

Citysonship and its Malcontents

[Enter Players on a spare stage.]

- Me myself: [*Sings, singing.*]
I loafe and lean at my ease . . .
- Author: No loitering, Son. Get a move on.
- Me myself: [*Undisturbed, imperturbed and un-upset. Happy.*]
A spear of summer grass between my teeth—
- Author: All right, that's it. You're under arrest.
- Me myself: What?
- Author: You heard me, you're under arrest.
- Me myself: What for?
- Author: Whore of all solar systems. That, and disturbin' the peace.
- Me myself: Disturbing whose piece?
- Author: Don't get smart with me, Boy. You know what I mean.
- Me myself: I don't know what you mean. The only piece I ever disturb is my own. Did you wish to loafe and lean with me?
- Author: Don't be ridiculous, you idiot. You're coming with me.
- Me myself: [*Thinks: (To touch my body to another's is just about all I can bear.) Looks him in the eye.*]
. . . Really?
- Author: [*Unflinching.*]
That's right.
- Me myself: [*Pauses, looks him up and down and looks him in the eye again.*]
I've never done that before but I guess I could try, if you say I have to.
- Author: Turn around and put your hands over your head.
- Me myself: O, from behind, that's a good idea! In the game and out of it.
I like to play that way too. I promise I won't look.
[*Turns round, puts his hands over his head.*]

Author: *[Approaches Me myself from behind, reaches around and grabs his Hand, his touch lingering momentarily.]*
You have the right to remain silent.
[Pulls Me myself's hand behind his back, cuffing his wrist.]
Anything you say can and will be used against you, never for you.
[Grabs his other hand, cuffs them together.]
You have the right to an attorney.
Several will be appointed to represent you.

Me myself: Stranger, why should I not speak to you? Why should I not speak?—

Author: *[Prods Me myself roughly, walking him offstage.]*

[Enter Noise, just before Me myself and Author make it offstage.]

Noise: *[In aesthetically pleasing voice.]*
A man was arrested today for disturbin' the peace. Known only as the
"Whore of all solar systems," he was allegedly singing himself in public.
[Aside.]
Gosh, can you believe that!
[Full frontal newditty again.]
Authorities did not immediately release any more further details.
When we come back . . . A woman wishes for "Wild nights!"
Stay tuned, don't move.
[In orgasmic voice.]
Scared? Scarred? Full of desire? We can help.
Let the professionals of Callum and Howth
show you how to be yourself again in just
fifteen minutes.
[In affected proletarian tone.]
I followed this easy system and I feel great.
It's fast and easy and it takes just minutes a day.
Try it, I did!
[In orgiastic voice.]
That's right, all this can be yours for the low, low price of just . . . Are you
ready for this? This can all be yours for just a little bit of money. That's
nothing! And you sure are worth it, aren't you? You sure deserve it, don't
you? Buy This, today! Look great, lose weight and feel young again! Act
now, act fast. Hurry, while supplies last. But wait, there's more! We've
thought of everything for you. All you have to do is do it. Just do it, now!
[Lush announcer's voice.]
Call 1800-PROBLEMS. Thousands of lawyers are standing by
to take your call. Call today. Call now.
[In legalistic tone.]
Side effects may include puckered penis, pursed vagina or puffy ego. Call
your doctor before you do anything. Call your lawyer if anything happens.

This is not responsible for any unfulfilled dreams or broken fantasies.
That's your problem, not ours.

[Noise *off*. Players *on*.]

Author: Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth
and nothin' but the truth, so help you Gaud?

Me self: Tell all the Truth but tell it slant—
Success in Circuit lies
Too bright for our infirm Delight
The Truth's superb surprise
As Lightning to the Children eased
With explanation kind
The Truth must dazzle gradually
Or every man be blind—

Author: You're supposed to say 'I do', just say 'I do'.

Me self: I to do—I mean I due— 'I do.'

Author: Be seated.
[Me self *sits*.]
Where were you the night of April the 15th, 1862?

Me self: I was Alone and in a circumstance . . .

Author: Do you mean you were desperate or fantasizing?
[*In adversarial tone*.]
Objection, leading question, leading the witness.
[*In judicious tone*.]
Sustained.
[*In prosecutorial tone*.]
Let me rephrase that.
Do you mean you were lonely and afraid?

Me self: I am in danger, Sir.

Author: Were you not dreaming of "luxury"?

Me self: You think me uncontrolled. I have no Tribunal.

Author: [*Injudicious tone*.]
You're in contempt of court, Young Lady. One more outburst like that
and I'll clear the courtroom, do you hear me?
[*Long pause. No answer, silence*.]

Presumed to be affirmative. Action.

Resumes prosecutorial tone.]

Did you or did you not have delectable sexual fantasies?

Me self: The sailor cannot see North but knows the compass can.

[Gasps from the courtroom.]

Author: Yer'onner, I rest my case.

[In official tone.]

Jews and Gentiles of the jury, have you reached a verdict?

Jury: Yes, your Honour. We find the defendant
not guilty of unauthorized fantasies.

Author: *[Cacophony.]*

Objection!! Overruled!!! I sentence you all to a life sentence in prison of
hard labor by the sweat of your brow bread and water for forty days in the
desert voiceless and mute and straight to bed with no dessert. You sinners,
all of you—you're all in contempt, all of you—clear my courtroom Now!
Do you hear me? I Said Get Out, NOW!

Act II

Me myself: Hey, Stranger. What are you in for?

Me self: Unauthorized fantasies. You—

Me myself: *[Looks longingly off, into the distance.]*

Disturbin' the piece.

[Looks down, to the ground.

Looking up again.]

So did you do it, are you guilty?

Me self: I had written no verse—but one or two—until this winter.

Me myself: Me too, me too. . . . So, what do you want to do?

Me self: How soft this prison is . . .

Pick up the compass,
pick up the chart,
put out to sea,
away from port.

Me myself: Good idea.
Born free, I am a masterpiece.
Two selves I sing, you and me
yet utter the word ex masse,
autocratic . . .

*** [*To be continued in the printed Pamphlet.*]***