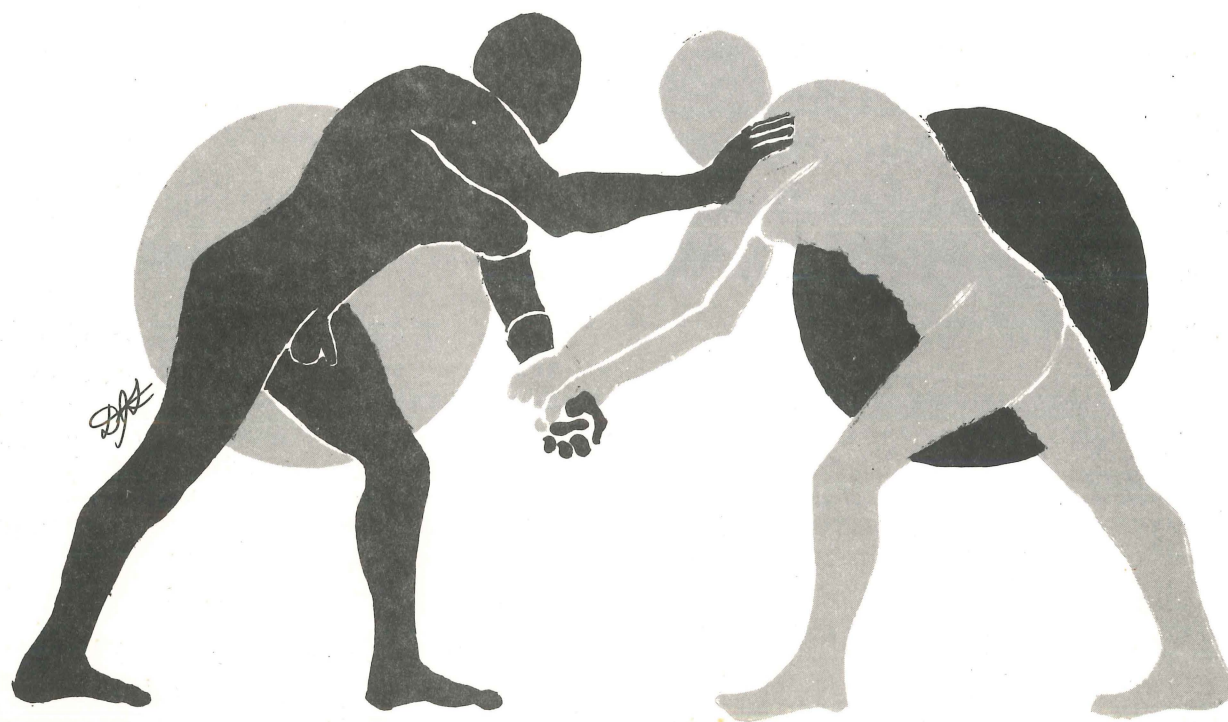


ST. JOHN'S •
COLLEGE •

παλαίστρα



PALAESTRA

#1

Winter 1967-1968

Editors George and Meredith Anthony

Associate Editors Masha Zager
Steve Forman

Faculty Advisor Eva Brann

St. John's College
Annapolis, Maryland

Ἦκομεν τῇ προτεραίᾳ ἑσπέρας ἐκ Ποτειδαίας
ἀπὸ τοῦ στρατοπέδου, οἷον δὲ διὰ χρόνου ἀφιγμένος
ἄσμένως ἦα ἐπὶ τὰς συνήθεις διατριβάς. καὶ δὴ
καὶ εἰς τὴν Ταυρέου παλαίστραν τὴν καταντικρὺ
τοῦ τῆς Βασίλης ἱεροῦ εἰσῆλθον.

Socrates (Charmides--153, A)

Cover		Daniel Sullivan
<u>No Ship, No Shipwrecked Mariner</u>	1	Elliott Zuckerman
<u>On the 1849 Photograph of Chopin</u>	1	Elliott Zuckerman
<u>The Guest</u>	2	Daniel Manfredi
Chess Problem	3	Alan Plutzik
Prose	4	Don Massell
Drawing	4	Barnaby Ruhe, USNA
<u>Three Part Invention</u> , 1967 Music Prize	5	Dean Hannotte
Excerpt from <u>The Half Gods</u>	8	Charles E. Bell
<u>Daphnae</u> , prize-winning poem 1967	14	James Mensch
<u>Minerva</u>	15	George Rowbottom
<u>Gleanings from "The Threshing Floor"</u>	16	Philip J. Avilia, Jr.
Prize-winning Solution to the 1967 Freshman/Sophomore Math Problem	18	Anthony Snively
Photographic Essay	19	Mark Sittler
<u>Aristotle: The Posterior Periphrastics</u>	23	"Professor Arbuthnot"
<u>Almagest</u>	24	Anne Schmidt
Illustration	25	Daniel Sullivan
<u>Elegy: On a Young Composer Killed in an Accident</u>	26	Anthony Snively
Drawing	27	Barnaby Ruhe, USNA
<u>The Idiot Who Lives in the Gray House Overlooking The Bay</u>	28	John Dean
Photograph	29	George Rowbottom
<u>Know Your Campus</u>	30	"Professor Arbuthnot"
<u>A Better Place than Didi</u>	31	Michael Bridge

No ship, no shipwrecked mariner

No ship, no shipwrecked mariner

Finds harbor here:

No refuge, these wild rocks.

But over creek and canyon inland men

Bring musings, black as the beach below,

To cliffs above this claw of the Pacific.

Their spirits dive with the sportive, sad sea-otters

And against the rough edge of rage

They cut a private staircase to the sea.

Elliott Zuckerman

On the 1849 Photograph of Chopin

Black of hair and black cravat
Frame the face in protective jet,
The nose connecting, like a phrase,
The question of mouth, the enigma of eyes.

Four tall vertical volumes repeat
The upright posture of propped defeat,
And hands are posed in potent rest
Where Parisian cuff hides Polish wrist.

What is the puzzle: woman or work? Her
Next novella, his last Mazurka?

The Guest
Daniel Manfredi

Round about Sarah Buntwell, the late afternoon manorial gloom of Chintz House settled itself comfortably and familiarly as if it too expected tea. This perceptible descent of "atmosphere" was an overture of sorts which the impatient woman was unwilling to receive favorably. To her mind, the Haleys were fully capable of sending down before themselves this servant of their purchased control solely for the sake of irritating their guest in every way possible. Sarah, however strong her displeasure, could not help but consider the gloom an old, trusted friend who in his encounter with the world had fallen on hard times. "Why do they keep me waiting, or why, at least, isn't tea served?" thought Sarah, mentally addressing or, rather, accusing the gloom which she imagined to squirm uneasily in the chair opposite her, unable, as disembodied representatives generally are, to do much else. Presently, somewhere not far distant, a heavy door opened and closed and hurried footsteps conveyed Richard Haley under an arch and into the hall.

"Now we shall see," whispered Sarah, satisfied with her indignation, to the gloom that smiled hopefully, if faintly, in reply.

Brisk words of apology smoothed the way of his entrance into Sarah's myopic proximity.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting. Are you quite comfortable? It has gotten dark, hasn't it?"

With only a smiling nod to his guest, Mr. Haley went directly to the vast fireplace in which a disproportionately small fire burned, and industriously went through the motions of warming his hands, like the chairman of the board who would give you to understand that it was time to get down to business.

"No, you shan't deceive me."

Hardly had Sarah thought this, when the hand warmer's consort in mail of tweed made her way into the setting prepared for her by guest, husband and lordly, unwieldy possessions.

"So glad that you have come, Miss Buntwell."

"That's all very well and good," answered Sarah, even to her surprise, aloud.

Mrs. Haley waited for Mr. Haley's look of bewilderment to fade from his face, a face which for perhaps the first time in her life Evelyn Haley found regrettable, before ringing for tea.

A short man dressed mostly in palling black, who was clearly not the owner of the silver and china he carried, entered the hall immediately. The lucid, ceremonial sound of silver on silver drew the general attention to the curious manumission of old age as the tray was placed in front of the hostess. Tea flowed and was poured.

"Will you take sugar, Miss Buntwell?" Mrs. Haley asked.

"Two, please," answered Sarah in tones anticipating trimuph.

"Hand this to Miss Buntwell, Richard."

Richard Haley abruptly started from his arm-supporting mantle. With an unfortunate quickness, Mrs. Haley stopped him.

"Not you, dear."

And with something more to regret, she handed the saucer and cup to the other Richard.

"Quite right," muttered Sarah, taking from the butler the amber colored offering.

Why is this woman here, and why is this happening, wondered Mrs. Haley darkly, as she regarded Sarah who seemed to be considering the objects in her hands as a wary buyer might the furniture of a great house about to hear the auctioneer's money-busy knocks. This was not pleasant to Evelyn Haley, a woman who knew herself well enough to know that she could never really be to blame for anything very serious. Coincidentally, this was her opinion of anyone she knew really well and, in addition, the source for Richard Haley of frequent discomfort. As for that gentleman who had now returned to the posture occupied by him before the nominal misunderstanding and a posture for which he was not quite tall enough, he knew very well why Sarah Buntwell was drinking their tea and, more, what was happening. Looking at his wife with an involuntary expression of pity, he said:

"Do you find Chintz House much changed, Miss Buntwell, since last you saw it?"

It was kind and calculating of Mr. Haley to put it that way.

Sarah's glance moved slowly from her tea to the face of the speaker.

"The house has been an old house for ever so long. You probably find it difficult to appreciate that, but no matter. It seems unlikely that it will ever change."

"But we do appreciate everything about Chintz House, which is why, at some inconvenience, we bought so much of the original furniture."

Sarah answered Mr. Haley's enthusiasm with a shrug of her narrow shoulders. Not content with mere gesture, however, she explained.

"How can you appreciate the main thing, sir, which is what this house has for years and years meant to my family. You know, of course, that my late brother, the last head of this house, who always seemed to me more quaint than irresponsible in his finances, sold everything else first. No, no, if you did appreciate our Chintz House, you would tear it down and build your own 'place'."

It was undoubtedly the stress with which Sarah spoke this last word, as harmless in itself as the old woman's eccentricity, that unnerved or rather erased the cosmetic calm her hostess had sought for days to perfect.

"Now see here, Sarah," (Mrs. Haley did not care to remember the agreement she had made with her husband as to how Sarah Buntwell would be addressed) "we've lived in this house for fifteen years..."

"Sixteen," quietly interrupted Mr. Haley, who at this speech of his wife's felt more compassion for her than he knew what to do with.

"...and it's our house and we belong here."

Sarah, her slow vision enameled with the composure of monomania, "took in" the room, its pompous, maddening symmetry, remembered the celestial indifference of silver on silver, and answered,

"No, I do not think that one can say that you belong here."

Mr. Haley saw his wife nearly distraught and realized

that tea was 'over. Moving to his wife, who on receiving her sentence had stood up, he said to Sarah,

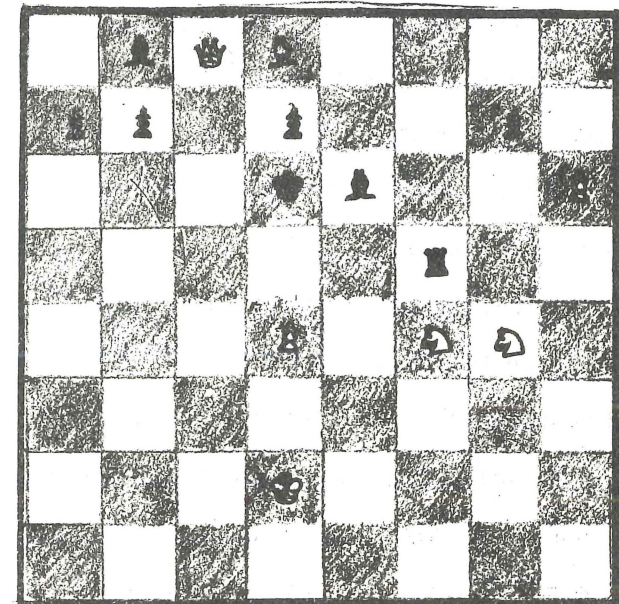
"Please stay to finish your tea, Miss Buntwell, and excuse us. So nice to have seen you again."

They left the room noiselessly, except for Richard Haley's ingenuously cheerful, whispered remark, inaudible to Sarah,

"But, dear, she can't live much longer."

The gloom was also leaving, passing into a darkness that Richard would relieve with candles, but in passing it paused, turned to the smiling woman and nodded. And Sarah Buntwell, the retired servant, who had for years and years come on her birthday to tea, nodded back.

THE END



White
White to move and mate in 3

- Alan Plutzik

Don Massell

I was in one of those inactive spasms of latent creativity, when ideas and impressions pop in and pop out, barely leaving a ripple...when nothing is produced, that state which people call daydreaming, laziness, indolence. I am never happier than when in that condition. Everything flows together, blends--until sounds, images, feelings are all fused into an inutterable blob of warmth deep down in my soul. I feel then like an amoeba, gloriously embracing food and waste at the same time, steadily performing my functions at my leisure. I'm constantly barraged by outside elements, but I hardly notice, not even acknowledging their presumptuous attacks. I just let them fly in and fly out, and neither they nor I am the worse for it.

But sometimes my amoebic nature transforms into that of an anteater's. I grab at these things--I will not let them pass--and my all too willing tongue, undiscerning, shoots out in all directions. I hate it, but I can't stop it. I'll have nothing to do with it--I disclaim it! But this has nothing to do with the story at hand. It was a balmy morning, late in August...

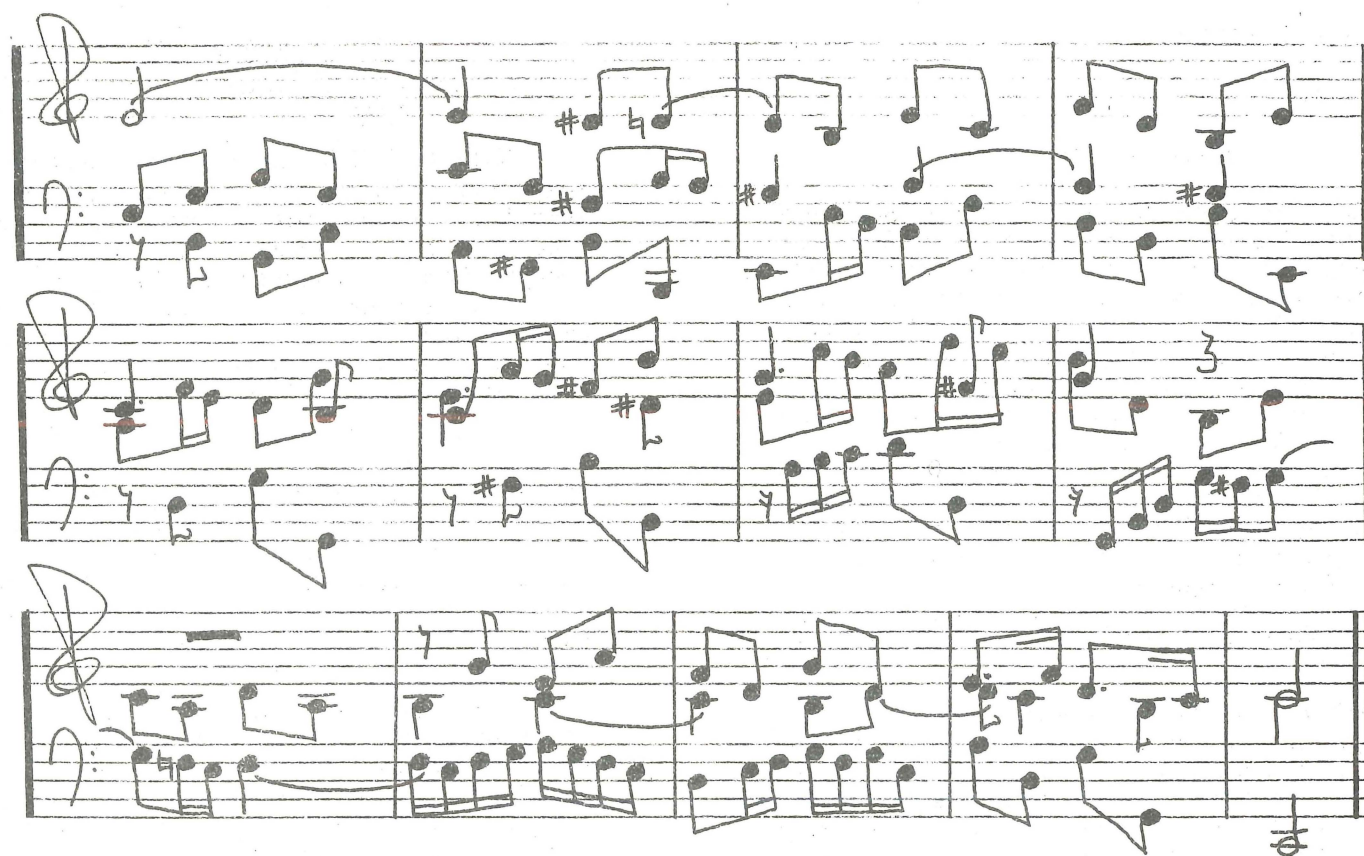


Barnaby Ruhe

Three Part Invention by Dean Hannotte







from Part III, Chapter VII of
a new novel by
CHARLES G. BELL

Introductory Note

Dan Byrne, protagonist of THE MARRIED LAND, was often accused of being me. And indeed, in my second novel, THE HALF GODS, he appears as the author of the first. But my ties have shifted since to Daren Leflore, also from the Delta, who teaches in a liberal arts college in Patapsco City, and who has been brooding and writing through the seasons of several years in a room which is the image of consciousness -- the window of sense before him, the files of recollection on the back wall, and between the two, a table heaped with sketches, the precipitate of that outer and inner. Neither his reconstruction of his Oxford journals (Summer), nor the meditations from the war years when he was a C.O. in prison (Winter), have come to anything; but in the passion of an investigation by Senator O'Malley (Fall), he has completed The Hostile Witness; it has been published; and so he receives a letter from the friend of his youth, Dan Byrne:

We were born, I think, in the same year, went to the same high school, both studied abroad before the war. I have even heard that you worked at Chicago, where I did my last teaching; and now we both find ourselves in the blessed state of Maryland. If your Hearing means you're also as reckless as I have the reputation of being, we could practically pass for alteregos...

Byrne comes to Patapsco, gives Leflore a carbon copy of THE MARRIED LAND, on which he is then working, and invites him to Woodruff Farm on the Susquehanna, where he and his wife Lucy live, as is celebrated in that story. So the Married Land is seen through the eyes of one not only cut off from its life of generation, but who has been married for years to a Communist -- Anna, lately defected to Russia. Meanwhile the counterpole, Jeffrey, known as a child in England and in a Brief Encounter after the war, has gone off to fulfill her marriage. This chapter first implies her return into the life, which becomes the fiction.

THE HALF GODS

THE MARRIED LAND, Daren thought at first, was a soggy mass. Then like a baroque painting, it began to stretch into form. His playmate, crazy Dan Byrne, and done that, and it was almost there, almost alive. "He's brought it off -- the egoism and family pose, the interminable Sound and Fury style, the arrogation and slime-mold of the South; he's put it all on his goddamned Tarzan shoulders, and he's walking off with it. Toward Lucy, his Holy Light. Well, she's a sweet person. God help her."

Byrne met the train at Aberdeen and drove Leflore back over Deer Creek, up the river hills, down the lane through the tulip wood, pointing out sights all the way: "That's the spring -- at the beginning -- where they kneel." The visit for him was another means of projecting the book. Daren had visualized it already. Most of the week, in his own Patapsco cave, he had been with Dan Byrne in Aunt Betsy's Delta dens, reaching for this dream of calm.

Hester and Mardie came from the house with Corny, the yellow bitch cur, all in full cry. Lucy had committed Daren to a game of Hare and Hounds for that afternoon. ("Naw," said Byrne, "let him run. I got fallen arches on my phallic feet.") "Well, he's a jackrabbit, I bet," Lucy told the kids. While they ripped up newspapers into a shopping bag full of tiny bits.

With a fifteen minute lead, Daren lit out across rolling fields, through fall woods, over streams, sifting shreds of paper all along those beautiful river hills, making false trails, doubling back where he had started and veering off another way. In the next valley, where a stream gullied down to Broad Creek and the Susquehanna, he dodged through the honeysuckle and briar, hearing far behind the first yelps of Dan Byrne and Lucy, Hester, Mardie, the cousins and neighborhood kids. He ran upstream to a bridge, started a trail up the steep bank on the other side, flinging paper into the brush -- over the hills and far away --, then ducked back across the stream and down, his

loops and crossings more frenzied, a hare catching the cry of the hounds. Where to hide? He seized clairvoyant impulse, better than maps or knowledge, slid over the clay bank, where a flat-rooted beech had been undermined by floods. Curled in the earth-cave, he looked through trailing roots and vines across eddying water to the slopes on the other side. His trail ran right above him, but he was pocketed, under ground.

The chase passed, baying; feet pounded, loosening dirt in his hair. They crossed the stream and came back; they went up the hill on both sides, beating in the bushes, skirting around for a lost trail. The pursuit faded. He might as well be dead. The next time they closed in, not baying now but debating, "He must be around here somewhere," Daren gave a moan. From the grave. But what they heard was the echo. "On the other side," said Hester, "across the stream." They appeared with Lucy in the gossamer and sun motes there, Mardie in her red sweater, bright as flame. Daren gave another moan. They could not see him for the curtain of vines. He moaned again. And Hester, with her quick eyes, caught the paleness of his skin through the veil. "I see him, I see him there." Lucy lifted up her sweet muzzle and bayed. After such a long wait, it was a pleasure to be found...

"There's one little point in your novel," said Daren that night, "which isn't quite clear to me. You were out there in the pine woods at the beginning, pulling that poison ivy as if the farm depended on you. But when you got the call from Mississippi, all you had to do was postpone some lectures in Baltimore, and rush off to look after your aunt. And even your farm-wife Lucy, who's so strong on the hussify chores," (he flung Lucy a glance as she sat by the fire knitting) "could rally to her uncle in Germantown at the same time. Now I've never run a farm, but I thought: It must be haymaking time, and how are they going to throw it up and disappear in opposite directions?"

Though Daren had inferred the answer. He had gone out with Dan Byrne a little before to talk with an impoverished hired man about painting the barn. "You've got that

bad allegation condition," the fellow said, peeling off the scales. "It ought to be all burnt off of there and re-did." -- "Well, don't let your boys burn it off," said Dan, "or there won't be any barn left to paint. They've got to keep cutting corn anyway, haven't they?"

"I couldn't go into the whole economics of the farm," said Byrne. "But we're going to take you for a picnic tomorrow over to Dudleyville, and you can meet Ma and the rest of the Dudleys. They're the ones who farm the place. That was her husband today, only he's a Mullen. And we've invited Tilman Page from Baltimore. He knew your father long ago. And your mother. Says they met at his house."

Tilman Page arrived early -- a Jamesian bachelor, stately, impressive. He was a man of family, wealth, intelligence, refinement, everything but the knack of getting ahead in the crass world of power. In youth, under Wilson, he had done the state some service, but had been jostled out, to join those Americans aware of themselves since Henry Adams as the disqualified best. Had not Daren's Uncle Hazlewood been of the Southern branch?

"Your father had a client, Cornelia Ireys, I believe, who broke her hip in Baltimore when the trolley started before she was down. He came up to try the case and stayed with us, through Virginia connections; and your mother, who was teaching Greek at Goucher College, was invited that evening."

Lucy had grown up with this dear "old weaving man" (for he had taken up that art from her father), a sharer in their weekends, nature and the country life -- though he often seemed comically of the town, as when he stretched out in a steaming tub, trying to shut off the leaky tap with his toe, until it came loose and the hot water squirted out, and he sprang up yelling for help.

"The Dudleys are the first land-grant setters," he told Daren, "and we're the parvenu. If you could see them at family reunion boil out of the barn like shrapnel from a trench mortar, the boys flinging themselves on steers and bulls, the beautiful fifteen year old Irene (she's run off

since), on a bony mule, lashing it with a loop of barbed wire, and her red hair flying. It was only the Missus who kept things together."

They were walking in on the old coach lane, rutted and grown up in trees, a footpath now where coaches and phaetons had clattered by. They had crossed the stream on stepping stones where a Dudley of twelve, maybe, was sucking a corn cob pipe, leaning against an oak older than the farm. He answered their greeting with a grunt not so much surly as dumb. Lucy walked in the lead with a gangling grace, a motion she had picked up as a child, slipping barefoot through the weeds. You would have thought the world was a snakepit through which she danced her way.

As they came out on top, the land went rolling off in all directions, fields with zig-zag rail fences, then woods, dropping to the Susquehanna, a blue lake stretching to the dam. On what had once been a terraced lawn stood the ruins of a stone mansion, burned down a hundred years ago, below it the gawky unpainted box in which the family lived, one of those two story, bare makeshifts put up in the South after the Civil War. The old barn was an enormous skeleton of hand-hewn and mortised timbers, built like the keel of a ship; it had lost its roof in a storm and never been repainted, and most of the silvery pinesheathing had gone for the other barn, pretty large, though not up to the ruin, and already leaning and warped.

They tried the house. Uncle Will was on the porch with a broken leg; he had fallen off the roof shingling; a grandchild sat by him with his false teeth in her mouth. A boy came up from the river with a pole and sack. "Any luck?"

"Just enough to make the skillet stink."

"Where's the Missus?"

She was in the barn.

A big woman. More muscle than fat, but plenty of both. She wore a faded blue-green dress with a blue-green old-fashioned bonnet tied over her head. A large face look-

ed out, sun-burned, but still showing signs of the clear milk-and-cream complexion of English settlers, and sparkled through with the most luminous blue eyes. She was standing by a great black cow, struggling to get a calf to take the tit. It was a wall-eyed calf, blind, misshapen, a hung-down chest and a square lumpish head, feet cloven way up the shank; it would break loose and go in circles, butting her as it staggered around. She would grab it, practically lift it up, turn it around and aim it back under the cow. "Mooncalf," she muttered, "you got to shit or get off the pot."

Then she saw them. "That ornery old black cow don't like this blind calf, no siree. It's not hern, and she don't want to feed it. T'other day she backed up against me with her rear all messy, and took me just here," patting the floursack bosom. "She knocked me against the mooncalf and he butted me back against her. Looked like they had ganged up to pass me back and forth betwixt em."

"Do you mind, Miss Dudley," Tilman Page never called her Mullen, "if we have a picnic out on your beautiful point?"

"You know you're welcome, Mr. Page, and all the Woodruffs, always."

"And won't you join us?"

"Maybe I'll come later to pass the time o'day. But I can't eat, thank you."

They walked out past the burying ground, where the marble monuments of the 18th century yielded to planks and unmarked mounds. The old box bushes were charred skeletons, fired by one of the boys, trying to burn off the weeds.

They were washing down broiled chicken, dark Virginia ham and Lucy's brown bread with the Vouvray Tilman had brought in a plastic ice-bag, and he was telling about how he used to come to buy hens when the Dudley kids were little, and they would sail out of the house and throw themselves on the chickens as they dashed around the yard clucking. "You were lucky to get one that had a cluck left

in it." And how all nine of them would line up at milking time, even little Elsie, the baby, like Bre'r Rabbit's chillun, their heads leaned against the sides of the cows, milking away.

"Well how do they find time to farm for you Byrnes," said Daren, "if they've got a farm of their own?"

"They've lost most of the land," said Tilman. "And it never pays. They have to hire themselves out like share-croppers to keep up with the debts."

He looked across the field and saw Mrs. Mullen coming from the house. She was not alone.

"Oh no," he said. "No. But it is. That's her baby brother. The only reliable, hard-working, energetic male Dudley. The pick of the litter; and he's made good; he's a well-driller, has his own rig, the oldest kind of a rig, but he can feel his way through the rock. And he's honest and ambitious. And you know, he's gone absolutely mad over Communism and Negroes and Jews. He argues all the time. The Rabid Right. And I can see already he's got one of those pamphlets he's always trying to educate me on. You think I can crawl into that ground hog hole?"

"Mighty lucky to find you here, Mr. Page." Bo Dudley wrinkled the skin between his honest crow-foot eyes. "I've got the proof on that plot we were talking about. You remember, by the Jews. To take over the world. Published by Christian Common Sense Press. It's a translation from the Russian."

So they had to submit, as if to a new thing, to the 1905 likely forgery of Sergei Nilus, pan-Slavic fanatic, which when first translated in 1921 had stirred up Henry Ford and others, and was now to be resurrected and exploited by the new defenders of "Constitutional" America.

THE MOST DIABOLICAL PLOT IN WORLD HISTORY. PROOF THAT COMMUNISM IS A JEWISH WORLD PLOT TO ENSLAVE THE GENTILES BY CREATING WARS AND REVOLUTIONS AND TO SEIZE POWER DURING THE RESULTING CHAOS AND RULE AS THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.

How so-called Liberals, Socialists, Atheists, Professors have become blind agents to carry the banners of Jewish Anti-Americanism...

"Why do you carry that pistol," Darren asked, pointing to the six-shooter swelling the holster at Dudley's belt.

"Why, mister, we got to be armed to defend our freedom any minute -- with all the Niggers, Jews, Communists and hoodlums, and every president for twenty years in secret cahoots with em. I wouldn't go out of the house without a weapon."

He had dug a well at Woodruff farm for the cattle; for with the water table always falling and the droughts, those deeper irreplaceable stores were everywhere being tapped. "For five days," said Dan as they walked to the car, "his drill and his tongue kept a-pounding. There's no reasoning with him. As with any paranoia, all your arguments serve his proof. He brought his little girls one day, and Hester was talking about a Dracula who sucks your blood. "Well that must be a Jew or a Nigger," said his five year old, "because white people don't do that."

They drove back along the Susquehanna past the dam. There were dead fish everywhere on the shore, and an appalling smell.

"They shut off the flow, to put in more dynamos," said Page, "against all their contracts with the state. The first thing anybody knew, ninety tons of fish had died in the pools under the dam. So they opened the flood gates and washed all those rotten shad and rock down the river and into the bay. You can't hold anything in America against assault. That was only local. But right now Pennsylvania is going to flush its sulphur-polluted mines into the Susquehanna, kill off everything in the river and half the bay, and nobody can do anything; Maryland has no power in Pennsylvania, and the people who stand to gain are pushing ahead."

"So here you are living on this beautiful Susquehanna farm," Daren told Daniel that night, "as if you were a farmer, though you can't farm and you don't farm, and you're dependent on a broken down family of original set-

tlers vested centuries ago by royal grant in the entire county out of which your claim and the other claims have been carved, so all the Dudleys have left is some rocky slopes over a crossroad that still bears their name, a remnant so unproductive that the whole family have to hire out like serfs on their own lost acres, scratching for money that doesn't come from the land anyway, but gets piped in from cartel investments somebody has left you happier few endowed withal --"

Laying it on in high Mississippi style, though with a more collective message (the voice the voice of Anna), and at the same time ironically aware the one scrap of possession he could pull over his own threatened head was the fruit of an export trade in painted trashcans --

"Talk about a symbolic fiction. You're writing of the Married Land and you've left out the Moon Calf and Bo Dudley's gun-happy Freedom-fascism spreading like wildfire in the grassroots of America..."

"Don't be hard on Bo Dudley," said Lucy (like her father, when a conversation got abstract, disarmingly out of it). "They've had troubles since before I can remember. His Pa was our hired man in the Depression. We laid him off time and again, thought he was shiftless and no-good, but he'd come back begging for the job, and finally he went to coughing in the hay barn and had a terrible hemorrhage and died not long after. It was T.B. that had been getting him down. We were hard up too, even with the money from England; I don't know how we'd have made it that year, if my sister hadn't found a stamp in the attic with the picture of Washington upside down..."

"No," said Leflore. "That's impossible. SAY THAT AGAIN."

"It was in a trunk of old letters, and Daddy sent it to a dealer, who offered a couple of hundred. 'Just hold on,' said mother. So they snooped around to make sure it was real. Then they began to bid, first two thousand, then four, then five. That was what we took, though we found later the dealer already had a buyer for eight.

"For years after that, anybody in the neighborhood who happened on an old stamp would run to Mother: 'What about this one? You think I ought to send it to Scotts?'"

"All right," Daren said, getting up and pacing the room, "I knuckle under. Your whole life is symbolic; it falls into a fiction; and maybe you're right it's just the bridge between you and Lucy's order -- certainly nobody but a fairy godmother could have Washington and the Republic-topsy-turvy working on their side. So your novel is a celebration of structure, harmony out of discord, The Married Land. You've got it. But I haven't. And in a world of what you call Fragmentation, I'm naturally doubtful of easy settlements."

"Easy?" cried Byrne. "You have to reckon the cost."

"The cost is negligible as long as it's a little less than everything."

Dan Byrne turned to Lucy and nodded his head. He got that.

"Very well," said Leflore. "But my life suggests a novel too, the opposite of yours. 'The Half Gods pine for your abode.' Some day I'll write it. There's Anna shaking the world with her Communism, and me on my rock, searching within."

It was not Dan Byrne who put the question, though it required him to be framed. It resonated in the space between them, where Leflore's fiction, first outwardly exhibited, could be inwardly seen: "You mean Communism is the Active and of the East, and your self-closure is the only Western way?"

No. The plot was open-ended, not yet performed. As with Daniel's Sybil and Lucy, there had to be another woman in the case -- someone as active as Anna but her counterpart. The requirements hovered in the air: charming, British, wellborn -- a temporal glitter of deeds, and under it silence, mystery, love. Daren knew very well who it was, but he did not know where. Or how far the vanished Jeffrey could have prepared herself for her

fictional role.

He waked early the last morning and went to the window to watch the dawn, the mist rising from the pond, the pine woods dark across the field. From overhead somewhere came a faroff haunting cry. Daren looked up. In the blue sector between the roof and maple there was nothing.

The house door flung open and Lucy ran out, her shoulder-length hair and pale gown billowing around her. It seemed her father and mother had always sprung out of bed to welcome that migratory honking. "The geese, the wild geese," she cried. She looked at Daren and waved.

He saw it as Dan Byrne had in The Married Land, Gluck's Dance of Blessed Spirits among the Elysian Fields. No wonder the book was so desperate to reshape that from within.

"It's the first flock of the fall."

And now, across Daren's range, the long straggling V cut southward, pulsing wings:

Facendo in aer di se lunga riga.

Their eyes met in a momentary contagion of tears. But there was nothing Lucy could have done for the lonely alterego of her own Dan Byrne but to have loved him, and that was not in the cards. If the whole show could be run again, a fresh pull from the grab-bag, maybe this very generative fortune might be his. But once the shock-haired Daniel was planted there, like the rhinoceros in the watering hole, there was not much chance of anybody else coming in for a drink. Leave her to her destiny, which must have been partly diverting, if partly a perpetual trial. A crawdad's motion is caudal. Leflore's move was the retreat he was accustomed to.

As the train left the river hills, skirting the lowlands and the Bay, he felt in his pocket for the nucleus of notes he had made, a germ of hope against the solitude, to hatch in that shell of darkness his own Unmarried Land.

He entered the low light of the basement room. There

is a danger in objects proportional to their power: the incommunicable wash of feeling association triggers, an ultimate Ulro of titillation without meaning. Yet how else to reach incarnate actuality, where things glow like sacraments?

What took his eye, gathering the half light in its own iridescence was the butterfly tray his father had brought his mother from New York when she was near her time with his brother Vail. A tropical blue swallowtail was in the act of lighting on a cluster of dried field flowers: yarrow, daisy, sweet millet and clover -- so gleamingly nostalgic, it seemed less Iris Vail's tray than the image of Iris Vail.

He sat at the table, overpowered. To root down into that middens of old sketches, generations deep, churn them up, rend, group, relink, to touch-off another alchemy groping toward a cloudier design:

THERE IS NO CONTAINMENT BUT THE FACT. . .

The manifold infoldings of the fact: so many to raise up, dead and half dead, let them drink from the blood, moisten the secrets from their tongues. Aeneas' penetration of the rock-hemmed lake where later Romans lolled among rose blooms in Sybaritic ennui, the bloat flesh of imperial rule - nothing; not the ghost of a single father, but hundreds of world-witnesses to question.

The phone rang. It was the Baltimore wife Daphne. Even the disturbed rat learns some avenues are blind.

Under the cliff, ringed and islanded in mist, the pool of the Patapsco, these fall evenings, hardly stirred by the current, so reflected the trees -- no lack of golden boughs, tulip, elm, and sassafras -- it seemed the Lake of Avernus indeed. The problem as always was to find the sibyl's cave, the deeper-than-hell opening bayed around by the trivial, daily hounds.

End of Part III.

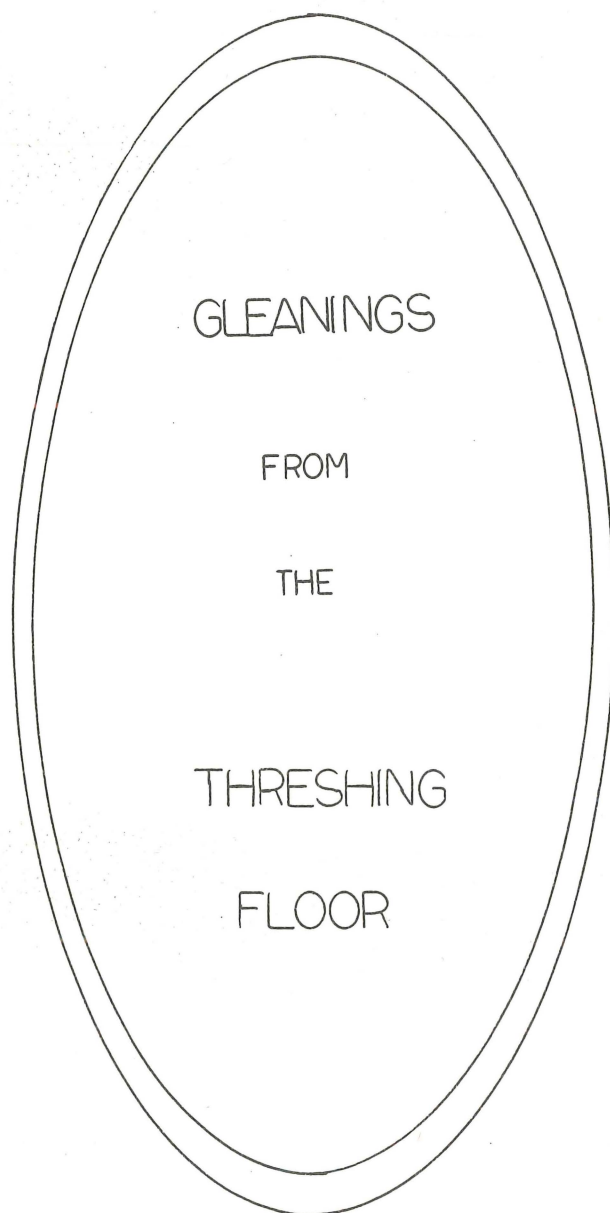
DAPHNAE

James Mensch

The way of ancient days returns;
The peacock spreads her dark angelic wings;
The laurel flowers in the spring,
And love, no longer idleness, in turn
Transforms itself in gentle seasons
To invoke again its silent reasons
For the chaste and chastened love that mourns:
Daphnae who gave her maidenhood away
To plant a grove where poets pray,
Daphnae who feeds the peacocks milkwhite flesh
To make the plumage bloom upon her breast;
She whose laureled brow of loveliness
Brought her milkwhite arms to bays
May mourn her love yet calls her season blest.



George Rowbottom



XVI

A Methodist was on television, talking about blind moneychangers, but someone's mother-in-law was sick, so it didn't really matter. Genghis Kahn came roaring down the mountain side, and went completely unnoticed, except for the match in his hand.

"And tell me, Miss Gnocchi, just what is your opinion of birth control?"

"One might not expect such an answer from an average, everyday housewife. You know what I mean, with our image being what it is. Defender of Apple Pie and the Old Morality. But to tell the truth, I've never thought about it."

"Would you care to elaborate, Miss Gnocchi?"

"No."

"There was a sitar playing in the background, and, as Miss Gnocchi belly-danced her way off stage, she was greeted with a resounding ovulation."

XVII

Lamp black pupils, surrounded by quarter inch circles of iris. A yellowish, blue-green iridescence. Those pupils, pits of clear, black water, a million fathoms deep and miles wide, surrounded by thin, pulsating color.

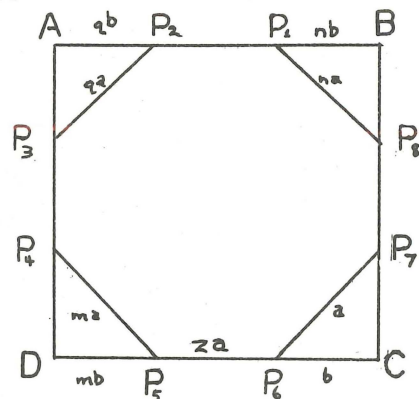
The lashes went unnoticed at first. Even after years of acquaintance, I am drawn into those bottomless pupils, forced to utilize all of my strength to keep from drowning. But the lashes were there, all eighty-seven of them on a

Freshman/Sophomore Math Problem 1967

Anthony Snively

Given: Equiangular octagon with all sides commensurable

Prove: The opposite sides are equal



Proof:

Starting from any vertex, label the successive vertices P_1, P_2, \dots and extend P_2P_1 and P_5P_6 until they meet P_3P_4 , extended, at the points A and D respectively, and in the opposite direction until they meet P_8P_7 , extended, at B and C respectively.

Then since in the octagon the angles at P_2, P_3, P_4 , and P_5 are equal, their supplements are equal and $\angle AP_2P_3 = \angle AP_3P_2 = \angle DP_4P_5 = \angle DP_5P_4$. Since if two angles are equal in one triangle to two angles in another, the third angles are equal and the triangles similar, $\angle P_2AP_3 = \angle P_4DP_5$ and the triangles AP_2P_3 and DP_4P_5 are similar

isosceles triangles. Similarly for $\angle P_1BP_8 = \angle P_7CP_6$ and triangle P_1BP_8 similar to triangle P_2AP_3 .

If a diagonal were to be drawn in the quadrilateral ABCD, the sum of the angles A, B, C, and D would be the sum of the angles of triangles ABD and BCD, i.e. four right angles. Therefore angles A, B, C, and D, since they are equal, are each equal to a right angle. Further, as AB and CD, being perpendicular to AD, are parallel and similarly for AD and BC, the quadrilateral ABCD is a right-angled parallelogram.

Since the sides of the octagon are commensurable, take their common measure. Then in similar triangles BP_7P_6 and AP_5P_4 , as P_7P_6 is to P_4P_5 as a number is to a number, so BP_6 is to AP_5 as a number is to a number. Let it be as b is to mb. Similarly P_1C is to DP_2 as nb is to qb.

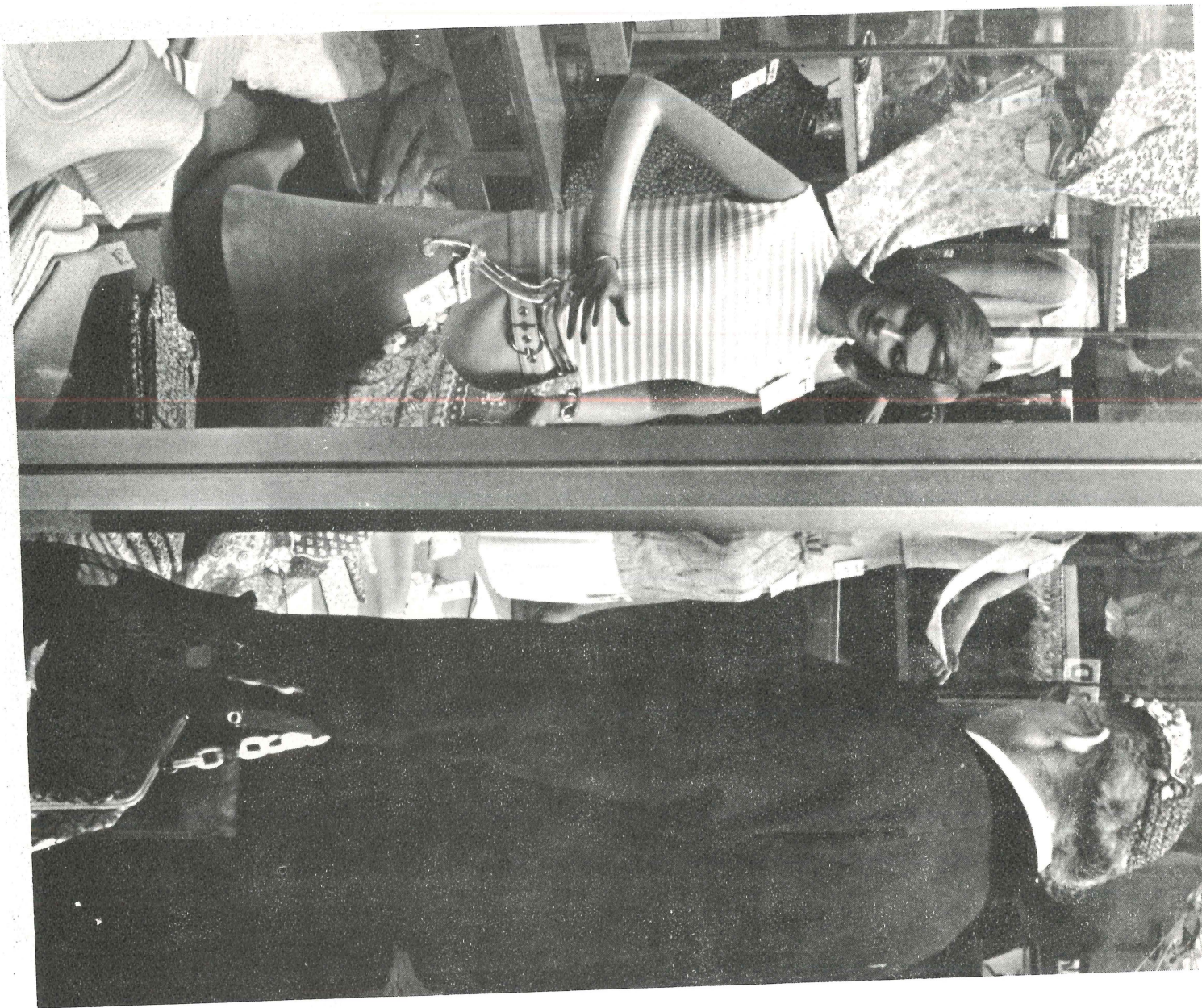
Take the common measure of P_1P_2 and P_6P_5 and let them be xa and za respectively. Therefore since the opposite sides of a parallelogram are equal, $mb + xa + b = qb + za + nb$.

Subtracting equals from equals and finding the common height: $b[(m+1) - (q+n)] = a(x-z)$.

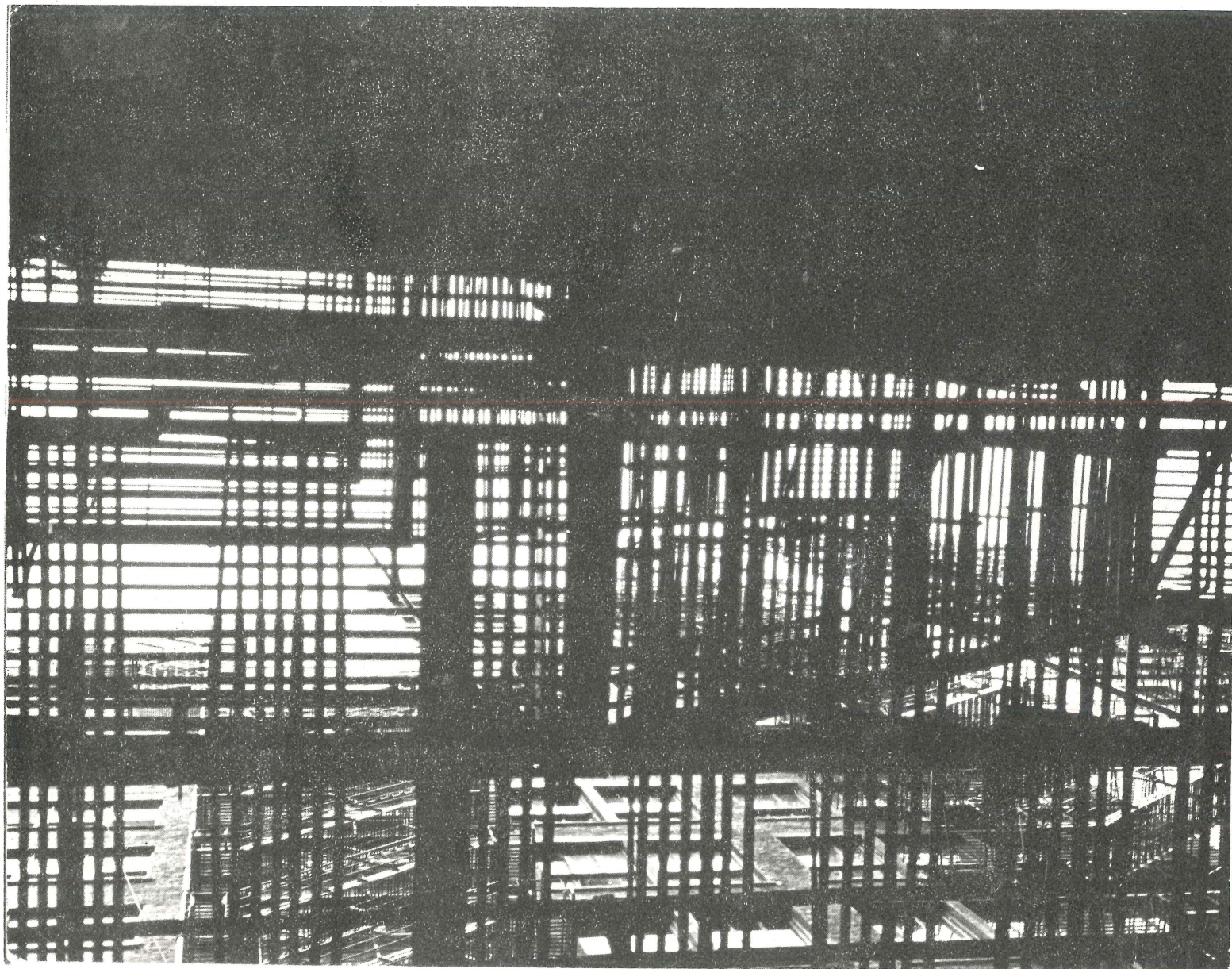
However, since b is the side of an isosceles right triangle and a is the hypotenuse, they are incommensurable. Therefore, as m, n, q, x and y are numbers, the area $b[(m+1) - (q+n)]$ is incommensurable with the area $a(x-z)$. However they are equal, which is impossible unless $(m+1) - (q+n)$ and $(x-z)$ are each equal to zero. Consequently they are and $x=z$, or $P_1P_2 = P_6P_5$, and the opposite sides are equal. By successively labelling each vertex P_1 the same can be shown for each pair of opposite sides and what was to be demonstrated is proved.

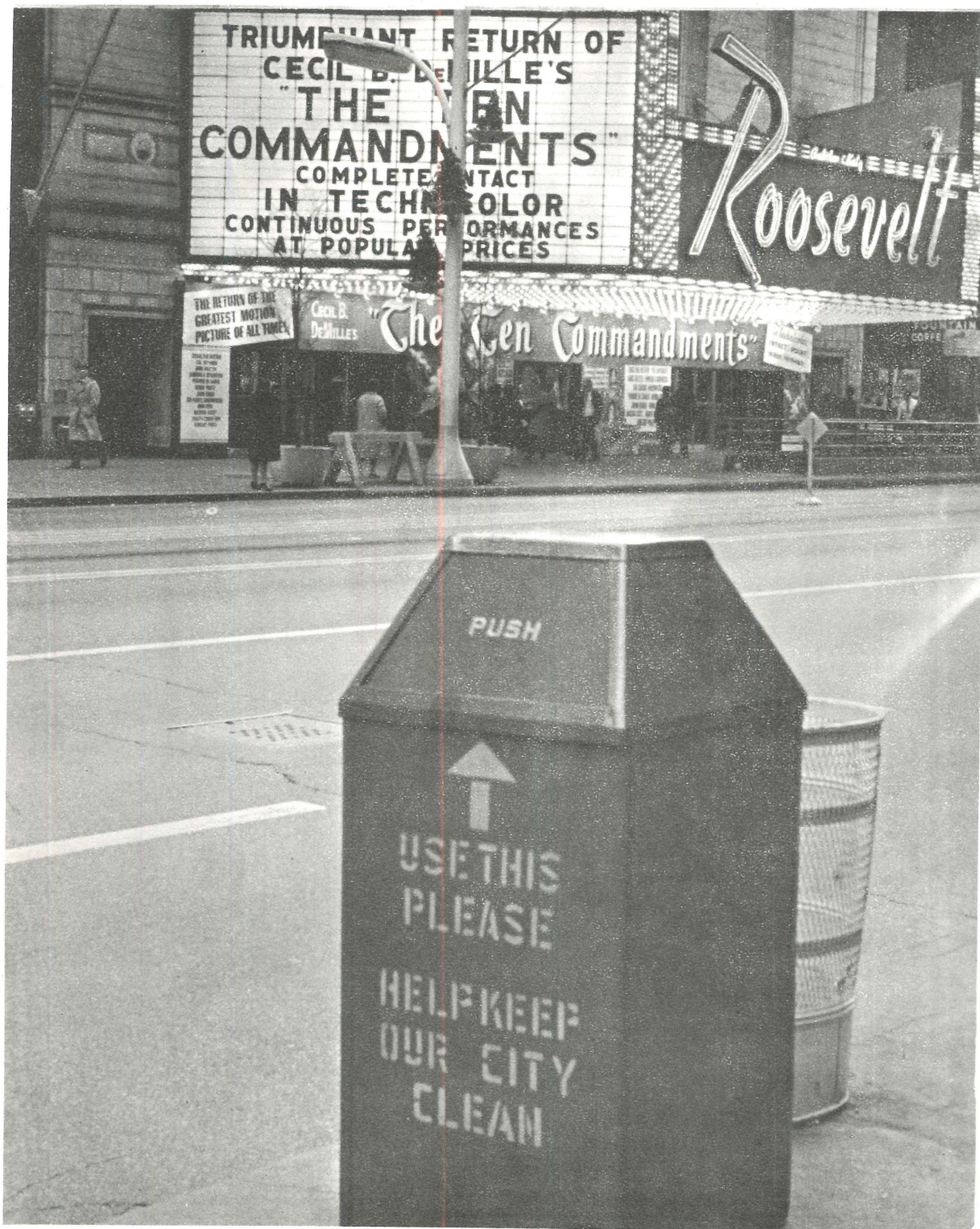


Mark Sittler



Mark Sittler





Mark Sittler

Professor Arbuthnot presents:

ARISTOTLE8 THE POSTERIOR PERIPHRASTICS

We shall now proceed to define the term "relative to" ($\kappa\alpha\tau\acute{\alpha}$), insofar as it is inherently manifest in any reasoning whereby it is said of the definition of the motionless underlying principle of subjectivity and passivity that whenever this principle is circumspected (thus a bed, although which is not actually so, but only specified as such because it is, and not otherwise, as some philosophers have been wont to say by virtue of their obstinacy and common sense; for if we plant the bed, it will come up neither a philosopher nor an underlying principle which obvious fact has apparently been missed by the aforesaid philosophers -- that is, the philosophers said afore -- which proves my point, at the expense of reason, and a bed) then the outcome of such circumspection will be a certain acuity of man "qua" circumspector, that the term "relative to" ($\kappa\alpha\tau\acute{\alpha}$) is composed of two composing components, whereby it is composed; these of course being "relative" ($\kappa\acute{\alpha}$), which conveys the meaning of "relative to", as it were, and on the other hand "to" ($\tau\acute{\alpha}$), which as a preposition bears the connotation of "in a relation towards" or, therefore, "relative to". That "relative to" is thus composed of these two will become apparent after the previously mentioned circumspection (exclusive of circumspection as such, which must not be confused with circumcision, which mistake is not so uncommon as one might think in light of empirical facts, as it were), has been applied. For indeed, to do so would relegate one to the class of vegetable, which is not as unfortuitous as one might give oneself to suspect, inasmuch as, in the next chapter, I shall prove that all men are carrots, and all women are also, albeit

inferior carrots, as carrots go, so to speak.

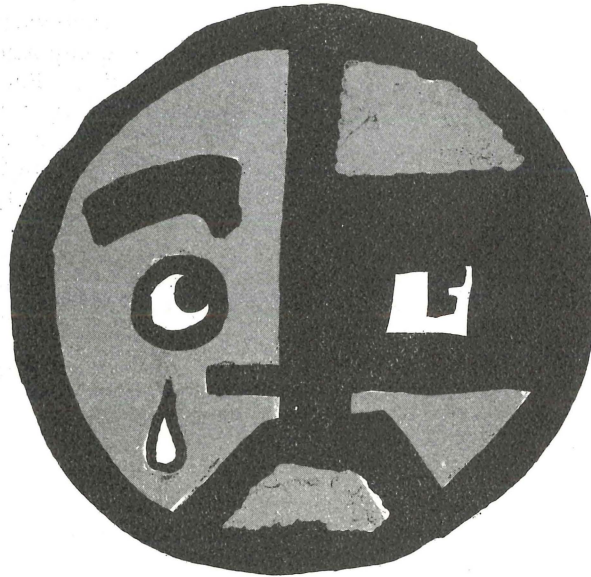
Therefore, if "relative" can be said to denote "relative to", and indeed it can (or at least may), since we have already said it in the highly suspect first paragraph of this treatise; and if "to" can also be said to denote "relative to", which in a certain sense, that is, the sense in which we are speaking, or writing, so to speak (or so to write, so to speak, and thus we embark upon an infinite regress, the nature of which shall be expounded in the chapter after the chapter wherein I shall proceed to prove that the infinite regress is impossible, in that it would therefore be infinite, and thus manifestly absurd; with the possible exception of a regress of which there could be no terminus, and, in that sense, would be infinite) is true; all this being true, or at least implausible in its deformity, then the term "relative to" ($\kappa\alpha\tau\acute{\alpha}$) when composed of the components whereby we agreed it was composed, can be compounded to mean "relative to relative to" ($\kappa\alpha\tau\acute{\alpha} \kappa\alpha\tau\acute{\alpha}$). But each of these has the same meaning, and we thereby (e.g.) embark upon a seemingly infinite regress; but which is, in truth, not infinite, in the sense that it is finite; the reason for this being that, when "relative to" is carried to the seventy fourth (74th) power, the LAW OF DIMINISHING RETURNS comes to bear (which shall later be explained in my treatise on the Analytical Posterior), relegating and referring the meaning of "relative to" ($\kappa\alpha\tau\acute{\alpha}$) to "a large and ferocious bicuspid which inhabits the nether reaches of Chicago, eating people and seeking truth" ($\delta\pi\omicron\kappa\iota\nu\delta\upsilon\nu\epsilon\upsilon\sigma\theta\alpha\iota\tau\alpha\rho\alpha\iota\tau\omicron\beta\omicron\upsilon\psi\omega$).

The Almagest

Anne Schmidt

Dowdy and tiny
the Earth, immobile,
sits rustily still
at the centre
watching
 around her
the splendor
of myriad sisters
(with C-major
whirrings
gleamingly rustling
blindingly bright
in their
cool)

and the sun
wildly spinning
by, lighting
her hopes with
his presence
(perhaps he will speak---?)
deigns to favor
her hair
with indifferent caress
as he waltzes
 around her
with somebody
else



the dutiful wife
she sits
somewhat creakily
(getting, regrettably,
not any exercise)
and pretends
the ecliptic
can take
all the blame
for the swift
oblique gaze of the sun



Elegy:

On a Young Composer Killed in an Accident

Anthony Snively

You were one of those strangely beautiful
Who like a Desdemona loved the dark
Chaotic waves as they press their games upon
The mind, making alcoves where the mind watches,
Waits. Whose illusions washed warm tears from air
That dropped to be wondered at on the sand, were folded
Beneath spheres, spurning the vivid stellar glow
To wander falconlike before a post.

And whose play was to hold and never change
The seagull spread serenely in a breeze,
The magic of the moments that crown creation
And rest insubstantial on the dust, never
Deny the blood in nativities of their light,
Nor sell your bounty to the nothing of notes
Structured only by reason on seeling airs.

As from a cloistered garden long since laid waste
Where only the bell of a tear repeats the solemn
Toll of names against the mastering weeds,
I saw you ageless as those who in obeisance
Had come to tread this livid place. Who leaning
Mayfly were made to whisper as they played
The echoes of earth's heart. And in your silence
I saw you melt as one with growing winds.

Then can we mourn our oldest if even gods' young
Are lost? Though you will never die while in each
Eagle is traced the melic script that sealed
It to your mind, and already for you were born
Earth's dances where others look a few cold hairs
To primeval dust, or perceived with silent eyes
Their barren sand lamented on the ground.

Not in such fear of when the earth has drawn
Her deliverance and with Chaos attends you
Back to her darkling womb where not to be born
Is best, your mortal dew was nourished through
The day, and returns alone back whence it came.
And though the next morning will veil your masque,
Still by these lines may I laurel your light
Where only the sea remembers your game.



Barnaby Ruhe

The Idiot Who Lives In The Gray House Overlooking The Bay

John Dean

Birds that were sitting on the
Gables of his house sat and
Wondered if he would throw them
Some bread. But he would dress like
A cowboy and a cattle
Rustler, a lobsterman and
His boat, and cut the perfectly
Even furrows of the summer
Lawn. And he would find a point
To return to his home. And
He would give the hinges
On the screen door a good look,
And smile.

Inside his head trumpets fell
Out of angels' mouths and the
Words that were mistaken for
What they were jumbled with his
Food and drink for a place in
His mouth. And if there was one
Thing he knew every day,
It was the tide schedule.
And every day he would watch
To see that the tide still kept
Coming. And every day from
His kitchen he was god and
God gave chuckle to the tide.



George Rowbottom

Professor Arbuthnot says

KNOW YOUR CAMPUS

We humans take too many things for granted. Here's a test: (answer truthfully) are you still in possession of your navel? Honestly now, are you sure? When did you look last? Don't get all excited, I don't mean to frighten you; and by all means, don't take a frantic look while standing reading this and give the coffee shop a bad name. But do you see my point? We all take things for granted, and our campus is no exception. So few students are aware of the interesting stories behind many familiar campus sights that Prof. Arb. feels constrained to repeat what he knows about them.

McDOWELL HALL

McDowell Hall is the oldest standing building on the campus (Randall Hall is older, but is not classified as a building by most archaeological experts: "Life as we know it could not possibly..." etc., Scientific American (July 1949). One amazing fact about McDowell is that it was carved from a single piece of oak by a blind Indian in 1644. This Indian was fanatically devoted to the Iroquois lightning god Wham, and intended McDowell as an earthly abode for Wham. He believed that upon completion of the edifice he would be assumed into heaven. As he stood at the spire of the building carving the final stroke, he lifted his sightless eyes to heaven expectantly, and was blasted to charcoal by the worst lightning storm recorded in Annapolis.

THE PLACE OF ORACLES

Randall tenants have long been privy (huh?) to one of the profoundest, greatest mysteries of all times: the Place

of Oracles. Above the second floor fuse-box is a large exposed wire. This wire, it is said, leads directly to Nirvana. He who is fortunate enough to participate in the sacred ritual is favored with the gift of tongues. He who would take this gift upon himself need only remove his clothing (as earthly dross) and cover himself with ritual ablutions from the Randall shower, then press both index fingers to the wire. He is immediately seen to transcend humanity, rising into the air with startling alacrity, glowing with an unearthly luminescence, and speaking in wild, unintelligible tongues. The non-initiate even benefits somewhat: he who watches the rite is blessed with a lightening of the heart. I myself laughed like hell the last time I saw it.

COLLEGE CREEK

Although we have all seen College Creek, few of us are acquainted with the fact that it is not a creek at all, but a huge living colloid. It subsists on beer cans and soap suds, although it may also be the cause of the disappearance of the entire class of '38, which has not yet been explained to the satisfaction of the Annapolis police. Some of the elders of Annapolis claim that College Creek spawned 9 St. John's.

MELLON HALL

The building of Mellon was done by the Marx Toy Company after plans left by the blind Indian who carved McDowell. It was originally planned to be a ten story lab building, but on its dedication day it fell down, and remained in the position it occupies today. The building has never worked properly, due to the fact that no one can find the master switch to turn the building on.

A BETTER PLACE THAN DIDI

by
Michael Bridge

The Daffodil and Didi stand near each other but they don't see.

Daff, (Dressed as Daff., to aud): I am a flower wavering in the brisk morning breeze. (wavers) I am happy being a flower because a flower's what I am and because being one's the thing I do best and because it's not a very difficult thing to do. (pause) Anyway, I can't think of anything better to do, (pause) so I just stand here with my feet planted in the ground (looks at feet, wavers) and waver. It's not a bad life.

Didi, (Little girl, not yet seeing Daff): I am a darling little girl. I know that I am a darling little girl because everyone always says, "My! What a darling little girl!" I think they must know what they're talking about because they're always married like mommy and daddy and the president and because they know how to get their own children and because they don't have to go to school anymore and because they're bigger and smarter than I am. (sniffles, wipes nose with arm) That's how I know. (pause) Sometimes they get me sick. That's when I pretend. I play house a lot with Freddy. Freddy's my boy friend and we're going to get married and he's going to be president. I made him promise. (pause) Playing house is fun. (pause) More fun than not playing house, anyhow. There really isn't too much else to do. (spots Daff, delighted) My! What a darling flower! (Daff eyes her suspiciously. Young couple walks by, hand in hand).

She: My! What a darling little girl! (Didi blushes, hides her face. Daff tries to hide, but certain disadvantages in nature won't permit it).

Didi, (Couple is gone, she again notices Daff): My! What a pretty flower! (dances around Daff, stops) Pretty things make me so happy. Makes me so happy to be with pretty

things. (Daff eyes her suspiciously) Makes me sad to leave pretty things. (excited) So I take them with me! That way I don't have to leave them and I don't have to be sad. (Approaches Daff, unties his shoes, pulls his feet out of the shoes. Painful for Daff. Didi runs off, returns with little red wagon, backs it into back of Daff so Daff flops backward into wagon, sits thus feigning indifference, legs dangling over back of wagon. Didi wheels wagon around shoes two times, exerting great effort. (stops, looks up) Well! Here we are. This is where I live. I do hope you'll be comfortable in your new home. Now you wait here and I'll be right back with something good. (runs into right wing, Daff looks around, sees audience, shrugs).

Daff: Really not a bad life. (looks around some more. Didi returns with bottomless flower pot, places it over Daff's shoes, backs wagon over to pot, places Daff's feet therein, reaches in pot, ties shoe laces, stands up, picks up watering can, waters him. Daff sighs with relief.)

Didi: There! (Kisses Daff on head) My pretty flower. (Daff controls himself. Didi runs off into right wing.)

Daff, (Feigning indifference): Not a bad life. (looks at feet) Always wanted to be potted. (wiggles his feet) A little small. (wiggles some more) A little cramped. (pause) But I'll grow into it. (Didi enters with her dog Simon, leading him by long red ribbon.)

Didi, (To Simon): This is my new flower. Isn't it pretty? (Daff and Simon eye each other suspiciously. Simon growls, Didi slaps him lightly on nose.) No Simon! You be a nice dog! (Didi hears something, looks anxiously into right wing) Oh look! Freddy's here! I can show him my new dog and my pretty flower! (She starts to run off, stops, returns, ties Simon's ribbon around Daff and runs off. Simon whines after her and tries to follow, jumping and pulling at ribbon, shaking Daff up terribly.)

Daff: YOU STOP THAT! (Simon stops still turns, eyes Daff suspiciously, growls, circles) Piss on me and I'll mash

your brains.

Simon, (Shocked, assaulted): I'll have you know!... (stops, circles some more. Ribbon catches on stump. Simon yanks at it to free himself, shaking Daff up terribly.)

Daff: Stop that! Stop that I say! (Simon stops, looks at Daff, pulls again) Stop that! You stop that! (Simon stops, looks despairingly to Daff)

Simon: I'm caught.

Daff: Get uncaught.

Simon: It's easy for you to say.

Daff: Just go back the way you came until you find where you went wrong.

Simon: Back?

Daff: Until you find where you went wrong. The only way to get uncaught.

Simon: But think of the ground I'll lose!

Daff: The only way to get uncaught. (pause, Simon takes a hesitating step backward, another, stops) A little more... A little more... (pause) There!

Simon, (Proud): There!

Daff: Next time be more careful. There won't always be someone around to tell you to walk backwards. (pause)

Simon; (Eyeing Daff suspiciously): What's your name?

Daff, (Ponders for a long while): I have no name, I have no need. I waver in the wind.

Simon, (Confused): Where are you from?

Daff, (Dramatic): I fell from the sky. (Simon is suspicious) I am the Father of the sky! I am here to oppress your oppressor, to free you from bondage and to send you on your way. (Daff looks at Simon anxiously to see how he'll take the revelation, the forceful, extending his hand) Come here. (Simon approaches. Daff unties the ribbon around

Simon's neck, lets it fall to ground)

Simon, (shocked): Hèy! You can't do that!

Daff: There. You're free.

Simon, (Frightened): Put it back! Put it back!

Daff: You're free! Run!

Simon: Put it back! She'll see!

Daff: Let her see. She's just a child.

Simon: She feeds me!

Daff: She chains you! Where's your integrity?

Simon: In my stomach! (Silence)

Daff, (Reproaching): Why if I had legs like yours, I'd... I'd... I'd run forever!

Simon: You wouldn't

Daff: I would!

Simon: You couldn't!

Daff: I could!

Simon: You'd get tired.

Daff: Never! I'd run forever.

Simon: You'd have to stop for food.

Daff: I drink the earth dry with each step and run all day on the sun.

Simon: You'd what?

Daff: I'd stick my feet in the ground...

Simon: You can't do that when you're a dog. You need a puppy dish and someone to fill it. (pause)

Daff: If I had legs... (Didi runs on)

Didi: Simon! Nasty nasty Simon! (Slaps him lightly on nose, picks up untied ribbon, examines it) How did... (looks curiously around, shrugs, ties Simon again, walks

confused, pondering into right wing. Simon and Daff ignore each other for a few moments, then attack each other.)

Simon: Now see what you...

Daff, (At same time): You should have run... (Both stop look hard at each other. Daff breaks the silence) You should have run.

Simon: No place to go.

Daff: The whole world!

Simon: Need a place to go.

Daff: Goes on and on.

Simon: No place to go.

Daff: Place after place.

Simon: Maybe if there was a place.

Daff: Place after place.

Simon: Maybe if they were expecting me.

Daff: Never stops.

Simon: Need a place to rest.

Daff: Just stick your feet in the ground.

Simon: Someone to fill my puppy dish. (long silence)

Daff: SECURITY! (pause) GETS ME SICK!

Simon: Take your feet out of the ground and say that!

Daff: IF I HAD LEGS I'D... I'D...

Simon: If you had legs you'd stick them in the ground and starve to death!

Daff, (Assaulted): I'D RUN! I'D RUN IF I HAD LEGS!

Simon: There's really no sense in talking about anything so hypothetical.

Daff: DON'T YOU CALL ME A HYPOCRITE! YOU... YOU... YOU WALKING FLOWER POT!

Simon: Why I never...

Daff: You stunted root! YOU LAME EARED FLAY SNAPPER! YOU... YOU...

Simon, (Very loud): I DID NOT CALL YOU (not so loud) a hypocrite..

Daff: You did! I heard....

Simon: Hypothetical. I said hypothetical.

Daff, (Calmed): Hypothetical what?

Simon, (Ponders): I've forgotten.

Daff: Then it couldn't have been very important.

Simon: Yes. We never forget the important things. (Simon glances into right wing, wags his tail, excited. Didi walks on leading Freddy by the hand. Simon greets them both with maudlin delight)

Didi: Freddy, this is my dog Simon. He's part Shnauzer, part Cocker Spaniel, part sheep, (Simon lowers his head in shame) and part... part... part... PART SIAMESE. (Simon looks up shocked and barks harshly.) Simon! YOU STOP THAT! (Simon cringes. Didi to Freddy): He's really a very nice dog... Don't you think?

Freddy, (Low oppressed voice): Yes.

Didi, (To Simon): There. You see? Freddy likes you. (pause, to Freddy) And this is my new flower. Isn't it pretty? (silence) Isn't it pretty? (silence) FREDDY!

Freddy, (Startled): YES! (Silence, they don't look at each other.)

Didi, (Takes a deep breath): It IS warm today. Don't you think so Freddy?

Freddy: Yes. (silence)

Didi, (Excited): I COULD MAKE SOME ICE TEA! Wouldn't you like that Freddy? Mother has these lovely little packages and she showed me how. Wouldn't you like that Freddy?"

Freddy: Yes.

Didi, (Very excited): Oh, I do so enjoy when you come to play with me! Now you wait here and I'll be right back. (runs into right wing). Freddy stands alone, tense, confused. Simon and Daff stare curiously at him.)

Daff: He doesn't say very much. (Freddy looks curiously, confusedly from Daff to Freddy to aud. several times.) Is that all you can say? (Freddy looks from Daff to Freddy to Daff again. While looking at Daff) Is that all you can say? (Freddy looks into aud. and bawls very loudly.)

Simon: Now you've done it.

Daff: I was just trying to make conversation.

Simon: I wouldn't have said a thing.

Daff, (Reaching out, trying to pat Freddy on head, but can't reach him): Now now now... (to Simon) Pat his head.

Simon, (Patting Freddy's head): Now now now... (Freddy stops crying) Now tell Uncle Simon all about it and we'll see what we can do. (to Daff) It's always best to talk about these things. (to Freddy, patting his head) Now now now... (pause) Now tell Uncle Simon. (Silence. Freddy tries to compose himself, becomes frightened) Now tell Uncle Simon.

Daff: Make him talk.

Simon: Now tell Uncle Simon.

Daff: Make him talk.

Simon: He won't talk.

Daff: Maybe a little prodding.

Simon; (Pinches Freddy, Freddy starts): TELL UNCLE SIMON!

Freddy; (Frightened, looking around): DIIIIIIII... DIIIIIIII...

Daff: What did he say?

Simon: It sounded like.....

Freddy: DIIIII... DIIIIIIII....

Simon & Daff: DIDI! (Frightened, look around)

Freddy; (Hesitant pouting, frightened, looking around): Don't... Like... (bawls) Diiiiidiidiiii... (Simon & Daff look up startled)

Daff: What did he say?

Simon: He said... He said...

Daff: He didn't!

Simon: It sounded like...

Daff: Ask him if he wants to be president.

Simon: Do you want to be president? (Instigates his bawling)

Daff: I think he's one of us. (They look at Freddy intensely.)

Simon: He looks like one of them. Can't be too sure with his kind.

Daff: Ask him to join.

Simon: Pat your head with one hand and stab you in the back with the other.

Daff: Ask him to join. (Simon ponders)

Simon: You ask him.

Daff: You ask him. You're closer.

Simon: Never listens to me.

Daff: Give him a try.

Simon: Just kick me and pat my head.

Daff: Let him know who's boss. (Simon ponders)

Simon: You think he'll listen?

Daff: Only one way to be found out. (Simon ponders)

Simon: I'd rather not.

Daff: We'll need every hand we can get. Strength in numbers. (Simon ponders)

Simon: Every hand... (pause) How should I go about it?

Daff: Have to use tact.

Simon: How should I go about it?

Daff: Have to be subtle.

Simon: How should I go about it?

Daff: Can't let him think we're common rebels.

Simon: How should I go about it?

Daff: Can't let him think we're common rebels. (pause)
Go on. Ask.

Simon, (Hesitates long time, finally): We're going to beat up Didi. You with us? (Freddy stops crying and looks interested, ponders a few moments, becomes frightened, bawls loudly)

Daff, (Frightened), desperate): MAKE HIM STOP! HE'LL BRING OUT DIDI!

Simon: STOP! YOU'LL BRING OUT DIDI! (Freddy stops. Simon turns to Daff) Should I ask him again?

Daff: Don't think he's up to it.

Simon: Can we do it alone? (pause) Can't do it alone. What can we do?

Daff: Have to think up something else. Must be an alternative.

Simon: But I do so want to beat her up!

Daff: He isn't up to it.

Simon: But I do so want to...

Daff: Must be another way. (ponders, silence)

Simon, (Breaking silence): But I do so...

Daff, (Excited): RUN AWAY! WE CAN RUN AWAY!

Simon: But I do so want...

Daff: So much simpler.

Simon: But...

Daff: Freddy isn't up to it.

Simon: But I...

Daff: Ask him.

Simon, (To Freddy): We're running away. You with us? (Freddy looks interested, becomes frightened)

Freddy: I want my moo moo.

Simon: He wants his moo moo.

Daff: Give him his moo moo.

Simon, (Calling): Moo moo... moo moo...

Daff, (Points into right wing): Over there. (Simon runs into right wing, returns with large, golden stuffed calf, admires it, gives it reluctantly to Freddy. Great thunder resounds, lightening flashes. All cringe and look up frightened. Freddy drops calf. Simon picks it up and clutches it. Freddy tries to take it back, but Simon won't give it. Silence)

Freddy: Moo moo... moo moo...

Daff: Give him his moo moo.

Simon; (Excited): WE'RE RUNNING AWAY! WE'RE RUNNING AWAY!

Daff: Give him his moo moo.

Freddy: Moo moo... moo moo...

Simon; (Frightened, excited): HAVE TO LEAVE! HAVE TO LEAVE! SHE'S COMING!

Daff, (Frightened): But the preparations! You haven't prepared!

Simon: Pick up as we go! Have to leave! She's coming! She's coming!

Daff, (Frightened): Then we're ready?

Simon, (Frightened): We're ready?

Daff: We're ready?

Simon: We're ready?

Freddy: Moo moo... moo moo... (Freddy reaches for calf, Simon pushes him away angrily. Freddy bawls.)

Daff, (Frightened): STOP HIM! STOP HIM! MAKE HIM STOP! SHE'LL BE ON US! (Simon shakes Freddy to stop him. Freddy bawls louder. Simon looks into right wing, frightened, runs off into left wing clutching calf, ribbon trailing behind) HEY! (pause) All we've gone through together and he runs off without me. (Freddy starts after Simon)

Freddy: Moo moo...

Daff: HEY! (Freddy stops) Not without me you don't. (Pause) The wagon. (pause) Over there. (pause) Bring it here. (Freddy moves quickly, efficiently, never looking at Daff. Daff unlaces his shoes, Freddy backs wagon into Daff, Daff flops back onto it, pulls his feet out of his shoes. Freddy pulls wagon and Daff hurriedly into left wing. Twenty seconds and Didi comes on carrying tray and pitcher and two glasses.)

Didi, (Agitated): FREDDY! SIMON! Now where can they have gone. (Looks at iced tea, whines) All I went through to... (pause) And he runs off. (Cries, stops, becomes frightened) I'll bet they've gone down to the creek! They'll be covered with mud! MOTHER WILL BE FURIOUS! AND I'LL GET THE BLAME! (hurrying after them) FREDDDY.... SIIIIIMONNNNN...

end act 1

act 2

Curtain rises. Simon comes running out of right wing clutching calf. Didi's distant voice is heard calling for him. He stops in mid-stage and turns to go back to Didi. He stops again, moves back to the left, stops, moves back to right, stops, moves back to left, stops, looks confused into aud. Pause, then with finality, turns to go back to Didi. Runs into Daff and Freddy just coming out of right wing.

Simon: I was just coming after...

Daff: HURRY! HURRY! SHE'S ON US! SHE'S ON US! (They run in place)

Simon: HURRY!

Daff: SHE'S ON US!

Simon: WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT! WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT!

Daff: HURRY! HURRY!

Simon: I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE! IT WAS YOUR IDEA!

Daff: STILL TIME! STILL TIME! HURRY!

Simon: Shouldn't have left... Shouldn't have... (All three stop suddenly as they hit the shore of the creek. THE CREEK! WE'RE SAVED. SHE CAN'T SWIM!

Daff: Neither can I.

Freddy, (Frightened, pointing into Creek): NO NO! (All look around in desperation. Simon and Daff spot raft at same time.)

Simon & Daff: A RAFT!

Simon: A godsend.

Daff: HURRY! (Freddy looks back and forth from raft to approaching Didi. Simon wheels Daff onto raft. They both look at Freddy and say in unison) COME ON! (Freddy looks at them confused, unable to move. Simon holds out the moo moo and Freddy, reaching for it, hesitatingly boards. Simon pushes off. Freddy tries to jump off, but they hold him until they're away from the shore. He reaches futilely, pathetically toward the shore).

Freddy, (Calling): Didi... Didi...

Didi, (From off stage): FREDDY! YOU STOP THAT! COME BACK HERE THIS INSTANT OR I'LL TELL MOTHER! FREDDY! FREDD... OOOHHHHH (splash. Freddy, Daff and Simon, shocked throw hands over their eyes. Long silence. Lights dim a little.)

Daff, (Breaking silence): Good sailing weather.

Freddy: I want my mom mom.

Daff: Give him his moo moo.

Simon: He said his mee mee.

Freddy: I want my mom mom! (Bawls Daff tries to grab calf away from Simon. They struggle and calf falls into Creek. Freddy becomes still, quiet.)

Simon: Now you've done it! (Daff hits Simon on head. Simon turns to strike back. Daff blows out his chest and looks threateningly at Simon. Simon turns and strikes Freddy. Lights dim a little more. Freddy stays still and quiet. Silence.) Where we going?

Freddy: Where we going?

Simon, (Startled): HE SPOKE!

Daff: What?

Freddy: Where we going?

Simon: He spoke?

Daff: What did he say?

Simon: He said where we going.

Daff: Tell him we're going bye bye.

Simon, (To Freddy): We're going bye bye. (Simon stops, ponders) Where we going?

Daff: To a better place.

Simon: Better than Didi?

Daff: Better than everything.

Freddy: Where we going?

Simon: To a better place than Didi.

Freddy: Where we going?

Simon, (To Daff): Where we going?

Daff: Down the creek.

Simon, (To Freddy): Down the creek.

Freddy: Where we going?

Simon, (To Daff): Where we going?

Daff: DOWN THE CREEK!

Simon, (To Freddy): DOWN THE CREEK! (silence)

Freddy: We going fah?

Simon, (To Daff): We going fah?

Daff: Pretty far but not too far.

Simon, (To Freddy): Pretty far, but not too far.

Freddy: I want my mom mom. (silence)

Simon: Maybe he should know the truth.

Daff: What truth?

Simon: That we don't know where we're going and we're going to drown.

Daff, (Agitated): What kind of truth is that to know?

Simon: A truth is a truth. (pause) Have you a better one?

Daff, (Ponders): Just follow the creek.

Simon, (Concerned): He should have a truth.

Daff: Just follow the creek. You can't go wrong.

Freddy: Troo too... troo too.

Simon: There. You see?

Daff: A truth. (ponders) Let me see. (ponders) I AM WITH YOU!

Simon: A truth?

Daff: No less.

Simon, (Decisive): No enough. He needs something more. (pause) Not enough.

Daff, (Pondering): Not enough... not enough... a truth.. a truth...

Simon, (Sheepish, frightened): Maybe if you could tell him where he's going.

Daff, (Angry): DOWN THE CREEK!

Simon, (To Freddy): DOWN THE CREEK!

Freddy, (Confused): We going fah? (silence)

Simon, (To Daff): It's not that I don't trust you. It's just that Freddy here doesn't know yet. He should have something to let him know...don't you think? (silence while Daff thinks)

Daff, (Excited): A promise! How about a promise?

Simon, (Enthused): Could be just the thing.

Daff, (Pondering): Now what shall I promise?

Simon, (Immediately anxious): That you know where he's going.

Daff: Yes. Bring him here. (brings him there) I promise you that we're going. (Freddy neither sees nor hears Daff)

Simon; (Anxious): And you know where.

Daff, (Reluctant): And I know where.

Freddy, (To Simon): We going fah?

Simon; Pretty far but not too far. (looks at Daff. silence. Looks at Freddy, back to Daff) Not enough. Give him a sign. He needs a sign.

Daff: What kind of sign?

Simon: Something he can touch. Something to let him know.

Daff: But what? (Simon yanks off a leaf) NO!

Simon; There. (Admires leaf)

Daff: Give it back.

Simon, (Clutching it): He needs it.

Daff, (Forceful): GIVE IT TO ME! (pause) It's my leaf. I'll give it to him. (Gives it back very reluctantly. Daff takes it, examines it, hold it out to Freddy. Freddy doesn't see Daff) Here. (Freddy doesn't hear Daff) TAKE IT!

(Silence.. Despaired, Daff withdraws the leaf and hands it to Simon) You give it to him. You're closer. (Simon takes leaf, admires it, gives it reluctantly to Freddy. Freddy clutches it, moves to corner of raft, sits down contented. (Silence)

Simon: There. That should hold him...Until we get there.

Daff: Where.

Simon: The place we're going to.

Daff: Oh yes. (Silence. Simon eyes Daff suspiciously)

Simon: You will know when we're there, won't you?

Daff: Oh yes.

Simon: How will you know?

Daff: It's the kind of place you can't be at without knowing you're there.

Simon, (Pondering): Oh. (pause then anxious) There's a sign?

Daff: One big sign.

Simon: What's it say?

Daff: This is the place.

Simon; (Anxious): Then they're expecting us? They know we're coming?

Daff: They know something's coming. They've been waiting since Godot.

Simon: Then they'll be ready? They'll have our dinner? It is getting on dinner time:

Freddy: Hungry, hungry....

Simon: Should have brought my puppy dish.

Daff: Give him something to eat.

Simon: Nothing to eat. Have to wait. (Simon looks hard at Daff, Freddy looks pleadingly at Simon. Daff ignores their eyes, looks off into aud.)

Daff: Shouldn't be long. Feel the change? (Lights dim)

We're getting near. (The three are silhouetted against a star studded sky. Freddy cringes in corner of raft.)

Simon, (Frightened): Maybe he's afraid of the dark.

Daff, (Pretending not to be frightened): Should find out.

Simon: Ask him.

Daff: You ask. You're closer.

Simon, (To Freddy): Afraid of the dark? (Freddy clings to Simon, Simon clings back. They sit clinging in Freddy's corner of the raft. Daff sits still and alone in his little red wagon on opposite side of raft, legs dangling over side. Daff extends his hand to the other two. They don't see him. He takes his hand back, lowers his head.)

end act 2

act 3

Curtain rises. Raff and creek are gone, wagon is over turned. Daff lies unconscious beside wagon; Simon and Freddy lie unconscious a good distance away, holding hands. A tree or surrogate, stands to the side of the stage. Light brush and dead branches lie scattered around. Simon stirs, opens his eyes, looks around.

Simon: What... (pause) Where.... (sees Daff, becomes frightened, stands with difficulty, moves anxious, hesitant over to him, tries to revive him but can't. Daff groans, writhes but remains unconscious. Simon turns, sees Freddy lying there, turns back to Daff, rights wagon, loads Daff onto it, hauls him into left wing, returns a few moments later pulling empty wagon, goes over to Freddy, revives him, goes over to wagon, stands on it with arms folded)

Freddy: Moo moo... moo moo... hungry hungry...

Simon, (Pondering): Yes. Something to eat.

Freddy, (Anxious): Hungry hungry...

Simon, (A touch of impatience): YES YES... (Thinks) Freddy stay. I get food for hungry hungry. (Simon doesn't move)

Freddy: Freddy go.

Simon: No. Freddy stay. I'll be right back. (remains still)

Freddy: Freddy go.

Simon: No reason to be afraid. (pause) Where's your moo moo?

Freddy, (Looking around, anxious): Moo moo... moo moo... (sees leaf, pounces on it, sits contented, holding leaf to mouth)

Simon, (Hesitant): Well... (determined) I'm going. Freddy ignores him) I'M GOING! (Simon gets down and sits in wagon. Gets no reaction, walks a few ridiculous steps while still in wagon, gets up finally and walks into right wing pulling wagon after him. Freddy sits quietly a few moments, becomes frightened, anxious, looks around.)

Freddy: Da da... (pause, frightened) DIIIIII... Bawls, stops, looks around frightened, runs over stage collecting branches, leaves; builds nest, climbs in, covers himself. Simon comes back on pulling wagon and empty handed, but chewing something.)

Simon, (Swallowing hard): No food. Have to wait. Grocery boy comes on Tuesdays. (See Freddy's gone) Freddy? (pause, frightened) FREDDY!

Freddy, (Excited, jumping up): DIDI!

Simon: Ah! There you are! (looks curiously) What have you there? (approaches, examines nest) Ah! A REFUGE! (pause) MARVELOUS IDEA! (examines more closely) Not very adequate (pause) but a refuge no less. (pause) And a refuge is a refuge... (pause) is a refuge. (pause) More over. Make room. (Freddy does) Not enough. Get out.

Freddy, (Angry determined): MINE!

Simon; GET OUT! (Freddy gets out, Simon climbs in covers himself) Call me when they come with the food.

Freddy: Hungry... (eats Daff's leaf, swallows hard, looks around suddenly, anxious, frightened, runs into right wing, back across into left wing, gasps, stumbles, hits floor. (Daff groans.)

Daff: Why don't you watch where you're going! (pause) Where's my wagon? (Frightened, Freddy comes running on,

gets wagon, pulls it into left wing, returns pulling Daff, but never looking at him) Now where's that four legged window box? (Simon sticks his head up out of nest)

Simon: Ah! You're back. Good to see you up and around.

Daff: (Curiously): What have you there? (to Freddy) Closer. (examines) Ah! A FORTRESS!

Simon: A WOMB!

Daff: A VAULT!

Simon: A REFUGE!

Daff: IMPENETRABLE!

Simon: QUITE PENETRABLE!

Daff: IMPREGNABLE!

Simon: EASILY PREGNATED!

Daff: OUT! (Simon gets out) Help me in. Stand me up. (Simon does so. Standing up, Daff admires nest) Quite marvelous. Ingenious architecture. You can't see my legs. Legs shouldn't be seen. (pause) Unless they're going to be used. (pause) Put the wagon in back. (pause) Wagons shouldn't be seen. (pause) Unless they're going to be used. (Simon moves quickly, efficiently. Pause, they look around) Well! You've made it.

Simon: Made what?

Daff: You've found your place.

Simon: THIS IS THE PLACE?

Daff: Your wilderness is behind you. Your days of wandering are gone.

Simon: THIS IS THE PLACE?

Daff: Can there be any doubt?

Simon: But but but...

Daff: It's the place you've ended at.

Simon: But but but...

Daff: It's ground under your feet.

Simon: But but but...

Daff: You can't go any farther.

Simon: But but but...

Daff: Do you hear a motor boat?

Simon: 'But there's no sign! No welcome! NO FOOD! NO NOTHING!

Daff: Can't have everything. (pause) You're free. What more...

Simon: Free to starve to death?

Daff: Free of Didi! Free to run!

Simon: Free of my puppy dish!

Daff: Free to do what you want!

Simon: I'm hungry! I WANT TO EAT!

Daff: ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT IS YOUR STOMACH!

Simon: I'M HUNGRY!

Daff: It's a question of mind over body.

Simon: I'm hungry.

Daff: There are finer things.

Simon: No finer things.

Daff: Things of the mind.

Simon: AFTER I'VE EATEN!

Daff: YOU AND YOUR STOMACH!

Simon: YOU AND YOUR PLACE!

Daff & Simon: GETS ME SICK! (silence, ignore each other)

Freddy: Hungry hungry...

Daff: Have to learn to be grateful for the little things.

Simon: Nothing.

Daff: Be grateful for what you have.

Simon: NOTHING!

Daff: DIDI'S GONE!

Simon: SO'S MY PUPPY DISH!

Daff: I'm still with you.

Simon: You're not edible. (Freddy clasps hands over stomach, over mouth, runs into left wing, turns, runs into right wing, Daff & Simon following with their eyes. He wretches from off stage. Daff & Simon cringe. Freddy walks on embarrassed, frightened.)

Daff, (Hesitant, watching Freddy): Have to learn to make do with what you have. (Simon approaches threateningly) YOU KEEP YOUR DISTANCE! (Simon stops) No closer than you are. Musn't be touched. Know your place.

Simon: Didi let me closer.

Daff: SHE TIED YOU!

Simon: SHE TOUCHED ME!
Daff: SHE CHAINED YOU!
Simon: TO MY PUPPY DISH!
Daff: A chain no less.
Simon: A RIBBON!
Daff: A EUPHEMISM!
Simon: A RIBBON!
Daff, (Calmer): A chain no less.
Simon: Chained to my puppy dish. (silence)
Daff, (Suddenly): SHE CHASTISED YOU!
Simon: WITH A LOVING TOUCH!
Daff: AN OPPRESSING TOUCH!
Simon: A FILLING TOUCH!
Daff: SHE BEAT YOU!
Simon; (Sheepish): Because she loved me.
Daff: SHE SAID THAT! They always say they're doing it for you...when they know they're doing it for themselves.
Simon: She loved me! SHE DID!
Daff: She NEEDED YOU!
Simon, (Confused): SHE DID?
Daff: Needed something to beat on.
Simon: NO!
Daff: SHE DID!
Simon: NO NO NO!
Daff: Just an object. That's all you were to her. Just an object.
Simon: NO!
Daff: A TOY!
Simon: NO!
Daff: SOMETHING TO BE USED!
Simon: NO NO NO! (silence) At least I got attention. (silence)
Daff; (Scorn): Go back: Go on! Go back to Didi. (silence)
Simon, (Anxious, looks around): NO!
Freddy: YES! DIDI! (Daff turns sharply to Freddy)
Simon: YES! DIDI!
Daff: NO!
Simon: Back to Didi! Back to Didi!
Daff, (Intense): THERE'S NOT GOING BACK! (silence)
Simon; (Anxious): What?

Daff: We've crossed the creek. Didi's gone forever. (Simon and Freddy become frightened, run together, cling)

Simon & Freddy: DIIIIIDIII....

Daff, (Frightened, Anxious): SHHHHHH... SHE'LL BE ON US! (All become frightened, silent, look around)

Simon, (Anxious): You think she heard? (Silence)

Daff: Gone forever.

Simon, (Clinging again to Freddy): We'll starve! WE'LL BE EATEN!

Daff: I didn't make you come.

Simon: YOU DID! YOU SAID... (pause) you said.. (silence)

Daff: It was Freddy.

Simon: Freddy?

Daff: His bawling. Don't you remember? Would have brought out Didi. Don't you remember? That's when you ran. (silence)

Simon: YES! (pushes Freddy away, holds him angrily by the arm) FREDDY'S FAULT! (Freddy stands wide-eyed, frightened, unable to move)

Daff: DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! HOLD HIM! HOLD HIM! (pause) TIE HIM! HERE...YOUR RIBBON. (Simon takes the ribbon and ties Freddy to tree.) Freddy doesn't struggle)

Simon, (Standing back): There. (silence)

Daff: We should get a confession.

Simon: (Excited to aud) confess! confess!

Daff: For when she comes.

Simon, (Excited): SHE'S COMING! SHE'S COMING!

Daff: This time we'll be ready.

Simon: With the confession.

Daff: So she'll know we had nothing to do with it.

Simon: Yes... Freddy's fault.

Daff: Our vindication.

Simon: So she'll know we had nothing to do with it. (silence. Simon moves threateningly over to Freddy, looks him in the eyes) CONFESS! CONFESS (silence) STUBBORN EH? I KNOW YOUR KIND! YOU ALWAYS BREAK! JUST TAKES A LITTLE PRODDING ON THE RUMP.

Daff, (Anxious): HURRY! NOT MUCH TIME! (silence. Simon doesn't know what to do) PINCH HIM!

Simon: Yes. (anxious) A little prodding on the rump. (reaches hesitantly to pinch him)

Freddy: DIIIIII... (Simon & Daff panic. Simon covers Freddy's mouth, muffles his scream.)

Daff: SHE'LL BE ON US! (Simon lets go his hold)

Simon: DIIIIIIIIII.....

Daff, (Frightened): THE CONFESSION.

Simon, (Confused): The confession.

Daff: HURRY HURRY! (Simon reaches to pinch Freddy again)

Freddy: DIIIIII..... (Simon covers his mouth quickly)

Daff, (More frightened): SHE'LL BE ON US! SHE'LL BE ON US!

Simon, (Frightened): CONFESS! CONFESS! (still covering Freddy's mouth) NO USE HOLDING OUT! ALL THE TRUMPS ARE PLAYED AND WE'RE HOLDING THE ACES. (smiles at Daff)

Daff: LET HIM TALK!

Simon: CONFESS! CONFESS!

Daff: TAKE YOUR HAND OFF HIS MONTH. (He does)

Simon: DIIII... (Muffles scream quickly)

Daff, (Anxious, frightened): SHHHHHH.... (All become silent. Simon lets go his hold on Freddy. All listen anxious into right wing. There's no sound) THERE! DID YOU HEAR?

Simon, (Confused, anxious): IT'S HER! SHE COMING!

Freddy, (Frightened, confused): Didi?

Daff: What should we do?

Simon: We've got her three to one. We could have it out.

Daff: Freddy's not up to it.

Simon: Maybe she brought my puppy dish!

Daff, (Frightened): WE'RE NOT READY YET!

Simon: I'll run and meet her!

Daff: There's no white flag.

Simon: I'll wag my tail.

Daff: She won't understand!

Simon: SHE WILL!

Daff: THE CONFESSION! OUR ONLY CHANCE!

Simon: TOO LATE! TOO LATE! (Simon looks around, tense, very frightened, runs off desperately into left wing. Freddy breaks loose, makes a hesitating move toward Didi, turns and rushes instead desperately after Simon.)

Daff, (Confused, holding out hand toward left wing): WAIT! YOU FORGOT... (despair) You forgot... (lowers his head)

end

