

**THE  
AMERICANS**

by

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## CHARACTERS

GASTON	head waiter
HARVEY	young waiter
STARLET	starlet
PRODUCER	producer
TONY	ex football player
PENNY	teenager
MUMS	her mother
BEGGERMAN 1	(Jomo Keyattawana)
BEGGERMAN 2	(Mohammad Ali)
BEGGERMAN 3	(Red Pony)
BEGGERMAN 5	(Viet Cong)
MECHANICAL VOICE (FEMALE)	
MECHANICAL VOICE (MALE)	

The scene is a cafe terrace, in the underdeveloped town of Puerto Charlie.

## THE AMERICANS

Act 1 - The Cafe terrace - dusk

HARVEY and GASTON are beside the cafe doors in postures which suggest they are waiting for customers to arrive, but might not move if they did. Neither is watching a small television set upon whose screen there plays, an old American film, (perhaps one starring Charles Boyer); the film will run for the whole scene. There is also an old-fashioned radio, somewhere, from which for a time the MECHANICAL WOMAN and MAN'S VOICES seem to issue; no character pays these voices any attention. The waiters wear traditional black clothing - pressed in HARVEY's case, rumpled in GASTON's. From GASTON's lips there always dangles a cigarette; HARVEY tries it with a toothpick. GASTON and HARVEY are Negroes. GASTON is a black man, HARVEY is a light brown boy. Both are aware of the theatre audience and relate to it in accordance with their characters - familiarly, almost contemptuously, in GASTON's case; timidly, obliquely in HARVEY's.

The white American cafe-sitters are in stereotype; the women will sport oversize zany sunglasses and the men, grotesque expensive cameras, during the scenes of their initial entrance.

Two sets of heartbeats, one light and one ponderous, announce the first Americans.

STARLET: (OFF) Oh, Daddy-um-um! Are we nearly to Rome? I can't wait to reach Rome!

PRODUCER: Listen, Sweetie-tum-tum! It won't be long. They call this dump Puerto Charlie. Puerto Charlie can't be far from Rome. . . .

HARVEY turns on the radio and a corny Italian song (such as "O Solo Mio") begins to play as upon an old Phonograph. After the song's first phrases, kettledrums sound (OFF) and the BEGGERMAN's chant begins (OFF). The radio plays the same song on and on, after the chant ends.

BEGGERMAN: (OFF) Money! Sugar! Jobs! Guns! (Solo) American assistance, shit!

Money!! Sugar!! Jobs!! Guns!! (Solo:) American tourism, shit!

Money!!! Sugar!!! Jobs!!! Guns!!! (Solo) American capitalism, shit!

Money. Sugar. Jobs! Guns! (Solo:) American flag and freedom, shit!

HARVEY: The people are restless, Gaston.

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GASTON: They need to be freed of their chains.

HARVEY: If they come tonight, will I have something to serve them?

GASTON: Serve them?

HARVEY: (sighs) No money. No sugar. No jobs. No guns. No American assistance, even.

GASTON: If some tourists come this way . . . (shrugs)

HARVEY: Tourists? I can't remember when some tourists came this way! Can you remem . . . . . ?

GASTON: Some tourists . . . could come this way . . .

HARVEY: (observing GASTON sharply) Have you been tuning-in Gaston? Without letting me know? (seeing Gaston smile) Why is it I have the same equal rights as <sup>you</sup> yet I never . . .

GASTON: Rights are different from privileges and duties, Harvey. As Negro of the Week, it's my privilege and duty to . . .

HARVEY: Gaston! Not again! You've been Negro of the Week every week since the Revolution began. (discarding his toothpick) Anyway, if some tourists did come this way . . . I don't have anything to serve them . . . . .

GASTON: Quit worrying! (he lights a new cigarette with his old one) (HARVEY puts a new toothpick in his mouth)

*The kettledrums sound again*

HARVEY: I wonder if they'll molest us.

GASTON: When they rise up?

HARVEY: You think they'll molest us?

GASTON: Why should they? We're like them. Black brothers.

HARVEY: We have a job.

HARVEY: They'll have a job!

*The kettledrums sound and the BEGGERMAN's lament is chanted again*

HARVEY: There they go again. It makes my skin crawl! What if they turn on us, Gaston? I wish we had something to serve them!

GASTON: Don't worry!

HARVEY: They're going to rise up!

GASTON: Not tonight.

HARVEY: But what <sup>if</sup> ~~if~~?

GASTON: (flipping off his cigarette, saluting the audience obscenely, and exiting inside cafe) We'll serve them some Americans . . . . .

*(The corny Italian song stops) (The two sets of heartbeats sound)*

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HARVEY: What?! Gaston?! What did he say?! Come back! *(he thinks)* It would be against all the rules. *(he frowns at the audience)* Besides, we don't . . . have . . . some Americans . . .

*Enter from their seats in the audience, loudly, arm in arm, a fat middle-aged American PRODUCER, white; and a juicy young American STARLET, white. The corny Italian song begins again from where it left off.*

PRODUCER: And so I told them "Boys! Hang the expense!" Miss Destiny Desire is the most valuable little hunk of property, Metro, Gold & Meyer ever put their hands on. She's going to outshine, out-sweet-talk, out-sex-satisfy — (and out cash-register, heh, heh, at the old Box Office, heh, heh) every other little hunk of property Metro, Gold & Meyer ever put their hands on! From Shirley Dimple to Ursula Undress. From New Orleans to Spokane. From the lonesome prairie to . . . so, anyway, just hang the expense. If Sweetie-tum-tum got it into her little head that she should see Rome, then Rome it's going to be, only . . . Well, Well, Sweetie-tum-tum, believe me, we'd be honey-mooning in Rome right now, sitting ourselves down, right now, at some little cafe on the Via Veneto, right now, you and me, yessiree — if that lousy agency hadn't fouled me up this way, hadn't gone and booked us on the wrong plane this way, on a plane to Puerto Charlie, instead of a plane to Rome, sweetie? . . . heh heh . . . Sweetie-tum-tum? Sahay! . . . *(discovering the cafe)* Lookie here! *(leading her to table)* Well, just between you and me, Sweetie-tum-tum, I wasn't so sure we'd find it. I wasn't so sure there was a cafe in this here dump Puerto Charlie . . . *(collapsing into a chair)* Wwsheww, I'm hot! Sweetie-tum-tum, aren't you hot? *(he looks at the audience)* I'm tired too. The old dogs are tired too. I don't mind to sit down. You want to sit down? *(he fans himself, slowly, with his hat, still looking into the audience)* . . . *(The corny Italian song fades out)*

STARLET: Is this a cafe? This is a funny cafe. There aren't any people sitting at this cafe. Are you sure this is a cafe? *(She sits, crosses her legs, removes a shoe, rubs a corn, looks at television)*

*The two heartbeats sound. There is a loud sputtering while a sound system comes on; no character pays this any attention, although it causes HARVEY to fiddle with the radio's knobs. A MECHANICAL WOMAN'S VOICE is heard.*

MECH. WOM. VCE.: *(Must be read swiftly, with obvious commerciality).* How To Save Your Skin Part C. Aberrations. Number 1 Corns. Corns are callused bumps . . . *(The sound system sputters.)* bumps on the toes rubbed to a painful maturity by contact with shoes. They easily can be pared or removed by a doctor, but the cure will not be total . . . *(sputter)* the cure will not be total until the offending shoes are replaced. Sometimes, toes are arrayed in such a fasion that corns chronically reoccur with almost any shoes. The best treatment for the condition is . . . *(sputter)* is . . . *(sputter)* . . . is, alas . . . *(sputter)* . . . impractical: be a barefoot girl *(the voice and sound system sputter out).*

PRODUCER: What, Sweetie-tum-tum? Sure? Sure, I'm sure! Doesn't it say it's a cafe?! 'Course it's a cafe! Don't you think I know a cafe when I see a cafe? This is a Goddam cafe! Listen, Sweetie-tum-tum! I've been around! From New Orleans to Spok . . . (he stops his own words, puts his hand on STARLET's thigh, and looks at the television.) (His heartbeat sounds)

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MECH. WOM. VCE.: (The sound sputters on) Hives. Number 2. Part C. Aberrations. How to Save Your Skin. Hives. Hives . . . are skin eruptions that sometimes ache . . . (sputter) . . . ache . . . (sputter) . . . ache, often itch and always annoy. They generally are caused by a hypersensitivity to certain agents. (sputter) . . . to certain agents which normally should produce no adverse effect. They occasionally are pushed to the surface by a deep-seated emotional problem . . . "weeping with the skin" is what some doctors call it. Hives should . . . (sputter) should . . . (sputter) never be scratched. Scratching may pacify inflamed skin for the moment . . . but only for the moment. Hives can be relieved by taking anti-histamines orally and applying calamine lotion locally, always under your doctor's care. They can be avoided by avoiding contact with the agents that irritate . . . (sputters) . . . the agents that irritate . . . (sputters) the agents that irritate . . .

STARLET: (scratching her thigh when PRODUCER removes his hand from it.) I've never heard of a cafe, Daddy-um-um, that wasn't full of people. Eating and drinking everything. Cafes are full of people . . . aren't they? Eating and drinking . . . everything? (she looks around the cafe in confusion) (Her heartbeat sounds)

PRODUCER: (looking around cafe) Don't worry. It's probably not the right time of day. For eating and drinking here. Different cafes, Sweetie-tum-tum, have different times, for eating and drinking, there. (he looks at his wrist watch, stares, shakes it, stares at it again, looks at STARLET) Er . . . Pretty soon, this cafe will be full of people . . . eating and drinking everything . . . (the kettledrums sound, distantly (he turns, finds HARVEY, snaps his fingers with fresh authority) Say, waiter!

STARLET: Waiter?

PRODUCER: Waiter!

STARLET: Waiter!

PRODUCER: Hey waiter! Can't you hear me calling you?!

HARVEY: (approaching them, nervously) Monsieur-dame?

STARLET: (caressing HARVEY's sleeve with her hand) Look at the waiter, Daddy-um-um! (HARVEY stares at her tits.)

PRODUCER: Don't touch the Negro waiter, Sweetie-tum-tum! You're not supposed to touch the Negro waiter. (he removes her hand from HARVEY's sleeve; HARVEY removes his eyes to the television screen) Waiter? Boy? Where's your menu? I would like to see your menu (Producer's heartbeat sounds.)

menu

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MECH. WOM. VCE.: Moles. Number 3. Part 3. Aberrations. How to Save Your Skin. Number 3. Moles. Moles are congenital blemishes passed down from generation to generation, and almost everyone has a generous inheritance of them. They may be small or large, flat or elevated, dark or unpigmented, hairy or not. Most moles are not contagious . . . (sputter) contagious, but one should keep a watchful eye on them.

STARLET: (scratching her thigh where PRODUCER's hand had been) Daddy-um-um, I touched him, being glad. I was glad to find him here.

HARVEY: I should be glad to show you our menu, monsieur. (he exits inside the cafe before PRODUCER can stop him)

PRODUCER: Hold your horses, will you? I was going to order us a drink first and then take a look at your men . . . u . . . aw . . .

STARLET: (looking into audience) Are you sure this is a cafe, Daddy-um-um? I don't think it is a cafe. It isn't full of people eating and drinking everything.

PRODUCER: What's the matter with you? Didn't you just go and see and touch a Negro boy waiter? Negro boy waiters don't grow on trees! They come with cafes! Of course, this is a cafe. It's a hell of a cafe! It's the hottest cafe I ever sat at . . . (he fans himself and looks at television screen) (his heartbeat sounds)

MECH. WOM. VCE.: (the sound system sputters on) Underarm perspiration. Part B. How To Save Your Skin. Underarm Perspiration . . . is a problem familiar to all, but surprisingly, the sweat glands per se are not to blame. The apocrine glands are. They surround the sweat glands in the underarm, and beginning with puberty . . . (the sound system sputters) . . . beginning with puberty secrete a fluid which among other things can-cause odor and wreck havoc . . . (the sound system sputters) wreck havoc . . . and wreck havoc on delicate fabrics. Fortunately, their secretion can . . . (sound system sputters off)

break/wreck  
wreck

STARLET: (looking around cafe) I'm just not sure this is a cafe . . . (she scratches her thigh, recrosses her legs, removes her other shoe, and rubs a new corn)

*The kettledrums sound distantly, and there comes the distant chant of the BEGGERMAN's lament. STARLET and PRODUCER tremble during the drumming and chanting: when these are done, however, they are as before.*

PRODUCER: (as before looking at television) It's the hottest cafe I ever sat at . . . . (he fans himself and watches TV)

STARLET: (as before, looking at cafe doors) I'm just not sure this is a cafe . . . . (she rubs the new corn and watches TV)

HARVEY and GASTON enter from the cafe and lounge on either side of doorway as at opening of the play.

HARVEY: It's good to have some tourists, Gaston.

GASTON: Didn't I tell you some tourists could come this way?

*The kettledrums sound closer and there comes the chanting of the BEGGERMAN's lament.*

HARVEY: Did you hear? The beggerman sound so near . . . .

GASTON: (flicking away his cigarette, handing HARVEY some menus) Quit worrying. (exiting inside cafe) I told you if they come, we'll serve them some Americans . . . .

*Kettledrums sound, nearer.*

HARVEY: Gaston, you must be mad! (he considers the two Americans) We can't serve them . . . some Americans. (he rushes to the Americans' table and shoos at them with his towel) Monsieur-dame! Go away! Monsieur!dame! Go home! (but then he folds his towel, lays it neatly over his arm, and offers each a menu) Monsieur? Madame?

STARLET: (caressing her cheek against HARVEY's sleeve) Oooh! Daddy-um-um! Our waiter!

PRODUCER: (snatching both menus from HARVEY's hands) 'S about time! Waiter, hang it all! Where've you been? (he thrusts menu at STARLET) I'm dying of thirst! don't you see . . . I'm . . . dying . . . of . . . thirst. (his eyes rivet on HARVEY's face)

HARVEY: (*staring pop-eyed at STARLET's tits*) Monsieu-dame! Forgive me! I didn't mean you should go way! All I meant was to say (*he takes his eyes from STARLET's tits and turns them straight-up into the sky*) (*The chant and drums of the BEGGERMAN punctuate his speech*) (*there are strains from the Red Army Marching Song*) Messieurs et Mesdames! Nobel Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, as the case may be, Welcome to Puerto Charlie. During your stay, you will see many interesting thing, like picturesque cafes, serving waiters and native townspeople. It is hoped you enjoy these to the uttermost, and will not hesitate to spend many happy hours and dollars at the new improved rate of exchange. As you know, Puerto Charlie has been a benefactor of American aid and Assistance programs and, as such has traditionally claimed to be anti-communistic, anti-heathenistic, anti-war, and so on. At the same time, however, Puerto Charlie reserves the right and duty to determine itself according to the eternal principles laid down by the newest and latest revolutionary regime; and so while being pleased to welcome and lend you assurances, Messieurs et Mesdames, that your property and person will not get unduly exploited during your stay in our picturesque town, please observe all ordinances and rules posted for your ready access. Pay attention that alcoholic and soft beverages, food, sex, and other enjoyments should be obtained only through your friendly waiter . . .

STARLET: (*unbuttoning her shirt*) (*Examining the menu closely*) Mnn.Mnn. Mnn. Is the menu just the same? In Puerto Charlie and in Rome? Daddy-um-um?

PRODUCER: (*his eyes move to the menu, then are drawn to STARLET's tits*) Mnn. Mnn. They may call this dump Puerto Charlie, Miss Destiny Desire, . . . but we're getting close to Rome . . . (*he leers at her tits*) (*her heartbeat sounds*)

MECH. WOM. VCE.: Superfluous hair. Number 2. Common skin Problems. Part B. How To Save Your Skin. Number 2. Superfluous hair is a matter of cultural conditioning. What may be considered only adequate hair growth by one society may be termed unnecessary by another. Many European women, believe in letting nature take its course with hair on arms and legs, and in parts . . . (*sputter*) . . . and in parts . . . (*sputter*) . . . and in parts . . . of Italy, the faintest trace of a mustache is sometimes considered a mark of beauty . . . (*sputter*) . . . a mark of beauty. However, most . . . (*sputter*) . . . (*a silence; then:*) A depilatory or razor will cut off hair at skin level. A wax or tweezers will pull it out by the roots. Each . . . (*the sound system goes silent*)

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TONY enters in a bound from a wing. A corny Mexican Song begins. Tony wears tight basketball trunks, a tight football player's jersey and shoes, sunglasses, and carries a football in one hand. Catching STARLET's eye, he runs through a warm-up repertoire of exercises, spurts, leaps, dashes, etc. which are bearish yet graceful. STARLET's eyes follow him over the menu.

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STARLET: (stroking her hair, sensuously, and crossing and recrossing her legs) (hotly regarding TONY above her menu) I don't see some pasta fazoo. Daddy-um-um! Do you see some pasta fazoo?

PRODUCER: (dropping his menu to the ground, bending to examine STARLET's knees, beneath the table) Nnn. Nnn. Nnnnnnn. Grr. Naw, Sweetie-tum-tum! I think pasta fazoo's for sissies! A he-man takes to meat! Nnnn. Grr! Nnnnnn . . . . .

HARVEY: (as before, staring straight up to the sky) We're out of that! No, no more of that! Monsieur, no! Madame, no . . . . Not one bit. I'm absolutely sure. Do you think you are in ROME?! No! No! No! . . . . . (he lowers gaze, sees TONY, glares at him as TONY enters upon an exercise-dance. The MECHANICAL MAN's VOICE comes on.

Yes or No?

MECH. MAN'S VCE.: The torso. Three. Masses and markings. Three . . . (sputters) . . . and markings. From the rear the mass of the torso presents a great wedge . . . (sputters) . . . a great wedge, with apex downward, marked by a complex of lesser wedges and diamonds, and the shoulder blades. The profile of the sides presents a wide incomplete wedge, whose lines if prolonged would form an apex well below . . . (sputters) well below the buttocks. The surface proper of the back presents a great wedge, with base at the corners of the shoulders, with apex driven . . . (sputters) . . . driven between the buttocks, buttressed on each side by the lateral masses of waist muscle. With the addition of the neck, this becomes a diamond, with a very blunt . . . (sputters out)

PRODUCER: (getting down from his chair upon his hands and knees, he nibbles at STARLET's knees) Grr. Nnn. Grr?

STARLET: (hotly regarding TONY above her menu and sensuously stroking her hair) Unnn. Unnn. Pasta Fazoo! Unnn. Unnn. Pasta fazoo. (she clasps her knees together upon PRODUCER's face, forcing him down to her toes) Pasta fazoo . . . ?

yes

HARVEY: (as before) Yes, y<sup>e</sup>s! I can have another look! (he lowers his gaze to STARLET) But I assure you, Monsieur-dame, we haven't served a piece of that since the Revolution began. You know about our revolution? (He glares at TONY and EXITS inside cafe. Tony does another exercise dance).

MECH. MAN'S VCE.: Bones, Ligaments. And muscles. Bones constitute the pressure system of the body. In them are expressed, therefore, laws of architecture, as in the dome of the head . . . (sputters) . . . dome of the head, the arches of the foot, the pillars of the legs, and so forth . . . (sputters) and so forth; and laws of mechanics, such as the hinges of the elbows, the levers of the limbs, and so forth.

(TONY pauses briefly, to make sure STARLET is watching, then does another exercise-dance.)

MECH. MAN'S VCE.: Muscles constitute the contractile or power system; they produce action by their contraction or shortening. In contraction they are lifted and bulged . . . (sputters) . . . lifted and bulged while in their relaxed state they are flabby and soft. Muscles, attached to and acting on the bony and ligamentous system, constitute the motion system. In the muscles are expressed, therefore, the law of dynamics and of power. For instance, there must be a corresponding muscle pulling in the opposite direction . . . (sputters) . . . for instance, for every muscle pulling in one direction . . .

STARLET: (as before) Ummmm. Ummmm. Osso bucco? Ummm. Ummm. Osso bucco! (she sets PRODUCER back on his heels with a kick in the jaw) Or some pasto fazoo . . . . .

PRODUCER: Ungk! (STARLET watches breathlessly as TONY concludes and sits down in PRODUCER's chair. He holds the football in his lap. They stare into each other's eyes for a painfully long time. STARLET breaks, averts gaze of PRODUCER, beneath table, lets her hands crawl up TONY's chest to greet his shoulders. She massages TONY's great shoulders.

TONY: Look at me!

STARLET: I . . . . . (She looks into his eyes, drops hands into her lap; their eyes envelope each other's; it makes STARLET squirm; her hands crawl up onto his chest again and then onto his great shoulders) Oooooohhh . . . . .

TONY: I know how you must feel. (letting him massage her great shoulders). It's bigger than both of us. (he smiles, looks into audience). They're bigger than both of us.

STARLET: Oh, Tony! (She takes his hands and puts them on her breasts; she replaces her hands on his great shoulders. Why did you ever follow me here?!

TONY: (squeezing her breasts) I heard you only married him for his money! Haw! (squeezing her breasts)

STARLET: Oh, Tony! (massaging his shoulders)

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(The BEGGERMAN's drums and chants sound much closer. Some BEGGERMEN bob up and down among audience or ON and OFF at wings. They simmer down as the MECH. Wmn. VCE. comes on.

MECH. WOM. VCE.: The Skin . . . (sputters) . . . Introduction. How To Save Your Skin. Introduction. The skin can be an early warning system . . . (sputters) . . . an early warning system for internal disorder. A blueish tinge to the lips may indicate a heart ailment. (TONY's heartbeat sounds) A rash may be caused by an allergy or contagious disease. (STARLET's heartbeat sounds) Itching may be a symptom of leukemia or of a malfunctioning of the liver. (PRODUCER's heartbeat sounds) Pallor may be a manifestation of anemia. (All three heartbeats sound) Sweating may point to diabetes. Dry skin may result from vitamin deficiency . . . (sputters out). (PRODUCER gets out from under the table to retake his seat.

Er  
X  
TONY: Ed . . . this seat is taken, mister?!

PRODUCER: (trying unsuccessfully to retake his own chair) Which seat? chair? Mmmm . . . grr . . . lngh . . .

STARLET: Aw- Daddy-um-um! This seat isn't taken! (patting another chair)

PRODUCER: I seem to have . . . lost . . . my menu . . . (taking chair)

STARLET: (getting down beneath the table) Where?

PRODUCER: (taking up menu, glaring over at TONY) Somewhere down there.

STARLET: (on hands and knees now, searching beneath the table) Gee! Daddy-um-um? Where? I don't see where . . .

PRODUCER: (glaring at TONY, masking his feelings, breathing heavily and irregularly, feeling for his heart, probing for his liver, wiping sweat from his brow, etc., staring intently at his menu.) (The BM's chant and drums sound ominously.) Hnnn? Unnm? Unnn? Hnnnn? Like I didn't say . . . that seat was taken and three certainly is a crowd.

STARLET: (as before) I don't see where. Where? Daddy-daddy-um-um?

PRODUCER: (reading menu) The President of the United States last night made public the new American plan of assistance to the peoples of under-developed countries all over the world. Speaking at a hundred-dollar-a-plate dinner to which had been invited the nation's richest bankers, corporation presidents, university chancellors, and economic, scientific and military officials, the President recalled the nation's development from a horde of dirty convicts, illiterates and religious malcontents . . .

STARLET: (to TONY) Oh, Tony!

TONY: (to STARLET) I bet I know what you're thinking!

STARLET: (to TONY) Oh, Tony! What?

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TONY: (to STARLET) I wish I could eat you!

STARLET: (to audience) I wish . . . . I . . . . could . . . . eat you?!

TONY: (to audience) Sure! I wish I could eat you! (he plays with the football in his lap)

PRODUCER: (as before) (the three heartbeats sound) to the cleanest, smartest, richest country in the world. He emphasized, however, the country's need to keep a sharp lookout in view of the uprisings in Latin America, Asia, and Indo-China where red vermin were recently found . . . . (he stops reading) (looks at TONY)

TONY: (to STARLET) Women always did find me attractive . . . .  
GASTON enters, HARVEY hard on his heels, and strides to the stage edge.

STARLET: (to PRODUCER, ~~still~~ hugging TONY's legs under the table) I don't see where. Daddy-um-um? Where? (spying some BEGGERMEN approaching offstage) Oh!

HARVEY: You really wouldn't serve them some Americans? (GASTON smokes) (He smiles at audience) Would you? (GASTON smokes) Naw, you wouldn't. (GASTON smokes) Would you? How could you? (GASTON smokes) Naw! Nobody even likes Americans!

STARLET: (as before) Oh . . . . Oh . . . .

TONY: (to STARLET) But you take the cake! Haw!

GASTON: (glances around, looks at the audience, bows sardonically, reaches into his trouser pockets, withdraws a small fish in each hand, holds them out, whistles shrilly, waits)

TONY: (to STARLET) You really . . . . take the . . . . cake . . . .

The kettledrums sound, muffled, confused. Four BEGGERMEN bob up from the audience, one by one, like sea-lions at the zoo. STARLET clings harder to TONY's legs. BM 1 is an African (Ghanan, Nigerian or Ugandan) Negro, a "local" leader of the BM gangs. Here, he might be dressed in a brown loin cloth but bear some ornamental article which suggests African pride and royalty. He probably should have a tendency to fatness. His name is Jomo Kenyattawana.

BM 2 (Mohammad Ali, ex-Sugar Brown) is the Rap Brown type American Negro, "lean and hungry", here dressed in black Charlie Chaplin "tramp" clothing.

BM 3 (Jose) is a bearded Cuban of the latest type; heavy-set; he wears a U.S. world War I military uniform.

BM 4 (Red Pony) is a young American Indian; smooth-skinned, beardless, he wears a single white feather in his headband and an orange loin cloth.

BM 5 is a Viet Cong, lithe and handsome; here, dressed in a black loin cloth.

Indo

150  
150

dresses

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BM 1: Money!

BM 3: Sugar!

BM 4: Jobs!

BM 2: Guns!

BM 5: *(off)* Corns?

BM 1: Money!

BM 3: Sugar!

BM 4: Jobs!

BM 2: Guns!

BM 5: *(off)* Hives?!

BM 1: Money!

BM 3: Sugar!

BM 4: Jobs!

BM 2: Guns!

BM 5: *(off)* Underarm perspiration?!

BM 1: Money?!

BM 3: Sugar!

BM 4: Jobs!

BM 2: Guns!

BM 5: *(off)* Starlet?

BM 2: Starlet! *(he bobs up, snatches, and gobbles down one of GASTON's fish, turns to audience, grins and licks his chops)*

BM 5: (OFF) Producer?

BM 1: Producer! (He bobs up, snatches, and gobbles down GASTON's other fish, turns to audience, grins and licks his chops)

BM 5: (OFF) Mums!

BM 3: Mums! (he bobs up, snatches at the air, as GASTON shrugs and exits into cafe; he observes the other BEGGERMEN licking their chops, pounces on them; all four BEGGERMEN snarl, claw, caterwaul, groan, and subside into the audience) (BM 5 pops up from the audience, clownishly salutes the audience, and disappears) (HARVEY exits inside cafe)

STARLET: (from beneath table) Daddy-um-um! Look! And see?

PRODUCER: (ignoring them, reading menu) Nevertheless, the President said, I intend to ask the nation to join me in another billion dollar investment in these poor, despairing lands where so many are dying every year from lack of our attention and care. Can we allow people, whatever their color or creed, to go hungry, wear rags, and be misled by red subversives, while our own warehouses overflow with a super-abundance of wheat, corn, rice, cotton . . . and truth!

STARLET: (as before) Look, Daddy-um-m! See? Oh, Look!

The kettledrums sound loudly. The five BEGGERMEN, chanting their lament, clamor onto the cafe terrace. They clownishly and pugnaciously shove and punch each other in taking seats at five tables. The Americans watch their antics with mixed amusement and alarm.

BM 1: (pounding table with fist) Money!

BM 3: (pounding table with fist) Murder!

BM 2: (pounding table with fist) Power!

BM 5: (pounding table with fist) Merde!

BM 4: (pounding table with fist) Ford Mustang!

STARLET: Ford Mustang?

BM's: Waiters! Waiters! We want waiters! (the kettledrums sound continuously)

PRODUCER: (reading menu) Our Nation, the President reminded the smokefilled assembly, has a dream. It is a very old dream. But for the first time we have the means to make it come true. Power! For centuries, peoples have fought each other, haven't they? Our dream is of a world ruled by law, reason, and American power! (the kettledrums sound louder)

BM's: (OFF) Money! Murder! Power! Merde! Money! Murder! Power! Merde!

BM 5: Ford Mustang! Waiters! Waiters!

PRODUCER: For most of history men have killed each other in battle, haven't they? Our dream is a way to end all war, through American guns, gas, bombs and power! *(the kettledrums sound louder)*

BM's: *(OFF)* Money! Murder! Power! Merde! Money! Murder! Power! Merde!

BM 5: Ford Mustang! Waiters! We want waiters!

PRODUCER: For all existence, most men have lived in poverty, haven't they? Threatened by disease, hunger, and cold, bemused and misguided by alien cults and philosophies. Our dream is of a world where all men are fed, especially with hope, and American-style religion, philosophy, and power! *(the kettledrums sound louder)*

BM: *(OFF)* Money! Murder! Power! Merde!

BM 1: *(as before)* Money!

BM 3: *(as before)* Murder!

BM 2: *(as before)* Power!

BM 5: *(as before)* Merde!

BM 4: *(as before)* Mercedes-Benz 230 SL!

STARLET: Mercedes-Benz 230 SL?

PRODUCER: My friends! I want you all to pledge with me to make it so. Every night, now, when I turn out the lights to sleep, I ask God and myself this question: Are we doing everything we can to make the American dream come true? For all the miserable peoples of the world. Are we? If we are not, my friends, then I say: cast your vote against God and me! *(the kettledrums sound terrifically and a rifle shot is heard)*

BM: *(OFF)* Money! Murder! Power! Merde!

BM 1: *(as before)* Money!

BM 3: *(as before)* Murder!

BM 2: *(as before)* Power!

BM 5: *(as before)* Merde!

BM 4: *(as before)* Ben Chester White! *(the kettledrums suddenly stop)*

TONY: Ben Chester White?!

PRODUCER: *(still reading menu)* Thank you, gentlemen! Thank you! Thanks from the bottom of my heart! No, no! Thank you! Thanks! *(lays down menu and looks up at the BEGGERMEN)*  
..... thanks?

HARVEY: *(enters, fluttering around BEGGERMEN, ignored by them)* Messieurs? Messieurs? Good morning?; Good day! Messieurs? Messieurs? The usual? Today?

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BM 2: (*throwing spitball at HARVEY*) Starlet!

BM 1: (*throwing spitball at HARVEY*) Football player!

BM 3: (*throwing spitball at HARVEY*) Mums!

BM 5: (*making spitballs*) Ben Chester White! Ben Chester White!

TONY: Who?

ALL BM: (*throwing spitballs at the Americans*) Starlet! Producer! Football player! Mums!

BM 5: (*throwing spitballs at the Americans*) Ben Chester White!

TONY: Who'd they say? What?

HARVEY: (*rushing around, trying to calm down*) Messieurs! Friends! Stop that! We can't serve them! It's against the Geneva Convention! And all the rules!

ALL BM: (*rising, falling in a column, shuffling around and inbetween the American's tables, in a kind of snake dance.*) Starlet! Producer! Football player! Mums! Ben Chester White! Starlet! Producer! Football player! Mums! Ben Chester White!

TONY: Who? Who?

HARVEY: (*fluttering around*) Messieurs! Messieurs! Keep your seats! Messieurs!

ALL BM: (*snake-dancing*) Starlet! Producer! Football Player! Mums! Ben ChestWhite! Starlet! Producer! Football player! Mums! Ben Chester White!

TONY: Who?

HARVEY: (*knocked down by their shuffle*) Messieurs? (*he crawls off and exits inside cafe*) Gaston? Messieurs? Gaston? Merde!

ALL BEGGERMEN: (*snake-dancing*) Starlet! Producer! Football player! Mums! Ben Chester White! On my new car!

TONY: What?

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MECHANICAL WOMAN's VOICE sputters on, slowing BM in their tracks. When GASTON enters, BEGGERMEN will sit down.

MECH. WOM. VCE: Freckles. Part C. Aberrations. How To Save Your Skin. Number Four. Freckles are abnormally pigmented spots on the skin which come to full bloom . . . (sputter) . . . to full bloom in the sun. No matter what one does to remove them — and women have tried everything from bleach to dermabrasion (in which the skin is peeled by acids and caustics) — they will return.

GASTON enters from cafe and lounges alongside the doorway.

BEGGERMEN: (slowing down, stopping, taking seats at a single table and watching the Americans from the corners of their eyes) (mumbling) Starlet . . . ? Producer . . . ? Football player . . . ? Mums . . . ? Ben Chester White . . . ?

TONY: On my new car!?! (he turns to TV)

PRODUCER: (returning his attention to menu) Well, in view of this morning's world-wide tensions, and an unusual bout of the heat, I think I will have . . . a big bowl of the soup duh jour! Waiter? (Without looking up from menu) Waiter? Will you please bring me a bowl of la soup duh jour? (looking up) Waiter? (noticing STARLET beneath TONY's table, hugging his legs) You're not my waiter. (looking around) Waiter? (Rising and looking around, giving his menu to TONY) Waiter? (walking around and exiting past GASTON inside cafe) (OFF) Waiter? (pause) Waiter?

STARLET watches PRODUCER leave. The corny Mexican music begins. STARLET's heartbeat sounds. STARLET rises, curtsies, turns to TONY, blows him a kiss, then, poses and dances prettily among the cafe's tables and chairs. TONY watches her and reads from his menu. The sound system sputters on, and as STARLET begins her dance, a MECHANICAL WOMAN's VOICE is heard. The seated BM watch STARLET dance with mounting interest and excitement, which they share with one another, leering, gesturing, obscenely, etc. Dance continues through MECH. WOM. speech.

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BM. (OFF) Money! Murder! Power! Merde!

MECH. WOM. VCE.: Every girl's Diet. Part two. Every girl's . . . (sputters) . . . diet. Part Two. The only way to spot reduce is to spot exercise. You can't tell a diet where to take off weight but you can direct exercise for a specific target area—and nothing could be more important with the you-shaped bathing suits that exact the most perfect bodies ever. Tip: Weigh yourself often, using perhaps any sleek Borg scale . . . (sputters) . . . any sleek Borg scale . . . (sputters) . . . sleek Borg scale.

STARLET concludes, curtsies, smiles, and looks to TONY for applause.

TONY: (applauding briefly) Listen to this! (reading from his menu) In Baltimore, the Rev. Eugene Carson Blake was arrested by police, along with twelve other ministers of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish faiths, for leading demonstrations against a segregated amusement park. Haw! Haw!

The Kettledrums sound.

BEGGERMEN. (OFF) Money! Murder! Power! <sup>Merde!</sup> Money!! Murder!! Power!! Merde!!

STARLET dances again.

MECH. WOM. VCE.: 1. For hips, and waist; Sit on floor, back straight, legs in a V. Swing arms and body to the right and without lifting fanny, from floor, touch right foot with left hand. Return to starting position, reverse sides. Work up to ten minutes a day. (She ends dance, looks to TONY for applause)

TONY: (not applauding, reading menu) Listen to this! In Birmingham when Negroes demonstrated for voting rights, local police and militia used clubs, fire hoses, electrical prod sticks designed to herd cattle, and police dogs to curb the protests. Hundreds were arrested, including children as young as seven or eight. Haw!

The kettledrums sound; the BEGGERMEN's chant offstage is heard. STARLET turns and does another dance.

MECH. WOM. VCE.: 2. *For thighs:* Stand with feet apart, arms out straight ahead. Rise on balls of feet (you can steady yourself with a chair). Keeping Back straight, squat as low as you can. Then slowly rise, letting thigh muscles pull you up. When standing, lower heels to floor . . . (sputters) lower heels to . . . (sputters out) STARLET pauses; when TONY doesn't applaud but urges her again to listen, she refuses and does another dance.

TONY: (as before) Stop and Listen to this! In Greenwood, Mississippi, when the Reverend D.L. Tucker led a group of Negroes into the courthouse to register as voters, he was knocked down by a police dog and bitten . . . Haw! Haw!

*(The kettledrums sound and the BM's chant offstage is heard.)*

MECH. WOM. VCE.: 3. *For hands, wrists, arms:* Put one end of the "Muscle-Toner" under the ball of the foot. Hold the other end with both hands and slowly pull up as far as you can. Work up to five, then ten minutes each day. "Muscle-Toner" by Regal Therapy Devices . . . (sputters) . . . Muscle-Toner by Regal Therapy Devices.

STARLET *curtsies, smiles, and looks to the audience for applause, which does not come. She will refuse Tony's instructions, and dance again.*

TONY: (as before) Listen to this! When two Negro boys and a girl tried to integrate a Savannah, Georgia, beach by swimming in its waters, the three were taken out by a policeman and arrested. Haw! Haw! Haw!

*(The kettledrums sound and the BM's offstage chant is heard.)*

MECH. WOM. VCE.: For any area: Lie down anywhere and read and watch TV; the RelaxAcisor does the rest. Connected to it by wires are a series of pads and belts . . . (sputters) . . . a series of pads and belts . . . (sputters) . . . connected to it by wires . . . (sputters) that are placed directly on the skin over problem areas . . . (sputters) . . . over problem areas . . . the upper hips, fanny, and upper thighs in the picture. Put moisturizing jelly . . . (sputters) . . . put moisturizing jelly on the pads first; that helps establish contact to . . . (sputters out)

TONY: (as before, only to audience) Now, listen to this! The Birmingham, Baptist Church where four Negro girls were killed by a dynamite blast last year accepted a gift from the people of Wales . . . It is a stained glass window which shows a Negro Jesus being sprayed by fire hoses . . . (STARLET pauses in her dance) I don't get it! A Negro Jesus being sprayed by fire hoses? I've got to find the head! (TONY exits inside cafe.)

(The kettledrums and BM's offstage chant are very loud). (STARLET continues her dance.)

MECH. WOM. VCE.: 4. For legs, thighs, hips and stomach: Just lie flat . . . (sputters) . . . Just lie flat on the soft vinyl pad part of the easy "Hip Cycle" and pead! You can think pretty, thin thoughts while this tubular steel exercise aid . . . (sputters) . . . pretty, thin thoughts . . . (sputters) . . . this tubular steel exercise aid . . . (sputters) . . . works on almost every muscle from the tummy to the toes . . . (sputters) . . . from the tummy . . . (sputters) . . . from . . . (sputters) . . . toes. When you're through using it, it folds up and away. The Slim Master Hip Cycle is by Central Quality Industries . . . (sputters) . . . when you're through using it . . . (sputters) . . . it folds up and away . . . STARLET FINISHES her dance at the feet of BM 1. When she rises, he grabs at her; she skips away, falls, and scrambles under a table. The BEGGERMEN clap loudly, snort, and hop up and down in their seats. They watch for her reappearance. GASTON enters from cafe and goes to her table, whisk broom under arm. He bows sardonically to her behind as she backs out from beneath the table.

STARLET: Tony . . . ? Daddy-um-um? . . . (looking at the BM who are watching GASTON) Waiter? (GASTON bows again, then dusts off her behind)

GASTON: Messieur-Dame!?! (The BM roar and bounce on their seats)

STARLET: Say! (moving her behind as if to avoid him) What do you think you're doing, there?!

GASTON: (bowing and dusting off her behind, again) Messieur-Dame?

STARLET (moving her behind more to enjoy him) Say!!

GASTON: (dusting it off once more and turning and bowing to BM) Messieurs-Dames!

STARLET: (sitting down on her behind) Hey! What?!

GASTON: (standing at ready in traditional waiter pose) Your order. Please?

STARLET: (cautiously rising to take her seat) What? (looking at BM) Hey?!  
(looking at menu GASTON gives her) Hnnn?

GASTON: (bowing sardonically) May I serve you? Hnnn?

STARLET: (stroking her hair sensuously) Well . . . I believe . . . . I could use some . . . . . well . . . . . wouldn't it be swell to have some . . . . gee, waiter, let me see . . . . (stroking his sleeve, studying the menu) . . . do you suppose I could have a little Breast of Daddy-um-um? Under glass . . With . . . . . a crabapple . . . in his mouth? Waiter? (looking up at him) Please? do you have him . . . . .?

GASTON: (shrugging off her hand) If you don't see it on the menu, Messieurs-Dames, we don't carry it!! (he switches menus on her, glances at BM, and exits into cafe. The BM rise in their chairs, start toward STARLET, then hesitate and sit back down when she begins her National Geographic reading.)

STARLET: (reading the new menu) All right then . . . how . . . . about hmmm . . . (the corny Italian song goes off; the sound of a light heartbeat comes on; STARLET reads from her menu) During the early daylight hours when their men were out working in the fields, a nest of sleeping villages in the northern Diep van Phieu area was set afire by unidentified aircraft. In Washington, the White House denied that chemical bombs were dropped on the village by foreign assistance personnel and readily produced color photographs which showed six identical india-rubber children cowering in the basement of a Buddhist pagoda, nervously displaying miniatrue American flags and identical sets of firm white teeth.

PRODUCER: (OFF) Say! If this here is a cafe, where in hell's the menu?

STARLET: (as before) National Geographic authorities, consulted on the matter, displayed many back issues and confirmed that native Diep van Phieu children always did tend to nervously display identical sets of firm white teeth. The American flags, however, were unprecedented . . . . . unprecedented? (the light heartbeat fades)

GASTON: (appearing at cafe door and bowing sardonically) Messieur-Dame!

STARLET: (to audience) How do you like that?! (considering further) Wow! (she lays down her menu, slaps her legs, claws between her thighs, hauls off and with one hand socks herself in the jaw) Haw! (taking up her menu again) Now listen to this! (a long silence ensues, punctuated only by the sound of the light heartbeat, which returning, beats slowly, then rapidly, then slowly once again)

GASTON: (*bowing furiously, in tempo to the heartbeat*) Monsieu-Dame!  
Monsieu-Dame! Monsieur-Dame! Monsieur-Dame! (*he stops,  
looks at BM, motions them toward STARLET*) The kettledrums sound,  
drowning out the heartbeat sound; there comes the chanting of the  
BM's lament; Gaston exits. The BM rise; and shuffle in a circle around  
the STARLET's table, chanting, grinning, thrusting out their hands  
toward her, etc. The Mexican song beings.)

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STARLET: (*shrinking in her chair, pecking at them over the menu*)

~~BM chanting while STARLET peeks~~ Hi! My name is . . . Destiny!!  
Destiny . . . Desire! Do you boys come from Puerto Charlie!  
How do you do, anyway? Have you seen Daddy-um-um? hnn?  
He's a real; big producer from Hollywood! You know! Where  
they make all the movie stars! Say! I bet you belong to Puerto  
Charlie's football squad! D'you meet Tony? He belongs to the  
Detroit football squad. Detroit! Where they make all the motor  
cars! Remeber? You're looking for a game? Tony will be glad to  
give you one! He murdered Notre Dame, singlehanded. I'm  
sure both my good friends will be back in a minute, sirs. In case  
you want to stay . . . Maybe you should have something to eat  
or drink. I believe our friendly waiters will be back in a minute  
or two, sirs. There were two friendly Negro waiters who could  
give you something . . . to eat or drink. If you sat down, sirs,  
over there, sirs . . . (STARLET's HEARTbeat sounds)

BM 1: (*sitting down on STARLET's lap, pucking up his lips for a kiss a la  
Charles Boyer*) Kiss me deady!

STARLET: (*stunned*) (*gasping*) Kiss me, deady?

The other BEGGERMEN howl,  
go into a circular shuffle dance,  
while the sound system comes  
on:

MEC. WOM. VCE:

(*silky, confidently*) What girl  
hasn't at one time or another  
wanted a car? And why not? A  
car means swinging, come-and-  
go-as-you-like fun. The question  
is: What kind of car? Consider  
the psychological evidence. If  
you ask a psychiatrist, he will tell  
you that an automobile is an ex-  
tension of its owner's person-  
ality. In short, your car is you.

The BEGGERMEN halt to observe  
BM 1 and STARLET again.

BM 1: (*as before*) I can't go on living without you!

STARLET: (*gasping*) I can't go on living without you?

The other BEGGERMEN howl,  
go into their circular shuffle  
dance, while the sound system  
comes on again:

M.W. VCE:

(*silky, confidently*) *Sporty?* Love  
those picnics before the ball  
game? Dress in bold plaids and  
soft cashmere sweaters? Like  
yourself best when you are tanned,  
tousled, and oh so tempting?  
The car for you is Ford's sensation-  
al Mustang. From its raking,  
rectangular front grille to its turned  
up tail, Mustang spells vitality.  
It comes in several styles, and  
many colors, but choose the 2+2  
hardtop in dark green. And the  
six-cylinder, 120-horsepower will  
provide power enough. Reason-  
ably priced, (about \$2607), the  
Mustang seats four comfortably  
. . . comfortably . . . comfort-  
ably . . . comfortably . . . . .

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The BEGGERMEN halt to observe  
BM 1 and STARLET again.

BM 1: (as before) Give me peanuts, please! Pretty please?

STARLET: (gasping and panting) Peanuts please? Pretty please?

The other BEGGERMEN howl, punch each other, then poke at BM 2 for  
more.

BM 1: (as before) Let me take you to the Casbah!

STARLET: (panting) The Casbah?

The other BEGGERMEN set up a terrific howl, BM 1 rises, takes  
STARLET up in his arms and begins to shuffle-circle-dance around  
cafe terrace and away. The other BEGGERMEN follow in a line,  
chanting.

MECH WOM VCE:

(still silky, but a bit trembly) Self-  
assured? Do you have a very  
definite take-me-or-leave-me  
style? Kooky colors, low-slung  
cocktail dresses out of the roaring  
Twenties? Are you always tuned  
in to what's the latest craze in  
everything from discoteques to  
underground movies? For your  
own exclamation point, choose  
the MGB/GT—a car that is both  
assertive and assuring. It has the  
luxury of a British product (fine  
leather upholstery) and unclut-  
tered instrument panel) and the  
very latest fastback styling. Select  
the MGB/GT in a bright red, and  
let that color play counterpoint to  
the lavenders and oranges on  
your wardrobe. The MGB/GT  
sells for about \$3,100, seats two  
in bucket seats and two (barely)  
on a tiny bench in back.

STARLET: (struggling a bit) Waiter? Tony? Daddy-um-um?

ALL BEGGERMEN: To-ny? Waiter? Daddy-um-um?

STARLET: Daddy? Where are you? Tony? Um-Um?

ALL BEGGERMEN: Tony? Where are you, Daddy? Um-um?

STARLET: (accidentally kicking BM 1 in the balls) They're my American  
friends!?

ALL BEGGERMEN: (dropping STARLET, clutching <sup>their</sup> ~~the~~ balls, howling)  
'Merican friends?! 125

~~ALL BEGGERMEN: (howling in sympathy with BM 1, those~~ (Merican  
friends? (They take hold of STARLET and seek to drag her off in four  
different directions.)

STARLET: (struggling) Tony was here . . . just a minute ago. I'm sure  
he's coming right . . . back! He's a professional football player.  
With great big muscles almost everywhere!

ALL BM: Almost everywhere? (they pull and tear off STARLET's clothing,  
leaving her clad only in panties and stockings)

BM 1: Almost everywhere? (he howls some more)

STARLET: (whimpering) You'd better SCRAM! (struggling)

BM 1,2,3,4: Scram? Scram?

STARLET: (whimpering) Please scram? (struggling)

BM 5: Spam? Spam?

HARVEY: (OFF) Three Americans are more than enough! Aren't three  
Americans more than enough, Gaston?

GASTON: (OFF) Money. Sugar. Jobs. Guns. (pause) Money!  
Murder! Power! Merde! (he rattles some pots and pans.)

HARVEY: (OFF) If any more Americans come our way, I'm going to  
quit! Do you hear me, gaston? Quit!

GASTON: (OFF) Quit.

HARVEY: (OFF) It's no use learning to be a waiter these days. There's  
nothing to serve. I'd rather be something useful . . . like . . . a  
policeman!

GASTON: (OFF) Policemen? (snorts)

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The BM continue to tug and haul at STARLET, who eventually screams, signalling the PRODUCER's entry. The corny Mexican song ends. PRODUCER enters in a rush. The BM, alarmed, drop STARLET to the ground and separate. They will retrieve her clothing, examine it, and adorn themselves with it, in the manner of the Tigers of the story of "Little Black Sambo" (e.g., BM 1 puts on her skirt; BM 2 wears her sweater or blouse; BM 3 drapes himself in her necklace, brassiere and bracelets; BM 4 parades her sun umbrella; BM 5 wears her sandals on his ears.) By the end of PRODUCER's reading on the Secretaries of State and Defense, they will have settled at a table, and begun a game of cards, using her clothing as money.

MECH. WOM. VCE.:

(silky but frayed) Savvy? At campaign time are you always to be found . . . (gasp) . . . . . elbow deep in political posters . . . (pant) . . . Are you equally concerned with the rest of the fast-moving American scene . . . whether... (gasp) it's clothing styles or new novelties& (gasp) And do you make sure that you are just a little better informed than the rest? A car that bespeaks both contemporary charm and complete competence is the Chevrolet Corsa Convertible. It has independent suspension on all four wheels... (gasp) . . . for good road holding . . . (pant) . . . and . . . (gasp)... and seats for five full-sized adults. (rushing) Consider it in Lemonwood Yellow. Price about \$2720 . . . (gasp, pant, pant, silence).

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MECH. WOM. VCE.:

(*sputters on again*) Sensitive?  
(*breathlessly*) Was the Little Darling Look meant for you? Men think of you as fragile, and you enjoy letting them think that?  
(*pant, pant*) Are your tastes eclectic, favoring the sweet and subtle whether the book or the play is Op, Pop, or Old-Fashioned?  
(*pant, pant, gasp*) Does Chopin speak to you far more than the Rolling Stones? (*pant, pant*) A car that you will understand is the Alfa Romeo guilia Spider with a 1,600 cc engine (*gasp*) whose lines reflect the genius of Europe's greatest auto designers. ~~Pina~~ Farina. (*pant, pant*) Imagine the car in a silver or white - to highlight its beauty. A two-seater, the Spider sells for \$3,318. Your car, darling, is you . . . . .

Pino

PRODUCER: (*entering in a rush, with GASTON not far behind.*) What's up? I thought I heard something awful! Like the world was going to end! (*to STARLET*) for a moment, I had this crazy thought. . . . . I'd never see you again . . . .

STARLET: (*gasping*) Daddy-um-um . . . . . (*she collapses on her face*)

PRODUCER: (*turning from her, he sees GASTON, who is speaking quietly to the BM, turns back toward STARLET, scratches his behind, turns, beams and approaches GASTON briskly; the heartbeat fades away*) So! There you are! Where have you been? And it's about time! (*taps GASTON on the shoulder*) Waiter! (*GASTON does not respond*)

STARLET: (*crawling back to her table*) Daddy-um-um? I know this isn't Rome, but what will we have on a warm day like this? Tea? Will we have tea? (*she climbs into chair, turns and watches TV, breathing heavily for a long time*)

PRODUCER: (turning on her) Tea? (leaving GASTON) Tea? On a hot day like this? Tea? (sits down at table, takes up his menu from the ground, studies it) There must be something else. On a hot daylike this! Tea? (reading slowly at first, then brightly) As the Secretaries of State and Defense jointly agreed, when questioned recently, America's relentless chemical bombing of villages and other civilian targets has this advantage: Viet Nam is not primarily a military problem. Above all else it is a battle for the ~~bones~~ and hearts and minds of the innocent people of Viet Nam. Moreover, they said, bombing of villages and other civilian targets almost never occurs. Villages are destroyed, to be sure, but, they said, we can hardly think of a time when we deliberately choose a village as a bombardment target. Sometimes, it is true, unfortunately, in the uncertainty of a location, perhaps, villages have been bombed. And even American business genius hasn't invented the bomb which can distinguish between ~~Red Cong~~ and the innocent men, women, and children of Viet Nam . . . .

(A contemporary American "Rock 'n Roll" song begins)

PENNY: (OFF) But Mums! Maybe I'll meet some nice college boy here? You can't tell!

MUMS: (OFF) The sooner we leave, the better, dear. Puerto Charlie's no place like home.

(The Rock'n'Roll song fades)

PRODUCER: If Red Cong choose to live among people, they pointed out, then the innocent will at times find themselves within the target area, so to speak . . . so to speak . . . the innocent will at times . . . so to speak . . . . In war, the Secretaries reminded the nation, it is inevitable that some innocent parties will be killed. Mistakes are made, aren't they? . . . human errors they said, and misidentification . . . . (he stops reading, smiles grimly into the audience; the kettledrums sound distantly) (GASTON moves to a point near audience, to observe action that follows)

PENNY: Mums! Here's a cafe! Look! See!

PRODUCER: . . . mistakes are made, aren't they? . . . human errors, they said, and misidentification . . .

MUMS: So this is a cafe! I knew we'd come across a cafe someday! Cafes are where people come, to sit and waste their time! Wheweee! My feet are tired! My bunion aches! I hope your feet aren't tired. You don't have any bunion to ache? Penelope! Sit up in your chair, dear! And pull down your skirt! Do you think you're at home? You're not . . . at . . . home.

PENNY: (doing as she is told) Oh, Mums!

BM: (Watching the newcomers from the corners of their eyes) mumbling) Starlet . . . ? Producer . . . ? Football player . . . ? Mums . . . ? Ben Chester White?

MECH. MAN'S VCE.: (*cooly, scientifically, a bit snidely*) Masturbation among mammals. Chapter 1. Masturbation, sometimes to the point of orgasm, occurs widely among the males of most intra-Human species. It has been less often observed among the female of the ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup>fra-human species but it is recorded for the female rat, chin-chilla, rabbit, ~~pr~~ <sup>pr</sup>ecupine . . . (*sputters*) . . . ~~pr~~ <sup>pr</sup>ecupine, squirrel, ferret, horse . . . cow . . . (*sputters*) . . . cow, elephant, dog, baboon, monkey, and chimpanzee. The data on these mammals is . . . (*sputters*) fragmentary.

PENNY: Can I look for a bathroom, Mums? I have to use the bathrom . . . (*crossing and recrossing her legs, wanting to go to the bathroom*).

MUMS: We have to order something first, dear. It isn't nice to use the bathroom unless we order something first. (*looking for a menu*) I hope I can find something soft to drink. You do think this cafe will serve us something soft to drink?

BM: (*not quite under their breath, considering PENNY*) Money . . . Murder . . . power . . . merde . . . thighs Natchez . . . hips and waist . . . money . . . murder . . . power . . . merde . . . 230SL . . . hips and waist . . . .

PENNY: (*looking at TV, slouching in her chair, legs akimbo*) I'm pretty sure you could find something soft to drink. Why shouldn't you be able to find something soft to drink?

BM 4: (*Ogling PENNY's legs*) Ben Chester White . . . thighs . . . hips and waist . . .

MUMS: (*focusing on the BEGGERMEN*) Ecch . . . (*whispering*) Penny! Sit up in your chair! Pull down your skirt! Look at the . . . beggermen! You ever see such dirt?

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PENNY: *(absently)* What Mums . . . ?

PENNY: *(stiffly)* Pull down your skirt, dear! They'll see everything you own.

PENNY: *(without looking at BM, sitting up but not pulling down her skirt)* Oh, Mums! Who cares?! *(she gradually slouches down in her chair, watching TV, letting her legs go akimbo)*

MECH. MAN'S VCE.: *(sputter, bang)* The known distribution of masturbation among the several mammalian species is sufficient to make it clear . . . *(sputters)* . . . clear that the inclination to stimulate her own genitalia is one of the capacities which the human female shares with the females of the whole class Mammalia. *(bang)* But it should be recognized that masturbation among the females of the species occurs less frequently than among the males, *(sputter, bang)* perhaps because the incentives for masturbating are much less among the females. *(bang out)*

MUMS: Where in the world are the waiters, dear? There should be plenty of waiters . . . if this is a cafe . . . shouldn't there be . . . plenty of . . . wai . . . ters . . . ? *(her eyes are drawn to the BEGGERMEN)*

PENNY: Can't I look for the bathroom, Mums? I need to go to the bathroom bad . . . *(she rises, goes toward cafe doors)* Maybe I'll find a waiter here . . . If I find a waiter, Mums, I'll send him right out . . .

MUMS: What? Penny? Dear? *(looking after her)* Penny!! *(rising in her chair)* Where are you going? Stay here! Wait!

1074  
15

All BM: (*muttering to themselves*) Money . . . murder . . . power . . . merde . . . Ben Chester White . . . on my new car . . .

PENNY: (*OFF*) It's all right, Mums, I'm just trying to find the . . . Oh!

MUMS: Penny?! Oh!? Dear . . .

PENNY: (*OFF*) Mums! I haven't found the waiter but I think I found the ~~John~~

PENNY: (*OFF*) I don't think it's occupied or anything, I hope there's paper and a washstand . . .

MUMS: (*sitting down, calling*) Darling? Penny? Dear? Oh dear! You're your mother's only daughter! Remember? (*To the audience*)

What if it's filthy dirty or something?

What if insects are crawling around?

What if the door doesn't latch as it should?

What if the window shade is torn?

What if there are nasty drawings on the walls?

Spurting pricks and hairy balls? Penny? Dear?

Why, oh, why were you ever born?

sn

PENNY: (*re-entering from cafe doors*) Mums? I'm okay. It was occupied, or something, and I didn't find a waiter.

MUMS: (*sagging in her chair with relief*) Dear God! Thanks! (*she finds a menu on another chair, picks it up and tries to read, then removes and wipes her glasses.*)

PENNY: What's wrong, Mums? You look like you thought the world was going to end.

MUMS: (*smiling lovingly*) For a moment I had this crazy thought . . . I'd never see you again . . .

PENNY: (*laughingly*) Mums! (*she slouches and looks into the audience, then at the TV*)

All BM: (*turning from Mums' table, shoving each other around on their chairs, dealing and playing Blackjack*) (*muttering*) Murder. Sugar. Jobs. Guns. Blackjack. Ben Chester White. On my new car.

PENNY: (*picks up menu and reads*) Mums! Listen to this! In 1763 American frontiersmen broke into the Lancaster jail where fourteen Conestoga Indian men, women and children had been given sanctuary . . . . . and dismembered all of them . . . . .

MUMS: Dear! Oh, dear! Look at those . . . . men?

PENNY: Men? Mums? Them? Gee, listen to this: In 1753, ten Indians, three of them women and three others children, while they were invited guests in a white man's home, were axed, scalped and burned by American frontiersmen . . . . .

MUMS: Waiter! Waiter? Isn't there a waiter? I need something here.

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1717

PENNY: Mums! Listen to this. In 1774 American frontiersmen took nine unsuspecting Indians, including the mother, brother, sister, and several cousins of the faithful Indian chief, Logan, and raped, stabbed and strangled them . . . . . You don't suppose they're . . . . . waiters, Mums? You don't suppose? Do you? Miss? (to STARLET) Miss? Should I call one ever? Mums? That one . . . . .

MUMS: Penelope! How could they be . . . waiter? Are you insane? Penny! Waiters! Penelope! (she looks over at them and away in disgust.)

PENNY: One of them seems not as . . . . . dirty as the rest, Mums. That one . . . . .

MUMS: Penelope!

PENNY: Mums, I bet he goes to college . . . . .

MUMS: (clamping her hand on PENNY's mouth) Don't say another word. Penelope! Promise me you won't say another word?!

PENNY: Mmmngff!

MUMS: (resoundingly) They're all filthy dirty, inside and out, body and soul, head to toe, don't say another word or I'll . . . . .spank you . . . . .(releasing her harshly)

PENNY: (hurt and angry) Mums! Mother! Mums! . . . . .(she turns away to TV and begins a long sulk)

MUMS: Your father never would let me spank you when he was alive and now that he's dead . . . look at you! Your father! (she turns away only to confront the visage of BM 3 grinning coquettishly at her from his table, he half rises in his seat, as if to approach her) My God! No . . . . . (she recoils and turns her attention to the TV).  
Now the 5 BM rise at their table, chanting, crouching, and bobbing up and down; then shuffle dance around Mum's table, outstretching their hands at her)

(6)

BM 1: Money!

BM 3: Sugar!

BM 4: Jobs!

BM 2: Guns!

BM 5: Thighs Alabama!

BM 1: Money!

BM 2: Sugar!

BM 3: Jobs!

BM 4: Guns!

BM 5: Other problem areas?

As the Mech. Wmn. Vce. comes on, the BM stop the dance, rock, mumble and scratch their heads and rears; all except BM 3 return to their table. BM 3 takes a signal from GASTON who exits into cafe. The kettledrums fade out, MUM's heartbeat, an anxious one, sounds throughout the next dialogue; a new BM enters from the wings to replace BM 3.

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BM 3: (*approaching MUMs*) (hand out, begging) Money?

MECH. WOM. VCE.: (*complainingly*) Human males throughout history and everywhere have been concerned with the sexual activities of the female when those activities served the male's own purposes, and her solitary and even homosexual activities have often been ignored. Typical of this interest in the female's solitary activities is the fact that practically none of the

MECH. WOM. VCE.: anthropological literature ever records the presence ~~of~~ absence of orgasm in the female's masturbation, and sometimes leaves it uncertain whether she does anything . . . (*sputters*) . . . anything more than touch her genitals as she might any other part of her body. Certainly it would be unwarranted to conclude . . . (*sputters*) . . . certainly it would be . . . unwarranted . . . (*sputters out*)

02

MUMS: (*unfreezing and recoiling*) Penny?

PENNY: (*still sulking into TV*) Go away!

MUMS: Ecchh . . . waiter . . . ?

BM 3: Me no money. You Money?

MUMS: Waiter?! Please? Go . . . Away . . .

BM 3: Me no money. You plenty money?

MUMS: No! No money! Please go away!

BM 3: No money? Murder? You murder?

MUMS: Muh-muh-muh-muh-murder?

BM 3: Sure, murder?!

MUMS: Muh-muh-muh-muh-murder . . . ?

BM 3: Me no murder. You, murder?

MUMS: Muh-muh-muh-muh . . . .

BM 3: Sure! You plenty murder!

MUMS: Muh-muh-muh-muh-muh--plenty muh-muh-muh-dhur-dhur . . . .

BM: Sure!

MUMS: (*Falling from her chair*) Muh-muh-muh-muh . . . .

BM 3: Murr-drr. Murr-derr. Mur-der! You Murr-derr. See?

MUMS: Muh-muh-muh-muh-muh . . . .

BM 3: (*impatiently*) No! Say murr-derr! Say . . . .

MUMS: Murr . . . murr . . . murr-derrrr.

BM 3: Good! You murdder? (*MUMS shakes her head*) Too bad. You power? Poww-errr? You poww-errr?

MUMS: Powwww-errr?

BM 3: Yes! Good! You powwww-errr?

MUMS: (*shaking her head*) Nuh-nuh-nuh-no powww-powwww-powwww-powwww-errr . . . .

BM 3: Too bad. You . . . merde? Merdddde. You?

MUMS: Muh-muh-muh-muhmuh . . . .

BM 3: (*impatiently*) Merde! YOU merde?!

MUMS: Me-me-me-me-me-me-merde . . . de-de-de-de?!

BM 3: Good! Where? Show!

MUMS: Merde? Me . . . Merde?

PENNY: I don't like it when you talk about Daddy. Even if he is dead and everything . . . .

BM 3: Where you merde? Show where!

MUMS: Me-merr-me-merr . . . .

BM 3: You Ford Falcon?

MUMS: Meee-merr . . . uh . . . .

BM 3: Chevrolet Corsa?

MUMS: Cheh-cheh . . . . Chevwww . . . .

BM 3: Corsa? Chevrolet Corr-saaa?

MUMS: Chevwww . . . . chevwww . . . .

BM 3: MGB/GT? You MGB/GT! MGB/GT?

MUMS: (*crawling away, toward audience* ~~at~~ *cafe doors*) Mumm-Mumm-MMMMM-Muh-Muh-Muh . . . .

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ol

BM 3: MGB/GT . . . .

MUMS: G . . . T . . . Me . . . G . . . T . . . ?

BM 3: (following her) Good! Sure! You MGB/GT? You give me MGB/GT?? Okay) (following her) O-kay?

MUMS: (at stage edge or cafe doors) Me . . . MGB . . . G . . . T . . . . ?

BM 3: (following her) Good? Good? Give! ?? (reaching for her)

MUMS: (recoiling off stage into audience or exiting inside cafe) Gi-gi-gi-vvv . . . . oh. (she thumps down and whimpers) Annngh . . . .

BM 3: (kneeling at stage edge or open doors above her) You money? Money? You . . . .

MUMS: (OFF) Oh . . . . money . . . .

BM 3: Me, money! Give! You money? Show! Money! Monn-eyyy . . . . (he feels around)

MUMS: (OFF) Dear . . . God . . . no . . . . (the heartbeat pounds against the searchings of BM which follow)

BM 3: (irritably) Money? No. Murder? No. (searching around) Power? No. Merde? No. Ford Falcon? No. Chevrolet Corsa? No. Mammal masturbation? No. Filthy dirty? No. Inside out? No. Upside down? No. Body and soul? No. Head and toe? No. No? No? No? (he gives up his excited searching, calms down) No? So?!!!! (he caresses her) Me . . . Jose . . . Jose. Who you . . . ? (when she fails to respond, he sits down beside her or exits inside cafe, after her)

MUM's heartbeat continues to pound; the Rock'n'Roll song resumes. The kettledrums sound.

STARLET: (looking at BEGGERMEN, then at PRODUCER, then into audience) My Daddy-um-um doesn't know, but I think Tony's going to be a great pleasure. For me. For you too. If you only knew! Tony's married to somebody else and pretty hot for me, but he'd never hurt a flea. He's got two big green eyes, just like indoor swimming pools. Lovely high cheekbones, just like a real movie star! And dark, tight, curly, black hair. Just everywhere. And a body Ooh! Muscles. Ooh They bulge out almost everywhere! . . . Tony . . . ? (she looks around)

MECH. WOM. VCE.: (sputters) . . . Females may choose their masturbatory techniques from a longer list than males ordinarily . . . (sputters) . . . from a longer list than males ordinarily utilize.

STARLET: (she looks around) I hope I haven't lost him. Poor Tony. (she looks blankly at PRODUCER) Oh! Poor Destiny Desire! (she avoids looking at BM and watches TV)

MECH. WOM. VCE.: Masturbation among the females in the sample had most frequently involved some manipulation of the clitoris and/or the labia minora. The clitoris, of course, is the small bud-like structure—a homologue of the male penis located . . . (sputter, bang) . . .

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18!



STARLET: (from blackness) Listen to them! I wonder what's that! You think it's a football game? It didn't sound like an American football game but it could have been sounds from a Puerto Charlie football game. Full of cheers and things. And a funny kind of band . . . .

The kettledrums and BM's chant sound again, more distantly.

STARLET: I . . . . I hope our side is . . . winning . . . Daddy-um-um . . . .  
When the lights come up again, TONY is entering audience aisle from the rear; he is pale, disheveled, without trousers, carrying lumber, hammer, nails, and a rope lasso. Muscles flexing, twitching, he trudges onstage followed by a group of silent BM. They take a table and resume their game of cards as TONY begins to construct a scaffold from which he can hang himself. GASTON watches TONY's passage on stage and moves to his side to confer with him as he works. The corny Mexican song resumes; it swells and fades and the MECH. WOM. VCE sputters and bang on and off in accompaniment to the hammering sounds of TONY's labors.

MUMS: (OFF) Penny? Find help for me, dear! Sir? Are you satisfied?!  
Now won't you go . . . . away?!

BM 3: (OFF) (As before) Me, Jose! Who you? What's that? Money? Merde? MGB/GT? Hnnn . . . ? (MUMS gasps)

STARLET: (seeing TONY construct the scaffold) Tony . . . ? What are you up to, now?

PENNY: (admiring TONY) Mums! Isn't he terrific! I mean . . . big!

MUMS: (OFF) Oh, sir! I'm my daughter's only mother . . . and her father's long dead.

BM 3: (OFF) Long dead? Too bad. Me no long dead! See? (MUMS gasps) Give me hips and thighs Natchez! Hokay?

STARLET: (watching TONY build his scaffold) Can I help? It's me . . . .  
Destiny Desire . . . (she goes to help him)

MECH. WOM. VCE.: (resuming brightly) The two are of equal sensitivity and of equal importance as centers of stimulation. See Table 37. In masturbation, the female usually moves a finger . . . (sputter, bang) . . .

MECH. MAN'S VCE.: (interceding heavily and sarcastically) . . . usually moves a finger . . . (sputter, bang) (silence)

MECH. WOM. VCE.: (archly) . . . gently and rhythmically over the sensitive areas, or applies rhythmic or steady pressures with several of her fingers or with her whole hand. (bang, bang, sputter) (agitatedly) Frequently a single finger or two . . . (sputter bang sputter) . . . or two . . . (sputter) . . . may be slowly or rapidly . . . (bang sputter) . . . or two may be slowly or rapidly moved forward between . . . (sputter) . . . in a manner which brings each stroke against . . . (sputter) . . . stroke a . . . (sputter) . . . . . against . . .

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TONY bangs a finger with his hammer

MECH. MAN'S VCE.: (*interceding roughly*) . . . each stroke against the . . . (*sputter bang*) . . . . . in a manner which . . . . .

MECH. WOM. VCE.: (*returning briskly*) . . . . against . . . (*bang*) . . . brings . . . (*bang, sputter*) . . . the clitoris . . . the cli . . . (*sputter, silence*) . . . Sometimes the labia are gently but still . . . (*sputters*) . . . . but still rythmically pulled . . . (*bang*) . . . pulled . . . (*bang*) . . . pulled . . . . .

BM 3: (*OFF*) Me . . . . Jose . . . . Your poor boy sweaters and bell-bottom slacks? You small, bud-like structure? Show!

*The cafe-doors fly open and MUMS crawls out on hands and knees, moves to stage; BM 3 right behind her.*

STARLET: (*helping TONY*) Don't you love me anymore . . . ? Say! What happened to your football (*looking around*), anyway? And how'd you lose your pants? (*in a moment, she will realize TONY's suicidal intentions*)

PENNY: (*admiring TONY as he constructs scaffold*) Mums! Look! He has a great wedge! With apex downward, even . . . (*looking around*) Mums? (*not seeing her*) Where'd you go, Mums?

MECH. WOM. VCE.: (*exhaustedly*) Occasionally the subject's heel . . . (*sputter, bang sputter, bang*) . . . the subject's (*bang, bang, sputter*) . . . . . occasionally . . . (*sputter*) (*silence*)

MECH. MAN'S VCE.: (*bang (smugly)*) In masturbation, the female usually moves a finger gently (*bang, sputter*) . . . .

MECH. WOM. VCE.: (*exhaustedly*) Occasionally the subject's heel or some other object is used to press on the sensitive areas . . . (*bang*) areas . . . (*bang*) . . . sensitive areas . . . (*bang*)

TONY bangs another finger.

BM 3: (*Pursuing MUMS on all fours, off stage into audience*) You other problem areas?

PENNY: (*searching beneath cafe tables, etc., but not finding MUMS*) Mums? Where'd you go? (*rising and going towards cafe doors*) Did you go after something soft to drink?

STARLET: (*rushing to PRODUCER*) He's going to leave us all alone, Daddy-um-um! And then that squad of rotten nigger-beggars and apes will molest me all over again! Daddy? Daddy-um-um? *Tony turns to audience and sucks on his injured fingers*

PRODUCER: (*putting his hand on STARLET's behind, watching TV*) Listen, Sweetie-tum-tum! What's come over you?

(STARLET sits down and watches TV)

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MECH. WOM. VCE.: Nearly ten percent of the females in the available sample has masturbated at times by crossing their legs and pressing them to exert steady or more rhythmic pressures on the whole genital area. See pages 157 and 158.

STARLET crosses and recrosses her legs spasmodically; TONY continues with his work)

MECH. WOM. VCE.: Such pressures affect the clitoris, the labia minora, and the labia majora, and again demonstrate the importance of these structures . . . (sputter, bang) . . . . the importance . . . (sputter, bang) . . . . . of these . . . (bang) . . . . structures . . . (bang)

STARLET: (turning to PRODUCER, crossing and recrossing her legs spasmodically, watching TV) Oh, Daddy-um-um! I'd give just about everything for a little pasta fazoo . . . .

PENNY exits inside the cafe; BM 4 leaves the card game and follows her; GASTON leaves TONY and enters cafe. Another BEGGERMAN enters from audience or wing and takes his place at the table, joining the card game.

PENNY: (exiting through cafe doors) Or did you go and use the bathroom, Mums? (OFF) It occupied or anything? Mums? It have paper and a washstand? Mums? You in there? (The Red Army Marching Song begins and plays to the end of the scene)

HARVEY: (entering from cafe or rear of theatre) Mums? Madame? Mums? (he glances around cafe terrace, goes to the BEGGERMEN's table and inquires) Messieurs? S'il vous plait, MUMS? (he looks into audience, listens, then moves towards it) Mums??? Madame?

TONY: (at work) Grrr! Nnnn! Grrr! Nnnnnnnnnn!

PRODUCER: Aw, Sweetie-tum-tum! It won't be long! They called this dump Puerto Charlie. Can Puerto Charlie be far from . . . ? (Looking at TONY) You lousy bastard . . .

HARVEY: (at stage edge to BM 3) You there! Here! Come on! (BM 5 notices HARVEY, leaves card game and exits into audience or wing, to get BM reinforcements; another BM enters, takes his place at game)

PENNY: (OFF) You in there, Mums?  
It filthy dirty or something, Mums?  
Any insects crawling around?  
The door, does it latch the way you wish it would?  
The window shades, Mums, are they drawn? And, oh, Mums?  
Tell me, please, are there any funny drawings on the walls?

MUMS: (OFF) You . . . . . Penny? Help your mother . . . . Mums . . . . in her time of need . . . . . Penny?

HARVEY: (reaching down and dragging BM 3 off MUMS by the collar) You there! Can't you hear?

BM 3: (emerging reluctantly, kicking his feet, etc.) Money! Murder! Power! Merde! MGB/GT! Me, Jose! Who you lousy waiter punk bastard?

BEGGERMEN: (moving restlessly at their table, murmuring in reflexive response) Money? Murder? Power? Merde? MGB/GT? Me . . . . Jose. Who . . . . you lousy waiter punk bastard?

MUMS: (OFF) Dear God! Save Penny! Was I saved? Let me see!

PENNY: (OFF) Mums? Let me in?! Oh! I'm in? Only . . . Mums? You aren't even here . . . . . hey!

HARVEY: (dragging BM 3 toward wing or cafe doors) Wait'll the police get their hands on you!

BM 3: (resisting) Me, Jose! Who you damn lousy waiter bastard Yankee Dollar punk police spy! (he repeatedly lets himself be dragged to the wing or cafe doors, then, resisting more strenuously, drags HARVEY back to the audience; in any event, HARVEY will be unable to open the doors or remove him into the wing.

(BM 2 leaves the card games and goes to lean silently, but aggressively, smiling sardonically, on STARLET's table) (STARLET's heartbeat sounds) (the light dims and the remainder of the set is in twilight.

PENNY: (OFF) It isn't occupied or anything, Mums. And though I don't see any paper or a washstand . . . there are those funny drawings on the wall. Wow! Hey! Stop that! Listen! Are you a waiter or something? What's your name? Cat got your tongue?

NO new BEGGERMAN enters to take BM 2's place at the gaming table. Realizing this, BM 1 looks around for another player, spies PRODUCER, goes over to him, arriving as he is watching STARLET sink beneath the table in her efforts to avoid BM 2.

BM 4: (OFF) Corsa convertible? Make mine lemon yellow? Huh, huh!

TONY: (seeing BM 2 approach STARLET, he leaves his work, goes to BM 2, flexing his muscles) Say! You play tackle or something for Puerto Charlie's football team?

GASTON: (entering from cafe, snaps his fingers) Tony! (he will return to Tony's side)

TONY: (speaking in falsetto) Gaston! For a moment . . . I thought I'd never see you again . . . (returning to his work) Ben Chester White? On my new car!

BM 2: (ogling STARLET's tits and pressing her down with his words) Just lie down on the soft vinyl pad part of the "Easy Hip Cycle" and pedal . . . . .

STARLET: (to BM 2) Oh, sir! What girl hasn't at one time or another wanted a car? And why not? A car means swinging, come-and-go as-you-like-it fun . . . . .

TONY: (returning to his scaffold, smiling grimly at GASTON) (GASTON turns and smiles grimly into audience)

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BM 2: (*pressing above STARLET*) You can think pretty thoughts while this tubular steel exercise aid works from the tummy to the toes . . . . .

STARLET: (*shrinking from her seat to the floor*) Although many drivers feel foreign cars are more exhilarating, they say ~~you~~ cars also are mechanically more high-strung . . . . .

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their 101

PRODUCER: (*to TONY*) Lousy bastard . . . . .

BM 3: (*to other BM*) Money! Murder! Power! Merde! (*to HARVEY*) Lousy bastard!

PRODUCER: (*to TONY*) You lousy bastard!

BM: (*restlessly rising, one by one, as if to move to BM 3's aid, then resitting, one by one, at each other's urging, returning to the card game*) Money . . . Murder . . . Power . . . Merde . . . Lousy bastard . . . You lousy bastard!

BM 1: (*to PRODUCER*) My name is Jomo Kenyattawama. Do you play black-jack or else twenty-one!

PRODUCER: No sprechen Duethc, signor! No parlez Englishe, amigo . . . heh . heh . . .

TONY: (*preparing for the end, testing the rope with vigor, almost enthusiasm*) (*speaking normally*) Ben Chester White! On my new car!

STARLET: (*seated beneath her table, staring at BM 2*) You must be prepared for frequent tune-ups. American autos may be less romantic, but they are less prone also to end up . . . in the repair shop . . . (BM 2 follows STARLET under the table, causing her to crawl out; he follows her out)

BM 1: You have plenty of money, merde! Let's play blackjack! All-right? (*takes PRODUCER by the tie and pulls him from his chair over to the gaming table*)

PRODUCER: No hablo Turkishe! No tickee Chinese laundry! Signor . . . (He is shoved into the chair vacated by BM 2)

PENNY: (*OFF*) My name is Penny. You're tough! Go to college, or anything? cat got your tongue?

BM 4: (*OFF*) Huh huh! More exhilarating? But more high strung?

BM 2: (*crawling after STARLET*) Or, lie down anywhere, read, watch TV . . . . .

BEGGERMEN: (*as before, rising and falling, one by one, in their chairs*) Money! Murder! Dollar! Merde! More exhilarating! But more high strung!

BM 1: Deal! Let's deal! Who'd got blackjack? Have you got blackjack?

GASTON trips TONY so he slips and hangs himself by a foot, instead of the neck, causing his head to bang against the scaffold.

STARLET: (interrupting her flight, observing TONY) You big-shouldered, thick-headed, American wreck!

MUMS: (standing, wobble-kneed near stage edge, facing audience) Penny? Dollar? Madness? Merde? Everything, dear! My new purse . . . My old gloves . . . The gold watch your aunt vi gave me. My sister Eileen's pearl necklace. My own very precious diamond rings.

BM 3: (to HARVEY) Me Jose! Who you damn double agent provocateur! (knees HARVEY in the nuts, incapacitating him) Ha! (he dashes across to where TONY now hangs and pummels his body with both fists) Money! Murder! Madness! Merde! (he summons the shuffling BEGGERMEN) (BM 1 and PRODUCER continue at their cards)

BM 1: I have blackjack! You only have twenty-one! Give me the money, merde! (he rises and strikes the PRODUCER in the eye, taking some money) Let's play some more! (PRODUCER deals again)

STARLET: (moving on stomach toward audience, speaking with mounting hysteria) Continue gradually to feed more gas as you sweep out of the turn. If the cornering is executed properly you will feel the car literally push itself through the turn, in a surefooted manner . . . (she tries to gain the audience, but is caught by BM 2)

BM 2: (crawling upon STARLET) Put moisturizing jelly on the pads . . . first . . .

MECH. WOM. VCE.: Thigh pressures may be applied whether or not we manipulate the genitalia . . . (sputters) whether or not we manipulate the . . . . (bang out)

BEGGERMEN: Money! Murder! Power! Merde! More exhilarating but more high strung!

STARLET: (*crawling away*) Did you know . . . the most important and difficult maneuver in a car is cornering. The object is to maintain control while at the same time executing the turn with a flair . . . . (*she does, around table or chair*)

BM 2: (*following STARLET*) My name is Muhammad Ali, ex Sugar Brown. Who in hell do you think you are? Shirley Dimp~~k~~? Ur-sula Undress? (e)

TONY: (*getting ready*) Ben Chester White. (*getting set*) On my new car . . . .

BM 3: (*struggling against HARVEY who is still struggling to open door*) Filthy Yankee Dollar punk police spy bastard!

BEGGERMEN: (*all except BM 1 rising now, one by one, distracted from game by BM3's calls*) Filthy? Yankee? Dollar punk Police Spy? Bastard?

BM 3: (*struggling to free himself*) Merde! Double merde; Merde on you!

BEGGERMEN: (*all, except BM 1, leaving game and moving toward HARVEY and BM 3*) Merde? Double merde? Merde on him?

PRODUCER: (*to BM 1*) I don't mind if I deal. (*he takes the deck of cards and shuffles and deals them expertly, faltering only when BM 1 mutters the chant*)

BM 1: Money! Murder! Madness! Merde! I will do blackjack. You want to do twenty-one?

Now TONY makes his move; at the same time, MUMS rises like an apparition above the cafe or from beside the audience!

STARLET: Do it this way! Slow down before you reach the turn. (*she does*) Then one-third of the way into the turn, begin carefully to accelerate . . . . (*she does*)

MUMS: (*rising*) Penny? dollar? Yankee? Merde? You know what he took, dear? He took . . . everything I own!

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STARLET: (*on her stomach, BM 2 on her back*) Notice how our cars' clean lines say unencumbered mobility. Dress the same way. No tight skirts that restrict our legs as we manipulate the . . . pedals . . .

MUMS: (*as before*) Your father's segregated country club membership card. My Japanese umbrella. My German contact lenses. My 100 shares of AT & T. My Italian-American portable electric typewriter . . . . .

BM 2: (*atop STARLET*) Put one end under the ball of the foot. Hold the other end with both hands and slowly pull up . . . as far as you can . . . .

STARLET: (*breathlessly*) No overly bulky sweaters or tight jackets that hinder our arms from turning the steering wheel. No loose bracelets that snare on the gear level or . . . door handle . . . .

BEGGERMEN: (*circling TONY and swinging his body like a medicine bag so that his head repeatedly narrowly misses striking the table edge.*)

B. (*chanting*) Money! Murder! Madness! Merde!

BM 3: (*punching TONY*) More exhilarating! But more high-strung!

*As the BEGGERMEN rhythmically swing TONY's helpless body, their chant and BM 3's refrain are repeated to the moment where TONY's body is cut down.*

BM: Money! Murder! Madness! Merde!

BM 3: More exhilarating! But more high strung!

PRODUCER: Er . . . . . I believe . . . I may have . . . . . blackjack or, as you say, twenty-one . . . . .

BM 1: Let's see! You don't have blackjack. But I have twenty-one! Give me the money, merde! (*he twists PRODUCER's ear, takes money from him*) Play more! (*PRODUCER deals another hand*)

MUMS: Penny? Murder! Madness? Merde? I can't tell you, darling, all he took! Never . . . . . My KLH stereo hi-fi set. My Norwegian bedroom furniture. My 24-piece set of Dresden China. My Krieger wall-to-wall rugs and carpeting. My 1927 Edition of the Encyclopedia Brittanica . . . . .

PENNY: (*OFF*) I don't know much about foreign cars, but I like to dance. And climb a pole, or rope! Do you?

BM 4: (*OFF*) Me dance, climb a pole or rope?

PENNY: (*OFF*) Don't you?

BM 4: (*OFF*) I'm Red Pony!

PENNY: (*OFF*) Red Pony?!!

PRODUCER: Me seventeen. You twenty-four. You give me the money!

BM 1: Your crazy, Merde! I have blackjack. You don't have twenty-one! *(he rises and slaps PRODUCER's face)* Let's go! Give me the money!

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PRODUCER: *(passing his wallet to BM 1, he rises, staggers toward TONY, crouches and speaks angrily to him)* Warts are small, horny elevations on the skin which are caused by viruses and are therefore contagious. Although they are benign growths and may disappear without treatment, removal with an electric needle, acids, dry ice, plasters or chemicals is recommended . . . .

BM 1: *(stuffing PRODUCER's money in his pockets; these have great holes such that when he rises, the money falls to the floor)* Plenty of money! Plenty of merde! Let's play some more! Blackjack! Deal! Come on, Joe, you like to deal; *(he rises to fetch PRODUCER and the money falls on the floor; he picks it up, stuffs it back in to his pockets; repeats in confusion of whether it is new or his old money, alternating between joy and consternation)*

HARVEY: *(recovering and racing toward BEGGERMEN with a kitchen knife in hand)* Gaston! Help me! Waiter! Waiter! Where's the waiter? *(he bursts against the BEGGERMEN but is repulsed by a blow from GASTON, which curls him upon the floor, scattering the knife)*

BM 3: Dirty Yankee dollar spy! *(he spits, thanks GASTON, returns to TONY)*

GASTON EXITS

*The kettledrums sound now and to end of scene, incessantly.*

HARVEY: *(from the ground, gasping)* Friends? Gaston? Please summon some . . . . police . . . .

*Instead, another squad of BEGGERMEN, led by BM 5, clamber onto the cafe terrace, from audience, chanting.*

BEGGERMEN: *(swinging TONY's body around now so that his head strikes repeatedly against the table edge in counterpoint tempo to the kettledrums' sound)* Money! Murder! Madness! Merde! Make mine rare! Make mine well-done!

MUMS: *(as before, at audience edge)* Penny? Dear? Are you there? Are you here? All I can tell you is . . . . I'm not the same woman I used to be. He took . . . . everything . . . . . My sleek Borg scale. My Muscle-Toner by Regal Therapy Devices. My jar of Pretty Feet. My DAR Medals. The silk-lined Ku Klux Klan robe your granddaddy left to me. My pen-sized purse-model Napalm bomb, to ward off any unwelcome strangers I might someday chance to meet . . . .

HARVEY: (from the ground) Nigger-beggars of the world! Can't you see!  
I'm your black brother . . .

STARLET: (rolling over and speaking directly to BM 2) Haven't you done  
enough? Please leave me alone! (Turning onto her stomach again,  
to audience) Those kooky dark glasses we love? We should leave  
them home, too. The rims are too thick and might impair our  
peripheral vision . . . .

BM 2: (irritably beginning to strangle STARLET) Connected to it by wires  
are a series of pads and belts . . . placed over problem areas  
. . . . over problem areas . . . . over . . . problem . . . areas . . . .

~~MUMS: Never mind, Darling! Are your legs together? Is your skirt  
pulled down? Those are the things they can never take away  
. . . American values!~~

PRODUCER: (as before, to TONY, angrily resisting BM 1's effort to pull him  
away) Keloids are thick scars left by burns or injuries, surgical in-  
cisions or vaccinations. Cysts are hollow lumps with special lin-  
ings that can pop up anywhere on the body. On the scalp they  
called wens. The most common type are the sebaceous . . . . .  
sebaceous . . . . sebaceous . . . , sebaceous . . . . .

BM 1: (ripping off PRODUCER's shirt, coat, and pants, struggling to drag  
him back to the gambling table) Let's play some more! All right?  
( thrusts him into chair; PRODUCER Deals and plays silently in his  
underwear)

PENNY: (OFF) Red Pony! I'm happy to know you. But didn't you ever  
dance? Or climb a rope or pole?

HARVEY: (recovering his knife) Don't murder him! Let him go! (he takes  
knife, breaks through ring of BM and cuts down TONY whose body  
lands with a great thud upon the ground and BM 2; silencing all)  
A long silence, then the kettledrums resume and:

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MECH. WOM. VCE.: (sputter, bang, sputter) (airily) A relatively infrequent biologically important method of masturbation in the female is one which depends upon the development of muscular and nervous tensions throughout the body. To accomplish this, we lie face down either in a prone position or with our knees drawn up against our belly . . . . . (the rock'n'roll song resumes)

MUMS: Dear, aren't they?

BM 1: Once again, I have blackjack! You don't have twenty-one! Pay me the money, merde! All right? (PRODUCER rises and despite BM's effort to restrain him, breaks away to where the radio sits. He picks it up during the next reading, shakes it, ruffles through it, throws it on the ground, stamps on it, returns to table, but the MECH WOM VCE., unaffected, goes on:

MECH. WOM. VCE.: Our buttocks, then move rhythmically forward and against each other. Sometimes it develops great speed . . . . (sputter, bang) . . . . speed . . . . (sputter, bang) . . . . . great speed, and always considerable tension and force. In such a prone position, we may also press some portion of our genitalia against the bed on which we lie, or against a pillow or other object which we have placed . . . (sputter, bang) . . . . . have placed . . . . (sputter, bang, bang) . . . . .

MUMS: Darling . . . aren't they?

BM 1: (to PRODUCER) Sit down! What's wrong with you? Never mind that! Play! Deal!

MECH. MAN'S VCE.: (interceding heavily) . . . . . under your pelvis or between your legs . . . . .

MECH. WOM. VCE.: (bang, bang) The muscular action which is involved when we masturbate in this fashion is imitative, of course, of the copulatory movements of the male . . . . (sputter, bang)

MUMS: (in contrapuntal tempo to the drumbeat) Dear? Dear? Dear? Dear?  
Dear? Dear? Dear? Dear? Dear? Dear?

STARLET: (beneath the pile) We put those glasses away? . . . (pant) . . .  
Good! Now let's warm up our engine for a minute or two. (pant)  
And then go! (gasp) We go, of course, (pant) Daddy um-um  
(pant) into the company . . . Tony . . . which very American  
girl dreams of (pant, gasp). A recent nation-wide survey (gasp)  
showed (gasp) that the average (gasp) sports car owner (gasp) is a  
well-educated (pant) well-to-do, thirty-four-year-old (gasp) male  
. . . . (pant, pant) Tony?! (she screams) Daddy-um-um?! (she  
screams) Jesus!

BM 4: (OFF) What's your name?

PENNY: (OFF) Penny! Don't you know? Listen, where'd you get that  
pole or rope?

STARLET: (moaning) No . . . no . . . no . . . no . . . n~~o~~ . . . no . . . no  
. . . (she screams)

MUMS: Answer your mother, dear! Aren't they?

MECH WOM VCE: . . . . or of the movements which appear in an  
uninhibited female when we assume a position on top of the  
male in coitus . . . . . (sputters) top of the male . . . (sputters)  
. . . . . in . . . . . (bang)

STARLET: Tony! You thick-headed bigshouldered impotent wreck! I  
can't love you either! (she screams)

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GASTON: Listen to this, Messieurs-dames! Another of the "musts" on the tourists itinerary is the city's museum, located at Peach Park. Here, a definite sense of awe at the destruction caused by the bombing will strike the visitor, for here are preserved living relics of that fateful day. Most gruesome, possibly, are the photographs showing a few of the 150,000 injured and dead persons and plaster models depicting radiation burns. Almost as striking are clocks which have stopped at the fatal moment, roof tiles that have shadows burned upon them, many amazingly twisted steel beams, beer bottles ~~melted~~ by the bomb's great heat, and other such souvenirs too numerous to mention of the day the great American bomb was dropped. An excellent series of pictures taken following the bombing is well worth the tourist's time. A side-trip to the steps of the Sumitomo Bank will be rewarded with the still-visible sight of the shadow of an unknown man whose body was pressed indelibly upon the stones by the impact of the blast. *(to members of the audience)* Messieurs? Mesdames? Your orders, please? May I serve you, now? Labia majora a la Tripa per middle-aged mother? Testes al succo di Gridiron king? Toothsome milk-fed breasts of daughter Supreme? Monsieur? Madama? What will you have? *(GASTON laughs; the heartbeats return one by one; they mix and pound deafeningly, while the kettledrums sound.)*

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melted

PRODUCER: *(In his underwear, straightening himself, taking menu, holding it like a prayerbook, reciting solemnly)* Our father . . . . . *(His heartbeat sounds)*

*A great luminous moon of a portrait of the President of the United States rises above the cafe, smiling benevolently. The sound of a light heartbeat comes and then the distant sound of a helicopter.*

i.e., L.B.J.

STARLET: *(half naked, slipping from beneath the pile, moving to stage edge)* *(to audience)* Listen to this . . . . .

GASTON: (*among the audience*) (*softly, but insistently*) Messieurs-dames? Messieurs-dames? Or would you prefer me to serve you some red Cong flesh? Braised bones Saigonese?

PRODUCER: (*standing at his table, looking at the Presidential moon*) . . . . .  
. . . . . who aren't in Heaven . . . . . (*The heartbeats grow louder and the sound of the helicopter nears?*)

STARLET: Listen to this . . . . .

GASTON: (*as before*) Messieurs-dames? Your orders, please? How about pierced heart of Viola Liuzzo? Dashed brains of Ben Chester White? River-filled lungs of Schwerner and Goodman? (*The Presidential moon shows confusion and dawning anger*)

PRODUCER: (*to audience*) Where the Hell are You?

STARLET: (*The heartbeats sound urgently and the helicopter blades are near*).  
Oh listen to this . . . . .

GASTON: (*as before*) Monsieur? Monsieur? Madame? Madam?  
*The Presidential moon is terrible in its frustrated rages. This settles into a determined pouting expression.*

STARLET: Please listen to this . . . . .  
*The heartbeats multiply and begin to race. The helicopter blades are directly overhead.*

PRODUCER: (*Going onto his knees, praying to the Presidential moon*) Our Father . . . . . Our Father . . . . .  
*The sounds of the heartbeats and helicopter recede.*

PRODUCER: FATHER! FATHER!! FATHER!!! (*repeating softly to the end of Act*) (*The lights dim out*)

STARLET's VCE.: (*plaintively*) Just listen to this . . . (*a silence from which there grows the sound of the heavy heartbeat which gradually becomes the sound of distantly exploding bombs*)

STARLET's VCE.: (*plaintively*) Oh listen to . . . . . this . . . . . (*another silence from which grows the sound of the light heartbeat which gradually becomes the sounds of a woman's labored breathing and a background of licking flames and falling timbers*)

STARLET's VCE.: (*plaintively*) Please, listen to this! (*another silence from which grow the sounds of bombs distantly exploding, women laboriously breathing, flames licking, timbers falling and then, coming to dominate the others, the voice of a child sobbing, then crying, then screaming, becoming the sound of an air-raid horn which cries and moans piercingly.*)  
*Presidential moon dims out. The set is in blackness. There is a moment of silence broken by the chant of the BEGGERMEN's lament and then the distant measured beating of kettledrums. There are a few strains of the corny Italian song.*

END OF ACT ONE

2.01-  
2.07

3

## INTERMISSION

*As the audience leaves for the intermission, the Sound System comes on again:*

MECH. WOM. VCE. (*silkily, knowingly, reassuringly*) How to Save Your Skin. Continued. Part C. Continued. Aberrations. Numbers six and seven. Six. Acne may leave sufferers marked by scars and pits, but not necessarily for life. These irregularities often can be removed by a process known as dermabrasion, in which the tops of the scars are planed to the depth of the pits by a steel brush attached to a machine much like a dentist's drill. (*there are ten seconds of silence*) Seven. Part C. Continued. Aberrations. Number seven. How to Save your Skin. Wrinkles. Wrinkles caused by hereditary factors and precipitated by the sun and a pattern of facial movements, can start to form at any age. Some young women develop tiny frown lines in the early twenties, others retain smooth skins until the forties. While wrinkles, once formed, cannot be permanently removed, a great deal can be done to retard them. Regular lubrication of the skin tends to offset the drying and wrinkling effects of weather. Good muscle tone retards the formation of wrinkles, too, and facial exercise helps here. Try reaching for the tip of your nose with the tip of your tongue twenty-five times a day. You won't make it, but it's wonderful for your chin line. Otherwise, the best advice for the future is to smile a lot. (*There are fifteen seconds of silence*) (*Introduce and begin MUM's reading during this*) Conclusion. How to Save Your Skin. Part D. Conclusion. Although little can be done to change the skin permanently, much can be done to keep it glowing, healthy, soft and younger than it should be, longer than it should be. Common sense attention to general health is basic; after that, explore the possibilities of the many, many reliable cosmetics that can soften and restore it, cover almost any blemish, and, skillfully used, enhance its natural appearance. If ailments crop up, don't neglect them; one visit to a doctor can sometimes avert months, if not years of annoying problems. Your skin is, after all, your contact with the outside world. You've only got one. Make the most of it. (*There are fifteen seconds of silence*)

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MECH. WOM. VCE.: (*silkily, bored, a bit insanely as it goes*) Summer Directory of Deodorants, Anti-perspirants, and Women's Shaving Items: Appendix. How to Save Your Skin. Summer Director. A deodorant masks or neutralizes perspiration odor. An antiperspirant checks the flow of perspiration. A deodorant that is also an antiperspirant gives double protection. Be sure to read ~~labels~~ <sup>on</sup> so you know what you are getting.

*Labels* DEODORANTS AND ANTIPERSPIRANTS

*Allercreme*: Liquid Deodorant, hypoallergenic; Roll-on Deodorant, hypoallergenic; Deodorant Cream, hypoallergenic  
*Almay*: Cheq Spray Deodorant, hypoallergenic; Cheq Roll-on Antiperspirant Deodorant, hypoallergenic; Cheq Cream Deodorant, hypoallergenic.

*April Showers*: Spray Deodorant

*Elizabeth Arden*: Blue Grass Cream Deodorant; Blue Grass Liquid Deodorant

*Ar-ex*: Spray Deodorant, hypoallergenic; Cream Deodorant, hypoallergenic

*Beauty Counselors*: Deodorant Spray; Anti-perspirant Lotion; Perspiration Cream; Deodorant Stick

*Bonne Bell*: Body Guard Anti-perspirant Deodorant

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905

*Borden Company:* Marcelle Roll-on Deodorant/Anti-perspirant;  
Marcelle Cream Deodorant/Anti-perspirant  
*Bristol-Myers:* Ban Spray Deodorant; Ban Roll-on  
*Caryl Richards:* No Doubt; Spray Deodorant  
*Celebrity:* Safe Trip Deodorant/Anti-perspirant pads  
*Charles of the Ritz:* AD Anti-Perspirant Deodorant; Liquid Anti-  
Perspirant  
*Mary Chess:* Roll-on Deodorant  
*Jacqueline Cochran:* Lotion Deodorant/Anti-perspirant  
*Helen Curtis:* Stopette Super Deodorant  
*Dana:* Ambush Spray Deodorant  
*Frances Denny:* Magic Song Roll-on Deodorant; Anti-Perspirant  
Plus  
*Dermetics:* B-Free Stick Deodorant  
*Du Barry:* Dainty-Dry Roll-on Deodorant/Anti-perspirant; Lo-  
tion Roll On Deodorant/Anti-Perspirant  
*Faberge:* Deodorant Extraordinaire  
*Max Factor:* Dri-Mist Spray Deodorant; Cream Deodorant/Anti-  
Perspiration; Spray Deodorant; Roll-on Deodorant/Anti-  
Perspiration  
*Gillette:* Right Guard Deodorant  
*Dorothy Gray:* Anti-Perspirant Atomist/Deodorant; Spin Roll-on  
Deodorant/Anti-Perspirant; Anti-Perspiratin Cream Deodorant  
*Houbigant:* Chantilly Liquid Cream Deodorant/Anti-Perspirant  
*Jaquet:* Anti-Perspirant/Deodorant  
*Lander:* Spray Deodorant; Anti-Perspirant Roll-on Deodorant  
*Estee Lauder:* Spray Deodorant; Youth-Dew Roll-on Deodorant  
Anti-Perspirant  
*L'Oreal:* Surete Roll-on Deodorant/Anti-Perspirant (beauty  
salons only)  
*Prince Matchabelli:* Tact Anti-Perspirant and Deodorant Stick  
*Mitchum:* Liquid Anti-Perspirant; Cream Anti-Perspirant  
*Germaine Monteil:* Super Sec Flo-Top Deodorant; Super Sec Roll-  
on Anti-Perspirant Deodorant  
*Jean Nate:* Spray Deodorant  
*Natonne:* Zefiro D'Italia Spray Deodorant  
*Nina:* Liquid Anti-Perspirant  
*Merle Norman:* Hex Liquid Deodorant; Hex Roll-on Deodorant  
Cease Anti-Perspirant  
*Elizabeth Post:* Chlorophyll Stick Deodorant  
*Procter & Gamble:* Secret Super Spray Deodorant; Secret Roll-on  
Deodorant & Anti-Perspirant  
*Revlon:* Lotion Anti-Perspiration and Deodorant Cream; Hi and  
Dri Anti-Perspirant Roll-on Deodorant; Hi and Dri Cream  
Deodorant; Anti-Perspirant; Hi and Dri Deodorant Spray;  
Aquamarine Lotion Deodorant/Anti-Perspirant; Aquamarine  
Spray Deodorant; Aquamarine Cream Deodorant/Anti-Persi-  
rant  
*Helena Rubinstein:* Super Biodorant Spray Anti-Perspirant and  
Deodorant; Super Biodorant Dab-O-Matic Anti-Perspirant and  
Deodorant

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200

*Scandia*: Ultra Chexit Antiperspirant  
*Shulton*: Desert Dri Aerosol Deodorant; Desert; Desert Dri Dial-It-On Cream Deodorant/Anti-Perspirant; Desert Flower Roll-on Anti-Perspirant; Early American Old Spice Stick Deodorant  
*Tussy*: Spray Deodorant; Stick Deodorant; Cream Deodorant/Anti-Perspirant  
*Whitehall Laboratories*: Sudden Beauty Spray Deodorant  
*Viviane Woodard*: Deodorant & Anti-Perspirant  
*Wrisley*: Dry Frost Cream Stick Anti-Perspirant-Deodorant  
*Yardley*: Soft Petal Spray Anti-Perspirant and Deodorant

#### WOMEN'S SHAVERS

*Gillette*: Lady Gillette Tote Bag (contains Aerosal Pre-Shaving Conditioner, Lady Gillette Razor and Blades, After Shave Moisturizer)

*Norelco*: Beauty Sachet (contains shaver accessory, manicure-pedicure accessories and accessories for massaging)

*Remington*: Lady Remington Electric Beauty Shaver; Lady Remington Cordless Lektronic Shaver; Lady Remington Princess Electric Shaver

*Ronson*: Caress Electric Shaver

*Shick*: Lady Eversharp Beauty Razor

*Shick Electric*: Lady Shick Caprice Electric Shaver; Lady Shick Crown Jewel Cordless Electric Shaver

*Sunbeam*: Lady Sunbeam Electric Shaver; Lady Sunbeam Cordless Electric Shaver

#### WOMEN'S SHAVING CREAMS

*Avon*: Lady Shave

*Clairol*: Ultra Smooth Cosmetic Shaving Cream

*Estee Lauder*: Satinee Shave

*L'Oreal*: Satin Skin Feminine Shaving Cream

*J.B. Williams*: Lady Lectric Moisturizing Pre-Electric Shave

*(Repeat, as necessary, to opening of second ACT)*

*As the audience files out, and simultaneously with the reading by the MECH. WOM.s VCE, MUM's Voice returns:*

VCE OF MUMS: Dear? Penny? Are you there? You know what else that dirty man took from me? Your dear, dead father's Slim Jim desk, formica writing surface, with filing drawer. His Phone-Trix transistor tape recorder, with playback. His Zenith Golden Triangle cordless clock radio with the swivel mount. His Laverne chair of molded shatterproof Enrevalgas and foam cushion. His Alexander Shields velvet smoking jacket. His Playboy Cartoon Album. His copy of *The Wayward Wife* by Alberto Moravia, courtesy of Farrer, Straus and Cudahy. His Lady Duchess 14-cup espresso machine. His Bell & Howell automatic slide projector with zoom lens and remote control. His Parker desk pen with non-skid marine propeller base. His Harmon Karden Stereo Festival receiver with AM and FM tuners, dual preamps and 15-watt amps, walnut case. His Dunhill Tobacco Trio, Early Morning, Aperitif and Nightcap. My Gerber tungsten steel carving set. His hurricane cast-iron Hibachi. His Stone-finished replica of Chinese T'ang horse. 12" high. His Kint of London outsize shaving brush, badger

bristles. His Mark Cross traveling bar in cowhide case, service for eight in taste-free chrome, metal flasks, drinking cups, higgers, openers, olvies and bitters bottles, funnel, knives and spoons. His African ebony walking stick with fold top. His sidney Reubenk Italian silk umbrella with folding handle. His Hensoldt Diagon 7 x 50 water-proof binoculars, eyepiece focusing. His Town & Country transmitter-receiver citizen's band radio, for boat or car, range 10 miles. His Fenjohn 16mm undewater movie camera, f/1.5 wide angle lens, pressure tested to 200 feet, battery operated. His gladding polyethylene tackle box, crackproof and unsinkable, with cantilevered lure trays. His Remington Sportsman 58, 16 guage skeet gun. His Sturm, Ruger .44 magnum hunting pistol. His 6 mm Remington Magnum rifle with four-power scope, like the one Charles Whitman used, that incredible day on the observation tower at the University of Texas Campus. Shot dead were: 18 year-old Claudia Rutt, while window-shopping at the university Co-op store; visiting mathematics professor Robert Boyer while on his way to lunch; policeman Billy Speed, while running toward the scene of the shooting; old Edna Townsley and young Mark Gabour, on a sightseeing tour of the tower together; Thomas Eckman, a freshman strolling on campus after his anthropology class; Harry Walchuk, a graduate student in government, browsing at a newstand during his lunch break; Thomas Ashton, a Peace Corps trainee, going to class; and Thomas Kerr, a senior, bound heaven-knows where; Whitman wounded thirty-one others, too numerous to mention. Dear, that beggerman also took your sleeveless pink dress that's all belted-in softness from yoked bodie to brief skirt, by Junior Aim. Your Bare-armed little skim of a dress in sunny red, by Tracy Jr. Petite. Your beaded belt by House of Joy. Your checked earrings by Paco Rabanne. Your navy and white cotton knit pullover pulled over a navy skirt of bonded cotton by Smartee. Your white dotted Swiss cover-up shaped like a baby's dress by Lady Bug. Your long-sleeved dress of sheer raspberry birole trimmed with smocking by Lansford Jr. Petites. Your narrow navy blue cotton duck jacket with epaulets over matching short boy shorts, and navy and white striped polo shirt, by Country Set. Your white belt by Elegant. Your scarf by Echo. Your ribbed red and white striped cotton poor-boy sweater pulled over white cotton knit knee shorts by Ellen Lockwood. Your easy-care, crisp-looking Dacron polyester and cotton pique nurses cap by Budget like the one worn by pretty Corazon P. Amurao the awful day she rolled beneath a bed, bound and gagged, and narrowly escaped being murdered by that strange man who came and stabbed or strangled to death eight

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other pretty student nurses: Gloria Davy, 23, past president of the Illinois Student Nurses Association who'd worked for a year as a nurse's aid at Our Lady of Mercy Hospital in Dyer, Indiana, where her parents live, found naked, sexually assaulted and strangled; Susanne Bridget Parris, 21, who worked as a recreation leader before studying to be a nurse, found stabbed and strangled; she was engaged to be married to the brother of Mary Anne Jordan, 20, a past member of the Future Nurses Club, who attended the same Chicago high school as Susanne, found stabbed in the heart, through her left breast, in the neck and in the left eye; Merlita Gargullo, 22, daughter of a Manilla physician with the Veteran's Administration, found strangled and stabbed; Valentian Pasion, 23, daughter of a Manilla attorney and a graduate of the school of Nursing at Manilla Central University, found stabbed; Patricia Ann Matusek, 20, a Chicago high school graduate, found strangled; and Pamela Lee Wilkering, 20, whose parents and brother live in Lansing, Illinois, found strangled and stabbed; and Nina Schmale, 24, of Wheaton, Illinois, who'd been a Sunday school teacher for four years and worked as a volunteer nurses' aid at the Du Page Convalescent Home before coming to South Chicago, stabbed and strangled too. Penny? Dear? You know that black beggerman also took my chest and shelves by Hall-Mack containing everything a modern woman needs; Tampax sanitary napkins, Dickenson's Witch Hazel, Red Cross Brand gauze and cotton, Air Vent adhesive tape, Fuller brush and comb, Breck shampoo, Cutex nail polishes and remover, nail strengthener emery boards fingernail scissors toenail scissors, footfile, cuticle cream, spray cologne, bath oils, hair rollers, electric razor, tweezers and tweezing cream, bobby pins and hair clips, astringent, mask, body lotion, eye cream, moisturizing cream, lip glosses, and lipsticks, false eyelashes and blusher, loose powder and a puff, cake and cream mascara, eyebrow make-up, eyeliners, cream foundation, pressed powder, makeup brushes, eye shadows, makeup remover. Dear, wouldn't you think he could have left your fragile, white cotton caprice for sleep, rimmed with garlands of lace daisies, open back with three tiny bow fastenings by Kaiser, my night chemisette of white-frosted white, sliding from slender straps by Fischer. Your barest minimum of embroidered white batiste with a deep decollete narrowing to back straps falling to a thigh-high scalloped hem by Eve Stillman. My pantaloon summer pajamas, all deep flounces and tiny flowers embroidered on the bodice. Your short flowered yellow empire peignoir over a short yellow sleeping dress of Dacron and cotton voile both by Tempo. My dreamiest long turquoise gown sashed high with orange, splattered with orange flowers by Lynne Greene for Flair, of cotton Voile . . .

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ACT TWO

*The scene is the same except that the cafe terrace is in darkness approaching dawn. The scene will gradually develop the light of day. On the television set is a male newscaster whose image is out of sync with the MECH. MAN'S VCE. From time to time (also out of sync) he will illustrate a point by use of a map, photographic images, etc. The television image will grow larger and larger, escape the television receiver, be projected upon the set and characters. As the audience returns to its seats, or before it begins to return to its seats, the AMERICANS' heartbeats return. These will accompany the MECH. MAN's VCE reading "War in Viet Nam," which proceeds to its conclusion without interruption. Its volume diminishes to bare audibility during GASTON's delivery of the indictments and the AMERICANS' replies. MUMS, PRODUCER, and STARLET are seated in their underwear on chairs, in a row. There are no tables.*

*They avoid each others' eyes. They observe BEGGERMEN who are digging trenches without much interest. They look curiously from time to time at the jury of five BEGGERMEN and HARVEY seated opposite them on two rows of chairs. From time to time, they seem unsuccessfully to try to follow the thread of the MECH. MAN's VCE. The BM Jury is made up of BM 1 (now dressed in his ceremonial African clothes). BM 2 (now dressed in contemporary American street clothes); BM 3 (now dressed in a modern Cuban military uniform); BM 4 (dressed in traditional American Indian garb) and BM 5 (dressed in the familiar black pajamas of the Viet Cong). HARVEY is as before, ~~except~~*

*tieless, rumpled, uncombed, etc. The BM have revolvers which they twirl on their fingers, poke at each other and play with otherwise. Before PENNY's voice is heard the following mute action takes place: TONY enters from cafe, wearing black Viet Cong pajamas. He goes and speaks soundlessly to the American cafe-sitters. They look at him, at each other, at him again. TONY speaks*

except now

Q  
#12-  
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again. Now PRODUCER removes his wrist-watch and ring onto the table. MUMS watches him, then follows suit. STARLET does the same. TONY carries these articles and exits. TONY returns and speaks soundlessly to the cafe-sitters. They look at him, at each other, at him. PRODUCER removes his shoes and places them on the table. MUMS removes her shoes and places them on table, STARLET removes her sandals and places them on table. TONY takes the shoes in his arms and EXITS inside the cafe. TONY returns and speaks to them. They look at him, at each other, at him, into the audience. STARLET opens her mouth as if to scream. While her mouth is open, PRODUCER Opens his mouth as if to scream, MUMS reaches into PRODUCER's mouth and withdraws a partial dental plate which she places on the table. STARLET closes her mouth. PRODUCER removes MUM's spectacles and places them on the table. STARLET opens, closes and opens her mouth, then digs down and comes up with her contraceptive diaphragm. TONY takes these up and off inside the cafe. TONY returns and oversees the BM digging trenches.

MECH. MAN'S VCE.

Viet Nam. Viet Nam is a small country . . . (sputters) . . . Viet Nam . . . (sputters) . . . Viet Nam. Viet Nam is a small country and--by Western standards--a very poor one. In area it is one twenty-eighth of the size of the United States; in population, one sixth. The average Viet Nameses person can expect to live until he is thirty-five years old; an American expect to live to seventy. (sputters) . . . an American can expect . . . (sputters) . . . an American . . . (sputters) . . . Viet Nam. Viet Nam. This tiny country

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Right Column  
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lies nine thousand miles away from Washington -- and a hundred or a thousand years away in technology. In spite of its small size and the poverty of its people the Viet Nameese look with pride on a cultural history that goes back before the time of Christ. Physically, the Viet Nameese are among the MOST BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE : : (sputters) . . . Viet Nam. Viet Nam. Viet Nam is a small country.

In 1954, the American government selected Ngo Dinh Diem, a Viet Nameese aristocrat, to be head of the government of Viet Nam. Diem's powerful family had little relationship with the aspirations and needs of the people of Viet Nam, who, after sixty years of French colonial rule and the wartime occupation by the Japanese, were living in conditions of ever-increasing destitution. Not even the most urgently needed social reforms were instituted. Half of the population was unemployed; blackmarketing, hoarding and corruption drove up the prices of food so that thousands went hungry; building resources were expended on high-rent villas, apartment<sup>2</sup> and amusement centers<sup>3</sup>; a fictitious land reform program benefited the rich landlords at the expense of the poor peasants. To stem the tide of growing . . .

PENNY (OFF)

When we get home, Red Pony, know what we'll do? Picket the Draft Board! Register negroes to vote. Not go to college. Listen to Paul Goodman. Dance. Make love. Smoke pot. Red Pony? Where is everyone? Today's a holiday for Puerto Charlie?

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left

BEGGERMEN Diggers

(Dressed as BM in first act):

(digging trenches on stage) Money!  
Jobs! Freedom! Guns! American  
war criminals, pay!

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MECH. MAN'S VCE.: (cont'd)

To stem the tide of growing resentment and opposition to his regime, Diem and his family used torture, imprisonment, and execution. Round-ups of dissidents were frequent and brutal; encirclement of whole villages, denouements, searches, raids and arrests, plundering and interrogation by torture, became the order of the day. After the American government withdrew its support, the Diem regime collapsed and Diem was assassinated. But 75% of the costs of the Diem government were paid by Americans; His army was entirely financed by the United States.

In 1956 there was formed the National Liberation Front in Viet Nam, to resist the political suppression and social injustice of the U.S.-Diem government. Soon, the NLF gained control of most of the country side, divided land among the peasants, built schools, and brought the beginnings of a medical service to the villages. It developed an armed force know as the Viet Minh, and

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later, as the Viet Cong. At first, these men fought with home-made weapons of the most primitive kind. But before long they were using weapons of modern design, captured weapons made in the USA. Mass desertions from the services of Diem and waves of religious protest including public self-immolations by Buddhist monks and young schoolgirls helped bring about Diem's downfall, jeopardizing the American government's control. Greater and greater commitments of troops and equipment were made by the U.S., necessitating the abandonment of the myth that American personnel were in Viet Nam as advisors. From 10,000 troops in 1962, the American presence grew to 200,000 troops in 1965. By 1966, U.S. troops in Viet Nam totalled 500,000. During 1966, the American government dropped more than 600,000 tons of bombs on Viet Nam -- half the total tonnage of bombs used against the Germans in Europe and Africa during all of World War II. American aid and assistance to the poor people of Viet Nam was all but forgotten. The American effort threatened to convert Viet Nam into a wasteland.

2-15 flight

From this point on, the type set is the entire right hand column from the bottom of manuscript page 215

At home, the American government was stepping up research and manufacture of arms and equipment to fight the war in Viet Nam. German and Italy had used the Spanish civil war to experiment with and test new weapons of destruction, and now the American government was making use of what the Wall Street Journal named "the ready-made laboratory of South Viet Nam." Among the new weapons which the American government began to deploy in South Viet Nam were toxic sprays against crops and rice fields; defoliants which could strip the jungle of its leaves; noxious gases which could be used against civilians; napalm fire bombs to burn away entire villages; and fragmentation bombs and grenades which scattered with incredible force thousands of razor-sharp slivers capable of shredding beyond recognition any human being standing within a radius of one hundred yards. The Americans developed new, improved Napalm, containing polystyrene which made it more adhesive, the flaming jellied gasoline was now impossible to scrape off once it touched the skin. So-called "non-lethal" gases were put to use for flushing out civilians from their air-raid shelters; as the New York Times reported, this kind of gas is fatal to the very young and the very old.

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President Johnson said, "We have used our power in Viet Nam with great restraint." Civilian casualties were reported to outnumber Viet Cong deaths by six to one. The NLF reported that in 1965, 170,000 civilians were killed in South Vietnam, with nearly 300,000 more wounded or disabled by torture. It became well known that, with the tacit support and in the presence of American troops, the South Vietnamese army regularly employed torture, not only against prisoners but anyone suspected of allegiance to the Viet Cong. In no other war in history had American personnel participated in operations where aged civilians were trussed, blindfolded, and labeled.

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The Secretary General of the United Nations announced "The war in Vietnam is one of the most barbarous in history." One Vietnamese veteran commented to an American reporter: "Our people suffered horribly under French colonial rule, but you must know that it was nothing compared to the suffering inflicted today on us by the Americans. Large chunks of Vietnam were designated as "bomb-free zones" Still, in one such zone, the Associated Press reported:

"Armed HU-1B helicopters poured 3,000 rockets into villages that used to harbor Viet Cong. They burned to the ground every hut they could find.

Sampans were sunk and bullock carts were smashed.

The 173d laid their base camp among the blackened frames of burning houses . . . patrols burned every house they encountered to the ground. Every cooking utensil was smashed. Every banana tree severed. Thousands of ducks and chickens were slaughtered. Pigs, cows, water buffalo were destroyed.

The men of C Company discovered about 60 women and children weeping in the trenches around their devastated home and farms."

In 1965 the New York Times reported that: "Anyone who has spent time with government units in the field has seen the heads of prisoners held under water and bayonet blades pressed against their throats . . . In more extreme cases victims have had bamboo slivers run under their fingernails, or wires from a field telephone connected to arms, nipples or testicles." The New York Herald Tribune reported: "Other techniques, usually designed to force on-looking prisoners to talk, involve cutting off the ears, fingers, fingernails, or sexual organs of other prisoners. Sometimes a string of ears decorated the walls of a government military installation. Malcolm Browne, the AP correspondent who won a Pulitzer prize for his reporting of the war, said: "Many a news correspondent or U.S. Army military advisor has seen the hand whacked off prisoners with machettes. Prisoners are sometimes castrated or blinded . . . In more than one case a Viet Cong suspect has been towed away after interrogation behind an armored personnel carrier across the fields. This always results in death in one of its most painful forms."

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Once again, Secretary of Defense McNamara reminded the nation; if Viet Cong choose to live among people, then the innocent will at times find themselves within the target area, so to speak. For example, several persons were seriously burned when a house was touched off while its inhabitants were hiding in a bunker built in- to its floor. (t)

"Kill them. I don't want anything moving", cried an American marine. A 10 second burst of automatic weapons fire was followed by the dull crump of a grenade exploding underground. The marine exultantly cried, "I got a VC, man. I got at least two of the bastards." (u)

A marine sergeant ordered a Vietnam corporal to go into the grenade-blasted hole and pull out the victims. These were 3 children between 11 and 14 -- two boys and a girl. Their bodies were riddled with bullets. Not long before the Marines had moved in, an American helicopter had flown over the area, telling the villagers to stay in their houses. (v)

In a delta province there is a woman who has both arms burned off by napalm and her eyelids so badly burned that she cannot close them. When it is time for her to sleep, her family puts a blanket over her head. Two of her children were killed in the same American air strike. Once, a Vietnamese farmer got mistaken by soldiers for an escaping Viet Cong. As reported by Malcolm Browne, "Every machine gun, tommy gun, rifle and pistol in our sector poured fire at that

man, and I was amazed at how long he continued to run. But finally he went down, silently, without a scream. We found him on his back in the mud, four bullet holes stitched across the top of his naked chest. He was wearing only black shorts. He was alive and conscious, his head lolling back and forth. There was blood on his lips.

The . . . squad . . . looked down at the man and laughed . . . Perhaps as an act of mercy, perhaps as sheer cruelty, one of the men picked up a heavy stake lying in the mud and rammed one end of it into the ground next to the wounded man's throat. Then he forced the stake down over the throat, trying to throttle the man. The man continued to move. Someone stamped on the free end of the stake to break the wounded man's neck, but the stake broke instead.

Then another man tried stamping on the man's throat, but somehow the spark of life was still too strong. Finally the whole group laughed, and walked back to the path . . .

In 1955, the Chicago Daily News reported several persons were publicly executed in Danang for taking part in a protest against crop damage from American air and artillery attacks. A Vietnamese military officer was shot by secret police after he wrote the magazine *Newsweek* that Americans would lose the confidence of South Vietnam if its bombing policies continued. The United States adopted a "no sanctuary" policy which justified the calling of instantaneous air strikes against any village or hamlet from which

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sniper fire is reported or which is suspected of harboring Viet Cong personnel. Another official U.S. policy allows American planes, unable to dispose of their bomb loads on planned targets, to dispose of them at will on any village rice paddy, man or beast, within large "open target areas" where Viet Cong are in control.

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James Reston of The New York Times ~~once~~ said, "Our promise was to help South Vietnam, not to destroy it."

Vietnam. The People of Vietnam. Vietnam is a small country. The Vietnamese are a poor people. Their average income is about \$50 a year—what the average American earns in a single week. The war in Vietnam cost America about one million dollars an hour. Expenditures on artillery and mortar shells and machine gun and rifle bullets alone grew to seven million dollars a day. The costs of destroying Vietnam rose to twenty-one billion dollars a year. It cost American taxpayers \$400,000 to kill one Viet Cong. That amount of money would support eight thousand live Vietnamese for an entire year.

The American effort in Vietnam began with foreign assistance to a poor and underdeveloped country.

The American effort in Vietnam turned into one of mass murder, wholesale destruction.

Vietnam is a small country.

The Vietnamese are a poor people.

Physically they are among the most beautiful in the world.

Vietnam.

Vietnam.

The war in Vietnam.

Vietnam.

FILMS A and B commence, on the television set, the moment MUMS dies. They rapidly expand beyond the set and get projected upon the cafe facade and the characters standing and moving there. The people in these films are all Americans, all young AND FRESH and beautiful Americans . . . . . They are so young and fresh and beautiful that they seem like a race apart.

Slides are in color and are projected initially to say 15 second intervals. The speed of slide projection slowly increases. We see a crowd of white American girls, aged eleven to seventeen, wearing OP and POP clothing. They relate to the camera as models might and appear to be in someone's spacious, smartly decorated house or garden (Consider Mary Swift's house, the roof park of 1700 Pennsylvania, Dumbarton Oaks Garden, etc.). The girls do no speaking to one another, but smilingly come-on us, the camera.

Slides B get projected alongside Slides A, are in black and white, and show a crowd of white American boys, aged the same as the girls, wearing MOD clothes, sitting and standing around the same place as the girls. They seem to look at the girls, speak to each other, smile, laugh, joke, stroke their hair, get up, change place, return, sit down, go away, return, sit down, play records, drink tea and smoke pot. Both scenes of SLIDES gradually speed up to say 5 second intervals.

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BM JURY: (*excitedly, waving pistols*) Money! Merde! Madness! Merde! Money! Murder! Madness! Merde! Money! Murder! Madness! Merde!

TONY: (*advancing*) Me Tony. You Captain Puerto Charlie Negro Red Black and yellow Communist football team?

GASTON: The poor people of Puerto Charlie are brothers to the poor people of America who your leaders condemn to generations of misery, disease and helpless desperation!

BM JURY: Money! Freedom! Jobs! Guns! American war criminals, pay! Pay!

HARVEY: Tony! You are charged and known to be a willful accomplice to this wanton and wholesale human condemnation. The people of Puerto Charlie ask that you pay. What do you say? (*he looks tiredly at the jury*)

TONY: (*advancing*) Listen, waiter. My wife told me a lot of persons imagine that masturbation harms you physically as well as mentally. Some males and many females even, believe that masturbation is the cause of their special problem areas, including facial pimples, mental dullness, poor posture, stomach upsets, ovarian cysts, impotency . . . .

GASTON: Tony!

BM JURY: Money! Freedom! Jobs! Guns! American war criminals, pay! pay!

TONY: (*advancing*) . . . impotency . . . cancer, appendicitis, various infections of the eye, ear, nose, and throat, weak vision, sterility, headaches, kidney troubles, weak hearts, lack of hormones, and so on (*He is shot in the head by BM 5, but keeps coming on*) And so on. However, that worry frequently does do damage, while masturbation itself does none, has been put forward in the following authoritative sources: Black 1902: 132-134. Adler 1911; 93971. Steck 1912: 29-35. Wulffen 1913: 260. Marro 1922: 509. Hirshfield and Bohn 1930: 148. Malamud and Palmer 1932 (includes a history of attitudes on masturbation), Meagher and . . . (*TONY is shot by BM 3*) . . . Jelliffe 1936: 106. Henry 1938: 31. Huschka 1938: 347-52! (a list of threats used to frighten children who masturbate) Butterfield (*TONY is shot again, by BM 2. He falls. Several BEGGERMEN slink off into audience while others drag his body to ditch . . .*)

TONY: (*As the BEGGERMEN cover him with dirt*) . . . 1938: 62. Sidonie Gruenberg 1943: 5-6. Satler and Sadler 1944: 59. Wilhelm Riech . . . Wilhelm . . . Reich . . . Wilhelm . . . Reich . . . (*this last phrase echos and re-echos out*)

STARLET: (*as before, she quietly screams, no<sup>w</sup> at 5 second intervals*)

The girls of Slides A will smile at the boys of Slides B but no boy makes a move for a girl. At the moment when TONY is shot, the girls will smile at each other and, one by one, take and dance with one another. They dance to inaudible rock 'n roll music, at first slowly but then more and more rapidly. As the dancing of the girls speeds up, the movement and gaiety of the boys slows and tones down. The girls become a whirl of design and color as the boys grow still and somber as library statuary.

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GASTON: (*Moving the chair behind which STARLET cowers, locating an indictment*) Starlet! Your president and countrymen pretend America is a land where political freedom rings . . .

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BM JURY: (*a little dispiritedly*) Money. Murder. Madness. Merde. American flag and freedom, shit.

HARVEY: (*standing up, with a gun*) Put up your hands! Drop that gun!

BM JURY: Money! Freedom! Jobs! Guns! American police spies, pay! Pay!

GASTON: Yet they jail, black-list and persecute Americans who are suspected of believing in or speaking out in favor of political doctrines that half the people of the world believe in. They deny asylum to refugees from dictatorships whose political and economic policies are officially approved. They refuse travel permits to Americans wishing to see for themselves nations whose political and economic policies are officially disapproved. They draft into endless standing armies and interminable foreign wars all ablebodied and minded young men who might otherwise have an opportunity to grow up and learn why and how to defeat the new American totalitarianism and deny the new American dream which maintains that military might makes political right, and that superior force and economic bribery are the only reliable methods to gain world influence and domination.

HARVEY: Gaston! Don't you hear me? Put up your gun and drop that . . . (*As he moves, he is tripped by BM 2, and is shot in the back by BM 1, 3, & 5. In the commotion, BM 4 slips off, or exits in the cafe. Other BM bury HARVEY's body.*)

GASTON: (*poking his indictment between the chairs at STARLET*) Starlet!

STARLET: (*scampering toward the cafe doors on her hands and knees, screaming*)

One of the trousered girls seems to be (is) PENNY. One of the somber boys seems to be (is) RED PONY. The boys who (still beautiful) now are all Negroes, Cubans, Puerto Ricans, Vietnamese, and Chinese, begin to move and without speaking to each other, or laughing or smiling, disengage themselves from each other and approach the dancing girls. Slides A and B will from now on continuously show the identical scene (boys and girls together) from differing perspectives, angles, distances, etc. Film A remains in color and B in black and white. The frequency of the A film will gradually speed up to match the speed of the B film. Some of the boys will bow to their girls. The girl couple will disengage itself and each girl will be received into the arms of a boy. When they are taken, the girls cease to smile because they are serene; they enter into a slow, sensual minuet with their new boy partners. It has the pregnant mood of a mass wedding ceremony. At the moment when STARLET is shot, PENNY and RED PONY are seen behind, or through, the cafe facade. At first they seem to watch the dancing couples, including their own photographic images, from behind the screen; then they begin to dance rock 'n roll - that is, PENNY shows RED PONY how to dance to that music, while the couple on Film A and B continue to dance a minuet. The films continue for all of GASTON's appeal to the audience, going out at the moment he is killed.

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GASTON: (*Turning away from her, addressing the audience directly*) I appeal to you, fellow Americans, as a person concerned with liberty and social justice. Most of you probably feel our country has always served those ideals and we must never forget America does possess a revolutionary tradition. This, in the beginning, was true to the struggle for human liberty and social equality. But that tradition has now been broken by the people who run our country today . . . (*The BEGGERMEN drag STAR-LET, further weakened by the shovels, from behind the chairs into the center of the terrace. They gape at her as she spins around, stops, flip and flops to her recitation like an indefatigable mechanical toy*)

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GASTON: (Cont.)

Many of you here may not be fully aware of the extent to which America is controlled by industrialists and military men who depend for their power upon military bases and great economic holdings all over the world. We Americans control over 60% of the earth's natural resources, although we amount to only six percent of the world's population. Despite this immense wealth, sixty-six million of our fellow Americans are known to be living at poverty level. Think! Our cities are covered in slums! I am asking you all tonight to stop a moment and think about that. Open your eyes to the system which has taken control of America and twisted her institutions into a terrifying arsenal for world empire. Our vast military machine, our great industrial combines, and our secret intelligence agencies are feared by the poor peoples on three continents as the main source of their misery, hunger, and deprivation! Think about the types of governments which depend for their existence upon American economic and military force! Aren't they all supporting the status quo, protecting and preserving the rich, the land lords, the big capitalists? We know that the Central Intelligence Agency has a budget fifteen time larger than all the diplomatic activity of the United

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States, and has gotten itself involved in the assassination of heads of State, and plots against revolutionary governments. Our foreign policy activity has come to be devoted mainly to maintaining and extending the economic exploitation and military domination of foreign peoples and countries by the United States military-industrial complex. This activity undermines the leadership and organization of poor peoples who are still struggling to free themselves from the centuries-old stranglehold of English, French, Dutch, and German economic and political domination. The evils of the new United States imperialism are inseparable from the evils of the old American capitalism which successfully kept millions of our own people, especially Negroes, sunk in generations of poverty. Similar policies led our nation to crimes like those of Vietnam. We must not forget how Germans came to be considered guilty if they acquiesced in and accepted the crimes of their government. Nobody agreed it was a sufficient excuse for Germans to say that they knew about the gas chambers and the concentration camps, the torture and the mutilation, but were unable to stop it, or acted under orders. It is our boys who tortured and killed Viet Nameese and other helpless people, attacked villages, occupied cities, used gas and chemicals, bombed schools and hospitals -- to bolster the military and materialistic aspects of our culture, and expand the profits of American capitalism. The men who conscripted the soldiers are the same men who sign the military contracts . . . in their own benefit.

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Consider for a moment the implications of the fact that in the executive offices of five or our giant corporations, which together do nearly one billion dollars annual business in military weapons and goods, there are 1,400 army officers, including 261 generals and officers of flag rank. This ruling class stays in power no matter who is elected to nominal public office. Our last three Presidents all found themselves forced to serve the interests of this all-powerful class. American democracy has been deprived of its spiritual life and rightful destiny because we -- you and I -- cannot remove the men who really dominate us. Who seek also to dominate the rest of the world.

It is on their orders that the United States occupies small countries and suppresses starving and helpless people. They have taken America away from you and me and the name of the country stinks in the nostrils of people all over the world. There is no pretending Americans any longer are loved or respected among the peoples of the world. We are hated and feared. We cannot longer pretend that we don't know the war crimes have been occurring and re-occurring, that gas and chemicals have been applied, that the Asians and Latin Americans have been wantonly murdered by American soldiers and American bombs, upon Washington's orders and with your and my consent. Can there be any dignity left among us if we do not take the courage to examine this evil and oppose it by all possible means?

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No. In fact, there is no solution for this dreadful and moral crisis in America's history short of your and my emancipation from the blind, brutal and greedy men who act and speak in our name and shame our nation by doing so. (He sees the GENERAL and CHIEF approaching and gets a gun) Other Americans have awakened and shown that brand of determination and courage which their revolutionary ancestors so movingly and triumphantly displayed. The Negro struggle in Harlem, Watts, Detroit, Newark, and the South, (he shoots at the CHIEF), the assault on the Pentagon, the disruption of the Chicago Convention, the resistance of the American students (he shoots at the General), the increasing hatred and shame for our imperialistic wars shown by more and more Americans of every economic and cultural class give hope to all mankind . . . (he shoots again) tha the terrible day when blind, brutal and greedy men deceive and abuse the nation is coming to an end! (he shoots again) There are some things you can do, you and I can do. Think hard and talk to each other about what you can do. You may be thrown in jail when you do. We may lose our jobs, our friends, our loved ones . . . when we do. You or I may lose our lives (he throws away his useless gun). But there is a more terrible loss if we don't. If you and I don't do smothing, we are going to lost our heart, our soul, our sense that we are human beings. And we will not be human beings; we will be posing as human beings. Smiling as human beings. Walking and talking and breathing as human beings. Eating and sleeping and making love as human beings. But we will be . . . mechanical monsters . . . (he dies in the General's embrace) . . . Americans . . .

The following type set is the entire LEFT hand column from manuscript page 215

The AMERICANS' heartbeats fade and return. They sound slow and tired but they grow very loud. It is as if the heartbeats are trying to enter the American bodies. They relent and fade away. Their sound is replaced by that of the kettledrums. This also grows very loud. The BEGGERMAN's chant is heard:

BM: (digging) Money! Jobs! Freedom! Guns!

BM JURY: American War Criminals, pay!

A recording of MY COUNTRY TIS OF THEE, sung by a powerful contralto, comes on. It will play over and over.

GASTON enters, turns to the audience, smiles, and bows sardonically, turns to BEGGERMAN jury, salutes them, waves a sheaf of indictments, gestures to the BEGGERMEN to finish their digging, and waves at TONY. TONY goes and speaks wordlessly to MUMS. The others look at MUMS, at TONY, at MUMS. MUMS looks only at TONY, rises, sits down, rises, sits down, rises. TONY restrains her from sitting down, takes her arm, and walks her away from the table and to the gallows. He stands her before it, facing GASTON. He ties her wrists or arms behind the post. He retakes his chair. During the dialogue which follows, the attention of the other American cafe sitters will uniformly rest of GASTON and MUMS while each one talks.

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GASTON:

Mums! (*she stiffens*)

The kettledrums sound and the BEGGERMAN's chant is heard . . .

Your countrymen and your president pretend to offer up gifts of food to the downtrodden and underprivileged peoples of the world, and instead they rain down bombs, bullets, gas, poisonous chemicals, jellied gasoline and phosphorous.

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BM DIGGERS: Money! Sugar! Guns! Bread!

BM JURY: American aid and assistance, shit!

GASTON:

d Mums! Your countrymen and your President pretend they want to lighten the lives of the poor and deprived persons of the world with their overflowing bounty of corn, cotton, wheat and rice; and instead they darken the skies overhead with droves of B-57 Canberras B-52 Stratofortresses, F-1 Supersabres, F-12 Delta Daggers, A-1-E Skyraiders, F-104 Starfighters, F105 Thunderchiefs, RF-100Voodoos, and Ac-47 Dragonships with side-firing cannon which can shoot 18,000 shells a minute.

BM DIGGERS: Money! Sugar! Guns! Jobs!

BM JURY: American humor and generosity, shit!

GASTON:

Mums! Your countrymen and your President pretend to stand for peace on earth, good will toward men. But they then use their colossal power to war against poor peoples and small countries; and they hire assassins, sabatours and military juntas to foment and finance invasions and counter-revolutions everywhere. Your President and

countrymen say this is done in order to allow those poor peoples and small countries to have the political and economic institutions of their choice, but in fact it is done in order to place them in servitude to America's military and industrial tycoons, to convert them into pacified areas which satisfy their selfish economic and aggressive designs.

Act 2.19-  
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BM DIGGERS: Murder. Madness. Power. Merde.

BM JURY: American military-industrial complex, shit!!

GASTON:

Mums! Your countrymen and your President are liars, destroyers, and murderers. And you, Mums are charged and known by the people of Puerto Charlie with being a willing accomplice to those lies, that destruction, those murders. Mums! The people of Puerto Charlie are brothers to the black and yellow people all over the world who suffer and die from the crimes of your countrymen and President. They ask that you pay. Have you anything to say? Mums? (*He looks at the BEGGERMAN JURY*)

BEGGERMEN JURY

MONEY! Freedom! Jobs! Guns! American war criminals, pay! (*They wave their guns, point them at Mums, at the sky, at GASTON, at each other, at MUMS.*)

MUMS:

(*Repeatedly, pathetically, trying to stand straight, not collapse, keep her legs together and look nice.*)  
Oh, waiter! Please make him give me back my . . . round-trip ticket to Jamaica, first-class jet strato-cruiser, meals and refreshments served on board!

4

GASTON:

Mums!

MUMS:

My set of Citation luggage, gently domed and tapered, washable inside and out, keyless combination locks of course!

GASTON:

Mums . . .

MUMS:

My monogrammed beauty case by Samsonite with large mirror top and plastic cosmetic tray!

GASTON:

*(threateningly)* Mums!

MUMS:

*(breathlessly)* My Lanvin travel spray dispenser with special metered top that releases a fine mist of pure, pure, long-lasting My Sin! My soft silk cloque; close-curved coat, dress with volumes of skirt, Viola Weinberger gloves!

GASTON:

Mums!

MUMS:

My Selby Fifth Avenue "Wizard" shoes with handwoven leather front that's air-cooled, roomy, smart, on a short heel! My Can-trece, rhymes with increase, stockings, sheer as any I've ever worn, no looseness, no let-down, made of a new Dupont nylon!

BEGGERMEN JURY

*(Impatiently)* Money!! Freedom! Jobs! Guns! American war criminals, die! Die!

219 left -  
326

MUMS:

My Fair 'n Cooler bra by Warner,  
just as airy as a do-nothing bra  
yet will never let me droop. My  
Maidenform Concertina, a  
sheath of lightest Lycra, U.S. Pat.  
Off. ©1966, its actions insert  
opens when I bend, closes when I  
stand!

(She is shot by BM 2)

My product for feeling proud of  
the ugliest part of my body, my  
jar of Pretty Feet!

(she slumps sideways)

My . . . darling . . . baby . . .  
daughter . . . Penny . . . ? (Film  
A comes on)

HARVEY tries to desert, but is re-  
strained by the guns of his fellow  
JURYMEN

(TONY cuts MUMS' bonds, lets her  
slowly to the floor, drags her to the  
ditch, rolls her body in.

BEGGERMEN DIGGERS cover  
MUMS with dirt)

GASTON:

Producer!

(PRODUCER rises in his chair, sits  
down, rises, moves towards GAS-  
TON, stops; TONY takes him to the  
scaffold and binds him there, as he  
did MUMS.)

Your friends and countrymen  
pretend to stand for freedom,  
justice and equality for all  
--regardless of race creed or col-  
or.

Yet, Negro Americans cannot  
vote like you, go to school like  
you, get jobs like you, live in  
homes like you, eat like you,  
drink like you, sleep with women  
like you, pursue happiness like  
you.

BM DIGGERS: Money! Murder! Madness! Merde!

BM JURY: American police and justice, shit!

220 left  
222

GASTON:

When they protest, picket, sit-down against, or try to burn away their lack of freedom, your injustice, their inequality, you summon the police, you shout for law and order. White officers come and apply their guns, their tear gas, their mace, their electrified nightsticks, their German Shepherd dogs, their high-pressure hoses, to Negro men and women and children equally. Freely. Producer! This is no justice. The people of Puerto Charlie are brothers, to the Negroes who live in America. They ask that you pay, what do you say? Producer.

*(He looks at the BEGGERMEN JURY who wave and point their revolvers as before)*

*(The kettledrums sound)*

BEGGERMEN JURY

Money! Freedom! Jobs! Guns!  
American war criminals, pay!

Aw waiter! Lookie here! American movies are better than ever! *(To BEGGERMEN JURY)* Foks! Please visit your neighborhood theatre! *(To GASTON)* Waiter, didn't I tell you, hang the expense! What more could anyone ask than some shares in Miss Destiny Desire? Why, she'll out-shine, out-sweet-talk, out-sex-satisfy, (and out-serve for you, heh, heh, in the back rooms of your cafe, heh heh)--any other piece of property you or the people of Puerto Charlie could ever hope to lay your dirty black and yellow commie red hands on! From Havana to Diem Bien Phu! From Port au Charles to the Ivory Coast! From the Nanking River to . . .

202 ft -  
223

(He is shot in the shoulder by BM 1)  
Aw waiter . . . (He is shot in the  
other shoulder by BM 2) . . . Why  
didn't you ever bring us . . .  
some . . . pasta . . . fazooooo...  
(He is shot in the stomach by BM 3  
and slumps from his rope) . . .  
Sweetie . . . tum- . . . tum . . . ?  
(He is shot in the leg by BM 5) Is  
Puerto Charlie . . . so far . . .  
from Rome . . . ?

223 left  
225

STARLET:

(Screams) DADDY-Um . . .  
um!!!!!!

BEGGERMEN JURY

Money! Freedom! Jobs! Guns!  
American war criminals, die!  
Die! (They shoot their pistols into  
the air) (HARVEY holds his head in  
his hands)

(TONY now attends to PRO-  
DUCER's body, dragging it into the  
ditch. BEGGERMEN Diggers  
shovel dirt over the body)

GASTON:

Tony!

TONY:

(From where he is attending to PRO-  
DUCER's body)  
Sir? Monsoor? Sir?  
(He stands stock still, staring at  
GASTON)

STARLET:

(She quietly screams and speaks the  
words, "DADDY-UM . . . um?"  
now and repeatedly at fifteen-second  
intervals) DADDY-UM . . . um?

GASTON:

Football player!? You too! (He  
waves his indictment papers at  
TONY)

BEGGERMEN JURY

Money! Freedom! Jobs! Guns!  
American war criminals, pay!

TONY:

(*looking at his black pajamas*)

Me . . . Tony . . . ?

GASTON:

(*Standing firm*) Your President  
and your countrymen boast that  
Americans enjoy the highest  
standard of living and the best  
way of life in the world.

BM DIGGERS: Money! Murder! Madness! American

BM JURY: coke and hot dog shit!

GASTON:

(*As before*) Yet their socio-economic  
system mass produces false  
wants in everyone and is unable  
to satisfy elemental human  
needs. It feeds, shelters, and  
clothes a society of two hundred  
millions of Americans empty of a  
sense of their value and existence.  
Their terror of this alienation  
goads them to support and  
sponsor domestic violence and  
international aggression. And,  
within this America, there dwell  
sixty million persons who are  
mentally, physically and cultural-  
ly impoverished. Eight million of  
these are helplessly old. Eleven  
million are helplessly young.  
Millions more are immigrants  
from Asia, Mexico, Puerto Rico  
and Latin America--poor white,  
miserable black, and sad brown  
trash--all are without hope of  
escaping the walled and unwall-  
ed ghettos to which they were  
born, raised, lured or confined--  
out of sight of your President and  
countrymen--in urban slums and

225 left-  
226

tenements, ugly housing developments, forgotten towns and ~~but~~ rural areas, monstrous prisons and work-houses, incorrigible houses of correction and detention, unspeakable mental institutions and insane asylums.

226 left -  
227

TONY:

(*Advancing, on GASTON, removing pajama top, flexing his muscles*).  
Me, Tony. You red communist Negro waiter?!

GASTON:

(*Retreating*) These poor people compose an invisible nation of hopelessly deprived and underdeveloped poor - within a rich and powerful land - victims of a corrupt and hypocritical socio-economic system, they are endlessly drawn into physical and mental disease, alcoholism, drug addiction, sexual perversion, criminality and insanity--their just deserts, they are told by your civic leaders, your police, your health and welfare workers for being or becoming incurably incompetent, ignorant, shiftless, lazy, or deformed, in body, spirit, and mind. Far better, your leaders insist, to pour billions into beautiful new developments of mass murder and destruction, destined for foreign lands, than toss pennies down the rat-holes of their disgusting lives and despairing predicaments!

GASTON:

(*Motioning BM toward STARLET*)  
Comrades! Another poor American!

66  
231-  
233

BM:

(*surrounding STARLET and pushing and shoving at her with their shovels.*) Money! Murder! Merde! Madness! American starlets for the birds!

STARLET:

(*flipping and flopping*) (the original Presidential moon come on) Daddy? Daddy-um-um? You know nobody looks prettier than a girl in love? She has that glow . . . eyes big and sparkling . . . mouth invitingly soft . . . skin luminous and her hair! The reason is that she is giving herself a whopping amount of extra beauty care to look fabulous for that man. I start by getting out the ironing board. . .

①  
②

STARLET: (cont.)

set it against the side of the bed . . . big end on the floor . . . lie down on the board with my head at the lower end. This sends the blood down into my neck and face! DADDY-um-um! First thing you know, I glow! I glow . . . I glow . . .

set

STARLET:

I fetch a book, put it on the floor . . . get into bed . . . lean over and read! (*she spins*) I can also lie on my back, legs together, raise my knees, keeping them together, but spreading feet apart. Now I can push my thighs together as hard as I can --- harder --- that way! And let go! It's great for firming my inner thighs, Daddy!

③

(she spins) You try this . . . lower your knees, legs together, then tighten your buttocks. Repeat fifty times, and, Daddy-um-um, you're on the way to a cuter derriere! (she spins) Another idea is to buy several small veal steaks. Lie down, <sup>the</sup> place the raw meat over your face . . . relax for half an hour. (she spins) In a very short time your skin will be beautifully stimulated and you'll look as though you've . . . been in love . . . for a month . . . (STARLET expires)

BM DIGGERS:

(backing away from STARLET)  
Money. Murder. Madness. Merde. I like Starlet rare. You like her well done? (A BM approaches and pokes his finger into STARLET. Another laughs. They punch and shove each other. One BM takes hold of her bare foot and nibbles at her toes. Another does the same with her other set of toes. Two others begin to nibble on the fingers of her hands. A fifth and sixth come to nibble on her tits. A seventh arrives, begins to remove her pants, GASTON sees them, motions them away.

Not long after STARLET dies, MUMS turns in her grave; her bloodied ghost climbs out, and moves to MUMS original table where it sits, looks around, fastens its gaze on GASTON, then looks to a group of the audience and addresses itself to it, with exactly the same words and timing as GASTON. TONY and HARVEY follow suit, one by one, the bloodied ghost of each sitting down at MUMS table, and addressing itself to a different group of the audience, in GASTON's words. Although GASTON does not notice the rising of the AMERICANS, he

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grows uneasy, begins to rush his recitation. The BM diggers begin a new and anxious chant which continues OFF as they slip off into the wings and audience:

Money? Murder? Madness? Milk? American tourists please go home? . . . . . (the sound of a helicopter is heard, approaching)

From MUMS group in the audience, two AMERICAN EXECUTIVES rise, smiling, with airline handbags, and move to the aisle. From the bags they remove & don uniforms, which, by means of airvalves, they inflate to grotesque proportions. They move to the stage, grasp and attach to themselves weapons and ammunition lowered from the flies, as the helicopter stands directly overhead, and move, smilingly, toward GASTON. Watching their approach, the American ghosts gradually leave off speaking but continue to move their lips in unison with GASTON's speech. GASTON sees the approach, retreats, halts; the BEGGERMEN JURY rises and gathers around GASTON protectively; he takes HARVEY's revolver, reloads and continuing his speech the while, fires

repeatedly at the GENERAL and the CHIEF. The JURORS also fire. The monster Americans, unharmed by the shots, continue their approach; the CHIEF scatters and disarms the BM-JURORS with his electric bill; the GENERAL backs

258 left-

239

GASTON against the table, while the CHIEF looks on and around, keeping ~~the~~ law and order: the BM's chant reaches a shrill pitch which subsides with GASTON's death. As he dies, Films A and B go out; the American ghosts sitting at MUMS' table rise, turn, and wait for STARLET, who enters smiling and combing her hair, from the cafe, to kiss each of the others on the cheek. Her kiss brings them to life, they smile at each other, join hands across the table and smilingly dance around it. Then they joyfully recite favorite media themes, at first on stage, then down among the audience, ensemble, each to a different group, a mad joyous babble, while the GENERAL and CHIEF OF POLICE find a table, place two chairs atop it back to back, climb up, sit upon these, and proudly look on. The BM Diggers (OFF) meanwhile, intone in a sorrowful chant: "Money! Dollar! Madness! Milk! Gaston and Harvey please come home! which gradually changes to a new chant: (joined in by the BM Jurors) Money. Dollar. Murder. Milk. American culture can't be beat. BM Jurors dig a grave in which they bury GASTON

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PRODUCER

MUMS

STARLET

TONY

240-

241-

*(joyously)*

*(jovially)*

Poker is a better game than blackjack, any-day! The game begins by dealing to each player 5 cards out of a deck. The impossible combinations of 5 which he may get - did you know that there are 2,500,000 of them - are called hands

The hands are arranged in linear order, that is, there is an exhaustive rule defining which hand is the strongest of all, which is the second, the third, strongest down to the teakest! Poker is played in variants, all of which, how! ever, fall into two classes: "Stud" & "Draw"! In Stud, a players hand is dealt to his in its entirety right at the beginning. He has to keep it unchanged throughout the entire play. In Draw games, there are a lot of ways for a player to exchange all or part of his hand and in some games he may get his

*(joyfully)*

*(cheerfully)*

Are you in the right job clothes? When you apply, be sure to follow these rules: Don't fight with anything: a too tight skirt, gloves hair that gets in your eyes! Don't wear an extreme color of nail policy or have very long nails! Don't be overly made-up with long, false eye-lashes! Or too much eye-shadow! Don't wear new shoes that hurt, your face will show it! Don't wear new or uncomfortable

*(joyously)*

*(breath-*

*lessly)*

Because nothing should slow the fast pace you move at today, and because nothing should show under the quick young clothes you move in, underthings have become under-nothings, little shapes that offer light encouragement rather than strict old-fashioned restrict-

in several successive stages in the course of the play.  
(Pause to listen to others)

## PRODUCER

Now, the next phase in Poker consists of the making of bids by the players. The idea is that after one of the players has made a bid which involves a smaller or greater amount of money, his opponent has the choice of "passing" or "seeing" or "overbidding". "Passing" means that he is willing to pay, without further argument, the amount of his last preceding bid (which is necessarily lower than the present bid). In this case, it is irrelevant what

contact lenses! Even if you look better Without eye-glasses, you won't if you're squinting & your eyes are watering! Will you? Finally, plan ahead for your job-hunting campaign & have everything under control! Impeccably under control is a crisp shirt tidies into a great, wide belt, and a greed MUMS

buck-skin shirt a beautifully organized little bag slung over the shoulder and out of the way! Shirt by Lady of Manhattan, of silk broadcloth by Stehli, \$11. Skirt by Viola Sylbert for Albert Alfus. Earrings by Roger Van S. Gloves by American astral. Cuff links by Cuff Stuff. G. Bag by Vassar. Watch by Schiaparelli. Belt by Elegant.  
(pauses to listen to others)

ing control. Everything about them is stripped down to the barest softest, smoothest, prettiest, possible essentials! Half-slips are shorter, bras are almost all stretch and almost no sides, some very persuasive panties girdles could pass for bikinis. Too, there are the great new altogethers around that combine petti-coats with panti-STARLET

girdles, bras with slips, garter belts with under-pants - all on one smooth set of straps or on one sleek waist-bank!  
(Pause to listen to others)

## TONY

(joyously)  
flexing his muscles & gesturing jubilantly)  
When he felt quite strong again, after his bloody battle with Terkoz, Tarzan set off one morning towards Mbnonga's Village. He was moving carelessly along a winding jungle trail. Instead of making his progress through the trees. When suddenly he came face to face with a black warrior; The look of surprise on the savage face was almost comical. And before

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hand the two players hold. The hands are not disclosed at all. "Seeing" means that the bid is accepted: the hands will be compared and the player with the stronger hand receives the amount of the present bid. "Overbidding" means that the opponent counters the present bid with a higher one, by which the roles of the players are reversed. The point in all this is that a player with a strong hand is likely to make high

**PRODUCER**

bids - numerous overbids - since he has good reason to expect that he will win!

Keep jewelry to a minimum, especially jangling bracelets, as they are annoying to some people. Have a purse that's easy to organize so that you can find a pen or pencil when you need it. Be sure that everything you have on is immaculate and pressed. Wear a comfortable hat or have your meticulously clean and

**MUMS**

combed. Don't wear skirts so short that you have to pull them down. Be safe, no extremes, unless you know this is desired by the

What isn't combined is often coordinated to match with everything else . . . like the paisley printed underthings shown here. Under them go more beautiful essentials, creamy perfumes that smoothe every inch of your skin while they scent it with some of the world's great frag-

**STARLET**

rances . . . some of the world's great . . . fragrances . . . (These last words of **STARLET** re-echo out)

Tarzan could unsling his bow the fellow had turned and fled down the path. Crying out in alarm to the others before him. Tarzan took to the trees in pursuit. And in a few moments overtook the man desperately trying to escape! Tarzan let the first two pass, but as the third came swiftly on, his silent noose dropped about the black's throat! A quick jerk drew it taut! There was an an-

**TONY**

guished scream from the victim, and Tarzan leaps to the ground and dispatched him quickly. He removed the weapons and ornaments from the black body and - oh, the greatest joy of all - a handsome doeskin breechcloth. Which Tarzan quickly transferred to his own person! Now, indeed, was he dressed as a man should be. None there was who could doubt his high origin...

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Now, SLIDES A and B come back on, the same films as before but in duplicate, at a constantly faster speed, and black and white only: the B pair will run a moment or two behind the A pair. They run this way during all of the GENERAL's and CHIEF's addresses. The Americans stop their recitations and return on stage; at signals from the CHIEF OF POLICE, the BEGGERMEN stop their chanting, hurriedly finish their burial of GASTON, fall in line in front of the CHIEF, and, one by one, approach, genuflect, lick his boots, and go to the end of the line. The GENERAL signals to the Americans, and they line up in front of him, and one by one, approach, genuflect, lick his boots, and go to the end of the line. Both lines move continuously during the GENERAL's address. The CHIEF and GENERAL are like twins.

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THE GENERAL: *(Sitting atop a table, getting his boots licked)* Fellow Americans! How are ya? We want to introduce ourselves.

THE CHIEF OF POLICE: *(sitting atop a table getting his boots shined)* Fellow Americans and foreign nigger-beggars! How are you! We want to introduce ourselves.

THE GENERAL: My name is Brigadier General Clarence T. Forrestal, member of the Board, General Magnetic Corporation, commander, First Infantry Division, United States Army, better known as the Big Red Eye! Yessir! *(he leaps to his feet, bruising the face and fingers of PRODUCER, who happens to be licking his boots, discharges the bazooka into the air, then sits down.)*

THE CHIEF: *(beckoning to the BEGGERMEN, who'd scattered with the GENERAL's shots)* My name is Chief Arnold B. *(for bull)* O'Connor, Honorary Vice Chairman, Board of Health, Education, and Welfare, Southern Conference of the Nation-States, Graduate Cum Lorda, Louisiana Academy of Sheriffs And Deputy Sheriffs, Inc., President exofficio, the MINUTE MEN . . . *(he stands to attention, tramping the fingers of a BEGGERMAN who happens, at the time, to be shining his shoes, draws his brace of pistols, and fires volleys of shots into the air and the ground, scattering the BEGGERMEN; he sits, and the BEGGERMEN crawl back on their bellies to their work)*

GENERAL: I suppose you all are wonderin' what's comin' off! Are you? Well, let me say it short 'n sweet. I neva was a one to mince-meat words. Only first, you don't mind, why don't we bow our heads an' give a li'l prayer: Say there Father, Lord of life and the true liberty, we humbly thank you for the courage, intelligence, versatility, and great big guns which you have granted to our country, perfecting us from our Satanic enemies, the domestic and international communist who are forever infiltratin' the Bureaucracy, and the United Nations worst of all, but who are failin' once more and foreverafter to overturn yore chosen state, yore nation an' yore children with violence and bloodshed, illegal and unconstitutional, subversive, and unclean, obscene! Thank you O Lord and Motah Mary, for

keeping propped open the eye of our fine people to the world-wide cancer of communism which we tall-type Americans have been given the sacred duty to cut open and remove, wherever in the great wide world it may be found, Amen! Now, folks, the trouble with this herecountry, as you maybe have notice is its been communized. Plumb through! It's li'l heart an'body. Its teeny min' an' soul. Communized in its brown rivas an' blue streams. Which is why we are over here, folks, like you know, from the good ole U.S. of A., me and Chief O'Conner, right here! Stan' up Chief, and have yourself a bow, before these fine people, OUR FOLKS! *(both stand and crunch the fingers of those attending their boots at the time)* Hotcha! *(sitting and prodding the ass of the CHIEF with his bazooka)*

CHIEF: Well, now, at first we only came ova' here to neaten things up. Show these poor backward people the faster way to catch on to our American-style civ-lization, home-cookin', hard work, and fair play. Don' give a damn wha's your race or color, nor stinkin' religion, neither, cause tha's our way, the American way, ain't it? Long as it don't comprehend no communist nor Black nor Yella POWA . . . *(he looses a shot from the GENERAL's bazooka, shattering everyone)* Clarence? Am I right? *(the BEGGERS and Americans return to their work, on their bellies)* Right! So, then . . . Er . . . Now . . . then . . . *(he notices the charms of STARLET's tits, as she arrives at head of line and bends to lick his boots)* . . . well . . . then . . . *(he looks around at the GENERAL who is minding his own business, leans forward to grab hold of STARLET, too late, as she has moved to the rear of the line)* See there! For too many years we Americans went and let ourselves get fooled - innocent, warm-hearted Texan type individuals like we are - figgering, you see, to give a hand to all the backward, poor people what God and Mother Nature went and created, but short-changed so awful bad, the li'l underdeveloped scrawny kind ova here, just like the big old-fashioned bootlickin' kind back home - by givin' em the best o' ev'rythin! I mean food n' water, an' soap an' schoolin' to fifth grade, and time off for prayers in church 'n synagogue, no matter which, seeing as every religion is s'posed t' be equal, n' law 'n medicafe, an' you know all the rest. Believing they could grow up an' behave like WHITE folk. Only wasn't we wrong? Sure we was wrong? Let's stand up an' admit it! We was dead . . . *(he stands, bruising TONY's mouth and discharging his pistols)* . . . wrong! You can't make no horse drink water an' you can't make no WHITE MAN outa no nigger nor begger neither. Hear? *(he sits)* Clarence? General?

GENERAL: Look here! All we did was make these poor people get a big head, sort of, know what I mean? I don' wanna say uppity but pretty soon we gunna call a spade a spade. An' what else should we call it when colored folk start insistin' on having rights an' jobs an' powa on top o' bein' equal! Figgerin' to vote an' place into office one way or anotha people from their own lower ranks . . . I mean colored mayors an' gover'ment officials n'

judges an' union and' company presidents ah' you name it!  
Nawsir! Worse 'n that, spreadin' aroun' red communist 'n other  
foreign DOCTRINES whose intention is to subvert our chosen  
lan' an' country, the U.S. of A., but low-down niggers or beg-  
gers yourselves! Hear! Brining' on ruin an' tarnation with:  
DEMONSTRATIONS! DISORDERLIES! SIT-DOWNS! and so on.  
STRIKES! RIOTS! STOCK-PILIN GUNS! GETTIN' OUTA  
LINE! ASKIN' A WHOLE LOT OF QUESTIONS! (*Discharges his  
bazooka, scattering the BEGGERMEN again*) (*the Chief summons  
them back*) Yassir! And then startin' in usin' the dirtiest, most  
low-down, obscene scheme you ever HEARD of! A SECRET  
WEAPON! Workin' its Satanic design on the internation  
SCALE! Chief?

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CHIEF: Lissen' h'yere tuh me! Without their tellin' no one, I mean no  
one, what in hell was goin' on, they went aroun'  
REPRODUCIN' their own kin. KIN! POPULATION EX-  
PLODIN! Right an' left! Millions o' black 'n brown 'n dirty yella  
fellas! Green, too. I even seen green! Fallin' out all over the  
world. In our cities. On the farm. Down the valleys. Even over  
our fields and lonesome prairies. Figgerin' to grow up to be men  
'n women an' li'l children! Thinkin' to out-number an' cova us!  
Utilizin' the latest methods of let-me-tell-you HETEROSEXUAL  
INTERCOURSE! Wow! (*he reaches down to grab STARLET's head,  
and tug at her tits a little; she escapes, but not before the GENERAL  
notices her charms*) Course, whu'd we expect? Givin' them so  
much food 'n shelter, 'n aid 'n assistance, 'n education 'n  
welfare, an' cheap law advice an' medicine! Whad' we expect?  
That they should be reasonable? Haw! Course not. Stead, with  
that there HETEROSEXUAL INTERCOURSE six-seven times a  
day, some cases nine or ten, stead 'o once in a while, if at all,  
like WHITE folk know how to do. Wall, pretty soon we find  
ourself in danger o' being bowled down and buried under by  
tons of these black an' yella colored l'il children, comin' down  
the line, nat'rally too poor an' ignorant to stan' up, take a walk,  
pee, or feed an' change themselves. Without a whole lot o' help  
from white folk lik you 'n me RIGHT H'YERE! Who got enough  
problems, don't we, makin' ends meet, I say, these days, back  
home, where we oughta be. Cause they ain' no end in sight to  
help and aid an' assistance they gonna need! Now, you tell  
me, is there? So as what's to keep us from slippin' an' before  
you know it, wallowin' 'long with them in the mud 'n slime o'  
their low-down way of existence? Hea? Augh! Endin' up Lordy  
know where in HELL with Satan 'n the rest o' them poor nig-  
gers or beggers! We who gotta always keep standin' straight.  
Head in the air! Heels togetha! On our own two feet! No matta  
how! (*he stands, grinding MUMS fingers*) Right? General?  
General? Right? (*but the GENERAL has caught STARLET, and is  
busy tugging at her tits*) Er . . . mmm . . . well, (*he pauses ner-  
vously to watch the GENERAL tugging at STARLET's tits*) So, what  
d'we do? We call a li'l meetin', in strict DEMOCRATIC fashion,  
to which we invited the President tuh come an' sit hi'self down,

right h'yere ova there, an' take a look-see, at the REAL BIG BALL score! Which the . . . President . . . un . . . does. We show him how all this free welfare an' aid an' assistance gotta come to a goddam HALT! All our bleedin' hearts education 'n LEAKY CONTRACEPTIVES 'n UNRELIABLE PILLS what got the poor people o' the world fuckin' up a storm, doin' HETEROSEXUAL INTERCOURSE so hard they reproducin' their own kin' by let-me-warn-you GEOMETRIC PROGRESSION! Right, Clarence? General! (*he pokes his pistol in GENERAL's ribs, surprising him; STARLET escapes, on her belly*) Rainin' an' thunderin' l'il brown an' green shapes all black an' red too. Fillin' the skies, so's you can't hardly see anythin' else. (*he grabs the GENERAL by the belt, to restrain him from pursuing STARLET, with his bazooka*) Wall, then, to sort of compensate for all these grave, blin', generous errors of the past, we tole our president, sir, please to let us re-equalize thin's a bit, fer the God's sake! An' so, wall, to get down real quick to the ole nitty gritty, we pointed out to him how some special counter measures jus' has tuh be taken to make up fer them natural processes what God an' Mother Nature used to send aroun', to keep the poor people, wherever they are born, whar they b'long! You know what I mean. Good ole fashioned disease an' epidemic! Famine an' drought. Un-wholesome occupations! Lack o' toilets and sanitation! Hard labor an' knocks an' exposure to the vagaries and extremes of season, without the right coothin' to protect them! See? An' the rest. Wall, to start with, as probably you know, l'il limited-type wars never hurt no one what's got what it takes to wage 'em, I mean, the rich. I mean us! Right, General? (*STARLET now crawls into the BEGGERMEN's line*)

GENERAL: Right as rain! Why, with our weaponry 'n air support 'n the latest drugs 'n technological know-how, 'n millions o' dollars to burn up or down any yellow Spik or Cong! Hah! Well, wars like that can't hardly hurt no one but backward folk who, if ya play yer cards right, like we are finally learning to do, pretty soon start killin' each other off! Thuh way we once went an' did--committin' suicide 'n genocide o' the white race in our Great Civil Wah! But, lak, take any l'il nigger-begger country, say, that there Viet Nam! Fer ev're one of our big boys goes to his makes, there is nine or ten o' their scrawny ones never get to se e ther light o' night nor day! An' so, the President, he come 'round to see how these l'il limited type wars could start in cuttin' down their numbers 'n reproduction powas by inverse GEOMETRIC PORPORTIONS! Lak they should. But lak we showed the President, even limited wars got their limitations. They ain' the final solution, are they? No sir! Cause (*he pauses to watch the CHIEF who has caught hold of STARLET, by the tits*) they jus' don' stop new crops o' niggers or beggers springin' up. Do they? The truth be told, folks, ord'nary methods o' warfare we have been mostly usin' to today, jus' don't give us the final solution, cause they don't turn the clock back tuh whar it rightly belongs, I

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mean what those old familiar God-given processes kin grab on an' start in again, solid, takin' their RIGHTFUL TOLL! So we come up with a far-sighting scheme which has jus' been approved by the President, hisself, after bein' recommended by us an' the Great White Joint Chiefs of Staff. An it's all TOP SECRET! But we kin take the wraps off'n it to you folks here 'n say what it is is a kind of reverse foreign aid! Chief? Er . . . *(he pokes the CHIEF with his bazooka; STARLET escapes on her belly)* Heh, heh . . . a new assistance plan what can trigger off, see, those ole-fashioned processes we lak so well - disease 'n drighout 'n famine 'n overwork 'n the rest, the CHIEF tole you about. What we did, we sat our scientist - who first, let me assure you, they are all TOP SECRET, CLEARED-CLEAN, WHITE ANGLO-SAXON PROTESTANT and NAZI-GERMAN types, with one or two tame Jews or Eye-talians thrown in tuh look good . . . to work up some new chemicals what kin kill off vegetable matter - you know, all the grass 'n crops 'n jungel 'n stuff grow'n evrywhere - an' which ev'ry human an' animal body depends on - the truth be known - even you an' me. Devegitate's what we call it, military vernacular. Course - American law an' genius an' obedience bein' lak it is - *(STARLET crawls back into the AMERICAN's line)* our scientists go an' do jes lak we ast. First thin' you know, they got it all cooked up and boiled down into a special kinda paste which we kin put into all that food an' fertilizer we lak so awful much to give away. And in a gas what any one of our sweet li'l helicopters kin take up 'n drop 'spread aroun' quick as lightin', only twice as sure! Ha! *(there is the sound of a helicopter approaching)* Course, we lak to test it out one way or anotha to guarantee it don't deform or dement to unnecessarily any human beings who might be standin' aroun' . . . knowin' lak we all do thet it's 'gainst one o' the golden rules o' decent warfare which we rich 'n powerful American folk gotta abide by, for the time bein', anyhow, to experiment too much on foks. We can't remember, can we Chief, the last time we dropped some gas on an innocent town or village. An' that's where we stand now. The good ole final solution an' total victory practicaly right in hand. You'll be proud to know we are experimentin at this time with both types . . . number one, the gas what don't hardly smell at all, and, number two, this paste what don' hardly taste at all! I mean accordin' to TOP SECRET para-military-scientific reports, which I don't mind to reveal a little bit more to you here, my folks, they don't smell or taste atall like you'd expect' a flesh 'n grass 'n vegetable crop-killer would. What'd you think one a them type jobs would smell lak? Hah! Go on. Guess. Ether? Naw? Laughin' gas? That's closer, but still, naw. Bitter almonds, maybe? Haw, Haw? Naw? *(the sound of the helicopter diminishes but a perfumed aroma spreads among the audience . . . it might be My Sin)* Guess again! Huh? Perfume! Haw! Ain' that a laugh. How'd you guess? Real French-type perfume, sure! Sort a makes you fall in' love . . . Whoo! *(he grabs STARLET's tits as she comes to lick his boots)*

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CHIEF: Prettiest smelin' toxic-type gas you ever saw! But let me tell ya! She'll rot the bark right off a tree. An' the same thing goes for the paste, which comes in three gorgeous colors! Let me tell ya. Guess! Sure! Red, White, and blue. Haw? Ain' that a laugh? Of all things! Red . . . (he sniffs the air) Yessir! (he sniffs again and looks at the GENERAL who sniffs the perfumed air and smiles back, grimly) White . . . (the GENERAL lets go of the STARLET's tits and he and the CHIEF grab and pull gloves over their bare hands and clasp gas masks over their faces; the BEGGERMEN JURORS dive and scramble off stage into the audience; except BM 2 who ties a handkerchief mask on his face and crouches beneath a table, drawing out a knife. STARLET crawls to end of line of AMERICANS who, standing still in a row, turn puzzled faces to the audience. They freeze. The GENERAL and the CHIEF, in their chairs breathe very deeply. The theatre blackens with the perfumed gas. For a long time there come the sounds of the audience's fearful heartbeats and heavy breathing. When the air clears, the set and characters are exactly as before. A door opens and closes; PENNY enters from the cafe humming and dancing a go go to herself. She see the GENERAL and the CHIEF, wringing their gloved hands obsessively and deep-breathing in their gas masks, pauses to study them, looks at the frozen AMERICANS, looks hard into the audience. She sees BM 2 come out from beneath the table to stab the GENERAL. BM 2 stops, looking at her, with knife raised. PENNY moves to the GENERAL, removing from her sweater a button reading "PEOPLE MUST CONTROL THEIR POLICE." She presses the button's pin against the belly of the GENERAL, stands by as he deflates with a great whistling sound to boots and a pile of clothing. PENNY hands button to BM 2 who drops his knife, moves to the CHIEF and presses his belly with the pin, stands by as he deflates with a great crepitating sound to boots and a pile of clothing. An American rock 'n roll song comes out of FILM A and grows very loud. (A Whiter Shade of Pale: Procol Harum?) Red PONY enters from cafe. He, BM 2 and PENNY look to the FILMS and adjust their dancing to that of the FILM's dancers and the new sound of music. The skin of the children in the FILMS turns shades of blue, green, orange, red, yellow and brown,

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individually, as they dance. Some polka dot, zebra stripe, and waffle patterns appear on bared portions of their skin. Their clothing remains white and black. RED PONY, PENNY and BM 2 climb atop the table, kick the boots and clothing onto the floor and dance in bare feet a go go to the FILM's music. At a motion from PENNY, the boys and girls of the films multiply by geometric progression and overflow the frames of the FILMS onto the set. the FILMS bombard the set and characters with the children's soft projections and with Matisse or Warhol flowers. A new aroma pervades the audience . . . the smell of pot. The first flowers are black and white, then some are colored, and some carry designs. The American cafe-sitters unfreeze and watch the boots and clothing of the GENERAL and the CHIEF get buried by the cascading flowers and children. HARVEY and GASTON will return to life, pick up flowers, and move down among the audience, giving them away. PENNY and RED PONY examine the deflated uniforms and discover they can squeeze body pain from the arms and legs.

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PENNY: (picking up where the CHIEF left off) And blue . . . . .  
She moves to TONY and paints blue flowers and hearts on his face and chest.

RED PONY: Red . . . . . IHe moves to MUMS and paints red flowers and rescent shapes on her face and arms. STARLET goes to uniforms, squeezes out some paint.

STARLET: White . . . . . She moves to BM 2 to paint his face and hands with white flowers and diamonds. Soon everyone on stage is painting one another (PRODUCER paints BM 1, TONY paints BM 5, MUMS paints BM 3) while girls and boys from the FILMS come down and paint beautiful flowers and other signs of love on the faces and arms and hands, etc. of members of the audience. The filmed flowers and children continue to fly over the heads of the characters in ever-increasing numbers to pelt the audience. The actors leave the stage and audience. The music dies out, the lights dim, PENNY's and RED PONY's images and the images of the flowers and the children continue to come, out of the darkness, now, like insistent kisses on the faces and bodies of the audience. The pot smell is strong. The sound system returns with the sounds of the flying flowers and victorious children, their swift breathing, their quick heartbeats, their shoes sliding and the clothes moving, their soft laughter their warm laughter, their clothing coming off, their mouths and bodies touching one another, their soft, joyous love-making . . . .

END

B-1

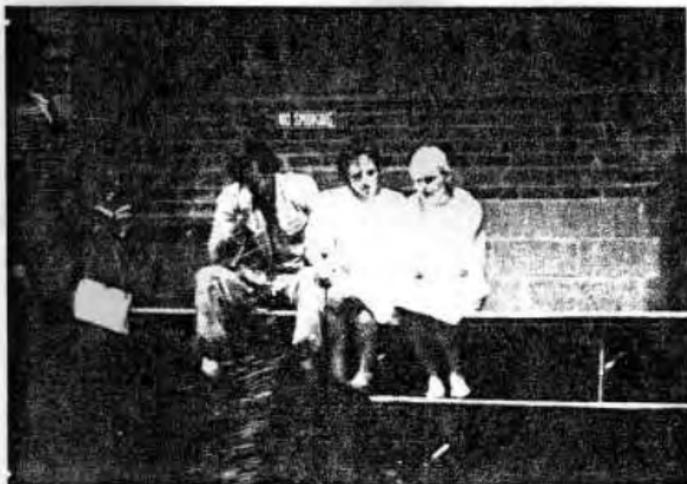


"The Americans" La Mama Experimental Theater, Etc., New York

B-2



B-3



# Washingtonian's Play at Cafe La Mama

By Alan M. Kriegsmann

"I appeal to you, fellow Americans, as a person concerned with liberty and social justice," cries Gaston, the black waiter who is the protagonist of a new play called "The Americans."

"Sixty-six million of our fellow Americans," Gaston continues, "are known to be living at poverty level . . . our cities are covered with slums! . . . I am asking you all tonight to stop a moment and think about that. Open your eyes to the system which has taken control of America and twisted her institutions into a terrifying arsenal for world empire. . . ."

This speech, and the volatile drama that leads up to it, are the work of the Washingtonian author, teacher, attorney and civil-libertarian Edward de Grazia. "The Americans," which was two years in the writing, opened last night in the new East Village quarters of New York's Cafe La Mama, launching the fall season for that matriarch of the experimental theater movement. The play is scheduled to run through Sept. 7.

De Grazia originally intended to produce "The Americans" in Washington. It was to this end that he joined with several other local movers-and-shakers, includ-

See PLAY, C12, Col. 3

Washington Post - Aug 28, 1969

## Washingtonian Playwright

PLAY, From C1

ing Walter Hopps, in the founding of the American Playground Theater last year. Despite a recent grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, however, plans for a new facility to house Playground productions are still on the shelf, awaiting additional funds.

Still hoping for a local showing, De Grazia showed the script to director Davey Mar'in-Jones of the Washington Theater Club, and Edwin Sherin of Arena Stage, chairman for the lauded staging of "The Great White Hope." The Theater Club evinced no interest, but Sherin was deeply impressed.

Proving too hot for Washington, the play was sent off to Ellen Stewart, the creator, sustainer and guiding spirit of Cafe La Mama, who received it with open arms.

"The Americans" is not the first De Grazia play to be produced at La Mama. In 1968, his "Myrtilus" was staged there (the text of the play was carried in the first issue of D.C.'s literary magazine, "Voyages"). De Grazia has about a dozen plays under his belt. His first effort, "The Swings," published in an Evergreen Review issue a few years ago, was presented at Arena Stage in a one-shot workshop production under the direction of Mel Shapiro. Another play, "The Saga of Hoo Fasa," was given as a reading in the Washington Theater Club's Monday night series last year. In the thinking stage, De Grazia says, is a new work about "the psychological police-state that has overtaken this country."

The eye of a controversial storm is De Grazia's natural habitat. Perhaps the best known instance was his defense of the film "I Am Curious, (Yellow)" on charges of obscenity.

After losing the case in a lower court, de Grazia successfully argued in behalf of the distributor before a U.S. Court of Appeals in New York, freeing the film from Customs Bureau seizure.

In July of 1969, he joined the faculty of Federal City College. There he instituted a series of courses on the theme, "Man, Ideas and Society."

"We read plays and novels by Genet, Ionesco, LeRoi

Jones, Camus," de Grazia recalls. "The idea was to explore the human dimensions of social problems. You should've seen these first-year kids—they were one step from the ghetto, most of them—grooving on the contemporary avant-garde! The one other thing that really turned them on was Sophocles' 'Antigone.'"

The "human dimensions of social problems," along with the deterioration of domestic values, are the underlying concerns of "The Americans." The play is set in a cafe, in the mythical "Latin American" city of Puerto Charlie, where Gaston and another more conforming Negro, Harvey, wait upon tables. The patrons are a group of American "tourists," a starlet, a producer, an athlete and a predatory mama, all rather blatantly symbolic of the American image abroad. Opposing them from the sidelines is a chorus of Beggarmen—an African, a militant black American, a Cuban, an American Indian and a Vietcong.

The confrontation develops through an elaborate dramaturgical counterpoint that mingles actors' dialogue with television and film images, choral chanting, solo asides, off-stage soundtracks and drumbeats. American obsessions, from deodorants to automobiles, are catalogued in an almost incessant documentary catechism, as are military and racist atrocities of recent years—there is an echo here of the cinema-verite techniques of "I Am Curious." The action moves toward a climax in the trial of the tourists for their indifferent complicity in Establishment crimes, capped by Gaston's withering recital of evils and his plea for change.

"The Americans" is something of a departure for the Cafe La Mama, which has thus far steered clear of overtly political drama. The production is directed by a young Canadian, Martin Brenzell, who has his own theater company in Toronto and heads the drama department at McMasters College.

If the La Mama performance pans out, De Grazia plans to make another attempt to stage the play in Washington. If he succeeds, he may find himself right back on his favorite turf, in the middle of a battle royal. In any case, his trail should be interesting to watch.

# The Theater

Henry Heices

## Government by the Unelected

THE FIRST new play of the new season is Edward De Grazia's *The Americans*. As performed at Café La Mama, it emerges as a deeply felt indictment of what the American people have let themselves become.

The action takes place in a *Camino Real* setting, which the playwright calls "Port au Charlie." It is impoverished and run-down, but has one café with polite black waiters. Into this café stumble some American tourists, a swinish movie producer, and a sexy actress. There is some consternation in the empty kitchen as to what to feed these customers, until someone hits upon the idea of serving them "Americans." Soon the first couple is joined by three other tourists: a handsome, muscle-bound bigot, a coarsely materialistic mother, and her vapid young daughter. So self-centered are they that they scarcely notice it when the restless natives assault them. Presumably these Americans are so confident in their misplaced values that they are immune to terror.

However, in the second act the play shifts away from the satirical to a more realistic statement of the horrors America has perpetrated, and particularly those in Vietnam. Each of the American tourists is charged with complicity, and each futilely defends himself or herself by reiterating his or her patently false values. Each is shot. And the play's summing up points out that this horrendous but recognizable

portrait of America cannot be changed by the democratic process, because the military establishment and the CIA leaders are not elected.

Under Martin Brenzell's direction the La Mama company of twenty-five performers go all out to fulfill the play's indictment. Since the victims "make love to their employment," there is little sympathy for their fate. It is easy for an American audience to dismiss them as representatives of a special element in our society, rather than to see them as an extension of universal American values. And although Mr. Brenzell is "most inventive and resourceful, the mass exercises he creates often seem superimposed on the script. It is hard to tell whether the performance is deliberately overextending a script meant to be more brief and exact, or whether the play itself is inevitably redundant. For after the audience gets the idea, which takes only a few minutes, the play continues to repeat what is basically the same demonstration. Nevertheless, *The Americans* does succeed in focusing our attention on today's desperate conflict between human decency and a colossus that violates it to maintain supremacy.

That other countries have similar problems is apparent from the much too brief visit here last month of Brazil's Arena Theater of São Paulo with *Arena Conta Zumbi* ("Arena tells the story of Zumbi") by Augusto Boal and Gianfrancesco Guarnieri, with music by Edu Lobo. For if one reads the English synopsis handed out to the audience, the story is a grim one about a slave who escaped to set up a black republic in the heart of Brazil during the seventeenth century.

The outcome is tragic, as the Portuguese colonial armies choose to exterminate the republic rather than permit a peaceful coexistence. The consensus of the defeated blacks is reluctantly militant as Zumbi says, "To fight after all is the only way toward believing, is the way toward having a reason for living."

However, despite such a revolutionary theme with its contemporary overtones, the São Paulo troupe production is surprisingly humorous and good-natured. The company keeps breaking joyously into catchy bossa nova tunes, and the actors have fun with satirical portraits of the Brazilian aristocracy and military officials. It is refreshing and imaginative theater.

Perhaps because it was performed

in a theater where the audience surrounded the action on three sides, the original production of *The Concept* (May 1968) seemed very much like attending a group therapy session. Now, with only slight revision, it is being presented on a conventional proscenium stage at the Gramercy Arts Theater, and somehow it seems more theatrical.

The action is simple. An attractive group of young ex-addicts come together to tell the story of one young man who was sent to Daytop Village for rehabilitation. The problem of ridding the addict of his narcotics addiction is not presented, ostensibly because it is the unimportant part of the process. The reason former addicts resume their habit lies not in a craving for it, but in their inability to deal with themselves and their environment. What we see is a sampling of the kind of problems Daytop uncovers, and how with benevolent ruthlessness this nonprofit institution pressures an individual into resolving his problems.

But this is not just a documentary. The play, originally created by Daytop Village inmates working in improvisatory sessions with director Lawrence Sacharow, comes to life onstage because the performers are evoking experiences very close to their own recent past. Some of these are starkly emotional, such as the moments when individuals must fight their way through their own defenses and pride to reach out a verbalization of their need for love. Others are quite humorous: the young man who is a bed-wetter and doesn't know how to keep his affliction a secret from his girlfriend.

At the end of the play, the entire cast walks up the aisles and asks members of the audience for a momentary hug. It is an exercise in the giving of oneself that some reject in embarrassment, and others are able to do with varying degrees of self-consciousness. No matter what reaction, we are aware that even such a simple expression of nominal compassion is made difficult by its social and psychological connotations. And that these ex-addicts are able to make this socially and psychologically difficult expression is a final proof that the Daytop experience has left them better equipped for the outside world than are many of its "normal" inhabitants.

The cast—completely changed from the original version and now directed by Jacobina Caro—is excellent and superbly disciplined, as evidenced by the ex-addicts resisting the temptation to overact or to become smug because they know a world we don't. They give themselves totally to the material and thereby turn *The Concept* into an instructive, genuine, and emotionally gratifying evening.

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NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

o BACK STAGE, Friday, October 10, 1969

"THE AMERICANS"

(Reviewed by Jennie Schulman)

When Cafe La Mama's recent play, Edward Grazia's "The Americans" opens, you are caught by a raucous, wild onslaught. You may sit there just hoping that the players contain themselves within their choreographic chaos and that they stay clear of the audience. In following instructions listed in the program which states that "there will be a ten-minute intermission, during which the audience is asked to vacate the theatre as quickly as possible," we scooted out ahead of everyone. But we were more than gratified when we returned. For only when the second act unfolded did we realize what the foregoing led up to. It was building up to a massive protest against war; an agonized cry from the victims of the senseless destruction, and the youngsters of the world, who will no longer be propagandized into war. When the play concludes with a scaring, drawn-out scream from the victims and those who will not allow themselves to be victimized, the impact is shattering. )

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"The Swings" Gene Frankel Weekend Repertory Theatre, New York

A-2



A-3

