

**twenty-seven episodes for the
aquarian theater
to the recognition of Antonin Artaud**

i— the moon rises
the back of the theater is opened up
the rising moon is seen
the moon rises up and out of sight
the back of the theater is closed

there is ceremony

ii— the burning bush
the curtains open
there is quiet
there is darkness on the face of the earth

flames appear
a burning scarecrow
or a burning cross
or a small and twisted tree

the flames have their dinner
then they leave

when the glows and glowing are gone
there is silence and darkness

and the curtains close

iii— lights

the curtains open
flakes of shiny plastic drop from the
 proscenium
and the stars come out
yellow lights talk with blue
blue lights talk with yellow
then they sing
then they quarrel
we are not sure they are quarreling
but they are
something hurts very much
is it the brightness?
the colors may dazzle each other
there are many kinds of yellow
there are many kinds of blue
there may be a little green
lemon and yellow and light and heavy
 amber
singles and doubles
there may be ceremony

iv— a tree stump and the moon
 for gloomy ray

a tree stump and the moon
still and cold in blue white light

the stump gets up and walks away
it was no stump but a man in rags
the moon pops
it was only a balloon after all

very very slow
there is ceremony

v— man walking across the stage
the curtains are open
there is silence
there is a man
he knows very little
but he knows he is walking across the
stage
and that is something
he comes in and he goes across
and he goes upstage
there is nothing on his mind
except crossing a stage
who is he?
is he anonymous?
isn't he?
the curtains close
there is ceremony

vi— nansen and the cat
a tamtam bongo
straight from a grade b thriller
the curtains fly open
five triple-size mossy effigies
of the five baals

the mossy effigies shift positions
very very slowly
then together they tumble
they fall flat on their faces
clatter then silence
the curtains close

ix— the white gulls
(for p. oldenburg)

the curtains open
the seer is on the ladder
he is looking through a long and fluted
telescope
he peers up and down and around
he twists and turns
he smiles
after a long while
a fantastick bird comes in
she is in so many colors
she is most extraordinary
most
she sings aaoaa
he glances at her
nods in passing
and looks away through his telescope
she dances around the ladder like a child
she shakes it
then she goes away and watches him
then she goes offstage
the seer sees something
he twists writhes and turns watching it
sounds of waves breaking
the curtains close

x— dangling

the photographer comes in
he photographs people
he photographs their legs
he photographs their ankles
he photographs their armpits
he photographs their necks
who are these people and what are they
he photographs the tops of their heads
doing waltzing?

27 *Episodes . . .*

once somewhere he says
i have to go to tatnuck square for supper
i am meeting the petersens
they are very nice
very
can i take your picture?
he goes on taking pictures
he takes lots of pictures
he climbs places to take pictures
he climbs under places to take pictures
he takes a lot of pictures
shortly he gets an attack of indigestion
he feels very uncomfortable
he lies down under a chair and feels sorry
for himself
nobody feels sorry for him
he is miserable under the chair as long as
possible
then the curtain closes
there is no ceremony at all

xi— mrs baal's happytime
a mrs baal brushes her teeth
mrs baal gives a lecture demonstration
mrs baal tells us about it
this is what mrs baal says
she says

my my my
this is my happytime
it seems to be my happytime
now i can brush my teeth
yes oh yes
it is yes my happytime
i can brush my teeth
do you know how to brush your teeth
do you brush your teeth
it is not hard to do
this is how i do it

i pour some water onto my brush
it is a nice toothbrush
i heard about it on my tee vee set
it is not too hard and not too soft
and it has natural bristles
this time is my happytime
and so i can put some nice stripy tooth-
paste on my toothbrush
it is nice toothpaste
it is nice because i like it
so i put my toothpaste on my brush
and i put my toothpaste in my mouth
now wait is that what i mean?
i put my toothbrush on my toothpaste .
oh well
anyway i wet my toothpaste
and i brush my teeth
first slowly and then faster
i always brush up and down
so that i will not put nasty food particles
in between my nice white teeth
where Doctor D. Kaye might find them!
then i brush my teeth at the sides
but always up and down
i always brush for at least a minute
they say it is a good idea
aaa awww awwwrg iiaaaa yaa oyyy
arrgrgrgrgrgrgrg
my but my brush feels fresh
and my mouth and all because of my nice
stripy toothpaste
isn't it nice mmmm i like that smell
i used to use chlorophyl
but my green smile didnt do much good
when i am through i still feel happy
i am happy that my mouth is clean
and i wont have to pay my dentist to fix
it for me
sometimes i massage my gums

and that can be interesting
massaging my gums can be yes very
interesting
i put my toothpaste on my index finger
and i try argg woo rgrgrgrg to rub it in
and i rub it up
in
along my gums
and that feels good too
well maybe
mmm not really
no
not very much
that time was my happytime
it was time to brush my teeth
i did brush my teeth
now it is not my happytime any more
it is my bedtime
i do not like my bedtime
my husband's no fun at all
not like it used to be anyway
this time is my bedtime
it is too bad my happytime is over

mrs baal goes away
there is a lot of ceremony

xii— the potted palm
two baals stare at a potted palm

each removes a leaf
each scratches the back of his neck with it
each sniffs it
each reacts
each chews on it violently
each shakes his head
each throws it away
they notice each other
they look away

27 *Episodes . . .*

they look to each other
they each try not to let the other think he
 is being observed
they hide behind the palm from each
 other
they move around the palm after each
 other
the palm gets up and runs or flies off into
 the wings
the two baals are very embarrassed
they go away in opposite directions

xiii— hello

a beach ball bounds across the stage
it bounds back again
a baal rushes onstage and catches it on the
 rebound
the baal looks around
he holds the ball and looks at it
he sees nobody
he looks a little more
then a mrs baal swings onstage on a rope
tarzan like
or on a trapeze
she lands and the baal drops the ball
they collapse into each others arms
the curtains close immediately

xiv— hello again

a mrs baal and a baal rush
they rush to meet each other across the
 stage
they collide
they collapse
they stand up
the mrs baal is dizzy
the baal bows
the baal gooses the mrs baal
she slaps his face

he smiles

he produces an enormous wooden mallet

she grabs his belt and seems to want to
undress him

he hands her the mallet

she smashes him on the head with the
mallet

he drops

she drops

he stands up and drops six times as
rapidly as possible

she stands up and drops six times as
rapidly as possible

the curtains close as rapidly as possible

there is not much ceremony

xv— keys

three bored baals sit in the lotus position

they stare away

two are in love

the third is not

but he envies them and resents them

they suddenly look at each other and

smile and nod their heads

they look away again rapidly

pause

they suddenly look at each other and smile

and nod their heads rapidly

they look away again rapidly

they suddenly look at each other and smile

and nod their heads rapidly

they look away again rapidly

there are long pauses and freezes

much ceremony

xvi— tracing (for r. tyler)

the seer stands silent

back to the audience

he waves his hand

the constellation pisces appears behind a
scrim

he waves his hand

the knave of pentacles appears

he waves his hand

the five of wands enters opposite

they cross and pass

each bows to the other in recognition

he waves his hand

temperance the fourteen enters

the one card turns around and bows

the other just bows

then the first two cards go away

then temperance crosses and goes away

then the fish bows to the audience

and disappears

then the curtains close

xvii— the shock of recognition

four baals are reading the tarots

beside a tower

the top explodes off the tower

the four baals shake hands

the curtains close

xviii— grass

the five baals meet

and stare in perfect silence

at a blade of grass

xix— thanksgiving dinner

every performer

and maybe as many not probably

non-performers

thinks of a nursery rhyme

and begins to yell it in a fury

loud enough to drown everybody else out

after a while the curtain raises

we see everybody in some random

position yelling

chief sitting bull crosses the stage with
two squaws
nobody notices him
after a while the curtain lowers
after a while the yelling stops all at once

xx— time

the curtains are closed
events must happen in a matrix of time
tick tock

the curtains open
the five baals sit on a bench
the left baal's eyes tick and tock
then his head does
then his body
is he imitating or watching a maybe giant
pendulum?

when he bumps into the baal at his right
that baal's eyes tick and tock

then his head does
then his body

when he bumps into the baal at his right
that baal's eyes tick and tock

then his head does
then his body

when he bumps into the baal at his right
that baal's eyes tick and tock

then his head does
then his body

when he bumps into the baal at his right
that baal's eyes tick and tock

then his head does
then his body

so they all stand up

the five baals are standing
the right baal's eyes tick and tock
then his head

from the first sound
at the eleventh flash they are quiet
or else
the house lights flash every fifty five
seconds
from the first sound
at the fifth flash they are quiet
or else
the colors on them change seventeen
times and
at the seventeenth time they are quiet
when they are all quiet
they go away
the scarecrow stops blinking

xxii— a window and a pasture
(for glamorous ray,
the black mountaineer)
a window and a pasture
the seer looking out of the window to the
pasture
a parade passes by
with everybody dressed gaudy gaudy
playing on toy drums and new years
horns and such
the parade passes through the pasture
and out of sight
then everybody comes back again
bounding on pogo sticks
bouncing and bounding together
some ascending and some descending
till they go away offstage
but they go around behind the stage
and come back from the other side
and bound and bounce out of the side
the way that the parade once went
when they are gone they come back
but not in step
some are in a hurry

27 *Episodes . . .*

and some are not
and they all go away
goodbye

xxiii— a cat

(for singing ray and his gentle art)
the five baals catch a cat
they perform a piece of very noble music
and they hammer on the cat's tail in time
to the music
the cat's tail becomes numb
and they start on its rump
when the cat's rump becomes numb
they start on its legs
and when they are ready
they kill the cat
by hammering on its neck

xxiv— the boston and maine
railroad

the seer and sitting bull
and maybe a couple of baals
are crucified at an intersection
the crowds gather to weep
a train goes by
the crucifixions take place slowly
a train goes by
it gets to be nighttime
a train goes by
everybody ignores the crucified
a train goes by
some of the people go away
some do not
but gradually they all go away
except for one or two that doze off
the crucified people die
then their bodies drop down from their
crosses
the cattle train passes

much mooing
the morning star rises
the crucified sit up
they look to make sure nobody is
 watching
then they steal off across a lake into the
 night

xxv— sulphur

a dimmer on a wooden chair in cold light
a young person leans his left elbow on the
 chair's right
the lines of his body all point to the
 dimmer
he stares at the dimmer
the dimmer is open and naked
we can see the workings inside
it looks a little like a maybe clock

the five baals and the seer or sitting bull
 may be there
but they are quiet
there is nothing they can say and
that young man wouldnt listen anyway

the curtains open
sparkles and cracks are heard
but no one moves
sparkles and cracks and pops of sound
and snaps
then the curtains close
there is ceremony

xxvi— a tami mask

the world is made
the peach crop is harvested
after a while the peach crop is destroyed

xxvii— movie frames flickering
all the episodes are repeated
superimposed
one onto another
their ends onto their beginnings
and each part onto each part
the curtain opens and shuts repeatedly at
random times

1957-1959

on eloquence

dictum
 pictum
dictorum
 pictorum

8/12/68
barton, vermont