

JENNIE RICHEE,

or: Eating Jalooka Fruit Before its Ripe

--Based on the Life History  
and Art of Henry Darger--

Mac Wellman  
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Third Draft

persons of the play J E N N I E R I C H E E :

HENRY DARGER, in several incarnations, i.e., on his deathbed,  
as various GENERALS and HEROS, as the bumbling PRIVATE,  
and as the aspiring artist, PENROD; the seven

VIVIAN GIRLS, notably

VIOLET, who sings all the songs; various

GLANDELINIAN and

ABBEINIAN officers, flunkeys and factota; and lastly, various

BLENGIGLOMENEAN creatures (or BLENGINS), both in their serpent and  
little girl forms.

~

JENNIE RICHEE has been commissioned by the Ridge Theater, Bob McGrath and Laurie  
Olinder, Co-Artistic Directors, through generous  
grants from the Rockefeller and Greenwall Foundations.

~

All our reasoning comes down to surrendering to feeling.

--

Pascal

APROPOS OF j e n n i e r i c h e e:

This Theater piece is largely based on the personal, highly idiosyncratic work of outsider artist Henry Darger (1892-1973). The author has made extensive use of the many texts Darger employed in his picture making, but also on his own epic LIFE HISTORY (1966-73) and his extensive chronicles of the weather.

The text, thus, consists of a largely collaged attempt to trace some outlines of the development of Darger's remarkable artistic and spiritual achievement. Scenic notes and dialogic elements are often merged, partly to suggest something about the intrinsic seamlessness of Darger's vision (at least as apprehended by this author), and partly to challenge and inspire a certain specificity of scenic, visual, choreographic and musical choices for the production. This procedure follows in the path of the author's HYPATIA, which was staged with remarkable effect by Ridge Theater in their Spring 1999 production with A.R.T. Institute students.

Thus, this text may have something of the appearance of a poem for the theater, which in a sense, is what it is. This should in no way suggest that the author intends anything vague, atmospheric or pretentiously "poetic"; indeed, the presentation laid out in the text is meant to imply a rigorous, minutely-imagined theatrical texture, a texture as meticulously rendered as the magnificent pictures that are, in a sense, its subject.

PART 1: WHAT AM I DOING IN THIS PICTURE begins with a mix of biographical elements, often from text or fragments of Darger's writings, particularly the LIFE HISTORY; PART 2: CARPETS continues the narrative into that of Darger's immense novel, THE REALMS OF THE UNREAL, and we begin to encounter larger sections and whole scenes from his pictorial oeuvre; PART 3: CAVERNS continues this exploration, and leads to a concluding celebration of Darger's achievement and the poignancy of his own end.

Nota Bene: JENNIE RICHELIEU has been conceived by all those involved as a dense and complex multi-media theatrical event; the text presented here, thus, is only one part of the anticipated, final mix of elements. As with any project of this complexity, one or more elements may undergo considerable metamorphosis during the evolution of the piece.

Mac Wellman: 7 August 1999.

#### PART 1: WHAT AM I DOING IN THIS PICTURE?

Whiteness. A cube of  
whiteness. A cylinder rolls to

Reveal the old man a  
young man enters. We found your  
picture's, Henry. We found your  
pictures.

~

He smiles. It's too late.

~

Music. We notice a dark dark cloud an

oval off to the right of the

a girl with  
giant strawberry a girl with  
an umbrella a girl with ram's horns  
all three rush on. Stop

Girl with ram's horns. That is  
going to be a cloudburst. Girl  
with an umbrella. I hope the  
wind won't pull my umbrella out of  
my hands.

A sign appears beneath the third.  
This is not a strawberry she is carrying.

Silence. Pause. Silence.

Someone does something.

We found your pictures, Henry.  
Old man smiles a crinkled smile.

It's too late, he says.

General Henry Jose Dargerius, a hero, appears.

He is speaking in the Brazilian language  
because back in 1905, of a doctor's diagnosis:

Little Henry's heart is not in the right place

River Aronburg Run has its  
source from Lake Zannagustapolier.

River Angelina Run has its source  
from Lake Prostentateneha.

Primmaradia. Primanadia or  
Mangaloo Crater.

~

The Hero speaks. Seven little girls listen.  
They are hidden in this picture. Once,  
not knowing any better I put  
lots of newspaper beside the stove  
near the wall, and set it on fire.

...

When this battle broke out called the battle  
of Silver Bell the blue abyss of the sky  
seemed to have yawned over the world  
more deeply than ever before. The  
Glandelinians at Fortress Silver Bell  
had thought from the usual quietude  
that nothing unusual was going to happen  
but a sudden change touched the beautiful  
scene.

...

The swaying shadow of some vast motion ...

There had been queer sounds far away  
early in the day and then there had seemed  
far to the right in front a whole mountain  
of smoke and debris  
seemed to rise bodily up at the sky,  
the wrinkled horizon line of landscapes not far  
from the christian positions  
seemed lifted to a straight line, the line  
far away darkened and approached ...

a monstrous, immeasurable  
fold of purple motion  
moving

as swift as a cloud shadow pursued by  
sunlight.

~

We  
see  
sky,  
with  
lots

of weather  
in it.

April 30 Saturday 1960. Rain  
from 6 to 11 am. Cloudy  
rest of the day.  
7 to 9 pm 63 degrees. 11 am  
64 degrees. 5 to 6 pm  
40 degrees. Some darn  
drop indeed and this season  
is called Spring? Spring.  
Heavy de horse radish.

Went to mass; no tantrums

The Hero speaks. Plenty of tantrums all day.  
Three morning masses. One afternoon one.  
Life history.

The Vivian girls speak for him. I got it  
good once again from my father  
when he thought from my actions that  
I was going to do it again.  
But I had no intention of doing so.

Everything stops.

Silence. A flower drifts by

Every 4th of July I shot off all  
types of firecracker and never was  
hurt or injured once, I was ever so  
careful.

I was also crazy about making  
bonfires but was so careful. I was  
never scorched, singed or burned. I  
also loved to splash water at pools  
left by rain especially with my hand  
to pretend it was raining but somehow  
I never got wet.

~

Blengins at corners of the sky

(Blengins are the ones with wings).

One thing I must say is that us  
children in those days were  
looked on as beneath the dignity

the worst to think of

of grownups and did not amount  
to much where as to my opinion  
or feeling all grownups, and especially  
all types of strangers, and those I  
did not like were less than the dust  
or mud beneath my feet.

Blengins make the picture:  
Sacred heart; Explosion.

I also had believed that I had read  
in the Holy Bible, that children especially  
all good and innocent ones  
were more important to god  
than the grownups, and that he,  
when on earth as man, Jesus Christ,  
had said that it was better for a man  
or any person of any kind, if  
harming a child, to have millstones

(not feathers)

to be tied around his neck  
and be drowned in the depths of the  
sea.

Someone holds a sign. And not feathers.

Or  
the child guardian angel  
will witness against the person  
who harms a child  
before god who is in heaven

Also in my boyhood days

(I was a little devil, if called "kid")

I had a very queer way of playing  
in the snow,

by motion. All do this. By motion  
of my left hand,

which later on got me into some  
some serious trouble, of which  
I will explain somewhat later.

~

Do you believe it, unlike most children,  
I hated to see the day come when I will be  
a grown up.

I never wanted to.  
I wished to be young always.  
I am grown up now and an  
old lame man, darn it.

WILL THE WORLD EVER KNOW the  
real dimensions of this disaster of the  
war?

which crushed the fighting  
christian forces at Delight's Junction  
and left them broken and most disconsolate  
and discouraged like a wounded dove or  
seagull fluttering on the sandy beach  
of the ocean

...

and the small but beautiful beachy shore  
of the Sunbeam Creek  
or river near Delight's Junction?

That once most beautiful river beach,  
with its long stretches of strangely yet  
unusually white sand, where long before  
the war country children used to come  
and play

....

What in the world had become of it.

Horribly misshapen, unusually  
and strangely distorted, blotched  
beyond comprehension  
and drabbed  
and horribly crimsoned,  
and wreckage and body strewn

it  
spread away to the north and south,  
its ugly scars and shell holes and craters  
made by explosions rendered more hideous  
by the glinting rays of the winter sun.

~

Something is unscrolled. Something partly  
revealed. We hear shapes and voices.

What  
is going on down there, Violet?  
Let's maybe get Mablee Normandy.  
She'll know what to do.  
Have we any proof?  
The camp is over there.  
I would not have thought it. For that  
I would have my wings washed.  
Damn  
those murdering Glandelinian  
soldiers.  
What is going on down there?  
Let's go and see.  
What's the matter?  
Am I seeing things down there?  
You sure are, Joice.  
We will.  
How are we going to find out  
who they are?  
... we should do something  
ANYTHING about this ...  
What do you see my friends,

WOW.  
A sign. Picnic food. They must be able  
to eat.  
I can't just say it, oh, it  
is horrible.  
Where's the camp?  
Over to the rear.  
Let's destroy their camp for this.  
I'm getting out of here.  
How horrible. I'll tell the  
Blengins.

Violet sings:

O, River Aronburg's  
Run runs runs runs  
& has its source from  
Lake Zannagustapolier.

O, River Angelina Run  
Runs & runs & runs  
& has her limpid source  
from Lake Prostentateneha,  
O, O and O.

The hero speaks a prayer.  
Primmaradia. Primanadia or  
Mangaloo Crater.  
Holds up a cup.  
Vanishes.

Weather reports untrue;  
went to mass; no tantrums.

~

General Vivian appears. A wonderful uniform  
other generals, also wonderful uniforms.  
Sunday January 5, 1969. A few bad words at god  
because of an unexpected fall  
at bottom of steps.  
Two masses and communion.  
A few tantrums in the morning

one in afternoon.  
Life history.

General Vivian. It is all on account of that  
Darger and his old picture.

Bitterness fills the room.

I wonder how it could be recovered. He at once  
goes to General Darger's headquarters and  
requests some means for the recovery of the  
picture.

How am I going to recover it your excellency?  
said General Darger sadly. I have tried  
various means, invading the Glandelinian  
Public Libraries, and so on, but without  
success.

As it is fair in war I would have ceased  
(A sign appears: seized)  
the book of newspapers the picture was in,  
but I could not trace it though I examined  
book after book. It was in some date  
of either June 1911 or 1912.

June 1911 or 1912? General Vivian, sharply  
and with ardent suspicion.

I thought you received the picture from her  
waist?

I did but I lost it. I had received another  
in a newspaper that told of the tragedy  
which was also stolen with many others  
I had.

General Phelan, an  
Angelinian traitor, had  
something to do with the murder and  
feared that I would expose him so  
no doubt

?

he stole the picture so no evidence  
could be made against him.

Viviana. Ahem, a traitor hey? Well,  
I'll be bound.  
He must be captured at all costs.  
What Glandelinian army is he in?

A division of Raymond Richmond Federal's army,  
your excellency.  
He goes under the name of Tamerlincia  
but that is not his name at all. He is  
one of the worst men next to  
Thomas and Raymond Richmond Federal.

Could you describe the murder?

Yes, your excellency. I was then a Glandelinian  
child labor boss, but much against my will  
as I was compelled.  
Federal governed all the slave houses  
in Calverina and Phelan was his mayor.  
When the Child Labor Revolution  
broke out  
this little girl was elected a leader  
by the child rebels and  
by her gallantry  
she made rapid progress which  
enraged Phelan  
who got permission from Federal  
to murder her  
  
to murder her in cold blood.

I was witness to the most blood curdling  
crime ever committed in Calverina.

~

Annie Aronburg, habited in her nighties,  
had been probably  
occupying her mind for some time  
by planning for victory  
when the brute  
seized her by the hair

which was loose  
and flourished a razor about her face  
instantly  
he began to choke her,  
tearing her nightie to tatters

then with one sweep of his muscular arm  
he nearly severed her chest open with his razor ...  
I tried my best to stop him  
but a  
struggle with such a  
furious giant was useless and  
he got away after trying to shoot  
me dead.

A Blengin appears. Please return  
this book to its proper owner.  
This means you, Henry D.

The Vivians appear and speak for him.  
Now to go back to my ill nature  
and character. I did not and will  
not bear things going wrong. I  
won't stand for the slightest pain  
anywhere, though most of my  
pains were very severe

and

I want everything

(under any conditions) to

come my way

If things

went wrong

during any kind of work I do,  
I'll say  
I lose my temper terribly  
and

say things the saints and all the angels  
would be ashamed of me for

...

At Jennie Richee ...  
They are lost in the wilderness  
in the dark

I would not have thought  
of it.  
I should have had my wing  
washed.

Back to the dreadful story  
of Annie Aronburg.  
He  
got away after trying to shoot  
me. I called the police,  
secured the picture for special use,  
and went off  
to report the deed to  
Calverian christian committees  
Not long after,  
I lost both pictures,  
one after the other....

I and  
the little girl

had been great friends

and I  
longed for the picture

as a memory of her.

General Viviana, hotly. How then  
is it that the loss of the photographs  
of the plain picture  
also  
is responsible for the situation of this war  
?  
General

Darger. This  
is a mystery your excellency, even to me  
....

Are you a Christian or just serving in my  
army for revenge?  
I'm a perfect Angelinian and nothing  
else and have no love for the enemy  
of my country.

Answered Darger.  
I belong to St Anthony Parish.

Do you pray for the return of the stolen  
picture?

I have offered a petition for its return ...  
I  
have only done this last March,  
however....

Saluting, General Darger withdraws  
with a  
better hope  
than he ever had before.

~

Appearances of the Ghost of Annie Aronburg  
to Darger. Please  
return this book  
to its proper place. This  
means you, Henry D.

Someone does something  
Quietness.

It (the first appearance of the ghost)  
was just  
as  
I reached Jennie's bridge, near Marcusian,  
I was suddenly aware of a

person  
following me.

I had a great dread of the Glandelinian  
soldiery, so

drawing my pistol I suddenly wheeled  
upon my follower;

I beheld the very likeness of the one  
in the picture I had lost:

My name is Annie Aronburg.  
Couldn't you  
for my sake withdraw the curse  
on the christians because of your  
loss?

Being aroused I said.  
Don't talk to me like that,  
and  
attempted to seize her to give her  
a shaking up,  
but no one was there.

As a large tree was standing, just a foot from me  
I quickly ran around it,  
expecting that she had darted behind  
it, but she was not there.  
She was gone!  
My didn't I feel queer.

(The second appearance of the ghost)  
At Phelantonburg  
after being pursued by the  
Glandelinians, and then by the  
Abbiennians who mistook me  
for a Glandelinian soldier  
on account of my gray uniform,  
I escaped  
them both.

Thirty or forty feet from the McHollester River

when  
the same little girl, dressed all  
white with hands outstretched toward  
me pleadingly and  
swaying  
back and forth  
light as a breeze, her  
curly yellow hair looking yet more yellow in the afternoon  
sun

when I came pretty close  
I dismounted

Don't you dare to touch me, you  
friend of the Glandelinians

Screams. You refused my request, and  
and yet by making you  
follow me,  
I saved your life. From where you  
first stood a mine had been  
exploded by your would be friends.

After this occurrence I continued my  
work and though I soon  
forgot about her, I was more  
determined than ever to recover her  
picture,  
or one just like it.

(The Third appearance of the Ghost).

Watching the onslaught of the  
Concentinian calvary.  
Against the Omarians at  
McWhirter Run

I had been riding toward  
McWhirter Run.  
When  
I heard her call me, though  
however

her voice seemed far away and weak.

In  
looking toward the placid waters of the  
river I thought sure

I  
saw the beautiful child in the water  
with

lily pads all around her;

Was it really the child's spirit persistent in her  
request?

My answer. My child, I  
realize now my mistake, in being  
being harsh to you. But I swear  
before god  
that I have one way to  
grant your request, and that I  
will tell you,  
and do,  
if you will reveal to me why  
you appear to me and  
disappear in such  
a  
mysterious  
fashion.

She looks at him.

I told you before who I am I am  
Annie Aronburg. I was cruelly murdered  
by Raymond Richardson Federal  
because I was a leader  
of the rebel children  
who  
rebelled against our  
masters to gain our  
freedom from slavery and misery.

As you was the one  
who  
had secured my picture,

and many other articles  
belonging to me,  
I had trust that as you  
alone  
have the situation of both sides  
in your power,  
I decided to appeal  
to you  
to avenge my assassination,  
or the poor  
Vivian girls

Chorus. The poor Vivian girls  
will  
will have to die for me to save their  
nation and father's armies  
from complete ruin and  
defeat at the hands of their  
Glandelinian enemies.  
You  
refused my request  
until  
I appealed a  
second time, and this  
is the time. If you  
refuse  
this time  
all  
will be lost for the foe will be victorious.

(The fourth appearance of the murdered child).

At Aronburg's Run was the last  
attired as a celestial  
princess, only  
appearing a moment  
  
smiled at me, and then  
  
was gone.  
I haven't seen her since.  
But now I have

joined the christian armies,  
am an officer, and  
have been leading one of the fiercest  
charges  
at Logan Zoe Rae Run....

Quiet, of a sudden.

Someone does something.

Once in school for some kind of cutting up  
a teacher boxed my ears  
and my father had to pay  
the doctor bill for what I  
did to her.

I  
Slashed her on the face and arm  
with my long knife.

I must also say  
when I was aroused  
I was dangerous.  
At least  
when going to school  
after that  
my father would not let me  
take my knife,  
or any other weapon  
with me.

Outside of that it was all right.

But I was expelled from that school  
for doing that yet if I could when  
a boy I would severely revenge  
punishments whether I deserved them  
or not. Some boy once accused me  
of stealing his wagon which I did  
not.

If I would have I really had no  
place to hide it. He hit me on the nose  
with the palm of his hand. For

what I did to him in return he was  
in a hospital for a long time. His parents  
could do nothing against me or make  
my father pay (and) any bill because  
witnesses said and was able to  
prove that he and his gang of  
followers ganged up on me, twelve  
against one.

...

Somebody did steal his wagon, but  
not I. What good could it be to  
have stolen his darn wagon when  
as I wrote before I had no place  
to hide it?

If I had brought it into the house  
my father would find out who it  
belonged to and make me give it  
back. And punish me for stealing  
it. As I had no place to hide it  
I could have fully proved that I  
never took it, but they still would  
not believe me. So I was slammed  
on the nose, and I believe I nearly  
killed him.

I was a very dangerous kid if not  
left alone.

My two losses have been very serious,  
but the loss of the Aronburg picture  
has been the greatest, has  
caused the frightful  
disasters  
during the battles, the torment  
of the Vivian girls, and the  
frightful fury of the great war.  
Went to mass; no tantrums.

Violet,  
Mary,  
Joice,  
Jennie Francio,

Catherine Cecilia,  
Hettie,  
Annie,  
Daisy Gertrude,  
&  
Evangelina Celestina.

Primmaradia. Primanadia or  
Mangaloo Crater.  
A twister called "Sweetie Pie" and the  
terrible harm it did.

Storms distance approach  
Danger in --- squall (tropical)  
The boy and girl are trying to  
awaken little Vivian girl  
princess sound asleep  
while reclining on rock.  
Flowering blossom is called  
Castenallea fruit. Plant  
similar to cantaloupe  
when full. Please  
return this book  
to its proper place.  
This means you, Henry D.

How horrible. I'll tell  
the Blengins. I'll tell  
the Blengins.  
I'll tell the Blengins.

Violet sings:

Perhaps the  
Blengiglomenean serpent  
Perhaps the  
Blengiglomenean creature  
will save the little girl;

Perhaps the Perhaps the  
Blengins will rest;  
The Blengins will play

in the shade.

Perhaps the Grimecian  
Gazoonian, perhaps  
The poisonous Blengin,  
Perhaps the poisonous

Blengiglomenean, a  
very poisonous Blengin  
of Calverina, perhaps the

Perhaps the  
Perhaps the

Will save the little girl and  
rest to play another day;  
The Blengins will play  
in the shade;

or two spangled Blengins,  
or Blengins more strange  
than they;

Blengiglomenean creatures,  
Blengiglomenean serpents;

Perhaps the  
Perhaps the

Or in their little girl form  
with rams' horns  
coiling out of their heads  
their little round head,  
like hyacinthine curls.

Perhaps the  
Perhaps the

~

Vivian girls. They stand there.

With the well-cut and delicately closed

mouth;

which looked as if  
it always had been  
shut upon secrets.

...

And make a sketch of the Vivian girls as  
he imagined they looked, he  
found himself saying  
over and over  
again.

...

Penrod, after some considerable thoughts,  
believed he could make a sketch  
of the faces of the Vivian girls, and  
also their father's, which he  
would show General Greatheart  
that he knew and could at least  
that he  
that could at least recognize  
at least Emperor Vivian.

He rises up.  
He jumps from his cot.  
And  
goes to a small table  
near the window

Draws from his drawer a  
pencil,  
and a tablet of writing paper  
without lines.

Blizzard outside, and the wind was  
occasionally  
blowing great quantities of snow  
against the windowpane,  
and  
the  
blinding snow

sheet outside  
hiding objects for a hundred feet  
made it lighter.

Thirty minutes. The face of Emperor Vivian  
five or six sketches of the Vivian girls.  
Very unsatisfactory.  
Tore them up.

Again and again. Tore them up.  
Tore them up, darn it.

~

...

Silence. Pause. Silence.

...

Darn it.

~

...

The hasty sketching would not matter  
to Penrod  
if he could catch their

...

look ...

but something more important.

Often he got the marked aristocratic  
features or outlines of features, which  
he knew absolutely were not there

Any ordinary persons, who  
have a less pronounced profile  
would have been, to

Penrod's idea,

less and more easy to draw or sketch.

And he did his best  
to recall to his mind  
every detail of them  
which had come so often to his memory  
through its well trained habit

...

Soon, to his relief, he observed that he  
was drawing the likeness to a  
clearer point but gradually.  
And it was not long  
before  
the

Features were clear enough to  
strike him  
surely.

AS WELL DONE.  
and also that of Emperor Vivian

He draws a sigh of satisfaction.

Penrod sighs, does not think  
of putting on his overcoat  
despite the storm outside.

Sees his boy scout approaching

The rattlesnake boy says. This is surely  
a gift from God himself. It is the best gift  
of all. And it proves that it is absolutely  
true that your mind has done good and  
perfect training.

The more you draw, the better you'll be able  
to draw. Do the best you can, and draw

everything you can

~

## PART 2: CARPETS

Saturday January 4, 1969. Plenty of tantrums all  
day three morning masses. One afternoon one.  
Life history.

The Hero appears as Evan, a dashing  
Man.

It is now seen.  
after their many attempts,  
that  
there was an impossibility of ever  
capturing Violet and her sisters alive  
as long as  
Evans was with them.

A moment of puzzlement;  
brief tantrum.

~

Six carpets, all neatly rolled up.

Pause.

Silence.

Pause.

The carpets go on being carpets.

~

Once, however, the little girls had been  
captured,  
and though  
unsuccessful in escaping twice  
They finally succeeded

a third time:

The Glandelinians, who had made prisoners  
of us,  
at Phelantonburg Run,  
had ordered us to roll up six rugs  
so that  
the soldiers could take them out.

Looking closely at the rugs  
we believed  
that  
we immediately saw our chance to get  
away  
by rolling up the rugs in a way  
to leave a good sized hollow in the roll,  
in which each one of us could hide.

(Plate 1)

But the rugs being heavy ones,  
was increased immensely by the weight  
of I  
and my sisters,  
so that the Glandelinians  
who were to take the rugs out  
had all they could do  
to carry them  
with us in them ...

...

The man carrying the rug I  
was concealed in  
slipped  
at the head of the stairway  
and he fell  
the rug  
suddenly  
unrolled  
precipitating  
me  
down the  
stairs

so violently  
that  
though  
fortunately  
I was not  
hurt,  
nevertheless....

Something quiet happens.

Pause. Silence. Pause.

A Blengin examines her  
wing. I should have had my wing

washed. Another.  
They always do that.

Saturday January 28 to Thursday September 11 the  
long siege of illness from the leg and left  
hip from being bumped by an auto  
whose driver  
turned the  
corner without  
stopping at  
Stop sign. Stopped.  
What will it be?

...

Nevertheless the  
precipitation  
of my quick flight  
down the  
stairs  
backwards  
and every  
form  
of rolling  
made me  
see it  
seemed a  
thrillion

stars and  
planets  
of all colors.

I  
literally went  
down  
most of the  
way  
head first  
and the  
Glandelinians  
carrying the  
other  
heavier  
rugs suspected  
the cause  
of their great  
weight  
when they saw  
me go down  
those steps  
in such a  
hurry.

And my sisters were at once seized.

The officer at the lower room.  
Trying to escape eh? You little brat  
Well you just come right down to  
the first floor where we can watch  
you.

They watch her.

Silence.

Pause.

Silence.

...

Bad fall, pain in head, aggrieved.  
Say, Colonel Frank Francis, do you  
think anyone could come down  
any faster than I did?

I  
and my sisters  
were brought down into the  
officers' quarters,  
and  
one of the soldiers told  
of our attempts to escape, and  
how  
one of us  
had been accidentally  
dumped  
down the steps  
by Private Henry Darger,  
who was carrying the rug

!

...

Who was carrying the rug  
concealing me.

A rug unrolls. Unscrolls. Reveals

A picture. Psst.

Don't worry. We Blengins  
will help you escape.

The officers laugh at Private Henry  
Darger.  
Little girls will do any thing  
to escape.

I guess you would, says Evans.  
Your daring escapes, and attempts  
to escape, have made my hair raise on  
end  
at times. What you

little girls do  
would make me shiver with fright.

Music. We notice a dark dark cloud an oval  
off to the right of the

~

At Jennie Richee  
During full fury of the storm they escape

~

At Jennie Richee  
Storm distance approach  
Danger in --- squall (tropical)  
The boy and girls are trying  
to awaken little Vivian girl  
princess sound asleep  
while reclining on rock.  
Flowering blossom is called  
Castanallea fruit. Plant  
similar to cantaloupe  
when full

~

At Jennie Richee  
Out in the open they view the approaching  
storm (Blengins are the ones with horns).

~

At Jennie Richee  
They have the suspicion of bad tropical storm  
approaching

~

At Jennie Richee  
Racing through a field of gigantic flowers  
to seek shelter as the storm renews.

~

At Jennie Richee

They mingle with the child prisoners in the absence of guards they overcome to get them to quit work and follow them next morning.

~

At Jennie Richee

Next morning child prisoners flee across Aronburg Run River. Little vivians on bank right of picture try to get them to turn back before running into trap.

~

At Jennie Richee

Harassed by unseen foe as storm approaches terrified kids hide behind bushes while the little Vivians defiant by remaining in the open.

~

At Jennie Richee

Cross river by swimming and beats escaping pursuers. Land on North side and notice height of tropical plants.

~

Burning the crazy images tossed in all(Plate 13) directions by the explosion. Boy hit on the head by one of them is doctored in next picture.

~

Let's take him to a doctor. That thing(Plate 14) hit him hard.  
This is not a surprise.

Not playing. This is the real thing.  
He is a midget doctor.  
We can burn those  
crazy images over  
there.  
Sign. Picture no two from  
other side.

~

At Calmanrina  
Almost engulfed by opposing soldiers of both  
sides during hand to hand fight they succeed in  
escaping by climbing a tall tree in the  
region of battle.

~

At Jennie Richee  
All are seized by pursuing Gandelinian soldiers  
three hours later.

~

At Jennie Richee  
They are seized by Gandelinians with  
dogs.  
Gandelinians. There they go.  
Vivians. I once hit General Manley with a stone and I am  
afraid of the enemy ever since.  
What or who is after you that scares  
you so?  
I do not know what is the matter. She  
was running like mad every time I see  
her and one looks so scared and yet  
angry.  
Hurry everyone. Don't stand there talking.  
They're coming very fast with dogs.

~

See my wing? What if I tapped you(Plate 20)

with it? I could have injured you  
badly. You done wisely to stop. I  
saw you always running like crazy.  
Will you explain why? Anyone after  
you?

~

Who owns this? (A birdhouse)(Plate 21)  
Aw don't be such a little mouse and  
put your hands around from your  
face. Nothing will happen to you.  
You said a mouthful.  
I second the motion.

~

Yeah, darn it.(Plate 22)  
What is going on down there, Nancy?\*

Let's maybe get Mablee Normandy. She'll  
know what to do.  
Some kids have been cut over there.  
Have any proof?  
This is the knife they used.  
The camp is over there.  
Make them who done it give up to us  
or destroy them all.  
\*Glandelinian soldiers committed a total  
murder of children.  
They always do that.  
And how.  
I feel something's happened.  
I would not og it. For that I would have  
my wings washed.  
Damn those murdering Glandelinian solders.  
What's wrong?  
Call that all fair in war? That's first degree  
murder. It's cruel. Look what I'm holding  
(A severed head) and this is no image but the head  
of a real child.  
I wish I had those gray-coated devils who did  
that. I'd pray they are baseballs and my  
wings are baseball bats.

I feel like a baby to know those murderous Glandelinians  
could do that.

Do the same to them.

What is going on down there?

Let's go and see.

What's the matter?

What do you see, my friends? Wow.

What's the matter?

Am I seeing things down there?

You sure are, Nancy.

(Picnic food. They must be able to eat.)

I just can't say it, oh, it is horrible.

Where's the camp?

Over to the rear.

Let's destroy their camp for this.

We will.

How are we going to find out who they are?

Couldn't we do something about this?

I'm getting out of here.

How horrible. I'll tell the Blengins.\*

Sure? What do you think?

What do you think when the Glendalinians  
do this to innocent kids?

A cloaked man.

Primmaradia. Primanadia or

Mangaloo Crater.

How horrible. I'll tell the Blengins.

I'll tell the Blengins.

I'll tell the Blengins.

I'll tell the Blengins.

Violet sings:

O, River Aronburg's  
Run runs runs runs  
& has its source from  
Lake Zannagustapolier.

O, River Angelina Run  
Runs & runs & runs  
& has her limpid source

from Lake Prostentateneha  
O, O and O

~

### PART 3: CAVERNS

Lost in a cavern

darkness visible.

An old man. coughing, shuffles about.

Pause. Silence. Pause.

If I had known at the time  
of the cause  
of my being sent to that  
childrens nuthouse I surely would have  
never forgiven  
those at the  
Mercy of Our Lady Home  
and would have  
revenged it the very first  
chance I had.

I a feeble-minded kid!

I knew more than the whole shebang  
in that place

I was then called crazy.  
I had I believe more brains than all  
combined. None of them I found  
ever even knew geography or  
history. I did. My spelling, figures,  
and reading and writing was more  
excellent than theirs.  
My finding it out there are many  
cities in this country and the old world  
they could not spell or pronounce

I could  
Berlin and Dresden are still the most  
beautiful cities in the world.  
Berlin is the largest next to London and  
New York City  
February 20 Friday 1970 Same from 1969  
Till now. Many days of bad tember same  
work daily mass communion and walks  
eating Jalooka fruit before its ripe.

~

Primmaradia. Primanadia or  
Mangaloo cater.

Heavy de horse radish.

He hums a song.

As I said before I received admonition  
from Sister Rose because of my

...

enforced left handedness, until  
I could prove it was impossible  
with my right hand.

Once

In searching for something that  
got lost from me  
in a very dark place,  
an  
enclosure of the out exit  
on the ground floor  
behind the dining room,

by which you go outside  
by the rear

I scared some young woman  
(she was cowardly and timid anyhow)  
out of her wits accidentally.

When Sister Rose heard of it  
by someone telling her she scolded me  
good, and said she believed that  
I am really crazy.

Silence.

Pause.

Silence.

Brief flash of a solitary Blengin washing  
her wing.

Somewhere someone does something.

While working at St Joseph Hospital  
and then at the Alexian Hospital I  
got on me a very mean streak  
because of prayers not being answered  
and a question over snow.

Before this happened I was a  
daily attendant at Mass and Holy  
Communion.

Then foolishly and very sinfully  
I stopped going to Mass and Holy  
Communion and when work  
was unusually heavy  
at both places I badly sang awfully  
blasphemous words at God for hours  
without stopping  
I am surprised that for the words  
I sang God did not strike me.  
But no he did not.

I believe he knew

...

there was a time coming  
when I would wisely change my  
ways.

It did happen. It was while  
I was working in the  
bandage room.

Up there were days  
when the work was so scarce that  
I almost had nothing to do.

In some sort of a magazine  
I read of a young fellow  
who  
when losing his fortune he  
turned bandit and robbed  
and killed at will.

He was betrayed by false women  
friends arrested and being found  
guilty at his trial was condemned  
to be hanged.

When he died he went to hell and  
was tormented horribly by fiends.

There was not only descriptions  
of the story but as many pictures.  
The pictures of his torments in the  
fires of hell, and by the demons  
scared me into repentance  
and I stayed good and after  
confession have been going to  
daily Mass and confession frequently  
and also Holy Communion ever since.

~

Guard those timid kids from any(Plate 23)  
more danger. Those prisoners

might escape again.  
The trial is delayed. Too bad.

~

Awful slow getting the trial started.(Plate 24)

~

At Jennie Richee  
Two days later captured again

~

Hurry with those darn kid(Plate 26)  
prisoners. Into the stockade.  
What's keeping you, Mike?  
Hurry please  
63 kids listed here who and  
what 9 kids are nuded and  
why.  
Child slaves maybe.  
What's your hurry?  
Hold your horses [Mike

~

The trial [Sign](Plate 27)  
will begin [Sign]  
in three minutes [Sign]  
... afraid of ...  
What's wrong now?

~

Here. Put this on scardy.(Plate 28)  
Scardy? Don't make fun  
of me.  
At Jennie Richee  
Who does this belong to?  
I would not want to be in  
their place [Sign]  
Their trial begins at two

o'clock [Sign]  
They will plead not  
guilty [Sign]

~

Hard pressed during attack by  
pursuing enemy they become  
lost in cavern of volcanic  
Mount Soutuumia ... or  
Primarradia or Primanadia or  
Mangaloo cater.

~

January 1 1971 and also 1st of February  
1971. From Friday 1970 till Monday  
1971. Everything I did was the same.  
Including writing a fictional story of  
a huge huge twister called "Sweetie Pie"  
and the unbelievable horror it did.

...

From February 1971 to December 1971  
Not much history until October when  
I had an eye operation of the left one  
because of a serious infection and was  
in bed and unstill a little before Christmas  
because I couldn't because of an  
unusual eye covering for protection  
placed by the doctor. I had a poor a  
very poor nothing like Christmas.  
Never had a good Christmas all my life  
nor a good new good new year and  
now reviewing it I am very bitter but  
... not resentful as I feel I should ...

I do wish I could be back  
working there again.  
To make matters worse I am an artist  
and

cannot hardly stand on  
my feet because of  
my knee to paint on the  
top of the long picture.

Went to mass; no tantrums.

!

...

Now I am walking the streets and  
again going to Mass as usual what  
will it be for New Years 1972 1972  
God only knows this year was a  
very bad one Hope not to repeat  
if so ---

New Year's Resolution: I'll do the same  
next year as I did this year  
and that is final.

January 1 1972 --- to January 1973  
What will it be?

Violet sings:

O, River Aronburg's  
Run runs runs runs  
& has its source from  
Lake Zannagustapolier.

O, River Angelina Run  
Runs & runs & runs  
& has her limpid source  
from Lake Prostantieneha  
O, O and O.

~

Primmaradia. Primanadia or  
Mangaloo Crater.

~

At Jennie Richee  
Hard pressed during storm by pursuing  
enemy they become lost in cavern of  
volcanic Mt Soutuumnia.

~

A picture.  
The Way Out.

~

Another.  
Three fairy-winged Tuskerhorians.

~

Another.  
Young Striped Blengin.

~

Another.  
They admire the beauty of Tropical nimbus  
clouds.

~

Another two pictures.  
Gazook; and Grimecian Gazoonian.

~

Another.  
Lost in volcanic caverns.

~

And another.  
Odalisque; In the garden.

~

A Jennie.  
A nouveau, la fuite.

Silence.

Pause.

Silence.

~

Another picture.  
Sacred Heart; Explosion.

~

Another.  
Everything is alright.

~

Another.  
Flowers and girls in polka-dot dresses.

~

A last picture.  
The Blengins play under shelter.

~

Violet sings:

At Jennie Richee  
What if I tapped  
you with my wing?  
What if I hurt  
you badly, sadly?  
Who would help you?  
Who would help you

escape the trap?  
What will it be?  
What will it be?  
O, it all would  
end badly, sadly  
at Jennie Richee  
What will it be?  
What will it be?

Someone does something.

(Millstones, not feathers).

Silence. Pause. Silence.

End of play.