

In The Caged Panther's Eye:

--The Saga of Ezra Pound --

by

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CHARACTERS

SIMON, a prisoner

EDWARDS, a 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

Downstage left, a wire cage. Inside the cage are SIMON, a pup tent and a bucket. In the distance, a wall of barbed wire, meadows, twin hills and the Tower of Pisa. SIMON, age 60, wears GI fatigues and shoes (belt-less and stringless). He is tall, gaunt, with pointed beard, sideburns and mustache, ragged from a lack of care, a beat-down Mephistopheles.

Nighttime. A moon (with a swollen cheek). Spotlights come out of the blackness, training on the cage. SIMON sits outside the tent, on the bare ground: legs crossed, head propped on his knees, hands clasped behind the neck. He is quiet as the lights come on; these first warmly, then with blinding force.

SIMON: The enormous tragedy of the dream
in the peasant's bent shoulders.

Manes! Manes was tanned and stuffed,
Thus Ben and La Clara a Milano
by the heels at Milano
That maggots shd/ eat the dead bullock
Digenes, but the twice crucified
where in history will you find it?
Yet say this to the Possum: a bang, not a whimper,
with a bang, not with a whimper.....

The spotlights dim. EDWARDS, in camouflage-colored combat clothes, enters from right, leisurely, eating an apple. He throws away the core. A rat goes for it, then disappears...

SIMON: I am noman, my name is noman
But wanjina is, shall we say, Quan Jin
or the man with an education
and whose mouth was removed by his father....

EDWARDS: (comes closer....leans against the cage....)

SIMON: If ...yes. If Iyes. If I go down...yes.....
someone...must carry on...

EDWARDS: I told you cut it out!

SIMON: Edwards!

EDWARDS: Talking...to yourself, like that....

They're gonna put a cover over your cage, stop
your chirping all damn night. (laughs)
You're givin' Steele bad dreams...better look out.

SIMON: Look, Edwards! (snaps his arm toward the sky.)

EDWARDS: (spits, looks up).

SIMON: How the moon has a swollen cheek!
EDWARDS: (looking) The moon has a swollen cheek?
(Disgustedly) Bull-shit, man!

SIMON: Listen to me, Edwards! (parrot-like) Ain'
committed no federal crime...
Jes a slaight misdemeanor....

EDWARDS: (laughs) I get it! You're imitating
Wash....

SIMON: (parrot-like) Ah certainly do lak dawgs,
Ah goin' tuh wash you.

EDWARDS: That's Coon now. Now you sound like
Coon....Listen! (kicks the cage)

SIMON: (parrot-like) "The'll put a cover on you, quit yer
chirpin in the night..."

EDWARDS: Fuck you, y'ole coot! Tryin' to bug me,
now, aren't you!

SIMON: (Warmly) Edwards! Superb green and brown
In ward No. 4 adjacent benignity....
You got a cigarette for yer prize bird?

EDWARDS: Nuts! You know better than that....(removes a
package of "Camels" from his breast pocket,
extends it through the bars) Steel'd skin me alive
he caught me giving you one....Take it, go
ahead!

SIMON: Light, Baluba?

EDWARDS: (Gets out his Zippo) H'yere...(glancing up right)
Yuh know, with these fucking spot-lights, from
his room, Steele can see us plain as day.
All he has to do is look out of his window!

SIMON: Balls! (puffs on the cigarette) Steele's asleep,
wet-dreamin, Edwards.
How Till was hung yesterday—
for murder and rape with trimmings....

EDWARDS: (Thinking that over) Maybe....
Still, he did give you a tent.
So you won't drown like a rat, if it rains.

SIMON: They've a fitter end in view. (sucks on his
cigarette)

EDWARDS: They're not fixin' to hang you, that what's
worrying you....

SIMON: I talked, Edwards....Opened my mouth wide
as Rome Radio....and I talked.

EDWARDS: That grounds for 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've got news for
you....

SIMON: Is Christ reborn, Baluba?

EDWARDS: Huh? Stuff it!

SIMON: Caesar Augustus?
EDWARDS: You crazy, or what?

SIMON: Ben Mussolini?
EDWARDS: Shee-it! (Lights up a cigarette) Way they hung him upside down
So's everyone could come and spit on his face.
What I don't figure. Is why they hung her upside down....too.

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

EDWARDS: Doesn't seem right, to me. But they were Communists, the Italians who strung up Mussolini, and her? Still, that's wrong, ain't it, to hang a woman? Simon? (Pause) Upside down....

SIMON: That the nooz Edwards? They fixin' tuh hang me? Upside down? Inside out? Here? In Pisa? By the dawn's early light? And my pore heels, I suppose.

EDWARDS: They say you headin' out of here, ina week or two.

SIMON: Where to, Edwards? Hell? Or paradise?

EDWARDS: Stateside.

SIMON: The silver-plated inferno.

EDWARDS: Don't you want to go home?
You can't stay in Italy forever?

SIMON: I tried to go home six years ago.
Our friends said no, I'd talked too much.
No one listened but I'd talked too much....Or
said the wrong things.

EDWARDS: Yuh'll be okay once you get home.
They ain' got no reason to hang yuh, do they?

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

EDWARDS: Your're not no Jew. I can tell.
And this ain' no concentrashun camp, either,
right?
(looks closely at Simon)
still, you maybe could pass for a Jew.
A sort of cowboy Jew.

SIMON: Simon, the cowboy Jew! Ah

EDWARDS: Whyn't yuh go to sleep. Go on; It's late.
Yuh gotta stop yer talkin'.
An' I ain' s'posed tuh lissen. Get in your sack!

SIMON: Listen!

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

SIMON: The Saga of Hoo Fasa!
EDWARDS: Ha ha. That guy again. Nope, 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's not funny... or sexy neither.
Anyway, I like stories that make me laugh. And have a happy endin'... 'Hoo Fasa,'he don't make me laugh, and I can't see he'll be having a happy ending, neither.

SIMON: Tonight he will! He'll make you laugh, word of honor, Edwards!

EDWARDS: Naw! I don't feel like lissening.
SIMON: Listen!

EDWARDS: Naw. (pause) Whut?
SIMON: Hoo Fasa went an' took that job at ole Wabash U.

EDWARDS:Poems are boring, Simon.
SIMON: 'Cause Hoo Fasa wrote poems like no one before him wrote poems.
They were real poems.
None o those soft and limp like-a-sludge-o-butta-poems.
Hoo's poems was lean an' stiff an' edged like a

EDWARDS: What'd ole Wabash U. think of that? The chicks makin' poems what stuck in the ground?

SIMON: The old roosters watched Hoo. Spied on him.
Crooked their eyes an' sharpened their claws
waitin' for the day waitin' for the morn waitin'
for the noon...
Well, Baluba, one night when the moon wouldn't
come out at all but your breath came out like
talk in a cartoon--Hoo went an' foun' somethin'
shinin' like a spoon... sitting on a doorstep...

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Scene 1 - A street in a small college town. Dark façade of buildings. Snow on the ground. Hoo Fasa, aged twenty-two, enters from right, singing a tune. He does not at first notice Miss DANDY LINE, huddled on a doorstep, whimpering.

HOO FASA: [singing] Winter is icummen in,
Lhude sing Goddamn,
Raineth drop and staineth slop,
And how the wind doth ramm!
Sing: Goddamn....
Skiddeth bus and sloppeth us,
An ague hath my ham....
Freezeth river, turneth liver,
Damn you, sing: Goddamn.
Sing goddamn, damn, sing goddamm,
Sing goddamm, sing goddamm, Damm!!(spotting
DANDY) Damn man!

DANDY: Ahn hnnnn. Ahn hnnn.....
HOO FASA: (dropping to one knee before her): Little princess
what is wrong? Don't you like my naughty song?
It's very It's very ancient....

DANDY: Boo hoo, what shall I do?
HOO FASA: (Cuddling up alongside of her) Please do not cry
but say what's wrong! A dreadful blue dragon
exhaust your handsome prince?

DANDY: (shaking her head) No, 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, but...well...might
you have a hanky...for my runny nose?

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

DANDY: Oh nowhere, kind sir! (struggling to keep back
tears) *My landlady made me leave! [bursts out
crying]*

HOO FASA: Wretched harpie!

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

HOO FASA: Old crow!

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

HOO FASA: Do 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. Pray what, or 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? (Starting to get up) It's very good...all the gentlemen say.

HOO FASA: Sweet bird! Your brother was foul Pygmalian. And I am noble Aeneas, driven by the cold-maddened winds...into your waiting hands! (Moves to kiss her)

DANDY (resisting) Oh, no sir! My brother runs a tavern...in Chicago...Do you know where that is?
HOO FASA: Where are your clothes, gentle Dido?
DANDY: Why...Here, in my satchel, sir.
Where is my costume also, sir.
HOO FASA: When did you eat last, dear one?
DANDY: Not since this morning, kind sir. This morning I ate...a little.

HOO FASA: Would you stand up my dear? So that I might....see you better?
DANDY: (rising, then, on her toes, turns in a circle) Oh, sir....there is a run in my stocking but as you can see...I'm...very...firmly...built. [turning in a circle again, smiling] See, kind sir?

Only...(stops)
 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, alas, still...well...
 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 hags that dwell there also
 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 a charming poem.

DANDY: Have you a bed, perchance, my generous sir?
I barely know where I might sleep this cold, cold
night...What dread to return into.....

HOO FASA: Why you, you'll have, my bed, precious one!
(Tears off his coat, puts it around her shoulders)

DANDY: Oh! [accepting it] *Thank you so much! Oh!*

HOO FASA: (Grandly) And I....

DANDY: Yes????

HOO FASA: And I...I'll sleep on the floor.

DANDY: Oh no, no sir! [embracing him] Please! *Pretty
please?* (Lifting her face to his) How could I
possibly *let you handsome sir....* sleep on the cold
hard floor! I'd rather....die.....(snuggling into his
warmth, offering him her lips) No, never!....Not
after everything...you will have done! (kissing him
passionately)

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

DANDY: I'm afraid it's not Dido, handsome 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....[exit, arm in arm]

DANDY [OFF]: *I'm* sure you'll just *love* my can-can, handsome
sir....

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EDWARDS: Man! Man! That's better, Simon. But I'd like to

have seen her li'l can can? Wouldn't you?

SIMON:

Ah, Baluba! I did! But hearken to what happened next! What vengeful Juno had in store for poor Hoo Fasa and devine Dandy Line!

Bright the next morning when he'd gone off to class the hags opened Hoo's door and found the naked lass....Applied their bristled brooms to her sweet dimpled ass, drove her into the snow-driven street, her poor 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 Hoo found his door tightly latched, the street and sidewalk strewn with all that he owned: That is, his good books and his sad Salvation-Army clothes; there was a message too, dipped in venom, from ole Wabash U. relieving Hoo of his classes, paying him the few cents in salary the young guy was due.

With these meager funds Hoo applied for Dandy's bail but Judge Minos wouldn't listen, told him send it in two weeks from Thursday's mail!

Thirteen long days Hoo waited, chaste

in another room, but, on the fourteenth, Dandy's brother Al 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! That was real bad.
But whuddid Hoo Fasa next go and do? Simon?

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

EDWARDS: That's Munroe (laughs)
You're talking like Munroe!

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

EDWARDS: Who's thet supposed to be?

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

EDWARDS: Lissen! Better to take your mind off him.

Get on back to ole Hoo Fasa; come on!
You should know it doesn't do any good to harp
on things...

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

EDWARDS: Unh unh! Just say what happened to ole Hoo
next!
He go an' join th' army? (laughs) He sign up fer
a twenty-year hitch?

SIMON: Hoo was down on America, the Promised Land.
He said: Sweet Dandy's can can's too much for
America's nasty soul:
To hell with America!

EDWARDS: He say that? Shit, isn't that ... well ... treason;

SIMON: America wasn't at war yet, so
no question about treason got raised.
Besides, Hoo said that to himself, not over Rome
radio . . .
Besides, those days almost no-one'd heard of
Hoo Fasa yet.
Besides, he had come to feel the same way about
his poems as about sweet Dandy's can can.

EDWARDS: What do you mean, Simon ?

SIMON: You know; He figgered they was too much for
America's tight soul.

Figgered th'only thing to do was exile to another land. Like Eng-land ...

EDWARDS: How 'bout Dandy? She go along with Hoo?

SIMON: Nope! Dandy stayed in Chicago.
Scrubbed floors in her brother's bar.
Scraped foam off the customers' beer.
Did her sweet can-can in a fancy house...until
drugs laid her low, then died of an overdose and
did her can-can never more.

EDWARDS: (angrily) Sing Goddamn. Damn! I was
letching to see li'l Dandy's can-can . .
(Lights another cigarette)

SIMON: (looking into the evening sky) 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: Cheer up, why don't you, man? (gives Pound
another cigarette) He lights it.
Life's no bed of roses...

SIMON: You're right, Edwards. I want to go on...

Hoo used what salary he'd saved up from old
Wabash U. for Charun to ferry him....away,
away...The great groaning sea behind him. Then,
pretty soon Hoo landed in old London town . . .

EDWARDS: London! Shure!! Picadilly Circus! Way to go, Simon! Let's get on with it, huh?

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."

Hoo nurtured new magazines. Blast in London. Poetry in Chi. The Little Review in Paris. Where he and Possum could appear easy, once a month, and St. Jim of Joyce, whenever . . .

EDWARDS: Who? Whoa! You're going too fast. Who's that 'Possum'? And, "Saint Jim of Joyce?"

SIMON: (smiles) Hoo 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 watched them... die in
the war; one-by-one.

Looking to the day,
Working for the day,
Waiting on the day

EDWARDS: When whut? Say it!

SIMON: ; ; ; the world would come to order:

Philosophers be kings!

Poets their princes!

Dancers their wives and daughters! And
Money-lenders ... untouchable! (Pause)

Hoo had a long time to wait.

For England had had her day and now could
know no other.

She was bank-ridden and love forsaken. The
bankers were everywhere

Great snake-dogs.

Driveling by the gates of hell
chewing on the black flesh of war debts

spitting up war's bloody profits

Thanking no-one

Grinding poor people into silver dust
Crucifying poets, making 'em conform!
Hoo discovered one almost gone! An' saved him
... Listen!

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Scene Two – the Lloyds of London Bank, T.S. behind a teller's cage. His black T-shirt reads: "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." Hoo is 35 years old.

T.S.: (Clangs a hotel-counter bell.) This is Lloyd's of London Bank. Hear yee!

I work here.

I am a poet

but I work and slave here

(HOO FASA approaches his window)

Do you wished you worked here too?

HOO FASA: No.

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 than 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!

T.S.: (sighs) 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 Dandy's was blond... !

T.S.: (ignoring Hoo now) Arms that lie along the table, Or wrap about a shawl...

HOO FASA: Listen! Fergit about them arms! I got part of my check left from ole Wabash U. Here! Kin you cash it?

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

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

T.S.: (posturing behind his bank cage window) Let us go then you and I....

HOO FASA: Huh?

T.S.: When the evening is spread out against the sky...

HOO FASA: No, not right now. First, I hafta find a new flat.

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, Limey!

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! Listen, limey, Hold on a minute!

T.S.: Nix... (Stage whisper) 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!

T.S.: Why, you're a real poet! Aren't you?

HOO FASA: Still, I work in this bank,
Do you wished you worked here too?

T.S.: You otta yer head?

HOO FASA: Wouldn't work in no goddamn bank if you paid
me! (pause)
They pay you?

T.S.: Badly.

HOO FASA: I hates banks
They the root of the world's evil! Specially them
banks the kikes own. You know that Possum?
And about usury: the devil's curse ... Huh?

T.S.: No... Anyhow...
I think of banks as ... well... useful.
The way 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've heard of it.

HOO FASA: You have? You couldn't have! Not Gesell.
T.S.: Sure. "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 be silly.... (straightens his collar)

HOO FASA: (to himself) What comes from working in a bank!
T.S.: The eyes that fix you in a formulate phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,

HOO FASA: Huh! Naw, listen... to me!
T.S.: When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,

HOO FASA: Aw ... Shee-it...
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' in 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 make outa banks! See?
 T.S.: Uh...
 HOO FASA: Listen! You'll have to concentrate! (Pause)
 The poms of butchery, financial power,
 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 TATHEMENON TE TON

KRUMENON

AND USURY at 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 nothing! Listen!

T.S.: Only I couldn't rob my bank. (pause)
I'm sorry but I couldn't. (pause)

HOO FASA: Aw, I kin guess how ya feel. (Pause)
You don't hafta feel ashamed, fer crissake. It's
only ... you know (pretends to vomit) MONEY!

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

HOO FASA: Well 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!

Robbin' the Lloyd's o London Bank
Be lak takin a coupl'a coals from Newcastle!
Buggers's never miss a few thousand pounds...

T.S.: (pondering) 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 ururor'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: 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 fee no cat... Jus' cause I listened...

T.S.: Agh! I should have been a paid of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors... of silent seas...

HOO FASA: (returning) Say!

T.S.: All right. (bangs his fist on his desk) Take me away... from all this... all this...

HOO FASA: Usury crap?

T.S.: Yes.

HOO FASA: Sure! Git your hat, Possum!
Er... where'd ya like to go?
My flat's ... er... it's the other side of town. You know? So...
Whyn't we make it to your pad? Whomp up some pot or ... tea? (grins slyly)

T.S.: (shrinking back) I can't carry on, I'm not very strong.
I had a nervous breakdown, not too many... well ... years ago.
Who can tell? There may be another...coming along. You see?

HOO FASA: Naw. Listen! Don't get nervous!
 You wanna figger out a way tuh make 'em fire
 yuh? See?
 Make 'em pay yuh twice whut's due!
 How much yer pay check?
 You collect a pretty good pay check? Don't you?

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 eternal Footman hold my coat, and
 snicker
 And in short, I was afraid.

HOO FASA: Naw. Listen! You kin get a hat to cover it over...
 Ya don't hafta be afraid!
 Once yer not bein' buggerred by the bank --
 Nothin'll bugger you anymore.
 Possum! Listen! None o that'll matter! Believe
 me!

T.S.: They will say: "How his arms and legs are growing
 thin!"
 My morning coat, my collar, mounting firmly to the
 chin,
 My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a
 simple pin...

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

T.S.: 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, poor as they be, they’d be
 more’n glad to dig down ‘n come up, you know,
 with a certain number o pounds a year so’s you
 don’ hafta get a nervous breakdown no more 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!
 Mebbe you look and act like a fool
 but you aint no fool. You’re a poet!
 You only gotta stop getting’ bugged by this Bank
 all day long.
 Losin’ your hair, your backbone; what we call your
 poetic integrity.

When we – my friends and I—dig down an’ come up with say, a thousan’ pounds a year for yuh...?

T.S.: How many?

HOO FASA: Er...one thousand...?

T.S.: How many?

HOO FASA: Er...one 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.: Hmmm.

HOO FASA: Ev’ry thin’ll change! You’ll see. Possum!
You kin retire! Go to Paris! Italy! Rapallo! You never been there!

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
You were talkin’ about, and not hafta stay in those one-night, cheap hotels ya were talkin’ about!
An’ you can make poetry all day long!
Wun’t ya like it? Wun’t ya? Possum?
Just tell me?

T.S.: I’d adore it! I’d absolutely adore it!

HOO FASA: It's like a dream coming through!
 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, prudently)
 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 friggin 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 mermaid 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
 alright, 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. Maybe a hundred!

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

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

T.S.: Hoo, I have never 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.
 Soon's I get ya outta 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)

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

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

SIMON: Cad?

EDWARDS: Cat. C-A-T.

SIMON: Yes.

An 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 know! I suppose there never was any mermaids! That part di'nt come true. (laughs) Did it?

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: I know! Cause he rolled his trousers up an' went along the beach!

SIMON: No. He went with another bank.

EDWARDS: Another bank! After Hoo save him from that buggerin' Lloyds of London Bank! What the hell?

SIMON: It was a different kin of bank, Baluba. A bank of

authors and books.
 A rich and famous publishing house... And so
 Possum grew rich an' famous, too.

EDWARDS: Well, that's different. Tha's good! Tha's a happy
 ending... I see it...

SIMON: No.

EDWARDS: Shure!

SIMON: No.

EDWARDS: Neva mind! Tell whut happen nex' to ole Hoo
 Fasa!
 He dream of mermaids by the sea?
 He get rich and famous too?
 He have a happy ending 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 Fasa, he was losing int'rest in the little
 things in life wasn't he? Lak mermaids an'
 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 we 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 some of
the deeds done...were called "treason."

EDWARDS: Forget about that! What about that wife Hoo
married? She do a can can like the one Miss
Dandy Line did? The one you didn't show to
me?

SIMON: Baluba, he showed his wife France where the
troubadora 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
Kuam-yin...

EDWARDS: I suppose she made ole Hoo forget about
Dandy's can can!

SIMON: No.

EDWARDS: No?

SIMON: No.

EDWARDS: Well, ... he went instead to Hungary, then, to do
them high kinda deeds?

SIMON: No. But he did leave London. And eleven years
behind.

Down the drain of exile England
eleven long years....

EDWARDS: He was getting' on, ole Hoo!

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

EDWARDS: Yahh! I know whatchu mean! (scratches his
graying head of hair)

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: Shee-it! There you go again, thinking and
talking crazy things...

SIMON: (parrot-like): Napoleon wuth a goodth man, it

took uth 20 years to crwuth him.
It will not take uth twenty yearth
to crwuth Mutholini...

(Pause)

EDWARDS: Guess you better get yourself some sleep, Simon.
Old man, mebbe you better get yerself some
sleep...

SIMON: As a lone ant from a broken ant-hill
From the wreckage of Europe, ego scupter...

EDWARDS: Why don't you crawl into your nice cozy tent,
here, an' get yerself some rest?

SIMON:Suddenly discovering in the eyes
Of a very beautiful Normande cocotte
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: Forget that shit! Lissen! If you don't want to
sleep, let's hear some more about ole Hoo!

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

Dirt pile...

EDWARDS: I told you to get on back to Hoo Fasa!

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 him in a dug-
out, and the Library expressed its annoyance.

Edwards, the War I came
And Hoo he went to Paris, which German bombs
never touched.

EDWARDS: Good!

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

EDWARDS: And the Follies Bergere! And...Listen!
Hoo couldn't go to Paris without seeing a whole
lot of those can cans! Right?
You'd be distorting hist'ry you didn't pull out at
least one can can, to let me see....Simon?

SIMON: Let's see what Paris brings...
Give me another cigarette Edwards and
We'll see what we will see. I believe there is a
sortof can can in store....

EDWARDS: Let's have it, SimonHere's your cigarette....
And 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.

EDWRADS: One of 'em musta made it to the Follies Begere!

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. Hoo 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.

SIMON: One of his friends almost starved. He was thin,
gangly, loved to drink and sing. He wore thick
glasses, had bad eyes, developed cataracts:
and there was a daughter growin'
insane whom he dearly loved but could not
Save. But he wuz carryin' a dream inside o him
that charged across ole Europe, from Dublin
to Greece, from the twentieth century
to minus the seventh, back 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 my
Cantos, the book of an exile, from priest-ridden,
god-forsaken, beloved Ireland. About man's
inner search for heaven and hell. (pause)

Hoo was his 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 when he could, no advice; but worked and spent
himself to spread his friend's gospel and his great book.

Got him known and published. Famous
published and ... censored...

'Cause it's this way, Baluba. 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 how it pays to find out. For yourself.

Listen:

The book's great wanderer was Leopold Bloom.
Jew.

Hero.

Saint.

His randy wife's name was Molly
Jewess.

Goddess.

Saint.

EDWARDS: Let's hear about Molly, if you don't mind,
Simon....

SIMON: O moon my pin-up. Molly mused and dreamt of many things. So did her husband, Leopold Bloom.

EDWARDS: Molly! She dream of men? I wouldn't mind, Simon, to see her dream about men....

SIMON: Leopold dreamt of Molly...and other women...
Shy little, spicy little, steamy young women...

EDWARDS: Sounds good, Simon. Why don't we....

SIMON:Sad little women....with lovers lost among the parched Fields of Mourning,
Smooth-limbed young maids, Baluba, who
Strung out their linen by the Dublin shore,
Playing catch with the sweet-swollen hearts of
whores.

EDWARDS: Hey! Let's go!

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3. In the Bois de Bologne, Paris. Upstage in the distance the seashore of Dublin; it is probably a mirage. There is light fog everywhere. Close to us downstage is a cafe table, at which sit HOO FASA, reading a copy of "The Little Review" and J.J., nursing a glass of

Not far from the table two young Dublin girls are playing with a beachball. A third girl, Gerty, is sitting in the grass between them and the cafe table. In a moment she catches J.J.'s eye, and then he catches hers.

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HOO FASA: (to J.J.) Get a load of this, Jim! (he reads from

T.S.Eliot): “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. {he returns to silent reading of “The Little Review”...

J.J. (to himself, but loud enough for us to hear.) My name is Leopold Odysseus Bloom. I once lived in Dublin town. That’s the Dublin church steeple over there. I believe it’s bell is preparing to gong. (Church bell gongs)

HOO FASA: Geez! Jim! You gotta cut drinkin’ the absinth. It’s makin’ your brains spin roun’.

J.J.:(as before): 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 young children. Well, say, teen-age girl children. Like Gerty Nausicaa MacDowell, sitting on the grass, just over there, She has her blue eyes on me. But I’m pretending to look at the sea. Isn’t it a lovely sea! (looks toward Dublin) Hoo groans and sinks behind his magazine) (GERTY looks up and toward Dublin)

GERTY Yes, Look at the sea! 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)
Phyllidule 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: And the Bailey light on Howth and to hear the music like that and the perfume of those incense that 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! The overstuffed bitch! “Excellent if you were a village, but if you were not, not.” Damn.

GERTY: (turns her face toward J.J.) I can 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 Wonderful eyes, them, superbly expressive, but could you trust them? People are so queer. The eyes so dark and the pale intellectual fact he is a

foreigner... (HOO groans).

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

GERTY but I cannot see does he have an aquiline nose
or a slightly retrouse'...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; drops his glasses.) Blast it!

GERTY: Oh! (she rises carefully)

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

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)

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 every seen...

J.J.: (having found his glasses, resets them and sits 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 strolls slowly by.)

GERTY: 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 that GERTY stuff! There's a dick right behind us. Fer crissake! Jim!

GERTY

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 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: 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 you snapshot those girls or is it all a fake?

Lingerie does it. Felt for the curves inside her dishabille.

(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 coif 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: Look is it sheet lightening? No its' 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 shortcoming I needn't fear competition (the STOUT MAN looks toward GERTY) and that was an accident coming down Dalkey 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 garden...

HOO FASA: (stage whisper) 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.: 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 Nausicaa issue. Went and arrested Marge Anderson and Jane Heap. Charges were presented by a father who feared his daughters morals might be impaired! Say! D’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 or 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! smart 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) Now... 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.: Hoo?

HOO FASA: Sure.

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

HOO FASA: Sure! What in the hell d'ya think! Come on! Let's get outa here, over to the Dome. Hem's prob'ly thee... 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: Look at him! The whitehot 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: 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) supply

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, hotblooded, didn't Berta 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 so 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 draw 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 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 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: 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)

Hmmm. (he reads or pretends to read)

HOO FASA: It's in English.

GERTY: ...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: ... the fabric that caresses the skin, better than those other pettiwidth, the green, four and eleven, on account of being white... (HOO barely

suppresses 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:

.... 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? Once 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 OManlon and Father Conroy and the Reverend John Hughes S.J. were taking 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 ... 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 again)

STOUT
MAN: (sidestepping, then coming around behind
HOO FASA, seizing him in a half-nelson,
There we are, my bucko! Go slow, or your
neck ~~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
half a page of this. (exits with HOO)

GERTY: ...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 O!

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

TWO GIRLS: O! O!

GERTY: 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 green 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:

... 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

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: 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: (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...!

Where in hell'd he go? (Pause) 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)

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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: Hey, why should I mind a beautiful girl
because she has a limp?
Why should I mind that li'l bittie limp?

SIMON: You don't understand.

EDWARDS: Shore I understand.
Yuh think I should feel bad letchin' after her
'cause she got her a li'l bit of limp. Right?
Man, it wouldn't get in the way, believe me...

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

EDWRDS: I know GERTY wouldn't want ole Bloom to
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: What did you say? You talking goofy again,
aren't you?

SIMON: Hobo Williams, the queen of them all
(parrot-like)
Hey Crawford, come over here!
And the wind mad as Cassandra
who was as sane as the lot of them...

EDWARDS: (rises, stretches, looks at the moon) Time's
up, Simon....
You get yourself into that there puptent of
yours....and grab yerself some sleep. Ole
Blood'll be comin' down.

SIMON: Oh woman shapely as a swan

Your gunmen tread on my dreams...

EDWARDS: H'year me? I said yuh get yerself in you're tent!

It's late! It's going on 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: Hey, I'm gonna tether you, yuh don't quiet
down!

SIMON: *For in the caged pather's eyes:
Nothing. Nothing that you can do....*

EDWARDS: Right! Daw-gone right!
Nothin', ain' nothin', you can do!
Cep' go to sleep! G'wan! Now!

SIMON: Edwards! Wait! Listen!

EDWARDS: Nawsir. You kin talk all night.
I knows you.

SIMON: Listen! 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 a banker's
mannered applause...

Vex not thou the banker's mind
(his what?) with a show of sense,

EDWARDS: I don't care! S'not none of my affair! Git to
bed!

SIMON: They spat on his dream!
The dream of Odysseus! And Reness!

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

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

EDWARDS: Awe-right! That's enough!

That's too much!

I'm gonna git Blood

He'll help me git you in bed...

SIMON: Baluba! Listen! 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 talked that way 'bout France.

SIMON: Took his wife and his books and a few odds

and ends down to Italy. You know Italy...?

EDWARDS: Ah know Italy. Where do you think I was

fighting the last two years?

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...Shee-it! (but he settles down)

SIMON: Italy! Home of the great wanderers:

Dante

Aeneas...

SIMON: Italy!

Grantor of Pa^z Romana:

Augustus,

Virgil...

EDWARDS: Lissen!....

SIMON: Italy!

Last gasp of dying Europe:

Mussolini,

Fasa...

EDWARDS: Fer crissakes, let a dead man be! He was a
fucking dictator!

SIMON: ...Black that die in captivity

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

SIMON: Hem said:

The Lord is my Shepherd

I shall not want him for long...

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

EDWARDS; Listen to me....

SIMON: (parrot-like)

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

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

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

EDWARDS: you better cut thet out! It's treason! You're
startin' to talk treason!

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

EDWARDS: Then how come it was him got hung up from

his heels!

How cum it wuzn't us? I did'nt see Churchill
hangin' from his heels! Roosevelt neither!

SIMON: But Stalin? Stalin! What about Stalin?

EDWARDS: Stalin! Yuh know that's diff'runt!

Stop tryin' to trip me up! Lissen! Git yourself
back in your tent! (slams angrily at the cage
with his Garand) or else....

Git! I said!

SIMON: Hoo Fasa left Italy! Went home in '39! Tried
to talk them out of manufacturin' War II. Told
them how war was usury's monster: made to
inflate monoplies

Draw out interest from the poor

Suck-up sky high ... blood-red

profits...Listen!

EDWARDS: Nut-house talk's what you're doing!

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 the' 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.

SIMON: You see, Baluba, now when he tried to go, the U.S. Consul reared back ‘n said: “Your papers, signor Fasa are not in proper order...”

Cannon shot.

Mail stopped. Truth got snuffed like a candle tipped in the Atlantic Ocean.

No-one in America would publish him...was then Hoo went to work for the Roman radio.

EDWARDS: That is why they say you're a traitor?

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

EDWARDS: Nope, Ain't the least bit interested.

SIMON: Saint Thomas More?

EDWARDS: I don't hear a word you are saying.

SIMON:: Saint Joan of Arc?

EDWARDS: Come off it Simon!

SIMON: Galileo?

EDWARDS: Big deal!

SIMON: Dante?

EDWARDS: Bull!

SIMON: Machiavelli?

EDWARDS: Never heard of him.

SIMON: Socrates?

EDWARDS: Him neither. Nope.

SIMON: Jesus?

EDWARDS: I only heard of Benedict Arnold! Whyn't yuh mention him!

SIMON: Benedict Arnold, yes, and Aaron Burr! John Brown!

EDWARDS: Doesn't matter, Simon! I still don't think Ole Hoo was a traitor. Maybe he wandered! You know, in his head, different opinions. But that don't make a man a traitor. Does it?

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. Figgered 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
ole familiar song...

So they tried to put Hoo down. Wouldn't
listen...

Then when they heard, went and removed his
mouth...

EDWARDS: You ought to cut it out. You better close your
mouth! Get Me?

SIMON: Yes? Yeats, Hoo's friends, 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, especially in a war! You have to
listen to your leaders! And keep your big
mouth shut!

SIMON: Hear me out, Sergeant! 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...It's our
freedom of speech.

EDWARDS: Nope. Not in war...

SIMON: Hoo felt old Europe needed Fascism. Europe was dying of usurers disease.
The Reds has no sense! The Socialists'd missed their chance.
The people everywhere living in dread of slow death from banker's rot.
Hoo knew...no, Hoo thought, that Mussolini could save them.

EDWARDS: Mussolini wuz a enemy! He couldn' save no-one! It's good they strung him up. Enemies gotta die!

SIMON: The people ev'rywhere, going mad:
Covering their walls with glorious banker's money that

Couldn't buy a poor dog a bone...

EDWARDS: That's no fucking excuse for the Krauts to start
up a war! And kill all those Jews!

SIMON: Europe needed evolution
To tear off her decaying skin...
Usurers! Bankers! War-mongering profiteers.

EDWARDS: Shuddup! O.K. I'm gonna get Steele! He'll
shut you up! (goes off right)

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 pained 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 thy 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...(his voice peters
out)

Sheep bringith pain with usura

(SIMON opens door and leaves his, cage)

Geneva, the usurer's dunghill

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

Abe said: and gave the people of this Republic
the greatest blessing they ever had.—
their own paper to pay their own debts...

(He enters upon the set of Scene Four)

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

ANNOUNCER: (within control room)

Radio Rome, the American hour...

Following the tradition of Italian hospitality, Radio Rome has offered use of the microphone twice a week 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 callin'...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 STEELESneak 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 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 it 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 of Mussolini, 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! David!

I'm in Rome! We're takin' Rome, ma! Ain't that somethin'?

We found Mussolini and his girlfriend an' turned

Was Rome?

'em in tuh the Eye-talian partisans. Ma? Yuh know what they did? The Eye-taliam partisans, Ma? Instead of giving them a trial, they just stood them against a wall and shot them dead. Ain't that somethin' Ma? An' then they hung 'em upside down! The two of them, by their feet. In one of their piazzas, Ma, that's a place--you know--like Washington Square. Why they hung 'em upside down, Ma, dead like that, was so people could go an' spit on them. Heard they was covered with spit.... We took Rome today, Ma. (pause) Ain't that somethin'?!

Will you say hello to Pa? So long! (he snickers, self-consciously, and exits 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 bear.

Pull down thy vanity

Thou art a beaten dog beneath the hail.

A swollen magpie in a fitful sun,

Half black half white

Nor knowst' thou 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: (bending down beside SIMON) lays his hand on
his back.

The boys say you went an' talked too much.
Against bankers and rich Jews, over Rome
Radio. This Rome Radio. Listen, there's some
things a guy shouldn'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: Hey Simon, why did you hafta go on like that?

Why couldn't you do, you know, like the rest of
us do?

An' not make yourself...a mess?

SIMON: Down, Derry-Down

Oh let an old man rest!

D I M O U T