

THE — PEACE.

Scene — One.

A fine spring evening in the rocky hills to the west of Athens. In the distance are silhouetted dimly the mountains. Two soldiers with their weapons beside them lie down. One is evidently asleep using a stone for a pillow. The other supports himself on his elbow and scans the night. Suddenly is heard in the distance the sound of a flute. Its repetitive sound has some effect of pathos.

- KARPOTIS: Wake up Trygaios. He is here again.
Trygaios: (Rising on his elbow). Blast him. He cannot let us sleep. He is up to it every night.
KAR.: Let's hear what he has to say ~~to~~ tonight!
T₂: I'm ready for the entertainment.

The sound comes nearer. An old man, erect white-bearded ~~blind~~ appears on the stage. He is blind. He plays the flute for a couple of seconds then sits on a rock and soliloquizes.

PANDAMATOR: O! Unchanged, eternal nature! Vast expanse of nothing proceeding to no end. Or is it hurrying to ~~the~~ end. I have grown weary, watching, waiting; tending the same sheep walking the same earth watching ~~the~~ day following night and the seasons obediently tugging themselves behind one another, the sun and the winds the same as always. I have thought once the sun a life-giver. Our father; and the winds the hand of coolness caressing fiery brows. I was mistaken. The sun has been a friend which has whitened life to leprosy and the winds have been biting upon my body with ^{the} mounds of hate. I feel the scorching rays, the icy winds. I hear the wail of pain, the anguished cries of fear, the desperate pleas of want. I listened

and I am listening - oh! for how long! - to the bridal whispers of man marrying catastrophe. Always the same. The same blind urge, the same futile striving for the hiding-place of life that plays everybody false. The yearnings to do deeds to sing songs drowned in the maddening crescendo of raging death.

I was young then. I could see. And I watched the slinky creature struggling on, unyielding, unrelenting. The brutish ape using his hands to master the brute. I watched dig and build and forge and soil. Cities and thrones, crumbling, dying and rising again upon the chilled bosom of an inconsiderate earth. The stream of blood and tears. Host of hearts beating in unison. Human bodies crushed beneath human feet like grapes are crushed for wine. The dust shrouded the vanities of man. It terrified him but did not give him wisdom.

I thought that man could learn from experience. He marvelled in the sun in contemplation of his achievement. He was nature's masterpiece. A labyrinthine mechanism shone with countless facets of light. The most elaborate achievement of mother earth became the master of everything else produced by his mother. But earth's pride valued of all things less itself.

Tired of death and pain and seeing the contorted face of agony I became blind. No more frightful sights. But I can still hear the cries of victims echoing through the aeons. Above the unholy discord of war, above the sound and the fury I can only hear the inexpressible cry - the shrill cry of pain, the gasping whisper, the unexpressed sigh of man. Hecuba bewailing the strange arithmetic of fate that left her helpless amidst unconsolable desolation. Andromache crying her nobility to shreds. The blind stampede of crowds before to escape the conquerors' senseless butcheries, clawing the face of dumb despair. The frozen gasps of transfixed terror rising above the pyres and incinerators and gas ovens. The furious cacophony of disaster ~~the wailing and groans~~ fill the air with raging groans that I cannot hear myself, play any flute.

And through it ~~all~~ I hear the heartbeat of fear. Man's unadjustable feet are foiling beneath the extended weight of his greed and he is sinking down into primal heartiness. An awful shiver rises from that sinking. I hear it. No! No! It cannot be the death-throes of man. No! It must not be!

I am tired. There must not be an end to the experiment of life. (~~While going away~~) Life must go on, on, on. (The voice fades and the flute is heard for a brief second before dying away)

Tryg. He gives me the creeps

KAR. Every night. We have him every night, telling us about war, telling us that we are slubbing, slubbing. God don't ~~the~~ suffer enough!

Tryg. Perhaps we should do something about it.

KAR. What for instance; Go and cut Cleon's throat and beat up his war party or give ourselves up to enemy. You know what Koebehus, Cleon's propaganda minister says: "Every one who gives himself up will forfeit the life of two relatives". And the quarters will use us for targets for javelin practice.

Tryg. No! I don't mean little things like that! (He rises walks about and stretches himself) By jove it's warm to night. I feel the sap rising in me. I wish my old woman was here! ~~Days are long but by jove~~ These nights are ~~longer~~ so ~~long~~! ~~long~~!

KAR. Well!

Tryg. Look. I am fed up with the whole thing. If we go on like this there will hardly be anybody left. I hear that the girls in Athens are reciting the verses of Sappho - and quite right too! What I mean to say is this. Who the devil has

Taken it into his head to exterminate us. And I don't mean Cleon or that boorish King of Sparta either. They are simply the crooks who twist the idols.

KAR. What do you mean then; Come or spit it out man.

Tyrq. One warmonger more or less makes no difference. It is either the war-dyed that one has to take hold of or the chief culprit himself.

KAR. And who is he pray.

Tyrq. Jupiter and his Cabinet, his retinues and messengers sitting in their Octagonal Building on Mount Olympus and planning our ruination. We must go and ask him to stop this thing.

KAR. Easy, easy my lad. I know. Your passion for Evamnia your yearning to have an afternoon nuke under the fig-trees and walk in the morning through your vineyards are telling on you. Steady. ~~old~~

Tyrq. But I tell you that is the only way. If we don't do it we shall remain here and rot.

KAR. And how do you propose to get there.

Tyrq. Listen. So many good for nothing, ~~the~~ social elite find it no difficulty. Even they have gods as protectors and if they are women as paramours. Don't you remember how Bellerophon mounted on his winged steed Pegasus galloped towards heaven to demand of Zeus some explanation about the injustice of this world? Well if Bellerophon could do it why not I, Trygaios the honest husband and vine-grower cannot do it. In fact I have been training a beetle for the journey. ~~It's~~ safer than winged steeds.

KAR. You don't say!

Tyrq. ~~Comer~~ I will show you. It's in the cave below us. And I feel that old Pandamatoros will help us to get there. Coming?

KAR. What! ~~To go for a ride on a beetle!~~ ^{Are you joking man!} Listen Trygaios

Tryg. I never dramatise ~~my~~ impotence. ~~of my weakness~~ Right needs might. That I know. I am sure that what I want to do is right but I have not the power to enforce it. I will plea and argue and remonstrate and in the last resort I will threaten.

KAR. Whom? The Gods?

Tryg. Who else? We make sacrifices to them, offer them libations and obey their laws. If we stop all these they will cease to exist and then we shall be free, free of all terrors, hatreds and obligations. Besides I have already arranged for some presents ^{quite a good number} ~~to~~ ^{to take with} me.

KAR. And the beetle is going to carry all that?

Tryg. Man of little faith, won't you see my beetle! Then I am sure you will change your mind and you will come with me.

KAR. What! Go for a midnight gallop on a beetle! God forbid! Listen Trygones. We all get a bit screwy sometime but then we have a good drink and forget all about it. Why don't you do that. Or see some of those ^{screwy crowd of} psycho-hippies. Fiends or what they called them who are moving their way among the soldiers trying to boost up morale. They might be able to put you straight.

Tryg. (offended) You've said enough! Good-bye. (He goes out).

KAR. Poor chap! He is really out of his mind.
(He whistles quietly a tune and then breaks it to song.)
Come hither everyone with arms upraised

for now if ever's the time
to free us from battle arrays
and deep-dyed miseries.

The many-headed hydra
that blight our ~~lives~~ lives—
will bury in the vineyards
to give us good wine-ness

(He stops ^{with a gasp} before finishing the song. He sees in the corner a giant beetle and Trygaios sitting on it carrying a sack-sack).
 - By God Trygaios. What's happening. I am sety straight ~~and~~
 + I.

Tryg. Of course you are sety straight. ~~unpleasant~~ I am ascending to heaven my friend mounted on my delectable dung-beetle. I am on my greatest mission to save you to save Hellas to save the world. Good-bye Karpotis (while ascending) and if you see Evannia give her my love but do respect her continence. (He ascends).

KAR. (He looks up spellbound) He's gone. (Throws down his helmet) O! blistering demons!
 Lights out.

Scene II

(Heaven. A rectangular room very austere furnished. There are some chairs and a ~~baroque~~ table. The cabinet room of the gods. On the left an opening that leads to nowhere in particular but which takes up about a third of the stage. Hermes feather-footed is pecking a core. Then he looks at the door and shouts "Open up").

Hermes. What's that? the sound of human voice. (Giant door swings open by itself and Trygaios comes in) ~~as the bee~~ By Hercules what evil has befallen us.

Tryg. No. Evil. It's a beetle.

Hermes. (getting wild) Who the hell are you vile, insolent villain. What's your name. Come on speak.

Tryg. Tut tut. "Hell" in heaven. rather unbecoming what;

Hermes. Speak out you villainous ^{of villain} who are you? _(cur.)

Tryg. A cur.

Hermes. And your father? Who was he?

Tryg. A cur too.

Hermes. (Furious) By all the inhabitants of Hades either tell

me your name and where you come from or I will despatch you there you bare witness.

Tryg. My name is Trygaios. I am an honest ~~worker~~ of the soil. Vine-grower and quite an expert. I am not given to mischief making, spying or sycophancy. And I don't like riches.

Herm. And what is your ~~purpose~~ purpose for coming here.

Tryg. To bring these - a piece of meat, a bottle of Scottish neckar and a flask of Samian wine (he takes them out of his ruck-sack and puts them on the table) to brighten up celestial austerity.

Herm. That is kind of you. (He pours himself a glass of wine) But how did you know we were short.

Tryg. Well to tell you the truth we said to ourselves. These poor pilgrims up there in their palace they have really to rely on us for their food. They don't dig or plant or reap. We give them offerings plenty of them and they have done rather well up to now. But during the last ten years or so we have not had enough ourselves. You see we have been playing a kind of game down there and did not find the time to go to our fields, ^{to} the vineyards or collect the figs from the trees or trap a couple of rabbits.

Herm. And what is the game you have been playing and have forgotten your primary duty which is to grow and provide food;

Tryg. Haven't you heard;

Herm. No! I no longer see the incoming dispatches. My department is simply responsible to amplify and broadcast the directives and the whims of Zeus. He and his inner circle of favourites ~~only~~ read the reports. Well.

Tryg. It's nothing in particular and particularly nothing new. They tell us that this kind of thing has been going on always and that we had to defend ourselves. So we left our fields and our vines and went out to kill one another. For what;

Search me! And we have been going at it for a rather a long time.

Her. (Pours himself another drink and becomes ^{all of a sudden} ^{very} correct, almost affable) And ~~why~~ Did you have a good journey on you...

Tryg. Yes. ^{Comfortable but} quite uneventful and quite lonely.

Her. These kind of journeys usually are. And what can I do for you my good man?

Tryg. Oh! I am glad you don't think me a bad fellow after all. I want her to speak to the chief. To ^{Zeus} ~~Zeus~~ himself.

Her. To Zeus? Have you got an appointment?

Tryg. No! But I want to speak to him. Is it necessary to have an appointment for that?

Her. Of course even the gods are busy nowadays. So many things to keep check of so many things going wrong at the same time and so many divisions at the council table, they hardly know whether they stand on their heads or their feet. I keep some because I travel a lot.

Tryg. Can I see him then.

Her. No! If he knew that you were coming perhaps he would have sent you one of those golden chariots of his to bring you here in time or he might have postponed his departure.

Tryg. (In dismay) departure.

Her. Yes! Zeus and his court, his ministers and camp followers broke up camp and departed yesterday

Tryg. where to. To earth.

Her. Earth! Don't be ridiculous. They fled to the outer spaces of illimitable heavens.

Tryg. And why are you here?

Her. I have been ordered to stay behind and look after the household stuff, the jugs and jars, the pots and pans, presses, Fable's beds etc.

Tryg. And what was the reason which made them flee

Her. They were quite tired of you all. And in order to avoid seeing you butchering yourselves they ^{always} ~~have~~ fled to be put in a granddary by your conflicting prayers

already have fled and Polesmos, the Demon of war is now inhabiting their palace

Tryg. But why should they treat us in this way, what have we done,

Her. Nothing else except that you are in the grip of killing frenzy. You are all bent on war in spite of the opportunities they have given you to make peace. But what happened? if one side had the advantage they bit their lips and gnawed amongst themselves. "We shall keep hitting them till they cry enough. Now my little Athenians - you will pay dearly for this." And if the Athenians had the advantage however temporary, when the Spartans came to treat for peace they shouted "It's all to fuck by God! Never trust them. Their declarations are not worth the paper they are written on." The madmen on both sides keep shouting from the

~~for more war each in his own way speaking about the application of overwhelming~~ rostrums and hide the terror in their wrinkle-yellow-skinned bodies by flaming oratory. Believe me mortal, in my long experience of human folly I found that only those standing on rostrum or shouting from balconies are ready to sacrifice their lives when there is no actual danger. But that is not my business. I am not a judge of the human race. Pandemonium's messengers have something to say about that.

Tryg. I know I have heard him. And I know that what you have just told me is right. But what can I do.

Herms. I doubt whether you will see peace in your lifetime again. - Tryg. What? Herms. Polesmos has plunged her into a pit in order

Tryg. Oh! No! No! We cannot go on like this. ^{to be able to reign supreme.} My daughters go hungry, our fields are fallow, our vine are drying up and the people are starving. I have two ^{young} daughters and the poor things go about in rags. There is not enough to eat. The rich and the high and mighty legislators manage well on the black market but the rest are starving, starving. I tell you. ~~Practically~~ There are no able-bodied men left in Athens. Only the aged and the infirm

are left and a few spivs who are in well with the legislators. They are doing well alright, I can tell you that. Things cannot go on for long. O' Zeus we beg of you put your broom away and do not sweep us all into destruction.

(A woman enters unnoticed. Throws off her cloak and reveals a young, shapely girl.)

Enterpi. May I come in. (both men startled shout at me)

Hermes. What the hell . . .

Tryg. - Of course my . . .

Ent. I could not but overheard what . . .

Her. But who are you.

Ent. I unmaterial. Call me what you like. Domestick or Dryad. Mother or mistress. Nymph or wench, Amazon or harlot, Comforter or seducer, maiden or Medusa harridan or heroine. I am all and everyone of these. And something besides. Part of the primal force that must go on conceiving and begetting and populating the earth with human beings who in their fathomless stupidity and ^{conquering pride} ~~adynat~~ ~~ignorance~~ go on verily killing one another.

Tryg. (He has been eyeing Enterpi all the time. He hardly feared ^{what she said} ~~adynat~~ ~~ignorance~~ ^{unwillingly} advances towards her and tries to embrace)
Oh! darling. I haven't seen a woman for three years!
(His arms are ready to close)

Ent. (With one violent push sends Trygodos flying). There is a time and a place for everything. (Carnal beast. And you are the tribe that call us names and made the most expressive words in your vocabulary those that denigrate us. On your feet! Come on - (she advances and puts gently a hand on his shoulder. ^{Aside}) There are more urgent tasks to perform. I could not help over-hearing your argument. You behave like cornered rats and thus epitomise masculine qualities which

you call courage. You snarl, you show your ^{sharp} teeth and you ready to finish the game one way or another. You don't think.

Tryg. And since when have women begun to think.

Ent. Since they became the instrument of perpetuation, the bedrock of life. ~~or otherwise~~ We continue to secure on and. We plan, we plot we think and above everything we are disgusted by your childish antics. You really never grow up. You are almost a biological joke!

Herm. Enough of you slander women! And how do you propose we act.

Ent. How! Listen messenger boy! You don't escape danger by running away from it. I see you are already packed. ^{But} you cannot save yourself by vacating your place and giving it up to Polonus. Stay put.

Wrest from his hands the holy image of Peace.

Herm. Look! here below, what a heap of stones he has thrown on top her to keep her down. ~~He~~ ^{The Pit} cannot be cleared

Ent. A lot of stones and a lot of vicious undergrowth to be cleared away. True. You frame Toros and twisted you due into a bewildering mass of fear and hatreds, your vision is clouded and you will be paralyzed. How you see a bird mesmerised by the snake's eyes singing itself pathetically down ~~the~~ ^{the} throat. Your protestation and heroic resolves are your dread song of fears which hold you in your march into the ghastly maw of Acheron.

(Heavy steps are heard in the distance)

Hermes: I hear him coming.

Tryg. ^{confused} And what will he do to us:

Herm. I don't know. I only got a glimpse of him last night. He came bringing a mortar with him. An massive, unusual, monstrous mortar, muttering to himself that he would pound ~~the~~ cities up and mangle bodies in ~~them~~ it.

Tryg. The steps poor Athens! poor Sparta! Poor man! You cities to be proud to dust and you to perish in a raging inferno. of
(More movements are heard).

Herm. I will be off - for he will be here shortly.

Tryg. So will I.

I'm afraid.

Dyane.

Att.

(Commandingly). Stop! Both of you. The war the
~~some of these~~ ^{Desperately afraid} ~~remembrance~~ ^{Help me} mortar makes you flee.
 You know that Solomos has buried his enemy
 peace into a deep pit and is ~~waiting for~~ ^{lighting fires to} ~~incinerate everybody~~ ^{graze away}
~~to begin~~ ^{words of command} ~~escalating downwards.~~ ^{the bellows blowing} ~~the pestle~~

CAN'T you hear? Listen: The deep-throated war of
 engines revving up. The ~~clanking~~ ^{steaky, rhythmic drumming clank} of ~~iron~~ ^{iron}
 pilled nation. The many-voiced oaths ~~as cities bristle~~ ^{using the conception}
 with murderous intent. Like a porcupine bristle into
 thorns. ~~Bodyless~~ ^{The clash of} words ~~reducing~~ ^{reducing} the peaceful air. These
 have ~~missing~~ ^{hadesous death} ~~is~~ ^{and death in served} ~~the~~ ^{masses of flesh}
 the ~~sloshing~~ ^{round} ~~sound~~ ^{of} ~~serried~~ ^{rank's} ~~masses~~ ^{cannot stand} ~~of~~ ^{cannot stand}
~~serried ranks~~ ^(Covered when face) ~~to spit out~~ ^{death} ~~death~~ ^{Hermes and Tygeos attempt to control}

It is you and I and Hellas and all that
 are going to be pulverised. Do you think I am
 going to lie down and let be. No!

Tygeios. Hurry upon your beetle. Bring Karpoties
 here. Summon all the Aeneas particularly the
 farmers and patizans to help us rescue Peace.

Ting.

Hermes:

Ent.

I am going!
 Resistance is helpless
 I would like you to stay with us Hermes. You
 have grown weary. That is all. Once you rallied
 the Aeneas - do you remember - against Zeus and
 you established the principle of equality in your
 council table. And omnipotent, Dictator Zeus became
 the first among equals. ~~where is your~~ ^{where is} ~~where is~~
 your fighting spirit. Will you stay?

Hermes:

Ent.

I will.
 Well then we must get ready.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.

THE same as before. Time few minutes, or few minutes
afterwards. EUTERPI is pacing up and down thoughtfully
and HERMES is sitting at the table dangling his feet. He
pours himself another drink.

Her. Do you like me?

Eut. Yes. But make it strong.

Her. (holding up the bottle of whisky) This.

Eut. Splendid. make it a full measure. I feel rather
cold.

Her. why don't you turn on the central heating. He-
phastos fixed it before he left. And do you
know we have a good plumbing system now. Even
we have hot water bottles in our beds to keep
our toes warm

Eut. Living in the lap of luxury.

Herm. Not quite. We are only poor tribal gods you know
and not Rockefeller. But still we have some comforts.
Would you like to see my hot water bottle?

Eut. Hermes!

Herm. No harm in trying is there?

Eut. (She pours herself another whisky) No harm in
fulfilment I always say. On the contrary

(A sudden booming war strangles them and at
the left of the stage glimmer and then
glows the fire (unseen) lit by Polemos. They
both rush to the end side and watch)

Her. He lit the fires under his mortar

Eut. Ready to start his diablerie

H.A. And his danse macabre.

(POLEMOS does not appear on the stage. His
voice is heard through our amplifier. It's a slow
~~and~~ rancous voice. A few bangs are heard as if
he is putting his mortar into place.)

Hermes (continuing after a short pause) Usually he has
a number of girls dancing round and singing. Each one
has a special song: like "The interest of the Good"

city's honour" "Dulce et pro-patria morte etc.

Sub. Latin as well;

Her. But it appears there is ~~no~~ need for that now. He is going straight to the heart of the matter - pounding.

(Trygvein comes in with Karpotis)

Trygvein is here. Hello. Fast in time. Polemos is getting ready to start pounding. What did you do.

Tryg. I came back with Karpotis. He enjoyed the role. And we fastened a wagon-lit behind us and we brought quite a number of people to help. I explain things to them I said it was for our own good that we should rescue the maddens from the pit. And all of them

came. ~~and~~ we brought pulleys, cranes, ropes, spade, and what not and quite a good amount of provisions for a long stay. I said to them: Listen you farmers, artisans, craftsmen, carpenters, merchants, resident alien, allies, Islanders and

all come and assist in your salvation.

Sub. Any difficulties?

Tryg. Karpotis here was almost lynched. A couple of spear-maddens some shield-sellers and a taxiarh set on them and started beating them for spreading alarm and despondency. The taxiarh kept shouting: subversive elements. Enemy agents. Kill him. Fortunately he was rescued by some girls who kicked and scratched the faces of our brutes and made them flee.

KAR. Yes ma'am. I thought it was all up with me. But I said to myself afterwards. If ~~these~~ ^{all these} guys are so much against our expedition then it must be right.

Tryg. Well! What now!

Sub. We must call them all together and plan our action accordingly.

(A word is heard from the glowing pit)

Polemos: Good! Good! Hello Skirmish. Where are you? Come on hurry. Bring my pestle

(A pause. Polemos is humming)

Oh! Poor, dim, disastrous dismal mortals How miserably you be marked and mangled

Thrice wretched Greeks thrice and three times thrice
Your doleful doom is destined for to day
Aha! Aha! Here is Megara. Megara to be minced with
pickle and sauce and pounded and confounded.
Sicily and Middle-Europe to be sliced with other
cities and made into lovely skewer. To make nice
shish-kebab with oriental rice.

I stop a minute. I must mix some Athenian
honey into this mess.

Tryg. Not Athenian please. Its very expensive nowadays.
Only spies and blackmarketeers can buy it.

POLEMOS AHA: And fling in Athens as well! AHA.

Tryg. & Karpotis } Not Athens, not our city. No! ~~Megara~~ is going to

Tryg. - My poor wife. My dear children.

KAP. - O! mother dearest mother!

POLEMOS. HERMES! who is belly-aching up there. I thought
that all you yellowed-~~aged~~ ~~littles~~ have fled.
in search who's left behind;

Her. Some mortals have invaded our domain.

POLEMOS: Mortals! Am coming up to have a look at them.

Ent. (To Karpotis) Hurry. While we keep him busy
talking go out rally the people you brought with you
and save peace. There is still time. But hurry!

W

(At the ~~side~~ ^{top} of the pit appears the apparition of
War - Polemos. Covered in a huge cloak that drops to
the ground. Except for the face and occasionally his
hand emerging through the cloak nothing else is
visible.

POLEMOS. Let's have a look at your mortal perfidion
Hermes.

Herm. Here they are: Trygatos a vine-grower, honest

POE. Enough. And who is she?

Her. A woman. I don't know her name

POE. ~~And how about~~ Trygatos). Where do you come from;

Tryg. Athens:

POE. I was just getting her ready for the mortar.
And you where do you come from;

Ent. From everywhere. I am the universal mother:

POLEMOS. Everywhere, or no where. Its the same to me.
my flame spread and lick the bows of ship.

in the midst of the ocean. They search under the sea. They consume remote green-land isles. They roar over plains and mountains. They descent and spread lava-like through caverns, tunnels into catacombs and shelters. They embrace the frozen tundras and rage through inaccessible gorges to mountain tops. Like Engedalos released from this dark domain domain my flames of ~~solid~~ fire spread a seismic cataclysm of fire through the air. Whenever you are found. wherever you are you cannot escape. I am the only truly all embracing power!

Trojan. And what do you want of us?

Poh. Nothing.

Enterpi. Why don't you leave us alone to live our lives in peace.

POLEMOS: My dear lady! (he becomes cynically suave). The only time that you really live, fully, freely and as it becomes you, licentious is when I am around. You really need to raise a statue to me and inscribe it To Polemos - our deliverer from moral bondage! Don't you agree. Paradoxically the fewer the men become and the more blood flows around you become more philanthropic, more generous in your amorous dispensation. ~~Yours truly~~

Enterpi. We only feel sorry for the poor lads who are getting off. And sometimes we want to comfort them.

POLEMOS. Plecty! What does the intention that does not alter or expunge the fact. And besides if you have studied theology - and believe me my lady that science has provided with a lot of cartoons - you would have known that ~~different~~ things are the same that there is unity in diversity and oneness in plurality and one thing is quite another while being all the time quite different. Understand! I hope not. Therefore enjoy yourself and don't blame me.

Enterpi. But we want you to stop all this terrible punishment; Herms. ~~Give~~ here old chap. Can't you come to an understanding with them. They don't only suffer themselves, ~~they~~ ~~make~~ ~~us~~ ~~suffer~~ as well. You see our capboards are here and we cannot live for ever on abrota and uocla.

Polemos: No trade! No commissar eh. ~~It~~ Herms is not that so Herms.

Trojanosi: Well Sir what about it. Herms here has put a proposition. Let's come to an understanding.

Polemios: (Mandescandingly) Master Trygones. By all means. But stop bringing into the problem this Trade Union attitude. There is really no problem between us.

Trygones: But we have to settle this question.
 Pole: Have you ever ^{with a principle spinning out of control or with an} ~~argued~~ ^{or} an arrow in flight? Or have you seen a ~~ball~~ rifle sitting down for a life at a time with the bullet spinning its way toward a target.

Come Mr Trygones. Think.

Trygones: (In hand-drawn). We... want to, abolish ~~you~~ ^{you}.

Polemios: The man is ^{that is all!} ~~preaching~~ ~~genocide~~

Pole: Then abolish yourself. (And to Euterpi) And you; Can you abolish yourself too? No. No. You are the fossil of a spark that spans time!

(Turning to Trygones)
 You see I have no existence outside of you. I am myself! HA HA. You create me when your brain cannot help to solve problem. It is the infantile side of your nature. You cannot do something and you start hitting about and the more you hit the more you create things to hit into. You blame me who am but simply the projection of your mad folly you unassuaged lust, your greedy ambitions, ~~paranoiac~~, hallucinations and twisted thought. It is for me ^{that you shout in your} ~~that you~~ ~~me in your~~ crowded assembly. You call for me when you are frightened to, reserve you from your fear. It is ^{for me you} ~~me~~ ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{in a tide of words!} ~~you~~ ^{call for} ~~to~~ ^{me} that ~~your~~ ^{your} factories and and workshop abort for. It is me you call for to be the arbiter of your folla! The devious ways through which you meander to reach the precipice and hurl yourself down when all the time the precipice is there ^{in front of you} ~~beckoning~~ ^{and you} ~~with~~ ^{can} ~~throw~~ ^{yourself} down, amazes me! Tell me, lotho you! what satisfaction do you derive in going through these paths which are strewn with harsh stones of emy a prickly thorns of distrust and hatred? Or you need these things to goad you on to suicide like Archylus' lo was goaded on by horreflies! I don't know! And yet you do it and do it all over again and you are never tired of its horry repetition. And once you jump of the cliff and you are half-way down you begin to blame me. No. No! This don't

do. Once you jump off ... there is always the bottom.
You are the cause of love and you are the remedy.
HA! HA! what do you say Trygones?

Tryg. Well come to rescue Peace. And we will do it. You
buried in deep pit under a lot of stones.

Polemos: Heres you have been doing propoganda against me
again I see. I never touched the anacemic thing
let alone bury her. The pit has been dug by your
archers and the cairn of stones, the anathemas and
hurrahs and banzais of yourselves and your priests
But where is my people (sounds of revelry are
heard from outside Karpotis come in)

Karpotis (Seeing polemos, hesitates, looks at him. Looks
at Heres and Eutepi, and stiller remains silent)

Trygones. ^{he swallows hard} what is it Karpotis. You look very agitated?
Anything got wrong.

Karp. Nothing (looks at Polemos) Nothing.

Tryg. what is the matter man. Speak.

Karp. In front of him (pointing to Polemos)

Tryg. Yes. He ~~is~~ sure that he knows already what you
are going to say.

Karp. Well they gave it up. (sounds of merriment and
singing are heard from outside)

Tryg. who gave what up?

Karp. The people we brought here on the beetle. They
said they have had enough ^{They are fed up with} of ~~statue~~ ^{the clearing}
the stones. And what a pile that is!

Eutepi: Oh! yea! what a pile! And what did you think
it was, a piece of cake

Karp. But I tell you they got tired and fed up and packed
the job up.

Tryg. They haven't renewed peace then! ^{We have} They spoiled them!

Heres. well I suppose now that they will clamour for a real
war! Things might be getting a bit boring during this
interregnum and they might want to start all over
again

Pol. I am ready! (Na baipo idw kataw xei tixei pu o'isera
200 pira sea ston thar o'igku)

Tryg. (with sudden forcefulness) Stop. No you must do it.
- to Heres to Eutepi to Karpotis) Stop him. Don't let
him have his people. Without it he is like an anti-phalx
Salpaxus - impotent. (Changing tone) Heres please intercede
with him. Have pity on your poor worshippers who

have done no wrong. (While he speaks Poleros runs away. He disappears shouting)

Pol. Skirmish! ~~Bring~~ me a good pestle and be quick about it (Exit).

Enterjn. If he gets the pestle we perish utterly, for there he will sit and pound us to smithereens at his ease.

Oh blessed Bacchus break the bearers neck before he brings that cursed pestle back.

Tryg. We are done! (To Karpotis) Do tell us what happens what's come over them.

Karpotis. It came just all of a sudden. Some ^{one} said - "the war is over". And then all ~~the~~ realised that the war was over and we like silly fools kept digging like mad

Enterjn. But ~~it~~ was not war. Neither overthrown. We detained him here, talking to him. That is all.

Herme. Or being talked to by him!

Karp. Well whatever it is they gave it and started to drift off and enjoy themselves. Some who have got a lot of provisions ~~into~~ them sold some to other at high prices

Tryg. I knew it. Spivs. Slatters! They come here not to work but with an eye on the main chance.

Karp. All of them got hold of wine - and some had to pay pretty steep prices for it - and started drinking. Then a fault old-boy rigged up a tent produced some cured sausage, olives and bread and started selling like ~~was~~ anything. "Come on" he cried "eat and enjoy yourselves. Everybody, that is to say everybody who had gold and silver flocked and started buying things up. Some poor blighters had to make do with the dry bread they brought into town.

Tryg. It is all clear to me. Those wretches. They are the cause of the trouble. I told you to pass them by Karpotis, not to bring them here.

Karp. They wanted to come.

Tryg. They are a damn nuisance, have no interest in anything except in their pockets.

Enterjn. Discard your set outlook Trygones and come to the point. And the point is Poleros desperately searching for his pestle (To Karpotis) And what are they doing now;

Karp. Populating the earth with Diapysoi.

int. What?

Karp. While they were drinking and eating ^{and making merry} suddenly through the

laurel wreath
 appeared Pan. Yea! the leering goat-footed Pan himself ^{playfully} ~~whopping~~ ^{whopping} started all of them. And ^{some} ~~washed~~ ^{washed} ~~to the woods in pairs~~ others like in conditions that Priapus might have understood discarded all clothes and started dancing bacchanalia. I managed to tear myself away and come and tell you. (Suddenly a flute is heard - everybody is startled)

Hermes. What is it

Euterpe. ~~Plute~~ (knowingly) A marching song I presume.

Trygona. Music.

Karpoto. P.A.M.

(Silence. Trygona and Karpoto start following gradually into beat of the music and their eyes are gradually turned and they both eye Euterpe. Suddenly

Tryg. Whoppee } (and they both rush towards her.)
 Karp. }
 Eut. Are you mad!

Tryg. Come to my arms angel (while chasing her)

Karp. You cannot escape. (Hermes looks very quizzically at all three are going on)

Eut. (rushing towards Hermes) Keep them away please!

Herm. Alright. The perversity of you mortals. Always wanting to be rescued from what you desire. (both approach simultaneously)

Eut. But they are fine!

Herm. Many, including some goddesses. I know, would envy you!

(The flute stops. Trygona & Karpoto stop in their tracks and gradually take control of themselves)

Tryg. What has happened?

Karp. (Almost hysterical.) The flute. It was Pan, ^{cursed Pan, ~~flute~~ ^{echoing long, lonely wails.}}

Tryg. Sorry. (looks dejected) I was overcome by an only too human desire. This vile aphrodisiacal urge, this only too mortal weakness does not allow us to rise above ourselves and do the things we want to do.

Hermes. My dear Trygona. I hear in your bowels the ~~stinging~~ ^{stinging} belts of the predilection for martyrdom. What you call human weakness is an immense unharnessable force - and if it could be harnessed would have shaken the stellar mansions of the universe - and Jupiter even has not been above it. Some would even say that he took undue advantage of his position to overqualify himself. A time will come when the highest preoccupation of genius will be directed towards the art of beating the body dry. The order of the

flesh-haters will improve the curriculum of the Egyptian and while they will ^{be} cultivating the atrophy of the prostrals they will be studying the praises of carnality far better than Homer and will evolve refreshment better than our archaic nectar. Do not blame yourself who can, in the presence of Pan, maintain his equipoise!

(Some more rumblings are heard).

Our friend is getting his workers in position again. The frightful pounding will start shortly.

Enterpi: And the fools thought that we were saved. They have mistaken the dash of suspended thunder for the fulstop of a blue sky.

Karp: (To Hermes) Please help us!

Tryg: How can I?

Enterpi: (together) Please do. Do. (A lightning flashes on the stage).

Hermes: I believe that the boss wants me on the phone. I

Tryg: ^{must go!} ^(he goes out) what can we do now? we have failed, completely utterly. I will use as a title "Failure of a Transmission" I will use as a title "Failure of a Transmission" I will use as a title "Failure of a Transmission"

Karp: Don't blame the poor beetle it did its best.

Enterpi: There you go again. All over the place. You never keep your eye on the central point.

Tryg: We know you do (giving a meaningful look to Karpotia)

Enterpi: We have to. But meanwhile let us not be wasting our time with meaningful salutes. We have more urgent tasks to perform. I will go and rally the rouches and masters and the doubters

Karpotia: I am afraid that if you go outside now, you might become a battle field! And there is no rescuing you

Enterpi: You exaggerate the propensities of your own sex Karpotia. I bet you the majority of them will be snoring disquietedly in their animal soberness by now. And perhaps they will listen to me when I speak in my myriad voice.

Karp: ^{How?} Come with me ^{and you will see.} through forests and boxes and over mountains and beyond the sea and up in the skies and down to the bowels of the earth where they have buried me to save their precious skins that I may be able to save them before hand. I in contact with them and their example urge them ~~on~~. We lie down in order to rise and lie down and rise, but rise we shall remain. Come

Tryg: It takes always a woman to bring us ~~to~~ our sense. But you must hurry.

Enterp. Do you want to get rid of us so quickly.

Tryg. (Eying her greedily) To get rid of you is the last thing I want.

Enterp.: O.K. Come Karpotis - (To Trygones) I will return and then hope in propitious circumstances to resume our scrupulous argument. (Hermes is entirely looking very stern)
~~Also~~ Hermes. Will ~~see~~ you come and give a hand; We want help. Diggers ... wire pullers

Herm. (Emphatically) (No!) you want to be dumped woman. Keep on your informal chatter and you will be comfortable.
 Enter. Bye - Bye then. (Exit Ent. & Karpotis)

Tryg. Nice look sombre. Bad news!

Herm. Yes!

Tryg. Did the old boy fide you off.

Herm. (Angrily) Vile and audacious man! How dare you speak like that.

Tryg. I assure you I meant no disrespect

Herm. You try to talk like a cartier. But listen. The boss up there and the boss down there have formed an alliance. What!

Herm. Best we have another drink. (He pours himself a

~~Trygones~~ drink) As I was saying. You are undone. You haven't it. Your goose is cooked!

Tryg. (Humorously) No doubt. But there is no goose and as all the coal has been used for the factories there is no fire.

Hermes. You are finished, utterly completely, irrevocably finished.

Tryg. When is that;

Herm. Instantly!

Tryg. Looking down his belly | I cannot ^{possibly} die of food poison. I have had nothing for three days except 4 ounces of mouse cheese. It's not poisonous is it?

Herm. What rationed cheese! Of course not! Yet you are utterly undone.

Tryg. Oh! You give me the creeps. Stop you Jeremiah. Don't undone, overdone, underdone, what does it matter. Tell me if there is an absolute necessity now that I should die.

Hermes. Yes! There is. Zeus has decreed death against anyone who is found digging her out.

Tryg. He did eh? And who is going to pay for my burial. I have no money to pay for my soldiers blanket.

Hermes: (Invoking God) O Zeus; thundere-, lightning-maker - all powerful.

Tryg. (Pleadingly) Hermes, You are the cleverest of the gods. Do not desert us and do not inform against us.

Herm. I cannot hold my peace!

Tryg. what if I increase my offering.

Herm. Then I shall be destroyed by Zeus. Yes I shall if I do not go on ~~proclaiming~~ ~~stilly~~ ~~drating~~ about about these things

Tryg. Oh! Poor Hermes. Just like the middleling town, and the secondary powers, and the man in the middle. Hard luck. Neither hammer nor anvil. (Goes near to ~~blow~~) In that case the best you can do is not to stand about - I pray you give us time to think (In kind of soliloquy) Everybody is against us. We are going to burn. And no hand to the rescue! (With sudden resolve) To put out the fires we require an energy as fierce as that of the raging inferno itself. Hermes: Throw in your weight with us.

Hermes. I can't

Trygans. Can you be the first neutralist then. Simply do nothing. Do not spy on us and do tell of us.

Hermes. I can't. I have my orders

Tryg. Forget your orders ~~and give your confidence~~ ~~appeal~~ to you. I plead with you and not only I. The whole people.

Chorus. (Unseen - only the voice heard)

Do not tell of us,

Do not shout

Our desires gratify

You of all the gods

most benevolent and

most beautiful.

Gratify our desires

and we shall always

glorify you and with sacred

rites and sacrifices we shall

honour you.

Herm. (Bewildered) what is this trickery. One of your infernal Greek choruses. What are you trying to do;

Chorus: It's no trick we play on you Hermes our master
O! Plead do remembrance

the gifts we brought you
 the milk-drug pigs
 the golden cups
 Dionysus' godly drinks.
 A thousand more
 resplendently splendid
 wares bring to you.
 Rally to us,
 Hermes Rally. we beseech you.

Chorus. Golden cups! Drinks.

Try. Pity their cry, I beg of you. They honour you more than before.

Herm. They are even greater scoundrels than I thought before. Promises, promises. That is all they do when they need you.

Chorus. It's not promises we lace on clouds of words that carry our agony's soul. We beg and implore but spell out straight the fate that waits upon you to day. Side-step the position from the arm to the target the arrows take and join ~~us~~ now. The arms shall we be. So make the choice.

Hermes. Are you indulging in the indelicate art of blackmail.

Try. No. No. But I will tell you a ^{terrible} great and staggering thing and you better listen. ~~Some~~ A plot has been discovered against the gods.

what! Some more powerful, new-fangled gods have sprung up and they are angry against you.

Chorus why?

Try. ~~Because~~ ^{they} sacrifice to you, and give you of our social surplus and they want the monopoly of sacrifice. And by Jove they are going to get it unless you join hands with us and we all together stop them.

Herm. It is with this aim in view that they have been ~~during~~ all these years filching traitorously the golden hours and nibbling at the cycle of the seasons in their chariot driving (p. 92-32 Na to copaeiro ps to origin)

Try. (Who did not understand a word but feels his point well taken.) Yea; Yea. By Jove Yea. Well! Throw in your lot with us.

Hermes: What a suggestion! To throw in my lot with you. A more ~~expedient~~ wise-gambler!

Tryg. I see that aristocratic prejudices die hard. Do you like to be a respected equal among like-minded people or a flunkie threatened by lickspittles who aspire higher; This is the dilemma Hermes!

Herm. But if I come into you I perish. You though have not got the power.

Tryg. Have you seen how I have grown during these weeks of fine A million hand million voted urge, a power of blind yearning stumbling along desperately yearning to be allied to the flash of firelight to make its passage smoother Listen Hermes!

Chorus: We are not slothful. We have courage neglect our poorer never. Light us the way. ~~and the dark~~ Threat from our brows will lift We mount the roops and where vital to pull and the know how and all. ~~we will~~ break on the wheels the deserted to the course. And the forgers of flight will hammer to the shafts to pull. Hermes. Hermes. Hermes. And let Trygvein at long last in eye home to sit with his wife in front of the fire potting coals.

Tryg. Shall we now ^{we now} ~~decision~~ ^{decision} ~~Enough.~~ I will be with you ^{with sudden} ~~no!~~ ^{no!} ~~Enough.~~ But we must hurry. There is no time to loose. The fires are lit already mangled chunks of cosmos writhe in ~~gripping~~ agony. And the ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~greatest~~ ^{greatest} roar is ready to erupt. I am with you. (Words are heard. Heave ho! Heave ho!

And as from distance the words of Puterip
wings, Come Again. Heave - Heave
Crowd Heave Ho - Heave Ho.)

Tryg. they are at it already!

Herm. The point is to keep ^{the chap down there} him quiet.

Tryg. How?

Herm. I suggest you go down there. Take
a bottle with you and engage him in conversation.

Tryg. On what?

Herm. On anything. As long as you are talking
~~he will forget his job.~~ ^{there is no fighting}

Tryg. You forget Yoshida!

Herm. Stop being a blithering argumentative Greek
all your life! Go.

Tryg. (takes a bottle of whisky and goes) wish
me luck. I keep my fingers crossed. He
disappears

Polones is heard (underly = with the
hell . . . Try. (voice feeble) How
dry this. Pol. AHA! C

Meanwhile

Herm. (walks round the room and steps in front of
a big globe. He turns it around. He put his
finger. index in the Mittel-Europa area - Hm

Hm. - He spins the globe around ~~and~~ looks
at the Pacific ocean. He shakes his head.
- Perhaps on the North Pole. That may be a
suitable spot - To build a temple to good
effort - to freeze intentions into courtesy!
- quite good!

(Outside is heard the sound of squabble
- many voices talking together) What the

- hell is happening now; (He rushes to the ~~alley~~
 And shouts:
 - what is happening down there
 (The noise is becoming louder and more chaotic.
 why)
 - What in ~~Jesus~~'s name are you doing! Why are you
 you ~~at work~~ here

Eurtepi (Just coming in with Karpoti. She looks
 dishevelled and desperate. But there is a
 determined glint in her eye) Don't shout.
 It's no use!

Hermes. what happened?

Karpoti. The usual. Discord. The anarchy of wills.

Karpoti: You see it's something like this. We get
 on alright. We tie the ropes and pull.
 the job is easy. Everybody's happy. The
 lady here speaks to them and they are
 enthusiastic. She says. Come-on girls
 and boys become us. ~~We must be~~ Come-
 one. We must ensure the statue of Peace.
 All pull. Together.
 And they pull.

Hermes. (Impatiently) Well! They pull. what then.

Karpoti. And then they don't pull. That's all.

Hermes. Good and! Man! Say it.

Kar. Some from the north pull. Others from the
 east pull. Some from the west pull.
 A lot from the south pull. Then one
 says. You so & so. You don't pull. One
 looks at someone at a few girls and boson
 and says lets give it up. A third says.
 Look at those over there. Neutralist they
 are. They are not pulling at all. Another

one sits down and says. I ain't going to work over this. And would you believe it. A couple of generals who before hand drew their swords and shouted - Come on swords into ploughshares. Started shouting. You see those Phoenicians over there. Traders they are. While you pull they dig their heels. Getting in on the ground floor. Up and at these boys. Swords flash and in a jiff everything became a shamble.

Herm. (furious) How malevolent! And to think that I have decided to go with them.

Kari. And the lady here! You should have seen her. ... But she almost became a - er - a carnality!

Herm. I trust not of evil intentions!

Kari. Of everything! I always say that a slapdash girl is a right for sore eyes.

Herm. (going over and trying to carry Euterpi) Poor girl. Almost involved in a stampede!

Euterpi. (vehemently) Unless we are obliquely-dallying for an inordinately long time and we should do something and do it at once. Otherwise it will be too late! Where is Trygaios?

Herm. He went on a diplomatic mission to the northern regions ... to keep ^{our friend} ourselves at bay.

Euterpi. Trygaios!

Herm. Yes! surprised! He started telling me that he became million-voiced, million-handed, million-headed, and all was kind of dried. But he said it so earnestly that I began to believe in him.

Karpokis: We better mind & carry him with us so he may be heard!

Herm. He has discarded that. He has he said and mountain means of locomotion

Euterpi: But whatever he has in mean we are sadly dependent in will and

Karp. But how?

Tryg. I have learnt a lot down there. He knows what he is doing. He is always prepared for everything. So must we. We must know what we do we must be prepared. We require foresight not simply the reaction after the event. Calculations strategy, plan, aim responsibility. Without these we can do nothing. I heard that about our failure.

Euterpi: It was dreadful

Hermes. I believe the reason is that you kept them at it a bit too long.

Euterpi. No it was not that. First not all of them pulled and then those who did pull were at cross-purposes with one another.

Tryg. The reason is that they did not know what to do. They could not see behind their ^{visible} work and work eating and enjoying their produce, freed from the harness of the pack and the harness of discipline from iron rations and work beds that is why they did not pull together. They do so though in war; why not they not do it in peace time.

Euterpi: Well you tell us:

~~Phonetic~~ ~~at the door: "Open up open up."~~

Tryg. Because we did not select the pulleys from amongst those who have all to gain and nothing to lose by war. From the old who in war lay on unnatural law bury their sons instead of the sons being them. From those who see their fields destroyed, their work ruined, their children suffer. From those who like to enjoy their time looking at the flowers under like to watch the stars amidst the wreaths of warm daisy cloud, listening to the soft rain spattering upon the roofs. The young whose unlived lives cry out for fulfilment. We must summon the hate from their hated nature from all men

Karpolis: Are we going to start all over again? Drag, Pull.
Euterpi: You forget the women ~~pull, drag!~~ Pull, drag! I am fed up with it.
Tryg: What can they do?

Hermes! Well said! Karpote. Why don't you let be. This is not a job. It's like a chinese treachery. Quite unending and it does not advance you even by a single space

Tyggwos: what shall we do then?

Hermes: I don't care what you do. I have so far managed to survive whatever the circumstances. Lion or reptile, beggar or king it. I change I evolve I adapt myself and here I still ^{so can you if you set your mind to it} ~~am~~ ^{in the choice committee} meetings we learn ~~at everything~~ ^{all} there is to know about the brutal law of survival - It is ^{highly} ~~quite~~ an ^{insuperable} ~~impossible~~ believe me to be a subordinate and an equal and a law-maker and a law-breaker at the same ^{time} to conspire in serenity to browbeat in authority to praise and undermine to dispute and agree ^{simultaneously} ~~in~~ ^{that is to keep you tight} ~~equilibrium~~ ^{and} ~~to~~ ^{keep one's} seat in the ^{Cabinet} ~~of~~ the cook. Adaptability: that is our motto. You better follow it Tyggwos.

Tyggwos: Do you suggest we give in.

Hermes: No, that's cowardice. ~~Get on~~ - on the winning side. There are always two sides. Push only what is ^{up} ~~forward~~ - then you are a saviour! ^{Follow} ~~the~~ stream ^{at whichever way it goes - that is} ~~it~~ ^{it is} ~~not~~ ^{it is} ~~self-interest.~~ ^{Do not} ~~worry.~~ ^{There is} ~~nothing~~ ^{it} ~~is.~~ ^{Do not} ~~bother~~ ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{tragedies} ~~for~~ ^{yourself.} ~~At~~ ^{best} ~~tragedies~~ ^{are} ~~only~~ ^{self-} ~~melodramas.~~ ^{contribution} ~~and~~ ^{apart} ~~to~~ ^{yourself} ~~who~~ ^{will} ~~be~~ ^{obliterated} ~~to~~ ^{it,} ~~in~~ ^{any} ~~case~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{not} ~~tragic.~~ Do not ^{non-} ~~mistake~~ ^{mood} ~~for~~ ^{fact} ~~tyggwos,~~ ^{otherwise} ~~the~~ ^{whole} ~~of~~ ^{your} ~~world~~ ^{will} ~~be~~ ^{one} ~~tangled~~ ^{mass} ~~of~~ ^{tragedies.} Is it? What do you do. ^{afraid} ~~of~~ ^{to} ~~morrow,~~ ^{always} ~~afraid~~ ^{of} ~~to~~ ^{morrow} ~~will~~ ^{it} ~~become~~ ^{yesterday} ~~and~~ ^{all} ~~in~~ ^{horror} ~~vanish.~~ ^{But} ~~does~~ ^{that} ~~horror~~ ^{paralyse} ~~you.~~ ^{No.} ~~You~~ ^{eat,} ~~eat, ^{you} ~~drink,~~ ^{you} ~~make~~ ^{love} ~~and~~ ^{try} ~~use~~ ^{above} ~~that~~ ^{horror} ~~even~~ ^{before} ~~it~~ ^{shows} ~~itself~~ ^{as} ~~non-existent.~~ ^{Don't} ~~make~~ ^{such} ~~a~~ ^{long} ~~face.~~ ^{Every-} ~~thing~~ ^{looks} ~~black~~ ^{before} ~~hand.~~ ^{The} ~~trouble~~ ^{with} ~~you~~ ^{mortals} ~~is~~ ^{that} ~~you~~ ^{have} ~~been~~ ^{trained} ~~to~~ ^{look} ~~in~~ ^{front} ~~of~~ ^{you} ~~in~~ ^{fear,} ~~downward~~ ^{and} ~~upward~~ ⁱⁿ ~~awe.~~ ^{It} ~~is~~ ^{what} ~~you~~ ^{don't} ~~know~~ ^{that} ~~scare~~ ^{you.} ~~And~~ ^{once} ~~you~~ ^{get} ~~to~~ ^{know} ~~the~~ ^{little} ~~thing~~ ^{that} ~~scare~~ ^{you} ~~and~~ ^{you} ~~are~~ ^{not} ~~scared.~~~~

it harmless you open up ~~an~~ bigger unknown areas
~~which of terror~~ ~~scared~~. You ~~think you~~ fumble from scare to scare
when all the time you are spinning round as a top,
and you are exactly where you always were - balanced
on a precarious pin-top of a universal spasm you call life
that tricks you because you have not mastered it. Rise
~~above that fear~~ and my partition lot to you
"Mind your business and leave mind my own"

Tryg. In time I suppose we'll master it.
~~am perplexed. I suppose this is the end. Finis.~~
Heme. ~~Extend!~~ If you have it old key, if you have it I don't know.
Kap. ~~Perhaps you do. Have they got the time?~~

Dyann. ~~who was becoming increasingly agitated~~ ~~unstable terms~~
Eatep. ~~kept talking~~ ~~now~~ marches up and down.

Time! Time! Yes but ~~have~~ always got time and
never ~~had~~ it. ~~Now we can even finish that, write it off like a bad~~
~~debt. You have been talking for ages; I cannot follow you.~~ ~~wait. maybe~~

James a girl. ~~life, no more~~; life is short. The year ~~dry~~ ~~up~~
quickly ~~and~~ ~~is~~ ~~why~~ ~~we~~ ~~must~~ ~~draw~~ ~~an~~ ~~urgent~~ ~~de~~ ~~what~~ ~~we~~
a ~~contingency~~ ~~to~~ ~~grasp~~ ~~our~~ ~~fleeting~~ ~~hour~~. ~~Other~~ ~~we~~
do ~~not~~ ~~follow~~ ~~lay~~ ~~fallow~~ ~~like~~ ~~a~~ ~~field~~ ~~full~~ ~~of~~
poisonous ~~weeds~~. And a woman needs time because
she germinate, she trains, she primes ~~she~~ ~~reaches~~
what ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~last~~ ~~analysis~~ ~~her~~ ~~minutes~~ ~~and~~ ~~to~~ ~~grant~~.
Ben vicious ~~tell~~ ~~you~~ - ~~either~~ ~~way~~ - ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~plunged~~
with the dragon's teeth of calamity or lay barren
~~answered~~ ~~in~~ ~~letter~~ ~~thickness~~.
we have been going round ~~for~~ ~~centuries~~.
of blind drift. ~~They~~ ~~constant~~ ~~search~~ ~~for~~ ~~escape~~ ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~refuge~~ ~~of~~ ~~obedience~~
present ~~from~~ ~~understanding~~ ~~facts~~. ~~Have~~ ~~you~~ ~~seen~~ ~~a~~ ~~barbaric~~ ~~element~~?
Feroz ~~conquise~~ ~~its~~ ~~brain~~: ~~Heard~~ ~~its~~ ~~helpless~~ ~~cries~~. ~~known~~
its ~~hunger~~? The old ~~and~~ ~~impotent~~. the youth in the
web of cataclysmic circumstances, ~~striving~~ ~~powerlessly~~
to free itself in order to be ~~crushed~~ ~~more~~ ~~and~~
more in it ~~and~~ ~~be~~ ~~crushed~~ ~~inexorably~~? Have you seen
that look of ~~after~~ ~~impotence~~ in men's eyes ~~for~~ ~~a~~ ~~fleeting~~ ~~moment~~
heaven, seeing the flight of bird his lips quivering in
inner prayer - o! why! can't I fly away too? Have you;
perhaps yet. But you have not felt it. You are some
thing extraneous to it. we are the thing itself. Part of
it. we die a thousand deaths ~~watching~~ ~~it~~, seeing it
with our own hearts. Yes a thousand deaths that gain
the visage of our souls but we never give up or give in.

that is why we can never ~~give up or give in~~
We are too near our creators, we are the colts of her
of her primordial pangs and like her we ~~feel~~ ^{feel} on the
assumed ^{in overgrown urge} of a definite to create what must live in order
to create.

Hermes, my love, you ^{That is the grandeur of life}
~~of us~~ ^{if we were some pawn in some monstrous game}
of chess played by blind demon ^{but we can't we just play}
our own chess game for a change? ^{Why is it stop in}
the chaos, ~~everything~~ ^{or stand or perish the}
~~demonstrates~~ ^{it}.

And you (To Trygones) and you (to ^{the colts} Karpolis)
and all those outside you, have ~~been~~ ^{are} perplexed. Paralyzed.
Why? You found an obstacle. Not a physical one; ^{mind you!}
You are sufficiently brutish to charge at a physical obstacle
like a ~~man~~ ^{man} bull. For intellectual obstacle the dimension
of which you cannot realize. And being ^{men} because you
cannot argue it away because you don't know its nature
you become impotent, terrified. ^{and ready to destroy everything to be relegate}
to give birth even once, all these mythical fears which
crucify you on the rock of indecision and fill your head
with cotton wool would appear ^{what they are} mere fancy,
or at most your own doing which you can very well make.
(Terrific soundings are heard from below mixed with
various cries. All of them stay put and look grave,
and appear heavier.)

The Girl, what are they talking about?
Euterpe speaks first: He has started again. I can feel

Mom: that terrible ^{thing} ^{in my head!}
wish that ^{subject}. Give me a ref. (To all) I say! Any of you

Karpolis: If you ask me I think we are in for it
interested in anything or you only talk.

Trygones: Its frightful. Trygones. Pipe down, ^{or you will get your lips}
Dyane. (Hissing) Keep away, she is an amateur ^{and not so clever}

Hermes: Don't look so ^{scared}. She can soon learn. ^{But I still prefer}
prefer this ^{intractable} little bitch here. (To Trygones) Don't look so grim

Euterpe: We shall perish - perish all.
Trygones: Oh! I think ^{this time} ^{in this case} what will happen to my children, that
my wife

Karpolis: what will happen to me?

Hermes: Nothing more than what is likely to happen
to quite a lot of others. And company is
comfort

Trygones: This is the end, I failed miserably.

Hermes: Not the end. Trygones merely. Another round. The
only thing that ^{disturbs} me is the repetitive

monotony of it. No novelty at all. Such a dreadful
paucity of thought. And ~~everything~~ ^{so dull,} ~~so~~ unimaginative. You have
to watch thousands of such matches before you see
even ~~the~~ ^{the} slightest improvement in technique. Then you sit
up and take notice for a while and then you it lapses
into boring repetition.

Enterps: Everything to you is intellectual amusement.

Her. Darn it all. ^{my dear} am I immortal, out 1? Do you like
me to be enthusiastic or terrified like a ^{legless} ~~bobble~~
~~sexer~~? I have no emotions, ^{at all} ~~my dear~~. Simply
curiosity. For a moment you had me convinced
that you were ^{all} in earnest. ~~You are, auto. Reflexes of the~~
~~social conditions and behave so very predictably. No~~
~~have seen~~ ^{of course not} ~~in~~ ~~curt~~ - ~~heaps~~ and ~~check~~ it arouse you
emotions? Perhaps your curiosity. And I am curious to see what you
do next. ~~(to die more)~~ ~~order~~ ~~at window~~ ~~and~~ ~~while~~ ~~trygones~~ ~~and~~
~~take~~ ~~a~~ ~~look~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~table~~ ~~and~~ ~~see~~ ~~what~~ ~~you~~ ~~do~~ ~~next~~.
~~Use~~ ~~the~~ ~~cur~~ ~~parts~~ ~~of~~ ~~limb~~
~~culars~~ - ~~is~~ ~~Hephaistos'~~ ~~latest~~ ~~invention~~.

(Books out). Tryges, come here a minute. Take this and have
a good look. (Both watch intently) Gradually the windows are
illuminated from below by rose, then more then ghastly blue
light)

Tryges - My God! My God.

Hermes. (Looks thunderstruck. Moves to a globe, points to a place in the
western Atlantic.) Some one give me a pair of dividers. (Sketches
a map on the table. Measures)

Dyane (who handed the dividers). What is it?

Tryges. (Stops ^{watching} ~~looking~~) Turns to the rest, looks white and utters) My God.

Hermes. We can just about ^{make} ~~do~~ it. I will call them together
... and by hell they will have to come to West sewer
Come.

Dyane. Where to?

Hermes. I cannot explain now. On the way. ^{ready} ~~you~~ ~~will~~ ~~be~~ ~~here~~ Tryges.

Tryges. (^{everything} ~~murmurs~~ ~~and~~ ~~musses~~ ~~himself~~). Yes

Curran

(Back to A6)