

H & Ams - 11/2/01

This is the "Eggs
Pound Play" or rather
The first act of an enclosed
3-Act Play

THE SAGA OF HOO FASA

A Peripatetic Play

by

Edward de Grazia

THE SAGA OF HOO FASA

A Peripatetic Play

by

Edward de Grazia

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies * * * For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?" Matthew.

"I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can, using for my defense the only arms I allow myself to use, silence, exile and cunning." Joyce, A Portrait of The Artist.

"Treason against the United States, shall consist only in levying War against them, or in adhering to their Enemies, giving them Aid and Comfort." Constitution of The United States.

CHARACTERS

SIMON, a prisoner

EDWARDS, a Negro guard

HOO FASA, a poet

DANDY LINE, a young girl

T.S., a poet

J.J., a poet

GERTY, a young girl

TWO YOUNG GIRLS, friends of GERTY

STOUTMAN, a detective

BLOOD, a guard

SLAUGHTER, a guard

STEELE, their officer

EDWARDS: approaches, pausing each time SIMON speaks.

If...

If I...

If I go down...

someone...

must carry on...

EDWARDS: (leaning against the cage)

Better cut it out!

SIMON: Edwards!

EDWARDS: Talkin' lak that.

Tuh yerself, lak that.

They gunna put a cover on yuh quit yer chirpin' in tuh night.

Givin Steele bad dreams.

Better cut it out.

SIMON: Look, Edwards!

EDWARDS: Whut?

SIMON: How the moon has a swollen cheek.

EDWARDS: Haw! Yer a loon aweright!

The moon has a swollen cheek!

SIMON: Listen, Edwards!

EDWARDS: Whut?

SIMON: (parrot-like)

Ain' committed no federal crime

Jes a slight misdemeanor.

EDWARDS: Hey! That's Wash sez at!

You talkt jes lak Wash!

SIMON: (parrot-like)

Ah certainly dew lak dawgs,

ah goin' tuh wash you.

- EDWARDS: Hey! That's Coon sez at!
You talkt jes lak Coon!
- SIMON: (parrot-like)
They gonna put a cover on yuh
quit yer chirpin in thuh night.
- EDWARDS: Hey! That's...say, y'ole coot!
Yuh tryin' tuh bug me?
- SIMON: Mister Edwards! Superb green and brown
in ward No. 4 a jacent benignity,
of the Baluba mask: doan you tell no one I...
Got a cigarette fer yer prize bird?
- EDWARDS: Aw, yuh know I ain' s'posed tuh give yuh things,
or talk or liessen tuh yuh neitha. Steel'd skin me
he foun' out. (pause) H'yere!
- SIMON: Light, Baluba.
- EDWARDS: H'yere. (glancing up right)
Steele wants tuh,
he kin see yuh from his room.
He lake lookin' down on thuh cages.
- SIMON: Steele's asleep, wet-dreamin'
how Till was hung yesterday
for murder and rape with trimmings....
- EDWARDS: Haw! Mebbe.
Still, he give yuh a tent, din't he?
So yuh won' drown ifit rains.
- SIMON: ~~Yuh~~ They've a fitter end in view.
- EDWARDS: Aw, no-one's fixin' tuh hang yuh, that whut yuh mean.

SIMON: I talked.

I opened my mouth wide
as the Roman radio
and I talked.

EDWARDS: That grounds fer hangin'? Naw! (pause)
Anyhow, who listened?

SIMON: Our friends in Washington say they listened
when I talked. Our friends who before would not listen.

EDWARDS: Neva mind that! Listen tuh me!
I got nooz!

SIMON: Is Christ reborn, Baluba?

EDWARDS: Huh? Naw!

SIMON: Caesar Augustus?

EDWARDS: Nah! Listen! You ole loon!

SIMON: Ben Mussolini?

EDWARDS: ~~Ben~~ Him? Way they hung him upside down from his pore heels?
Hah! Say? Why'd they wanna hang her upside down too?
From her pore heels?

SIMON: Think Baluba!
She'd loved a man on whom the sun had gone down
The awe, he said had such a pretty...frown.

EDWARDS: It doan seem right.
Shunt hang a woman nohow.
An' neva upside down.

SIMONS: That the nooz? They fixin' tuh hang me?
by the dawn's early light and my pore heels?

EDWARDS: ~~Ben~~ They talk you headin' eute here.

SIMON: Toward hell? Or paradise?

EDWARDS: Neitha! Stateside's whar.

SIMON: The silver-plated inferno.

EDWARDS: Whaddya mean? Doncha wanna go home?
You wanna stay in Dago-lan' forever?

SIMON: I started home six years ago.
Our friends said no, I'd talked too much.
No one listened but I'd talked too much.

EDWARDS: Yuh'll be awe-right yuh go home.
They ain' got no reason tuh hang yuh.

SIMON: No reason to hang a poet?
But a mad or treacherous one?
No reason? No...reason?
Then what about the jews?
Yes.
What about the jews!

EDWARDS: Yore not no jew, are yuh?
This ain' no concentrashun camp, izzit? Naw!
(looks closely at Simon)
Still, you could pass fer a jew.
A sorta cowboy jew.

SIMON: Simon, the cowboy jew! Ah.

EDWARDS: Whyn't yuh go sleep. It's late.
You oughta go tuh sleep.
Yuh gotta stop yer talkin'.
An' I ain' s'posed tuh lissen.

SIMON: Listen!

EDWARDS: No. Git in yer tent.
I ain' gonna lissen.

SIMON: The Saga of Hoo Fasal

EDWARDS: Uhn uhn. I ain' sposed tuh lissen.

'Sides, Blood might come down.

SIMON: Blood's sleeping like a babe
dreaming on Slaughter's grave. Listen!

EDWARDS: No. 'Sides, it wusn't funny.

Ah laks stories as makes me laugh. An' have a happy endin'.
Hoo Fasa dint make me laugh. An' he ain't gonna have no happy
endin'.

SIMON: Tonight he will! He'll make you laugh
tonight...

EDWARDS: Naw! I ain' s'posed tuh lissen.

SIMON: Listen!

EDWARDS: Naw. (pause) Whut?

SIMON: Hoo Fasa went an' took that job at ole Wabash U.

EDWARDS: Shh.

SIMON: Went an' taught two foreign languages an' poetry too.

EDWARDS: Naw. Shh.

SIMON: Way he taught poetry you never saw noone teach poetry.

EDWARDS: Huh? Why'sat?

SIMON: Cause Hoo Fasa wrote poems like noone before wrote poems.
They was real poems.

None o them sof' limp like-a-sludge-a-butta-poems.

Hoo's poems was lean an' stiff an' edged like a knife.

EDWARDS: Ah neva laked poems.

SIMON: Like: the eye demanded an image
of its accelerated grimace...

Like: Leucis who intended a Grand Passion
Ends with a willingness to oblige...

Scene 1 - a street in a small College town. Dark facade of buildings. Snow on the ground. HOO FASA, aged twenty-two, enters from right, singing the tune. He does not notice Miss DANDY LINE, huddled on a doorstep, whimpering.

HOO FASA: Winter is icommen in,

*Am I
"Shimmering"*
is in a line

Lhude sing Goddamm,

*please write
for tone*

Raineth drop and staineth slop,

how
the sentence
feel's natural --

And how the wind doth ramm!

Sing: Goddamm.

Skiddeth bus and sloppeth us,

An ague hath my ham.

Freezeth river, turneth liver,

Damn you, sing: Goddamm.

Sing goddamm, damm, sing Goddamm,

Sing goddamm, sing goddamm, DAMMI! (seeing DANDY) Damn man!

DANDY: Ahn hnnnnn. Ahn hahhhhhhhhhh.

HOO FASA: (dropping to his knees before her)

Little princess what is wrong?

Don't you like my naughty song?

It's very ancient...

DANDY: Boo hoo, what shall I do?

HOO FASA: Please do not cry

but say what's wrong!

A dreadful blue dragon exhaust your handsome prince?

DANDY: (shaking her head) Oh boo hoo.

HOO FASA: A wicked green-eyed stepmama put you down and out?

DANDY: (shaking head) No. Boo hoo.

HOO FASA: ^{Are you} Hot-blooded Dido, lost in this frigid land
grief-smitten for rich old Sychaeus
dead by your brother's hand?

DANDY: Oh no sir, believe me!
I've nothing to do with those.
Do you have a hanky for my runny nose?

HOO FASA: (finding one, dabbing at her mascara-stained eyes)
There, little goddess.
There, there, little goddess.
Where do you live?

DANDY: Oh nowhere, kind sir! (struggling to keep back tears)
My landlady made me leave!

HOO FASA: Wretched harpie!

DANDY: She said she would never have let me enter...

HOO FASA: Old crow!

DANDY: Had she known ~~was~~ I was...a performer.

HOO FASA: O'you perform, little goddess?

DANDY: Not any longer, sir.
They stopped the show this night.
And didn't pay me for the other nights! Oh, boo hoo!

HOO FASA: There, there, little one.
How do you perform?

DANDY: I dance, sir.
I do the can can, sir.
Yet I'm barely seventeen years old.
Would you care to see my can can, sir?
It's very good all the gentlemen say.

HOO FASA: Sweet bird! Your brother was foul Pygmalien. And I am noble
Aeneas, driven by the cold-maddened winds
into your waiting hands!

DANDY: Oh, no sir! My brother runs a tavern in Chicago...

HOO FASA: Where are your clothes, gentle Dido?

DANDY: Here, in my satchel, sir.
Where is my costume also, sir.

HOO FASA: When did you eat last, dear one?

DANDY: Only this morning.
This morning I ate...a little.

HOO FASA: Please stand up
that I may see you better.

DANDY: (rises) There is a run in my stocking, sir,
but I'm very firmly built. Only...

HOO FASA: Only?

DANDY: I have a discoloration...somewhere on my skin.

HOO FASA: Where?

DANDY: Somewhere?

HOO FASA: Where?

DANDY: Somewhere.

HOO FASA: You don't want to tell me.

DANDY: Oh, sir! It would embarrass me.
I'd rather show than speak of such things. (pause)
Not that it's very large.

HOO FASA: No?

DANDY: And some say as how it's...pretty.

HOO FASA: Will you show me, little goddess?

DANDY: I'd be glad to, sir.

Only...after I've had a bite?

HOO FASA: Sweet one.

My cave is not a block from here
and though the ~~cats~~^{hags} that dwell there too
frown on visitors

Accompany me there to sup 'n share a cup
and sing songs low and build a rising fire.

DANDY: Oh sir, I would!

But your landladies they will mind.

It's not a normal thing to bring a young maid to your flat?

HOO FASA: Bah! What I do in mine

is none of theirs! Come!

I'll tell you e charming poem.

DANDY: Have you a bed, generous sir?

I barely know where I'll spend the night

What dread to return into this cruel, cruel cold!

HOO FASA: You'll have my bed, precious one!

And I, I'll sleep on the floor.

DANDY: Oh no sir! You shouldn't sleep on the floor!

Not after everything you'll have done!

HOO FASA: What's your name, my little one?

DANDY: I'm afraid it's not Dido, kind sir.

It's Dandy. Miss Dandy Line.

HOO FASA: Give me your satchel, Dandy dear!

And now, let's hurry home

To your soft can can and my stiff poem.

DANDY: You'll love my can can, good young girl! (Exaunt left)

EDWARDS: Man! Man! But why dint we see her li'l can can?

SIMON: Ah, Baluba!

Harken to what happened!

what vengeful Juno laid in store for poor Hoo Fasa and devine

Dandy Line!

Bright the next morning when he'd gone off to class

the ~~hags~~ ^{hags} opened his door and found the naked lass

Applied their bristled brooms to her sweet dimpled ass

drove her into the street her satchel unclasped.

The Wabash police, called, came, hustled her to jail

where for two weeks running the Chief hooked her tail.

Poor Dandy! And poor too, Hoo!

Returning home at noon found his door tightly closed,

the sidewalk strewn with his good books and clothes,

~~a message~~

^A dipped in venom from ole Wabash U.

relieving him of classes, paying every cent due.

With these funds Hoo applied for poor Dandy's bail

but Judge Minos wouldn't listen, told him send it in two weeks
from Thursday's) ↗
mail! Thirteen days long Hoo waited, chaste in another room,

but, on the fourteenth Dandy's brother came, dragged her back
to the Chicago) ↗
saloon. Poor Dandy! Screwed by every s.o.b.! Poor Hoo Fasa!

Black-balled in every U.S.U. [pause]

While in the caged panther's eyes:

Nothing, nothing that you can do...

EDWARDS: Aw yeah! Thet's too bad.

But whuddid Hoo Fasa next go and do?

SIMON: (parrot-like)
Hey Snag, what's in the bibl'?'
Wot are the books ov the bibl'?'
Name 'em! Don't bull-shit me!

EDWARDS: Thet's Munroel
You talkt jes lak Munroel

SIMON: (parrot-like)
I'll tell you wot izza comin'
Sochy-lism is a-comin'...

EDWARDS: Hey! Who's that?
I doan know someone talkt lak that.

SIMON: ...and as to poor old Benito
one had a safety pin
one had a bit of string, one had a button...

EDWARDS: Liesen! Yuh betta take yer mind off him.
Get it back on ole Hoo Fasa.
Doan do no good ta harp on thin's...

SIMON: ...all of them so far beneath him...

EDWARDS: Naw! Tell whut happened tuh ole Hoo nex'!
He go an' join th'army? He sign fer a twen'y year hitch?

SIMON: Hoo was down on America.
He said: Sweet Dandy's can can's too much for America's
tight soul, t'hell with America!

EDWARDS: He say that? Thet's lak treason, ain' it?

SIMON: America wasn't at war then, so
no question o treason got raised.
Besides, he said it to himself, not over the Roman radio

Besides, no-one'd ever heard o Hoo Fasa those days.

Besides, he felt the same way about his poems as about sweet
Dandy's can can.

EDWARDS: He did?

SIMON: Figgerred they too was too much for America's tight soul.
Figgerred th'only thing to do was exile to another land.
Like Eng-land...

EDWARDS: Whut 'bout Miss Dandy? She exile too?

SIMON: Dandy stayed in Chicago.
Scrubbed floors in her brother's bar.
Scraped foam off the custom^{er}'s beer.
Was a performer...nevermore.

EDWARDS: Tha's too bad. I'd a laked tuh see her can can.

SIMON: Cassandra, your eyes are like tigers,
with no word written in them
You also have I carried to nowhere
to an ill house and there is
no end to the journey...

EDWARDS: Aw!

SIMON: And Hoo gave most of his salary
For Charun to ferry him away,
The great groaning sea behind him
Hoo landed in London town...

EDWARDS: London! Mnn mnnn! Picadilly Circus! Mnn mnn!

SIMON: Hoo did some good things in London, though a war was coming on.
Took a flat.
Taught school.
Made poems.
Told American editors where to get off.

Told American professors where to get off.

Told Englishmen where to get off.

And a navy rolls up to me in Church Street (Kensington End) with:

"Yurra Jurrmun!"

To which I replied: I am not.

"Well yurr szum kind ov a furriner."

Nurtured new magazines. Blast in London. Poetry in Chi.

The Little Review in Paris.

where he and Possum could appear once a month and St. Jim of
Joyce, wherever he liked...

EDWARDS: who?

SIMON: Got married.

An' kept a hold o his soul.

Wasn't easy, Baluba. Had to fight England's corruption,
her bent for money and fame.

Everyone everywhere doin' things for money and for fame,
And not for the simple love of.

Except a few, some others, doin' things for the love of,
not for money nor for fame.

Hoo found those and got together.

Painters.

Poets.

Writers.

Performers. Et an' drank and slept with them,

Talked, listened, loved and died in the war with them,
Looking to the day,

Working for the day,

Waiting on the day

when

T.S.: If you are not a bank-robber then
perhaps you are a banker?

HOO FASA: No, I...

T.S.: If you are not a banker then
perhaps do you work for a bank?

HOO FASA: No, I...

T.S.: You are a poet.

HOO FASA: Damn it! Yes! Listen!

I was run out of ole Wabash U,
for makin' poems with a gal made can cans!

*under a
brakes* T.S.: I have known the arms already, known them all
arms that are braceleted and white and bare....

HOO FASA: She didn't wear no bracelets...

T.S.: But in the lamplight, downed with light-brown hair...

HOO FASA: Blond. In the fire-light hers was blond...

T.S.: Arms that lie along the table,
Or wrap about a shawl...

HOO FASA: Listen! Fergit about them arms!

I got part o my check left from ole Wabash U.
Kin you cash it?

T.S.: (scrutinizing it expertly)
This American dollar check?

HOO FASA: Sure, it's a Merican dollar check!

T.S.: Let us go then you and I

When the evening is spread out against the sky...

HOO FASA: NO, I can't right now. I hafta move outa my flat. The Lan'lady
doesn't want...

T.S.: Like a patient etherized upon a table.
Let us go through half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels...

HOO FASA: Hah! Damn good!

T.S.: And sawdust restaurants with oyster shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent...

HOO FASA: Say, listen!

T.S.: Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

HOO FASA: What? Damn! Hold on a minute, limey!

T.S.: (archly) American. Vintage St. Louis, 1888, Exiled to London, 1914.

HOO FASA: Go on!

T.S.: In the room the women come and go

HOO FASA: What:

T.S.: Talking of Michelangelo.

HOO FASA: Who? Come 'n go! Michelangelo!

You're a real poet!

T.S.: Still, I work in this bank.

Do you wished you worked here too?

HOO FASA: You outta yer head?

Wouldn't work in no goddamn bank you paid me! (pause)

They pay you?

T.S.: Badly.

HOO FASA: I hates banks.

They the root of the world's evil!

Di'nt you know that?

T.S.: No.
I thought banks were...well...useful.
They take care of money and...things.

HOO FASA: Legalized usurers what they are! Debt-breeding, war-mongering.
You should read Gesell.

T.S.: I have.

HOO FASA: You have? You couldn't have! Not read Gesell.

T.S.: On The Child From One To Nine In American Culture.

HOO FASA: What! No! Gesell on Money and Things.
Say! You're not one o these...

T.S.: Don't mention it!

HOO FASA: What comes from workin in a bank!

T.S.: The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,

HOO FASA: Huh? Aw, listen...

T.S.: When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,

HOO FASA: Aw...

T.S.: Then how should I begin

HOO FASA: Well...

T.S.: To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
And how should I presume....?

HOO FASA: I'm sorry, possum.
Di'nt mean to hurt yer feelin's.
You know, I never met no English-American banker-teller-poet
Before...listen!

T.S.: Yes?

HOO FASA: Workin' a bank lak you do?
Cun't you...sort of...well...you know!

T.S.: I know?

HOO FASA: Sure! Don't you know?

T.S.: Sure? Don't I know?

HOO FASA: Aw! You know!

T.S.: Yes.

HOO FASA: You know?

T.S.: Yes.

HOO FASA: I knew you had to know!

T.S.: I can't.

HOO FASA: Huh? Aw, sure you can!

T.S.: I dream of it...but I can't.

HOO FASA: You and me could retire! Go to Paris! Italy!
Make nothin' but poems to our dying day...

T.S.: You and...me...?

HOO FASA: Huh? Sure! I'm a poet too!

T.S.: You are?

HOO FASA: Sure. I'll do you a poem, some day...

T.S.: Yet you don't work in a bank?

HOO FASA: I tole you I hate banks!
Banks 'r worse than bullets...

T.S.: That's...difficult to believe.

HOO FASA: Can't make banks outa bullets, can ya?

T.S.: Er...

HOO FASA: But bullets'r made outa banks! See?

T.S.: Uh...

HOO FASA: Listen! You'll have to concentrate! (Pause)
The poms of butchery, financial power,
Told 'em to die in war. and then to save.

Then cut their saving to the half or lower:
When will this system lie down in its grave? (pause)
Get it?

T.S.: Er....

HOO FASA: Try this one!

And the two largest rackets are the alteration
of the value of money
(of the unit of money) ME TATHMENON TE TON

KRUMENON

AND USURY @ 60 or lending
that which is made out of nothing

Get it?

T.S.: Let us go then you and I
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a....(smiles)

HOO FASA: That mean you're...with me?

T.S.: Yes. Only...

HOO FASA: Only what! Listen!

I don't give a damn if'n you are one of these here....

T.S.: Only I couldn't rob the bank. (pause)

I'm sorry but I couldn't. (pause)

HOO FASA: Aw, I kin guess how ya feel. (Pause)

You don't hafta be ashamed.

T.S.: Yes, I couldn't.

HOO FASA: I can guess how ya feel.

T.S.: I'm sorry, but I couldn't.

HOO FASA: Aw, I can guess how ya still!

It's not like it would be wrong!

Not stealin' from a bank!

Hobbin' the Lloyd's o London Bank

Be lak takin ^{a coupl'a} ~~some~~ coals from Newcastle!

Buggers'd never miss a ~~couple~~ ^{few} thousand pounds...

T.S.: Do I dare

Disturb the universe?

In a moment there is time...

HOO FASA: Sure! That's the ticket!

Jus' hand me here some o those there

bundles of testimony to the usuror's greed...and I'll...

T.S.: For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse....

HOO FASA: Huh?

T.S.: No. I'm sorry but I couldn't.

HOO FASA: Huh?

T.S.: Yes. I'm sorry but I couldn't.

HOO FASA: No? Well. (pause) Another day, perhaps...(starts to walk away)

T.S.: I feel a cad. Not.

The way you listened to me and all...

HOO FASA: (pausing) Naw, you don't have to feel no cat...

Jus' cause I listened...

T.S.: Agh! I should have been a pair of ragged claws

Scuttling across the floors of silent seas...

HOO FASA: (returning) Say!

T.S.: Take me away...from all this...all this...

HOO FASA: Usury?

T.S.: Yes.

HOO FASA: An' money! Sure!

Er...where'd ya wanna go?

My flat's the other side of town.

Whyn't we make it to your pad? Whomp up some pot or...tea?

T.S.: I can't carry on, I'm not very strong.

I had a nervous breakdown, just the other year.

There may be another...coming along.

HJO FASA: Naw. Listen! Don't get nervous!

You wanna figger out a way tuh make 'em fire yuh!

Make 'em pay yuh twice whut's due!

How much yer pay check?

You get a pretty good pay check?

T.S.: No. (pause) Though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,

Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in
upon a platter,

I am no prophet--and here's no great matter:

I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,

And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker.

And in short, I was afraid.

HJO FASA: Naw. Listen! You kin get a hat ta cover it over...

Ya don't hafta be afraid!

Once yer not bein' bugged by the bank--

Nothin'll bugger you anymore.

Possum: Listen! None o that'lli matter!

T.S.: They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!"

My mourning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,

My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin....

HJO FASA: Aw, you wun't hafta worry about them things....

T.S.: They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!"
Do I dare...

HOO FASA: Never mind! I'll dare!
You kin quit yore job and not hafta wear
those awful tight black clothes
You kin go around free 'n easy...like me!

T.S.: (faintly appalled) Do I dare!

HOO FASA: Sure ya dare. I dare!
I know half-a-dozen poets go aroun' free 'n easy lak me.

T.S.: (as before) You do?
Half-a-dozen? Look like you?

HOO FASA: Sure! What's more, they'd be more'n glad to dig down
'n come up
with a certain number o pounds a year
so's you don' hafta get these nervous breakdowns anymore
so's you can quit this bank an' be a full-time poet...

T.S.: I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be.
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the Prince, no doubt an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse:
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous--
Almost, at times, the fool!

HOO FASA: Naw, you ain't no fool!
Kebbe you look and act like a fool
but you ain't no real fool. You're a poet!

You only gotta stop gettin' bugged by this Bank all day long.
Losin' your hair, your backbone, your poetic integrity.
When we dig down an' come up with that thousan' pounds a year
for yuh...

T.S.: How many?

HOO FASA: Er...thousand five hundred pounds a year...?

T.S.: How long?

HOO FASA: EV'ry year fer five years! Ev'ry year fer ten years...Guaranteed?

T.S.: Hmm.

HOO FASA: Ev'ry thin'll change! You'll see, Possum!

You kin retire! Go to Paris! Italy!

T.S.: England's nice.

HOO FASA: Make reams o poems!

Good poems!

Big poems!

Great long-like-a-novel poems!

About why to live fer the love of, and not fer money or fame!

About the world a wasteland, peopled with hollow men!

An' then you can go through those half-deserted streets

ya was talkin' about, and not hafta stay in those one-night
cheap hotels ya was talkin' about!

An' make poetry all day long!

Wun't ya like it? Wun't ya? Possum?

Don't ya wanna tell me?

T.S.: I'd adore it!

I'd absolutely adore it!

It's like a dream coming through!

HOO FASA: Tha's alright, Possum.

Do the same fer a dog. (pause)

He were a poet dog. / Come on out from behind that cage!

T.S.: (coming out, gradually)
I grow old...I grow old
I shall wear the bottom of my trousers rolled.

HOO FASA: Sure! You kin wear 'em anyway ya want
Ya get outta this here bank (takes T.S.'s arm)

T.S.: (walking slowly and halting)
Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?

HOO FASA: Sure. I tole ya. You kin do anythin' ya want.

T.S.: (as before)
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

HOO FASA: (nervously, wanting to draw T.S. more quickly toward the exit)
Tha's all right possum. We'll go get a little pot or tea.
Once yer outta this here bank ev'rythin'll be allright, you'll see..

T.S.: (clinging to a pillar)
I do not think they will sing to me

HOO FASA: Sure they will. (pulling him off the pillar) They'll love ya.
An' sing to ya too.
You'll have mermaids floppin' all over your doorstep
Yer gonna be the most important poet to come outta America in
fifty years.

T.S.: (grasping another pillar)
England?

HOO FASA: Aweright. England! (peeling him off the pillar) Yer gonna be the
most important poet to come outa England in fifty years.
The mermaids'll be fightin' to get onto your doorstep!

T.S.: I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

HOO FASA: Sure ya have, Possum. An' there'll be more to come! Though
I ain' too taken with them last lines,
it don't hardly matter. The others are so fine!
Wait'll those s.o.b.'s at Kansas U see
what I fished outa Lloyds o London, p.u.

T.S.: (clinging to the last pillar)
We have lingered at the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown

HOO FASA: Sure, Possum! They gonna wreathe you with lots of seaweed an'
hide your baldspots b'neath a coral crown.
I only get ya outa the grip o this here buggerin' Bank...
(tears him loose)

T.S.: Til human voices wake us, and we drown...(balking at the Bank
door, right)

HOO FASA: Naw! We ain' gonna drown! We're gonna do aweright...you and I...
(pushes him out the door)

EDWARDS: Haw! Mermaids by thuh sea! That Possum was a real cat!

SIMON: Cad?

EDWARDS: Cat. C-A-T.

SIMON: Yes.

And the most important poet to come outta American or England,
in fifty years.

EDWARDS: Ole Hoo Fasa, he helped him!

SIMON: Hoo spent himself to free Possum from the bank.
Hoo spent himself to get Possum published and reviewed.
Only...

EDWARDS: I knows! Only they neva was no mermaids! That part di'nt come
true.

SIMON: No. Sea-girls don't come true. But
there's something else too....

EDWARDS: Whuddelse?

SIMON: Possum stopped goin' through those half-deserted streets.

EDWARDS: Shore! Cause he rolled his trousers up an' went along the beach!

SIMON: No. He went with another bank.

EDWARDS: Another bank! After Hoo saved him from that
buggerin' Lloyds o London Bank!

SIMON: It was a different kind of bank. A bank of authors and books.
A rich and famous publishing...^{house} And so Possum grew rich an'
^ famous, too.

EDWARDS: Aw, tha's diff'runt! Tha's good! Tha's a happy endin!

SIMON: No.

EDWARDS: Shore!

SIMON: No.

EDWARDS: Neva mind! Tell whut happen nex' to ole Hoo Fasal

He dream of mermaids by the sea?
He get rich and famous too?
He hava happy endin' too?

SIMON: No. He had other things to do.

Befriending more poets. Musicians and sculptors, too.
Discoverin' Jap and Chinese poems and translatin' 'em better
than true.
Studying social credit and the meanin' of the good corporate state
Talkin' and 'preachin' to ev'ryone 'bout how it was growing late
In the game
between those who love and those who hate
between nations hungering after money
and a civilization dying to be great. Europe! Poor,
old, beat-up Europe!

EDWARDS: Ole Hoo Fasal, he wuz sorta losin' int'rest in the
little things in life. Lak mermaids ^{an'} ~~or~~ Miss Dandy's
^ can can...

SIMON: He didn't lose sight.

He could sing: All the while they were talking of the new morality

Her eyes explored me.

And when I rose to go

Her fingers were like the tissue

Of a Japanese paper napkin...

He could preach: Sing us for love and idleness,

Naught else is worth the having.

Though I have been in many a land,

There is naught else in living.

And I would rather have my sweet,

Though rose-leaves die of grieving,

Than do high deeds in Hungary

To pass all men's believing...

He preached that

but he acted differently

And the highest deeds done were named...treachery!

EDWARDS: Neva mind 'bout that! Whut about that wife ole Hoo married?

She do a can can lak Miss Dandy could?

SIMON: He showed his wife France where the troubadors had sung

Made open love in open rucksacks all over sweet Province.

She was beautiful.

Precious.

Disarmed.

Love-stung.

Carrying herself delicately, with the air, always, of a young
Victorian lady out skating,

a profile as clear and lovely as that of a porcelain
Kuan-yin...

EDWARDS: Naw! Bet she made ole Hoo fergit 'bout li'l Miss Dandy's can can!

SIMON: No.

EDWARDS: No?

SIMON: No.

EDWARDS: Er...he go to that ther Hungary tuh do them high kinda deeds?

SIMON: No. But he left London. And eleven years behind.

Down the drain of exile England

eleven long years...

EDWARDS: He gettin' on, ole Hoo!

SIMON: Thirty-six when he crossed to France,
past forty when he left her. Hoo was middle-aged...

EDWARDS: Yah! I know whatchu mean!

SIMON: And God knows what else is left of our London

my London, your London

and if her green elegance

remains on this side of my rain ditch

puss lizard will lunch on some other T-bone.

EDWARDS: Naw!

SIMON: (parrot-like)

Napoleon wuth a goodth man, it took uth 20 yeath to crwuth him.

It will not take uth twenty yearth

to crwuth Mutholini...

(Pause)

EDWARDS: Mebbe you betta get yerself some sleep,

Old man, mebbe you betta get yerself some sleep...

SIMON: As a lone ant from a broken ant-hill

from the wreckage of Europe, ego scupter...

EDWARDS: Whyn't yuh crawl intuh yer tent
an' get yerself some sleep?

SIMON: Suddenly discovering in the eyes
of the very beautiful Normande cocose^{tt}_{ee}
The eyes of the very learned British
museum assistant...

EDWARDS: Naw!

SIMON: And in the caged panther's eyes:
Nothing. Nothing that you can do...

EDWARDS: Fergit that! Lissen! Think some more 'bout poor ole Hoo!

SIMON: Moon, cloud, tower, a patch of the battistero
all of a whiteness,
dirt pile...

EDWARDS: Aw, try'n git back on Fasal
Thin's won' seem so black...

SIMON: Paris. Hoo Fasa went over to Paris.
The War I came
And Henry Gaudier went to it,
and they killed him,
And killed a good deal of sculpture,
And ole T.E.H. he went to it,
with a lot of books from the library
London Library, and a shell buried 'im in a dug-out,
And the Library expressed its annoyance.
(Pause)
The War I went
And Hoo he went to Paris.

EDWARDS: Shore!

SIMON: Remembrance of dead friends dark in his mind,
Hoo crossed to the city of love and light...

EDWARDS: An' the Follies Bergerel Listen!
Hoo can't go tuh Paris and not see a can can!
Ain' no-one could go tuh Paris an' not see a whole lot o can cans!
Onct a war is over, life gits filled with can cans!
You be distortin' hist'ry you din't show no can can!

SIMON: You're better taught, than titilated, Baluba.

EDWARDS: A li'l titilashun neva hurt no-one
Even you are a preacher, you ain' no fire and brimstone preacher,
Shore yuh ain't!

SIMON: Let's see what Paris brings...

EDWARDS: I ain' worried whut Paris'd bring
you jes lef' her alone!

SIMON: Give me another cigarette!
Perhaps there is a can can in store...

EDWARDS: Try hard!

SIMON: Yes.

EDWARDS: Is there?

SIMON: Yes.

EDWARDS: Here's yer cig'rette.
Here's a light.

SIMON: Hoo met other poets exiled in Paris
Who lived in garrets,
rode the Metro,
talked at cafes,
made love on ^{park} benches,
and poetry.

EDWARDS: One of 'em musta made it to the Follies Begerel

SIMON: Couldn't afford it.

The frog book banks wouldn't publish 'em.
The frog money banks wouldn't
loan or pay. They could starve.

But they didn't. Not quite. Hood would say:

Let us pity those who are better off than we are.

Come, my friend, and remember

that the rich have butlers but no friends

And we have friends and no butlers.

EDWARDS: Haw!

SIMON: One of his friends ~~had~~ almost starved. He was .

Homely, skinny

with glasses

awful poor

developin' cataracts,

↑
unhealthy,

and with a daughter growin' insane,

but carryin' a dream inside o him that ^{across} changed ole Europe, from
Dublin

to Greece, from

the twentieth century

to minus the seventh, from

a time when men believed in the godliness of money

to a time when men believed in the godliness of men.

He wrote down this dream. Dug a deep book, a wandering book,

a book never to be forgotten, a book like the Cantos, the book

of an exile, from priest-ridden,

god-forsaken,

beloved Ireland. About man's inner

search for heaven and hell. [pause]

He was Hoo's friend. That is,

Hoo helped him in every way he could. Ate with him,
talked with him, sat with him when he drank, danced with him,
sang with him...Gave him a little

Money,

no advice,

but worked and spent himself to spread his gospel and
his book,

Got him known and published. Published and...censored...

'Cause the men who run the money banks who run the book banks
who run the police

don't want it known how heaven 'n hell really are, or where,

^{or}
~~so~~ how it pays to find out. For yourself.

The book's great wanderer was Leopold Bloom.

Jew.

Hero.

Saint.

The wife's name was Molly.

Jewess.

Goddess.

Saint.

EDWARDS: Tell about Molly! I don't care so much 'bout Leopold.

She do a can can, Molly....?

SIMON: O moon my pin-up! ^[pause] Yes and no. She dreamt of many things.

EDWARDS: Men? She dream of men?

Let's see her dream of men!

SIMON: Leopold dreamt too.

EDWARDS: I doan care 'bout ole Leopold! I wanna hear tell 'bout...

SIMON: Dreamt of Molly...and other women...

EDWARDS: I told you I doan...

SIMON: Shy little, spicy little, steamy little women...

EDWARDS: Ole women? Not ole women!

SIMON: Sad little women

with lovers lost among the parched Fields of Mourning,
Smooth-limbed young maids who
strung out their linen by the Dublin shore,
playing catch with the sweet-swollen hearts of whores.

EDWARDS: Let's see them!

Scene Three - in the Bois de Boulogne; left, a cafe table at which Hoo Fasa
age forty, ^{-four} sits without a drink reading The Little Review, and
J.J. sits with a drink watching three girls on the grass, right.
Two of these play with a beach ball, the third (GERTY) sits
gazing at the sky. The sun has just now set.

HOO FASA: Get this, Saint Jim! (he reads)

We have lingered at the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Til the human voices wake us and we drown!
You like it? That's Possum. You oughta meet Possum.
You never met Possum!

J.J.: My name is Leopold Odysseus Bloom.

I live in Dublin town. That's the Dublin church steeple over there.
I believe it's preparing to gong.

HOO FASA: What! Aw, Jim! You gotta cut drinkin' that absinth.

It's makin' your brains spin roun'.

J.J.: Penelope Molly my wife is home dreaming wrapt in a shawl.
I like to sit by Dublin's shore and watch the children play at ball.

HOO FASA: (snorts) Children! Chickens, you mean! (resumes reading)

J.J.: I enjoy small children. Especially small girl children.
Around seventeen years old. Like Gerty Nausicaa MacDowell sitting
over there,
She had her blue eye on me. But I'm pretending to look at the sea.
Isn't it a lovely seal (looks into audience)
(HOO groans and sinks behind his magazine)
(GERTY looks up and into the audience)

GERTY'S
VOICE: Yes! Look at the seal Like the paintings that man used to do
on the sidewalk with all the colored chalk and such a pity too
leaving them there to be all blotted out,
the evening and the clouds coming out...

HOO FASA: (looking ^{grimly} over magazine at GERTY) Phyllidula is scrawny but amorous,
Thus have the gods awarded her,
That in pleasure she receives more than she can give
If she does not count this blessed
Let her change her religion...

J.J. Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls.
(HOO groans and re-buries himself)

GERTY'S
VOICE: And the Bailey light on Howth and to hear the music like that and
the perfume of those incense they burned in the church like a
kind of waft...

HOO FASA: (coming up) Here's somethin', Jim! "Ezra came home to dinner with us and he stayed and he talked about japanese prints among other things. Gertrude Stein liked him but...did not...find him amusing. (Snorts) She said he was a village explainer, excellent if you were a village, but...if you were not, not." Damn! That overstuffed bitch! Excellent if you were a village, but if you were not, not. Damn!

GERTY'S VOICE: (as GERTY turns her face toward J.J.) and feel my heart go pitapat. Yes it's me he's looking at and the meaning in his look! His eyes burning into me as though they would search me through and through, read my soul...

J.J.: Fine eyes she has, clear. It's the white of the eye brings that out not so much the pupil.

GERTY'S VOICE: Wonderful eyes, them, superbly expressive, but could you trust them? People are so queer. The eyes so dark and the pale intellectual face he is a foreigner...(HOO groans)

J.J. Does she know I'm? Course. Like a cat sitting beyond a dog's jump.

GERTY'S VOICE: ...but I cannot see does he have an aquiline nose or a slightly retrousse^u...from where he's sitting...

J.J.: Sees something in me. Wonder what. Sooner have me as I am than some poet chap with beargrease, plastery hair lovelock over his dexter optic. To aid gentlemen in literary. Ought to attend to my appearance my age. Don't let her see me in profile.

(The beachball overthrown comes bounding to their table)

HOO FASA: What! Oh. Here! I'll give it...(starts to rise)

J.J.: Sit still, you fool! I'll handle this! (rises, retrieves ball, smiles graciously at the two girls waving to him and calling: "Here! Here! Over here!", throws it so that it rolls instead near GERTY's feet, dropping his glasses.) Blast it!

GERTY: Oh! (she rises carefully)

TWO GIRLS: Kick it here, Gerty! Bet you can't kick it here!

VOICE OF

GERTY: I wish their stupid ball wouldn't come rolling down at me. Still he's watching, isn't he? Stop biting your lip! It won't hurt that much. If you don't miss. That'd hurt for him to see maybe if I just lift my skirt a little but just enough and take good aim and give it a jolly good kick there! (kicking the ball) There!

J.J.: (groping around the ground) Where the hell are those glasses!

VOICE OF

GERTY: (GERTY sits back down) There! I can feel the warm flush surge and flame in my cheeks. A danger signal for Gerty MacDowell. We've exchanged glances already and now I'm going to look at him, here in the twilight ah! how wan and strangely drawn the saddest face I've ever seen...

J.J.: (having found his glasses, reset them and set down) Blind as a bat without 'em. Still, you never know. Pretty girls and ugly men marrying.
Beauty and the beast.

(A stout man in black bowler, black suit, grey spats and walrus mustache begins to stroll slowly by.)

GERTY'S
VOICE: He's in deep mourning I can see that, there's the story of a haunting sorrow written on his face I'd give worlds to know what it is, looking up so intently, so still, and he saw me kick the ball I am glad something told me put on the transparent stockings...
(removes her hat)

J.J.: Besides I can't be so if Molly. Took off her hat to show her hair, wide brim brought to hide her face, meeting someone might know her, bend down or carry a bunch of flowers to smell. Hair strong in rut. Ten bob I got for Molly's combings when we were on the rocks in Holles street. Why not?

HOO FASA: Jim! Listen to this! (sees stout man who is eyeing GERTY)
Oh oh! Jim! This guy looks like a dick. Lay off her, there's a dick! Fer crissake! Jim!

GERTY'S
VOICE: Here is that of which I've so often dreamed it's he who matters and can he see the joy on my face because I want him he is like no-one else he has suffered, more sinned against than sinning, or even, even, if he has been himself a sinner, a wicked man, I don't care...
(the stout man looks from J.J. to GERTY: HOO again tries to get J.J.'s attention, but failing, returns behind his magazine over which he now and then peers anxiously out)

J.J. Thankful for small mercies. Cheap too. Yours for the asking. Because they want it themselves. Their natural craving. Shoals of them every evening poured out of offices. Reserve better.

Don't want it they throw it at you. Catch 'em alive, O. Pity they can't see themselves. A dream of wellfilled hose.

(the stout man returns his glance to J.J.)

GERTY'S
VOICE:

Even if he's a methodist or protestant I could convert him easy if he truly loved me I could make him fall in love with me make him forget the memory of the past then mayhap he would embrace me gently, like a real man, crushing my soft body to him, and love me, his own girlie, for myself alone...

(the stout man's gaze now turns back on her)

J.J.:

Where was that? Ah, yes. Mutoscope pictures in Capel street: for men only. Peeping Tom. Willy's hat and what the girls did with it. Do they snapshot those girls or is it all a fake? Lingerie does it. Felt for the curves inside her deshabille.

(the stout man suddenly turns toward J.J., and HOO FASA, watching, groans and ducks behind his magazine)

Excites them also when they're. I'm all clean come and dirty me.

(the stout man walks now to their table)

And they like dressing one another for the sacrifice. Milly delighted with Molly's new blouse. At first.

(the stout man is alongside, frowning at J.J.)

Put them all on to take them all off. Molly. Why I bought her the violet garters. (HOO groans)

STOUT MAN: (to J.J.) You said something, monsieur?

J.J.: Girl friends at school, arms round each other's neck or with ten fingers locked...

HOO FASA: (emerging) No monsieur! Monsieur my friend there was not talking to you!

STOUT MAN: I heard voices from somewhere! Here! (looks now at HOO closely) What's that you're reading?

J.J.: ...kissing and whispering secrets in the convent garden. Nuns with whitewashed faces...

HOO FASA: Nothing at all! An American Magazine.

J.J.: ...cool coil and their rosaries going up and down...

STOUT MAN: What sort of American magazine?

J.J.: ...vindictive too for what they can't get. Barbed wire.

HOO FASA: I don't think it's any of your affair.

STOUT MAN: Let's see it! (reaches)

HOO FASA: No you don't! Who do you think you are?

1st GIRL: O, look! Cissy! (pointing toward the sky)

GERTY'S VOICE: Look is it sheet lightning? No it's blue and green and purple... (HOO looks, and the STOUT MAN too)

2nd GIRL: Fireworks! Come on! (the two GIRLS run across the grass to look) (calling back) Gerty! Come on! It's the Bastille day fireworks!

GERTY: No, I can see from here.

J.J. Ah, my girlie, stay by me! (the STOUT MAN looks at him)

GERTY'S VOICE: Yes, I'm adamant. I've no intention to be at their beck and call. If they run like rossies, I can sit here where I am...(she looks again toward J.J.) (The STOUT MAN now turns to look at her)

J.J.: First kiss does the trick. The propitious moment. Something inside them goes pop. Mushy like, tell by their eyes, on the sly. (the STOUT MAN turns toward J.J.)

GERTY'S VOICE: And me with the years slipping by, one by one, his eyes fastened on me how they set my pulses tingling, and but for the one short-coming I needn't fear competition (the STOUT MAN looks toward GERTY) and that was an accident coming down Dalkay hill (the STOUT MAN now shrugs and strolls away, toward the other girls) and I try always to conceal it...(HOO watches STOUT MAN go)

J.J. First thoughts are best. Remember that til their dying day. Molly, Lieutenant Mulvey that kissed her under the Moorish wall beside the gardens...

HOO FASA: Jim! Jim! That lousy dick almost grabbed me! On account of you! D'ya hear me Jim! I bet he's from the vice squad, or...

J.J. Fifteen she told me. But her breasts were developed...what?

HOO FASA: Jim! You nearly got me arrested! You gotta lay off that stuff in a public place!

J.J. Watch the fireworks! And let me be.

HOO FASA: Will ya quit starin' at her like that! She's just a scrawny amorous kid!

J.J. Aw, Hoo, you know I like to watch the sea. The billowing white, blue-gartered sea.

HOO FASA: Look here for a minute, will you? They say the customs confiscated three issues of The Little Review on account your writings are obscene!

J.J.: Silvia told me. Blithering idiots!
 And they say you exiled from ^{The land of the} free! America! Haw!

HOO FASA: The New York Society For The Prevention Of Vice issued a complaint on account of the one with Nausicaa. Went and arrested Marge Anderson and Jane Heap. Charges were pressed by a father who feared his daughters morals might be impaired! Say! O'you think that ^{fat} dick could be...

J.J.: What's obscene about Nausicaa?

HOO FASA: What's obscene! Din't ya see the way that fat dick was eyeing you! And her over there, in the fancy underwear!

J.J.: ~~Hoo!~~ You weren't...looking!

HOO FASA: (reading) Powys declared unequivocally that "it's a beautiful piece of work in no way capable of corrupting the minds of young girls."

J.J. He said that! (pause) What's he know!

HOO FASA: But Miss Heap whispered to Miss Anderson: "if there is anything in the world I fear it is the mind of a young girl."

J.J.: Ah! Good one, her!

HOO FASA: They fingerprinted them, but not without a struggle.

J.J.: Poor, dear, good girls.

HOO FASA: That bastard Thayer said he probably won't let Dial publish Nausicaa.

J.J.: Bugger him!

HOO FASA: Two o the judges found the writing incomprehensible.

J.J.: Haw!

HOO FASA: But that fool lawyer "attributed their difficulty to lack of punctuation..."

J.J.: (bounding to his feet) What!

HOO FASA: ...which he "in turn attributed to the author's failing eyesight!"

J.J.: Ye Gods! The wretch! (sinking back in his seat) The stinkin', stoopin', yellow-bellied wretch! I'll fire him! Write them to fire him! Hoo!

HOO FASA: I'll write 'em but you can't fire him seein' as you never hired him. It's them who're footing the bill.

J.J. (sinking back into his chair, turning again toward GERTY, removing and cleaning his glasses) My book ^{may} never come out...

HOO FASA: Aw, Jim, it will! Damned if it won't! I'll get you a real lawyer! I'll tell 'em to dump mealy-mouthed Quinn!

J.J.: They're going to burn the whole blessed thing.

HOO FASA: Never mind, Jim! Listen! We'll ask Silvia to bring it out! Why not? Shakespeare and Company can bring it out here! And to hell with them Puritan bastards over there!

J.J.: Yes?

HOO FASA: Sure!

J.J.: ~~Remember~~ Hoo?!

HOO FASA: Sure.

J.J.: You're all right! Blast it all! You're one of a few!

HOO FASA: Sure! What in hell d'ya think! Come on! Let's get outa here, ~~and~~ over to the Dome. Hem's prob'ly there...And that black buzzard Wyndham!

J.J.: I haven't finished my drink.

HOO FASA: (rising) Finish it!

J.J.: (Looking across at GERTY) I...haven't finished looking at the sea.

HOO FASA: (groans and sits back down) Ah, Jim!

J.J.: There's something about the sea...(HOO returns to his magazine)

GERTY'S
VOICE:

Look at him! The white-hot passion in his face, passion silent as the grave, making me his. (HOO groans) Alone at last without the others to pry and pass remarks and I know he can be trusted to the death...

J.J.: O the sweet little devil! (HOO groans again and submerges in the magazine)

1st GIRL: (from afar) Look! Look!

2nd GIRL: It's like a purple shower!

GERTY'S
VOICE:

His hands and face working and a tremor come over me I can lean far back to look up where the fireworks are only catch my knee in my hands so as not to fall back looking up and there is no-one to see only him and me (J.J. sighs and HOO FASA looks up and around apprehensively) how my graceful beautifully shaped legs are revealed like that (HOO F. looks toward her and groans) supple, soft and delicately rounded and I seem to hear the panting of his heart (J.J. shifts in his chair, and, without removing them, tries to clean his glasses), his hoarse breathing (HOO FASA ducks behind magazine), I know the passion of men like that, hot-blooded, didn't Bertha Supple tell me about the gentleman lodger stayed with them out of the Congested Districts Board that had pictures cut out of the papers (the STOUT MAN reappears) of those skirt-dancers and highkickers and she said he used to do something not very nice that you could imagine in the bed (the STOUT MAN clears his throat and looks at GERTY). But this is altogether different from a thing like that because there is all the difference (the STOUT MAN now looks intently at J.J.) because I can almost feel

him drew my face to his and the first quick hot touch of his handsome lips...(the STOUT MAN is about to lay his hand on J.J.'s shoulder)

1st GIRL: Look! There's another! (the STOUT MAN turns to look)

GERTY'S
VOICE: And if I lean back and the garters are blue to match on account of the transparent...

2nd GIRL: Look! Look! There it is! (HOO now emerges to look and is horrified seeing the STOUT MAN who, however, still looks at the fireworks in the sky)

GERTY'S
VOICE: And if I lean back ever so far to watch the fireworks there's something queer flying about through the air, a soft thing to and fro, dark. (the STOUT MAN now turns in time to see HOO try to duck behind his magazine)

STOUT MAN: (to HOO:) You there! Who're you hiding from?

GERTY'S
VOICE: And a long Roman candle going up over the trees up, up, and, o the tense hush, higher and higher and I have to lean back more and more to look up after, high, high...

HOO FASA: (emerging) Me?

STOUT MAN: Something fishy around here! Voices! And fireworks! And that snaky girl in the grass!

HOO FASA: They're not mine, monsieur le dick.

STOUT MAN: Well, what's in that magazine you're reading all the time?

HOO FASA: Poems. Poetry. Want me to read you a funny poem?

STOUT MAN: No. Let's see! (this time he snatches it before HOO can avoid it) Hmm. (he reads or pretends to read)

HOO FASA: It's in English.

STOUT MAN: You think I can't read? (he reads or pretends to read)

GERTY'S
VOICE: ...almost out of sight, and my face suffused with a blush from
straining back, and he can see my other things too, nainsook
knickers, (HOO groans)

STOUT MAN: What's eating you? You trying to disrupt my reading?

GERTY'S
VOICE: ...the fabric that caresses the skin, better than those other
pettiwidth, the green, four and eleven, on account of being
white...(HOO tries to suppress an hysterical laugh)

STOUT MAN: Say! What's eating you? You trying to disrupt my reading?
Well, it won't do you any good. What you'd call subterfuge,
eh? Think I can't see? I'm no jack-ass. Here! This is a
dirty book! Listen! I'm going to read...

GERTY'S
VOICE: ...and I'll let him and I can see that he sees...

HOO FASA: Jesu Maria!

STOUT MAN: What's that? Trying to resist the New York law? One of those
expatriates come to France to evade the New York law, aren't ya.
Listen! This is dirty! (reads) The clock on the mantelpiece
in the priest's house cooed where Canon D'Manlon and Father Conroy
and the reverend John Hughes S.J. were teking tea and sodabread
and butter and fried mutton chops with catsup and talking about

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

Cookoo.

There! That's what's called obscene! And the thing's title is
Nausicaa! That's revolting and obscene! How'd you like your
daughter to read that kinda dirt? I'll take this book!

HOO FASA: (jumping up, grabbing for the magazine) What! You outa yore mind!
Gimme that mag! You ain't got no right! (he tugs at it)

GERTY'S
VOICE: ...and there it goes so high it's out of sight and does he know
I'm trembling in every limb from being bent so far back he has a
full view above my knee where no-one ever...

STOUT MAN: You're under arrest!

HOO FASA: (releasing his grip) What!

STOUT MAN: Let's see your identification card!

HOO FASA: What the hell for! You're trying to steal my book! (he grabs book)

STOUT MAN: (sidestepping, then coming around behind HOO FASA, seizing him
in a half-nelson. There we are, my bucko! Go slow, or your arm'll
break!

(He moves HOO, groaning, off left)

GERTY'S
VOICE: ...not even on the swing or wading and I'm not ashamed...

HOO FASA: (grimacing) You blasted fool! You're outa your bloody head!
Old Hem were here, yuh wouldn't get away with...ouch!

STOUT MAN: Back home you'd get a year in jail, reading this. (exits with book)

GERTY'S
VOICE: ...either to look in that immodest way like that because he can't
resist the sight of the wondrous revealment half-offered like
those skirt-dancers behaving so immodest before gentlemen looking,
and he's still looking, looking O I wish I could cry to him
chokingly, hold out my slender snowy arms to him to come, feel
his lips laid on my white brow, the cry of a young girl's love,
a little strangled cry, wrung from me, a cry has it rung through
all the ages? O!

TWO GIRLS: O!

J.J.: And there's a rocket springs and bangs shot blind and...

GERTY'S
VOICE: O!

J.J.: ...now the Roman candle bursts and it is like a sigh of O!

TWO GIRLS: O! O!

GERTY'S
VOICE: O!

J.J.: ...in raptures and it gushes out of it in a stream of rain
gold hair threads and they shed and ah! they are all greeny dewy
stars falling with golden...

GERTY'S
VOICE: O so lovely! O so soft, sweet, soft!

J.J.: And they all melt away dewily in the grey air...

GERTY'S
VOICE: ...and all is silent...

J.J.: She glanced at me as she bent forward quickly, a pathetic little
glance of piteous protest, of shy reproach under which I color
like a girl. What a brute I've been! At it again? Me of all
men...But there's an infinite store of mercy in her eyes, can't
I see? Those young guileless eyes! For me a word of pardon
though I erred and sinned and wandered...

GERTY'S
VOICE: Should a girl tell? No, a thousand times no. That's our secret,
only ours, alone in the hiding twilight, and there is none to know
or tell...

J.J.: ...save the little bat that flew so softly through the evening to
and fro and little bats don't tell...

1st GIRL: (after whistling shrilly) Gerty! Gerty! We're going. Come on!
We can see from farther up.

GERTY'S
VOICE: Is it goodbye? No. I have to go but we will meet again, here,
and I'll dream of that til then tomorrow, of my dreams of yester eve.
(she draws herself to her full height) Our souls meet in a last

lingering glance and your eyes that reach my heart, full of a strange shining, hang enraptured on my face...

J.J.: Her sweet flower-like face. She half-smiles at me wanly, a sweet forgiving smile, a smile verging on tears, and now she goes...

GERTY'S VOICE: (as GERTY walks away) Slowly, without looking back, down the uneven strand to join the others it is darker now and there are stones and bits of wood on the strand and slippery seaweed. I walk with a certain quiet dignity but with care and very slowly because, because, Gerty MacDowell is...because...because I am...

J.J.: (watching her go)
Tight boots? (Pause) No. (Pause) She's lame! (pause) O! (pause) Those girls, those girls, those...lovely seaside girls...

(turns to where HOO had sat) Hoo! She was la...!

(Pause)
Where in hell'd he go? Always wandering away. (Pause)

They're gonna lock him in a cage, one day...

(removes his glasses, cleans and resets them, looks around blankly, picks himself up and walks briskly off right)

EDWARDS: Yeah man! That was more lak it!

She hada sweet li'l can can!

Good ole Gerty MacDowell!

SIMON: She was a cripple, Baluba.

EDWARDS: Aw, ah doan min' a li'l bittie limp?

Why should ah min' her li'l bittie limp?

SIMON: You don't understand.

EDWARDS: Shore I unnerstan'.

Yuh think I shud feel bad letchin' efts her

'cause she got her a li'i bit a limp.

It wun't get in mah way.

Whuffore should ah feel bad?

SIMON: Nothing matters but the quality of the affection
that has carved the trace in the mind.
dove sta memoria....

EDWARDS: Gerty wouldn' wan't ole Bloom tuh feel bad
jes cause he letched her and afterwhile saw
her li'l bittie limp! Naw!

SIMON: Niggers comin' over the obstacle fence
as in the insets at the Schifanoja....

EDWARDS: Would she?

SIMON: Hobo Williams, the queen of them all
(parrot-like)
Hey Crawford, come over here!

EDWARDS: Well, she wouldn'.

SIMON: And the wind mad as Cassandra
who was as sane as the lot of them....

EDWARDS: Nawsir! (rises, stretches, looks at the moon)
Yuh crawl yerself intuh that there puptent o yers
and grab yerself some sleep.
Ole Blood'll be comin' down.

SIMON: Oh woman shapely as a swan
your gunman tread on my dreams...

EDWARDS: H'year me? I said yuh crawl yerself intuh yer tent!
It's late! It's awemost four!
Yuh gotta quit this talkin' now.
I gotta quit this lissinin'. (looks around off right)

SIMON: E QUESTI AMERICANI?

si conducono bene?

ed ella: poco.

Poco, poco.

ed io: Peggio dei tedeschi?

EDWARDS: DAMN it! Ah'm gonna...

SIMON: ed ella: uguale, thru the barbed wire

you can, said Stef (Lincoln Steffens)

do nothing with revolutionaries

until they are at the end of their tether...

EDWARDS: Gonna tether you yuh doan quiet down!

SIMON: For in the caged panther's eyes:

Nothing. Nothing that you can do....

EDWARDS: Right! Daw-gone right!

Nothin', ain' nothin', yew can do!

Cep' go tuh sleep! G'wan!

SIMON: Edwards! Wait! Listen!

There's more! Yet...not too much more!

EDWARDS: Nawsir. Yew kin talk all night.

Ah knows yew.

SIMON: Jim's daughter went mad!

while Jim was going blind!

I'd sent him a pair of good brown shoes.

EDWARDS: Huh?

SIMON: And the goodeth English and Americans burned his baddeth book!

Listening to the murmuring of banker's ^{mannered} applause...

Vex not thou the banker's mind

(His what?) with a show of sense,

EDWARDS: Ah doan care! Ain' none o mah affair! Git tuh bed!

SIMON: They spat on his dream!

The dream of Odyseus! And Reneas!

EDWARDS: Thuh dream of Bloom yuh mean! Sed so yerself!

SIMON: The sea-girls tears gouging damp holes in dry rocks...

EDWARDS: Awe-right! Tha's enuff! Tha's too much!

Guess ah'm gonna hafta git Blood

tuh help me git yuh tuh bed...

SIMON: Baluba! Hoo fled France.

tired, silly old France.

He said: We refuse to recognize France...so long as kow-tow to proper forms, faddle of passports and carte d'identite remain an integral part of the outward manifestation of her internal imbecility.

EDWARDS: He shunta talkt that way 'bout France, ~~if he had the~~

SIMON: Took his wife and his books and a few odds and ends down to Italy. You know Italy...?

EDWARDS: Ah know Italy? Where yuh think ah wuz fightin' the past coupla yeahs!

SIMON: Walsh's Italy?

Where the sea touched me

Fingers of a woman who understood

and the moon was her breast

And the poet who said I ought to go to

bed early

I will always remember that man

he blossomed in the eye....

EDWARDS: Aw...

SIMON: Italy! Home of the great wanderers:

Dante,

Aeneas....

EDWARDS: Him agin'?

SIMON: Italy!

Grantor of Pax Romana:

Augustus,

Virgil....

EDWARDS: Lissen!

SIMON: Italy!

Last gasp of dying Europe:

Mussolini,

Fasa....

EDWARDS: Not him agin! Whyn't yuh let a dead man be!

SIMON: ...Black that die in captivity

night green of his pupil, as grape flesh and sea wave
undying luminous and translucent...

EDWARDS: Aw, they woulda buried ~~him~~! Someone

woulda buried him!

SIMON: Hem ~~was~~ said:

The Lord is my Shepherd

I shall not want him for long...

And Heo dwelt in Italy twenty-one years....

EDWARDS: Lissen you!

SIMON: (parrot-like)

It will not take uth twenty yearth to crwuth Mutholini....

EDWARDS: Doan start in on that agin! Ah'm warnin' yuh!

Ah'm gonna git Blood. An' Slaughter too. (watches to see if it
registers)

SIMON: Baluba! He was a revolutionary! Working toward the good corporate State! Bold as Tom Jefferson! Bright as John Adams!

EDWARDS: Yuh betta cut that out! 'At's treason! Yer startin' tuh talk treason!

SIMON: Our leaders couldn't hold a candle to him
for brains and guts and reason!

EDWARDS: Naw? Then how come wuz him got hung up from tuh heels!
How cum it wuzn't us? Ah di'n see Churchill
hangin' from his heels! Roosevelt neitha!

SIMON: But Stalin? Stalin! What about Stalin?

EDWARDS: Stalin! Naw, tha's diff'runt! Yuh know tha's diff'runt!
Yuh tryin' tuh trip me up! Y'ole coot! Lissen! Git yuhself
back in yer tent! (slams angrily at the cage with his Garand)
G'wan! Git! I said!

SIMON: Baluba! Listen to me!
We're comin' near the end of Hoo Fasa's
~~It's the end of the world~~ saga! ~~of the Hoo Fasa~~

EDWARDS: Naw! It ain't! Ole Hoo wouldna...

SIMON: Hoo Fasa ~~went home~~ ^{*left Italy! Went*} Home in '39! Tried to talk 'em out of
manufacturin' War II. Hoo ~~was~~ ^{*told 'em how*} war was usury's monster: made
to inflate monopolies

draw out interest from the poor
suck-up sky-high ~~the~~ ^{*the*} blood-red profits...

EDWARDS: Nut-house talk's whut that is! Ole Hoo wouldn't...

SIMON: Our men in Washington didn't listen either. They said:
(parrot-like) an doan you think he chop an' change all the time
stubborn az a mule, sah, stubborn as a MULE,
got th'eastern idea about money....
They said: am sure I don't know what a man like you
would find to do here...

So Hoo returned to Italy and then ^{...} War II began.

Poets went home. Heroes, cowards, went home. But Hoo stayed on.
With wife and son he stayed.

EDWARDS: Naw!

SIMON: You see, Baluba, ^{was} when he had tried to go, the U.S. Consul reared
back 'n said: Your papers, ^{Signor Fava,} ~~are~~ are not in proper order...

Cannon shot.

Mail stopped. Truth got snuffed like a candle/tipped in the
Atlantic Ocean.
~~was~~ No-one in America would publish him...was then Hoo went on'
~~to~~ worked for the Roman radio.

EDWARDS: Nawsir! Nawsir!! Die Hoo wouldn't do nothin' lak thet!
Hoo wuz a goodun. He wouldn't go tuh work fer Mussolini!
He mebbe laked tuh wander roun some fer a spell
but he ^{warn't} no lousy traiter!

SIMON: Baluba. No-one ever tell you who some traitors were?

EDWARDS: Naw! An' I doan wanna hear 'em!

SIMON: Saint Thomas More?

EDWARDS: Naw!

~~SIMON: Sir Walter Raleigh?~~

~~EDWARDS: Mmm?~~

SIMON: Saint Joan of Arc?

EDWARDS: Naw!

~~SIMON: Joan D'Arc?~~

~~EDWARDS: Mmm?~~

SIMON: Galileo?

EDWARDS: Aw.

SIMON: Dante?

EDWARDS: Naw!

SIMON: ~~_____~~
Machiavelli?

EDWARDS: Who?

SIMON: Socrates?

EDWARDS: Aw.

SIMON: Jesus?

EDWARDS: ^{*Naw!*}
^ Benedict Arnold! Whyn't yuh mention him!

SIMON: Benedict Arnold! Aaron Burr! ~~_____~~
John Brown!

EDWARDS: Doan mattuh! None o them make no mattuh! Ole Hoo warn't no
traiter atall!

He jes wandered! 'At doan make no mattuh! Anyone kin wander.

E'en a li'l sheep'll wander. ~~_____~~ ^{*When*} the grass's a li'l greener -
■ th'other side.

But sheep aways come home. They shore tuh come home! *Sheep*
Doan eva go ova on the bad wolf's side!

Ole Hoo, he jes been wand'rin roun some/lak a li'l ~~sheep~~..who lost
his head...

SIMON: Hoo felt different from most. Hoo thought different from most.
And Hoo had to say what he felt and thought.
Wouldn't say whut others wanted him to feel and think, but only
how he felt and thought. Figgared it ~~could~~ be important to say
what others would not say

from fear

ignorance

timidity

or the undulating need to conform

not disturb

not displease

not contradict

but conform, get along, smile and hum some old familiar song...

So they tried to put Hoo down. Wouldn't listen.
Then when they heard, went and removed his mouth....

EDWARDS: Yuh betta cut it out! Yuh betta close yuhr mouth!

SIMON: Yes? Yeats, Hoo's ^{friend} ~~poet~~, said: I think it better that in times
like these

a poet's mouth be silent, for in truth
We have no gift to set a statesman right.

EDWARDS: He wuz right! Poets ain' no diff'runt from any one else. Yuh
gotta close yuhr mouth spec'illy in a war! An' lissen tuh the leaders!

SIMON: If a man values his beliefs
he values them enough to die for them,
and if they are worth having at all,
they are worth speaking out...

EDWARDS: Nawsir! Ole Hoo wouldn'a felt lak thet!

SIMON: Hoo felt old Europe needed Fascism
dying of usurers disease.
The Reds had no sense! The Socialists'd missed their chance.
The people everywhere living in dread of
^{slow} death from banker's rot. Hoo thought Mussolini could save 'em.

EDWARDS: Mussolini wuz a enemy! He couldn' save no-one!
It's good we went an' killed 'im. Enemies gotta die!

SIMON: The people ev'rywhere, going mad:
Covering their walls with ^{glorious} bankers' money that
couldn't buy a poor dog a bone...

EDWARDS: Thet's no excuse tuh start up a war!
Ain' nowhow no excuse tuh start a goddamn war!

SIMON: Europe needed revolution
to tear off her decaying skin...
users! bankers! war-mongering-profiteers!

EDWARDS: Shuddup! Ah'm gonna get Steele! He'll know whut tuh do! (runs off right) Yer goin' too far! (exit)

SIMON: Hoo said: USURY is the cancer of the world which only the surgeon's knife of Fascism can cut out of the life of the nations... (Pause)

With usura hath no man a house of good stone
each block cut smooth and well-fitting
that design might cover their face,
with usura

hath no man a painted paradise on his church wall
harpes et luthes

or where virgin receiveth message
and halo projects from incision,
with usura

seeth no man Gonzaga his heirs and his concubines
no picture is made to endure nor to live with

but is made to sell and sell quickly
with usura, sin against nature,

is thy bread ever more of stale rags

is they bread dry as paper,

with no mountain wheat, no strong flour

with usura the line grows thick

with usura is no clear demarcation

and no man can find site for his dwelling.

Stone cutter is kept from his stone

weaver is kept from his loom

WITH USURA

wool comes not to market

sheep bringeth no gain with usura...

(SIMON opens door to, and leaves his cage)

Geneva, the usurer's dunghill

Frogs, brits, with a few dutch pimps...

Abe said: and gave the people of this R_epublic

the greatest blessing they ever had--

their own paper to pay their own debts...

(He enters upon the set of Scene Four)

Scene Four - A radio studio in Rome: a portrait of Il Duce on one wall.

~~HOO FASA is fifty-five years old~~

ANNOUNCER: (within control room)

Radio Rome, the American hour...

Following the tradition of Italian hospitality, Radio Rome has offered use of the twice a week microphone to a celebrated American poet, living in Italy. It is understood that he has not been asked to say anything whatsoever that goes against his conscience, or anything incompatible with his duties as a citizen of the U.S.A.

(signals to SIMON to begin)

SIMON: Europe calling...Hoo Fasa speakin'...

For the United States to be making war on Italy and on Europe is just plain damn nonsense, and every native-born American of American stock knows that it is plain downright damn nonsense. And for this state of things Franklin Roosevelt is more than any other one man responsible...(looks to ANNOUNCER who signals all's well)

There is no patriotism in submitting to the prolonged and multiple frauds of the Roosevelt administration and to try and make the present support of these frauds figure as loyalty (BLOOD, SLAUGHTER and STEELE sneak to the control room door, open it, enter, and after a short struggle, subdue the ANNOUNCER who disappears from view behind the control room window) to the American Union, to the American Constitution, to the American heritage is just so much dirt or bunkum... You ought not to be at war against Italy (he glances at control room and, seeing no-one, grows faintly uneasy). You ought not to be giving or ever have given the slightest or most picayune aid to any man (he looks again to control room and, seeing the face of BLOOD smiling at him, is visibly shaken)...or nation engaging in war against Italy. (SLAUGHTER and STEELE now also rise and smile at him) (EDWARDS now appears behind the cage and watches) You are doing it for the sake of a false accountancy system...(he watches them as they enter softly from the control room) I hear that my views are shared, most of them, by a large number of my compatriots, so it would seem, or maybe... (as they approach he begins to shrink back)...an increasing number of my compatriots...(they smile at him)...And there is a comforting thought on a warm day...in a fine...climate... (BLOOD laughs at him) I should hate to think (he backs away) that all America has gone haywire...I should like to feel... (they begin to dash at him)...that the American race...(he turns to flee)...in North America...had some wish...toward...survival... (they jump him, throw him to the floor, pile on and pummel him. When he is quite still, they rise, one by one)

BLOOD: (kicking SIMON) Yuh ole sunufobitch!

SLAUGHTER: [kicking SIMON) Yuh decrepit fascist bastard!

STEELE: (spitting on SIMON) We're gonna cut off yer balls...

(BLOOD and SLAUGHTER grab SIMON's hair and drag him across the studio floor off the set, and into the CAGE. STEELE moves around the studio, sees the portrait, pauses, spits at it, laughs, begins to leave, then, seeing mike, returns and examines it, acquires a quizzical smile, then taps mike with his fingers, then speaks:)

STEELE: H'lo Ma! (he snickers) Ma?

It's me! Stanley!

I'm in Rome! We're takin' Rome, ma! Ain't that somethin'? We foun' Mussolini an' turned 'im in tuh the partisans. Ma? Yuh know what they did? The Eye-talian partisans, Ma? They shot him! Ain' that somethin', Ma? An' then they took and shot his girlfren'! How'd ya like that? And yuh know whut happened next? Ma? They took an' hung 'em both upside down! Haw! In one o their piazzas, Ma. Tha's a place lak Washington Square. Yuh know why they hung 'em upside down, Ma, dead, an' in a piazza? Shore, ma! So ev'ryone could come an' spit on 'em. Haw! Ain' that a laugh, ma? Was real easy that way. Yuh walk right up an' jus' spit down. How'd'ya like that? Ain' that somethin'? Yuh shoulda seen their eyes, ma! Yuh shoulda seen their eyes! (pause) Well, so long. Hope ya heard me (pause) talking tuh yuh over this Roman Radio, ma. Your son helped take Rome today, Ma. (pause) Well, I'll see ya soon, Say hello to Pa. (he snickers, self-consciously, and leaves the studio, the way of BLOOD and SLAUGHTER)

SIMON: (crumpled within his Cage)
The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.
Pull down thy vanity, it is not man
Made courage, or made order, or made grace,
Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down. (pause)

Master thyself, then others shall thee beare

Pull down thy vanity

Thou art a beaten dog beneath the hall,

A swollen magpie in a fitful sun,

Half black half white

Nor knowst'ou wing from tail

Pull down thy vanity

How mean thy hates

Fostered in falsity,

Pull down thy vanity

Rather to destroy, niggard in charity,

Pull down thy vanity,

I say pull down.

EDWARDS: (stooping down beside SIMON)
Pore ole Hoo went an' talked too much.
Some thin's a poet jes can't say, in a war...

SIMON: But to have done instead of not doing
this is not vanity

To have, with decency, knocked

That a Blunt should open

To have gathered from the air a live tradition

or from a fine old eye the unconquered flame
This is not vanity.

Here error is all in the not done,
all in the diffidence that faltered.....

EDWARDS: Aw, why yuh hafta carry on lak that?
Whyn't yuh do lak other men
an' not ^{make} yerself a mess?

SIMON: Down, Derry-Down
Oh let an old man rest!

D I M O U T

