

**THE BROMLEY PLAYS**

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General Editor: Chad Gracia

**The Death  
of Don Flagrante Delicto**

A Gesturology of Morals

aka

The Civil War: Take Two

by Kirk Wood Bromley

*introduction and afterward by Howard Thoresen  
glossary by Howard Thoresen & Kirk Wood Bromley*

**Inverse Theater Productions**

*New York City*

*The Death of Don Flagrate Delicto*

By Kirk Wood Bromley

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## Introduction by Howard Thoresen

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“In all writing I love only what is written with blood. Write with  
 blood: and you discover that blood is spirit...I want gremlins  
 around me, for I am courageous. Courage frightens away specters  
 and creates gremlins for itself. Courage wants to laugh. I no longer  
 feel as you do: this cloud which I see beneath me, this darkness  
 and heaviness which I laugh at, precisely this is your thundercloud.  
 You look up when you desire to be exalted. I look down because I am exalted.  
 Who among you can simultaneously laugh and be exalted?  
 He who climbs upon the highest mountains laughs at all tragedies, real or imaginary.  
 Courageous, unperturbed, mocking, violent—this is what  
 wisdom wants to be: wisdom is a woman and loves only a warrior.”  
 -- Friedrich Nietzsche,  
*Thus Spake Zarathustra*

“The spectator's question should not be, ‘What does this play mean?’  
 The question should be, ‘In response to which of the world's possibilities  
 and tensions is this play created?’ That is its meaning.”  
 --Richard Foreman,  
*Performance/Art*

In *The Death of Don Flagrate Delicto, aka A Gesturology of Morals, aka The Civil War: Take Two*, Kirk Wood Bromley has written a poem in his blood and his spirit; he has laughed and been exalted and he has given us a play which is “courageous, unperturbed, mocking, [and] violent.” Complex, vulgar, occult, long, epic in the range of its story, associations and language, this is a work that turns the tables on our critical minds and measures our capacity to respond as we attempt to measure it.

In school we learn that the first place to look for illumination in a drama is in the action, in the story of the play. *The Death of Don Flagrate* is the story of the slave-owner Don Flagrate Delicto, who, in the closing days of the American Civil War, decides to end his life and the lives of his family and slaves during a performance of his play, *Aethelbert and Augustine*. The performance is given for a literally captive audience whom Don hopes to impress with his values and understanding of life.

But *The Death of Don Flagrate* is also a story of slavery: Seamus, a free Negro on his way to Washington DC to shake the hand of the Great Emancipator, is taken captive by Don Flagrate and his slaves, and forced to watch and respond to a play about the advent of organized Christianity in Britain in the Sixth Century. He and his fellow captives, a nurse and a

Confederate soldier, are humiliated and harassed; he tries to convince the slave-actress Holard to accompany him on his journey.

Alternatively, *Don Flagrante* is the story of the Anglo Saxon encounter with Christianity in the Sixth Century AD as told by a 19<sup>th</sup> Century American plantation owner in a play performed by his family and slaves. Aethelbert, King of the Anglo Saxons, converts to Christianity at the urging of his beloved wife Bertha and Augustine, the saintly emissary of Pope Gregory. The story is beautifully and brutally brought to life by the slave owner/playwright, poetically transcending the limitations imposed on the production by poverty, war, and, ultimately, by the dementia of its auteur.

Clearly, there are many doors through which one can enter the uni-verse that is *The Death of Don Flagrante Delicto*. But having entered, do we discover a unity or merely a collection of disparate, if interesting, themes? Is there a common thread that strings together the umpteen story-gems that read like so many one act plays?

Bromley, with his alter ego playwright, Flagrante Delicto, has married two pivotal moments in our history: the coming of organized Christianity to Anglo Saxon Britain in the Sixth Century, and the triumph of the North over the South in the American Civil War. Bromley has described these as parallel in the following way: a culture based on power, violence and oppression is conquered by a culture at least ostensibly based on forgiveness, love, and learning. Don Flagrante, as the representative of the later dying culture, knows that history, written by the winners, will say his civilization was corrupt; he wishes to leave a defense of the values of his epoch, and a critique of his conquerors. This is how he envisions the future under the Union:

Slavery universal!

O it shal be a sutl bondaj, shut  
As ours was open, freedom for the fake,  
A revolushn but in this great swindl:  
Ours revolves to them, and abolishn?  
Abolishment of genius is their goal...

Luk. Commerce cums in waves of ernest slime,  
Reguising aucshun bloks to stok exchanj,  
Privat servant into public demand,  
From one mas of mastrs, literal  
Outproducing figurativ expreshn,  
The sole concern of powr to empower  
The powerles think powr's to outpowr  
The very thot of powr, dispowring  
What powr owns beyond the powr to trade,  
The color line one omnipresent blur,  
Al enslaved to exclusiv angel rounds...

The playwright *Flagrante Delicto* (his name, “Caught in the Act” is usually associated with a criminal or sexual situation, but is also a perfectly appropriate appellation for a playwright or actor) draws the connection between the ancient world and his era. Like Nietzsche, he sees the victory of Christianity and Northern virtue as a triumph of the weak over the strong; the substitution of an honest, vital, heroic culture with an equivocating, pale, repressive lie. Don *Flagrante* fully comprehends that in the revolving dialectic of slave and master, no position is finally secure. As Seamus says:

The intransitiv shades that grim efulj  
From ancient monuments of dignity,  
Obstructng vijun of the next allure,  
Must as the lite that makes them sloly shift  
From face to face, place to place, race to race,  
And who wud ty down time to envy’s stake,  
Are malaprop at birth and chaos-plugd.

But Don, having had his day as a master, is not going to take up the role of slave merely to extend his life. Seeing that he will be unable to exercise his full freedom and power, he determines to go out in a blaze of glory, taking his family and slaves with him in a ritual of performance, murder, and suicide.

Bromley, the Uber-Playwright, has deeper and wider connections to draw. Slavery and all its ramifications did not simply end with the Emancipation Proclamation, and Britain did not simply settle down into a “meek and mild” Christianity. The philosophic, economic, ethical, and racial divisions that created the Civil War were not buried with Abraham Lincoln. *The Death of Don Flagrante* is also “A Gesturology of Morals” and a second take on the Civil War. Don is not merely a nihilist, a Southerner, nor a slave owner; he is a 21<sup>st</sup> century man, who sees the limitations of philosophy and of power, who feels nostalgia for that never-existed Eden when men acted with assurance and certainty, but whose attempts at heroic action, based as they are in his anger and confusion, end in impotence and frustration:

I’m the strangest kind,  
As evry chois convinces me I’m rite,  
Convicshn wich convinces me I’m rong,  
But we must pas thru may to get to june,  
For much that’s boom and bust is bust and boom.

It is a measure of Bromley’s art that we speak of Don *Flagrante* as if he were an actual playwright, and “Aethelbert and Augustine” an actual play. But Don himself is also a character in a play, and he himself has an alter ego in his own play, the King of the Anglo Saxons, played by his son Petrarc. Aethelbert stands at a turning point in history; dazzled by love and by the God who is Love, he can neither go back to his Anglo Saxon deities, nor give himself completely to a foreign religion; clinging to an illusion he cannot quite accept, he loses his comrades, his country and his life. Petrarc, born to inherit the new world Don *Flagrante* so strenuously rejects, struggles to escape his father's world but is literally brought to heel. Don *Flagrante Delicto*, who knows his

future is void cannot let go of one last opportunity to bully the world into being what he wants it to be.

Here, in the struggle between past and future, fiction and reality, self-preservation and duty, I find my common thread in this great patchwork wordhord. For, as Holard asks Seamus, “Wer is that man, set stupid on this sfere/Of pointless signs, can say where he should go?” Who among us can truly renounce the dying world beneath our feet to seize the world above us being born? And who among us can truly tell which world is which? “Wut is a play?” asks Petrarc; and answers himself, “A fantasy on its feet./not necessity, but indulgency.” Yet fantasy has become necessity. We live in chimeras; actors or others we live in a world of ideas and images, memories and hopes. We should give our entire energy to living authentic lives, but even that can become an idea: Flagrante Delicto, caught in the act of living and dying, is willing to sacrifice his wife, his children, his slaves and himself to an idea of heroism. In this willingness to sacrifice the real for the ideal, he becomes one with his Christian enemy.

In the closing moments of “Don Flagrante Delicto” the Don is dead; but Abraham Lincoln is also dead. The “good massa” and the “bad massa” are both gone. The captive actors and the captive audience are left to create a story for themselves; we who are privy story of the Reconstruction and all that followed know it has been a tragedy. But we are too survivors; the story isn't over.

Thus, through a Chinese box of theater inside theater, history inside history and authorship inside authorship, Bromley has thrown the essential questions of the Sixth Century and of the Nineteenth Century back on the reader/observer.

Howard Thoresen, Director of *Don Flagrante Delicto*  
 October 2000  
 East Village, NYC

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## Production Notes

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*The Death of Don Flagrante Delicto* first appeared at The Greenwich Theater, December 2<sup>nd</sup> – 31<sup>st</sup>, 1999.

### THE PLAYERS

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Don Flagrante Delicto - da masa	Raedwald - King of East-Angles
Leotrice - his wife	Ceolwulf - King of West Saxons
Lora - his dotr	Bard
Petrarc - his son	Pope Gregory the Great
Ekard Fotofyjus Sciamaky - his driver	Tarsilla, his sister
Holard Metazous Neogamy - his hous slave	Slave Trader
Kresard Hodologus Nyctimasty - his field slave	Anglo Slaves
Seamus - a free negro	Bertha - Princess of Paris
Mary - a yankee nurs	Theofile - Bertha's admirer
Jukes - a confederat soljur	Ingoberg - Bertha's mother
cohees (apalashan locals)	Charibert - King of Paris, Bertha's father
mourners	Liudhard - a Bishop, Bertha's overseer
<b><i>Karacters in Aethelbert and Augustine:</i></b>	Fraethwith - attendant to Aethelbert
Stage Manager	Guilty Slave
Assistant Stage Manager	Ceorls (mesenjrs and servants)
Hsuan Hsieh	Aemiliana - a nun
Khorassan	Monks
Godwulf	Augustine - envoy of Pope Gregory
Ouagadougou	Desiderius - Monk of Lerins
Ronsard	Aetherius - Monk of Lerins
Food-Chain Betty	John the Jejunator - Monk of Lerins
<b><i>The Rap Sistas:</i></b>	Woman tied to John
Dogmalita Impertinencia	Demandng Diners
Tabaquista Opulencia	Laurentius - Augustine's attendant
Comihuelga Ineducabilia	Honarius - Augustine's attendant
Aethelbert - King of Kent and Bretwalda (over-ruler of the Anglo- Saxon tribes)	Rufianus - Augustine's attendant
Eadbald - his son	Paulinus - Augustine's attendant
Aethelfrith - King of Northumbria	a Celtic woman named Cunt
	Melvin - Wizard, Son of Merlin
	Two Counsel Crows - Hugin and Minin
	Ester Friggyfat - Aethelbert's second wife
	Norsemen

*The Death of Don Flagrante Delicto* is an Inverse Theater production.



## The Death of Don Flagrante Delicto<sup>‡</sup>

A Gesturology of Morals

aka

The Civil War: Take Two

by Kirk Wood Bromley

Time: April 14, 1865

Place: The Farm of Don Flagrante Delicto, West of Lynchburg, Blu Rij Mountans, Virginy.

### Faze 1, Sene 1. A road near Don's farm.

Kresard- O we's a play no time!<sup>°</sup>  
Ekard- U tok im, den if he no take, I tak<sup>°</sup> im.

Enter Seamus.

Kresard- Gud day, niga.  
Seamus- It is, gud brutha, les that word.  
Kres- Mos trubl do bust out dat bad word gud.  
Seamus- U noe's I'm getn at.  
Kres- But wers u getn to?  
Seamus- Freedom. Care to join me?  
Kres- U a runaway?  
Seamus- I'm a walkinto.  
Kres- How'd ya care to walk into a play?  
Seamus- Not some patn juba<sup>°</sup> praizn bukra<sup>°</sup> minstl sho! We must lift ourselvs abuv such denigrashn, brutha.  
Kres- Y, it ain dat no how, but's a biopolisykosemoethicological pese, bout da hateful Anglo-Saxons and da luvn Kristian mishunarys, scrit by ma masa Don, boy, and he da germ a genius.  
Seamus- Has the weekly nuz, brutha, reacht dese Blu Rij Holas yet?  
Kres- Da weekly nuz, brutha, reacht dese holas al dis week - work a day, play a night, den sip yoself to sleep.  
Seamus- I mean the end of the Civil War and the deth of masa.  
Kres- See dis sho and u see un def masa<sup>°</sup>, ma masa Don.  
Seamus- Hav u herd of the Emancipashn Proclamashn, brutha?

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<sup>‡</sup> A note on the glossary by Howard Thoresen: This glossary is not exhaustive. The reader will find a sufficiency of obscure words and complex language and imagery to challenge her ingenuity. Many of the definitions that follow were provided by Kirk Wood Bromley (KWB) in an original short glossary, and in discussions with the director and actors in the original production. Where these involve more than a dictionary definition, or where Bromley's definition seemed to me to depart from the standard definition, I have marked them KWB. I have retained some of my speculations, even when they have been corrected by KWB, where I thought the tortured explanation I developed might, in fact, shed some light on secondary interpretation of a passage; or where I thought a dictionary definition added rather than subtracted from KWB's intent; or where I thought it might provide the reader with amused insight into the kinds of errors a scholar might make attempting to decipher a difficult text. NOTE: This glossary is only available in the paperback version of this text, available online at [www.inversetheater.com](http://www.inversetheater.com).

KWB – "This glossary was compiled for the performance script (called the Fitdraft), not the published script (called the Fatdraft), and many omissions of gloss are due to that discrepancy."

<sup>°</sup> For my money this is one of the great opening lines, on a par with "Who's there?" (Hamlet); and "Nothing to be done." (Waiting for Godot).

<sup>°</sup> attack

<sup>°</sup> singing and dancing

<sup>°</sup> massa ("master" in the Caribbean)

<sup>°</sup> 20th Century slang ("deft"?)

Kres- We only do da masa's plays, wich gud, so cum on in.  
 Seamus- U down with President Lincoln?  
 Kres- Present Linkum? Wut play he do?  
 Seamus- He rote the Proclamashn.  
 Kres- Wel, he ai no masa Don.  
 Seamus- He won the war, and I'm to Washington to shake his hand.  
 Kres- U think he wana see our play?  
 Seamus- He ain' got time for plays! Brutha, actin is for slaves; a freeman want it real.  
 Break ur bonds and rite the scrip yoself.  
 Kres- But I like masa's scrip, and actin's al I got! O, brutha, pleze!

Ekard steps out and noks Seamus unconscious.

Ekard- Niga shuda tuk.  
 Kres- U sur can crak em, Ekard.  
 Ekard- Cal me craka?  
 Kres- Nosa. U's a yela.  
 Ekard- My yela nuks beat yo blak eye.  
 Kres- And ur brown nose kis ma blak ass.  
 Ekard- Wuzat?  
 Kres- Jus runin lines.  
 Ekard- Ty im to da swingin oak; I go tel masa Don.  
 Kres- U herd a dis Emancipashn Proclamashn, Ekard?  
 Ekard- Da Miscegenashn Prohibishn wut he say, but it don't mean to us cuz we don't mix.

They exit.

**Faze 1, Sene 2. Don's house. Enter Petrarc and Lora.**<sup>o</sup>

Pet- Da mo u flee, da les u free, my sooty sweet niget, cuzn wite is lite and blak is nite,  
 so duz it lose itself in seekin same.  
 Lora- I'd rar be lost n blind than found n bound.  
 Pet- Sit, u scamprin coony, and let masa's hounds hav meat!  
 Lora- I'n yo niga yet, cuz my wite mouth stil sez u no.  
 Pet- Li hot blak curant jely fix al dat.

He wipes blak curant jely on her mouth.

Pet- Now, my dusky babun many, flash dem rozy butoks.  
 Lora- I'n yo niga yet, cuz my wite bely make wite babas.  
 Pet- Li hot blak curant jely fix al dat.

He wipes blak curant jely on her bely.

Pet- Blak as flapjaks overdun! Here cum da maple buta!  
 Lora- I'n ful niga yet, cuz my wite leg stil runs away!  
 Pet- Li hot black curant jely fix al dat.

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<sup>o</sup> This great play is made up of many smaller plays, as an organism is made up of its parts. Among other interpretations, the "blak curant jely" scene of Petrarc and Lora could be performed as a minstrel show, as a game between two young people, as an incestuous rape--but it's affect in the overall play is as a unit complete in itself, related to but not dependent upon the play that surrounds it.

He wipes blak curant jely on her thize.

Lora- O masa, pik ma cotn clean, cur dis baky til it burns, and edumate yo niga gud!  
 Pet- U my masapese.

Enter Leiotrice and Ekard.

Leo- Lora, Petrarc, wut is this?  
 Lora- We playn hot blak curant jely, mama.  
 Leo- Wel, suds yoselvs and git to chors. Papa's mornin pond is murky riled.  
 Pet/Lora- Yes, mama.

They exit and hide to the side.

Leo- I fear a life in theater has much pervert my chilluns. Tok to me, Ekard.  
 Ekard- I craka dis free negro say da Yankees win da war.  
 Leo- These fire words blast the shel of rumor.<sup>o</sup>  
 Ekard- Here to truth.  
 Leo- Kresard hear it?  
 Ekard- Wut so dat? He hear himself and wundr who dat be. Boy thoro play.  
 Leo- But Holard thinks.  
 Ekard- She too ador Don Masa t'eva run. Don't fear, ma misa. Wit dis stik I keep da world as dark and dour as me.  
 Leo- Stirs the Don.

Enter Don.

Don- Shall I share a stanza to Servantes?  
 Leo- Pleze.  
 Don- Vijuns of Servantes<sup>o</sup> in the heat,  
 Wepons of hidalgo<sup>o</sup> at his feet,  
 Womyn far, womyn near him bleat,  
 As soldadotes<sup>o</sup> slotr them repeat.  
 Glimpses of Servantes on the sand,  
 Ofering to nite his inky hand,  
 Quivering alone amidst the bland,  
 Wundering if anyun wil stand.  
 O intimant Servantes in my brain,  
 Starin upon gilt's elusiv stain,  
 Hunchn with his bich beside the drain,  
 Noein afr sun ther's only rain.  
 A milyun days Servantes must hav died,  
 A milyun times his muthr must hav lied,  
 A bilyun fuks ly rancid at his side,  
 A trilyun nites he gurgls in the tide.  
 Leo- Exelent.

<sup>o</sup> What has been rumor up to now has been confirmed by the new captive; the shell heretofore inert is, by these words, given energy to fly from "here to truth" (line 8).

<sup>o</sup> Miguel de Cervantes

<sup>o</sup> Spanish nobles

<sup>o</sup> soldiers

Don- Servantes was enslaved to Afrik Mors, wich supros<sup>o</sup> state exprest the life quixotic,  
for freedom's rife with chois, but slite on dreams.

Leo- Too true, my Don, and apropo the nuz.

Don- Ah, yes. So sukt unsprouted from my pod  
Of ireality, I that shud stalk  
Am stalkt by economic lizard time,  
My transvers symbols stifled, memory  
Remembers only wut dismembers it,  
And truth becums a sneaky furfrus pest  
Neath that sharp invisibl heel, det.  
Wut's so now-or-not that I must make sens?

Ekard- Wel, masa Don, me and Kresard, as u sed, ben hitn up odiens on the road, but  
count a da war, it ben real thin, and three dat we dun thumt confirm ur fear: da  
South is lost.

Don- Wen?

Ekard- Five days ago.

Don- How?

Ekard- Grant took Lee at Appomatox, and now da Northrn army spreeds this way.

Don- Who ar these peple?

Ekard- A northrn nurs and a suthrn soljur, took togethr but kept apart, since each most  
wana murdr each, and a free negro, tokn mancipashn.

Don- Rouz the troop, prep the stage, and seat the odiens. Tonite we open and close.

Ekard- Yes, Don Masa.

Ekard exits.

Don- O min wif, hwa nu?

Leo- Libben wit, mi mann.

Don- In servitu? Na.<sup>o</sup> It is time to dy.

Leo- O do not say so, Don.

Don- I do say so,  
And u wil do it so.

Leo- No, I wil not.

Don- Wut?

Leo- Wer's the reazn?

Don- I need no reazn.

Leo- Perhaps the North is kind.

Don- Yah, humankind.  
That's anarkik ordr, urj indifrent,  
For nun is mor inhuman or unkind  
Than humankind, this carnivoric gorj  
Wer cel eats cel, sibling slots sibling,  
Root strangles root, each a fantazine<sup>o</sup>

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<sup>o</sup> KWB: oozing, as from a wound

<sup>o</sup> Don: O my wife, what now?

Leo: We live, my man

Don: In slavery? No.

<sup>o</sup> puppet

To scarcity upon the stage of need,  
 Urth our ofal bin, growth our ecocide,  
 As it is sung in spirituals of nite  
 Werin genetic mob defines the rite.

Leo- Hav u no faith?  
 Don- Wut, hav faith in actors?  
 Shall I trust the weather, count on the press,  
 Hold to a whore, create for capital?  
 The Northans wil hak us into bits,  
 And if they don't, they'l liberate our slaves,  
 Who quikly wil.

Leo- We hav ben gud to them.  
 Don- Agreshn is pasivity recald,  
 But I am speaking reazn.

Leo- Speak of hope.  
 Don- They hope who do not valu wut they ar.  
 Leo- They hope who valu wut they may becum.  
 Don- Betr if strong, wors if weak, wich this week  
 We've just becum, no more just becuming.

Leo- Un duz not win a war to lose the prize.  
 Don- Ther prize is freedom.  
 Slavery universal!  
 O it shal be a sutl bondaj, shut  
 As ours was open, freedom for the fake,  
 A revolushn but in this great swindl:  
 Ours revolvs to them, and abolishn?  
 Abolishment of genius is ther goal.  
 Now speak I reazn for no reazn, yet  
 For ur defians reazn be reward:  
 Luk. Commerce cums in waves of ernest slime,  
 Reguising aucshun bloks to stok exchanj,  
 Privat servant into public demand,  
 From one to mas of mastrs, literal  
 Outproducin figrativ expreshn,  
 Its wip the muny belt, its chains the charms  
 Of downward duming drones, educashn  
 Grup discushn sins nuthin's tru, its law  
 Screaming legislators, artistry crimpt  
 For distribushn, taste ofensiv stans,  
 The sole concern of powr to empowr  
 The powrles think powr's to outpowr  
 The very thot of powr, dispowring  
 Ut powr owns beyond the powr to trade.  
 O luk at wut refuses to be seen:  
 The color line un omnipresent blur,

Al enslaved to exclusiv angel rounds,<sup>o</sup>  
 But reazn tires.  
 Leo- Self-deth too kindly gives  
 Ur nemesis the carion he craves.  
 O let us hury west and slyly liv.  
 Don- Wake to hide? That is to ask confeshn  
 Confes it's no acountancy to speech.  
 I'd rathr slay myself and al I own  
 To noe my last than last becuz unnoen,  
 Thus reazn says the time is now to dy.  
 Leo- It is too reaznles to say, too harsh  
 To think in hush, and too misdun to do,  
 Too rife with if for such a final act.  
 Mite not the Northrn mite include our rite,  
 They our proof improvd, our reazn seasond,  
 What if, what if? O if not if away,  
 For if is cor to life, and wen it ain't,  
 Ifles deth is ther, showing to invite  
 Inevitans is spending breth on air.  
 Don- Ur logic's point ensurs its own refute,  
 As proving if in iflesnes concludes,  
 For lo how quik a free, brilliant woman  
 Faced with fatal fear dons a pity mask  
 For wut intends her swelt, and ax<sup>o</sup> the nig.  
 Leo- Who is to dy?  
 Don- We, the slaves, the childrn.  
 Leo- O y not just we?  
 Don- Shoyaku shinju:  
 Betr that the muthr take her oflings  
 With her to the next than they muthrles  
 Be then comitd to depravity,  
 For she shud bild thus craks creashn's code  
 That care is to be taken at al cost,  
 And hated by who ot to luv her, she  
 Loses al miser being shrugs to giv.  
 Leo- How then is it to hapn?  
 Don- Wen but they  
 Being not themselvs won't themselvs defend.  
 Leo- In the play?  
 Don- For ther dethsene, u wil serv  
 The ritual juse, as it's ben reherst,  
 Tho now it wil be laced with cyanide  
 Kept for this day. Deth acted wil be real,  
 Each pasn in a role preferd to self.

<sup>o</sup> the offering of exclusive shares of stock in a venture to preferred investors

<sup>o</sup> A.S. swylt = death; acts

Leo- Me trifeaeste treuwe findest.<sup>o</sup>  
 Don- Cum, Leotrice. We hav reazn.

They exit. Petrarc and Lora cum out.

Lora- Mama's gona murdr us?  
 Pet- We gota run away!  
 Lora- Tha's evil northan soljurs evrywer!  
 Pet- I'l fite em off!  
 Lora- Y, u ain but an actor,  
 And Ekard send his dogs.  
 Pet- Let's larm the slaves  
 And the'l revolt.  
 Lora- Not un a them beleve  
 This day a dred cud cancel years a care.  
 Pet- So, wut we gona do?  
 Lora- We gona dy.  
 Pet- No we is not! I gota think a bit.  
 Lora- O twisted trip from babybud to nil!  
 A being sprigs out gob that speaks to gud  
 From givin got, yet to be senshnt is  
 To be invers, and gud is got by graft,  
 So do we scul like litl loln ships  
 Tween two oposing inhumanitys,  
 A sea and sky, a memry and mentashn,  
 The first a birthn broth we canot brethe,  
 The last a vijn vast we canot see.  
 Pet- Got it! We get our freedom thru the play!  
 Lora- How so?  
 Pet- During the thirteenth angel sene  
 Wen al is on the stage, but we in bak,  
 And dark is near desenshn, out we scoot.  
 Lora- But then I'l mis my deth sene.  
 Pet- That's the point.  
 Lora- Perhaps wut papa wana do is rite.  
 Pet- Lora, my life is not my papa's play.  
 Lora- But life is deth without our papa's plays.  
 Pet- So, uns we'r free, we do our own.  
 Lora- But they won't be like papa's!  
 Pet- Lora, sweet, papa wana poison us.  
 Lora- And so we livd and dyd upon the stage;  
 Tho most unnoen, they truly nu ther age,  
 And spirald in a bon of burning verbs.  
 My final words wud be his final words!  
 Pet- O, sista, stop!  
 Lora- We stay.

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<sup>o</sup> You will find me true.

Pet- We go.  
 Lora- We dy.  
 Pet- And deth is wer an actor draws the line.  
 Wut is a play? A fantasy on its feet,  
 Wobly, soon to fal, colors quik congeled,  
 Meanings barely ment, fu can fuly sens.  
 Not necessity, but indulgency  
 Is al the play; costumes, props, and sets,  
 Such things for wich nun ot to sacrifice  
 Its vital being. Let's outplay the play  
 And go.  
 Lora- We go. Yet how I luv this farm,  
 And leavn here, we lose luv's set, wich I  
 Than livn les our luv wud dy to keep.  
 Pet- So, as we'r free to luv in papa's plays,  
 Tel me without them we ain't lost to luv.  
 Lora- O sweetest sibling shared in heated hush,  
 As life wud green forgo, so wud I u.  
 Ur warmn May my tundras blum in mush,  
 Ur scraping raks my maple sugr spru;  
 Stuk by the sting of ur deep-sukln chug,  
 As purpl incan orkid low I spru,  
 And wen ur belrin buls my shors enhug,  
 My secrets like she-seals for mating moo.  
 To leve u is imposibl for me  
 As u ar fixt within me as myself,  
 Nor do I need an artifact to glee  
 Wut natur's gave us to enjoy in helth.  
 Yet as my word, I us a fals hart hand,  
 O hug it, lik it, kis it as our child,  
 Of frenzy's fortun comest contraband,  
 So comforting to creaturs of the wild,  
 And noe, don't matr wer we go in life  
 Or deth, I am ur sistr and ur wife.  
 Pet- O wut an osum speech.  
 Lora- The Don is gud.

Enter Leotrice.

Leo- Chillun, pleze, redy urselvs.  
 Both- Yes, mama.

They exit.<sup>o</sup>

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<sup>o</sup> The debate between Lora and Petrarc might seem absurd to a modern reader, but there are several reasons to take it seriously in the given circumstances: Petrarc and Lora probably will die whichever choice they make; the "evil northan soljurs" Lora speaks of are real, not an invention. They are young, a la Romeo and Juliet, and may not appreciate the value of survival; and people

**Faze 1, Sene 3. Enter Kresard with Seamus, stil unconshus, and tys him.**

Kres- I sez ya nice to see da sho, but yo got shat to do, so's it fits ya git un stif up yo sof hed. Diz I warn ya? Yaz I did, but yo, ya mis ya cue, cuz shatman skip - no shat be mo impotant dan da sho. Sum shat to make? Da parts is in da sho. Sum shat to say? Da lines is in da sho. Seekn at some speshl shat? Da acshns in da sho. See, da shat's in da persepshn of da shat. Much like da man wok thru da wuds to nab hiself a buk, he may or he may not, but he ain enjoy da sene. But if he wok em just to wok em, he may nab a buck, or he may not, but he most enjoy da sene fo sur. Shatman skof da sunset see but un long sobrin shado. Shatman ride fast wata meet da watafal mite fast. Shatman frown at chiln gona get but frowns return, wen un ezy smile make him mos glad to dy. Now shatman git da shat dat he deserv: he watch da sho, wil or woe, tyd and fit for wipn.

Enter Holard.

Hol- Kresard, go help Ekard seat the hous.  
 Kres- We open tonite?  
 Hol- Wut, ain u hapy?  
 Kres- We got mo talkas than lisnas!  
 Hol- So, wut's nu?  
 Kres- Y, pepes they use a cum in paks to see Don Masa's plays.  
 Hol- Times is od.  
 Kres- It's unnatural.  
 Hol- O, and how is that?  
 Kres- Looka my hed.  
 Hol- Dam, u rite. It's unnatural.  
 Kres- I mean, I got mo ears than I got mouths.  
 Hol- No u ain't.  
 Kres- Two ears...  
 Hol- And three mouths.  
 Kres- Go on. Squirm out this shakl and I swear u ai no slave.  
 Hol- U gots a mouth sez 'yes, masa,' wich u wear on ur face. U gots a mouth sez 'no, masa,' wich u cary in ur hed. And u's a mouth that don't say nun cuz u alz sitn on it. Now seat the hous and I wil speak to u in caractr.  
 Kres- Haply, wuz I like u beta wen u sumun els.

Kresard goes to exit.

Hol- Kresard, wut is dis?  
 Kres- Dat's a blak man, Holard.  
 Hol- I mean, wer u get im?  
 Kres- Strutn up da hi road, sayin how he free.

---

in a war may not expect to live long. They have been raised by Don, interiorized his values, and believe he is wise. The previous scene may have been so shocking to them that an aura of unreality surrounds them. Finally, the scene operates symbolically in the text, positing a choice between life and art (a choice that 19th Century artists took quite literally).

Kresard exits.

Hol- A free blak man? Creatur inconcevd  
 Til here this sampl slumps, this fable flames,  
 A skitish windigo flit out the wud  
 To cultur's chains. Free and blak? Words that uns  
 So avers ther alujns, winst at tuch,  
 Yet hudl closely in this sheltr sol,  
 This nevr now, this fact imposibl,  
 And aquaint, as if fear enrapturd of  
 Itself itself anuls itself embrasin.  
 Free and blak. Blak meet free. Free, this is blak.  
 Blak's a hu, as in human, and he plays  
 The spoilr role in Wity Gets It Fresh.  
 Free is a spy of eliptical regimes  
 Who takes no part but wut his puzl fits,  
 Wich he keeps tukt in natur's back poket.  
 U two shud wing awile, craft a cycle,  
 And tempt to avatize the latent dreams  
 Caged calmly in this clampt imaculens,  
 By blending urselvs being most urselvs.  
 Neva. If in this man u maybe meld,  
 Wich now's but sound upon a muted gape  
 Of futur sens al eko senslesnes,  
 It's wantles rare and horid wonderful  
 As a two-heded child, a shok wen sprung,  
 Odly cute in yuth, yet with time devolvn  
 To fleshy symbol of insanity,  
 Two minds, two needs, two harts, two hates, one trunk,  
 A haf extenshn servn dual intenshns,  
 In which feast of famin it eats itself.  
 No prospect now exists for free and blak.  
 Wite's free, blak's bound, thot hush, and I on trak.

She puts wata to Seamus' mouth and he wakes.

Hol- It's wata.  
 Sea- Wer am I?  
 Hol- In ur body.  
 Sea- Ansr me!  
 Hol- Wen angr ansrs angr  
 It falsifys by ekoing the tru.  
 Sea- Ur angr shud be genuin to see  
 A bruthr falsifyd, whose rage reflects  
 His rite projected from a glaring rong.  
 Hol- The rong is slite that brings a gud imens.  
 Sea- Wut gud?  
 Hol- To see the play we'r to perform.

Sea- Ur gud into my bad inflicshn twists.  
 Hol- These are the codices of liberty,  
 Wich frame u not, so u seem a cripl  
 Criticizn dans becuz u dream it.  
 Drink.

Sea- I ask u, pleze, tel me wer I am.  
 Hol- As ur pleze plezes me, I will pleze u,  
 And, ekoing the rong, so tru the tru:  
 U sit upon the farm theatrical  
 Of the great Don Flagrate Delicto,  
 Whose mastery of dramas metrical  
 An unequivocal bravissimo  
 Has not yet found, tho as the fetal cheek  
 Must nurtur on our darknes to be born  
 A thing our lips must ever luvn seek,  
 His text shal sumday by al tungs be worn.  
 Now drink. The play is long.

Sea- If he's so great, how cum u ty me down?  
 Hol- Now drones the tune too dul to deeply urj  
 Harmonic of reply, but I'm song-starvd;  
 U may not be great enuf to see it.

Sea- Tru greatnes al can see, and wut of chois?  
 Hol- Wer is that man, set stupid on this sfere  
 Of pointles signs, can say wer he shud go?

Sea- Set free, I'l sho that man.  
 Hol- That man is blak,  
 And so unfree, as unlike he who's wite  
 To whom the lite bekons as a brotha,  
 He gestates with his twin, utr darknes,  
 And livs nostalgja bound to primal deth.

Sea- That logic's colorful, yet fals as lite  
 Wich thru a spectral metafor aserts  
 We are internal difrnt as we'r seen,  
 For al's created equal.

Hol- And yet nun  
 Livs equal to the act of creashn.

Sea- The act of creashn is the living.  
 Hol- The life of the actor is the drinkn,  
 So shush, and let the slave slake the slave.

He spits the wata at her.

Sea- I am blak and free, just as u wud be  
 If u did not to othas giv urself.  
 Hol- I giv myself to othas that I may  
 Be wut it is not givn me to be,  
 An otha that no otha than herself  
 Must be, as othawise I nuthn am,

Wich is al les than sumthn les than al,  
 Yet if ur spit is ment to sprout my self  
 Into a sap of ur nun otha kind,  
 U drown me in the freedom u inflict.  
 Sea- I ment to wake u.  
 Hol- Ther are gentlr ways.  
 Sea- Go free with me.  
 Hol- Da masa'd wip me wite.  
 Sea- Ther's ben a war...  
 Hol- I ain got time for this.  
 Sea- U ain got time for freedom? Wut's ur name?  
 Hol- My name? That's a brutal transplantashn,  
 Incorporated thru my corpral lak,  
 Producin pristine fluf to market heavd  
 As raw material for being's cloth:  
 Sincerity's overcoat, the liar's sak,  
 The elgant drapes that hide unhapy homes;  
 Society ain but a sewn machine  
 That stitches natur into our disguise.  
 Sea- I see ur habit is to disinhabit  
 Al demands of mind, tho nun of body.  
 So, wur I a trader, shopn mental meat,  
 And from the blok I glanst to fresh my gaze,  
 As clas wil flush ther palat with sum fiz  
 Befor they nash agen into the lam,  
 And saw u hidin shy behind sum beam  
 To keep urself from los, wich dosil pose  
 Ignites my rapine urj, thus ordr u  
 To step ur secret guds out front, in hopes  
 Of makin u my bedtime woman snak,  
 Wut word wud I inscribe on the recete  
 To note the self indelibl I'l blank?  
 Hol- Three words: not for sale.  
 Sea- Three mor: not ur cal.  
 Hol- They cal me Holard.  
 Sea- And they cal me Seamus.  
 Hol- Then shame on u for showin me my shame,  
 But tel me, Seamus, ot I feel shame  
 To serv u wata, as my masa bid,  
 To drink, not spit, befor our lengthy sho,  
 Or wil u dry urself out washn me?  
 Sea- Here alone, Holard, do I say obey.  
 She gives him wata.  
 Hol- Now bout that war...  
 Enter Ekard and Kresard with Jukes and Mary tyd up.

Jukes- Push me agen, u jungl jiganiny, and I freak.

Ekard pushes Jukes to the ground.

Ek- Ya see dis boy? Is cald a cranky bich.  
 She scrach ya body ou, ba mis da ich.  
 She cut ya open wut ca no be stich.  
 She look ya way yo face be twista twich.  
 Hear cakln in ur cranum? She da wich.  
 How cuz yo life so cheap? Cuz she be rich.  
 Yo ain al fitn in? She spade da nich.  
 Go try and smuth it ovr, she da glich.  
 So I push u al down da deepest dich,  
 Yo bicha crank, cuz she ma cranky bich.

Kres- Don't kil im, Ekard, pleze. Three peple's sad, but two's embarasin!

Ekard- Holard, unty da niga.

Hol- U is untyd.

Ekard- Free im, I say.

Hol- He is free.

Ekard- Heed me, ooman.

Sea- Don't hit her, pleze.

Ekard- U sweet on masa's sow? He no trade her for al da fems in Frans. She his darky diva.

Sea- And u his darky driva.

Ekard hits Seamus.

Mary- Y won't u hear the disentangling day  
 Of autocratic code is cum at last,  
 America singing liturjys of chois  
 For serf, pesant, laborer and slave,  
 Creating diagnostic guvernans:  
 Every need the rite, every rite the truth,  
 Each truth an end, each end equality,  
 Expresng from our rich, dezirus shors  
 Liberty's uncastigatng symbols?  
 Y do u who spurd this revolushn  
 Now shun the premium of its success?

Seamus- No mesaj penetrates unwilng ears.

Jukes- I do not wana wach ur fukn play!

Hol- Be hush, u al, be hush. How wud we be  
 Mor than brunt and elemental drujes  
 Past wunder bifurcated by our wants  
 If we unto the plots of privat freedom  
 Did not at times be linkt? Autonomy,  
 In pur edafic climax, only cums  
 From out a long and teribl selecshn  
 Of ideomotic, arthromeric quirks  
 Whose minglng gesturs temporary clash

At last into a lush utopia,  
 Yet getng ther is al dependency  
 To sols like Masa Don. His invocashn  
 Soothes bludjnd pride, camforic pourparler  
 Slavng the ear to mantic luv. Enforsmnt  
 Must often do wut nun wud freely choos,  
 Yet wich, uns chosen, wud most freely al.  
 So, be hush. Strech thy dodlng feelrs forth,  
 Loose that politic vijn wich obscurs  
 How our most mental mouth at histry roots,  
 And don't resist resistn explanashn:  
 U free us most by ur concentrashn.

All exit.

**Faze 2, Sene 1. The stage. Enter stage manager, assistant, and actors.**

SM- Coheez to the stage!  
 ASM- Wut wud u do with al the muny in the world?  
 SM- Hsuan Hsieh!  
 1- I bild an elefant tusk shatoe,  
 Feng shui Minya Konka,  
 I peepee on Yunan Platoe,  
 Yangtze for my kaka,  
 I practicng the wai shang toa,  
 Alone in mesur of chi,  
 I ask myself til end of now  
 If words be river or sea.  
 SM- Khorassan!  
 2- Ther basks in the shale an oil so pur,  
 So punjnt, so pikwnt, so palpably sur,  
 Its esens is fear, fasinashn, foe-fun,  
 Wich sea-startd creatur we eva must plum.  
 It codls me, I am inkonkrabl, paeshnt,  
 I glib it on nape, its sent is so nasent,  
 Thot is a bubl it bloze thru a loop,  
 Glaring its secret, its symbbl the drupe,  
 One god, litl man, in the field now plays,  
 Its coldrn of driplets propelng the days,  
 Until u'r reminded in flesh-flamng fiz,  
 The price of its lube's al the muny ther is.  
 SM- Wolfgang!  
 3- Upon zie wintr solstis,  
 In wintr hardy wools,  
 Zie wintr-bourn hot trikln,  
 Neath frozn wintr pools,  
 With wintr shnitzl rauchert,  
 In wintr feeding vat,

Zie wintr crooknek candied  
 Und rapt in wintr fat,  
 Zie wintr habitd folkens,  
 Gewarmt with wintr hope,  
 Dans zie wintr wichns  
 On wintr's slipry slope,  
 Und werk thru wintr worys  
 That script zie wintr hex  
 To end zie wintr flurys  
 Thruout zie winter flex,  
 So if in wintr hunys  
 I found sum silvr spex,  
 I'd save my wintr munys  
 To warm zie wintr next.

SM-  
 4-

Ouagadougou!  
 Nomadic tween Gombe and Jos,  
 In syzyge of water and sun,  
 Rich in my thik colord mos,  
 I need muny like hate need a gun.  
 The teeth of my peples is purls,  
 The gold of ther belyz my joy,  
 For scrimpn I got my blak gurls,  
 For splurjn I got my blak boy.  
 Our songs pay the sky to be clear,  
 Our dans pay da boomng monsoon,  
 Our luvn do moisn the sere,  
 And we ask of the bud but to bloom,  
 So keep al ur muny mad ways -  
 I won't trade the treat for the maze.

SM-  
 5-

Pierre de Ronsard!  
 O to hav al of ze marvelous munys!  
 O for sedukshn about me complete!  
 O to be master of dreams and of brezes!  
 O for ze freedom from market compete!  
 O how rich! O how ful! How profoundly hi!  
 Mus I heav it about in zie sachel? O my!  
 Al ze munys? Ze bukos? Ze cashabl clams?  
 Won't my pokets, so bulging, chafen my hams?  
 But y am I thinking? I've al ze muny!  
 Movng it round is sum uzer man's task!  
 Tout l'argent! Oui oui oui. No no no. Me me me!  
 Wut wuz it ze questn u askt?

ASM-

Hous is open!

Exit all actors, SM, and ASM.

**Faze 2, Sene 2. Enter Ekard and Kresard with Jukes, Mary, Seamus. They ty them down.**

Ekard- Tok, I hit ya. Stand, I sit ya.  
Relax and enjoy, strugl and sufr.

Enter Actor.

Actor- For chuzn us tonite, we thank u much,  
And that u stay our captiv odiens,  
Tho guaranteez no luvr of the live,  
We wil to win ur raving vijn strive,  
Yet ask ur kindnes, for so por the day  
That we by mas must sel our preshus play.

Actor exits. Enter 2 more actors.

Actor 1- Of the race of the Angles and Saxons this drama,  
Of Lolland, of Frisia, Elbe Weser, Zuyder Zee,  
The Nerthus-crowd, Woden their war-god indoma,  
Who pelt-burdend, spear-ladend, crost the North Sea.

Actor 2- Of the race of the hermits of Lerins this play,  
Of Arles, of Vienne, of Lyons and Rome,  
Monks of the disciplined humble display,  
Who peace-burdened, grace-girded, walkt on the foam.

Actor 1- Vandalic Europans in wiflheim umberd,  
Their woodenships sproling, their moots ever tru,  
Brash as the tonting Thunor unencumberd,  
The race of the men of the blud-boiling blu.

Actor 2- Bearing forgiveness into the North hoardes,  
The fruit of the lard of the slotr of lams,  
Converting the pagans, sheathng ther swords,  
Of fisical thot, of psycical hands.

Actor 1- Of crazy hot semen, of womb ripe and strong,  
Of lineage cherishd, of unbrokn home,  
Of earl and ceorl bound eager in throng,  
Of worda and worca enribbing the dome.

Actor 2- Tonsurd and meak, of cross and of image,  
Of Admon convinced, of numen philosus,  
Fear in the conshns, stilnes in scrimaj,  
Order and sanctity bearing mutuus.

Actor 1- Hieran se wothcrafte Saxon und Angle,  
Nyde genydde, wuldorgeflogenum,  
Hand-locen baldlice, wergeld und wrangle,  
Singale saece, ead elne gesongen.

Actor 2- Impurus purgare, factiosus spargare,  
In praesagitione permutando duritia,  
Reverns in gnomo pacis invehere,  
Inclinatus a beneficio detergere invidia.

enter rap sistas.

TO- Now swiva da stilo an alla zingara,

Flagrante Delicto e cumn a spar ya,  
 So coral twist beutyful life outa bone,  
 Diz glandula wiza make any hormone.  
 DI- Stay wakin as he intimate  
 His cronkn infonervic blitz,  
 Les asleep u vajinate  
 Wut wil control ur spinal swich.  
 CI- He pimp jesus largest, budha bich baddest,  
 U target the margin, he market da fistest,  
 Doctor Derijn, the rebi of rong,  
 Chil it or choke it, cuz masa be long.  
 Sea- I wil not lisen to this nuthng.  
 Ekard cloks him.  
 Ekard- I wil not hesitate to put a niga on his bak.  
 Enter Don.  
 Don- I ask the menispermum faze my mind;  
 Sweet pilferaj of luv is my import.  
 I mean no harm. Retracshns hav ben sined,  
 But I must now ur fetal truth abort.  
 The dug of doom ly drying in the sun,  
 Invijus freaks of freedom at them lap,  
 Ther suk the target, my spokespawn the gun,  
 Kwik they dy by me, or slo at poison pap.  
 O mastery is lost in being gaind!  
 Aleles of genius crack in being used,  
 And countrfactiv powr is unbraind  
 By brains empowrd by ther own abuse.  
 If we cud make of history a home,  
 A heedful public to our privat harts,  
 Detouring mesh adicshn to the noen,  
 And synchronize our labor to the arts,  
 Then shit like this wud bak to nutris turn,  
 And pur fenomenastix of delite  
 Wud esens us off strange existent churn  
 And we wud swirl, rich proteins bilt of blite.  
 But we canot. Wut's weak we cal wut shud.  
 We weld the trak of time about our space,  
 And saying nuthng to be understood,  
 We scrambl facelesly into our face.  
 As cute makes crime, as satisfakshn greed,  
 As feeding pijuns justifies the seed,  
 We struct our sol from one disgruntld glans,  
 And celebrating ignorans, we dans.  
 So u don't wana see my sho. Alrite,  
 Then I won't sho u wut u wana see.

We both can fit in this cosmopolite,  
 Tho ur submishn's al I mean by we.  
 Enslaving thee, I free myself from strife.  
 By teaching thee, I bathe my mind in crap.  
 In freeing thee, I end my ragged life.  
 Yap yap yap yap yap.

The stage is set, the cohees strangely clad,  
 Weak wil is overcum by wild wud,  
 So starts the play of Aethelbert the Bad,  
 And his sojurn with Augustine the Gud.

TO- Now to the hals of mead,  
 Of roth byrnys and falchions,  
 Kings of the waring breed,  
 Jutes, Angles, and Saxons!

DI- Tales of victory tel,  
 Wordhords of Widsith vain,  
 Offring of Offa the Fell,  
 Of Woercmen, of beorna, of thegn.

CI- Yo like repeat it the storiest,  
 How murderers mate evermoriest,  
 Wile brodsworded hooligans hoariest  
 Get drunk and shout "my dad's the goriest!"

**Faze 2, Sena 3. Aethelbert's Mead Hall. Enter the Anglo-Saxons** (Aethelbert, Aethelfrith, Eadbald, Raedwald, Ceolwulf, Bard, and others).

Ead- Behold, u bludy brutes, the Roman's head!  
 Raed- How stoic, how advanst, how noble tis!  
 Ceolwulf- Silens, for the homo wud oratio!  
 Ead- Frends, Romans, Cuntrymen, wer ar my ears?  
 Frith- Ear they ar!  
 All- Eat, eat, eat!

Aethelfrith eats the ears.

Ceolwulf- As our gore-lust, let our guts be sated!  
 Raed- Hungr is a point not wel debated!  
 Afrith- A mug of mead! Brew-bich, a mug of mead!

Enter brew-bich with mugs of mead.

Ead- U, fatha, who as warlord held the lead,  
 And dru most stinky steam from begng bleedrs,  
 Slug primal draft, and hear the flatrus liedrs.  
 Abert- ...and tha freolic wif,  
 ful gesealde  
 acrest East-Dena  
 ethel-wearde;  
 baed hine blithne beon  
 aet thaere beor-thege,

leodum leofne.  
 He on luste gethah  
 Symbel and sele-ful,  
 sige-rof kyning.

Aethelbert slugs.

Jukes- That Anglo-Saxon sound like niga blab.  
 Don- That's cuz it is.  
 Ead- Up, word-warbler. Chug thy sudsy rout!  
 Ceolwulf- Awake, thou scop, and thrust thy throataj out!  
 Bard- I am the Word!  
 Raedwald- No, u ar the Worm!  
 Bard- Forgiv me, lords, but I was dreamng.  
 Afrith- Of our scramaseaxes gleamng?  
 Bard- Futil to say wut dreams imply  
 As the saying ther sens deny.  
 Raed- Spare us, Bard, ur mefysical snare  
 And sing of our race and its dominant lair.  
 Bard- Wut powr enforces, poets cal fair.  
 In time with the kemical draw in my veins,  
 I sing of the men of the strength and the rage.  
 In modrn tones, tho ful of ancient names,  
 Cums out my vois, of the Anglo-Saxon age.  
 Ead- Sing to our great drihten.  
 Afrith- Aethelbert!  
 Bard- Aethelbert, inchest of booklanded kings,  
 Son of Eormenic, of Octa, of Oeric,  
 Of Oisc, the son of original Hengist,  
 Stil trace thy viril puty back to Woden!  
 All- The indigenus inhabitants  
 Of Britain, after Brutus,  
 Batld for predominans.  
 Til Vortigern, that local chump,  
 Askt us cum to play his punks -  
 We came, we saw, we fukt shit up!  
 TO- Adventus Saxonum is made in the shade!  
 DI- Hirelings wil on the highest be paid!  
 CI- It's a fish eat bison world we've made!  
 Bard- Scotsmen, Britons, Picts, and Celts,  
 Cerd and Cymnic's wimp Gewisse,  
 All in war hav took ther welts  
 From Woden's fyrd gesitha!  
 Ead- Of esens of our people tel the meat,  
 Of craft, of code, of otha's defeat.  
 Bard- Of esens, meat is much,  
 Of absens, thou art ful,  
 Of cryptic stimulus,

Authentic integral,  
 Efishnsy extreme,  
 Evry wish unwasted,  
 Director of thy dream,  
 Evry flava tasted.  
 Histozoic not,  
 Dedly set on life,  
 Profitng in thot,  
 Speech the spawn of strife,  
 Ever outward prizing,  
 Yet critic of thyself,  
 Fably realizing  
 Freedom folows welth.  
 Raed- Sing of our craft, how we bild to the need.  
 Bard- Thy craft varigated  
 Wil spred oer the world,  
 Thy urj unabated  
 Invenshuns unfurl,  
 Laws penetrating,  
 With cifers debating,  
 Potential to primacy  
 Predestinating,  
 The ships of fate carving,  
 Al daunting in breeding,  
 The loam of society  
 Yurns for thy seeding.  
 Ceolwulf- Sing of our code, how't avails the deed.  
 Bard- Thy code relegating  
 Al peple are craving,  
 Thou form over raping,  
 Thou storm personating,  
 Companionat servaj  
 Guvernd consent,  
 Remandment for pilaj,  
 Embeded disent,  
 To fatha thy luv goes,  
 From fatha the son noes  
 Werfrom the rain flows,  
 Wertto the wind blows,  
 Units unite thee,  
 Each alegorical,  
 Wejing authority  
 One in dividual.  
 Afrith- Sing at last of our opreshun disdain,  
 Bard- How slavery wil our spirits neva tame.  
 Here squats thy strength,

Competitiv rigor,  
 From life's lagard length  
 Weaving with vigor  
 Nabor in nabor,  
 Sehnsucht in sens,  
 Valu in labor,  
 Pese in defens,  
 Elements livid  
 Yet stonch art thou each,  
 Chalenj thy luvng,  
 Intrepid thy reach,  
 Growing thru merit  
 Of sord and of shield,  
 Thy jactant bold oposit  
 Neva shal yield!  
 All- From Lothland's fjords and woods we've fled,  
 The Anglo-Saxon hoardes so dred,  
 Ravaj and plundr and drag em to bed,  
 The Anglo-Saxons got big fukn heds.  
 Industry, farming, and poetry dens,  
 Race of the blue-eyed high-templd long-limbd,  
 Pale of flesh tho of darkest intents,  
 Stok of the fog-briliant thinkng undimnd.  
 Neva stray, neva sleep, neva relent,  
 Raising our broods on the oak-gripng urth,  
 Fueling on freedom our avid asent,  
 Ordr torential shal drench us in worth.  
 The Anglo-Saxon race is cum,  
 Upon thy hope we hold the law,  
 Survival's game is finaly won,  
 U cry for help, we shout hurra!  
 Don Wel, now we've cast the baracuda bait,  
 Any u sukas dare to masticate?  
 Sea- The intransitiv shades that grim efulj  
 From ancient monuments of dignity,  
 Obstructng vijun of the next alure,  
 Must as the lite that makes them sloly shift  
 From face to face, place to place, race to race,  
 And who wud ty down time to envy's stake,  
 Constructng from detritus of ther fear  
 Such bulky breaks agenst the glintng change  
 Ar malaprop at birth and chaos-plugd,  
 For conshusnes is but a color skeme.  
 Ther's mor than blak and wite in blak and wite,  
 And chonting greatnes amplifys the trite.  
 U noe. To my repair thy thrashing's frite.

Jukes- Ther ain't no such a thing as blak repair.  
 All that's bilt, he breaks. Al that's great, he laks,  
 So are these words a weaklng's mity whine  
 That cannot even liberate himself.

Mary- Jukes, u devalu the human species.  
 Don- Wel, here's a brawl, the lak-and-lose of drama,  
 So let us graficate its latent troma.

Ekard drags the odiens onto stage.

TO- Fil the vial  
 DI- With vile seed!  
 Jukes- Say wut?  
 CI- Spu or sufr!  
 Jukes- O man, u'r nuts.  
 Don- No, man, ur nuts.

Jukes masturbates into a cup.

Don- I am the grub that liks its lips at birth,  
 The godlike goof that porshuns us our derth.  
 Ekard- Act!

Seamus and Mary read.

Mary- This hand holds a flowr, so it feels the luv.  
 Sea- This hand wants the powr, so it puts on a gluv.  
 Mary- That hand steals the flowr disguised in righteous nits.  
 Sea- That hand hates the powr that uns upon was its.  
 Mary- This hand sufrs now as sufrd then that hand.  
 Sea- Natur doses pain thru evry human gland  
 Mary- Acordng to the powr to rendr it exprest.  
 Sea- We each ar remnants of a flowr uns posest.

Jukes completes himself.

TO- The juis dogmatistic!  
 DI- Balistic!  
 CI- So spastic!  
 TO- In the comandeerd cup swimng paleocrystic!  
 DI- Take it, Don Evil, and speak ur bombastic!  
 CI- Wow em da wisdum a wak masterbotic!

Ekard holds Seamus before Don.

Don- U like? Te gusta jizmajiminy?  
 Es gut? Jouez vous crucial hominy?  
 Look on it! Read the fogn book on it!  
 Bet on it! Find ur famly name in it!  
 It refrax the divinity,  
 This liquid surreal,  
 Of its oto-sovrenity

The world's a-squeal.  
 It's wite. Get the hint?  
 It's perfect and al.  
 It's natur's cool mint,  
 Bubln hot from the bal.  
 Slurp it and think,  
 This parturient pee -  
 U won't neva blink  
 Uns u drunk the wite tea.

Hol- Masa Don, I ain't seen this in the script,  
 So wip me if u wil, but spare his lip.

Don- Speak da slave, obey da masa:  
 Placid fact is the fate of disasta.

He disposes of the sampl.

TO- To Rome! To Rome!  
 DI- Forget the foo foam!  
 CI- To the palas of pity!  
 TO- Charity's home!  
 DI- Here's Gregory Great!  
 CI- Pope of the hour!  
 TO- And here ar wite slaves.  
 DI- How shifty is powr.

**Faze 2, Sene 4. Rome. Enter Slave Trader, 2 wite slaves, Pope Gregory, Tarsilla.**

Greg- Sister Tarsilla, wut splendor is this  
 Emerjng from these rakt and wogy ships?  
 Tars- Slaves, brotha Gregory, tagd for hagl.  
 Greg- A strange supernal spirit hues ther heds.  
 Tars- They ar blond.  
 Greg- Blandus, yes, smooth and fawning,  
 Geneticly disownd of that wise gruj  
 Wich cums of being bound in curly loks,  
 Opake, elastic. It is gud that I  
 Enslave, or educate, them to the truth.  
 Tars- Shal I then inquire of ther pricing?  
 Greg- Yea, u shal, tho my luv no price noeth.  
 Tars- Trader!  
 Trader- How can I be a traitor, mam,  
 Wen I's but swear alejans to free trade?  
 Tars- How much for these two sory lookng slaves?  
 Trader- These two fine specimens? Ten poops a pop.  
 Tars- That's a lot of poops for two scrawny pups.  
 Trader- But the're strong. Shoez da mam how strong u is.  
 Greg- Let me speak to them. Werfrom ar u, boys?  
 1- We are Angles, sir.  
 Greg- Angels of God!

2- Our king was Aelli.  
 Greg- Sing u Alleluiahs!  
 1- Of the tribe Deira.  
 Greg- From God's wrath, de ira, flee to faith!  
 Trader- That's up north, in the mythic land of Briton,  
 Wer folks work hard, play ruf, and neva think,  
 So twenty poops ain't squat for such gud grunts.  
 Greg- Wen luv, Tarsilla, like the grazing flok  
 Compels pastoral care expand its range  
 Past the fens of comfort-bracing custom,  
 Tho rich humility por pride must curb,  
 Shan't we alow the lesr lead us on  
 As they the greatr mor by misng sens?  
 So thru my sol now sorz sum nu desire  
 To ventur with these waifs to ther cribland,  
 And in my ecstasy convert ther race.  
 Tars- I shal but syncopate thy throbnng urj.

Tarsilla pays the Trader.

Greg- O to the north! To lux orbis finiens!  
 Of sea to see, O rich anastomosis!  
 Cum, my blond, butiful boys of bondaj!  
 My stok upon thy throng seeks pasturaj!

They exit.

TO- á Paris! á Paris!  
 DI- And Bertha the Princess.  
 CI- Pelcht by her papa for Angland's aliens.  
 TO- Qu'est-ce qui? Qu'est-ce qui?  
 DI- Is she of pese the bring?  
 CI- Or just a greezy pese a chow fat king?

**Faze 2, Sene 5. Paris. The court of King Charibert. Enter Bertha and Theofile.**

Theo- Bud Bertha, princess trist of Paris fold,  
 Hav I, suspended in desir's cloud,  
 Not nitely stird semantic storms untold  
 To drive away the smut-adornng crowd  
 That swayd our wims to past comitment stare,  
 Yet now in smuty Angland u prepare  
 Ur wedng tarp? O luvr coy and brusks,  
 How shal I liv not hufng of thy musk?  
 Ber- Consanguinat previjns hav inurd  
 My eyes to thine, dear Theofile, and wim,  
 Woundng me with salt-wave stimulashn,  
 Has sevrал times untwistd tremblng braids,  
 And thus I luv thee, if luv is to swoon,  
 Yet det in servis and genetic wish

Of livng wer the code of concord craks  
 Rips from thy hand the bud that thou wudst blum.  
 I soro this, but strange ar we alurd.  
 Theo- But mary Aethelbert, that hairy brute?  
 Ber- My fathr wishes it.  
 Theo- And so do u.  
 Ber- I wish to help anothr help himself,  
 And luvng wut is lost to find myself.  
 Theo- U wish to slave the king of dred! U seek  
 A metal chest ur cooing can unlok,  
 A man who ignorant thy noeing needs,  
 Whom thou canst bobl, spin, and edify,  
 Sum chatl cros the chanl, that's ur crave,  
 For wich I fear thy charity depraved.  
 Ber- Depraved art thou who questun charity.  
 Theo- It's u who tot me questun evrything!  
 Ber- Tru questuning is acshn suplicant.  
 Theo- I wil not be supliant to a stone!  
 O pride entraps the sky within our hed,  
 Resentment stufts the dirt into our hart,  
 And tween the two, a crop of crap is bred,  
 Nurturing us on wut our growth distorts.  
 Return, O Frankan Bertha, purest Clovan,  
 To Paris shor that surjes for thy moon.  
 Ber- Clovan is but cloven, Frank but lying,  
 As I, a moon that servs the shorz redundant,  
 Must ripl al, the pasiv and the vying,  
 So now I seaskip cros the blu perfundant.  
 Theo- Who ar u that do wut least becums u?  
 Ber- I am a quivring tree upon the crags,  
 Whom climers cal the sprintng numa's las,  
 Thru whose soft leves the shuffling suncomb drags,  
 And round whose lims the winds admirus pas,  
 Yet who, so fethry, bare, and undrwaterd,  
 Who so tatrd, cut, and hail-batrd,  
 Into her bark and pith reseves but crying,  
 As roots that feed on stone are ever dying.  
 I must, my jentl yuth-luvd Theofile,  
 Abandon home and robe, word and talisman,  
 And al the instincts gathrd in our wiles,  
 To travel far to luv a luvles man.  
 Theo- Am I ner to tug thy tendr butons?  
 Ber- Ner to lik the jus of Berthan mutons?  
 So deeply do we tuch, we canot sens  
 The perfect pain, the beuty propt in plite,  
 The stealing glans, the torid recompens

Of meager thots, the doctrin of delite  
 That sez I luv thee and so nevr wil,  
 For luv's a prik of ever deeper quil.  
 Theo- Adieu, deepest Bertha, mistres of the doom,  
 My luv now slothrs in thy luvles gloom.

He exits. enter Ingoberg.

Ingo- How takes thy douce-amour this nuz, my child?  
 Ber- He takes it, muthr, wel, as pine to fire.  
 Ingo- Did not thy smile, cupng rainy tears,  
 Dous his blaze of grief?  
 Ber- I tried to smile,  
 But my mouth was too busy being cruel.  
 Ingo- Our mouths canot control conflictng needs  
 That natural oposishn merges split.  
 So, ar u set?  
 Ber- Save un trifle, muthr.  
 Ingo- No trifle is too trite for muthr's mind.  
 Ber- Y am I being sold to Aethelbert?  
 Ingo- Sold is such an ugly word.  
 Ber- Truth is ugly.  
 Ingo- Yet truth is he is hansum, rich and powful.  
 Ber- The qualitys for wich I am to luv him.  
 Ingo- Wich he wil then recipocate in time.  
 Ber- Yet are these also not the qualitys  
 Wens fathr fears him?  
 Ingo- Fathr fear him? No.  
 Ber- At fairs I've herd the Anglo-Saxon songs,  
 Those bragng brays of vilent clang and howl,  
 And thot, wur I a King, and French at that,  
 I wud ofl scared.  
 Ingo- Nuthng scares ur fathr.  
 Ber- The lion keeps his prey til jakls swarm.  
 Ingo- Wut means this metafor, my mystic imp?  
 Ber- Ther ar too many posibilitys  
 For wut the metafor by natur means  
 To say but that I am a metafor  
 And seeing such no I can evr be  
 As nots of nuthng nevr get untyd.  
 Am I the lion, Aethelbert the prey,  
 And Christun monks the jakls swarmng bout  
 To eat wut I hav tenderized? Or maybe  
 Papa is the lion, I the jakls,  
 And Aethelbert the prey, surendrd me  
 In expectashn of my nashng lust.  
 Or maybe I'm the prey, and this negoce  
 A truce my deth inspires. Or maybe,

But maybe wut? Maybe this is maybe that.  
 Al I noe is a quikening of breth,  
 That lions lone must bow to mut exces,  
 That jakals only eat wen pitiles,  
 And prey to be itself must pray for deth.

Enter Charibert and Liudhard.

Chari- Ah, Ingoberg, my wife, and dotchen Bertha,  
 This is Bishop Liudhard. He's being sent  
 Along with u to mumify ur morals  
 Wile boging with that pagan King of Kent.

Liud- In luv, thou lady chaste and chery nu.

Chari- His counsel is at fixt exchange with mine,  
 So rate him hi.

Ber- I'l rate him as he erns.

Chari- Ingoberg, quit blubng, and say bonjour.

Ingo- Wut can I say, my dotr, of this hel  
 To wich my luvng utj has hurld u?  
 Its mana is shit, its bevraj blud,  
 Its tastes retarded and vishus, its dreams  
 A system of greed, its wundr defused,  
 Its enemy diversity, its laws  
 A lisens to kil, its natur extinct,  
 Angr its sex, destrucshn its desir,  
 And evrywer the same is ulogized:  
 Chans privilej executes its comic rape  
 Upon the masokistic ignorants.  
 Hav I no comfort for u then? But this:  
 Think not, say not, cherish not, and suk  
 Hard and long at the empty nip of not,  
 For O my-wors-for-wuntng-betr child,  
 Not is al the comfort ther is here.

Chari- Wel, my curvaceous bride, to Angle-land?  
 Ber- As victim solast to suply demand.

Sistas- Red alert! Red alert!

TO- Critic in the hous!

DI- Grab the jelus retrovert!

CI- And stuf im in his mouth!

Don- U'r not lisning to my play.

Jukes- U fukn umiliated me.

TO- The Rape of Aesthetica!

DI- Uns without a time, in the wintown of a dreamstate, rompt the flimzy free  
 Aesthetica.

CI- Aesthetica Autarkia Attractiva!

DI- Then, on a wel-lit nite, for getgo and gudgrab, slithd the glory-gutulant Ethico.

TO- Ethico Solipsio Destructivo!

DI- Seeing Aesthetica, Ethico sez...  
 TO- She must be mine, al mine!  
 DI- So up thru the broomfield he sitelesly sneaks.  
 TO- I got sumthin u don't hav!  
 CI- Wut is that?  
 DI- Aesthetica speaks.  
 TO- An odiens.  
 CI- Wut is that?  
 DI- Aesthetica shrieks.  
 TO- A mirror that reflects al u ar not.  
 CI- Y do I wunt un of those?  
 DI- Aesthetica squeaks.  
 TO- Wut u'r not is wut u ar to be.  
 DI- Aesthetica freaks!  
 CI- Get me an odiens!  
 TO- Rite this way.  
 DI- And Ethico shuts Aesthetica in a cage.  
 CI- Is this an odiens, or a cage?  
 TO- Ain't much difrens nowadays.  
 CI- Let me out!  
 TO- I'l let u out, if u wil bear my child.  
 DI- So to be free, Aesthetica submits, and from this fiduciary rape, a slug is born.

Jukes reads from the script.

Jukes- I am Kritikus.  
 Don- The product of two oposits, he livs to opoze the world.  
 DI- Hear the ten...  
 Don- The five.  
 DI- Hear the five comandments of Kritikus!  
 Jukes- Thou shalt not represent except of me.  
 Thou shalt not reach the peple save thru me.  
 Thou shalt not take mor time than works for me.  
 Thou shalt not devalu those who pay me.  
 Thou shalt not hav anothr frod than me.  
 Don- Thus spake Kritikus, the conshens we must kil.

Ekard returns Jukes to his seat.

**Faze 3, Sene 1. Kent. Aethelbert's home. Enter Aethelbert, Fraethwith, a ceorl, and a slave.**

Ceorl- Here's the reched slave, O monster-munchng Aethelbert.  
 Abert- Word-belch the stain-blurb of his crime-seep.  
 Fraeth- This slave stands acused of doing nuthng.  
 Abert- How do u plea?  
 Slave- Standng up. Tho a slave, I'm stil a man.  
 Abert- Plea, plea. Wut do u say to the charges?  
 Slave- If sumun charges, I run away, les I gain my freedom with a fite.  
 Abert- Wur u doing nuthng?

Slave- No, my king.  
 Abert- Wut then wur u doing?  
 Slave- Sumthng.  
 Abert- Wut kind of sumthng?  
 Slave- Nuthng in particular.  
 Abert- U wur then doing nuthng?  
 Slave- Nuthng I'd cal sumthng.  
 Abert- Wuz it sumthng?  
 Slave- O it was sumthng.  
 Abert- Such as?  
 Slave- Nuthng, sir.  
 Abert- Then wur u doing this sumthng u cal nuthng for anything?  
 Slave- It is my strict policy, as a slave, to alwez do sumthng for nuthng.  
 Abert- But nuthng for sumthng?  
 Slave- That is the life of the free.  
 Abert- Cut open his back and squeez his lungs until he confeses or dyz.  
 Ceorl- Confeses to wut?  
 Abert- Nuthng.

Ceorl cuts open the slave's bak and squeezes his lungs until he dies.

Abert- Let me now brain-chomp my fantastical wife-chop. I want her lips smooth and ruje, puft yet pouty, her butoks plump yet pert, her dermis pale as foam one finds in the Wiche Island shoals, lite as gaulic lint and responsiv to the tactil twich as an open venus clam, thighs like the she-doe in Daneland, dapld, firm, pleading, with a womb as larj as a Pictan botl and a pubis smal as a Frankin pin. Hear me, Fraethwith? I'm dam demanding, but I'm al I hav.

Fraeth- May she be the tiniest inlet to the greatest bay.  
 Ceorl- The slave is ded.  
 Abert- From his guts divine my bride.  
 Fraeth- I shal, and with vigor.  
 Abert- Wil she be brite or dusky?  
 Fraeth- His pink lungs sayeth brite.  
 Abert- Wil she be petite or zaftig?  
 Fraeth- His large intestin sayeth zaftig.  
 Abert- Wil she be quik or slothy? O let her be quik, for sloth is the only forener.  
 Fraeth- His beatng hart sayeth she shal be quik as thy oars.  
 Abert- But wil she, Fraethwith, hav gigunguous titys?  
 Fraeth- This, my King, is past the powr to say.  
 Abert- Find it out, or I wil ask ur inards! And, if gigunguous, let them also be perky, for ther are two kinds of men: those with sagy-tited wives and those with perky-tited wives, and the sagy-saddled must evr wsih to be the perky-powered, as much as any livng leaf must long to tung the sun.

Fraeth- His tiny brain verifyz she shal be stakt as Grendel's perky pig-papt mamy!  
 enter a mesenjr.

Mes- Aethelbert the Deservn, thy Bertha is cum, Brite, zaftig, quik, bounteus, and perky.

Mesenjr exits.

Abert- O may her cream-kegs bobl hefr huge, huge as the howls of Irish ded, huge as the mid-girth of Fatbald the Brewboar, huge, hapy, heaving humps, like two bloated manatees hung from a Swedish mast, and yet may they be perky too, like a poodl on a spit...

enter Liudhard.

Liud- Aethelbert the Luky, luv to thee.

Abert- Who ar u?

Liud- I am Bishop Liudhard, Bertha's overseer.

Abert- Wer is she?

Liud- Bridled to the breze

Til u brethe out the word that brethes her in.

Abert- Fraethwith, foist this fagot on the fire.

Liud- Beware! I am the map to Bertha's trejur!

Abert- King Charibert swor her trejur to me,

And being it is brite and bounteus,

I take her for a bit, so to the guds.

Liud- The guds are beyond thee, amoral man.

Abert- My orals wil take aim at my nu wife,

Cuz I got mor than morals on the mind.

Liud- U hav her if u say this word.

Abert- This word.

Liud- Beware, tiny man, the greed of woman!

U wish to wed l'envoy d'honnetete,

The marigold of Frankan cherubry,

Yet to delect her wundrs righteously,

This word must forswear acshns victimly.

Abert- So speak the word, or bob it in the bog.

Liud- Luv, King Aethelbert, the word is luv.

Abert- Change that ordr, Fraethwith, and foist the fagot

In the fen. If he drowns, crown him jester.

If he floats, choke him sloly on his cok.

Liud- Admonishment surrounds thee, sutl sleze,

As natur's rageful at thy wasting her.

Do not take breftly this wide comunion,

Nor ly awake wile thy fear is napng,

For without luv, O mihtig feind man-cynnes,

Thou art thyself the sord that splits thy shield.

Abert- Sho me to my bich, u perverted prude,

Els ur beer-baterd bals wil feed my brood.

Enter Bertha.

Ber- My luv, hav u observd the masiv oak

Alone abuv the landng on the green?

Abert- Of cors I hav. It is our witan tree,

Our council beam, but let me luk at u.  
 Ber- Ur counsel tree, ur wity beam, is sik.  
 Abert- Imposibl, for my domain is helthy.  
 Ber- It's natur givs her helth to ur domain.  
 That por oak, so hung with fustian symbols,  
 Pagan trinkets of proud inconsequens,  
 Its roots so gutng thru the givng soil,  
 Its rondur dirt so trampld dry, its bark  
 So scratcht with names, its leves al plukt, its trunk  
 So burdend with ur fetishes, it dyz.  
 Abert- These decimashns are signs of worship.  
 Ber- Worship it by endng its misery  
 Befor it spreads to the entire wud.  
 Abert- Chop down the eldran oak? I may as wel  
 Timbr myself. It is our totem staff.  
 Ber- How shal we heal it, then?  
 Abert- I noe a way.  
 Cum my wife, we've forest to denude,  
 Cords to cut, leves to rufl, oaks to fel.  
 Ber- Until that oak is helthy, I am sik.  
 Abert- Fraethwith, go and heal the eldran oak.  
 Bert- No English gardner noes the remedy.  
 Abert- O, no. This is a gag. U frustrate me  
 To braze my lust. No need, woman, no need.  
 Tell her, Fraethwith. My tree needs no codlng.  
 Fraeth- Ur husband's tree, lady, needs no codlng.  
 Ber- And this is y his famly tree is dying.  
 Cum, to the lite and tel me wut u see.  
 Abert- Wut al I hoped I wud.  
 Ber- Yet hopeles mor,  
 For that oak and I ar in harmony.  
 Abert- Harmony? I do not noe the word.  
 Ber- I'l demonstrate.  
 My hands are now in harmony with ur hands.  
 U like?  
 Abert- O very much.  
 Ber- So too my chest  
 Is with ur chest in sembling harmony.  
 Abert- I like, I like.  
 Ber- And too like that our eyes.  
 Abert- So then, it's time to harmony our lips.  
 Ber- Ah, but that's the hitch. If we harmonize  
 Our eyes, keeping our heds uprite or bent,  
 Our noses then obstruct our straining lips  
 From fuly lokng in, so harmony  
 Means un thing here and yet anuthr ther,

Makes this posibl and yet prohibits that,  
 Divides wut it unites, takes but to teze,  
 Dissatisfying us on satisfakshn.  
 Abert- Ezily solvd. U go rite, I go left.  
 Ber- I wunt to go rite.  
 Abert- Then I wil go left.  
 Ber- Yet harmony requires we go the same.  
 Abert- We hav the same desir, so let's go.  
 Ber- No desir for the sik.  
 Abert- O, u ar wel.  
 Ber- I'm wut u make me, and u make me sik.  
 Abert- Beware ofens, woman!  
 Ber- Voila! A fens!  
 We bild a fens about the oak and me.  
 O ther's helth in fenses!  
 Abert- I am confused.  
 Ber- Wilst victory and welth, my Aethelbert?  
 Abert- I nevr thot of wuntng les than al.  
 Ber- And wuntng al is sik endemical.  
 I heard thy ragings for my sex grotesk,  
 Divining for dimensuns requisuit  
 Upon the organs of an innocent,  
 And herd u also threten my gud frend,  
 Yet I've a rage outrages any rage.  
 My suklant lips can teach the wolf to whine,  
 Tite space to take its fingr off of time,  
 Or they can, pincht and parcht, rench wince from blis,  
 And lik a hint of rot in evry kis.  
 My womb like molusks in the brine can be  
 That open wide to gulp the lapng sea  
 Wen it atug to life's confunctng moon  
 Thrusts thru the fecund glebe its liquid spoon,  
 Or a clam lokt and drying on the beach  
 That supurates but frothy, toxic sleet.  
 And my tits? O my tits can be so huge  
 They'l crush u as a princess neath her ruje,  
 With milk as numy sweet as baby's spit  
 In fomentashn dript from grapy pit,  
 Or they can wizen rancid as a snake  
 Rotng in the yard on wich magots cake.  
 In short, my man, I can be any way,  
 But it's with me as with yon elder oak:  
 Hang ur demands on me, I wil decay  
 And brethng poison exhale, quikly choke  
 And dy, consumng wut I came to giv:  
 New life that u past ur departur liv.

So let me hear u say the magic word  
 My frend has askt of u, werin is herd  
 The trust I need to share wut I am of.  
 Abert- Not noeing wut compels me, I say luv.

All exit.

TO- Tabaquista Opulencia,  
 Smoke wuteva mite insens ya.  
 DI- Dogmalita Impertinencia,  
 Don't ask me to represent ya.  
 CI- Comihuelga Ineducabilia,  
 Make ya look so I can steal ya.  
 Don- Rap sistas ex machina  
 Elocute our next dilemma.  
 TO- Gregory the Pope man  
 DI- Cals monk Augustine  
 CI- Sends him off to Angland  
 Don- To reform the bad mean.  
 TO- Tossn in the god towel  
 DI- Smilin on the hard scowl  
 CI- Gregory and Augustine!  
 Don- Comihuelga's favrit sene.

**Faze 3, Sene 2. Rome. Enter Gregory and his slaves. He is teaching them to chant.**

Greg- Agen, my pupets, with no melody.  
 Slaves- Amor vincit omnia  
 Praeter victum amori.  
 Greg- No melody, for melody is freedom,  
 And freedom is frustrashn to the wil.

Enter Aemiliana.

Aem- Great Gregory, thy Augustine awaits  
 Inside the readng room. He is like lite.  
 Greg- Fech him, Aemiliana, and I shal  
 Implor him shine awile on thee, perhaps.  
 Aem- O Gregory, yank a kite, and it wil rise.

She exits.

Greg- He is like lite. A simile wich shows  
 The snag of melody: she can't perseve  
 But by comparison to wut permits  
 Persepshn, an infinit frustrashn,  
 Werby we wunt to see as seeing wunts,  
 So melody the innelodius  
 Requires, thus we to the thing itself  
 Comit us, singing sans similitude.

Enter Augustine.

Aug- As un who's homeles weary walkt his life  
 Runs new refresht acros the final brij  
 That shows and leads him to his home, now I.  
 Greg- Yet sit a strech upon the brij and map  
 Ur jurny in ur mind, for uns at home  
 We think of nuthng save of how to leve.  
 Aug- Remembrng too reminds me of the urth  
 I've steppt, wich, being urthy, I'd repress.  
 Greg- Prognostic pundits weze of a dusted time  
 Wen al the urthly flora and fona  
 Wil thrive but as data, to sign consignd  
 By our drive to be the vital prana.  
 Hast thou a macroterus raptor seen  
 As ovr Niling plush it freely sheen?  
 Aug- I studyd uns in Alexandria,  
 My preshus pontif, with Eulogius,  
 And may hav ther, tho my nuroglia  
 Wur mor enrapt with keenings sublimus.  
 Greg- Then hating self u playd extinkshn's frend,  
 Forgetng urth is of itself our end.  
 Aug- I concur.  
 Greg- The creaturs of this planet,  
 Panthr, kestrl, mite, ameba, lily,  
 Are to our sols as rain to rivulet,  
 Of our hope both futur and famly.  
 Aug- I concur.  
 Greg- Heven is a heresy  
 To natur, our only tru creator.  
 Luv of god is lust for desimashn  
 Of al that animates us thru its deth,  
 So is it doomd to rage ridiculus  
 Agenst this life, its formula frustrashn.  
 I say let us mimic trees and watr,  
 Bees and baboons, bacteria and dirt,  
 So shaping ethix and society  
 Afr natur's valent cogitashn.  
 Aug- As u comand, I wilingly concur.  
 Greg- O dosil Augustine, do not beleve.  
 Aug- Do not beleve?  
 Greg- I mean not wut I say.  
 Aug- O thanks to God, my hart did near explode!  
 Greg- I loathe natur. It is so insolvent,  
 And worth alone a gud exterminator.  
 We ar not ment for this, this means nuthng.  
 Aug- Concur I truly now, yet y this ruze?  
 Greg- I hav a mishun for u wich requires

Obediens, for it is danjerus.  
 Aug- Ur comand is my wish.  
 Greg- Hast thou herd of Angland?  
 Aug- The foggy crag of rude barbarians?  
 Greg- U'v ben.  
 Aug- I'v not.  
 Greg- Wel, I am changing that,  
 But don't be nervus at the brisly heathen.  
 Elefant trains of the Hindu cult  
 Ofen employ a female, or koomkie,  
 As distrakshn and reward for the males  
 They domesticate, so hav I cozend  
 King Aethelbert, the bul u ar to rope,  
 Coraling then his race into the fold,  
 Thru maraj to a fine French pakiderm.  
 May ur luv be as mity as ther hate.  
 Aug- To Angland.  
 Greg- U to chans, we to chantng.  
 Aug- Dear Gregory, aware of proselyt dutys  
 To deep inur the habit voluntare  
 Of obvers cheek and thot-enrichng fear,  
 Y travl far to mine imobil welth  
 Wen close at hand are such mobil riches?  
 That is, if nitely need our windo thraps,  
 Y stragl out the cudlng ecumene  
 To cobl crude mosaics from a strain  
 Al recognize enthrald past reflecshn,  
 And in themselvs, tho facshnl, complete  
 In cultur, law, theopathy, and land?  
 Greg- Noest thou of my debate with Eutychius?  
 Aug- So well it is the story of my sleep:  
 U claim our resurecshn is in flesh,  
 He claims a substans pur impalpabl.  
 Greg- And wut this mins of logic to our lives  
 Werin to stumbl's close as can to sor?  
 Aug- If we fleshful transit into spirit,  
 Flesh is an adjudicativ subject,  
 And thus is nul by being al in law.  
 Yet if, per Eutychio, we transit  
 To spirit fleshles, senses past our sens  
 Control us, flesh is freely disposest,  
 And thus is al by being nul to law.  
 Greg- Ur mishun's exegesis.  
 Aug- Pleze, forgiv,  
 But if these hints explain me I am bosh.  
 Greg- Behold these pagan puks. So meak and mild

Upon the surfas, thru ther fusil blud  
 The Visigoth Alaric scavenges,  
 Ther genetic bleb, who brookt the Tiber,  
 Sakng Rome, geldng civilizashn,  
 And who, ten thousand lawles evenings later,  
 Svelt on glut and gor, had his labor-slaves  
 Diverto Busento river for his flank  
 And booty to be buryd in its bed,  
 Then had them murderd that he rest in pese  
 From al tomoro's idol-robng mobs.  
 An anshnt frenzy heves beneath ther fluve.

Aug-  
 Greg-

They ar primitivs, designd but for druj.  
 Comicly ignorant to the tragedy  
 Of being so bereft of kosmesis  
 In this our church of artifishl tint.  
 Most cal them ugly, pupish, dunjun-du,  
 Thin of lip, sharp of nose, such stringy hair,  
 Minute genitalia, ruled by angr  
 And greed, ther pasiv selvs a history  
 Of agreshns, lakng grace and rithm,  
 Exitashn to ther sols, dethly peakid,  
 The hue of base emishns, O how sad,  
 Yet I ador them as ther skin is wite,  
 Being al the betr to rite upon.

Aug-

U luv them as a mastr duz his slave:  
 U the tree, they the roots - thru them u feed  
 Upon, yet ar free from, the soil, a fact  
 To inter wud deform creashn's grade.

Greg-

I luv them, rathr, as an analyst  
 The law that proves al pashns preterit;  
 I transit in ther flesh that they transfer  
 My spirit round, like two fluxes blembng  
 An ile off in silt. These sad fizishns  
 Of quirks they canot tuch demand we men  
 Of managd tantrums, tho we may not name  
 The syntax of our jist, to rules infuse,  
 For gestur is morality. We see  
 A hole in natur, so we go to plug  
 The sensual with sens. We make ther flesh  
 The parchmnt of our treaty somaform  
 With al the flam we wish we'd never thot,  
 For had the nek of space no spaceles spine  
 Thru wich our bodys hear the hed of time,  
 These peple wud behed each othr evr.

Aug-  
 Greg-

An ansr that quieses questns mor.  
 So, my wisprng slaves, tel me wut u herd?

Slave- I herd two dumys trying not to move  
By talkng of how words but altr words.

Don sings.

Don- I made America,  
U wuz my niga-a,  
Ur tool be big  
But my brain be biga-a.

Seamus- Free urselvs of this fikshn!  
Don- Ekard, wait.  
I long to hear the freeman's rashinale  
For seekng eze in evr-bumpy fact.

Seamus- Ther's ben a war, an ofl, joyus war,  
Tween North and South, freedom and slavery,  
And the North has won, just five days ago,  
So ar u free, by fact imobil as  
A milyun corpses on a frozen day.

Kustis- The North has won the day, but not the age;  
The South shal last, and as an injurd wolf  
Crols back into the brush to lik its wunds,  
And in this meditashn come to learn  
The valu of clandestin operashns,  
It wil in shado, hood, and cryptic tung  
Continu in its fite for dominans  
Of policys afirmng wut al noe  
Thru evidens resentment can't deny:  
The wite race is superior in rule.

Mary- How can u now repeat this ignorans,  
This clules coz of horror, after al  
I've witnest in the nursng camps of war  
For wite powr? Superior in rule?  
I hav seen faces fuzing in the fire,  
A cortex boblng in the breze, a hart  
Beatng in a tray, a skul on a pitchfork,  
Legs without hips, arms without hands,  
Eys in throats, chins in grass, intestins  
Curld in heaps like a fat napng python;  
Hav they who ar superior in rule  
Dun this? Who's freed the incubus of hate?  
Who's thrown away the rind of rightfulness,  
Yet sukt al up opreshn's sour pulp?  
Who's straind to sutur shut inditment's lids?  
Is this to be superior in rule?

Kustis- This caos came to hold that rule in tact,  
And who its ruptur sot, they ar to blame,  
So is ther deth a means to propr ends,

Wich thrive on merit, not entitlement.  
 Mary- U hav befor u man's widest spectrum;  
 Woman to woman, u noe wich to chuz.  
 Holard- Not chois, but chans, is shakl to the slave.  
 Seamus- The chans is now for chois.  
 Holard- The chois to wut?  
 To work for anothr? A chans to slave.  
 To work for myself? A chans to starv.  
 To work for justis? A chans to hang.  
 A sea of war can't wash my face of birth  
 That posterd me 'unwanted, dead or alive.'  
 Trade Masa Need for Masa Not? No thanks.  
 My bondaj brings me food and pese and play;  
 To shud me shuds away wut u implor,  
 As ur freedom disfreedom me my wud,  
 Wich I of cud hav pasivly reseved,  
 Yet sum folks swolo so they can survive.  
 Wut chuz wen I've no chans?  
 Seamus- To cum with me.  
 Holard- A wip of any color stil a wip.  
 Seamus- Not as my slave, but as my free companion.  
 Holard- No difrns to a man.  
 Seamus- O yes ther is,  
 As is the difrns in the singl sun  
 That lites alike upon the free and slave:  
 On slave, it rises mokng, shines in shame,  
 But on the free, it rises rouzng pride  
 In its brite pupils, difrns as extreme  
 As infant raizd on tortur or on tuch.  
 Then, on the toilng slave, the peakng sun  
 Becums a weldng laze that sodrs shut  
 The cask of craving, fuzng lip to lip  
 With scorchng hate, but noon-time to the free  
 Is soothing heat, a downbeat to empath  
 The zenith of life's genitor, and find  
 Therby a remedy to toxic time,  
 The difrns between my own fire fuelng  
 And my being fuel to othr's fire.  
 Then sistr urth coldly turns her bak on sun,  
 Who, like a mate neglected, crazy casts  
 Forshadoz chil and long of bleak to be,  
 The wary slave is sunk into a sad  
 Arcane remindr how her being too  
 Was born to hide, but sunset to the free  
 Is of the day deservng celbrashn,  
 And wut mor difrns than between a slap

On face or bak? Finally, as sun cavorts  
 Cros other climes, the slave his sur return  
 Must loath, and dredng fact's insanity,  
 Dream of a darknes beyond ambishn,  
 But to the free the nite is famly time,  
 Wen leisure's joys cash the cheks of labor,  
 And expectashn drives her dream to lite,  
 So to us al a slave or free companun  
 Means sharing hate or luv for life itself,  
 A difrns provng difrns of design  
 For freedom past reproof, and y u ot  
 To cum be free with me.

Don- Anglo-Saxon ridls!  
 TO- I'm a singl wite woman who enjoys  
 Gripin, avoidn, and disparagin  
 Othrs ther du, interested in meetn  
 DI- A man-child to rub my bak. Who am I?  
 I'm a singl wite man wut just adorz  
 Drinkn, fightin, sleepin, and scapegoatn  
 Darkys for my problems, and I want  
 A bich to beat wen I'm blu. Who am I?  
 CI- I'm a singl blak man adicted to  
 Dropn out, getn ovr, and slipn thru  
 Ol' witey's system, a'ite, and I wud luv  
 A slave to stroke my dingo. Who am I?  
 Don- I'm a long eery dredful thing that feels  
 Always almost ded, and I'd like to find  
 Sumun to brutalize as life has me,  
 Endng thus my lonelines. Who am I?  
 Ekard- Clear the stage!  
 Don- U ask her go wer she wil nevr go,  
 For she is mine, and ever wil be so.

**Faze 3, Sene 3. Enter Aethelbert, Raedwald, Ceolwulf, Eadbald, and Aethelfrith, on the battlefield.**

Abert- Wut clan these monks that neel upon the scrab  
 And chant at our asalt agenst the Nors?  
 Raed- Ther synod's Bangor, cast of Solomon,  
 The curent pacifistic king of Pomys,  
 The blak of frok; Pope Gregory has told  
 Him beg for mercy midst our boning vise:  
 As only the imortl dy for nuthng,  
 Ther muling meaknes so afrited Cutha,  
 Who'd stand upon his mum if told he'd see  
 Mor land, he gave them taxles al they'd til.  
 Afrith- The gud god that they bekon to is me  
 That my swurd nacod clip ther misery!

Abert- That nashn's richest that most freely pays  
Who sues for pese. We leve the muling monks  
To madrigal, and march ther clatr past.

Afrith- The Nors implantd them that we be split  
In troops, and severd on a trik, disperst.  
My vulpin thegns wil panzy round no monks  
That sing so seemng soft, yet feral pouns  
Uns they are past. Scraithan sceadu genga!

Abert- We must not kil who wil not kil us first.

Afrith- The great to be must noe that al wil kil.

Abert- For trust, sum dy that many more may live.

Afrith- He dyz a lafng stok who livs for trust.

Abert- Yet Bertha sez...

Afrith- He quotes his wife on war!

Abert- We mis the monks.

Ead- Fathr, u must, for me, with Aethelfrith  
Chuse horest path, els seem a horid coward.

Abert- Tho coward I may be, I wil not hear  
My son infer it from a prudent chois.

Enter Ceorl.

Ceorl- The Nors are on the mountain!

Afrith- Go, soft Aethelbert, and bed thy luvsik Bertha;  
I'l shave thee monk-meat for thy afrodisia.

Al go forth and slotr monks, save Aethelbert.

TO- Aethelbert!

Don- The monks hav al ben slayn.

DI- Aethelfrith!

Don- The peple ar cheering ur name.

CI- Eadbald!

Don- Slobring in the sloke  
Wuz herd to say:

Ead- My fathr is a joke!

Sistas- Eagersquirt's a pusy! Eagersquirt's a pusy!

Don- Wut, my boy, u wil not fite the Norsman to be free?  
Has fantasy erast the fact this world is u or me?

Enter the Ghost Surgeon carrying monk meat and throws it in front of Aethelbert.

Abert- Ah! Wut cairns of carnaj fal befor  
Me noshus. O, is this thy meat, ded monk?  
Wut languisht hour of my youthful lor  
Is risn now to zoo me in this funk?

GS- It's not thy yuth, great Aethelbert, no no.  
Nor is it age's teribl pink walls.  
Sum Ghost Surgeon toold with thy go-go  
Has sticht thy incognito to thy flaws.

Abert- Lemnisent goul, authr swift and surchnng,  
 O wut refluent zionist is this  
 That makes me stres a languaj ment to moan?  
 I trembl with the hype of inside-out.  
 I'm being eaten by insubstant lips!  
 Sound, shape, sequens, al's linkt alone by fear;  
 An antike yelo paints my egosfere!

GS- Brethe, Aethelbert, and surf the waves of dred.  
 Anothr mind has entrd in thy hed.  
 Like cheze, u ar the victory of fat,  
 So move urself and go to wer u'r at.

Abert- O muthr, lay thy nipys to my gums;  
 I wish to hear the music of my suk.  
 O muthr, may thy mamys be my drums  
 To giv a rithm to the grunt of luk?  
 O muthr, nasty universal flyz  
 Hav cum to lay ther oogs inside ur eyes.  
 May I with my swatr smooosh them wholly  
 And take the kis deservng of a buly?  
 O muthr, I do luv thee like imunity  
 Agenst the throatd hairs of my community.  
 O muthr, bury me inside ur womb  
 That wen u spred al snif my stinky tomb.

GS- Here's ur muthr, Aethelbert, in this slab,  
 Pepperd with the salt of mutilashn.  
 Wut muthr ofrs, gud boys gladly grab,  
 So scof the victim and be un with nun.

Petrarc- But mama, I don't wana scarf the meat.  
 The script, papa, it neva sez "he eats."

Don- We do not folo, we swolo the script!  
 Petrarc- Kil me if u wunt, but I won't eat it.

Don eats the meat.

Don- So do pops and sons forevr resl  
 Who shal nibl mama's yuky vesl.

TO- Chu chu chu!

DI- And luv thy chuing!

CI- Cuz al detest ya putrid fecals spuing!

TO- Scru scru scru!

DI- And scream wile scruing!

CI- To covr up the wimprs of subduing!

TO- Mu mu mu!

DI- Blok out the muing!

CI- Cuz ain't that shank a slave u'r barbecuing?

Faze 3, Sene 4. A monastery on the island of Lerins in the French Riviera. Enter Augustine, Desiderius, and Aetherius on one side. On the other is John the Jejunator, tyd to a woman, at the ej of a wel.

Desiderius- As u can survey, my preshus Augustine, he has ligated his corpus flagishly to that of a profligat feminin, un peregrinated hereanent on a self-made notical device, and he vows both the insubstantialitas of thy praefectiv status for the execushn of spiritual internments et the improprietas of thy monishunal ends viz thy futur rigots of restitutiv nuzia; furthrmor, he promises to hurl himself and the unclean she-slug cryptomaniacly into our drinkng wel, incontestably sublevating both a sphero mundi, unles he be granted a cognishn on thy venturs to Briton for industrius papal profoundmnt. O I am so discombobulatio!

Aug- Has he ben eating?

Aeth- John the Jejunator has not suplementd his vita amine in three and forty cycles, and this inanitas reverbs his dementia.

Aug- Is he compos mentis?

Aeth- With periodic episodes of cogitabund detracti!

Des- Feste! He is welded to a woman!

They go to John.

Des- Dearest John, look who's cum to meet with thee?

John- Cork it, Desiderius. I'm prestidigitatng my polymorfism.

Girl- [French] Please, ur monks. I ai dun nuthn but tryd to escape from slavery in Nice. Don't let im thro me in the wel!

John- Shush, silly mermanx! Thy veksum, idle blipng thru the plunjles pools of Mors shal not evr gain thee airways ambulashn.

Aeth- But it is Augustine, thy anshnt frend.

John- August Glean, my novel nemesis, werst ya swabn?

Aug- To Angland, John, to convert the pagans.

John- Wo to the many that folo un!

Aug- Dost thou opoze my purpos?

John- U propose to my porpos, Rokus Kreams? Hear that, mermanx? Fogy Mean, the savior-self, desires to poach ur fishy parts for piklng.

Aeth- Augustine has cum here, John, for hugs, not harange.

Des- And to hear of ur explicatio on Matthew 5, 21.

John- Wen I wish u to speak, Desiderius, I shal vomit. Hang upon the cu as a slave upon a tree.

Aug- "Thou shalt not kil, but to thee I atest, that whomsoever be angry with anothr sans coz shal be in dangr of jujmnt." Wut nu bring u here, John?

John- Nuthn's nu to a ju so he vu al he du as a clu to the pu in his stu.

Des- O por John.

John- Puke, Desiderius, I hav yet to puke!

Aeth- Amidst garblngs of prenatal sentiments, cacofonic nosis, polite malconflicti, noyad via regula, he, in an argute xenogenesis of paronomasic chirps, propounds an heuristic hermeneutoi wich aserts that this pasaj refutes the clevaj of body and mind, thus totologizes incarnashn, proving al fenomenon ethicly balanst on a

bevel termd motus, and from this frazld silojism claims ur evangelism enslavemnt.

Aug- A quizical asershn.  
 Aeth- And orthodox anathema!  
 Girl- [French] Help me, pleze!  
 John- A ridl, Flogus Pream. Wut's a tiny monk?  
 Des- A monky.  
 John- Speak, Desiderius, and I'l castrate u, agen! Wut's a tiny move?  
 Aug- A movy.  
 John- And wut's a tiny nark?  
 Aug- A narky?  
 John- So y expect great law from litl liars?  
 Aug- John, y do u jump into the wel?  
 John- Becuz, Clogy Dream, siknes must into the wel that being wel not make us sik.  
 Aug- This world is gud medisin.  
 John- This world is bad theatr, boom begun and al decay. Desir, that obiter dictum sprung from the mind's molisol neath the pleonastic sun of pre-sarcastic sex, doth scorch and scorch and scorch agenst the downward uptite cooling til we equal ashes blend into the blakbox univers. I leap into the wel, Grogy Genes, becuz u do.  
 Aug- The wel I leap into I cannot see.  
 John- Wel then, u won't do wel, now, wil u? Wel.  
 Aug- Speak plainly, John, ur protest to my mishn.  
 John- O hast thou evr seen a spirit huvr?  
 The filotaxy of a bablng bush?  
 Ther is no dismental huch in natur  
 Werin we may the mental clearly cluch,  
 Yet a corps, its emoshns emigrate  
 Beyond its maker's modlin manikin,  
 Emits an ultragrafic acetate  
 Of that heredic primal apertur  
 Wer randomnes first met necessity,  
 And ther we face at last the mystery:  
 It is a crime to kill, yet aren't we free  
 If reazn says this may or may not be?  
 Aug- If reazn's indeterminat, ist not  
 Unreaznabl to determin it?  
 John- Our reazning givs to unreazn rule.  
 Aug- Wer is ur faith?  
 John- In my leap, unlike u  
 Convertng others that they fit ur spex.  
 Aug- Opoze me with ur deth, but y this girl?  
 John- Becuz I do not wish to lonely dy.  
 I'v taut my organs difrnt tungs.  
 I'v sworn myself to the imortal ly.  
 I'v let other's breath into my lungs,

And I brethe no more therby, but I do dy.  
 This girl is a matrix for my aftermath.  
 My arc on her axis givs a y to my x.  
 I use her as a tornado uses a bubl bath.  
 Of my unconshnabl bulk she is the flej,  
 And I sulk no mor therby, but I do fly.

He jumps into the wel with the girl.

Al exit.

**Faze 3, Sene 5. Enter Aethelbert and Liudhard near Bertha's chamber.**

Abert- Wer is Bertha?

Liud- She is not wel.

Abert- Move off.

Enter Bertha.

Ber- Liudhard? Wut's al that growling? Ar the dogs  
 In the hous agen? O, it's my husband.

Abert- Let us alone.

Liud- I shal not.

Ber- He remains.

Abert- Wut peple hope to last that canot see  
 The rite inalien of privacy?

Liud- That peple wich stil cares enuf to watch  
 A preshus tresur.

Ber- Am I that or no?

Abert- Ar we not peple?

Ber- Race duz not erase,  
 So speak that I may bak into my bed.

Abert- U ar not wel?

Ber- Not wel is not wel sed.  
 I am so sik, the dreary march of me  
 A blustr so severe's begun to storm,  
 So graith with hail, smog, bilge, refuse and ded fowl,  
 I'l bury mery Angland in its trash.

Abert- So it's ur bely?

Ber- No, it is my brain.

Abert- Too much overseeing hurts the hed.

Ber- It's voices, actualy, or mor like moans  
 Of praying monks murdrd on smogy heaths.

Abert- That was Aethelfrith. I tryd to stop him.

Ber- A holy man that canot stop another.

Abert- Wud u I be violent to end violens,  
 Or be non-violent to let violens be?

Ber- I wud that u confes.

Abert- To wut I did not do?

Ber- Not in akshn, but asosiashn,

Our doing is.  
 Abert- I'l confes I mis u.  
 Ber- U'l mis mor than me if u don't confes.  
 Abert- Ther is no mor than u.  
 Ber- Ther is much mor.  
 Abert- Then I confes my asosiashn  
 To Aethelfrith whose akshn slu the monks.  
 Ber- Al betr.  
 Abert- May we now hav privacy?  
 Liud- U may wok in a circl, here, closeby.  
 Abert- This is fitng. I the storm, u the eye.  
 Ber- I wunt u to convert.  
 Abert- To wut?  
 Ber- To luv.  
 Abert- I am luv's sacerdote sins ur desenshn.  
 Ber- Yet luv the victim, as he dyd for u.  
 Abert- Luv the victor mor, as I liv thru him.  
 Ber- Un becums the victor thru the victim.  
 Abert- Who then shal I luv? Luvng u, I am  
 The victor wining u, the victim wun.  
 Luv me as the victim, I can't luv u,  
 Yet luv u as the victim, I hate me,  
 The un u luv, wich luvng u, I can't,  
 For then luv is unluvd, showing to luv  
 Un or the othr is to luv neithr.  
 Liud- Luv him, hate urself.  
 Abert- Y he ovr me?  
 Ber- For he is gud, les wich this frajil world  
 Wud crumble neath the wate of its own waste,  
 Erupt with its own fire, drown in deceit,  
 And jakl minds coruptd by the pur  
 In vijn wud devour al, yet he  
 Is gud, making war pese, urj fulfilmnt,  
 Turning the torturer to the thinker,  
 Spredng mercy over decimashn,  
 And loyalty to word amidst desir.  
 Abert- Thus the victim evr plays the victor.  
 Ber- He bled for u.  
 Abert- Such men ar quik to bleed,  
 Nor did I ask him to.  
 Liud- Wut charity!  
 Abert- And for my luv of him I get?  
 Ber- My luv.  
 Abert- Now we'r talkng. French me, Shezus.  
 Ber- U must  
 Thru mor than wagnng tung expres convershn.

Adopt his principls, perform his works,  
 Prove afekshn for him, and emulate  
 His kindnes, onesty, umility.  
 Abert- To do so in my epic is to dy.  
 Ber- The betr then to liv for epix els.  
 Abert- Wut epic els but urth?  
 Ber- Uforia.  
 Abert- In my cosmos, that rut uforia  
 Is a helish hevn, such a batl turf  
 Of ups and downs, men fite to stay in clay.  
 We cal it Asgard, cuz u watch ur ass  
 Without end, wile on urth the vilent rest  
 And look at wil. The richest stratagem  
 Distrust and banditry, u must desire  
 I practis here the pain I'l feel ther,  
 Els word-breakng blis sold u on a sham.  
 Liud- It is to but embrace eternal luv.  
 Abert- Giv me ten minuts with my wife alone  
 And I wil but embrace eternal luv.  
 Liud- I am a shriek away.  
 Liudhard steps off.  
 Ber- Sweethart, convert, and spare me this tite spot.  
 Abert- Luv my god and I'l luv urs.  
 Ber- Me luv Woden?  
 He is a drunken, ornery, filthy lech.  
 Abert- I derelict prefer my deitys,  
 As true desir prevails on fals ideals  
 And empathy outgoads emulashn,  
 But no, not Woden. He's of war and vers,  
 Too hyperactiv for a subterfuge.  
 My god's of tiklish pink, of downy mounds,  
 Of girl pulp and boyish huf, of lip  
 Flanjd and quivrus, glotis loos, of wingbone  
 Wide, of toes pukerd, tens and distant shins,  
 Of rivr vapors cooling blis magmatic,  
 Of nerv crescendo, lite and sprinjtuck,  
 My god is of the lamin, fold, and gape  
 Wer tresur gobs untucht in dewy glint.  
 Ber- Amen.  
 Abert- Do u luv my god?  
 Ber- How's he named?  
 Abert- Aethelbertha.  
 Ber- O he duz not exist.  
 Abert- U disbeleve? Then gleen abuv our sheets  
 Wer slurpng hunywasps in bobng fleets  
 Distil his gast from steams of ecstasy,

Ther buz in beg of nook his litany.  
 Ber- How runs the mesaj of his foloers?  
 Abert- O how I'd own thee, craft thee my respect,  
 Be evr in thee, clamorus to hush,  
 Inur thee of me as the thot to chek,  
 Be of thy likors most invijus lush.  
 To drown desiring I wud rathr, luv,  
 Than any drop of u let slip to sum;  
 Enclose u in the rift I'm dreamng of,  
 And bild a fantic palace from our slum.  
 So cum, thou silent timeles tempo hart,  
 And beat and boom acord my evocashn.  
 I now wil stub wer u most wish to start,  
 U are my eko, I ur lucidashn,  
 A god emerging from my need to merj,  
 Uforia from out the madest urj.  
 Ber- Aethelbertha speaks wel.  
 Abert- Y wud he not?  
 He has my tung, ur mind, our harmony.  
 Ber- I now perseve he tucht me uns in Paris,  
 Wer he the name of Theobertha took,  
 And as the esens of the arc is chanj,  
 He cond a far discrepant incantashn.  
 Abert- Tel me ur past, and I wil finaly sleep.  
 Ber- He playd a boy, wild and jumpy,  
 With lavish lashes, words of muny,  
 Longing difusely for comedy's eze  
 And a plezing indifrens  
 Of how to apeze. And I, much tardy  
 To my thots, as a reducing foam,  
 Fel like virga in a thorn comb,  
 Ovr the ripls of my repreve,  
 Nevr to stay but to say I must leve,  
 Lost in a forward plan of retreat,  
 Deferment deepning, tumbl weat,  
 As out of order, thru vacant yards,  
 He scrambld at my shunning shards,  
 As crooked duty lured me from him,  
 A glas mysteek fild darkly to the brim.  
 Abert- This Theobertha is my nodal kin:  
 We are dubl driplets of crucial deth  
 Dripng down the diapose of a fang  
 Triklng fast to the tip of truth's torment,  
 Thinkng alone of the inosent yak.  
 Ber- U both hav sat beside the bek and cryd of  
 Wut u simply shud hav choakt and lyd of.

Abert-           Wen I am weak, I want the strength of luv  
                     To sho it to the un I'm weakest of.  
 Ber-             Is this the teachng of Aethelbertha?  
 Abert-           Wich I so yurnd unoeingly to noe.  
 Ber-             U wur flawles.  
 Abert-           Now I am flawd with aw,  
                     For u ar the dream of the fire I am.  
                     Ur lips asleep say mor than my whole race.  
 Ber-             Tel me y u burn, and I wil waken.  
 Abert-           I want to noe, to feel, to hav it al,  
                     A mere continuans of helples birth,  
                     Enthrald to hold the world in a thral,  
                     Yet now my eyes ar turnd to sum nu worth,  
                     As I see thee, I see thee standng, sitng,  
                     Walkng, lafng, hiding, groaning, waitng,  
                     And I am surfast on a presipis  
                     Out wich I hear my mouth, the stranjr, shout:  
                     'Noe her, Aethelbert, and noe her only,  
                     For al thy striving's useles les u noe her.'  
                     And tho I don't yet noe thee, I do feel  
                     That I may nevr thee uterly,  
                     And so I'm asking u from my cras throat  
                     To let flutr even meagr ofrings  
                     Of truth and luv, from wich I may unswathe  
                     How this longing infinitely painful  
                     That pangs the mor I sooth it, mite be turnd  
                     Into a longing not for beuty al,  
                     But beuty sum, conceald, circl'd, u,  
                     A longing for diminishment of longing.  
                     O I implor thee, Bertha, to transform  
                     My ridiculus panoply of want  
                     Into a reflexhn of ur motiv,  
                     To fil my world with beuty self-refering,  
                     To teach me luv the spirit past the flesh,  
                     As only thus may mind in luv relax,  
                     So I may end this coil-sans-convecshn,  
                     This growing-without-gain, this aimles sublimashn,  
                     O teach me to hav al my luv in thee,  
                     Not in sum abstract of umility,  
                     Els I shal liv a man condemnd to crawl  
                     Beneath the evr mor impersonal.

Enter Ceorl.

Ceorl-           King Aethelbert, a mishunary's cum,  
                     Named Augustine, from Gregory in Rome.  
 Liud-            O bles! We must at uns on him atend!  
 Aeth-            Hold!

Ceorl- It's I say who we must at uns atend  
 Bertha- In this land. Wut is his demeanor?  
 Abert- Dark, smal, pasiv, stranj, and graceful.  
 Ber- Beware - it is the anti-Aethelbertha.  
 Abert- Wud u I meet him?  
 Ber- I wud he meet u.  
 Abert- Cal it then, upon the virent open,  
 Tween the Hwicc and West Saxon rivers, lest  
 The Bishop sent a shyster to unerv me.  
 At sunset, Aethelbert meets Augustine.

Al exit.

Pet- Meet me hind the barn.  
 Lora- I don't wana go.  
 Pet- But mama's gona poison us.  
 Lora- I noe.  
 Pet- Then I wil go without u.  
 Lora- So u wil.  
 Pet- Lora!  
 Lora- Petrarc, this farm is wer my life  
 Began, my luv for u emerjd, my years  
 Of play enacted, here is wer I dy.  
 Pet- That's it?  
 Lora- That's it.  
 Pet- I wil not luv the victim.

He exits.

**Faze 3, Sene 6. Rome. Gregory's home. Twelv peple ar seatd at a banquet table and Gregory is servng them.**

TO- Evry Sunday, Gregory Great  
 DI- Waited on twelv arogant humans.  
 CI- Evry Sunday, Giggly Pope  
 TO- Taperd twelve unquenhabl lumens.  
 DI- Uns a week, blujning pride  
 CI- Servng the mean and the able.  
 TO- Then un day  
 DI- A thirteenth arived  
 CI- As an angel at his table.  
 Don- Ekard, tel my son he mist his entrans.

Ekard exits.

1- Camel for the Carmelite!  
 2- Panther for the Pantheist!  
 3- Blak rino for the wite hunter!  
 4- Simian for the Simonist!  
 5- Magpy for the Magistrate!  
 6- Bald eagl for the tonsurd twit!

Don- Un smal turnip, pleze, raw and ungarnisht.  
 Greg- Who art thou whose ordr is so plain and polite?  
 Don- I'm ur frendly litle angel,  
 S'got no fear to tread,  
 The thirteenth gest at ur table,  
 Cum fast to break sum bred.  
 Greg- I wait upon ur wil.  
 Don- Then confes, u holy dope,  
 Is it realy ur plezur to serv me?  
 Greg- Truly. Obeisans to our maker,  
 The meeting out of random crueltys,  
 And the circularity of consent  
 Satisfy my desir to corelate  
 My conshusnes to its finality,  
 As freedom fostrs nuthng tru to life.  
 Don- Yet y pay the natur that derides us?  
 Y design acording to disezes?  
 Y be eagr to end our eagrnes?  
 Y avoid the freedom thot suposes?  
 Greg- Y do anything but seek the stone  
 To mark my final hesitashn's grave?  
 Don- Becuz, I read here, in my first feodary:  
 The feoff shal fight for freedom from the feoffer.  
 Forevr. Dost thou wish my fumbl, freak?  
 Greg- Ambivalens to powr is the fate  
 Of we who are by pashn so controld.  
 Don- Pashn and powr? They'r un and the same.  
 Greg- I say they'r not. Powr is projecshn  
 Onto others, but pashn off othrs.  
 Powr liks itself to a nub, but pashn  
 Is of kaos the hub. Pashn atains  
 Meaning thru pun, powr puns past meaning.  
 Powr's the teror in hapy and soft,  
 Pashn the comfort in cruel and condemnd.  
 Powr sits on a lonely spike abuv,  
 Pashn returns to wild urth its frend.  
 Powr frets ovr the sur and the soon,  
 Yet pashn revels in our kronic doom.  
 Don- But powr can say 'kiss my lizard lips,'  
 And pashn cums sukng.  
 Greg- O angel, pleze,  
 Bend me not to thy bad breed.  
 Don- Kiss em, slave!  
 They kiss.  
 Don- Pashn is a gem set in a baby's brain,  
 Sykic valu at genetic expens,

But powr keeps its valu in a name,  
 Thus evr set in supereminens.  
 Eat, drink, and be rowdy, my frends,  
 For tomoro we eat, drink, and be rowdy agen!

All- Slavery, slavery, evr reducng!  
 Freedom, freedom, evr producng!  
 Dets, dets, nevr repayng!  
 World O world we speed thy delayng!

Enter Ekard, with Petrarc at gunpoint.

Ekard- I cach im runin, masa, hind the barn.  
 Pet- Free urselvs! Don Masa means ur deth! The Northan army's comin, and he'd  
 ratha dy than fite! The Ghost Surjun carys poison! Holard! Kresard! Rise and run!  
 Mama, how cud u? Tel em, Lora, how we herd it pland. Lora, speak!

Don- Pardon, if u can, this ironic interupshn.  
 Adapshn begets genius; genius, maladapshn.  
 Wach im close, Ekard.

Ekard- Places for the convershn sene!  
 Holard- Wut's this? Can it be tru? I've nevr seen  
 Don Masa so behavin. Tru, he can  
 Sho madnes in his moments, but hereto  
 It's neva ben so vilent nor so cras.  
 And wut of this? The masa's chillun is  
 So caut in drama's thach, un canot take  
 Ther words for mor than mere efect. And yet,  
 Petrarc did seem onest. But masa kil  
 His preshus peple, we who hav for years  
 Servd his words and akshns, we who hav excuzd  
 His mastery upon the precedent  
 Of extraordinary inspirashn?  
 To kil his own kind? No, it canot be,  
 The child is confuzd, and he distrest  
 By wut I wil discovr later. Now  
 I'm in no shape to wundr. Free and blak?  
 Sum strange new sensashn's slipn thru me.  
 I speak my lines, yet am not in my speech.  
 Shoe karaktr, yet do not noe my role.  
 I heed my blokng, so I nevr reach  
 A word, a beat, a gestur by my sol  
 Conseved or directed. Wut, can it be  
 That I'v a self beyond a self enslavd?  
 I merely noe I feel now to be free  
 Is life mor livd, to cowr not, but crave  
 At powr, as this al-empowrng man  
 Invites, incites, excites me to. Y not?  
 Change is at hand, let my hand exchange it.  
 I'm dark, not dim, and tho wite most reflex,

Blak most absorbs the heat of hope, the flare  
 Of expectashn, and empowrd ax.  
 So, as he implorz, I wil go with him  
 At season's end, and freedom's ofr take.  
 From centurys of sleep, at last I wake.

**Faze 4, Sene 1. The convergens of the Hwicc and West Saxon.** Enter Aethelbert, Bertha,  
 Liudhard, Eadbald on one side, Augustine, Laurentius, Honorius, Rufianus,  
 Paulinus on the other.

Aug- King Aethelbert, Anglo-Saxon apex,  
 I am Augustine, nadir of nothing,  
 Pese in truth, luv in un, absolushn  
 To al longng, sufrng, and confujn  
 And a resolushn to the teror  
 Of inward absorbment, outward incrasment,  
 Al temptngs tord inimitant perfecshn,  
 I bear, as it is cum thru our redeemer,  
 Un idea, un sors, un relm of beuty;  
 Pese I bring to thee, Aethelbert the Blest,  
 Pese that is the unwantng desir,  
 The rule of the objectiv medium.  
 Acept, mere cel, this transfer of thy plastids,  
 And swim in the al-disolvng image.

Liud- O incarnashn absolut and pur!  
 Ead- Stand up, u skeez.  
 Abert- On wut am I to look?  
 Laur- On thy hart unwound, thy mind unlored.  
 Hon- On the deiform's swadlng deictic.  
 Ruf- On the hole in time, the urj ignord.  
 Paul- On the antidote to thot, the calm sykotic.  
 Aug- History delates thy ignorans,  
 And ends with thee, who art not but change.  
 Wut u hav noen, noe, and altr by norms  
 They peple's deliverans, thy hope's range.

Abert- I stand un dout removd from joy, al daunt  
 With gripng fear so old my yuth seems lost  
 Amidst the nitial nexus of my wants.  
 To evry ofr ther must be sum cost:  
 Wut shal I lose? Victry? Woman? Me?  
 To wut shal hook this wondr's hevy hich?  
 I must noe that befor I chooz to see  
 The poverty of Aethelbert the Rich.

Ber- U wil tuch me much deepr in this joy,  
 And feel me wenevr u ar taken.  
 Can u not feel the powr's hi decoy,  
 In ther deployment sens us undrshaken?

Abert- Must I then hang upon a rood and bleed

As this they sho me?  
 Ead- That is y they sho it,  
 As a thret, and we must overthro it!  
 Aug- This man, in place displaced, in time untimed,  
 Upon a distant desert quivring stood,  
 Comprest his warm dejecta to his mind  
 And of un hunted mamals understood.  
 By our refraind projecshn was he held;  
 He traced our thirsty wandring in the hils.  
 How many dum previjns had he queld,  
 As like a mute he mufld natur's shrils.  
 And in this drol comunion with his self,  
 His speech enformd by tablets indiscreto,  
 He reacht thru pain the spaceles, shapely shelf,  
 And lifted off into the praecognito;  
 U need not sufr now as he did then  
 If u his cold dejecta comprehend.  
 Ber- I wil be with thee, sweet, and evr thus  
 On thee shal I push for my aliting.  
 Ead- Gord and pangd by inagresiv mush?  
 Fathr, ther's no life in this fake mating!  
 Abert- O who is plukng at my testins now?  
 Must evrything my pliancy beseech?  
 Who ar u, wife, to tel me cool my brow  
 With boilng watr I must strain to reach?  
 And who ar u, my faithful, caring son,  
 To ask me stay wer harmony is shund?  
 With words can I exfoliate my cor?  
 O luv duz evry creatur seek the same!  
 Am I to evr crawl on crashing shors  
 In serch of stones washt up from seas of shame?  
 Liud- Hej in natral sluj thy mental growng,  
 Wich natral is becuz it stops our noeing.  
 Laur- To his deth thou indet by livng.  
 Hon- To repay him thou must perish givng.  
 Ruf- Al thy du to undeservng othrs.  
 Paul- Al alike the sistrs and the brothrs.  
 Aug- Al thy life the swindls and the bluthers,  
 Storms created but to cherish hovels.  
 Fal, King Aethelbert of blud seclujn,  
 And anoint thyself in luv's transfujn.  
 Ber- This imaj lets us see with comon eyes.  
 Ead- And teaches us to find our truth in lyz.  
 Abert- My secret sol, wer float thee like a runeling,  
 Mark of private wim and intimate flume,  
 On othr faces thy distracshn scriblng,

O nite between us dawnd by roring doom!  
 Ur spirit spice, like moons on urth reboundng,  
 Is scrambling now thru circumstantial dros,  
 My secret sol, with evry eze debating,  
 Wer go thee now in crazy, constant cros?  
 This mood, this breze, this jocund kilng quake,  
 Ist each my sol, each foibl now thy yeast,  
 This he, this she, wut music canot shake,  
 Ist each a meagr sampl to thy feast.  
 So I no mor shal hear thy secrets clatr,  
 Thou relic of my uncshn unto matr.

He falls at the feet of Augustine and converts. All chant.

Incorporesthesis  
 Allodyscousia  
 Praetermenorrhagia  
 Bona adventitia  
 Fabricaglossalgia  
 Dishyperprosexia  
 Homeopantechnia  
 Autoergonomia

Don-            Here is my questun: wen a kind submits  
 To its antagonist, as evry must,  
 Be it, survival-wise, the best or worst  
 Exterminatd thru the disiplin  
 Requird to maintain the hegemon?  
 Servs defians or asimilashn  
 The genic code? Be the sweet smel of suces  
 For him or her? Is evolushn ded,  
 Discoverd dun? Wer's the apodictic  
 Design in wich to grow an organel  
 To sho us wut it means to thrive or not?  
 Nature's in our expectashn of it,  
 So we discreet a fake ambivalens,  
 Certan that incertanty prevails,  
 Devoid of any crux, tensor, fulcrum  
 Weron we may habituate a balans  
 To weigh our curent praxis with the next.  
 Extincshn may be evolushn's end,  
 The most productiv, economic means  
 To a unit's maximum survival,  
 The gene an atmosferic distilat,  
 And we our best wen eaten by our worst.  
 For don't we see the victims of the past  
 Triumpf as the victors of the futur  
 As generashns mix by ther exampl?

Who's fittest wen the least in fit control  
 Conductivity? Can we survive ourselves  
 If our survival needs our sacrifice?  
 Shud our brief years be nothng to the span  
 Of informashn our demise conveys,  
 Duz deth becum the only way of noeing  
 How we wil determin futur mating?  
 Un canot say, and yet un sez so much.  
 Nor can un dy, and yet un dyz so oft,  
 For here we are wer we hav nevr ben,  
 Pursuing now wut's alwez only then.

TO- Soljrs of Emancipashn!  
 DI- Lemngs afr liberashn!  
 CI- Maniacs for simulashn!  
 Don- Grecorome this cogitashn.  
 TO- Sum got food, goldflake rice,  
 Furs and funky fay perfumes,  
 They the planet's greeny spice  
 Pak in plastic powr looms.

DI- Sum got nuthn, turd-nut bred,  
 Germs and labor ar ther lot,  
 They the sky inside ther hed  
 Clog with revolushn's clot.

CI- Yo like wunda, thunk and thunda,  
 If the po be natur's blunda,  
 Du for dumpy, protochumpy,  
 Ovr-funded hyperclumpy,  
 Yo like wak it with yo wit...

All- How cuz the streets is smeard in shit?  
 Don- U, scurilus and venjful in ur pity,  
 Lay awake at nite and scan the day.

TO- Wut's so fekn rong with this dam city?  
 DI- U ask urself midst felon and delay.  
 Don- I'l tel thee, my relijus parvenus,  
 Wut keeps the sanitashn from its slurp:  
 The problem's not the rich.

CI- It's fookn u!  
 Don- It's al that sik semantic gas u burp.  
 TO- "The po's kfufl'd by the rich's shlok!"  
 DI- "They stupit cuz they skool's be undrstokt!"  
 CI- "They du ther gud, ther bad is dun to them!"  
 All- Logic lok!  
 Don- See, Augustine convinst a master race  
 To worship wut defys its going trend,  
 So don't blame beuty for the ugly face,  
 Cuz poverty's the and in us and them.

TO- No, poverty's too slo to play the game.  
 DI- No, poverty's too busy pasn blame.  
 CI- No, poverty's too drunk to drink the rain.

**Faze 4, Sene 2. The Anglo-Saxon Mead Hall. Enter Aethelbert, Aethelfrith, Eadbald, Ceolwulf, Raedwald, and others.**

Raed- This miklmote of Anglo-Saxon tribes  
 Is cald to ordr.  
 All- Aethelbert haletten!  
 Abert- Welcum, al, Mercia and Northumbria,  
 Saxons east, south, and west, Deira, Gwent,  
 East Angles, Lindsey, Far Dumnonia,  
 To this alians-gathering in Kent,  
 My kingdom, wer u are evr welcum.  
 All- In witan geliefan, in allvater run!  
 Abert- I hav into my relm a Roman monk  
 By the name of Augustine accepted;  
 His motiv is conversun of our race,  
 Wich I'v obliged by his grace receving,  
 As dominans requires partnrship  
 Strategic with al popular engagements,  
 Of demands few yet many in rewards.  
 So, let me hear ur thots upon the thing,  
 Wich being dun, we may discus our plan  
 Of pese with the Norsman now invades us.  
 Wut say u, mi geferas?  
 Ceol- Cwellan, Woden!

Ceolwulf goes at Aethelbert. Al draw ther axes.

Afrith- The soty Scot that strikes wil suk my ax!

Aethelfrith kils Ceolwulf.

Afrith- Demize to whose disensun thretens al.  
 Aethelbert is bretwalda. If he requests  
 Considerashn of a nu alians,  
 We debate it bludles. So, comon king,  
 Befor this warband of the iland's tribes,  
 Whose meadcup's like to crak if it must clink  
 The helth of sum nu swarthy nutles wop  
 Adors a bludy old pathetic hebe,  
 Explain y we shud lay upon the sod  
 And ofr up our neks to Nordic tin,  
 Destroying al we've stragld to create?  
 Don- Here, the playrite, faining ignorans,  
 Defers the rubric to the odiens.  
 TO- Y ot the tribe feroshus luv its nabors?  
 DI- Y ot the clan conceted do u favors?

CI-           Y ot the ilk affluent giv away  
               The gudies they got fairly in ther day?  
 Mary-       Befor my brain-transplant at batl's hands,  
               I'd sed a luv supreme, from natur's link  
               Of nurturans to growth, compels the gud,  
               Yet now I see such luv can slavery spur,  
               Seceshn, slotr, al supreme in fors  
               Beyond the law of natur, use, or logic,  
               And edy in supreme perplexity,  
               Rule-forlorn, like skitish litr rolng  
               From prison-fens to lawn pristine to heap,  
               Bewilderment my wil and lethal luv.  
 Jukes-       The law ain't but a wil that wils itself,  
               Thus the self-inducing own it only.  
 Sea-         The wil that wils itself consumes itself  
               As wil is charjd dependency, yet luv  
               Is independency contractual,  
               Maintaining wil upon its medium,  
               Free comunity.  
 Jukes-       Cum the day I luv  
               Sum slakn, crookn, blabn quadruped,  
               Then tap my jely spine to feed our fate,  
               Free antipathy.  
 Mary-       Only deth is free  
               In markets of distrust, and for the luv  
               Of serpents, it is rated by its reach.  
 Sea-         This creep lost his creep wen he tryd to raid  
               The eagle's nest.  
 Jukes-       So let the hybrids hach  
               And profit nuthng.  
 Mary-       Profit's los that needs  
               A war to raze.  
 Sea-         Nor'm I for othr's use.  
 Jukes-       U'r for ur own abuse.  
 Sea-         It's u abuse  
               Urself controlng othrs, wen al life  
               Begins and ends in needful helplesnes.  
 Jukes-       Sum folks is simply betr than sum folks.  
 Mary-       Speak only wut al times wil hold as tru,  
               For histry rendrs jujment injudishus.  
 Jukes-       The record of a race is its jujment.  
 Sea-         Then read the record of ur race: its art  
               Gaudy ads for salo wars, its lerning  
               A diminushn of the mentor past,  
               Its laws excluding and iregular,  
               Its cultur barely out the bestial,

Wut wur u save for grunts and dolts, until  
 These Roman Jews, these swarthy spirit slaves,  
 Preachng luv's illicit reconcilements,  
 Wich u tuk to like stow-aways to watr,  
 Yet u'v no dignity to recognize  
 Ther meaknes gave u empire, grace, and gud.  
 Jukes- This southan man, I trust, wil sho it difrent.  
 Mary- It's history.  
 Sea- Wich is rot to those who keep  
 Ther present welth embezlng from the past.  
 Mary- Les the law of luv, England wud be dirt.  
 Jukes- Du to that law the Vikings made it dirt.  
 Don- And the Christian Normans did the same,  
 Shoing the law of luv the fuel of war.  
 Jukes- Wut kind of man ar u to take no side  
 In tugs of pese and war, and yet to treat  
 Ur kind unkindly?  
 Don- I'm the strangest kind,  
 As evry chois convinces me I'm rite,  
 Convicshn wich convinces me I'm rong,  
 And for my kind, it is unkind to me  
 To stipulate its serendipity,  
 But we must pas thru may to get to june,  
 For much that's boom and bust is bust and boom.

Enter Ceorl, draging a wounded woman.

Ceorl- This Waelcyrian, beging thru the sqadrons,  
 Was discoverd with a Celtic dagr.  
 She lept at me, I smit her, and she bleeds.  
 Abert- Wut's thy name?  
 Woman- My name is cunt.  
 Abert- Thy parents wur too literal.  
 Woman- My mothr was a cunt.  
 Abert- Dost thou noe me?  
 Woman- Ay, Aethelbert, the King of Kunt.  
 Abert- Art thou Celtic?  
 Woman- From my cunt inward.  
 Abert- Art thou my enemy?  
 Woman- From my cunt outward.  
 Abert- Didst thou mean to carv an Angle?  
 Woman- I'll round the world til it's a cunt.  
 Abert- U like that word, don't u?  
 Woman- I like wut it duz to Christians.  
 Raed- This Celt called cunt is candid in her cant.  
 Abert- Heal her wounds and send Miss Cunt to Wales.  
 Afrith- She is an asasin.  
 Abert- And a human

Who duz for hers wut we do for our own,  
 So do I hope thru luv to win her help  
 In coterizing a bludy divide  
 Into united helth.

Afrith- Be un with Celts?  
 May with the pond my filching corps be un  
 As it's digested by the niglng nes  
 Than I allow the day to warm a jot  
 Unslaternd by the spray of Celtic heme.  
 Expedite her, Eadbald.

Abert- If u wil buk  
 My thORITY, then take the risk urself,  
 But do not, coward, inculcate my son.

Afrith- U who at Pomys fled the praying monks  
 Cal me coward?

Ead- Lisn to him, fathr.  
 This Welshy bich came here to kil our kind.

Abert- Mite not the kilng end by kilng mite?  
 Afrith- He toks of mite! Dawdng in negashn,  
 Joltng us with jokng incantashn,  
 Farthr from truth the closr he gets  
 To necessity, our king now squawks of mite,  
 Yet has no mite to kil wut wud kil us.  
 Augustine's converjun is perverjun!

Raed- Our harts, Aethelbert, ar too huge with hate  
 To nesl in the inglnook of luv.

Afrith- Al is a ly except to fuk and fite.

Abert- This is Woden warp, bawns of feral stook  
 Amast for razorbak pig relijun;  
 This is the burh of a viperine scowl  
 Enticing us to inconclusivnes,  
 Onband beadu-rune, hetlic und ban-fag,  
 The trap of midangeard saps, rancid pilzens  
 Of fuelng blanknes, mistige moras,  
 Wife meat, flinch loyalty, and brain loin.  
 This is weird worship. Let it go for luv,  
 As even the corpuscles of human fear,  
 The screams and wimpers of a stolen girl,  
 The final realizashns of the drowned,  
 Al brain-blowing horrors evaporate  
 Before the sens that we ot not hav ben.  
 To share, to weep, to wundr - this is life.

Afrith- O Aethelbert the Uns, I fear for thee,  
 And nevr even do I for myself.  
 Thy stool is blak and hard, thy pis translucent,  
 Thy flesh is pruny from the Berthan bath,

Indolens thy goal, shame thy enslavr,  
 As u but brace urself to batl rek  
 At meaning, wich no man wil evr beat.  
 I wil not hold alians with defeat.

Raed- We ar lost.  
 Ead- O Melvin Muspellsheimus,  
 Solv the Aethelfeud that misaligns us!

Enter Melvin and two crows.

Melvin- I am Melvin, Wizard, son of Merlin,  
 At my wings the counsel crows of Woden:  
 The fors of proceptiv thot, or Hugin,  
 And receptiv memory, or Minin.  
 Fly, jety rooks, and scrounj the glaucus nite  
 For tenebresent tendencies to lite!

The crows exit and entr.

Melvin- Wut say u, Hugin, or thot?  
 Hugin- Natur's gyrencefelat troop, in folds  
 Of interstitial combat by default  
 May only preserv the factors of chois  
 If in each mind abides the ur-debate  
 That creates it not, yet is created  
 By the omnilingual recognishn  
 That survival midst eternal colaps  
 Requires paranoia be in powr.  
 Melvin- Wut say u, Minin, or memory?  
 Minin- Residual urthly preposishns  
 Carv out the radical deliquesens  
 That forms our tools, and al premonishn  
 Of our unurthly indecisivnes  
 Laks the reminisens akshn demands,  
 For we are renderings of emulshns  
 Seen fals as only uns thru singl eye,  
 So must coloidal fors be thy tenet.  
 Raed- These crows are fusky, Melvin. Clarify.  
 Melvin- Cut off her cocoa cunt, u cokozoid,  
 And wear it as a mask on Mayhem day!  
 So sez Melvin, Wizard, son of Merlin.

They exit.

Abert- Fine her and send her home.

Aethelfrith stabs her. Aethelbert becums fasinated by the air.

Abert- Ar u ther?  
 Afrith- And I wil move of my intent.  
 Abert- Can u see me?

Afrith- A spectacl of shame.  
 Abert- Is it like dreamng?  
 Afrith- U'r a fuzy fable.  
 Abert- As a pagan in a pod of luv  
 I both desire and dred the pikng time.  
 Afrith- Desir and dred away, but don't convert.  
 Abert- I did not kil u, woman. It was he,  
 And yet I noe in blame we are not free.  
 Afrith- Suspend this pusy wipng, Eadbald, lest  
 Ur fathr be the folklor lamed the folk.

enter Ceorl.

Ceorl- The Nors are at the rivr!

Al exit.

Mary- This is the kind of filth I wud expect  
 From a pak of incest-ridld yokels.

Don- Wut u say?

Jukes- Let her be.

Sea- She sed

Ur son's ilicitly ur son-in-law.

Don- U censor incest, sir?

Sea- I do.

Don- Holard!

Enter Holard.

Don- U like my slave wench, sir?

Sea- She is no slave,

But a free-born woman, as I like her.

Don- As do I.

Mary- Then let her be it.

Don- I would,

But that she'd copy u, ya loud-mouthd bich.

Sea- Freedom rewards compatibility.

Don- And she is most compatibl to me

As my niga wench.

Jukes- U obscur urself

By mating with a clear inferior.

Sea- Comerce by suply clings to purity,

Yet noelej of demand, wich mixng givs,

Is the economic form triumfant.

Don- Holard, do we mate?

Hol- No, sir, masa Don.

Mary- Ther is no truth wen masters questun slaves.

Don- Nor when free-born women fors agendas.

But say I wur to sel u to this man,

Mite u mate with him?  
 Sea- We ain't ur catl.  
 Don- Y, that ain't fair at al. I am merely  
 Recognizin u two took a likin,  
 And it's most kind a me to push it 'long,  
 Don't u rekn, Holard?  
 Hol- Yes, masa Don.  
 Don- So, tel me wut u'd like.  
 Hol- To go with him.  
 Don- U'l stay til the end?  
 Hol- Y, of cors I wil.  
 Don- Do u care to buy her, sir?  
 Mary- Name ur price.  
 Don- My price is that u lisen to my play.  
 Jukes- No way.  
 Mary- We wil do it.  
 Sea- We wil do it.  
 Don- Sold to the gentlman in the first row.  
 Go then, Holard, with my deepest blesng,  
 And make a famly with this man, unles...  
 Hol- Unles?  
 Don- O, my now, that is a quandry.  
 Hol- Wut's a quandry? Speak, masa Don.  
 Don- With this man so oposed to siblng sex,  
 How wil u evr?  
 Hol- We ain't famly, masa.  
 Don- How can u noe?  
 Sea- I's born sumwer in Georgia.  
 Hol- As was I.  
 Sea- My peple sold me yung.  
 Hol- As did mine.  
 Sea- That is al my history.  
 Hol- Me the same.  
 Don- Dag, that is sad. Wut blak folks gona do  
 Bout startin famlys if they nevr noes  
 Exactly who's relatin and who ain't?  
 Don't seem rite to jeer a man for incest  
 Wen brothas all be boinkin on they sistas.  
 Oyvey. It's hush out here. Whose line is it?  
 TO- Slip the propr stopr on the tung.  
 DI- Strap the propr swapr to the fault.  
 CI- Teaz the propr shopr to the bung.  
 TO- Pay the propr mopr mop the vault.  
 DI- Like do our valus target novel blis?  
 CI- Or do they bor a barel bound to mis?

**Faze 4, Sene 3. Bertha's chambers. Enter Bertha and Liudhard.**

Liud- Aethelbert shal comishn Augustine  
 The Archbishopric of Canterbury,  
 Casing uns promiscuat excursus  
 Of urtherly votion in his cosmic grid.

Ber- The playful otr to the trap, the elm  
 To timbr stak, the creek to viaduct,  
 And romping day into a mesurd march,  
 Al seems to be progresng as it ot.

Liud- Bertha, ar u rite?  
 Ber- In thinkng I am rong.  
 Liud- It's ofn so that we, the old in faith,  
 Look on a nu adherent jelusly,  
 And think, O cud I start my jaunt agen,  
 How fastr wud I scur, how strate to gud.  
 Our trite and lispng conshens seems a stone  
 But rubd in huny, yet the porus nove  
 In word apears enqual with deepest mint.  
 Even mor ocult is thy circumflex,  
 As being wife and wand to Aethelbert,  
 In the first, havng lain flush beneath him  
 Bloatng fresent bulk upon the spoil  
 Of his natal faith, and as the second  
 Being my instrument of convershn,  
 Wich, as a making sik, has made u so,  
 Yet noe, as u wil raiz a race improvd  
 By grace, al liftng out a crowded grave  
 The grovng disipants of wican wold,  
 U are in faith the mor, and betr he,  
 For we convertrs are convertd most,  
 As no nu vois can mach old melody.  
 So on ur misdirecshn do not think;  
 We've los of way enuf in evry blink.

Ber- Liudhard, my only frend, how wel u noe me.

Enter Aethelbert.

Abert- Bertha, my deign, hav u ilused the leves  
 Upon our eldran oak?

Ber- I'v not lookt up  
 Sins I set sand in England.

Abert- They are green.

Ber- Then I am helthy.

Abert- And we in harmony.

Ber- Wud u care to read ur book to the child?

Abert- I canot yet.

Ber- U'v only just begun.

Abert- I feel like a condor flown thru a hailstorm,  
 Trying to navigate, yet beaten blind.

Ber- Por bird of prey.  
 Abert- Who noes himself no mor  
 In flock or diet, range or cry, yet feels  
 A tiny type that flys in swindlng droves,  
 Like a brief, flitng mij, arivng gon,  
 Nestles, day-detaind, only made to mate  
 In clouds of random spray, al-thrashng mad,  
 Until his moldering to woman food.

Ber- U wur so much befor me.  
 Abert- Unmuchng much,  
 As being's had by letng being go.  
 I kild to rule, yet nun may rule the ded.

Ber- U nue a need.  
 Abert- For this, but not for that.  
 Ber- U wur rich with that, valud tho thru this.  
 Abert- In my renounst divine, each entity  
 Is a place's mystery, the silent hum  
 Of a massif, the ramblng retisens  
 A grove al fool with fog is tonted to  
 By torid wind of swelng day, the brod  
 And fikl blathr of an empty vale,  
 And wile to sum it may seem butiful  
 Or liberating to poses such chois  
 In vois as strange locales, the frantic lost  
 And evr outward serch defrays the cords  
 Of conectivity to globing self,  
 That like a worm in wood petrifical,  
 Enlitenment became but sors selecshn  
 And mental liquefacshn, yet this om  
 Of Augustine, wich u first picht in me,  
 Shoz now a speech inviolat to thot,  
 A lite devoid of place, and lets me rest  
 Within the simpl serchings of myself.

Liud- And Augustine awaits u to consign  
 The victim laws, or dooms, into effect  
 That al ur peple may as u elate.

Abert- U wish it?  
 Ber- Serch my spiting, evil side,  
 And u wil find, thru self's antithesis,  
 Wich convershn culs into persepsn,  
 My most authentic wish.

Abert- Lead me, Liudhard.  
 To luv.

Aethelbert and Liudhard exit.

Ber- To luv, and rarely wen we'r wantng.  
 My evil side, too tru thy guiles chauntng.

This man, this king, this Anglo-Saxon spore,  
 This teras on his race's highest tier,  
 Now simps about in automatic bor,  
 Convertd to a zelus volunteer.  
 Fur luv? Wut of the man who shook the skys?  
 Who did not noe obeyans from a wim?  
 Fixated on the los each act implyz,  
 Life's litl lithe's a masiv, fatal grim.  
 I sot, thinkng it gud, his sol to save,  
 So am I now wife-mothr to a slave.

Enter Eadbald.

Ead- Mumy, ho.  
 Ber- Eadbald, I want to be alone.  
 Ead- So too do I, and I seek it in u.  
 Ber- Ther's nuthng in me. Pleze, now, let me be.  
 Ead- The nuthng in u's al that I desir.  
 Ber- Wut ar u doing? Eadbald, get away.  
 Ead- I've got a way, if u'd let me go it.  
 Ber- U freak.  
 Ead- I freak to fit me into u.  
 Ber- I wil scream.

He covers her mouth and puls his agon.

Ead- Wen I was just a tot, we huntd bats  
 With slingshots, the system to divulj  
 A nestlng cave werin they hung asnooz  
 Downside up, in furry, blivius bands,  
 Ther batys at ther chest, and in that lul  
 At firelamp we'd take our aim, and bam!  
 The stone wud flop un ded upon the flor,  
 A milun blipng othrs whirng mad  
 To screech u from the shelt, ur victim left  
 Uneaten, mokt, and useles in the dust.  
 Real huntng, that wuz, wer u kil to feel  
 The pasaj of a sol subordinat,  
 Becumng great by denying meaknes.  
 I mean to entr ur wet cave and peg  
 Ur tiny bat to life's dark dirty flor  
 In clules, clenchnng agony, unles  
 U shut ur lips, bel-mer, and lisn. Oui?

He lets his hand off Bertha's mouth.

Ead- A flowr fed on blud in Angland blums.  
 Ber- Wut kind of flowr ar u?  
 Ead- Augustine.  
 Ber- He cums in pese.

Ead- His pese is war on me.  
 Ber- Betr to dy for pese than liv on war.  
 Ead- Fuk ur clevr maxims. The best imigrant  
 Wil nevr noe the rigors of this iland.  
 Only laws elicited thru vilens  
 Can giv society security,  
 In proces horror, haven in result,  
 Al othr forms of progres suicide.  
 Ber- Kristianity converts thru vilens.  
 Ead- The strong to the weak, the deft to the dum,  
 Destroying the gud, promoting the worst,  
 It is a cult of fear, a rabl rule,  
 And so the enemy of excelens.  
 Ber- I beleve u.  
 Ead- Turn my fathr away  
 From Augustine, or I go huntng bats.  
 Ber- It's past me now. He's gon to cast the dooms.  
 Ead- The Anglo-Saxon wil be Kristian laws?  
 Ber- He is converted. Let us liv with that.

He stabs her.

Ead- Let us to save the race murdr mutants.  
 Take care, mothr. Gud to hav ben in u.

He exits. She crawls off.

Jukes- No! Y did u do that?  
 TO- Sumun's gota take the rap.  
 DI- Sumun's gota dis the lap.  
 CI- Sumun's gota cut the crap.  
 Don- I had a point to make.  
 Mary- Wut? That vilens is?  
 Sea- The urth is crusted with its gory proof.  
 Don- Not that vilens is, but that pese wil not  
 As long as children ar born to beleve  
 The womb is preferabl to the world.

**Faze 4, Sene 4. Augustine's mishn. Enter Augustine, Liudhard, Aethelbert.**

Liud- Great Augustine, savior of the swampland,  
 I bear u Aethelbert.  
 Aug- Bles u, Liudhard,  
 Now leve us.  
 Liud- Mite I share in this event?  
 Aug- To God wut is God's, to me wut is mine.

Liudhard exits.

Aug- Describe ur telos.  
 Abert- Wer is my talus?

Aug- Y ar u here?  
 Abert- The overseer sent me.  
 Aug- Hav u no motiv?  
 Abert- That u giv me un.  
 Aug- Am I to risk my status to engage  
 A king of rodents, grime, and briny reks,  
 Whose peple shout druidic cantilashns  
 Unto sum menhir freezng in a fire,  
 Littering the land with idle tokens?  
 Abert- I canot bear ur censure. Help me trap  
 The winds in my hart, wich so pash and ror  
 They nerly break the hulling of my ribs,  
 And I wil giv u al that u demand.  
 Aug- I demand to gambl with ur genus.  
 Abert- Y is ther so much harm in harmony?  
 Aug- Faith on thee! Thou greedy mawmet mewlng,  
 Mere fetish is the glory of thy tribe,  
 Thus hav I orderd my aposls juj  
 Who must thru tortur be sedust to grace.  
 Abert- Tortur Anglo-Saxons?  
 Aug- Save the world.  
 Abert- How can I avert it?  
 Aug- Cast the dooms.  
 Abert- I am but un; the dooms are of the race.  
 Aug- The master makes the law.  
 Abert- Y remake wut is made?  
 Aug- To rendr me Archbishop of this Archipelago!  
 Abert- Wut about the Irish?  
 Aug- Wut about the Irish?  
 Abert- But my alyz - in ther demise the dooms?  
 And my peple - les ther surmise the dooms?  
 I lak the rite to cast anew the dooms!  
 Aug- The rite is urs anew by castng dooms,  
 As powr's thred rewefts the uman looms.  
 Abert- I wil try.  
 Aug- Thru him, spirit, speak the dooms!  
 Abert- Natur serv society,  
 Self negate alterity,  
 Failur daunt ability,  
 Wisdom pleze stupidity.  
 Profit tax imaginashn,  
 Decency defile abandon,  
 Formity deny disenshn,  
 Privat ovr public rashn.  
 Comfort conservashn sku,  
 Celebrity indiferns stru,

Popular progreshn ru,  
 Now be slave to nevr nu.  
 Aug- Yes, my slave, u cast the dooms,  
 Law from thee is evr rite.  
 Yes, my slave, u thole the cooms,  
 Life with thee is safely slite.  
 Dream, my slave, of futil wining  
 Thru a term-efishnt sol,  
 Smile, my slave, for glamor's grining  
 On thee in thy grimy hole.  
 I love thee, slave, like a gonad  
 Cameld neath my mental minions,  
 Humpng me, a corpral nomad,  
 Thru the desert of opinions.  
 Lap, my slave, the cream of conshns  
 Out the cup of sexy vilens.  
 Soar, my slave, abuv the birds  
 And shit the stonehenj of my words.  
 Abert- My peple, that uns sang to sang to clouds and fenz,  
 Shal now in prayr thy glory reverens.  
 To luv.

Aethelbert exits.

Aug- To luv, King Aethelbert, or not.  
 A shushng world spokn thru my sentens,  
 A bilion thotles births by me predated,  
 The histry of al women les than I.  
 This rain of hope the reigning metal rusts,  
 As agapeti swarm the dales ovr,  
 Convincing those are ruld they soon shal rule,  
 Spredng faith in luk, the leafles clovr.  
 I hear the groan of law's entangld race,  
 Hypocrisy contortng wondr's face;  
 Dependency caws its lone aflikshn  
 Ovr our inept and corbeld dicshn.  
 To trade the planet for a profit rare,  
 And take ofens to the alien air!

He exits.

Don- Relax, my caring nurs, awile with me,  
 Our hands entwined, our thots beyond duress,  
 The landscape of our lives befor us free,  
 And with ur spirit open, tok of deth.

Ekard brings Mary on stage.

Jukes- Don't u tuch my wife!  
 Sea- Ur wife?

Mary- The Civil War split mor than states.  
 Don- Wil u?  
 Mary- Tok of deth is al life givs us.  
 Don- Duz my play adequately tok the tok?  
 Mary- If u wud let it free itself from u.  
 Don- Too late. It is my last. These livng lims  
 Shal soon but limply flutr in the stream  
 Wens the spring of gloom so lushly burbls,  
 Flowing to the wel wer woman warbls  
 Of our defunctiv term the sory song.  
 Y won't u sowf it now I am alive?  
 Mary- She is asylum from the war of man,  
 So is her singing silent to survive.  
 Don- Duz deth friten u, duz it excite u,  
 Duz it spray soothing salts on ur wound du?  
 Mary- Wen woman must for life to bed with pain,  
 Must feel al teknology as pain,  
 Must so fortuitusly be inscribed  
 Into the coz and cur of man in pain,  
 She out of instinct dreams of sensles deth.  
 Don- U ar the but of gag society,  
 Forst long ago to serv as hors or hags,  
 A wispr midst the hoots of falicry,  
 Sad does of don't ideal for doing stags.  
 Mary- And society is the dayjob of deth.  
 Don- U sho the wisdom of the platypus.  
 Mary- The platypus? Y the platypus?  
 Don- Becuz ur pusy speaks in platitudes.

He gropes her.

Leo- My Don, the senes of deth ar near begin.  
 U wish me stil to execute ur wish?  
 Don- U noe I do, my Leotrice.  
 Leo- Then stop.  
 Don- U tel me wut to do?  
 Leo- If u wish me  
 To folo u then u must folo me.  
 Don- Hine sorh-wylmas  
 Lemedon to lange  
 He his leodum wearth  
 Eallum aethelingum  
 To aldor-caere.  
 Leo- Thaer abidan scael  
 Maga mane fah  
 Miclou domes  
 Hu him scir metod  
 Scrifan wille.

Don- Deth is now the play.  
 Leo- And deth entir.  
 Don- Al the profets stray.  
 Leo- And then expire.  
 Don- I think u ar my frend.  
 Leo- U think too much.

**Faze 5, Sene 1. Bertha's chambers. Bertha is in the bed, a nurse beside her. Enter Aethelbert, Liudhard, Eadbald.**

Abert- How is she?  
 Nurse- Dim and seze and mutr al.  
 Abert- The child?  
 Nurse- Stil in her, yet in her stil.  
 Abert- O wut malishus holo belcht this bane?  
 Liud- Cast out venjens.  
 Ead- She herself.  
 Liud- I won't aksept that.  
 Ead- Who askt u, dikweed?  
 Abert- I wil see her.  
 Liud- No, u wil distract her  
 From taking grace, a glint I've yet to grasp  
 From out her gothic gault vermiparus.  
 Abert- Her sol is bruisd with being kikt from me.  
 I wil see her.  
 Liud- We wil see her.  
 Abert- We, we.  
 Ead- Spado troglodyte.  
 Abert- Eadbald, fech the wizard.

Aethelbert and Liudhard go to Bertha.

Ead- I'l fech him fatal to the monk began  
 This monotheic mes. Dead or pagan.

Eadbald exits.

Abert- Bertha, my coo.  
 Ber- Aethelbert, I am sik.  
 Abert- I beleve.  
 Ber- Loungingly, the serpents nip at me.  
 Liud- Seek solushn, child, to thy erors.  
 Ber- I shal.  
 Liud- O neel with us, Aethelbert,  
 And share a tru believr's penitens.  
 Ber- Forgiv me, lord, for twistng Aethelbert  
 Into a tru penitent believr.  
 Liud- Her spine relays the sepsis to her skul.  
 Ber- Husband, tel the overseer leve.  
 Abert- Leve.

Liud- She must repent.  
 Abert- She wil, in ur absens.

Liudhard exits.

Abert- Ur chest is cold.  
 Ber- My hart pumps liquid ice  
 Thruout the sulking tundra of my sol.  
 Abert- O my lithe, bruske, swirling, wintrd woman!  
 Ber- Decay squats spangly in the April snifs,  
 Wich we forlorn and eagr children wif.  
 Abert- Cruel kasm tween the voyur and his need!  
 Ber- Deth makes a voyur of us al.  
 Abert- Tel me who did this, and I wil impale  
 His evry inch.  
 Ber- Me, myself, and lyz.  
 Abert- Wur u not hapy?  
 Ber- Thotles du to u,  
 Wut I hav dun to u the wors to think.  
 Abert- U gave me luv.  
 Ber- That steep proclivity  
 Werup we hike to plant a privat rose,  
 Then daily hump the hil to nurtur it,  
 On our asent perseving natural liken  
 Ebulent in the scruf beneath our peak,  
 Wich we must cum to luv the mor, as al  
 Luv tactil dros beyond aloof perfekshn.  
 Abert- Don't say.  
 Ber- Don't say. Amidst such revrent noiz  
 Repetishn alone communicates.  
 Abert- Bertha, pleze, dy with me, not agenst me.  
 Ber- In remedy, with u is agenst u.  
 I am a moat u dug about urself  
 To baricade ur own barbaric past,  
 But now the hory hybern permafrosts  
 The fields, twistng livestock into nots,  
 My watrs freze, and wilding wurmen cros.  
 Abert- I won't revert wen u ar gon.  
 Ber- Revert.  
 Go hang a birch with lamps, go mutl thru  
 The fulvic march of desprat verbs, go climb  
 The rollng hils our faults hav bubld out  
 The plain of forms predictabl. Go chase  
 Urselvs from natur's polenating u.  
 Revert. Thru devolushn we evolv.  
 Golden lab u ar, wild wolf u wur.  
 Uns underpeat thy muse, now ovraw.  
 How like some fresh pubesens on a thug

Whose lik she longs, wundr, hunch and lusty,  
 Upon u hung. O u wur a geysr,  
 Now a drain u ar. Wut, wud u be free?  
 Then slay the financiers that herd ur stok  
 To sel u valu-aded to urself,  
 And wolo in the rivr ripls own,  
 Un with the flo, influent to the al,  
 Within that place no silens can displace,  
 Wer women nevr worry if ther care  
 Has ben of maim or mint. Revert, my luv,  
 To that great nevrlastng wens I go.

Enter Ghost Surjun.

Abert- Muthr, y?  
 Don- The script, son, stik to the script.  
 Ber- I wisht u gud, brothr.  
 Don- The script!  
 Ber- Husband,  
 Yet bearing u to blis has hurt me so;  
 It's hel to wach anothr to hevn go.

The Ghost Surjun givs her poison, wich is not poison. Bertha dyz.

Abert- My luv is ded. This world too worships rongs.  
 Ther's no un now to hide me from my fears.  
 My luv is ded, and taken al the songs,  
 And I've alone this sugar in my tears.  
 Ghost- Tend wel the dotrs  
 For days un-numberd,  
 Smiles unencumberd  
 Shine on the dotrs.  
 Let them wundr freely  
 Of worlds deep within them,  
 Hold ther hands ungainly  
 That no fear resind them.  
 Hew them homes in al wethrs,  
 Tos them not thru the nethrs,  
 Wok them gently cros the watrs,  
 Our best mothrs mix these dotrs.  
 Hold thy dotrs  
 Thru the slotrs  
 Les ther bothrs  
 Make no othrs.

**Faze 5, Sene 2. Augustine and atendants at his mishn, Gregory and atendants in Rome.  
 Laurentius is preparing the spunj to bathe Augustine.**

Aug- Bathe me, Honorius, then we may dine.

Enter Melvin and crows and kills Honorius and Laurentius. Melvin soils the spunjs. Crows stand in for atendants.

Aug- Ah! This spunj! It reaks of morbid matr!  
 Hugin- My luv, that canot be!  
 Minin- We sanitized it thoroely!  
 Aug- O rank reciprocating winds of wo!  
 Deth twitrs evry vois to hungry cro!  
 Att 1- Gregory, the peple wait at ur porch.  
 Wut shal I tel them?  
 Greg- Tel them I am crums  
 And they shud seek the loaf from wens I fel.  
 Att 2- My luv, thy words in cruces as this now  
 Ar best to not divulj prognostic cues  
 Werby sum drol of natur may compres  
 Its irevers upon wut need not be.  
 Greg- Words canot move us from the gavel's clap.  
 Aug- Gregory, is that u?  
 Greg- I am here, Augustine.  
 Att 1- He mumbls, tokng to the gaze of gloom.  
 Melvin- How stupid's life to make us liv by sens  
 The end of wich is utr senslesnes,  
 Each rootng bak to its mothr madnes.  
 So sez Melvin, Wizard, son of sadnes.  
 Aug- Gregory, this iland is now my land,  
 Absorbng of our humbl benedikshn  
 As duz its chauky clints the tumblng koosh.  
 Greg- U hav spred a splendid dominashn.  
 Aug- Wer pas we now? Wut unimajind yield  
 For our labors rouzng and deliteful  
 Wil our so speshl spirits meet beyond?  
 Greg- Umility, my slave, best becums thee.  
 Aug- Am I not perfect in umility?  
 Greg- Ataca wirls the worm-lion, Augustine!  
 How hard we rush at evr-briskr pace  
 To win the race rewards us with a los,  
 Insertng ourselvs lively into deth,  
 That femeral sy of infinit breth,  
 Yet not to pride in endng's not to dy.  
 Aug- Not to pride? Was my doing not wel dun?  
 Greg- To brag is as to celebrate a birth  
 By tosng nek and al into the air.  
 Aug- We'v shown the primitivs in baren huts  
 The glory of amasnng guds!  
 Greg- And we  
 Shal hiest bid in spirit markets see.  
 Aug- But I hav seen, agog with preblum savor,

The pang absolvd, the mases lite and free,  
 As deep as mind can plum, if not much deep.  
 Wut gud for al this gud acruz to me?  
 Think not to be the coz of wut u do:  
 Y we chuz, wut we ar, wens we emerj  
 Ar al in undiscovrd particl  
 Containd, pasng thru us as the surjs  
 Liven weat to a fals animashn,  
 And evry nu found particl implyz  
 Uns unfound must exist if we'r to be.  
 Can u see the flags of silens flying?  
 Hear the stones, jelus of flowrs dying?  
 The nasent laf of time that feeds our crying?  
 Say the inexpresibl is conshus  
 If it exprees thru unconshusnes?  
 We'r nuthng save wut must our nuthng noe,  
 And exit must to nuthng wen we do.

Aug- I hav dun much, Gregory, maybe too.  
 Greg- We ar tomoro's hazy yesterday.  
 Aug- I go to take my residens in mulch  
 And for my mishun need the merit now.

Greg- Adieu, Augustine!  
 The verj of lite awaits us,  
 The instinctual congress of kind,  
 The feminin bundl of sons.  
 Adieu, my slave, adieu!

Aug- Gregory?

Enter the Ghost Surjun and givs Gregory poison, wich is not poison.

Aug- U washt me with a soild spunj!  
 Get ur testicl out of my milk!  
 God dam the god of jelusy!

The Ghost Surjun givs Augustine poison, wich is not poison.

Melvin- He has sind and died!  
 Don- Entr the sin eatr!

Ekard drags Jukes on stage.

TO- Viands gorjd  
 DI- Off a corps  
 CI- Sik with sin  
 Don- Clears the man.  
 TO- Eat the bred.  
 DI- Clean the grave.  
 CI- Chu the ded.  
 Don- Save the slave!  
 TO- Treatys and Buttamen!

DI- This is the sin eatr.  
 CI- The win cheatr, the win cheatr!  
 Don- Sins he wil suk.  
 TO- From the flesh of the miscreant  
 DI- Yumy is yuk!  
 CI- Glee goblng glibly  
 Don- Crakas for Christ!  
 TO- Absolvng the slipy  
 DI- Of wigly malfezans.  
 CI- The rivr derives it?  
 Don- The miror reflex me?  
 TO- Sin eatr! Sin eatr!  
 DI- Yak in my Ganges.  
 CI- Of floatng ded injuns.  
 Don- And Augustine's crime  
 Of swoloing sols let thy sacrament mime.  
 Jukes- Y do u abuse me? Are we not un?  
 Don- I ain't no un with no un save myself,  
 And even that's a union dubius,  
 Cuz tho we maybe share idologys,  
 We stil two coks a-clawin to the kil.  
 Mary- See wut u fot for, Jukes? A coz corrupt  
 And confounded by its own condishns.  
 Jukes- I wil say this: wen down the Shenendoa  
 I seen the blazon forge the green to grey,  
 The shrapnel shredng armament to scrap,  
 The red and rabid elefant of rage  
 DowntrAMPL my entir company  
 To paste of human lard upon the turf  
 Like hairy frostng on a deathday cake,  
 I did not mustr curaj from the thot  
 That for a man like this I bekond deth.  
 Mary- So havng fot five years for rongful rites,  
 A few hours at a play may rite the rong.

Don stufs bred down Jukes' throat.

Don- Go, free man, and burn ur Sunday best;  
 Naked ar we born, and deth is overdrest.

Ekard returns Jukes to his place.

**Faze 5, sene 3. Enter Aethelfrith and ceorl, at battle on the River Idle.**

Ceorl- Aethelfrith, we are doomd, for Aethelbert  
 Has traded land for pese with the Norsman,  
 And he, for whom amity is enmity,  
 Turns the land to fire and pese to war.

Enter Aethelbert and Fraethwith.

Abert-           Tel my militia to sit down and pray.  
 Fraeth-         They did so, and the Nors hav cut them down.  
 Afrith-         Pray for pese from me, Aethelbert the Gud,  
                   And hear it eko thru my emptines.

Aethelfrith droz his batl ax.

Abert-           I wil not fite u, Aethelfrith.  
 Afrith-         Then dy.

Enter Eadbald.

Ead-            Fite my fathr, Aethelfrith, fite me.

Eadbald and Aethelfrith fite.

Abert-         Eadbald, let it hapn.  
 Ead-            Shut the fuk up!  
 Afrith-         I fite him as a craven of the Nors,  
                   Thus u fite for him who fites agenst u.  
 Ead-            He is my fathr stil.  
 Afrith-         He is a pest  
                   Whose pasiv, wavring, vage animus  
                   Of frinjifuse too-crejulus devoshns  
                   Has funkt our fenz with sik imported mos.  
 Abert-         I cherish the charitys I'v unfurld.  
 Afrith-         O how, my brothr mity, u hav errd.  
                   Thy sol was sovren tite, now it is slak.  
                   Into thee weaklng idiots hav blared  
                   And now thou art an adict to the smak  
                   Of shame, yet Aethelfrith shal nevr stray.

Eadbald haks Aethelfrith.

Afrith-         My words hav by distrakshn formd my deth.  
                   O Anglo-Saxons, drive out fearlesly  
                   The jakals of equality that flit  
                   About thy prize, els thy rich fertil sea  
                   Shal turn a stagnant tarn of begar's spit.  
                   Ungelic is us.

Abert-         Angelic ar we.

He dyz.

Abert-         See him, Lora? Befor u, this was I:  
                   A brazen void that grubd thru bogs and sods.  
 Ead-            See me, Bertha! I hold the world's eye  
                   Entranst at my erasur of its gods!

Enter Ceorl.

Ceorl-         The Nors are evrywer!

Ceorl exits.

**Faze 5, Sene 4. The ej of a bog sumwer in Angland.**

Don- U redy, son?  
 Pet- I don't understand it.  
 Don- It's best that way.  
 Pet- Y hold to principls  
 Agenst the masiv movements of the time?  
 Don- A man without principls is nuthn.  
 Pet- A man whose principls ar proven rong  
 Is nuthn if he holds them stil as rite.  
 Don- Fors proves nuthn.  
 Pet- Then u disprove urself  
 To nuthn, by relying al on fors.  
 Don- But fors is the end, fantasy the means,  
 As only fantasy can prove it's real,  
 So my posishn is my principl  
 That timeles made with fors of time can't change.  
 Pet- Ur fantasys hav destroyd our famly.  
 Don- Wut fantasy can kil ot not to be.  
 Pet- But wut givs u the rite?  
 Don- Ther is no rite.  
 Pet- One is not sane by callng the world mad.  
 Don- So wut givs u the rite to say I'm rong?  
 Pet- Ther is an assumpshn of afekshn  
 Inherent in the making of a child,  
 Yet al u gave to us was cruelty.  
 That is rong, as it shunts our survival.  
 Don- The cruelty I giv is my afekshn,  
 As survival's based in competishn.  
 Pet- U canot luv.  
 Don- I luv, tho roundabout.  
 Pet- Look at my sistr. This u took from me  
 Becuz I wud not fite for slavery.  
 Don- So making u my slave.  
 Pet- U ar the slave  
 To the mastry of ur own sykoses.  
 Don- It's tru. My mind's a dark, anshnt custard.  
 Pet- Equality wil shine upon its crimes.  
 Don- And that's the way u want us liv? In fear  
 Of al we represent as atmosfere?  
 So wut's a crime? Wer gongs a clear tru bad?  
 Ar akshns ment to be ineptly had?  
 Too native we to luk and cu sublime  
 To but dawdl dumly. So, wut's a crime  
 Wen al's a crime? Can deth be vagely screwd?  
 Ar we kabob of dung to feed the lewd?  
 A criminal is punisht for his deed,

Wich from his name dismembrs evry heed,  
 Yet an actual crime is hard to find  
 For absent, it incriminates the mind  
 And thus al inosens therin is hurld  
 As on its curb is al percepshn curld.  
 We personize the crime til it is we,  
 Then nuthng is but wut we canot be.  
 A pas, a hu, a sign of least raport,  
 Becum the shiftng axis of our cor,  
 And bablng in a syntax we resent  
 We plumet thru transgreshns we repent.  
 U want a crime? These people in us lost,  
 Whose vampant code is now our substant bos;  
 Our we-defining-world is wondr's fact,  
 Ther we-congealng-world's the wondr crakt.  
 The crime is thers to kil the spastic brain  
 By making it subservient to same.

Pet- Wen explanashn, impulst by my need,  
 Is versosofic exercise to u,  
 A pland and relict congery of memes  
 That starvs upon abstrakshn's fony fodr,  
 It finally seems, great fathr, to make sens  
 That acusashn is ur sole defens.

Don- U wana hear the truth of me and u?  
 Pet- Truth disolvs in ur mouth.  
 Don- No, realy, son,  
 I want to speak of the luv between us.

Pet- The luv?  
 Don- Befor we go.  
 Pet- I do desire...  
 Don- Wen I was yung, and masturbated daily,  
 An otorotic batl crag my loins,  
 Of my shut eyes I structed scarp and baily,  
 On dreams of blis spent al my concept coins.  
 The world was a ring of flesh and postur,  
 Evry gorjus entity a monstr  
 In need of putj from Excitashn Gulf,  
 And stok in hand, I fot my Beowulf.  
 Then, my mail masht, yet hard with masacr,  
 I yanged my javlin deep into ur mothr,  
 And out u came, a screaming litl reflex  
 That gru into a symbol of my sex,  
 (O had I stuk to my own bely's bouns  
 As birth's the first of my unpaid acounts),  
 Now u'v becum a rodent in my scrotum,  
 Mating in the shadoz of my scutum,

So thru me hungry anacondas pas  
 Tiklng the crazy buton in my as,  
 But as my fathr did, I leve u this:  
 Fuk ur face and u can get ur prik to kis.  
 Pet- If that's my story, it is gud I dy,  
 But y do u kil ur family, fathr. Y?  
 Don- Wut's famly but the first and longest ly?  
 TO- The final sene!  
 DI- The closing dream!  
 CI- Turn the valv and blo sum steam!  
 TO- Luv the gimp.  
 DI- Teach the chimp.  
 CI- Cast the wethr as ur wimp.  
 TO- Aethelbert has got to go.  
 DI- In flagrante delicto.  
 CI- Evr sins he cared wut's cool  
 His mind's this crapy public skool.  
 TO- Sweet a u to cach my spit.  
 DI- Nice of us to babysit.  
 CI- Thanks for actin like u it  
 Wen u ain't comprehended shit.  
 Abert- Indomitum, Norn of Tungs, lay on me  
 Who art but huffng sordes of sardonic,  
 Hear the hymns of my recesiv rigor,  
 Notis wut only notises itself,  
 And acompany this trite sol of los:  
 Deth of a man too wundrstruk to liv.  
 Ead- Arn't u ded yet, dad?  
 Abert- Wors. I am alive.  
 Enter Ester Friggyfat.  
 Ester- Das ala ist da. Die mead-mensh ist drunk,  
 Und die Nordys swigerd ala dem bierskys.  
 Abert- Bertha?  
 Ead- No, dad, it's ur nu Nordic wife,  
 Ester Friggyfat, a propr pagan;  
 Wen u ar gon, I shal refil her vat,  
 Cuz incest is the great wite tradishn.  
 Abert- I wil not dy til Bertha's at my side.  
 Ead- Here she is!  
 Say helo, Aethelbert.  
 Ester- Halo, Berthalert.  
 Abert- And Augustine?  
 Ead- Here am I.  
 Abert- My frends, my admirers, my alyz?  
 Ead- So many round the urth atend ur deth  
 It's almost as if nuthing's changed at al.

Abert- Pleze, my wife and gide, take my tremblng hands:  
 I'v sites to speak, wich now so reel and rise  
 I screen the dreams of othrs in my eyes.

Ead- We lisn, as childrn at an orgy.

Abert- Methodles was my mead-guzlng world,  
 A dragl from a drunk to drunk agen,  
 Until ur spors into my thalus buroed,  
 And I was made a strangr to my ken  
 And songs. Adornng my far-reachng folk,  
 Those caos-works of genital convikshn,  
 My jargon now but slouches in the joke.  
 Deontologic animal depikshn  
 Am I, debred from natur's ictic tag,  
 Seekng glances from the blindspot in the sky,  
 Velocitys inhuman thru me lag,  
 A lonely need for wut is needles only.  
 My bounty-glut the Anglo-Saxon curs,  
 That we shud liv determind to ligate  
 Not wut provokes rich time to shut its purs,  
 But com exces to madly emulate;  
 I luvd the imaj sterilized by truth,  
 And thru it choze to nevr livng chuz.  
 O sweet disfajia...

Ead- Fathr, ar u thru?  
 It's late, and ur wife has got me fugy.

Ester- Shoen respecten, Bedbald! O zie zin noty!

Abert- My Bertha, O my honted hart, my fog  
 Tutoric, how my life had slogd a blank  
 Alujun til ur luv administerd  
 Cling inanimat into my edicts.  
 Ur praxic premonishns bor my sol  
 Imercifly to mercy, provng me,  
 As pale violet wool, as lakes at dusk,  
 As sudn cares, made to meld with woman.  
 Upon a grid delineat and warpt  
 Of unreservd uforia, u sot,  
 So yung and brave, an irefutiv sens  
 To cast between ur ordr and my rek,  
 Yet suferd in this rivarly of selvs.  
 Without u, brabant Bertha, I wud be  
 To deth as a gravid 'lantic salmon,  
 Struglng, sufocating up life's stream  
 To spang and twist upon a gril of cob,  
 Yet now a curent-caryd spawnlng I  
 Downward to the evr-goblng ocean  
 Desend to doom, wer our two sols shal swim

Its deep, dark, unmeaning mystery.  
 To say I luvd u sez the least of al:  
 U ar my languaj and my mineral.  
 Ead- Pop, it's time to drop.  
 Ester- O lesen im be.  
 Ead- He's ben enuf.  
 Abert- I am a meteor, spooj is my fathr,  
 And in my stok I hold no equity.  
 Tired of my race, I sot refuelment  
 In the tangld scurf of law's aluvia,  
 Wer dry gords of prolegite difuzia  
 Nutrinize the infant on amujia;  
 Sacrogenic bubls buv me bobl,  
 And I, inveigld by my lejur's scope,  
 Reach out my adld, arenashus fingrs,  
 And O the sugar zefirs thru my lak  
 Like swarms of pedofilic flying-fish  
 Seekng yuth down a ded-end adaptashn.  
 My life has ben a skitng thru the maze  
 Of undulatng imprints in a haze,  
 And now I see the ansr's to inquire...  
 Ead- For such fine vers, liv evr in the mire.

He drops him into the bog.

Abert- I sink indenturd to unwitnest crimes  
 Awaitng my reacshns from the quag.  
 Ead- Jabr, dad! The los of air wil sink u!  
 Abert- Y these clanging joyus human rimes  
 Now emanating from our transient slag?  
 Ead- Kik, dad, kik! The bog wil soonr chug u!  
 Abert- We things that thrive but uns ot nevr out.  
 I leve u now who luvd, tho roundabout.

Enter Ghost Surjun and givs him poison, wich is not poison. Enter Liudhard.

Liud- Did he ask forgivnes?  
 Ead- No, but he askt I giv u this.

Eadbald stabs Liudhard. Ghost Surjun givs him poison, wich is not poison.

Ead- So, u Nordic newt, let's misejenate.  
 Ester- I vont to see his boody disapearen.  
 Ead- I vont to see ur boody disapearen.  
 Ester- Es ist sad.  
 Ead- Boohoo kity.  
 Ester- He tok a foogin lot!  
 Ead- Let's fire the fuzy kiln and glaze my pot.  
 Ester- Bablhurt, Bablhurt, broke like a twig.  
 Ead- Cum on. Skirt about the nek. Me want fig.

Ester- Ester bawls for u.  
Ead- I'm shakin sunbeams at ur du!

Enter Norsmen.

Nors- Ur vater is caput?  
Ead- Caput in his grave.  
Nors- U wil mary Ester Friggfat  
And make zie Nordic junglings.  
Ead- Ja vol!  
Nors- Soon, ther shal be no Anglo-Saxons.

Don goes to Seamus.

Don- U lookn at me?  
Sea- U'r doin a sho.  
Don- Is that a thret?  
Sea- U wish it wuz.  
Don- U wunt my shit?  
Sea- Yo, keep ur shit.  
Don- I wil not stand for sambo sas.  
Sea- I'l kik befor I kis yo ass.

Don gets a wip and givs it to Leotrice.

Don- Wip im, wife.  
Mary- Revolt and free urselvs!  
Leo- Don, it is enuf.  
Don- I sed, wip im, wife.  
Leo- Y he need a wipn?  
Don- He sas at me.  
Leo- Ain't he got reazn?  
Don- Nigaz got no reazn!  
Leo- I got no wil to wip.  
Don- Wip im.  
Leo- No.

Don takes the wip and intermitently wips Seamus.

Don- My wife has took a likin to u, boy.  
Sea- I'd like to take a likn to her, boy.  
Mary- This man ain't dun nuthn to deserv this!  
Don- Ain't he stole his freedom at my expans?  
Sea- I bot my freedom at my own expans.  
Don- Ur freedom's doom, and I'l prove it. Lisn!  
To dout is blis, to noe a rich remors,  
To author our intenshns stultifyz,  
Yet freedom, carnifex without discors,  
Demands we noe our motivs signify.  
Atentat upon dilatory hope,  
Invijus of wut it may nevr uz,

A baby blu with mothrsplurj of dope,  
 This freaksho fad of aimlesnes we chuz?  
 The cognuz of control are les by being,  
 Gro rarer as they sprit and spru in man,  
 Renderd static by our flesh-engravng,  
 And sprout as thot between the can't and can,  
 Then natur's saber clips us in the holo,  
 Our sinewz split and fibril in the weat;  
 For freedom we wil any bantr folo,  
 For any victory we are defeat.  
 Yet he wants freedom and equality,  
 Wen each is but the othr's oposit,  
 And thru ther mutual hostility  
 We of our destroyer ar composit.  
 Mary- Save a swach of time, u ar the victim!  
 Don- Inguina, art thou opening to them?  
 Art thou in concentrashn of ther motor?  
 Do not thru metempirics flu ther flem  
 Wich gloats the world with its banal soda,  
 But surj thy teemng liquid wundr sens;  
 Ther freedom is an epistemic scam,  
 A hole for junk to flo beneath the fens,  
 And ther equality? It tryz to sham  
 That tween the slave and mastr hangs a musl  
 That carys furthr its dynamic charj  
 To sex, thot, and space, and tho we husl  
 To noe how we may sevr our discharj  
 Of conshtnt permutashn from the quest  
 Of torkng brutal luv to human hate,  
 This tendon evr wil prescribe our jest  
 Thru eros of the curent kilng rate.  
 I am embost and sukt by slaves to rule  
 Ther hyperlatent latitudes, to comb  
 For indivergent noosferes of grool  
 Compactd in the powrs nevr noen,  
 Wich I'm to then define into ther vois,  
 So how am I to evr noe for sur  
 This here behavur's not in fact ther chois  
 To liv beneath my mastery matur?  
 I am forevr stuk inside my race  
 As is the wave of lite to time and place.  
 Jukes- Stop! U'r kilin him!  
 Leo- Cum, my Don, and drink.  
 Don- O gaud expergefakshns of my sol!  
 Vitrific faces haw about thy verd!  
 Ther genital consumashn is thy role!

Of ther oppreshn-lust u ar the word!  
 U retroed down the helix of ther milk,  
 To ther cardial nashn wur u wired  
 And sot to rite the akshns to the ilk,  
 Wens roze the Ingaevonic profit-fired.  
 U bilt their moot arkaic and sur-keen,  
 The batls of ther spuming angon yelp,  
 The peseful paradise that made u mean,  
 The perfect crime that bred ther cripln culp,  
 And now u stand, O Don Flagrate Delicto,  
 To slavery wed by ovum of ther idols,  
 Relegatin war to the cogito  
 And feeling to the relm of miracles.  
 A man not holy bound nor holy free,  
 An Absalom in evry bakyard tree,  
 Shoing myopes wut the'l nevr see,  
 Mesiac to the negativ degree.

Don and Leotrice drink.

Don- I dy to clenze the AngloSaxon rongs;  
 Ineptitude must hav its govrnment.  
 Toglng at the node of selfish throngs,  
 I'v provn life mor than deth-detrment.  
 My scurilus unapreciat dizeze  
 Of nominalizng each illogic but  
 Who must hav intermishn to be plezd  
 And has his children from his loest slut,  
 Wil nevr cese, and tho my heel may lift,  
 This globe is groovd with my proratant yaw.  
 A word, a scream, a broken tooth, a kis,  
 Nuthn exits inocent from my jaw.  
 If uns the mastres of our weak beginings  
 Wud manualize our instruments of lust,  
 My hart (O silent crime!) wud noe its winings,  
 And wut to hear itself unludv it must.  
 What palpitashn feeds my anarky?  
 Y am I adicted to simplicity?  
 U wil dy, O Don, but to be reborn  
 As the clit of a sex slave in Bombay,  
 And cowmen wil graze on the sour, stunted corn  
 U cultur in ur dry labial clay.  
 And this al freedom-folk wil cal a crime,  
 Yet wut's a crime wen no un's rely here?  
 I am a glitrn snake of code sublime,  
 Of myself both agency and atmosfere.  
 But here is al: I am and am not free,  
 The masterslave to my hostility.

Al are ded, my slaves, my yung, my wife, me...

Petrarc gets up.

Pet- The truth be told.

Holard gets up.

Holard- U ment us ded?

Don- The drink.

Kresard gets up.

Kres- It wuz real poizn?

Don- For ur gud.

Ekard gets up.

Ekard- Our gud?

Pet- Yet I feel nuthng.

Don- Min wif, hwa nu?

Leo- Don Masa told me poizn u, but al I giv was juis, harmles as the apls wens it came.

Lora gets up.

Lora- So we wil liv?

Leo- U wil liv.

Don- Yet I wil not?

Leo- Nun hav drank the poizn.

Don- O woman, u ar too gud for this world.

Jukes- Lynch im!

They lynch Don. Enter mourners.

M1- Peple, y this vilens? The war is dun.

Jukes- Blu or grey?

M2- Blu and grey and wite and blak.

Sea- We hang the man to blame the war begun.

M1- Yet so sad the day, even venjans sobs

That such gud by such evil cud be kilt.

Mary- This evil gud? The Northan win sez no.

M1- Al fakshn disapears amidst such grief.

Sea- Wut grief?

M1- The genral grief we march to join

In Washington. March with us, if u care.

Jukes- And wut has Washington to do with this?

M1- It's ther he lyz in state, as president.

Mary- Hold on. President who?

M2- President Lincoln, frend.

Sea- Lincoln is ded?

M1- Tonite, at a play, shot by the lesr Booth.

Kres- Is this that Present Linkum wut u ment

To go and meet this mornin?

Hol- Shud we march?

Sea-

How to speak? My words ar waste. Al I've herd  
 And seen, now this? He is ded? O too soon,  
 Too soon it cums at end of horid war  
 He had to wage, tho al his life he traird  
 For policys of pese. Five years I fot  
 For him, now he is ded? Shot at a play?  
 My words are waste. Shud we march? Shud we march  
 Wen nevr has a deth so deep unjust  
 Ben visited on un so just in life?  
 He strugld, and has perisht, that we al  
 May betr prospr thru his principls:  
 That race by definishn is dizeze,  
 Insanity strut cros this stage tonite,  
 And that ther is no greater curaj than  
 To fite for wut is rite uns proven rong.  
 He dyd to sho us this, so shud we march?  
 U propt abuv ur kind, u cruel becum  
 With random oportunity, u hurt  
 Urself in hurtng othrs, as it's trust  
 Determins valu, u who wud be mor  
 Than ur creashns, u who'd liv the dream  
 That u design, u who from a decent  
 Clan perverted to this socius  
 Asocial and corupt, u who feel ripe  
 For dialog, and u who've faild to see  
 Atop the niga pile sits a niga,  
 He dyd to sho u frendship, famly, nashn  
 Beget and flowr out determind luv.  
 For the onest and for the hypocrit,  
 For the dreamrs and for the denyers,  
 For the victimizrs, for the victim,  
 He dyd to sho that union equals freedom.  
 His comitment lost our comitment gains,  
 So shud we march, that thru the scoldng rains  
 We stil may feel the sun of proudr days,  
 Turning grey to blu, batls into plays,  
 That finaly we, wise to neshnt vilens,  
 Yet words ar waste. O al go in silens.

All exit.

THE END.



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## An Interview with the Director (by the Director)

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In which the director attempts to articulate to himself some of what he understands about the play...

Q: I hear you're directing a new play by Kirk Wood Bromley.

Howard Thoresen: Yes, *The Death of Don Flagrante Delicto, aka A Gesturology of Morals aka The Civil War Take Two*.

Q: Wo. Complicated title! What does it mean?

A: The title is a clear indication of what is to come!

The first part of the title refers to the fundamental story of the play: Don Flagrante Delicto, a small-time farmer and slave owner in the Blue Ridge Mountains, puts on plays with his family and slaves. The Civil War has come to an end; the South has lost, and Don plans to end his life with the performance of his play, "Aethelbert and Augustine", the story of the coming of Christianity to Britain in the Sixth Century. The second title refers to the primary philosophic source for the play and is an obvious reference to Nietzsche's famous book "A Genealogy of Morals". I believe the word "gesturology" is a Bromlyism; where Nietzsche proposes a study of the history and origin of morality, Bromley is going to study the thing itself in action; "gesture" not only means an expressive movement--it's Latin root includes the meaning "to perform". The third title introduces the argument of the play, which involves questions of slavery, oppression, North vs. South, and so forth; arguments that were brought into relief in the Civil War and that continue to impact upon our lives today.

Q: Sounds difficult. How do the various themes relate?

A: Bromley has said that the parallels between the advent of Christianity in Britain and the Union's conquest of the Confederacy involve the replacement of a society based on power, violence and oppression with a society ostensibly based on forgiveness, love and learning. Nietzsche famously questioned the validity of contemporary morality and Christian morality in particular, calling Christianity a slave religion in which the weak oppress the strong. Don Flagrante knows that history, written by the winners, will say his culture was corrupt and evil. By forcing a captive audience to witness and respond to his play, Don hopes to convey to future generations that there was a value in his way of life.

Q. So this play is an apology for slavery?

A: I'd say it's an inquiry. In the early workshops for the production, I asked the actors if they thought slavery was justified in any circumstances. The discussion was pretty spirited. I gave the examples of prison and public school as circumstances in which we feel justified depriving people of their liberty. Of course these aren't exactly the same as white people enslaving black people in the 19th Century: in the first case the incarcerated people have done something illegal and we feel we are protecting society as well as controlling criminals; in the second case we feel

it is incumbent on us to educate our children. We have good reasons; but, of course, the plantation owners had their reasons, too. The point is not that slavery is justifiable, but that when we inquire into a received opinion we learn something. Even our best opinions can be shallow.

Q: This sounds more like a work of philosophy than a play. It sounds like it could be confusing, or boring.

A: What I've been describing so far are really the premises on which the play is built. The Death of Don Flagrante Delicto is not only a play; it is really two plays replete with action, conflict, music, wonderfully rich characters, romance, humor and horror; it is also a great poem. Listen to the music of Don's slave, Holard, describing the setting (Bromley is experimenting with a kind of phonetic spelling; if you simply pronounce the letters that you see, the words will become clear):

U sit upon the farm theatrical  
 Of the great Don Flagrante Delicto  
 Whose mastery of dramas metrical  
 An unequivocal bravissimo  
 Has not yet found, tho as the fetal cheek  
 Must nurtur in our darknes to be born  
 A thing our lips must ever luvn seek,  
 His text shal sunday by al tungs be worn.

Q: Let's come back to the poetry in a minute. Tell me about the characters. Who is Don Flagrante Delicto?

A: As I said, he's a small-time farmer and slave owner living in the Civil War era in Virginia. At the time the play takes place, Don has only three slaves. We can't imagine he's getting rich shipping cotton or tobacco to Europe. As a matter of fact, Don is--or sees himself as--primarily a playwright. With his wife, children, slaves and a few neighbors, he produces his "biopolipsychosemioethical" plays for the edification of his community and his own amusement. We hear that at one time the audiences "came in packs" to see the master's plays, but now his company is reduced to waylaying travelers and tying them up. Five years of war have made life difficult and strange.

Don Flagrante Delicto is the sort of charismatic autodidact who in our day might be a cult leader or self-esteem guru, but in the 19th Century could only become an artist. Within the limits of his time and geographic area he has studied philosophy, history, poetry and drama, and if the example we have is typical, he pours as much of his learning and wisdom and personal enlightenment into his plays as they can possibly hold. Overbearing, fantastical, psychologically insightful, clever, genuinely artistic, Don defeats his own mastery by interrupting his own performances, indirectly by inserting crude humor into his most eloquent dramatic moments; or directly by marching onto the stage and engaging in a discussion with the audience. Don Flagrante's very name calls up association with Don Quixote, and he belongs to that party of dramatic "sacred monsters" that includes, among others, Quixote, Prospero, Don Juan, Falstaff, Don Adriana de Armado and the Marquis de Sade. Don's authorial voice is heard through the entire text of "Aethelbert and Augustine" but in a few significant speeches we hear his speaking,

as distinct from his writing voice. Here is Don prophesying the world that will follow a Northern victory:

Luk. Commerce cums in waves of earnest slime,  
 Reguising aucshun bloks to stok exchanj,  
 Privat servant into public demand,  
 From one mas of mastrs, literal  
 Outproducing figurativ expreshn,  
 The sole concern of powr to empowr  
 The powerles think powr's to outpowr  
 The very thot of powr, dispowring  
 What powr owns beyond the powr to trade,  
 The color line one omnipresent blur,  
 Al enslaved to exclusiv angel rounds...

Don's counterpart and counterweight in the play is Seamus, a free Negro who has been compelled into service as an audient and who speaks of freedom with a passion and eloquence that are in every way equal to Don's:

The intransitiv shades that grim efulj  
 From ancient monuments of dignity,  
 Obstructng vijun of the next allure,  
 Must as the lite that makes them sloly shift  
 From face to face, place to place, race to race,  
 And who wud ty down time to envy's stake,  
 Ar malaprop at birth and chaos-plugd.

Seamus finds himself attracted to Holard, Don's house slave, who has served her master willingly and found her own kind of freedom acting in his plays. His incestuous son and daughter Petrarc and Lora (named after the Italian poet and his muse) are most revealed through the roles Don Flagrante has written for them: Aehelbert, the Anglo Saxon king who converts to Christianity, is an epic role of Hamletesque complexity; Bertha, the Christian princess betrothed to the king as a sort of sacrificial lamb finds her own strength among the pagans, and comes to question the value of her own religion.

A true playwright, Don has given the Christians compelling characters and arguments: In our production, the Black slaves, Kresard, Holard and Ekard, play, respectively, the "civilized" Pope Gregory who sets the plan for the conversion of Britain in motion, Augustine the evangelist, and Bishop Lieudhard, protector and overseer of Bertha. Don plays with our assumptions and the assumptions of his audience: the slaves represent the civilization of love and learning; the "superior" white actors play the unruly and exuberant Anglos.

The question of religion, neglected or sentimentalized in most modern drama, is deeply investigated in Don's story. Pope Gregory teases Augustine by proposing a pantheism he later retracts ("I loathe nature. It is so insolvent,/And worth alone a good exterminator."). The ascetic John the Jejunator brings nature-hating spirituality to its logical extreme, committing suicide by

leaping into a well (he ties an innocent woman to him so as not to die a lonely death). Anglo Saxon polytheism is lovingly and ludicrously described as a world in which every locus is its divinity, and heaven is a kind of hell: "...such a battle turf/Of ups and downs, men fite to stay in clay. We cal it Asgard, cuz u watch ur ass/Without end." In what I consider the heart of the story, Aethelbert proposes a new god, "Aethelbertha", the god that comes into being when two people love each other. Bromley, like that fabled Bard of Avon, is at his best when he sings songs of love:

My god's of tiklish pink, of downy mounds,  
 Of girl pulp and boyish huf, of lip  
 Flanjd and quivrus, glotis loos, of wingbone  
 Wide, of toes pukerd, tens and distant shins,  
 My god is of the lamin, fold and gape  
 Wer tresur gobs untucht in dewy glint.

Q: I think I get a sense of what the story is about. Why did you say the play is also a poem?

A: I said it was a great poem and I said it because I believe this is a unified work that transcends the genre of "verse drama" completely. For centuries the word "poet" was synonymous with the word "playwright" and I believe this was not only because playwrights wrote in verse, but because the aim of playwriting was consonant with that of poetry. Thousands of volumes have been written about what that aim is, but I think it at least has to do with expressing an emotion or an experience or an understanding of the world in illuminating images; and expressing those images in beautiful, rhythmic, compelling language. An epic poem like "Don Flagrate Delicto" is made up of many smaller poems; some scenes of no more than a quarter of a page in length, read like one act plays, complete within themselves yet "holographically" implying the world of the play; still, the overwhelming impression of the whole is as a single image containing the farm and its inhabitants, the captive audience, the play within the play, the historic moment, and the "cronkin infonervic blitz" of words and ideas.

In "The Death of Don Flagrate Delicto" Kirk Bromley has raided the poet's cupboard. His word-and-rhythm sources go back to Beowulf and the Anglo Saxon riddles, the Church fathers, Medieval Mystery plays, doggerel, 19th Century bombast, the writings of Lincoln and Frederick Douglas, modern poetry, drama, rock-and-roll, hip-hop, rap, and the Beatles. Shakespeare is always an influence in Bromley: a presence, an old enemy, a worthy opponent; though to my ear this is the least Shakespearean Bromley play. The language in this text is dense, daunting, and, for the reader, Bromley has added a layer to the challenge with his spelling experiment.

Q: Will the audience understand it?

A: Does the audience understand "Hamlet" or "Oedipus Rex" or "The Magic Flute" on a first hearing? I think the correct answer is "yes" and "no". The audience for Don Flagrate Delicto will understand the story, understand the exchanges between characters on the simplest level, appreciate the music and dynamism of the language, and be moved by the emotional journeys of the characters. If they come back for a second hearing, they will find more. Those of us who hear

the play every day for many weeks will discover still more. Any real work of art mirrors the infinity of the world.

Q: I'm afraid it all sounds very serious.

A: Yes, that's the problem in talking about a play. This play *is* serious; it can also be hilarious; it can also be deeply disturbing. Magically, it can be serious, hilarious, and disturbing at one time. The trouble with talking about it is that we are still in the realm of Genealogy. To enter the realm of "Gesturology", we have to see a performance, or at least read, the play.