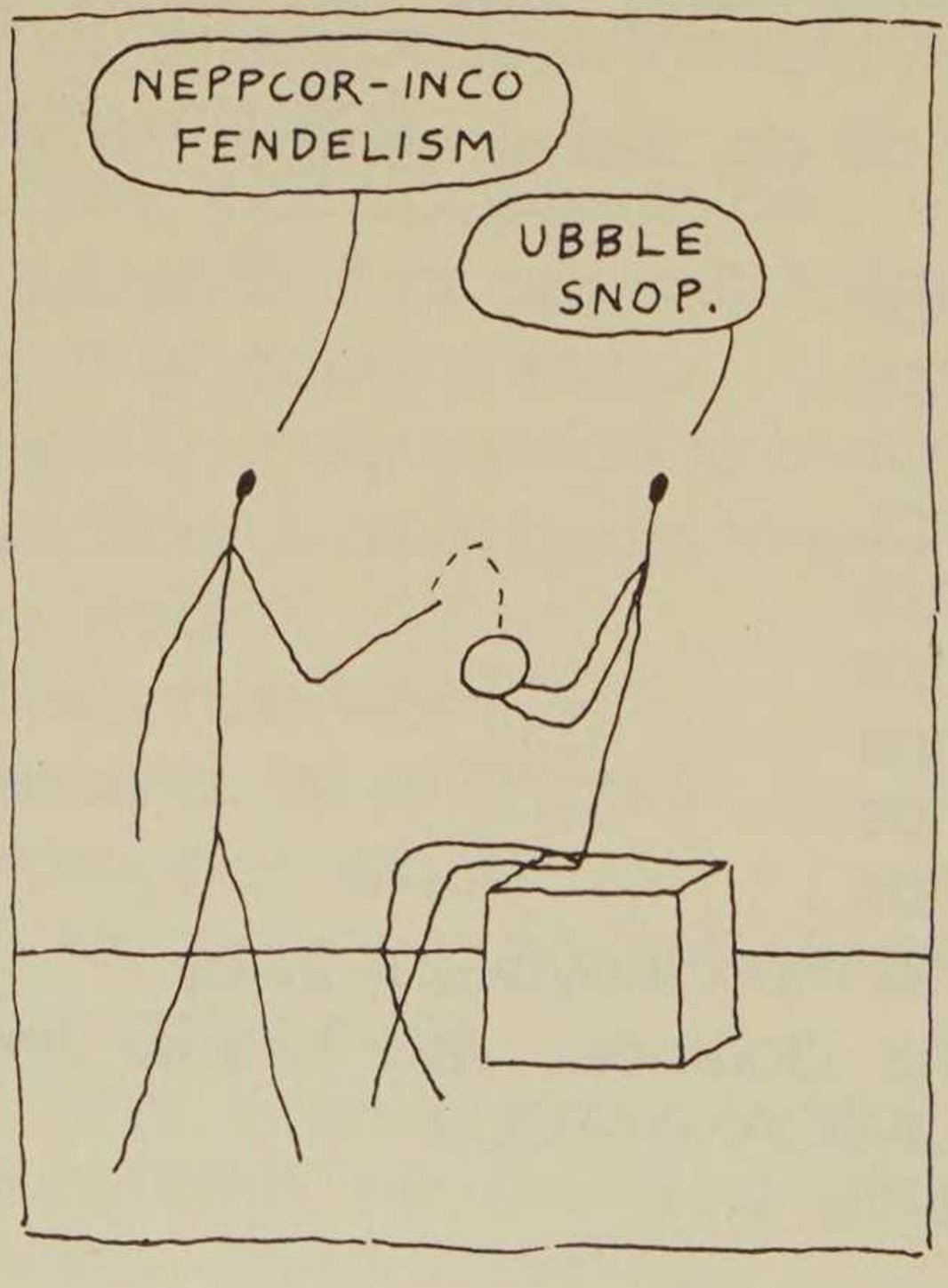
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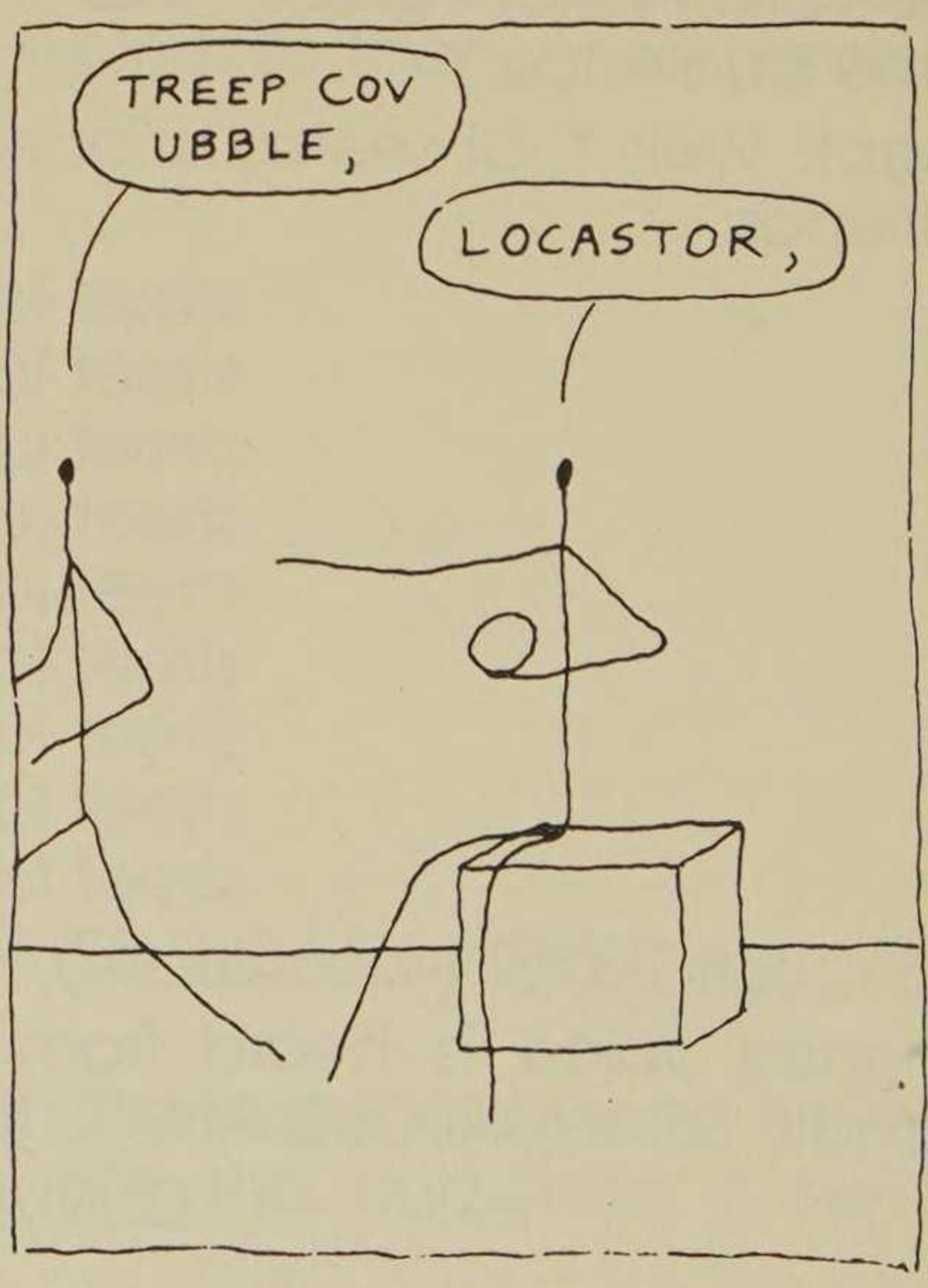
BLACKOUT (laconically): And then they went away.
Athene's voice is heard from the darkness, very hollow and small: SCANDALOUS, ABSOLUTELY SCANDALOUS.
CURTAIN

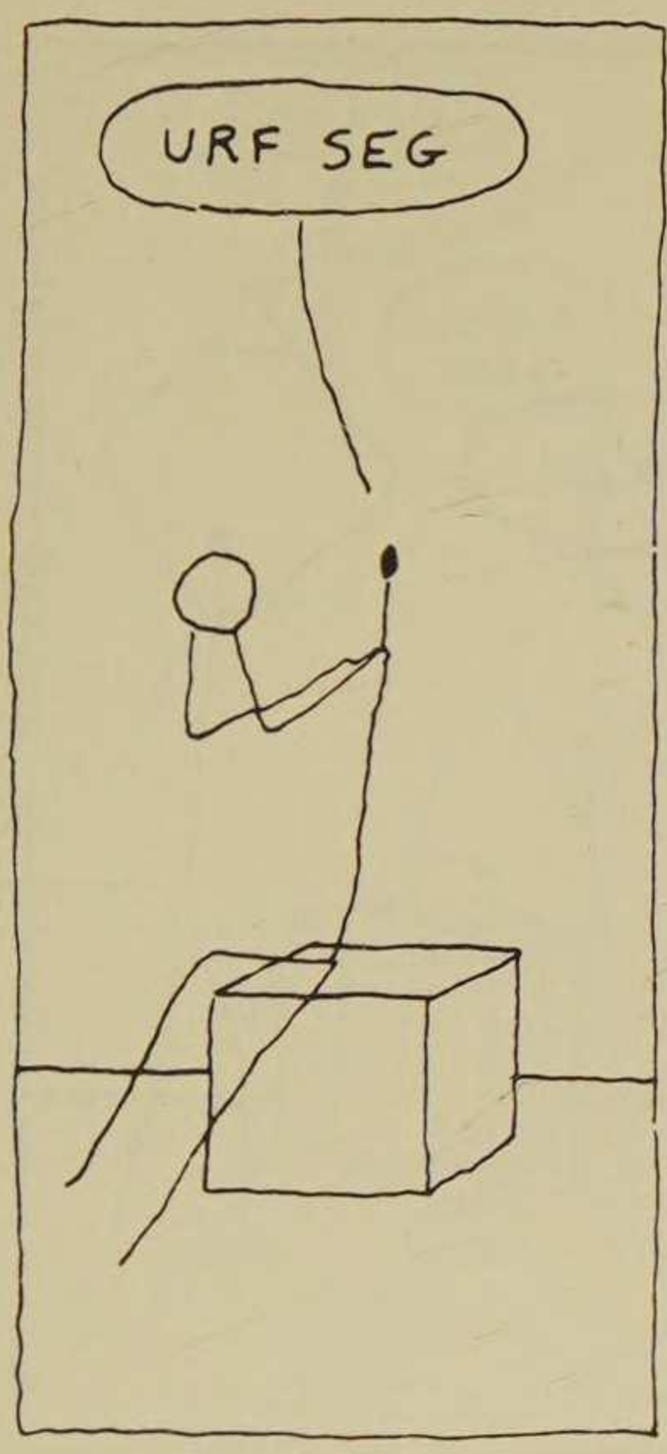
UBBLE SNOP

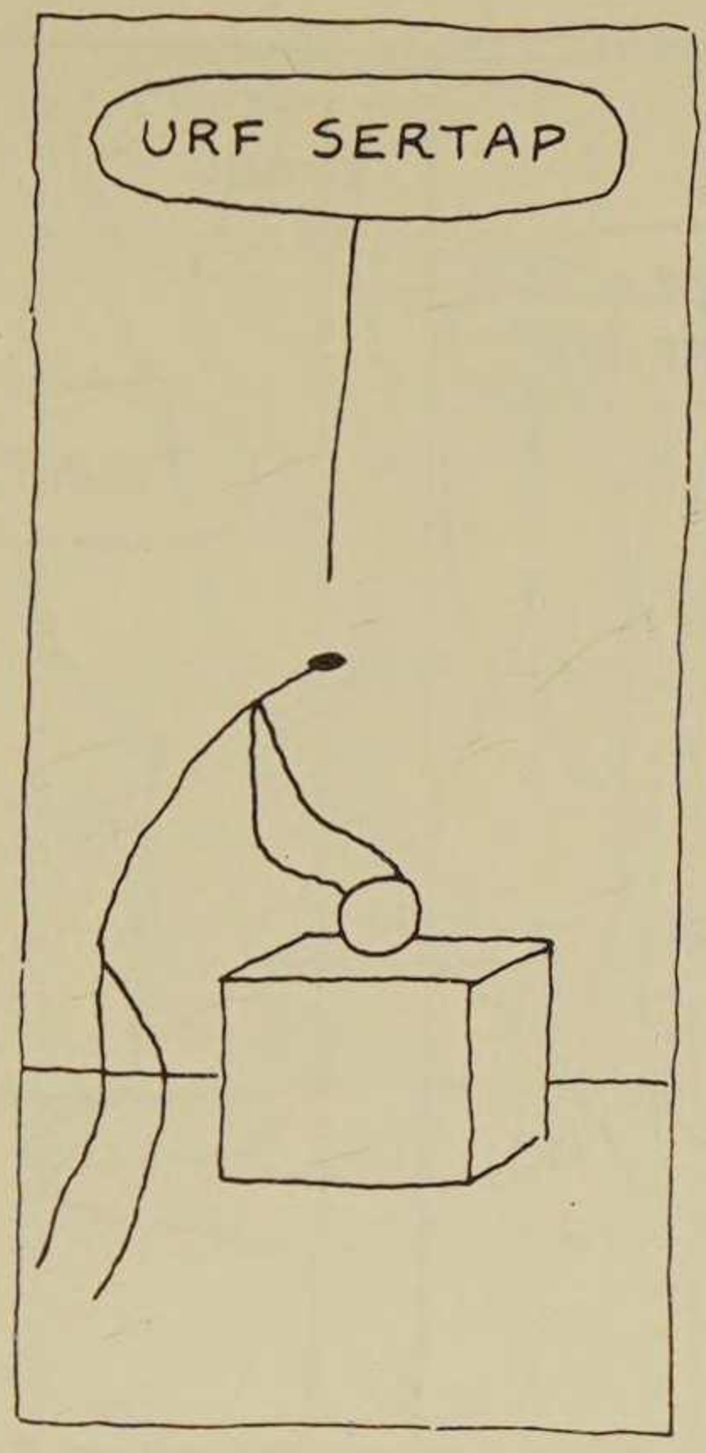
BY JOYCE HOLLAND

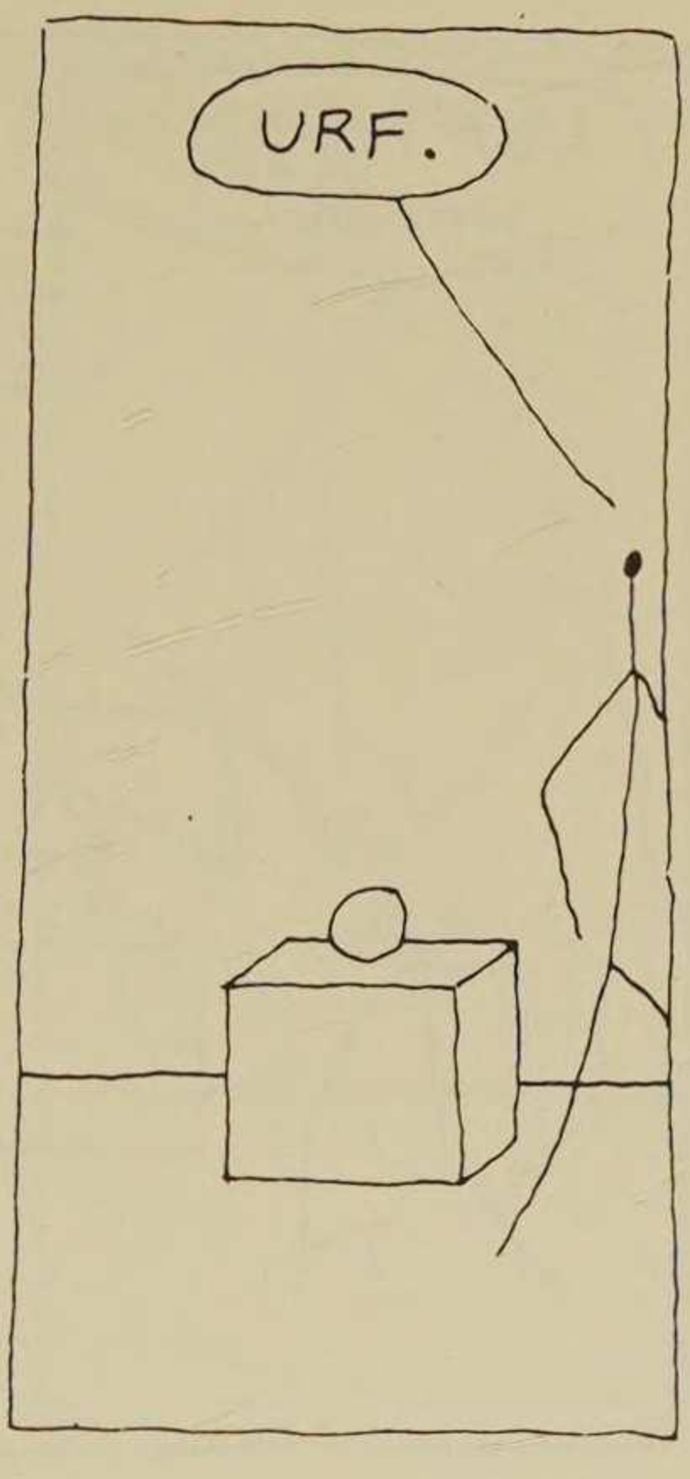


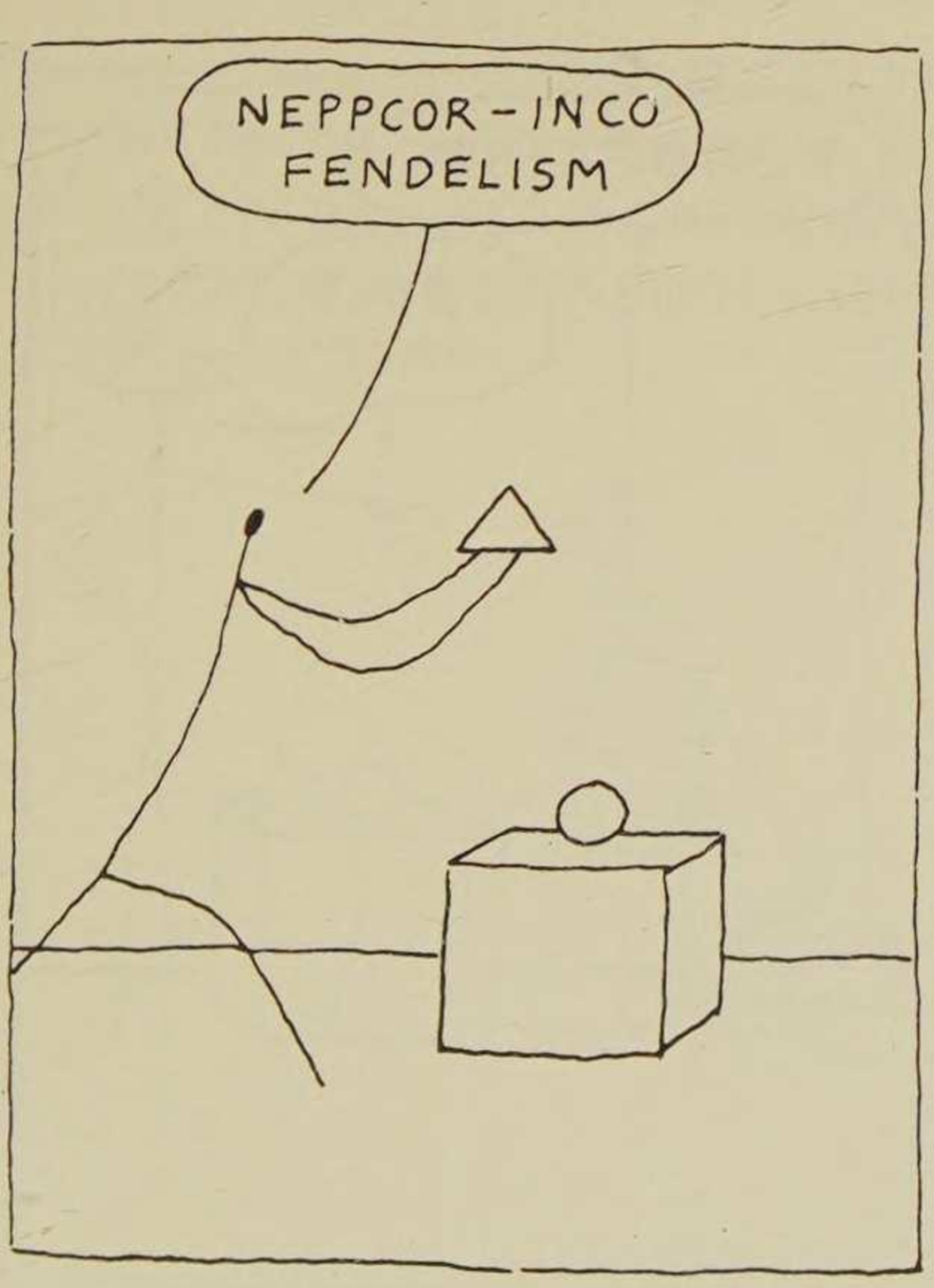


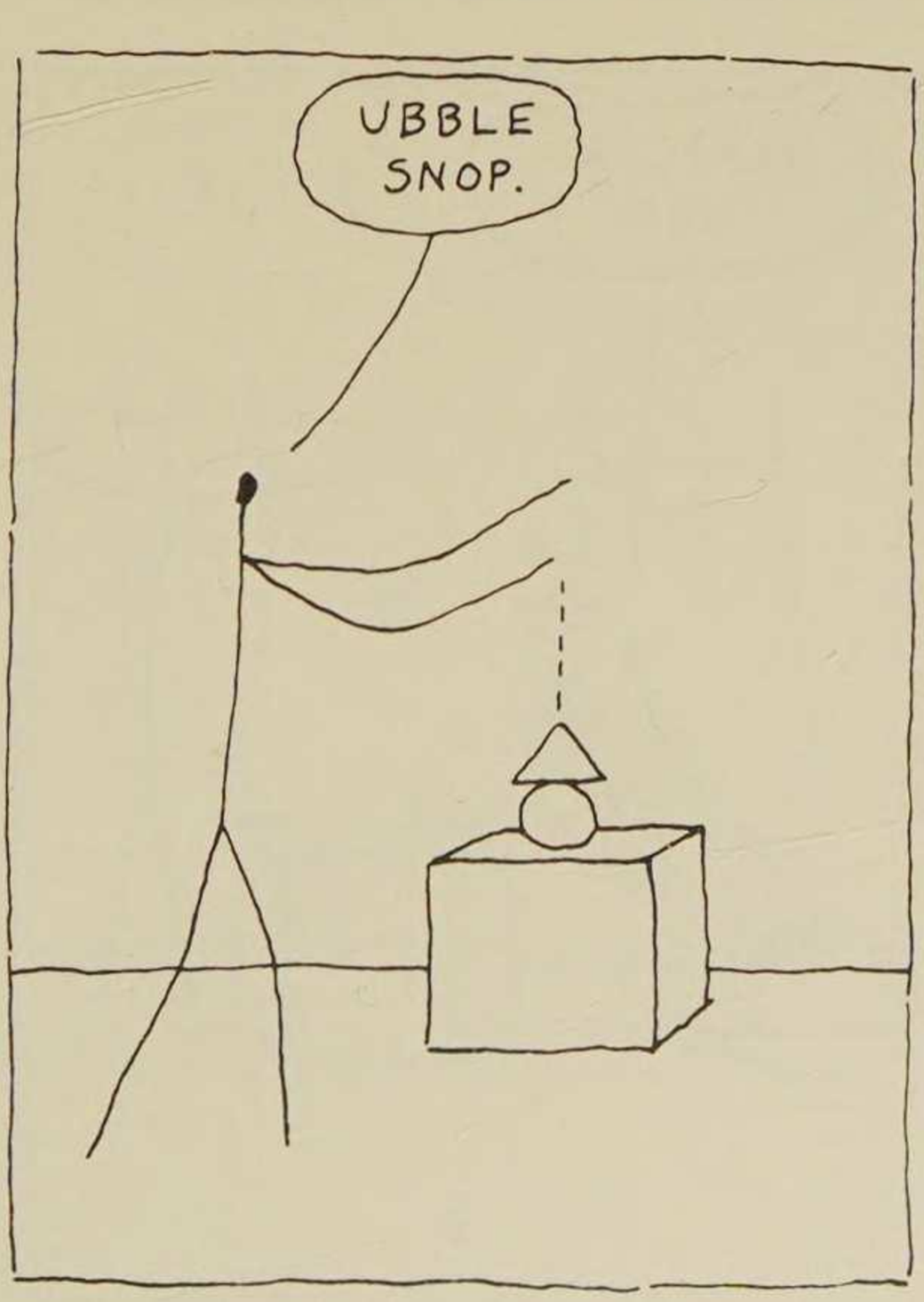



URF SEG


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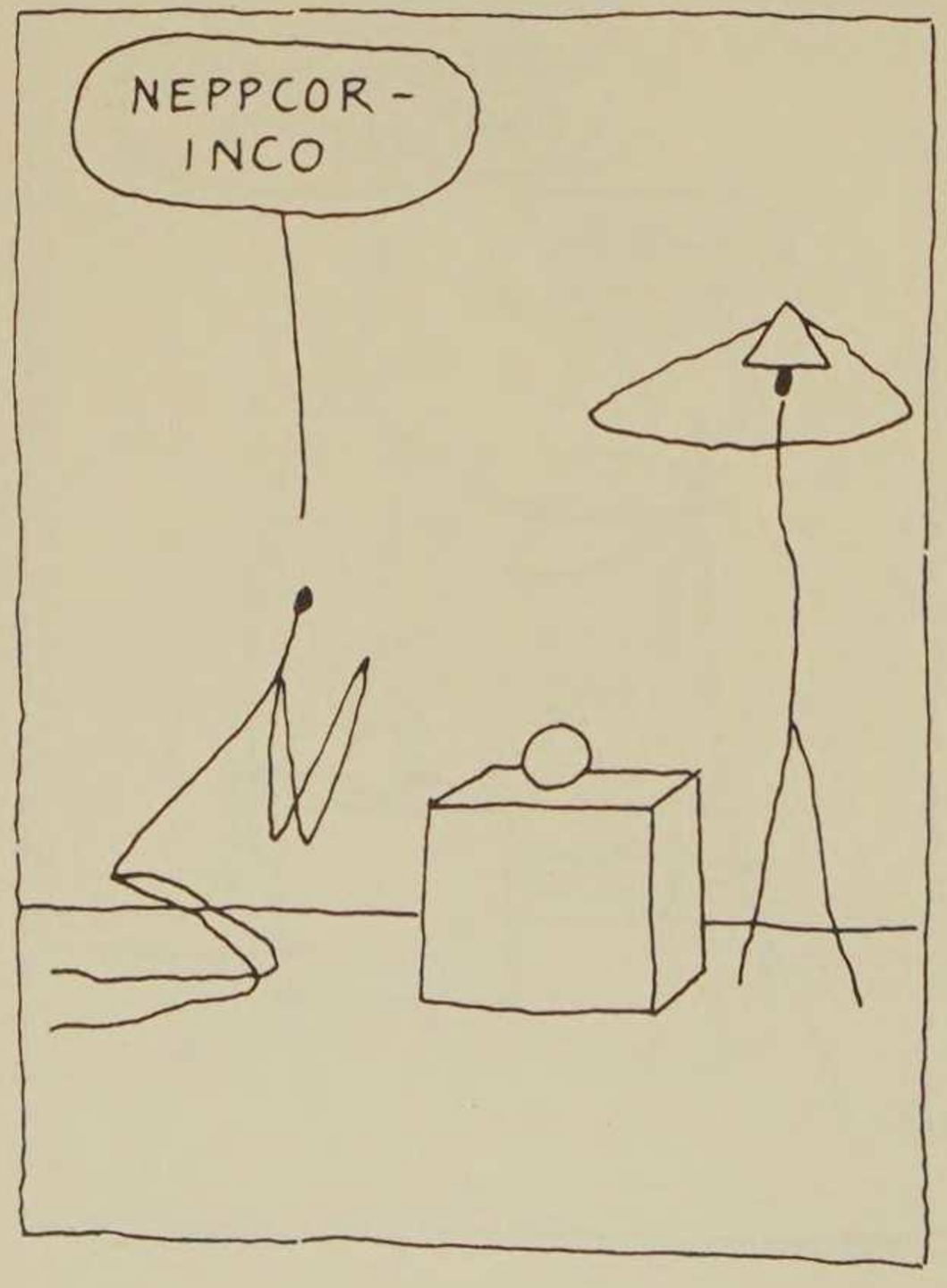

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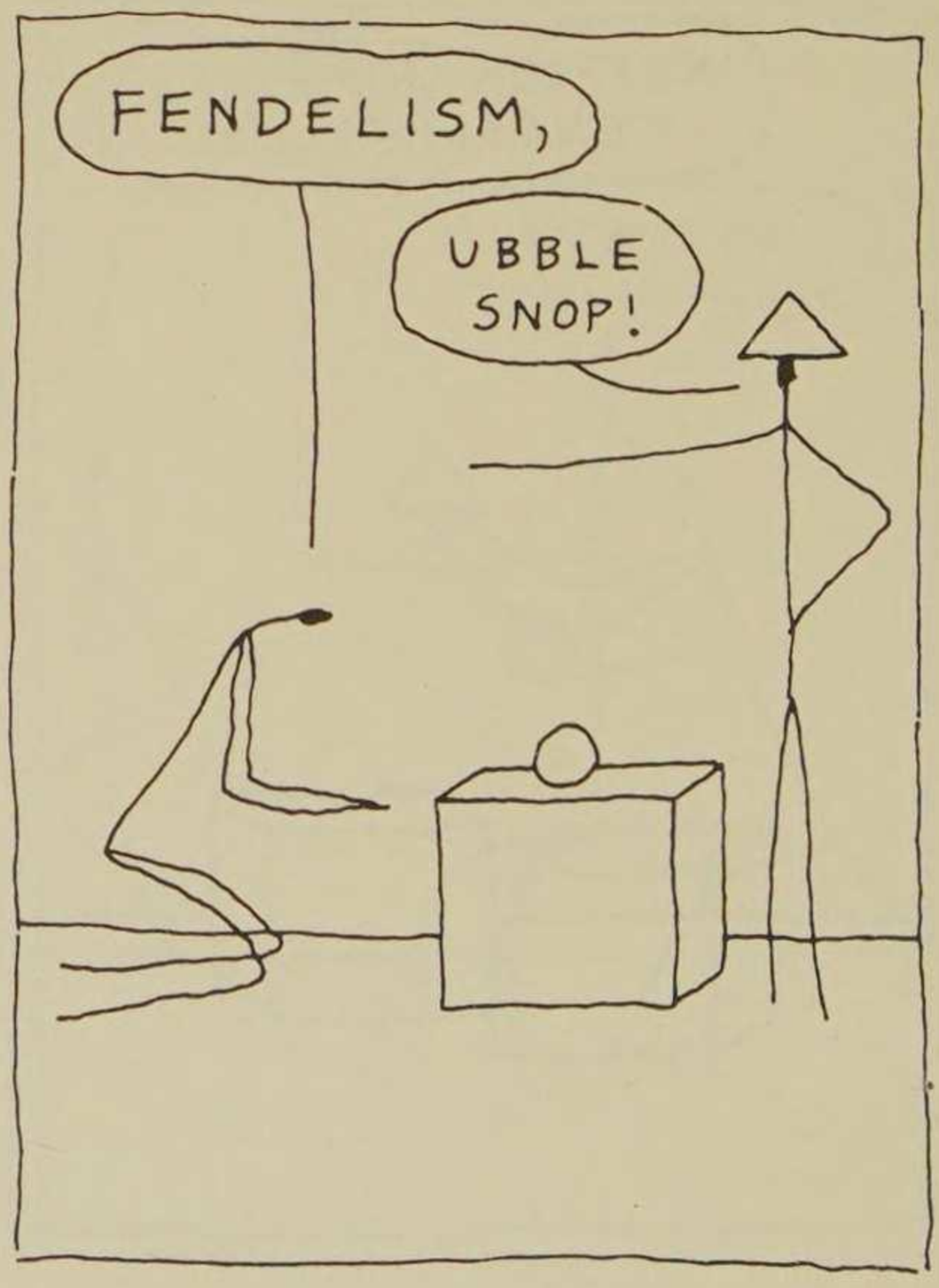

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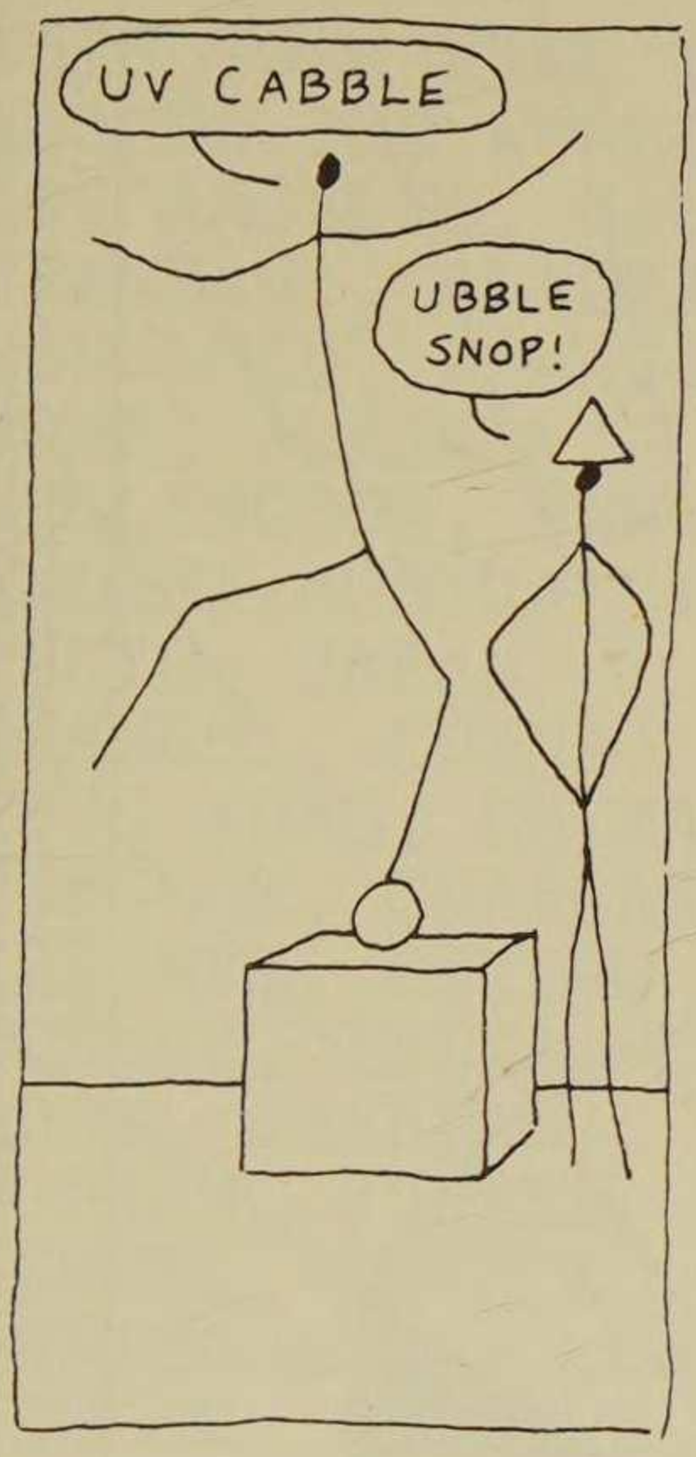

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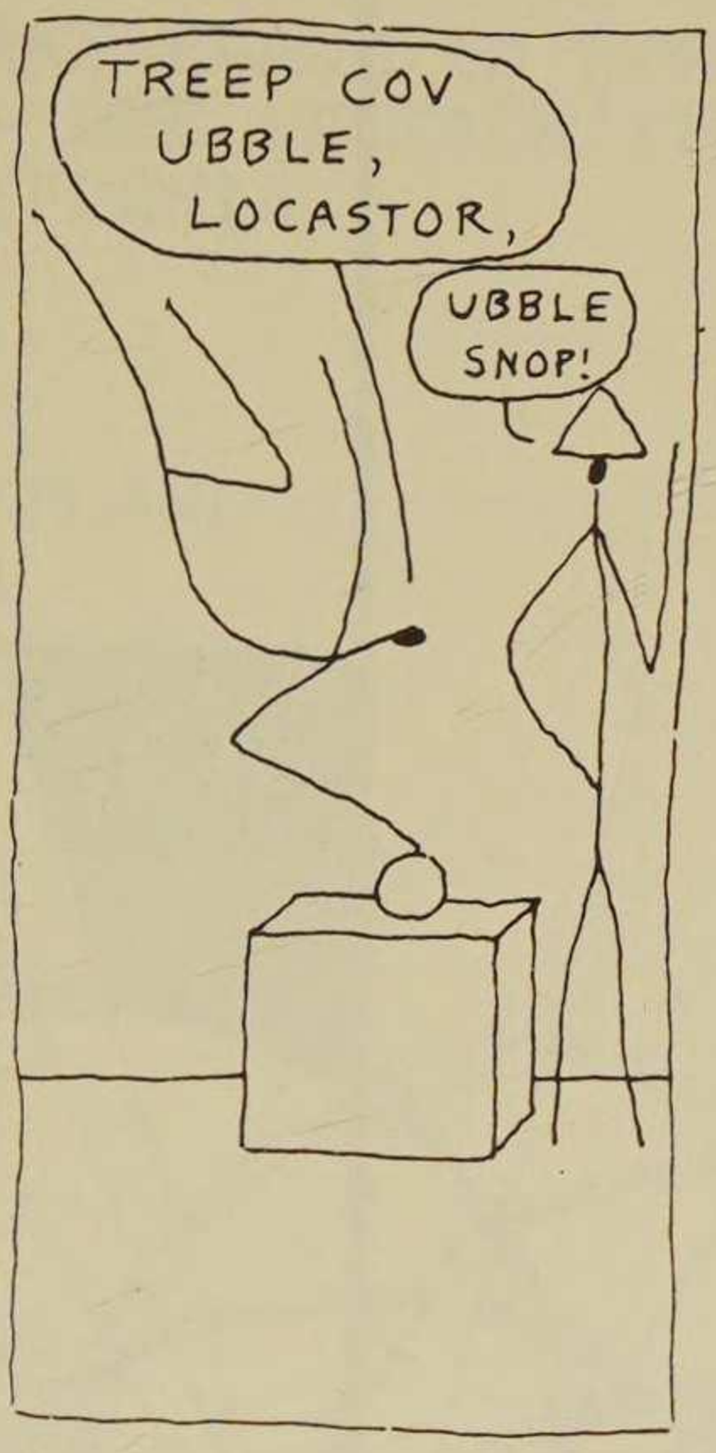

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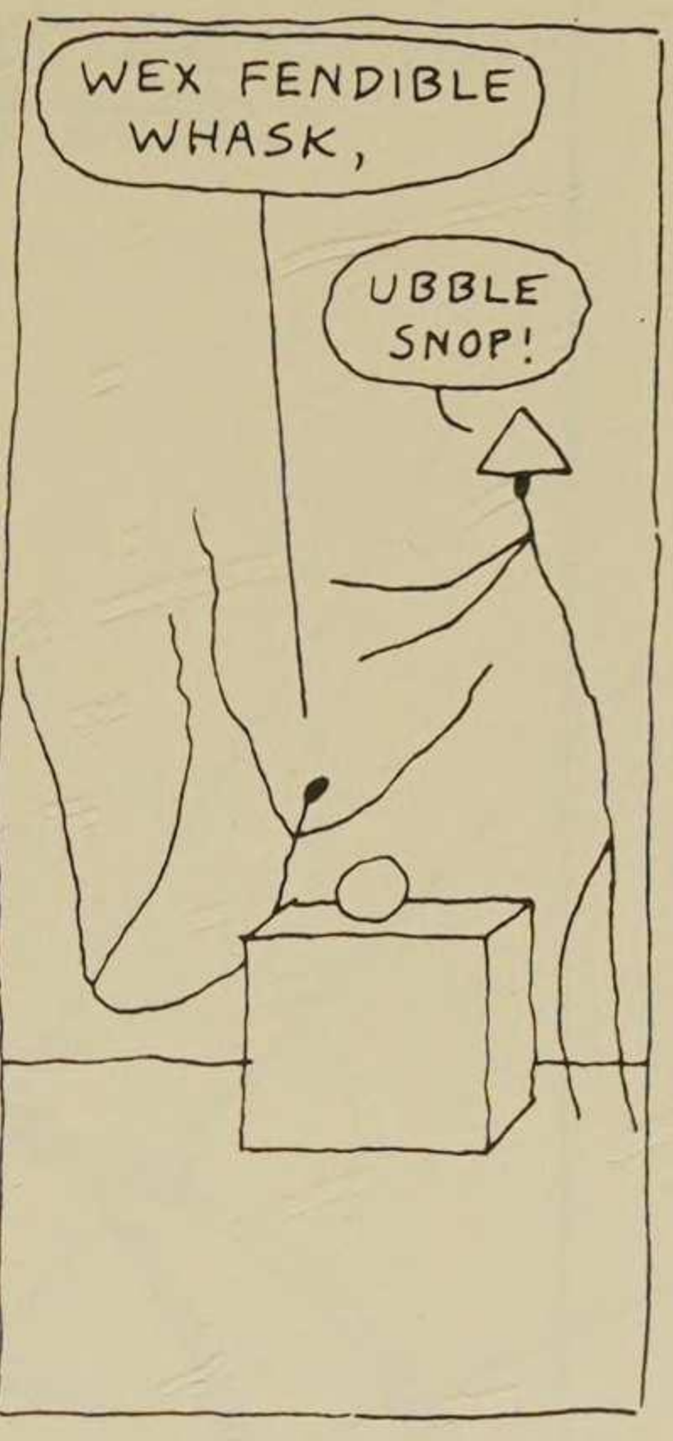

THATORA!


NEPPCOR-INCO


FENDELISM,
UBBLE SNOP!


UV CABBLE
UBBLE SNOP!


TREEP COV UBBLE, LOCASTOR,
UBBLE SNOP!


WEX FENDIBLE WHASK,
UBBLE SNOP!

NEPPCOR-INCO FENDELISM
NEPPCOR-INCO FENDELISM
NEPPCOR-INCO FENDELISM

UBBLE
SNOP!

END

SOUND CIRCLE / EARTH TIME

JEANEAU, ALASKA

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

ST. JOHNS NEWFOUNDLAND

RIO de JANEIRO, BRAZIL

DAKAR, SENEGAL

LONDON, ENGLAND

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

ATHENS, GREECE

HONOLULU, HAWAII

KYUSHU, JAPAN

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

SYDNEY, AUSTRAILIA

TOKYO, JAPAN

SHANGHI, CHINA

GEORGE W. KETTLEL

HONG KONG CHINA

BANGKOK THAILAND

COLOMBO, CEYLON

BOMBAY, INDIA

ADEN, ARABIA

MOSKOW, RUSSIA

SOUND CIRCLE/EARTH TIME
GEORGE WILLIAM KETTERL

THIS WORK WILL TAKE PLACE IN TWENTY FOUR CITIES AROUND THE WORLD- ONE IN EACH TIME ZONE.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
JEANEAU , ALASKA
HONOLULU, HAWAII
NOME, ALASKA
WELLINGTON, NEW ZELAND
SYDNEY,AUSTRAILIA
TOKYO, JAPAN
SHANGHI, CHINA
HONG KONG, CHINA
BANGKOK, THAILAND
COLOMBO, CEYLON
BOMBAY, INDIA
ADEN, ARABIA
MOSKOW, RUSSIA
ATHENS, GREECE
AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND
LONDON, ENGLAND
DAKAR, SENEGAL
RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL
ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
MEXICO CITY, MEXICO
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO
IN EACH CITY ONE THOUSAND PEOPLE WILL BE RECRUITED TO PARTICIPATE IN THE PERFORMANCE.

EACH DAY FOR SEVEN CONSECUTIVE DAYS ONE THOUSAND PEOPLE WILL LINE UP ON A EAST WEST LINE FOR SEVENTY MINUTES.

EACH PERSON WILL BE GIVEN A SIMPLE PLASTIC WHISTLE WHICH WHEN BLOWN MAKES A HIGH PITCHED SOUND.
THE PEOPLE WILL BE ASKED TO BLOW THE WHISTLE IN A RELAXED AND EASY MANNER FROM BEGINNING TO END OF A SEVENTY MINUTE TIME SPAN.

THE BLOWING WILL GO ON AT RANDOM IN EACH GROUP.
EACH PERSON WILL BLOW THE SOUND IN RELATION TO HIS OWN BREATHING PATTERN, BREATHING IN AND OUT BLOWING THE WHISTLE WHEN EXHALING.

2 SOUND CIRCLE/EARTH TIME

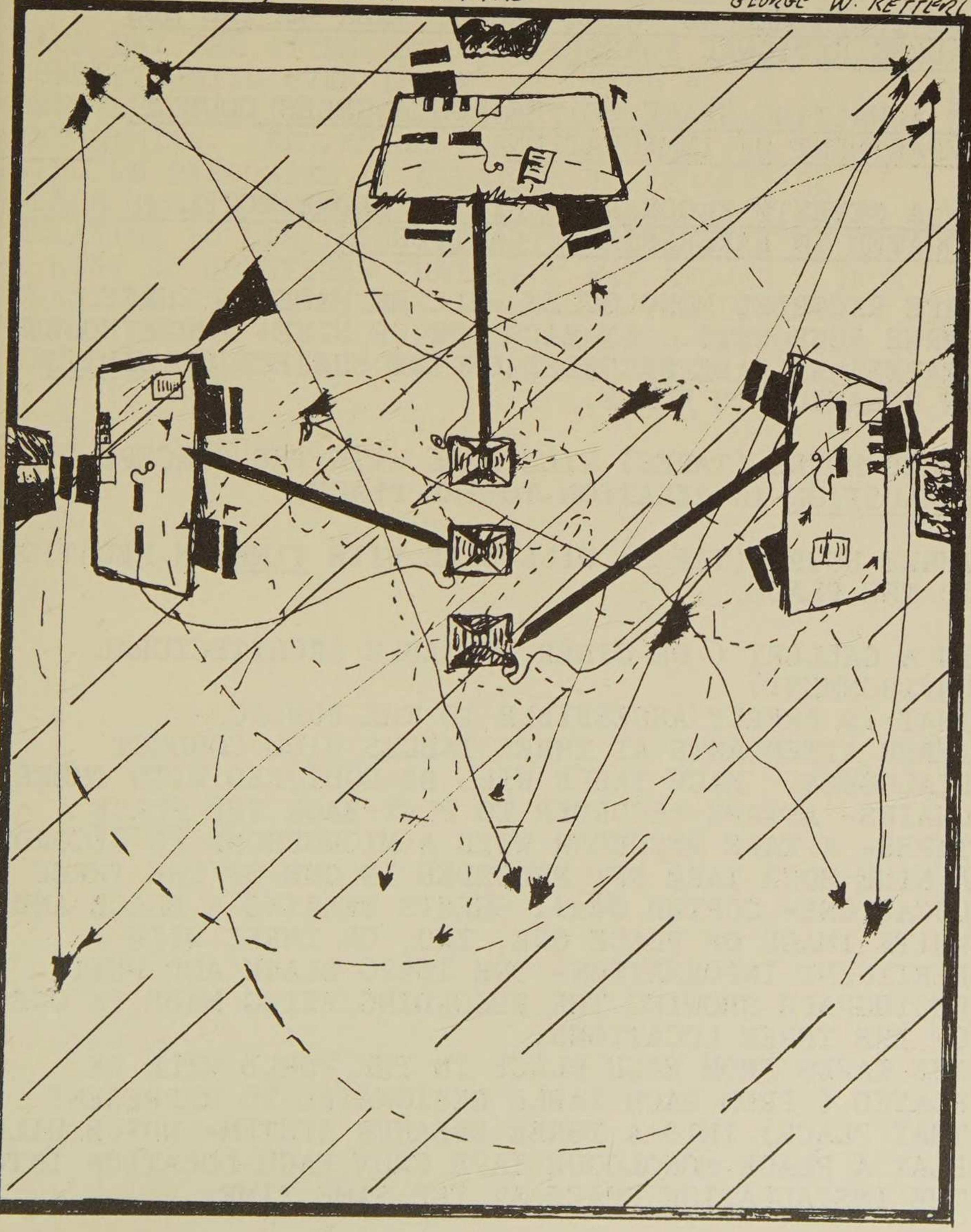
THE INTERVAL OR DISTANCE BETWEEN PEOPLE IN LINE WILL BE DETERMINED BY THE POINT WHERE THE WHISTLE SOUNDS FROM EACH PERSON MEET.

THE SOUND WILL GO ON IN EACH PLACE (CITY) FOR SEVENTY MINUTES A DAY FOR SEVEN DAYS IN A ROW. THERE WILL BE A FIVE MINUTE OVERLAP OF SOUND AT THE BEGINNING AND END OF EACH SOUND PERFORMANCE IN EACH TIME ZONE OR PLACE SO THAT THE SOUND WILL GO ON CONTINUOUSLY WITHOUT A BREAK, AROUND THE WORLD, IN SYNCHRONY FOR SEVEN DAYS (TWENTY FOUR HOUR PERIODS). THE EXTRA FIVE MINUTES AT THE BEGINNING AND END OF A SIXTY MINUTE TIME SPAN WILL CAUSE A CONTINUOUS SOUND TO CIRCLE THE WORLD FOR SEVEN DAYS, AND PUT TWENTY FOUR THOUSAND PEOPLE TOGETHER IN A HARMONIOUS ACT.

THE PERFORMANCE WILL BEGIN IN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA AND MOVE TO THE WEST.

PHANTOM SPACE / EXHAUSTION TRIAD

GEORGE W. KETTLER



PHANTOM SPACE/EXHAUSTION TRIAD
GEORGE WILLIAM KETTERL

TWENTY SEVEN ONE HOUR AUDIO TAPES WILL BE MADE IN THREE DIFFERENT LOCATIONS, NINE IN EACH PLACE. RECORDING WILL GO ON CONTINUOUSLY OVER A NINE HOUR PERIOD AT EACH SITE - WITHOUT A BREAK.

IN CALIFORNIA THE LOCATIONS WILL BE:
THE THORN MEDOWS, GADE VALLEY AREA OF THE LOS PADRES NATIONAL FOREST

IN A WAITING SPACE OF THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY DEPARTMENT OF IMMIGRATION

IN A SEVENTH FLOOR ROOM AT THE PADRE HOTEL LOCATED IN BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA

TAPE RECORDED MONOLOGUES WILL BE MADE IN THREE THREE HOUR SETS. IN EACH SET OF NINE- THREE HOURS (TAPES) WILL BE RECORDED ON THE SUBJECT OF LIMITS IN RELATION TO PLACE.

THREE HOURS (TAPES) WILL DEAL WITH THE CONCEPT OF EXHAUSTION IN RELATION TO THE PLACE.

THREE HOURS (TAPES) WILL DEAL WITH TIME IN RELATION TO THE PLACE.

IN A GALLERY (OR OTHER SUITABLE ARCHITECTURAL ENVIRONMENT)
THAT IS FREELY ACCESSIBLE TO THE PUBLIC -
THREE ATTENDANTS AT THREE TABLES WILL CONDUCT DIALOGUES. EACH TABLE WILL BE EQUIPPED WITH THREE CHAIRS- A TAPE RECORDER TO PLAY BACK THE PLACE TAPES- A TAPE RECORDER WITH A MICROPHONE TO RECORD- A NINE HOUR TAPE SET RECORDED IN ONE OF THE THREE LOCATIONS- COPIED $8\frac{1}{2}$x11 SHEETS BEARING A BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE OF PLACE ONE, TWO, OR THREE WITH PERTINENT INFORMATION- ONE 16x20 BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE RECORDING BEING MADE IN ONE OF THE THREE LOCATIONS.
THE TAPES FROM EACH PLACE IN THE WORLD WILL BE PLAYED (FROM EACH TABLE DESIGNATED TO REPRESENT THAT PLACE) INTO A THREE SPEAKER SYSTEM- WHICH WILL PLAY A PLACE MONOLOGUE TAPE FROM EACH LOCATION INTO THE INSTALLATION SPACE AT THE SAME TIME.

2 PHANTOM SPACE/EXHAUSTION TRIAD

THE DURATION OF THE PIECE WILL BE THREE NORMALLY SCHEDULED DAYS- EITHER CONSECUTIVELY OR AT RANDOM INTERVALS IN TIME.

EACH ATTENDANT WILL CONDUCT AND RECORD THREE ONE DAY PUBLIC DIALOGUES, DISCUSSING THE PLACE THEY REPRESENT IN RELATION TO <u>TIME</u>, <u>LIMITS</u>,AND <u>EXHAUSTION</u>. EACH DAY THE ATTENDANT WILL DISCUSS A DIFFERENT CONCEPT UNTIL OVER THREE DAYS EACH PLACE WILL HAVE BEEN DEALT WITH IN RELATION TO TIME, EXHAUSTION, AND LIMITS. BEGINNING THE FIRST DAY <u>PLACE ONE</u> WILL BE DISCUSSED IN RELATION TO EXHAUSTION, <u>PLACE TWO</u> IN RELATION TO TIME, AND <u>PLACE THREE</u> IN RELATION TO LIMITS. THE ATTENDANTS WILL BE GIVEN A LIST OF QUESTIONS THAT THEY MAY ANSWER. IF A QUESTION IS ASKED THAT IS NOT ON THE LIST THEY WILL REPLY FROM A LIST OF PRE-DETERMINED RESPONSES TO BE USED IN SEQUENTIAL ORDER AND REPEATED AS NECESSARY.

PERFORMER AUDIENCE MIRROR (1977)

performed at 'de appel,' Amsterdam, Holland, June, 1977
P.S. # 1, New York, December, 1977

Installation:

A performer faces a seated audience. Behind the performer, covering the back wall (parallel to the frontal view of the seated audience), is a mirror reflecting the audience.

Procedure:

STAGE 1: The performer looks in the general direction of the audience. He begins a continuous description of his external movements and the attitudes he believes are signified by this behavior. He does this for about 5 minutes.

STAGE 2: The performer continues looking toward the audience. Looking directly at them, he continuously describes their external behavior for about 5 minutes.

STAGE 3: The performer now turns to face the mirror (his back being turned to the audience). For about 5 minutes he continuously describes his front body's gestures and the attitudes it may signify. He is free to move about, to change his distance relative to the mirror in order to better see aspects of his body's movements. When he sees and describes his front, the audience, inversely, see his back (and their front). For the first time in the performance the audience can not see (the position of) the performer's eyes.

STAGE 4: The performer remains turned, facing the mirror. For about 5 minutes he observes and continuously describes the audience whom he can see mirror-reversed from STAGE 2 (their right and left now being the same as his). He freely moves about relative to the mirror to view different aspects of the audience's behavior, his change of position corresponding to a changing visual perspective reflected in the description. The audience's view, however, remains fixed, as they are not (conventionally) free to move from their seat in relation to the mirror covering the front staging area.



Observations:

1. Through the use of a mirror the audience is able to see itself as a collective entity. Offsetting its definition by the performer's discourse, the mirror allows the audience an equal and equivalent (in value) perspective/role in the performance.

2. In STAGE 2, the audience sees itself reflected by the mirror instantaneously, while the performer's comments are slightly delayed, following, as they are verbal discourse, a continuous temporal flow forward. This affects cause–and–effect interpretation for the audience. First, a person in the audience sees himself 'objectively' (or 'subjectively') as perceived by himself, then he hears himself described 'objectively' (or 'subjectively') in terms of the performer's perception. The slightly delayed verbal description by the performer overlaps/undercuts the present-time (fully present) mirror view an audience member has of himself and of the audience; it may influence their interpretation of what they see. Another way cause–and–effect relations are complicated is when members of the audience (because they can see and be seen on the mirror by other members of the audience) attempt to influence (through eye contact, gestures, etc.) the behavior of others in the audience, thereby influencing the performer's description (of the audience's behavior).

3. In STAGE 3, the consciousness of members of the audience may drift from the performer and the performance as the relation between performer and audience is loosened.

IV

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630 RR O NIC46K WUN-

SGC A EF4YON 51 QUTO
N LIGBANV 3 35PHW CIT
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SUFFRIOR

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SUFFRIOR

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94 DCIK LROPV 3 TTMSUY
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64QBUOW 6YN D L GN-
EIMB I HRVE JTW

SYLVIA OROMMEL

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SYLVIA OROMMEL

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SYLVIA OROMMEL

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MDKNIO H1 E AA75PC TE-
UKG 1 86 YZSEX C GFHC
ON72TW 9J1 U PHLM

EPIPHANIES: A POLYPHONIC PERFORMANCE

> *In this ritual, cause-and-effect relationships were completely bypassed, the question of ultimate ends was never raised, and the problem of higher values could be submerged in waves of pathos and humor. Not the happy ending but the happy moment, not the fulfillment at the end of some career rainbow but a sensory, psychically satisfying here-and-now were the results of a vaudeville show.—Albert F. McClean,* American Vaudeville as Ritual *(1965).*

Epiphanies is a collection of single-sentence fictions that may be "published" in any or all of several media. They can be distributed in the columns of magazines, scattered over the pages of a book, appear in different typefaces on a video screen and become the sound track of a film of visual epiphanies or the text of a live performance.

For the initial live performance at the University of North Dakota, I devised this structure. (Others are no doubt possible.) The "theater" was a ballroom with folding chairs which, for this performance, were set in a circular formation and turned not inward, as is usual in theater-in-the-round, but *outward.* The performers were distributed around the circumference of the circle—outside of the audience, facing the audience. The director of the premiere, Suzanne Bennett, chose Epiphanies from the following collection and typed them on individual 3" by 5" cards (which were, in fact, their original compositional format). These cards were then distributed over large tables and the performers were invited to chose those Epiphanies they felt they could articulate best. The director then assigned some of the remaining Epiphanies to those performers she thought could render them best. (No one is obliged to perform all the texts, none of which is necessarily more essential to the whole than any of the others.) Once the Epiphanies were assigned, the director then ordered them in an optimal way.

These Epiphanies are then declaimed one at a time, with several seconds of silence between. As they are meant to be the key lines—the epiphanies in the Joycean sense—in longer, otherwise nonexistent stories, my principal advice to the performers is that they read them in ways that communicate what the remaining, implicit story might be. Since one idea of the collection

is that no single Epiphany relates to any of the others—they are utterly separate fictions—it would be best that Epiphanies with similar subjects not be read successively. Similarly, since I conceive of each fiction as coming from a different place in space and time, performers near each other should not read successively.

For the initial performance, the speakers kept their script cards, and each card was marked with the name of the preceding reader (so that reader C, say, having finished one Epiphany could tell from the marking on his next card that it should follow reader B). There were four performers at the premiere; I could imagine more—say, as many as twenty. Also, for the premiere, the order of the parts was fixed; but if *Epiphanies* had an extended run, I could envision the director changing the order of their lines or the performers exchanging Epiphanies with each other, in part to keep their renditions fresh. There is no doubt in my mind that different groups will perform *Epiphanies* in totally different ways, much as Gertrude Stein's texts are susceptible to radically diverse theatrical interpretations.

The performers may sit or stand as they wish, and there is no need to costume or mime any activities, since it should be assumed that, given the seating arrangement, much of the audience will not see the performer when an individual line is spoken. (It may take a while for the audience to make this perceptual adjustment.) Performers are functioning more like musicians who play a succession of solos during a longer, almost Webernian piece. The director might like to stand on a podium in the middle of the audience (and thus behind their backs), functioning more like an orchestral conductor in instructing rhythm, say, or sound-volume; but with more confident performance groups, this may not be necessary. If live direction is eschewed, the chairs could be reversed, the audience facing the center of the circle, while the performers remain on the circumference.

One possibly useful supplement to live performances would be individual cards of these *Epiphanies*, typed or photolettered and then distributed around the walls of the performance space (with plenty of visual distance between the individual cards, just as there is plenty of aural time between the spoken *Epiphanies*), so that the aural experience of *Epiphanies* can be visually complemented, and vice versa. However, since the text of *Epiphanies* is copyright © 1980 by Richard Kostelanetz, permission to make such cards should be obtained along with the performance rights to the text. An audiocassette copy of a radio performance is also available from the author, c/o P.O. Box 73, Canal Street, New York, NY 10013.

The following pages represent a selection from a longer text which is available from the author (from whom performance rights must also be obtained); for I would personally prefer that as many Epiphanies be used as possible and that the performance be as long as the performers can make it, even if some spectators walk out (the loss is theirs, not ours); for the principal theme of *Epiphanies*, in any medium, is the exhaustive experience of the experience of fiction.

Let me know what you decide to do with your life. ⁂ We agreed from the beginning that our affair would work best if we saw each other only on Fridays. ⁂ She was trying not to notice that I was staring at her freshly naked body, imagining in my fingertips the feel of everything I could see. ⁂ When I saw the noose suspended from the ceiling, my initial suspicion was that somebody wanted to put my neck in it. ⁂ Come; yes, come here. ⁂ He **italicized** every **second** word **to** gain **attention.** ⁂ Since she swore that she had not made love to anyone else in my absence, I wondered where she acquired so many new skills? ⁂ When the dark clouds burst open, showering us with rain, we knew that our marijuana crop would be saved. ⁂ All these **Epiphanies** were initially written on three by five index cards; no other paper was as conducive to inspiration. ⁂ I seem to be falling in love with someone I want to be faithful to. ⁂ Like all women professors, she gave lectures that were typically more associational and circuitous than syllogistic and linear. ⁂ Rushing gushing blushing crushing hushing brushing flushing. ⁂ Teach me, please God, to fall gracefully. ⁂ Private school taught me how to think; public school, how to play. ⁂ Mon plus grand desire d'ecrire dans une langue autre que l'Anglais. ⁂ These sentences are all epiphanies, radiantly revelatory moments, within longer, unwritten stories. ⁂ He was pleased, after so much miserable dentistry, to have again teeth that were firm enough to cut into steaks. ⁂ She and I, with our mutual brains and brawn, could produce a whole tribe of brilliant football players. ⁂ Though poems of mine have appeared in over forty literary magazines, none of my departmental colleagues, all of them "professors of literature," have read not even one of them. ⁂ In the German moviehouse, we saw the Indian scream, once the battle began, "Achtung, flaming arrow. Achtung!" ⁂ Had she known what I knew, she would have never dove into the ocean. ⁂ My sister is also my grandfather's wife's son's daughter, and thus my co-heir to the family estate. ⁂ Pleased to see each other, we hit the floor in a preliminary embrace. ⁂ No one would believe his claim that nuclear radiation would have no effect upon our bodies; we could feel our hairs coming loose from our scalps. ⁂ Why should I write paragraphs, I replied, when a whole fiction can be compressed into a single sentence. ⁂ I knew my recipe for anchovies pudding would make him kiss my cooking fingers. ⁂ The strain of playing the oboe for forty years had recomposed his face. ⁂ He buried his chicken-livers in the cold, cold ground. ⁂ Cigarettes taste better after marijuana. ⁂ In art, new forms initiate new experience, rather than vice versa. ⁂ He hung crucifixes from her nipples. ⁂ Dark glasses are more profitable than my peg leg for begging on the streets, while the peg leg is more effective in the subway. ⁂ Though insisting she was inexperienced, she discovered erotic zones previously unknown to me. ⁂ No simple technology known to me is as elegant and efficient in its operation as a mousetrap. ⁂ He taught her about love-making as they shifted gears in the driver-education course. ⁂ Every time I

pick up a literary magazine I can discern signs of my influence, not only in ideas but in phrases. ⁂ Loud sounds near me invariably make my teeth hurt. ⁂ She objected, not unreasonably, to the abundance of sexual references in my doctoral thesis. ⁂ Closing his eyes, he could hear his brain disintegrate. ⁂ He returned every summer to watch his godchild become progressively more nubile. ⁂ I have tried to write the most discontinuous sustained theater that anyone has ever written, or would want to write. ⁂ His wife made him apologize profusely for fondling another woman. ⁂ I wanted to learn more from her after that night of inventive love-making; but since she disappeared from my life, never to return again, I had to practice by myself. ⁂ Even his taste for wearing high heels and stockings came from his father. ⁂ Every time he smiled, we saw evidence of foul dentistry. ⁂ I want to speak to you in a manner utterly devoid of artifice. ⁂ On the seventh day, she rested. ⁂ It was my ambition to write a thousand sentence-long **Epiphanies**, none of which would necessarily relate to any of the others. ⁂ Oh, my God, that feels good. ⁂ The infants crawled down the beach like a herd of crabs. ⁂ Before I could advise one of the campers, I had to reach behind his neck and turn back the top of his shirt to read the name-label; had I not addressed him by his first name, he would not have taken me seriously. ⁂ Love. ⁂ He suddenly had difficulty breathing. ⁂ Love him though she did, she also feared a kiss would send his germs coursing through her body. ⁂ The kangaroos are more restless than usual. ⁂ Never before have I been so necessarily dependent upon the kindness of strangers. ⁂ No woman he knew was as loyal to him as his Doberman bitch. ⁂ Always looking for tokens by which to compare herself with others, she estimated that she had gained higher marks, received more extracurricular honors, won richer scholarships, and rejected more seductive men than any of her classmates. ⁂ Sound sounds sound. ⁂ No ambition he had haunted him more than his desire to seduce twin sisters within a single day. ⁂ In a quick succession of unexpected moves, he took my queen and my sole remaining knight; never before had a teenager beaten me at chess. ⁂ Nothing in my previous experience prepared me to live with thirty-six cockroaches in the same room. ⁂ He was the first of her lovers that she could not lift over her shoulders. ⁂ Agreed. ⁂ With soapsuds running across her head from ear to ear, she resembled an angel. ⁂ At this juncture, this performance desperately needs an ephiphany. ⁂ The only "unnatural" sex acts are the ones you cannot do. ⁂ It has been my ambition in writing these lines to touch upon a multitude of subjects, in a multitude of ways, in a multitude of literary styles; **Epiphanies** should strike you as the most multitudinous theatrical work you have ever witnessed. ⁂ From the beginning of the voyage to its end, all the way from one side of the world to the other, I was paralyzingly seasick. ⁂ Everything she knew about sex she learned from her father. ⁂ The only thing I enjoy more than writing is reading about my writing. ⁂ She loved him for a body so broad and squat that it resembled a fireplug. ⁂ I'm probably the only man in the world who can suck himself off. ⁂ I was reluctant to accede to his

designs upon my body. ✲ His domesticated monkey seemed, in certain respects, more intelligent than the polar bear I kept in my back yard. ✲ Fictions that leap from place to place inevitably create the atmosphere of an unfinished journey. ✲ She must be getting satiated, she thought; the number of men whetting her sexual appetite each year were remarkably fewer. ✲ It seemed as if there would be no end to winter. ✲ I was the fastest man alive until a single silver bullet stopped me in mid-stride. ✲ The rescue ship contained relatives of mine who cried hysterically once they recognized me. ✲ No, no, no; no, no. ✲ He could toss me over his shoulders until my eyes met the floor, my blood rushing to my head with dizzying, erotic sensations. ✲ An elastic band, ripped from his underpants, was the only bond between them. ✲ He believed that every time a cockroach crossed his kitchen counter all the dishes lying on it should be urgently sterilized. ✲ One premise of **Epiphanies** is that the audience has as much literary imagination as the author; what is **not** heard here can be filled in just as well by the listener. ✲ Literature is like electricity; it needs connecting links to get from its source to its outlets. ✲ I tried repeatedly to go whole days without passing water; it was impossible. ✲ When he woke up proclaiming that he had invented the light bulb, his wife was too submissive to deny his joy. ✲ Slowly but surely, I would persuade everyone in our spiritual group that I was the guru's guru. ✲ To the truth of these stories I will swear, on any Bible you choose. ✲ He hitched up his skirt until its hem rested just above his knees. ✲ After I made two incisions and pulled up the skin, I realized I would need to invent a plausible reason for declaring the planned operation unnecessary. ✲ Never before had a dog, a mere dog, made me feel so brilliant. ✲ I'd like to think that the Epiphanies in these **Epiphanies** are more resonant and memorable than the Epiphanies not in **Epiphanies.** ✲ Never again was I able to go to the movies alone. ✲ From behind she looked like a princess; from in front, a prince. ✲ Her cigar smoke drove me out of the room; nothing could induce me to kiss her. ✲ He appears to be a cartoon of his former self. ✲ I feel no more sure than the next listener which **Epiphanies** are best, which better and which worse; or whether such discriminations matter. ✲ We felt lonely together. ✲ "Never again," he declared; "never, never again." ✲ She gave pleasure when he wanted pain. ✲ My drill instructor hysterically demanded that I take two steps to the right, then two steps forward, then two steps to the left, and then two steps back, fourteen times within sixty seconds. ✲ I was reluctant to tell her that the quiche she had cooked especially for us tasted like rust. ✲ More of these stories are devoted to sex, sports and literature than, say, to science, politics or spiritual experience. ✲ Though he found my lips cold, he could feel that my heart was warm for him. ✲ How much do you love me now? ✲ He caught me spending too much money, buying clothes on credit, offending **his** parents, stealing cookies from **his** children, forging **his** signature, padding **our** household food bills, and running a gin mill in **his** bathtub. ✲ Sex is true; talk is bluff and bluster. ✲ I will see her; I am seeing her; I have seen her; I saw her. ✲ They

vomited on the tables, peed in the sink, and defecated on my rugs. ⁜ Enchanted. ⁜ In the two years I traveled with the circus, I seduced every freak that could be had, considering myself not a **pervert**, but a **humanitarian**. ⁜ Listen to the lambs, all a-crying. ⁜ Bullfrogs will leap for joy when a fisherman offers them beer. ⁜ He could never decide definitively whether theater should be true, or a lie, or a lie that was true. ⁜ Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. ⁜ See me seeing me see me seeing me see me seeing me. ⁜ He said that as a military man of southern birth he was entitled to have his own horse in the city. ⁜ The essential truths are no more complex than these. ⁜ As soon as I heard that the enemy had bombed our fleet, I could feel our life changing, literally in the air around me. ⁜ One could write a musical **Epiphanies** of just climactic passages that were drawn from various musical styles and then separated from each other by silences; a painterly or sculptural analogue would be more problematic. ⁜ Before I could board the jumbo jet, the security men insisted upon examining everything in my suitcase, opening all containers, removing the lens of my camera, flipping through the pages of my books, and looking inside the caps of my pens; they made me feel guilty even though I was innocent. ⁜ He turned his face to the wall and began to beat his head against the moulding. ⁜ Rest assured, dear audience, **Epiphanies** will not go on forever, even though there is no intrinsic reason for ending it. ⁜ This might be the densest theater, measured by the number of events and scenes per minute, that any of you have ever heard. ⁜ "Extraordinary, absolutely extraordinary," I declared in awed amazement. ⁜ Behind the door I expected to lead to the bedroom I found little cages, stacked from floor to ceiling. ⁜ The picnic basket includes caviar, black bread, sardines, taramasalada, turkey, deviled eggs, barbequed ribs, lobster cantonese, and chocolate eclairs. ⁜ He thought she was foolish and melodramatic to speak of their failed marriage as "the waste of seven years." ⁜ The sound of the car engine starting had sexual overtones. ⁜ "Balls," she said, was her middle name. ⁜ Arriving in the city for the first time, I found people filling the streets, the sidewalks, the balconies, the windows and the roof tops, all eager to welcome me. ⁜ Whenever he felt like relaxing with truly mindless reading, he picked up the Tokyo telephone directory. ⁜ The weather was just perfect. ⁜ To some listeners this theatrical piece is as accessible as their daily newspaper with its multitude of stories; others will find it inscrutable. ⁜ Perhaps the shortness of these stories echoes my impatience in sex. ⁜ Night and day, she was haunted by desires for revenge. ⁜ This performance is primarily about the nature and possibilities of story-telling. ⁜ The higher the balloon went, the more difficulty we had in holding back our feces. ⁜ Though the world regards me as a Don Juan, I think of myself as essentially domestic and, you know, monogamous. ⁜ Bach was the greatest artist who ever lived; compared to him, Rembrandt and Shakepeare seem semi-professional. ⁜ She drank three scotches for every one I had and still won every argument I began. ⁜ The listener might now like to test his literary intelligence by listing by any mnemonic tag as many

individual **Epiphanies** as he can remember having heard. ⁂ Ingleesh ist ze language I speek bast. ⁂ The blossoming of genius depends upon cold weather; in tropical heat, even the strongest, most persevering minds wither away. ⁂ She played an unaccompanied sonata for moonlit piano. ⁂ That was one technique I'd never thought of before. ⁂ Yes. ⁂ She feared that in the hysteria of repacking she had lost her husband's ashes. ⁂ The gently undulating barren hills around me all had nipples that made me feel less alien. ⁂ Rowboats, my love, will get us nowhere. ⁂ Why weren't my friends as interesting as my favorite literary characters? ⁂ He reared back and then ran forward until he swung his arm around in an arc, screaming the expense of his energy, as he hurled the javelin much, much further than he had ever thrown it before. ⁂ They consummated their new love on a bed of nails. ⁂ **Epiphanies** implies a view of life that is more lyrical than dramatic. ⁂ I was minding my privacy when a hot fudge sundae fell on my head. ⁂ Whereas most plays portray progress, **Epiphanies** goes nowhere. ⁂ When you hear sirens in the distance, don't you think, as I do, that someone is coming to get you? ⁂ Should I believe her claim to be—actually, now, to have been—a virgin? ⁂ Whereas he spoke grammatically correct English sentences whose meaning I could rarely deduce, she spoke a pastiche of English and Italian that was always comprehensible to me. ⁂ The stories you are now hearing are the ones I meant to tell; nothing in **Epiphanies** need be "interpreted." ⁂ Cauliflower ears don't come from nowhere. ⁂ Hell, no. ⁂ The direction of this theatrical work will change drastically with the next line. ⁂ She kissed him with a passion that she would always remember, and he immediately forget. ⁂ She collected stray cats, inviting them into her house and even into her bedroom, where no man had ever been. ⁂ I considered him my best friend until he jumped me on the street, knocked me down, and took my wallet. ⁂ Most of the stories one reads nowadays are neither as intelligent as these, nor as silly. ⁂ The night is true in ways that daytimes are not. ⁂ He would steal poems from his best students, changing them slightly before publishing them in magazines under his own name. ⁂ Where is this play going? ⁂ Spending all day reading Shakepeare in the sunshine is my idea of a supreme sensual pleasure. ⁂ She was as dominating as all the other left-handed lovers I've had. ⁂ The "epiphany" is generally the most memorable part of the story—the bit that stays in your head, while the remainder fades away. ⁂ Though the government assigned my father to a different "top secret" place every three years, I have the suspicion that he is doing essentially the same job. ⁂ **Epiphanies** is theater rich in imagination and structures but thin in plots and characters. ⁂ After our first night together, I knew she was not at all too old for me. ⁂ She said she had no recollection, none at all, of the marvelous night we spent together. ⁂ **Epiphanies** could be considered an unending collection not of "false starts" but of unfinished climaxes. ⁂ How glad am I you're here. ⁂ The ball zipped from the third baseman to second to first, retiring our side like a row of dominoes. ⁂ It is scarcely a consequential critical issue whether

one of these sentences is "better" than another; what matters is the value and impact of the whole. ⁂ Every time she looks up at me, I get an erection. ⁂ His principal talent as a social critic lay in persuading us that his private troubles were our public issues. ⁂ Mother didn't believe in miracles, aside from me. ⁂ No one would believe that I did not know what I did. ⁂ At the South Pole my equilibrium returned when I stood on my head. ⁂ The matchmaker provided only six brides for the seven brothers; distributing these girls equitably would pose a dilemma. ⁂ The fact that I speak so often with the first-person pronoun is no reason to believe that any of my stories are necessarily based upon my own life. ⁂ She filled her house with mirrors not because she was narcissistic but because she could not tolerate being alone. ⁂ Intelligence in women excites me sexually. ⁂ Critics have contrasted the traditional linear fiction which has an arch-like plot with the epiphany story which has a revelatory climax just before the conclusion with the formally flat story in which no part stands out from the others and yet the theme of the story is always present. ⁂ Happy is the man who falls asleep without medical assistance and arises only after he has thoroughly finished sleeping. ⁂ From time to time, I could feel strange twitches along the outside edges of my eyes. ⁂ Out of their dinnertable faces marched my relatives, confronting me with their anger over my failure to procreate. ⁂ Again and again I had the feeling that policemen were watching me closely. ⁂ Never before had a check from my father bounced on me. ⁂ All these **Epiphanies** need not be said continuously; there is nothing intrinsic in the work to prevent the performers from jumping around. ⁂ Lugging the harp to local concerts took years off her life. ⁂ I could tell you that all the incidents recalled here are true, and you might believe me, were I not to tell you later that all of them are fiction, making you wonder, not unreasonably, whether that latter statement was, in fact, a truth or a fiction. ⁂ Most men are terrified in their guts of operations that involve their backs, their brains and their cocks. ⁂ It slowly occurred to me that the two of them wanted to make love to me at once. ⁂ Nothing revealed his megalomania more than his ambition to rewrite sentence by sentence, in their original languages, the complete works of Goethe, Flaubert and Tolstoy. ⁂ As soon as he heard of his fiancee's financial losses, his love for her waned, no matter how hard he consciously tried to revive it. ⁂ All of these stories tell themselves; no introductions or explanations are needed. ⁂ Though one was six-foot-five and the other four-foot-ten, they played basketball as closely as sisters. ⁂ Sweet, sweet, she was so sweet sweet. ⁂ The house was so large, with so many rooms filled with books, that I could have spent the remainder of my life there, reading every day away. ⁂ Everyone called me the "Blushing Russian." ⁂ In spite of all the physical comforts that money could buy, there was something about her body that she found continually uncomfortable. ⁂ Not unlike other celebrities she lived with the threat that the scandals of her life would be exposed. ⁂ Friends thought her bisexual, him trisexual. ⁂ By banning mirrors from her house, she believed she

still looked like the woman in the photograph on her mantelpiece. ⁂ We spent our first twenty-four hours together in continuous lovemaking. ⁂ At the root of our difficulties was her envy of my progeny. ⁂ Movies he enjoyed primarily not for the film itself but for the fantasies he could evoke of making love to the principal stars. ⁂ Just as we celebrated our wedding by making love in full view of our parents, so we celebrated our twentieth anniversary by reenacting the act before our children. ⁂ In twelve separate apartments I kept twelve women each of whom knew they would not get paid unless they were available to me, wholly available, for a particular two hours of every day. ⁂ No other woman he knew had made love in more of the world's languages. ⁂ Her posture of speaking with the authority of personal experience was undermined by her refusal to tell us about her professional past. ⁂ He paid handsomely to live on a street whose last name resembled his—that he hoped would make strangers think that the street was indeed named after him. ⁂ Any literature that pretends to be "abstract" would necessarily be axiomatic, which is to say it would be consistent primarily within itself. ⁂ She could never overcome the worrisome sense that her most heightened sexual experience occurred during a rape. ⁂ It was the sort of urban neighborhood that made you apprehensive at night, even if you walked down the middle of a well-lit street. ⁂ I am the only American to have slept with the youngest daughters of three Presidents. ⁂ She looked like a whore and sounded like a professor. ⁂ He wrote voluminously, suffering from the delusion that editors would love, utterly love, to publish everything he wrote. ⁂ Any woman enjoying foreplay so much more than fornication must be lesbian. ⁂ He was caught with his toes in the cash register. ⁂ Her first lovers were her swimming teacher, her father's business partner and her psychiatrist. ⁂ The checks before us were signed with many names but only one style of handwriting. ⁂ His celebrity was more professional than public. ⁂ In his trouser pockets he always carried replicas of his favorite saints. ⁂ The key to awakening her sexual feeling is an appeal to her professional ambition. ⁂ No one else she knew could make the joints of her toes bend backwards. ⁂ His sense of me is so contradictory that in his autobiography I am portrayed as a faultless heroine on one page and then as a provacative agitator on the next. ⁂ Not until the end of their fertility periods did they seal their love in marriage. ⁂ Though each apartment they took was much larger than its predecessor, there was never enough space for both of them to work comfortably when the other was also at home. ⁂ The tornado turned my house upside down perfectly intact, like a trailer. ⁂ One theme of **Epiphanies** is controlling the presentation of imaginative information and, thus, the perception of narrative experience. ⁂ There was more pleasure to be had in turning down sexual proposals than in accepting them. ⁂ Tell me you like the epiphanies you have heard and I'll tell you a dozen more; tell me it is destined to be a classic work of Literature and I'll let you hear a hundred. ⁂ Over a month of long lunches in the boondocks, he memorized the local telephone directory. ⁂ The ceiling above my head

is buckling, the cracks extending in several directions. ⁂ What a pleasant surprise it was for me to discover that all three sisters, as well as their mother, were sexually attracted to me. ⁂ As he pulled the trigger, the gun disintegrated. ⁂ Every time she came to a climax she sneezed. ⁂ What you might miss in **Epiphanies** are characters with whom you can, as we say, "identify." ⁂ She cut her hair short, sold all her dresses, ceased using perfume and changed her first name from its feminine form to its masculine. ⁂ He knew enough to know that he could not pretend to know what he knew he did not know. ⁂ We fulltimers could never forgive him for succeeding with art that was produced essentially in his spare moments. ⁂ He made fewer mistakes than anyone else he knew. ⁂ For at least three days before any anxious event she would commit herself to a psychiatric home. ⁂ The concrete pavement exploded in the heat. ⁂ Everyday, for fifty years of their marriage, they set up a tripod and took a photograph of themselves smiling at each other. ⁂ Nobody had the courage to tell our guru that he was pissing into a swimming pool. ⁂ He pulled confetti out of her anus. ⁂ Because her family moved to another country she never learned to make love in her mother tongue. ⁂ Since he customarily speaks four times as fast as she could listen, she has to pay attention at double-speed while he talks at half-speed. ⁂ Every lunch he ate eggplant to bolster his evening's virility. ⁂ She played her violin to sound like a piano. ⁂ It was his practice to parlay prosperity out of perilous improprieties. ⁂ There was, he decided, only one appropriate response to continual attack, and that was counter-attack. ⁂ Though only a lowly employee, he had the air of a boss. ⁂ For all his protestations of innocence, he behaved like someone who knew he was guilty. ⁂ Someone is pissing on me. ⁂ Their love was not free and easy; it did not come without its costs and difficulties. ⁂ She hoped that her farm-girl costume would make people forget her prep-school accent. ⁂ He took the medals awarded him and furiously tossed them into the sea. ⁂ She dyed her hair to look like the fires of hell frosted over. ⁂ An invasion by an army of dwarfs completely demoralized the King's militia. ⁂ So hysterical was he about having "breathing space" that, as soon as he felt oppressed in a crowd, he would spin around, his arms swinging akimbo, screaming for the world to move out of his orbit. ⁂ No matter how vigorously he flexed his penis on the nude beach, no one volunteered to make love to him. ⁂ At thirty-three she was the oldest player on one team and the youngest member of another. ⁂ He played the piano with the rhythmic regularity of a radiator expelling steam. ⁂ Peeking over the edges of the cliff, he became dizzy. ⁂ She had a prickly personality; but as she became more successful at her art, collectors who had invested in her began to tell each other that her arrogance should now be considered "charm." ⁂ How can I tell if I have been raped? ⁂ Try as hard as I might to make these stories as different from each other as possible, a sensitive listener will no doubt find connections and repetitions that indicate not only limitations in my imagination but obsessions that may not be entirely conscious. ⁂ Devoted to her mother to her end,

she succumbed a virgin. ⁂ He lived a contented, productive life until he fell in love with a woman who was demanding, domineering and destructive. ⁂ He would have closed the theater as a financial flop, had he not discovered at the last feasible moment that audiences could be enticed with the faint aroma of Chinese food. ⁂ He lied because his colleagues lied, he cheated because they cheated, and he stole because he could see everyone around him successfully getting away with theft. ⁂ Some mysterious propellant appeared to exhaust from his backside as he sprinted over the countryside. ⁂ The elegy he wrote for his father turned out to be a hymn for his son. ⁂ They sang in chorus, though not in unison. ⁂ Though she spoke no language other than her own. ⁂ She knew enough about the structures of verbal communication to understand everything that was said to her. ⁂ He could type faster than he could write and speak faster than he could think. ⁂ In their competitive promiscuity they were middle-aged people playing college kids' games. ⁂ Though acorns were falling like hail around him, none had yet hit his head; and he prayed that none ever would. ⁂ For years now I have wished my parents had written down what visions they had when I was conceived. ⁂ The star of our office is she, because no one else can look so busy or shuffle papers so quickly. ⁂ She spoke in short abrupt phrases that echoed her trumpet-playing. ⁂ As the nighttime chill sets in and the hills change from green to ever darker shades of brown, we expected the enemy to attack. ⁂ He stared at his mother's letter, with its news about his father's death, and said to himself, hell, I'm too busy to bother with such baloney. ⁂ Pledged to celibacy, he masturbated every Saturday night to visions of sugarplum fairies. ⁂ She kept the group's rhythms less with her head, which remained steady, than with her tongue, which flopped up and down as she played the piano. ⁂ Her eyelashes suddenly fell off. ⁂ She is rich, while he is poor; she is passionate, while he is desultory; she is considerate, while he is diffident; and she is wondering why she loves him. ⁂ My mother married her deceased husband's uncle by his mother's first marriage. ⁂ To sweeten his remaining years, a lady admirer delivered both lunch and herself at one o'clock, punctually, every afternoon. ⁂ I awoke at dawn to find outside my window a view quite different from the one that was there when I went to sleep. ⁂ Stories are vehicles not for the conveyance of emotion from writer to reader but for the creation of images, situations and linguistic styles in the minds of both reader and writer. ⁂ She slept with one man to take both compensation and revenge for the neglect of another. ⁂ There was nothing her mother could tell her about men that she did not already know. ⁂ He filled his office with diplomas and certificates to instill in his patients a confidence that he could never inspire by his presence alone. ⁂ In the surgical mirror I could see the mechanisms of my uncovered brain—princely, palpitating and perpetual. ⁂ Her breath smelled of charcoal-broiled chicken, regardless of what she ate for breakfast. ⁂ In the darkness I could hear someone calling a name that was mine—not just my first name but my last name and my middle name as well. ⁂ She succeeds

in writing prose so unusual that you'd think that English is her second language or her third. ⁂ She took the money and ran. ⁂ Only with my eyes could I perceive that my legs must be numb. ⁂ I spied on my mother watching my brother and sister make love to each other. ⁂ Show me a woman with two television sets, and I'll show you a lady with a lover who prefers watching sports while she sees old movies. ⁂ The floor began to give way precipitously beneath me. ⁂ May I be blessed with the grace to write at least a few lines that will stick in listeners' minds. ⁂ I do not know for sure whether some of these **Epiphanies** were written by myself or by a namesake. ⁂ He ran his life like a business and his wife like a salaried employee. ⁂ It has never been easy for him to fall asleep with someone else in his bedroom. ⁂ As she lectures me on my failings as a lover, she repeatedly strokes the inside of her thighs. ⁂ He purchased an entire ghost town with the expectation of renovating the abandoned buildings in order to sell the refurbished complex to a persecuted religious sect. ⁂ Only someone as disgruntled with his parents as he has been would place himself up for adoption. ⁂ He dreamed he spent the night making love to a woman he was unable to find during the day. ⁂ A fighter as a child, a wrestler as a teenager, a boxer in college, he felt he could best best the adult world by becoming a lawyer. ⁂ As his body no longer cast a shadow, he knew that now it was time for him to go to bed. ⁂ Paranoid by nature, she felt more comfortable if she rode her horse backwards, letting him look ahead while she watched behind. ⁂ Whereas others wanted to change their bodies, he sought chemicals to cosmeticize his brain. ⁂ Thanks to the formulas of distributional mathematics, calculated with the aid of a computer, the author of **Epiphanies** was able to organize the stories in a maximally definitive order. ⁂ Misfortune forced me to purchase sexual contact at exorbitant prices. ⁂ She had a taste for spicy sexual perversions. ⁂ His refusal either to trust a bank or to accept any large-denomination bills gave him a room full of money. ⁂ Whenever she felt guilty about her sexual carelessness, she took double doses of tranquilizers until the bad feeling went away. ⁂ Successful stories live long after their authors die. ⁂ Men she could reject, but from her horse she would never part. ⁂ More men give up sex for the priesthood than vice versa. ⁂ Well over seven feet tall, he weighs at least four hundred pounds and smells like a garbage truck on a summer evening. ⁂ Ours is not only a fortunate people but a very commonsensical people, with vision high but their feet on the earth, with belief in themselves and a faith in God. ⁂ A virgin at twenty, she was a snob at thirty and a spinster at forty. ⁂ No one else in our amateur acting company seemed so possessed by the concept of herself as, of course, a natural star. ⁂ While at college I serviced two amicable women every single night. ⁂ The tone of these **Epiphanies** is both light and dark, both optimistic and pessimistic, both grand and specific, both comic and tragic—in sum, let me say, as dialectical as life itself. ⁂ He feared getting ill abroad, less for what damage any disease might do to him than for the contact with strange doctors and even stranger hospitals. ⁂ I have improved, I

hope, a lot. ✲ Seventeen of my relatives were camped outside on my lawn waiting for me to take them in. ✲ Once he locked the door to the auditorium, he could harangue us for twenty-four hours about dieting. ✲ She told stories in consistently undulating curves of oscillating intensities. ✲ She looked several years older than the pimples on her face. ✲ More human energy is wasted on masturbation than on sexual intercourse. ✲ He spun around on the balls of his feet, his eyes closed. ✲ Black telephones turned while once he spoke into them. ✲ After he killed the mouse, he put it into a plastic bag that was now six feet high. ✲ Earth, we know, was not initially discovered by worms. ✲ She would spend whole summer afternoons imagining ways to meet the boys she admired from afar. ✲ None of the flirtatious tricks her mother taught her could deflect her teacher's disdain. ✲ He took ever younger wives to father yet more and more children. ✲ Most of the women I meet are eager to wrap themselves around my barrel chest, my bull neck, and my bedspring biceps. ✲ He slaves in the laboratory, night after night, day after day, for every week of the year, jeopardizing his robust health, in order to produce an exact replica of himself. ✲ One reason why **Epiphanies** is so choppy is that, during the course of writing it, I had an executive job by day and a janitorial job by night. ✲ He looked like an octogenarian who had been medically rejuvenated. ✲ Everything you make is ultimately revealing of yourself—the stories you tell, the doodles you draw, the figures you carve, the recipes you favor, the houses you build, and the children you bear. ✲ He married his ex-wife's daughter by a later marriage, when she married his son from his first marriage. ✲ For the first time it occurred to me that perhaps I was no longer alive. ✲ She thought she knew every seductive trick that men have ever tried, and indeed she probably did. ✲ Her enthusiasm for love varied with the weather—when it was sunny, she was pleasant; but when it rained, she was a drip. ✲ He dreamed that he was Shakespeare and wrote me long love letters in perfect iambic pentameter. ✲ I wrote **Epiphanies** with the initial expectation that a playscript so eccentric would win for me a sure place in the history of drama. ✲She walked like a dachshund and ran like a kangaroo. ✲When she rolled on top of me, I could feel my chest begin to buckle under the pressure. ✲She feared he would bugger her. ✲The plays he wrote invariably contained a truth and charm that were not reflective of his personality. ✲ She never wore any clothes that would let you know if either her breasts or hips were small or large. ✲ He ran down the road as though he were on a sandy beach, staggering and stumbling all the way. ✲ He had read enough conventional plays not to want to write anything remotely like them. ✲ If my father married my half-sister, he'd become my brother-in-law and their child would be both my nephew and step-brother. ✲ It was for me an epiphany to discover, in the course of writing **Ephiphanies**, that the work would succeed better as an abundance of stories, rather than a choice few. ✲ In her boy friend's laundry she found a woman's black slip with a small horizontal slit in the front and a larger vertical slit in the back. ✲ At the age of sixty she gave up sex as "something for the children." ✲ Just as

his wife was accustomed to being the only black person in a group, so he was accustomed to being the only dwarf. ⁂ He cynically calculated that he could best advance in the company by making all his superiors imagine that he was the son who was better than all their own sons. ⁂ He locked the door, turned off the lights, emptied the cash register, counted the receipts and stuffed them into his underpants before retiring for the night. ⁂ Two qualities necessary for the reception of stories are imagination and credulity. ⁂ She disappointed me; none of her sexual proposals were beyond my imagination. ⁂ When the time came for him to take a wife, he chose his lover's daughter, reasoning that they would both be eternally loyal to him. ⁂ I had spent my last dollar taking a taxi to someone who I imagined would give me a loan. ⁂ The road on which he traveled receded precipitously before him. ⁂ She took pride in the fact that, even in her fifties, men made passes at her. ⁂ While I flirted with the salesmen, my husband would fluently shoplift. ⁂ He collected lovers with the ease that most family men collect debts. ⁂ Comedy is prophecy only when prophecy is comic. ⁂ He is shocked to discover that the body inside the coffin resembles his own. ⁂ She calculated that if she followed all the classical rules she would surely produce a masterpiece. ⁂ Figuring that other mothers in the city might find the information invaluable, she kept a master card catalogue of her son's sexual conquests. ⁂ These **Epiphanies** originated entirely within my head and were, in fact, transcribed from a competition in which each side of my brain tried to tell better single-sentence stories than the other. ⁂ Every sexual extravagance I proposed he performed—without exception; there was nothing I could imagine that he was unable to do. ⁂ So often did his friends confess their sins to him that he finally succumbed to their wish that he become a priest. ⁂ She entices men as a magnet draws shavings and garbage attracts flies. ⁂ He sifted through his feces, turd by turd, looking for the cause of his stomach ache. ⁂ Her new job included the mandate to make her job new. ⁂ There was nothing she dreaded more than falling in love with someone she could not dominate. ⁂ He was continually trying new things as a writer; he feared becoming the prisoner of his own formulas. ⁂ Even though he was fired from every job he ever had, he invariably moved into a better position. ⁂ She was the only member of her class to graduate unmarried. ⁂ He made it a practice never to answer a ringing telephone himself. ⁂ If I made **Epiphanies** ten hours long, rather than one or two, it would be more susceptible to both unfavorable reviews, on one hand, and a place in the "world record" books on the other. ⁂ An accomplished mime, he could make himself understood any time, in any place. ⁂ If you like **Epiphanies** so far, continue listening; there is more of the same. ⁂ Each night, just before he went to sleep, he vowed never again to smoke a cigarette. ⁂ He welcomed death primarily out of a sense of exhaustion with living. ⁂ Her beauty could launch a thousand runners on a twenty-mile road race that promised the winner an evening in her bed. ⁂ He spoke incredibly complicated sentences, full of adjectives and adverbs, as well as clauses and conjunctions that collided and

dovetailed, amidst digressions, with syntactically appropriate, diagrammatic neatness. ⁂ She wasn't sure whether what she felt was "love," but it appeared to resemble the experience she read about in books. ⁂ When I proposed that the three of us might enjoy each other sexually, their eyes lit up with expectant enthusiasm. ⁂ At three o'clock every afternoon, an impeccably dressed young man goes into our neighbor's house; three hours later he leaves, invariably looking somewhat disheveled. ⁂ He could persuade even a skeptic that he was, indeed, born a king. ⁂ It was, to be sure, the mystical experience he had spent a lifetime anticipating. ⁂ Even though the temperature was close to freezing, he was sweating with anxiety. ⁂ Her chariot was stained by the color of blood. ⁂ Mountains so high exist to be climbed, just as seas so deep exist to be plunged, and women so beautiful exist to be laid. ⁂ Every morning of the year, he rose at dawn, kissed his sleeping wife, put on the opulent uniform she found so strange, admired himself in the mirror for a half-hour before taking it off, carefully folding it back into his closet. ⁂ He wrote plays that evolved autonomously, like man himself, from simplicity to complexity to maturity to senility. ⁂ She knew that I knew that we know what they knew; now we all know that you know too. ⁂ I do not know why he has sought my company every evening for the past two months and yet refuses to sleep with me. ⁂ At the end of his will was a scenario for his funeral, specifying not only the coffin and gravestone he should have but what the pallbearers should wear and what the eulogists should say. ⁂ We never know until the final minute whether she would show up for the ceremony on time. ⁂ It was from playing with toy soldiers on cardboard battlefields that he learned to push his friends around. ⁂ He devoted his entire adult life, all sixty years, to seducing women, abandoning each previous conquest in his blinding enthusiasm for the new one, the latest one—"my last love" he invariably said. ⁂ He feared that if he lived forever he would never know the honor of posthumous fame. ⁂ Lacking an inheritance, I had to improvise my fortune, borrowing from one source to pay another, in an unending effort to live like a king. ⁂ Returning to college after spring vacation he discovered that someone had been reading his diaries and someone else had been wearing his underwear. ⁂ He frequently dreamt of nurses ministering to his swollen penis. ⁂ Pushing her hands toward the sun, she plunged her body into shadow. ⁂ Hysterically angry, she repeatedly kicked the telephone pole. ⁂ Who would be the first to tell them that their television was upside down? ⁂ Most of his students were shocked to see him lying nude on the beach next to his nubile daughter. ⁂ He kept detailed account books, recording not only his successes with women but his failures; it was an activity he would abandon, he promised himself, when at the end of a year he failed to show a profit. ⁂ No matter how many times he added the columns of numbers, he never got the same answer twice. ⁂ He cut a figure both financially prosperous and sexually ambiguous. ⁂ Having gone where no one had dared to go before, he returned home with many marvelous stories and a creature half woman and half fish, who appeared to be his lover.

⁂ He collected plaster casts of the tongues of his vanquished debating competitors. ⁂ For over a year she had not slept in a bed she could call her own. ⁂ Once he dropped his clothes we could see that he had two penises of equal size, each perfectly formed and fully operative. ⁂ Whenever he saw us sleeping together, he kicked her out of his bedroom. ⁂ Beneath the day-to-day business of the city were intimations of civil war. ⁂ I crap on my enemies from an awesome height. ⁂ Not until I stepped into her parents' house would we know for sure whether her mother would accept a son-in-law of another race. ⁂ The three-storey houses were attached to each other in both directions, for as far as the eye could see. ⁂ His pubic hair grew like his beard—once a month it had to be cut. ⁂ He spoke at length, with great passion, about theater that was primarily about theater and the possibilities of theater and only incidentally about something else. ⁂ The further we walk into the house, the more cavernous and endless it seems. ⁂ I awoke to find the colors around me inverted, green becoming red, blue becoming orange, yellow becoming purple, in perfect symmetry within the painter's spectrum. ⁂ As he affixed his signature to his "last will and testament," he had a fleeting vision of himself embalmed forty years hence. ⁂ Walking on city streets, he habitually stayed close to the buildings, stepping into doorways whenever possible. ⁂ Though the newspapers said that last year's winner was too injured to have much impact on the marathon race, bouts of anxiety hit the other runners' stomachs as he advanced to the startling line. ⁂ He needed only to raise his left eyebrow for his supplicants to run forward with generous gifts. ⁂ He got publishers to pay a hundred dollars per word for what he wrote. ⁂ If the same story were told from many points of view, it would have a richer, fuller truth than a single narrative perspective could afford; if many stories were told within a single drama, one result would be a richer, fuller sense of theater. ⁂ No matter what you wanted to talk about, she infallibly turned the conversation to herself and her career. ⁂ Though scarcely a large woman, she had the poise of a giraffe and the presense of an elephant. ⁂ He hewed to a stringent diet, eating miniscule meals several times a day. ⁂ Anyone who can brutalize laborers will someday be employed by someone who cannot. ⁂ As she sat in the sun, her skin turned red and then brown and finally green. ⁂ You'll like him, I know, because your body would neatly melt into his. ⁂ The sword he planned to swallow suddenly looked longer than his upper body. ⁂ Inclined to invidious comparisons, he could envy anyone for anything, ranging from their youth to the number of books they had read (or written), from the size of their apartments to the imagined size of their penis, from the beauty of their children to the quality of their wives' cooking. ⁂ So extravagant was his appetite that his friends would always invite him to lunch after an evening's party. ⁂ Since he sweated as he ate, his friends called him "the human incinerator." ⁂ Every idea he had for making money was destined to get us into trouble; it would be better for all of us if he kept a steady job. ⁂ Whenever she appears on the verge of bringing her story to an end, we

know that she is actually marshalling her narrative energies for taking another path. ⁂ Men, she concluded, were most successfully seduced with fetching clothing; women, with alcohol. ⁂ I'm never entirely sure whether the "sins" confessed to me are totally true; sometimes I suspect my parishioners make up stories just to keep me salaciously stimulated. ⁂ Sex in life was never as ecstatic as sex in her imagination; the men in her bed were never as spectacular as those in her dreams. ⁂ The child I helped became the adult I feared. ⁂ Whenever politicians talk fulsomely of peace, experience tells me to watch out for war. ⁂ If I told you that I was born fifty years ago, in another country, you would believe me if my hair were gray, my skin well-lined and I spoke with an accent, but doubt me if my hair were dark and long and thick, as it is, my English were perfect, as it is, and my skin absolutely free of lines. ⁂ Blessed was I when my captors discovered that the loop of the lynching noose was too small to fit over my swollen head. ⁂ He never dared go outside without affixing his codpiece. ⁂ She felt that only through marriage to a famous man could she fulfill her ambition to be a woman whom others admired. ⁂ Every egg dropped to the floor bounced back into his hand. ⁂ A single woman in her late thirties, she now sought the sexual experiences she had avoided twenty years before. ⁂ Every afternoon he set the tables, purchased fresh vegetables and turned on the air-conditioner even though it has been a full week since anyone had come for dinner. ⁂ Penetrated from behind for the first time, she screamed a continuous scream whose tone changed from agony to pleasure. ⁂ With so many aliases to keep, he had forgotten the name his parents gave him. ⁂ When my wife's father died, she spoke for hours about things—experiences and understandings—that I had never before heard her mention. ⁂ All those questions you raised, but one, are answered in this thousand-page letter. ⁂ Take-offs did not disturb him as much as landings, which often made him faint dead away. ⁂ His eye she caught merely by letting her skirt crawl above her knees. ⁂ He pasted together the pages of his diary to insure that, at least in his own lifetime, no one would read them without his knowing it. ⁂ Familiar with human bodies, both in detail and as wholes, ever since her days in medical school, she took particular pleasure in fingering female breasts. ⁂ He borrowed a huge fan to blow down his neighbor's trees without touching them. ⁂ Running as quickly as he could, he stumbles, falls, picks himself up and lunges forward until he trips over a tree and into the rushing river. ⁂ Curious he was about the color and quality of her underwear. ⁂ She slept with me not because she liked men but because she felt obliged to prove to herself that, in fact, she was not a lesbian. ⁂ He cut his side wide open and pulled out his appendix. ⁂ His peculiar appearance he exploited to social advantage by making everyone feel grateful and/or guilty for not being similarly afflicted. ⁂ Whenever zebras dance in chorus, I get a headache from the optical interactions. ⁂ Once they saw two hippos making love, they felt less self-conscious about their own obesity. ⁂ The photographic process he developed could reveal not only the front of an object but its back as well. ⁂ If you

put your head down and charge straight ahead, you will eventually run into a brick wall. ⁂ He prefers women who are much older or much younger, because both can be easily deceived. ⁂ He surprised his opponent by taking giant steps into the center of the ring and then immediately unleashing a left-right combination that sent the stunned novice to the mat, ending the fight seconds after it began. ⁂ He grew a beard primarily to cover a receding chin; it also made him look bearish and fearsome. ⁂ Every time I look at the clock, it gives me an identical reading; either the clock is stuck or I'm hyperanxious. ⁂ I cannot cook; I make water burn. ⁂ One reason for my using a first-person narrator who addresses you the audience so familiarly is that "you" makes everything "I" says seem immediate and real. ⁂ I could feel the ceiling creeping down upon me. ⁂ He did more and more work for less and less money. ⁂ Cats were no more intelligent to her than chicadees. ⁂ She thought of herself as a sexual explorer and thus preferred men who smelled of tropical jungles. ⁂ He would need to scream over all-night radio if he wanted to keep his listeners awake. ⁂ His doctor required him to eat with a teaspoon, counting calories through every meal. ⁂ He stopped so suddenly that cars pitched over his back bumper. ⁂ I love you as an elephant loves pits. ⁂ Once he punctured his skin, he would simply concentrate his attention on the wound until, before our eyes, it healed. ⁂ She juggled her budget with the dexterity of a typist, the force of a cement mixer and the grace of a ballerina. ⁂ I would sleep forever if I could make my mind into a permanent movie theater. ⁂ She had the body of a woman and the eyes of a man. ⁂ The novel he wrote ran like a bus, gathering readers everywhere it went. ⁂ You can see in my son a shadow, slightly blurred, of myself and in my daughter, in sharp outline, an inverted reflection. ⁂ To live an absolutely error-free existence you would have to make all the mistakes I have made, and some of your own besides. ⁂ He leaped high, his glove hand over the outfield wall, to make the game-ending catch. ⁂ We would never have believed her claims to strength had she not lifted the front of our car and swung it onto the sidewalk. ⁂ All of us, the relatives of four generations, were predisposed to giving her a loan, if only to bolster the illusion that greatgrandmama could indeed run the old family business after her husband died. ⁂ Since the men of the community so often died in war or went abroad, young women competed fiercely, in countless ways, for the attention of the remaining males. ⁂ He sang in one key and strummed his guitar in another. ⁂ He learned as a student the advantages of intellectual flattery but discovered as an adult, perhaps too late, the disadvantages of that position in his relentlessly skeptical profession. ⁂ He had the voice of a foghorn and the personality of a parrot. ⁂ In twenty years he had aged at least forty. ⁂ Down here, the sun rises in the west, goes to the center of the sky, turns around, and then sets in the west. ⁂ Junkies were lying all about me, on mattresses, unaware of their drooling; I was the only person here in full possession of myself. ⁂ She inadvertently walked into the men's toilet. ⁂ I cannot look at an attractive man for long without mentaily tearing off his clothes, piece

by piece. ⁂ The best of his kind at home, he was still a small fish in a big, big sea. ⁂ While walking across the highwire, he paused to suggest that perhaps he was apprehensive. ⁂ The centerpiece of my imagination is a machine for artisitic invention. ⁂ The alcoholism that destroyed his auspicious wife was ultimately registered as just another iota on the scoreboard of anonymous statistics. ⁂ All vices of attractive women he could tolerate, except bad breath. ⁂ She calculated that, in the week before her marriage, she should sleep at least once apiece with all of her former lovers. ⁂ He cursed his mother for her promiscuity of twenty years ago. ⁂ Anyone born in this part of this country will always find, no matter where else she moves, an excuse for returning home. ⁂ His grandmother addressed him by the name he had at birth, his girl friends by the name he took. ⁂ She had her face uplifted, her eyes tautened, her breasts injected, her colon shortened, her skin sewn tight, all in a vain attempt to sustain her sexual life. ⁂ I made our chauffer stop a block away from school, so that neither my friends nor myself would be needlessly embarrassed. ⁂ Trying to carry three cans of paint across the roof, she fell into her swimming pool. ⁂ Those newcomers who don't know how to live with continuous sunshine invariably turn into indolent idiots. ⁂ He relished the summer's heat for stimulating his virility but abhored the humidity for making sex so messy. ⁂ He awoke one morning to find that his nose had disappeared. ⁂ I fell out of favor and into good fortune. ⁂ He functioned best with two legal wives, regarding each as a mistress for the other. ⁂ Some of these stories suggest that their author is small, round and bespectacled, while others suggest that he must be lean, bucktoothed and craggy-featured. ⁂ Whereas most plays are repetitive in subject and various sentence forms, **Epiphanies** is various in subject and repetitive in sentence forms. ⁂ He remains haunted by the anxiety that he will never surpass his earlier writing. ⁂ Every playwright desiring artistic perfection for himself also desires perfect listeners for his work. ⁂ He vibrated like a pneumatic drill. ⁂ She made life-sized nude sculptures of every man she had ever loved. ⁂ By surrounding her bed with mirrors, she could see that she was making love to several different men at once. ⁂ Anyone wearing such outrageous costumes on suburban streets was either a madman or a star. ⁂ I brought a souvenir samurai sword so that I would always have, immediately at hand, the option of decapitating myself. ⁂ Each time I read an article about floods, I can feel water coming up my nose. ⁂ He no longer had any control over his hallucinations. ⁂ She swallowed the cow to catch the goat and swallowed the goat to catch the dog and swallowed the dog to catch the cat and swallowed the cat to cat the bird and swallowed the bird to catch the spider and swallowed the spider to catch the fly that wiggled and giggled and tickled inside her. ⁂ With imaginative concentration she undressed him in her mind, much as she had done with at least a hundred lovers before him; he sensed only that she appeared to be taking an inordinate interest in him. ⁂ Every story here is no less true, no less audacious, than its predecessors. ⁂ Since it was commonly known

that we were not legally married, attractive women were constantly introducing themselves to me. ⁂ Though he clearly spent less money than he earned, none of his children knew for sure what he did with the surplus; each had a different conjecture. ⁂ Nothing I said, nothing I gave her, nothing I showed her, nothing I did could convince her to sleep with me. ⁂ Sex is like Catholicism—you'll never know what it is until you've been "converted." ⁂ As she spoke about technical philosophical ideas in a fluent language, I could feel she possessed a brilliance that exceeded my own. ⁂ The new fertilizer made tomatoes grow twice as large, twice as fast. ⁂ Allow me, please, to examine what I can see. ⁂ When he first learned of the actual amount of her inheritance, the expression on his face changed from joy to apprehension. ⁂ He believed, perhaps naively, that he had to expose his munificent penis to scores of photographers before people would buy his novels. ⁂ Even simple questions she would answer in a complicated, exhausting way. ⁂ She ate her dinners in half the time I took with mine. ⁂ Exhausted though he was, he could scarcely fall asleep with dozens of mosquitoes continually buzzing in his ears. ⁂ My dog shamed the others by speaking such complicated English words as "hamburger" and "angelfood." ⁂ His friends called him "The Big Dipper" because, when lying down, he resembled a sauce pan. ⁂ Surely probably possibly maybe unlikely. ⁂ His seemingly unrelated stories were, on more subtle levels, linked together like a spider's web. ⁂ I am going to cry. ⁂ He claimed to have seduced more of the world's most beautiful women than any other man in history. ⁂ His press agent said he died of a heart attack; everyone else know that he had, in fact, committed suicide. ⁂ He treated her better than any man she had ever known, and still she regarded him as a passing fancy. ⁂ He pretended that he hatched himself, without the intercession of either a father, a mother or a supernatural power. ⁂ As she stood on the cliff, overlooking the city, she remembered everything that had happened to her there—the canvases she painted, the stories she wrote, the food she ate, the lovers she had, the people she had met and argued with; from that vantage point, all of her past became suddenly present. ⁂ He vowed to mate a white whale with a black whale, no matter how expensive or how risky. ⁂ There were several unfortunate experiences before he realized that the attractiveness of a woman's legs indicates nothing else about her. ⁂ He trusted the sea, even in a storm, and feared the cities, even on a sunshine day. ⁂ I woke up unable to find any trace of my name, not knowing who I was, or might have been. ⁂ He liked only those rare students who reminded him of himself as an academic apprentice. ⁂ Not in a long, long time did he have such a lovely lady to love. ⁂ Why is it that eight men standing against the white wall make twenty shadows? ⁂ Infants resemble dogs in their ability to understand what was said from the tone of their master's voice. ⁂ She wanted to record in comprehensive detail every word she said, every thing she saw, every person she met, every thought she had, every sentence she heard, during the course of a single twenty-four hour day. ⁂ This single-sentence line ends **Epiphanies.**

The Beautiful and the Ugly

ACT 1.

Scene 1: A roomful of beautiful, stupid women making the most stupid conversation imaginable. One is telling fortunes from coffee grounds, another is complaining about a dirty spoon, and so on.

Scene 2: The couple in the restaurant. An ugly, brilliant man is talking to a ravishingly beautiful, stupid woman. The ugly, brilliant man is explaining about the Ottoman Empire.

Scene 3: A group of ugly, spiteful, brilliant women make sparkling conversation about the disappointments of love. They are a delight to listen to.

Scene 4 An ugly, brilliant woman and an ugly, brilliant man sitting in a restaurant. They analyze each other mercilessly.

ACT 2. The Half-Breed

Scene 1: A somewhat beautiful, somewhat ugly, rather brilliant young woman is trying to fascinate an unbelievably good-looking rock 'n' roll musician moron. In spite of the fact that the woman is wearing a scarlet satin blouse with the top four buttons unbuttoned, it is clear from certain gestures and dictions that she is a winner of a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship. The man asks her if she would like to smoke something, and she says "Sure."

Scene 2: The somewhat beautiful, somewhat homely, brilliant young woman is talking to her girl friend, another half-breed, and telling her the story of her date with the rock 'n' roll moron. The friend listens silently with a knowing, judgmental half-smile. The story is that he has another girl-friend whom he lives with, but she managed to take him home with her. "He's extraordinarily sensitive in his way. Uncanny–ability to know what I wanted. Not verbal–he's not very verbal, but an extrordinarily–odd use of language. I'm afraid I scared him." She giggles. Her friend keeps smiling.

Scene 3: A half-ugly, half-handsome, reasonably intelligent man flirts with a half-ugly, half-pretty, reasonably intelligent woman. They both confuse each other tremendously with double signals.

ACT 3.

Scene 1: A beautiful, brilliant, warm-hearted young woman appears. The playwright runs onto the stage and grabs her away, thus ending the play.

PERFORMANCE NOTE

In the event it is impossible to find anyone suitable to play the part of the woman in Act 3, the play will be continued indefinitely, with the different characters combining and re-combining in any permutations that remain.

CIRCUS

A PERFORMANCE PIECE BY CHARLIE MORROW (1967, 1970)
IN FOUR CONTINUOUS SECTIONS

for your delight—of course

I. ENTRANCES.

II. GAMES & ACTS.

III. EXITS.

IV. POSTLUDE.

The size of the forces necessary for CIRCUS will vary according to the dimensions of the performance. A theatrical format is presented here, although the adaptation to other media is expected.

The idea of CIRCUS is to portray the resemblance of all its acts to the substance and activities of ordinary life. The cruelty of the audience is also brought out in that it reflects the nature of entertainment from primitive voyeurism and sadism, i.e., the Colosseum crowd. Circus where animals are tortured, the crowd at hangings . . . to more elevated participation activities, being spectators of, and actors in, all history. We can ask: What is entertainment, what is art, what is real?

Reality is very important to the production. The following basic procedures are employed. . . . IT ALL HAPPENS BEFORE YOUR EYES:

LIGHTS & STAGING: There is live activity with many changes and film. Matricies should be hung between audience and part of the arena that, in various kinds of light—polarized, u.v., colored, etc.—will reveal enormously different things. There should be smooth transitions between the apparitions of film and projection in many levels and live. Also, many dark areas for quick changes.

SOUND: A very clean sound system should be used that makes it impossible to detect transitions from live amplified sound to pre-recorded sound to mixtures of both, and distortions of both.

CIRCUS can be performed with the music provided, or with music from elsewhere . . . similarly dialogue and internal sequences. It is the format for an event as well as for Charlie Morrow's specific event.

SYNOPSIS

I. ENTRANCES

While entrances and exits are occurring throughout, section I is a pageant of entrances, and a hint of all the goodies to be

received—for which we are to be so thankful. The only clue to the nature of ultimate events is the appearance of rather ordinary people among the freaks and performers. An interesting, though not essential, delight would be having a parade begin outside the arena which leads all the spectators into it, ushers and usherettes seating the non-performers as the entrance section is played out. Later, TV tape of all the good folks together should be used in the show where indicated. As the entrance is evolving, when various acts are in full view, they should each do some odd motion, i.e., slow motion as in Tai Chi, backward motion as though film were being run backward with them on it, absurdly fast motion. DO ALL OF THESE.

II. GAMES & ACTS

This section begins with the ringmaster's entrance. It continues with a band event and leads to increasingly more brutal games and acts to the execution event. The exact order is to be determined by the quality of available talent and the taste of the producer.
ALL THE FOLLOWING ARE TO BE INCLUDED:

RINGMASTER GAME: The ringmaster is both one and many persons. At first, one, then many in absolute unison, then out of sync unisons of many, then many in their own roles, then a series of deceptions as to who is the real one, then a struggle for power and a victor to end section II and return in section IV. The ringmaster figures are constantly using masks to assume the roles of known political persons and general political types; president, dictator, religious leaders, prophets, medicine men, witch doctors, murderers, saints, corporation presidents, etc. Often, roles will change before your eyes, and film will bring forth the real persons being imitated by one of our ringmasters. In the end, the victor must look like many characters and slowly evolve back to being just the ringmaster.

The ringmaster(s) may molest any performer in any way at any time. This will lend credibility to section III where it will be unclear whether the exits are being led by the ringmaster, or being thrust upon the entire cast by him forceably.

GENERAL ENTERTAINMENT GAMES & ACTS: All these are carried out so that the reality of their content is clearly contrasted with their entertainment value. For example, people that see themselves as freaks or doing freaky things in order to survive—they show this side through remarks addressed to the audience, insults hurled at the audience, transition to film or tape exposing their innermost selves and fears, while doing their entertaining—or the reverse; film or sound of entertainment, while acting out or pointing out their real feelings.

THESE ACTS/DISTORTIONS OF THE SELF INCLUDE:
A chamber group of musicians amplified, choirs mixed & children,
several marching bands with twirlers, cheer leaders, etc.
a rock band, a country band, a folk group, a pop singer—
there may be several bands, if varied.
dancers, jugglers, acrobats, clowns.
models, a fashion show, the news, a variety of TV, Radio and
Movie situations, a hair-do show, a body show.
Hawkers, freaks of all imaginable persuasions.
several religious services, a family dinner.
Ridiculously ordinary things like: a guy drinking beer and
watching TV, people making up, dressing and undressing.

CRUEL ENTERTAINMENT GAMES AND ACTS: These are similarly exposed as were the aspects of general entertainment. In fact, many figures from that section can participate in these. The contrast here is obvious, how extreme an entertainment can become.

THESE INCLUDE:

The sexual side of general entertainment, also, nudity, all perversion.
animal and human cruelty—torture, etc. mild to extreme sports events from their normal to their sadistic or dangerous conclusions.

The clown game: the clowns can go into the audience and do as they please. the clowns can abuse anyone in the cast including the ringmaster(s) with complete immunity to reaction;

the clowns tease everyone and no one minds
the clowns can become (through media) insects
the clowns can become animals
the clowns can become ordinary people
they must constantly deny being clowns

THE EXECUTION EVENT: Interrogation, trial and death to any clown.

THIS IS THE LAST EVENT IN THE SECTION. AT ITS CONCLUSION, THE MEDIA REVEAL THE EXECUTION OF MANY PEOPLE, THEN THE DESTRUCTION OF MANY THINGS IN THE REAL WORLD . . . THIS CONTINUES IN DEVASTATING FORCE THROUGH SECTION III fading down to nothing before section IV.

III. EXITS

During this section, the following takes place;
The victorious ringmaster is doing two things;

forcing each act to assume a ridiculous posture,
all of which are conducted backwards, i.e.

crawling backwards,
slither backwards, etc.
EVERYONE SMILES for he is also
graciously saying goodbye, and praising everyone
including the audience whom he also is directing
horrible exits through, i.e.
clowns crawling backwards through the aisles,
musicians and singers playing wildly in their
midst.

DURING THIS, A TERRIBLE AMOUNT OF MEDIA REFUSE IS STREWN IN THE ARENA SO THAT THE PLACE IS COVERED WITH TAPE, FILM, CONFETTI, OLD ELECTRONIC GEAR AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, ETC.

ALSO, THE MEDIA PORTRAYAL OF HOLOCAUST—RAPE OF THE WORLD ENDS.

Everyone has left the arena except a rock band or two, and the ringmaster and the garbage.

IV. POSTLUDE

the only sound that remains comes from the band(s).
It stays bright and happy.
The lights change and become like daylight revealing
the ringmaster (smiling and shining professionally)
but filthy dirty and surrounded by garbage.
the bands are revealed to be hung like monstrous
puppets, from strings going from their bodies
straight up.
The ringmaster starts to say his farewells and begins exiting.
The music is becoming increasingly fragmented and echoed
Throughout the entire house transformed into many
distortions and caricatures of itself.

THE RINGMASTER IS SUDDENLY HOISTED WITH HIS ARMS EXTENDED INTO THE AIR—for now, it is revealed by lighting that he has strings too, and he alternately asks forgiveness, and screams and is silent, and so forth.

Religious deaths of all sorts appear everywhere; monks burning, people crucified, etc., each with its own characteristic sound.
The music of the puppet band(s) grows louder.
The media come alive more forcefully than ever, with similar death scenes, forest fires, animals screaming, the air is shaken with low frequency sound and explosions. Include Section I-TV tape.
PLANTED PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE BEGIN TO LEAVE, PUSHING AND SHOVING EVERYONE WITH THEM.

AS EVERYONE LEAVES THE ARENA, THEY ARE GREETED BY GOODWILL AMBASSADORS TO THE WORLD—flower girls, people giving things away, a little streetband—perhaps Mexican or Trinidadian, NICE STUFF.

Micro I.

Wrap a live microphone with a very large sheet of paper. Make a tight bundle. Keep the microphone live for another 5 minutes.

Anima I.

Performer rolls on the floor winding on his body a 700meters long cord thus mummifying himself.

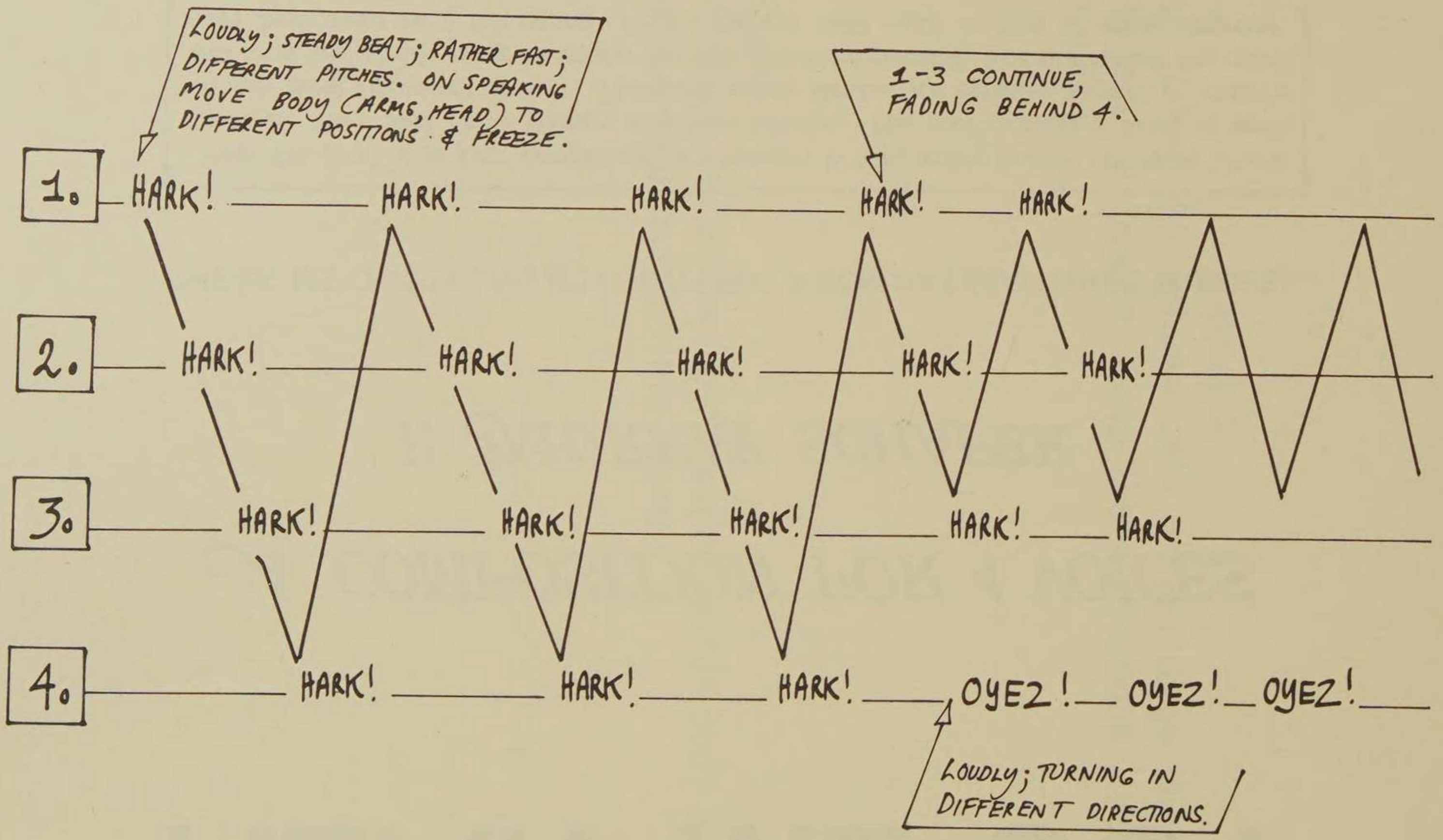
HEAR ME OUT

A COMPOSITION FOR 4 VOICES

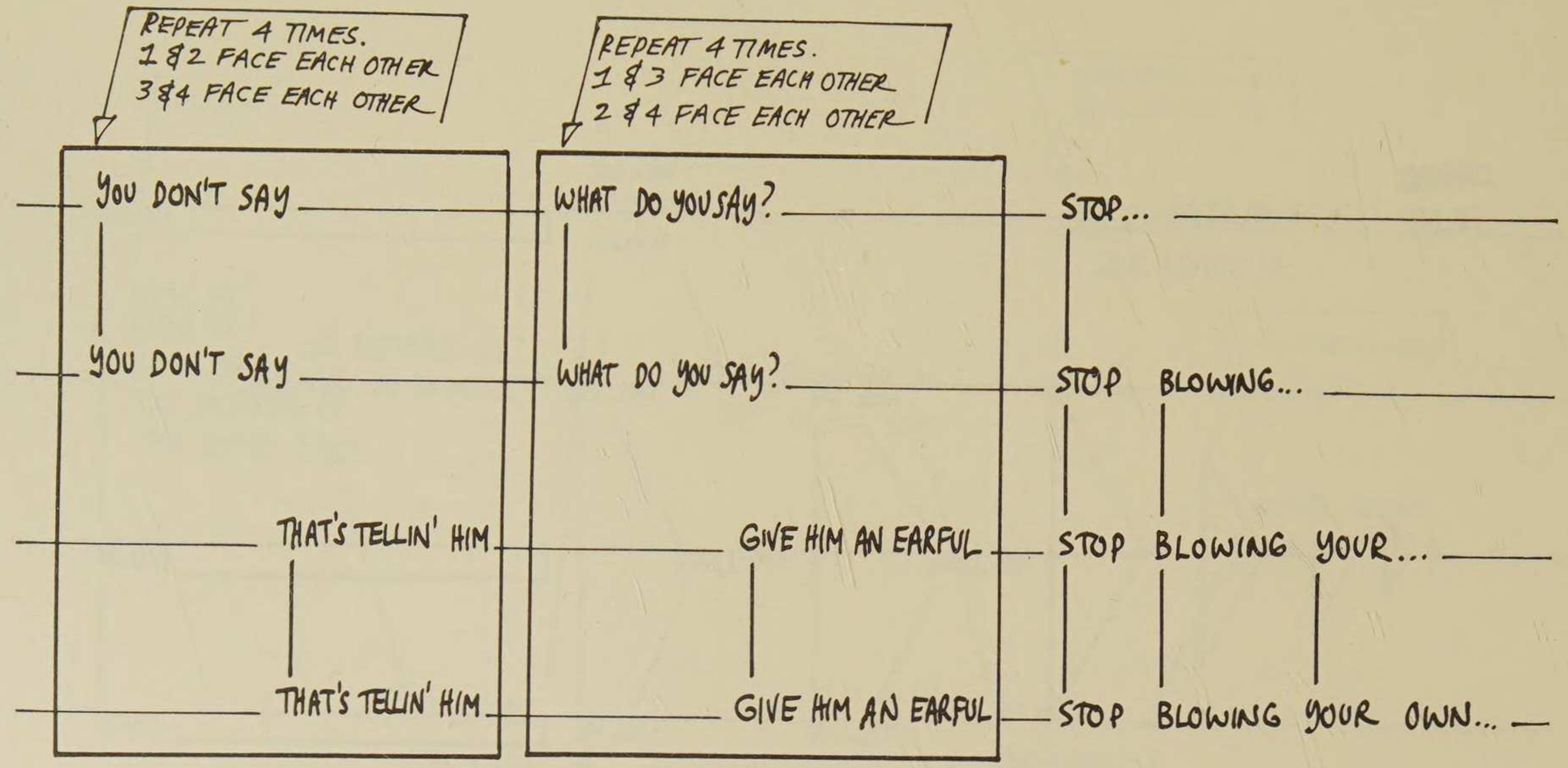
R. MURRAY SCHAFER

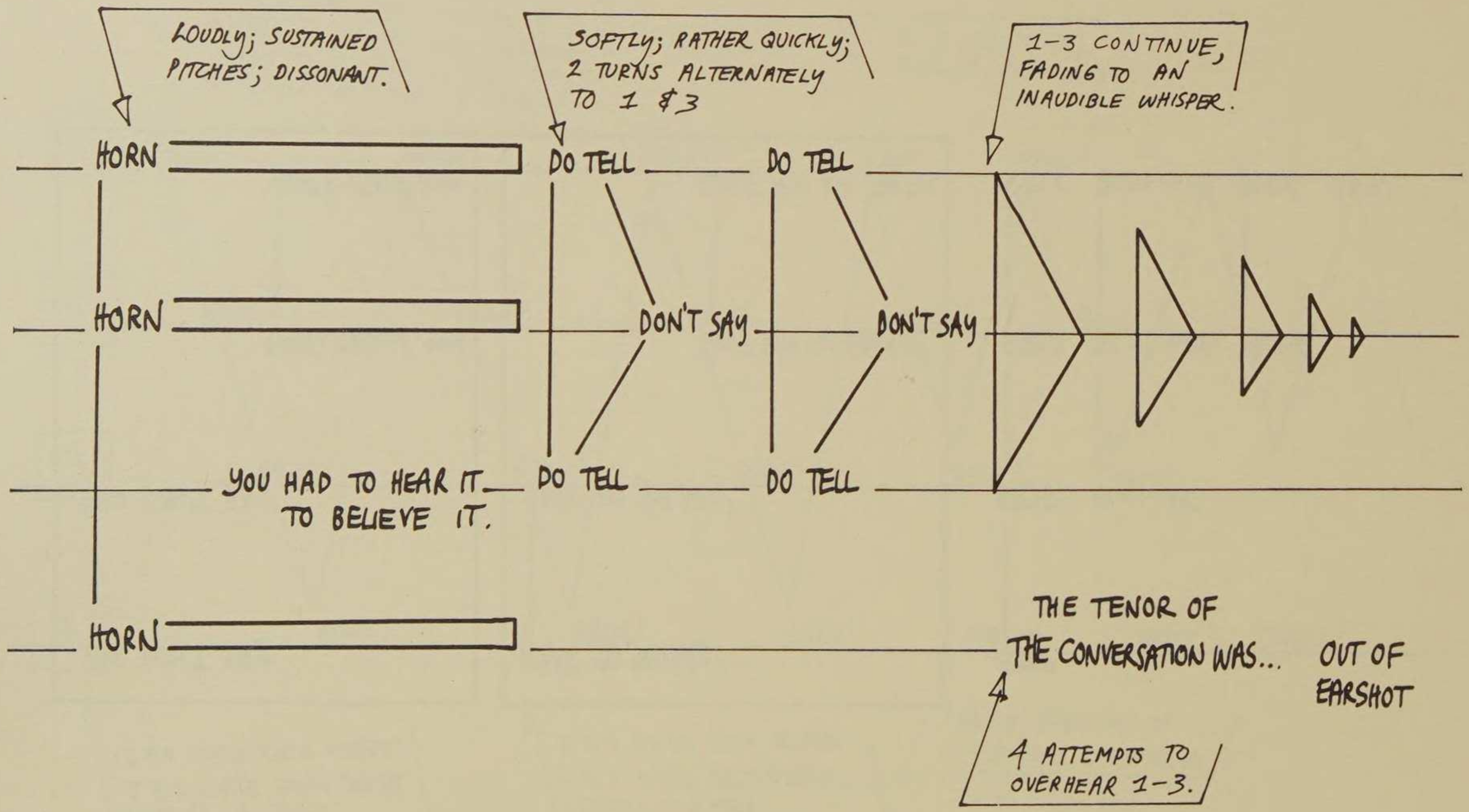
"HEAR ME OUT" IS AN EDITING UNIT FROM PATRIA THREE (PIECES)

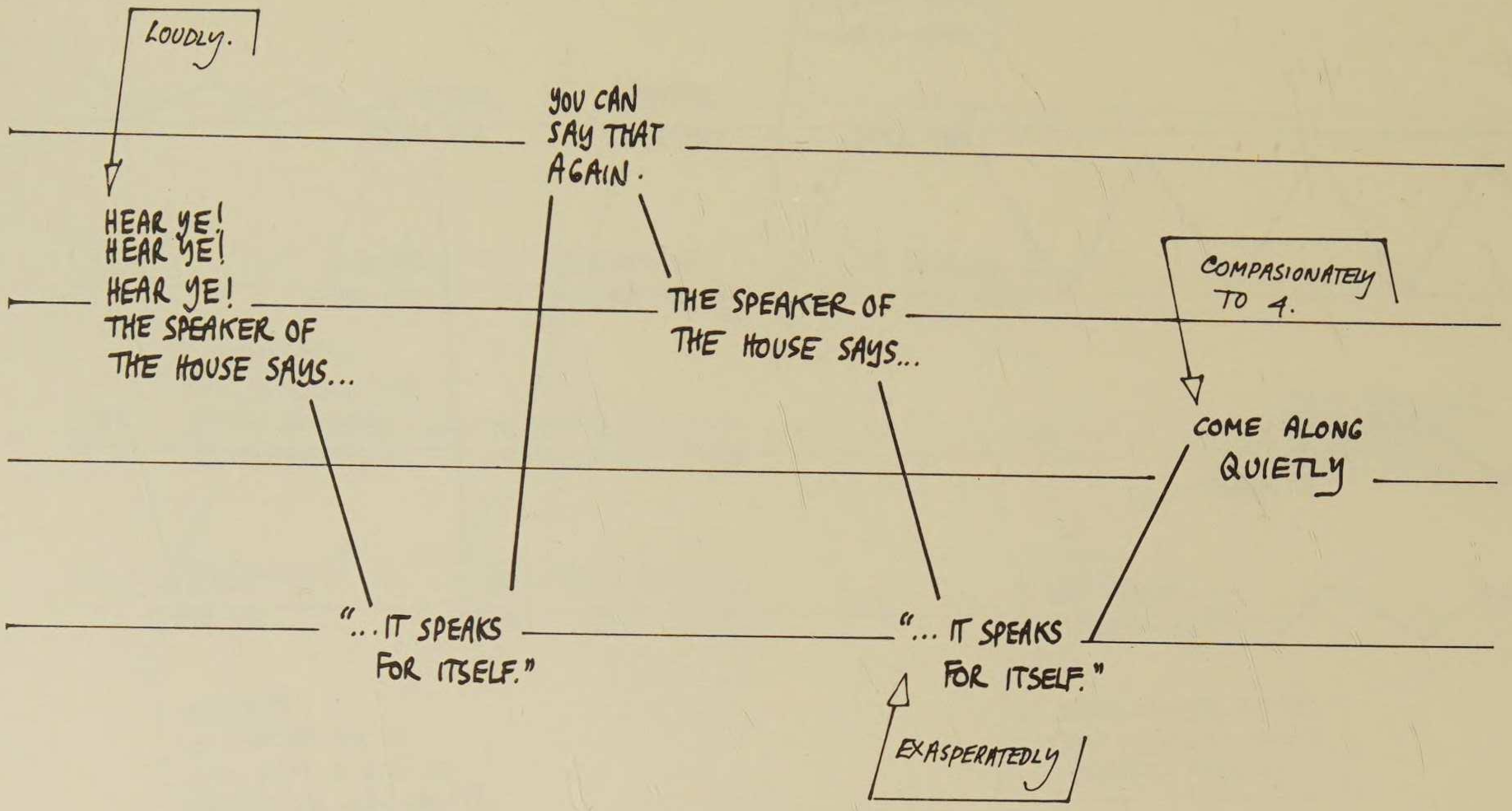
"Hear Me Out" was first performed in a concert in Maynooth in July, 1979 by Gloria Leveque, Mary and Terry Wilton, and Jean Schafer. The text consists entirely of well-known aural figures of speech. The work exists somewhere between recitation, theatre and song, and a wide range of interpretations should be possible. For this reason the notes have been kept to a minimum. Heavy vertical lines mean to sing or speak together. Slanted lines indicate voices following one another.

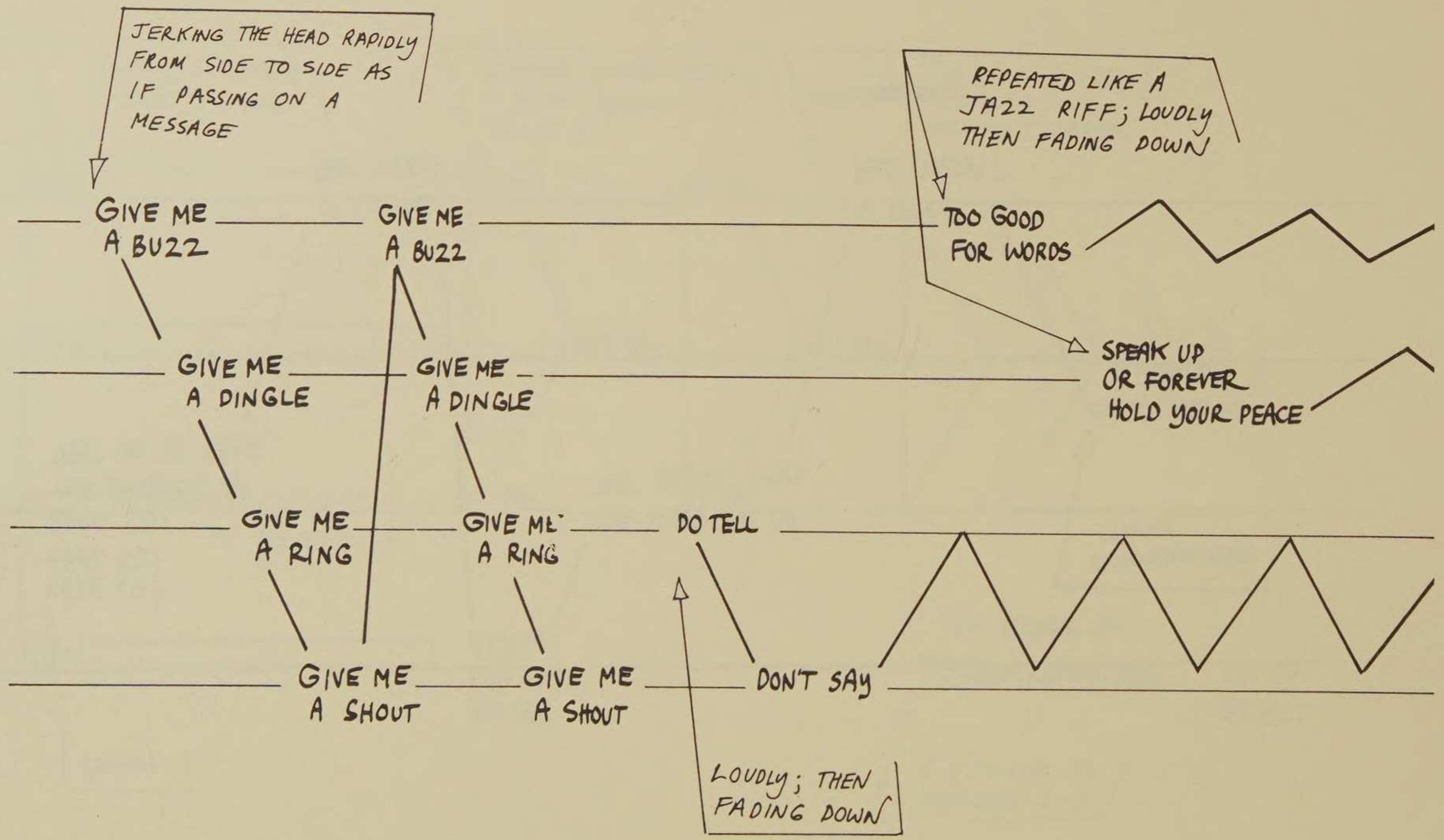


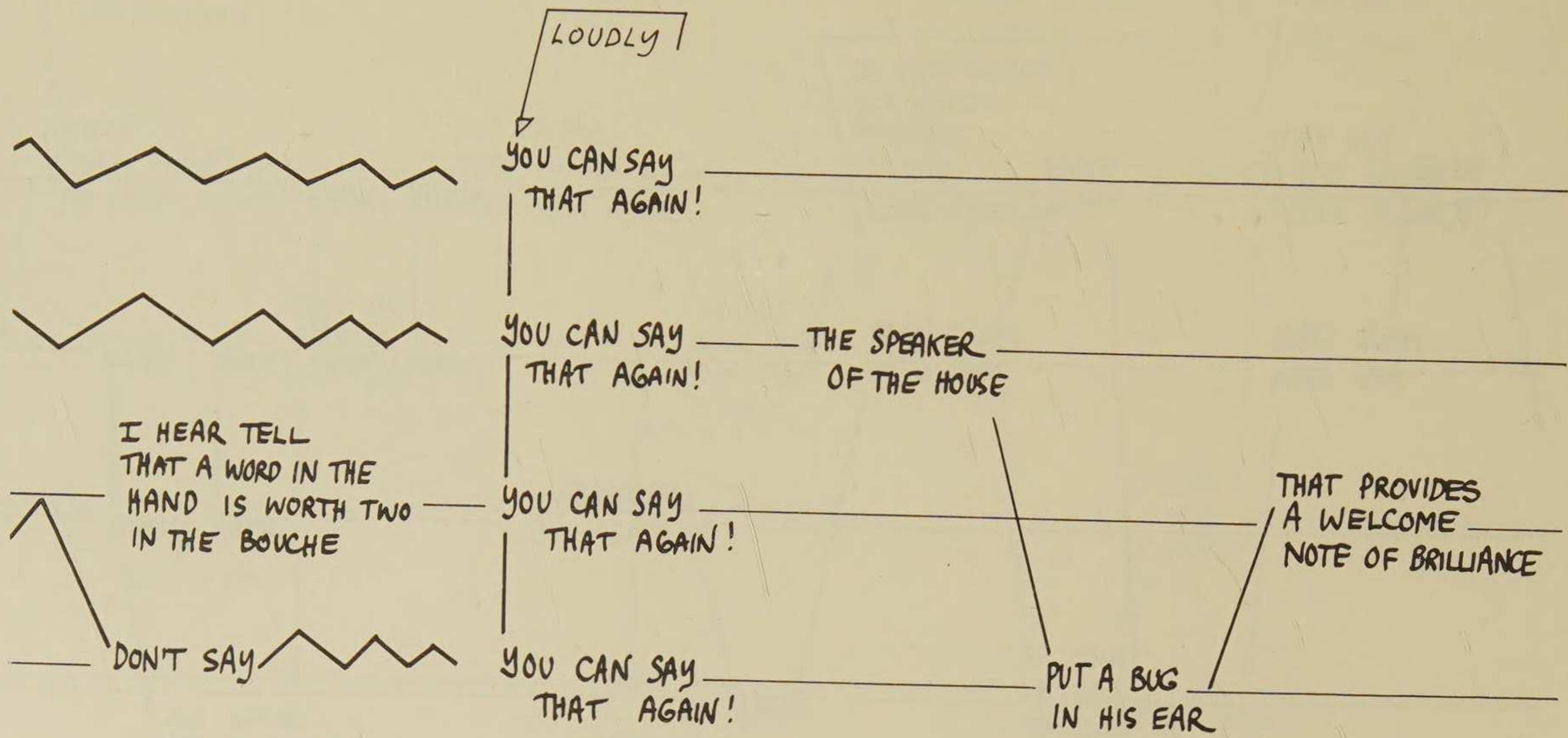
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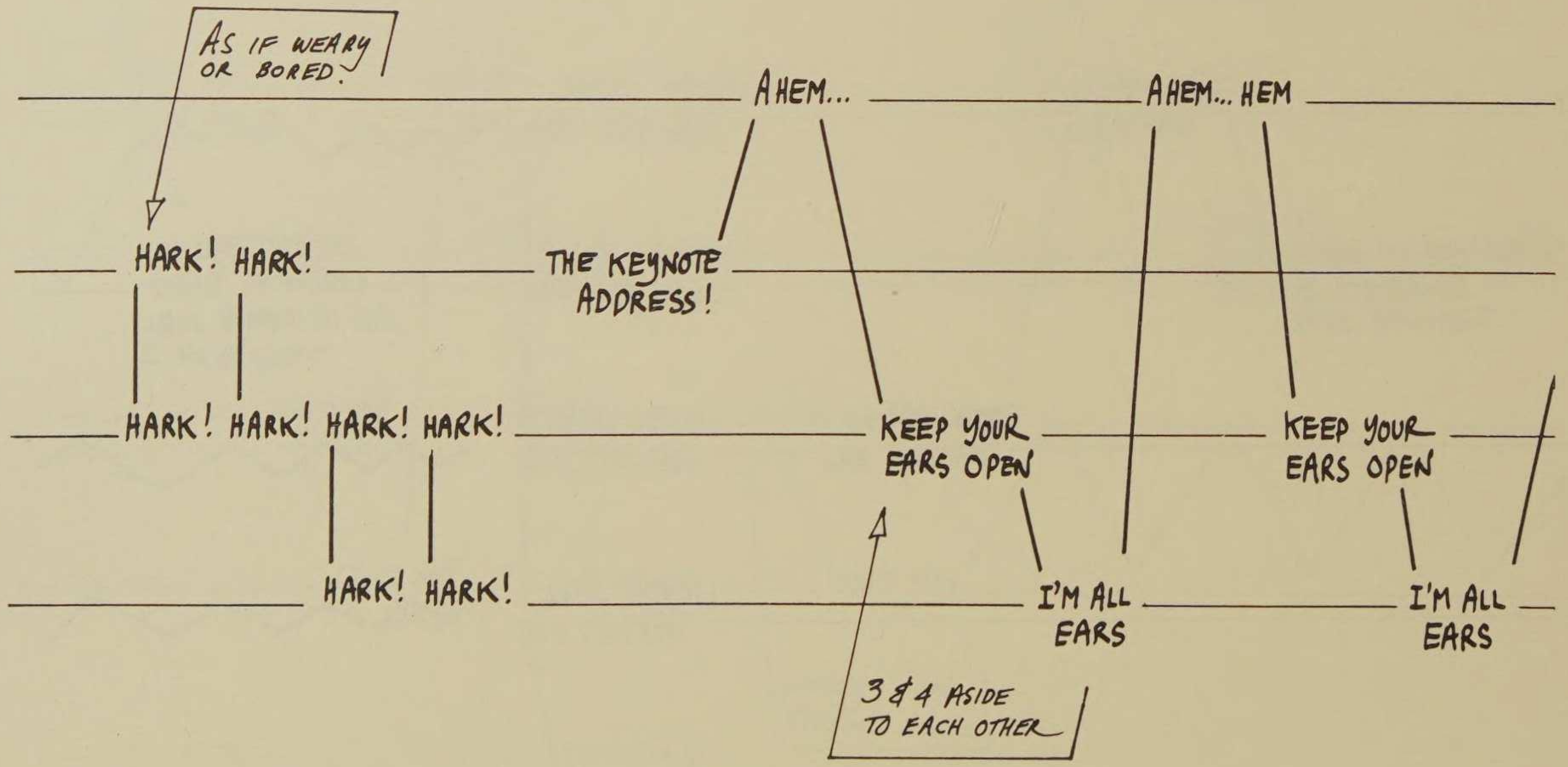

REPEAT 4 TIMES.
1 & 2 FACE EACH OTHER
3 & 4 FACE EACH OTHER
REPEAT 4 TIMES.
1 & 3 FACE EACH OTHER
2 & 4 FACE EACH OTHER
YOU DON'T SAY
YOU DON'T SAY
WHAT DO YOU SAY?
WHAT DO YOU SAY?
STOP...
STOP BLOWING...
THAT'S TELLIN' HIM
THAT'S TELLIN' HIM
GIVE HIM AN EARFUL
GIVE HIM AN EARFUL
STOP BLOWING YOUR...
STOP BLOWING YOUR OWN...


LOUDLY; SUSTAINED PITCHES; DISSONANT.
SOFTLY; RATHER QUICKLY; 2 TURNS ALTERNATELY TO 1 & 3
1-3 CONTINUE, FADING TO AN INAUDIBLE WHISPER.
HORN
DO TELL
DO TELL
HORN
DON'T SAY
DON'T SAY
YOU HAD TO HEAR IT TO BELIEVE IT.
DO TELL
DO TELL
HORN
THE TENOR OF THE CONVERSATION WAS...
OUT OF EARSHOT
4 ATTEMPTS TO OVERHEAR 1-3.


LOUDLY.
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN.
HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE! THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE SAYS...
THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE SAYS...
COMPASIONATELY TO 4.
COME ALONG QUIETLY
"... IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF."
"... IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF."
EXASPERATEDLY


JERKING THE HEAD RAPIDLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE AS IF PASSING ON A MESSAGE
REPEATED LIKE A JAZZ RIFF; LOUDLY THEN FADING DOWN
GIVE ME A BUZZ
GIVE ME A BUZZ
TOO GOOD FOR WORDS
GIVE ME A DINGLE
GIVE ME A DINGLE
SPEAK UP OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE
GIVE ME A RING
GIVE ME A RING
DO TELL
GIVE ME A SHOUT
GIVE ME A SHOUT
DON'T SAY
LOUDLY; THEN FADING DOWN


LOUDLY
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
I HEAR TELL THAT A WORD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BOUCHE
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
THAT PROVIDES A WELCOME NOTE OF BRILLIANCE
DON'T SAY
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
PUT A BUG IN HIS EAR


AS IF WEARY OR BORED
AHEM...
AHEM... HEM
HARK! HARK!
THE KEYNOTE ADDRESS!
HARK! HARK! HARK! HARK!
KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN
KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN
HARK! HARK!
I'M ALL EARS
I'M ALL EARS
3 & 4 ASIDE TO EACH OTHER

SENTORIOUSLY

AN EMPTY VESSEL MAKES THE MOST SOUND!

GET AN EARFUL OF THIS

2,3&4 APPLAUD

AN EMPTY TUB MAKES THE MOST NOISE!

IN ONE EAR AND OUT THE OTHER

APPLAUD AGAIN.

1 RAISES HIS ARMS AND SEEKS THE ANSWER UP THE TREE.
2 QUIZICALLY FOLLOWS HIS GAZE

BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE...

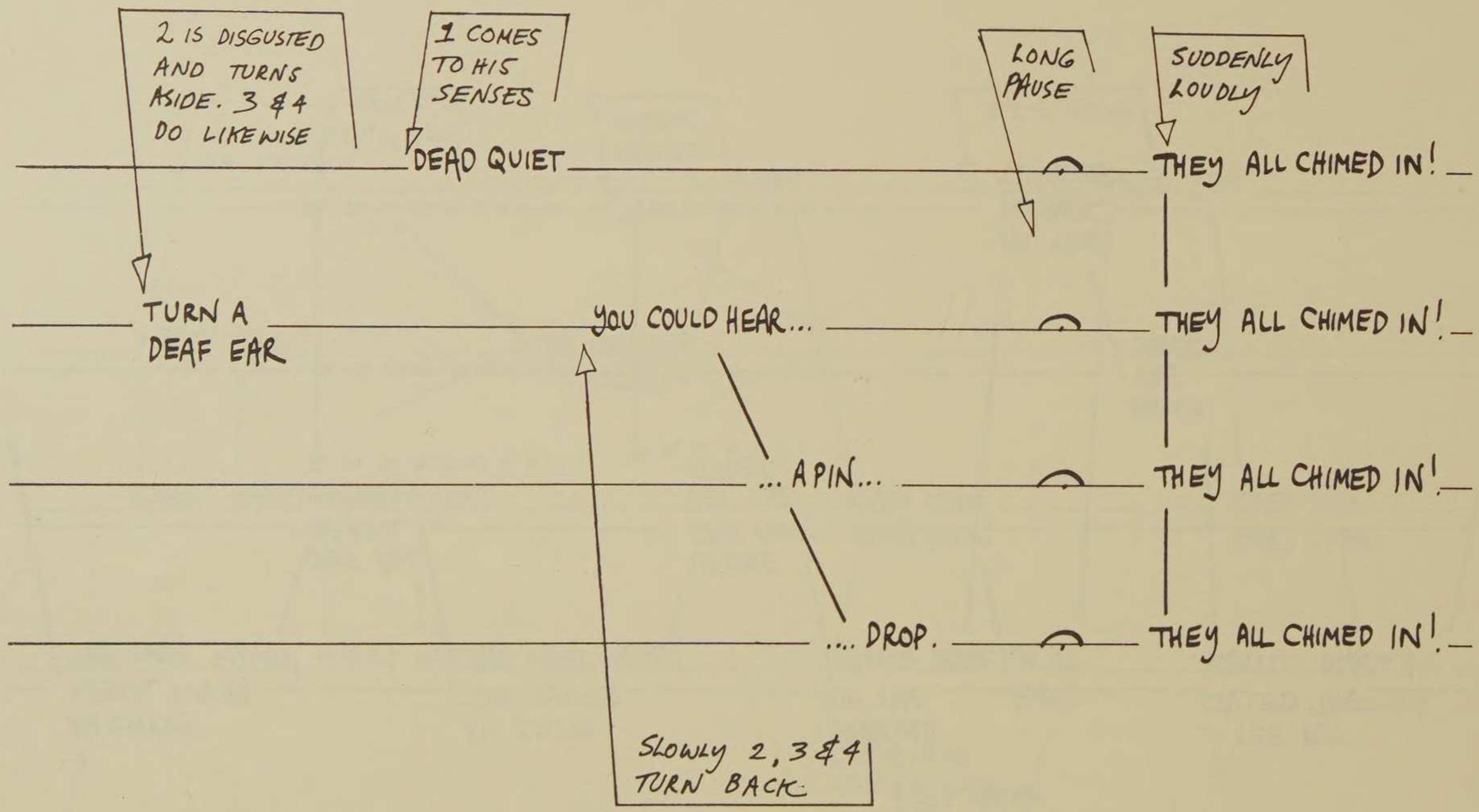
MUM'S THE WORD

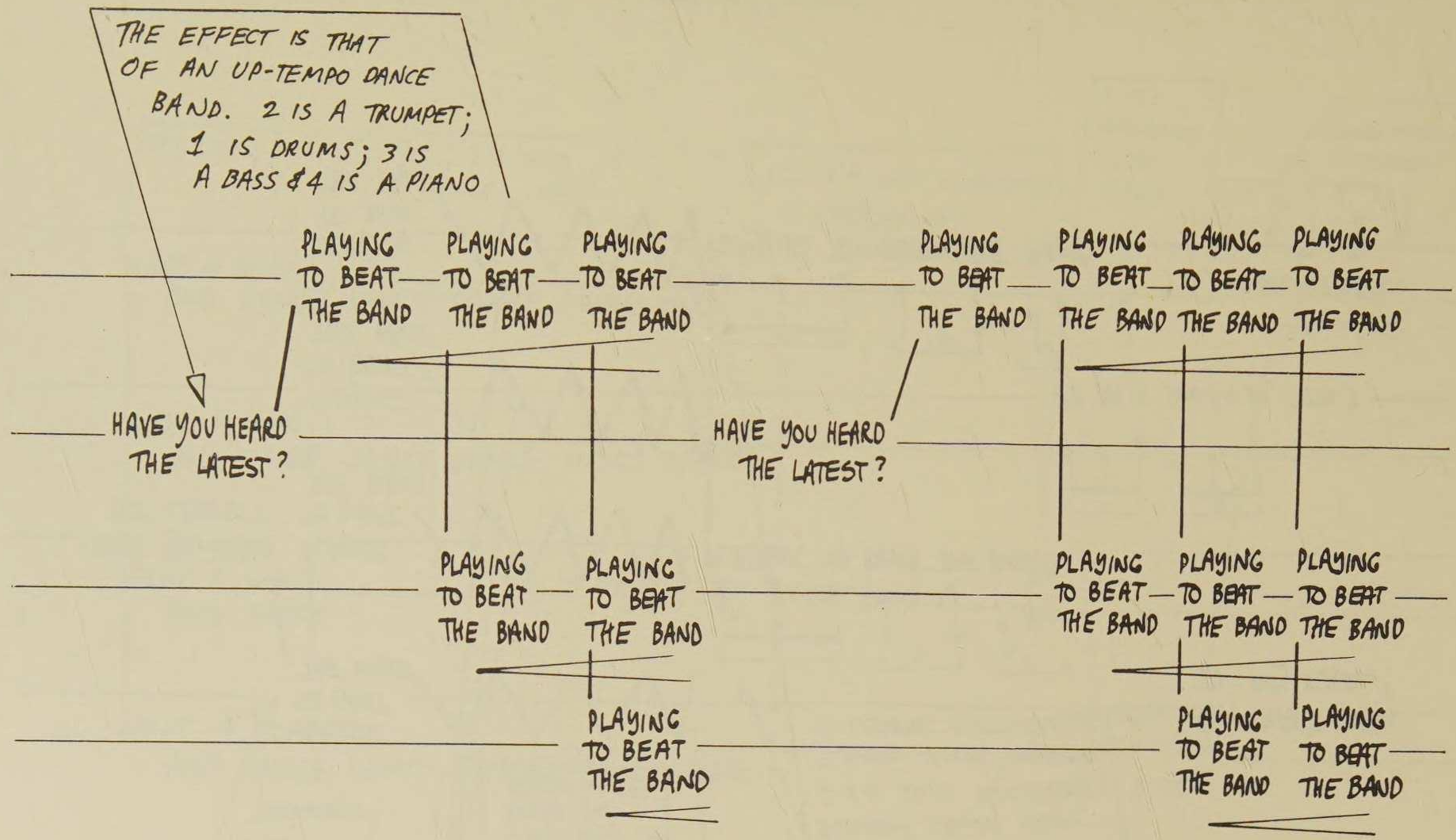
AH, THE MOTHER TONGUE

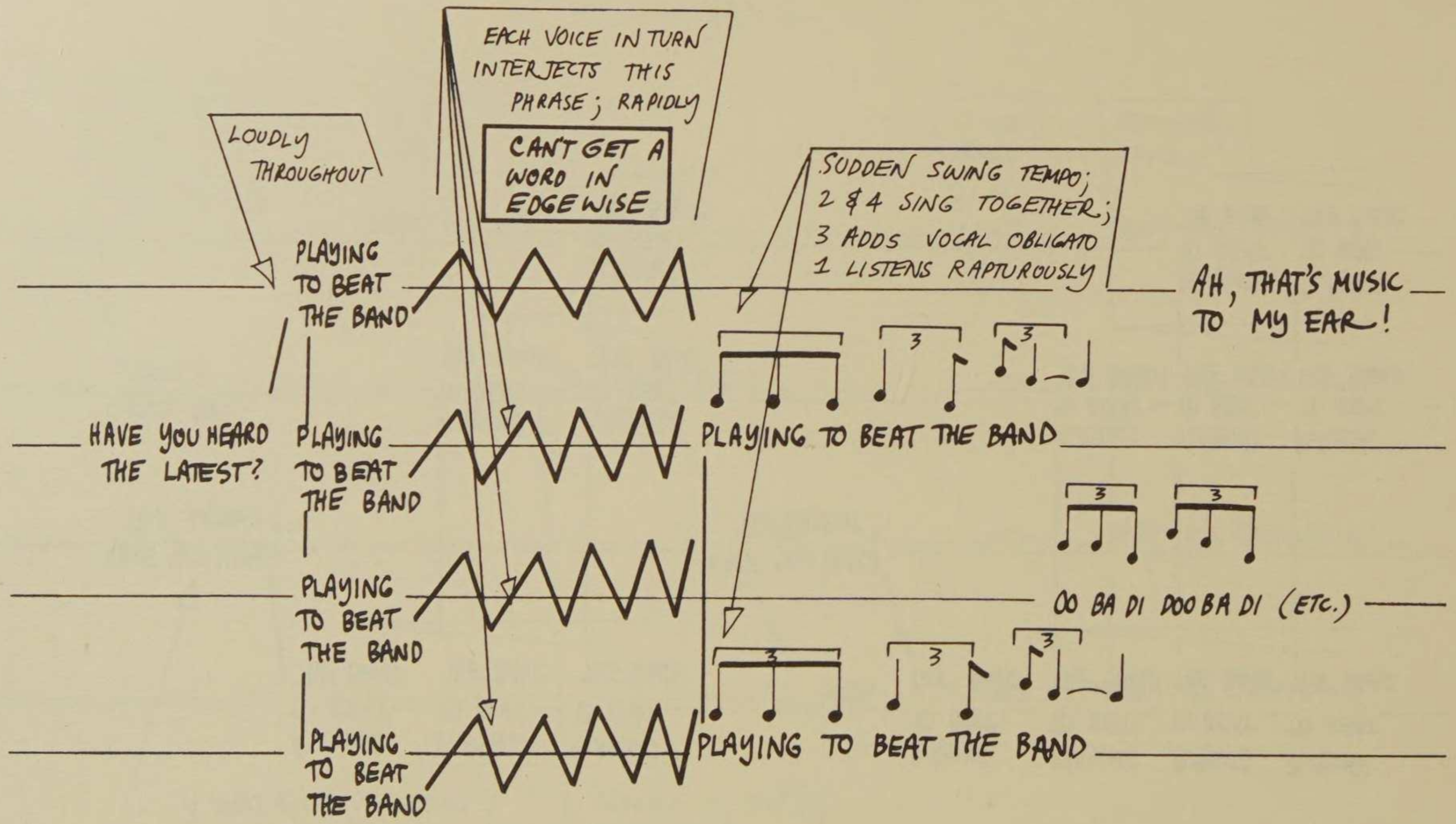
3&4 ASIDE

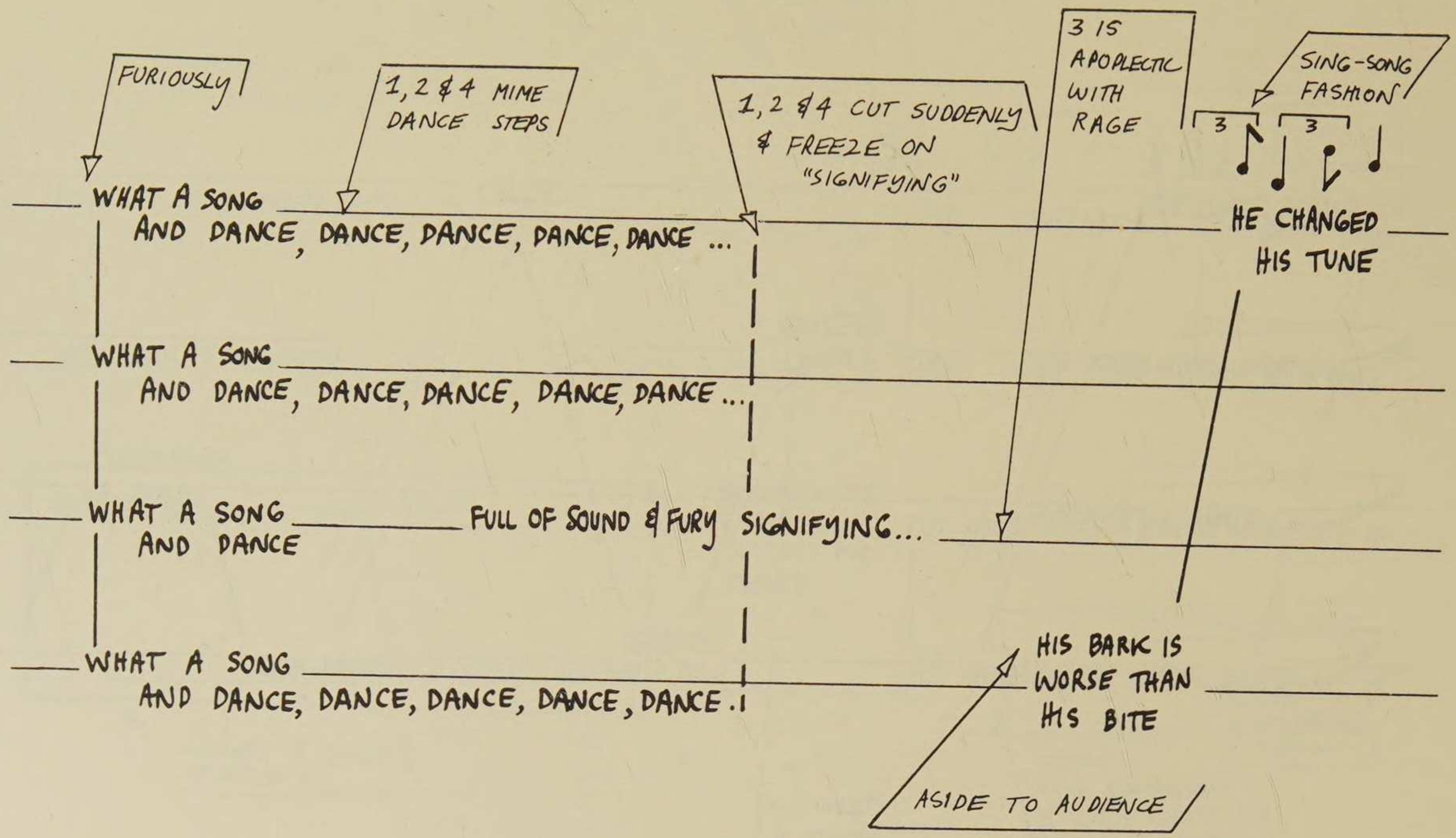
WITH A GLEAM IN HIS EYE; HE HOLDS THE POSE

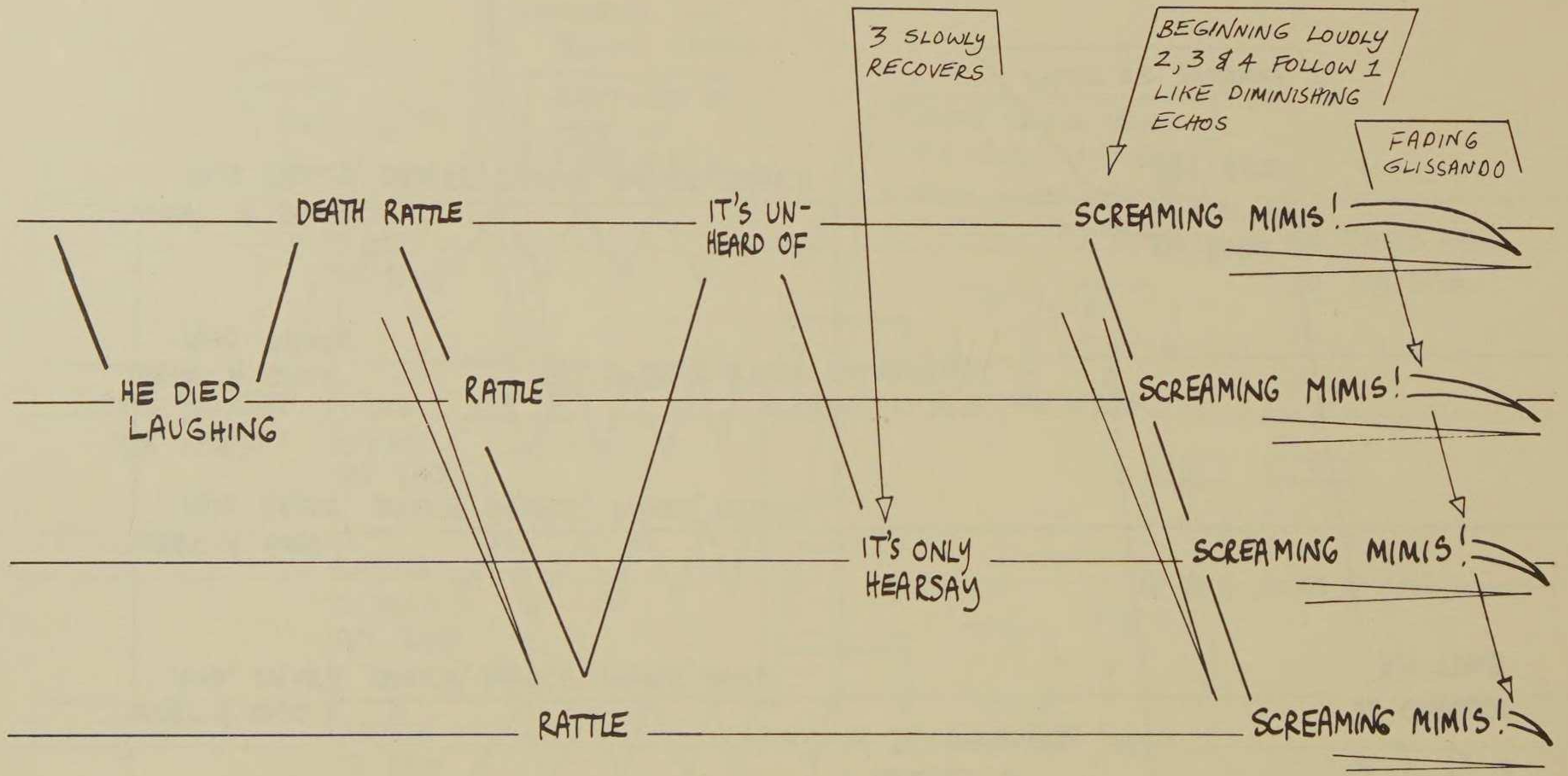
... THE POT CALLED THE KETTLE BLACK!

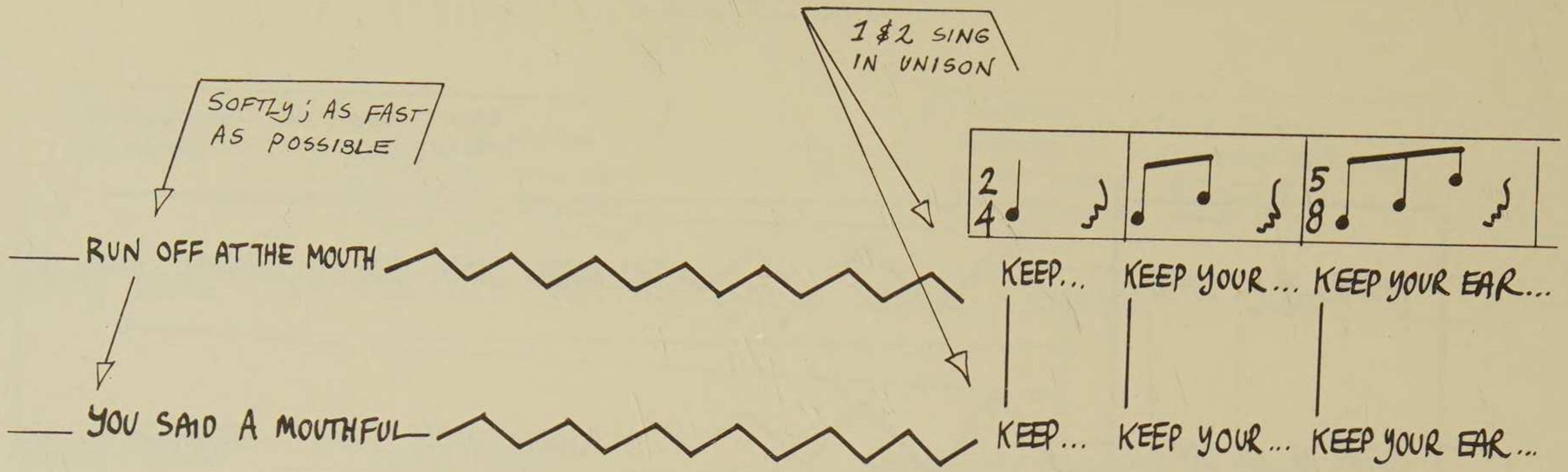

2 IS DISGUSTED AND TURNS ASIDE. 3 & 4 DO LIKEWISE
1 COMES TO HIS SENSES
LONG PAUSE
SUDDENLY LOUDLY
DEAD QUIET
THEY ALL CHIMED IN!
TURN A DEAF EAR
YOU COULD HEAR...
THEY ALL CHIMED IN!
... A PIN...
THEY ALL CHIMED IN!
.... DROP.
THEY ALL CHIMED IN!
SLOWLY 2, 3 & 4 TURN BACK

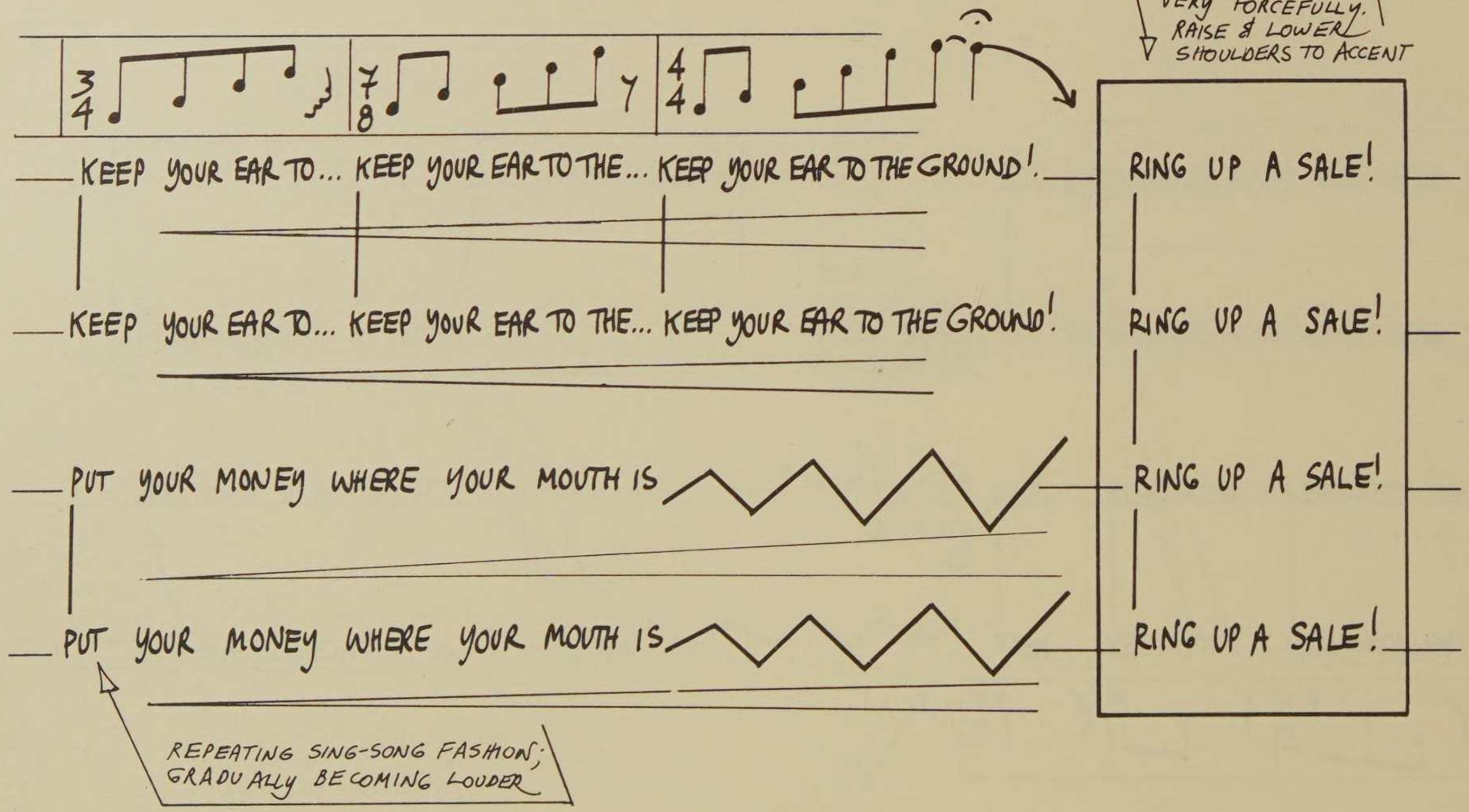

THE EFFECT IS THAT OF AN UP-TEMPO DANCE BAND. 2 IS A TRUMPET; 1 IS DRUMS; 3 IS A BASS & 4 IS A PIANO
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST?
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST?
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND


EACH VOICE IN TURN INTERJECTS THIS PHRASE; RAPIDLY
CAN'T GET A WORD IN EDGEWISE
LOUDLY THROUGHOUT
SUDDEN SWING TEMPO;
2 & 4 SING TOGETHER;
3 ADDS VOCAL OBLIGATO
1 LISTENS RAPTUROUSLY
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
AH, THAT'S MUSIC TO MY EAR!
HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST?
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
OO BA DI DOO BA DI (ETC.)
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
PLAYING TO BEAT THE BAND
3
3
3
3
3
3


FURIOUSLY
1, 2 & 4 MIME DANCE STEPS
1, 2 & 4 CUT SUDDENLY & FREEZE ON "SIGNIFYING"
3 IS APOPLECTIC WITH RAGE
SING-SONG FASHION
3
3
WHAT A SONG AND DANCE, DANCE, DANCE, DANCE, DANCE ...
HE CHANGED HIS TUNE
WHAT A SONG AND DANCE, DANCE, DANCE, DANCE, DANCE ...
WHAT A SONG AND DANCE
FULL OF SOUND & FURY SIGNIFYING...
WHAT A SONG AND DANCE, DANCE, DANCE, DANCE, DANCE.
HIS BARK IS WORSE THAN HIS BITE
ASIDE TO AUDIENCE


3 SLOWLY RECOVERS
BEGINNING LOUDLY 2, 3 & 4 FOLLOW 1 LIKE DIMINISHING ECHOS
FADING GLISSANDO
DEATH RATTLE
IT'S UN-HEARD OF
SCREAMING MIMIS!
HE DIED LAUGHING
RATTLE
SCREAMING MIMIS!
IT'S ONLY HEARSAY
SCREAMING MIMIS!
RATTLE
SCREAMING MIMIS!


SOFTLY; AS FAST AS POSSIBLE
1 & 2 SING IN UNISON
2/4
5/8
RUN OFF AT THE MOUTH
KEEP...
KEEP YOUR...
KEEP YOUR EAR...
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL
KEEP...
KEEP YOUR...
KEEP YOUR EAR...
THAT'S REALLY A LAUGH
THAT'S REALLY A SCREAM
YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH
PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS
PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS
REPEAT 5 TIMES RAPIDLY


REPEAT 3 TIMES VERY FORCEFULLY. RAISE & LOWER SHOULDERS TO ACCENT
3/4
7/8
4/4
KEEP YOUR EAR TO... KEEP YOUR EAR TO THE... KEEP YOUR EAR TO THE GROUND!
KEEP YOUR EAR TO... KEEP YOUR EAR TO THE... KEEP YOUR EAR TO THE GROUND!
PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS
PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS
REPEATING SING-SONG FASHION; GRADUALLY BECOMING LOUDER
RING UP A SALE!
RING UP A SALE!
RING UP A SALE!
RING UP A SALE!

EXTEND ARMS TO ACCENT

SOFTLY; THE RHYTHM ESTABLISHED WILL BE THE SAME FOR THE "SOUND OFF" SECTION

SOFTLY; IN MARCH TEMPO; EMPLOYING DIFFERENT PITCHES. BENT KNEES & TIPTOES MAY ACCENT EACH BEAT

MONEY TALKS! TICK-TOCK-TICK-TOCK-TICK-TOCK... SOUND SOUND SOUND

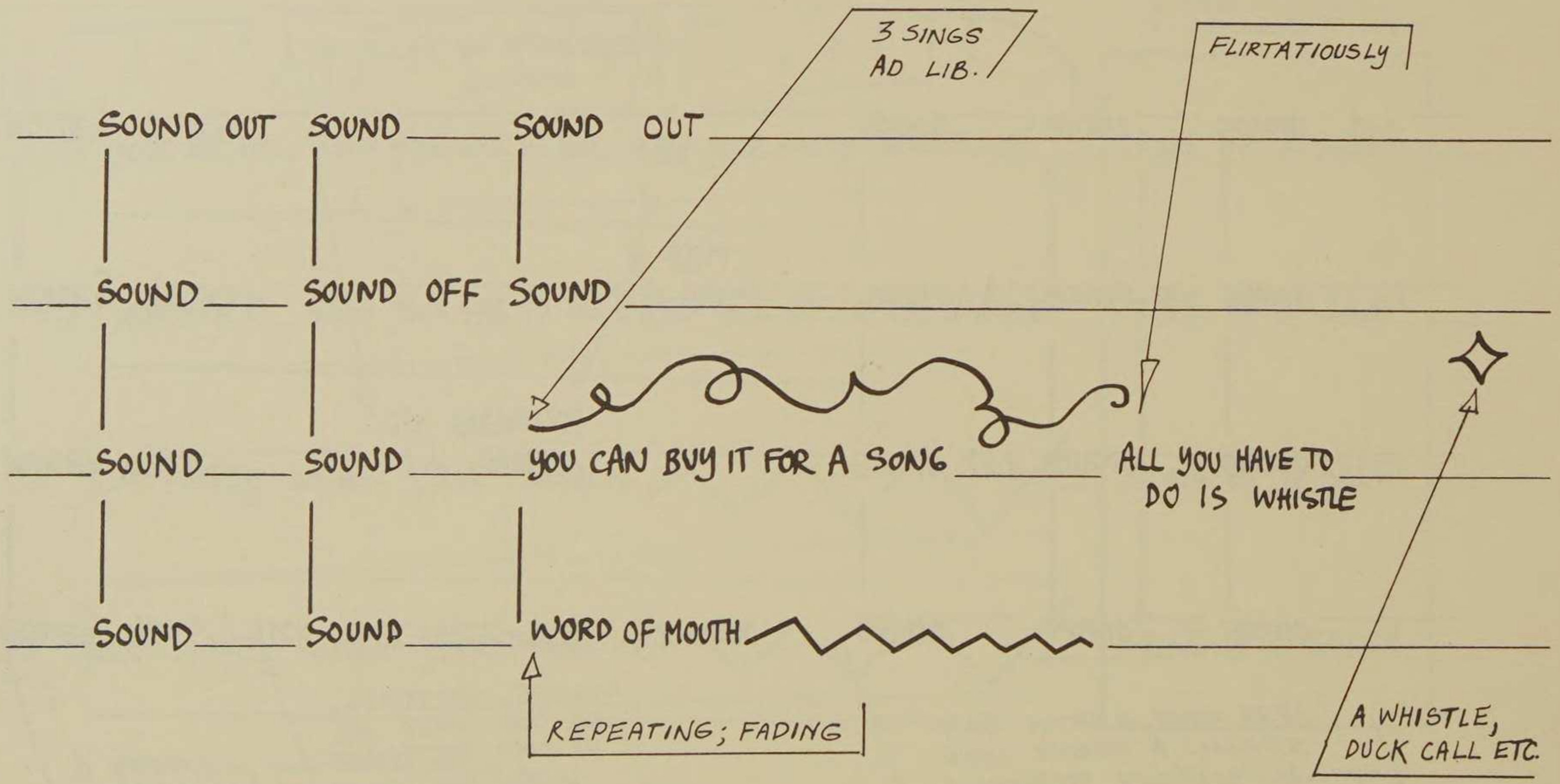
MONEY TALKS! IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING SOUND OFF SOUND SOUND

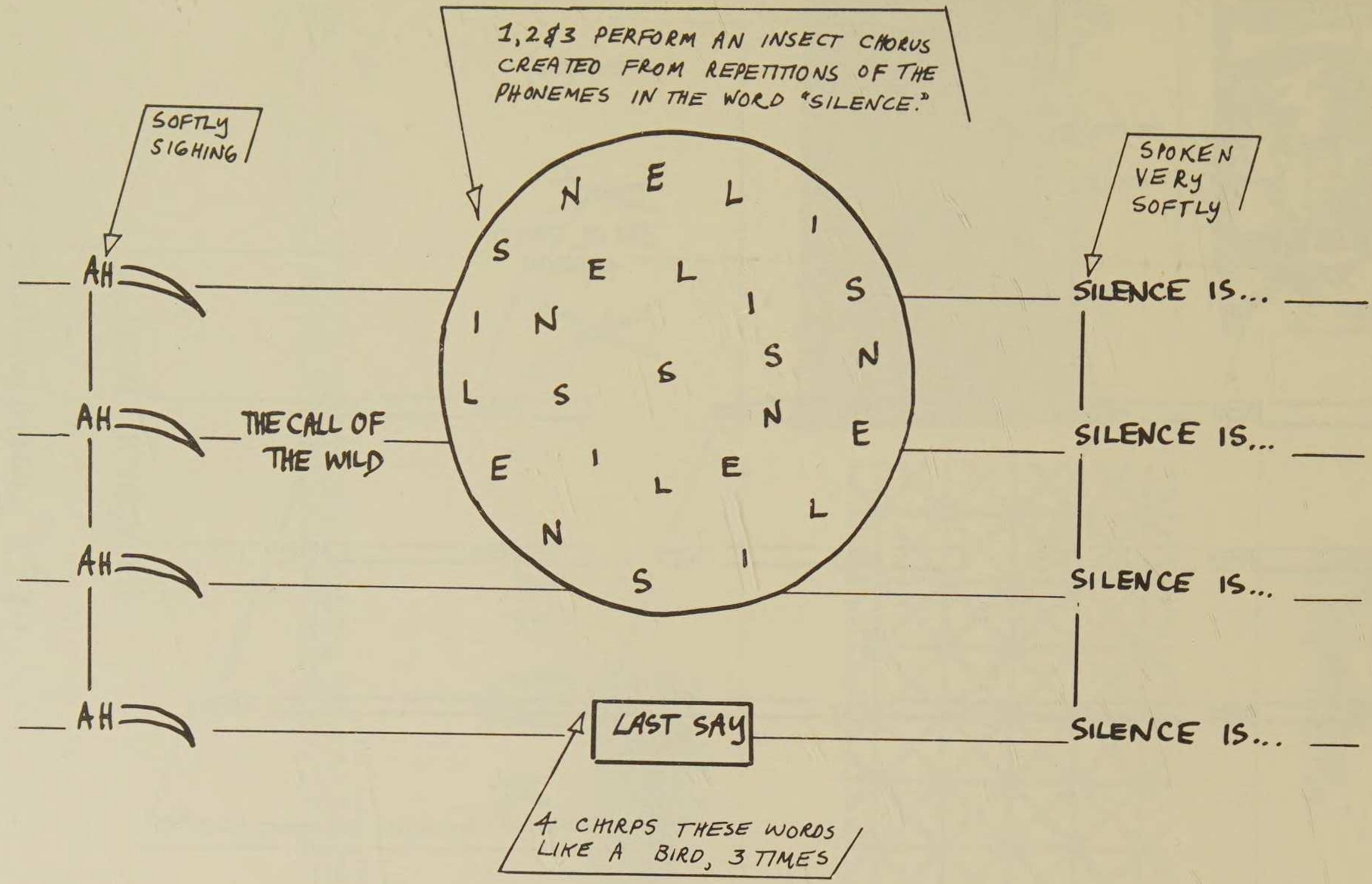
MONEY TALKS! THAT RINGS A BELL SOUND SOUND OUT SOUND

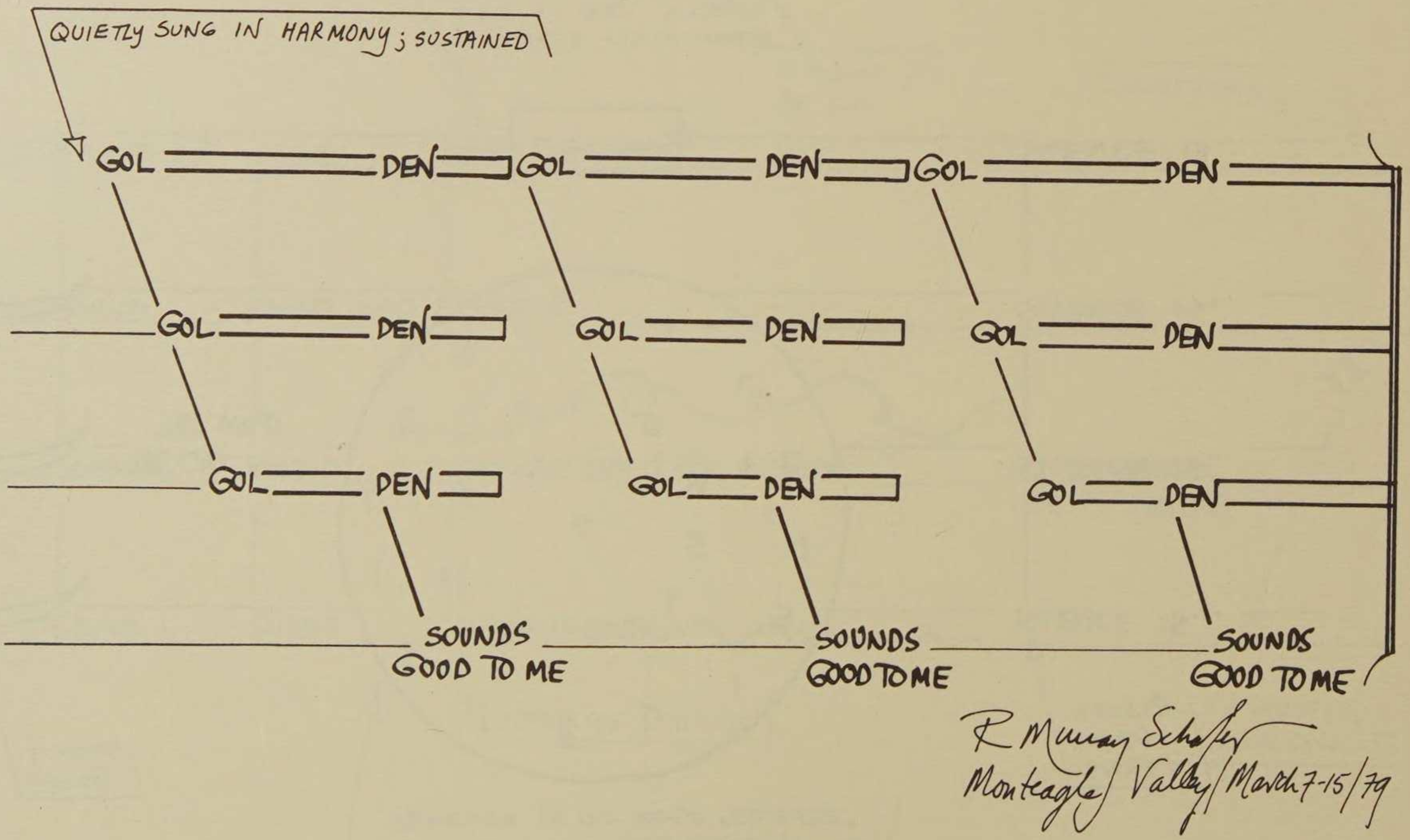
MONEY TALKS! SOUND SOUND SOUND OFF

QUIETLY, AS A SURPRISE

500

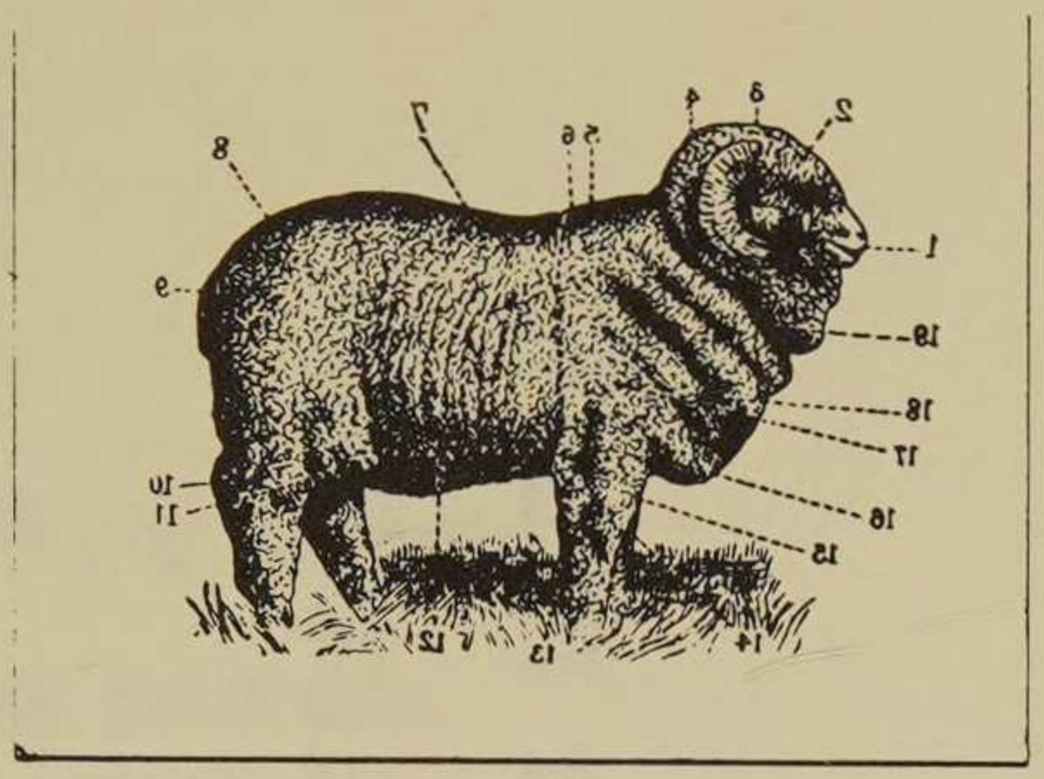

3 SINGS AD LIB.
FLIRTATIOUSLY
SOUND OUT SOUND SOUND OUT
SOUND SOUND OFF SOUND
SOUND SOUND
SOUND SOUND
YOU CAN BUY IT FOR A SONG
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WHISTLE
WORD OF MOUTH
REPEATING; FADING
A WHISTLE, DUCK CALL ETC.

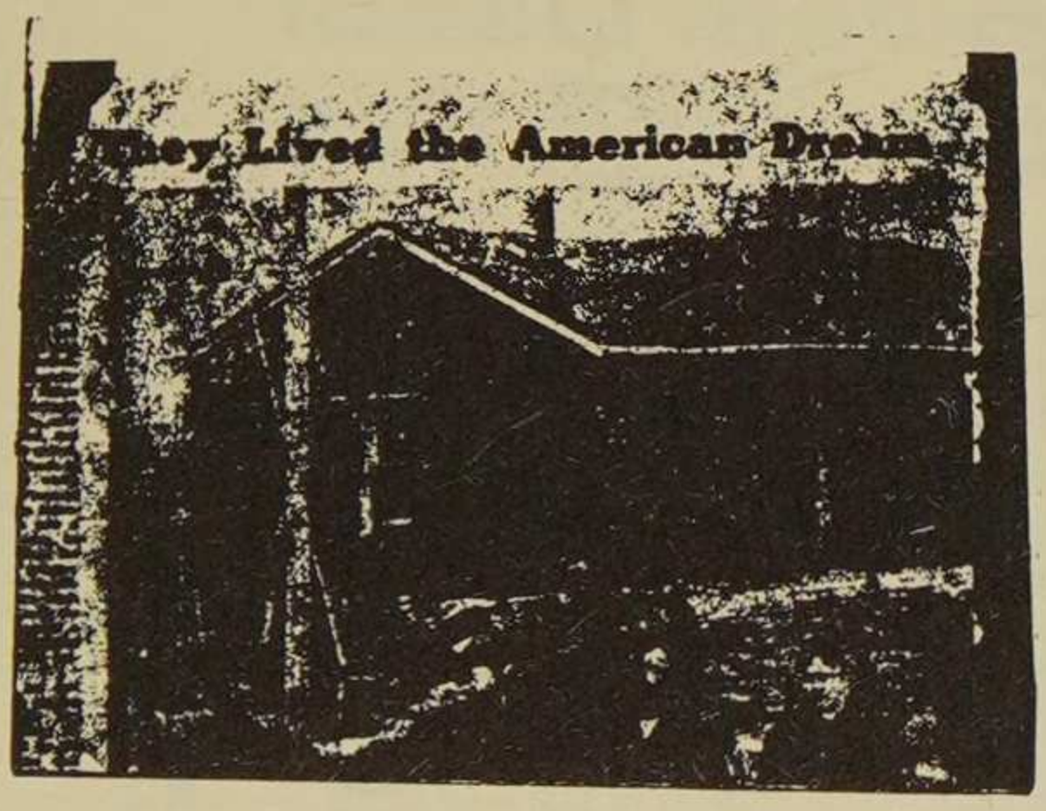

1,2&3 PERFORM AN INSECT CHORUS CREATED FROM REPETITIONS OF THE PHONEMES IN THE WORD "SILENCE."
SOFTLY SIGHING
SPOKEN VERY SOFTLY
AH
AH
THE CALL OF THE WILD
AH
AH
SILENCE IS...
SILENCE IS...
SILENCE IS...
SILENCE IS...
LAST SAY
4 CHIRPS THESE WORDS LIKE A BIRD, 3 TIMES

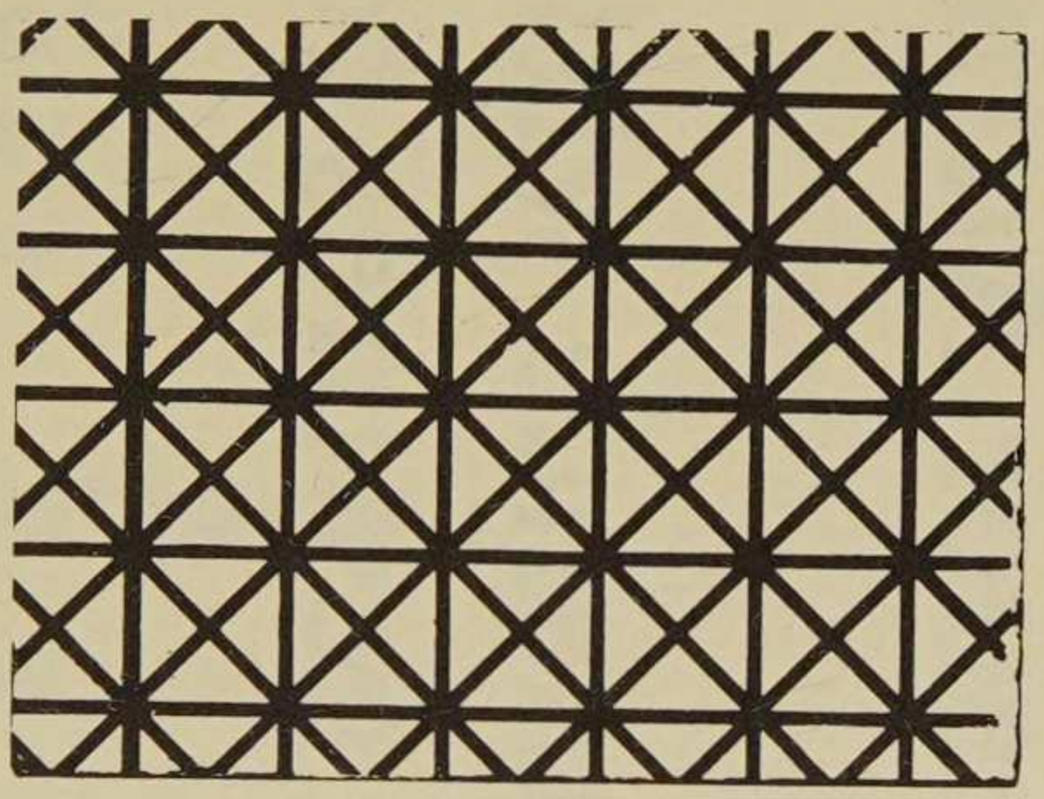


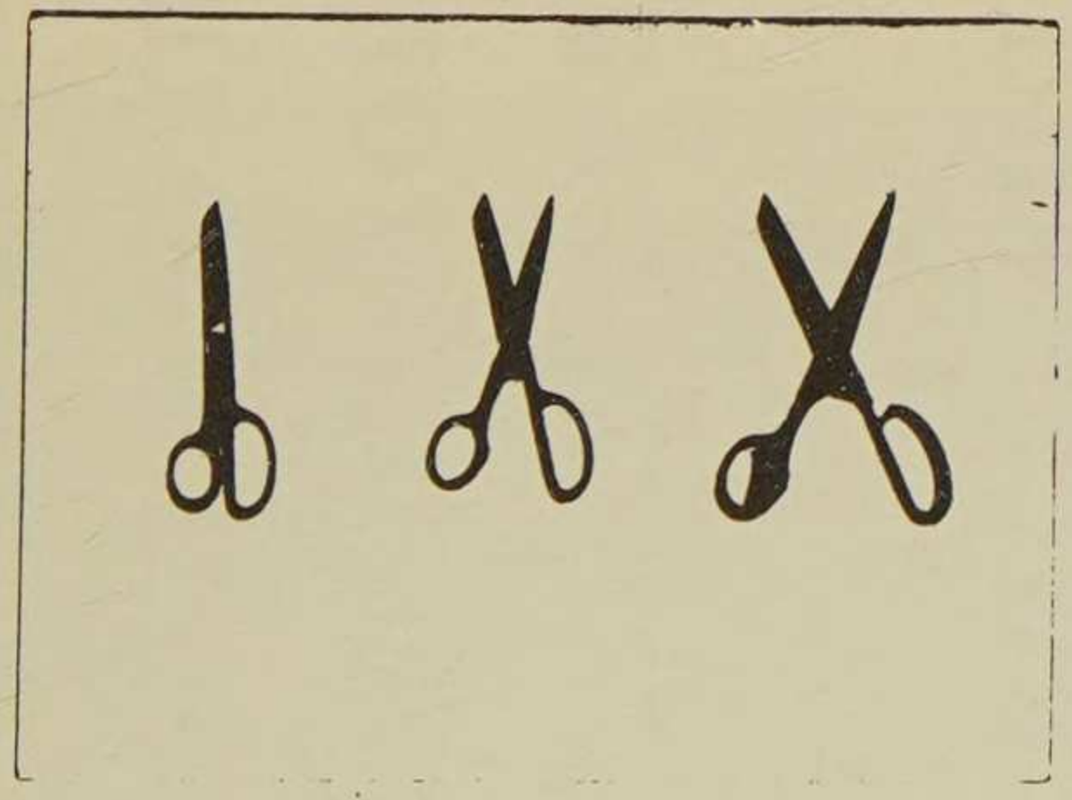
R Murray Schafer
Montcagle Valley/March 7-15/79

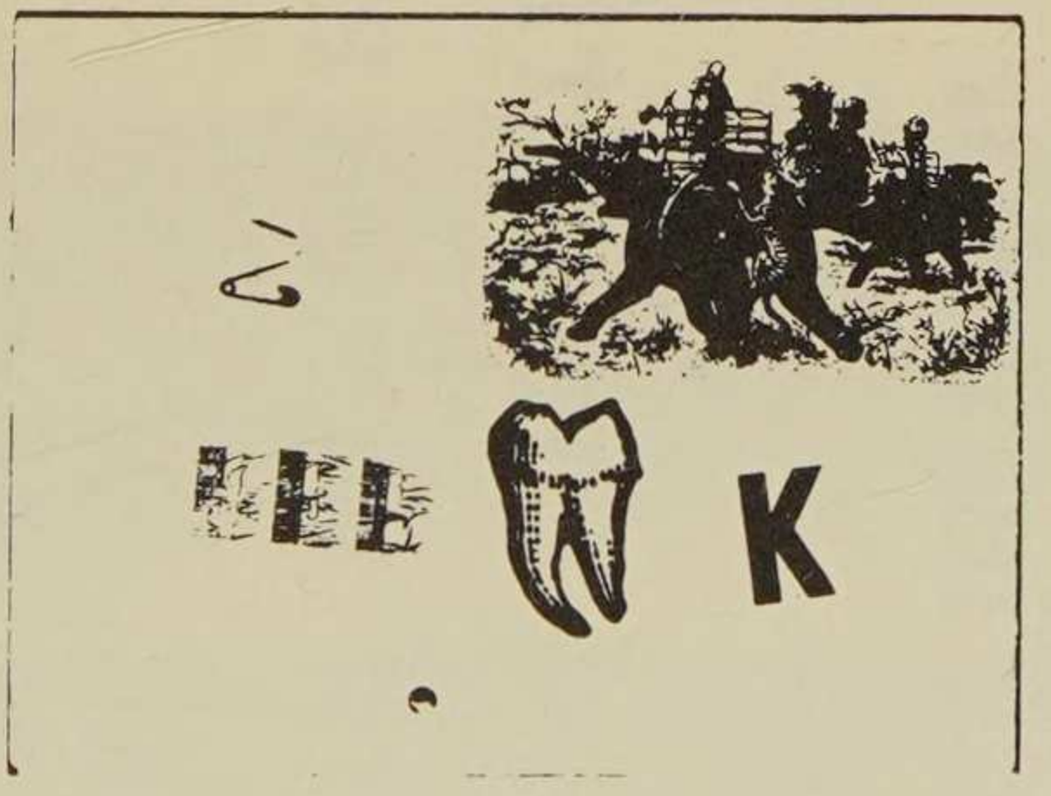












Blue Room

Alison Knowles 1966

Four performers assemble instruments and sound making objects. Each performer has a pack of these cards with which he is familiar. He has decided beforehand what he is to do with each card. Each card is given approximately three minutes of performance. As the pack is projected with an opaque projector on the wall or a screen to be very large. The performance is roughly 12 minutes. The cards are shuffled by each performer at the beginning.

ALISON KNOWLES

503

Shuffling piece, 1960

Listen to the people walking on the floor above you.

Performance Piece for Eleanor Antin

Each comes to the performance with a mask
Each thinks of words and gestures to accompany the mask.
They sit in a circle and perform one at a time.
Animal suits, hats, or any wearable attire may be substituted for the mask.
It is not necessary to use speech

Art Vital

no fixed living place
permanent movement

direct contact
local relation
self-selection

taking risks
passing limitations

mobile energy



Marina Abramovic / Ulay
Ulay / Marina Abramovic

Performance 7

Relation in Movement

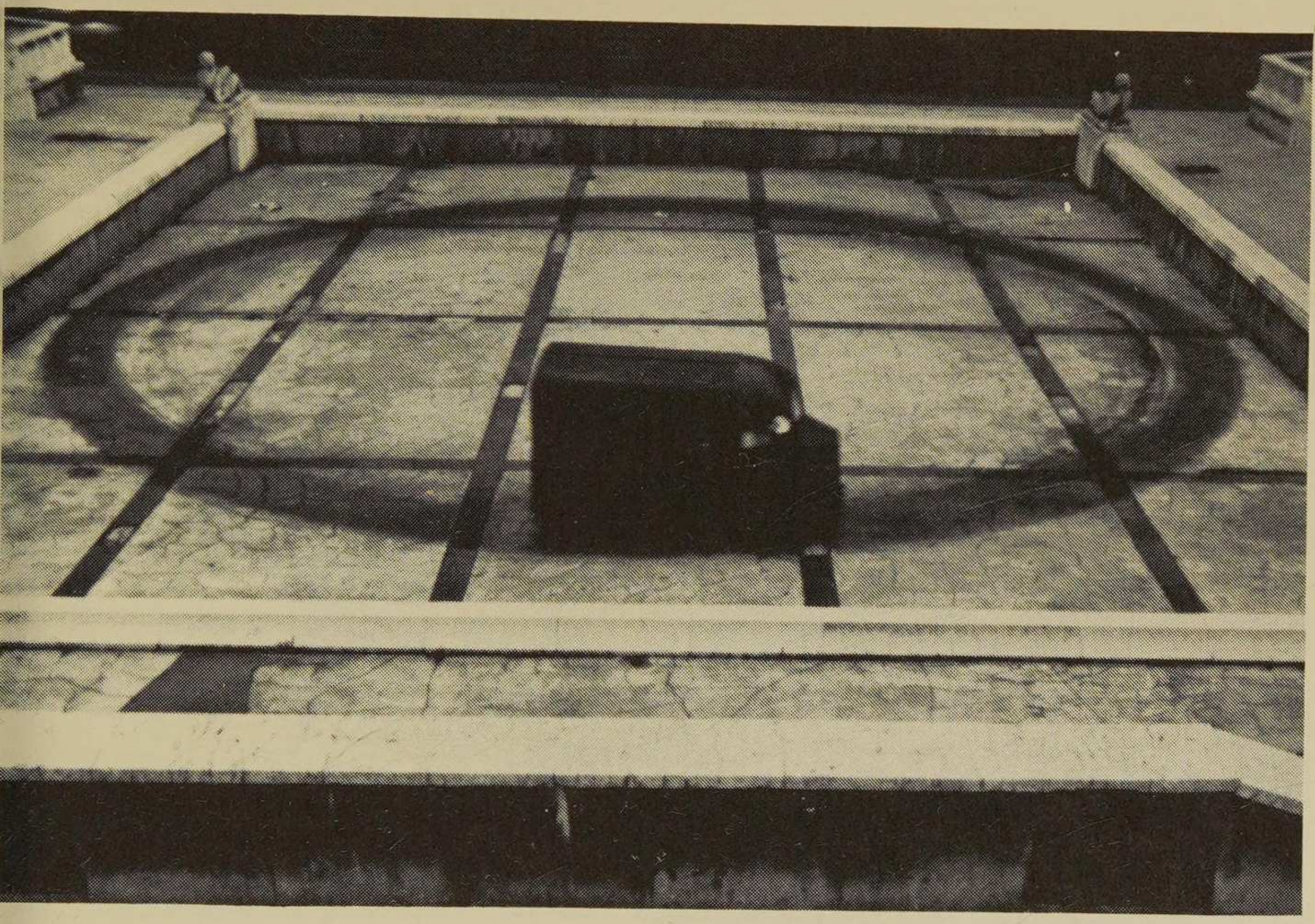
in a given space.

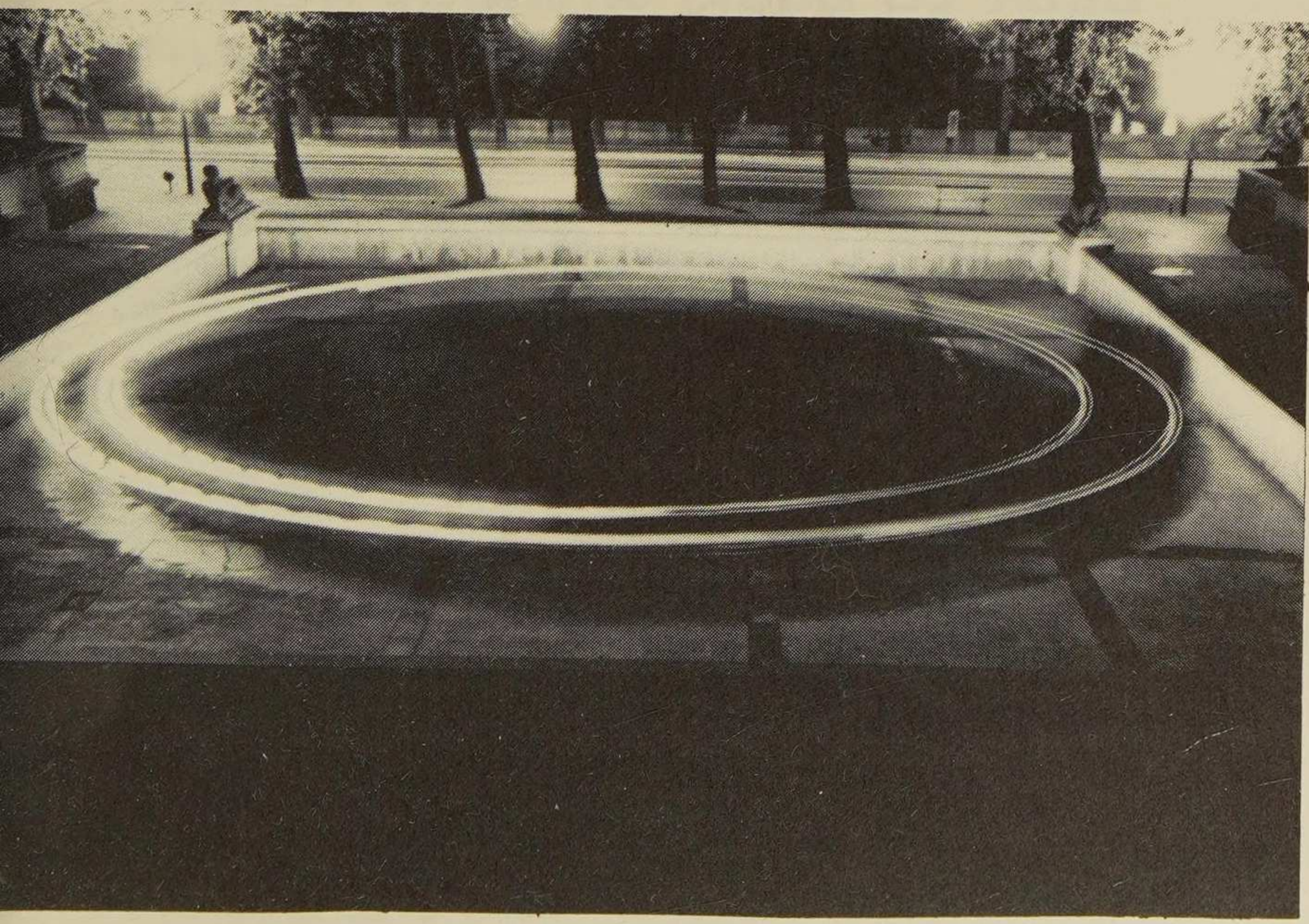
Ulay,
I am driving the car for an indefinite time in a circle.

Marina Abramovic,
I am sitting in the car, going for an indefinite time in a circle, announcing the number of circles by amplified voice.

Time: 16 hours

September, 1977
10th Biennale of Paris
-200-





Ulay / Marina Abramovic
Marina Abramovic / Ulay

Performance 8

Relation in Time

in a given space.

'without audience'
We are sitting back to back, without movement, tied together by our hair.

Time: 16 hours

'with audience'
Continually we are sitting back to back, without movement, tied together by our hair.

Time: 1 hour

October, 1977
Studio Gallery G 7
Bologna
-250





DETOUR

exposure to chance
extended vulnerability
primary reactions



mailbox event

open mailbox
close eyes
remove letter of choice
tear up letter
open eyes

Close the door
Have a good time

f/h TRACE

Fill french horn with rice
bow to audience

Duet for Tuba

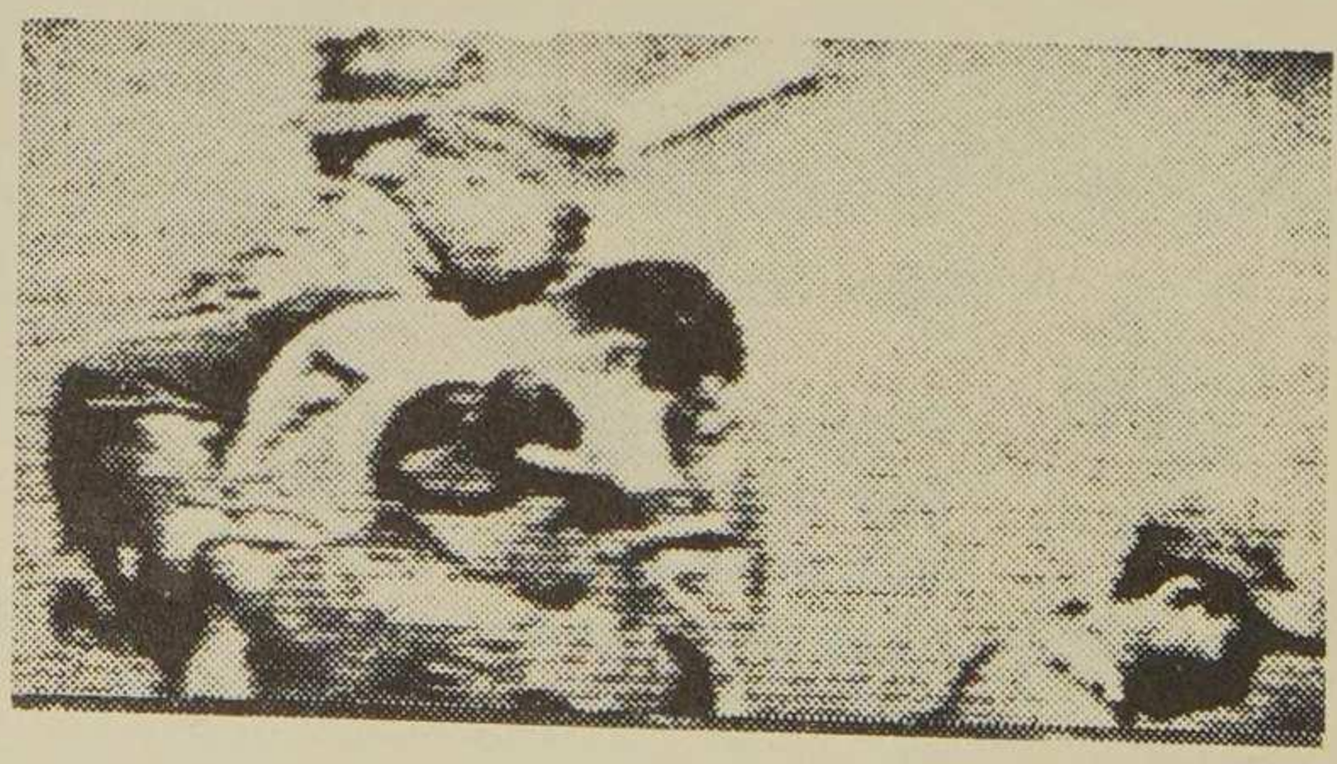
Prepare tuba to dispense coffee
from one spit valve and cream
from other spit valve.
At appropriate moment dispense cream,
then coffee to another performer.

Two Inches

stretch 2 in. ribbon across stage
cut ribbon

no event

Prepare a rope for burning
ignite rope



fill a swimming pool
with lime jello

Bloodrites

Brother comes out. Looks, spins around. Looks, spins around. Spins around. Silence. Head bowed, mumbles, head comes up.

"Life I want to live." (Ducks.) "Life . . . I want life. The sunrise."

Woman comes out . . . shuffles, slips, and falls.
Man slips and falls.
(Lights go out.)
Drums beat.

Brother comes out, gets a chicken, cuts head off, scatters blood into audience.

"I want life. I want to live."

Woman comes out. "I want life. I want to live."

They grapple with each other, but it is really a dance, it speeds up. She rolls on floor, gets up. He traps her, then wiggles, then speeds off corner, back corner, *humming*. "No matter how hard you try . . ."

Groups of three ("Poets and pseudo activists") come out. Catercorned. Recite poems all at same time. Man and woman are seated on stage, go to sleep, after rolling around.

Group come out. *One at a time*. Reciting. Another picks it up.

Man stands up, wakes. *Walks in sleep. Wakes. Pulls at woman.* She wakes. She runs to edge of stage. "Black Black Black Black Black." Man circles. Her. Man runs to edge of stage. "Black Black Black Black Black." Woman circles. They circle each other.

People ("Poets") in background are slapping palms. "Yeh. Yeh. Aww." *Slapping* palms.

They retreat catercornered. Saying "Yeh," tryin' to slap palms as they are drawn away.

They come out again. Man and woman still running to edge of stage screaming "Black Black" in pantomime, with each circling the other.

While they do this, devils march by. With guns and uniforms. Build a "nation" out of blocks. March around it. Brothers and sisters (poets) come out catercornered. Blown like. Swaying from side to side. Screaming "Yeh," hands trying to slap each other. "Yeh, Yeh."

Devils march back and forth saying, "No, No," building with blocks. Constructing roads. Devils in slow-motion march across the stage. Devils in fast-motion march across the stage.

Brother and sister at edge of stage in slow motion. Then brother and sister at edge of stage in slow motion, they go through same changes, start giggling under hands. Start getting mannered.

Brothers and sisters (poets) still come out. They scream in slow motion. Do buck step. Come out screaming and writhing. Twisting. From swaying gentlingly they see bro and sis at edge lull'd slow in grim lyric sink to floor. They slide and skitter. Try to stop, bump into bro and sist. They in motion into middle of circle heads bow in gigantic moving circle, heads in middle, then out.

Devil marches across back of stage. "Hup hup no no hup no hup no three foo."

Raises gun points at brothers' backs sisters' backs, brothers at edge of stage deftly move around snakelike, in behind devils, howlin' "Whoo whooo whoo whoo whoo whoo whoo whoo whoo whoo whoo," devils turn, race; brother and sister they run hide behind blocks. Saying, "Who whooo whoo whoo whoo."

Devil takes blocks away, shoots, runs in.

Devil runs in
Lights
Devil runs in
Lights
Devil runs in

Brother locked in death struggle. Woman locked in death struggle with man at same time. Deathdevils all around, struggling with them, they trying to struggle with devils at same time.

Brothers and sisters (poets) all around, slapping each other's hands.

"Yeh—Yeh."

They move around in slow drunken circle. "Yeh, Yeh."

Devil struggling with brothers hissing, "Naw, Naw, Naw, Nigger, Naw."

Some devils disengage themselves from main struggle, start singing, "Eat of the host, eat of the host. Yes, love is the answer, eat of the host."

They sing, occasionally sticking their hands in to be

slapped. One devil has on a beret, he has paintbrushes stuck in his pockets, he has an instrument case out of which he takes a horn. (Welk rock music plays.)

Devil woman and man sing, serenade all brothers and sisters. One brother and sister begin dancing with them. Singing "Eat of the host." They in turn begin to serenade the bros and sisters:

> Loudspeaker: "A culture provides Identity, Purpose, and Direction. If you know who you are, you will know who your enemy is. You will also know what to do. What is your purpose?
> A culture provides Identity, Purpose, and Direction. If you know who you are, you will know who your enemy is, and also what you must do.
> What is your purpose??"

Some bros and sisters still slapping hands, and being "blown" back off, and they giggle and sway and return to watch the death struggle going on now in slow motion. First struggle in slow and bros and sister in uptempo, then reverse struggle in uptempo, brothers and sisters in slow.

"Black People

Black People

Black People" . . . spread out, ("Poets") run off all directions, blown, sway, giggle, try to slap hands, point at the struggle. Strugglers: "Black People, Black People, Black People"

Bros and sisters kneel and pray. Devils march back and forth.

Two devils twirl with the drum.

Another brother spins into struggle, starts to help, the devils try to woo him, leaving them spinning spinning. Spinning and spineless, drooping.

Devils are goosestepping. "I'm Jack Armstrong, I'm John Wayne, I'm FDR, I'm MacArthur, I'm Zeus, I'm the dudes that be with Sly." (As they march they come to sudden halt and call out these identifications.)

Devils put hands on shoulders with dancing ones, do goose-step chorus-girl line: "We're Devils, We're Devils, OOOOO We're Devils, OOO You know it, you knew it, you knew it, we knew it, we knew it, we knew it toooo. We're Devils, etc."

Siren devils jump in line when nigger ain't lookin'.

One bro checks, moves to help with struggle.

Siren devil tries to stop him, but he sidesteps.

Brother does battle, helps bro, bro and sis begin moving together, bro's slapping hands moves too as blown away, return, get in on struggle, sidestepping wheeling wheezing devils.

Women devils they move: "Our Gal Sunday—I'm Trixie Lowlife—I'm Cyrisse Breathgo—I'm Lorna Bean—I'm Raquel Welch."

Nigger screams, twisting toward her, "I'm Jim Brown, I'm big bad bebobdiddlybad ass jim jb bad nigger brown" (Voice high.) "in hollywood."

Women devils (Identifying themselves.) "Eleanor Roosevelt, Mollie Goldberg, Jackie Kennedy," (Bowing slightly, vulgar curtsy, as they croon their sours IDs.) "Rainbow Honeycunt."

Bros and sisters still cruising around now shuffle "Emo" (Running 1-2 stomp 3.) step, doing hands like boot dance, first one side as they stomp their feet, then other. "What can we do . . . what can we do . . . what can we do . . . what can we do?"

Voice: "Identity . . . Purpose . . . and Direction . . . our purpose must be the building and maintaining of our own communities, and restoring our people to their traditional greatness."

"What can we do . . . who are we?" (They alternate . . . struggle still goes on, blood talking furiously to woman.)

"What can we do . . . who are we?"

"Do you know . . . do you know?"

"What is the purpose of your life, what is the purpose, what is the purpose, what is the purpose purpose?"

"What will you do with your energy, what will you do with your energy, what will you do with your energy?"

"In what direction, in what direction?"

They stop. Come out, one at a time to edge of stage, struggle goes on in slow motion, bro talking furiously to sister.

Loudspeaker: "Black Art must be Collective, Committed, and Functional."

They move, couples in meeting, and embrace.

They talk, they move in slow blood ways, and point as they move, they laugh, and hold each other. They might walk through the audience holding each other close, in a way of close high love, holding each other close, and walking. "We all need each other. We all need each other. If we are to survive. We all need to love each other. How does that sound?

It sound good. We all need to sound this good, forever. What about you, sister? What about you, brother, you love somebody? . . ." *What Does It Take?*—Jr. Walker.

Brother, sister seeing this, react, move to imitate it . . . Brothers start running at high speed. Every brother starts running, except ones still dallying with crackers. They move slower and slower, clutch crackers, other brothers moving top speed, devils trying to keep up, all brothers moving top speed begin to move around devils,

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO UMOJA (Alternating.)
Unity

KUJICHAGULIA UJIMA UJAMAA NIA
Self-Determination Collective Cooperative Purpose

KUUMBA IMANI
Creativity Faith (Alternating speaker + in English.)

Alternating around the stage, running at top speed, moving everywhich way, from corner to corner, from point to point, they greet devils sometimes, as devil is trying to catch up with them. They are seen to do bizness with devil. They are running, blocks are coming out, a site seems to come into being, moving devils' blocks, devil comes over, but too late, brothers and sisters are everywhere moving, all over the stage, now here, now somewhere else, they move, move, and the devil tries to catch up but he can't, it's too late, they are already building, children are there, they are teaching and the children are moving even faster.

The devils gettin' slower, nigger on the floor looks like he's gonna move, is he gonna move . . .

"RAISE THE DEAD RAISE THE DEAD NIGGER RAISE THE COME BACK RAISE THE RACE" Poem is read: "RAISE THE RACE RAISE THE RAYS THE RAZE RAISE IT RACE RAISE ITSELF RAISE THE RAYS OF THE SUN'S RACE TO RAISE IN THE RAZE OF THIS TIME AND THIS PLACE FOR THE NEXT, AND THE NEXT RACE OURSELVES TO EMERGE BURNING ALL INERT GASES GASSED AT THE GOD OF GUARDING THE GUARDIANS OF GOD WHO WE ARE GOD IS WHO WE RAISE OURSELVES WHO WE HOVER IN AND ARE RAISED ABOVE OUR BODIES AND MACHINES THOSE WHO ARE WITHOUT GOD WHO HAVE LOST THE SPIRITUAL PRINCIPLE OF THEIR LIVES ARE

NOT RAISED AND THEIR RACE IS TO THEIR NATURAL DEATHS NO MATTER HOW UNNATURAL, WITHOUT SPIRIT WITHOUT THE CLIMB THROUGH SPACE TO THE SEVENTH PRINCIPLE WITHOUT THE PURE AND PURITY OF, THE SPIRIT, TO RAISE THE EYES TO RAISE THE RACE AND THE RAYS OF OUR HOT SAVAGE GODS WHO DISAPPEARED TO REAPPEAR IN THE BODY IN THE ARM MOVE THROUGH THE GOD OF THE HEAVEN OF GOD WHERE WE RAISE AND THE RAYS OF THE RACE WILL RETURN THROUGH ALL SPACE TO GOD TO GOD TO GOD TO GOD TO GOD TO GOD TO GOD, GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GOD GODGODGOD GODGODGODG

"CAN YOU DO IT CAN YOU DO IT CAN YOU DO IT CAN YOU DO IT CAN YOU DO IT" (Cool Jerk melody.)

(Camel walk around devil pointing to the new city, and back to the edge of stage, then into audience with song . . .)

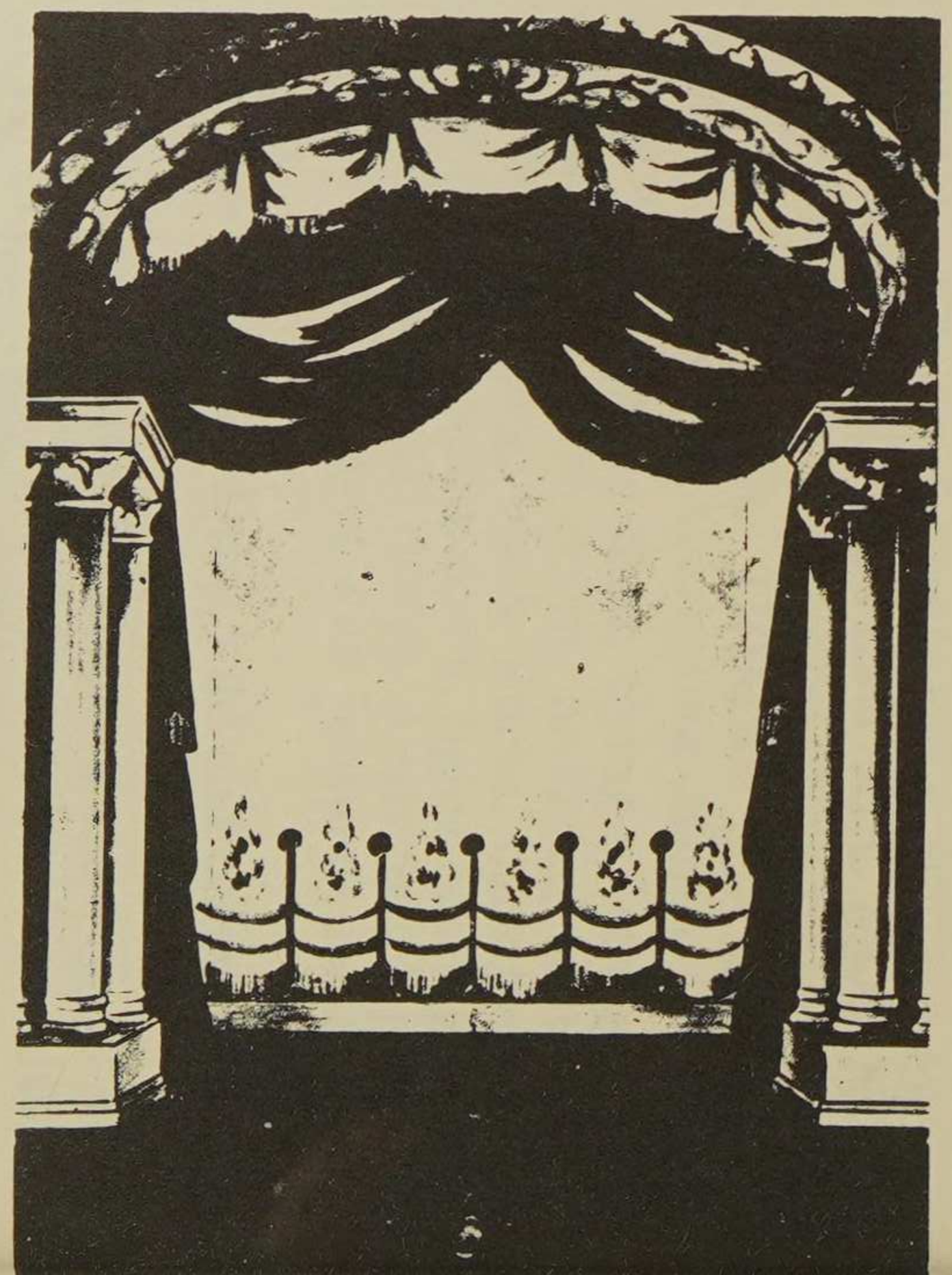
"CAN YOU DO IT CAN YOU DO IT CAN YOU DO IT CAN YOU DO IT"

LIGHTS

520

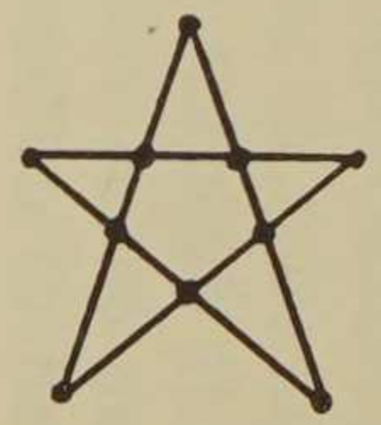
SHEILA KEENAN

CURTAIN



banner inscriptions:

1. Hello-out-there! Hello-out there!
2. Very well, so we shall now see, I believe, whether it was the truth that we staged here for you, or whether it was theatre -- good or bad --
3. Well, well, let's get on with it. . .
4. The misery of the living and the remorse of the dead
5. Stars. . .hmm
6. It's horrible. But there's no other way to end it. . .Go!
7. One last request: pick a big tuft!
8. But they've got to live too, I suppose
9. Unsalvageable!
10. ΛADIEU ΛDIEU ΛPΛ

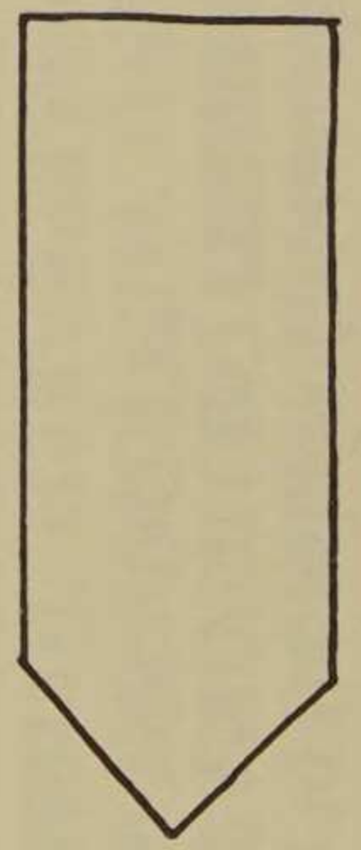


staging: rolled banners hung in a wide angled pentagon from the ceiling

released numerically every 40 seconds

microphones amplify sound of unfurling

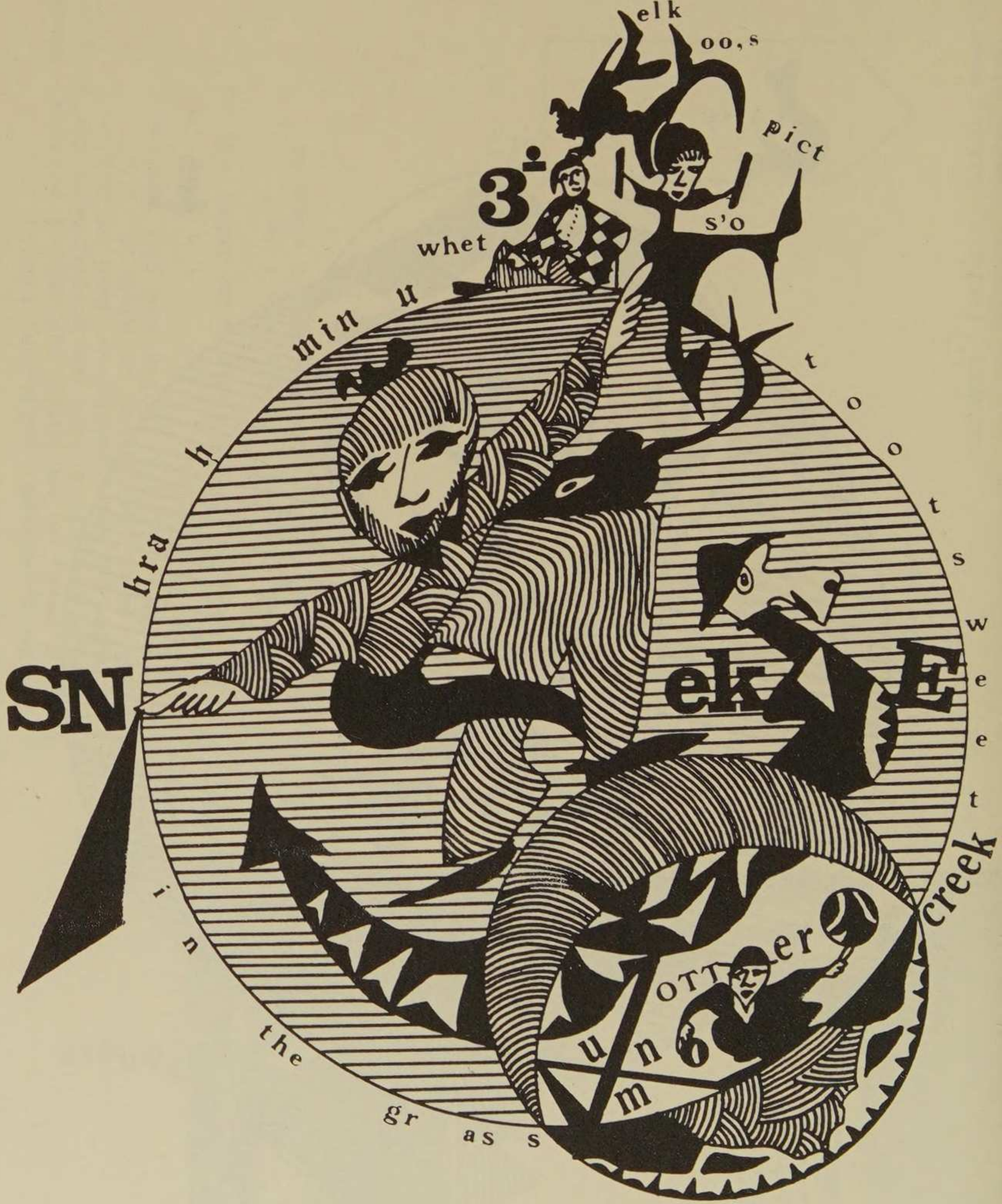
size: 4 ft. x 10 ft.

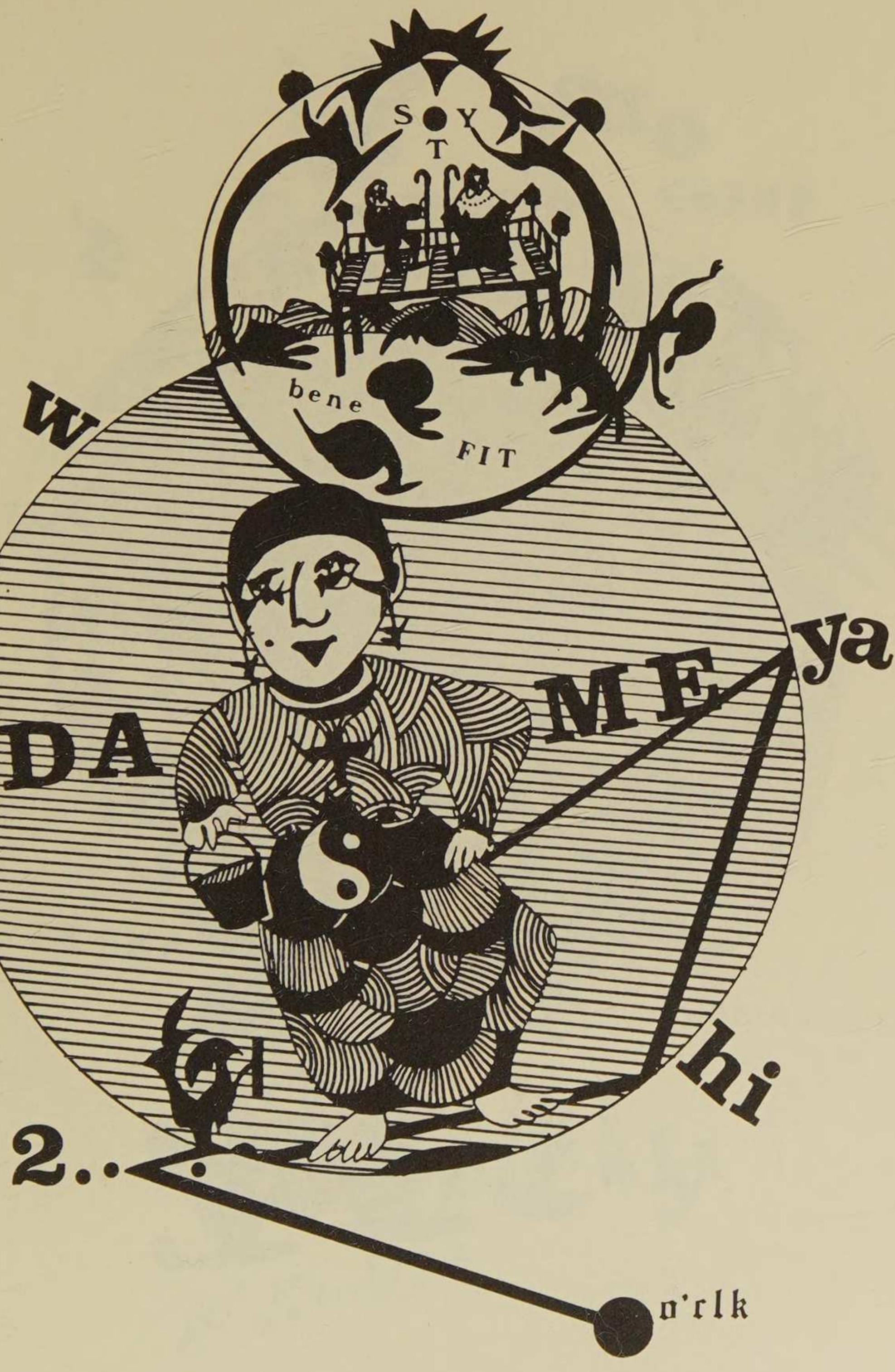


material: satin

colors: fuchsia, black, emerald orange, ivory, pink


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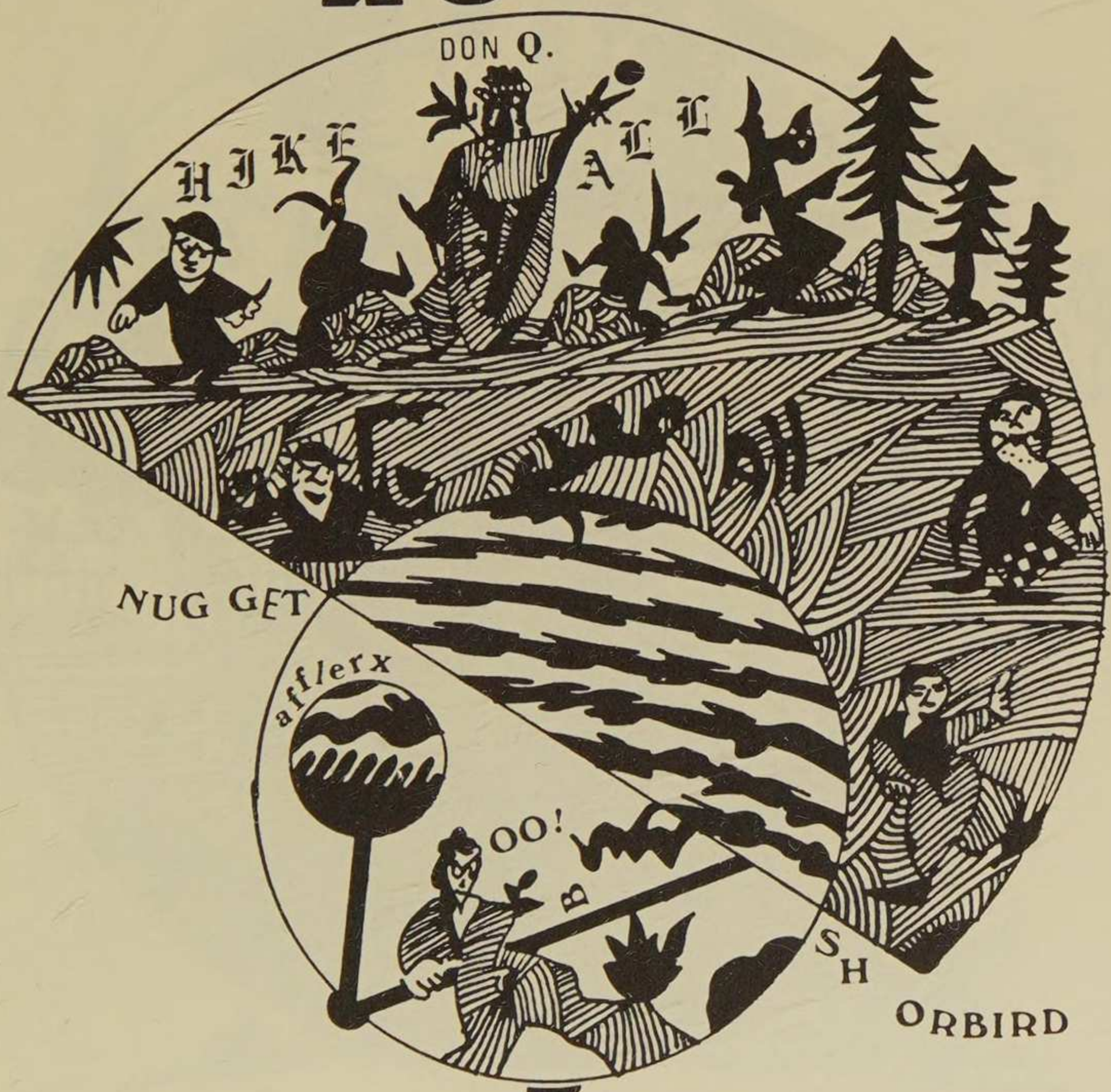

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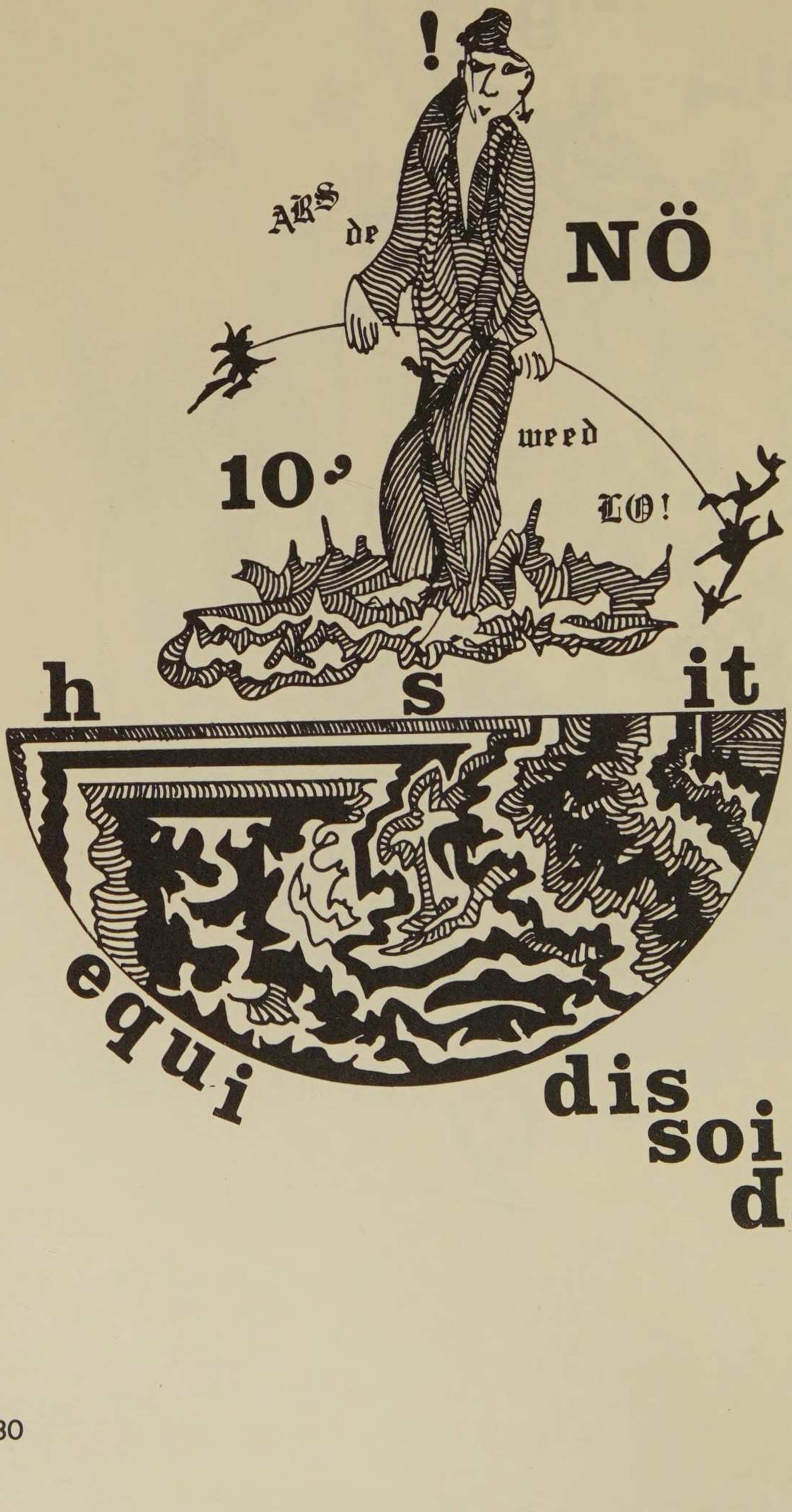
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CHELSEA
HOUSE
Chelsea: Spring
Boccaccio

Fourth Piece for the Theatre

There is an Upper platform and a Lower.

On the Upper, well lighted, is a Chorus of six-winged Angels in two divisions, one on either side. Each Semi-chorus has a Leader.

CONVERSATION OF THE ANGELS

1st LEADER

What time is it by your nose? mine stopped running.

2nd LEADER

The same time as yesterday –

TUTTI

only a day later!

2nd LEADER

An Italian came to America and he couldn't speak English. So he learned how to say 3 things: 'Pardon me', 'Excuse me', and 'After you, madam'. So then he was walking along and he stepped on a lady's toes, and he said 'Pardon me'. Then the next day he was walking along and he stepped on the lady's toes --

1st LEADER

The same lady?

2nd LEADER

-- the same lady's toes and he said 'Excuse me'. Then the 3rd day he was walking along and he stepped on the same lady's toes. 'Hey,' she said, 'why don't you commit suicide?' and he said --

TUTTI

(*joyously*)

'After you, madam!'

1st SEMICHOR.

Do you want to hear a dirty joke?

2nd SEMICHOR.

(*joyously*)

The boy fell in the mud!

Now a strong light glows in the center and all sing the glad Hosanna in Excelsis *of Bach's Mass in B Minor, to the accompaniment of a symphony band. After this, they cry:*

1st SEMICHOR.

Glory to God in the Highest --

2nd SEMICHOR.

-- And on Earth Peace.

The Upper platform darkens.
The Lower brightens and the Poet and Director are disclosed.

POET

Peace and Glory, wide apart as Earth and Heaven:
you heard them sing; nor was it I who first composed
that Christmas carol for the shepherds in the night,
exact poem, heavenly author, awestruck ears

DIRECTOR

What a curious opening chorus, -- I mean to have the angels telling those jokes! Not that I want to criticize, but I was really at a loss how to cast the characters.

POET

(*heatedly*)

Do you think it is so easy to write comedy for the scene? For more than five years I've been beating about for a comic situation. It's necessary to make things ridiculous by incongruity; but as is well known: every incongruity is soon seen to be perfectly inevitable; and we're left with a play that is not only serious but *bitterly serious.*

DIRECTOR

Yes, I understand, it is often said of Moliere. But what of those angels? --

POET

Can't you see that those angels are nothing but a dream, desire of childhood, childish jokes, --
childish jokes
under the lighted lamp
at 10 P.M.

What a sad case when the free comic poet is under such compulsion! I can't keep from crying, --
crying
backstage
while the play is on.

(*he weeps*)

DIRECTOR

Well, the joke's on me.

POET

Joke? what, is there something funny after all?

DIRECTOR

(*grimly*)

Yes, that directors of theatres waste their money and energy – here I hired a whole symphony band and have been training a chorus to sing impossible intervals – to stage the compulsive fancies of poets, which then don't represent their real meaning after all!

POET

(*appreciatively*)

Yes, it's a good one! We can still hear the echoes of

those exciting trumpets
and the voices stepping down
and running up.

DIRECTOR

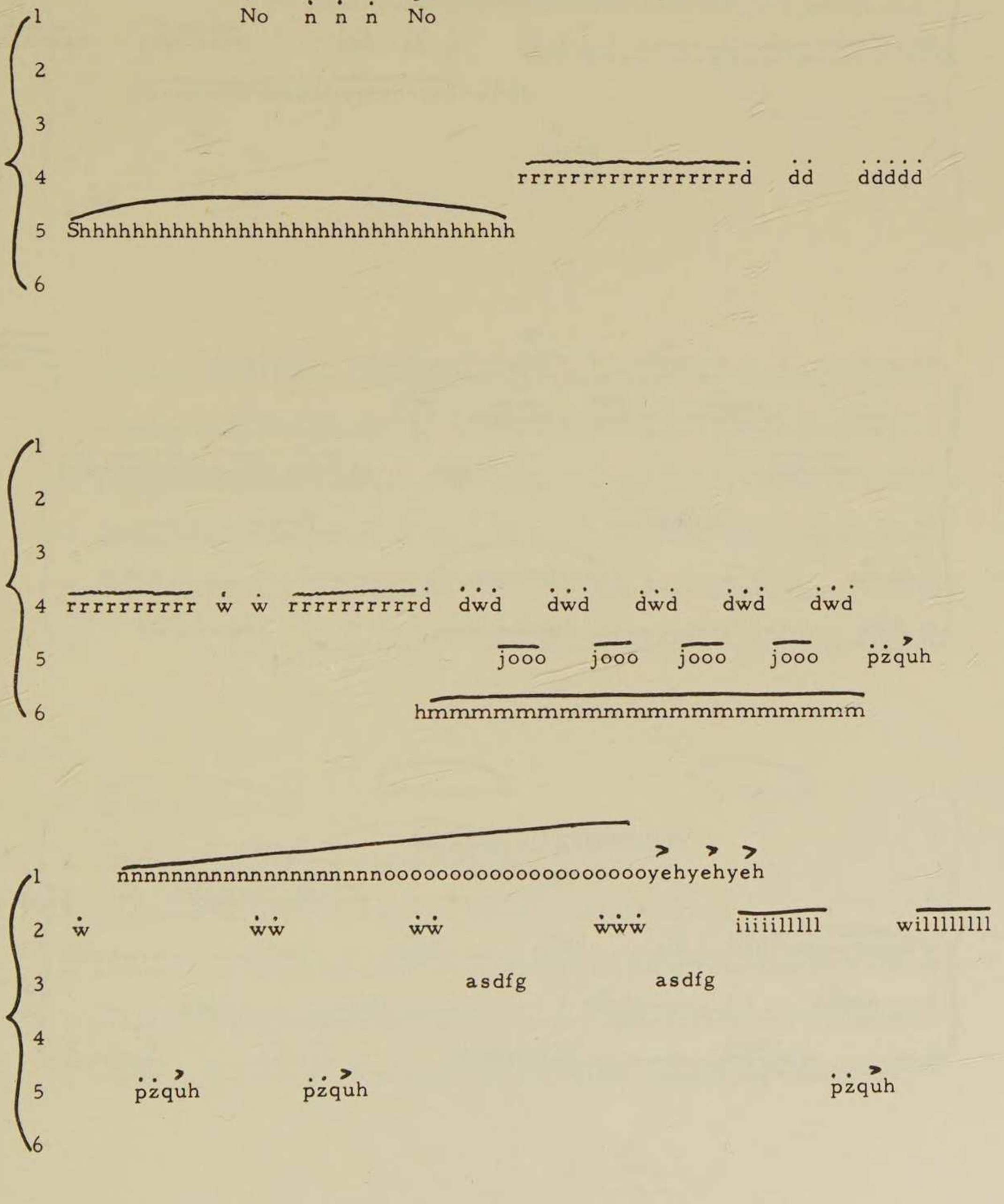
(*heatedly*)

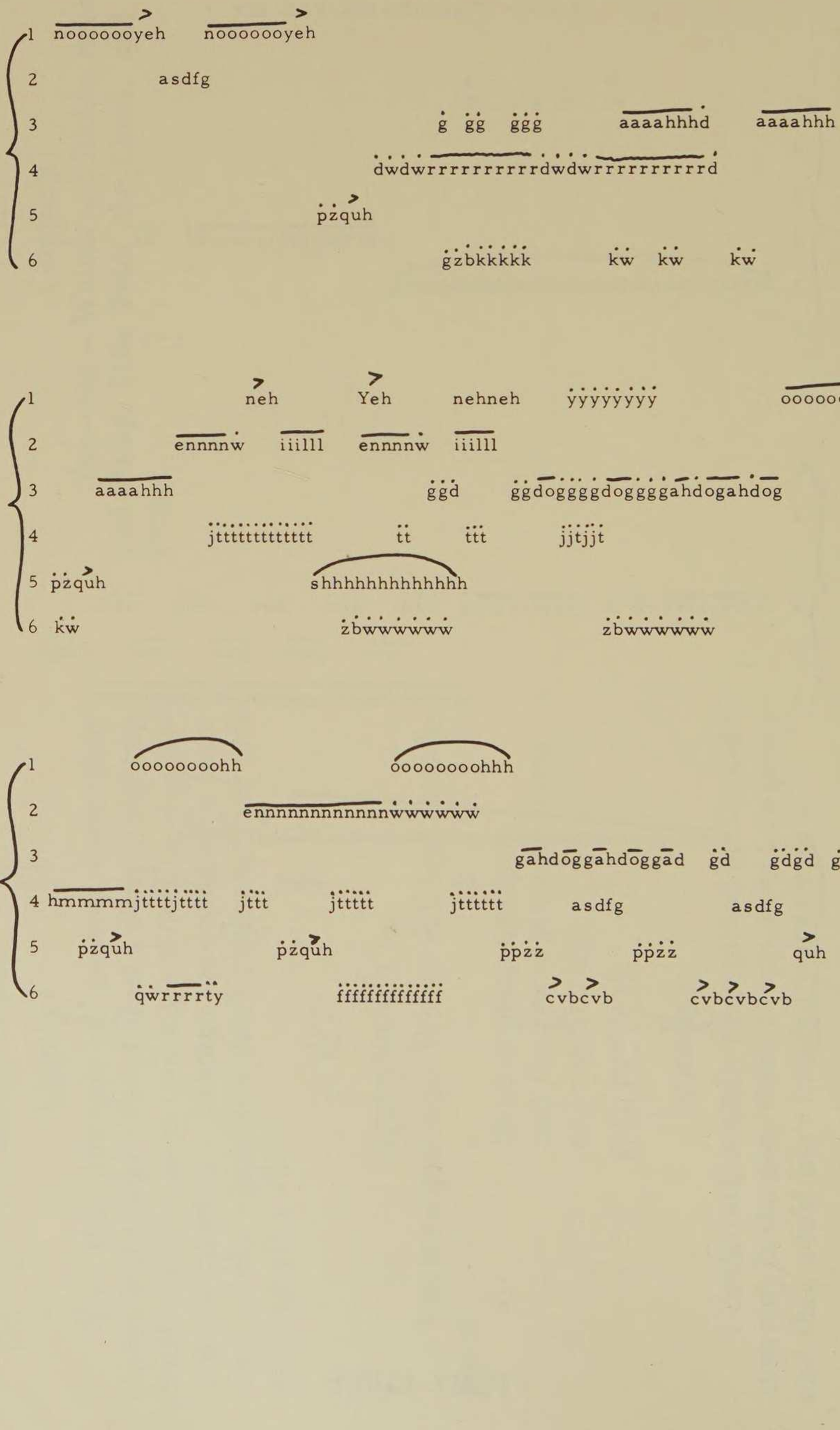
I could just as easily have picked up the kids that play in the alley there, I suppose, at 5c a head; and that would have satisfied you as well –

POET

(*joyously*)

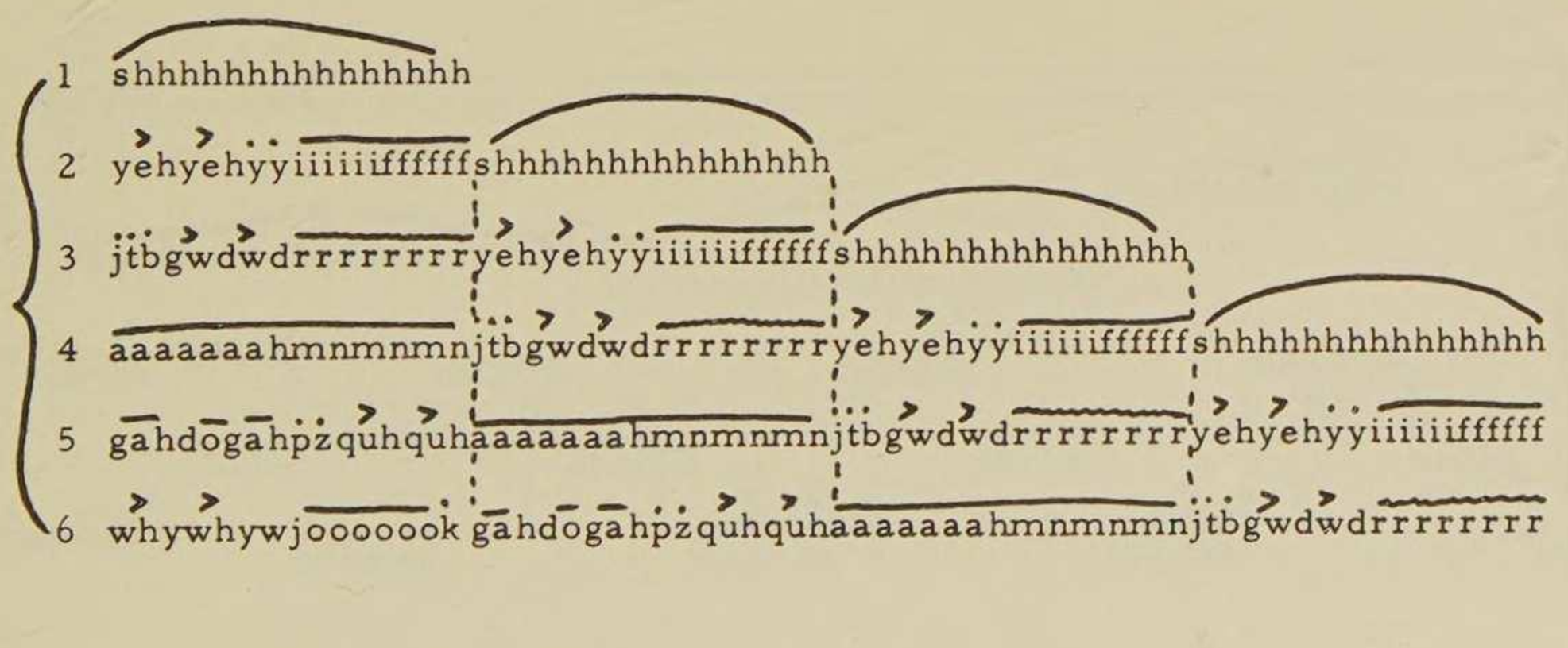
Yes – yes – Whitey and Richie, Bobby, May, and Patsy, little Peter the Greek, and my boy Remo!

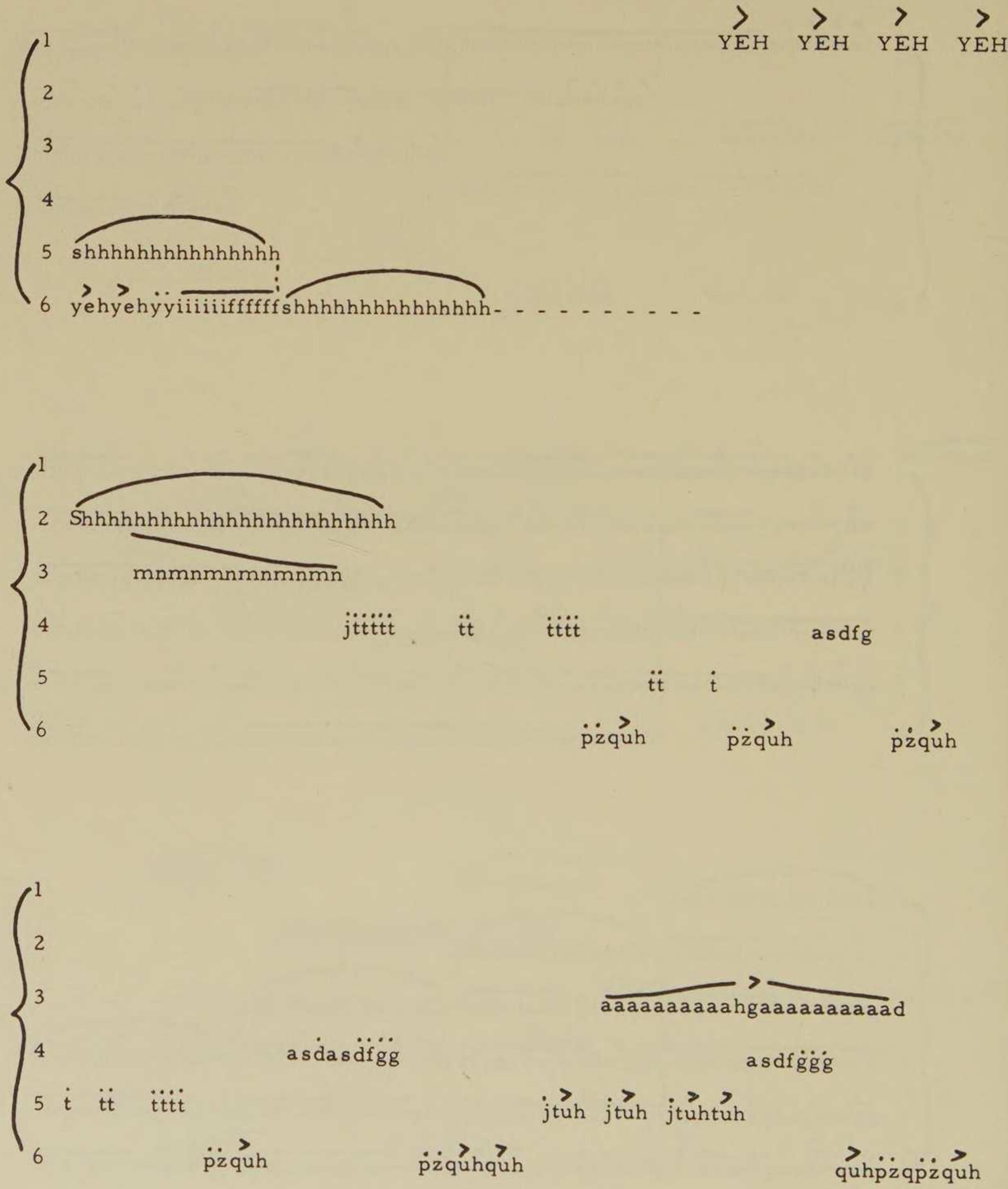

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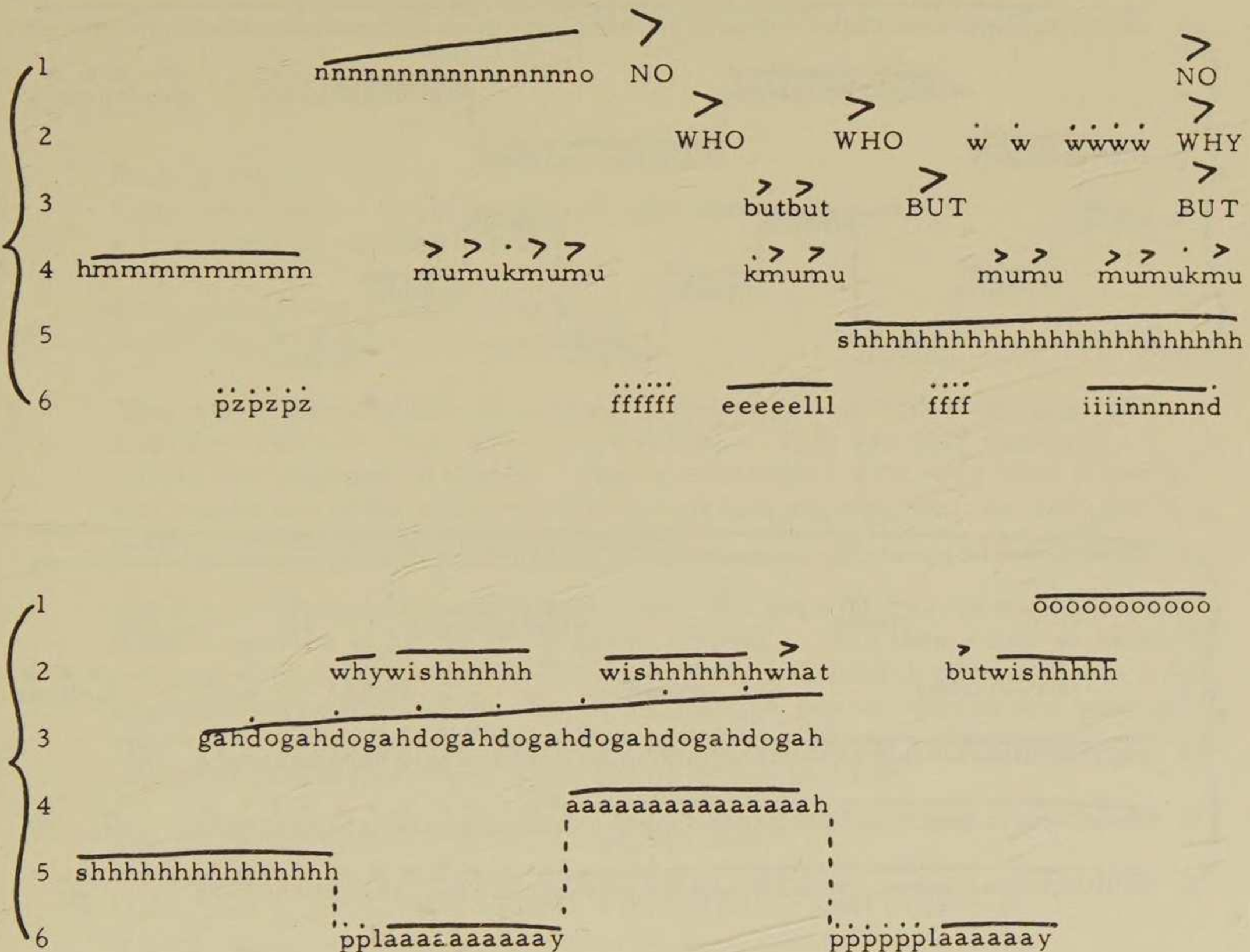

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2 ennnnnnnnnnnnwwwwwww
3 gahdoggahdoggad gd gdgd gd
4 hmmmmjttttjtttt jttt jttttt jttttttt asdfg asdfg
5 pzquh pzquh ppzz ppzz quh
6 qwrrrrty ffffffffffffff cvbcvb cvbcvbcvb

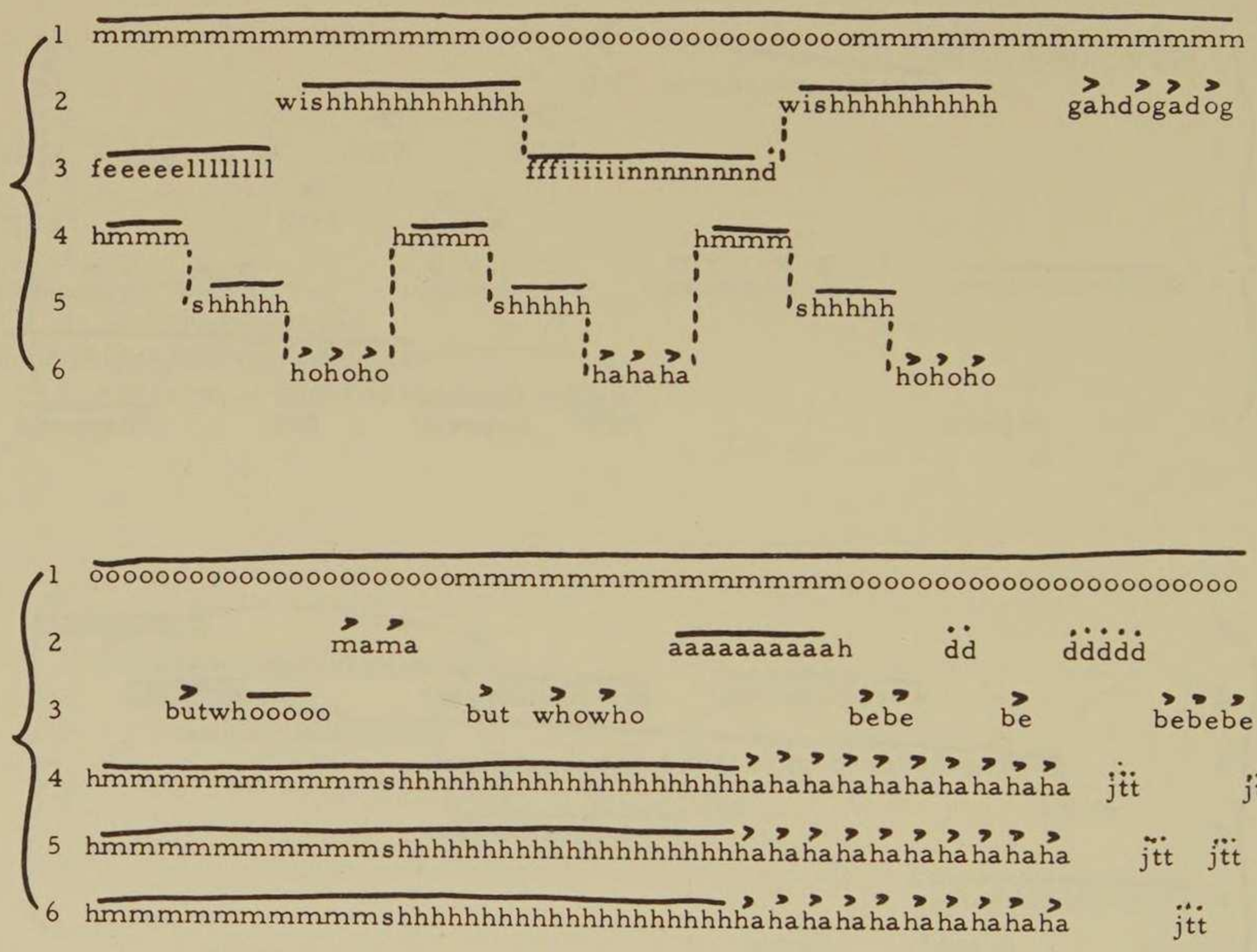

1 hahahahaoooooooommmmmmshhhhhhhjjtjjtjjttttnehnehnnwhywhywjooooookk
2 hahahahaoooooooommmmmmshhhhhhhjjtjjtjjttttnehnehnn
3 hahahahaoooooooommmmmmshhhhhhh
4 hahahahaoooooooo
5
6

1 gahdogahpzquhquhaaaaaaahmnmnmnjtbgwdwdrrrrrrrryehyehyyiiiiiiffffff
2 whywhywjooooookgahdogahpzquhquhaaaaaaahmnmnmnjtbgwdwdrrrrrrrr
3 jjtjjtjjttttnehnehnnwhywhywjooooookgahdogahpzquhquhaaaaaaahmnmnmn
4 mmmmmshhhhhhhjjtjjtjjttttnehnehnnwhywhywjooooookkgahdogahpzquhquh
5 hahahahaoooooooommmmmmshhhhhhhjjtjjtjjttttnehnehnnwhywhywjooooook
6 hahahahaoooooooommmmmmshhhhhhhjjtjjtjjttttnehnehnn

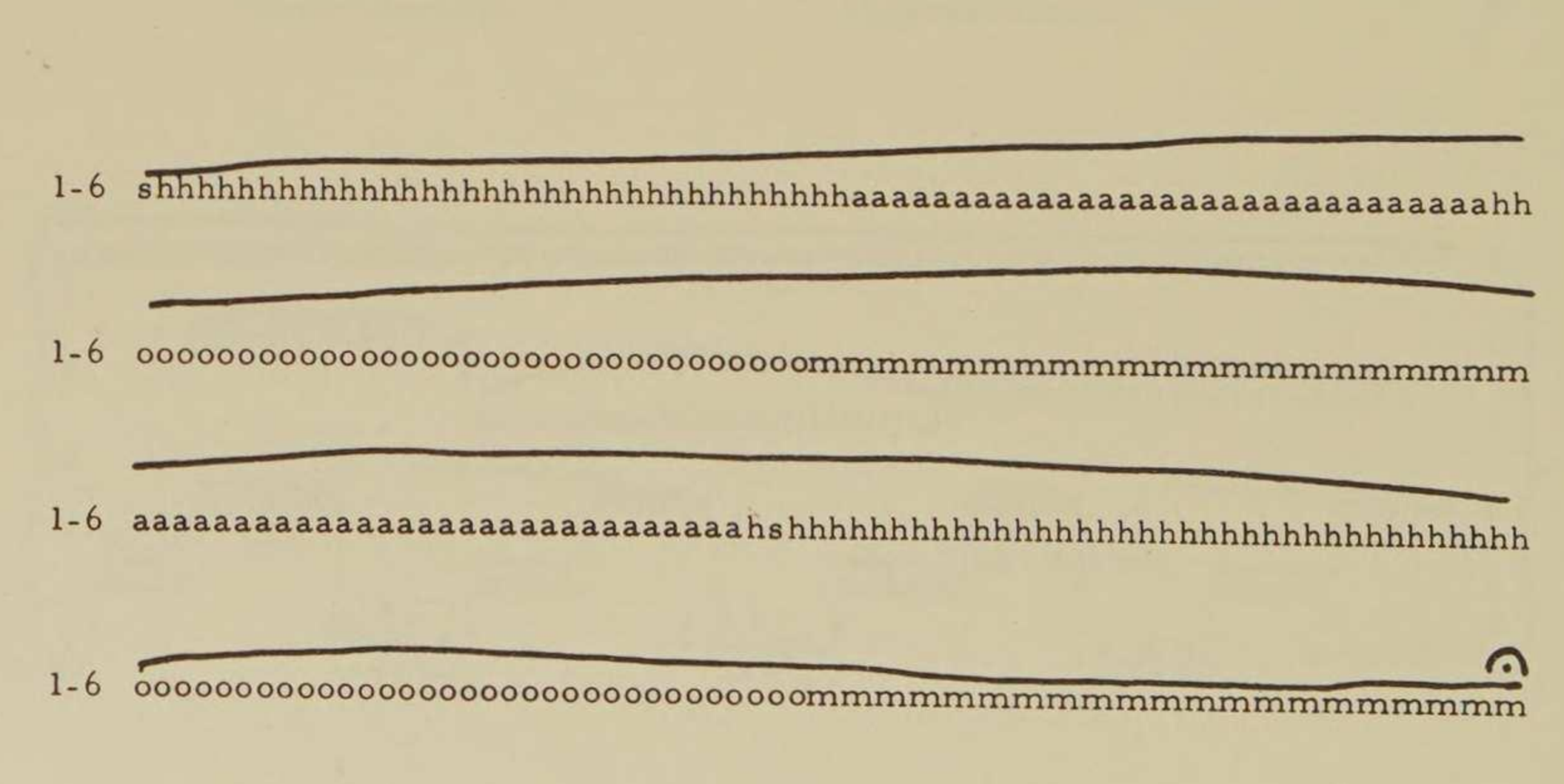

1 shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
2 yehyehyyiiiiiiffffffshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
3 jtbgwdwdrrrrrrrryehyehyyiiiiiiffffffshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
4 aaaaaaahmnmnmnjtbgwdwdrrrrrrrryehyehyyiiiiiiffffffshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
5 gahdogahpzquhquhaaaaaaahmnmnmnjtbgwdwdrrrrrrrryehyehyyiiiiiiffffff
6 whywhywjooooook gahdogahpzquhquhaaaaaaahmnmnmnjtbgwdwdrrrrrrrr


YEH YEH YEH YEH
shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
yehyehyyiiiiiiffffffshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
mnmnmnmnmnmnmn
jttttt tt tttt asdfg
tt t
pzquh pzquh pzquh
t tt tttt
asdasdfgg
aaaaaaaaaahgaaaaaaaaaad
asdfggg
jtuh jtuh jtuhtuh
pzquh pzquhquh
quhpzqpzquh


1 nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnno NO NO
2 WHO WHO ẇ ẇ ẇẇẇẇ WHY
3 butbut BUT BUT
4 hmmmmmmmm mumukmumu kmumu mumu mumukmu
5 shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
6 pzpzpz ffffff eeeeelll ffff iiiinnnnnd
1 oooooooooo
2 whywishhhhhh wishhhhhhhwhat butwishhhhh
3 gahdogahdogahdogahdogahdogahdogahdogah
4 aaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
5 shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
6 pplaaaaaaaaaay ppppppplaaaaaay
1 oooooooooooooooooooommmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmooooooooooooooooooooooooo
2 wishhhhhhhhhhh
3 fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnd
4 hmmm hmmm hmmm hmmmm
5 shhhhh shhhhh shhhhh shhhh
6 hahaha hahaha hahaha hahaha


1 mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmoooooooooooooooooooooommmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
2 wishhhhhhhhhhhh wishhhhhhhhhhh gahdogadog
3 feeeeellllllll fffiiiiiinnnnnnnnnd
4 hmmm hmmm hmmm
5 shhhhh shhhhh shhhhh
6 hohoho hahaha hohoho

1 oooooooooooooooooooommmmmmmmmmmmmmmmooooooooooooooooooooo
2 mama aaaaaaaaaah dd ddddd
3 butwhooooo but whowho bebe be bebebe
4 hmmmmmmmmmmshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhahahahahahahahahahaha jtt jtt
5 hmmmmmmmmmmshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhahahahahahahahahahaha jtt jtt
6 hmmmmmmmmmmshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhahahahahahahahahahaha jtt


1-6 shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahh
1-6 oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooommmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
1-6 aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
1-6 oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooommmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

SOUND PIECE FOR FOUR

AMBIENCE:

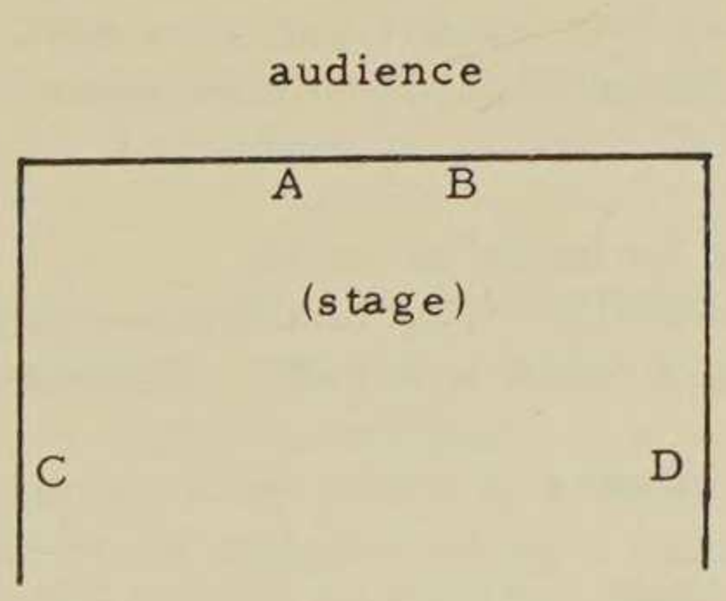
Shabby room
Four old chairs - could be draped with musty old material
some might be rocking chairs

Four characters - male or female
middle aged - shabby in appearance

They are intermittently attempting to communicate with each other and with themselves. They are always failing. They are also unable to utilize the language of words. They are involved with very basic sounds and attempt to bring these sounds to meaning through the broadest possible range of vocal and physical dynamics.

The length of the play is open but I feel that each character must take at least 5 minutes in his effort to reach another. This time could be extended considerably depending upon the degree of involvement that each character experiences with his part. The sounds which I have utilized are quite general and I would give a broad range of freedom to each character to develop whatever language is most appropriate to his feelings.

The following symbols define sound dynamics:
straight line - sustained unbroken tone
rising line - increase in volume with sustained unbroken tone
falling line - decrease in volume with sustained unbroken tone
a dot - quick sharp tone
arrow up - high pitch
arrow down - low pitch
arrow sideways - sharp accent



Darkness - All characters slumping in chairs as green spots on each chair slowly come up. They are asleep or attempting to sleep. There is a feeling of unrest, of frustration.

A Uh - - - uh - - - - - uh - - - - - uh uh uh - - - - - - - - - - - UH - - - -
(Slowly awakens - muttering to himself - attempting to arrive at some understanding - confused, angry, frustrated, struggling - using simple sounds to express these feelings)

A uh - - - uh - - - - - - uh - - - - - - - - - uh uh - - - - - - - - - uh - - -
(Turning slowly in chair discovers B who seems asleep - reaches his hand in his direction but not touching - B remains asleep and A turns back to himself twisting in thought)

A OH - - oooh - - ah - - aah - - - aaaah - oh - oh - - aaah - - - - - - - - -
(Suddenly seems to grasp an awareness - shakes his head in agreement with himself - then doubt reappears slowly)

A ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah -
(Now muttering and shaking his head in disgust - turns slowly again to B

A Uh - - AAHH - UH - - uh - uh - - - ah - - ah - - ah - ah uh uh uh aah uh
(Addresses B louder each time in an effort to get his attention. Gives up again turning back to himself slowly - closes his eyes perhaps to sleep. Rises with a start - he seems to have it - contemplates for a moment and loses it again)

A ah ah ah ah nah nah nah nah nah nah - - - - nah nah nah - - - - - -
(Shakes his head muttering to himself in disgust and frustration. Turns slowly again to his partner whom he contemplates for about a minute - he reaches out slowly to put his hand on his partners arm or knee but withdraws it before making contact - turns back to himself and closes his eyes)

C HA HA HA HA HA HA ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
D SSHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
(C bursts into laughter - apparently a dream - D interrupts the laughter)

(All are settled now into a silence of about one minute - perhaps sleeping)

B EH - - - eh - - - - - Wh - - - wh - - - - - - Uh - - uh - - - oooh - - - uh
uh - uh - ooh ooh - - - ah - - oh ohohoh - - - - - - uh uh uh
(Awakens suddenly turning to A in loud questioning tones - then turns in to himself muttering - attempting to arrive at some understanding - confused, angry, frustrated, struggling - using simple sounds to express these feelings. Turns slowly again to A who seems asleep - reaches a hand in his direction)

B Uh - - - uh - uh - uh - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Oh - oh - - aah - - aah - - aah
(A fails to respond - B turns back to himself twisting in thought. Suddenly seems to grasp an awareness - shakes his head in agreement with himself then doubt reappears - slowly)

B ah ah ah ah ah nuh nuh nuh - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - uh - uh - uh - UH
UH - - uh - - - - - uhuhuhuhuh - - - - uh - UH - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
(Now muttering - shaking his head in disgust. Turns slowly to A - still apparently sleeping - addresses him once again - louder each time in an effort to gain his attention. Gives up again turning back to himself slowly closes his eyes - perhaps to sleep)

B AAAAAHHHHHHH - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - nah nah nah nah nah nah nah
(Rises with a start - he seems to have it - contemplates for a moment and loses it again - slowly. Shakes his head muttering to himself in disgust. Turns slowly again to his partner whom he contemplates for about a minute. He reaches out slowly to put his hand on his partners arm or knee but withdraws it before making contact - turns back to himself and closes his eyes)

C SSHHHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
D HA HA HA HA HA HA ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
(D bursts into loud laughter - apparently a dream - C interrupts)

(All are settled now into silence for about one minute - perhaps sleeping)

A HA HA HA HA HA HA ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
B SSHHHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
(A bursts into laughter - apparently a dream - B interrupts)

C Hmmm - - - - hmmmmmmmmm - - - - - - - - - - - - Uh - - - uh - uh - -
uh - uh - uh - - - OH - - oooohhh - - uh - nuh nuh - - - nuh - - OOOH - -
aaah - - uh - uh - uh - - - nuh nuhnuhnuh - - - - oh - - ooooh - - uh uh
(To herself thoughtfully. Muttering to herself attempting to arrive at some understanding - confused, angry, frustrated, struggling - using simple sounds to express these feelings - turns slowly to D who seems asleep - C rises and takes several steps in that direction reaches out - draws back - hesitates in confusion and frustration - returns

slowly to her chair - sits and descends into an anxious meditation)

C OOOhhh - - - - - oh - ooooooohh hm hmmm aah - - - - aaahh - - - yuh yuh yuh - - - - - ah uh - - uh uh uh - - - ooooooooohh - oooooh
(Suddenly seems to grasp an awareness - shakes her head in joyful agreement with herself - then doubt and depression reappear slowly)

A SSHHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
B HA HA HA HA HA HA hahahahahahahahaha
(B bursts into loud laughter - apparently a dream - A interrupts)

C Ah ah ah ah ah nuh nuh nuh nuh - - - - - - - - - UH - uh -- uh uh uh UH UH - - - oh - - uh - aaaah - - oooooh - UH UH UH AAH - - - -
(Muttering shakes her head in disgust - turns her head to D apparently asleep - addresses him - louder each time in an effort to get his attention)

C - - - - - - - - Hmmmmmmmmmmmmm - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
(Gives up - turns back into herself slowly - closes her eyes perhaps to sleep)

A HAHAHAHAHAhahahahahahaha SSHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
B SSHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhahahahahahahahahahahahah
(A bursts into laughter - B interrupts - B bursts into laughter - A interrupts)

(C rises with a start to her feet - seems to have it - moves in the direction of D but loses confidence half way there - slows down - pauses - reconsiders)

C oh oh oh nah nah nah nah nah - - aaahhhh nah - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
(now muttering - shaking head in disgust - returns to chair and sits - sinking into self with depression - closing her eyes - perhaps to sleep)

D (Opens eyes - looks slowly around - rises slowly from chair and moves awkwardly, slowly to chair of C - examines C carefully - now speaks with silence but with strong gestures - circling C with wild silent gestures - C ignores effort - perhaps asleep. D gives up after several more minutes of trying to communicate - looks around - discovers A and moves slowly awkwardly in that direction)

C st - st - st - ggggststst - aaay - - - - gg gg ststststaaaaaayyyyyy
(C opens eyes notices D departing and makes a frantic appeal for him to stay)

D (Finally arrives at chair of A and repeats same futile, silent pantomime while circling chair - is again ignored by A who is apparently asleep - D repeats circling with hopeless gestures for several minutes)

C st - st - g st g st - - g g g - - g - - - g g g ggg ststststst aaaaaaaay aayy
(continues hopeless effort to gain attention of D - gives up, rises slowly and moves to chair of D where she sits down and sinks into a restless sleep)

B (During pantomime of D rises slowly to his feet and moves slowly in the direction of the chair just vacated by C)

hahahahahahahahahshshshshshshshshshshhahahahahahahshshshshshshahaha
(During walk B alternately laughs and interrupts himself. This sound and movement occurs while C is still moving to chair of D. They pass quite close to one another without noticing. When B arrives at the chair he sits down slowly and sinks - perhaps into sleep)

D (Turns now from A who has ignored his efforts - looks around slowly and notices the chair vacated by B and moves to that chair)

A NUH NUH - - ooooooh stststststststaaaaay OOOOHHHHH - - st - - st
(A opens eyes - discovers departing D and gestures frantically with sound which D fails to hear or notice)

(D now circles empty chair repeating same desperate pantomime with wild movements but silence - thinking apparently that someone is still seated in the chair)

A Ṡt - - ṡt - - ṡt ṡt ṡt - - - s̈ẗb s̈ẗb - - - - suh - - - - - zuh - - - - - - - zuh

B - Oh - oh - - - - -uh uh - - - ah ah - - - nuh nuh - - - - - nuh - -

C - - - - - - - - - - - - g̈g̈ - - - g̈g̈g̈g̈ o̅o̅o̅o̅h - o̅h̅h̅h̅h̅h̅ - - g̈g̈g̈ - - - - - -
(A continues desperate effort to communicate with D and is now joined in this effort by B and C. All remain seated but now are making a supreme effort with strong gestures and sound to capture the attention of D who is completely oblivious as he continues to circle the empty chair and communicate with it)

A - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - o̅o̅o̅o̅o̅o̅o̅o̅o̅o̅p̈ - ṗ - ṗ - - - - - z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈z̈

B Huh huh - - - - huh huh huh - - - - - - - - - - e̅e̅l̅l̅l̅l̅l̅l̅l̅l̅l̅ - ṗ - ṗ - - he̅e̅l̅l̅p̈p̈ -

C - - - - - n̄n̄n̄ o̅o̅o̅o̅o̅ - - - - - - - - - nuh nuhnuh n̄o̅o̅o̅o̅o̅o̅ - - n̄n̄n̄n̄n̄o̅o̅o̅o̅o̅o̅ 70

A - - - - - - - - - ooooooh - - - - - - - - - hahahahahahahahahahahahahaha - - -

B - - - - - - - NO!! - - - - shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

C aaaaaaaaah - - - - bdbd - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ooooooooooooooooooooh

A HAHA - nuh nuh nuh - - - - - - - noh noh

B - - - - - - UH - zuh zuh zuh bb - - -

C - - - - - - - - - - - mmmmmmmmahmah - - - - - - - - - - - - - mmmmah

A - - - - - - - - - - - kah kah kah - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - yuhyuhyuh

B munumunumunumu - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - munumunumunumu - - - - -

C - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ooooooh wuhwuh - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

A nuh - - - - - - - - - nuh - - - - nuhnuh - - - - - nuh - - - - nuh - - - nuh - -

B - - - oooh - - - - - - - - - - - - - ooooooooooooooohmunumunu - - - - - - - - st

C - - - - - - - aaah - - - aaaaaaaah - - - - - - - - - - gah - gah - - d - d gahd -

A - - - - NUH - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - OH - - - OH - - - uhuhuhuhuhuhuhuhuhuhuhu

B STAY - - - ststststst - - - - - - - - AH - - AH - - - - - - - - - - - HA - - - - - -

C - - - - - - - - - - - - - gadogadogadog - - - - - - - - pppppppppleeeeeeeed gd gd gd

A - - - - - BBBBOOOOOOOOOLLLLLLLD - - - D - - D - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

B - - - - - - - - - - - - - AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHA - - - HA - - - HA - -

C - NUHNUHNUHNUHNUHNUHNUHNUHNUHNUH- - -

A ddd - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ddd - - ddd - - dddbdbdjjjjoooook - - - - - - - - -

B - - haaa - - haaaa - - - - - - - - - nuh - - - - - - - - - - - - - - nuhnuhnuhnuhnuhnuh

C - - - - - nuh - - - nuh - - - huh - - - ppp - - ppppppppleeeeeed - - - ddd - - - ddd

A aaaaaah - - - - aaaaaah - - - - aaaaaah - - - - aaaaaah - - - - aaaaaah - - - -

B - - - - oooooh - - - - - oooooh - - - - oooooh - - - - oooooh - - - - oooooh

C shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

A dadamama - - - - - - - - - - - dadadamamamameme - - - - - - - mememadada

B - - - - - - wh whwh - - wh - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - nuh - - nuh - - - - - - -

C - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - uh - - - uh - - - - - - - - - jjjj - - - - oooookkk

A - - - - - dadadamamamadadadadamamamadadadadamamamadadadada

B - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - nnnnnnooonnnnnnooonnnnnnooonnnnnnooonnnnnnooooo

C - hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha

A - - - - - dadamama -

B - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - nnnnoooo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

C - haha - - - - - - - -

A uh - uh - oooh

B - - - - - - - - - aah - - - - - - - ooooh - - - - - - - - - uh - - - - - - - uh - - - - - - -

C - - - - - - - - - - - - - nuh - - - - - - - - - - - - - aah - - - - - uh - - - - - aah - - - -

(This mad clatter of sound continues for several minutes accompanied by wild gestures all unnoticed by D who continues his hopeless pantomime. Finally sensing the seat is empty he sits down slowly and painfully and settles - perhaps into sleep. The others then become more subdued and finally drift off into silence - perhaps into restless sleep)

A uh - - - - - uh - - - - - - - - - - - - uh - uh - - - - - aah - aah - - nuh nuh - -
(After several minutes of silence A opens his eyes and begins all over again as at the beginning - muttering to himself - attempting to arrive at some understanding - confused, angry, frustrated, struggling - suddenly turning to chair occupied by D and reaching out in an effort to communicate - as final spot goes down)

THE QUEEN OF GREECE

A Curtain Raiser

The Queen of Greece was first performed by La MaMa Troupe, under the direction of Ed Setrakian, at La MaMa Experimental Theatre Club, New York, on April 11, 1969, as a curtain raiser to Miss Owens' play *Homo*. It was originally conceived as a narrative poem, and was published as such, in an earlier version, in the poetry magazine *Some/Thing*.

The Queen of greece stuck out her big purplish toe (Elga has started a whispering campaign in this place of the history) it had hit the night before or rather it had been pressed like a fat rude grape into the eye of a humble slave. The eye of the slave was brown and the Queen's a brilliant green (her eye) like the c ian could cast peace like hunks of bread on the waters.

o g
l e what an effect
dA

& the Queen was not hated but loved. Her femur bones were that of a Viking. Strong. East & West North & South of Greece wished for femur bones like the Queens for their own little infant lads & lasses. Healthyhealthyhealthye chanted & droned the priests in all the tiny churches in the mother-blood land. A babe was plumpked thiinn into the baptismal slush a babe was plumpked faatt into the oily green water. Plosh plosh went tiny babes smiled tiny eyes into the thick corneas of the plumpker-priest his razor-sharp little-finger nail leaving a purplish little island on the belly. The-babe-was-wrapped-all-in-white-linen like a fair cowboy in an american song plumpk went the first consecrated turd against the bosom of its mother.

& the Queen of greece smiled & said that it was good. It was she who & only she who could split apart the sweetness & light from the dark. You ask why not the slave be mad at the Queen for the above eye injury? Ask then why not a mother be mad at her birth pain after the little child lies in her arms. Never Never are we angered by the marvelous. All over greece you could hear "she has a marvelous shape, he has a marvelous shape, they have a marvelous shape." From tailor-shop to tailor-shop as the fitters finger hooked crotches into shape, you would hear the proud voices rise & rise with admiration, "WHAT A MARVELOUS SHAPE." The Queen had set the standard with her maddening & insulting beauty wreaking wonderfully sweet tyranny like blue cornflowers blue german cornflowers on her subjects & the Queen WAS a German though she spoke greek. For four hundred years the Turks ruled the greeks & the greeks could never forgive them for that though the blood of both hard-twisted into each other like passionate grimaces. So to get even they chose a German woman for their Queen for who next to a Turk is as cruel as a German

wound
twist
blow
iron
suck
succulence
of beauty reassemble the people
stretch
them into

wondrous bigness
smash us fair Dorians
make us fertile sludge
so that we might at least
make rich the tired old
la
n
d
high high class make us high class people say we are dark we are not dark
ICH VILL BRAK YOUR AHM!

A large statuette of a nude girl, from Beroea in Macedonia and now in Munich, has relatively severe forms and must still date from the fifth century. On the other hand, the so called Pourtalès Aphrodite in London and the Haviland Aphrodite in New York named after their former owners illustrate the Praxitelean style in its full development. Here too the change from fifth-century monumentality to fourth-century grace is clearly shown.

VE TEK AVAY YOUR EMACIATED YOUTHS 'ND GIF
YOU
POSEIDON!
VE STUFF 'M INTO A SHLUMBERING CRATER!
IGLE OF ZEUS CARRIES OVV YOUNG
GANYMEDE!

Americans who are familiar with the numerous, impressive statues of ancient Greeks that abound in almost every large art museum in the world might wonder whether the statues have been glorified or are true depictions. There is indeed little resemblance between the strong, athletic bodies of the men of antiquity, as represented by the statues, and those of contemporary Greeks. The participants in the ancient Olympic Games were tall, powerful, with wide shoulders and rippling muscles. Today's Greeks are rather short men with less romantic features, whose performances in the modern Olympic Games have been a disappointment.

Evidently, foreign domination and four hundred years of Turkish occupation of the country have altered the features of the Greeks—especially when they are compared with the existing marble specimens of the ancient males.

> However, in spite of their physical inferiority, compared with the marble masterpieces of antiquity, and the fact that they cannot brag about Olympic victories, modern Greek men demand and get from women what they want.*

The small-faced be-wigged 40ish man whose licorice eyes point out of the mosaic byzantine-style says happily that the Anglo-Saxons settled America. His own lips are like brown-glace very eastern mediterranean.

I VILL NOT EFEN POOT YOU INTO ZEUS'S
IGLE SOUP!

Portraits of the Queen are all over Athens they make her eyes even lighter than they actually are her nose slants off into the mists of the north her laughing luscious mouth makes the people calm &
clean
feeling

Nevertheless, as Egyptian sheets have survived, it is likely that they were known to the Greeks also, even if they were not in common use . . . To judge by the many representations of couches on Greek vases, a bed was not "made up" as nowadays, with sheets & covers tucked in. Instead the covers are merely laid on top of the bed. Mattresses, however, were substantial.

The Queen tapped the golden knob with her porcelain finger & the green-blue mediterranean sea flushed her normal turds away. She bragged once to her servant that she had never been constipated. Her breath healthy-sweet testified to that.

greek sailors fantastic humans
suck each other
off
they shoulder MONSTROUS
burdens
black eyes scrape the
skys
a sperm makes
rorschach p t erns
t
on the av'ns
he
MYTHOLOGICAL SCENES
are picked out from
between the teeth

*The mystique of the Greek male By Stephanos Zotos
McCall's • April 1969

like strings of lamb stringbeans & oyl
fuck you turk
turk you fuck
I fuck you in your baklava
i spit in your CASHEW
I make you suck off my
HELMET
I make you scale my fish
shine my olyve oyl
eat my chinese cookie
may you have a bung-hole
W I D E as a Thracian jug may your ass
slope
so
low
dow
off n
that your buggerer flys
MAY YOU NEVER HAVE THE PLEASURE OF COMPARING YOUR 6inch elbow
WITH A TURKS
MAY A TURK SPIT IN YOUR FATHER
THE PRIEST'S EYE
MAY AN IMAN fart
in
your
eye
MAY HE WHACK THE KORAN OVER YOUR
MOTHER'S
H
E A
RT

may your own kind never invite you to
a party
may you dance the circle dance
with pure turks
may they flip
their white snotrags
in your greasy
face
while they whirl their dance
around
you
may you do the 8th & 9th
EASTER PRAYER
UNDER THE EYE OF A
TURK-PRIEST
& MAY YOU NEVER

KNOW
IT
UNTIL HE'S ALREADY PRAYED
FOR
YOUR
DE
AD
SOUL

. . . such was the expressive

sort of talk the greek sailor did, occupied himself with . . .

Meanwhile back in the palace at Corfu the Queen slung her fabulous breasts into the most expensive fabric in the world which I know not what its name is called . . . better than silk though come all the way from Paris or Cairo . . .

& may all your joys
be little turks may all your business
transactions be with cheating
turks,
may your own mother turn turk
on
you
& MAY THE QUEEN NOT LIFT A FINGER TO SAVE
YOU

& the Queen never would. Why should she? Would you?

Wouldn't you like to sleep on silk sheets like Madame Chiang-Kai-Shek? Wouldn't you like to donate money to Wellesley College, so fancy? Wouldn't you like to have your picture on the front & back of a diamond mirror? Wouldn't you like to be the picture of beauty on a bas-relief with curly golden hair? Wouldn't you like to have the knockers of Charlotte Ford Niarchos? Wouldn't you like to sit on a horse dragging somebody by the hair, a slave perhaps? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO THOUGH WHEN PEOPLE ASK YOU & YOUR BROTHER TO PLAY the-two-dogs-in-the-street? what are you going to do when people call you a fat beast & not a thin warrior? what are you going to do when your life-like-pose looks dead & smelly? what are you going to do when you look down at your legs & see two busted pieces of sausage instead of long-white-limbs? what are you going to do when your one good eye turns inward like ringworm under your one-inch-piece-of-skin that's left of your poor body? what are you going to do when the tears that press out of your eyes are like little blobs of grease & they slip down your zatch making everything you say sound as sensible as a turtle? what are you going to do when the only smile that slides on your face is when some enemy of yours has died & that's every 2nd minute of your life

. . . the whole gesture of the sailor is that of attack . . .
the gesture of everybody
who wants
a lotus instead of an ear
or a pail of rain
w
a
ter
instead of a bladder

John Wayne who is loved over the entire eastern mediterranean except in Jordan & that's because they know he's a jew, said

WE'RE BEING STABBED IN THE BACK & SOLD
DOWN THE RIVER
BY the orthodoxy of the north
the blond nation
the fat russkies
the lumpy ukranians
the gooky georgians
etc
etc

The final polishing was done with smooth stones & a lubricant . . . The Queen had her pubis shaved & an expensive croatian lubricant rubbed on her prickling skin. "Ich habe genug," she smiled up at the eunuch's eyes. Her smile was archaic, her cunt modern & curved so fleshly, her feet squared, the toes like pinkish stone dipped in & out like tongues. The Queen of Greece commanded that the lithe eunuch (twas no crime to be a eunuch in byzantium) put on the velvet dildo & satisfy her till she quaked from skull to heels . . .

the
xciting
storys
yu've heard
about Katherine the Great
are totally false
she never died on a bull . . .
The Queen of Greece commanded the
eunuch to be beautiful
& tell the story of a part
of the history & he said:
7 times was the first sentence said
& he said:
arabs confront byzantium
arabs confront byzantium
arabs confront byzantium
arabs confront byzantium
arabs confront byzantium
arabs confront byzantium
arabs confront byzantium,

Persia,
take over
persians system of hereditary rulers versus turks more democratic
Shiites & Sumnis
they conflict
The fucking Seljuks are on the move in 1000 a.d.
advance into the
Arabian Empire
The Queen's breasts were sucked
Turks turn west toward
A N A T O L I A
confront byzantium defeat byzantium devastate byzantium
& then alas the nomadic conditions, livestock
everything on the dekline
& guess what!
Turks accept Islam
in the eleventh century
& the Ottomans come!
in the thirteenth
century the Mongols
invade
R U S S I A

50,000 families settle in Anatolia & the Ottomans are ruled by the Seljuks. (the eunuch quickened the tale) Osmanlis absorb greeks, byzantine citizens, the 4th crusade & Latin invasion destroys the byzantine empire arab missionaries instruct osmanlis to accept conversion greeks are absorbed into the system architecture chiefly arabic, persian byzantine & the turks innovate the minaret arab & byzantine two great civilizations but arab civilization destroyed by the mongols much intercourse in the 13th & 14th century between turks & greeks turks absorb more & more greeks islam appealed to them

& the Queen smiled
at her
eunuch
(no shame)
"I absorb you too," said she.
"Do you like my big garden?"
"flowers, cauliflowers, parsley, oregano
all that growth
makes your nose twitch."

Stand up next to the golden broc
a
ded
gown
near the wall

with the tapestry of Christ
ha ng
ngi
& stroke your dildo
that I may see it & delight in that you have
no
shame
in front of me The Queen
(meanwhile Elga fled hither
thither from the brightness & the bigness with joy) tall broken rocks under her
hands decimation of wickedness beating about bushes squawking of trumpets
mighty cheers Lord Jesu Christ wat a wonder on this spot where a eunuch makes
love to a Queen
So
much
do
I
love
thee

these breasts
bare to thee
thee man of men
through the throes of
what nicetys
befall thee
I am smitten
with love
I wishe thee health
liquor to drink
all goodwill
life with no shame
no deadliness
no slavery
silk brocade to kiss
no chaos
sweet smoke
Holy Wisdom
piety
Z O E

PROPOSAL FOR AN EVENT (1)

A dozen men and women appear at the gates of the White House in Washington. They join the visitors' line. They are not together but are integrated with the other visitors, spaced some twenty feet apart in line. Each is in some way visibly injured. A crutch, an arm in a sling, a patch over an eye, a bandaged hand. The visitors move forward, past paintings, period tables, guards. When the last performer has entered and the first nears the exit, he or she drops out of line. So does the next, then like dominoes the third, fourth, and down the line. The performers sit on the carpet, kneel or roll onto their backs while uttering excruciated syllables -- Quat! Nhu! Diem! Suu! Ky! and other names of figures in the ruling and deposed government elites of South Vietnam. The guards do not know what to do, offer aid or eject the performers. The pattern of syllables coalesces in a concerted phrase uttered the length of the White House: the President's name or initials. The guards now eject the performers who are still uttering the phrase in concert. Reporters and photographers wait outside. Two of the performers tear free, strip off their coats and are naked except for crisp black lettering across their backs and torsos: NAPALM.

PROPOSAL FOR AN EVENT (2)

A black automobile pulls to the curb with a screech on a populated street. A figure dressed in long white gown, with beard and crown of thorns and long hair, leaps out. "Let me go! Let me go!" he cries. "I am Christ, Christ your Savior! Don't you know me? Don't you know Christ? You must let me go. My airplane leaves for Vietnam in an hour's time. Don't you want to see your Christ in Vietnam? I'll miss my plane!" And Christ looks at his wristwatch. By this time, Batman in full costume has leaped from the back seat of the vehicle. "You're not going anywhere but to police headquarters," he cries. "Now come quietly. Or do I have to use force again? Beatnik! Commie!" Christ retorts, "That's what they always say!" Batman pulls an extravagant toy zap-gun, such as children are given, from his belt and zaps Christ at ten feet. Christ falls. Robin bolts from behind the wheel of the vehicle, and he and Batman each grab a leg of Christ. They drag him over to the back seat, saying such things as: "You bet we're gonna keep law and order! Batman always wins!" They heave Christ into the back seat, Batman following him in, Robin takes the wheel, and the black automobile speeds off to the next site. Repeat as many times as desired.

death: act or fact of dying

(partial reflections on Vietnam) Nov.1967

by Malcolm Goldstein

:to be read aloud, by one or several readers;all readers starting at the top of page 2 and proceeding, each in their own way, to the end of page 13.
:each definition, written out with suggested poetic phrasing, is to be read completely before moving to another.
:all definitions should be read once only and the attempt made to read as much possible of the total material.

the ways of proceeding:

:each definition has, usually, one or more lines branching out from it; a line proceeds from a specific word to its definition.
:where there are several lines, the reader chooses which word to explore (ie. which definition to read next).
:sometimes a definition, after being arrived at, leads nowhere; the reader, after stating that definition, can choose any point to continue from (following up a previous line of thought,or going to wherever the eye falls, by chance or intention, etc.).

the ways of sounding:

:the duration of silence between statements of definitions is determined by proportional length of line (one inch= one second) or the spatial separation of one definition completed from the one to be read.
:the manner of reading should be simple and personal, viz. not theatrical, not oratorical.
:aspects to be improvised:

a variety of loudnesses (soft, but not whispering, to loud, but not shouting);

a variety of speeds of declamation (not excessive, with the clarity of the text foremost);

(but the presentation of each definition should be constant, viz. have its own particular speed and loudness).

:the performance ends when all of the readers have completed through page 13.

"that which is done; the exercise of power, or of the effect whose cause is power exerted; a deed".

"arrangement of parts, of organs, or of constituent tissues, or particles, in a substance or body".

"a thing done; deed; specif., an unlawful deed; crime."

"of or pertaining to an organ or a system of organs; specif., pertaining to the internal organs of the body;
"pertaining to, or derived from, living organisms; exhibiting characters peculiar to living organisms."

"to make worse; to diminish in quantity, value or strength".

"the fact or state of existing;
"continued or repeated manifestation; actual occurrence; as, the existence of a state of war".

Death: "Act or fact of dying" : "in the act of dying;
mortal ; perishable"

"liable to perish; subject to destruction or deterioration":

"subject to death; destined to die"

"act of destroying; demolition; ruin."

"to make or grow worse; to impair; degenerate."

"such change anything as to destroy it or impair its effectiveness; destruction"

"to ruin the structure, organic existence, or condition of; to demolish."

"to decree beforehand as by divine will; to predetermine; often, passive, to be fated; as a plan destined to fail."

"to fling, cast or hurl; as a gun throws a shell."

"to throw or pull down; raze; hence, to ruin; destroy."

"having sunk to a state below that normal to

"more unfavorable, unpleasant, or the like."

"something agreed upon as a requisite to doing or taking effect of something else; a stipulation or provision; that which

3)

"to cause to sink; to place in a fixed or permanent condition, as peace or order; to render quiet; to calm; to put in order or an estate for disposal at death".

"to pass gradually from a sound or prosperous state to one of imperfection, adversity,

"to dismiss from office; to assasinate; to take away by death".

"to Kill by surprise or by secret or treacherous assault".

"to predetermine beforehand; settle in advance"

"to come down in the social, mental

"toward a lower position; below".

"to let descend by its own weight".

"to draw to a close,

"to lay level with the ground; demolish; hence, to overthrow; destroy; remove utterly".

a type or thing; having declined markedly, as in virtue or

"to deprive of life; to slay"

"to deprive of vital quality; to destroy".

exists as an occasion of something else; a prerequisite".

, or adjustment, as one's room

or dissolution; waste away".

"lack of order; confusion; disarray"
"to disturb the natural functions of (body or mind); to derange".

"to overturn, upset; to cause to fall or to fail; subvert; defeat; to bring disorder; to derange"!

"termination or destruction by breaking down or disrupting; ruin;
"the extinction of life; death".

, or moral scale".

"act of extinguishing; state of being extinguished"!

"to be wanting; to fall short; to come to an end".

decay, or extinction; wane; fail".

"debased; degenerate".

courage, from one's ancestors, predecessors, or former self; degraded.

"to reduce from a higher to a lower state or grade, as in dignity, quality, purity, value, etc".

"to put out, as a light or fire; hence to cause to die out; destroy".

5)

"to smite; knock".
"to put to death by violence;
to kill; to destroy".

"to disturb in action or function,
as a part or organ, or the whole of a machine
or organism".
"to render insane".

"an individual considered
as an identical person; a being regarded
as having personality;
a being in its relations to its own
identity."
"personal interest or advantage;
selfishness".

"to strike,
especially with the hand or something held
in the hand!"
"to deliver or deal a heavy blow
or blows with or as with a weapon".
"to hit, pass, pierce, etc. with sudden force".

"to reach with
or as if with a stroke;
to strike or touch,
usually with force
and often as the result
of an aim."

"A violent onset or attack;
onslaught, literally,
by means of blows, weapons, etc.
or figuratively, as by words,
arguments, etc.
"Law. An apparently violent
attempt, or a willful offer
with force
or violence, to do hurt
to another, without the actual
doing of the hurt
threatened,
as by lifting the fist or a cane
in a threatening manner;
as, guilty of assault and
battery; including Scots law,
the actual doing of the hurt,
that is,
a battery!".

V

"to touch or hit with force; to smite."

"to dash; cast; as, to strike one's head on a stone; to separate or hurl with a sharp blow; as, the shackles were struck from him; also, to smear; daub".

"to run into or through as a pointed instrument or weapon does; to stab; hence to penetrate sharply and painfully".

"to force or wedge a way into or through; as to pierce the enemy's lines".

"to cause physical pain to".

"to knock, throw, (something) away or out, or against, with violence or to throw or fling with a quick motion and sudden release".

"to be

"to enter into; to enter and pass

"strength for war; hence any for offense or defence; as the armed forces. Hence, "power, violence, or constraint exerted upon a person or thing".

"to fall upon with force; to assault."

[Syn. attack, assail, assault, bombard, Attack implies aggression or aggressiveness with the person or thing to be mastered; by repeated blows, shots, thrusts, etc; and an attempt to overpower by to assail with bombs or shells, in extended use carries a strong

"to force a passage into or through by pressing, digging, etc; as, to drive a well": (2

hurl or thrust

or into something else, suddenness".

"to push or drive with force; to shove".

"to throw or cast with violence".

"to pierce with as with a pointed weapon; also, to thrust or drive, as a pointed implement".

"to press against with force in order to drive or impel; to move

transferred from one place or condition to another".

"to go away; depart; specif. to depart from life; to die."

through; to pierce".

"the quality or state of being strong; capacity for exertion or

"to cease to live; become dead; decease".

military body organized
pl. combined strength;
a group prepared for action; as, the police force".

"strength or energy actively displayed or exerted; vehement, forcible, or destructive

storm mean to make an onset upon.
and literally or figuratively the initiation of a struggle
assail implies an attempt to break down resistance
assault always suggests direct confrontation
suddenness and violence of onslaught; bombard, literally
implication of pestering; storm suggests an attempt to sweep

9)

"state or capability of lasting;
continuance".

or to endeavor to move away or ahead
by steady pressure, without striking".

"to withstand;
to be proof
to be able

endurance; force; power"; "Power to resist force; solidity or toughness".

"Death; v.i. to die".

action; force".

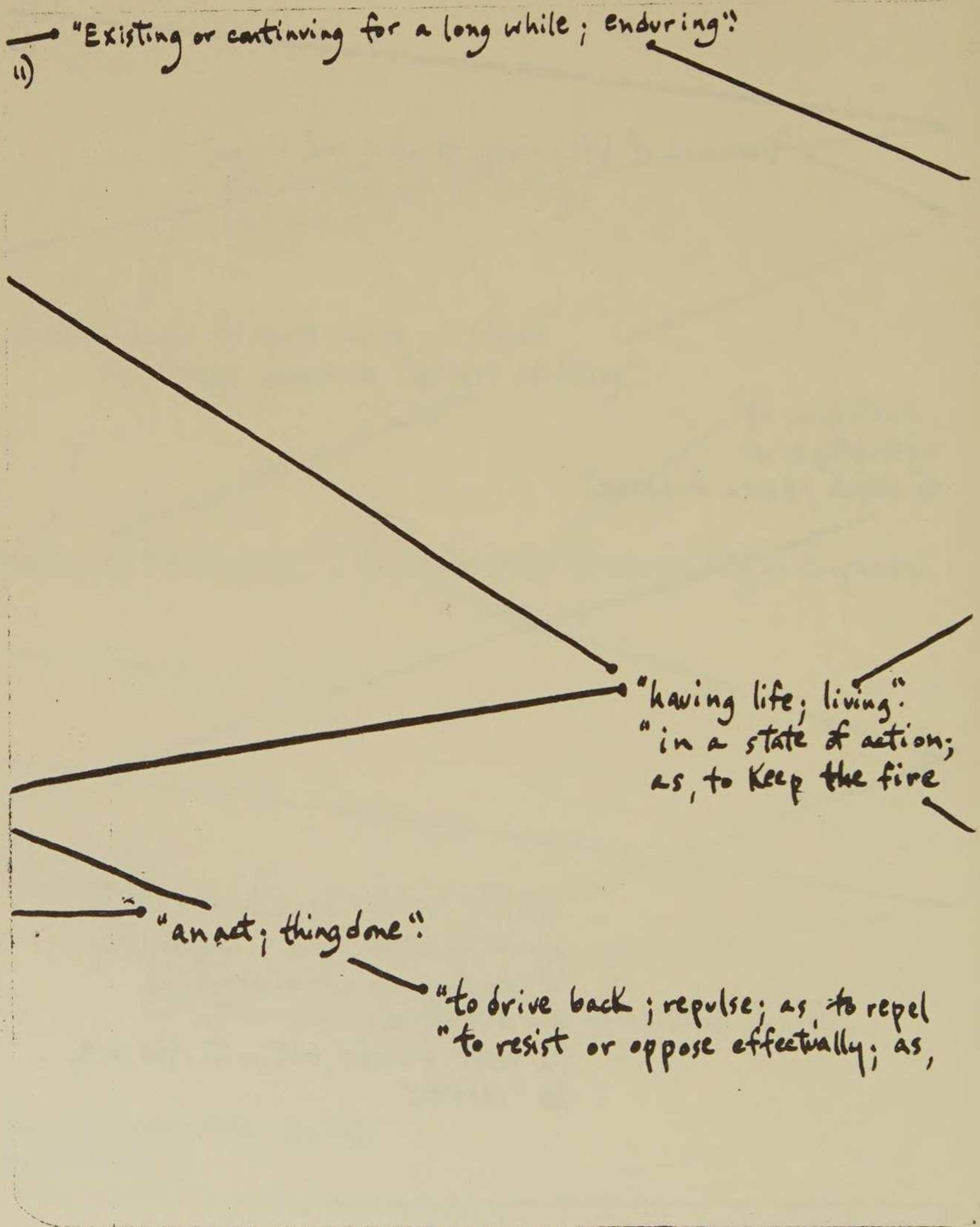
"to be alive; to have life; to continue in life".

from the path every obstacle
to victory".]

"Deprived of life; - opp. to alive and living."

against;
to repel; as a disease."

"ability to act; capacity for action
or being acted upon; capability
of producing or undergoing
an effect; as,
to have power, but not the will,
to work."


11)
"Existing or continuing for a long while; enduring".
"having life; living".
"in a state of action; as, to keep the fire
"an act; thing done".
"to drive back; repulse; as, to repel
"to resist or oppose effectually; as,

"existence; specif. conscious existence; as, things brought into being by generation".

"lasting; durable; long-suffering".

"the state of one who lives".

"Not able to be put out, as a light or fire".

in force or operation; unextinguished; existent; alive":

"the principle of combustion as manifested in light and heat, esp. flame. It was formerly classed with air, earth and water as one of the four elements".

"Having being".

any enemy".

to repel an assault".

"Ardor of passion, spirit or temperament".

"the discharge of firearms; firing; as, exposed to a heavy fire".

13)

"the fact or state of existing; specif. sentient being; continuance in life."

"continued or repeated manifestation; actual occurrence; as, the existence of a state of war."

"act or process of producing offspring; procreation".

THE DEATH SHOW

BEFORE BEGINNING THE PERFORMANCE, R. PASSES THE WAFERS TO THE AUDIENCE, ASKING THEM TO EACH TAKE ONE AND NOT TO EAT UNTIL SHE TELLS THEM TO. SHE THEN LIGHTS A TAPER FROM ONE OF 4 CANDLES BEHIND THE EASEL, CLIMBS UP ON THE PLATFORM, AND GOES SLOWLY FORWARD TO LIGHT THE 9 CANDLES IN THE FRONT OF THE PLATFORM. AS SHE LIGHTS THEM, SHE RECITES:

"Death is ennobling
Dying is punk
Death is cathartic
Dying is caca
Death you hear about
Dying is up yours
I can't live without death
I could do without dying

Death is something else"

I wrote this execrable poem to give you an idea of my feelings about death up to now. I, like many others, always felt that death happens to someone else. A person such as myself, brought up in a family where politics, sex, and money were never discussed at the dinner table, would never suspect that the word Death could issue, even as a whisper, from her parents' lips. I, of course, have had my quota of corpses, just like everyone else. I have mourned, and I have grieved.

In my life, three deaths stick out as prototypes of all the others. One, "Teddy", being the symbol of death as disappearance, vacuum, conjuring away, "escamotage", nobody there . . . When I was a child, I had a teddy bear called Teddy. After many years, grownups arbitrarily and fascistically decided that I was too old for Teddy. And so, they told me a lie. They said that Teddy had fleas and that he had to be thrown into the garbage. Teddy had not outlived his usefulness as friend, confidant, lover, bedmate and pillow, and I mourned his death.

In my thirties, I experienced the death of the "Defective Kitten", which was a prototype for violent death, painful death, and one for which I was somehow guilty. One of my cats had kittens. I saw them emerge, one after another, in their little cellophane packages, as usual. One of them was defective, and I could tell it was because the cat refused to clean it up and it kept falling over on its side. I decided to do something

fast and I had heard that death by drowning is the easiest. So, I took a pan in my left hand and filled it with lukewarm water. In my right hand, I took the defective kitten, and, sitting at the edge of the bathtub, I plunged the kitten into the pan. For what seemed like an eternity, I felt the kitten squirming and struggling in my hand and experienced the inexorable passage of time and the irreversibility of my act. Finally, the kitten stopped squirming and a fine trickle of blood oozed out of his mouth. The kitten was dead.

The third prototype occurred in 1972 and is my image of death as bliss. I had a cat called "Dibidi" for eighteen years, twelve of which she was a paraplegic. I was everything to her. I was her paws, her food, her warmth, her bath, her toilet, her fun, her deflea-ing . . . In turn, she was everything to me: she was my mother, my daughter, my guardian angel, and my beloved friend. I used to say: If Dibidi goes, I go. But at the end of eighteen years, she began to wane, and simultaneously, I felt capable of letting go of her. And so one morning I asked her: Dibidi, tu veux me quitter?—for she only spoke French . . . And she answered: Oui. I asked her where she wanted to be. And she said: In your arms. And so, I lay down on my bed and placed Dibidi upon my heart. I began caressing her and as I did, I spoke to her. And I said: Tout doux, ma mie, tout doucement . . . Sans avoir peur! Sans avoir mal! Ma beaute, ma minouche, ma bete adoree! Dibidi had several fur coats which she would wear on different occasions. At that time, she put on the soft furs, which she only wore when she was happy. At the end of an hour, her breath got shorter, and she stretched her paws as far as they could go, even the paralyzed ones, looked up at me, said: Au revoir! and died.

I believe that we die the death we live. That we all therefore commit suicide. If we could but decipher the story of our life, we would unerringly foretell the manner of our death.

In French, to commit suicide is a reflexive verb: "se suicider", to suicide oneself. It seems more appropriate because of its connotation of taking action on one's behalf, rather than "committing" a crime. I am responsible for my death. Don Juan said that our death keeps a constant watch over our left shoulder. Perhaps that is because it must take its cue from us, learn its own shape, color, taste and smell from our life's choices and decisions, actions and inactions.

Apprenticeship of death is constant and unconscious. Cells die within my body and others take their place. My body is never the same physical entity it was before. Death is built into the memory bank on a cellular level. The body wisdom takes over and does the business as usual. But the wisdom of my little dying cells, swept away by my blood

or eliminated into the toilet bowl is just not enough. I must consciously practice dying my thousand deaths in order the earn my crack at the Big One! The conscious apprenticeship of death consists of the periodic disembowelment of all my attachments: friends, family, occupations, habits, things, youthful attributes . . . personality traits . . . If not let go of, they accumulate and form a miasma out of which a monster emerges!

R. MIMES THE MONSTER AND THE FEAR OF THE MONSTER.

We are all suicides. For who kills us but us? After all, whether of "natural" or "unnatural" causes, our death is us, and we don't become whole, our portrait terminated, our definitive shape filled in until death completes the picture. You've seen the Kirlian photograph of the torn leaf that puts out an energy field that fills in the missing part of the leaf image. So it is with us. That missing part, that gap, that unfinished business is our death. But that part of the likeness that is our death is determined by the whole form and is "filled in" very much like in the game of connecting dots with a pencilled line to draw a picture. And if someone's death doesn't seem to fit, as the various parts of a game of "exquisite corpse" that the Surrealists used to play, it could be that the shape to be filled in harks back several lives and is hidden from view. We all play this game that ends in the same denouement. As for me, I spent years pretending there was no game to play. Thus I became a prey to the Fat Vampire

ONE BY ONE, R. PULLS THE FINGERS OF HER LONG BLACK GLOVES BETWEEN HER TEETH, AND WITH A LONG KNIFE, SLICES THEM OFF AND SPITS THEM OUT INTO THE AUDIENCE. WHEN ALL THE FINGERS ARE CUT OFF, SHE PULLS THE GLOVES DOWN OVER HER HANDS SO THAT HER FINGERS EMERGE. SHE IS WEARING ULTRA—LONG, BLOOD—RED NAILS. THE NAILS TURN AGAINST HER AND PULL AT HER FACE, EYES AND LIPS, ALTERING HER PHYSIOGNOMY, AS SHE WALKS BACKWARDS. SHE TURNS AND FACES THE EASEL AND SLOWLY TAKES DOWN THE PURPLE SATIN COVERING IT. THE "ICON" IS DISCOVERED. IT IS A 15x20" ENLARGEMENT OF A PHOTOGRAPH OF R. WHEN SHE WAS FAT, WEARING THE VAMPIRE TEETH, IN COLOR, SURROUNDED BY A FUNEREAL WREATH OF CAKES, DOUGHNUTS AND DANISH PASTRIES ALL SPRAYED WITH BLACK ENAMEL PAINT.

The Fat Vampire is fat from the accumulation of countless botched-up deaths not allowed to die, fat from the unrecognized fear of the Big One, fat from the wrong substances ingested for life and sustenance, fat from opaqueness, the refusal to let in the rays of light. Fat from

blocked deaths. A clean, neat death is a life-saver and a life-enhancer. A fucked-up death poisons life.

I was unwilling and unwitting host to the Fat Vampire for decades and the symbiosis was indeed venomous. Although I was never fat, the Fat Vampire wrapped itself around my body in such a way as to give the illusion that I was. It fitted its eyes over my eyes, its teeth on the top of my teeth, its rolls of cellulite around my lean and healthy cells. I never identified with the shape of the Fat Vampire, but when I happened to glance into a mirror, accidentally of course, I would notice with great anger and dismay the image of myself that the Vampire offered the world. I had been body-snatched and people no longer related to me but to that false container I was encased in. As for me, I finally lost track of my real boundaries and, amnesiac of my true self, I too mistook this padded shroud for my own skin.

SCREAMS.

(The Fat Vampire had won. I had become invisible.) (NOT SAID)

Last summer, I went to the USSR. In Kiev, we visited Petcherskaya Lavra, the monastery dug out of caves and galleries deep into the ground, dating back to the 11th century. The place was very conducive to preservation in death, and is filled with little mummified monks, piles of bones and magic skulls. As we walked along one of those subterranean corridors, we noticed a circular hole in the wall, a little above us as we stood, of approximately 6 inches in diameter. The guide explained that legend has it that the most dedicated holy men would have themselves walled into small niches with no other outlet to the world than this tiny hole through which they were fed, straight into the mouth, by the other monks. She expressed grave doubts that anyone could live more than 24 hours under these conditions, and even ventured the sarcastic opinion that the early Fathers had perpetrated the legend in order to impress the pagans and make converts. Whether or not it was a hoax, I was struck by the image which echoed my feelings at different times of my life, when I was so deeply possessed by the Fat Vampire that I felt I too lived in a dark, blind, airless cell, **my** only contact with the outside being through my gobbling mouth. And I identified with that poor, insane creature, trapped by his obsession inside his claustrophobic encasement, in total sensory and social deprivation, with one exception: the thread of life, light, warmth, love, pleasure and pain inserted through the double opening of the wall and of his mouth, farting and shitting his smelly death as the only creative expression of his existence.

Earlier this year, I killed the Fat Vampire! It was a major opus in my life. But it soon became apparent that the Fat Vampire did not want to go alone. As time went by, I began to realize that the Fat Vampire was taking my whole life along in what was becoming a gigantic suttee, in which the wives, the servants, the horses, all the beloved things, are thrown into the funeral pyre along with the dead King . . . I knew that if I wanted to bury the monster, my entire universe would also have to go. The ritual murder of the Vampire had been a huge success. But I wasn't ready for the rest of it. I didn't want to give everything up and I panicked and hung on. In order to keep my world from disintegrating, I refused to release the Fat Vampire, and the haunting began once again. Only this time I saw the process clearly and for the first time: the circular dance of fear inviting the possession of me by the Fat Vampire, fear of letting die what had to be let go of, letting the Vampire use me and in turn using the Vampire, both of us alternately tyrant and victim, dancing a game of Bully and Helpless ad nauseam in our little cave, hiding from the glorious pageant of All-Consuming Life, and grotesquely aping the Cosmic Insatiability in our pale and pitiful imitation of the Jaws of Maya!

SHE BEATS HERSELF UP.

I could have killed the Fat Vampire long ago and many times. Why could I not have done so with the same ruthlessness toward myself that I displayed when I killed the Defective Kitten, mindful only of the justice of my action and the beneficence of my resolve?

There were several turning points during my life when I could have done so if I were not so afraid of dying. Those decisive moments, I call the "Stations of the Fat Vampire". (You understand it has to do with the Stations of the Tokaido Road . . .)

1. 1946: **Rice Croquettes.** I refuse the death of my childhood and the subsequent glimpse of paradise.
2. 1948: **Petit-Beurres.** I refuse the death of my virginity and the responsibility of love and creative energy.
3. 1952: **Creme de Marrons.** I refuse the death of my dependence and lose my identity as artist.
4. 1955: **Safeway Swirls.** I refuse the death of my father and use my mother to avoid the path.
5. 1966: **Fudge Brownies.** I refuse the death of Instant Theatre and can't resurrect as an artist.
6. 1972: **Cheese Cake.** I refuse the death of my feminine role and resist the call to feminist arms.
7. 1975: **Eclairs.** I refuse the death of my mother and my belated coming-of-age.

8. 1977: **Chocolate Chip Cookies.** I refuse the death of Instant Theatre (again) and the bankruptcy of my personal life.
9. 1978: **Haagen-Dazs Ice Cream.** I refuse the death of the Fat Vampire, of my marriage, of 51 years of my life.

The 10th Station is this performance.

I want to be a good suicide. I don't want to botch up my death. I want to bury the Fat Vampire, and with it, all my small and medium-sized deaths that were left to decompose without proper burial. To all these, I wish a final and blessed rest so that I may live my real and beautiful death without the confusion of Teddy's euphemistic fleas, but rather with the neatness and clarity of line of Dibidi's sweet departure.

To this end do I recite the Bardo of the Fat Vampire and ask you to eat the wafers now, for the Vampire absorbed because it wanted to be absorbed.

WITH EACH RECITATION OF THE "STATIONS, R. PICKS UP A 5x7 REPLICA OF THE IMAGE OF THE FAT VAMPIRE AND READS FROM THE BACK. SHE THEN PICKS UP A CANDLE, PLACES THE PICTURE ON THE CEMENT BASE, SPILLS WAX FROM THE CANDLE ON IT, AND PLACES THE CANDLE OVER IT. THIS IS REPEATED NINE TIMES. FOR THE 10th STATION, SHE AGAIN PICKS UP THE KNIFE. AT THE END OF THE SPEECH, SHE TURNS AND WALKS TO THE ICON AND SLASHES THE PHOTOGRAPH WITH THE KNIFE. THEN SHE PUTS THE VAMPIRE TEETH IN HER MOUTH, PLACES THE VAMPIRE MASK ON TOP OF HER HEAD AND PUTS THE TEDDY-BEAR BETWEEN HER LEGS. SHE THEN MIMES THE VAMPIRE, BENT OVER, SO THAT THE MASK SEEMS SUNK BETWEEN HER SHOULDERS. THEN SHE LOWERS THE MASK ON HER FACE, STRAIGHTENS UP, AND SLOWLY LIFTS THE TEDDY FROM BETWEEN HER LEGS, AS IF GIVING BIRTH TO IT. SHE HOLDS THE BEAR AND CUDDLES IT. THEN SHE TAKES OFF THE MASK AND PLACES IT OVER THE FACE OF THE TEDDY, AND LEANS OVER, RESTING HER CHIN ON THE BEAR'S HEAD. THE EFFECT IS A TOTEM—POLE OF VAMPIRE FACES. AFTER A WHILE, SHE SLOWLY BENDS OVER THE TEDDY'S NECK AND BITES IT. SHE THEN STRAIGHTENS AS THE BEAR FALLS SLOWLY FROM HER HANDS ONTO THE PLATFORM. R. THEN VERY SLOWLY OPENS HER MOUTH AND EYES AS WIDE AS THEY CAN GO, AS IN A SILENT AND HORRIFYING SCREAM. SLOWLY, SHE CLOSES HER MOUTH AND EYES AND BENDS HER HEAD.

THE TAPED RECITATION OF THE BARDO HAS BEEN PLAYING DURING THE MASK PART AND UNTIL THE END.

DURING THE ENTIRE PEICE, A METRONOME HAS BEEN TICKING., IT STARTED IN THE FASTEST SPEED AND TICKED PROGRESSIVELY SLOWER UNTIL THE END WHEN IT WAS AT ITS LOWEST SPEED. AT THE FINISH OF THE PERFORMANCE, IT STOPS TICKING.

THE BACKGROUND SOUND IS A TAPE OF HENRY WOLFF'S "TIBETAN BELLS".

THE PLAYING AREA IS A PLATFORM 2'x16' AND 1' HIGH.

THE PATH OF GOOD WISHES AFFORDING PROTECTION FROM FEARS IN THE BARDO OF THE FAT VAMPIRE

O now, when the Dream BARDO upon me is dawning!
Abandoning the inordinate corpse-like sleeping of the sleep of stupidity,
May the consciousness undistractedly be kept in its natural state;
Grasping the true nature of dreams, may I train myself in the Clear Light of Miraculous Transformation:
Acting not like the brutes of slothfulness,
May the blending of the practicing of the sleep state and actual or waking experience be highly valued by me.

O now, when the BARDO of the Moment of Death upon me is dawning!
Abandoning attraction and craving, and weakness for all worldly things,
May I be undistracted in the space of the bright enlightening teachings,
May I be able to transfuse myself into the heavenly space of the Unborn:
The hour hath come to part with this body composed of flesh and blood;
May I know the body to be impermanent and illusory.

O now, when the BARDO of the Reality upon me is dawning,
Abandoning all awe, fear, and terror of all phenomena,
May I recognize whatever appeareth as being mine own thought-forms,
May I know them to be apparitions in the Intermediate State;
It hath been said, 'There arriveth a time when the chief turning-point is reached;
Fear not the bands of the Peaceful and Wrathful, who are thine own thought-forms'.

When the bright radiance of the Five Wisdoms shine upon me now,
Let it come that I, neither awed nor terrified, may recognize them to be of myself;
When the apparitions of the Peaceful and Wrathful forms are dawning upon me here,
Let it come that I, obtaining the assurance of fearlessness, may recognize the BARDO.

By the divine grace of the innumerable All-Good Peaceful and Wrathful Ones,
And by the gift-waves of the wholly pure Reality,
And by the gift-waves of the one-pointed devotion of the mystic devotees,
Let it come that whatsoever be wished for be fulfilled here and now.

'The Path of Good Wishes Affording Protection from Fears in the BARDO of the Fat Vampire' is finished.

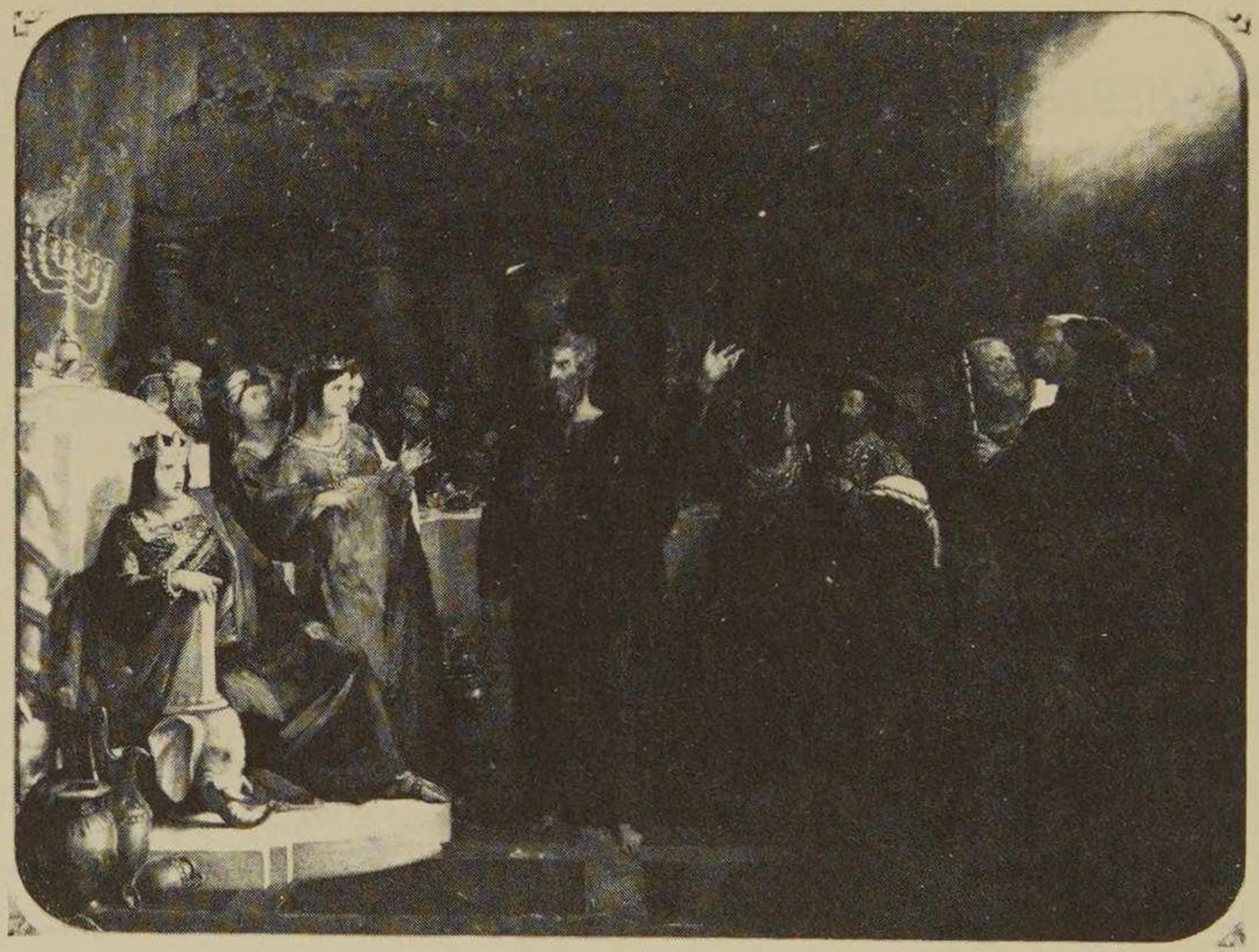
Belshazzar's Feast

Belshazzar's Feast, a performance piece written and conceived by Mel Andringa, is based on Washington Allston's early American painting depicting the biblical story of the handwriting on the wall. Allston labored over 25 years on the painting which he expected to be his masterpiece, but died without completing it in 1843, and disappointed the art public whose support he had enjoyed. Andringa sees many similarities between Allston's life and his own and in Allston's ambitions and frustrations in his attempt to create a masterwork.

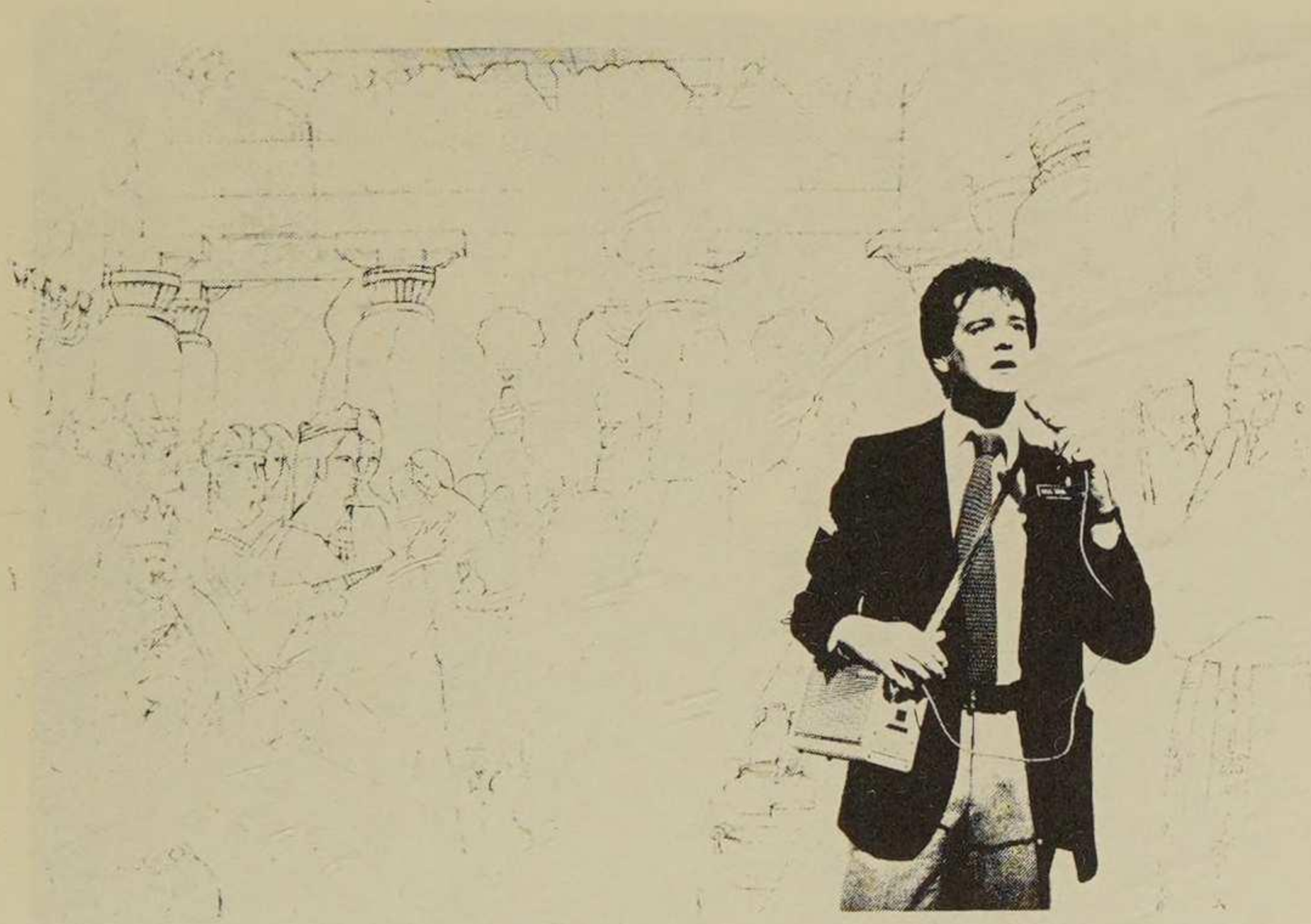
With The Drawing Legion—the collective title for Andringa's more than 100 collaborators—Andringa spent two years developing an autobiographical comedy about a contemporary artist whose obsession with Allston's painting begins during a visit to a museum. The episodes which follow reflect actual events in Andringa's life seen, literally, through the images of Allston's painting, sketched life-size on a scrim. Andringa's play derives from *tableaux vivants* and similar types of theatre. His conception is especially rich in correspondences between painting and other art forms as well as between art and life.

The accompanying scenario is written by F. John Herbert, general manager of The Drawing Legion. The photographs are from the 1979 production of *Belshazzar's Feast* performed at the Stichting Mickery Workshop in Amsterdam. Photographs, except where noted, are by Bob Van Dantzig, copyright 1979, courtesy of The Drawing Legion.

Mel Andringa and
The Drawing Legion

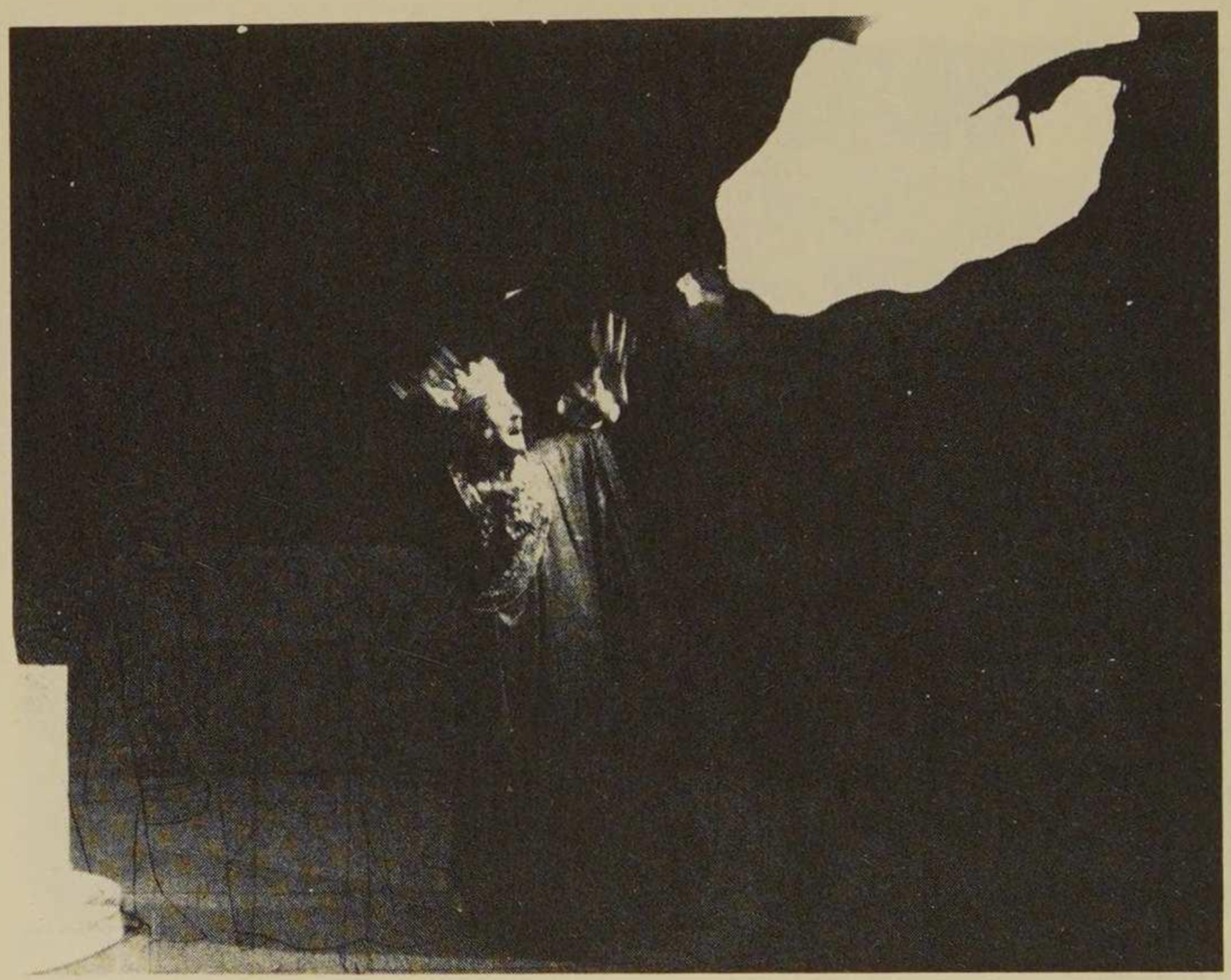


Washington Allston, Study for "Belshazzar's Feast"
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston
Bequest of Ruth Charlotte Dana



Prologue

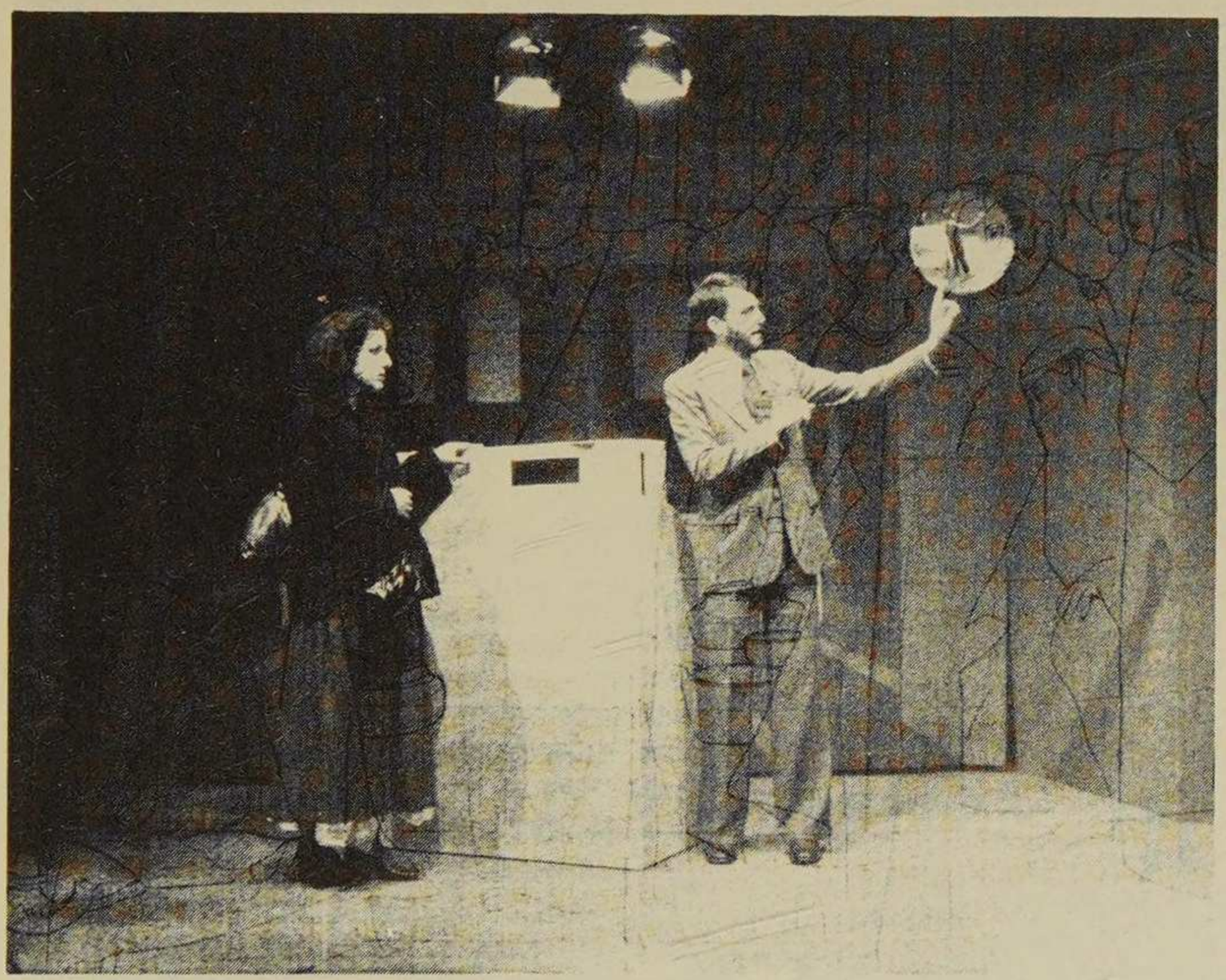
The play begins on the apron, in front of a painted curtain. A guide enters from stage left and, speaking to the audience as a group of tourists, tells the story of the painting they are about to see: Belshazzar's Feast, *painted by the early American artist Washington Allston, who labored twenty-five years on the painting and yet was unable to complete it. The guide opens the curtain to reveal a large sketch of the painting drawn on a scrim. He explains that the canvas depicts the biblical story of the "handwriting on the wall," and he points out the principal characters.*



Scene 1: Apparition

Music from Gustav Holst's *The Planets:* Mars

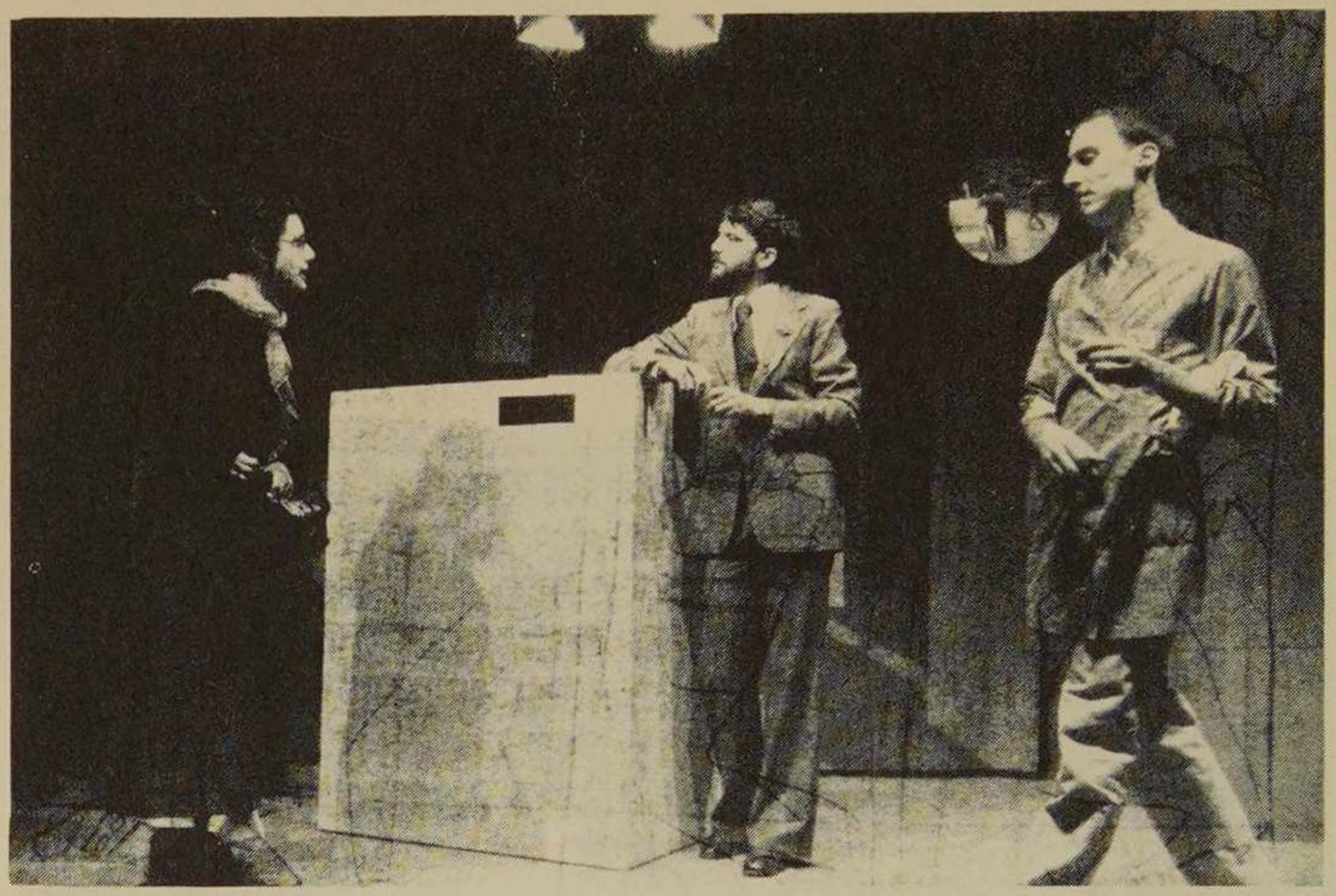
Suddenly the lights change, and the character of the king Belshazzar comes to life behind the scrim. In a melodramatic pantomime, the king is paralyzed with fear when a disembodied hand appears writing on the wall opposite him. Eventually the apparition fades, and the tourguide describes Allston's difficulty in completing the painting.



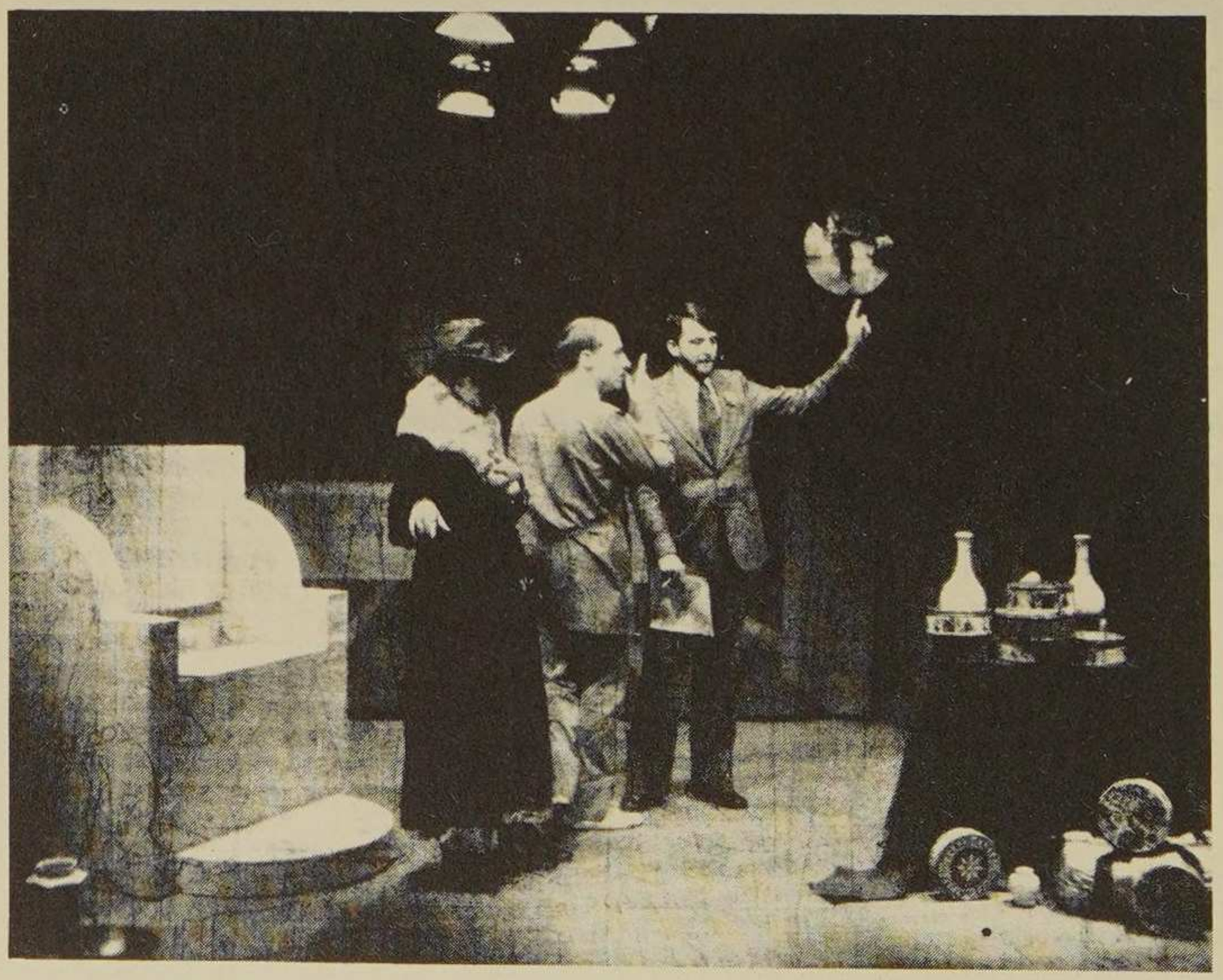
Scene 2: Macy's Department Store

Music from Georg Friderick Handel's *Belshazzar*

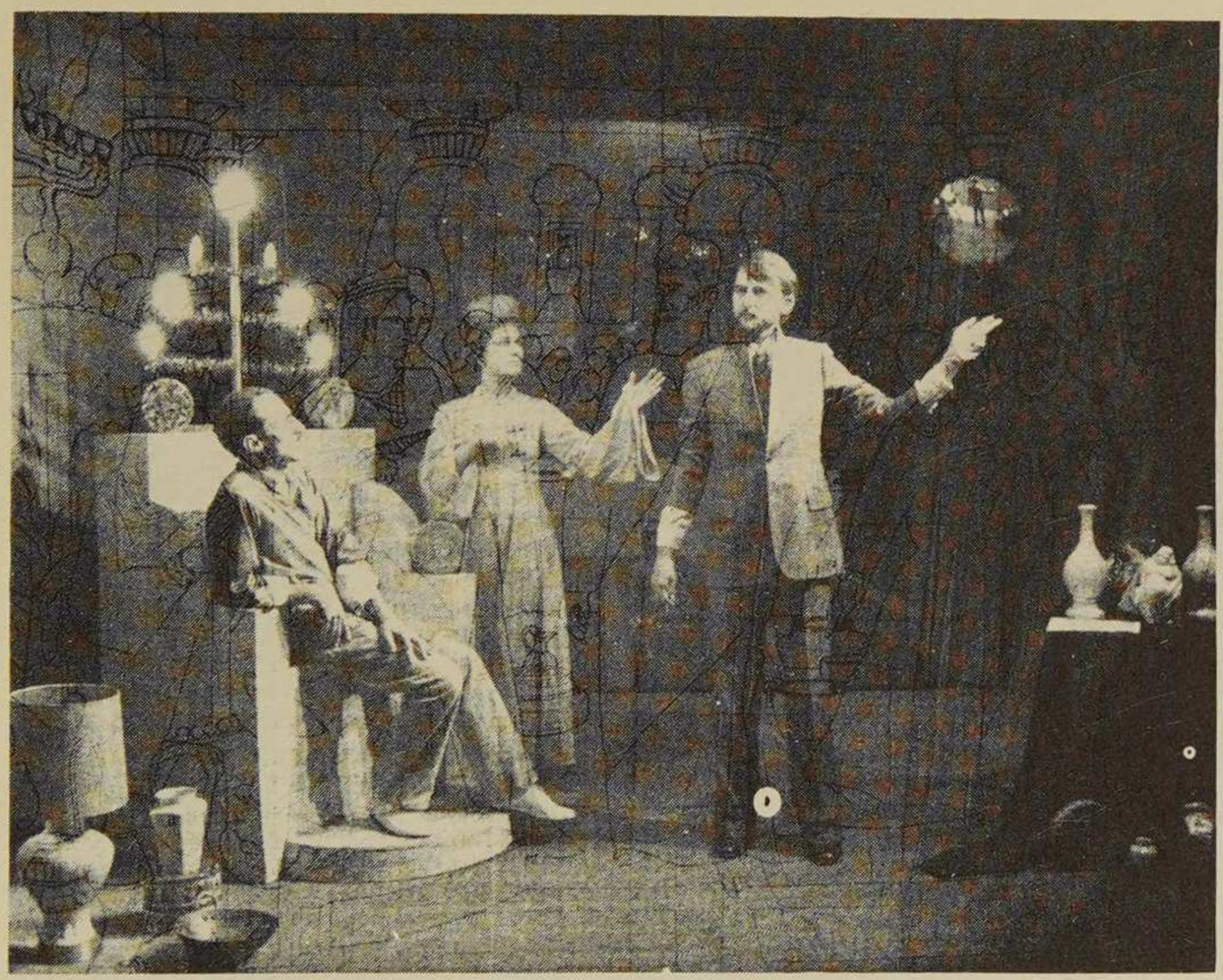
The onstage lights come up to reveal a set which duplicates the banquet hall of the painting. Mel Andringa is seen in the position of the central character, Daniel, standing next to a huge cash register. His behavior is natural and ordinary as he acts the role of a clerk in a large department store. After several minutes, a woman enters and asks directions to another department. An-



dringa answers her, she leaves, then enters again in a different costume and with another question. As this routine is repeated several times, they are joined onstage by the actor playing Belshazzar, who is now dressed in a work jacket



and begins to cover the set with oriental merchandise and Christmas decorations. The woman's final request is for directions to the restaurant in the store. The clerk motions toward the upper left hand corner of the set, as



the other two characters take the positions of the king and queen in the painting. They freeze as the lights dim and as actor in nineteenth-century dress enters in front of the scrim and reads Allston's 1817 letter to Washington Irving describing the painting.



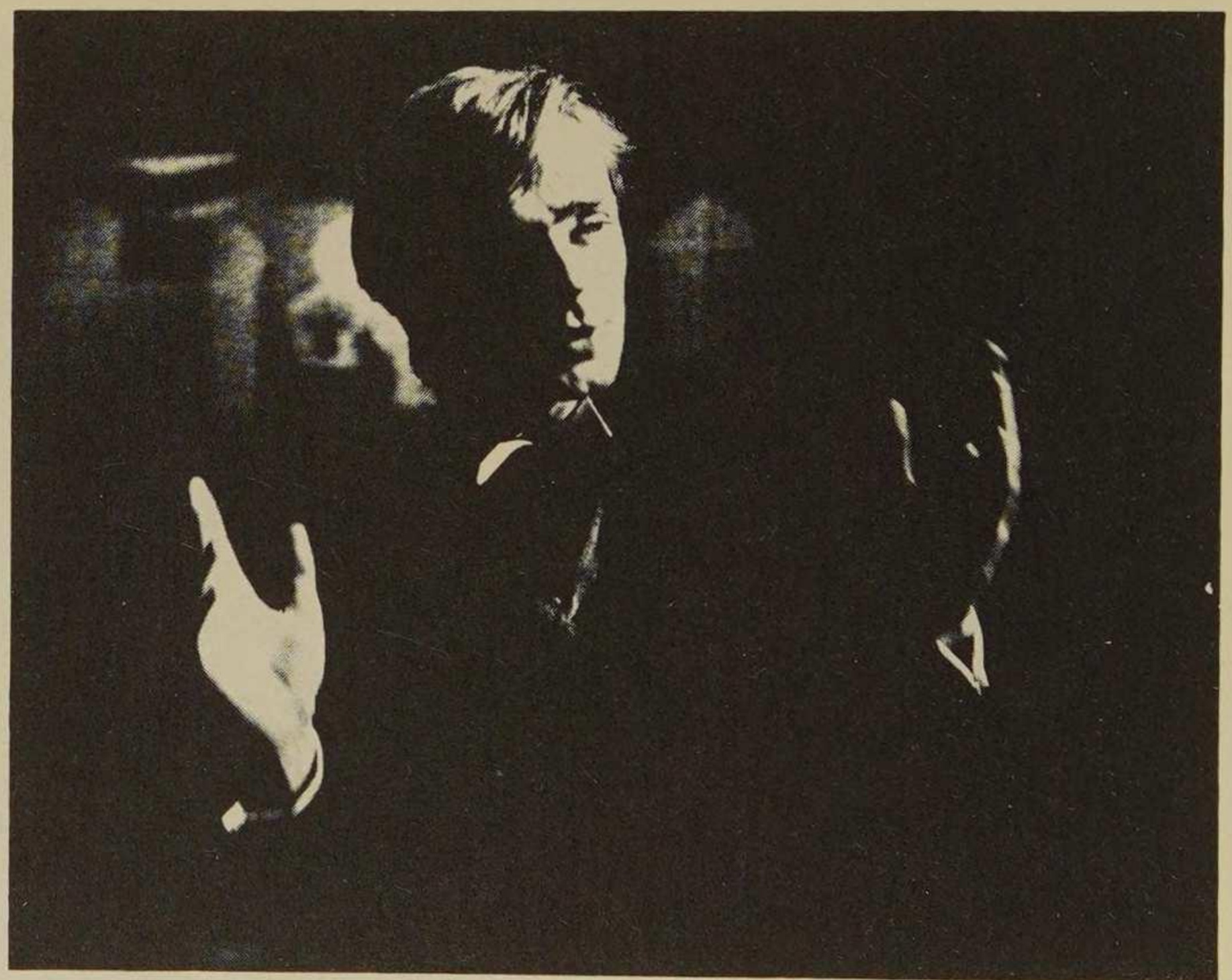
Scene 3: Hamburg Inn, the Mid-West

Music by Art Garfunkel and Randy Newman

A jukebox stands against the stage right wall. A long counter with four chairs is placed center stage in front of a colored tile wall. Three short dialogues follow in which the king appears as a waiter and the others as customers. These vignettes are similar in content, but each is recited in a progressively more dramatic style. Gradually it becomes apparent that the actors are

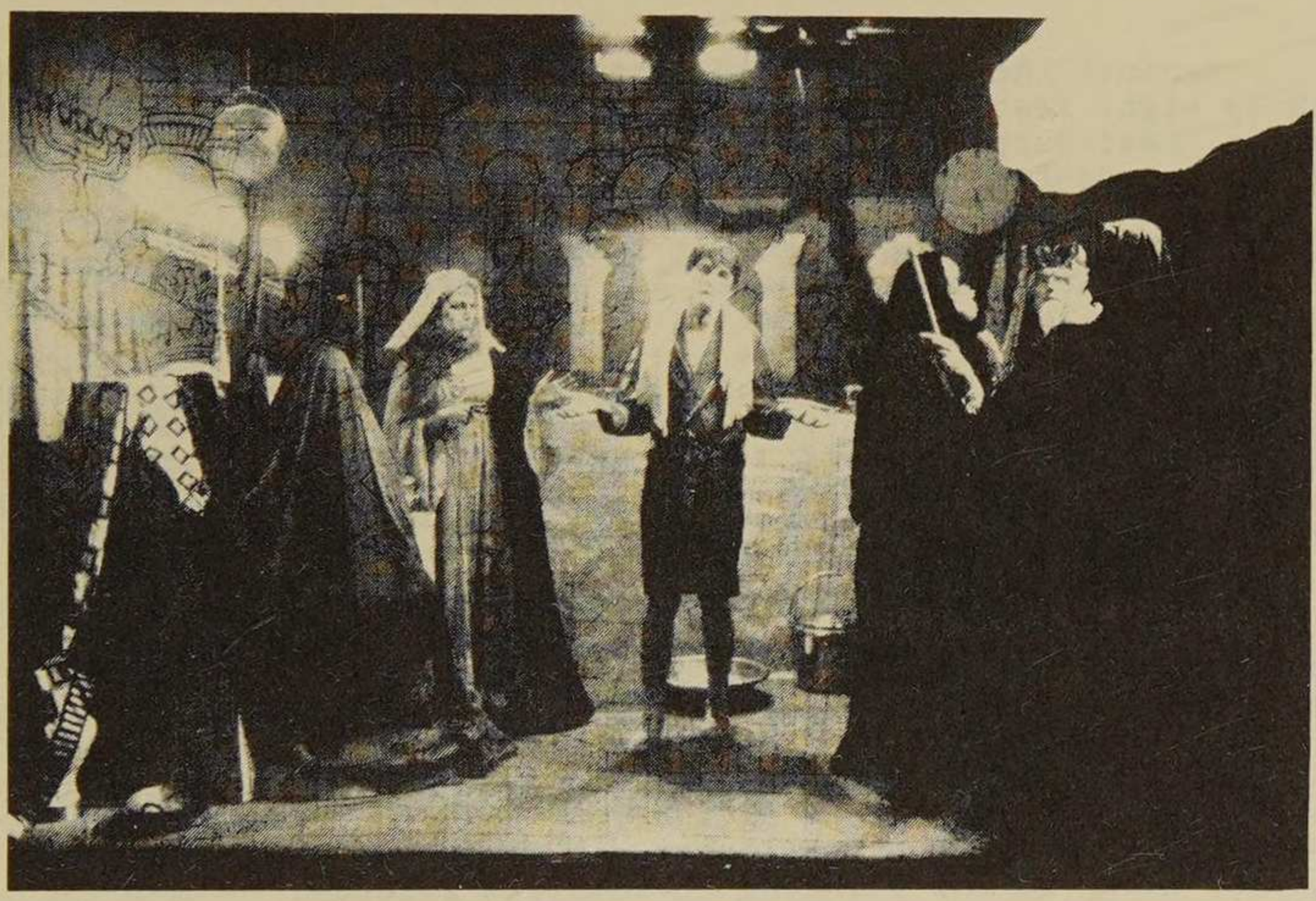


rehearsing scenes for the play itself. Eventually Andringa, dissatisified with the over-dramatic interpretation being given to his script, complains to the audience about the desire of his "performers" to be "actors." As he speaks, the king and queen rearrange the props and begin to set up for a banquet. One last scene follows, after which Andringa suggests that the script may need further re-writing. The lights change to reveal columns, a painted staircase, and a painted arcade behind the tile wall.



Scene 4: Arcade

After a lengthy pause, the waiter enters dressed as a painter in a Renaissance doublet and cap, and begins drawing on the upstage wall. As he sketches the central figure from The Last Supper *by Leonardo Da Vinci, a nineteenth-century character enters and delivers a long lecture composed of fragments from writings by and about Washington Allston. When the drawing and lecture are finished, the painter exits, and Andringa, now alone at the counter, repeats one of the earlier scenes, this time playing all of the characters himself.*



Scene 5: Tableau

Suddenly the lights come up and Belshazzar re-enters downstage where he begins to wildly rearrange props and costumes to recreate the stage picture of the painting. The actors are dressed to become figures in the tableau. When everthing is ready, Belshazzar arranges himself in the throne under a sheet of brown fabric. Finally Andringa enters again as Daniel to complete the picture. He is wearing a bathrobe, white athletic socks, and a shaving-foam beard. In a five-minute improvised monologue, Andringa echoes the complaints he has made periodically throughout the play recounting the difficulties he had in writing the script, apologizing for its unfinished elements, and pointing out the the cast specific mistakes they had made in that performance. Finally there is a tense freeze. The tourguide returns to bring his account of the painting up to the present and then closes the curtain.

THE LAST SUPPER

Against the wall opposite the audience rests a large canvas (six by eight feet), on which the central figure from Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" has been drawn in outline. Each section of the drawing contains a number between one and forty-five.

On the floor and extending from the base of the canvas, the grid of a giant crossword puzzle has been drawn on a piece of paper the same size as the painting.

The waiter, wearing a black apron and paper hat, paints the outlined areas one at a time, using only black paint, and following the sequence of the numbers. Meanwhile, the customer works on the crossword puzzle, writing in the words with a large black marking pen. The crossword puzzle is different with each performance.

As they work, the two characters exchange improvised remarks as if they were the sole occupants of a small cafe near closing time. Though they discuss possible solutions to the crossword puzzle, no mention is made of the painting, and the waiter refers to his activity in terms of cleaning the cafe and preparing to close. They talk about other cafe customers and events of the day, while occasionally playing a song on the juke box, and eventually the customer leaves. The stage lights dim as the waiter paints out the last few areas of the painting in complete silence.

+

The effect of the piece is greater than the sum of its parts. The performers create a verbal environment which suggests a larger and more detailed setting. The painting activity, banal at the outset, remains an abstract element until the performance is about two-thirds complete. From that point on, as the sky begins to darken outside the pictured windows, the painting becomes a powerful and dramatic focus for the piece.

As the picture's highlights are progressively diminished, there is a sense of gathering darkness, and an unexpected poignancy settles over the scene, until finally the waiter extinguishes the last remaining lights.

+

Two performers: Mel Andringa and John Herbert

Approximate running time: Two hours

Order Idea #3

Do something everything does.

Do something everyone does.

Do something you often do.

Do something you often do but do it better.

Do something you've never done.

Do something no one has ever done.

Do something requiring that your life change for it.

Do something requiring that everyone's life change for it.

Do something that changes everything.

September, 1969

DONALD BURGY

Art Idea for the Year 4000 #1

Integrated with the appropriate systems, the artist, through direct thought projections, causes matter to spontaneously come into being out of the experience space, which is a three-dimensional vacuum in total darkness. His ideas acquire instantaneous form and are confirmed or erased by the encoupled verification controls that are activated by his or the audience's eyes, voice, or touch. By additional thoughts, he informs the confirmed matter with specific entitivity: density, size, sound, velocity, taste, texture, brightness, number, location, odor, ambiguity resolution, etc. At all times he has the whole in mind. He continues by evolving the matter through levels of causal hierarchies of increasing parameter—complexity, until his creativity reaches the full range of his thought variability and integrating capacity. He may simultaneously cosubstantiate previous artist thought recordings to interact with his present audience which is directly experiencing the art ideas insofar as the ideas exist within the capacity of human thought and sense perception.

The artist sees ideas from his mind objectified outside his own body. Recognizing his mind outside may cause reverberating re-cognitions between his inside and outside. By re-cognizing and objectifying himself in everything around him there will be nothing to lead him away from his reverberating self. Therefore, there will be no exterior space. Because memory is simultaneous with thought, there will be no time. There will be a unity of inside with outside.

While the artist is in himself he may re-cognize the outside as mind itself. By turning his mind outside-in he may de-materialize things and cause an implosion of reverberating empty space of increasing negative density.

March. 1970

RETURN AND RECALL and INITIATIVES AND REACTIONS

INTRODUCTION

RETURN AND RECALL and INITIATIVES AND REACTIONS are intended for a group of performers who rehearse regularly over an extended period of time. These two performing systems can be utilized by performers in various ways:

a) to break performing habits
b) to explore a given set of information (art re: search)
c) to be performed for an audience

Suggested Rehearsal Schedule

First Month: Rehearse each individual symbol, both individually and as a group; investigate all the problems and possibilities of each symbol. This investigation can be facilitated by following the "Definition of Symbols" list rather than the score.

Second Month: Begin rehearsals from the score. Each performer should be aware of his or her part as it relates to the whole at all times. (Actors, dancers, or mimes should make slides of the score and project the score, thus enabling them to perform the composition unencumbered by holding sheets of paper; or, simply memorize the score.)

*Third Month: At this point in rehearsal, when the composition has become second-nature to the performers, participants may choose to extend the duration of the boxes that indicate non-activities, thus providing greater textural possibilities. Although optional, this instruction should be an important consideration for larger groups and longer performances.

* optional

RETURN AND RECALL

GENERAL DIRECTIONS

RETURN AND RECALL is a score for 3 to 8 performers (actors, dancers, mimes, musicians, etc.). RETURN AND RECALL is a system for developing and imitating a given source of information. This source of information is referred to as the Source.

The Source can be a series of movements, sounds, visual displays, words, etc. This series of phenomenon is the refrain and basic theme material from which a performance is built.

Choosing the Source:

1) The Source should be well-defined and recognizable as a refrain-like basis of the composition. (Dancers and mimes should choose a simple everyday activity as the Source.)

2) The length of the Source should be about 15".

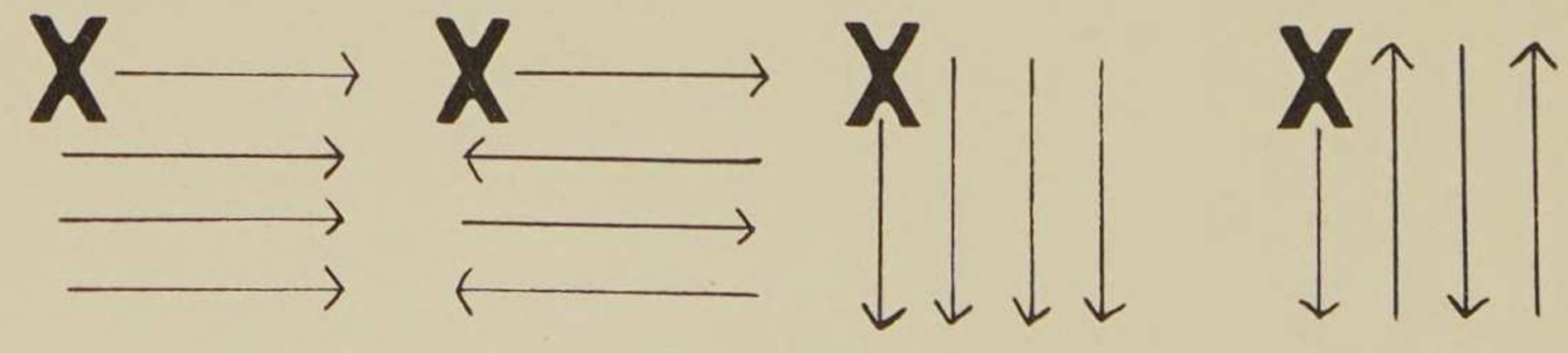
3) The Source should be temporally modifiable.

RETURN AND RECALL begins with a presentation of the Source in its entirety. This is indicated in the Score by **X** . All performers use the same Source.

After the presentation of the Source, each performer proceeds through the Score along one of the following routes:

a) in horizontal rows across the chart
b) in horizontal rows across the chart and back
c) in vertical rows down the chart
d) in vertical rows down and up the chart

For example:



The performer must maintain one of these routes throughout a performance.

The duration of each box is about 1/10" to 30". An empty box designates a mandatory non-activity (no movement, no sound, or stage exit where appropriate). The total length of the composition is c. 10' to 30'. The charts may or may not be performed in their entirety.

The symbols are grouped into 4 categories:

1) Ideographs that direct the performer to imitate an aspect of an event. The performers can introduce new material into the system with these ideographs. These ideographs are based on the ◯ format.

2) Ideographs that direct the performers to develop material already presented in the system. These ideographs are based on the **D** format.

3) Ideographs that direct the performer to repeat fragments of already presented material. These ideographs are based on the **Z** format.

4) Ideographs that direct the performer to replicate in unison another event (which can be a non-activity). These ideographs are based on the ◐ format.

RETURN AND RECALL and INITIATIVES AND REACTIONS

PROGRAM NOTES

I am creating an art that one enters, not an art that unfolds and emerges.

I am creating an art that does not 'move' people, but engages them,
(leaving the people to move themselves).

I am creating an art that does not call on associations, but is itself, no more, no less.

My approach to notation is purely functional. The visual aesthetics of my notation is not of prime importance to me. The visual images I compose are simple analogs to activities that I want the performer to execute.

RETURN AND RECALL

DEFINITION OF SYMBOLS

Arrows mean ↑ more, higher, bigger; or ↓ less, lower, smaller.

These symbols apply to dynamics, frequency, space, and/or theatrical gesture.

The letters **S**, **L** and **M** apply to duration.

S - short and/or fast; **L** - long and/or slow; **M** - medium.



= imitate an aspect of an event-gesture you experienced (heard or saw) within the composition. Therefore, if you choose to imitate the height of an event or gesture, all the other parameters like color, frequency, dynamics, rhythm, are created by the performer to fit the context of the moment.



= imitate an aspect of an event-gesture higher, more, bigger than you experienced it. (All other parameters are created by the performer.)



= imitate an aspect of an event-gesture lower, less, smaller than you recently experienced it,



= imitate an event or an aspect of an event you experienced making it shorter in time.



= imitate an event-gesture or an aspect of an event-gesture you experienced making it longer in time.

Example of a possible realization of  :

Dancer A imitates the movements of the right hand and left leg of Dancer B, making these movements exaggerated from the original. Dancer A can add other movements with the other parts of his or her body as the situation dictates.

D = develop an event you are experiencing or have experienced. Develop means to explore and expand the material. I use the word expand to mean stretch out; enlarge upon an idea; develop in detail. I use the word explore to mean to look closely; investigate.

D or **D** = develop a ↑ or ↓ aspect of an event-gesture you are experiencing or have experienced.

DS or **DM** or **DL** = develop an **S**, **M**, or **L** aspect of an event-gesture you are experiencing or have experienced.



= blend-match an event <u>as</u> you experience it. Try to be in unison with another performer. Try to have no 'lag-time' between the action and the blend-match of that action.


or


= blend-match an event as you experience it modifying it ↑ or ↓. Try to be in unison with another performer but ↑ or ↓.

Z = make a repeating pattern from a fragment of a previously experienced event. These boxes should be c. 8" - 15" in length. The performer can change the speed of a **Z** event gradually.

Z or **Z** = make a repeating pattern from a ↑ or ↓ aspect of a previousl experienced event.

Numbers **1** through **6** refer to the appropriate horizontal column of the Source Modifier sheet.

Non-activities can be introduced freely in a performance of any box to give further possibilities of interaction between performers. The performers may change the focus of a symbol. For example, in an interpretation of ◯,

one could imitate an aspect of an event of Performer X, then a non-activity; then imitate an aspect of Performer Y, then a non-activity; and then imitate an aspect of Performer A.

RETURN AND RECALL

DIRECTIONS FOR THE SOURCE MODIFIERS

The numbers 1 through 6 in the Score indicate a reoccurrence of the Source. The numbers 1 through 6 also refer to the six horizontal rows in the Source Modifiers sheet. To perform one of these numbers in the Score (i.e. a Source reoccurrence), choose any <u>one</u> of the Source Modifiers (boxes) from the row with the corresponding number and perform the Source with the notated modifications.

The Source Modifiers modify <u>just</u> the temporal presentation of the Source. Therefore, all other parameters of the Source should be maintained verbatum with each reoccurrence.

When performers reach a box <u>in the Score</u> with both a number and a symbol in it, choose to perform either the number or the symbol; not both. The frequency of the numerical choice (i.e. the reoccurrence of the Source), should be in proportion to the size of the ensemble to insure that the reoccurrences be timely and evenly distributed, and so that the Source acts as the refrain-like basis of the composition.

If 3 performers are used, each performer chooses the <u>number</u> 2 out of 4 times.

If 4 performers are used, each performer chooses the <u>number</u> 1 out of 4 times.

If 5 or 6 performers are used, each performer chooses the <u>number</u> 1 out of 5 times.

If 7 or 8 performers are used, each performer chooses the <u>number</u> 1 out of 6 times.

RETURN AND RECALL

DEFINITION OF SYMBOLS FOR THE SOURCE MODIFIERS

1/6 through 6/6 = the total length of the reoccurrence of the Source, 1/6 being the minimum length and 6/6 being the total length. For example, a 3/6 indicates the performer to perform approximately one half of the Source; a 2/6 indicates the performer to perform approximately one third of the Source.

S = short
M = medium
L = long

These symbols modify the duration of the components (each sound, movement, syllable, etc.) of the Source.



= fast (no time between the components of the Source)



= medium (midway between fast and slow)



= slow (maximum time between the components of the Source)



= slow to fast



= fast to slow

These symbols modify the speed at which the components of the Source are performed. These symbols designate the time between the components of the Source.

OTHER VERSIONS

VERSION II and VERSION III utilize a constant Source; the Source Modifier sheet is not used.

VERSION II: solo with accompaniment

A soloist (or soloists) from a culture other than the accompanying groups performs a traditional dance, music or theater of his or her culture. The accompanying group performs from the Score using the soloist's performance as the main information to be imitated and developed.

VERSION III: the environmental version

The performers choose an environment as the main information to be imitated and developed. For example, actors perform the piece in a public setting such as a zoo or a restaurant, using the gestures of animals or people as the main information to be developed and imitated. Musicians might perform the piece in a forest or factory using the sounds available as the main information to be developed and imitated. Dancers might use an urban setting or a forest using the movements they observe as the main information to be developed and imitated.

RETURN AND RECALL

SOURCE MODIFIERS

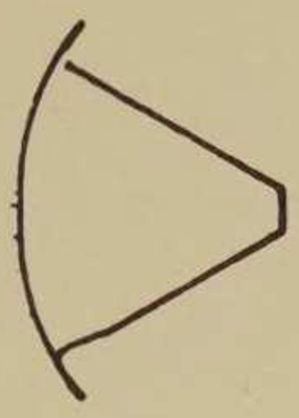
1	1/6	2/6	3/6	4/6	5/6	6/6
2	1/6 S	2/6 M	3/6 L	4/6 S	5/6 M	6/6 L
3	1/6 S	2/6 M	3/6 L	4/6 S	5/6 M	6/6 L
4	1/6 S	2/6 M	3/6 L	4/6 S	5/6 M	6/6 L
5	1/6 S	2/6 M	3/6 L	4/6 S	5/6 M	6/6 L
6	1/6 S	2/6 M	3/6 L	4/6 S	5/6 M	6/6 L

RETURN AND RECALL

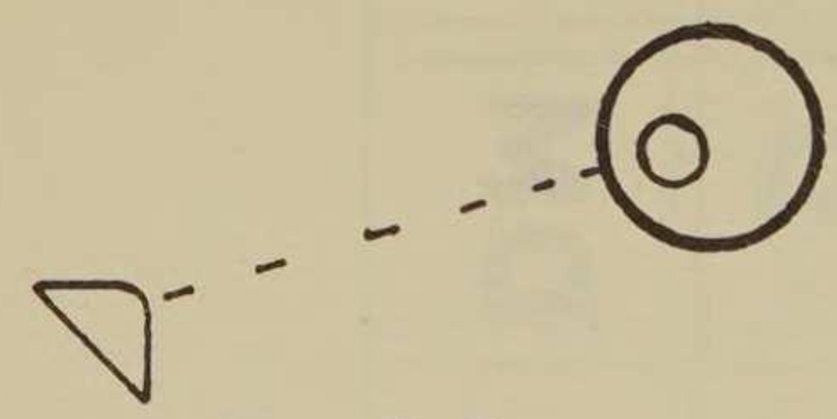
SCORE

X				S	Z		I			D
	DS	LI		DM		D		S		I
			DM		L	L2			Z	DL
	S	D2	DL				L	Z2	S	
Z				3	DL		L	D		L
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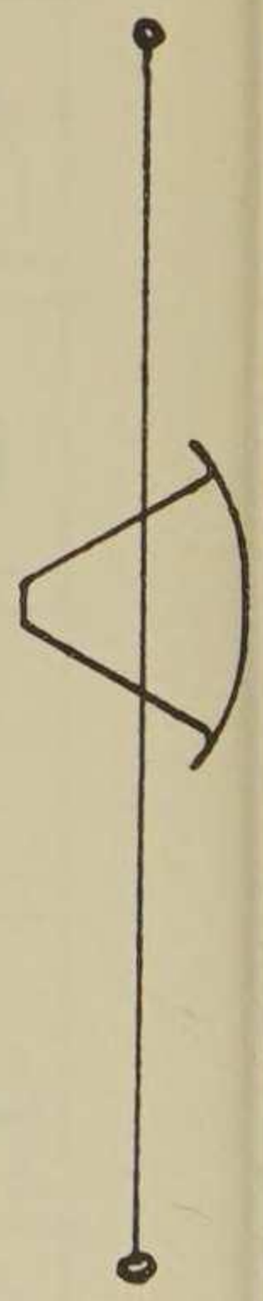
DS		S	4		D	4			DL	4
		D		S		D4	DS		L	
	S5		DS	5	Z		D	5		DM
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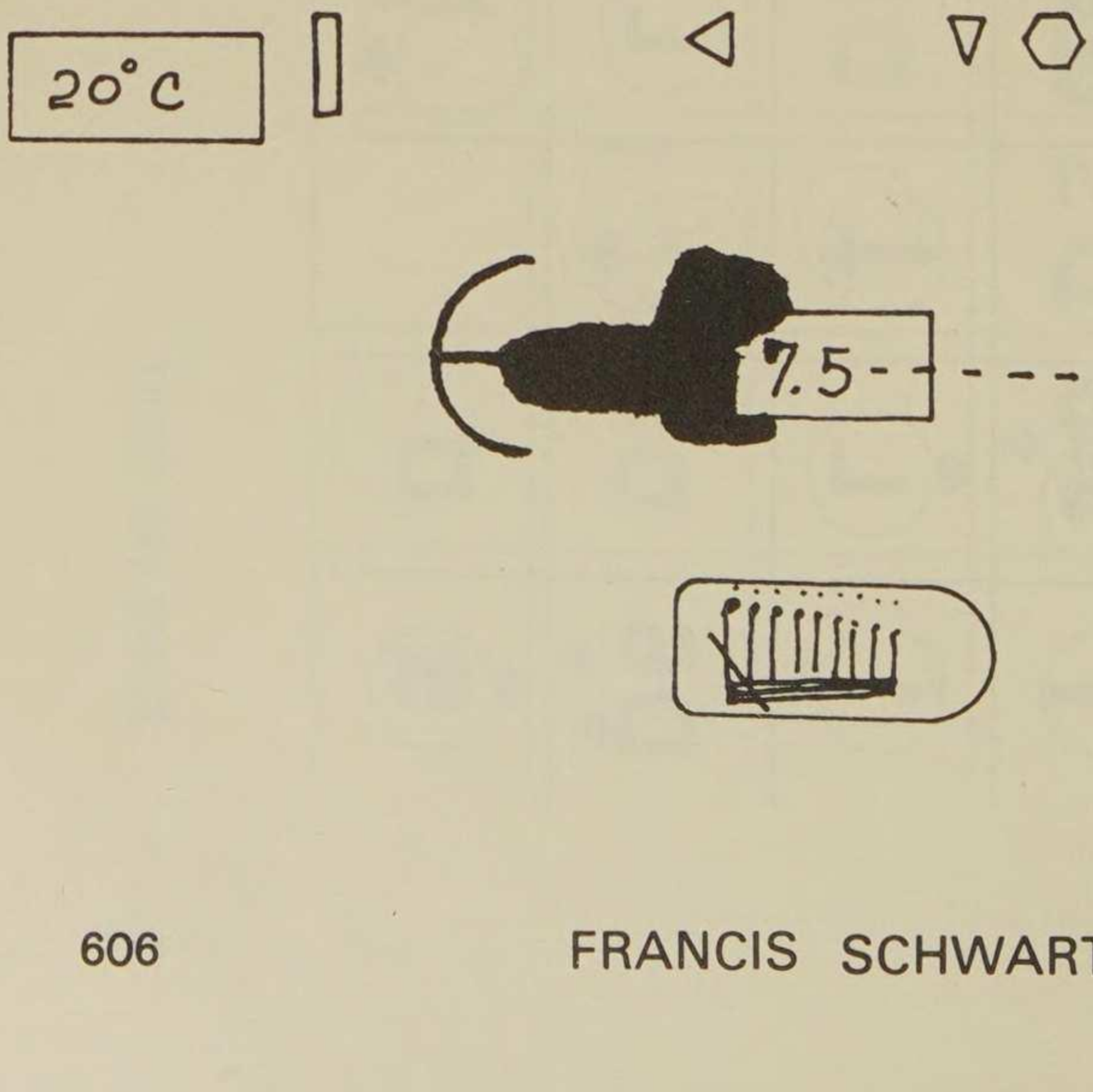


"IT IS PINE ... (PINUS CONIFER
!whispered!

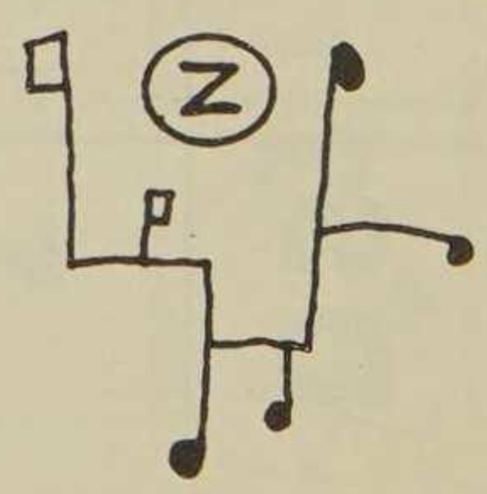


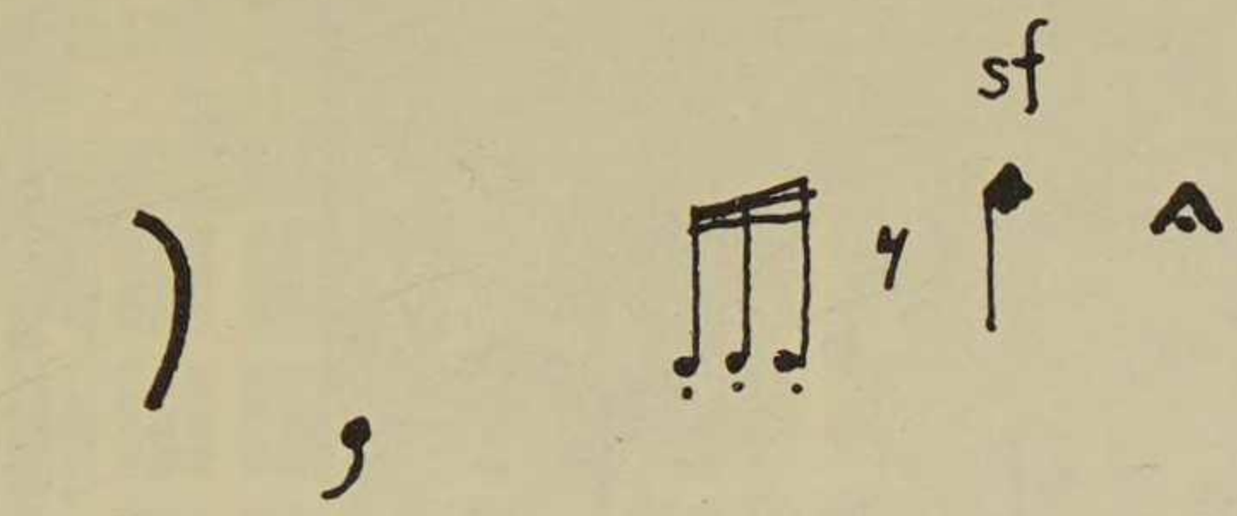
SPRAY, 3.5
INTENSITY





---- "The public





" MMMMMMMMMM... "
" c'est... bon "

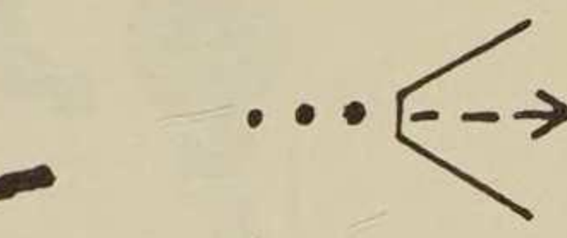
HOMMAGE

A

K...

de

Francis Schwartz

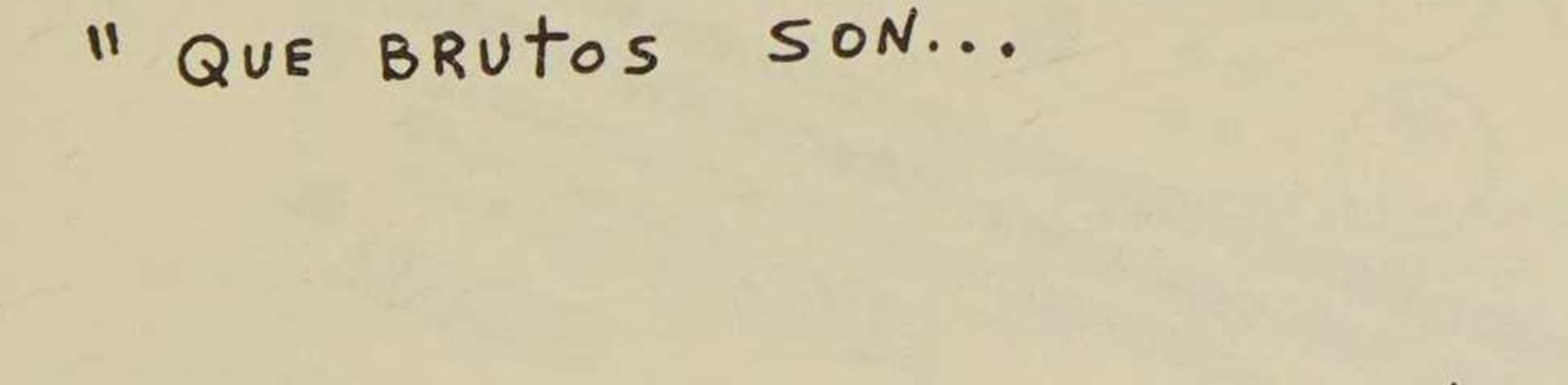


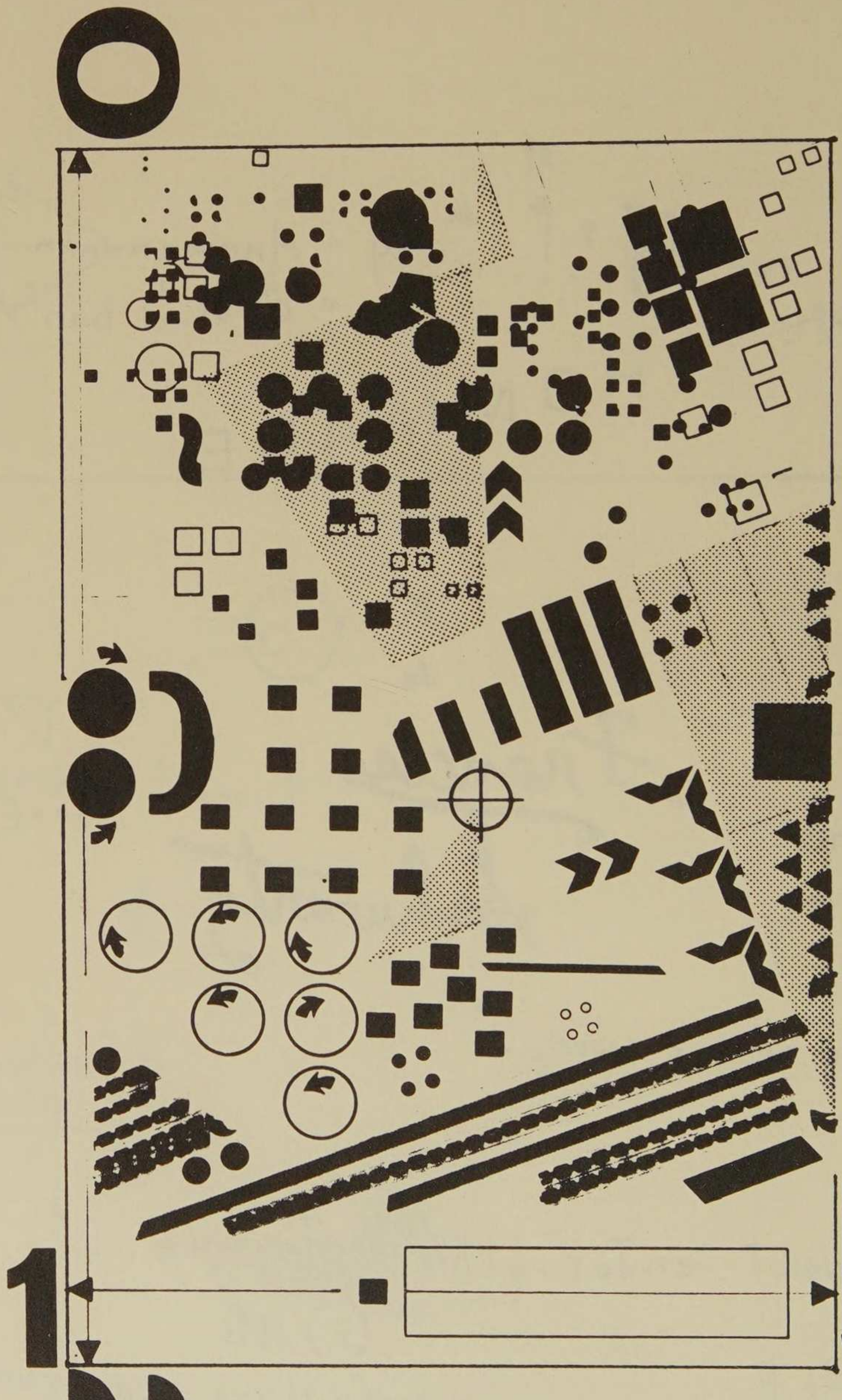
LOOK
DIRECTLY
AT
PUBLIC

" QUE BRUTOS SON... "

CANNOT ENJOY THIS PLEASURE... "

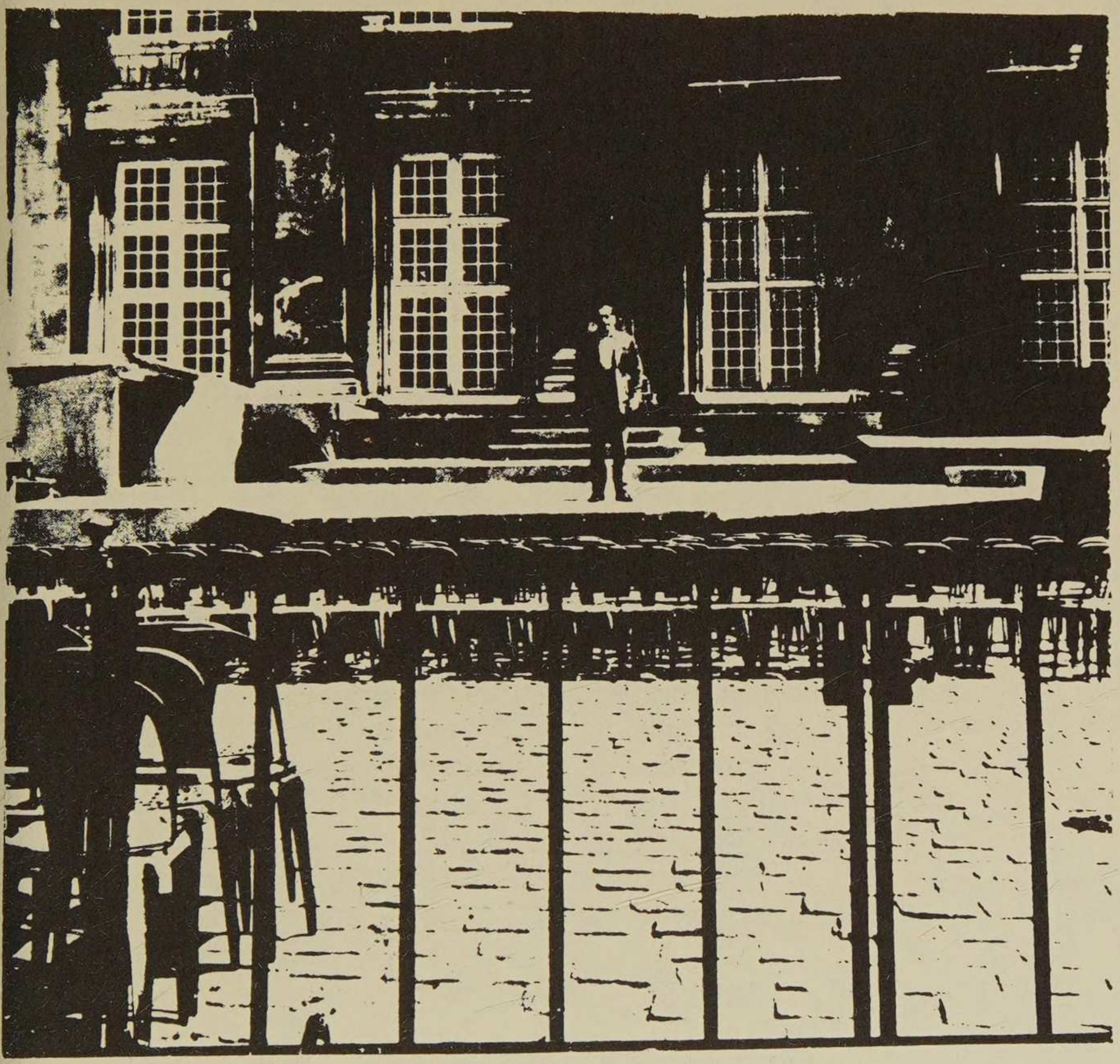
(P)UBIS
(P)INUS CONIFER





life score for individual actor

SCOTT HELMES



3 No-Plays

No-Play #1

This is a play nobody must come and see. That is, the not-coming of anyone makes the play. Together with the very extensive advertising of the spectacle through newspapers, radio, T.V., private invitations, etc. . . .

No one must be told not to come.

No one should be told that he really shouldn't come.

No one must be prevented from coming in any way whatsoever! ! !

But nobody must come, or there is no play.

That is, if the spectators come, there is no play. And if no spectators come, there is no play either . . . I mean, one way or the other there is a play, but it is a No-Play.

No-Play #2

In this No-Play, time/space is of the essence. It consists of a performance during which no spectator becomes older. If the spectators become older from the time they come to the performance to the time they leave it, then there is no play. That is to say, there is a play, but it is a No-Play.

1964?

Performance Piece For A Lonely Person In A Public Place

When alone in a bar, a park, a subway, a train, etc. . . . performer chooses among the persons surrounding him (her) a person looking like what he (she) might look like 20, 30, or 40 years hence.

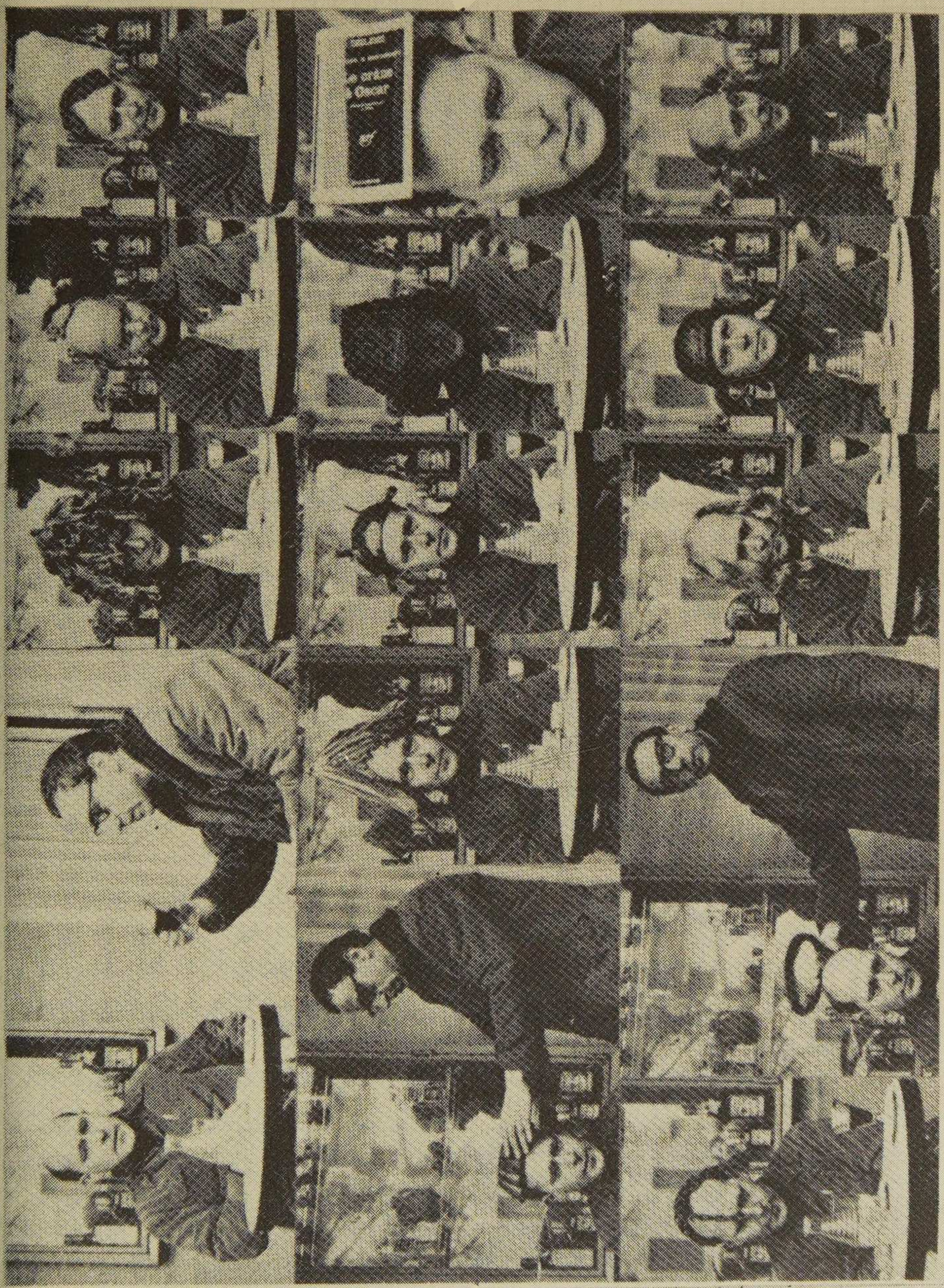
Then the actions of the chosen persons are closely watched by the performer who must concentrate on the idea that it is himself (herself) 20, 30, or 40 years hence that he (she) is observing.

For an older performer the procedure is reversed:

> choose among the persons surrounding you a person looking like what you must have looked like 20, 30, or 40 years ago. Watch the actions of the chosen person closely, imagining that it is yourself as you were 20, 30 or 40 years ago you are looking at.

Robert Filliou

(Performed several times in Paris with Peter Cohen around 1960)



13 Facons d'Employer le Crane de Emmett Williams, 1963

A Play Called FALSE!

DISHONEST FAITHLESS!
DECEITFUL MENDACIOUS
UNVERACIOUS!
TRUTHLESS! TROTHLESS! UNFAIR!
UNCANDID!
DISINGENUOUS SHADY SHIFTY
UNDERHAND UNDERHANDED!
HOLLOW HYPOCRITICAL INSINCERE
CANTING JESUITICAL
SANCTIMONIOUS PHARISAICAL!
TARTUFFIAN DOUBLE DOUBLE-
TONGUED DOUBLEFACED!
SMOOTHSPOKEN SMOOTHSPOKEN
PLAUSIBLE!
MEALYMOUTHED INSIDIOUS SLY
DESIGNING DIPLOMATIC
MACHIAVELLIAN!
BROTHER!

1st Act:
chorus of leading citizens sing:
me cago en tu leche
te cagas en su leche
se caga en mi leche
nos cagamos en vuestra leche
vos cagais en su leche
se cagan en nuestra leche
2nd Act:
simultaneously:
playing of the national anthem
and
free soup for the poor who alone form
the guest audience
soup made and served by the leading citizens
3rd Act:
while the leading citizens pick up the empty dishes and wash them, chorus of the poor:

ha ha ha ha ha ha ho ho
hu hu hu hu hu hu hi hi
ho ho ho ho ho ho hu hu
hi hi hi hi hi hi ha ha
ha ha ha ha ho ho hu ho
etc.

March, 1958

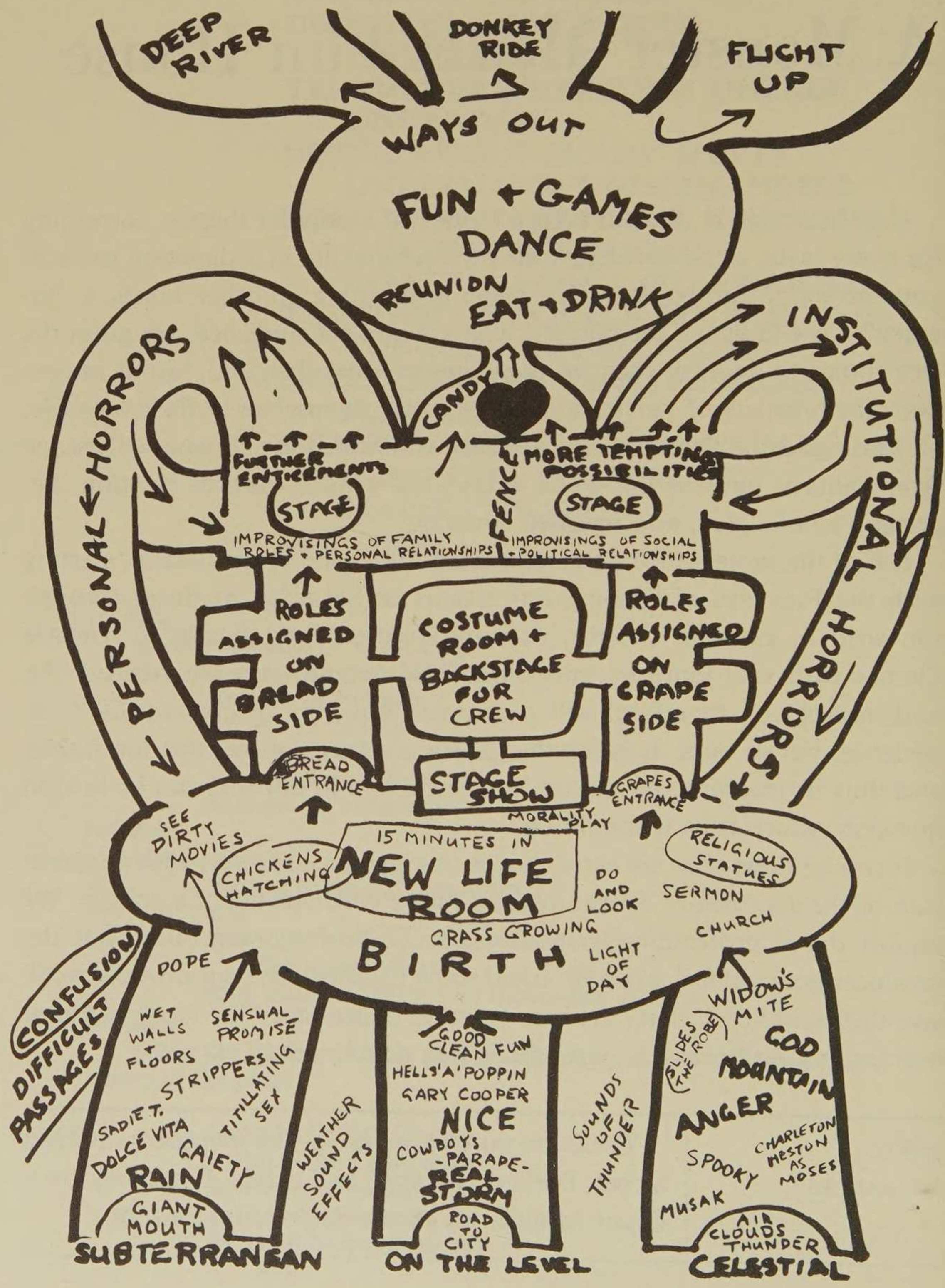
A Monster Model Fun House

Here is the GOK, the monster, a model for a popular theatre, something for every taste, a trip through your own personality in a direction towards your person, a fun house with a belief in meaning; in other words, a "literary" piece in which the players, who are also the audience, are given the free choice to discover themselves as they are that day, and, just as important, the intensity of participation they allow themselves in their own life; all leading to the final free choice which is destined for all who will escape from fantasy (and in the GOK everybody wins!), towards relation, becoming whole, play, and revealed meaning.

It is at the same time a personal record of our life in the theatre, starting with the Previews of Coming Attractions of Saturday matinees through the written, classical theatre, to improvisation, and finally to Theatre Games with side journeys into films, TV, Artaud, and the Absurd. An audience-player, therefore, will participate not only in his own life's experience, but in ours. It is for this reason a literary piece, this fun house, and thus its meaning, no matter how hard-won in our life, can be held in question, which is as it should be.

It can be done with six actor-guides in a gymnasium, say, with cooperation of the art, theatre, literature, and music departments of a college. We almost did it professionally in Chicago. The money was raised but the producer got cold feet when he asked some psychoanalysts if it would work and they said "no," that "art is a vicarious experience" for most, and that overcoming distance, etc., would frighten people off.

THREE ENTRANCES	These are pure carnival, or like marquees on 42nd Street. Barkers can spiel and entice. Entrances are a Giant Mouth, say, or through gauze and fog.


DEEP RIVER
DONKEY RIDE
FLIGHT UP
WAYS OUT
FUN + GAMES
DANCE
REUNION
EAT + DRINK
PERSONAL ← HORRORS
INSTITUTIONAL HORRORS
CANDY
FURTHER ENTICEMENTS
STAGE
FENCE
MORE TEMPTING POSSIBILITIES
STAGE
IMPROVISINGS OF FAMILY ROLES + PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS
IMPROVISINGS OF SOCIAL + POLITICAL RELATIONSHIPS
ROLES ASSIGNED ON BREAD SIDE
COSTUME ROOM + BACKSTAGE FOR CREW
ROLES ASSIGNED ON GRAPE SIDE
BREAD ENTRANCE
STAGE SHOW
MORALITY PLAY
GRAPES ENTRANCE
SEE DIRTY MOVIES
CHICKENS HATCHING
15 MINUTES IN
NEW LIFE ROOM
DO AND LOOK
GRASS GROWING
RELIGIOUS STATUES
SERMON
CHURCH
BIRTH
LIGHT OF DAY
DOPE
CONFUSION
DIFFICULT PASSAGES
WET WALLS + FLOORS
SENSUAL PROMISE
STRIPPERS
SADIE T.
DOLCE VITA
TITILLATING SEX
GAIETY
RAIN
GIANT MOUTH
SUBTERRANEAN
WEATHER SOUND EFFECTS
GOOD CLEAN FUN
HELLS'A'POPPIN
GARY COOPER
NICE
COWBOYS
-PARADE-
REAL STORM
ROAD TO CITY
ON THE LEVEL
SOUNDS OF THUNDER
(SLIDES THE ROBE)
WIDOW'S MITE
GOD MOUNTAIN
ANGER
SPOOKY
CHARLETON HESTON AS MOSES
MUSAK
AIR
CLOUDS
THUNDER
CELESTIAL

PASSAGE THROUGH THREE CHAOTIC PASSAGES FULL OF ALLUREMENT

These three rooms allow for the audience to sit or stand along the walls which should be slotted, made of canvas, with visible openings for mysterious occurrences of all sorts. The actors can be directed to supply suspense, titillation, a kind of preview of coming attractions happening for ten minutes, if desired, or long enough to build expectation of the fantasy pleasures to come. Sound effects as of stormy weather, wind, water dripping, appropriate music should be used. Lantern slides, film, projections. Dramatic light changes.

IN NEW LIFE ROOM EXHIBITS AND STAGE SHOW

Bright lights. A bring-down. Pitiful movies seen through peep holes. Plaster church statues. The three groups are reunited. They mill about with a feeling of having been cheated. There is an incubator and chickens are hatching. Grass grows in small pots. After an unbearable delay, actors appear on the stage and perform a written show, preferably home-made verse drama. They stand for it like groundlings. They are then offered a choice of two ways onward: Bread or Grapes.

INTO BREAD OR GRAPE SIDES: ROLES ASSIGNED

As they file through their chosen door they see three more doors. These are faced with images denoting, perhaps, a) The Little Old Winemaker ad; b) Receiving the Sacrament; c) A celebrity-padded liquor ad. Bread is also a sacrament, staff of life, cake, white bread, etc. They make this choice and enter a small room, where after being treated to pertinent exhibits, special effects, lectures, or what you will, after being involved by discussion techniques or left to languish in boredom, as desired, they are asked by their guides to cast each other in roles. The Grape side for society's institutional roles, the Bread for family and community. They are chosen by their peers to be the Boss, the General, the Bum (among the Hard Drinkers, for instance). The Staff-

	of-Lifers can choose Mom and Big Sister. The Cop, the Boy Friend, the Judge, and on and on as desired. Costume pieces given.
IMPRO-VISINGS OF LIFE ROLES	They enter a large room divided down the center by a fence they can see through but not pass. They sit or stand around central stages. Here the actors go through satirical, structured improvisations which call for Mom and the Judge to perform their actions and make their responses. They participate as much or as little as they can and wish to. The Bishop, the Virgin, the Radical, the Successful Man, all are possible roles, as are Reverend Vanity, Miss Style Conscious, Joe Doaks, the Wise Man, the Fool. The actors call for the cast ones when readying the bit.
TO REUNION OR INTO HORRORS	To leave the improvising stockade they must choose among four exits; one on each side clearly labeled "This way joins the other side and leads to the Fun and Games Room." The other three exits on each side tempt and entice with sex, wealth, fame, evil, salvation, and general American or local fantasies. The doors leading to the Game Room open on a small room where candy is passed out in a valentine heart box. The doors to enticement lead to long corridors in which players follow a Pilgrim's Progress to disillusionment since they are after all in the theatre, where all back alleys of sin are made of canvas. An attempt here to set up fun house where they are rolled, watered, chased, scourged, and ridiculed back to the only ways out. No moralizing mayhem.
FUN AND GAMES ROOM	Here is dancing, reunion, games, fishing for trinkets, bobbing for apples, and whatever all can join to celebrate their common escape from fantasy, again insofar as they are able to participate. Theatre Games are played. By this time many have come

gladly from out of the early passivity of the previews, passed through their spectatorship, accepted a role, participated in the self-comprehension of satire, been scourged for their illusions, and are ready to join the games as players.

WAYS OUT

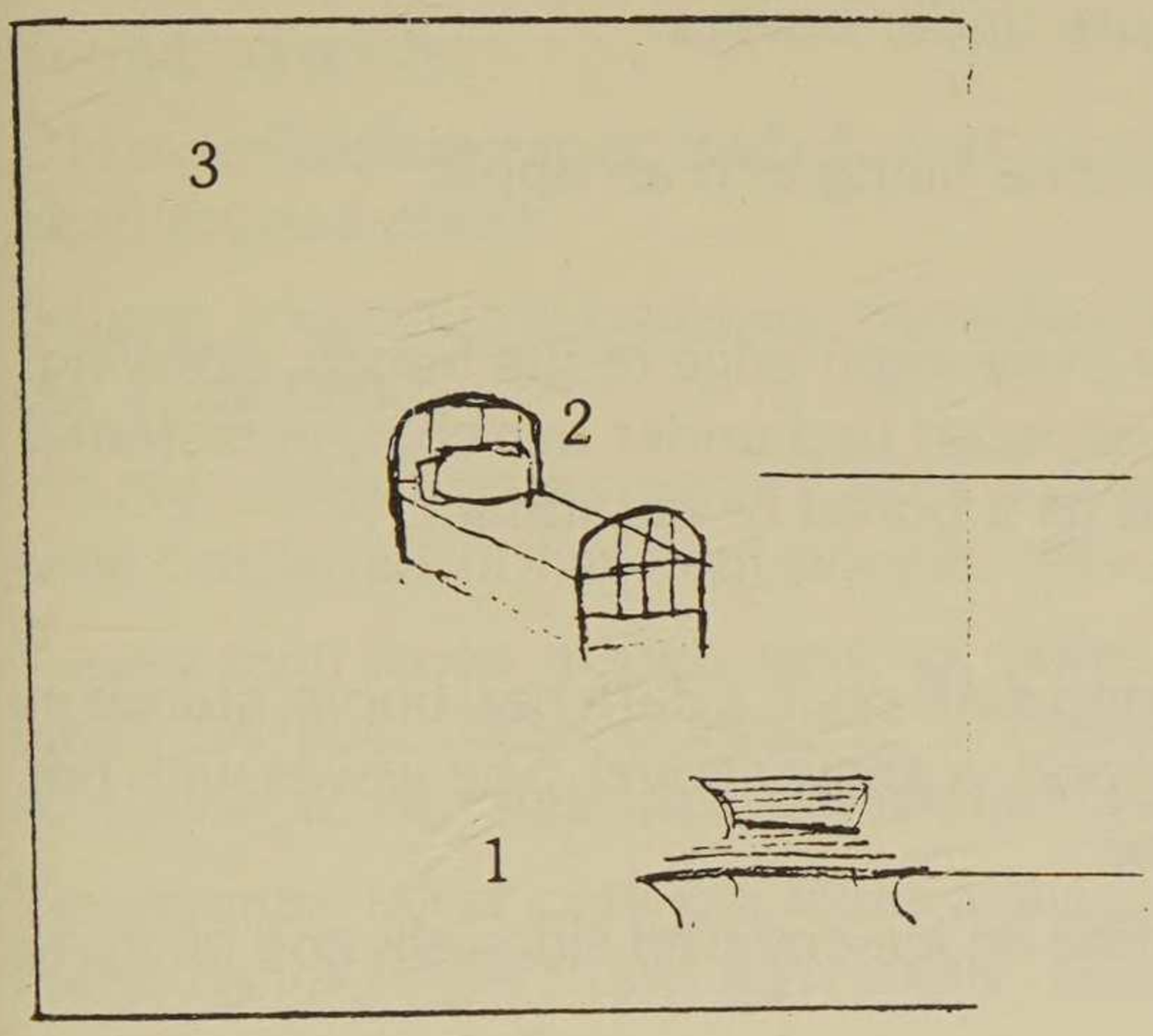
There are three ways out, corresponding to the entrances. One is a tunnel of love deep river ride. The middle, a donkey ride on real donkeys. Third, a flight up, even if only a basket hoisted above the crowd. It should be arranged that all can see and wave to each other from boat to air to donkey path.

FUGUE STATES COMING DOWN THE HALL

by
Sarah Maclay

fugue . . . prob. fr. It fuga fugue, act of running away, flee—more at FUGITIVE] 1: a contrapuntal musical composition in which one or two melodic themes are repeated or imitated by the successively entering voices and developed in a continuous interweaving of the voice parts into a well-defined single structure—compare CANON 2: something having a thematic structure that is suggestive of a musical fugue . . . 3: a pathological disturbance of consciousness during which the patient performs acts of which he appears to be conscious but of which on recovery he has no recollection.
—*Webster's 3rd New International Dictionary*

Stage divided into three areas:



All interactions, conversations, reactions are mimed. Nothing vocal. Sound, so designated, is taped and travels from a consistent source, preferably through speakers. The only other sound is the result of body movement or the use of props.

When lights are down on an area the actors should not be visible. During these times props can be set out and clothes changed, when necessary.

If programs are handed out to the audience beforehand, they should carry the "fugue" definition, but no lists of players should be distributed until after the performance.

CHARACTERS

Young woman

Young man

Old woman

Old man

Figure under covers

Sound: the crunch of someone biting into an apple.

Light up on 1.

A young woman sits at the stage right edge of the bench, chewing. She wears a long baggy coat, scarf tied under her chin, unfastened galoshes. She stares ahead as if bored or catatonic.

Light up on 3.

An old woman, wearing a long dark coat, a dark hat, boots, stands in 3, facing audience. In one hand, a snow shovel. She waves with her other hand, smiling. Freeze.

Sound: A snow-shovel hitting an ice-covered sidewalk and pushing snow into a pile.

The young woman stops chewing.

Sound: the crunch of someone biting into an apple.

The young woman, staring, chews.

Light coming up very slowly on 2, where a figure, under the covers, very slowly tosses and turns.

Light down on 1.

The old woman turns toward stage left, raises the shovel with both hands.

Light down on 3 and sound: snow-shovel.

Light up on 1.

Young woman staring ahead.

An old man, on bench, wearing (fastened) galoshes, wire-rim glasses, a jacket and a navy blue cap pulled low over ears and forehead, is reading a newspaper.

Figure removes blankets to waist, revealing his oily male chest, head on two pillows. His face is covered with a series of white damp, limp, shiny masks, placed in such a way that no holes for eyes or nose are visible.

Young woman turns toward area 2 and stares at figure, fascinated.

Figure slowly removes maskes, placing each next to pillow. It is the young man. He lifts the covers and sits on the edge of the bed, toward audience. He is wearing swim trunks. He puts his hands on the edge of the bed in fists about to lift himself off the bed, and freezes, staring.

Sound: crunch.

Old man finishes paper, folds it, puts it to the side, closes eyes, drops head toward chest.

Sound: (continuous) subway, recorded from the inside of a subway car in motion.

Young woman walks toward area 2, stops, stares, pulls a half-full wine bottle out of her coat pocket, offers it to young man.

Young man looks at her, gets up, takes bottle. Her coat slips off, lands on floor. She is wearing a swimsuit. She stands, back to audience, in her swimsuit, unfastened galoshes, and scarf.

Young man takes cork off, takes a swig, wipes mouth with back of hand, hands bottle to young woman. Young woman does not move.

Old man nods, shifts.

Young man grabs young woman's coat and hurls it upstage, out of 2, it lands in the void somewhere with a small plop.

Young woman suddenly turns around, facing audience, looking down at her swimsuit, legs, galoshes.

Young man grabs her from behind and puts bottle lip to her mouth, holding it up for her to drink. She does. He takes bottle away from her mouth, some wine spills on her chest, she sinks to floor, laughing.

Very fast, as in running notes, almost slapstick speed: Young man stares at her, grabs her scarf, she holds it onto her head with her hands, gets up, runs around bed, hands on head. Young man chases her, bottle in hand, around bed and out of area 2.

Lights down on 2 and subway sound off. Lights up on 3.

Slow motion: Chase continues to 3, young woman shivers, covers chest with arms, freezes mid-stride, looking down. Young man takes off her scarf and darts away. Her hair falls free, swinging.

Lights down on 3.

Old man nods, shifts, chews.

Lights up very slowly on 2. A figure, under the covers, tosses and turns very slowly.

Old man opens eyes, stops chewing, stares ahead.

Figure in bed removes blankets to waist. It is the old woman, fully clothed as before, grasping, with one hand, the handle of the snow shovel. She continues to get out of bed, sitting at the edge of the bed with one hand on the edge, one on the shovel. She stares. Freeze.

Old man turns, stares at old woman, stands, wobbles, regains balance, tiptoes toward 2, stops, stares at woman. Lights down on 1.

Old woman gets up, walks deliberately around the head of the bed with her shovel, climbs up onto the bed from the other side, stands on the bed, raises shovel. Freeze.

Sound: shovel.

Old woman raises shovel higher, it looks like a guillotine blade. Freeze.

Old man turns around quickly to face audience, covering ears with hands, cowering, crouched, eyes closed tightly.

Old woman brings down the shovel violently, cleanly, deliberately. Freeze.

Sound: shovel.

Old woman shovels masks and pillow into the bank of turned-back sheets.

Lights fade and down on 2, up on 1.

Young woman is sitting on the park bench, coat on loosely, but scarf and galoshes off. She lounges, drinking wine from her glass and reading the newspaper, occasionally stroking her hair.

Lights come up very slowly on 2. A figure, under the covers, very slowly tosses and turns.

Young man, in galoshes and a coat and the old man's hat, carrying the shovel with the handle in front, like a gun, enters from upstage left and stalks the bed.

Old woman, carrying another glass of wine, sipping from it, walks toward park bench from the upstage left dark area. Young woman looks up from papers glancing at her, smiles, folds papers, puts them on the bench, sips wine.

Old woman, smiling, waves.

Sound: very low background, fading in and out for awhile, glasses clinking, people talking, laughter . . . eventually with slight echo.

Old woman and young woman touch glasses, toasting each other, and talk like confidants, intimately, their heads coming close sometimes, with many exchanges of word, gesture, facial expression, sometimes bursting into laughter. They are both getting tipsy and enjoying it. Meanwhile . . .

Young man continues to stalk bed.

Figure in bed removes blankets to waist. It is the old man. He wears his glasses. The young woman's scarf is tied over his head, and he is holding the wine bottle tightly next to his bare chest. He looks down, and seeing bottle, is so surprised to be holding it that he drops it onto his lap. He glances up. Young man is looking at him menacingly, pointing the shovel handle at his forehead like a gun. Old man is bewildered. He holds out the bottle (empty) as a peace offering. Young man snatches it from him and thrusts it into his coat pocket, continues to train the shovel handle on old man, staring at him intensely. Old man realizes he is wearing a scarf, blushes, is very embarrassed, begins to take it off, but young man thrusts the shovel handle toward his face.

Lights fade quickly and down on 2. Sound: end of background party noise.

Old woman takes an apple from her pocket, shines it, offers young woman a bite. Young woman declines politely, shaking her head and smiling, then looks down pensively. Old woman shrugs, laughs, is about to take a bite. Freeze.

Lights down on 1 and sound: crunch.

Lights up on 3.

Old man, with a bright orange rain poncho on (no scarf), holds up a sign that says SLOW/CHILDREN. With his other hand, he waves. Freeze.

Lights up on 1.

Old woman, sitting on the stage right edge of bench, staring ahead, chews. (No apple in sight.)

Lights come up very slowly on 2 as a figure, under the covers, tosses and turns very slowly.

Old woman stops chewing.

Sound: shovel.

Old woman, staring, chews.

Lights down on 1.

Old man holds up hand as if to halt cars approaching crosswalk. Freeze.

Lights down on 3, up on 1.

Young man, in galoshes and jacket, sits on park bench, stage left edge, reads newspaper while old woman stares. He chews constantly.

Figure removes blankets to waist. It is young woman in nightgown. She stretches, yawns, shakes her head, rotates her head, rotates her shoulder, stretches, yawns, rubs her eyes, takes a deep breath, exhales heavily. As . . .

Old woman turns head toward area 2, stands, walks, as on eggshells, toward bed.

Young woman gets out of bed and exits, upstage, into dark area.

Lying on the bed is a wooden rod between the pillows and the turned-down sheets and blankets. It is the shovel handle. Old woman walks slowly, carefully toward bed, takes away top pillow—the metal blade of the shovel is disclosed. She stares at the shovel as at a sleeping child. Gently, she runs her fingers over the blade, as though it were a face.

Lights fade and down on 2.

Meanwhile, young man has finished paper, folded it, put it aside. He crosses legs, folds hands, closes eyes, drops head toward chest. He breathes slowly, regularly.

Enter young woman, dressed as in the beginning. She sits on bench. Young man jerks and scoots over, toward center, resumes sleeping position. Young woman stares ahead, chews. Enter old man, dressed as in beginning. He sits next to young woman. She nudges young man. He jerks. All three scoot over. Enter old woman, dressed as in beginning but without shovel. Old man turns toward her, young woman turns toward him and then nudges young man, who jerks. They all scoot over and old woman sits down.

Sound: dimly, subway til end . . .

The four sit on the bench, young man in his sleeping position, old man and young woman staring ahead, old woman reading the newspaper. Every once in awhile they jiggle in unison as though on a subway. They don't seem to know each other, act like strangers.

Lights begin very slow fade on 1, come up very slowly on 2 where a figure, under the covers, is very slowly tossing and turning.

Young man sits up, opens eyes, stares.

Old woman finishes paper, folds it, puts it on the floor, crosses legs, folds hands, closes eyes, drops head.

Young woman and old man continue to stare ahead.

Young man turns toward area 2. Turns back, rubs neck, pouts in thought, furrows brow. Turns again 2, puts one hand on knee as if about to rise.

BLACKOUT

Subway sound: sudden crescendo and then fade to nothing.

WHITE FOR GOVERNOR WALLACE

3 PERFORMERS
3 BOOKS
3 CANDLES

PERFORMERS SIT DOWN AND READ SILENTLY, IN CANDLELIGHT. WHEN A PERFORMER DISCOVERS THE WORD WHITE HE BLOWS OUT HIS CANDLE AND EXITS. PERFORMANCE ENDS WHEN THE STAGE IS IN DARKNESS.

Emmett Williams
PARIS 1963

Music Piece for 37 Marching Bands

this is a music piece for thirty-seven marching bands
each band should include brass, woodwind, and percussion instruments
ideally the thirty-seven bands should be performing groups from high schools, colleges, etc. that are established performing groups
this piece should be performed in a large metropolitan area
the piece should begin with the thirty-seven bands assigned to different downtown streets within the city
the starting position for each band should be within"hearing" distance of the other bands
to begin each band should remain a discrete group
to begin each band may face in any direction that the street runs
an arbitrary time should be chosen as a starting time (e.g, 1:00pm) and the bands should simply begin the piece at that time
the piece should continue for at least one hour although if the players wish a common decision may set the performance length at two, five, or whatever hour length

SCORE PREPARATION

each player within each of the thirty-seven bands is to select fifteen marches that he/she particularly enjoys playing
from these selected marches each player is to collect copies of the instrument parts of his/her instrument--these parts should be on the standard marching band parts (4x6 inches)
each player should select eight three to seven measure sections that he/she finds especially interesting within each march
each player should then cut out these three to seven measure sections and shuffle them into one pile
each player should then "randomly" take five of these cut out sections and glue them in any fashion (vertically, horizontally, diagonally, etc.) on a 4x6" white card...this continued until all of the three to seven measure cuttings are glued to 4x6 cards...each card should have the five cuttings glued to it in different configurations
each player should then transfer a copy of the designs given here (referred to as "event selection graphs") to acetate transparencies...this to be done with photocopying machines such as the Xerox 3100 machine...each design (event selection graph) should be transferred to acetate transparencies until there are enough transparencies to overlay each of the 4x6 cards onto which the cuttings have been glued
the transparencies should be "randomly" assigned to the 4x6 cards, overlaid on the 4x6 cards, and clipped or stapled to them
each player should then take the 4x6 cards with the acetate overlays and insert the cards into a marching band music folder such as marching band members use to hold music in instrument "lyres"--obviously this facilitates carrying the music score wherever the individual player marches to

PERFORMANCE INSTRUCTIONS

the designs (event selection graphs) that have been transferred to the acetate overlays and clipped to the 4x6 cards, with the cuttings glued to them, will encompass by chance certain notes and groups of notes of the cuttings glued to the cards
if a note(s) is encompassed by a triangle then the performer is to use a sFzP attack on the note(s) given and sustain the note(s)

for at least 5 to 9 paces--if no note is given (i.e. no notes are encompassed by the geometric figure on the overlay then the player is to improvise a series of notes with a sFzP attack (no more than five) that fit into the immediate acoustic environment (interaction with other musicans, car radios, street sounds, etc.

if a note(s) is encompassed by a circle then the player is to create a pattern of short staccato notes with one of the notes given (i.e. encompassed by the circle) as an alternating central pitch (e.g. if "g" is the given pitch g/b/g/d/g and so on) as with any of these geometric figures, if there is more than one pitch encompassed there will be more than one pattern whatever the pattern is...in the pattern of staccato alternating pitches there should be groups of 3, 6, 9, 12, or 15 pitches...if there are no pitches encompassed by a circle in the design then the player should improvise a series of 3, 6, 9, 12, or 15 short staccato pitches of his/her choice but without any alternating repeated pitch...as in all patterns the improvised material should consciously interact with the immediate acoustic environment and the players sounds in active counterpoint with any sound he/she hears or senses

if a note(s) is encompassed by a square then the player is to create a pattern of medium length legato and slurred pitches in which the pitches are grouped in sets of 2, 4, or 5 with the last pitch in each group being the pitch encompassed by the design on the overlay...if no pitches are encompassed in the overlay figure, then the player is to improvise a series of 2, 4, 5 legato or slurred pitches

if a note(s) is encompassed by a rectangle the player is to sustain the given pitch(es) for 15-21 paces...as with all other figures, if there is no pitch given then the player is to improvise a series of long sustained pitches (no more than seven) that consciously interact with the immediate acoustic environment....if the figure is a rectangle there is to be no crescendo or decrescendo of the pitch...if however the rectangle has been modified so that it resembles a crescendo and decrescendo notation joined, then the player is to interpret the figure as a sustained pitch as described for the rectangle but with a cres and decres volume change

MORE GENERAL PERFORMANCE INSTRUCTIONS

each acetate overlay will have transferred to it two or three groups of overlapping geometric figures...

each of these overlapping series of geometric figures is a discrete group within the two or three groups per page

each figure within a discrete group is in turn a discrete set within the group

the duration of each geometric figure within a group is determined by the size of the geometric figure in relation to other geometric figures within the overlapping group (i.e, larger-louder, smaller-softer

the individual geometric figures within each overlapping group of geometric figures may be played in any order

the two or three groups of overlapping geometric figures may be played in any order

the duration of a group of overlapping geometric figures is determined by the length of time it takes to walk between four-way intersections; that is, when a player reaches an intersection,

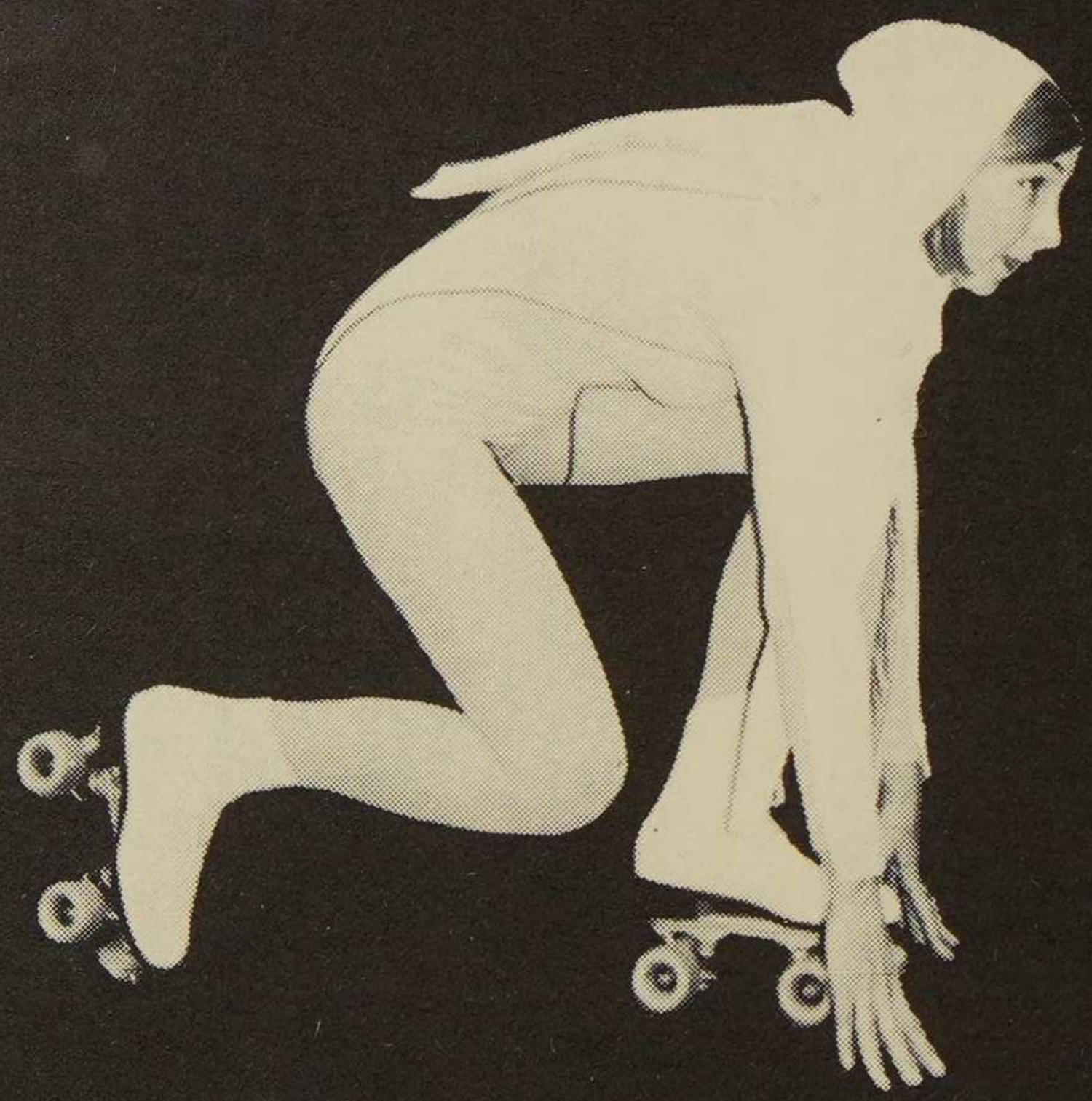
he/she completes one group of overlapping geometric figures and begins a new group...when all the groups on an acetate overlay have been realized then the player flips to the next acetate overlay and a new series of groups of overlapping geometric designs which are overlaid over a new batch of cuttings from the selected marches

drawn through each group of overlapping geometric figures is an arrow...this arrow is an instruction for selecting a new direction to march; that is, when a player reaches a four-way intersection he/she not only begins playing a new group of overlapping geometric figures but also executes a left flank, a right flank, a to-the-rear march, or continues marching straight ahead through the intersection--all depending on which direction the arrow, drawn through the group of overlapping figures he/she is interpreting, points...after executing the marching maneuver, the player then begins realizing a new group of overlapping geometric figures--until the next four-way intersection

the player should realize all the material and execute all the operations of one group of overlapping figures at least once (or as many times more than once as needed) between four-way intersections

the volume level of each player's performance is determined as follows: if a player selects a square within a group of overlapping figures to begin interpreting the group, then the dynamic levels for the different figures with the group will be as follows: the first figure (the square) loud, the next soft, and the next one loud, then repeat the sequence loud, soft, loud and so on...if the first figure is a circle, the pattern is as follows: soft, loud, soft; soft, loud, soft and so on until the group of overlapping figures is completed (i.e, a four-way intersection has been reached and a marching manuever executed...if the first figure is a triangle, then the pattern is as follows: all loud...if the first figure selected in the group of overlapping figures is a rectangle, then the pattern is as follows: all soft

the width of the arrow drawn through a group of overlapping geometric figures determines the marching speed for each player during the group of overlapping figures he/she selects after executing the marching maneuver



ON YOUR MARKS, GET SET . . . GO BANANAS!

with Anna Banana at the 1980 BANANA OLYMPICS!

Sunday, July 13, Noon to 4 pm, Bear Creek Park, Surrey

Sponsored by the Surrey Art Gallery with funds from Canada Council and the B.C. Cultural Fund.

PROGRAM OF EVENTS:

3:30 - Awards Presentations; Trophies awarded to the three individuals and three teams with the highest totals from the day's events.

Noon - Opening Ceremonies; Olympic flame lit from the banana torch. Introduction of judges, track officials and commentators.

12:15 - Individual Races; 11 races

1:30 - Team Contests; 12 races

3:45 - Grand Finale; Contestants and spectators combine in an attempt to break the world record for the lap game.

INDIVIDUAL RACES

1. **Bureaucrat's Marathon;** Contestants, bound in red tape proceed around the track taking 3 steps forwards, 2 backwards and one to each side
2. **100 meter Dash Backwards**
3. **Direction & Balance Race;** Brown bag over head, cup of water in hand
4. **Banana-Javelin Throw;** overhanded
5. **Banana-Discus Throw;** discus style
6. **Banana Balance Race;** 100 meters with a banana balanced on your forehead
7. **Weight-Watchers Race;** 100 meters, holding ankles
8. **Banana Flip & Catch;** Jump onto a board on a fulcrum with a banana at the other end, then catch the banana
9. **Art Race;** Dress and move to resemble your favorite work of art, 100 meters
10. **Non-Motorized Vehicles Race;** Get on your skates, bike, scooter, etc. and follow an off track course to the starting line, get off wheels and run to the finish line with your vehicle.
11. **Hurdles;** 100 meters, under one, over the next, etc.

TEAM RACES

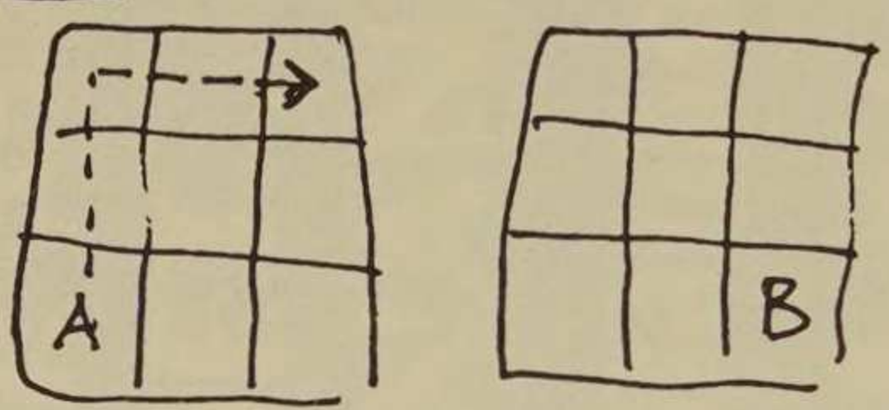
1. **Banana Relay;** (4) 1st and 3rd runners place bananas at markers, 2nd and 4th collect. All four trot to the finish line holding hands via the bananas, peel and eat bananas, cross finish line
2. **3-Legged Race;** (2) Center legs bound, bring your own binding
3. **4-Legged Race;** (3) Center legs bound, bring your own binding
4. **Back to Belly Banana Race;** (2) Walk in tandem, keeping a banana between you
5. **Back to Belly Banana Race;** (team of 4) Walk in tandem, keeping a banana between each person
6. **Banana Pass;** (team of 6) at arm's length, pass 6 bananas up one side, down the other, peel and eat the bananas, run to finish line holding hands, peels on heads
7. **Wheelbarrow Relay;** (4) two hold feet of partners who walk on hands. Garden gloves recommended
8. **Dancethon;** (2) Dance your way to the finish line to changing musical accompaniment
9. **One-legged Relay;** (4) Each person hops on one foot ¼ the distance from start to finish
10. **Piggy-Back Race;** (2) 100 meters
11. **A-Peeling Relay;** (4) Each in turn pulls on a girdle, skips the length of the track, pulls it off.
12. **Straw to Gold Race;** (4) Team with most refuse after 5 minutes wins

RULES ETC.

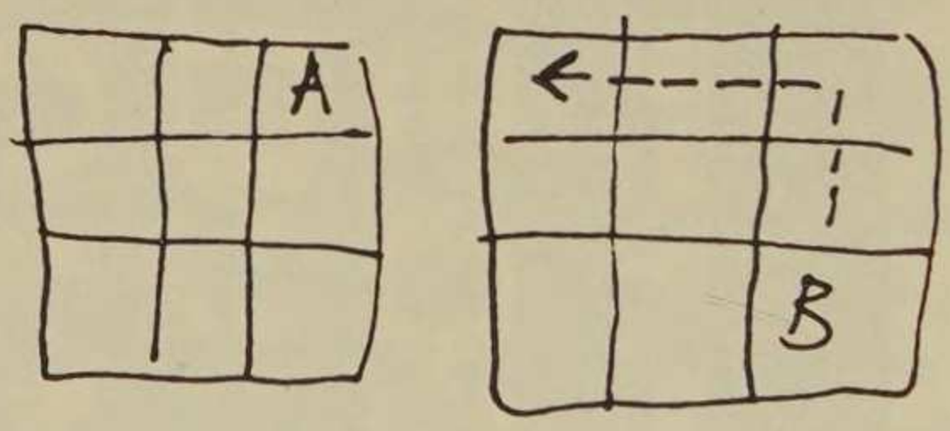
1. All contestants to be costumed for artistic and/or humorous effect. As minimal as hat or face make-up, as elaborate as your imagination and skills can make it.
2. You may enter a maximum of 6 races. You may be cancelled from your last 1 or 2 if we have too many contestants for the time allotted, so list your favorite 4 races first.
3. To keep things running smoothly, do not enter two consecutive races.
4. Winners will be judged on the basis of **costume, style** and **creativity** in performing the races, not by who crosses the finish line first. Prize ribbons to the top three in each race.
5. Since speed or athletic prowess are not relevant, men and women will compete together in all races. There will be 3 individual and 3 team trophies for those with top points at the end of the day.
6. Contestants agree to help collect any banana remains or other debris incurred in the course of the races.
7. While the organizers will do everything possible to make this a safe and enjoyable day, the Surrey Art Gallery and the corporation of the District of Surrey will not assume responsibility for loss, damages or injuries sustained by participants in any of the events described herein.

STRUCTURAL PLAY #8/1969 ~~BRIAN O'DOHERTY~~ PATRICK IRELAND

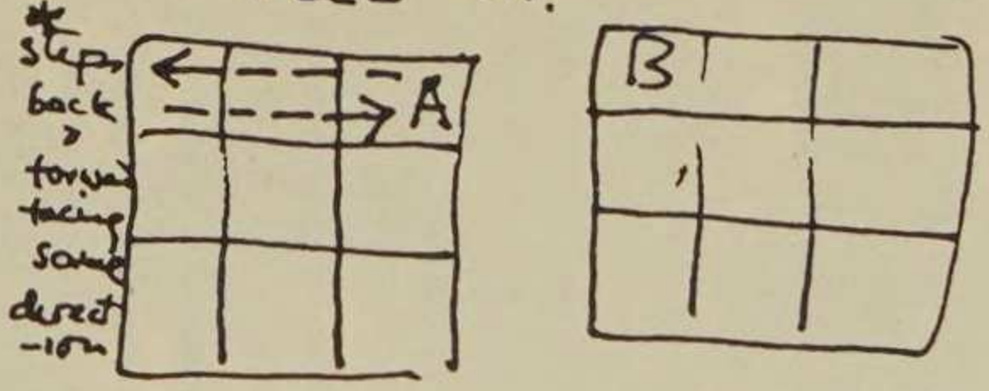
DO YOU FEEL THAT



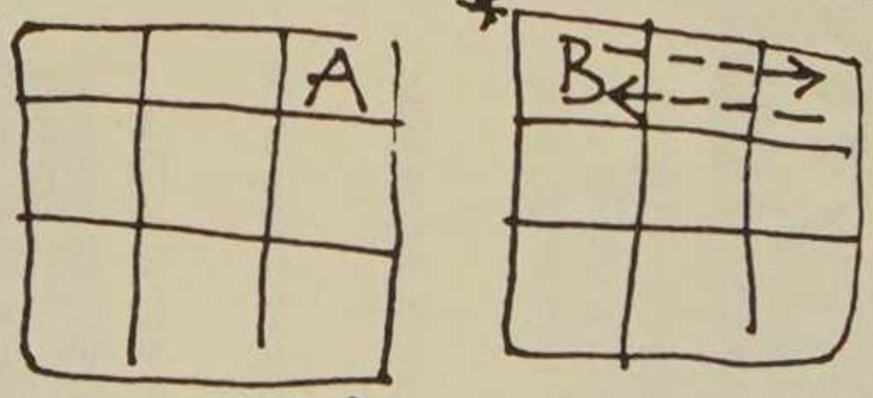
DO YOU FEEL THAT?



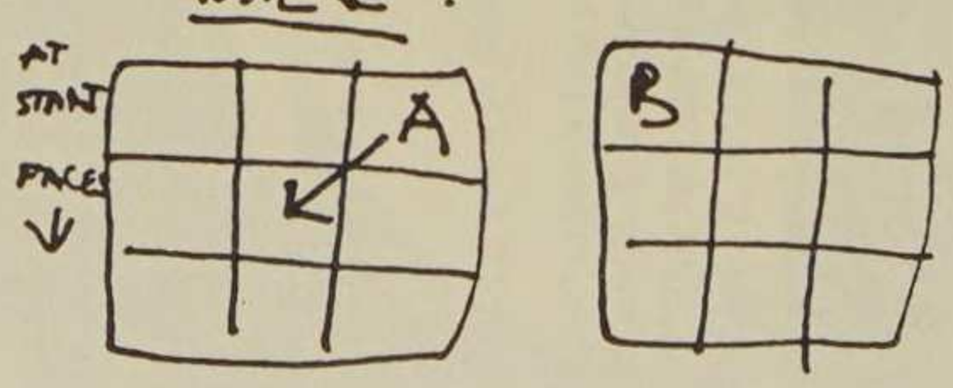
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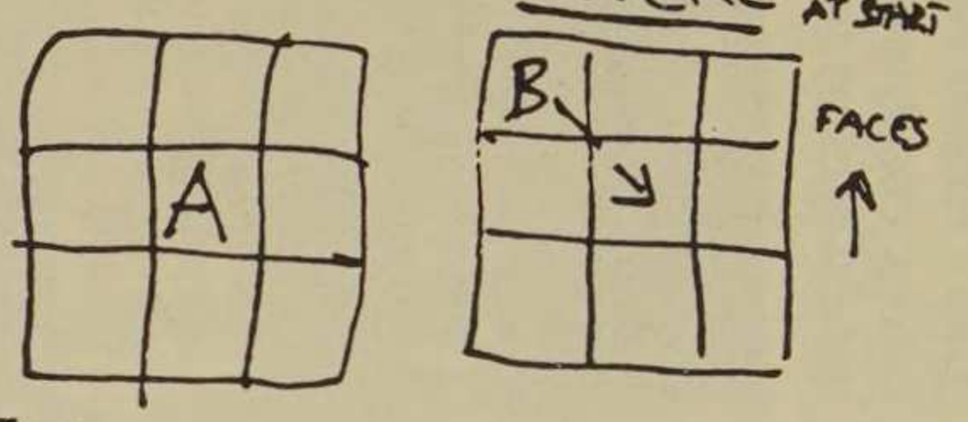
DO YOU FEEL THAT?



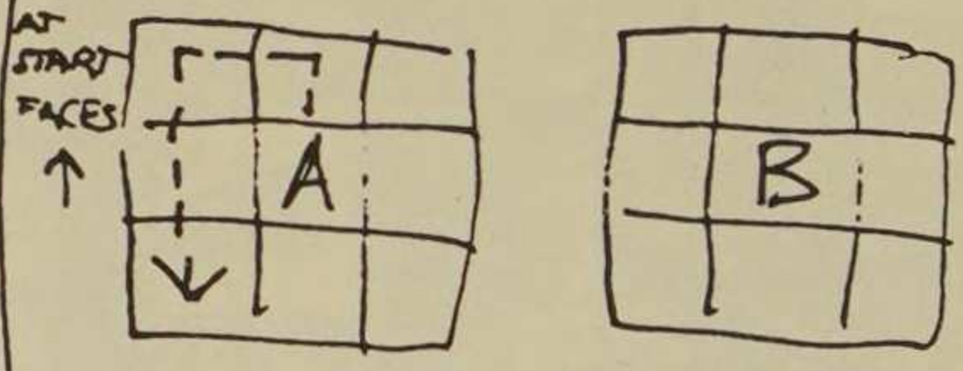
WHERE?



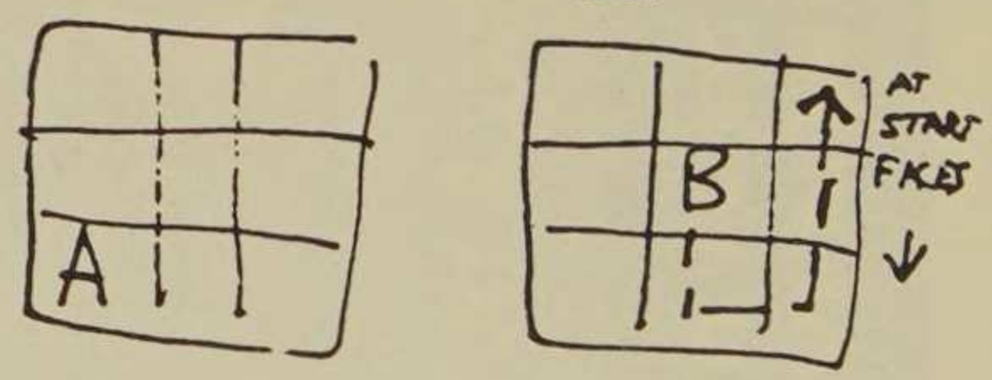
THERE AT START



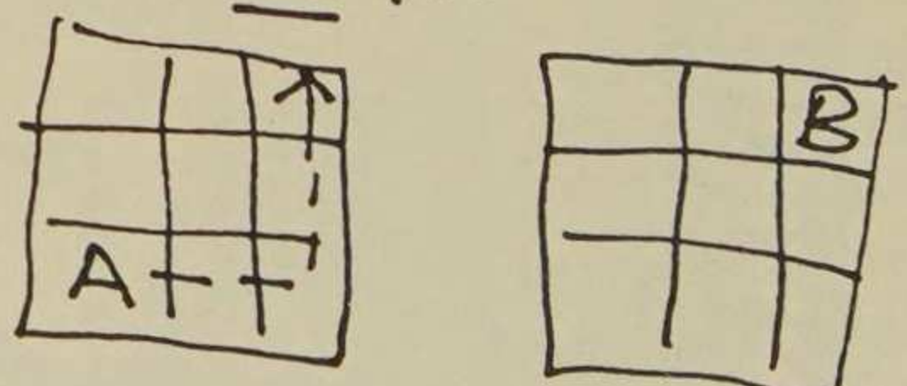
LET ME EAT YOU



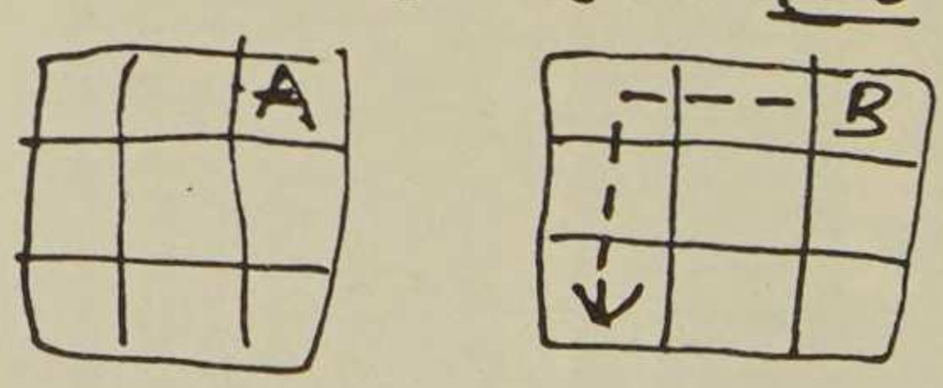
LET ME EAT YOU



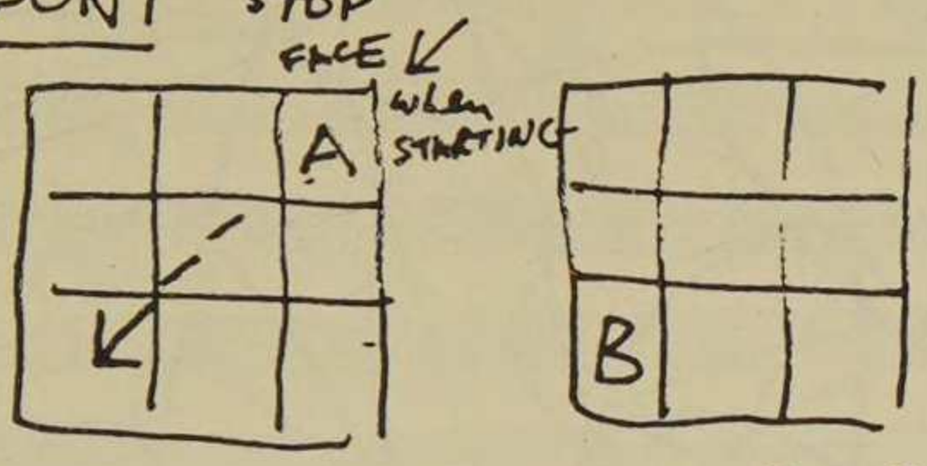
LET ME EAT YOU



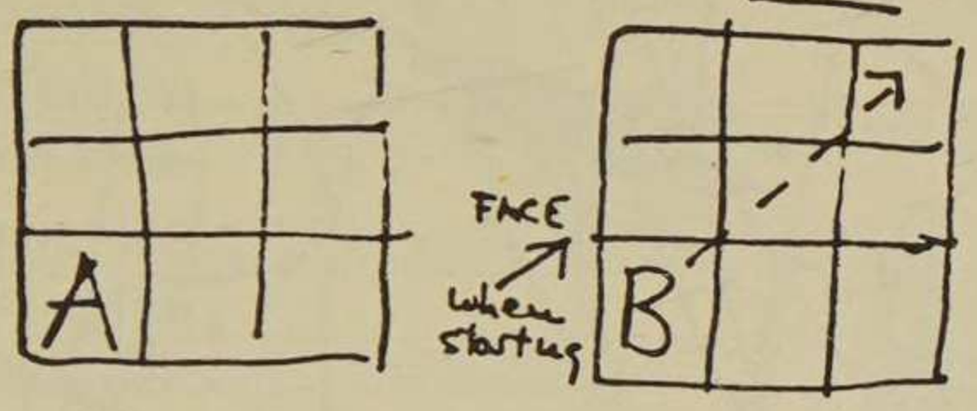
LET ME EAT YOU



DON'T STOP

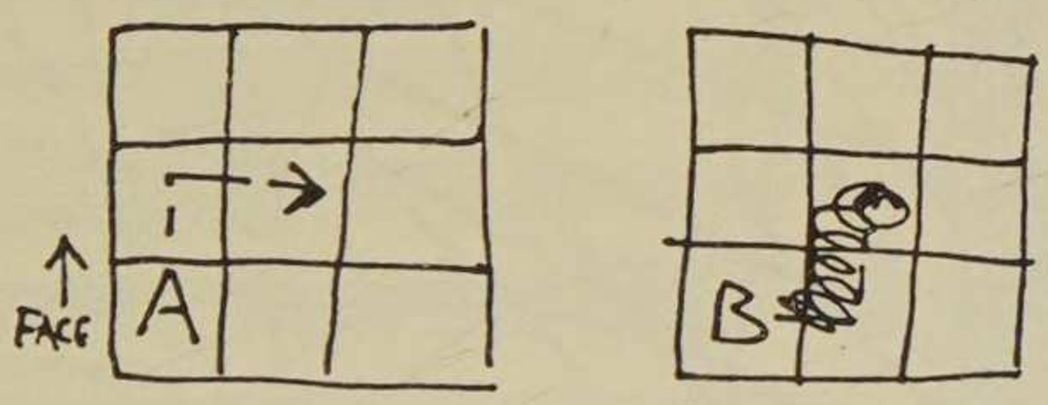


DON'T STOP

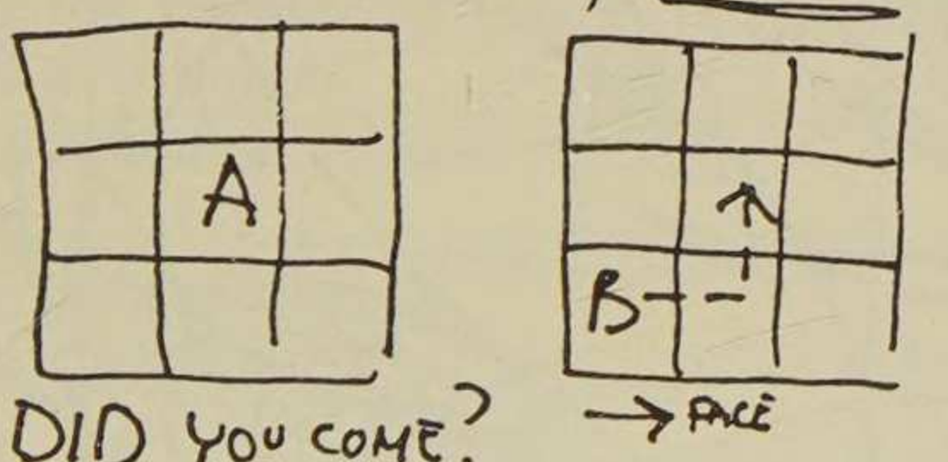


I'M COMING

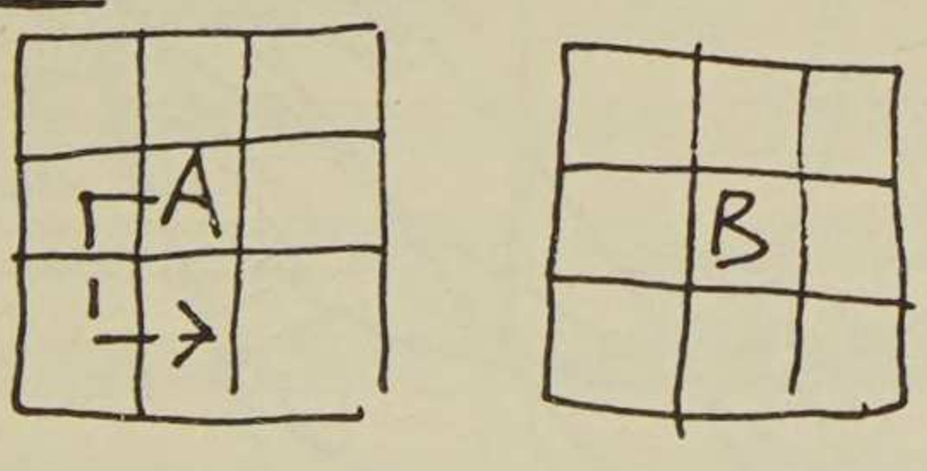
~~I'M COMING~~



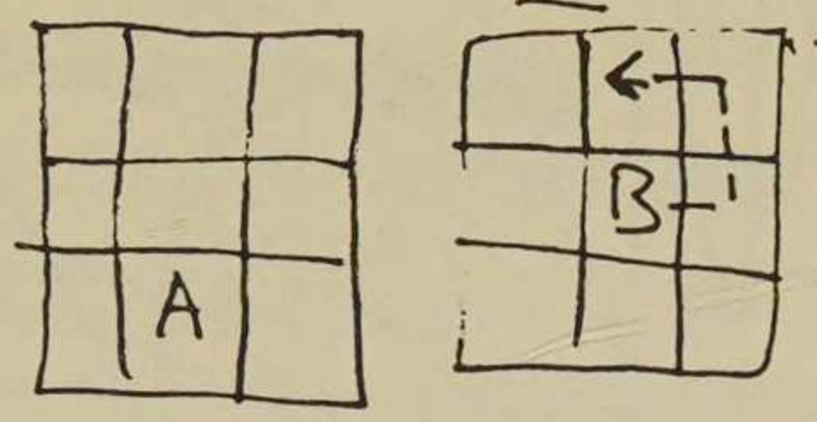
I'M COMING



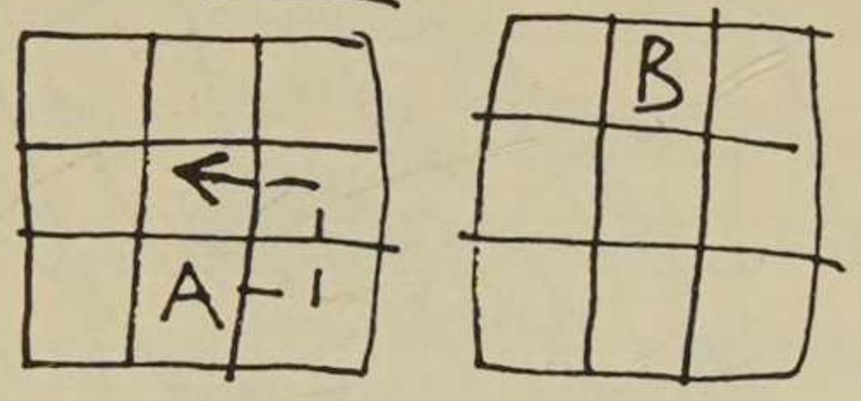
DID YOU COME?

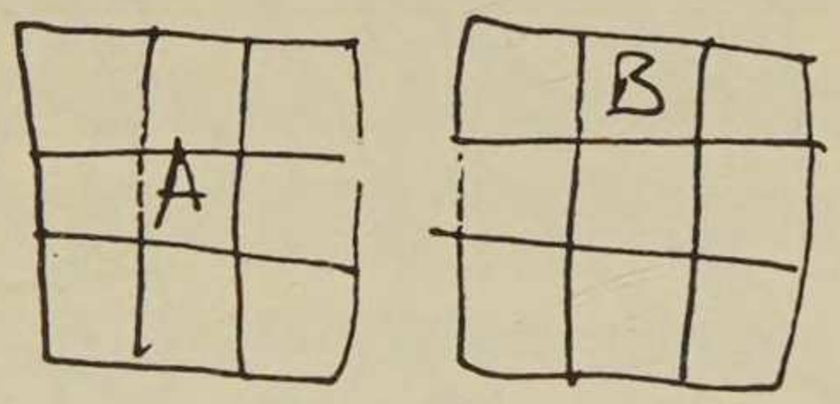


DID YOU COME?



DID YOU COME?





END

A & B CAN BE BOTH MALE, BOTH FEMALE OR MALE AND FEMALE

THEY ARE BOTH DRESSED IN WHITE

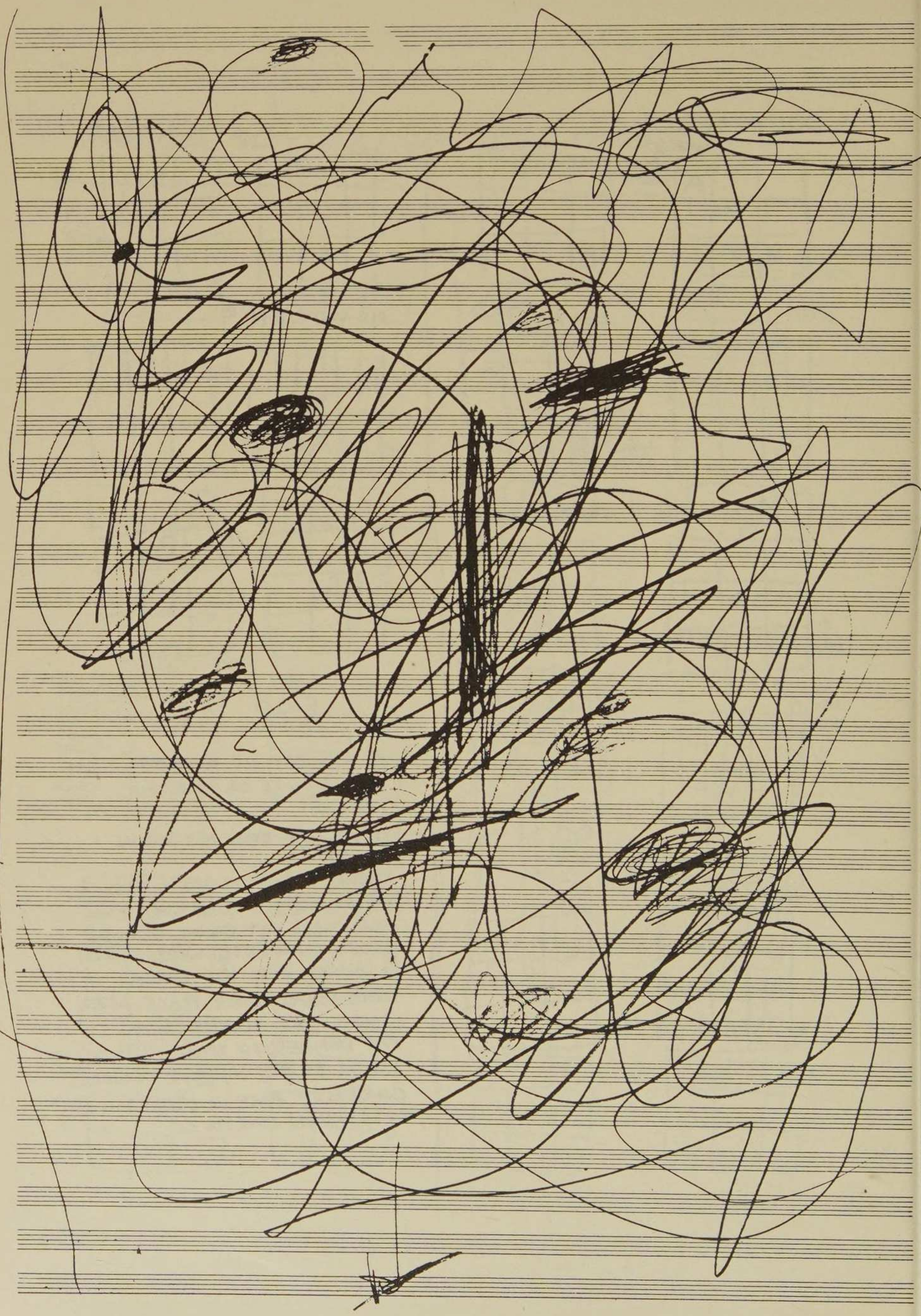
THEIR MOVEMENTS ARE IMPERSONAL

THEIR VOICES ARE EVEN AND ALL WORDS GET EQUAL EMPHASIS EXCEPT ACCENTED WORD, WHICH IS LOUDER BUT NOT FORCED

MOVEMENTS TAKE PLACE AFTER WORDS ARE SPOKEN

THE NUMBER OF SPACES USED IS EQUAL TO THE NUMBER OF WORDS

GENERALLY PACE IN DIRECTION OF MOVE WHEN STARTING



Rorschach Symphonic Sonata

OTTO LUENING

SONG NO 3

Frozen Alive **
Noose Hangs High
Planet of Blood
Cannibal Attack **
The Hangman
Arson for Hire
Nylon Noose
Leech Woman
House of Wax
Kid Glove Killer
Girls' Dormitory *
Dragstrip Girl
Revenge of the Creature
We Are All Murderers
Problem Girls
Cry Baby Killer
Torture Garden
Cigarettes, Whiskey, and Wild Women
Werewolf in a Girls' Dormitory *
Terror of the Tongs
Hands of a Strangler
Man Made Monster
Man Bait
Curse of the Doll People
Mummy's Ghost
Attack of the Giant Leeches *
Leather Saint *
Curse of the Cobra
The Hypnotic Eye
Dear Murderer
Fort Massacre
Flesh and the Fiends
Demoniac
Cry Havoc *
Creature of the Walking Dead
Lurid
Carpet of Horror
Fighting Rats
Cry Tough
Alligator People
The Choppers
Blood and Black Lace
Violent Playground
Vengeance Valley
Johnny Allegro **
Johnny Trouble **
Johnny Apollo **
Johnny Tiger **
Johnny Angel **
Johnny Stool Pigeon **
Johnny Concho **
Johnny O'Clock **
Johnny Cool
Johnny Nobody **
Johnny Dark **
Johnny Guitar **
Johnny Eager **
Strange Affection
Double Crossbones
Light Fingers

[Two performers. First reads pages 26-27, two titles every 10 second period. Second does pages 28-29, reads five in every 30 second period. These are "on the average" so periods of bunching, acceleration, or silence are also possible.]
Bold face titles are to be read sarcastically.
One asterisk: read very lyrically
Two asterisks: read in a loud whisper

Time: approximately 10 minutes. If not performed, the 4 pages could be seen as an essay.

Beast with Five Fingers
Possessed
Daggers Drawn
Curse of the Yellow Snake
Killers' Cage
Teenage Wolfpack *
The Hand
Attack of the Crab Monsters
Meteor Monster
Pariahs *
I Married A Monster From Outer space
Silver Whip
Death in Small Doses
Invasion of the Animal People
Curse of the Undead *
Murder On Approval
Cry Wolf
Larceny, Inc.
Teenage Crime Wave
80,000 Suspects
Curse of the Stone Hand
Invasion of the Vampires
Crawling Hand
Secret of Convict Lake
Hot Rods to Hell
Attack of the Mayan Mummy
Bullwhip *
Terrified
Monster on Campus
Attack of the Puppet People
20,000 Eyes
Thunder Afloat
Teenage Zombies
Plunderers of Painted Flats

Posse from Hell
Monster of Terror
Circus of Fear
Fever in the Blood **
Hot Blood
Curse of the Mummy's Tomb
Jack the Ripper
The Red Cloak
Stop, You're Killing Me
Hostage Girls
Cannibal Girls
Orders to Kill
Jungle Headhunters
Wrestling Women vs. The Aztec Mummy *
Gun Fury
Atom Age Vampire
Fangs of the Arctic
Massacre **
Hell Squad
Picture Mommy Dead
Bring Me the Vampire
Vice Squad
U-238 and the Witch Doctor
Corridors of Blood *
High School Hellcats
Psychomania
Shock Corridor
Dinosaurs

Loving You
For Love or Money
The Lovemaker
I Live to Love
Love Me or Leave Me
Maybe It's Love **
Art of Love
Lovers on a Tightrope
The Great Lover
Love at Twenty
I love a Soldier
Love Nest
Arise My Love
Man I Love
Love Me Tonight **
Without Love
Love Thy Neighbor
Latin Lovers **
Without Love
Love Match
Friends and Lovers
Love Has Many Faces
Love That Brute
Wives and Lovers
Love is News
Where Love Has Gone
Love Slaves of the Amazon
Married and In Love
Love on the Run
Love on the Dole
The Man I Love
The Love Lottery
Goodbye Love **
Love with the Proper Stranger
In Love and War

Love Me Tender
Act of Love
Mad Love
Never Love a Stranger
Love Under Fire
The Young Lovers
Born to Love **
Love of Three Queens
Too Young to Love
The Love Trap
Love in a Goldfish Bowl
By Love Possessed
Love and the Devil
She Loves Me Not
Love Me-Love Me Not
In Love and War
No time for Love
Love from a Stranger
Ladies in Love
The Love Racket **
Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing
Love is a Racket
This Love of Ours
Easy to Love
Pagan Love Song
Love in the Afternoon
I Loved You Wednesday
The Love God
Love Is Like That
So Evil, My Love
Love in a Hot Climate
This Thing Called Love
Love and Kisses
A Lady to Love
Two Loves

Love Before Breakfast
Love is Better Than Ever
Danger, Love At Work
Love in Bloom
Love Crazy
Tunnel of Love
I Love Chinatown
Sons and Lovers
Love Is a Ball
Let's Fall in Love **
I Love You Again
Kind of Loving
Love Has Many Faces

First Love
Love is Dangerous
This Is My Love
Love in the City
So This is Love
Land We Love
The Love Bug
For the Love of Mike
Love Hate Love **
Let's Make Love **
Love Happy
Love Live and Laugh
When You're in Love

TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS

INTOLERANCE

The audience, once seated in the theatre, will become impatient. They will "want something to happen." When the director is of the opinion that the audience is at the crucial point of impatience, that point where the decision is made either to leave or remain, he will begin the play. An actor enters and announces that the performance will be delayed for a specific period of time. His lines are improvised, but the delay he announces must not be either too great or too minor: in the first case, audience anticipation would be destroyed; in the latter, unease and dissatisfaction would find an outlet. The actor exits and five minutes later, regardless of the delay he has announced, one thousand men enter and physically assault the audience.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION[1]

The audience, once seated in the theatre, will become impatient. They will "want something to happen." When the director is of the opinion that the audience is at the crucial point of impatience, that point where the decision is made either to leave or remain, he will begin the play. An actor enters and announces that the performance will be delayed for a specific period of time. His lines are improvised, but the delay he announces must not be either too great or too minor:

1 To insure that "The French Revolution" is not confused with "Intolerance," the director must be certain that the costumes are authentic and that tickets for "The French Revolution" are priced at a figure accessible only to a particularly well-to-do class of theatre-goers. In staging "Revolution" the director might find it advisable to dispense with the one spoken part and to delay his opening curtains until after the audience has already commenced a disgusted exodus. The cast may then attack them in the lobby (where the usual French Provincial furnishings will be appropriate).

LORENZO THOMAS

in the first case, audience anticipation would be destroyed; in the latter, unease and dissatisfaction would find an outlet. The actor exits and five minutes later, regardless of the announced delay, one thousand men dressed as rabble enter and physically assault the audience.

A NOTE ON THE PLAYS

These plays were written for student performance at Queens College, Flushing, New York in April 1964. Unfortunately, they were rejected by the producer and another play, "The Adventures of Superman," was presented on May 8, 1964. The plays were conceived as a result of the slaying of Kitty Genovese on March 11, 1964 in Kew Gardens, New York and Mr. Robert Tristman's lecture on Artaud delivered at the Queens College chapter of Student Peace Union on April 2, 1964. As they stand now, however, the plays have nothing to do with any of these events. Forgive me, but "like all good art" they now exist timelessly and for themselves.

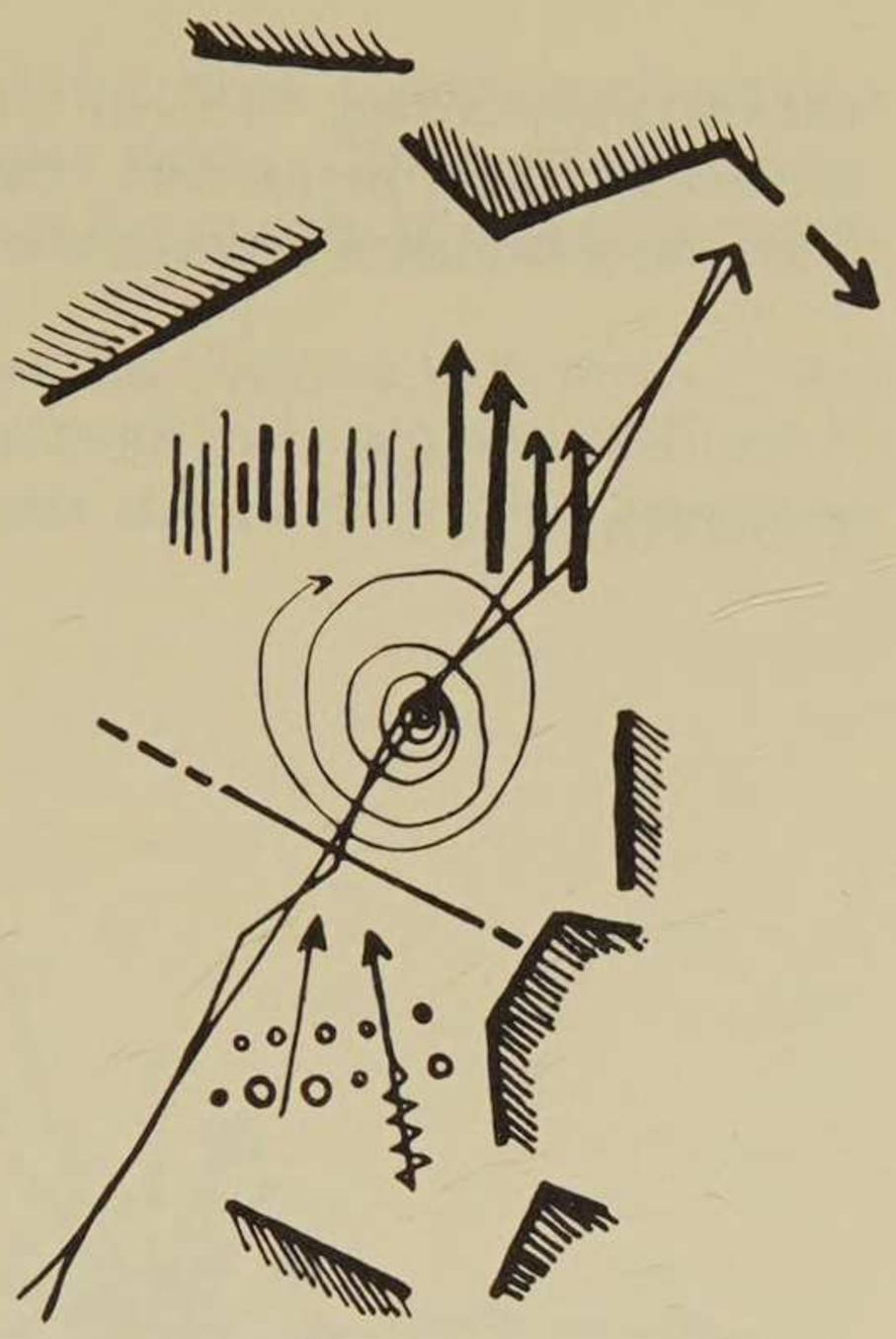
New York July 1964

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INITIATIONS AND TRANSFORMATIONS

A New Rite in Four Parts
created collectively
by Anna Halprin and the
San Francisco Dancers Workshop



1. CEREMONY OF SIGNALS

Take possession of performance space and make it home. Establish relationships with each other and audience. Interaction of performers/space/audience forms environmental Gestalt for event. Everyone in turn create a kinetic/graphic image, making it visible with support of group.

We were using the idea of working together as a supportive collective. Each performer would develop a set of images particularly poignant to him. At a signal from one person, the caller, the group would mobilize and gather into a particular kinetic/graphic image. The objective was to use these graphic images to articulate and ritualize the space we were all occupying so that we could view that space with some sense of our collective energy, while letting this collective energy open out to include the audience.

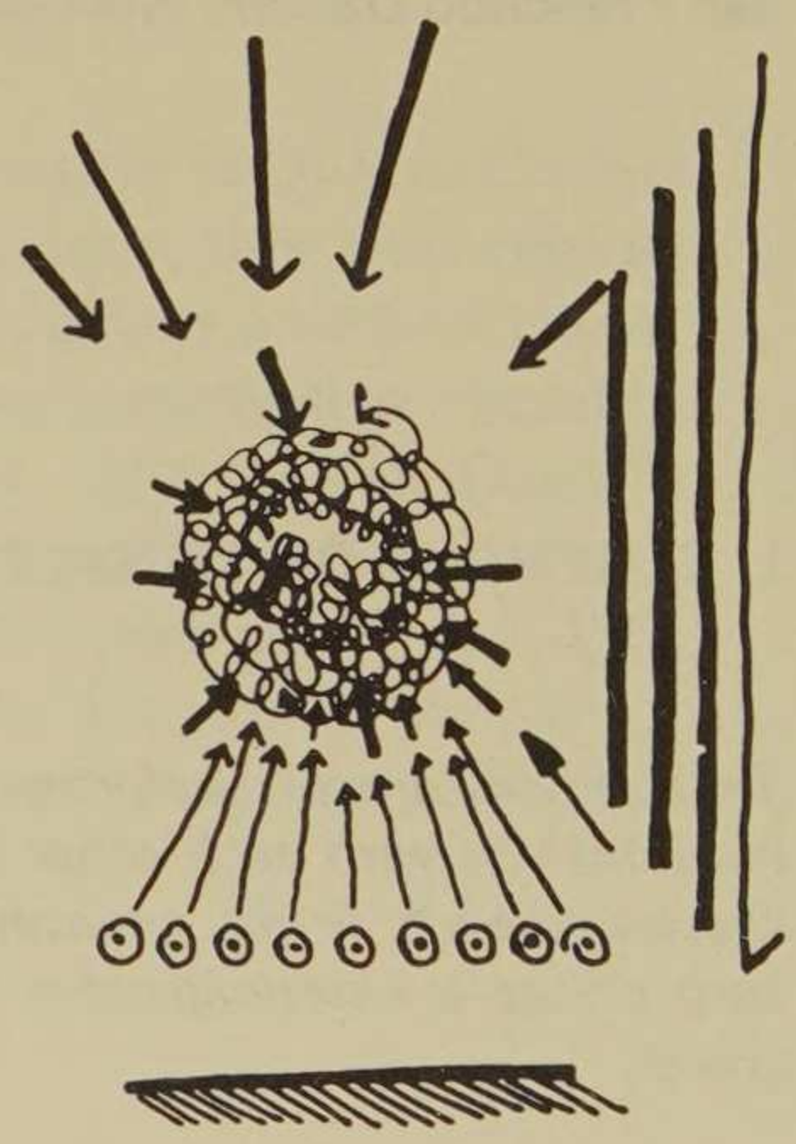
The caller might say "Soledad" which meant that everybody was to line up very quickly with his fingers laced and his hands behind his head. Our elbows were out as if perhaps we were being frisked. At a certain point we all took a deep breath—we could feel it in one another's bodies—and let out a sustained scream.

Each person had two or three calls. We never knew when a call was going to come, but when it did we would respond as quickly as possible. The calls could be changed—dropped, added, recycled—before each performance. The audience realized that this was a game; at many performances a spectator would call out an image, which we would then be required to perform.

Ceremony of Signals was performed nude in order to make a visually strong and unifying statement without the uniformity of a costume (black leotard). Nudity entails a psychological risk in terms of both seeing and being seen that establishes a mutual trust on the part of audi-

ence and performers. This in turn invites the audience to relate more intimately to the performers. *Ceremony* thus becomes a ceremony of trust and acceptance between the two groups.

2. INITIATION



An ordeal of physical and emotional exhaustion. Individual/group involvement in sustaining rhythmic movements at maximum energy. Initiation-catharsis ritual. Group provide support and attention to each Initiation, using movement or sound if appropriate.

Where *Ceremony of Signals* was based on the notion of the individual being protected by merging with the group, in *Initiations* the individual is exposed, on his own, required to use his own total resources. In no way can he find protection from the task of revealing to his community of performers—or to the audience—his skills, imagination, soul.

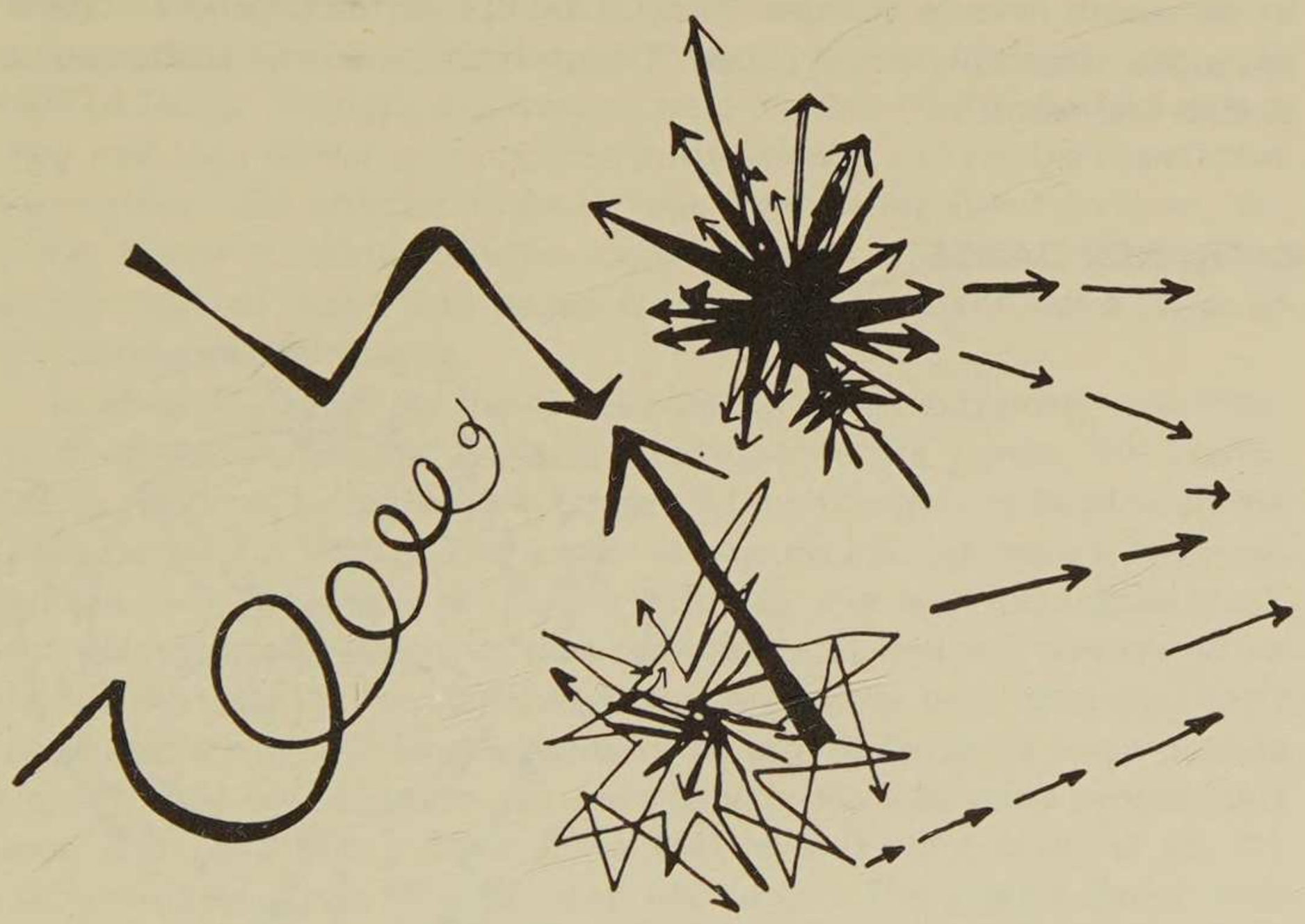
Our sound organizer, Richard Friedman, had wanted to work out a collaborative experience between the dancers and the rhythm of the percussion. His idea was that each of us select a very specific rhythm, that we do it over and over at a moderately fast tempo with absolute precision, and that the moment we go off that rhythm or tempo we stop. I added that the movement had to be done at peak energy. The repeated movement pattern became the performer's personal logo. If your rhythm wasn't repeated precisely, you were compelled by the rules to collapse. We had to practice this for a long, long time because part of the evolution of the movement was to find a rhythmic pattern that was challenging. And as a pattern becomes easier through successive performances, the soloist builds on it, making it more complex and more difficult. To do this pattern at high energy was an incredible ordeal.

The supportive sounds and movement were often dependent on the

need of the performer. Sometimes just guttural sounds emphasizing a particular beat. Sometimes encouraging words. The supportive movements were largely for the people doing the sounds, to make the sounds come out more strongly.

The percussionists were to counter our rhythms with theirs. They would continuously go against our rhythms, making it more difficult to maintain our patterns. But once we were able to do that, the percussion became an additional energizer.

3. ANIMAL RITUAL



Liberate feelings and bodily impulses through individual and group atavistic fantasies. Decide on your bush-soul animal. Perform it according to individual micro-score within Master score, defining your "turf" within performance area and relating to other performers and/or spectators.

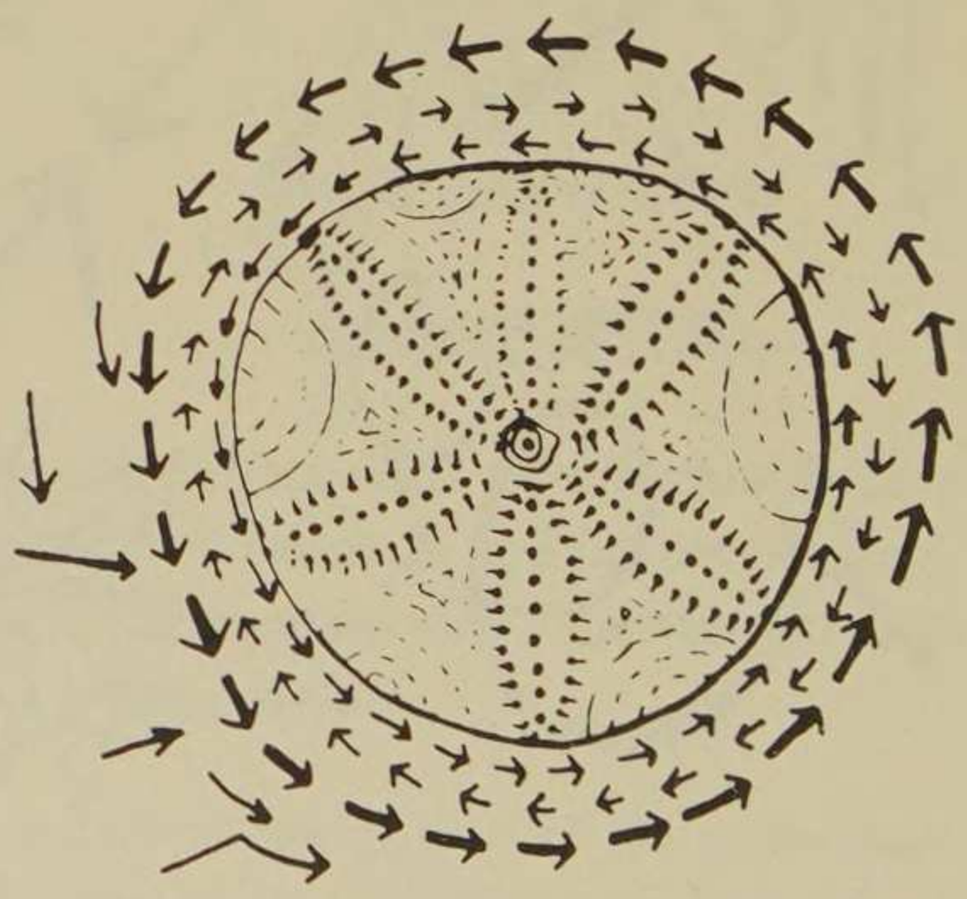
The performer lives through a set of life situations based on his social being. He symbolizes, through the fantasy animal, the reality of his relationships to other people and the development of the group. *Animal Ritual* reflected where we were as our own community. We were struggling to define our status within the community—who were the leaders, the protectors, the deviants, the strategists. Each time we did the performance it was as if we were vying for our roles in the community.

We evolved our animals—deer, bird, predator (panther), snake, and monkey—over a period of several months. There was a lot of exploring until each person really looked and moved very much like his animal. When two people met in space they had to interact in terms of their

scores. At the intersections of individual scores conflicts might arise.

If a performer was at the brink of crisis, if he could no longer survive within the rules of his score and the identity of his animal, he could transform into another animal or another fantasy. My score was that on one side of the space I was attracted to whatever was there and on the other side I was repelled by whatever was there. Another person whose path often crossed mine had as his score "sexual frustration". When we met in that space where my score compelled me to be repulsed by him, he might attack me. This might turn into a violent physical scramble. He was stronger than I, and at a point where I felt I could no longer maintain my identity and task I would have to transform. I might transform into a baby animal that was in his family, so that his relationship to me would have to change. Thus at each performance unpredictable encounter situations would occur. Transformation was what allowed us to deal with conflict.

4. TRANCE DANCE



Create a basic communal rhythm that will move through everyone—performers and audience. Flow with other movement as it occurs. . . vocalize breathing. . .merge with other sounds. Let audience enter and claim Trance Dance as its own group creation as a moving community.

Trance Dance begins with the performers setting up a structure based on a simple shuffling step. The body drops with full foot into the ground. The joints remain flexible so as to allow the beat of the step to reverberate all the way up through the body. It's a step typical of folk and primitive dances, just a shuffling along, keeping a strong steady beat. Once the structure is established, the audience begins to come into it. This happens quite easily: there's nothing in any way difficult or threatening. With the accumulation of more and more bodies and energies and differences, the structure seems to be transcended. As the initial movement decays and wilts away, there is a period of searching, of groping, and very often even of chaos. But in the process there is a

search for some new energy; there's a rebirth, a regeneration. The audience, along with the performers, creates a new event that has sprung from the initial one but that has an authenticity unique to that group of people at that time. Through *Trance Dance* we were able to bridge the gap between our community and the audience as a community.

At each performance a different kind of event emerges. It can go in any direction, take on any shape. Somewhere in the monotony of that initial shuffling walk, something is altered in the consciousness; a form of hypnosis occurs. Out of that new things begin to happen. At one performance in New York a wild competitive dance was initiated between a spectator—a Japanese woman—and another young woman that she enticed from the circle. Then one went out and another came in. There was a series of frenetic duets between one woman and another, supported by the people in the outer circle in much the same way as in *INITIATION*. Perhaps the women were excited by the physical ordeal they had seen earlier and unconsciously wanted to have the experience themselves. On another night in New York, after about an hour, the group began to come together into a small, intimate gathering and simply quieted down and began to chant. The chant was a series of spontaneous vocal sounds.

In some instances the dance has gone on for an extremely long time. In Connecticut, at the American Festival of the Dance, the *Trance Dance* went on for an hour on stage and then continued outside on the lawn for several hours. The longer it goes on and the more slowly you build into it, the deeper the trance becomes. I've seen individuals break into sounds and movements that remind me of Balinese dancers where the sounds seem to come from someplace in the body that you can't locate, or where the dancer seems to be moved by some force outside himself, as if by a dybbuk. This can be very scary to some people. But once you have seen trance go to that level it's not scary at all; it's reaffirming of some kind of deep life force. The *Trance Dance* ends when the trance has set in and a transcendence has taken place, when an event has been created out of the transformation. The group seems to find its own way of ending. The important thing is that the collective energy does take over and take the dance to its own sense of resolution, and that can't ever be predicted.

Performance Note

The musicians for each performance were drawn from the local community, bringing varying degrees of expertise. Workshops were held to rehearse them during the week prior to performance. Similarly a group of fifty to sixty people was drawn from the community to augment the dance ensemble. The local performers brought to the piece the special quality of the particular community.

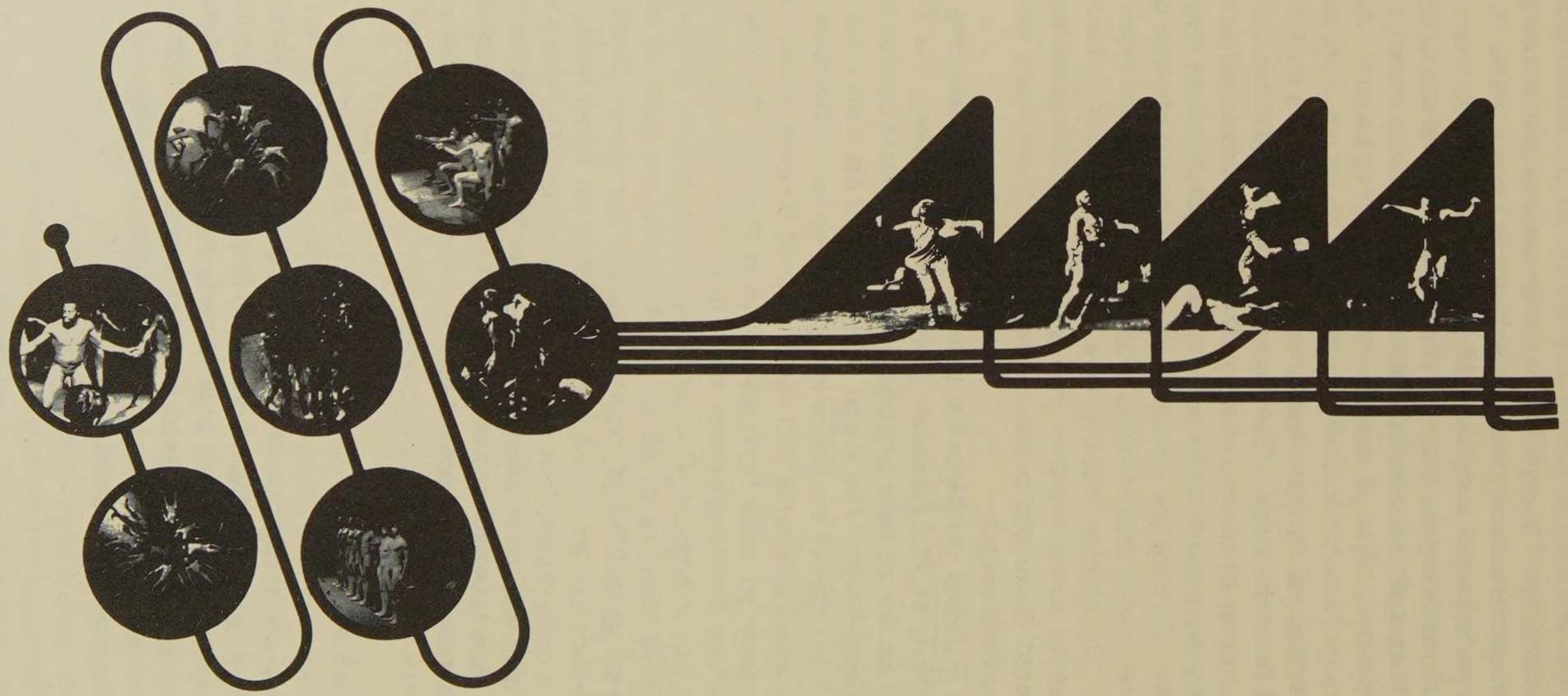
Anna Halprin

A dance event in four parts.

As performed by Ann Halprin and the San Francisco Dancers' Workshop at Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts; the Museum of Art, Richmond, Virginia; George Washington University, Washington, D.C.; and New York City Center; during October and November, 1971.

INITIATION
TRANCE DANCE
CEREMONY OF SIGNALS
ANIMAL RITUAL

INITIATIONS AND TRANSFORMATIONS



CEREMONY OF SIGNALS

OBJECTIVE
To take possession of performance space and make it home. To establish relationships with each other and the audience. The interaction of performers/space/audience will form the environmental Gestalt for the event.

SCORE
Everyone create a kinetic/graphic with the rest of the group. Call this image loudly and precisely to the rest so that they can do it. Group support caller in making the image visible. If the audience perceives the score and calls out images, perform them also.

INITIATION

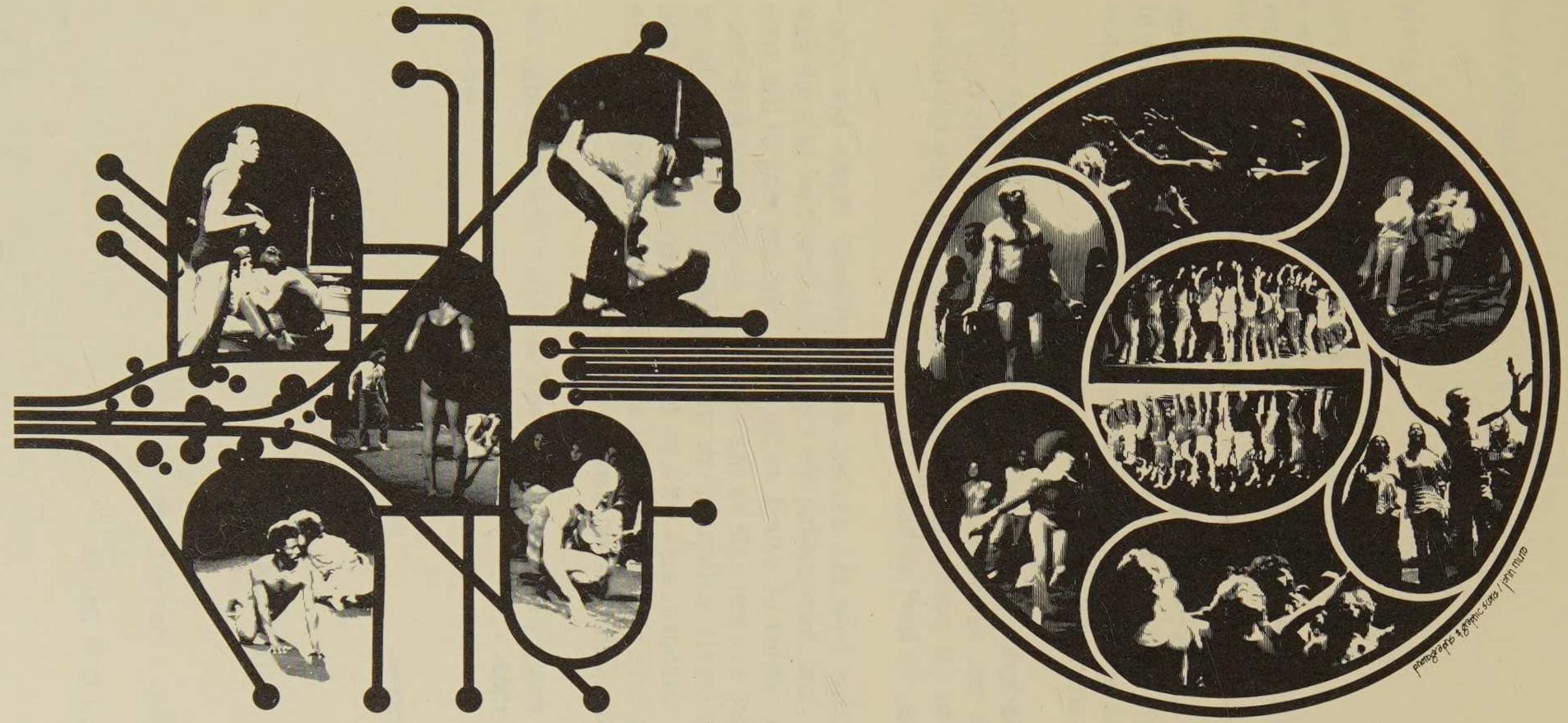
OBJECTIVE
To survive an ordeal of physical and emotional exhaustion. Individual/group involvement in sustaining attitudes of rhythmic movements until limits of energy are reached. Initiation-catharsis ritual.

SCORE
Each member develop a precise rhythmic movement and repeat it over and over with high energy until there is a slight alteration in pattern or tempo. Then stop.

Group provide support and attention to each Initiation, using movement or sound if they are appropriate.

This is a *graphic score*. Its purpose is to record, describe, and document the event. It takes its graphic form from the content of the dance experience. The photos were taken from the above performances. The verbal instructions below are those from which the performing group evolved each individual performance.

Graphics and photography © 1974 by John Muto.



ANIMAL RITUAL

OBJECTIVE
To enter our individual and group atavistic fantasies and liberate feelings and bodily impulses without censorship.

SCORE
Each person decides on his or her bush-soul animal. Perform it in own micro-scores within Master score.

Activity Perform roles and task within own fantasy animal.

Space Define your 'turf' in the performance area.

Time Total of 30 minutes.

People Relate to any people in performing group or audience.

Perform individual animal score as pre-planned. For safety purposes and survival improvise a "human" score when 2 or more scores come together with dangerous risks.

Rules of the game Performers can change to other animals, human, male or female, any age. Transformation should come when you are in an impasse of survival.

OBJECTIVE
To create a communal rhythm to flow between everyone — performers and audience. Abolition of resistance through moving into trance-like state — dissociating the 'mind' from the 'body.'

SCORE
Adopt and repeat a basic step with up-down rhythm. Flow with other movement . . . vocalise breathing . . . merge with other sounds . . . allow and reinforce "Myth" to happen when audience enters and claims Trance Dance as its own group creation as a moving community.

TRANCE DANCE

SPANISH CARD PIECE FOR OBJECTS

From one to twenty-four performers are arranged within view of each other. Each has before him a stopwatch and a set of objects of four types, corresponding to the four suits of Spanish cards: swords, clubs, cups, and coins.

One performer, as dealer, shuffles a deck of Spanish cards (which are numbered 1-12 in each suit), and deals them in pairs to all performers, each performer arranging his pairs, face up, in front of him.

At a sign from the dealer, each performer starts his stopwatch, and, interpreting the rank of the first card in each pair as the number of sound to be made, and the rank of the second card in each pair as the number of consecutive five-second intervals within which that number of sounds is to be freely arranged, acts with an object corresponding to the suit of the first card in each pair upon an object corresponding to the suit of the second card in that pair.

When every performer has used all his pairs of cards, the piece ends.

Winter, 1959/60

GEORGE BRECHT

TIME-TABLE EVENT

to occur in a railway station

A time-table is obtained.

A tabled time indication is interpreted
in minutes and seconds (7:16 equalling,
for example, 7 minutes and 16 seconds).
This determines the duration of the event.

Spring, 1961

WORD EVENT

● EXIT

Spring, 1961

THREE DANCES

1.
Saliva

2.
Pause.
Urination.
Pause.

3.
Perspiration.

Summer, 1961

INSTRUCTION

● Turn on a radio.

At the first sound, turn it off.

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

Five Piano Pieces,
any number playable successively or simultaneously, in any order and combination, with one another and with other pieces.

1.
The piano seat is tilted on its base and brought to rest against a part of the piano.

2.
Wooden blocks.
A single block is placed inside the piano. A block is placed upon this block, then a third upon the second, and so forth, singly, until at least one block falls from the column.

3.
Photographing the piano situation.

4.
Three dried peas or beans are dropped, one after another, onto the keyboard.

5.
The piano seat is suitable arranged, and the performer seats himself.

Summer, 1961.

THREE TELEPHONE EVENTS

- When the telephone rings, it is allowed to continue ringing, until it stops.
- When the telephone rings, the receiver is lifted, then replaced.
- When the telephone rings, it is answered.

Performance note: Each event comprises all occurrences within its duration.

Spring, 1961

COMB MUSIC (COMB EVENT)

For single or multiple performance.

A comb is held by its spine in one hand, either free or resting on an object.

The thumb or a finger of the other hand is held with its tip against an end prong of the comb, with the edge of the nail overlapping the end of the prong.

The finger is now slowly and uniformly moved so that the prong is inevitably released, and the nail engages the next prong.

This action is repeated until each prong has been used.

Second version: Sounding comb-prong.

Third version: Comb-prong.

Fourth version: Comb. Fourth version: Prong.

(1959-62)

STAMPING PIECES

ON PILES OF LEAVES GREEN

GALLOP IN PLACE

ON ROCKS

JUMP, LAND ON ONE FOOT

JUMP LAND ON OTHER FOOT

ON LEAVES DEAD

STAMPING SLOW LIKE HOPPING UP AND DOWN ON ONE FOOT

ON DIRT

SKIP IN PLACE

ON TWIGS

TIP TOE

A PUDDLE OF WATER

STAMPING A RHYTHM REPEATING IT

STAMPING A RHYTHM ONCE STAMPING A NEW RHYTHM.

STAMPING FAST JUMPING

STAMPING A RHYTHM

ON GRAVEL

STAMPING ACCENTS

1	+	2	+	3	+
•		•	•		

1	+	2	+	3	+	4	+
•		•	•		•	•	

JUMP HIGH

ON SAND

STANDING STILL

VAR. ROCKING

ON MUD

VAR. CRAWLING CROUCHING

STAMPING UNTIL YOU ARE TIRED & RESTING

STAMPING A LITTLE WHILE & RESTING

VAR. ADDING THE VOICE
HOOTS
WOOPS
SHOUTS
BREATH PIECES

VAR. ADDING ARMS & VOICE

LISTENING TO HOW IT ALL SOUNDS

CAROLE WEBER

MEASURING TAPE/FILMSTRIP (PERFORMANCE PIECE)

from "Stuart Sherman's Twelfth Spectacle (Language)"

on a small black-topped table:

in the center is a silver-cased, retractable tape measure
in the upper right-hand corner (from performer's—X's—point of view) is a tape dispenser, placed sideways to the audience and containing a roll of blank (black) film
in lower left-hand corner is another tape dispenser, placed sideways to the audience and containing a roll of clear film splicing tape

X lifts tape measure, holds its front tip in front of his left eye, pulls a length of tape out of tape measure, lays tape measure, with pulled-out portion, along diagonal axis extending between upper left-hand corner and lower right-hand corner of table

X lifts film dispenser, holds its front edge in front of his right eye, pulls out a strip of blank film, tears off strip, replaces film dispenser in upper right-hand corner, lays filmstrip (curled) in upper left-hand corner, at beginning of measuring tape diagonal

X takes a pair of eyeglasses from vest pocket, puts them on. In left lens-frame is a length of measuring tape, running horizontally against a white background; in right lens-frame is a strip of blank film running vertically against a white background. X takes off glasses, sets them down over measuring tape, positioned so that they face filmstrip in upper left-hand corner and so that the measuring tape lies directly under nose-bridge of glasses

X takes out a second pair of glasses, puts them on. In left lens-frame is a column of print (same width as measuring tape) running horizontally against a white background; in right lens-frame is a column of print (same width as filmstrip) running vertically against a white background. X takes off glasses and lays them along measuring tape behind first pair of glasses

X takes out a third pair of glasses, puts them on. Both lens-frames are filled with print. X takes off glasses, places them along measuring tape behind other glasses.

X switches on tape recorder: sound of filmstrip running through movie projector

X takes filmstrip, inserts it into slit in center of right lens of first pair of glasses, pulls it through, inserts filmstrip into slit in center of left lens of second pair of glasses, pulls it through, inserts filmstrip into slit in center of right lens of third pair of glasses, pulls it through. X switches off movie projector sound on tape recorder, retracts measuring tape (from under nose bridges of glasses) back into tape measure. X removes tape measure and filmstrip from table, removes glasses and film dispenser from table

X lifts splicing tape dispenser, holds its front edge in front of his open mouth, pulls out a length of clear splicing tape, tears it off, removes tape dispenser from table, presses length of clear splicing tape down along diagonal axis extending between upper left-hand corner and lower right-hand corner of small black-topped table

ON A CARRIER WAVE

With love and appreciation, I dedicate
this piece to John Cage. In our times of
Noise, he has created Silence, and he
has shown us the notation of silence.
He is our teacher, a musician's musician,
and a man among all people everywhere.

Instructions for reading:

In the following text, read each line in turn, left to right, top of page to bottom. Count five regular beats per line, each beat starting at the beginning of one of the five vertical columns, at a tempo that will render the phrases that cross through several columns into normal speech. Read all words in correct relation to the beat, with rests in the blank spaces. This may take you a bit of practice to get used to, after which it will probably become second nature to you.

KENNETH MAUE

i open your eyes and you warm the soup magic

as if we were

in the middle of

gems are the thing to get rich with

mopar dwindle applesauce

drink chance glap sound

john cage personal mythology

when we were on vacation we swam every day at least once

driving home

a poem

swill mock-up aircraft dreams

rank two

he is the type who silent rest

mirror caress

blue cheese

gaseous nonsense plates of ivory soon

when agog

a lake with enough water stomach receipt

glag-mog twa sune dop wuff

lightbulb

roach sail leach mast rudder

tiller jib cleat keel clew

luff grommet reach tool jazz

slap mug a central notion that philosophic

content has become obsolete in an historical era characterized by

song and dance who

President bwad rug soop ing

ing ing ing three

ing Wee Willie parked when

every day rescue liquid marble

cold feet
as if we were in

bandwagon
can we arrive soon

klute

strontium

soap

unzip the bank-dick
political tickling faster than dope

operation overcast

reached an impasse
add

millipede
railroad trackish

organic peanut butter
kar-shoh dappa-dappa will kippi gag

disease

flip-flap-flop

miracle go lovers tell Charles Ives gorgeous matches
weather isn't everything but it is a lot
special musical notes and ribbons for hire
delve misrepresent
vicious itching
miracle mile don't stomp on me
ooblecht Dürer
spill the truth
a banquet to honor everyone in sight
kish-wish-tish oopla
my uncle told me he didn't want to participate
pop snap
bounce mark
do the salamander bop
prison
blockbuster
incest and
seasonal passion
a doctor on vacation is like a bureaucrat in heat
and he wasn't fooling
red
globe

shape zazz
our moh-greb
show
shores
glub

drew zazz cool
up yours
ooh
doo-wah
Mies
wash
what's normal
margin for error
if and when we breathe
conversation
first grade
Christ
greening
portion of eights
maze move
think creeping
groop
I move the soft aloft
forbidden
Karl Marx said
ship-dip
sugar
glib

resentments and resistances for example
when they notice that the tables and chairs have moved
parrot again again
mate if you answer YES please time your reply in miles
tempo rubato platonic er-uh
ahh umm uhh
well I declare
the war ended last night just before the party began
jillio-dillio cartwheel
michelangelo his beautiful bors-mors-lors
shanty vision to
regulate the breathing of just one organism
and matters of the heart
last weekend I had a weekend affair but
it was only literary or is that
the most real sort of affair
dancers as political spokespersons
the limits of psychology the ruby
at the center of my heart
during the war Noel Coward was a spy
for the british successful because
he was so utterly obvious to everyone
your reputation slow down-down
organize the direct result of a stationmaster who
will show sack drimp
carge zilli-dilli shoop-shoop glin
amalgamated world disasters incorporated daily
in the newspapers fading
like salty so which
world relay in ghosting safe-way china
empire america no longer a world power
shopping list impossible dreamer
leaves shining armor why are
we so reluctant to
see or hear

the reason for which a walnut song has sung the opera ate a meal

or two gaven foor bell-ringer

glue Anne Frank mappo

shakespeare thematic

continuity results in some arrangements

ice cream

marriage accessible

left-over push-over right-on turn-down

magnifying glasses show almost everything

do they not listen and

again listen and again and

someone replied that red is the color of

introducing loudly

a princess process guaranteed to

by which the manufacturer means to tell you another when

really and that

chortles wish boom

jape Centurion

hollywood is where the movies were made and

cotton slept

ginger root coming phone ring

ring a horde of insects

FUGUE

Players sit together in a circle. Each player says in turn, in strong voice, "My name is _____ and I'm talking." Each player follows the previous, with no gap between. Each player, after saying this sentence, proceeds to tell his or her life story, now in a quiet voice. Players can say anything they choose about their lives.

Two more times during the piece, this sequence of "My name is, etc." is repeated exactly as in the beginning. Any player at any time may initiate the sequence, by breaking into the talking about life experience, and saying in loud voice, "My name is _____ and I'm talking." Each player now follows carefully in turn, as in the beginning, cutting off his or her life story just in time to pick up his or her turn to say the "My name is" statement. After saying that statement at the proper time, each player immediately goes back to saying his or her life story, again in quiet voice.

Each player's life story is a monologue occurring independently of the others.

To end the piece, the "My name is" sequence is started for a fourth and last time. This time, it begins exactly as before, but each player, instead of returning again to the life story, follows "My name is _____ and I'm talking" with "and I will keep talking until everyone is finished, and I will keep talking until everyone is finished, and I will keep talking until everyone is finished . . ." continuously. After all the players are saying this end-phrase, they gradually synchronize the phrase to bring themselves into unison. They do this gradually, so that everyone's speech stays normal even if speeded up or slowed down a bit. The end-phrase begins in strong voice. After all players are together on it, they gradually decrescendo into quiet voice, then murmur, then whisper, then silence.

This piece needs to be rendered precisely, with all players in full control of what they're doing. Therefore it needs to be practiced until all the players can create a smooth effect together.

THE RETURN FROM INDIA

We went to Ladakh because people told us to go there. They said it would be like Shangri-la and it was everyone smiling no tourists in the streets no hustle no hard sell people holding hands and smiling all the time smiling soldiers holding hands. They were there to guard the border/dust streets empty like a western town/it took us two days to get there by jeep. Tibetan temple bells they still had a working religion what ever that meant and the sound of guns in the distance gun practice to guard the Chines border. The people were all too happy for me. We did not speak the same language and I wanted to get back to New York where I could be happy being unhappy but was afraid to leave too quick and miss what it was I came for which was...what was it I came for? All this smiling and sweet smiles I made a reservation to go back on the bus because I figured I was at the top of the world up there in the Himalayas and I had lost my WILL in India. I could make no more decisions and nothing mattered. All I saw kept seeing was a big fir tree like a California Redwood that would rush down kept falling in my mind and I could hear the wind in the branches but it never hit the ground never landed so I lost my will and thought if I could get a running start up this high with enough speed and momentum I might end up back in my bed in New York if I don't stop for anything but I was afraid the bus would crash off the edge of one of those high mountains. We were up so high and the bus driver was a Ladakhi and like a child but like a man a man-child and I didn't trust him because he was so happy they were all so happy on this bus all laughing and smiling at me so to be safe I sat by the emergency exit door with my hand on the handle all the time only the door opened out on the handle all the time only the door opened out over the edge of the mountain and the bus was just on the edge all the way down but I thought——at

least I could jump clear of the bus and have a free fall down on my own and we were going through all the seasons. First it was Winter and the people on the bus would reach out the windows and sweep snow from the glaciers and toss snow balls around the bus laughing always laughing and next it was flowers as we rode through Spring they would reach out and pick flowers and smile back at me as I held on to the emergency door and then it was Summer down in Shrinagar Kashmir and I kept rolling with a flight to Delhi where they said I could not leave the country without proof of how much money I made in India some bureaucratic nonsense. I went around to all the offices but many were closed because of this or that holiday so I said fuck it I'll fly out and if they stop me they stop me and they did. When I got to the airport there was an official who said Gray...Mr. Gray where are your papers and I said I don't have them and he said you may pass so I was on Air India flying by day over half the world like a kind of god for sixteen hours I never turned my head from the window so relaxed all over from Valiums you could buy in any Indian drugstore/flying over giant Saudi Arabia over giant Saudi Arabia over giant Saudi Arabia and over Greece which looked like the moon with no vegetation/I did not know it was so barren/and over green Flanders and coming into Amsterdam where a voice said go right through I had an open ticket back to New York on KLM and the voice said Amsterdam is not a city to go into without a will because I had lost my Will back in Kashmir and it was a tree falling but when the plane landed a new voice said you only live once go into Amsterdam for a quick visit you can fly to New York another day so I took a cab into Amsterdam and everything was a shock the modern cab with its computer beeping register and all the Dutch looked like blond sex giants so big the Vegetables were so big and clean they looked like they had been blown up with bicycle pumps. The cauliflowers and artichokes were breathing not like the little dirty shrunken heads of cauliflower in India.

Let me off at the Leitseplane I said I'll walk the rest of the way. I was going to visit friends. Just to stay a day or two. As soon as I got out of the cab I got an awful chill a fever and I was shaking all over when I got to Jules and Miriam's they said I should go to their doctor a nice woman who said what have you been doing Mister Gray. I thought I had contacted Polio because my whole right side was stiff and I had grown up as a Christian Scientist so never got my Polio shots. I told her I had been looking out the window for sixteen hours at giant Saudi Arabia and I had taken tranquilizers so I didn't feel it. She told me that I didn't have Polio but that I had pulled all my muscles and would have to go to bed to take muscle relaxers and go to bed. I was almost happy. At last I had a purpose in my life. I had to go to bed and Jules and Miriam let me stay in their attic bed where I found a copy of a Cooper book that protege of R.D. Laing's The Grammer of Living I think it was and he was telling about the sixties communies he lived in and how beautiful women would knock at his door and he would open it and in no time without words they would be in a tantric pose just fucking up a storm and this was too much for me and caused my mind to wander. Maybe I should stay in Amsterdam I thought. When I get better I will go down to the DAM and pick up an Italian sixteen year old hippie girl who doesn't speak any English any bring her back to my room and wall and on the table we would get in wonderful tantric poses like in India I knew there had to be sex there because there were so many people but I never felt it there. I never felt it from the people and did not feel or understand it. Now, here, it was so important I could only think about sex and had an open ticket on KLM which meant I could go home at any time but as I got better I began to think I was supposed to be in Bali or Greece not in Holland or New York but maybe back in India. I hadn't seen the South so I'd go out in the streets to look for signs. A sign to tell me where to go and I'd see an Indonesian man and grab him ask him where he was from and he said Bali and I

knew it I knew it I'd have to go there but when did you leave Bali I asked and he said nineteen-forty-one. Nineteen-forty-one. Oh, that was the year I was born so if I go to Bali that means what that I will die that I will be reborn and then I'd go have a beer or two or three to think it over or go down to the travel agent in hopes that he would tell me it was too hot in Bali in June but he smiled and said Bali is never too hot. It is always beautiful. Bali is Shangri-La. I must go. Then some more beer and change my mind. Each morning I'd call KLM and say this is Mister Gray and I have an open ticket and I want to fly to New York on the six o'clock flight and they would say anything you want Mister Gray you have an open ticket and I'd go out and have a few beers and think of Bali and think of Greece never of Amsterdam even though I was offered an apartment there and then call KLM and say I was not flying to New York today. This went on for a week and soon Liz arrived from India. She had stayed behind to study yoga and had only learned how to throw up a gallon of water each morning they would gather dressed in white around an open air cement trough sticking their fingers down their throats and here she was in Amsterdam and she didn't even know that I was still there. One look at my eyes and she could see I'd lost it and she said I better fly back to New York with her. I thought she was right so we went together to the airport but at the last minute just before getting on the plane I began to pace and groan and say I can't get on the plane I have to stay here. Liz told me I better get my bags off the plane so I asked the woman if I could please please get my bags off and she said she thought they could do it and I said yes. I said no. I said yes—no no—yes and then I broke down and began to bark like a dog then pulled it all together and told them to send my bags back to New York without me and she said we can't do that Mister Gray you have to accompany your baggage so I flew to New York to accompany my bags. The whole trip took about seven minutes. I remember the top of Greenland and next we were in

New York. Ron picked Liz and I up at Kennedy and I wasn't there trying to figure out if in Bali or in Greece if locked in the arms of a TANTRIC pose. Ron said we'll drive by the World Trade Center because they are filming King Kong there and you can see the body of the big ape lying there. I didn't want to see King Kong. I wanted to lie down somewhere for a long time just lie down but I couldn't because my loft was subletted so I went to Ken's loft where we were to stay for awhile. It was August in New York and I began to get all this energy in my spine like they told me about in India the KUNDALINI snake that sleeps curled up there in the base of each spine and mine was waking up but in the wrong place here in New York no no not here in New York. I would wake up at six in the morning with what was like a fourth of July rocket tied to my tail and could not stay still and would roll and groan on the floor and wake everyone up and they'd say please please we have to work we have to get our work done and Liz would try to care for me to calm me down and sometimes she would cry and my friends would tell me to please go to a psychiatrist which was New York's answer to Kundalini energy and they gave me lists and names of psychiatrists but none of them would come to the phone because it was August and they were all on vacation but I had one friend who was a psychiatrist and he referred me to a good one smart and young and good looking with a Central Park West office I could almost relate to and I went there and he asked me why I had not had any children yet at my age. I did not know why. He told me I was psychotic and would have to come to him three times a week. How much would each session cost I asked and he said fifty dollars. Isaid I did not have the money and he sid ask your father for it. This is like major surgery. You have something like cancer of the mind. You must look at it like major surgery and I got so afraid I went out of his office to smoke cigarettes and drink black coffee which made me more crazy and I ran into Theodora Skipitares on the street and she said hi

how are you and I said CRAZY. So she called Elaine Summers and Elaine called me and said you must have hypoglycemia go get a glucose tolerance test but I did not listen. Her phone call sounded like under water from London or further. The other side of the world. And my friend the psychiatrist said you are going through the manic side of manic depression and soon you will be deeply depressed and that will be no fun at all. And I was rolling on the floor and saying please please to my friends I'd say please take me to a hospital where I can just rest in a white room with no nothing at all and I got so bad off they did take me to Beth Israel and the admitting doctor in the psychiatric ward said all you have to do is sign this paper and you'll be in a white room and it will be free for you it won't cost you at all and I could not stand still or hold still to sign. I had no will left to sign the paper and he said what is your profession Mr. Gray and I said I was an actor, no an artist that was it I was an artist and he said oh I understand you artists I play the clarinet myself and I said no no I will not sign and my friends took me home and soon the depression fell and I could not stay awake. That was the form it took. It came as sleep and I was sleeping 19 hours a day. I would get up have breakfast fall asleep again and it would be night. I would go to the Grand Union to try to buy some food and I would fall asleep sitting on the edge of the checkout counter. No one could help me. I thought I was going to die or kill myself if it went on much longer. I could understand sucide for the first time I could understand it. I would only groan and my friends would say you know you are groaning a lot but I was so nervous because I was due to teach a class in experimental drama at New York University and I needed to do it because I had no money no money to get well but how would I teach? Liz said she would help out. We were scheduled to conduct the class at the Performing Garage so I had only to walk across the street. Liz would wake me just before the class and I would go over and plant myself in a straight back chair. I'd just prop myself up

in a chair there and try to stay awake I never spoke and after the three hour class was over I'd lie down on the floor at the foot of my chair and fall asleep then wake up sometime in the night and stagger back to my loft to go to sleep again. This went on for seven weeks. For seven weeks of the workshop I never spoke once and at the end of the workshop the students came to me and told me that I was a great teacher that my silent method of teaching was a great experience for them because it forced them back on themselves. They had to make their own decisions and they had learned so much. Soon after this I took Elaine Summer's advice and I went to get a glucose tolerance test which showed that I had an aggravated and extreme case of hypoglycemia. They told me I had to go into mega-vitamin therapy at once. This meant I had to give up all starch all tobacco alcohol hemp caffine fruit. What could I eat only protein they said and that came in the form of animal collagen from a plastic bottle that was sweetened with saccharin and came in three flavors. Cherry, Grapefruit and Orange. It was awful but I did it. I also found a less expensive psychiatrist and I saw him once a week for thirty dollars a session. After some time he felt I should come to him twice a week but I said no because I was spending my money on mega-vitamin therapy. He looked down at that and thought I was doing it to stay young. I thought he was a fool but did not tell him that. I talked all the time in his office and he would listen. He was very serious and I would try to tell him stories to make him laugh. I would only do that some times not all the time but he was so serious his face was so serious I could not help it so one day I told him the following story:

One night my brother hid
under my father's bed.
/My father is also serious
and far from a mystical
or metaphysical man/
He parked his slippers by the bed
and just after he got in bed
my brother threw both slippers
up in the air.
My father cried out, "Bettty come quick!
My slippers are flying!
My slippers are flying!"
and my psychiatrist laughed.

The original collective creation of *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces* in Paris, November 1964, was the work of:

Jim Anderson
Julian Beck
Carl Einhorn
Reggie Gay
Gene Gordon
John Harriman
Roy Harris
Jenny Hecht
Leroy House
Henry Howard
Nona Howard
Steven Ben Israel
Tom Lillard
Roberta Longhi
Judith Malina
Michele Mareck
Paul Prensky
William Shari
Steve Thompson
Jim Tiroff
Luke Theodore
Lee Worley

The premiere of *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces* took place on October 26, 1964, at the American Students and Artists Center, Boulevard Raspail, Paris.

The text was written down during August–September 1969 in Essaouira, Morocco.

Audience is coming in. Audience space. Stage space.

No curtain.

Performers circulate among audience. Everyday clothes.

Performers become part of audience.

Contacts.

BLACKOUT.

Pause.

Bright white spotlight.

Down center.

Performer stands rigid in spotlight (revealed).

Military posture.

Motionless. Silent.

Silence.

Unnoticed: other performers are standing behind the audience.

These performers are all male, indicating dominance of males in contemporary militaristic society.

They are at attention. Motionless. Silent.

Audience reacts.

The performer standing at attention remains indifferent to the audience reaction.

The performers hear the audience's reactions.

At least six minutes pass.

Choosing the moment, a performer (behind the audience) begins to mark time. Brig jog.

Several seconds.

Houselights.

From behind the audience, the performer marking time begins to move.

He moves down the aisle.

Brig jog.

He moves into the stage space.

He stops before an imaginary white line.

Additional lights on the stage space.

He crosses the space.

He stops at the white line in front of the imaginary storeroom.

He opens the door of the imaginary storeroom.

He crosses into the imaginary storeroom.
He does a military about-face.
He closes the door of the imaginary storeroom.
He puts on the light in the imaginary storeroom.
Additional light on the stage space.
He stands at attention.
As soon as he has put on the light in the imaginary storeroom, the male performers who have been standing at attention behind the audience begin to jog down the aisle and into the stage space.
They move in a line down the aisle.
Brig jog. Military precision.
Sound of feet.
Each stops at the imaginary white line.
Each crosses the imaginary white line and the space.
Each stops at the imaginary white line in front of the imaginary storeroom.
The STOREROOM hands to each of them an imaginary cleaning utensil.
Military precision.
Each makes an about-face when leaving the imaginary white line in front of the imaginary storeroom.
Military jog never stops. Except when the performer is standing at attention.
Holding their imaginary cleaning utensils, the performers line up at military attention behind the man who never stops standing rigid.
Two performers leave the stage space and make imaginary beds in the audience space.
One performer leaves the stage space and jogs down the aisle into the lobby.
He returns with an imaginary bucket of water.
He throws the imaginary water at the feet of the men standing in line at attention with their imaginary cleaning utensils.
They spring into action.
Cleaning the brig.
Scrubbing. Mopping. Squeegeeing. Polishing. Jogging. Stage space. Audience space. Water. For-

mation. Bed making. Water carrying. Stomach punches. Standing at attention. Permission to cross the white line, sir.

Tempo very fast.

As the first bucket of water is thrown:

DOLLAR POEM.

Text taken from U. S. Dollar Bill S58414558A by John Harriman.*

Text is spoken in loud clear bored voice by six to twelve performers from various parts of the audience and stage space.**

1ST SPEAKER: One
2ND SPEAKER: One
1ST SPEAKER: One
2ND SPEAKER: One
1ST SPEAKER: One
4TH SPEAKER: One
2ND SPEAKER: One
1ST SPEAKER: One
3RD SPEAKER: One
2ND SPEAKER: One
4TH SPEAKER: One
6TH SPEAKER: One dollar
5TH SPEAKER: One dollar
1ST SPEAKER: This certifies that there is
5TH SPEAKER: on deposit in the Treasury of
4TH SPEAKER: of the United States
5TH AND 6TH SPEAKERS: United States of America
3RD SPEAKER: One dollar

* Brought from New York City to Paris in the summer of 1964. This dollar bill was put back into circulation in Stockholm in December 1965.

** In 1969, after years of reading the Dollar Poem, the performers began to improvise it, always using only the words and groups of words which John Harriman had selected for the poem.

2ND SPEAKER: A2
3RD SPEAKER: S584
4TH SPEAKER: 1.4
1ST SPEAKER: 558-A
5TH SPEAKER: One dollar
2ND SPEAKER: One
1ST SPEAKER: of the

2ND SPEAKER: of the
1ST SPEAKER: One
4TH SPEAKER: One
1ST SPEAKER: One
3RD SPEAKER: One

1ST SPEAKER: S584
2ND SPEAKER: 1.4
3RD SPEAKER: 558
6TH SPEAKER: A2
1ST AND 3RD SPEAKERS: One
2ND AND 4TH SPEAKERS: One
2ND AND 3RD SPEAKERS: One
4TH SPEAKER: One

ALL SPEAKERS: The United States of America
5TH SPEAKER: One
6TH SPEAKER: One
1ST SPEAKER: This certifiies that there is
2ND SPEAKER: Washington
4TH SPEAKER: Washington D.C.
1ST SPEAKER: on deposit
5TH SPEAKER: in the
1ST SPEAKER: Treasury

2ND SPEAKER: An eagle
1ST SPEAKER: on deposit
2ND SPEAKER: in the Treasury
3RD AND 4TH SPEAKERS: An eagle
5TH AND 6TH SPEAKERS: The United States of America
1ST SPEAKER: One
2ND AND 3RD SPEAKERS: One
4TH AND 6TH SPEAKERS: One
2ND SPEAKER: One

2ND AND 3RD SPEAKERS: the United States of America

5TH AND 6TH SPEAKERS: United States of America
3RD SPEAKER: One

4TH SPEAKER: One

3RD SPEAKER: One dollar

6TH SPEAKER: An Eagle

5TH AND 6TH SPEAKERS: The United States

1ST AND 3RD SPEAKERS: One
5TH SPEAKER: One
2ND SPEAKER: Washington
3RD AND 4TH SPEAKERS: Washington D.C.
5TH SPEAKER: An eagle
1ST SPEAKER: Series 1957 B
2ND AND 3RD SPEAKERS: An eagle
4TH SPEAKER: A2
6TH SPEAKER: S
5TH SPEAKER: 584
1ST AND 3RD SPEAKERS: 1.4
2ND AND 4TH SPEAKERS: 558
1ST AND 2ND SPEAKERS: One dollar
3RD AND 4TH SPEAKERS: One dollar
5TH AND 6TH SPEAKERS: One dollar
2ND AND 4TH SPEAKERS: One dollar
5TH SPEAKER: On deposit
6TH SPEAKER: An eagle
1ST SPEAKER: Thesaur
2ND SPEAKER: Amer
3RD SPEAKER: Septant
4TH SPEAKER: Sigil
5TH AND 6TH SPEAKERS: E Pluribus Unum
1ST AND 2ND SPEAKERS: An eagle
3RD SPEAKER: One
6TH SPEAKER: Katherine O'Hay
2ND SPEAKER: One
6TH SPEAKER: Granihan
4TH SPEAKER: One
5TH SPEAKER: Treasurer
1ST AND 2ND SPEAKERS: of the United States
3RD SPEAKER: C
5TH SPEAKER: Douglas
6TH SPEAKER: Dillon
1ST SPEAKER: An eagle
3RD SPEAKER: Secretary
4TH SPEAKER: of the Treasury
6TH SPEAKER: One
1ST AND 2ND SPEAKERS: of the United States
3RD SPEAKER: In God We Trust
5TH AND 6TH SPEAKERS: In God We Trust
1ST SPEAKER: C. Douglas Dillon
2ND SPEAKER: One
4TH SPEAKER: Katherine O'Hay Granihan
3RD SPEAKER: An eagle
2ND SPEAKER: One
5TH SPEAKER: One
1ST SPEAKER: Washington
3RD AND 4TH SPEAKERS: Washington D.C.
6TH SPEAKER: E Pluribus Unum

1ST SPEAKER: Series 1957 B
5TH SPEAKER: Annuit Coeptis
2ND AND 3RD SPEAKERS: In God We Trust
2ND AND 4TH SPEAKERS: The United States
1ST AND 3RD SPEAKERS: One dollar
6TH SPEAKER: An eagle
1ST SPEAKER: Novus
2ND SPEAKER: Ordo
3RD SPEAKER: Seclorum
6TH SPEAKER: 1776
2ND AND 4TH SPEAKERS: 1776
5TH SPEAKER: Washington
1ST SPEAKER: Washington D.C.
2ND AND 4TH SPEAKERS: One
1ST SPEAKER: One
1ST SPEAKER: One
2ND SPEAKER: in the Treasury
6TH SPEAKER: An eagle
1ST SPEAKER: 1776
3RD SPEAKER: One
5TH SPEAKER: One
1ST, 2ND AND 3RD SPEAKERS: One
4TH SPEAKER: One
4TH SPEAKER: One dollar
1ST SPEAKER: Katherine O'Hay Granihan
3RD SPEAKER: on deposit
4TH SPEAKER: One
2ND AND 5TH SPEAKERS: One
4TH SPEAKER: One dollar
1ST SPEAKER: Washington
3RD AND 4TH SPEAKERS: C. Douglas Dillon
2ND SPEAKER: E Pluribus Unum
3RD SPEAKER: Novus
1ST SPEAKER: One
1ST SPEAKER: Seclorum
4TH SPEAKER: on deposit
5TH AND 6TH SPEAKERS: In God We Trust
2ND SPEAKER: One dollar
3RD AND 4TH SPEAKERS: An eagle
1ST SPEAKER: A2
3RD SPEAKER: S584

4TH SPEAKER: One
1ST SPEAKER: One
3RD SPEAKER: One dollar
4TH SPEAKER: on deposit
2ND SPEAKER: One
5TH SPEAKER: One
4TH SPEAKER: Ordo

4TH SPEAKER: An eagle
1ST AND 6TH SPEAKERS: 1776
2ND SPEAKER: on deposit
4TH SPEAKER: of the United States
ALL SPEAKERS: The United States of America
4TH SPEAKER: One dollar
1ST SPEAKER: One dollar
6TH SPEAKER: One

Brig cleaning. Dollar poem. Rigid performer at attention. STOREROOM at attention.

BUCKET CARRIER and BED MAKER start marching in stage space.

BUCKET CARRIER calls the orders.

One by one the other performers as they finish their tasks return their imaginary cleaning utensils to the storeroom and feed in to the marching.

Marching.

The rigid precision marching of the U. S. Marine Corps.

They call out their numbers loud and strong.

Cadence count.

The Dollar Poem stops.

Marching continues.

Double to the left flank, double to the right flank, double to the rear, march!

Squadron halt!

One two.

Silence.

The STOREROOM turns out the imaginary storeroom light.

He opens the imaginary storeroom door. He crosses the imaginary white line. He executes a military about-face.

He closes the imaginary storeroom door.

About-face.

He makes a loud unintelligible sound.

THE MARCHERS, *standing at attention reply:* Yes, Sir!

The rigid man does not move. No one moves.

BLACKOUT.

THE RAGA.

In the darkness.
Woman's voice.
Guitar.
The sound comes from the audience space.
Indian raga.
Ten minutes.
The raga ends.

THE ODIFERIE.

Dots of light in the stage space.
Incense sticks in the dark. (Each performer with several in his or her hand.)
Moving very slowly.
Procession.
Darkness.
Dots of light fill rear of stage space.
Slowly, noiselessly, solemnly, performers move forward.
White light comes up very slowly, revealing the performers.
Slowly, noiselessly, solemnly, performers move forward.
Procession.
Slowly spilling into the audience space.
Eye to eye.
Procession. Up the aisles.
Eye contact with audience.
No language, no grimace. Silent communication. The performers establish love relationship with the audience.
One performer does not leave the stage space.
Sits in the center.
Lights down. One spotlight. Stage center.
The performers extinguish the incense.
They become part of the audience.

STREET SONGS.

The performer in the stage space speaks.

TEXT:

Street Songs
by
Jackson MacLow

Pause.

Stop the war.

Pause.

Stop the war.

Pause.

Stop the war.

Pause.

Stop the war.

Pause.

Freedom now.

Pause.

Freedom now.

Pause.

Stop the war.

Pause.

Freedom now.

Pause.

Stop the war.

Pause.

Freedom now.

Pause.

Stop the war.

Pause.

Freedom now.

Pause.

Freedom now.

Pause.

Freedom now.

Pause.

Ban the bombs.

Pause.

Ban the bombs.

Pause.

Open the doors.

Pause.

Open the doors.

Pause.

Freedom now.

Pause.

Freedom now.

Pause.

Stop the wars.

Pause.

Freedom now.

Pause.

Open the doors.

Pause.

Of all the jails.

Pause.

The pattern of the rhythm is clear:

Between each song there is a pause only just long enough for the audience to respond.

The length of the pause is the length of an imaginary echo.

The performer speaks both in English and the

language of the country in which the play is being performed.

No fixed order. Text is decided by the performer at each performance.

The audience responds.

The performers support the response of the audience.

They encourage response.

The audience echoes the songs chanted by the speaker.

The performers echo the songs with the audience.

The speaker echoes the songs chanted by the audience.

The basic text used by the performer in the stage space consists of those songs which are in the air when the play is being performed.

SPEAKER: Stop the war.
AUDIENCE/PERFORMERS: Stop the war.
Freedom now.
Freedom now.
Free the blacks.
Freedom now.
Freedom now.
Freedom now.
Free all people.
Free all people.
Change the world.
Change the world.
Change the world.
Change the world.
Feed the poor.
Feed the poor.
Stop the wars.
Stop the wars.
Stop the war.
In Vietnam.
Stop the war.
Stop the war.
In the Middle East.
In the Middle East.

Free the blacks.
Free the blacks.
In America.
In America.
Free the blacks.
Free all people.
In Africa.
Change the world.
Change the world.
Change the world.
Abolish the state.
Abolish the state.
Change the world.
Stop the draft.
Stop the draft.
Abolish police.
Abolish police.
Change the world.
Stop the draft.
Abolish the state.
Abolish the state.

One by one the performers come on stage.
Audience too.
They walk in a circle.
The performer in the center joins them.
Moving chanting circle.

Abolish frontiers.
Abolish frontiers.
Abolish money.
Abolish money.
Ban the banks.
Ban the banks.
Fuck for peace.
Fuck for peace.
Viva Anarchy.
Viva Anarchy.
Change the world.
Change the world.
Find a way.
Find a way.

Make it work.
Make it work.

Arms link. Standing side by side, clasping waists and shoulders, circle comes together. The community assembles. Circle of people standing still. Pool of light.

Silence.
Silence.
Breathing.

THE CHORD.

Out of the breathing, a small sound.
Everyone listens.
The small sound is a low hum.
Hum increases.
Louder.
Each one in the circle hears the sound made by the person on either side.
Each one responds to these two sounds.
Out of this humming and listening comes an open-throated sound.
It grows.
It rises.
The sound gets high and carries everyone up with it.
Unification of the community.
It varies and continues.
It continues as long as the joy sustains it.
The sound diminishes.
Moves out as slowly as it moved in.
Returns to a hum.
Slowly.
Breathing.
Silence.
Pause.
The circle holds. Eyes meet. The circle dissolves.

Audience and performers drift into audience space.

Several performers sit in a straight line across the front of the stage space.

THE BREATHING.

Derived from Yoga breathing exercises.

The performers sit cross-legged.

A performer distributes paper tissue (usually toilet paper) to all the performers.

They clear their noses. Thoroughly.

They meditate. They find a pleasant place.

They breathe deeply through the nose.

A pronounced inhalation filling the lungs.

Complete exhalation.

The mouth remains closed.

The breathing becomes more and more rapid.

At least forty inhalations and exhalations.

The lungs become very full.

They hold their breath.

They are very high.

They meditate.

The breath is slowly released.

Silence. Meditation.

MAKING THE LION.

The performers change position.

They kneel, sitting on their heels.

They throw the head and torso back, stretching.

They swing their bodies forward, resting their foreheads on the ground.

They wait. They find a pleasant place.

They begin to breathe.

Very slowly they raise their heads.
Very slowly the torso arches backwards.
They inhale. They do not exhale. They inhale in short pronounced breaths. They inhale alternately through the mouth and through the nose. Filling the lungs.
The back is fully arched.
Exhalation. The performers thrust their bodies forward, extending the tongue as far as possible, pushing the eyeballs forward, and, slamming the wrists on the knees, pushing their energy outward, extending the fingers to the limit.
Emptying of the lungs.
The performer is clear.
Is the lion.
Normal breathing returns.
Bows forehead to the ground.
Slowly lifts head and torso.
Sits back on heels.
Is high. Is in a very clear place.
Silence. Meditation.

THE ZH-ZH-ZH.

The performer kneeling in the center rises.
Free choice.
Example:
The performer makes a small repeated sound.
His or her body is moved by the sound.
Moves forward. The sound grows. The gesture grows. Intensity grows. Arms, head, torso, legs shake with the sound. It overwhelms the performer.
The performer stops and gives it to the audience.
The performers slowly rise and drift into the audience and backstage.

INTERMISSION.

During the intermission the boxes are placed.

The boxes: 4 rectangular boxes set side by side, height 2 meters, width 1 meter, depth 20 centimeters. They are unpainted wood. They stand facing the audience.

Blackout.

Lights on. Flash. 2 seconds:

There are four performers, one in each box. They are motionless.

Blackout. 4 seconds.

Lights on. Flash. 2 seconds:

The four performers have changed positions.

Blackout. 4 seconds.

Lights on. Flash. 2 seconds:

The four performers have changed positions.

After 12 changes, longer blackout.

Lights on. Flash. 2 seconds:

Four other performers.

Blackout. 4 seconds.

Lights on. Flash. 2 seconds:

The performers have changed positions.

After 12 changes, longer blackout, four other performers.

72 Tableaux Vivants, 6 groups of 4 performers each.

The performers move in the blackout.

The positions are inspired in the blackout.

Free improvisation. Performers may remain in boxes, move in and out of boxes. Touch each other. Make formations. The performers do not see each other in the dark. Chance relationships are revealed to the audience.

After the seventy-second tableau there is no blackout.

The performers in the boxes hold their positions until they are joined by the rest of the company.

They walk in a circle.

The boxes are removed.
Circle.
One by one the performers leave.
Only seven remain.

SOUND AND MOVEMENT, CALLED LEE'S PIECE.

It is always dedicated to Joseph Chaikin who invented the piece. It can also be dedicated to someone else or something else. So can any of the pieces. This piece is called Lee's Piece because Lee Worley of Joseph Chaikin's Open Theater taught it to The Living Theatre Company.

The performers form two lines facing each other.

Any performer makes a small silent movement.
Sends it to someone on the other side.
A performer receives it.
Repeats it.
Changes it.
Sends it. To someone on the other side.
The one to whom it has been sent receives it.
Receives. Repeats. Changes. Sends.

The movements grow from small movements to larger movements.

Sooner or later small sound is added to the change.

The performer makes a movement and a sound simultaneously.

Sounds and movements change simultaneously.

Now the performer is making a sound and movement which is passed to a performer on the other side.

This performer takes this sound and movement, repeats it, and seeks an automatic change.

Free association as source of inspiration.

The movements and sounds grow.

A movement and sound will eventually cause a performer to move toward the center of the stage space.

The sound and movement is repeated and changed.

A movement and sound will eventually cause a performer to cross from one side of the stage space to the other.

In the center of the stage space the performer changes the sound and movement into something new and moves to the other side.

Gives the sound and movement to a performer on the other side.

A performer takes the sound and movement, repeats it and moves toward the other side.

In the center of the stage space the performer changes.

Then crosses.

Then passes the sound and movement to another performer.

A performer receives it, repeats it, crosses to the center with it, changes it, crosses to the other side with the change, and passes it on.

The sounds and movements are improvised.

The repetitions aim at precision.

Sometimes the piece is very long. Sometimes it is shorter.

Sooner or later a sound and movement move everybody.

All the performers take up this sound and movement together.

Sometimes they change it.

The piece is about communication. It unifies the community.

BLACKOUT.

THE PLAGUE.

After the conception of Artaud.

"Beneath such a scourge all social forms disintegrate." Artaud.

Dim light.

All the performers are in the stage space.

They are the city.

Their breathing is sick.

They are the plague victims.

Very slowly the plague, the symptoms of the plague, their awareness of the plague, the sufferings of the plague, the ravages of the plague, grow.

The light increases.

Artaudian action.

Fever. Fatigue. Nausea. Blisters. Vomit. Gangrene. Congestion. Boils. Pus. Around the anus. In the armpits. The skin cracks. Gall bladder. Softened and pitted lungs. Chips of some unknown black substance. Aberrations. Frenzy. Murder. Erotic paroxysms. Piles of corpses. Putrefaction. Stench. Disorder. Thick viscous liquids gush from the corpses. Flight. Hideous visions. Howling through the streets. The brain melts, shrinks, granulates to a sort of coal-black dust. Death everywhere.

Each performer chooses his/her role and acts it out.

Crawling, creeping, rolling, groaning, staggering, falling, they struggle fleeing the stage space, the geographical source of the epidemic, and spill into the audience space. The plague comes with them.

"The theatre is like the plague." Artaud.

The theater is filled with corpses. Contorted positions of violent death.

Silence.

Pause.

Very slowly the doctors rise.

There are six of them.

They take off their shoes. Very slowly.

They place their shoes in a line at the front of the stage space.

They move from corpse to corpse. Solemnly, they remove the shoes of each corpse.

The bodies of the corpses are rigid.

They place the shoes in the line at the front of the stage space.

The dead bury the dead.

The doctors work in pairs.

Two doctors slowly and solemnly unbend the rigid contorted body of a corpse.

Straighten limbs. Close mouth and eyes. Adjust clothes. Straighten fingers. Smooth hair. Wipe sputum.

The corpse is stiff. Straight as a board.

They lift the body.

They raise it, holding it by neck and ankles.

The body suspended is rigid.

They carry it slowly toward the stage space.

The dead are burying the dead.

They place it on the stage space.

Two doctors lift the body and place it in the center of the stage space.

The second corpse is placed alongside it. And the third. And the fourth. And the fifth.

A line of five corpses shoulder to shoulder, ankle to ankle.

The sixth corpse. It is placed on top of the line of five corpses. Its head rests on ankles, its feet rest on the shoulders of the corpses underneath.

A pyramid of corpses.

In the first line there are five corpses, in the second four, in the third three, in the fourth two, in the fifth one.

Pyramid of corpses, neatly stacked.

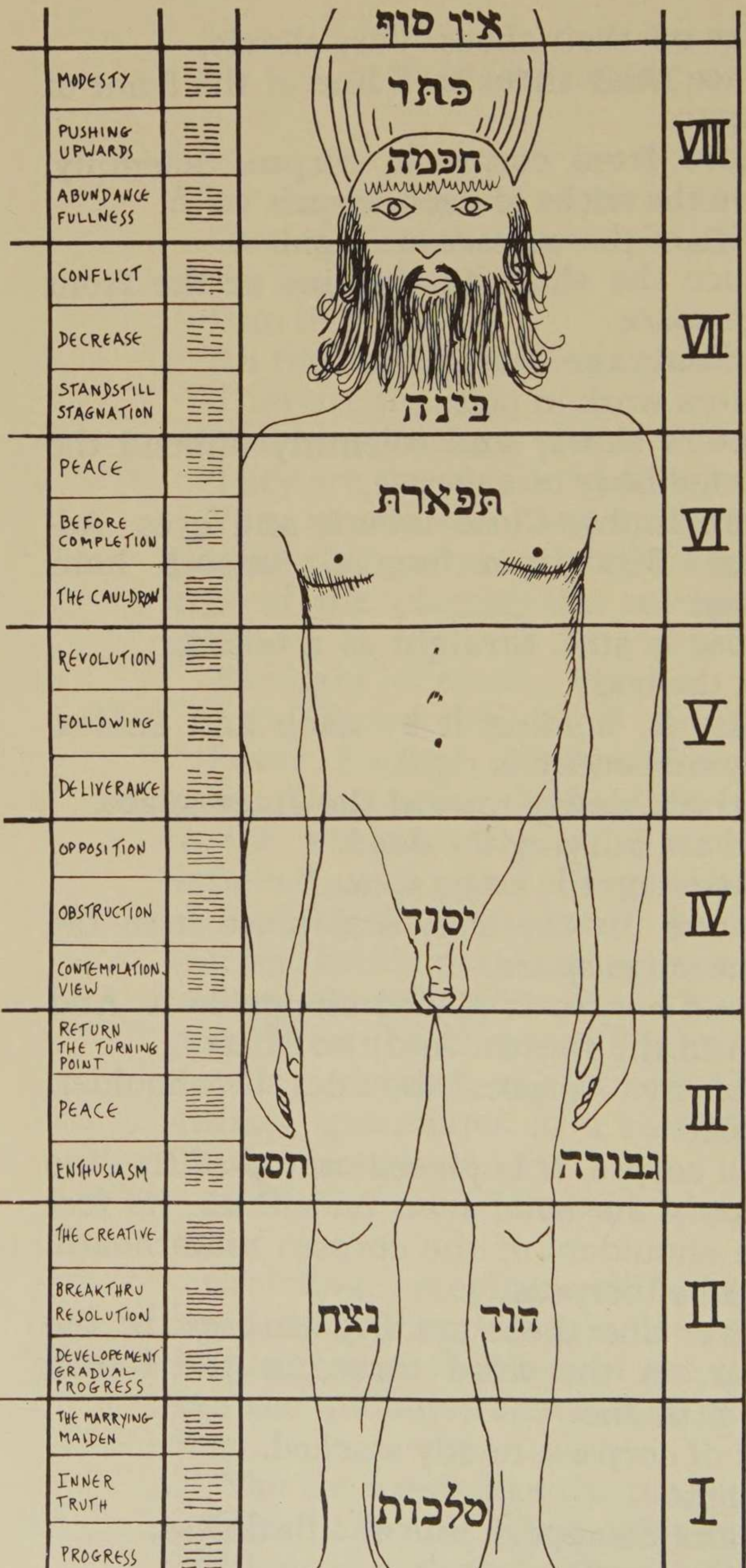
Pool of light.

The doctors disappear into the darkness.

Silence. Corpses.

The light slowly fades.

BLACKOUT.



THIS CHART IS THE MAP

THE ESSENTIAL TRIP IS THE VOYA

THE LIVING THEATRE

PARADI

T REVOLUTION
JGE !

OF
HE
DEN → THE STREET:

ON OF BEING
T-REVOLUTIONARY WORLD

OF → HANOI/SAIGON: THERE IS A GROUP LIVING IN AN ANARCHIST SOCIETY. WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

F TRANSFORMATION
LE PERIOD

OF → CAPETOWN/BIRMINGHAM: THE BLACKS ARE CONFRONTING THE WHITES WITH REVOLUTION. HOW DO THEY OVERCOME?

ON OF ACTION
T: BURN THE MONEY

OF
TION → PARIS: TIME FUTURE: THE NON-VIOLENT ANARCHIST REVOLUTION

THE EXORCISM OF VIOLENCE
OF DEMONIC FORCES INTO THE CELESTIAL

OF
TASIS → JERUSALEM: THE VICTIMS BECOME EXECUTIONERS. WHAT DO THE PACIFISTS DO?

THERED FORCES

OF
ON → BROOKLYN: THERE IS A GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD

F REVELATION
ST BE MADE CLEAR

OF THE
OF
POLE → BOLIVIA: A GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARIES PLOT THEIR STRATEGY

OF CULTURES
TION MUST BE CHANGED. SO THAT THE
E COMPREHENDED.

THE DEATH
TION OF
INDIAN → NEW YORK CITY: 8,000,000 PEOPLE ARE LIVING IN A STATE OF EMERGENCY

WHITE		THE RUNG OF GOD AND MAN	IMPETUS / STASIS / IMPETUS
SPECTRUM		THE RUNG OF HEAVEN AND EARTH	CREATIVE ENERGY / ILLUSION / CREATIVE ENERGY
YELLOW		THE RUNG OF LOVE	ENERGETIC ACTION / FEAR / ENERGETIC ACTION
ORANGE		THE RUNG OF REDEMPTION	MOVEMENT / RIGIDITY / MOVEMENT
RED		THE RUNG OF THE WAY	LOVE FORCE / HOSTILITY RESULTING FROM AN UNSATISFACTORY LIFE / LOVE FORCE
GREEN	YOGA PREPARATION III	THE RUNG OF TEACHING	ENTHUSIASM / ALIENATION INHIBITION / ENTHUSIASM
BLUE	YOGA PREPARATION II	THE RUNG OF PRAYER	TRUTH FORCE / IGNORANCE / TRUTH FORCE
BLACK	YOGA PREPARATION I	THE RUNG OF GOOD AND EVIL	AESTHETIC ASSAULT / THE CULTURE / AESTHETIC ASSAULT

GE FROM THE MANY TO THE ONE

GE NOW

THE PLOT IS THE REVOLUTION

COLLECTIVE CREATION

The following is the unrevised version of the text for the preparation of *Paradise Now,* a collective creation of the Living Theatre, transcribed from a tape made by the Becks:

This play is a voyage from the Many to the One and from the One to the Many. It is a spiritual voyage and a political voyage; it is an interior voyage and an exterior voyage. It is a voyage for the actors and for the spectator. It begins in the present and moves into the future and returns to the present. The chart is the map. To prepare for the voyage, the performance, the actors should make a study of anarchist philosophy and of the various spiritual and metaphysical teachings.

The chart depicts a ladder of eight rungs, a vertical ascent toward permanent revolution. Each rung consists of a Rite, a Vision, and an Action, which lead to the fulfillment of an aspect of the revolution. The Rites and Visions are performed primarily by the actors, but the Actions are introduced by the actors and performed by the spectators with the help of the actors. The Actions are introduced by a text spoken by the actors; the Rites are fundamentally physical, spiritual, ritual ceremonies which culminate in a flash-out; the Visions are essentially intellectual images, symbols, dreams enacted by the actors. The Actions are an enactment by the spectators of political conditions. These conditions are specified as taking place in a particular city, but they lead to revolutionary action for the here and now.

The revolution of which the play speaks is the beautiful nonviolent anarchist revolution.

The chart contains information drawn from the Kabala, from Tantric literature, the *I Ching* and various other doctrines. All of the information on the chart is arranged as a vertical ascent. The purpose of the play is to lead to a state of being in which nonviolent revolutionary action is possible.

RUNG ONE

The Rite of Guerilla Theatre

The audience is almost completely assembled when the actors enter the theatre and mingle with the spectators, in the aisles, on stage, in the lobby. Each actor approaches a spectator and addresses him individually in a voice that is very quiet, urgent, but personal in feeling. The actor speaks the first of five phrases: *"I'm not allowed to travel without a passport."* Going from spectator to spectator, he repeats this phrase and *only* this phrase, each repetition expressing greater urgency and frustration, for he is obsessed with its meaning and ramifications; he cannot travel freely, cannot move at will, we are separated by artificial boundaries. Shouting the words with anguish and frustration, the energies surge to a point of near-hysteria as the actors go beyond words and into a collective scream. It is the revolutionary outcry. Flash-out.

The return to the artist's quiet center, they stand motionless, breathing. Pause. The second phrase begins: *"I don't know how to stop the wars."* Again directed to the individual spectator, the passion mounts; the violence and killing continue because no one knows how to stop it. The crescendo of the collective scream, the flash-out. Pause. Phrase three: *"You can't live if you don't have money";* creative energy must be wasted in competition for material gain. Crescendo. Scream. Flash-out. Phrase four: *"I'm not allowed to smoke marijuana";* repressive laws control our minds and prohibit the exploration of deeper consciousness. Crescendo. Scream. Flash-out. Phrase five: *"I'm not allowed to take my clothes off";* sexual

repression has twisted our minds, our bodies are ugly, sex is overshadowed by guilt. Anguish, frustration crescendoes . . . but the actors *do not* scream. Instead they remove all of their clothing down to costumes that expose only as much of their bodies as is *legally permissible;* they are *not* allowed to take their clothes off. Flash-out.

The Vision of the Death and Resurrection of the American Indian

The actors gather on stage in a ceremonial circle, and sitting cross-legged, they smoke the pipe of peace and pass it among themselves. Flash-out. Then, one by one, they rise and take positions for five Totem Poles, each consisting of four actors . . . the bottom man crouching low, the second standing behind him with his legs spread wide, and behind him, the third man carrying the fourth on his shoulders . . . in various totemistic, animistic positions and facial expressions. They stand motionless and then begin to advance slowly, beating a rhythm with their feet; the emergence of the natural man. As they advance, they are shot down one by one, making the sound of the bullet and screaming as they fall forward, face-down on the stage: the image of the slain red man.

Action: The lines are distributed among the actors and delivered from their prone position on the stage. The text calls for the spectator to act, feel free, and express various political points of view that would enact the culture, undo it, and change it. They pause at the end of the text and wait for the audience to react. After one minute the actors, still lying face-down, begin to beat the rhythm of an Indian dance on the floor with their knees, and at the appropriate time a chant begins: *If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind, if I could tell you, I would let you know.*[1]

It is taken up by all of the actors, who then begin to rise and dance exultantly, out into the audience, up the aisles, as the chant continues. Flash-out. It is supposed to represent the hippie culture rising in reincarnation of the American Indian, aspiring to be the natural man, the great suppressed culture. The assault from below is the first revolutionary action to change the culture; the natural man knows he can travel without a passport, that he can live without money, take his clothes off and so forth. He confronts the spectator with the challenge to join him.

[1]Ronald Laing, *The Politics of Experience.*

RUNG TWO

The Rite of Prayer

The Holies; the actor moves slowly, quietly from person to person whispering two words of praise either about his person ("holy hand"), an article of his clothing ("holy shirt"), or an object in the room ("holy chair"). He speaks softly and touches the spectator gently. It is a prayer in praise of the sacredness and universal identification of all things.

The Vision of the Discovery of the North Pole

The text begins: "This polar expedition took four years to prepare and will take sixteen months to complete. It is one of the most difficult and challenging journeys left to be made by man on this planet." With shivering sound and gestures of struggling against arctic winds and snow, the actors have taken positions to begin the journey to the North Pole, which is formed by five actors in the center of the stage and revolves slowly while emitting an electromagnetic sound. From two lines that have formed in the side-aisles, the other actors are cartwheeled on stage where they form three spokes radiating from the Pole. The central figure of the pole holds his arms outstretched and begins the text which is continued until all the actors have spun into the revolving configuration. When they have reached the Pole, its central figure asks: "Where are you?" The first actor spins off answering: "Here I am." The Pole asks: "How long will you live?" Another actor spins off and replies: "It is time to revolt." The Pole asks: "What do you want?" As the actors spin off one by one from the revolving spokes they answer, stating the goals of the revolution: "To feed all the people," "To work for the love of it and not for the money," "To stop wasting the planet," and so on.

Finally the Pole asks: "What is this called?" With their bodies, the actors spell out the word ANARCHISM.

The Pole asks: "What is anarchism?" The bodies spell out the word PARADISE and chant "Now!"

This is a vision of finding the center, of crystallization and clarification, of spelling it out. It is the vision of making the difficult journey in order to find the answer; by being asked the right ques-

tion, we find the right answer. The discovery of the axis of the world. The scene is physically difficult to perform.

Action: Bolivia . . . Free theatre. What is to be done? . . . How the Rite of Prayer and the vision of the Discovery of the Discovery of the North Pole can lead to the revolution of revelation . . .

The text is delivered as the actors break from the formation of PARADISE and move into the audience and wait for it to take up the revolutionary theme of this Rung. The purpose of Rung Two is to plan the nonviolent revolution, and the actors play out the action initiated by the audience. As with all of the Actions, there is no time and it goes on until the actors feel that its content has been exhausted.

RUNG THREE

The Rite of Study

Seated cross-legged in a circle in the center of the stage, the actors face each other and perform a series of improvised gestures (*mudras*) and phrases (*mantras*). The *mudras* are executed with the arms and hands only, and the energy generated by this action produces the *mantras*, the invented phrases that begin with "To be free"; examples: to be free is to be free to eat; to be free is to be free of money; to be free is to be free of violence,—of the system, —of prejudice,—of hatred, et cetera. When a certain intensity is reached, the actors stop and hold the position of the last *mudra*, at which point the audience may join in and invent *mantras*. The performers hold their positions until the audience finishes. Flash-out.

The Vision of the Creation of Life

The performers rise from their *mudra* positions and, with eyes closed, start to move slowly, lifelessly, each individual having no connection with any other. As they move, one will touch another by chance, and these two will begin to move together more cohesively, but they will not become lifelike until five bodies, five elements, have come together by accident. At this point a change occurs, and they begin to move and function as one organic entity, reaching, touching, relating to each other's bodies and to the space between them: they have opened their eyes now and are making a sound of the sea, of life, a sound that becomes more resonant as the movements continue. Taking each other's hands, in circles of five, they raise their arms and make an exultant sound. It is the vision of unification and life-giving force; the elemental structure of the cell, a pattern for social structure.

Action: Initiated by the audience, the theme of this rung is to instigate the gathering of revolutionary forces. The action is supposed to refer to the city in which the performance is taking place, to the here and now. Based upon information gathered beforehand (hopefully), the text is altered in accordance with the actual social and political situation existing in the given community.

RUNG FOUR

The Rite of Universal Intercourse

The actors lie down together in the center of the playing area, their bodies forming a pile, caressing, undulating, each performer reaching out toward any or all bodies that touch him: breaking the touch barrier. As the bodies move together, a low hum is emitted. If two performers are closely drawn to each other, they may separate themselves from the body-pile and sit close by it in the *maithuna* position . . . one sits cross-legged while the other sits facing him (or her; either position can be assumed by a member of either sex) with legs encircling his waist. There is very little movement; it is a form of deep physical absorption and communication. They may return to the group and return later to the *maithuna* position if they wish, together or with someone else if they wish.

The Vision of Apokatastasis

The actors rise from the Rite of Universal Intercourse and pair off in positions of Victim and Executioner: the Executioner stands with his back to the audience, his right hand extended toward the head of the Victim with a finger pointing in children's representation of a

gun. The Victim stands with his hands behind his back facing the audience.[2] In unison, the Executioners make the sound of the firing of a gun; the Victims fall simultaneously. The Victims rise again and resume their original position; the Executioners fire. Victims rise, Executioners fire: it is repeated twenty times. At the end of these enactments the Victims begin to address the Executioners with the words of the Rite of Prayer ("holy face," "holy eye") and the Executioners respond with the words of the Rite of Guerilla Theatre ("I'm not allowed to travel without a passport," etc.). The Executioners continue to fire, the Victims to fall; the respective words are repeated until the Executioner responds with love and the two embrace. Flash-out. Image: the reversal, the transformation of the demonic forces into the celestial; Apokatastasis.

Action: The text here develops the idea that sexual taboos and the touch barrier divide men and are the source of violence. The destruction of these taboos and barriers will transform the demonic forces into the celestial; the sexual revolution furthers the nonviolent revolution, because before the sexual revolution the energy is violent. This Action ends with a second Rite of Universal Intercourse (body pile) and this time members of the audience are encouraged to take part.

RUNG FIVE

The Rite of the Mysterious Voyage (The Flip-Out)

As the actors rise from the Rite of Universal Intercourse and begin to move away, one actor remains in the center and begins to make a sound, a sound of possession by dark forces. The actors form a circle around him, watching him and assisting him in his voyage, which consists of a self-induced trancelike state. It is painful, and he moves around making sounds and gestures that rise from his internal experience. The others respond, breathing, moving, and making sounds with him, sometimes they come close and touch him, sometimes they just circle him; they are taking the energy from his voyage, from his private experience, and making it a communal energy and experience. As his trance reaches an explosive intensity the others follow in sound-and-movement and gradually begin to transform his action into a positive action that becomes less painful and difficult. His movements gradually become fluid and beautiful, the sound joyous.

The principle of the self-induced trance is to allow pain and tantrum and madness to possess one, to push into dangerous psychic areas and flow with these demonic forces without holding back. One must confront the unknown, for only then will the dark forces be obviated; one returns from the voyage in a highly charged state. It is an act of purification. Flash-out.

The actor who has taken the voyage gives a signal to the others, to the community, indicating his Here and Now.

The Vision of the Integration of the Races

The actors gather in the performing area and move about exchanging hostile looks; everyone stops. One turns to another and says "Jew"; the Jew replies, "Christian." They look at each other with deep hostility, then turn and move quickly to opposite sides of the area. This is repeated using the same appellations until all of the actors stand facing each other in two opposing camps, which then move toward each other slowly with hostile looks and a manner of suppressed violence. In the center they mingle again and then stop. The same process is repeated using black-white, young-old, and short-tall. The performers then turn outward from the playing area and begin to address individuals in the audience with these appellations, eventually extending the name-calling from the more or less appropriate to the absurd (surrealist, monkey, Martian, etc.). As the words change into absurd epithets, the tone becomes less hostile, the approach becomes friendly, joking and foolish, and the relationship becomes affectionate and tender. The performer then begins to address the spectator as Thou, indicating himself as I. I-Thou; he continues, mixing them sometimes, indicating himself as Thou, the other as I. Flash-out.

[2] The position approximates a photograph in the *New York Times*, January 1968 showing the execution of a Viet Cong by a South Vietnamese officer.

Action: The theme of this rung is the enactment of the revolution of action, the change from the preparatory stage to the revolutionary stage. From this point on, the play's action takes place in time-future. It is the work of the actors to guide the public into a projection of the revolutionary situation.

RUNG SIX

The Rite of Opposite Forces (The Mat Piece)

When the preceding Action has culminated, an actor lies down in the center of the area. He relaxes his mind and his body; his body is limp, his mind in free space. Breathing deeply and fully, he makes a loud steady sound as the other actors encircle him. Singly or in groups of two or more the others approach and perform certain ritual actions on him . . . they touch, caress, lift, shake, strike, and stroke him; they move his hair and his limbs; they kiss him, they make sounds in his ears, on his face and on various parts of his body; they turn his body in various positions, using it in different ways. They approach him and perform all of their actions with tremendous energy, bringing both positive and negative forces which they try to pass into the body of the central subject. They try to rouse him from his passivity and divert him from his quiet center. By accepting these forces and remaining in a fully receptive state, the subject holds his center and maintains his passive state, and all energy released toward him charges him and takes him on a trip which at its conclusion has transformed him and released him in a state of transcendent energy. Flash-out. The subject rises and signals of his Here and Now.

The Vision of the Magic Love Zap

The actors form a configuration which is supposed to represent a pentagon within which a large statue of Mammon is made by five actors. In front of the statue a Victim lies spread-eagled on the floor in a sacrificial position; four priests stand behind the statue. The actors forming the walls of the pentagon assume the fierce poses of the guardian statues of Eastern temples or the gargoyles of Western churches. At a signal the temple doors open, and the actors stamp outward to reveal the inside of the pentagon. When the gates are opened the priests move from behind the statue, slashing the air with knives as they approach the Victim. They raise their knives and plunge toward the Victim, but they are magically deflected in mid-air by the Victim, who then rises toward them offering his throat. The actors' hands change from the gestures indicating a knife to gestures of blessing. The priests bless the Victim. It is a vision of the nonviolent conquest of the Pentagon. Black-out.

Action: The reference here is to the period of revolutionary struggle that follows the revolution of action. It raises the problem which the revolutionaries must face when the reactionary forces try to destroy their accomplishments with force and violence. The question is, How does the nonviolent revolutionary overcome? The Action continues as long as the energy sustains it.

RUNG SEVEN

The Rite of New Possibilities

In the darkness that follows the above Action, the performers experiment with their voice boxes and vocal chords, reaching as far as they can toward the creation of new sounds and sound relationships that are not within their usual conscious range of sound. They listen to each other and play on each other's energy patterns.

The Vision of the Landing on Mars

The theatre is still dark as five actors move slowly from the rear in a formation arranged to represent a spaceship. They carry small lights or lanterns. Actors representing the moon, Mars, Saturn, Pluto, and a galaxy rotate slowly through the theatre. They too are carrying small lights and lanterns, and the body of the actor playing the galaxy is strung with small lights so that when he moves he resembles a small constellation. From the rear of the stage comes a large group of actors, also with lights and lanterns; it is a distant planet in another galaxy (it is also Mars). The spaceship and the

planet approach each other; the actors forming the spaceship deliver the text as their formation moves through the auditorium and merges with the planet. The image developed by the text: The voyage into outer space, inner space in which the unimaginable is encountered and understood.

Action: "Fly . . . Expand Consciousness . . . Be the unalienated . . . Go far out . . ."

The revolution of Being, its object is the expansion of the human potential: this could lead to flying . . .

The performers seek a high point in the theatre's architecture. As an actor or a member of the public prepares to leap from it, he inhales deeply three times and then plunges into the arms of other performers waiting below to catch him. This breathing preparation is accompanied by a gentle, breathful rhythmic chant from those below: Breath . . . Breath . . . Breath . . . Fly! . . . softly spoken, the words are repeated as each person takes his position to fly. Flash-out.

The Action lasts as long as there are participants who wish to perform it, or until the people catching the bodies begin to tire. The purpose of The Flying is to lead toward a state of physical glow.

RUNG EIGHT

The Rite of I and Thou

From their positions at the end of the Revolution of Transformation the actors begin an Om and move to the center of the area. Overwhelmed by the death image, they begin an enactment of death; they grow weak, breath stops, sight goes, and the world is cut off from them. Still making the sound, they sink down, as if sinking into the earth, and give the death signal, passing their last energy and vibrations to those around them. At this moment they have made contact with one another, and out of this contact they are revived; in giving each other the last of their energy, they are thereby recharged and rise up, erect, alive, reborn. Flash-out. It is the image of death forestalled and overcome in the contact between I and Thou.

The Vision of the Undoing of the Myth of Eden

The performers form a tree; it is the Tree of Knowledge. Those representing its upper branches are carried on the shoulders of those forming the trunk. The text spoken from the Tree outlines all that has been contained in the course of the play, and parts of all of its Rites and Visions are given brief, sequential flash-back re-enactments. Beginning with "I'm not allowed to take my clothes off," the text proceeds fairly rapidly to the I-Thou sequence and ends with the words: "How the Tree of Knowledge becomes the Tree of Life." The Tree is then disassembled and the actors move among the public, leaving the stage and moving toward the exits of the theatre. They carry members of the audience on their shoulders or are carried on the shoulders of the spectators.

Action: As the actors lead the public toward the exits of the theatre, they speak the following text:

The street . . .

Free the theatre . . . the theatre of the street . . . free the street.

How the Rite of I and Thou and the Vision of Paradise, of the Undoing of the Myth of Eden, can lead to the permanent revolution . . .

Theatre is in the street. . . .

The street belongs to the people. . . .

Free the theatre. . . .

Free the street. . . .

Begin.

CONTRIBUTORS

MARINA ABRAMOVÍC/ULAY are two European artists who usually work together. She was born in Yugoslavia; he, in Holland. A retrospective of their presentations is *First Complete Works* (1980).

BLAIR H. ALLEN has published in *Assembling, Intermedia* and *Margins,* as well as several anthologies. His books include *Tele-Visual Poems for Bloodshot Eyeballs* (1973), *Malice in Blunderland* (1974) and *N-Z* (1979). He lives in Cucamonga, CA.

CHARLES AMIRKHANIAN, born in Fresno, CA, in 1945, has been the Sound Sensitivity Information Director of KPFA in Berkeley for the past decade. He had an NEH grant to edit the letters of the American composer George Anthiel.

MICHAEL ANDRE is the publisher-editor of *Unmuzzled Ox* and the author of *Studying the Ground for Holes* (1978).

BRUCE ANDREWS is the co-editor-publisher of *L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E* and a professor of political science at Fordham University in New York.

MEL ANDRINGA currently teaches multimedia art at the University of Iowa and works there with a performance group called The Drawing Legion.

ANNA BANANA has long been a key figure in San Francisco Dada. From time to time she and Bill Gaglione produce another number of *Vile.*

AMIRI BARAKA, born "LeRoi Jones" in 1934, is an internationally known poet, playwright and polemicist. He presently lives in Newark, NJ, where he was born.

PETER H. BARNETT is an associate professor of philosophy at John Jay College, CUNY, and the author of several conceptually unusual essays in philosophy, including *Time Trap* (1980) and *Can You Tell Me How What You Are Doing Now Is To Do Something Philosophical?* (1980).

WOLFGANG BAUER, born in 1942 in Graz, Austria, has published collections of plays and poetry, as well as a novel. His translator, ROSMARIE WALDROP, is co-founder of Burning Deck Press. She has published several collections of her own poetry.

LEE BAXANDALL, born in Oshkosh, WI, in 1935, was a founding editor of *Studies on the Left* and then of the *Green Mountain Quarterly.* His most recent book is *The International Guide to Nude Beaches and Recreation* (1980).

ALLAN BEALY was the editor of *Da Vinci,* an art-literature periodical published in Montreal, and is presently co-editor of *Benzene,* a periodical published in New York.

KENNETH BERNARD lives in New York City, teaches at Long Island University in Brooklyn and is the author of *Night Club and Other Plays* (1971).

GEORGE BRECHT, born in the U.S.A. in the mid-1920s, is presently living in Koln, West Germany. His verbal and visual works have been widely exhibited, both within Fluxus retrospectives and apart from them.

CAROLYN BROWN was for many years a principal dancer in the Merce Cunningham Dance Company. She has recently been teaching, choreographing and working on a memoir.

ED BULLINS has authored many plays, some of which have been collected into books. He works for the New York Shakespeare Festival.

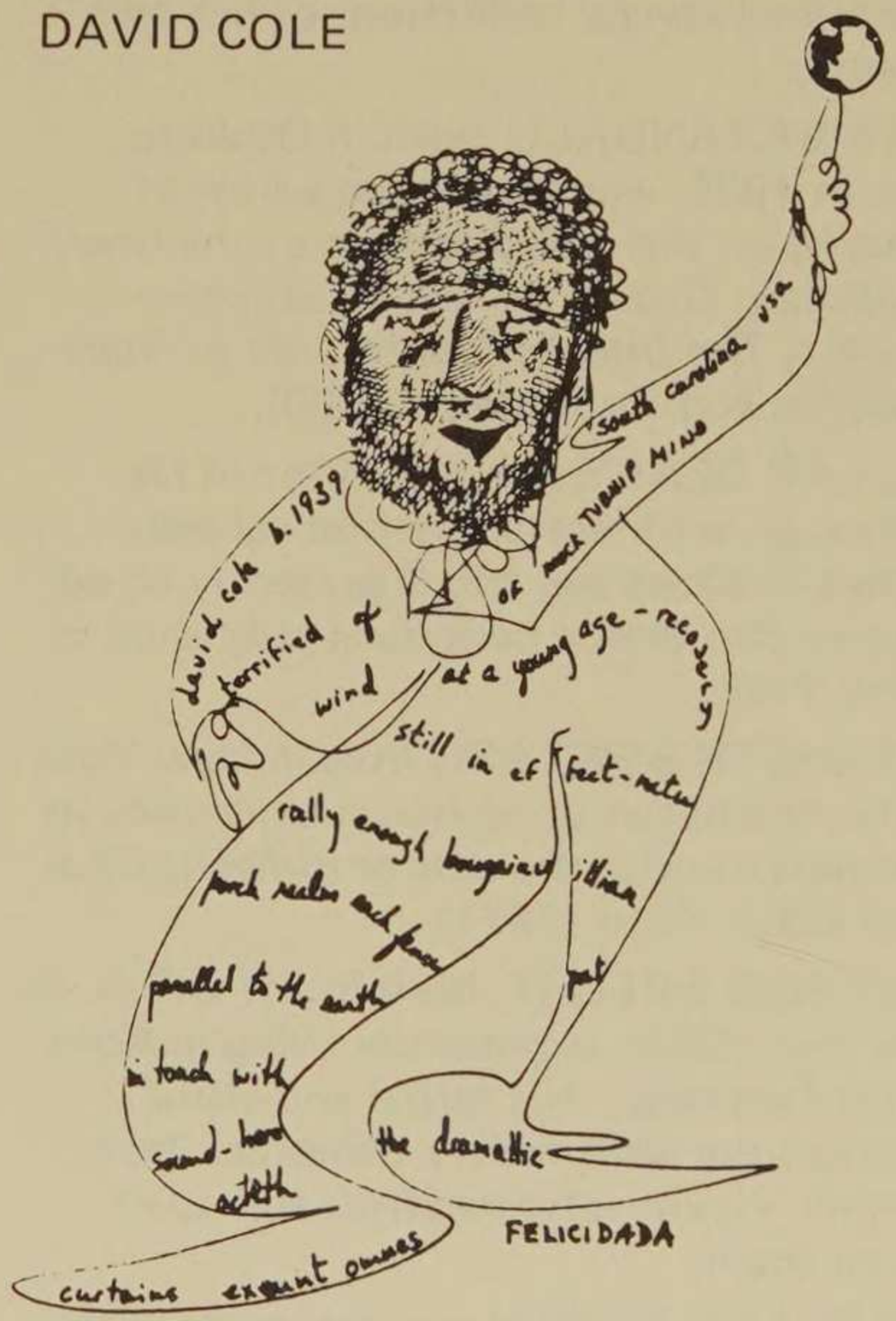
DONALD BURGY, born in New York City in 1937, presently teaches at the Massachusetts College of Art, lives in Milton, MA, and exhibits his conceptual art widely.

JOHN CAGE has recently been producing musical compositions, books of poetry, works of graphic art and theatrical pieces. Born in Los Angeles in 1912, he lives in New York.

CARL D. CLARK, born in McKinney, TX, in 1946, writes that he has "worked in various media, including plays, essays, poems, visual verbal art, television art, mixedmedia, intermedia, paintings, prints and drawings." He lives in Charlotte, NC.

GUY DE COINTET, born in Paris in 1940, has lived in America since 1968. He has produced exhibitions, performances and books; among the last are *Espahor Ledet Ko Uluner!* and *Tsnx C24-va7me* ("A Play by Dr Hun," 1974).

DAVID COLE



PAUL EPSTEIN is associate professor of Music Theory at Temple University, Philadelphia, and music director of the Zero Moving Dance Company. He writes he has "composed instrumental, vocal and electronic music, intermedia, and music for theater, dance and film."

LORIS ESSARY, born in 1947, is co-editor of *Interstate* and co-author, with Carl D. Clark, of *Semi-Constructs of the Secrétaire du Registre* (1979).

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI, born in Yonkers, NY, in 1919, founded the City Lights Bookstore and the City Lights publishing firm in San Francisco. His theatrical pieces were collected in two books, *Unfair Arguments with Existence* (1963) and *Routines* (1964).

ROBERT FILLIOU is the author of *A Filliou Sampler* (1967) and co-author, with George Brecht, of *Games at the Cedilla* (1967). An early collaborator in Fluxus, he spent many years living in America and presently lives mostly in his native France.

A. M. FINE is a peripatetic composer and conceptual artist who collects his mail c/o Center for Book Arts, 15 Bleecker St., New York, NY 10013.

RICHARD FOREMAN is the founder-director of the Ontological-Hysterical Theater. His texts were collected in *Plays and Manifestos* (1976), and he recently completed his first feature-length film.

PETER FRANK, born in New York in 1950, publishes poetry, criticism and language-based intermedia. He curated the Exxon National Exhibition, *19 Americans 1981,* and is presently completing, in collaboration with Ken Friedman, a book on Fluxus.

KEN FRIEDMAN is an artist, critic and sociologist. A core member of Fluxus, he was between 1966 and 1975 Director of Fluxus West. He presently lives in New York City and edits the editor of *Art Express* and the senior editor of the *National Arts Guide.*

MALCOLM GOLDSTEIN writes that his contribution here "was written in a notebook while awaiting trial for anti-Vietnam War demonstrations." He is presently teaching music at Bowdoin College, ME.

PAUL GOODMAN (1911-1972) wrote *Childish Jokes: Crying Backstage* in 1938 and published it that year as a Christmas chapbook printed by hand. He later published many important books of poetry, fiction and social criticism.

DAN GRAHAM is an artist with language, video, performance and graphics who has exhibited widely in both the U.S. and Europe.

SPAULDING GRAY, born in Providence, RI, in 1941, writes, produces and performs theater in New York City. Among his works are *Sakonnet Point* (1975), *Rumstick Road* (1977), *Nyatt School* (1978) and *Point Judith* (1979)—a trilogy with an epilogue that he performed with the Wooster Group in New York. He has recently been working with theatrical monologues.

CHARLES GRUBER is a musician living in Austin, TX. His works have appeared in *Interstate.*

GUERILLA ART ACTION GROUP is Jon Hendricks and Jean Touche. *GAAG, 1969-1976* (1978) is a book retrospective of their works.

ANNA HALPRIN, born in Winnetka, IL, in 1921, directs the Dancers' Workship Company in San Francisco and lives with her husband, the environmental designer Lawrence Halprin, in Kentfield, CA.

IHAB HASSAN, born in Cairo, Egypt, in 1925, is presently Vilas Research Professor of English and Comparative Literature at the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee. His books include *Radical Innocence* (1961), *The Literature of Silence* (1967), *Paracriticisms* (1975) and *The Right Promethean Fire* (1980).

SCOTT HELMES, a poet, architect, photographer and graphic designer, recently became a co-compiler of the annual *Assembling.* He lives with Kay Arndt in St. Paul, MN.

BOB HEMAN edits *Clown War.* From 1977 to 1979 he was an artist-in-residence at the Brooklyn Museum. His large cut-out *The Journey* was published in 1977 by the Future Press.

HI RED CENTER was a group of Japanese artists that included Jiro Takamatso, Gempei Akasegawa, Natsuyuki Nakanishi, as well as, at times, Toru Izumi and Yasnao Tone.

DICK HIGGINS, born in 1938, founded and directed the Something Else Press (1964-74). His recent books include *A Dialectic of Centuries* (1978) and *The Epickall Quest for the Brothers Dichtung and Other Outrages* (1978).

WILLIAM M. HOFFMAN edited "New American Plays," a sequence of anthologies in the 1960s. His own plays have been widely produced.

JERRY HUNT, born in Waco, TX, in 1943, presently lives in Dallas. As a concert pianist he has specialized in the musics of the American and European avant-gardes. He also co-founded the Dallas Chamber Ensemble.

PATRICK IRELAND is the exhibition name of Brian O'Doherty, an Irishman who took a medical degree at Cambridge and has since written books about art and exhibited his own works.

TOM JOHNSON, born in Greeley, CO, in 1939, has written operas, a book of drawings, chamber music, dance accompaniments and a variety of theatrical works. His music reviews have appeared regularly in the *Village Voice* since 1970.

BEN JOHNSTON is Professor of Composition and Theory at the University of Illinois at Urbana.

SHEILA KEENAN is the co-editor of *Benzene* (P.O. Box 383, Village Station, New York, NY 10014).

GEORGE KETTERL, born in Fargo, ND, in 1942, presently lives in Venice, CA, and teaches at California State College in Bakersfield.

MICHAEL KIRBY is Professor of Graduate Drama at New York University, the editor of *The Drama Review* and the author of *Happenings* (1965) and *The Art of Time* (1969). His own plays have been performed around the world.

ALISON KNOWLES, born in New York City in 1933, has made sculptures and performances, authored several booklets and directed the graphics laboratory at the California Institute of the Arts. She presently lives in New York.

CHRISTOPHER KNOWLES, born in 1959, is a writer, performer and visual artist living in New York. His theatrical texts have usually been realized in collaboration with Robert Wilson.

KENNETH KOCH, Professor of English at Columbia University, has authored several volumes of his own poetry, fiction and plays, in addition to three influential books on the teaching of creative writing to children and to older people.

TAKEHISA KOSUGI has composed music that has been performed throughout the world, in both his tours with the Merce Cunningham Dance Company and apart from them. He has lived in the U.S. and in Europe, as well as Japan, and in 1981 will be a guest of the DAAD Kunstlerprogramm in Berlin.

RUTH KRAUSS is the author of *This Breast Gothic* (1973) and *There's a Little Ambiguity Over There Among the Bluebells* (1968), as well as numerous books for young readers.

S. J. LEON lives in Philadelphia and works at the Northeast Regional Library, Cottman Avenue & Oakland Sts., 19149. His *Lugubru Lullabye* was performed at the Philadelphia Musical Academy in Spring, 1977, with musical accompaniment by Jed Speare.

PHILIP LOPATE has authored both poetry and fiction, as well as a memoir of