

# The Mammary Revival Play

## WIGHTS OF THE PLAY

POTRESCO

MARCO PODO

A MERCHANT

SCHILLER

EARYBAIS, son of Marco Podo

A BOSUN

ANTIPODES

ANTIPODES II, the double of Antipodes

BLAKKON DEKKA, apparently a negro from the Pole

HARRIS

WISHBONE

A TROLLEYMAN

A CHINAMAN

A BOY

A SERVANT

CHORUS

RANGOON

MEGALITHA

USQUEBAUGH

COLQUHOUN

WILLIAN

} her maidservants

JEROME, the Merchant's horse

A BLUE POOLE

A CAT, belonging to Wishbone

ACT I SCENE I

MORUS in a tall white gown he.

From Tinar's towers, behemoth of neither tribe  
 That in this land doth mighty strife pursue  
 That they, their profits and advantages  
 To gain, all villainy will undertake  
 That whosoever seeks Putresco's aid  
 Forgoing fame in this our city's fight  
 Must win or die - and dying, win much more.

ex. Chorus

x x x x

A bus drives across the stage, Putresco at the helm

PUT: Now is my plan, unfinished, yet begun  
 ... With these fine brass to cripple Schiller quite  
 And of his merchandise three parts to steal  
 And burn in sacred fire. The one, a ~~rust~~ sword  
 Remained in deeds beside the Tyran sea,  
 With vigour and with expertise in war  
 Ramesses' was; the second, sundered yet  
 From origins of doubtful provenance  
 This cudgel is; beloved of men of steel  
 The third; of whom description must be shunned...

THE BUS HALTS

Enter a boy: You sir, Putresco, often we, that is,  
 Are like a bus without a stop or halt  
 And here aticket

PUT: Krave! That calls't me BON

A name for lepers and for dogs more fit  
 Than for the greatest god that e'er bestrode  
 The threefold world of bus and beak and boots,  
 Tripartite he...

Boy (aside)

He rambles now, forsooth!

Now listen we:

PUT

... As did the greater power  
 That fashioned as in wit this lowly world  
 To bring us some to riches, many more  
 But no, be damned, such reasoning is false  
 (Exit in distraction)



SCHILLER: I see, Putresco, that of late the sun

That darts the sundial growing there below

For days on end has not ~~troubled~~ troubled to rise  
above the far horizon. Nor the moon  
So cold and poor, unpeopled & unloved,

Vain image of fair Phoebus' limpid ray  
That strikes our hearts anew, yet not eschew'd  
Remark ... I faint ... I fear I fade away

Sustain me, gods, as to each one in turn

I pass the poison'd goblet and the cake

And hope that ...

Enter Putresco with ticket machine

PUT

you, sis, Schiller, shall you buy a ticket?

Nor shun the proper payment of your fare  
Lest you be caught within my vehicle, lacking

The wherewithal to allow your staying there  
I shall advise: Be not improper found  
Unticketed, or as the gods ordained

Your body from your head shall severed be  
And fed to starving cats.

SCH

There are within my pocket dark, nor groats  
For I have not been hearty to the poor  
Nor yet have shunned the goodly wishing-well  
Where men may read the past; there dwell I long  
Disdaining not the sickly and the weak  
Yet watching in the water, lest some frog  
Should leap therefrom & burp some angry

On which my plume I could carefully  
Calculate upon a log.

PUT

your wooder  
Repatee annoys me, as of late

The neighing of your horse incensed my wife  
Who suffer'd from the palsy. Her I shunn'd  
As didth Ranzon the pale explorer's heirs.

SCH.

And so we see, my friend, no deeds are done

Save to avenge the death that caused our woe (Exit SCH)

(Enter MARCO POLO with a haversack. He empties it & sets out  
his wares on the stage)

M.P.

Good sis, see now my wares from distant parts:  
The Orient jam, and pumpkins from the pole. [goes off, comes on on bicycle]



Enter MARCO POLO on a bicycle with flat tyres. He begins to re-inflate them.

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M.P. Oh that the air in your pump could now  
Swell like the blush upon my mistress' cheeks  
And like the lark return in winter's plumes

To strike my son Chrysolis to the ground  
Wherein the darkling worm doth sate his lust  
And where the viscous mole death organs hold  
Within his grotsome hole. O, come, ye nymphs

And bear my hair into your hair, and there  
Inflate, inflate, inflate the madd'd sheen  
That circumvents the wheels of this my steed  
And like a sound etched upon the path...

(ENTER BOY with a FOOTBALL)

ENTER Boy "You, Sir!"

Who!

Why, You! You bearded dolt!

Who speak of love while knowing less than babes  
That ~~are~~ clinging helpless to their mothers' breasts  
Repeat 'The Punic Wars' 'The Punic Wars'  
A thousand times unto th' unhearing ~~dim~~ skies  
Beneath the mother's chin; Revise your speech

Or else, quite wordless, stony and re-inflate  
My punctured ball of foot, those unwholesome ead.

M.P. Insolent knave! My servant, come! ~~Why wait!~~ Why wait?

SERV I could not find the pump of which you speak  
Long though I search'd within the closet dim

And longer, Oh! much longer in the shed  
Where all your sixteen bicycles are kept  
Flare + Stowbedded; oiled but are a mirth  
And many lacking ought to bikes beloved  
A plenitude of pumps t' incarnadine  
Now my subject turns to fair romance  
For baby bikes do now proliferate  
With pomp-pump in the closet floor besmothered

MP (Aside) How horrid!

SERV

— And methinks a goodly yield  
Shall Schiller reap before the day is done  
In towers by the distant lake there wait  
Three luscious damozels of goodly ilk.

M.P.

Indeed! Now hie we hence, my sturdy knave

(Exit POLO & SERV)

Boy



BOY: I am vexed by these a silly child  
Old's rape! I shun the reckless bourgeoisie

My wit doth eightfold ~~exceed~~ exceed their skill

At any trades behoving to their guilds

Such as might enervate their witless wives

Or please the gods for, effeminate & pale,

Or earn an honest penny in a day

Or at the pump despise the thirsty poor

Who languor in their dying throes, or seem

To sweat a liquid pure & crystalline

From aught that's foul! Alas, Alas, I go!

Lest Lethe's luring temptress on the prowl

Induce me now to quit this mortal flesh.

Enter M.P.

POLO: For godsake may you hold your peace, vile boy!  
The king this day is come to view his force

And, as I tell the grace of your... your...

BOY: If, POLO, you <sup>have</sup> naught to say, then I

Shall say it for you - shame it hold with dear

Nor penalty more grievous than the grace

Of Schiller whom I serve, beyond whose power

PO's sons, the suitors of Rayson

(Personages vile & horrible to see)

Who at that lady's door do endless dote

And slobber all day long with languorous tongue

Like thee, Carybdis.

POLO

Carybdis am I not!

Thou canker's son, thou varlet's darling cur,

Engendered of a toad, or of a whale,

Thou festering catarrh - I love thee not

(stinks Boy)

BOY:

Pray strike me not, good sir, my heart is weak

As is your brain - but hence - good mistress's night!

(Exit POLO)



Enter PUTRESCO, with an apple.

PUT. This fruit so crisp from yonder bough did fall  
As she is fallen was from Schiller's love

And as in autumn fruit both stink and rot  
As one long dead. Methinks another man  
Belike Cantharis, she who so long wept  
~~As~~ has suffered Polo, Marco of that ilk  
To eat her whole.

Enter Marco Polo.

M.P.

Ho! Good morrow, sire,

The drought of summer passed, and in its place  
The leaves of autumn fall. I know your aims  
And, good Putresco, I shall thwart you not,  
Wherein a subtler scheme may be discerned  
(Theatrical & budgetary abrogation might)  
Forgoing sense for metrical repose

And meaning for a brief and shoddy laugh  
At whoso fails to comprehend the plot  
Shall hanged be.

Exit M.P.

PUT.

What a scurrious chap

Is this, then Schiller odder for I woot,  
To him, the East's protector, fortune-fair

And ~~affluent~~ <sup>affluent</sup> in his trading with the Pole

I cry by nights and eulogise by days

And ~~one~~ the whole do live a jolly life

But for my sanguine humour. O, this life

Is wearisome, and, lest my evil plan..

Should fail, a scaffold I erect nearby  
(He bangs nails into a gallows) ~~and~~

Whose musc'd arms shall hoist me to the sky,

Where dangling shall my fate be sealed, and thus

Putresco shall evaporate to pus

\*



ACT I SCENE II a fire-gutted bus-depot<sup>3</sup>  
Enter Carlo Polo & Servant

MP: Unhorse this wile my starry slave, and go  
To fetch another of the selfsame ilk  
And we, immune from time and fortune's dust  
Shall sup a glass of sturdy ale, and go  
Where naught but soap shall lave the putrid core.

SERV: Verily I shall.

MP Look to it, shun it not,

SERV I shun it not

And lo! you leave no trace

Polo:

Of aught that may betray thee. Shun such things  
As drunkenness may lead you to disclose  
Ought of my ill intent.

SERV

I'll do it straight

although I understand no word of this

Polo

Yours, as ~~my~~ reading of the poets should ~~be~~

Inform you of all meaning, whereupon  
Dissemblance, as a master to his sons  
Will cry in anger at what evil deeds  
Men do, is not ~~to~~ to reason what or why  
Or how - but when, that is the question ...

SERV

Sir,

I can but answer you with sickly groans  
For I am sick at heart.

Polo

Infirmarize thee!

In sickness lies the body prone to health

To madness now the mind once sinner for

Than silks and spice from distant Calicut

Where now Putresco drives, his horse afire,

His bus abandoned by the tidal Po

Which as a lunatic doth without cease

The Spuseish bell twice hourly toll to warn

Us...

SERV

Mark! He comes! the Rancid one is nigh...

And we who haunt the towers now must fly.

(Exit)



Enter, stage left, SCHILLER and CARYBDIS. & a PUTRESCO

S.: If anything you say I can believe,  
Putresco, this by order shall I run  
Ten thousand leagues by popo-stick  
To gain the favours of the fair Rangoon.

CARYB: Go! Climb her towers, suck her moried hand  
Lusk your sordid days within those walls  
That hold within their shades all terrors known  
And some as yet unthought of.

PUTRESCO

CARYB:

No ys or buts Putresco, <sup>Aye! But if ...</sup> think again  
She cannot do thee anything but harm,  
Tis Marco told you must fear, for when  
By Lethe's towers he creepeth like slow time  
~~He's~~ He's verily no easy man to see.

PUTRESCO

And he is less ~~so~~ as in thy hose time own.  
My friend, Carybdis, pray you be not mean  
You have not spoke these eighty weeks to Schiller  
Nor uttered yet betimes a soothing saw  
The knowledge of man do growlwise increase  
Beyond the bounds of sense. I charge you now  
Look to it!

SCHILLER

Stay! A word I needs must speak  
Concerning ~~the~~ her that towers haunts, with groans  
Of pain, and yet whose beauty men both crave  
(IRONIC) With rapturous eyes of greeting; mask-piece  
Of Aphrodite's art. Her silken eyes  
Remind me of the Chinese art of YUB - VICIOUS

Which dogs and goats depicts in sealene form  
As ~~we~~ knew the sage geometers of old  
Peppard! I hear an inner voice remark  
That time draws on, and now the rising moon  
Doth glow his barely light on all this globe  
Whose beauty we shall presently destroy  
To win hers, greater far than any else



PUTRESCO:

Though greater far, I grant, it is not white  
Nor yet, I will admit, of lesser size  
Than that we have discussed before: But how  
To compass it in adamantine bands  
Wherein are sealed the vanities of love  
With our preposterous effigies of steel  
= know not.

Caryl  
Schiller  
Caryl  
PUT

Woe! What ignorance is this

Such lack of sense, and woeeful bane.  
Disgracing failure to admit our cause!

I write these words of yours, my honored sir,  
Belie the shattered fabric of your dreams,

And of your father's too - mark my words  
your words, Putresco, hardly worthies  
Than all the wisdom of the Greeks to live  
On any man's long tongue, I shun most roundly!

SCH:

P.

Fire on you, then, ~~get~~ get hence, or you must face  
The squad of firing or the selfsame galleons  
The which I have this very day constructed  
With my very hand. (points to galleons)

CARYB:

PUT.

My lord? I thought your <sup>your handiwork</sup> limbs too weak to screw  
The ~~weak~~ frailest maid...

O, shun such bawdiness  
I cannot answer till the sun has fled  
Beyond the cares of mortal men, beyond

The pale and cloud-ringed orbit of the hills  
Where wilder folk do dwell. I answer not  
In any terms which you might understand

For comprehension, shunning is the goal  
Of all that know the secrets of mankind.  
Enough of this. Ill to my bus. I go.

(EXIT PUT.)

S.

Well follow, lest some mischief he shall work  
T'allay the anger of the dark-eyed Turk.

(EXEUNT SCH. & CAR.)

These follows a dumbshow, in which said an characters  
each incomprehensible mines before the gutted depot.



SCENE III A ruined wharf

(Great hubbub & noising about of persons)

MERCHANT: Bosun! Get thee to the warehouse quick!  
A fleeter fleet awaits our King; and he <sup>pure</sup>  
would fifty weighty cargos of ~~unsold~~ loam  
With cry of NONNY-NO! forget, in love,  
The axes that weigh the regal shoulderblade  
Or cut in twain some other of that ilk  
Despising of the wholesome split-tin loaf  
That now awaits thee.

BOSUN

Sir, I beg to know  
What strange intent is housed within the King's  
Explosive edict, hinted now abroad  
Concerning matters better talked of low  
Or not at all; and so I hold my tongue [Exit B.]

MERCHANT

This man is fickle. Yet he will not stay  
The mainsail badly in a windy course  
I liken him to yonder stately swan,  
That now his downy brood doth yet chastise  
While greeting them with happy praise and food;  
But cygnets are obedient, the seamen  
Leaves in midcourse of his hope's reply  
An empty airless thought.

[Enter a Chinaman

Chinaman:

My porclainity perhaps belies  
My deeper thoughts.

What ails thee, knave?

(Exit)

MERCHANT:

The Orient's effects  
Are sweeter than the Occident's neglects. [Exit

[Enter Bosun..

BOSUN:

The merchant finds in me such cause to weep  
As I have found in Megalitha's love  
Who largely doth embrace me in strong kisses  
Which spring, I fear, from wishes to advance  
Her sense of bafflement. She knows no whit  
Of what the deep holds of transport; ill-

Bethought her mind as badly built this wharf.  
(He stamps on the rotting planks of the wharf, there is a  
loud cracking of wood & he falls with a splash & a cry to  
the water below.)



Scene II

The scene, a busy commercial centre where sacks of corn are bought + sold (though not by the same people) and where money is changing hands.  
Putresco takes Merchant aside

PUT: Tell me, sir, wherein the merchant's trade  
Of profit, and of money perils  
Might suffer to allow of perusal of this  
Unrightly crowd, the which since nigh on dawn  
Has quibbled o'er the price of ruddy sacks.

MER: This Putresco, sir, is not the place  
Where to discuss in strictest confidence  
The matters of my friends; come in awhile  
And see my newest scheme, the which in bed  
I dreamed of, and have here set down

[shows book]

PUT: This doth amaze me like the cats that stray  
Among the graves of those that hate the king  
Good sir!

MER: It pleases you no what ungratefully, sir?

PUT: As little as the rage which whores affect  
Wherewith to kindle the desires of men  
Intemperate; as little as perverts  
The stubborn mind to reach beyond itself  
Beyond that border unbeknown to him  
... Who toes no straighter line than curves about  
... The vast bay of Basibode before  
And comes to rest between his father's skins  
Yet unrevealed.

MER: Despite the coming tide  
I fear my ships will never leave the shore  
To fill the King's persuasion. Ah I do not  
Will you fulfil the honors, need be due?

PUT: Why seek you this? My plans are not unseen  
By those that scan the wide commercial press  
And hawk those columns for a profit or two

MER: ... But yet, perplexed, hold commerce as your aim  
And scorn th'abuse of mercantile retreats

PUT: ... While not withholding anything you need!

MER: I, who know the seas, what need I now  
Of plotters, who expect my help; with low  
Groans I shall not help my trading plans.  
Or yours

PUT: Thus mine will flourish when the King  
Withholds his sweet commandment "No-one sing!"  
[Exit Merchant]



**PURTESCO :** In time to come, who shall remember me?

My times of crime forgot, I shall decrease  
 As leaves in autumn fall, and pigs expire  
 Who shall remember me? My faults are all  
 Embossed on coins that shimmer in the moat  
 As from one palsied palm to cankered cures  
 Or gangrened goats. Who shall remember ought  
 Of noble thoughts that stumbled thro' my mind  
 Possessing all, though unpossessed by man  
 Suppressing laws unwanted in these trials  
 Obsessed by everything I see and do.  
 Sequestered from the obsequies of small  
 Unknowing things who falter down the lanes  
 And here and there collapse and, lifeless, die  
 As if their lives had hated them and fled  
 To bottled beer in hovels on the hills  
 Which sets them coughin' hoarsely in their sleeves  
 As does a hangman when his daughters die  
 And dangle, haughty, from the gallows-tree  
 Which I myself shall emulate in mine.  
 Oh Willet, come! Oh semi-palmate one  
 Decider of the king who next my catch  
 In seven parts, come, breathe my last and die!  
 Who shall remember me?

He falls in a swoon, as the merchant enters.

Merchant

Who's this faint knave,  
 His trousers round his throat, his knees awry,  
 Belike, he is the self and same Purtesco,  
 Whom I betimes have concour'd with in speech  
 (And speech no word verg'd of scandal, I'll be  
 bound) Perhaps I'll to nail him to my horse  
 And tie me with him to some market place  
 And hang his wallet from a hazel tree  
 Where hazel grows, I woot. Oh, woot, woot, woot,  
 I'll plant thee, and a wasphey tree shall grow  
 Of supernatural powers possessed - of fruit  
 That magic holds. Now come, my steed, Jerome!

(Enter a mercantile steed, whereupon is slung P. Enter merchant) + horse



SCENE: A rose-garden beneath a tower of Timon  
Enter Rangoon and 3 maidservants.

12

RANGOON: My gentle maids, I prithee now make haste  
To prepare in great anticipation for  
Th' arrival of my distant kin; my lord  
The brave Archipodes, my cousin's twin  
And bearer of the seal of regal love  
Unto most distant climes; would he were here  
To see a virgin most unmanned by fight  
Make haste, make haste!

USQUEBAUGH: Fair mistress this we do  
Though we were long since part that lovely stake  
Wherewith you have encompassed by our names  
Strange harmony of doleful melodies  
Passed by.  
Indeed, we shall depart.

COLQUHOUN  
MEGALITHA

In haste  
Lest imperigo spoil our whitened cheeks  
And vertigo make green our laundered scarves  
(Exit U, C & M)

RANGOON (Sits down before a mirror)  
Oh, what strange feelings whelm within my breast  
Within these fleshy lumps of mammal's drink  
These pulpy paps that groan beneath the weight  
That flop unsightly - bitten and besmeared  
By raging patsy. Unromantic domes!  
Unkissed yet by whalebone halter shift  
My daughters illegitimate forged  
Their father, from the whirlpool long since sucked  
By sage Aeolus' might. O, would I woot  
The glory of the king, my fearsome throne  
Undone the sky of unwed marriages  
Where beaks proclaim the incest of the throne  
And fierce contagion rages through the land.

MEGALITHA (off stage) What bloody man is this? Ud's feet & hands!  
His tress in disarray (screams)

RANGOON

What? Who goes there?

[Usquebaugh rushes in, screaming]

USQ.: My lady, 'tis a Chinaman most queer  
Who shows us why we live so ill informed  
And kept from all things interesting or nice  
That may delight us. Leave we now this place.  
[Shouts they're at]



Re-enter RANGOON

RANGOON: What things may do whenas the weakest fail

exit Rangoon - A trolley is wheeled on, with tea fare aboard.

Trolleyman. : Comestibles I bring of rancid ilk  
The foetid brew, the most unpleasant milk.  
The nauseous delights of our canteen  
That turn all men an ochrish shade of green  
Yet leave them not unglutted; in my care  
Is every velocanth that feeds on air. (exit)

A siren is heard off-stage, followed by a dismal gloomy silence in which the occasional dripping of water cannot be heard. Then, a bang.

Enter RANGOON, tearing at her hair.

RANGOON: Ye gods! (she faints)

Enter Chinaman

CHINAMAN: My porclanthy conceals...

Offstage:

Hallo!

CHINAMAN: by deeper thoughts, (Exit)

Enter Megalotha, Usquebaugh, Colquhoun in violent disarray

USQ:

Look, our mistress faints.  
Her eyes are swollen. See her rancid breasts,  
Diseas'd with vile & banid gums, fulcate  
In rhythm with the coyote up the road  
Who wails just as Rangoon did for her love  
Enchanted in the wood which used to grow  
Hard by. But now her feet are decomposed  
And two fat bags of haggis hang around  
As is to tell us that our selfsame fate  
Both soon await us. Oh, these breasts, these breasts  
I wish they were elsewhere - among the clouds  
Where women's faults are all forgiven, where some  
Young lover staked her tea alone and sits  
Undaunted by the mysteries of love.  
Oh, would these algal hemispheres were hence  
In igloos die a unrequited tents.

(Exit M, U & C  
weeping profusely  
at their plight,  
carrying Rangoon  
in their arms)



Scene IV (near the wharf)

Enter, in haste and evening dress, Schiller.

S: Irrevocable doom! Unless ~~by some~~ it hap  
That I can flee from 'neath that bus's wheels  
And 'scape the vengeful wrath I cannot fathom  
The which Putresco ~~hath~~ plans. Unless it hap  
That Pdo's ~~plan~~ fate be changed 'ere next day's dawn.

Unless Rangon (o name!) unless Rangon...

But no! 'Tis folly thus, alas, to dream...

But know this bow is tied about my throat

And time, our foolish language, is abroad

And should return, I think, di'dh' herred noon  
When all things clandestine and queer may do

As thou believ'st; & I would keep aloof!

[Exits off.]

There follows a long embarrassed silence.

Enter M. Pdo.

I wonder why you Schiller shun me so?

He loves the desert while I hunt the snow.

He shuns my well-beloved ski, & I

Unloved by any, save the fair Rangon,

... Am scarcely thought of at the festive board  
That does this night take place.

Enter Bosun, no whit dry

BOSUN:

Good sis, you see

That yonder rotten pier, by lugworm bored

And chewed by vole and navies alike

No whit, this pier, as might a fractured bone

When pressed by the club or cudgel, he

Regrets, I fear. Impassive, I resume

My speech commenced some days ago, to say

I have forgot, yet there is not, withal

A death of meaning in my words - therefore,

I'll cut this discourse short a now depart

(Exit)

Exit MARCO P with a slung of the shoulder. Schiller remains hapstage, sitting crosslegged, weeping copious tears into a blue-spotted handkerchief



## (AT THE PARTY)

ANTIPODES: *I siphons and illegible deceit*  
 Take place behind the curtain, here abouts  
 I cannot know the future; ah, but if  
 The time do come whether the future part  
 And draws a veil on such as may desist  
 From honour or from vagrancy; from death  
 I shrink. I shun the adolescent kettle!  
 But lo! 'Tis Ceryd!

CERYDIS (in blue) *Sire, my swollen head*  
 Reports the boiling of our neighbour's sons  
 In fetid gore; the slaying of an ox  
 And *spanning of the cheeks dead in streets*  
 A hail of red hot oaks above the temple  
 Has been heard. What auguries are these  
 I know not, nor do care. Pray what's for tea?

ANTIPODES: *I shall eat a bun. But as for you*  
 You'll not be sated by such meagre fare  
 As in this town is found - and so, ~~it~~ methinks,  
*I siphons and illegible deceit*  
 Take place behind the curtain, here about  
 I cannot know the future; ah, but I  
 Can tell you all that happened in the past

Enter another Antipodes:

I am your past Antipodes. I am.  
 I bring the bun you wish to chew. Besides,  
 I shall not come again ... *[Exit]*  
 Remarkable!

Antipodes I

I had not thought to see another self  
 These eighty years - but since he's come, no doubt  
 I shall dissemble, as a father might  
 Before his hapless wife shut on twin doors  
 I feeble admiration; as his son  
 The truth of his ill deeds from all conceals.  
 And yet I linger long - I must away  
 To greet the spanning of the Phœbean day.  
 (Spits + leaves)



# Scene VIII

Enter Antipodes with an amphora - on his heading for docks

ANTIPODES: Dear fair Rangoon's unholy fate doth weigh  
like feathers on my brain - Oh that she still  
Should dwell among us, we who know no ill  
All save that villain - nameless must he go -

enter Putresco

No sir, name him not, no fame ascribe  
To that foul squire whose venomous desire  
Not mighty Phoebus' strivings could contest,  
That weight of black desires, just of a crab,

Antip

Nay, of a wagstaff, stracking sin a sin  
The dark hues of machina & metal soul  
I'm off to Trebizond where I was born.

Oh Terzabolo, tis not I shun! But hold!

(Enter, fortive, Antip II) :

I am the very spirit of Rangoon  
On whose unholy fate you ponder long  
And linger longer on the lust of liars  
Who claim to be who none knows they are  
Just as I am I! (Fortively leaves)

A I

What a scoundrel Chap!

Than I more odd by far, I deftly deem  
I'll crenelate my tourse, singe my nape  
Jump out and navigate this ~~mar~~ naval ark!  
We bus space, but ~~too~~ oddly, stop we now!

PUTRESCO :

A I

I saw not, Antipod, wherewith you spoke  
This surprises me, Putresco, not  
For often when in Selene's dark hours  
Amid fair Phoebus' orgies 'neath the ground  
I have a second self espied; and thus  
Doth he betimes converse, or so it seems,  
With this my amphora, my coat, my staff  
And yet in winter days with these my gloves  
Or else a bobble-cap above my pate  
I understand it not. To discourse with objects  
Wildly held to know no mote of sense  
Or at least to converse seldom with us men  
To me doth seem a travesty of reason,  
(Or reason as our reason apprehendeth)  
Enigma to cold Logic's shifty gaze  
Which variously doth play with the minds of men  
Or minor key or major, or in modes  
Of charm quite subterranean or martial  
The worms to serenade which at our breasts  
The trumpets of time my soul attests!  
Aye!

PUTRESCO

(Exeunt)



IX  
Scene ~~IX~~

BOBUN : I have shunned to speak full sentences  
 which vacuous, in sense, though unbegun  
 And often endless - sometimes not, no doubt -  
 What fools may follow diligently ~~the~~ or scan  
 For my mind inhale the now the boardland  
 Of curious polysemy - should these words  
 Contain one <sup>word</sup> ~~word~~ that men can comprehend -  
 Then would the fair one rising in my sight  
 (I own her name were worth a pretty coin)  
 Be worth no more to me than yonder stoat  
 Who runs the tawdrags in yond swamp  
 Who falsifies the tickets of the folk  
 Who place their trust, right foolishly, therein,  
 Whose late renown has been not of the best  
 Not worst, alas; and on that note I leave ... [exit]

enter Merchant  
 Methought the Bobun should I find herein  
 His chin unshaved, his wrists but newly healed  
 His feet but lately dried, a poultice new  
 About his nether elbow tightly bound  
 In muscled agony; his sinews cleft  
 As sunbeams split the heavenkissing clouds  
 To strike the earth as I of late struck him  
 Upon the pate.

enter BOY : The bobun ~~here~~?, is he here?  
 I bear a missive...

Merchant You shall give it me!

BOY An you but give me reason.

Merchant That I shun!

BOY Why so?

Merchant You'll question me to death!

BOY Odd's nape,

~~And~~ I'll not, unless it hap that so I do!

Merchant For gods sake lets leap up & down, and tell  
 Sad stories of the death of sundry folk.  
 Your so-called missives nothing but a joke.

They leap up + down as predicted



Enter BOSUN

BOSUN: Ud's weasel! What's this jumping up and down?  
 What twofold choreographic expertise  
 Be practised herewithin? What several joys  
 Are to the skies resounded, that the Muse  
 Do put the leap within your limits, and make you  
 Frog the human limb?

MERCHANT

I cannot tell

Sis Bosun for the cause, whereby I jump  
 In happy harmony with this weak knave  
 (Whose goading, I believe may be the cause)  
 The whom I lately have encountered here,  
 Is likely not for the ease of me or thee.  
 Perchance the lad can say?

BOSUN

Boy

MERCHANT

Perchance...

Or not,

Vile boy - I <sup>think</sup> the dance is nigh at hand  
 When we this wild ~~vibration~~ exertion must eschew  
 For my weak limbs do slack. (Stops jumping)

Boy

Thou art more puny

Than all the protozoa in yon pond  
 Where frogs do imitate inaneest leaping  
 And leeches lurch, and water-beetles dive  
 Fro' the highest board, in dizzy boldness clothed  
 And hungry snarl! Yes, punier art thou  
 Puerulent Pol! Masticated Marco  
 Fool of the people...

MERCHANT

Pollo am I not!

Such insults are the parody of years,  
 Years I have lived before your very birth!  
 An't please you, sis, my birth was not excessive,  
 Withal a strippling was I, nor a twin  
 Nor octuplet, nor yet miscarriage I:  
 Not mighty Caesar did I emulate  
 Nor old Macduff, ~~nor~~ nor anybody else  
 of birth unseasonly. Therein lies my strength  
 Which doth with your weakness does a contrast make  
 So bold as doth the gods on high amaze  
 (They're easily surprised.)

MERCHANT

Though you'd's dashing

Cur you be, I woot, and thus is known,  
 That if I had a needle thou'dst be sewn  
 Flesh upon flesh, and muscle, tendon, bone.



Scene ~~IV~~ X In front of the bus depot again.

Enter PUTRESCO, with a basket of apples.

The fools have cast me from their richest homes  
And stripped my finer clothes from this poor body  
Which "now in sickness lies" - I'm ~~so~~ sorely ~~in~~ need.  
By pounding heart, the aura of shame withal  
That weasel-like doth hound me o'er this mear  
Bearing this sorry pannier of fruit  
The redstart to beguile - these fools have thrown  
Me from their halls: I shun the reckless class  
That such acts perpetrate: I'd to my 'bus!

Exit, dropping fruit about him.

Enter SCHILLER, picking up apples & putting them justly in his pocket.

The drought of summer past - my winter store  
Must needs replenish'd be. And haply thus  
I'll food enough obtain for months - but fie!  
I ape the squirrel not in this done!  
Of late I robbed a Lesser whitethroat's nest  
Six spotted eggs I took - no bird has use  
All things shall starve whenas the hibern bell  
Shall wax apace his danger seeds discharge  
Unto th' enspher'd skies; all sap shall cease  
To flow, all life to ebb commence, and then...  
Blazon once more fantastically to dust  
As doth the sad circumscribed soul of man  
Evaporate...

Voice off

Good Schiller, Schiller ho!

SCHILLER:  
Voice, still off  
SCHILLER:

Who speaks?

'Tis I, of whom...

Speak up! Can't hear

A word, still less a syllable...

Voice (fading)

I die... (a strangled sob)

SCHILLER:

Remarkable! Methought a voice I heard  
But 't' in silence eaves are led astray  
By noises such as these.

Voice:

Oh, patterned lays!

SCHILLER:

Oh, decorated bombardons! I die... (a strangled sob!)  
Hist! An I were prone to such events  
I had eschewed all sense & purpose. Fie!

He runs backstage, trips on a ticket-machine, and crashes heavily into the ways!



Enter MARCO POLO, dejectedly.

M.P. When oft in pensive or in sullen vein,  
 I have rejected aught that may be shunned  
 And now am I in turn been shunned by her  
 The damozel so fair - so fair - who now  
 Amid the noisome systems of the joinery  
 Awaits him who shall find her when he come  
 At dusk - now shunned by her I weep in vain  
 And yet I do take heart; for all the unions  
 Now are joined to fight the layabouts  
 Who rise in warlike clamour 'tis East  
 Their profits to increase. Such things are good,  
 For they do wrap the universe about  
 In painful convolution. Thudly too  
 Shall all Chrysoth's wealth to me devolve,  
 To me alone; to me and no-one else  
 To none but I, the dweller of this skull  
 And of this fragile symposy of flesh  
 Wherein pulsating rivulets of gore  
 And other fluids too, I weep cascade  
 But of resisting lungs and nasty drops  
 I'll tell no more; they make me think of this  
 ... Of whose unholly fate I cannot think  
 Without two shudders: Silence for the cow!  
 I linger over verses, Eggs 'ith' oven!  
 Bridge in a pommer - (I woot) -  
 Now listen I aside to what shall lay!

[Lunges off, pig-all haps]

Re-enter Polo: Dejected I of all men quite the most  
 Melancholy, melancholy I  
 Should linger not awhile about this globe  
 Except that there has been, for hours, no bus!

(Gets a tin of mallets out of his pocket & a large (i.e. very large) map which he spreads out on the stage. He cracks about on it)

Now let us see! From here unto the wharf  
 By ~~road~~ <sup>mile</sup> three days, by ~~post~~ <sup>post</sup> three more  
 By automatic foot another four.



Marco Polo: How, transport lacking, should a sorry wight  
 Who, having cunningly compiled his task  
 Wherein to save his fortune, goes astray  
 Then find his way do distant wharves whereat  
 The multitudinous populace do see the  
 With bad intent but many a bulging purse  
 Loud and lusty they: and yet methinks  
 A bus should travel thence and fro, at least  
 So long as melancholy dogs the sole.  
 Oh, this age bereft of transport, this age,  
 A cringing relic of slow time it creeps  
 Like woodworm in a piece of Greek ceramic  
 Carving each rotten age my inner cares  
 To chaffy dust. Like bride become a mistress  
 Ravished once, to terminate each night  
 By sordid day, when the orgy ceases  
 And modesty becomes once more the rule.  
 Like bastard children, ever unfostered  
 We live our subatomic lives and die  
 Submerged beneath the acid, writhing sea  
 Where powdered continents unhouse the soul  
 Whose power contains the oceans thirist the land  
 Though they should strain so far in rhythmic pulse  
 Beswaged by sullen Selene's bequest  
 As doth a lunatic in times of fear  
 Who, rampant, steals the nunney a-by  
 Withal a furtive glance therein to cast  
 Just as doth the archivist of forestry  
 Whereas a modest copse he doth espy  
 And stealthily doth creep therein to take  
 A mossy handful of some rarer loam  
 And stink off homewards. Aye, that's how it is!

(Exit Polo)

Enter Chinaman. (THERE FOLLOWS A CADENZA FOR CHINAMAN) (Exit Chinaman.)

(Enter chorus, in a roted cylinder, his head just visible)

CHORUS: This Marco do a sorry wight: as are all  
 Whose fates we hear, the stunted, as the tall,  
 The horrid, sordid, nasty, <sup>the</sup> fair Rangoon  
 Whose pallid fate we read upon the Moon.

END OF ACT ONE



## ACT TWO

Scene I

Enter the CHORUS,

CHORUS : Whosoever fails to comprehend the plot  
 Shall baffled be a little longer, till  
 This explanation shall be told withal  
 Concerning him that bows shuns, with tales  
 To haunt the lucid mind with severed hands  
 and palms which grow where roses now have sprung  
 To hide the traces of the awful part.  
 Thus ~~was~~ Rangoon, by Schiller loved no more  
 Though visited by Polo, and by me -  
 In fact they all save Caryl - noble knight -  
 Who would not touch the dame his father raped -  
 Great is his honour, see his peerless fame  
 As when his wealth, from wisdom once accrued,  
 ... Shall cease to be, twin daughters of Rangoon  
 Shall swiftly be revealed and all made clear  
 Whence a father trips through dancing feasts  
 Without a murmur of contented pride  
 At what was bred by mothers; in the sea  
 Putresco, impotent, did lose his privates  
 Boiled in the very whirlpool of desire  
 Betwixt the ~~strong~~ evil mythologic twins  
 No shut unslampered with by Willet, he  
 Of whom we shall see more anon, perdes!

EXIT

Enter Schiller.

SCH. Sweet were her ways. Alike to dust we turn  
 Those nights, whom we dislike, putrescothers  
 Would liberate me from the coils of life  
 And almost would it please me. Save that -  
 Can blow my nose on what remains of her  
 Whose fate unholy doth not ease the way  
 To life's sad dusk, which no bright dawn shall follow.  
 The moon's a full it fear I cannot swallow.  
 Exit.

Enter Chinaman:

My porcelanity perhaps belieis  
 My deeper thoughts as do my slanting eyes. Exit.

Re-Enter SCHILLER.

SCH : Yond sticky field is worse for who should stay  
 A course in time beyond Poseidon's sail ...



...could

And though the time has shown the rotting noose  
Each night in love our rhymes are catalogued  
By keepers of the tower, long since locked

*Abandoned quite, for what need towers now?*

As yet devolved like Polo's treasure, held

... Too long in his unpleasant hand & wait!

For such as may inform me of the state

Of war in th' East where kings with Turks dispute  
and stain the sword with rank undotted drops.

Perhaps they're thwarted 'ere our land succumbs!

(EXIT)

## Scene II

Round the fountain near the wharf. Meg Ugg + Colq

Megalitha: You'll see him soon, he wanders hereabouts  
My sweet beloved. O Bosun to my arms  
Come and revive old love in new esteem.

Usquebaugh:

Colq

Melikes not travel amidst a load of loam.

Though no contagion, now can hurt our souls

Since I have found the ointment, found the balm

I do agree - but 'tis the only way

To love a man.

Enter Antipodes I

Antipod:

Will one of you wake maids

Do up my shoe? Of late I cannot stoop

For fighting with a seaman (whom I beat),

The sacral vein was severed - see this scar,

Meg. (to Ugg.)  
Colq.

That's he who beat my sweetheart - sorry boor!

Then I'll do him. I'll score a vidual soul

With vital bites; instead of doing-up

Podant:

... (She whispers inaudibly. Meg giggles approvingly)

Or if you wait, some sailor will doze

Who leans upon a bollard in the dock

Reducing all, though un-reduced by man

Meg (interrupts!)

Ugg

Colq.

'Tis he! My love! (Runs, slips on some spilt loam, falls in harbour, [groans.]

Oh nose, poor Megalith!

I'll pity not, but rather save my heat

On all these apples strewn about the way

See how their rotund aspect dominates

The scene - for you, sir, he may be your ~~step~~ (Points to Bosun standing with back to us)



Antipod: What old romantic rubbish, old crotch?  
 What wallow this, of cods or other fish  
 What fruit? - FRUIT

Bosun

It is the fruit of fallen leaves  
 That stain the rosy cheeks of weeping maids  
 And make supposing men to puff at their eyes  
 And shun the reckless pallor of the heart  
 That craves the goals of fortune temperate  
 And sweats before the bleeding heart of love  
 Who bleeds there still

Antipod:

As I have cried tonight  
 Against the rising pallor of the Moon  
 Which threatens new upheaval in these trials  
 Of which the only rumour is report  
 Loud bruted round by one who, sick at heart  
 Has come here for an hour to lose his sight  
 In drowning shankage of the miser's head  
 Whose savage instincts hunger 'neath the deck  
 Whereon the corded bales with humus rank  
 in lying...

Bosun

I must leave at once. Goodday! [he goes]

Antipod:

For godsake, some might die my shoelace. Damn!  
 The heel of this my shoe is now so thin  
 That any needle lying in my way  
 Should outright pierce it. Nonetheless, I deem,  
 These maidens, of the two that now remain,  
 Inasmuch as yet unraped they,  
 I shall remove to this place of my sloop  
 That whoso doubts may see before their eyes  
 The staining of so yet a whitened scarf,  
 The sighted wharf is succour to my eyes  
 And into time I am unclothed to go!  
 But first, a thing or two I must prepare  
 A loincloth for the king in anagram.  
 A poisoned garment - death shall pierce his loins.

Megalitha appears no whit dry. Ctg. + Uoy embrace her & go  
 If am in am with Antipodes.



Scene III

Boy: Shall Schiller's scape Putresco's dice intent?  
 Shall Putresco hide his wrath whereas the sun  
 Shall swamp this sailor's moon for aye & all?  
 Shall Polo gain good Gonzalo's wealth? I fear  
 That clamorous strife shall bald his scurfy pate  
 And strip his last remaining strength away  
 From angels he loves

Servant His plans do wax apace  
 And, if no speedy action unto them shoot  
In finding what was found out there before.  
 I'll have no master soon.

Boy As have I now  
Aadder are than aye; his fetid grows -  
 He climbs a tree and eat the branches, soon  
 He'll burst!

Servant Shows he Putresco?  
 Boy Aye, I will!  
 But also him Putresco, no?

Servant Indeed  
For jealousy! That handkerchief he owns,  
That spotted, blunty, odious piece of cloth,  
Was once a garment better talked of by  
For fear the master-tailor be enraged  
At what has happened since.

Boy No chance of that.  
 I'll optimize and notify no ~~aspect~~ aspect  
for in my pocket rankles such a weed  
As may, betimes, be burnt, or, failing, shunned  
in null-perception of the mystery  
Of underclothes + blankets in the dark.  
Produces a pogo stick and oils it

Servant: Waste no more loan on transport's vileful toys!  
 I'll show you now a key, at great expense  
With whose protection Schiller, when imbued,  
shall scale the heights of wisdom, scaling too  
 The abandoned tower which now contains (unknown  
 To all but me and Polo) the kingdom's heir  
 On whom shall oft-times fall th' admiring glance  
 Of all - unless the eastern rebels' cause  
 Kindles yet further bloody wars.  
 again



Boy: But what if aught of regal ill-intent  
Should scan our promises & find the lack  
For which, in time, our tears shall cease to flow?

Servant: Then none but we shall serve the country's cause  
In cying in the arms of our sweet maid.

Boy: Ay, 'tis a solemn task and worthy still  
Of me and of confederates abroad  
Who now alas have me a Schiller, wealthy,  
Thus conniving 'gainst all manner of men,  
Abandoned to the storm of market's lie.  
A greater kernel, smacking of remorse  
The spheres of heav'n ungratefully to lead  
The sceptred laid. The cobble seeks no aim  
And all in all ~~the~~ I find none in the game. [Exit]

Servant (alone): This lad's a sight unseemly to behold  
And sadder than of yore, as if he held  
The leaden tree of apple-time, bereft  
Of perfume on his fingertips or ~~lost~~  
Unsoiled by pristine sediment, by loam.

Enter BLAKKAN  
DEKKA: What talk of loam? Are you the cargo-dog?

Servant: Sir, before I do reply to this,

B.D: You guard this cargo? Do you serve the King  
Or what brave warrior? Shall you take this bribe  
In token of my goodness!

Servant: I shall cry.

B.D: I shall beat you for the pate, if I ~~catch~~  
Or groan it...

Servant: My love has got up away + gone!  
She shuns me now; I'll get her back anon.

Blakkan rushes off after him. [Exit servant.]  
Fighting: the wings, the servant is dragged back on.

B.D: Thou wouldst escape my question, feeble knave?

Servant: No what!

B.D: Then tell me, wher's the way to Klars?

Servant: If war is what you want, no doubt the King  
Will give a new commandment. No one cares.



CARYBDIS: The sun is set: the harsh horizon's line  
 Untrodden by nor tram nor pulley-car  
 Is cut by fair Selene's rising-glow:  
 The day which fates shall undergo a change  
 Inescorably shifting its fair gaze  
 From ~~our~~ mirror-eyes to watches in the sky  
 Where migrant swallows ape the sailor's ghost  
 And that of her whose tower, useless now  
 Is lost to sight.

Enter Marco Polo:

POLO: But not to mine, my son!

(Aside) (I'll show him favour till my plans mature)

I have this hour hatched an egg so fresh  
 That not the swarthiest princeling could discern  
 How noble was its aim

Changed

No treason here!  
 O father mine, thou hast betrayed my honour  
 With even mention of the old Magee  
 Or Willott - call him what you please - for if  
 He happen by my window on his head  
 I shall bestow thereon a wreath of pride  
 To snare his feet in bands of hollow'd woe.

POLO: My son, my son, you misconstrue my aims  
 I have no guile, no evil plan - fie, fie  
 Buy, son, buy an ox. Invest in farming  
 Or something else.

Voice off

My shoes done up too tight

POLO But that's the sign. I now must go, Carybd  
 Have trust that time will serve us. Wellaway. [Exit]

CARYBD. Ah, were he not my father, would I doubt  
 His wholeness and fair purpose. But the state  
 Demands solidity - + life in death  
 Were not a baleful thing if love were cast  
 Beyond the family tree. This firewood seems  
 A token of the rival peasant's cause  
 Which I shall burn within my weeping hearth  
 Not far from here

Voice off

My shoes too tight!

POLO: My button's are undone; and now my tie...  
 All right, all right! I the first time, sold  
 Pray show this place - return to your old hole!



Enter Merchant and Putresco.

sc 4

PUTRESCO. Have you perused my plans? Answer I pray  
Those questions I demand of you, and then  
Be silent ~~ever~~ more. Despite the waxing moon  
(As shipmen tell, contingent to their craft)  
We have still time, if all is done with haste  
To scourge the infidel's unholy lands  
And quell the warring easterner's revolt.

Enter BLAKKON JERKA

BLAKKON (in thick foreign accent) I seek the King Pray tell me, sis, where I  
May crenelake...

PUTRESCO:

Get hence! A very traitor's come!

The murd'rous Easterner will rue this day  
He came to earn his mercenary coin.

But soft! Tell I the King, a hero I,

Of what my sword has wrought; O lustrous steel!

(Drawing his sword)

BLAKKON Touch not thy sword - hostile am I not  
I come to bargain. See you now this jewel...

PUTRESCO Fie, tis a wonder! Had I that, I wot

My galleons could decay & I would laugh,  
Tripping my way through gardens fair, to sing  
To madden my maid;

BLAKKON Aside (Aha, he falls!)

My doleful sis, I'll buy you tears of joy  
If but the unshipped beam that resting now  
He cast about the harbour, fed to cats

And lost - and if your bow to me accrue

That now doth linger on the loamy shore

For I must scape, once all my work is done.

PUTRESCO When work is done, the labourer dismays

And racks his brain; but I, grown rich sans toil

Shall welcome now the pause which leads to lust

PUT.

There follows a pause in which Megalitha sidles on  
What ho! Fair mead, unbeknownst of neither wight  
We may enjoy, unsaid nor known; although...

MEG:

Good sis, your needs must come.

BLAKKON:

And all shall know what thives in Blakkon's brain.  
But not before their blood d'his scarf dot the stain.



PUTRESCO: (To Megalitha) Good maid, I needs must stay. A second pact shall soon be sealed - perchance even may I flee to distant Basibode where now the moon upholds her face as yours of late do mine Has been revealed.

MEGALITHA: But in this exigent (whatever the term may mean) I kick the chain And quit such graces as your honesty may offer me: I pray you now depart.

Putresco This foreign man, this negro of the pole (Although his small and gait offend me), is of noble deed, and wealth unknown to them who ply this loamy shore + hawk the pen for rough-hewn bargains.

MEGALITHA: Sir, I beg to know how long must I await your coming?

PUTRESCO Wretch! My advent is unknown to all save me And he a pauper. (turns to Blakkon).

Now, my friend, we see the final terms of this our treaty... But in care see well you hold this document five times entwined about with sturdy cord And in the boot of this my 'bus enclosed. I cannot trade with whoring thieves.

Blakkon Meg Nor I!

PUTRESCO This man... Be still! Good sir, you know me not + I am glad to know no whit of you! Until you've paid me 80 goats in zinc The loam that rightly lies on yonder tilth is mine!

Blakkon No trade! You are a dappish oaf! I shun you!

P. Spare my haunts! I go. Goodday. (Turns on his heel and leaves. As he drives off the plan blows out of the 'bus window and drops to earth.)

Blakkon + Megalitha slide off aim in aim ignoring the plan.



Enter CARYBDIS with a dog.

C. Would that I knew my father's true intent  
 In giving this blue poodle to my cave  
 That it in exercise and true renown  
 I might not chasten; how's the "being done"  
 Beside the possibilities of art  
 Or ought of similar or better kind  
 To reconcile with "doing having been"?  
 And further, now, what existential claims  
 Can any make on owners of large hounds  
 As large as may a god, in being small  
 ... Deride for having little strength to bear  
 Between the consequence and time's reproof.

Heria Schiller: Good Carybd! Had I thought no whit to see  
 The cousin of the King in this foul zone  
 Where good and evil largely interfuse  
 In growing up I had not caught this cold  
 And sickly temper. Carybd, tell me now  
 My handkerchief so blue + white - last seen?  
 'Tis gone, I grieve to say.

CARYBD.

Of blue and white?  
 Methought one such as that on yonder path  
 I saw ...

SCHILLER

You fetid cur consumes it quite!

(Aims an ineffectual kick at dog and  
 stoops to retrieve handkerchief.)

Get hence, vile mongrel, sate your hunger dire  
 on other fare. But lo, my cloth 'tis not.

'Tis sundry scribbings were it a plan

Of what or who I cannot tell. The light  
 Is fading now. Or no! Perhaps my eyes

Paltered of late, - I know not why - expire

Charybdis

Forget your silly eyes! Let's see the plan.

Me seems it were the merchandise of those

Who trade in tiller his majesty t'annure

And banish far the cares of regal love

Unto infernal zones. Is't Pluto's hand?

Fit, no, my father writes not thus. Perhaps

Th'abuse of calligraphic skill could tell

Us all that we would know.

Schiller

Seek we the docks?

You'll lead me there - perhaps to Antipod,  
 Perhaps to fame; or, failing that, to God.



Polo : Come fi darn diddle ... no ... how nuss that song?  
 (To the straining of an ill-tuned zither)  
 Fie, I have quite forgot ... Sing Fiddle-oddle-oy!

The house of Polo fell a-drum  
 In rubble lies the throne  
 The noble Bosun gains the crown  
 + wins the fair Ran ...

(A loud banging off-stage  
 Polo stops singing and looks  
 round in amazement.)

What happens thereby? A furnace or a fight?  
 Foundry or Fitticuffs? Felony or Fish?  
 A fashion of ...

Enter Schiller + Chaybdi with a document

S: What traitor made this club  
 Whereby the richest source of excellent loam  
 Is severed in its prime? The King's gone mad!

Chaybdi : Is this the wharf? Is this the dock you meant?  
 Is this the haven whence our wealth derived?

Polo : Whose is your comely sloop, at anchor there?  
 It is the sloop of Hams, he of yore  
 Beknownst to us who patronized his club  
 Ere that the Sheriff closed it in his ire  
 And bade the smugglers roosting there depart.

Sch: But he's best spoke of law or not at all!  
 Polo : Aye, that is so. But in this time of strife  
 Such matters cannot fail to be discussed  
 With anyone

Chaybdi : Nor less the like of us!  
 Sch: Aye so! Well spoken, Chaybdi of That ilk.

Polo : And yet, this sombre chant, what reckes it us?  
 My distant kin, the monarch, now is crazed  
 With treason's breath; his love, so long forgot  
 Should plague him sooner than the loss of loam  
 If either were as true.

Polo : We'll do the king!  
 Make haste and we'll forestall his sickening!

(EXEUNT)



Enter MERCHANT, muttering to himself

sc 6

MERCHANT : ... But our unneeded naval chances yet  
Beside all likely letterings surmised  
Broken over rapid lurching archery  
No direction sounded in its shots.  
So hit us truly underneath, perchance,  
Od's kitchen!

enter a carriage of ill, within, a new heroine!

LILLIAN :

Pray reveal the way to Mars!

No dice! - Peel each dumpp equally  
Between the knees of laceration's ken  
Dividing yet unwholesome from unsound  
O speech, what are love's doubts to thee?  
O Lewis kin, so soon at last in joy  
Why doubt'st thou yet the perjures of sin?  
Now can I do thee anything! But harm,  
But mischief, even jealousy forgets  
The passing of those sweet untroubled hours  
Between the sea & sunset, midst the faws  
Of ~~step~~ sepulchres and granaries. My soul  
Will e'er be tortured till rest is made  
By envy now surprising our new sons,  
The kingdom's heirs and nuptial hopes, those four  
prevaricate, libido is now grazed  
By a quick arrow. Lined along its path  
By rays uncurled & loosed from feeling's grasp  
By grief. I have no choice but weeping sorrow  
Unrelenting: them who laugh, I'll dash  
these jackanapes to death upon the rock  
As I am bound to live, a sorrow's sore.  
Go, then, dull melancholy, clear my path  
Although I'll walk no more. My limbs are weak.

Enter HARRIS, who stands silent as Lillian continues.



LILLIAN could: As much as by ignoring I can claim  
 By close attention would the worse appear  
 To scrutiny, whose hallowed archway  
 Supports the roof of honesty and faith  
 Unhindered by parameters, unborne  
 Before the swelling wind; my own desires  
 In often wrapping scattered through the park  
 Display unto all men the ways of love  
 And yet I am not roundly shamed by all!  
 By all and sundry, every one who comes  
 To rest between the walls of haphy chases  
 Or while away the hours; They spin me all  
 As one the King of Crete rebuffed my aunt  
 And threw her from his chamber as a cat  
 Ejects a mouse or ~~rejects~~ of their rodent base

Harris this wessity + bechans merchant.

Lillian: from silver plinth or podium of zinc  
 Unto the uncircumcised menageries  
 Of come irresistible of chains  
 Entitled as the crusty cuckoo-clock  
 Unpauelled. God has given him a son  
 Whose name shall long ring out amongst the clouds  
 Where women are forgiven half their sins  
 And doubly me the others - as is just -  
 Till they should lead a purer life up there  
 Bereft of all save haps and wings - such trash  
 As poets say of in the days of yore

Merchant:  
 I have not heard the like of this before  
 Me seems 'twere vile insanity to ~~me~~  
~~where~~ Pinnocchio's revenge  
 HARRIS  
 Merchant: Aye!  
 HARRIS: Even Kirkegaard's!  
 Merchant: Aye, even so!  
 Harris A notion: Here's a pension, here's a game  
 Wherein to castigate the reckless one  
 Or any right that haps across my path  
 In ill-revival's habit; garment - south  
 Where to the zones of serendipity  
 Which seethes in tidal friction, as the sea.  
 (EXIT)

When all was jewels glistening on sand,  
 And cloudless suns shone down upon the napes  
 And shins of unborn babes, as yet unbarked  
 In ears of boat life seeped in potent dreams  
 Of malt or else of sick-brewed Coitican fine  
 Beneath the scurds of aeropostal lust  
 Such as is mine (when any lust I feel)  
 For any right that haps across my path  
 Bowed; Kennelled dog of each man's brain  
 Which seethes in tidal friction, as the sea  
 Engulfs each vomiting sea-new-age, and eun,  
 Ostrich, Cassowary, even she ...  
 a curtain falls as her muttering.



Lillian gropes her way out from underneath the curtain:

LIL: Ye gods! The climate is unsuitable  
 The sky falls down & suffocates a night  
 Who stands unvarying: thus I like no wit,  
 As little as the toad the errant stoat  
 Which lurks yond swamp therein, and sleeps by day  
 To strike the night away. This oven do I  
 Now eschew. But hither! Who hither wends?  
 'Tis no-one. All my senses are deceived!  
 I cry alone, and bustling-like I fly  
 From hill to hill in search of nourishment  
 And sduce (in the form of pancakes good)  
 And other sweet repast.

Enter MARCO POLO

MP: Weep not, sweet maid,  
 Or if you must, pray ~~not~~ do not spoil your gown

He kneels beside her

LILLIAN: Sis, your kindness is most welcome here,  
 For many nights I have not met with sleep  
 Though I have sought him in the halls and streets  
 And Hygnos' shady bowers.

MP

But why such sorrow?  
 The day is bright; see yonder Phoebus' fire  
 Come with me! We'll roast a sausage there  
 And laugh the day away in meadows green  
 Where dormice chatter and the cricket sings  
 The hay will keep us warm a nights, and love  
 By day shall do the same; Ah, bliss!

LILLIAN

MP

Aye so! (Falls in a joyous swoon)  
 Sweet maid, Oh dearest Lillian  
 Now folds the lily all her sweetness up  
 As if to close and be a bud again  
 And slip into the bosom of the lake  
 An whole exposal of the grave. My love  
 An you'll but walk a little while with me  
 I'll <sup>show</sup> you all the secrets of the heart  
 And of sweet contentment soon shall be our lot  
 Oh Marco take me hence and succor me  
 With ardent love — or else a cup of tea!  
 My love, I shall. (Exeunt)

LILLIAN  
 (reiving)  
 MP



CARYBDIS makes an attempt vainly to escape from his pursuing poodle.

sc 7

C: Oh, curse this cur which ever dogs me thus!  
 His fur is fetid; foul his stobbing tongue  
 And fleas infest ~~his~~ his nether limbs and head  
 With nange and cankers is he stricken sore  
 And with dull groans doth ease his palsied lot  
 Inevitable, alas, by physic's might  
 Poor dog!

Enter BOSUN:

BOSUN: Hey, master, stop! Now listen, please  
 Stay not your ear, eschew not my entreaty  
 Give your mouth's expression moment's sense  
 That with my own you'll fill the vacant mind,  
 That now possess we both - equally so,  
 shall our dull sentences be not unspoken  
 without such null sermone as you befit  
 And shall be found withal.

CARYBD:

Yet, if not quite  
 I fear... Begone, you mongrel, spare my skin! (This to the dog which barks and bites his skin).

BOSUN

Speak not thus! This dog's no dog, I woot!  
 It's but a second coming, if you will,  
 (Presaging matters better talked of later  
 or in the guise of muddled syntax kind)  
 of one long gone ~~or~~ now in sundry essence  
 Transfigured. See! It begs to know what time  
 It shall be fed - prosaic, ay, 'tis true  
 But, thinking of our former woes, we see  
 the paucity of thought abounds this ~~stuffed~~ globe  
 where madmen ride the waves: so think again. Exit

CARYBD:

I feel angry and confused, nay greatly, much  
 But if... Bites me again, or rambles cur?  
 Go, dog! You like I little like, belike;  
 What was I saying? Yes, if... Ah, my calf! (Dog again attacks)  
 Those fetid cur.

Takes out a revolver and shoots dog four times

This death is need for thee. Exit



## Enter MERCHANT &amp; PUTRESCO

PUTRESCO: In honour shall my promise be fulfill'd

MERCHANT: This I welcome, good Putresco. Listen  
I'm told there is a plot against our liege  
Wherein is sought a threefold benison  
(for doubtful purpose) for the seamen, mostly,  
And maybe at the cost o' the monarch's head!

PUT: This have I also heard, good merchant, but  
It's known of by so few that, by my sooth,  
'T would do no harm to bruit it far abroad  
In hope to stop it. But of my own plan  
I would say as yet but little. Wait!  
I hear a muffled footstep. Let us hide!

(They dive behind two barrels, doubtless containing some merchandise)

Then shortly, waiting a clanking. Enter Meg, Uag, Colq, in chains,  
~~and~~ led by old Trolleyman.

TROLLEYMAN: I know not who the order gave that I  
These tender maids should lead who I will & cry  
yet since it has been given, I'll obey  
To gain a little more hard-earned pay.  
So maids, be not unkind, do not chastise,  
For I am but another in disguise!  
But whose yet awhile I may't disclose  
Or I'll have but eightyfold my woes.  
Come now, we must on way took pursue  
To fill the purpose now I veil the dwe.

Colq. falls to the ground, unable to stand any more.

USQUEBAUGH: Oh, cruel chains! See how our sister faints!  
Why are we thus condemned - I pray you, squeak!

COLQUHOUN: I cannot, Uag, I cannot stand again,  
My tibia is fractured and I bleed  
From every sanguinary vein I have,  
My lymph evaporates, my brain expires  
And now I cannot breathe.

USQ:  
MEG:

Oh help, ye Gods  
For God's sake, Trolleyman fetch water quickly



TROLLEYMAN: My sweet & gentle maids, I'll sooth your thirst  
 With nectar sweet, from yonder barrel ~~to~~ burst  
 Whatever be found within I'll give you straight  
 To sooth the wound in beautiful Edgemoor's pate  
 I know you'll take my kindness not amiss  
 In giving you ... But wery, now, what's this?  
 Moves barrel exposing the shameful Putresc, red of visage he.

Also, the drives of the two is here ~~underneath~~  
 Above the ground; fall'n prey, mayhap, to beer  
 I know not why this man should lee here so  
 I'll try and rouse the wight; Good Putresc, Ho!

PUTRESCO: Poke not my ribs, and leave my kidneys whole  
 Nor dice betwix my liver for a stew, -  
 I'll not be tampered with, I say. Begone!

TROLLEYMAN: But sir, this maid stands ready to expire  
 And needs some fluid to extinct the fire  
 Which now is kindled in her sheltered thigh  
 Which must be leeches she not sadly die  
 And so ...

PUTRESCO: ... Good Merchant, come! Thou know'st first aid,

MERCHANT: Oh, sir, if any man the science have  
 Wherby our sister may be saved, then let him  
 Show his face and skillful hand.

PUTRESCO: Merchant!  
 Good Merchant! He's behind this barrel hid ... (moves it)

MERCHANT: All right, all right, I'll not withhold my skill (Assumes medical cover & gas)  
 Now then what have we here? A rancid leg?  
 Methinks a septic clod of some ail  
 Known, infected with lymphatic nodes.  
 A sickness dire & strange - and hard to cure!  
 We'll amputate it straight - but wheris my axe? (May Colg Vag faint as one)

PUTRESCO: Good merchant come, we have no cause for staying  
 And with each hour we wait our plans do rot  
 Bind we this wight - he shall prove us not.

They stuff the trolleyman into a barrel & best a hasty retreat.



Scene XI

BLAKKON: I do detest this whole deceitful guise  
 This sordid accent, this black-painted skin,  
 And yet without it how ~~to~~ 'll our cause be won?  
 I needs must keep it up awhile. Oh fie! (kicks a pebble angrily)  
 These cares weigh heavily upon my pate  
 As does this tiresome furring up I spot.  
 Hey-ho! The envy of the regal heart  
 Shall be my downfall, my demise, my death  
 Unless I can dissuade the aims of those  
 Who do love the regalia and her friends  
 In hope to gain - I know not what, in truth -  
 Some petty artefact, or else her love  
 For aught that such a palsied love be worth

Enter HARRIS

HARRIS: Be greeted, Blakkon, with of whole intent  
 And never-doubted worth!

BLAKKON: What flattery

HARRIS: Is this? I trust it not. Who, sir, are you?  
 My name I shall ~~not~~ say, for if I did...

BLAKKON: But why will no man say his name to me?  
 I am a stranger here - no ought I know.

HARRIS: Be not unkind <sup>for evil</sup> ~~in~~ purposes  
 Are hid within the hearts of many men  
 Who therefore do unwish their purpose known  
 But I am honest, sir! My name is... (er)... Chipmunk  
 Who are you?

BLAKKON: I am Blakkon, sturdy  
 Not prepared to have "one up, one down"  
 And am not profligate in love or commerce:  
 A simple wight I am, so unlike all  
 I've met here yet. Er... "Chipmunk" wast you said?

HARRIS: That's so!  
 BLAKKON: Thy parentage was doubtless strange  
 (Unknown indeed) and this may be the cause  
 For such a scrobbious name.

HARRIS: Indeed, that's so!  
 Aside (What dolls are born today who speak such trash)  
 Now let me tell you of my good intent.  
 But pray sit down - by aces you seem quite bent.



BLAKKON : Well, sir, good Chipmunk, I my fate shall tell,  
 And you'll be so do pity moved you'll weep  
 More pearly tears than e'er the Nile  
 did flood upon his delta plains. Your pity  
 which you with such great kindness show me now  
 shall be requited, sir, by this my state  
 which, I'll be bound, would seek with the stormiest heat  
 That ever headache held or which belike  
 Rack'd by internal, nay, infernal pains  
 That in my muscles now doth swell, as fire  
 As was good Patroclus's horse, some moons ago  
 Upon the spongy banks of Po marooned  
 And lapped by ~~the~~ all the Adriatic's waves  
 In happy flood...

HARRIS :

Sir, mistake you not  
 My thoughts. Your speech is boring, long, and loud  
 I shall not hear it out. I go.

(Exit.)

BLAKKON :

Alas!

How, audience lacking, should a sorry black  
 Retain the attention of this horrid tribe  
 Of whom, ~~was~~ neerer, your Chipmunk is as one!  
 I am not fitted for this land, wherein  
 All manner rights are blunt and passing rude  
 And shun my delicate soul.

He falls do his knees & burst into tears.

I weep! my soul!

Oh Phoebus, now consume these surly folk (stretching up to sun)  
 Oh, burn their aird hearts and palsied heads  
 Or else, sage Nimbus, on their ~~heads~~ persons pour (stretching up to a cloud)  
 Your sweaty beverage. But no, hold back  
 Two days! I would a stoop parlor, in which  
 The whelzing ocean would I quaff in travel  
 Back to my native negro-bittered pole,  
 Where I was born in 'priced hostage state  
 And youthful, dunned. But this I shun for now,  
 Where I have been unhappy. Now do the docks  
 Where I can steal some bark - then Homeward head  
 But quick, that Chipmunk comes again. I flee  
 And ne'er shall aught what more be seen of me!

(Exit as presaged.)

A Heavy footstep approaches.



Enter Harris with a shopping bag

HARRIS: Now I have bought the things I need to make  
 The wheelbarrow for this, my dice plan.  
 This broom will serve to hold it all together  
 As doth the final twig the winchats' nest  
 Until a tearing gust of Zephyr's power  
 Receive the structure of its purpose falling  
 Through the fuzzy undergrowth to land  
 And scatter all the ~~leaves~~ young about the ground  
 Which now doth echo with their ~~the~~ treble shrill  
 Attracting from afar eight predators  
 To house the diversity ribs of Hesperus  
 Who, as a seaman, wends from lands afar  
 Scouring the ocean's clamor for his wage  
 That at some distant haven waits his coming  
 As does his sorrowing wife, lonely and grim  
 With windy chutney on his sandwiches  
 Await his swift return; the nestlings then  
 Espouse their mothered warmth of nesting-time  
 And me their builder-parents lack of skill  
 That caused their first and only home to fall —  
 As did the depot, raked by ~~precipitous~~ forest fire  
 That distant day when Putresc shirked his job  
 And brusched the non-existent street alone;  
 So shall my broomstick seal ~~the~~ my nascent plan  
 As melt when a blob of molten ochrish wax  
 Some regal missive brought from lands afar  
 To this sole purpose.

(He looks around him in dismay).  
 My broomstick... is it lost?

Where ~~is~~ is it gone? Into what canopy vanished?  
 What sprite has wrenched it from my watchful grasp  
 When I was looking at my script? Oh woe!  
 Evaporation of unwholesome sticks  
 Which circumscribe the threshold of this life  
 Aye, and of death, I do not doubt 'tis true,  
 That who would walk, must never shun the shoe.

Enter Chimaman, ill at health:

My porcelanity congeals!

Exit Chimaman.

Re-enters, spits twice, and leaves.

Exit.



Enter SCHILLER and SERVANT. They begin to play at darts.

SC 10

SCH. I wonder what relations might it was  
Who took from underneath my very gaze  
That plan we found?

SERV. *Age sir, 'tis passing strange.*

SCH: It's more than that: it doth surpass all wit  
That man do know. This sharpened steel perchance  
shall find it me.

SERV: *But not before the night*  
When darkness as a magic cloak shall be  
About our persons bound - then need we fear  
No whit of treachery.

SCH: Save Putresc's: he.

SERV Indeed? Then I in him am much deceived  
Methought the him a sight of dull intents  
Incapable of aught but carpentry.

SCH: Would it were thus! He aims to cripple me  
With that his bus wherein of late he plied  
His doubtful trade of vegetables & fruit.  
Now has he tuned the engine, sponged the sides,  
And clothed ~~the seats~~ with new upholstery the seats  
That all may think him hon'rabl and true.  
He's now a businessman respectable  
Or so would seem.

SERV: Perhaps his true intent

Is just as it appears.

SCH: *No, no, my man!*  
Canst not discern a villain when thou seest?

SERV Not since that horrid boy destroyed my sight  
Wherefor I play so badly now at darts (which has been manifest)

SCH Indeed! 'Tis comforting to win sometimes  
Unless it presages a greater loss  
Like yours. I weep for you, I sympathise (which is patently not the case)

SERV: Master, I'm touched by your tears and pity so  
That I could never think of doing thee  
Such harm as once I... No, as Putresc would.

SCH: I'll stake your word for this, but let's play on...



SERV. No, noble wight, I faith I shun this game

SCH: You'll not unless it hap I give you leave!  
 But out of pity for your <sup>blind</sup> state  
 I'll do this now: ~~we shall~~ <sup>we'll</sup> quit this <sup>irksome</sup> spot  
 For cares of state oppress me still, that nap,  
 That <sup>secret</sup> screen of sevenfold <sup>straw</sup>  
 Has from me quite been <sup>rob'd</sup>! O Cursed Wight  
 O eightfold expectorated he!  
 Now may he be in warm <sup>saliva</sup> down'd,  
 And <sup>stopped</sup> by the wooden cork of <sup>hate</sup>...  
 But cease intemperance - a must be found

SERV: Then I, as doth befit thy trusty slave  
 Shall saddle thirty miles at thy behest  
 And seek that thing.

SCH: Thou'lt earn thy silver wage  
 Four times repeated, if thou findest me him  
 Who stole that gilded scrap.

SERV: O master! master!  
 I hear one in the neighbouring room who weeps...  
 Schiller notes to door, discharges a small pistol into the  
 neighbouring, <sup>darkened</sup>, room

A cry is heard. Antipodes crawls onstage: paragon's agony.

ANTIPODES: Good sir, I cannot know the cause wherefore  
 You've fed my back with steeley bullets four  
 And spill my <sup>reined</sup> blood upon the floor  
 Whose wastage all economists deplore.  
 Before I go, I'll tell you this and more:  
 When death you dealt me through your wooden door  
 I vowed that I should speak my sins out loud  
 Before collapsing, or I die, before  
 I shun this glabrous repose: explore  
 My great welt pockets. What you find there, <sup>core</sup>  
 I from the body of <sup>ransom</sup>. I implore  
 You, <sup>was not worth</sup> for I am stricken sore  
 With conscience & with bullets. My life does <sup>thaw</sup>  
 And now I'll dwell in <sup>hades</sup>, ever dead  
 Expires he!

SERVANT:

SCHILLER

Aye, let's cut off quick his head.

Exeunt ~~leaving~~ <sup>bearing</sup> his body, to a sprightly jig.



# ACT THREE

44

## Scene I

The BOSUN is discovered sitting alone a bollard & the dock.  
It is early morning. The BOSUN is smoking a long pipe.

Enter HARRIS

HARRIS: Bosun, hast thou seen my pelican?

Largish and blue as was Caryl's dog,

BOSUN: I cannot stay - although your words so bland  
Beguile me neither whilst I wait nor while,  
For I have urgent business at the court

Which I eschew for smoking 'bunc my pipe . . .

HARRIS: Enough of this: my pelican I care  
With hanting music shall I bid him come  
And house him once again aboard my sloop  
Together with my twelve castrated frogs

My forty pelicans - my menagerie

Of chipmunks, wimpy mums, & other wrights  
Of purpose incomplete and scarcely whole  
Hallow the anger of the long-dead note.

[Exit

BOSUN: I needs must leave, on pressing business bent. (EXIT

Re-enter HARRIS

HARRIS: A wily ruse was that to rid the Bosun  
Of this fair place - or it of him, generosity!

Let now my ready plan, as like the nest  
Of pipit, threatened by the kestrel, when

The postal dues increase on civil strife

Beruhnt! I know not what it means indeed  
To speak thus in such dull circuitous wise

Of vapour's indecision! To the rat

Should roundly circumcise whereas the moon

In Zeus's garments stides his gavel through

To throw a pair of slaps upon the road  
and drown in ~~to~~ with each philatelic star

Bearders! What is sanity to me?



Scene II

Enter Putresco driving a lorry loaded with apples.

PUTRESCO: Choice apples, red or lilac, I now eat  
 And soon shall spew. I like them not — no whiff!  
 Although my master's store they quite have filled  
 And bruised each one like the Trojan through  
 They now do fester: their plenteous  
 execrable! My servant come! Why waitst?

BOY: I could not find the bus of which you spake  
 Long though I searched withal; my closest whim  
 To none I met upon my search I told  
 To use but those whom harmony betrays  
 The spoken bus.

PUTRESCO

Thou useless jagged! Thou thing!

Who speakst of "bus" when knowing less than I.  
 Thou vilest boi, who shuts the door of use  
 Upon the face of any who might dare  
 A Dresden Noah — imminent Larousse  
 Of western hist'ry — see my knowing gaze  
 As here and there, unheeded yet it falls,  
 And uttering betimes a strangled sob  
 Redeems, most utterly, my fractured dreams.

BOY: O master! Be thou not unduly harsh  
 Throw no more spanners at my legs, I beg  
 Nor wield that crowbar more above my neck  
 In breaking twice what Nature sundered first  
 To heal in sacred fire. My bones are charmed  
 And shall not snap again without recoil!  
 But if to wound my nose you dare attempt  
 I shall avenge my silent offering  
 In rotten finny cargoes, tepid through!

PUTRESCO: O, pardon me, ye gods! In sickness dire  
 I shun my dire mistakes, as I have wrought  
 All kind of evil deeds which now I see  
 As doth the vengeful Harris — prolix he!  
 And as my rival Schiller, whom now I flee!

EXIT in haste as Sch. strides on.



### Scene III

46

Enter SCHILLER. At night. *This scene*

Sch: Pray on, bark yawning goat, lest others tread  
The murderous folly gashed now with soap  
And smoothish oils to grease the eager hand  
Unwanting; caddled in the sky of Pees...  
But he - like to the Balsamin speak I now  
In rough-shod ungrammatical repartee  
My mind with clatter like my teeth, like dormice  
Clandestine harkings of narrow man.

Costumes skyward - dawn beginneth to glaze.

Come, spanning Phoeb., the vanguard of the day  
My vineyard takes grace with winking glow  
And spread thy dewy fingers o'er this vale  
like Circe's comets shining; debonair  
As all the other orbs in heaven are not  
Thy rightly selves. ~~And~~ *And* shun the brightened glass  
Which reaps itself until fond night departs

Enter Tolleyman:

Comestibles I bring to break your fast  
Ye've every dish, eaten from first to last  
By kings of yore is curled in this bowl  
And with the worst befits this wretched hole  
Whose none but slug or crab importunate  
~~See also~~ E'en ills or Nautilus boring through my pate  
Lament, in need, Diana's acid rout  
As does the greasy heron hereabout

~~Comestibles~~  
Schiller

(emotionally) Pray silence. See the melting dawn arise  
As Peter Pan lopes dimly through the skies  
Observe the stars extinguished one by one  
Consumed by Zeus; they are his breakfast him  
The Milky Way is drunk, and Mars consumed  
In bellicose intestines all consumed.  
This day shall be more joyful than such as we ...



shiller ..... More fateful e'en than they who shun the docks  
 for fear their ankles fettered be; for shame  
 of what may happen hereabouts, or there  
 where jilly taws in some connance scheme  
 To ~~increase~~ increase of seamen's pay;  
 Further afield, by Afric's sable shores  
 I left my first love weeping by the gun  
 her ~~pleas'd~~ dead; & was it not my lot  
 To know the future of each mortal soul  
 to scan with puissant lens, as Othoborn did  
 Secret astrologer of Rangon's crew  
 whose tower Cellio built, whose ramp  
 led skyward, fashioned by the King, who bore  
 All artefacts of use, all ~~astrolabes~~ astrolabes  
 All several spheres and telescopes he kept  
 from sight of him or other folk? I ~~twice~~  
 From much-mouthed sentences of little use  
 And rhetoric's apprentice to my jaw,  
 Both learn not quick his trade in me. He serves  
 As joiner to my wit or ~~strong~~ spirit grand  
 Apace. More fateful shall this day become  
 than was the night we too lay, arm in arm  
 Embracing like the fates in the words  
 The soft placental altar of repose  
 Unkicked. My dream is of a day  
 When, palatated, my mouth gapes and dry  
 There'll chance upon the surface of my tongue  
 No wanderer, wicker & whilby formed,  
 Nor faver of the seas and swelling brine  
 To fashion yet in words those things of fire  
 which burned in deeds, the Tyrrain sea beyond  
 The bounds of man's endurance, weaves such fruits  
 as grow in distant Basichode, my love  
 To turn once more about. More fateful yet.

He stops talking.

Trolleyman: Velosity may be ...

Schiller: (as if starting from a dance) In spite of life  
 Put down your violin and bring my life!  
 (Exit Trolleyman)



Schiller: The stoops at anchor reek me not a jot  
 I shall not move a step from this fair field  
 Make falt'ring egress. See how nature grins  
 like mothers at a barked bridesmaids wake.  
 See how she smiles, as if some vast wit  
 had coined, in spite a never-ending jape  
 of manner quite unseemly; see the clouds  
 Chuckle on the wind that wafts them seaward  
 And double up in joy at what they've seen  
 Before releasing all their inner selves  
 To weep with wild gulls and drown us men  
 In wild aquatic tumult.

Enter SERVANT with food

Thou art come!

T'ally the anguish of the ill-fed tum!

Servant: Good Schiller, see my breath is short and weak  
 My legs nigh worn away from running hard  
 To bring to you this missive. In my pouch  
 I bear a smaltish bat. Lipped him now  
 To see what auguries his guts may hold

Produces a bat from pouch the same and offers it to Schiller.

SCHILLER: What falt'ring missive this - a horrid prank  
 To show the haruspex:

he lights the bat with his cigarette-lighter

Good day, than bat!  
 So see, good man, I'll have no more of that!  
 (stamps out angrily).

Servant (indignant) What ails this grin + sullen Ruyter-at-arms?  
 That were a missive, right-brought hot-foot  
 + now my ankles singe the earthen soil  
 as if Inferno's fires had found a way  
 to Daunt the water-cook; O per arch why  
 Should those of verbal skill reverberate  
 When Homer in his season, or in mine  
 Should, notwithstanding hyacinthine lust  
 deflocculate! Serve you I shall not!  
 I'll seek again those tomes of crime forgot!



SCHILLER. See here, my ~~you~~ man, your fetid remains not  
**Fit missive for the likes of me, I say.**  
So shall you tell your master...

SERVANT None I serve  
**Who shuns the goodly bat! Its magic whole**  
Stems from a greater, ~~and~~ a lesser power,  
**That which taught the trade of men and moles**  
To moles and men alike...

SCHILLER You'll cease this straight!

**SERVANT** **that I shun, until in explanation**  
You exculpate yourself for the burning of it  
**See here, Schiller, your honour's small doctress**  
Whose merit's greater <sup>among them, methinks,</sup>  
**Who do not shun the order's execution**  
Ere its conception is complete. Now, sir,  
**It was you, that said I should collect**  
That honest flying mouse from his rank care  
**As secret missive to your very self**  
And from the self-same. <sup>Yet, ere my return,</sup>  
**You change your mind, and burn the paltry bat**  
<sup>Plucked at my peril from its lonely grot</sup>  
**I shun your shunning o'th' bat!** I fished  
<sup>Just as the poodle needle-stay was shot</sup>  
**By Cerybel (beor and Turk!) but four days past...**

SCHILLER  
I shot the bat no whit! It stank, and so  
**I burnt it wholesomely in cleansing fire**  
And now its spirit, in the airy realm  
**Lowes and awaits my spirit's call**  
To higher duties in the realms beyond  
**The house of fish.**

**SERVANT:** **I shun the hake and cod!**  
I eat no fish! But halibut I prefer  
**If any I digest. This wasted journey**  
Has quite delayed my tea, and now I burp  
**I feel quite sick and, Schiller, you're to blame!**  
Three hours overtime I wish, and seven hours  
**As increase for my wife and child. No bun,**  
No work! The Union states it must be so  
**Am you'll not pay my staying, I shall go!**  
(He walks off)



Re-enters TROWBEYMAN with a bass frowbone.

TROWBEYMAN: Good sir, I could not find a single fife  
Wherewith a man might serenade his wife  
Or ward his creditors away withal  
Financial dissolution to forestall.

Schiller

Nellkes no whit your numbers, cabbed & rhymed  
As by a third-rate bard who boils his pot  
Of basil, way of Basboode a jig  
Fair coiled in potters wither; my eyes, grow dim  
Perceive no more the fragrance of those herbs  
Which music cozeved on my fabled lane.  
Had you but brought my life, my sight restored  
Had quizzed thy rustic face for his ill-lid  
Then I, ...

Enters HARRIS

HARRIS

~~At~~ At last! your villainy disclosed!  
You, sir, the king should roundly now chastise  
As he were not with child; watch thou this watch!  
Hypnotizes the blind Schiller

SCHILLER:

My head grows dim.

HARRIS: (aside)

Surprise!

SCHILLER:

My neck unscrews;  
The frailest maid I ape in my demise.  
Oh, where my limbs? My torso is all gone.  
My JUDGES, ~~come~~! I bear to thee my soul  
My inner being breaks in twain...

Shows

HARRIS (loudly)

SURPRISE!!!

Schiller jumps in surprise, then starts weeping & screaming. He  
rushes off stage tearing his hair & clutching the frowbone.



Scene IV

The 3 Maidens we discovered by the barrels.

MEGALITHA: What dreams were these? — What stars & planets these?

What airy nothings flee before my gaze  
As through my mind there course absurd recalls  
The mumbering of my mistress' death, complaints  
Of woes more sudden than the scallop's death  
And of her breasts! Those pample mounds, ~~the~~ vast  
Unwholesome round tumescences of fat  
Whose sight made strong men bleach ... But see, who stirs?

USQUEBAUGH: What dreams are these? As if aboard some sloop  
In sinuous undulations on the sea  
I spiced I was home my breast the sail  
Which wavered steadfast in th' enraptured breeze  
While twist my knees - rudder wore the main  
Held fast by stolid steersman - him I craved  
As doth the night the day, or more, or less,  
As doth the day the moon's peroxide tan  
When naughty probers creep beneath the sheets  
To make the stranger jiggle. But, who stirs?

COLQUHOUN: What dreams? I saw upon a ribald pard  
Three damozels - ~~and~~ who they were, or why  
They shrieked in dire cacophonous repose  
I cannot say. It was not wholesome - no!  
Less wholesome than a festering gazelle  
A pocketful of plankton, or Magee.  
And yet within this dream I saw a hole  
Wherein there lay no crew, no brock, nor jig  
- It was an empty hole! No what of thing  
No optic cup nor amantonic bidet  
Lay housed within: an empty, airless nook -  
And down I fell and then I was no more.

Meg + Usq

Colquhoun? Thou right, the house of health? No what!  
Let surgeons amputate and nurses nurse  
Let st prophyfactic pythons bind thee mind  
We cannot save thee? No? Alas!  
Alas! (she dies)

conce



## Scene V

Lillian  
 I haven't changed my underpants today  
 I haven't washed my socks since last weekend  
 I recently did tear my skirts to shreds  
 But now

Polo  
 No leeches please!

Lillian  
 I'll wash my face  
 I'll spill a bowl of apple-juice, and soon  
 There'll grow from each my earlobes plenteous fruit  
 And e'er from their orifices ...

Polo  
 Be still!

Lillian  
 Exterminate your tongue's rough vestige  
 And let me have my stony ...

...there might come  
 An issue of brown Wrecker Sauce! Sage brew ...  
 of make unknown to those whose only love  
 were pickled in some pizza - frankly  
 Such as the sage Italians master-cook  
 Copernicus was waltz of yore to fry.  
 Oh! It is the pain! Oh, joyous lord and goddess!

She embraces Marco Polo.

Polo  
 Sweet Maid! They bosom clenched by torture due  
 Twist right and left resides upon my own  
 of mine in time! This shallow camp'd repose  
 Shall not more suit th'entombing of the day -  
 instances who lustre of the balls or foam  
 at mouths. In time, no grander soul than this  
 I would equivocate ...

Lillian:  
 But not to me!

They quainted misters, born to suck thee dry  
 And powder thee for sumptuous pudding-feasts  
 Beyond the cares of worldish willing things.  
 Oh, this were access of my joy's increase  
 To spurn the youthful mementos of lust  
 And crave the more mature enjoyment, thus.

She leaps onto Polo in fond embrace, almost crushing him  
 He cries out aloud to the heavens above, but continues almost  
 to be crushed till who should stumble in but ...



Ende HARRIS

HARRIS What! Is love, of which other poets tell  
Thus manifested in two bawling fools  
Procrastinated 'till the death of passion's pulse  
As when the warbler, in the reeking sedge  
Doth leap from flimsy reed to th' pouring skies  
To sing; as when the minstrels deftly play  
Above the happy herbage of harps  
As when...

Polo

Good sir, what seek you in these parts?

HARRIS (Pointing to the broom) The same as you in those I greatly doubt  
Though you have found it, so it seems ere I  
Could even raise my hat in cold salute  
To whom - nay what - I see before me now.  
To end my discourse short: my broom I seek,  
Which some night sundred from me yesterday.

Polo: What sticks shall stick without the brush and broom!  
No mops are here, no besoms near my path  
Get hence, while I enjoy this maidens charms  
Which hourly wane...

LILLIAN

Old's crab, how dare you thus  
Abuse me, dearest Polo, whom I love  
More than the night the day, the sun the earth  
The rain the sea, or dog the fearful cat  
Which climbs the sturdy oak as when the pichew  
Fits his codpiece wrongly and evens  
All human garb...

Polo

Come now my love, I pray thee  
Save your lust. You sir, go! Begone!  
While I this maid do comfort in my arms

HARRIS:

Sir, I do but seek my broom; but if  
You'll tell me where to find it, I shall go  
Quite sated <sup>if you'll</sup> ~~rather~~ not by least  
But by foreknowledge of the future past  
To know the way do journey's end at last.

Stumps off. M.P. & L. resume their wonted embrace.



Enter CARYBDIS, as the sun sinks slowly in the ~~east~~.

Now as the rays of yonder Phoeb I feel  
 The sap doth spur my limbs to bolder dooks  
 Than e'er I've undertaken in the past.  
 I must seek out the King and of Langon  
 Demand to know the fate, dread though it be.  
 O poor, O pitied face, O sumptuous breasts  
 O cygnal neck, O eyes like ~~starry~~ sapphires three  
 Or four, (so bright they burned). That slaves raped  
 I know, yet can't believe it, for, you see  
 I cannot ...

Enter PUTRESCO & MERCHANT with two guards.

PUTRESCO: Is this the night, the whom we must arraign  
 By order of our leader (they all bow ~~to~~ twice) whom we serve?

MERCHANT: Aye, Putresco, this is he, this Carybd'  
 Who for his several crimes shall now atone  
 In wreaths of chains and fetters.  
 (To guards) Seize this man!

CARYBDIS is seized and bound by the guards

CARYBDIS Guards, Merchants, Gentlemen, lend me your limbs  
 I cannot walk or fly within these bonds  
 Imposed I ~~was~~ know not why nor by whose wish  
 To strain within the bounds of wretched goals  
 And those of infamy and crime, it seems to me ...  
 Indeed, I know not what it seems ...

PUTRESCO:

Be silent!  
 Your crimes are writ upon this scroll (Produces one only). Now, hear:  
 "The wight Carybdis, son of ~~the~~ Marco Polo  
 Is by the majesty of all the earth  
 Who rules the planets as the wether sun  
 And all within the seven orbs' command  
 As by commandment of some higher king  
 That holds mayhap his sway on far-off shores  
 And by terrestrial power o'er this land  
 Summoned to be, where'er he dwell, sought out  
 With chain and cudgel bound by legal force  
~~whatsoever form it may be found~~ what form soe'er it may have to take  
 To hold his body accused and accused ...



(Putresc, contd.) ... And brought before his majesty the king  
 in whatsoever climate, whether dry,  
 or 'neath the pluvial fury of some god  
 had welch drowned; of whatsoever hue  
 of age (pace, of livid or of pale  
 as luminescent as the rising moon  
 whose pallor speis the long-lot sailor's ghost  
 Beyond the far horizon; thus is deemed  
 That he shall come on crippled, bending knee,  
 On whatsoever joint, athletic, whole  
 ... May scarce sustain his weight; that he should come  
 from whence, he cares not, whither still no more,  
 His caring now is by the king ordained

The 2 guards swoon

MERCHANT :

Weak knives! (takes hsd of Caryl)

But think not to escape, Caryl

It cannot do thee anything but harm

I know thy plans -

Putresc

As do we all

Mech

- +, if,  
 The sloops are harbored better than before  
 Their loan, un-loaned, were greater

Putresc

Yes

Mech

- than not

Putresc

Than aye, I beg ...

Merchant

Not so! The cargo waits

Our haste is well rewarded

(to the waking guards)

Seize this man!

The quirts we lost at sea, his mines are

No less than those that Neptune offered up

As pinks untried. This bitter cup, I'll fill

Caryl is led off by the guards. PUT & MERCHANT follow



May + Usq. sit workedly above the wharf. The loam is being loaded.

Megalitha: The subter thinks apace; but what of he whose only aim was us to circumvent in sloopers' night?

Usquebaugh

Lo, here the vagrant comes -  
He of the errant steed, whose only grace  
Is subtlety of limb and not the mind -  
Ho - Good my lord

Bosun

Why yes, dull than my maid!  
Were you one tenth as beautiful as your peer  
The brave Marsala, coined of vanquished bronze  
Melted, smithied, cast in Byron's love  
As were the sirens of that tranquil sea  
Seed with depid talons from the candles  
Which lit the way to hell...

Usquebaugh

Pray listen me!  
I have a paper here, fresh publish'd;

Bosun

Show!

(They know not yet: I'll burn it in the glow  
of yonder fire: then should the embers flare  
though think it were some incandescent dog  
as hounds the moor about) I'd see this tome!  
When to the bott of barrels' to appraise,  
What is't?

Usq.

It were the "Rude Commercial Press"  
The famous columns, where'thro' to scan  
That ought of treachery be now disclosed  
"These tones of crime forgot..."

Bosun

I must depart. [Exit

Usq.  
May

T' allay my anger he should not away  
though yet, in pleasing, should he care to stay.



Enter Putresco &amp; Harris

Putresco: My friend, in honour let me shake thy hand  
 As weaker of an eightyfold ambition  
 That hatched did my wether brane of yore  
 My anger to allay. It reeked me much  
 That Schiller did yet thrive. Now thanks to you  
 His madness <sup>GRINS</sup> gives space

Harris

As I am one

That knows his trade of usefulness to men  
 Thus was I.

Putresco

Bravely said, ~~the~~ <sup>gigantic</sup> ~~schiller~~ <sup>might</sup> ~~star!~~

Thy name will echo eightyfold abunant

Harris

But see! I have not done this thing for naught  
 nor less!

Putresco

No shit - thy crimes reward labors  
 your deed is but its own reward.

Harris:

No shit

The three parts we have gained, but 2 are yours.  
 I crave the third, although its name is not  
 Such a might linger on th'inebriate's tongue  
 Or any other nights of my acquaint.

Putresco

Knave! thou callst me **BUN**

Harris

Aye Bun thou art

And I should crave the third. Cudgels I shun  
 Aye swords of ilk! here toys, a child's delight!

Putresco

Child, you say! Then you shall feel this blade  
 And it you!

Harris:

But Putresco' was so caught

twixt Schiller + Cagliostro (tedious saw!)

For how, if not by might alone, did I

Come here? 'Twas not by bus or foot, indeed

But by the very pogo-stick of him

Whose blessing me I sought, in seeking out.



POLO & LILLIAN are discovered : a boudoir. LILLIAN is asleep on an enormous bed. POLO is standing over her with a candle and a mallet.

POLO : The hour is come for promises' fulfilment  
 This physic but perhaps thy sickly bar  
 Tormenting still poor Lillian's brain. My love,  
 In midnight's sweet obscurity I'll go  
 Through Axes shed to hicksaw's beating sett  
 That sundry nothings may be haply gleaned  
 From stubborn fields.

LILLIAN: (drowsy) Oh, ... Sh ... Sh.  
 My crumplepane - my subduer - Macaw.  
 Belike the burthen of some oaken sage  
 Alas! a premonition.

POLO : See, she stirs  
 As now the coming of the witching hour  
 Burns grate quite softly & the glowing grate  
 A panacea, a blanket for the soul.  
 And now put out the light, that darkness wide  
 Her sweet embalmed fragrance, that her days'  
 Undraining be not scanned. Good night my love.  
 Squashes her with a mallet.

A loud cracking of skull. Then an awesome silence : which  
 one drip of blood can be heard.

PSLO : Aye, 'tis done, for better or for worse  
 To lay to rest the anger of my verse.  
 (He sighs resignedly, sits upon the edge of the bed, & begins weeping  
 profusely. after a bit he stops).  
 How Lillian lacking, should tomorrow night  
 Be sweeter than the this? And how shall I...



Pero

wrap up the knifely care, in loamy soil  
 As if to expurgate our former selves  
 From these our blackened pages on the roll  
 Of mortal span; what unexpurg'd woes  
 He strike before his real stealth?

This night shall carry with it many deeds.  
 See! my hands are bloodied yet by hers  
 Which now shall play no more about my pate.  
 Who steals my love steals trash, + I it him.

(He gazes fondly at the smashed pate of Lillian,  
 then gets up & walks to the window)

This darkling solitude were less than well  
 Nay! if evil were! Oh, had I not  
 Without at least a moment's hesitation

All my goods within this charabanc  
 Consigned, as doth the shepherd send his sheep  
 away when balance finds them wanting; sick,  
 But palsied; whole, but heesty, hale and live  
 Their greater powers should thrive apace, and so  
 Should ever mine, their several selves...

(Bell bells)

Hello!

Silence.

These silences of night are such that men  
 May find betimes unsilenced in the mind  
 their halloved selves. ~~A~~ A windless sea, typhooned  
 by rackless marines of weed, is calm  
 their rosted decks with melted pitch. And I  
 should even as the filthy sea-mew wend  
 twist pile + 'quaker's nose. Aye, compass-mad,  
 And crazed by cause of windlasses and masts  
 by kinnete doused by all that sing.



Polo:

Oh, that now a candle cooked my egg  
 In added both-end burning - as to Wick  
 The numbness of the eel escapes apace  
 And soon his very tail shall come alive  
 As beetle hatched from honey coffin-wombs  
 To sit his third upon some wicker stool  
 Placed next his husk by kindly human gods  
 Their festering remnants to abuse. Withal  
 In lively frolicking he'll ease my lot  
 An absent brother; Now my bus awaits  
 To take me far away, to cloistered shores  
 Where I shall dig a sandy grave.

(Turns away from the window & looks towards the bed)

Lillian!

(pause in which nothing happens).

Lillian: art thou really gone? Thou too  
 Absorbed by blanket dog, thy luscious blood ...  
 Sucked <sup>up</sup> by moon's terrestrial tongue, and gone?  
 Love, like an ailing worm, now coils about  
 My slow neck. O Lillian I shall die

Whom am I a mouse; thy body, quaint + stiff  
 shall fester where it even now doth lie  
 And I by it as it by me and you  
 My whole repae. Come, quinkly - varnished night  
 And ease my failing limbs. Uncloud me quite  
 With nimbus, cirrus, mare's tail, calentus  
 And barb'rous formalism; may the sun  
 Burn out my pancreas. O Lillian!

My lily: now into what aery fields  
 Thy spirit stray, thy love shall be the path  
 And this sweet sword be now in death my place  
 Sloped, but never damped. And thus I end.  
 (bell below). (Do you'reth y'th, for he am dead)



Scene X

A hallowed court, hushed. All our friends are here, the  
stunked on the fall.

Trolleyman (still pushing trolley) Call His Justice Skylab; he he brought!  
To exercise his wisdom in this court.  
pause, echo. Silence.

Bosun: Our jury stand, & summon him again  
Trolleyman: Sir Justice Periflage shall come at once!  
(silence)

Bosun: 'Tis odd, the nether Judges come no whit  
Putresco: Then I suggest we shun them, as they us,  
To feast on ~~an~~ apples from my nether cart  
Dispensing justice as the chemist pills  
To folk who ail...

Merchant: As she whom once I loved  
Much based on buses

Putresco No more talk of barks!  
They plague us yet, the spectral mammaroons,  
The musty pockets, satchels corded, rank  
... But always fresh & ...

Merchant Silence! Let's begin ~~at~~  
The processes of law, though judgeless yet -  
Accost Caylobis, in thy feid knees,

Putresco: Caylobis not yet here. Let him be brought  
Merchant: Be still! How heads't thou, 'white' or 'sundered yet'?

Putresco: I say he is not here. Be still, I say  
Merchant: Then who shall be our victim?

Trolleyman: It am I  
That utters inane burblings to the sky  
That foodstuffs bring, imbroghed and round  
To hole the sky with perforation's sound  
Ye shall not die

Merchant: We love thee dew, Caylobis  
Putresco: We should not... No! where is he gone? Whereat...



PUTRESCO

Can his fair visage be espoused? Whereby  
his presence felt? What man knows well his scent?  
Or else his footprint?

Trolleyman

That I know full well  
Tis shaped thus (gestures) - tis somewhat like a bell!  
It ringeth when he walkes...

MERCHANT

Such rubbish, knowe!  
No man more stealthy ever trod on loam  
than thee, Chamydis...

Trolleyman

I...

Putresco

He is not here!

The wight has vanished...

Trolleyman

Nonsense! In my care  
Is Carlybe, but alas I know not where.

Banging be heard. Schiller is brought on in a shirt jacket.

Schiller

The fools have cast me from their richest homes  
Wheras the if they woollly were espoused...  
Shut him up!

Putresco

All

Merchant

Aye, shut his very mouth  
You sir, Schiller, shall you tie your gullet  
Nor mention yet that gattered his, were it  
Better than, not worse than all before.

Usg. kindly

Merchant

Usg.

Putresco

Merchant

{ Excuse me sirs - this Schiller, is he he?  
~~That~~ That being un-were, were, if he not he  
most so.

Putresco (gg)

This fruit so sour has tumbled down  
Forget your rambling head, Putresco, shun  
thy viscious tongue

Be still! It is a rose  
Designed by one of evil turn of mind  
to daze my soul with rhetoric uncasked.



Merchant: Yet he were never summon'd by the Turk  
 Nor by any man or beast save him  
 Who all of us combine in speaking of  
 By Dand CuiFu, who th'needle clomb of yore!  
 By the sacred breasts o'th' fair Kiangoon  
 It shall not, nay it could not, have been true  
 By Xella, patron saint of all that burst  
 Upon the eightfold world at the start of time  
 By all the seven frogs that Hercul' ate  
 Impulsive for his be

Bosun

They sat's too long!  
 You'll eat it as a winter horse his trumpet  
 And even then you'll not be silent long  
 As 'wels before (exit)

Merchant

This double-dealing talk

Is less than not confusing. I'm confused.

Harris and

Surprise! My deftness was in every eye  
 Shall conjure quiet subservience. Surprise!

Merchant

Bosun, you'll be silent, ~~and~~ contempt of court  
 Would... would... (he falls prey to Harris' hypnotic powers)  
 Would what?, my trusty kenave?

Bosun

Putresco:

(Runs at him with a dagger)

Cease your powers, Harris, friend!

Take that!

Harris falls.

reynolds turns away.

Usq.

I hate to be so tremulous & small...

Merchant

Forget your petty size, pathetic maid!

There art the king his bride what need you more?

The king?

Usq.

Merchant

Assuredly!

Usq.

His bride? How so?

My mistress is his wife these eighty hours

HUBBUB of ALL

Putresco

This maid is crazed; an old flut kill her straight  
 (Usq. is surreptitiously strangled by Putresco & carried off by BOY, whom he beckons)



Uaris (reviving) : Putresco, thou art an admirable man  
For now the regal dalliance, and such  
Can all be knit as one: who shall accuse?  
Who shall allay confusion's doctrine here?

Putresco: Would it were one of solid uprightness  
+ durable, as is asbestos.

Merch

Aye!

But where in all this throng were such as that?

Bosun

Whenas the persons hereabouts are not  
The ones most wholesome for this bunish task  
Then thou, Columbus, merchant of these shores  
Who plies ~~his~~ his honest trireme o'er the waves  
In pelican's, in files, in began's search  
Shall be the same. Take thou the word.

Putresco:

Merchant:

Good friends, what foolishness, I ask, is <sup>Aye, well.</sup> this?

The judges shun us, yet 'par faute d'azure' ...

Or, equally, as said of old, 'illuc ..  
pro crastinas' which is traduced again  
As "Mene Mene tekel, say, upharsin"

Which is again "my doones of crime forgot".

And thus, you see, I am indeed less fit

Than were the sage geometers of old

But nonetheless, this post I'll take for you

As do I now. This show I have prepared:

He beckons - a dumb show starts, as before, save that it now appears clear that it depicts the several rapings of Karybol & subsequent her marriage to Conybolis.

Schiller: (screaming wildly) Aye! and aye again, twas Conybol who  
Who stole her from me, from me & me alone  
My fest'ring wife. Oh, Conybol am I not! (screams  
& has to be restrained)

Servant:

Let all haphazard happenings retire!

(He and guards lead Schiller off, tightly bound)



Merch. (contd.)

This crime, I say, would fill a weighty tome  
With blackened pages. Caryl shall not escape  
The vengeful wrath of us assembled here  
He alien is. He wholesome is, <sup>withal</sup>.

This much is unfounded. But as yet

If all the world could not combine to say:

"It is" then accusation merits' goal

Were less than this "NONE SEQUITOR HE IS!"

(HUBBING OF BUBS)

I see, my friends, you are disturbed by this  
Be not thus! The sentence shall be told

In slid, breasted, phrases of Peking  
As is ruled in Tembalor's great tomes

Illegal: Here the banish charge is set.

"The wight Caryl dis, be he whole or sick  
Fests he in limbs, or just in head  
In paucitas ...

Voice of  
Pastresco (do servant)  
Merch

This is a lay trade!

Arrest that man or have him silenced. Here!

Behanded, Caryl dis: ... or in mammaron,  
Hereby is hindered from his going hence  
or coming forth, like chrysalis from beam  
Or as the ...

Boy:  
Merchat

Cut out those similes! I tire ...

You, my boy, be still! ... Or as the PSe  
Who wends full eighty leagues to find his home  
Ransacked by sage wanders quite above.

In this the populace have pledged their word.

Thus Caryl, who shall as the leather boot

Disclose his ~~not~~ torso male with breasts adoned

To all who would copy it, thus revealed

Thy guilt, "IN WORDS OF EIGHTH" we show thee quite!"

(Appalusc)



PUTRESCO:

Be he sendred yet from this our burg  
Or no, I care no whit. Pray, who cares tea?  
I have within my bus a festive board  
Of wholesomeness as yet untold. Pray, who  
Shall feast? My galleys, shattered, be a bench  
Whereon the seething populace may sit  
And stuff their pleasant visages with food  
Cumbustibles I crave, to hold the tea

Trolleyman

Brown:

Is all I want: the rest I leave to thee  
And I'll acquaint myself with this good play  
& tie my shoe again. My business ends  
At the cock's fifth crowing, time indeed to eat

Enter Caryl

Pray, what's this shoving up and down? And why?

Megatha

Turn stands't accus'd! But, matters not! We're off,  
To taste Putresco's fare: tea, buns & cake

Caryl

May I come, too?

Ath:

Good old Caryl! Why yes!

Putresco:

Lovestow apples?

Caryl:

— Aye

Putresco:

Then scuff thy fill!

There's plenty more where they came!

Caryl

Good old Putresc!

Merchant:

Aye, then let's be gone to meet the ~~par~~ bus  
& wallow ever in Putresco's bus

(PDC)

[Exeunt omnes, per carmine  
illuc, non haec procrasti-  
nenda, aut esse, semper  
paravit, non est mortuum]



ENTER CHORUS, in a tall white gown.



enter All, bearing orchestral instruments.

CARYBDIS: My 'cello is broken

SCHILLER: then give it me!

And I or mend it or destroy it shall.

CARYBDIS: Why, then a harpsichord I'd bring about  
The stage, and play a sombre fugal strain  
To wake the sheeted dead, in which the life  
Of parents thrice

Harris: Begone, continuo!

Come, symphony for penny whistles ~~two~~ four

Lillian: Or octavos in pianos deep in wire...

Polo: Come, frequent, let's away to love elsewhere! (EXEUNT P. & L.)

CARYBDIS: They shun us! Well-a, let us dance apace  
We seek them not in sweetish hours of love  
When we in random prancing can disport  
Our several limbs. Come music, music ho!

SCHILLER: Call on the trumpet and the mellow drum!

Polo (offstage): In th' conductor an do be initial, idis.

HARRIS: (with heavy irony) Quite possibly! but no more talk for this

All those who would conestibles, pray come

and you, sir Trolleyman shall feed us fat

as doth the neatherd sate his lowing flock...

TROLLEYMAN: Great lords, unless to Trebizonde or Weath

You'd like go, I'll enervate your eager teeth

He bread your noses ~~chillaste~~ your lids

of buns with plates, of wine with ruby floods

Of chests rare with scores... But wherefore flee? (All are weeping offstage, and

Lillian: God's iver! Suly haunter of this stage (weeps into pane mirror)

Times unwholesome, cooling kisses ~~are~~ arrive

To scavenge ~~for~~ of the curdled blood of those

who stay. (EXIT)

Trolleyman

This leaves the stage quite clear for me

'Ud's teleprinter! What do I espy

Perched high on every ~~branchlet~~ branchlet under sky

Catch any round or long inept rescuer

frankentate or bundle out the winds

Defenestrate! Reverberate in Poland

Destroy the hills to reinforce the lowland!



Scene: a small, untidy garret, in almost complete darkness. WISHBONE is seated at a desk.

WISHBONE: My memory fades. I summon not the fullness  
 Of passing succulence; no, neither wish  
 To do so any longer. But, unless  
 The flame of aspiration dim my gaze  
 Until you single ray of light expire  
 Which, I predict, in minutes two shall be.  
 For, were it longer, then the art of youth  
 Should to the sere and yellow changed be.

(Flicking through books) The history of the world is herein housed  
 And, should the light of life more sooner gutter  
 Than does my simple wish - then all is lost.

He gets up & paces about.

Oh, if I could but escape from this dark cell  
 To clothe the world with my great thoughts & deeds  
 Then would the strife that now doth rack the globe  
 Be eightfold increased in one swift stroke,  
 I'd set on fire the sea to flood the land  
 And raise up mighty mountains on the plains  
 I'd crush the mighty Himalay between  
 Between some bread for speedy luncheon  
 The which I'd season with Sahara's sands.  
 The world shall be my level. I'll pickle the sky  
 With winy geysers; then I'll fry the steppes

(Suddenly pp)

But no! 'Tis folly! I am trapped and dying.  
 I must not dream my final hours away  
 I must write my will & leave to those  
 I love my treasure, to those I hate, my horse;  
 And those to whom I am indifferent  
 Shall each receive a piece of rancid beef.  
 And now my problems solved, my life shall end.

(Pause)

Yet no! One more thing must I do before  
 I muffle off this short-lived coil; I must  
 Feed the cat, come pussy, pussy, ho!  
 A festering halibut upon the plate  
 I'll garnish with asparagus and sage  
 And poisoned lettuce: when I'm dead you'll die  
 And they who haunt the towers then shall fly  
 (The light gutters and dies).