The curtain opens and there are 13 actors seated at a long table. The actor in the center is tallest. His hands are beneath the table upon his lap and invisible. 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 cloths -- cerulean blue, gold-orange etc.

Upon the table are decanters -- tall clear glass decanters of black wine, 2 bowls heaped with red plums, and loaves of bread.

During the bestial speeches at the opening the 13 toy 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 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 underlined for they will stand out with a different quality of voice due to their sex.
CAST OF THE 1ST PERFORMANCE

Yeorg ..... Kirby Doyle
Nargath ... Richard Duerden
Retorp ... Alan Russo
Sharack ... Mort Subotnick

Valeth ... Robert LeVigne
Shereb ... Robert Branaman
Thanar ... Ron Loewinsohn

Aynak ..... Tom Hicks
Raytar .... David Meltzer
Ohtake .... Philip Whalen
Thaytow .... William Jahrmarkt
Boondoo ... Keera McClure
Dooboon ... Joan Jahrmarkt

The 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 16, 1960 at the Batman Gallery, San Francisco... the play was performed with white tissue paper beards & Indian blankets.

Michael McClure
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 Lilliy'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: REEBON MI THEEEDRT! GROWN!
Sharack: NOWGOWR NOROT SHAKATATAR! SHOOO!
Aynak: GOWER! NORTIHYATAP! NH!

Boondoo: DOOOOOOOOOBEEEEOOOON!
(a wall)

Dooboon: BoocoocooonDOOOOOOON!
(a wall in
response)

Ohtake: THITARTARANTAK GEEBORR NORABSHEY
GOOOOOOOR! 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 Lilliy'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 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!
Thanar: THANTAR!
Aynak: AYNAK!
Raytar: RAYTAR!
Ontake: ONTAKE!
Thaytow: THAYTOW!
Boondoo: BOONDoo!
Dooboon: DOOBOON!
Aynak: GOEROUTDOOOb NOWGATH SHIKETOOb SHAKATATAR GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOR ARAK TRYEEEEEE

Thaytow: THAYTOW!
Thanar: Rantakhite KEEEREKK AHN
Aynak: BROOOb NI GOWER drr TAKSHEEE GROOOOR!
Ontake: GEBEOrR GOOOOOOR -- GOOOOOOOOOOOOON!
Greeetak! MEERENG...

Dooboon: GOODONUBE
Thaytow: THAYTOW!
Boondoo: GOODONUBE
Thanar: TITHANTAR DIBEEREK
Vgaleth: SHITAKMUTE DOOOb
Raytar: GEEREEEEE BOKCHI DOOOOROOON
Retorp: OHHH doob OHH! LeeeenUH
Nargath: NOO0AH-TOKATHAPT-GEEB0RR!
Yeorg: ROO00MBRATTAAHH!!!

(pause)
Sharack: 0000HH O000RG!! GRO00NN!!! TIKANT0!!
MO00BN! NOO00R! OHI-000H!
GO00WAHH!!
Sheerant1 mute.
Boondoo: Zeeerusi doob. meetah ryre dumb.
Nargath: SHARNAK! OH! SEE.
Retorp: MEEEEEEEE SPEEKEAKHH GO0000:R!
I-coontah garRR ABI BEEEEEEZS!

(pause)
Yeorg: ANAK KREEBO000ON!!
Shereb: SWWARRT NEEEbreck moot tooo0ob 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 Lillys 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.

G 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 and chuckle.
Giant child voice over hifi loudspeaker -- as if float-
ing in air over the heads of the 13 feasters.

Raytar: SHOWTOWERIKEE MOOD TOOM KYAKK
AI MEEEE GALAAAAAAAaaaarr
No. No. No. Tyopp. KOOWEEME MUTE
doo00omb.
Retorp: SWEEEEEET KARNAKK GOOOOLD
KO GAAAYRR! NYTAP! GRH! KALDI!
Ohtake: BEARTHM SUNDANN TI KO sweet VYLE
GRAA...
Boondoo: REDD gereenarkatoogrr SHAKLIT-EE
Thaytow: THAYTOW! ZNOOOGRE SHARNAK-HI
thaytownee cold mute dumb.
Nargath: BleedLEEBEF
Sharack: MARRR!
Aynak: GERoooooo
Sharack: TAKORR-HOOOOGMR SWEETET
ASPIRE GEERBNOOTHAYKE
Valeth. Gooooogrr!
Sharack: SHRAHH! ICE NO OH GOOBESHK...
Nargath: I KANN DEeeee33ETH NOHWHYBE SHOONTAHHKH
MOOBESK NO-WEEB.
Ohtake: BEARTHM SUNDANN TIKO soweet VYE
GRAAAATRB...
Sharack: ET NOOBK OOOZ EEIETHESS...
IN DEEETH LOWE
Shereb: AND OHH eeeh! Veenom SKROL
such ease.
Aynak: BUT NOW GOORTOOM THEE ASZ AH
oh TIKETH no.
Boondoo: SWEETL UN ORGATH-TASE BREDD TOE
KEERETCH I AMM YES
BUT.
Dooboon: NO EVER why SEE there TO GREEEBAH
GO NOOR BACK BZ.
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 unscoiled sweetness of honey and goorm
myst GREBEELYAKK! 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 Ceremeht/ marigold of mammals 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. GREEEYAKK! 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: NOOBXK KRYBASH SUN NOTERP the tiny serpent/snake groobah and rech great grizzly bear live in darknesses 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! EEBEEYAHH

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

MOOCHRON!

BRESOÓCTAKIRCH WE I OH BE AM GRAAAOGH LACOOTH SKANE.

Boondoo:  ( a call )

Shereb: TREEEDEK

Dooboon: WHEELEREEBET ( reply to Boondoo )

Retorp: AND DROOOGOT RETORP 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 snakes' scales
as it is raised to strike
at the active thinking wormbeast of warm
food wrapped in its
earthen nest.
ZNO0000000000000AKK
REERATR! MOY!

Retorp: SERPENT, (the gentle snake) AND BEAR, feasters of Phil-
osophy, rich in the wholeness of their brains
and ribs

Nargath: GRO0000000000000AKK BE BACK BY NORTA
SWEEBEEB EASE

Retorp: The features of Love abandoned for the Face.

Nargath: The whole vital saaangtiiiee 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
MO00000KEBB
And being is their dialectic
as it pours in upon and they radiate
their antdialectic from the shadow-
throwing life they are. EEBBEH!
KA!

Sharack: NO00 TOY THAY KOOOH EHR BLY
TOK-A-THORRRRP

Nargath: The squatting, solid, ornate thing of paws
and ribs (is) the MYATAATARHOR Leaping Place
for all that falls upon it reflected back
and sent back to sparkling 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!
NOKROMETHBLACTHA HABOTH TI SHAKI I
SHOO0000000ON BRETHTAH AMMII NOO00SH-
AYKKEETH, RO0000M BRAHATAHTHAK
the Child (is) an image in all
the wholeness BROOOMETT NACHTA BY.
All the weight SHOOOMETH of the weight
BRYTETT and sound. And never left
behind in 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. )
YEORG

cont.: SHOOOOOOOTATHOR OH BEAUTY! WHOLE
AS THEM

(a pause)

NOH! NOH! NOH! MOOHOBAKTA!!! BUT CLOUD
I SHOW!!! BROOKRM!! 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
KEEBBEOR WHERE IT DISAPPEARS
in the smooth beautiful wholeness, in the Garden
our flesh divides!

(pause)

I CAN'T SPEAK! I CANNOT SPEAK!
SHETOOMETH BOONAH! 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 Lillies 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. GREEBEEYAKK! By blithe cup.
OH GARDEN!
Oh unsaid nectar made heavy sugar upon the ear!
NOORGATH! MYATORP!

RAYTAR: 0000000000000000GRESH!!! 00000000000HGRESHK!!! NOOO-
GRARBRESHK!!!

YEORG: THE THUMPING OF BEAUTY AND DARKER BEAUTY MADE ACTUAL
INTO THE THICK SHAPES OF ENERGY
FORMED REAL AND SMELLING IN THE...
I can't speak!

THANTAR: KRYBEKK ALL MEQQGOGRRR GEOOWN GREEBEEAAKORRS KROOOOOOO...

YEORG: ...NOTHING AIR
/GROOMSHAKTARBYMETH! TORNTORP!! CEMENT! MARIGOLD
OF MAMMALS EAR, WE ARE BANNERS...
Thanar: AHH! EEEH OOOOH AKKKKOR! 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: SHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Yeorg: ...SWEETNESS OF
HONEY AND GOORM MIST. GRBBBBBBYAKK!!!
I can't speak!

Boondoo: Theeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeerreeerrrtrrrttt!

Dooboon: Treeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeerrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

Shereb: NAAAAAAAAAARGROOR!

Ohtake: NAHH! OOOGOOOOH! 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.)

Doob. & Boon.: THE PAWS OF THE LION ARE NOT SWEET

Ohtake: NGROOR

Thaytow: NGROOR

Doob. & Boon: BUT TRAMPLE LAMB AND THOUGHT

Ohtake: NGROOR

Thaytow: NGROOR

Doob. & Boon.: 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...
G 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 & chuckle -- same tape as before.

Doob. & Boon.: And the black beast within the beast that laughs and weeps, that laughs and weeps...

Ohtake: NGROOR!

Thaytow: NGROOR!

Doob. & Boon.: 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 Dooboo, 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.)

Yeorg cont.: 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 lilly'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)
end.

-- Michael McClure
Broke it
heavy green glass ashtray
twice in succession
burning squares of sandalwood
superstition is its own punishment

Cracked a third time! The glass R I N G S
breaking

& this paper soaking up expensive ink
No sound at all.
A spatial extravagance
Celebrating my fractional recovery from ten days influenza
& the end of twenty years footling composition
No more of either
I'm through
Conflagration, fire, flames, smoke,
A day,
tick
tick
tick
plenty of trouble, believe you me, that icky feeling in a nose
it turns itself inside out a great slobbering oyster

Expressionism or exhibitionism, either of these is a drag.

Assassination is the thief of time & state.
Approximation is a capital sin
Asparagus is full of methyl mercaptan, celebrated for its effect
on human kidney tissue

Birds in the backyard, Joe Argo diskjockey sounds tired
Tom Field breaks bottles in the garbage can

BLAGUE

Nobody listening to everybody listening to (I KNOW)
Most particularly to me.

HA.

There I go again
A struggle for power (whatever it is)
Lying around (Comrade T. assures us) in the streets
Over everything, whim of iron

Good grief.
Good bye.

don't I know it? I
gonna
tell you!.

--Philip Whalen