

Theatre Genesis

presents

QUEEN OF GREECE

a new play by
Ronald Tavel
directed by
Caymichael Patten

with

Dimitra Arliss
Marie Cellario
Harvey Florstein
Berkeley Harris
Bryan Hayes
H. Douglas Kerr
Bob Lesser
Scott Redman
Dale Robinette
Brooks Rogers
Victor Settlin

Set by Peter Harvey
Costumes by Cecelia Baldwin
Lighting by Phillip Gilliam
Choreography by Lou Wengenroth
Music by Bill Bremer
Assistant to director: Laurel Forch
Stage manager: Scott Redman

Thurs. thru Sun. at 8 pm
Nov. 1 thru 25, 1973

St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie
10th Street & Second Avenue

Reservations: 333-4630
Wed.-Sun., 3-7 p. m.

The New York Times

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Jousting Politics in Two Stage Arenas

By MEL GUSSOW

Faced with the current state of the nation, one might question the need for political theater. How can you top Watergate itself as theater of the absurd? But it could be argued that today we are more desperately in need of political theater—to increase public awareness and concern and to bring a little reality back into our lives.

Two starkly contrasting examples of the genre were seen recently in New York. As the Living Theater—alive again!—perceives it in "Seven Meditations on Political Sado-Masochism," which gave six performances last weekend at the Washington Square Methodist Church, political theater is a moral act of faith.

For Ronald Tavel, whose new play, "Queen of Greece," is now playing at Theater Genesis, political theater is an act of the imagination and a circus arena for satire.

The Living Theater meditations (part of a cycle in progress called "The Legacy of Cain") are really sermons. Lists of indictments are read by Julian Beck, Judith Malina, and members of their company, while the other actors participate in rituals and ceremonies, such as crawling across the stage in chains. The Living Theater is against sexism, authoritarianism, economic exploitation,

war and wage slavery — everything that tends to reduce the individual and expand the state.

For all its apparent negativism, this is a Loving, as well as Living, Theater. Although violence is expressed in some of the meditations, the message is peace. The style is sober — the actors never smile—and polemical.

Tavel is also opposed to sexism, etc., but he is a comic playwright and "Queen of Greece" is an incitement. In this play Tavel gives indications of becoming the American Aristophanes — and didn't he write the best political comedies?

The play is, quite simply, a scandal, somewhat on the order of "Macbird," at times scathing, but not savage. Despite the play's original title (altered because of threat of "legal action") it is not really about how a former First Lady becomes Queen of Greece—although that is the basic plot—but about how, in Tavel's words, "All history is re-enacted" and "Each nation gets what it deserves."

Tavel's bizarre Greece is inhabited by everyone from Plato to a dictator named "Papa Pig," from Aristotle (both ancient seer and contemporary tycoon) to the ghost of Lord Byron. Collapsing time and juggling juntas, Tavel finds yester-

day's radical is today's "crime minister."

He makes Socrates into a confirmed pederast and Plato a drag queen. As for the title character, called "Jackee," the portrait is not exactly sympathetic, but neither is it villainous. Her worst sin is that she covets the crown.

The word-drunk author is such a lexiconic gymnast that sometimes his tumble of language—an Aegean of assonance and alliteration, a plethora of puns—submerges his message. One has to listen hard and think quickly or the dialogue can sound like triple-talk. The play is original and outrageous—although in Caymichael Patten's production it is not as funny as it could be.

Where the Living Theater does not really need actors, Tavel's eccentric plays demand special performers with a verbal deftness and a comic audacity—such as Maria Cellario (as smiling Jackee), Dale Robinette, Berkeley Harris and, especially, Dimitra Arliss (as an actress-activist sometimes referred to as Melina Souvlaki). But many of the others in the cast lack spontaneity and in some cases professionalism. I would love to see what Tavel's former associates at Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company would do to "Queen of Greece."

" HOW JACQUELINE KENNEDY BECAME QUEEN OF GREECE "

a play in two acts by Ronald Tavel

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"The truth is, Byron, while knowing the necessity of war, cannot take it quite seriously. Of his projected venture in Greece he told Lady Blessington that such 'ludicrous images' kept arising in his mind that

the whole subject, which, seen through the veil of passion, looked fit for a sublime epic, and I one of its heroes, examined now through reason's glass, appears fit only for a travesty.

(A Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington, XII, 289)

'The laughing devils,' said Byron, 'will return', and there is, 'as Napoleon said, but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous' (XII, 289)"

-- Byron and Shakespeare by G. Wilson Knight, 1966 (142).

characters:

ARISTOTLE NORMAN ROSE
 SOCRATES ME
 PLATO HARVEY FIRESTEIN
 MELETUS SCOTT REDMOND
 ANYTUS ~~WINGFIELD~~ BRIAN
 ALCIBIADES DOUG KERR - 757-7162 or 582-9507
 CHORUS
 SAM DALE ROBINETE
 JACKIE SUSAN CARR
 PAPAIGUOUS BROOKS RODGERS
 MELINA Gene DUBERE
 ANDREAS/BYRON/JACK Berkeley Harris

Genesek 533-4650

pm 718-4648

am 507-6400

scenes:

ACT I

MARRIAGES MADE ON THE ACROPOLIS

- Scene I: "At The Baths"
- Scene II: "By A Rostrum"
- Scene III: "The Wedding, And The Wedding Night"
- Scene IV: "In The Stalemate In The Oil Refineries"
- Scene V: "Women Acting"
- Scene VI: "In A House On Bouboulina Street"
- Scene VII: "Greece Expiring On The Ruins Of Missolonghi"

ACT II

MARRIAGES MADE IN HEAVEN

- Scene VIII: "Socrates Visited In His Cell By The Spirit Of Byron"
- Scene IX: "A Marriage Of Minds Divorced In Spirit or, A Marriage Of Minds Divorced By Spirits"
- Scene X: "The Death Of Socrates"
- Scene XI: "The Queen Of Greece"

pronunciation:

Standard Greek names and places are pronounced as normally Anglicized, but the contemporary Greek names should be pronounced correctly in Formal Contemporary Greek. Ingre is pronounced "Ang."

ACT I

MARRIAGES MADE ON THE ACROPOLIS

SCENE I
"AT THE BATHS"

(ARISTOTLE, SOCRATES, PLATO, MELETUS, ANYTUS, ALCIBIADES, and CHORUS; then SAM and JACKIE)

(The set pieces are simple and abstract, mostly platforms and boxes which can be moved quickly to rush one scene into the next. There are several staircases and archways affording a variety of entrances.)

In Scene I there is a large pool sunk into the floor downstage center. If the budget permits, the pool may be raised with its downstage side made of glass. MELETUS, ANYTUS, ALCIBIADES and the CHORUS BOYS are swimming in the pool or sitting at its edge. Some wear brief bikinis, others are nude. MELETUS is a muscle-bound, good looking young man; ANYTUS is thin and noticeably homely; ALCIBIADES is a boy of great beauty. ARISTOTLE, SOCRATES and PLATO are lounging together at the pool's edge. All three are extremely ancient, have long white beards, and wear full white togas.)

ARISTOTLE: So that in the end, my dear fellow gymnasts, Socrates the Sly:

SOCRATES: (acknowledging the introduction by nodding slightly to the audience) Thanks

ARISTOTLE: and Plato the pleasing to poetasters and nouveau Catlicks:

PLATO: (drinking from a chalice and acknowledging the introduction by bowing deeply) I thank you

ARISTOTLE: in the end, one really never achieves anything for certain. Therefore, to begin again, a man should begin by violently degrading whatever he finds most aimsworthy.

PLATO: Romantics to the despised contrary, a man can never do more than make a beginning.

SOCRATES: So that in the end, my dear fellow gymnasts,
Aristotle the Arrant, as often arid as otherwise:

ARISTOTLE: Thanks, Sock

SOCRATES: and Plato the pleasing to poetasters and
nouveau Catlicks:

PLATO: I thank you

SOCRATES: in the end, one really never achieves anything
for certain. Therefore, to begin again, a man
must begin by totally ignoring whatever he
finds most aimsworthy.

PLATO: Back-busting Romantics to the contrary, a man
can never do more than make a beginning.

ARISTOTLE: He can make a good beginning. That's the more.

SOCRATES: That is more; that is most. And therefore that
more is most authentic when a man attacks
whatever he most loves, most comprehends, feels
closest to, and has the objective position to
identify with; for he thuswise subtly razors
the edge of thought and fortifies himself as
carefully and as thoroughly as any disciple of
his work could ever hope to commemorate with
a belabored doctorate.

PLATO: A thinker achieves by such a procedure what we
call in the contemporary vernacular, "a highly
unserviceable ambiguity."

SOCRATES: And that is most painful; hence that the most
rewarding.

ALL: Agreed! Agreed!

ARISTOTLE: Socrates the Soft, pretending to be sly,

SOCRATES: Sly thanks, Aristotle,

ARISTOTLE: must you work out the particulars of "The
Apologia" here in public, amongst thy friends,
and at the public baths whither they have
repaired to recreate and rejuvenate with the
juveniles? Can't you grant us the breath
savings of a simple philosopher's holiday?

PLATO: This Entire play is a simple philosopher's
holiday.

SOCRATES: Well, then, Aristotle, shall we stretch instead
this morning coffee-break by merely drinking in
the sights?

SOCRATES: He can make a good beginning. That's the more.

ARISTOTLE: That is more; that is most. For when a man attacks the envy he most envies, most apprehends, feels closest to, and has the objective position to identify with, he subtly razors the edge of thought, a fortification as multileveled as any disciple of his work could ever hope to commemorate with a belabored doctorate.

PLATO: He achieves with such a beginning what we call in the contemporary vernacular, "a highly unserviceable ambiguity."

ARISTOTLE: And that is most difficult; hence that the most rewarding.

PLATO: (downing his chalice) Agreed.

SOCRATES: Aristotle the Arrant, as often arid as otherwise,

ARISTOTLE: (acknowledging the introduction by winking to the audience) Many thanks, Sock

SOCRATES: must you work out the particulars of "The Poetics" here in public, amongst thy friends, and at the public baths whither they have repaired to recreate and rejuvenate with the juveniles? Can't you grant us the breath savings of a simple philosopher's holiday?

ARISTOTLE: Socrates, this Entire play is a simple philosopher's holiday.

SOCRATES: But, Aristotle, mayn't we stretch this morning coffee-break by merely drinking in the sights?

ARISTOTLE: Who starts at dawn such wat'ry sights as these
to drink,
At dusk the hemlock swills e'en sooner than
you think!

PLATO: How thou art false at numbers, Ari! I give a class in versification. -Here's my card.

SOCRATES: Ari intends by his weak couplets to round out our prologue. For look: here comes the wench who keepeth her money under the teapot.

PLATO: A newsman accompanies her.

(JACKIE, a striking girl smartly outfitted, enters with SAM, a strange looking, nervously active fellow who alternately photographs her, tapes her remarks with a portable recorder, and jots notes on a pad.)

SAM: Yes, this marble hall certainly is a marvelous

work of art!

JACKIE: (languid) Yes. It is.

SAM: And what is this marble hall called?

JACKIE: Oh, it's called The Blue Room.
(unmindful; drifting several steps from him)
We call it The Blue Room because it's.... done
in marble. You feel blue in it. Would you
care to see The Red Room?

SAM: If it's on the way.

JACKIE: The way where?

SAM: Jackie - if I may be so familiar as to call
you "Jackie" -

JACKIE: No, go right ahead. It's a sign of endearment
and affection as if you knew me personally even
though you don't. It is a great compliment
that you feel you know me personally. Like the
great unwashed calling people "Ike," "Mamie,"
"Jack," "Dick," "Liz," "Marilyn," and etcetera.
They call me Jackie because.... my name is Blue.

SAM: Well, Jackie, there's a great deal of criticism
of you in this week's press.

JACKIE: (languid) Yes. There is.

PLATO: (drinking continuously and eyeing JACKIE with
frank jealousy) There's a great deal of
criticism and a great deal of press! Me, I
never get any. And why? Because, Ari, while
I'm easily the greatest philosopher in Athens,
I can't go around telling anybody cause if I
did you'd all scream: "Prove it! Prove it!"
and I can't.

SAM: Criticism concerning your being photographed
in a bathingsuit while water-skiing.

JACKIE: What else could I wear while water-skiing?

SAM: I'm not a fashion expert.

JACKIE: (looking at his makeshift, ill-fitting suit)
I didn't think you were.

SAM: And your wearing a snood, wedgies, halter,
midriff and mini-skirt while walking the dogs.
What do you intend to do about foreshortening
this criticism?

JACKIE: (pause; languid) I will continue.

SAM: But ---

JACKIE: No, that's enough for today. Someone, please - some of you boys, send him away.
(a few of the BATHERS pommel SAM, driving him off; JACKIE, unconcerned, is staring into the pool)
They've foreshortened the fashions here, haven't they? Oh, how cool you all look! If only I had a bikini in my hand bag I'd jump in there with you fellows myself. A bikini! A bikini! My kingdom for a bikini!

PLATO: (rising behind her) Why wait to get down to a bikini? Just get down to where it ain't so hot 'n humid!

(PLATO kicks JACKIE into the pool. ARISTOTLE hobbles feebly up behind PLATO. JACKIE begins to drown immediately.)

ARISTOTLE: Plato, is that any way to treat a tourist?

PLATO: (hiccup) I jist wanted to dampen her enthusiasm.

ARISTOTLE: A gentleman jist doesn't push a first lady around.

PLATO: True; he pushes her right in.

ARISTOTLE: Like this?

(ARISTOTLE pushes PLATO into the pool. MELETUS and ANYTUS pull JACKIE, unconscious, up onto the poolrim. SOCRATES, upstage, makes quick time with the nude ALCIBIADES: standing!)

MELETUS: (dumb) She done gone out.

ARISTOTLE: Stand aside, I'll give her mouth to mouth resuscitation. -Wait, Meletus, aid me to kneel.

ANYTUS: How she posta breed wid him on topa her?

SOCRATES: (to ALCIBIADES) I breed mine spirit into thine body thusly, Alcibiades!

ALCIBI: Hath thine spirit took on a earthly sheath as in some miraculous epiphany we uncover in epic poems?

SOCRATES: (turning him about) Precocious social climber! -Then I commend mine spirit into thy hands.

ALCIBI: Avec pre-packaged expectoration if you please.

ARISTOTLE: See here, her lids ope! My child, might I compare thee to a brunette sea-goddess, a Botticelli-balanced Venus on the half shell who, from her bath in the brine, is busied to the swift clipper's knot by the boisterous West and, shot along whilst yet above the folding combers'

scalloped lather, finally's gently bruised against the poolrim 'neath my buskins as treasured barks on Rhodes' breakwaters were where strode the great Colossus o'er their well coming?

- JACKIE: Yes. You might.
- ARISTOTLE:(offering her a flower) A rose?
- JACKIE: A towel?
- PLATO: (floundering in the pool) A hand?
- ARISTOTLE:(to MELETUS) Slavey, hand Jackie a towel; hand Plato a hand.
- ANYTUS: (to MELETUS who looks puzzled) 'Sawright, guan ahead: ya awways got a nother.
(MELETUS removes a bloody, amputated arm from under the pile of towels and tosses it to PLATO)
- JACKIE: (tying a towel thrown to her by MELETUS around her head) I suffer from the frisbies. You know, cracked hair ends? I hate to get my hair wet without a dryer about.
- ARISTOTLE:(reaching for her head) The heat of my hands hath a dryness shames the sirocco.
- JACKIE: (if words could kill) Later for that!
- MELETUS: (dragging PLATO half out of the pool, reviling him with a Cockney accent) Who would 'avthought the old man to 'ave 'ad so much drink in 'im?
- PLATO: (thrashing helplessly) I'll ram ya teet down ya troat!
- MELETUS: (letting PLATO slip back into the pool) Then float - on yer spare of hot air, philosopher!
- ANYTUS: (gazing glassy-eyed and thoughtful into the pool) Dropped 'im in the drink, what?
- ARISTOTLE:I hope that ugly newsman didn't derange your composure.
- JACKIE: Thank you for hoping. But I'm inured to coverage.
- ARISTOTLE:I've never had such extensive coverage. You seem to be a national monument.
- JACKIE: Yes. Isn't it fun?
- ARISTOTLE:What a lovely smile!

JACKIE: Oh, one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Athens.

ARISTOTLE: I could never believe such a thing of you.

JACKIE: That's funny. I could easily believe it of you.

ALCIBI: Must you expose ourselves this way in wealthy
society?

SOCRATES: I keep no secrets from Athens.

ALCIBI: You keep even fewer secrets for Athens. You
know, Socrates, the trouble with you is that
you conduct yourself as such an Athenian
benefactor, with all your activities so openly
addressed to the general good that you desolate,
exposing generally nearly everybody with whom
you come in touch. Don't touch! If you
thought more about yourself, Socrates, you then
might prove valuable to others.

JACKIE: I think a lot about myself.

ARISTOTLE: I could not think that of one so good and gentle.

JACKIE: (standing angrily) Oh, but that's exactly his
and my point, Aristotle! I knew you'd miss it.
(meandering unhappily away from him)
And after that trim nude's trouble with such an
embarrassingly explicit exposition.

ANYTUS: (gazing thoughtfully in the pool) Plato's had
his. And so early on. Flat on his face he is.
Seems to be doing the dead man's float....

ARISTOTLE: (looking in the pool; off-handed) Plato could
never carry his own. Give firewater to a redskin!

ANYTUS: (sadly) Yet it is only chlorine water....

JACKIE: (a sunbeam spot hitting her as she sits alone
at a corner of the stage; singing seductively)
Ooooo Oooooo Ooooooo
What a little sunbeam can do to you...

ANYTUS: (singing) Ooooo Oooooo Ooooooo
What a little chlorine can do to you...

ARISTOTLE: (kneeling near JACKIE as the lights dim the
other players) Seems to be lonely here.

JACKIE: Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not "seems."

ARISTOTLE: (gently, fatherly) Be as ourself in Athens.

JACKIE: You kidding? I got a public image to keep up.

ARISTOTLE: So then you are mindful of public opinion?

JACKIE: You kidding? Public opinion is The New York Times.

ARISTOTLE: The New York Times?— that's fit to print all the news? Then you haven't complete freedom of the press in your country either?

JACKIE: Well, complete until it's understood, until it makes a deep impression. Then we stop it.

ARISTOTLE: But you berate us for merely wanting to jump the gun, to stop it before it actually is understood? After all, man's brief memory makes such the same.

JACKIE: Stopping the press beforehand leaves a mildly unfavorable impression and diminishes the publicity. You are leaving a mildly unfavorable impression on my arm, Aristotle.

ARISTOTLE: (withdrawing) Forgive me, I am too forward.

JACKIE: For a Greek that's a change of stance, isn't it?

ARISTOTLE: You defame my racy race!

JACKIE: Now don't pull my sentiments out of context. Contextually, I firmly advocate live and let live. And I do want to live!

ARISTOTLE: Then, Jackie, marry me:— you'll live!

JACKIE: I knew I shoulda had my ears examined last week. I made an appointment at the Eye and Ear Clinic Friday and passed it up when Rose phoned to go shopping for see-thrus instead.

ARISTOTLE: (appalled) What?!

JACKIE: What?

ARISTOTLE: What?!

JACKIE: What? You've got to speak up. I still must have water in my ears as well as trouble hear---

ARISTOTLE: (screaming in her ear) MARRY ME, JACKIE!

JACKIE: Marry you?! You jostling? —Why, this is like King Fatrouk proposing to the Virgin Mary. How will we look in Photoplay? Or on the 6 o'clock news?

ARISTOTLE: (small) Howsoever; still, this is my proposal to you. Please respect a human's humility.

JACKIE: How will it look to Callous?

ARISTOTLE: Like something less than flattering?

JACKIE: Of course less than flattering. What could be flattering about the proposal of a mere magnate of Greece? After everything, what is Greece except a colony of America?

ARISTOTLE: And what is America except a colony of Japan?

SOCRATES: That's closely argued.

JACKIE: It sure is. So what can you do about it?

ARISTOTLE: Name what needs the doing!

JACKIE: Well, to begin, my flat requires renovating: the peeling paint has a high percentage of lead and I've taken to nibbling it.

ARISTOTLE: Hitler's retired to upper Attica but he was a great house painter in his prime, easily the most famous in the field: I'll dispatch him today.

MELETUS: The papers have it he was dispatched more 'in twenty-seven years ago.

ANYTUS: But that, again, is the papers.

JACKIE: What more can you arrange? You know I'm very materialistic. They trained me that way, to make me a symbol of America as well as its most counterfeited and misunderstood natural monument.

ARISTOTLE: Therefore you'll be wanting to see my bank books?

JACKIE: Oh, no. My financiers checked your Dunn 'n Bradstreet several seasons back.

ARISTOTLE: I am to take it, then, that my sudden advance is not altogether unanticipated?

JACKIE: It is a shock. But it is not unanticipated.

ARISTOTLE: It is, then,

JACKIE: an anticipated shock.

ALCIBI: Or so to foresee. In shocks. Ah, people!

JACKIE: Or so there'll be villas and yachts, private winter playgrounds, festive summer palaces, rubies and opals and sapphires, chauffeurs and slavies, even an Aegean isle or two.

ARISTOTLE: Or three, or five.

JACKIE: But what are you really offering me?

ARISTOTLE: I'm poor at hints.

JACKIE: Aristotle, I'm the girl who's got everything.

ARISTOTLE: Except?

JACKIE: Except a crown.

ARISTOTLE: I see... Then my envied, emulated, and awfully avaricious one, you must have the Crown of Greece.

ALL: (the lights brightening; as a CHORUS, shocked)
THE CROWN OF GREECE! THE CROWN OF GREECE!!!

JACKIE: I see. I mean, I hear. Glad I opted for the see-thrus. Now always remember, Aristotle: you offered me this crown - I never asked for it.

SOCRATES: How closely she prepares the case.

PLATO: Case you forgot, I'm still at sea!

ANYTUS: And doubtless choose to always be.
Meletus, come, let's yank him out,
For what's a Greek Chorus minus its lead,

MELETUS: (helping ANYTUS to pull PLATO out of the pool)
He who the rest their opinions must feed?

PLATO: (as he is pulled up) So I am to be the Choral
High See,
He who essentials must never spout:-
For a play should not be about, but be;
And, being, be what it is about.

ALCIBI: (still struggling to wrest himself from SOCRATES'
perpendicular fornicating grasp) My luck's
that you, like the Chorus lead,
Can only sterile opinions breed.

PLATO: (angry) But you'll limp away when Sock will come,
As bad as you limp at verse, you bum!

ARISTOTLE: Shall we seal your bargain with an embrace?

JACKIE: That wouldn't be photogenic - for here comes the
newsman cum moviemaker!

SAM: (rushing in with a grinding movie camera) Keep
that! keep that! with one kiss to climax the take!

JACKIE: (indicating SOCRATES and ALCIBIADES as she
herself flees from the stage) Shoot them instead
and stand-in the faces, Mack, I'm double parked!

SAM: (turning quickly and filming the love-fixed males)
Ha! I've got your passionate likenesses! They're

as good as in the can!

ALCIBI: He's in my can, but good!

SOCRATES: Give me that camera, you energetic S.S. agent!

SAM: Myopic optimist! This is the kinda take cinema verité freaks wait half their lives to scandalize! You'll get my blackmail note first thing tomorrow - pay up or face the Tribune on Bouboulina Street about fifteen minutes later!

(SAM flees leaving SOCRATES and ALCIBIADES bewildered by the event's velocity. PLATO, drying his ears with his toga, faces ARISTOTLE from across the pool. At his question, all the players turn from SAM's escape to stare at ARISTOTLE:)

PLATO: Aristotle, what hast thou done?!

ARISTOTLE: Plato -- We have met the enemy, and she is engaged!!

(Black Out)

SCENE II
"BY A ROSTRUM"

(PAPAPIGUOUS; then MELINA and ANDREAS)

(A single harsh overhead illuminates PAPAPIGUOUS in military uniform, standing tall and stiff as a board at an imposing rostrum. Dead-pan except for a twinkle in his eye, he delivers his speech à la Alfred Hitchcock with sly menace:)

PAPA: DISARM RAPISTS!! -Disfist muggers, defoot streetwalkers, breastoff strippers, cornhole queers, and unbellybutton all exotic dancers! I, Papapiguous, as head of The United Democratic Left and as Captain of The Elite Armed Forces, hereby now declare bans:- on all beards of the Castroesque, Highly Solassiesque, Whitmanesque, Lincolnesque, and Ulysses S. Grantesque varieties; and on all long hair of the Rimbaudesque, Geronimoesque, Washingtonesque, Tiny Timesque, Mothers of Inventionesque, and Jesus Christesque coiffures; and on mini-skirts for men, women, transvestites, diplomat wives, and tourists and their wives alike. I declare that attendance at Sunday Mass is mandatory for all students. Also, all students will submit to behavior modifying amphetamines and turn in their present history books by end of week: new ones focusing on our

magnificent royal dynasties will be distributed at that time. At this time the need to maintain the olive racial purity of the Greek people must be reemphasized and all professors in the Athens University Biology Department must set about at once to revise the theories of Darwin and de Vries. No law of any science lasts more than a decade in our decadent times, yet the dated Darwinian Law has stood stagnant and unchallenged for nearly a century now. This is oversight and heresy! I declare that any employee of a state owned and/or controlled public utility who is late to labor or otherwise unprompt, unkempt, discourteous, or inattentive, shall be summarily dismissed. I declare that any airplane of The Olympic Airways arriving not on the dot or unscheduled shall be required to forfeit a fine of not less than or otherwise line the magistral or senatorial purse. I declare that the muzac of Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, Borodin, and all other sentimental 19th Century Red composers is hereby banned from concert halls, the wireless, and private phonographs. And, finally and most emphatically, I declare that hereto is attached our decree that for the specific protection of Christianity and the perfection of public order, The Theatrical Law enacted in 1942 during the nostalgic Nazi occupation, we this day reinstate. To wit:- All legitimate arenas must heretoafter submit their scripts to The Theatrical Plays-Control Board for editing and approval. Messrs. Rabble Barbaras and Philistine Constantine are appointed heads of said board and we empower them to order and ordain deletions from any and all scripts up to but not exceeding their supposition, conflict, climax, and resolution; they furthermore are creatively empowered to rewrite all and every script delivered as copy up to and dismissing their axiom, conflict of interest, climax, catharsis, and conclusion. The endeavors of antiquity not exempt but not exceeding the tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles, the melodramas of Euripidies, and the burlesques of Aristophanes, are similarly circumscribed by this stagey law which shall service sensibility to abstractions and clarity to subversive obscurities. Citizens of Ameri-, a, Greece, plan on the theatre for tonight and secure your parking lot reservations now or your seat on the Long Island Central well in advance of 11:05, for we have set a midnight curfew making it de rigeur for citizens seen on the streets thereafter in clusters or alone to be dropped with a single shot no questions asked. Your Obedient Servant thanks you for your standing at attention and requires you to enjoy your play. Good day.

(The overhead goes out on PAPAFIGUOUS and an identical one comes up elsewhere above MELINA and ANDREAS who are stiff, standing together. MELINA is a tall, stunning woman, over dressed in furs and heels, the perfect Hollywood "star" on stage and off. ANDREAS is tall, engaging, and romantically handsome. Staring ahead, they speak with hushed voices.)

MELINA: How long have we been standing at attention, Andreas?

ANDREAS: Six hours; perhaps sixteen; but it is necessary not to call attention to our not standing at attention if we were not, I mean since we were and did not, and it was not necessary not to and to.

MELINA: I really love the way you figure, Andreas, I wish I had your background in Aristotelian logic so I could understand you as well as I don't.

ANDREAS: Melina, not everyone can be so fortunate as to be reared in America where they bone up for years, as if it were par for the course, on Aristotle.

MELINA: True, I got to America too late to learn. But that's what made me a star. They loved my accent.

ANDREAS: They loved my logic.

MELINA: They loved my singing.

ANDREAS: They loved my teaching of economics.

MELINA: They loved my dancing Greek dances.

ANDREAS: They loved my outspoken liberalism.

MELINA: Shut up: that's enough exposition. If we don't lower our voices the spies of Papapiguous will discover that we've returned to Greece. Then where will the hopes for an underground be? (directly to the audience)
And they just loved my acting in all those top-notch burglary, espionage, and streetwalker films!

ANDREAS: Melina, why are you contemplating giving up your star's career and joining the Pan Hellenic Liberation Front? You seem happy enough after tiring performances of "Melina Darling" just being allowed to go to that after hours restaurant from night to night in order to bust up the joint.

MELINA: I'm tired of busting up that joint night after night. Half my star's salary goes to bailing me out the next morning. I get restless. I am a great woman: I want to sink my fangs into some meatier role: like busting up the Greek government.

ANDREAS: I love a woman the Devil drives!

MELINA: You ain't exactly a eyesore either. Besides, it's cracled in my stars that I'm to bed with a rebel and topple a fascist monarchy. Jist gotta find the right rebel.

ANDREAS: Oracled in your stars? So you believe in astrology?

MELINA: No, why need I believe in it? Astrology is true.

ANDREAS: You're a figure of paradoxes, Mel.

MELINA: Mel?

ANDREAS: And you'll be a fantastic asset to the resistance.

MELINA: Mel? You'll find my figure ain't a paradox at all! Want me to strip this Hollywood fashion now?

ANDREAS: (rushing to stop her) No, please! not now. I'm reactionary enough to appreciate a costume drama. And your reactionary role's costume.

MELINA: I knew it! The real heart-felt force behind every revolutionary is reactionary! puritani---

ANDREAS: True. Behind Lenin and Castro was Calvin. And behind Calvin, the flagellant Augustine. Behind Augustine, Christ Himself. And behind Christ was -

MELINA: Plato, right? Plato's behind! How reactionary can you get? Greeks! - always behind. Fairies.

ANDREAS: So you're not so certain of your position now?

MELINA: What woman can be amongst Greeks?

ANDREAS: I mean you can't be counted on to stick it out.

MELINA: Can you? Listen, Andy, I'm plenty accountable.

ANDREAS: Oh, yeah?

MELINA: Yeah! I'm with it till the going gets rough. Then, I split.

ANDREAS: That's a pretty unstable table on which to set the supper for my stable of agitators.

MELINA: It ain't unstable. It's precise. Rather like the attitude of this play Papapiguous has ordered us to:- precise. But arbitrary.

ANDREAS: You know, I can bite into that: in a grandiose -

MELINA: fashion, right? -Then we're rebels?

ANDREAS: -Dedicated to the overthrow of the currently fashionable Premier Papapiguous and all who are behind him?

MELINA: Especially them.

ANDREAS: And the restoration of constitutional government?

MELINA: Constitutional govament and Democracy! So Greek!

ANDREAS: Great, then we're in business. Let me seal our complicity with a blank Easter gift certificate to Halston's on Mad Ave. Get out of these and get yourself a suit that suits your new self and we'll get going right away. -Away!

(ANDREAS, giving the certificate to MELINA, pulls her to an exit from their fading overhead while the overhead on PAPAFIGUOUS slowly fades up: he intones à la Hitchcock:)

PAPA: I heard every word they said.

(Black Out)

SCENE III
 "THE WEDDING, AND THE WEDDING NIGHT"
 (Being A Dumb Show)

(CHORUS; then ARISTOTLE, JACKIE; then SOCRATES and SAM)

(The dumb show is 5½ minutes, the length of the Third Movement of Hayden's Symphony No. 94 in G Major, to which it is played. The CHORUS enters in traditional rococo-like costumes of the Greek Isles and dances a country waltz to this brisk Minuet. ARISTOTLE and JACKIE parade in, similarly ornately attired, and the CHORUS forms an arch under which they pass toward the portals of an Orthodox Cathedral. As the CHORUS steps up its dance, SOCRATES, wearing an Archbishop's gown and headpiece, enters through and stands within the portals; he is followed by SAM. ARISTOTLE and JACKIE solemnly approach SOCRATES who, when they kneel before him, performs the marriage ritual and blessing. SAM snaps their picture. The wedded pair follow SOCRATES and SAM through the portals. The CHORUS continues to dance and moves off stage. A scrim rises up center revealing JACKIE in a nightgown sitting on the edge of a bed with her legs spread apart. She stares steadfastly at the audience, smiling wryly. ARISTOTLE reappears in a nightcap and gown, carrying a candle. Slowly, feebly, he hobbles toward JACKIE, having greater and greater difficulty just moving. He steps up between JACKIE's spread legs, totters for a moment and, when JACKIE lightly touches him, slowly

crumbles into a faint. The music ends. JACKIE, still smiling and staring steadfastly ahead, says to the audience with inimitably paced languor:)

JACKIE: His breath comes in hot pants, a push-over packaged steal of the Jockey Shorts Company, but he is only a stale mate in the stalemate in the fuel refineries package steal.....

(The booming, threatening voice of PAPAPIGOUOUS echoes through a delay as the lights fade out the bedchamber...)

PAPA: In the stalemate in the fuel refineries package...

(And Slowly Fade In:)

SCENE IV
"IN THE STALEMATE IN THE OIL REFINERIES"

(PAPAPIGOUOUS; then ARISTOTLE; then SAM)

(PAPAPIGOUOUS is pacing nervously in his office. A desk with telephone and papers. An arras; movement behind it.)

PAPA: In the stalemate in the oil refineries package deal, wherein we offer you sumptuous real estate as exchange for the raising of your rents on the refineries, we can not help noticing, my dear Aristotle, your non-cooperation which sponsors this stalemate that could well cost our junta their allocate and you your previous staggering investment. Invested way over our heads as we are in these refineries by the contentious interests' contentions as to just whose pawn we ought to play at being in their everlasting historical competition: the oil-hoarding East and oil-needy greedy West with their compulsive inabilities to carve up equitably, but instead ingrown habits to force one or the other of them to be the dominant colonial forgery, my dear Aris - my dear Aristotle! where in Athens are - (looking about angrily)
Damn that decrepit dachshund in heat, where is he! Sam, search ---

ARISTOTLE:(hobbling in breathless in his toga) Papupiparous!

PAPA: So, miser, you're finally here. What is the intention in the insult of this unpunctuality?

ARISTOTLE:The insult has no intention whatsoever, Prime Sinister. My unpunctuality was necessitated by my investigation of a blonde above suspicion.

- PAPA: (mellowing suddenly) Necessitated, was it? you old peter. You don't alter an iota: a vasectomy after me own lecherous loves. But, inform me, I hitherto believed brunettes your only weakness?
- ARISTOTLE: A man of my magnate ought inform on no ladies - not even his own. Most especially his own.
- PAPA: Count no man's magnate as all that confidential - count not the calendar of any man's magnate. Most especially your own.
- ARISTOTLE: A man who yanks a groom out of bed on his wedding night must have hot cross buns.
- PAPA: I see you do not stand on ceremony these days.
- ARISTOTLE: These days I hardly stand at all. May I squat on your desk?
- PAPA: Please do. Just shove those classified top-secret government documents aside, will you?
- ARISTOTLE: (doing so) Pity I misplaced my specs. And now?
- PAPA: And now, wealthy worm, your hot cross is erected by this: your great individual wealth.
- ARISTOTLE: You mean my great wealth's being so individual.
- PAPA: If you erect at all these married morns and don't let your Wall Street Journal and London Financial Times' subscriptions run out, you'll notice along with your Arab coffee how low our despotism's ratings recently fell.
- ARISTOTLE: Your despotism's worth shit on the open market. Oh - excuse my low born broker's lingo.
- PAPA: (furious) Son of a sardine-selling fishmonger!
- SAM: (behind the arras) Redundant. A tautology.
- ARISTOTLE: (not flinching; slowly, twiddling a rose) Named Simon called Peter. We rose in the world.
- PAPA: I want your money!
- ARISTOTLE: Who doesn't? Listen, I've a wife to support ---
- PAPA: Who doesn't?! To hell with your wives! How many of your millions can one woman waste?!
- ARISTOTLE: You'd be surprised. This one can ---
- PAPA: You'd be shocked if I grab those oil refineries!

ARISTOTLE: Bully someone less secure. Who'll take them over? - Val Niecarcos and Charlotte Ford??

PAPA: I've had them in mind.

ARISTOTLE: Then have in pocket that those factories will be shut down by calendar's end. Who deedlessly inherits, deftly dispenses. Or, to employ the fishmonger's lingo: "easy come/easy go."

PAPA: If you don't agree to the quadrupling of your rents, I shall enact a law confiscating all privately rented government property! And that, Aristotle, is all I've left to say!

ARISTOTLE: And that's all you've left to do to lose the U.S.A. - and, as night follows day, your "United Democratic Left." - "Democratic?" - hah! And "Left!!!!" - hah! hah! hah! What's left, General Papapiguous? I have a luncheon date with Jackie.

PAPA: (walking away thoughtfully while motioning to ARISTOTLE to remain; pausing) My dear patriot Aristotle, it's no news to you any more than to our uncensored press that our present Regent, General Zoitakes, and I no longer pair, or ever truly did, bun with box. I've been considering for some weeks now, though it adulterates my fidelity, his replacement. Since you and I, Aristotle, on the underside of the sex, do pair so very well egg and egg, I wish to offer ---

ARISTOTLE: You wish to offer me the Regency -- to make me king, and Jackie queen, of Greece.

PAPA: How did you so accurately gauge my generosity?

ARISTOTLE: By gauging your calculation of the emptiest bed you could confront me with to insure my sudden generosity. However, your scheme errs observing: for you see, Crime Minister, I never buy titles.

PAPA: But you buy wives.

ARISTOTLE: (solemnly) You can not defang that falsehood.

JACKIE: (her voice heard off-stage through the eery echo delay) Aristotle! I am the girl who has every single thing! Except a crown. Now always remember: you offered me the Crown of Greece... (the voice softening away)
I never asked for it.....

ARISTOTLE: (shakingly eyeing the arras; to himself) Does he behind the arras e'erhear the heiress as well? But truth to tell, she never did ask for it.
(turning quickly; to PAPAIGUOUS)

And neither did I!

PAPA: What?

ARISTOTLE: The crown.

PAPA: I know you didn't. I'm offering it to you.

ARISTOTLE: Certain I must take it because I buy my wives.

PAPA: Are you accusing me of impolite policy?

ARISTOTLE: Your policy is barbaric. Your bribery is impolite.

PAPA: And avant tout, la politesse?

ARISTOTLE: Avant tout, a man's right to, and necessity to, bank against humiliation. But that bank does not encompass oil refineries. Confiscate them if you wish, I wish no truck with a route like this. My brunch is getting stale. Good day, Papapig. Sir. Good day, arras.

(ARISTOTLE bows deeply to PAPAPIGIOUS and to the arras. PAPAPIGIOUS watches him depart, then snaps his fingers.)

PAPA: Did you overhear that, Polonius?

SAM: (emerging from behind the arras) This ain't Rome, I'm Sam, not Polonius. And of course I overheard it, whadda you think I station myself behind the arras for - to adjust my jockey shorts?

PAPA: What do you make of him?

SAM: It ain't what I make of him, but what you must. The king, if must be.

PAPA: But how?

SAM: Every head of every body gotta ache. That, to use the fishmonger's vernacular, is-a you ache. You see, you hook your power and reel it in because you've got no pride. But Ari's a Friday Fish some mother angle hooks. Having a kind of Good Friday Grace, he has resurrective Easter bounce-back, Caesared with wealth. Yet his crucifixion's implied in the Easter weak. Now Yankee observers say he made the Virgin Mary, the rose without thorns, but---

PAPA: But exactly what approach are you employing this flow'ry Madonna-veiled threat to suggest, Sam?

SAM: A flow'ry one. Approach the rose. Plato knows: the thorns on Ari's latest rose pricked him a day before they bled me. So manure the rose with thorns.

PAPA: Jackie?

SAM: Enough. We can't be caught making direct statements. I never know when the bugs in yer desk are functioning. So, scheming back, I'd scratch off their tapes if I were premier that lie that I was threatening you, however veiled.

PAPA: And Plato's yet another salaried by your service?

SAM: The Secret Service. So that's a secret, Master. I couldn't say direct.

PAPA: Oh, he is! I knew it. Plato the poetaster and Pope pleaser. I wonder what profile he has of me.

SAM: You be good boy and Plato plots fer, not agin ya.

PAPA: Yet every dog, in the dogged scheme of things, shall bleed of his own cub's back-bite. You Yanks haven't my madnesses to inoculate.

SAM: Only and up till yer madnesses are ours. -Jesus! even a dictator if he's Greek is an innocent! Howda ya begin to wheel 'n deal with these guys?

PAPA: No one who's ever been a child is innocent. If you imperialists could deal less, how much the more might then be dealt to your true benefit.

SAM: Merely "might." And we can't market on "might," although we might on Might. Also, where we're at, I'd strike that snapping of yer fingers whenever yer at a loss fer a angle from me. I ain't yer dog in the dogged scheme of things.

PAPA: Yet I am yours.

SAM: Heel!! And click yer heels, you Collaborator!!

(Black Out)

SCENE V
"WOMEN ACTING"

(JACKIE, PLATO; then MELINA)

(JACKIE, wearing a mini-skirt and high boots, enters with PLATO nursing a bottle, dressed as a derelict; he is drunk.)

JACKIE: I brunched with Ari who, soup to nuts, seemed to squat all alone in a brown study; so, feigning shock at the bounty he left the maitre d' ---

PLATO: Can you feign shock?

JACKIE: --- I split the cafe and spent the bottom of the afternoon, all alone myself, reading a foreign film. Some Swedish smoker grinding aimlessly on with a stud hopefully curious but, like too many Jacks, foundering yellow to a stalemate. So, near the half-time in ineffectuality, I split the theatre where, wouldn't you guess, right out on the frontwalk was that weird newsman rapid-firing his flashbulbs through my despair.

PLATO: (removing his fake beard) Guy gotta make a buck.

JACKIE: And came here, to the skids of Piraeus, figuring at least to figure out alone these American battleships. And would if it weren't for finding you on the waterfront this helplessly stinko. (amazed that PLATO's beard was fake, amazed at how youthful he suddenly appears)
Speaking of weird, Plato, - very suspiciously speaking - just what is it you want?

PLATO: A dialogue.

JACKIE: So, go to hell with yourself: Dialogue is what plays mostly are.

PLATO: (sucking the bottle's nipple) Most plays. But I feel anxious, man, cause this audience here tonight, they're really in bad shape - I mean, there's a helluva lotta coughin' goin' on all the time. -Nipple must be stopped up...

JACKIE: (moving away) Then don't let slip, as in some dictatorship, the public outcry. Do-your-thing.

PLATO: (falling suddenly to his knees, his face in JACKIE's rear) Go fer a bit a weird, eh?

JACKIE: Are you just innocently what they call "out cating" this evening, or is this an exercise in entrapment for some blackmailing purposes of Papapiguous that I fear even to begin to conjecture?

PLATO: (her mini-skirt over his head) Hold still - I jist wanna get a little tongue in cheek.

JACKIE: (turning to face him) Plato, I'm a married woman!

PLATO: The Jack in yer box finds that no cramp to his stylish investigating blondes above suspicion.

JACKIE: I doubt there's a natural blonde in all of Greece.

PLATO: Till mini-skirts are dropped in favor of going bottomless you can't be sure. Better to secure

your position now by quickly mounting the throne.

JACKIE: ^{trique} The throne? What business is that of yours?

PLATO: (muff-diving) A lap on the throne is worth two in the tush even by Grecian standards, ma'am.

JACKIE: I like your "herding me off" to the throne even less than your "heading me off" with a pass!

PLATO: C'on, Jackie! let's put some pussy on the line.

JACKIE: You put that line on a plot suspiciously above me. This'll knock it off: and your razor braces to boot!

PLATO: (being swiftly kicked in the teeth, his braces flying out; crawling after them, bleating) Oh! spit-out brace of my last romance! - optimistic brace: like the cum "tears" on terlet walls, fixed halfway in their falls, oh! in the half-way house, unmet halfway, of their loneliness, freezed forever... their hope frozen stiff.....
(he passes out; JACKIE looks on disdainfully)

JACKIE: I wonder why Plato masquerades as a hobo... Oh well, sic semper all spies on the make.

MELINA: (her fortissimo echoing from the dark) ABJURE!

JACKIE: ^{damn} ^{damn} Damn! My hearing's giving me trouble again.

MELINA: ABJURE! ABJURE!

JACKIE: ^{pathos} The widows of Ashur are loud in their wail....

MELINA: JACKIE, ABJURE!! JACKIE! JACKIE!

JACKIE: A little still she strove, and much repented,
And whispering "I will ne'er consent"--consented...

MELINA: (emerging in Janis Joplin regalia) Like the dight?

JACKIE: You walk in beauty like the night. Who are you?

MELINA: Don't you ever step out? I am Melina Baklava-Joplin, of stage, screen, Radio Free Europe, and closed curcuit TV!

JACKIE: ^{frankly} Get those furs at Paraphernalia, sweetheart?

MELINA: (dropping her tacky wrap) Think I'll remove 'em. Sounds like this gonna be a heated discussion.

JACKIE: Kick them over on Plato, will ya, he's out cold.

MELINA: (doing so with amazing skill) Enough small rap ---

JACKIE: (gazing down in thought) It is a small wrap.

MELINA: ---if you permit this military junta to take hold here, it could quite rapidly spread to the U.S.A.!

JACKIE: So? I live here.

MELINA: (stopped dead; turning to the audience) Gee, she kicked me right over with logic.

JACKIE: (sad/knowing) I anticipated I could. And all other arguments thereto abjuring...
sure?

MELINA: I abjure nothing! It is you who must abjure! Listen, smarty mini-pants, just cause you got a coupla Ph.D.'s 'n kin fake a half dozen romance tengues 'n Baltic dialects to boot, don't mean you kin snood my hair-do with yer sophistry. I know how you get off. I know your time of play!

JACKIE: (staring groundward) As certainly as brunettes know blondes must always wear blue... Funny how everyone knows what everyone else should do.

MELINA: Look at me when I talk to you, Ms! You've got to crank down this dictatorship at once!

JACKIE: How? Any country under dictatorships for one hundred and fifty years has not only a good taste of, but for, fascism. If we gave Greece any more leeway or self propulsion they could out-Gestapo Germany and leave the Nazis still blinking at the post. So, since Truman, that we Marshall Planned to soften them, why not plan along with that?
memorized

MELINA: Corroborate!

JACKIE: These Greeks bleat their complaints against authority just to hear themselves bleat. They luxuriate as loudly in their blame as American boys do of their mothers, and are as shrill in their recriminations as journalists are of me, who breast feeds them all their copy and fairly scandalous livelihoods.
in, some

MELINA: Boy, that's dumb. That there is dumb logic.
defuse

JACKIE: No moreso than the sheering off of protective mother-wool to run sheep naked, freezing in the spring frost. As American sons eventually all do.

MELINA: Agreed.

JACKIE: (aside) That tacky wool's mother-protecting Plato. He should use it later as tangible evidence.
(to MELINA)

So, Simone Cigarette, how do you expect Yanks to deal rationally with anything as sired in their parent century's imperialistic policies as Greece's current catalogue of internal contentions?

MELINA: Well a whole lot easier without the alliterations.

JACKIE: (ingenuously) Measurably easier?

MELINA: Start by exposing England's mother-country policy: the umbilicus of Greek problems - as well as Bang Bangladesh's. -Yeah: that million record album by the Whozywhatsiz really goosed Yankee guilt, swelling the care-package profits to Park Avenue worthy-of-attention!

JACKIE: Think the Whozywhatsiz kin knock off a album on Greece?

MELINA: Right off? They barely cut their opinion of Israel. Due out next week. Of course, I could. Yeah - that's a idea. You forgot I also sing.

JACKIE: No, I didn't. I just tried to.
(directly to the audience)
Could you imagine if she not only torkelt herum, but singt schmutzige Lieder?

MELINA: So! you slip pass in Deutsch as well. Translate!

JACKIE: Don't pinch. Having borne witness to your terpsichorean exercises, I merely imagined aloud what it would be like having them complemented by your singing filthy art songs.

MELINA: That figgers, Ms Barnes! You're probably also the hand behind the beasts that banned Tchaikovsky.

JACKIE: Small loss. Tchaikovsky's so obvious.

MELINA: What?

JACKIE: Tchaikovsky's so obvious.

MELINA: What?

JACKIE: Ob-vi-ous! He's so ob-vi-ous!

MELINA: Well frankly, my dear, so are you.

JACKIE: That's provocative; I'm leaving.

MELINA: You ain't gone nowhere till we get this tyranny of English Bards And Scotch Reviewers shuffled off!!

JACKIE: But what have you against the English? I, myself, own to almost a pathetic fallacy for their super-

cool Ronald Coleman come-on. Why, in prep school we were taught that England is the essence, the very symbol, of "common sense."

MELINA: And America, as inheritor of England's colonial role, were you also taught is right now the radical chic in essence of "common sense?"

JACKIE: Oh, no. We weren't.

MELINA: Then sell all you have, divide it amongst the poor, and follow Andreas into the Underground!

JACKIE: What Underground, ^{P. →} Melina? There is no honest opposition to Premier Papapiguous. Certainly nothing very organized.

MELINA: The CIA sees to that.

JACKIE: These people are natural born slaves, and die slaves, death-wishing themselves all the way to the grave. A race of slaves should serve the free. That's a pragmatic ancient Athenian principle. And they serve us well in insuring Israel's survival. So it would be against nature, and their nature, for me to represent a Resistance.

MELINA: But I just explained that the C---

JACKIE: The best one can do is authentically represent herself. And my authenticity is aristocratic since I was always aristocracy anyhow.

MELINA: In America??

JACKIE: O Mel, ^{one hand} speak no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grainèd spots
As will not leave their tinct. _{had}

MELINA: Mel?

JACKIE: ^{two hands} Oh, speak to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in my ears.
^{two hands} No more, sweet Mel!

MELINA: Then you'll join Andreas and me?

JACKIE: With all my resources! Melina, lead the way:
And let Liberty and Democracy date from this day!

MELINA: (turning to go, stumbling on PLATO) Hmmm....
the neighbors turn in early around here.

JACKIE: Well it's Athens' Bowery. ^{How} It was very modest of the U.S. to set up its naval "Home" in this district.

MELINA: (examining the drunk) Hold on: here be dragons.

JACKIE: You know this youthful decay?

MELINA: For a spy. He's Plato of the CIA's minor league.

JACKIE: No, that only looks like him. That's just a derelict who came within lurching distance of me before passing out on snake earl instead. Let the inefficient fascist lie, and keep your fur to warm his sty. ^{And} Come, Mel: bless and disavow all people pre-programed, like the Elaborate Abstinence.

(MELINA exits singing "Never On Sunday"; JACKIE follows her. Thinking they are gone, PLATO lifts his head and hiccups.)

PLATO: That's good: Melina my identity discredited. Yet I heard every word that she, the interferer, said.
-Problem is, I couldn't repeat most of 'em!

JACKIE: (alone in a soft spot) Oh, my!
That's not so good:
Since neither would
I.

(Fade Out)

SCENE VI
"IN A HOUSE ON BOUBOULINA STREET"

(SOCRATES, PAPAPIGOUOS, MELETUS, ANYTUS; then SAM; then ALCIBIADES)

(A torture chamber. MELETUS and ANYTUS are dressed in black tights and black hoods which have openings only for their eyes and mouths. SOCRATES is tied to a bench on his back with his feet between the sling and stock of a bloodied American M1 rifle - its insignia visible from the stage. ANYTUS hoists the rifle, twisting it to immobilize SOCRATES' feet, while MELETUS slams away with a shovel handle at the exposed soles. PAPAPIGOUOS is in attendance.)

SOCRATES: Is this any way to treat an archbishop?

PAPA: The remark's arch. Another bout of fálanga.

MELETUS: (renewing the blows to poetical rhythm)
So we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the hard-on's still as loving,
Yet the footstep's not as light.

- ANYTUS: For the shovel outwears the sole,
And the foot wears out the shoe,
And the blood pours through a hole
Aristocratic blue.
- PAPA: Are you ready to renege now, Socrates, without
the curlicue of your forced, ill fitted to the
moment, and unamusing witticisms?
- SOCRATES: So you are a critic of poetic philosophy these
days, as well as unduly elected Prime Minister?
- MELETUS: And Minister of Economics.
- ANYTUS: And Minister of Defense.
- PAPA: And Minister of Foreign Affairs. A man of my
stature has got to be a Jack of all trades.
Besides, critics are a necessary evil.
- SOCRATES: That's debatable. For one thing, they're not
evil; and for another, never necessary.
- PAPA: Double the fálanga set.
- SOCRATES: (groaning as his tormentors obey, the blood
streaming out of his battered shoes) But what
is it you want re I mean enunuciated?
- PAPA: Certainly not the confessions of an unrepentant
plagiarist. What have you ever nasaled wasn't
lifted verbatim from your purer and profounder
predecessors, Thales, Anaxemander, Anaximenes,
Heraclitus, Zeno, and Philo? Your value to the
state is negligable, Socrates, you're little
spittle, an oral crib in an age of record vaults,
in case you thought I'd have to set you free.
- SOCRATES: One could do worse than ape the wishful wise.
- PAPA: One could do no worse than ape Andreas' lies.
Not in my administration, blood bare me out!
- SOCRATES: Andreas?
- PAPA: Yes, Andreas! You fish to foster his wishful
allies, the local folk hero most vocal in his
Pan Hellenic Liberation Front. I demand that
you renege this sycophancy, and publicly debase
his illicit revolt. Then side with me -vocally.
- SOCRATES: To the first, never, for I am no man's sycophant;
to the next, never, since by our constitution
Andreas is lawful, not illicit; and to the last,
never, in that I am no traitor to Greece.
- PAPA: You are a traitor to me and I am Greece. Resume

the session, gentle men.

SOCRATES: This'll net you nothing, Papapiguous. I am old, but steadfast, for the will outwears the limb.

PAPA: Get Sam.

ANYTUS: Who?

PAPA: Sam, the news man: Go! We'll see how steadfast you are, you wreck, in the face of social disgrace.

SOCRATES: (as ANYTUS exits) Society can not disgrace
 What age, the envies, love of truth,
 What the educated and the uncouth,
 Kin, disciples, and a jingoist race
 Do not already deface.

(ANYTUS reenters accompanied by SAM lugging a portfolio.)

SAM: (singing) Whistle while you work,
 Hitler is a jerk!
 Mussolini is a meanie,
 Hirohito's Mao's bombinie ---
 Buy War Bonds and Stamps, on sale now in the
 lobby of this theatre!

SOCRATES: I "hear" you're an American.

SAM: From Chicago!

SOCRATES: Oh, Chicago. That's a household word.

SAM: (opening his portfolio) Hold on to your seats
 when you get a gander at what I got here.

SOCRATES: I wasn't going anywhere.

PAPA: Enough small exchange ---

SAM: What small? - I didn't name my price.

PAPA: Address me first when you enter my presence!

SAM: Have I got presents fer you, Papa! Three bucks
 a baker's dozen, five fer the whole set. Grab
 'em gingerly - they're still hot 'n spicy!

PAPA: Come here. Stand at attention. -Now:- kneel!
 A dictator's duty is seldom human, but you new
 informers are another breed altogether. The stills!

SAM: (kneeling reluctantly; under his breath) You'll
 suffer for this, you cold fish... Here, warm up.

PAPA: (perusing the photos) "Spicy" is soft sell, nay,
 the very cheek of meekness. This is hard-core,

a loser could do twenty years for mere possession.
 (holding the photos to SOCRATES' face)
 Recognize anyone?

- SOCRATES: Those are phony - they're doctored 8 x 10's.
 Any ordinary equipped lecher can go into a dark
 room and see what develops. They show nothing.
- MELETUS: (taking the set from PAPA) Nothing? These
 ain't no air brushed Playboy foldout centerfolds,
 I kin guarantee ya hairy Ruler that much.
- ANYTUS: I bet even Cosmopolitan would blush at this here
 brunet hair on olive detail. Wow!
- PAPA: So, Archbishop Socrates, you deny you are the
 principal model in these explicit miniatures?
- ANYTUS: Ain't nothin' miniacher in this one.
- SOCRATES: They're counterfeit! - and counterproductive:
 since when are movie stills admissible evidence?
- PAPA: Since I revised the penal code, Section 8 before
 7, Russ Meyer Precedent; see Russ ---
- ANYTUS: Sock's got his point when he makes out they're
 counterproductive.
- PAPA: You two, there, stop fingering Exhibit A.
- MELETUS: (stimulating his crotch) So that's what they
 call it now. I prefer "beecho."
- ANYTUS: I'm for when they give it a familiar name, like
 "Stuart," "Wally," or "Joey."
- MELETUS: (bending over to look directly at his own
 crotch) "Joey"'s nice. -Hello, Joey!
- PAPA: Silence, you masked imbeciles!
- MELETUS &
 ANYTUS: (together) We're the Dynamic Duo!
- PAPA: Give me those visual aids! -Now step back --
 move back! I say. I'll tear out your tongues!
- MELETUS &
 ANYTUS: (together) 'N end our eatin' days ferever.
- PAPA: You'd go sans opprobrium, Archbishop, should Sam's
 art shots be photo-offset in the daily press?
- SOCRATES: In a puritanical autocracy? - you wouldn't dare.
 Besides, to recap, that there adult material
 over there is downright spurious.

- SAM: (nearly jumping out of his skin) You lie, fruit!
I caught you in the act earlier in the act!
- SOCRATES: (calmly) It's your word against my bird.
- ANYTUS: (delighted) "Bird!" - that's great! "Bird"'s
the best euphemism't yet.
- PAPA: Relax, Sam. Our case doesn't depend on your
predictably contradictory testimonies; nor your
lyrical, so Cavafis-envisioned compositions...
-Anytus, bring in the boy.
- ANYTUS: (exiting) The rot thickens.
- MELETUS: (looking after ANYTUS) He a gofer or sumthin'?
- SOCRATES: (rapidly beginning to break) The boy?
- PAPA: Aye, St. Sinner, to end your insular fatuities.
- SOCRATES: (wearily) And now the boy. I wonder if Jackie's
vengeful author isn't excessively indulged? I'd
gofer a long cut right about here.
- (ANYTUS reenters leading ALCIBIADES, arrogant to the hilt.)
- MELETUS: Alcibiades! That's a cut below the belt.
- ALCIBI: I am a cut above every buddy here!
- ANYTUS: Presenting, The Buddy Beautiful, Alcibiades the
Athenian ---
- MELETUS: What's so big about being Athenian? we all are.
- ANYTUS: Lemme finish:- Alcibiades the Athenian, afterward
the Spartan, afterward the Athenian, afterward
the Spartan again. Can you top that?
- MELETUS: If I had as many on top of me as he. They drive
him home - every time that turncoat turns over.
- ALCIBI: Hi, Sock, I see yer hung up fer Christmas.
- MELETUS: When you see him hung, don't havta be Chris---
- PAPA: Archbishop, you admit to an acquaintance with
this son of joy? this boy of the evening? this
adolescent of the avenues?
- SOCRATES: He's not a mechanical Mévis, mechanically
performing, to night with whom they say men spend
a hundred staters or more. Alcibiades is rather
the youngster that handsome Sophocles was,
singing the lead and striking the harp for the
youth's 'chorus celebrating Athens' Persian

victory, who afterward matured to write plays which dare depict us all.

- PAPA: Alcibiades, male prostitution is punishable by castration. I'll leave off cutting off your business for the moment, if ---
- ANYTUS: "Your business!" - that's fantastic! "Your business" is a fantastic malignapropism.
- PAPA: ---if you'll bleat out quickly and precisely just what this pederast did to you.
- ALCIBI: He greeked me.
- SAM: And that's just what my action shots are called: "Socrates Greases Hungry Turkey."
- PAPA: Then we may say of Socrates, as the wit said of Shakespeare: "He shamed the Greeks."
- ANYTUS: And his old Joey gave Al the Old Joey.
- ALCIBI: That ain't true - I been to the clinic.
- MELETUS: Where you're reanticipated. It's scrawled on the wall of the clinic john:
"Alcibiades was here. Just now he's gone.
They cured his clap, so he carries on."
- PAPA: Anything further, innocent child?
- ALCIBI: Well, he also fist-fucked me.
- PAPA: Enlarge.
- ALCIBI: On fist-fucking(!) Even Meletus stops there. It is finger-fucking protracted ad extremum; ad nauseam on occasion. Its aim is at the brain, though not wholly cerebral, since a cerebral hemorrhage is what's in mind as likely as loving.
- PAPA: (to SOCRATES) I strip you of your Archbishopric!!
- SAM: (hopefully) And appoint whom?
- PAPA: And appoint that additional burden upon myself.
- MELETUS: But yer awready Prime Minister.
- ANYTUS: And Minister of the Military.
- MELETUS: And Minister of Economics. And Minister ---
- ANYTUS: -of the Interior. With the pun a posteriori.
- SAM: So the Archbishopric will lay just as comfortably

on his epaulets. The more a General shoulders, the more accounts a general man can shoulder.

PAPA: Who needs a job done well needs to do it himself. Therefore, I'd as soon do every thing. And be every thing. I will be it well.

SOCRATES: (to ALCIBIADES) He needed a great deal of tail-twisting to get you to bark, didn't he, Al?

ALCIBI: But no amount of leg-twisting was needed to get you to lie, was it, Sock? It is better to speak good Puerto Rican than bad Castilian.

SOCRATES: My soul feels the pain my swollen soles never could. Who'd have guessed Alcibiades the traitor?

ALCIBI: So history has to say my name.

SOCRATES: (at the point of tears) Enlarge.

ALCIBI: Live all my life, and deeds of this exact same treachery I'll be repeating. And how not, when elders like you amateur with the young? Hear it: "Alcibiades the Traitor!" - the Western World's time with patience till West at last no longer is shall thus extend my name and name and skill be indivisible. Exploitation, - argue my defense!

SOCRATES: My mind will turncoat - go mad, go mad!

PAPA: Going mad is like ballet dancing. If you don't start at an early age you can't ever expect to be a fully functioning lunatic, one working at maximum capacity; that is, who is it well.

ANYTUS: 'N he don't know, who does?

ALCIBI: (to ANYTUS) You ought to gofer warm water and absorbent cloths. My master's bleeding badly.

SOCRATES: (weakly) Sex chivvies me pillar to post. In how many, many senses is an otherwise contained remorse for his Jack in the box, that one rover, that late-nighter torments him to appetite, hostage, and humiliators; his vulnerable attenuant.

ANYTUS: Gofer water 'n cloths yaself. Sock wouldn't need 'em if not fer you. Look - he done gone out.

(PAPAPIGUOUS, his arm around SAM, draws him away. Rending a strip of his tunic, ALCIBIADES wipes SOCRATES' blood.)

PAPA: I shall publish two charges against Socrates. Soon as they're public via the press and wireless, I'll withdraw the second since it is unprovable and also false.

SAM: Professional subtlety; admirable intrigue.

PAPA: And I can grant I erred at that time: for the accusations once posted, the distrusters openly argued and their stigma gossiped about, they can not but detriment in the Aegean's fertile ill will.

SAM: What developable dimensions this has! Let's call it "Project Snowball." What two charges?

PAPA: The first is Sodomy for which we've wide open Alcibiades' enlargement. The second is Treason with Complicity to overturn our administration via the philosopher's adventures with the exiled and reactionary King Nuisance whom he wishes reinstated, thus reversing our future to the Feudal Ages with all their Christian cruelty.

SAM: Such scope! What evidence have you of this?

PAPA: None, I told you that.

SAM: Ah so. 'N what about his alliance with Andreas?

PAPA: That's legal since Andreas was the legal-elect before I abolished the constitution.

SAM: Ah so.

PAPA: Didn't you know that?

SAM: Of course. But who can remember everything? There's just so much in-take a man can take in.

PAPA: The vulgar cry as well as the Élite Army's shall be for Socrates' execution. Which leaves us with little but the specifics of his dispatch. How does hemlock sound for originality?

SAM: Absolutely pastoral.

PAPA: Then may I assume that you are satisfied, Sam? And your superiors as well?

SAM: You may.

PAPA: Alcibiades, do not add giving aid and comfort to the enemy to your already impressive list of immoderacies. Come over here, puppy.

ALCIBI: How may I heal for my newly ordained Archbishop?

PAPA: You doing anything tonight?

ALCIBI: Why no, Papa Doc, as a matter of tact.

PAPA: (taking him by the hand) Well, then, you will be.

ALCIBI: (being led offstage) Today Athens, tomorrow
the Spartas! All Power Through Passivity!!

(Black Out)

SCENE VII
"GREECE EXPIRING ON THE RUINS OF MISSOLONGHI"

(ARISTOTLE, JACKIE; then PLATO; then ANDREAS)

(ARISTOTLE and JACKIE enter their parlor in the midst of a dispute. He is holding a small ornate bottle in one hand and a rose in the other. He offers her the bottle.)

ARISTOTLE: A canister of rose water to dab behind the ears
and ankles of your birthday, my American Beauty?

JACKIE: (shocked) Rose water? Two ounces of rose water?!

ARISTOTLE: Would three or four swell the sentiment?

JACKIE: Three or four deeds to your South African diamond
mines might! But rose water?! -How dare you!
(she seizes the bottle and smashes it on a table
top, then returns the splintered neck to him)
Here, have yourself a hippy birthday!
(she sinks, disconsolate, into a chair)
I feel morose.
(ARISTOTLE, from a distance, deftly tosses the
rose back over his head into her lap)
And then more rose.

ARISTOTLE: And I feel like one more husband battered by
Women's Lib. And I'm not even American.

JACKIE: Women's Lib isn't American. It's Greek in
origin, like everything else. It harpys back
to the Amazons, those one-breasted archers who
practiced artificial insemination/self-
pollination, as indeed we one day all shall,
and in which day the human race will have only
women in it. Aristotle, I demand the birthday
gift you tempted me with - the crown of Greece.

ARISTOTLE: Lower your lisp. If one of the espions, uh,
servants on the grounds heard what you just ---

JACKIE: Why - can't you trust even the people on
your payroll?

ARISTOTLE: Me trust people? I wouldn't even trust actors
to portray the untrustworthiness of people.

JACKIE: I've nothing to hide. History bears out what historians always fear to finalize: that each nation finally gets exactly what it deserves. What's so wrong about becoming the queen of a washed-up backwater at the basin of Europe? - Europe, the graveyard of the western world!

ARISTOTLE: What's so wrong?? Don't they give even a freshman course in political science in Benningfun or Creed I mean Bryn More or wherever it was they wised you up? Wise up.

JACKIE: (standing) That's acerbic. I'm leaving.

ARISTOTLE: (suddenly à la mafia Marlon Brando) Nobody walks out on da organization! Ya might get carried out, but ya don't walk out!

JACKIE: (amazed but determined) -Ya run out!!

(JACKIE flings open the door and rams into PLATO, apparently eavesdropping, disguised as a saucy maid in mini-uniform.)

PLATO: A salesman, M. Ari, he haz a painting to fence.

JACKIE: You new around here, honey?

PLATO: And you ain't? -My card.

ARISTOTLE: Show the salesman in, chérie.

JACKIE: A salesman, huh? Everybody's got something to sell, don't they, dearie?

PLATO: I sell my labors, not my favors: and you??

JACKIE: Frump frog!

ARISTOTLE: You were leaving, Jackie?

JACKIE: You mean leaving it up to her? No, sir. I just remembered some Playman photo studies I've been meaning to cut out. In the parlor.

ARISTOTLE: So then you won't be cutting out? Good. I expect this gentleman is bringing your real birthday gift. Chérie, I'll see him now.

PLATO: (bellowing) Tall, dark, 'n handsome! he'll see ya now!
(giggling to and nudging JACKIE)
Oooooo, just wait, he eez zo cute!

(ANDREAS, dashingly attired, enters limping carrying a sheet-covered canvas, 209 X 147 cm. JACKIE, sitting, cuts pages from a magazine with a huge pair of shears.)

ANDREAS: I inventory my bibliomania to order for the upcoming season whatever motivation for my Endurance I estimate will have been sold out by then. And as I run my pencil down the register of my reason, I ask myself incamera for the incalculable time of what precisely this motivation consists. Certainly not absolute certainty, for certainty and bound truth are Easter trappings chartered by now to the ashcans of our atavism. Certainly not economic reward, for verisimilitude is rewarded by destitution; certainly not position since examined conscience is positioned in exile; certainly not camaraderie, for a man never acquires so much aloneness as when he commits to the earthly paradise of a perfect state: for it is in the actual accomplish of polis that one finally feels immeasurably unfulfilled, a small cabinet of tools architected off in the building plan from the implied stairways to storeys of his potential totality. Of what, then, does my motivation consist? I think, Dear Seated, Dear therefore authentically placent receptacles of reality, whose nature it is to need to fill your immobile invitation, that my wonderful motive is only and is purely a hope. I say hope and I say it is wonderful because nothing else can explain this Endurance wholesaled against sophisticated torture, the fálanga from which I limp, the neighborliness of death, and the grim reprisals upon family that my like-minds and I are countered with. And because hope can only be explained by being the hope to humanness, the hope for a humanity distinguished from the authoritarian and hopeless power-infested who want to account us in their inhuman bewilderment. On the abacus of my bibliomania, my heavenless soul, I gratuitously subtract, and the subtrahend is this, this hope I connote.

JACKIE: (sighing with philosophic resignation) Well, all the world's a thrift shop and all the men and women salesmen and saleshunters in it.

PLATO: Aaah, ya buy ya glad rags on Orchard Street.

ARISTOTLE:(rising) Silence. Stand aside, idiot! The Devil is not mocked. -Unveil the painting.

ANDREAS: (tearing the sheet off the canvas with dramatic, sensational flare) Bitter Bidders.....

ARISTOTLE:(as the three gather about it) ...A Delacroix?

JACKIE: Sloppy enough to be.

PLATO: Well, it ain't exactly a Ingre, let's put it

that way.

ANDREAS: "Greece Expiring on the Ruins of Missolonghi," an elegy in oil for the arch-romantic English poet Lord Byron, who perished there in 1824, and a memorial to the many Greeks martyred there as well during the Greek and Turkish War for Independence! -Note that the female embodiment of freedom expiring is actually a portrait of the dying Lord Byron himself.

PLATO: Dig that bubbitchgle 'n plunging neckline. What taste! Guess he couldn't look too good in drag.

JACKIE: Well, he had scarlet fever at the time.

PLATO: He had a scarlet fever all the time.

ARISTOTLE:(to ANDREAS) What are you asking?

ANDREAS: An elaborately exorbitant sum, for once hung, this will function as a continuous cry to your abdicated conscience.

ARISTOTLE:What of the cry to your own conscience for its theft? This canvas is the property of le Musée des Beaux-Arts Bordeaux.

ANDREAS: Our conscience is unaccountable since it is, and so long as it shall be, the Resistance! Your payment will purchase arms for, and Delacroix's depiction your membership in, the Pan Hellenic Liberation Front. As for theft, Aristotle, who are you to begin t---

ARISTOTLE:To begin, who are you?

ANDREAS: I am who says that awesome force a dictionary apart from the power of the oppressors. I refer to the sotto voce audible under the crescendoing insolence of tyranny. Tyranny deafens every dawn; I am who repulses it with the selfish utterance in one word:- "Freedom." Shunting sleep, I harness Apollo with a magic lyric:- "A Free Greece, A United Europe!" and the chained day ahead lies dealable.

PLATO: (realizing; fanatical) He is Andreas!!

ANDREAS: I am Andreas, pretender to the prime ministry, illegally eliminated by the abolishing of free elections on the 21st of April, 1967.

ARISTOTLE:(awed; stunned) Ah! here so soon....

ANDREAS: Punctuality is the politeness of kings.

JACKIE: You see, he already bows to our royalties.
We've nothing for it but to take command.

PLATO: Right on, girl!

ARISTOTLE: We can't.

JACKIE: But Andreas is spelling it out: let's accept the regency and appoint him Head of the Ministry in effect. He's that in truth, if not in fact.

ARISTOTLE: He was never prime minister.

PLATO: In fact or truth.

ANDREAS: Howsoever, you must never be regents. Our nation needs now to become a constitutional democracy!

ARISTOTLE: History talks with his tongue. He is an oracle.

JACKIE: Liars! Liars! You betray my chance to reign and turncoat the condition of your proposal as well!

ARISTOTLE: All Europeans are liars. You need to have married me without condition: for myself alone sans the disputed throne. By that rule only might you have come to rule.

ANDREAS: But over my dead body!

PLATO: (wild) O the sky above, the mudraking below!

ANDREAS: Neither of you nor any wealth will rule when and so long as I am or vie to be prime minister!

PLATO: Then never be prime minister!!
(grabbing the shears from JACKIE he stabs ANDREAS in the back; ANDREAS falls against ARISTOTLE)
Jackie! the traitor's attacking Aristotle!

(Hysterical and confused, JACKIE springs at ANDREAS from behind, inadvertently forcing his face into the splintered bottle neck still in ARISTOTLE's hand; his whole face slashed, ANDREAS slips, dying, through ARISTOTLE's arms, onto the floor. PLATO rushes toward the audience, shrieking at them in his manic total loss of control:)

PLATO: THE ART IS OVER, FOLKS; THE REST IS SCANDAL!!!

ACT II

MARRIAGES MADE IN HEAVEN

SCENE VIII

"SOCRATES VISITED IN HIS CELL BY THE SPIRIT OF BYRON"

(SOCRATES; then The SPIRIT of LORD BYRON; then PLATO)

(Greek prison music plays during the intermission. When the audience reenters the music increases in volume for two or three minutes. A single yellow spot throwing an unhealthy feeling onto the stage from a great height gradually illumines SOCRATES, broken and old, chained by an ankle to his cell bed. As he speaks the music lowers.)

SOCRATES: Shut up out there, will ya! How the who-a's a guy supposed to get to sleep with that there rock festival at full amp?! And this a maximum security prison with the minimum allotted leeway! can you imagine what the noise pollution must be like in the mini-security lockups? Probably ain't worth turnin' in in them places. Ain't worth turnin' in a dictator anymore, just worth turnin' into a dictator, totalitarianism bein' so inevitable as it were. -And I do not deduce that ruminatin' on the spineless non-efforts of my anti-black, anti-semitic, anti-American, and anti-everything else chauvinistic patriots to overturn two millennia of puppetships and never declared colonizations; but rather on the realism of the earth about to burst with the billions dependent on it for their sustenance. After all, on what other planet ought they depend? There are too many babes to suck, too many kids to rear, discipline, and teach, too many aged and infirm to provide for, and general incomes to guarantee all for the powered to allow them unprogramed determination and always reductive dissent. Freedom must be legislated into tokenism if only to underwrite human survival; and, of course, to placate that death wish of the suicidal few who rule the rest... -Damn my outdated ideals! Damn my private Devil and his horny, cloven hoof descendants!

(SOCRATES throws his locked bedpan across the cell. It

explodes on a wall, stopping the music and creating a sunburst in whose center stands the imperious and highly romantic SPIRIT of LORD BYRON. BYRON is played by the actor who plays ANDREAS: dressed in the costume of Greece depicted in "Greece Expiring on the Ruins of Missolonghi," he limps as he retrieves the bedpan. Then he scans archly SOCRATES' chain that limits him to a few feet of the bed.)

BYRON: Plan on having no further use for this that you so cavalierly torpedo it out of your reach? and near knock out mine eye?

SOCRATES: Ever hear of a hunger strike? Well I'm launchin' a shit strike. Ain't gonna defecate no more till they make good my demands 'n my rights restore.

BYRON: Which are?

SOCRATES: A menu with choice of the à la carte house specialty or du jour blue plate special, choice of religion including the Dionysian as well as Apollonian cult to suit my change in mood or guilt, guaranteed unread and uncensored mail and billets-doux to males as may be females, the right to counsel and the consolations of bottle and conjugal visits, weekly showers.

BYRON: That all?

SOCRATES: Monthly change of linen. -'N Jockey Shorts.

BYRON: And?

SOCRATES: The family size Holiday Inn soap bar. That half inch piece they give ya is gone afore I get halfwaydowna my ass. Who are you?

BYRON: I am the Spirit of Lord Byron.

SOCRATES: Lord Byron?

BYRON: Lord Byron! Next to Napoleon, the most famous man of the 19th Century. Next to Shakespeare, the most famous poet of the English language.

SOCRATES: On the authority of Gay Wilson Knight, next to Shakespeare, the best poet in the English language. -Get in through the open tram, boy?

BYRON: Spirits are insubstantial: we walk through walls.

SOCRATES: I bet yer insubstantial. Already, I'm bored. Why do you dash my solitary like an Assyrian come down like the wolf on the fold, 'n derange my conjectures to me more'n gold?

BYRON: To recite! -And hopefully set right!
 (downstage, heroically declaiming)
 The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon---
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave. ---

SOCRATES: (wild) Propaganda!! Liberationist propoganda!

BYRON: (reserved) Propaganda goofyganda.

SOCRATES: You got gas or sumthin'?! Wanna slop on the
 bum rap they already stuck me with? Them brick
 walls is bugged! Man, my bedpan is bugged!

BYRON: What boot I? Byron hath never made a secret
 of his soul's affairs.

SOCRATES: Do tell:- you parlayed them up into a small
 fortune, you cheap promotionalist, 'nough to
 equip a invading army.

BYRON: And sent that army off to Greece!

SOCRATES: I got a "A" in history, also.

BYRON: And I am returned, an astro-projected post-
 mortem poltergeist of Andreas, to revitalize
 that struggle for hope in your mizzable guts!

SOCRATES: What self-promoting profit have you now for
 meddling in exotic politics? and in resuming,
 unconjured, the pain of shorter Europeans?

BYRON: Unconjured? The profit of liberty is never
 exotic nor family to one face. It swells up
 easily in the watched domain of poetry, fierce
 and unreasonable, poetry being that which can
 not be reasoned with, that which I humbly serve.
 Impertinent and dangerous who notify the junta
 as the Greek poeple's frown or bank for America's
 millions. A deceit in their echelon determines
 all and the undetermination is the propriety of
 poetry abiding no sway or malcontent's new banner.

SOCRATES: You serve a self-effacing mistress. I, too,
 am bond' to so sameself a counselor. She is

named philosophy, the Queen and Science of sciences. And she names me now, away from the tilt in momentary politics, away from the play and lurid in life, aye, even the sexuality that you, Byron, so studiously stand for.

BYRON: Cock is not mocked! Sexuality and the lurid life are liberty's ardent insistence. Two weeks and you'll be back sniffing crotch.

SOCRATES: I do not think I have two weeks to live...

BYRON: You have all history for history is assumed in every student of your difficulty and your difficulty skirts no dynasty. This undoing but seems an undoing and merely seems the work of the boy Alcibiades. Yet he simply insured your clash with tyranny, forcing the slavers to unmask themselves in front of Athens' chorus. And verity now is naked everywhere. Your Alcibiades, when he shall turncoat and rebetray each faction fighting Sparta, by the Arcadian youth Axiochus himself shall be reinstated in Athens, dying then to deliver its true traitors. I saw myself once as the Alcibiades, the lusty traitor to every camp, England included, that betrayed and exiled me. Then a Greek boy like Axiochus, named Loukas Chalandritsanos, came from Cephalonia to compel me to liberate the slaveland England made of Greece. And rethinking myself as the real Alcibiades, I perished in his name as he. So now the Yankee Andreas (for he was a Yankee adopt) informs as myself: the American imperialist with all that guilt, died for his country's puppet. And his boy instructor was the beautiful androgynous embodiment of freedom brushed by the vision ---

SOCRATES: Of Delacroix. Which is you...

BYRON: Thuswise, a contemporary situation simile-summons to contain what it recalls, teaching how all history's enacted, meaning it is only reenacted, assumed in a single person.

SOCRATES: Well, you oughta know, you composed the book.

BYRON: Which book now composes you. --Listen ---

(A pause. Then an awkwardly loud rapping on the door. It opens, revealing PLATO dressed as an attorney.)

PLATO: (trilling sickeningly) Socrates, you dressed?

SOCRATES: HMMMMMM, the man of a thousand feces.

- BYRON: Legislate your tongue, Plato can't be trusted.
- SOCRATES: Gag yer advice! It's illegal for you to even be here. Quick! - through the wall -- or at least behind the door.
- PLATO: Debating yourself? You must have money in the bank. -Much? May I come in? I will anyhow.
- SOCRATES: (as BYRON steps behind the door) You're too late. My bedpan's been taken. By Lord Byron.
- PLATO: (entering the cell) A private joke?
- SOCRATES: It look like I've got company?
- PLATO: Now you do. Allow me to introduce myself: I am your newly appernted attorney. -My card.
- SOCRATES: Yer a unemployed drag queen.
- PLATO: (still sugary) The junta finds work for everyone. Just like in socialism. My card.
- SOCRATES: Is that yer latest fantasy? And this gray flannel get-up yer way of acting it out?
- PLATO: Yer acting yer way right out of this play, Mr. Subversive! I got powers of eternal attorney undreampt of in yer philosophy, Hortensio, powers granted me by CIA threats to Papapiguous! Now, do we still find ourselves disagreeing?
- SOCRATES: Only in the area of values. You see, I think one should have some and you don't.
- PLATO: Socrates, this morning the liberation forces blew up a part of the U.S. Sixth Fleet parked at Piraeus. Ten fanatics were jailed tootsweet. They're in fer swift trial 'n swifter sentencing.
- SOCRATES: What boot I (~~you~~)? I've disengaged myself from activism and similar insular fatuities.
- PLATO: Not according to the Army Élite. Tagging you Ringleader of the Terrorists, they say li'l ol' grayhaired Sock's the Major mastermindin' this heinous harbor plot. I encourage them.
- SOCRATES: (furious) How dare they?! And how dare double deal you! I been wastin' my gizzum in solitary here and been totally incommunicado fer the las---
- PLATO: The Élite finds responsible whom it profits them most - you're incommunicado as you note, and are to remain so as benefits their charge, that is, for as long as it takes them to make

it stick. Unless, that is, yer all-important conferences with me alter yer quaint quandary.

BYRON: Howe'er you you betray with your present decrees,
Your true future proceeds without you, Socrates!

SOCRATES: (sad) Even my past ain't what it used to be.

PLATO: (pedantic) The past is the most unstable of
the inflectional forms from which we experience.

SOCRATES: Jist the kinda half digested bromide one oughta
expect from the authoress of "The Republic!"

PLATO: (opening his case) That work's a mistresspiece!
I was in fab form writing that. -Have ya seen
my latest:- it's called, "The Symposium."

SOCRATES: You won't put over this trumped-up terrorist
rap as easily as them two Populist muddle
mindednesses masqueradin' as Philosophy, Plato!

PLATO: With 70 million in American military aid we can
put over and put down any one or thing we want.

SOCRATES: The U.S. Congress cut off that 70 million just ---

PLATO: And Tricky Dicky vetoed the Congressional cut
off that very afternoon. You see, to all
intents and purposes, the American Congress no
longer exists. And so much for Democracy!

SOCRATES: (despairing) Zeus, O Zeus, what is my fate?

PLATO: Public recantation, or public execution.

SOCRATES: Who seals my mouth seals the freedom of Greece
forever. I can't believe they'll execute me.

PLATO: Jist wait 'n see! As an attorney with client's
healthiest interest at pocket, I advi---

SOCRATES: (gathering his chain menacingly) Come closer
and try a not very public execution, you stable
sweep for Greek Nazis! I'll fight Papapiguous
facing frontwards now -- with my death!!

PLATO: As yer lawyer 'n advisor, crotchfly, uh, gadfly---

BYRON: (stepping out angrily from behind the door and
emptying the bedpan on PLATO's head) Dung-heap!
I much too honor thee to take thee at thy use!

PLATO: (shocked; sizing up BYRON) Eeeeeekkkkk! The
bolt of Hephaestus, the lame Olympian smythie!
(scampering madly about the stage)

Run hence, flee, proclaim the god as poltergeist!
 Poltergeists in the prison!! Sauve qui peut!!
 (calmly; trilling sweetly at the cell door)
 Good bye, bearded and unrepentant liberationist
 Socrates, see you at your execution. By the by,
 beards are now ag'in our neo-Nazi laws.

SOCRATES: (to BYRON as PLATO closes the door) Run hence,
 flee, proclaim to the people that Socrates is
 their Andreas as of this day forth! To Tyranny
 short shrift and Liberty long list!!

BYRON: I stand by thee, yet fiercely armed a warrior go,
 Who once thy body knew, but now thy Being know!

(Black Out)

SCENE IX

"A MARRIAGE OF MINDS DIVORCED IN SPIRIT or, A MARRIAGE
 OF MINDS DIVORCED BY SPIRITS"

(PAPAPIGUOUS, SAM; then PLATO; then MELINA and BYRON)

(PAPAPIGUOUS and SAM in the former's office; street cries)

PAPA: Just listen to those loud mouth nervous Nellies!
 They're demonstrating for Socrates' release.

SAM: Stop pacing. You'll give me indigestion over
 a fistful of sob sisters. The resistance here,
 as elsewhere and elsetimes, consists of a
 miniature brigade of freaks - freaks being
 they who, by definition, require freedom.
 The people won't join them.

PAPA: And Socrates - can I put him to death then?

SAM: Why even think about it? A man craps out when
 his life-journey's completed. If Socrates'
 historic destiny has come full circle he will
 die, if not, not.

PAPA: While you're so calmly solving all my problems,
 Sam, can you settle why, if my army's passed
 the one hundred and fifty thousandth sucker in
 strength, you're training troops in Italy now?

SAM: Freaks are sometimes contagiously resourceful.

PAPA: But the thirty phantom jets you boused our air---

SAM: Are thirty jets and a hundred fifty thousand

mulatto boys enough to insure my country's
earl interests? Not since Solomon and Sheba
has an Arab-Israeli lovers' quarrel so closely
threatened the non Third World with death and
dollar devaluation. When all Mediterranean
Europe's an unbroken daisy chain of rightest
regimes we Yanks can finally take Sundays off.
A course, on Mondays we'll be back taking new
buffers for our Kremlin headache. An American
can never be too secure. Or over-invested.

PAPA: What insecurity! Had you Greek mothers to
suck your brats instead of Rita Hayworths ---

SAM: But we didn't - we did have goddesses of the
Silver Screen - and the neurotic girls-next-
door who lived in their like. These days,
acidrock superstars and a pre-fab aristocracy
stand in for the tradition. So why cry over
evaporated milk?

PAPA: (wretched) It's only the Greek who must cry.

(PLATO bursts in in Joan Blondel/Shelly Winters high drag.)

PLATO: Cry no more! Enlightened Monarch-to-Be, your
financial impasse is passed!! Plato shall
enlighten, laying bare grand tiding! Hi, Sam.

SAM:: (unbalanced) What kinda uniform is this?

PLATO: A Screen Goddess's! No Yankee hausfrau got
anything on me. I'm still by disguise a saucy
Paris maid, but Sunday's my day off! Dig it,
daddy?:- the peeled nylons, snood in disarray,
a slipped-off-the-shoulder invitation and
indecipherability as to whether I moments ago
got into the hay or tragically, defenselessly,
ineluctably, am just about to be forced to?

SAM: Only the horny notice. What's the news?

PLATO: Aristotle murdered Andreas.

PAPA: (leaping into the air, insane with delight)
My life is mine! O Mommy of God, my life is
mine to live as Christ intended! Yahoooooo!!
NOW nothing blocks my immortality, my mastery
of the Balkans. Yahoooooo!! Quick - call out
Chief Torturer Karaponayiotiswhatshisname to
quell that Rigas Feraios demonstration - the
first, the very first they dared since my
daring '67 coup. And have him crack all egg
heads heading the "Organization For The Study
Of Greek Problems" in Attica, have him crowd
their cracked heads into Attica's jug! And

John Pismasogon who wiseass wormed us into the Common Market against my wish, have Asphalia's Basil Lambrou drop that co-op artist off at Bouboulinas and turn the fálanga on him! Him, at last! Ah, Marshall Law's in Athens still and citizens shall cry "It is!" before the weekend ends! Please, Plato, gorgeous Plato, depict the marvelous murder; relate with relish!

- PLATO: (taking stage) Well, it's jist one a them things. Andreas comes in with this original Delacroix 'n hits Ari up fer a rip-off, knowin' Ari's taste in art 'n Jackie's well publicized patronage a romantic paintin's ex libris Wyeth, Dali, Grandam Moses, Bacon, Mr Kean 'n such.
- PAPA: (his tongue hanging out) And?
- PLATO: Well, ex nihilo nihil fit. Ari don't dig the hussle, Andreas gets more insistent, tempers rise, Jackie freaks out, 'n fore ya know it ---
- PAPA: Yeah:
- PLATO: Ari smashes this bottle inta ugly splintas 'n slashes Andreas' throat to ribbons.
- PAPA: (dumbfounded) You say?
- SAM: (anything but) I'm rapt.
- PLATO: Sure, it's like thugs in a waterfront brawl. I, a course, am jist a waterfront floosie with a heart a cold scared half to death, caught between men their sinewy brawny brawlin' biceps, liftin' the crinolines I take to me wedgies fleein' the scene like a queen with huh hair on fire. Course, my hyacinth hair weren't on fi---
- SAM: Yer hydra hair.
- PAPA: -Don't you see, Sam, our way to total power's clear! With Andreas and his opposition gone the route of all Bolsheviks, and Aristotle to blame, and Plato as eye-witness -- and Jackie as eye-witness, O God, O Mommy of God! -- I shall have Aristotle's fortune to stabilize my regime and secure your protectorate, being free to take the throne of Greece myself without conceding a single wharf or factory to Aristotle, he instead being forced to pay me off 'n pay me off royally to hush this murder up, not getting the throne at all after forking over all his cash!
- PLATO: Can I be queen soon as you're king?

SAM: You couldn't be more queen than you is now.

PLATO: Sit on it, Sam, yer bosses ain't gonna be havin' so much to say about how Plato is given the run around here or about how things is run around here or who runs around with who around here anymore, is they, Papasugardaddy King?

PAPA: (squeezing, kissing PLATO) Spoken like Royalty!

PLATO: See, gross goon.

SAM: Double double-crosser.

PAPA: Powerplayful Plato, I love you! Let's get cracking. I wanna start by putting Socrates to a quiet but ghoulish death immediately!

(MELINA, dressed as Greece in "Greece Expiring on the Ruins of Missolonghi," appears solemnly bearing a draped CORPSE in her arms. She puts IT on the desk with dark silence.)

SAM: Who're you - Doris Day in "The Thief of Bagdad?"

MELINA: (darkly) Comes the revolution Doris Day will be the first one put up against the wall and shot!

PAPA: (superstitiously apprehensive) What revolution?

PLATO: The actresses' revolution, a uprising a shtick slapstick character-types what never get to do Phaedra, Medea or Auntie Gun 'n think they kin bully their Marion Davies talent inta star status via the violent overthrow a West End 'n Broadway! Beat it, Doris Day, or we'll impress half the Piraeus fleet up yer broad way!

SAM: (looking MELINA over and plucking PLATO's dress) What is this, the annual Artists' Costume Ball lookin' fer a hall to rent? Ms, yer in Gener---

PAPA: Who are you - Génie Mayconnu?

MELINA: No. Melina Souvlaki-Joplin, Greece's answer to Liza Minnelli as well as its most lucrative export since olives - Schmerna olives.

SAM: And they return damaged exports these days under a new international trade agreement to get their outlay back? -Some hunka Broad, huh?

PLATO: A li'l bit a image goes a long square way.... Outta Greece so long she don' even look Jewish.

SAM: Stars look like stars: that's their nationality.

PAPA: What star was this stiff, Souvlaki?

MELINA: (ominously undraping the CORPSE' head) Andreas.

PAPA &
SAM: (together, electrified) ANDRE---

PLATO: So what? This ain't no funeral parlor.

MELINA: (lighting a candle) True. You faceless Jezebels are fumbling in a tombless field. Look - this corpse has a man's face.

PAPA: (coming close, intoning with funereal dignity) So it has: the face of Andreas, a murdered mask twisted by betrayal toward eternity; I mourn it.

SAM: (removing his fedora, poking PLATO) Take off yer bonnet, ya disrespectful bitch.

PLATO: (obeying) But it got so many pins...

PAPA: Here lies a Lynceus, that one of fifty who will not see a Danaid kill him simply because he's married to her. Each calendar brings Hellas an Aries-like defender, Apollo in form, Heracles in strength, Hermes in cunning, Poseidon in power, great Zeus himself in wisdom: Andreas was that God as man come to us in the sixties. Surrender him with fear: the seventies are here. (turning to MELINA) This corpse has a face; hath it a tongue?

MELINA: I should not have undertook it otherwise.

SAM: (astonished) What're you foreigners still in the Middle Ages? This is Witchcraft, Demonol---

MELINA: Put out the light and then put out the lights! It is Melina the Medium who officiates!

PLATO: Oh, she musta played in "Bell, Book 'n Candle" besides "Topaki." A star never forgets a line - a good line, that is. None a mine are.

SAM: With your talent who could trust you with one?

PLATO: What alacrity of response.

(MELINA blows out her candle. Then the stage lights mysteriously flicker. She blows again and they go out.)

PAPA: (frightened) Olympian Gods! o'ersee ye still?

PLATO: Must be a electrical summer storm...

SAM: Gettin' scared?

PLATO: Jist don't pinch.

MELINA: (intoning) Arise! Arrive! Tenant ungraved!
 Speak with intent, as you, living, behaved!
 Come from counter-curved Time, from the dark
 Where the foully hurled on Styx won't embark.
 The aimless may sail, but the Free are alive
 Even in death. Phantom, stand! Spirit, thrive!

(A steelblue spot hits BYRON, now standing, dressed as before; his face is ashen. At his first command a green spot catches PAPAPIGUOUS; the others stand in silhouette.)

BYRON: Primate! Come to attention before me.

PLATO: (to PAPAPIGUOUS) He callin' you a ape.

SAM: It must mean military attention.

PLATO: Oh, don't be so doctrinaire. The military ain't apes?

BYRON: Pig, thy brutish brain with arméd force
 An art-ful Eden fascist coarse!
 Thy Nazi hands are caked with guilt,
 Thy boots march on what serfs have built!
 Thine eyes recall the Russian monk
 Rasputin - he ambition drunk:
 Exact the demon-like control
 He exercized to Czar patrol,
 Thou used o'er Constantine and Queen
 Till they and their subjects in your machine
 Were convicts made who live at home:
 Thou tumbledst Greece to a catacomb!
 And now thy maw opes up to devour
 The American rose - and through her, the flower
 Of Greecian manhood thou wouldst waste --
 The fight, the vigor, the Will long traced,
 The Humanness thou canst not taste:
 That Helena, O! ne'er embraced.

PLATO: I never forget a limp.

SAM: And that one's pretty distinct.

PAPA: (alarmed) Spirit! who speaks in you?

BYRON: Goth! Vandal! Philistine! Am I a stranger?

PAPA: Andreas: of course! And who is Andreas to
 fault me with fracturing freedom? You kissed
 the card-carrying Boulieka back in '68. Aren't
your boots caked with guilt tredding the iron
 barricade serfs have built? Serfs to communism?

- BYRON: 'Twas but a tactical pact he made
With Boulieka, Pig - a scheme he played,
A ploy, a gambit, a mere charade
Needed to smash thy junta. 'Twas not
An actual political alliance or plot
To guarantee Greece to a communist:-
He signed thy evil to resist!
- PAPA: Indeed! How about your struggle with Thomas
Papas of Standard Earl? Whose welfare were
you thinking of then? Papas is Esso-Papas in
Greece, and he financed the Ike-Nixon cam---
- BYRON: Was not Tom Papas instrumental
In dismissing Athenian Parliamentary
Procedure, so as to permit your coup?
Your coup that replaced Andreas with you?
- PAPA: But Tom couldn't be more essential! He's who
nominated Spyro for American vice-president.
- BYRON: Aye. And hath not Spyro, steady head,
Completely firm and complacent, said:
"Greece is one country that has operated
in accordance with American wishes and
desires over the years"?
He hath said it on NBC-TV.
I pause for tears. -Weep with me!
- SAM: (keening) O guilt, guilt, guilt, guilt, guilt!
- PLATO: Sam, you slob! yer usin' my sleeve fer a hanky?
- PAPA: But Spyro held my hand. He walked our streets.
- BYRON: (solemnly) Aye. For shame.
- MELINA: You admit all this and feel no blame?
- PAPA: Certainly. What blame? Without the Yanks I
could never have upped, as I have, our per
capita income by 25%; as well our gross national
product upped 7% yearly, keeping us an investor's
paradise with the Red wolf far out of sight.
- BYRON: But Greece hath never been toward Moscow prone:
Untouched, she'd prove the natural neutral zone
That buffers NATO's Aegian Base from Russia.
Exactly as does Yugoslavia.
- PAPA: The Greek people don't believe that.
- BYRON: They do. And so did Andreas.
- PAPA: So did Andreas? -Then who are you?
- BYRON: I am the Conscience of the late Lord Byron, that

Brisk animation of the sorrowed democrat
 Quick'ning the enthused mood and eternal tongue
 Of all thou number Freedom's tigresses among:-
 Timon, shrewd inventor of the tough-minded mock
 Epic which I, as Byron's self, to put the pock
 On autocratic hypocrites and crim'nals, made
 My model, shield, and scissor-wit stock-in-trade;
 And Pericles, who legend hails, so legendly
 Was he, "The First Defender of Our Liberty";
 Of stammering Demosthenes, he eloquent
 To conquer Phillip's conquering impediment
 Though still, as dry Cassandra heard as if insane,
 Sentenced to profess his prophecies in vain;
 Of Phorbas, fierce pugilist, who staged a bout
 On Mount Olympus, dying that the Gods might doubt
 They master Greeks; of Sisyphus under the weight,
 O'ercoming Doom, crushed beneath the proxy Fate;
 Of comic-penned Alexis, killer with caprice;
 Of Andocides, early architect of peace;
 And, lastly, of Andreas, thy contemporary,
 Thy deep contemptor and committed deep contrary.
 These famed in foolish Death and Conscience I unite
 Forgive for Greece the life I gave it to indict.

- PLATO: Take their kind forgiving giving up your life
 As Auden pard'ning Yeats for his authentic strife:
 For even to have tried must mean that you belied
 That Specified when set, God had most fructified.
- SAM: This is complex matter.
- PAPA: Matter quite apart from what's the matter right
 now. This ghost, as all whose murder's unavenged---
- PLATO: complains a lot. So let's kill Aristotle for it.
- PAPA: Spirit of Byron, Andreas eke embodiest thou?
- BYRON: Aye.
- MELINA: It hath said.
- PAPA: And is he dead?
- MELINA: Sawst thou not his corpse?
- SAM: A cat may look at a king: ya even orated over it.
- PAPA: Who slew him?
- PLATO: (panicking) Papapig, I awready told y---
- PAPA: (insistent) Spirit, who slew Andreas?
- MELINA: Answer, Ghost! That question's foremost:
 I summoned thee here that thou mayest it host.

BYRON: (pause) Even if he thou dost adore,
The slayer is thy paramour.

PAPA: -Who?

BYRON: Thy paramour.

PAPA: Uh -- which one?

BYRON: The drag queen.

PLATO: (screaming) Eeeeeeeekkkkk!!! Libel in limping
numbers! Melina! quick! relume the marriage
wick, burn up this slick ground for divorce!!!

(MELINA blows hard: the steelblue and green spots go out.
Then she lights her candle. The stagelights flicker and
then come up full strength. BYRON has disappeared: the
CORPSE is lying on the desk; so is PLATO with legs crossed,
nervously ramming a cigar into an elegantly long filter.)

PAPA: (hard) So Byron's namesake was slain by ---

PLATO: (feigning calm) Actually, his history's-sake.

PAPA: His history's-sake was slain by you...

PLATO: I knew I reckanized that limp. A man's limp,
like a racial swagger, is his identification
card. First I figgered it was Hephaestus -
(Vulcan, ta yis of Itralian descent) - the
lame smythie to the Gods, draggin' his feet
in Athens cause a the heat on Mosychlos volcano
or AETna in mafia Sicily where he's norm'ly stuck
up. But it was that gimp Lord Byron all along,
stirrin' up Bouboulina stir as wel---

PAPA: (his fury growing) So YOU rubbed out Andre---

PLATO: Never trust a gimp, Mel.

MELINA: (picking her teeth with one of PLATO's hatpins)
Or a unemployed actor. Mercenarily speaking,
you know what yer doing, but yer face forgets.
Unemployment addles the brain, you realize that.

SAM: Ought we three be plotting in earshot of her?
Why, she's dolled up like Byron's twin sister!

MELINA: Mere fashion for a fashionable revolution. We
both outfit at Halston's. He's got one good
idea per season. So why not share it with
Byron - after all, he 'n me're married in spirit
and have a only child in the resistance.

PLATO: Didn't put up much resistance if ya have a child.

- PAPA: (wild) Shut up all of you! Get off that desk!
- PLATO: (prattling breathlessly, his hand under the draped CORPSE slipping a scimitar from its sash; then edging toward an exit) On the other lame leg, Hephaestus it well may be - well may be Heavenly retribution slipping to earth to set ill matter straight - and straight matter never working in in favor of ill queens accounts fer his nasty accusation, this set-up frame-up if ever I hoida a more labored one to do in - imagine! a whole séance - to do in a innocuous gir-ill! - 'n havin' Heaven's Protean power could assume bodily like Mary the body a any number a brother liberationist-gimps: a Byron or Andreas or Pope or Scott or Rimbaud - (he fought fer freedom in Abyssinia, ta yis of Ethiope descent) - Eeeeeekkkkk!!
- PAPA: (wrenching PLATO by the scruff) Plato! You babblebad brick-hearted cock hungry whore - you came here to falseface, to dissemble - in short, to lie! You offed Andreas and would have me believe that Aristotle did: You murderer!!
- PLATO: Listen to who's readin' who, 'n murderously at that! Who was primary liaison between the CIA 'n our KYP - which ain't nothin' more'n a lame leg a the CIA anyway - afore he made hisself Strong Man in Greece? -Who? huh? -me or you??
- PAPA: (rabbit-punching PLATO) Be sil---
- SAM: And just what is wrong with the CIA 'n havin' proper contact with it? I'm fed up to my balls with this bullshit blame a CIA for every Under-the-table since him that updates horrid Hitler!
- MELINA: Don't expect yid bite the claw heaps yer trough.
- SAM: For what? How far under the belt can you olive beltors belt? My CIA backs players: radicals as venally as oppressors. We insure gettin' in good with whoever gets in good, wherever and whenever they do. Each a yis, don't matter yer political palaver, eats high off our hog just to crap in our hand. But we don't favor any less yer so-called saints, despite their brass balls, than we do dirty despots.
- MELINA: Which is the exact indifference gets up our Irish.
- SAM: Yet what indifference to the Irish in the end! Catlick 'n Protestant play for the same grave.
- MELINA: How well they play makes the indifferent different.

PLATO: (doubled up with anger and pain) Call it playing a Greek well to intercom weekly with Roger Davies in the State Department, the Green Berets in the Pentagon, and First National's ---

MELINA: Who does?

PAPA: (stomping PLATO in the groin) Close like a clam!

PLATO: (severely hurt) He does! Papapig does! Just ---

PAPA: Minions are minus their minds for fewer disclo---

PLATO: And what Greek tragedy now stars an S.S. Officer from the German occupation of Greece?

MELINA & SAM: (both shocked; together) What?? Is ---

PAPA: Your life is just about ov---

PLATO: He! Papapig! He was Head Nazi S.S. Brain dur---

PAPA: (drawing his pistol) And so, fat fruit, you die!

PLATO: (waving the scimitar) You can't shoot me, you lay-man: I'm a philosopher, the most renowned of philosophers: Plato's synonymous with phil---

PAPA: Yer obsolete. Philosophy died with Nietzsche the syphilitic; and/or Husserl the Jew.

PLATO: (squirming desperately for an escape) Gracious! It's like bein' laid off permanent by automation!

PAPA: Don't you favor progress? Don't you savor the conveniences of automation? Come, fag, and feel fatally how effectively the gat outdates the daga. (he shoots PLATO)

PLATO: (dying with hammy prolongation) He laid off... en... at last's... laid off... then. The Department of Savor... will hear of this....

MELINA: (slowly disappearing) He departed with flair and savor. I, an actress, audience his exit. Exit.

SAM: The departed in the Department of Savor??

PAPA: (funereally) Aye: wouldn't one know it were all for the style of it. He died with his wedgies on.

SAM: (removing his fedora) Aye. But whadja have to go 'n croak 'im fer in the first place?

PAPA: He alone knew that he alone slew Andreas, and

not that single defect planets my rule away from me. And thus close I the tellsale eye of the only eye-witness. Plato: Goodbye.

SAM: Not so fast. You forgetting Jackie, the red cheeked rose that also saw the rub out?

PAPA: My word - I am. What a stand-up comedian Our Lord must be that stang the rose with prickles. Why, He's still standing me up. -Still, O God?

SAM: And Baklava - who seems to've took a powder - she, too, can testify to poor dead Plato's guilt.

PAPA: (with extreme composure) True. I shall make use of this small automation in black. (nudging the CORPSE aside and gently lifting the phone; clearing his throat; then, softly) Franz, send the M.E. up, I got two stiffs in my office. Also, there's a dame dolled up for a grade-B version of "Greece Expiring on the Ruins of Missolonghi," at the moment probably forcing her Amazon way out of the palace. Have Helmut find and hold the lady, it's about a costume change I want to discuss with her. Oh, and, Franz, could you get Karl to take Yannis Horn into custody now? - you know, who publishes the Athens News; and Zighdis, our dear drear former cabinet minister, who blamed me for the Cyprus bloodbath last week in last week's AEdnos - ya: have Karl bust and plant both in Asphalia's scenic tower cell: they ought to enjoy each the other, doubtless their conversation's quite as agreeable as their articles... Oh, and, their lawyer Magakis, take him, too. Ya... Ya.... all three, Franzý. Ya. ...Zer goot, Frân.

SAM: (anxious) Are you forgetting someone, again?

PAPA: (sighing restfully) I wish I could.

SAM: (a hatpin in his ear) We all have fantasies.

PAPA: Dear me. There's just no way to be delicate about this. -Hello, Franz, you still there? Ya... Find Jackie. ...Yavohl, du heard richtig. Jackie, Aristotle's lovely new wife. ...That is correct. Locate her. And apprehend her... Secretly, of course. Unt, then..... ya, you unterfersteyen zo schoen. Du bist in line fer a promotion. A promotion unter mir... Du bist, as they say, "with it." Gooten tag, Frân. (hanging up; breathing in very deeply; silently; and looking about with threat in his glare)

SAM: Don't stare at me. I ain't responsible. Them

American Beauties can't call every shot.

PAPA: Nor win every hand. Greek hand - in marriage.
 (slowly, evenly; vising SAM in his stony stare)
 Arrest ye rosebuds while ye may,
 True Power is still a-flying;
 Thus, this same rose that smiles today,
 Tomorrow must be dying....

(Fade Out)

SCENE X
 "THE DEATH OF SOCRATES"

(SOCRATES; then ANYTUS, JACKIE, ARISTOTLE; then PAPAFIGUOUS,
 ALCIBIADES, MELETUS, CHORUS, SAM; then MELINA)

(The prison cell: SOCRATES, in a white toga, is asleep, chained by his ankle to the bed. The set, which otherwise resembles David's "The Death of Socrates," is augmented by three tiers of wooden bleachers thrown together to the left of the bed. ANYTUS, in a grey toga, unlocks the cell door from without and precedes JACKIE and ARISTOTLE who are both attired as if for an opening of the Grand Opera.)

ANYTUS: (closing the door) Speak softly. He is asleep.

JACKIE: What is he asleep for?

ARISTOTLE: Sssssssh.

ANYTUS: He is rehearsing his death. Death is but a prolonged sleep sans dreams.

ARISTOTLE: And nightmares.

JACKIE: I'm glad someone rehearses something around here, even if it's only forty winks. The rest of the cast might get the hint.

ARISTOTLE: Don't you like this play?

JACKIE: I like part of it - the part where you leave at the end. Look, like Gertrude, Hamlet's mother, in "The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark" by William Shakespeare, one never finds out exactly how guilty I am, just how much I actually think, know, or do about the disasters going on.

ARISTOTLE: Why do you hope anyone cares how much you think, know, or do? Irrespective of the

outcome, it couldn't be much.

JACKIE: Even if I can't affect the outcome, I hoped ---

ANYTUS: (dusting the cell) And "Hamlet" has done excellent box for Heaven only knows how many indiscriminate epocs sans all that additive information howsoever its omission faults the oeuvre's construction.

JACKIE: I wasn't talking to you.

ARISTOTLE: Usher, I'd like the best seats in the house.

JACKIE: (snapping up a program as ANYTUS shows them to the bleachers) Oversight in art renders me uneasy: I have a classical education. So I could hardly approve a piece displaying such laxity. Here's your program.

ARISTOTLE: But one generally attends plays she doesn't approve. Since one can seldom be edified, she needs must opt to be titillated.

JACKIE: Let's hope this masque, "La Mort de Socrate" par Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, titillates.

ARISTOTLE: Par Jacques-Louis David, the revolutionary Salon of 1787, to be picayune... Oui, Jackie, let us hope....

(An awkward silence throughout which ANYTUS quietly cleans. JACKIE and ARISTOTLE, staring ahead, look preposterous, dressed up and perched in the bottom row of the bleachers.)

JACKIE: (finally) Aristotle, why are we here so early?

ARISTOTLE: There's one price and they give out the seats first come, first served. Such is democracy.

JACKIE: But this is embarrassing: they'll all walk in and the first thing they'll see is us waiting.

ARISTOTLE: True. But at least no one can get down in front and block our sightlines.

JACKIE: True. But if they all have to sit to the side or rear they won't have an unobstructed view of us during the performance.

ARISTOTLE: (staring blankly ahead) True. But this performance may prove more interesting than you.

JACKIE: True. Especially if Socrates rehearsed.

(Orthodox chanting is heard without. ANYTUS hurries to

admit PAPAPIGUOUS in archbishop finery, swinging a link suspended canister of smoking incense. Following him, all singing, are ALCIBIADES in David's hemlock-giver's red tunic, MELETUS in an orange toga, the CHORUS in togas over full blouses, and SAM carrying a flashbulb camera.)

PAPA: (chanting) Domine, hexus sexus quasi-Zeusus, vobiscum... -Hit it, guys!

ALL: Dominus vobiscum, quasi-femella femur vobiscum!

SAM: Oh, my God, there's Jackie!! 'N dressed to the hilton! What a wooler booger to snatch, a, snap!

JACKIE: (as SAM, snapping, rushes her, her hands held up in fright) Oh, please, no, stop it ---

SAM: Oh, just one - that's great - just one more! - smile; frown; magnificent; hold Ari's hand ---

JACKIE: (rising, blinded by the flashbulbs) I beg y---

SAM: Oh, stand! -that's right! look up! -fantastic!!

JACKIE: (very hard) I warned you, you jackass.

(JACKIE karati-kicks SAM who doubles up with one screech and passes out. PAPAPIGUOUS, at her side, oblivious to the fallen photographer, calmly shakes JACKIE's hand. ARISTOTLE rises. The others stand, singing softly.)

PAPA: Welcome to our humble diversion, my child. How lovely you look in that Pierre Cardin.

JACKIE: Thank you, General.

ARISTOTLE: You don't exactly look thrown-together yourself.

PAPA: Why, thank you, Aristotle: yet these trappings are only Papal hand-me-downs.

ARISTOTLE: Then oughtn't we address you as "Your Holiness?"

PAPA: Yes, you ought.

JACKIE: (examining his robes with a connoisseur's touch) What an original outfit for a masque! Charming!

PAPA: No mask is this. I in my capacity of Archbishop am actually officiating here at the execution. It shall be sacred: a genuine ceremony soup to nuts - such a distinguished guest's last supper.

JACKIE: How marvelous for you. How prestigious.

ARISTOTLE: Yes, you must be experiencing more relief than

the constipated at the end of a ten day bout.

PAPA: Tell me, my child, I sent an escort to see you safely here, the location's so off the beaten tourist track, the streets so labyrinthine, so dimly lit and endangered with unpolicable surprise.... Did he not find you?

ARISTOTLE:(alerted) An escort, Your Holiness? Isn't Athens policed enough a home for me, for me to safeway my own wife? -Through every surprise?

PAPA: (ignoring ARISTOTLE, to JACKIE) Helmut by name, Helmut Dentine Chewngun. He missed you?

JACKIE: (laughing) Why, no! -:is that who Helmut was? Oh, dear, I took him for just one more reporter or hound-me-to-death camera buff, scaring up a scoop. He did try some candid just as we left.

PAPA: (smiling) So you sent him on his way?

JACKIE: (pointing to SAM) I karatied him. Like so.

PAPA: I see; what an enviably rare talent for a woman.

JACKIE: Not so. Every tenant penthoused over wooded Central Park boasts at least a black belt.

PAPA: (grinning broadly) How edifying.
(cruelly kicking SAM into wakefulness)
Sam, get up! I'm late enfacting the adjudicate.
-Am I released? Everything must come off exact.

ARISTOTLE:(grinning) Exactly.

PAPA: Kindly, both resume your bleachers.
(clamping SAM's neck and strolling away with him as JACKIE and ARISTOTLE reclaim their seats)
-Did you hear? Helmut failed.

SAM: (limping) It takes a Galellava guy to succeed.

PAPA: But there's no need to be up tight, I'm quite in tight with her anyhow. She suspects nothing. So abducting her will prove as facile as slipping a black-belt garter off a musical comedy queen.

SAM: Brigand! Quite a one with the women, ain'tcha?

ARISTOTLE:(to JACKIE) He's quite a one with the women. I want you to keep a NATO base away from him.

JACKIE: (annoyed) Your very hunch is underhanded!

ARISTOTLE:(hunched) Under mini-skirt handed, my wife.

PAPA: Sam, my son, I believe I'll pass up abducting her to pass in favor of eliminating her, altogether. And at once - tomorrow!

SAM: (nursing his wound) Tomorrow?

PAPA: If it 'twere done 'twere well 'twere quickly done. I have a plan.

SAM: I'm glad someone does. Have you a band-aid?

PAPA: Alcibiades - rouse your master. The slug-a-bed's creeping us in the wings.

(ALCIBIADES sits on the bed stringing his lyre and sings in a soft, lyric tenor; SOCRATES awakes during the song:)

ALCIBI: Take, Old Master, from the sink
Of suff'ring sleep that poisoned drink
No Sage may bid his lovers taste
Instead; thus I, though wanting, waste
My thirst that would thy precious death contest:
I can not take thy rest.

Then shake from slumber's precinct free
And call disciples unto thee
In varied lands; for the world may'st roam
And every cent'ry be thy home
Once thou hast drunk to shuck the blinding loam
In earned eternity.

As first in death the dolphin shines
And his drab to rainbow hue consigns,
So thou, whose Wisdom's held mistake,
To other realms that Sight shall take
To wake who wake to die but die to wake
For the Wise wise death defines.

(PAPAPIGOUOUS sits upstage of JACKIE, pressing her close between himself and ARISTOTLE. SAM sits in the second tier, directly behind JACKIE. The CHORUS fills the second and top tiers. MELETUS takes the block chair aligned downstage of the pillow and ALCIBIADES, leaving his lyre on the mattress, sits on the block at the foot of the bed. ANYTUS leans against the wall, thoughtful chin in hand, respectfully attentive as SOCRATES, sitting up, begins in a calmly even, almost unvaried measure:)

SOCRATES: Men of Athens, I see you are all come about my bed to see me sleep the eternal sleep in it; and that you are hard here until such is underway and that you are all here, all my friends.

JACKIE: (looking around) Plato isn't here.

MELETUS: She's dead.

SOCRATES: I'm not at all surprised.

JACKIE: You're not even upset.

SOCRATES: It would be ignorant to be upset. For to be upset by death, my friends, is to believe one is wise when he is not; for such is believing one knows what he doesn't. No man knows but that death may be the best of man's blessings, yet the plurality regards it as if they were certain it is the foulest of evils. And this form of ignorance is the most miserable:- thinking one knows what he certainly does not.

JACKIE: If you're so smart why didn't you run for mayor or university president, instead of making the rounds like a unlicensed pushcart peddler pushing hot pants on disinterested pedestrians?

MELETUS: Sock it to Sock, Jack!

SOCRATES: Now some amongst you may ask why it is that I gadfly about distracting private persons from their business with my questions and insights instead of coming before the assembly and benefiting the state with my thought, or even being elected to a post so to impose outright my positions on the populace. And the reason for it is this: If I had undertaken to enter politics I should have done yourselves and myself no good whatsoever since you should have put me to death long ago; since no man can keep his life who with nobleness opposes you, or any other establishment for that matter, and who aborts unjust and illegal proceedings in the republic; for a man who dedicates his existence to the truthful and righteous, in order to preserve that existence must be a private citizen having no power to enforce the righteous and not a lawfully effective office holder.

ANYTUS: Also, they assassinate most men in, or running for, public office.

ARISTOTLE:(staring ahead blankly) And that's true, too.

JACKIE: Why must you bring up nasty memories on a night out, when we're supposed to enjoy ourselves?

PAPA: Meletus, unlock the anklet locks so dear a foot.

SOCRATES: (as MELETUS obeys) Thus I am freed to be freed.

JACKIE: Listen, Socrates, there are charges in addition to political laxity.

- PAPA: -Laxity in one's responsibility toward youth!
- MELETUS: The rank corrupting of us - to be picayune.
- SOCRATES: Now in this suit there are present witnesses, such as Meletus here, the Hercules-locksmith, and you may look at him for yourselves and ask yourselves how I might contaminate him with all his muscle bound busyness to defend him; and without recourse to hearing my defenses.
- MELETUS: (flexing his biceps) Yeah, guan ahead 'n look at me. My special price fer nights out is ---
- JACKIE: (averting her eyes) Oh, who cares about y---
- PAPA: (to MELETUS) Be quiet, hooker!
- ANYTUS: Just unhook that chain. You ain't exactly a embarrassment of riches.
- SOCRATES: But for myself I would answer that there has been no depraving since how can the sufficient marrying imagination of an old man deprave or foreignly admix they so much younger, hard headed, and less imaginative than he? Now this was my corruption recreating at the pools:- Recumbent on the washed tiles as a terrier with eyes and dilating snout abstract and peaceful, my thoughts redounded to coarse white socks, to as a seven or eight year old older adolescents' pubic hairs, the mystery of that scant new growth, and to gyms, lockers and showers, ball courts and beaches where they were but partly dressed and tightly, and these and their like my fantasy embraced but I was still myself and kept near quiet friends and felt no pain, which is a benediction of the Gods. And that was the most of it, even if to unsound such depraved as these, Meletus and Anytus and Lycon and so on, were possible, which the witnessing must doubt.
- ANYTUS: Well! now I've heard everything!
- SOCRATES: No, not yet.
- ANYTUS: -I didn't think so!
- JACKIE: That's right - we haven't heard how proper folk are supposed to live without your inconvenience if we're to let you gadfly about as you like.
- SOCRATES: The answer to that, Men of Athens, is this: If you wish freedom from the stigma you claim my reproaches stamp on you, putting persons like me to death is poor investment; for the number

that shall come after it to demand that you justify what you will do here today shall be as numerous as who read apology and think through dialogue in divisive theatres wherein they alienate, and thereafter they are about you all your days. But the manner in which you may free yourselves of tarnish lies not in the suppressing of critics but in patroning the gut good within yourselves and the then performing out from it as it were always your center. For many senators see the good but do not see that they therefore ought act upon it. And so, with this prophecy of your multiplying discreditors to follow my execution, I subtract my leave and leave you to them, Men of Athens.

JACKIE: How can you orate so peacefully a pittance of repentances from the peace that's so permanent?

SOCRATES: Lady, it is bruited, and not unmerited, that old and very soon to perish of old age Socrates is more realistic than younger men. Therefore, could I retract and break faith in unmanly and quarrelsome manner because I know you are about to put me to death, indicating the belief that if you did not I should live forever?

JACKIE: That's closely argued.

ALCIBI: (on the verge of tears) But what I find so condemnable is seeing you executed unjustly!

SOCRATES: My beloved, Alcibiades, is your preference therefore to see me executed justly?

JACKIE: And that's closely argued.

SAM: What do you have to argue everything for?

MELETUS: Yeah, why don't we jist guan ahead 'n do it?

ARISTOTLE: (evenly) Because we are Greeks.

PAPA: And this deathless dialogue is honored as our contribution to all the West of us.

ANYTUS: She affects a lisp to cutesy with that old Elizabethan craze for moppet players.

MELETUS: (as the witnesses are rending their mourning badges, tearing his and tossing half of it to ALCIBIADES) Moppet up, Al, here's a siccative.

SOCRATES: (catching the cloth and wiping ALCIBIADES' eye) Don't weep. You impair the moment of solemnity.

ALCIBI: (breaking down) I can not help it.

SOCRATES: You must. Tears take men to concern with their physical self and prune the cathartic hedge that protects the clearing cleared of all but Being.

ALCIBI: Then I can't and will not garden catharsis. I wish to cultivate no thing, Master.

SOCRATES: Behaving so childishly suns your ill fathered wish. Would you have outsiders see how hard real vision ripens in my preposterous school?

JACKIE: His bark is subtly layered; its fruit's a juicy legacy. I vote for his embarking just to shore up what he's got to leave. And am honored.

(MELINA sweeps into the cell on a rose-embroidered bustled hoop-skirt, her hair bouffant and magnificent under a huge flowered hat; her prima donna hauteur and confidence focus in two great beauty marks on her thickly painted cheek.)

MELINA: You bet you are, now I am here!

JACKIE: (amazed) Who're you?

MELINA: A civilian!

JACKIE: That's a sometime state in a gal got the Demon drives her to garish up like you: you do windows?

MELINA: Marina Menengitis Cheila Gitis do windows??

JACKIE: Laryngitis? With a diva's full throat dramatic coloratura like yours?

MELINA: (sitting downstage of ARISTOTLE: the pinched for space tier now reads from down to up:- MELINA; ARISTOTLE, JACKIE, PAPAPIGUOUS) Listen, Yahoo, at least I ain't a lame duck queen.

JACKIE: I know: you look like a just cleaned-up-the-fleet-in Shanghai hooka took offa busted Bombay clippa!

MELINA: You don't hear me layin' on that '50s scooped neckline 'n cinch waist recalls last fall's bargain basement on 14th Street à la too much Punt Y Mes afore gettin' shoved back on line!

ANYTUS: (an illumination) Oh: she must be Jane Fonda!

JACKIE: She's plain Jane sick.

MELINA: Well, we're all sick, sweetheart, but some of us are being treated.

ARISTOTLE: Treated to your illustrious presence, my songbird, and continued company, I hope?

MELINA: (taking in ARISTOTLE) You look familiar, get yer pitcher in the papers a lot?

JACKIE: Not half the lot they've stocked the Smithsonian full of me by now.

MELINA: I wasn't talking to you.

PAPA: (soaping up JACKIE) I admire your cinch.

ARISTOTLE: Are you singing much at La Scala this season?

MELINA: Just the premieres. Repeats bore me.

PAPA: Our present show can know no repeats. Like Target Art, it self-destructs on opening night. -Mr. Ameri--- uh, Mr. Greece, read your program please and proceed with the proscribed format.

JACKIE: (jabbing ARISTOTLE whose shoe is on top of MELINA's toes) He said "the proscribed format!"

MELINA: (mishearing, angry) I ain't no door mat!

ARISTOTLE: (quickly, covering) Oh, can I take your hat?

MELINA: (defensive) Where d'ya wanna take it?

ARISTOTLE: To the garret caching my costliest souvenirs.

MELINA: (grinning obscenely) Is your collection big?

ARISTOTLE: (grinning) 'Tis not so tall as a Doric pillar nor so wide as your Orthodox church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.

MELINA: (cracking a fan) An it don't I'll order seconds!

ANYTUS: They've a captious comprehension between them.

MELETUS: (scanning his program) And how big is that?

ANYTUS: No man can say. As Shakespeare said: "Since no man of ought he leaves, knows what is 't, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be."

MELETUS: Did Shakespeare say that, or Hamlet? -Be careful.

ANYTUS: Why, sir, Shakespeare. I don't remember Hamlet writing plays.

SOCRATES: I die for democracy against my better judgment.

MELINA: You've got to die for something, dear, life's

much too long and expensive for anyone to keep it up indefinitely.

ARISTOTLE: (putting his foot on MELINA's shoe again and placing her hand in his lap) Expensiveness ought be farthest from your mind, expansiveness nearest to your hand.

SAM: And on them accounts, you die happy. How many of us here today can say they do as much?

JACKIE: (to SAM) And who are you - "the Angel of Death," that you're the authority?

SAM: I have to be the authority on something: politics won't do - it's as *dégagé*, apparently, as piddling around with photography.

PAPA: What's behind your distrust of photographers?

JACKIE: Him! Mme Ngo Dhing Nhu privately hired a safe photographer to go everywhere with her, and she was permitted to permit no one else to shoot her. Realize there are reasons for it, Holy Man.

PAPA: She had reasons. But a loveliness like thine looks little cause to be camera shy.

SAM: Especially with a first rate paparazzo portrait man like me on his toes.

MELINA: (annoyed, to ARISTOTLE) You're on my toes.

JACKIE: (to SAM) Nobody's talking to you, fetus-face.

PAPA: (~~calming JACKIE with tender touches~~) I think Ari's too fickle, moody, depressed and protean a celebrity for you in any case, my rose.

JACKIE: Oh, I know. I've asked the kids to kiss him when he comes home tonight. I have just the hardest time talking to that man.

ARISTOTLE: (very warm, to MELINA) I, a grown man, talk of that boy who ran off to the opera to worship the shoe of Claudia Muzio, the one Supreme Soprano, the true and only "Norma"; and who sewed roses on her costly costume where I dovened backstage in front of the screen that hid her costume changes from me.

PAPA: (privately but emphatically) It's consenting Melina's love of costume changes that gave me the chance to give her her big chance to give me the chance I was waiting for....

ARISTOTLE: And you, my new Superdiva, thaumaturgically,

ARISTOTLE: (very warm, to MELINA) I remember that as a prodigal son, a mere boy, I ran off to the opera and worshiped the shoe of Claudia Muzio, the one Supreme Soprano, the true and only "Norma"; and that I sewed roses on her costly costume where I stooped backstage dovenning in front of the screen that hid her costume changes from me.

PAPA: (privately but emphatically) It's consenting Melina's love of costume changes that gave me the chance to give her her big chance to give me the chance I was waiting for....

ARISTOTLE: And you, my new Beauty, ^{super-diva} thaumaturgically, psychometrically reincarnate Claudia Muzio!!

MELINA: (unimpressed) So?

ARISTOTLE: But didn't you see?! Look at your program:

ANYTUS: (reading the program over MELETUS' shoulder) "He, Aristotle, is the ^{Odysseus,}

MELETUS: (reading) "and she, Marina, ^{the contemporary} the Circe,

PAPA: (standing, reading his program) "who bring the Golden Age of Greece back to roost and par us with, the frightful peer of every modern mil'try state!!" -Athenians! I interdict all and each interference with them! Die, all disobedients!!

ALCIBI: (studying his program) What pasty program notes.

PAPA: We'll see how much better are those you write, when you're a producer, you prostitute!

JACKIE: (defeated; to the audience) A genuine actress owns only the self of the role she costumes in. What chance have unartistic I, who outfits simply because you should for world premieres, against a sorceress who can actually put on the essence along with the guise and is, and quite arbitrarily wants, her fulfillment and truth in doing that, since she couldn't care less what the role to take turns out to be?

SOCRATES: Or whom she turns out to turn out taking it. I did not intend my apologia to distress you so.

JACKIE: Yet how could it fail to? The Resistance was not a theatrical role to me; nor was anything that took part in the Pan-Hellenic Liberation.

MELINA: (grandly; triumphant) Sucker!

JACKIE: (tentatively taking up the fight) -We haven't

mentioned the problem of the First Amendment posed by Aristophanes: Aristophanes who abused the license satiric playwrights enjoy even in dictatorships by infusing his portrait of Socrates with total unredemptiveness; and who thereby drove the hearts of Athenian audiences away from him forever; and who caused the comedian who caricatured him to breathe a breath of naught but sophistry and malice.

MELETUS: And tomorrow he shall have no breath at all!

JACKIE: And it was Aristophanes who put the lilt of satisfaction into that response of yours. Oh! couldn't this farce, now my gambit's lost, be in a lighter vein - like a pastoral or musical? A musical: not opera! Anything unanalytical.

SOCRATES: Thank you, Lady; but I have avoided the really analytical. Analysis betrays they not intuit to the world's harmonic mechanic; ~~thus their irksome unconvincing exams like psychology and histories and the social studies;~~ for all is not exacted of motive and laws, but only's even so.

JACKIE: (lost) ...Or have I staid too long at the fair?

MELINA: The whole problem, as I see it, is how to go - since the goin' takes so long. Now while God went out of His way to create her, this here Socrates loser lost me long ago.

ARISTOTLE: You can not expect a goose to give milk, Marina.

MELINA: (winking) Nor a cow to lay.

ARISTOTLE: I take it we split to some private dimly lit ---

MELINA: Sure, this bench is bustin' my ass anyway.

ANYTUS: Oh! the way of a mensch with a maid.

JACKIE: (to PAPAFIGUOUS) Ring down the curtain on this! After all, you're the Man of the Cloth, you said ecclesiastical executions are your providence.

ANYTUS: The washcloth.

PAPA: Attention, all! for I speak Socrates' sentence!

SOCRATES: Few speak in sentence: they speak in "uh's".

MELETUS: And that, I take it, is the last un-word.

PAPA: (lifting the bedpan by his feet and giving it to ANYTUS) The last word is that Ultimate

Ingestion's indicated. I, as Archbishop, do proscribe a bedpanful of unfiltered Lake Erie!

ANYTUS: (handing, in turn, the bedpan to MELETUS still sitting by the bed) Eerie, nothin' - Eech!

MELETUS: 'Member the Chinx who could swallow the whole polluted Pacific 'n retch it up again?

ANYTUS: I'd put that past this sophist's slighta tongue.

MELINA: But're glad ya passed yer lifeguard exam anyhow?

ARISTOTLE: (tiptoeing in front of the bed, leading MELINA by the hand) Our leaving halfway through this bore is a bit conspicuous. But whomever it may harm, every death must be remitten differently.

JACKIE: (jumping up) I'll sue the adultra fer a billion bill divorce, if he's the last husband I take!!

PAPA: Take just one more, and you can be Queen.

JACKIE: (sitting suddenly) You mean?---

PAPA: I plan to put on the Crown of Greece tomorrow.

JACKIE: (immediately placated) Well, in that case...

PAPA: Good, then it's settled. I send my convertible to pick you up at 12:00 noon? You'll be ready?

JACKIE: I don't dawdle dressing.

PAPA: Then a wedding and our coronation at the same time! We'll kill two birds with one stone.

SAM: (under his breath) Mercies.

ALCIBI: (angry) I wish your killings pumped with less circumstance than Socrates' has been. This judging and proposing bench's lightning proposals have reduced his death to the ridiculous!

JACKIE: Then how miraculously can complete inadvertencies sometimes point up the contemporary predicament we're all discovered to be in.

SOCRATES: Men are forever "discovering" inadvertencies in my work which by such difficult craft were so intentionally always there. -Gimme the swill.

ALCIBI: (angrily taking the bedpan from MELETUS and holding it out) Here: go to hell with yaself.

SAM: (leaping up, suddenly inspired) Hold it!

(jumping off his tier and limping downfront, excitedly screwing his flashbulb camera)
 Could yis all freeze where ya are? won't take a second. Al, turn away 'n bow yer head; put yer left hand over yer eyes 'n hold out the pan a Erie bilge with yer right -that's it; 'n Sock, could you extend yer right hand so yer about to, but not quite touching the pan? 'N raise yer left hand 'n make a half a peace sign - yeah, that's great! Meletus, yer upstage palm's on Sock's knee - Anytus; get a profile on that block at the foot a the bed; bow yer head. Good. Now Jackie 'n Yer Holiness, move in closer 'n lean over by the pilla with yer cheeks together; show concern. Wow! This is fantastic! David never had it so good - he cunta dreamed to what extreme life does imitate art! Freeze, everyone! This shot's a museum piece!!

SOCRATES: (flat) So's the event it immortalizes.

(Having duplicated the David composition - for MELINA and ARISTOTLE are seen leaving through the open doorway, she mounting the stairs and he looking back with raised palm - SAM flashes his camera. All remain frozen, blinded by the flash - and somewhat perplexed as the lights slowly

(Fade Out)

SCENE XI
 "THE QUEEN OF GREECE"

(PAPAPIGOUOUS, SAM; then JACKIE, JACK; then complete CAST)

(A lifesize cardboard rearview of a limousine convertible sits centerstage parallel with the footlights. Beyond it a giant screen covers most of the stage; on it is painted a sunlit street whose sidewalks are jammed with cheering crowds. PAPAPIGOUOUS enters in military uniform followed by SAM, unidentifiable in the black hood and tights worn by MELETUS and ANYTUS in Scene VI. Band music; cheering.)

PAPA: You kinda handy with a heater?

SAM: No, I packed a gat all these years to puff out my chest, gets me in better with the babes.

PAPA: I envy your penchant for whimsy. I really do.

SAM: What's the angle?

PAPA: I sent them wheels around for her. She thinks

she's gettin' limousined to her coronation.
 Get yer sights from that there vantage,
 (indicating the bleachers now face-backward)
 and soon as she steps into the back seat see
 she don't figger among the survivors.

SAM: And my temptation?

PAPA: I have to wait for world reaction 'n NATO's
 opinion to judge how official that should be.
 But as the single remaining singable witness
 to Plato's picking off of Andreas, with her
 outta the pitcher, I kin pin the job on
 Aristotle. Or threaten to. Either way, I'll
 have his billions, more than enough to set the
 election I so long promised 'n rig it proper---

SAM: gettin' yaself a landslide vote as President ---

PAPA: of a Constitutional Christian-Democracy!!

SAM: (impressed) Neat.

PAPA: The regal lining on the grandest dream of my
 lifetime! And the lining of our treasury with
 the largesse of every sympathetic sob sister
 democracy west and east of Greece!

SAM: Pretty smooth if you can pull it off.

PAPA: You pull her off and I will -quick! here she is.

(PAPAPIGUOUS disappears and SAM scrambles up the bleachers.
 Far downstage, their backs always to the audience, JACKIE
 appears with JACK; she supports his weight on her arm.
 JACK is played by the actor who plays ANDREAS/BYRON. He
 wears a very expensively tailored suit, has a shock of
 brown hair, and sports a cane, his limp being even more
 pronounced than BYRON's. The pair move slowly toward the
 car while SAM settles on his stomach at the top of the
 bleachers and loads an M1 rifle hitherto unseen.)

JACKIE: You're losing your grip, Jack. God but I wish
 there were someone else you could lean on.

JACK: I always lived pretty high off the hog - about
 a world above its snout, really. Where the
 air's that rarefied and abstract there're only
 a few to grab at to pull myself up by the boot,
 the set-apart boot of the lame, as it were...
 You, Jackie, are one of those few. At a very
 few moments in life... Because you are myth.

JACKIE: (standing apart, amazed at the severity of his
 limp) Have you a withered limb altogether?

JACK: A withered limb? I have four; and ambition.

JACKIE: And an ailing back.

JACK: In short, crippled so as to be short in a leg and not have it reach the ground; remain in a rarefied atmosphere, alienated, ungrounded, not able to reach the people, not ever able really to be president: the real president-affective. A great lameness, Jackie, as a punishment of Zeus, had he hurled me from Heaven for having, like Hephaestus, created a Pandora like you.

JACKIE: (helping JACK into the back seat of the car) Modest, aren't we? -Hephaestus created Pandora?

JACK: At the command of Zeus, in a rashness he soon regretted, to be all the earth-binding evil in man after Prometheus stole the fire, making men the equal of Zeus that Zeus apparently wanted.

JACKIE: (sitting next to JACK) So that's how you've always seen me? As the great degrader of men and demi-men create? Without me, then, you, or all males, could still be God's equal?

JACK: Sometimes, yes, I've seen you that way, Jackie.

JACKIE: And other times, Jack?

JACK: Other times, that men are, somehow, only asked to earth at, and for, the Terror of cosmic proportion. So deathtiny must be therefore incomprehensibly frustrating, both with or without you... my mythical wife.

JACKIE: And Greece now, along with whatever hereafter it comes to be, must be exactly as it will be had I never existed at all?

JACK: I come to decisions, not conclusions.

(SAM fires an ear-blasting round. Blood spurts from JACK's back in a tall geyser which tumbles splattering over JACKIE and the car. JACK slumps dead into JACKIE's frantic, protective embrace. SAM scurries down the bleachers and disappears. JACKIE screams incoherent pleas for help. An awesome crescendo of background sound accompanies the confused clamor of the crowd. Finally, realizing JACK is dead, JACKIE extricates herself from the car and rushes, her torn skirt drenched with blood, toward the footlights, hysterical, stammering near-mad:)

JACKIE: A law is heartless but specific, and there is more heart in that than what's unknown, but the mind never sleeps and I am never alone - there

in the blue room is my daughter, in the green my son, in the yellow Ari and the bloodred Jack - in the brown study Mommy and Daddy huddle forever studying Daddy's daughter God! how I am my Daddy's daughter! And in the black backroom the secret police and bodyguards guard and in the open white frontroom the whole open eye of America guardedly sees that I am never alone who can never sleep, a new Astarte the entire world of men can sleep with! No! - but I do know why the men of mothers, of cameras, TVreels, pulps, scandalsoots and washroom talk, sons of actual mothers, the authors of Jackie come womb-searching back to me with their ultimate thrust: they dare themselves their falsehood mirrored in the unrefracted washroom fashion of my face, they seek the feature of their fraudulence, the self-conning confirmation of their actual chance to surmount at each checking, obscene stare... I could never judge whether or not I satisfy what they look at, but I always hope

(The full CAST in black hoods and tights, their identities concealed, has begun to enter, half of them coming from each wing. The first from both groups takes hold of JACKIE during her last line; she shrieks and struggles as they drag her backwards toward the screen. The others collapse the screen, revealing a towering, very wide gold staircase far upstage center. On its top is a wonderful golden throne, ornate, baroque, completely dazzling. The CAST, still in two groups, starts to climb the staircase, each going up in single file on either edge of the steps. JACKIE is dragged up the center of the steps, fainting, finally, before being squarely fixed in the great seat by her two captors. One places a resplendent, bejeweled crown on her head while the other forces a rose into her clenched fist. The CAST, each resting on his own step, has formed a circumflex with the throne at their meeting point. And the lights, one by one,

(Fade Out).

3/4/72 - 2/23/73.