



A: ... as little as we can discern it ...) And as *bees* are separated by their traits, so are *we*—(Pause.) One, so, for *this* ... Another for *that* ... Building, planning, (Pause.) Dreaming. In this hell in which we live. Where we have warped, where a warped, with ... (Pause.) all turned to one—the sole gift which we ... I will not say endorse, for it goes *so, so* far be ... *accept*. And the rest, we say the test of *life*, the final: THE WILL TO EXPLOIT.

We, that, not only we say the *excellent* man, but, but we *all* ... *whomever* does not possess this must die, because there is too little. In a more leisurely, in a historically, or an imaginary realm, or that realm of the mind—in a book or a phantasy, a perfect spot, a spot of rest.

But not here.

And I can not choose to do it. Much as I ...

And I do not.

## Two

C: The galleon.

D: Was ... ?

C: Where was I ... ?

D: About the ...

C: Alright. The galleon, a man in ...

D: The Escorial.

C: With papers. Sitting in the, say, half dark not, if you've never been there, in the dusk. An oblique ...

D: ... a half-light.

C: A slanting light.

D: You, well, it *is*. It *is* red. And you *can*, you can, as much as they ... You *can* smell it, and it is the same as the ...

C: As the manuscripts.

D: *Today*, when everything, when paper, most of all, you

see, the idea that it cannot decompose is *monstrous*.

C: It is monstrous.

D: In the ... ? You were ... ?

C: The Escorial. A map proclaiming, fifteen forty-two, The Croja Abajo. En route to Spain, en route to, coming home to Spain. Laden with, as they conquered them. As they were conquered, and you can not read between the lines, and, curiously ... (Pause.) Curiously ...

D: You're saying?

C: Because they had enslaved, is what I came to—that terror, suppressed which we felt. We saw it as boredom, even among the ruins, though, and stricken by a majesty, and one can not suppress an awe, a *modern* awe of archi ... or, we say, “construction” even then, the piety we feel for Greece was not there. Only dread, and it was hidden, I say, for the *thought* was: “If it ...” “As it happened to them, so to us ...” the obverse of the coin, then, was, of course ...

D: It was Madrid.

C: I say it was. It *was* Madrid, for sitting in that room, there was no terror. There was scholarly ...

D: ... yes ...

C: ... And repose, but no, and so we *look* back. And we say *they* could not feel, Nor know, Five hundred years ago. Four hundred years ago ... and, perhaps, (Pause.) No ...

D: You were going to say that it was cursed.

C: I don't know that I ... The. The *land*. For, if they could, then so could we, but in the *heat*. In the *dusk*, we could not, and the walls were of *stone*, you know.

The lattice ... (Pause.) As I *sit* here—I see a pattern on the page, and the old tints. The *drawings* on the map. *Old* script.

D: ... you had electric light.

C: Of course, and it was, green glass shades. It threw, it threw ... there ... (Pause.)

D: Croja Abajo.

C: Lost it, quite right, and it was, too. It, lost in the, yes, we, in the *(Pause.)* "In the year of..."

In fifteen forty-three. The *lading* bill—the... papers that she had. A copy of her...

D: What?

C: Of her... what? Of her *sailing* orders. Four years earlier. It all... I'm sure that it will disappear. It all was there. Through all the... *(Pause.)* They've kept it. For whom? For whom? But for me—I asked myself. Who after me? Who before? *(Pause.)*

Who before me?

The records that we keep.

The latitudes. What were you going to learn? Plotted positions of her *captain*?

Why?

There was, *this* was the... *(Pause.)* The... *this, this...* *this...* the *hurricane* the *dates* said, the direction of her, that is to say, she, en route to her final port-of-call... how did it catch her, if the dates did not conform, and how were, the winds, where did she, where did she try to run, for it said that she did, where did she seek that shelter? What were the things she had done before? That he had done, where had he taken her?

A map upon the table.

A... accentuate to what? To their, to tr... re... a feeling... "Play the Black..." Finally what is it? Just a feeling, buttressed by... *(Pause.)* Science. By Experience?

To make us less afraid.

"The ship is down," they'd tried to find her for... They'd tried to find her for... The records had been opened since... Before the war, and then after the war. Who'd sat like me, and looked upon... The records of their trip... the... sketches of the artifacts—but not the gold.

D: Others had gotten gold.

C: And lived in, you see it... the cruelty of the Middle Age. *Especially* here—cursed by... We can see that there are cursed folk... I thought: What does it mean?

The plagues of Egypt.

*Surely* they afflicted... *this* is the: the power to see did not lessen their danger. For the Jews, though, it does not say, but it says they were not giv'n a sign until the final, so they must have lived with those ten plagues, and, stricken by them, too, looked for... *(Pause.)* They... *(Pause.)*

I thought about the gash of, the blood on the door, what did it mean, and it was *obviously* a... an... *imbalance*. Differences in diet, *some* thing a... an... an... in, say a, a intestinal malady which they were not subject to. And the Egyptians died and the Jews lived and *though* subject to the plagues of that life they said it was a sign. So, here, the opposite. A curse. A heaviness. The *weight* of gold... and, as an element... for, certainly, all... if we look, as I looked in that room, protected by the walls, by heat, by the, "and *blest* by the dust of the crumbling manuscripts..." *Protected*... And I saw all things are literal.

They mean exactly what they seem to mean. *(Pause.)* Those men coming back were never to reach home. They were infected. They were weighted down, the same god which had sent the gold which sent the storm.

*Although* others had gone before.

*Although* these...

And reached home *(Pause.)*

And reached home with their prize.

Which formed the basis of their fortune.

### Three

F: You see: one needn't have confidence, because it is also possible to lose—so there is a result to your actions *whatever* you do. *(Pause.)* And you cannot combat human misery.

G: Who cannot?

F: A boy died. In Alabama. In some southern state. A black boy in a *state* where, they had said, and they needn't have said it...

G: Niggers.

F: In a word as things that *we* would say, that *they* would censure. You would say, "A conquered people." As they were. A love of... of, a tradition of honor, true or not, as all traditions are. A history of loss. *One* aspect of white males at the door, at the schoolyard door, barring a frightened five-year-old, a black girl in a...

G: In a yellow dress.

F: Thirty years later in that state, in that same state a boy who, as a student had worked for the Governor, a black boy a white, a, Louisiana...

G: What dif...?

F: Well, that's what we say, you see: Who possess the prerogative to say: Your History, your Mores, your... finally, what makes you different is, and, do not say "A Luxury..." But, a *stupidity*, a *trick*, and, fostered on you by the: Too much *time*... too much time on your hands—as all culture—*Heat*. The need to... or, otherwise, say, say, "The Great Chain of Being," if, in England, but not *here*, because here what we are is without hist... and things change, and some things do not change. (*Pause.*) But, to *Western* eyes, which is to say, the minds of people from the *North*, rapacious, sons steeped in the Blazonment... a knight rides out and, you know him by his shield, or as the Bard says, "Reputation." We say, "Advertising," yes, an English shirt, a French whore, a dumb cracker, a nig, any of those things one said, one said that only shallow people

Cannot judge by first impressions.

In that Southern State, however, a boy died, a black boy, *who* everyone said, I don't know, some... some... a

G: Some sharecropper's son.

F: The no, son, of no, son of a doctor... a poor boy, HE WOULD BE PRESIDENT. Everyone said in twenty years. Who worked at this, who worked at that, at those accomplishments, which, here below (*Pause.*)

Here below...

And one says, "What are they trying to Hide?"

What overcome? As I would overcome, or they, if I had,

with those, as reported, twenty-hour days, but they said, "Here..." and changed the lives of everyone who came in contact with the boy, "Perhaps here we have found an instance of a perfect man." *Why* did he die so young? What would it matter had he lived, who moved so many by his... and the *answer* is... the answer is: That human misery is lifted only by this—it would, it would, it would seem... O... by an act of love, who knew him knew that, and I thought: "How sad." An outpouring... a *sainted* reminiscence of the boy, over the years... now, *who* could keep that up? How it would, how inevitably, induce shame, induce guilt in those... how do we know he only had one parent...

G: one...?

F: One parent living.

G: How do we know that?

F: I'm... I think that I read it. I'm not, what I meant to say: It seems... what strikes me in the boy is, of c... is the mythic

G: The Good Die

F:... excuse me: Maj... the maj... the *majesty* of it. Its strength come (*Pause.*) From repetition. It is a tale that we know. The psych, the psycho... the unconscious aspect of one parent dead, a man on one leg who *overcomes* his... whose internal strength who... when the *governor* came He said the Good Die Young. He cried. (*Pause.*) You felt *here* was a good man. You felt everyone who read the piece was better for it. Oneself most of all. One wished one knew him. We would have slighted him, of course. We would have cut him. (*Pause.*) Maybe not.

G: We would have cut him on the street.

F: Well. That doesn't... no. That doesn't alter the power of the tale. Here is another one: the woman trying to escape, A southern Clime. A dictator. Her Father's Fortune confiscated. She, herself, in fear. For her life. Flees. The documents, the gold itself, inside a sealed trunk. The trunk in safety, inaccessible except to her. But it can be located. Her

**life can be saved. The man who aids her escape will reap her love and share her fortune.**

**Who would not support her?**

**And so he does so. You know the rest.**