

Plausibility

(Alternate Titles:

Hedy and George; Ballet Mécanique)

A Constructivist Comedy

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To Tom O'Horgan

I saw thousands of electric lamps strung in the heavens and illuminated from one switchboard to create God; vast cinemas projected a new dimension in the skies; music--machines large enough to vibrate whole cities. All these although later appropriated were first my very own. The ecstatic poetry of space! The satisfying hardness of time!

--George Antheil

Cast

The Younger Hedy Lamarr (YH)--The screen actress (1913-), until the age of 25 or so.

Slightly underendowed, at least she thinks so. She speaks with an Austrian accent.

The Older Hedy Lamarr (OH)--The same after about the age of 25. Tough as nails.

The Younger George Antheil (YG)--The American pianist and composer (1900-1959), until about age 40. Baby-faced. Very talented, very brash, a bit of P.T. Barnum.

The Older George Antheil (OG)--The same after the age of about 40. Not entirely washed up, but he's taken hits.

Three Alter Egos:

Salvatore (SAL)--A barrel-organist/player-piano repairman, who may secretly be a quantum field theorist. Speaks with an Italian accent, then a German accent.

Kung-ming Kao (KM)--a Confucian advice-to-the-lovelorn columnist who may secretly be a being from the fourth dimension. Dressed like a Mandarin, talks a bit like Charlie Chan.

The Hormonal Detective (HD): Hard-boiled, sometimes, she wears a fedora, a trench coat, carries a magnifying glass and talks impossibly fast.

Cameos by the following, who can be covered by four male actors and one female actor,
as indicated:

Director, Fritz Mandl, T.S. Eliot, Louis B. Mayer, Virgil Thomson, W. B. Yeats, C.B.

DeMille, Historian

Cameraman (silent), Mandl's lieutenant (silent), Ezra Pound, Fernand Léger, Frank
Sinatra, French police officer, Engineer 1 (silent).

Nobleman, Business associate 1 (silent), James Joyce, Judge, Albert Einstein, Gerhart
Hauptmann, Psychiatrist, Groucho Marx, Salvador Dali

Business associate 2 (silent), Customer at a brothel, Ernest Hemingway, Policeman,
Buck Rogers (silent), French Artist, Gene Markey, JFK, Ghost 1 (silent), YH's
Lover (silent), Announcer, Engineer 2.

Anne (silent), Laura (a maid), Lolly (a wardrobe girl), Ghost 2 (silent), Snake Charmer,
C.B.'s Secretary, Boski (Antheil's wife).

Notes

There are four time sequences in the play. Scenes concerning YH move forward
in time from about 1932 until about 1940. Scenes concerning YG move forward from
about 1923 until about 1940. Thus YH and YG are growing older. Scenes concerning
OH move backward from the present until 1940 and scenes concerning OG move

backwards from about 1959 to the same point. Thus OH and OG are growing younger.

All timelines converge at the meeting of Lamarr and Antheil.

No scenes have been indicated because the action is meant to be continuous. The play is divided into two acts with an Intermission but the break can be omitted. The few bracketed passages [] indicate possible cuts.

The films called for in the script are readily available at major video stores, such as Eddie Brandt's in Hollywood. The single exception is *L'Inhumaine*. The author wishes to thank John DeBartolo for supplying a video of this film, as well as one of Léger's short film *Ballet Mécanique*. The music of George Antheil called for is also readily available on CD. Other music of Antheil (e.g. *Transatlantic*) seems to exist only in score, but may be worth investigating for possible use.

Overture

Just before showtime, Antheil's *Jazz Symphony* begins. Prominent is a backdrop, decorated with a black couple dancing the Charleston, the woman holding an American flag, the man grasping her buttocks.

At an appropriate moment the lights go up to reveal the CAST, which is helping to assemble a constructivist-futurist set, reminiscent of the 1920s. They do this in time to the *very* jaunty music, in the manner of a dance. The set they are "assembling" needs to display at least two prominent projection screens, on which slides and film clips will be shown, something that can be used as a bed or couch, the suggestion of a window with a snow bank behind it, and a grand piano. For Act II, there should also be a ramp or staircase. (During the play proper something kinetic should always be going on in the background, for example a screen on which is projected a continuous newsreel of twentieth-century events, stagehands carrying in or out props and so on. Stage directions referring to "doors," "tables," "windows" and so on should be interpreted liberally.)

As the lights come up, SALVATORE and KUNG-MING KAO stand on a larger-than-life player piano as it rises from beneath the stage. The player piano resembles the type, such as an Orchestrion, with drums, cymbals, etc., but very constructivist. Lights on the screens will often mimic the player piano, much in the manner of a 1970s light-

show.

The *Jazz Symphony* is organized into quite distinct musical phrases; after each the soundtrack can be paused if necessary while the actors speak their lines.

(Note: The *Jazz Symphony* is a chamber work. Two versions are available. The 1955 version is 6' 30". The original version of 1925, which includes banjo, is more authentic but twice the length. Either version can be excerpted. There is also a shorter *Jazz Sonata*, which uses some of the same material.)

(YOUNGER HEDY pauses in her activities and turns to the audience.)

YH: Any girl can be glamorous. All she has to do is stand still and look stupid.

(She returns to setting up. Music.)

OG: If anyone asks--say it's about Hollywood.

YG: Time! Time! I plan to present you with the first realization of the fourth dimension!

(OG reacts with surprise.)

SAL: *Mamma mia*, always four dimensions! Fella, take it from me, eh! If you go for ten, I can a-get 'em for you a-wholesale.

(Music.)

OH: I've never believed in life after death...Ashes to ashes, dust to dust--

and I certainly don't want to come back as dust. I have enough trouble with it in my housecleaning.

OG: Death isn't important tonight. On the other hand, let me tell you about the time I was eaten alive by lions in the Sahara...

YG: Music, that adventure of time with space!

SAL: Eh, you want a-time, you want a-space? I'll a-give you a broken watch and a hole in the ground.

KM (spreading arms, with a microphone): The movement of Heaven is ceaseless and inscrutable...

(Music.)

YH: I've never enjoyed a kiss in front of the camera. There's nothing to it except not getting your lipstick smeared.

KM: The movement of Heaven *is* ceaseless and inscrutable...

OG: Four dimensions were the rage. As Hemingway said to me when we got to reminiscing, "George, that was one helluva spacetime continuum."

HD (slinking up to OG): You think time will save you, dribble puss? Think again, I'm on to you now. In your face, on your tail, up your nose.

(Inspecting OG with a big magnifying glass, speaking very rapidly, staccato:) Definite thymocentricity with subparathyroid

tendencies. Subparathyroid. It all spells murder, M-U-R-D-E-R.
Do you want to confess, or do I have to beat it out of you with a
pituitary?

(OG runs away with HD after him. Music.)

YH: American men are interested in only two things: money and
breasts. It seems a very narrow outlook.

YG: Machines! Machines! The symbol of our age! In the future there
will be only two types of music: music for idiots and music by
machines.

(A small laser satellite streaks by, zapping YG, who hops off, pants singed.)

KM: ...and they are likely to be the same.

OH: Take it from me, men are most virile and attractive between the
ages of 35 and 55. Under 35 a man has too much to learn and I
don't have time to teach him.

KM: The superior man stands in awe of only three things: the
ordinances of Heaven, the words of sages, and--enormous tits.
Have a nice day.

OG: In a nutshell, it's about...player pianos.

SAL: You a-know, life *is* like a player-piano roll.. It a-moves, it has a-
holes in it, it runs out... (makes flapping sound.)

OH: I like oversexed people. The few I knew were always talented and sensitive. I'm oversexed and I've never kept it a secret.

HD (slinking up to OH, examining her):

She's not only a pronounced nympho but a mythomaniac. That's M-Y-T-H-O-M-A-N-I-C. Strike that. M-Y-T-H-O-M-A-N-I-A-C. Mythomaniac. One disposed to fabrications, prevarications, tall tales, inventions and untruths. Also known as--a liar. Lies, lies, lies! All of them! Remember the adrenal!

(OH runs off with HD after her.)

OG: Salvador Dali once told me, "Clark Gable is not surrealistic. But you George, your player piano goes beyond...Beyond! I am going to immortalize it!" He did too, that famous construction, "Three average surrealistic women holding in their arms the skins of a grilled player piano..."

(On Screen One is projected "Three Young Surreal Women Holding in their Arms the Skins of an Orchestra.")

(As the music builds):

HD: Liar!

OG: ...at the end of September." Then he tried to sell it to me. Dali was always broke.

KM: The movement of Heaven...

YG: The fourth dimension!

YH: Sex.

SAL: *E' un opera d'arte! E' un grande casino! E' un fettucini alfredo!* (He begins running around and continues shouting over the others.)

Cappellini, a piacevole, vivace, allegro, rigatoni...

(During the climax of the music):

OG: Player pianos.

YG: The fourth dimension!

KM: Advice.

HD: Murder!

KM: Destiny.

SAL (breaking in): Coincidence!

KM: Never!

SAL (over the others): *Ghiribizzo, frulatto....* (He continues shouting in Italian.)

YG: Machines!

HD: Lies!

YH: Breasts!

KM: Enormous breasts!

OH (to the fore as the coda begins):

Take it from me, girls, quality is more important than quantity, but
quality plus quantity is even better.

(At the funky coda of the *Jazz Symphony*, the CAST links arms and sways back and
forth to the music.)

End Overture

Act I

As the music ends, everyone disperses. YG takes his place at the grand piano, SAL goes to the player piano and begins working on it like an auto mechanic. KM climbs into a futuristic “control center” above the player piano, dons a headset and faces a computer. OH moves to a position where she can watch Screen One, OG to a similar position, where he can watch the Screen Two.

For the entire first act, both YH and OH should be suitably “upholstered,” so as not to attract undue attention. When not commenting on the action, SAL attends the player piano, KM the computer; at times they mimic or contrast the action.

Enter DIRECTOR and CAMERAMAN, who carries a movie camera on a tripod.

OH: In my life sex has been an important factor...

(On Screen One we see clips from the famous nude scene of *Ecstasy*, which shows Hedy Lamarr standing naked near a fence, jumping into a pond, and running through a grove of trees.)

OH: 1932. *Ecstasy*. Hedy Kiesler, born Austrian, in the famous nude scene.

YH (to DIR): No, I won't take off my clothes!

DIR (with a strong German accent): You vill! If you refuse, the picture will be ruined and we vill collect our losses from *you*.

YH: I won't!

DIR: You vill jump into the vater and run through the trees. The camera
 vill be up on the hill and nobody vill even see you.

OH (uncovering her eyes): Being 16, I had never heard of a telephoto lens.

HD (offstage): Yeah. And she was 18.

OH: Of course, the American censors cut the film. Oh, not the nude
 scene with my fanny twinkling through the woods, but the close up
 of my *face*...

(YH has lain down on the couch, face up. The DIRECTOR and CAMERAMAN are
filming her. On Screen One we see *Ecstasy's* famous "love scene," which shows Hedy
Lamarr's face and bare arms while she is apparently in the throws of orgasm. This
scene goes by very quickly and it may be more effective to project individual frames
several times in the manner of a flip book.)

DIR: Nein! Nein! A passionate expression on the face!

(YH tries acting.)

Nein! Stupid girl! You are in love. Love! Do you understand?

(YH tries again.)

Stupid, stupid, stupid! (Grabbing a pin): You see this pin? I vill sit
out of camera and when I prick your little backside, you vill *react*!

(He jabs her.)

YH: Ow!

DIR: Again!

YH: Ow!

DIR: More!

YH (louder): Ow!

DIR: Elbows!

YH: Ow!

DIR: I vant elbows!

YH (in real pain): Ow!

DIR: Ya, goot!

OH: Thus the most daring love scene ever filmed...

(YG begins pounding on the piano, the last few bars of his mechanistic 1922 *Sonata Sauvage*. (The entire movement lasts less than 1 minute.) At the same time, on Screen Two behind him is the famous “concert scene” from the 1924 French film *L’Inhumaine*, which shows a vast, rioting crowd at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. The CAST is also on stage, carrying on. In the midst of this YG stands up, pulls a revolver from a silk shoulder holster and fires into the air. Screen Two goes dark and the CAST falls silent.)

YG: Thank you. (To Audience): People often ask how I remain so cool during my concerts when each and every performance turns into a riot. The answer is simple: a thirty-two automatic.

(OG now breaks in, speaking to audience. He carries a cane and a hat and performs a

YG (speaking faster): You know, people call me a young man in a hurry. They say I'm ruthlessly ambitious and the only thing on my mind is to become famous at all costs. (Matter-of-factly): It's probably true.

Offstage Voice: This youth from Trenton seems to be one of the most musically talented creatures this country has ever produced.

OG: Critics. Yes, believe it or not, in 1900 I was born in Trenton, New Jersey. You may have heard of Trenton--

SAL and KM (singing jauntily in the manner of a back-up chorus):

Trenton Makes, the World Re-gurg-i-tates.

OG: That's "Trenton Makes, the World Takes." You know, Trenton, the place the train stops between New York and Philadelphia.

SAL and KM: Trenton Makes, the World Re-susc-i-tates.

OG (sternly): Takes. The World Takes.

Offstage Voice: All aboard for New Jersey! Take your travel shots now!

OG: New York morons. Trenton produced me; the world took me. This boy, growing up across from Trenton State Penitentiary, his father owner of "Antheil's, A Friendly Family Shoe Store." I fell in love with music early, when two elderly maids next door played their piano day and night--as a cover for the most sensational prison breakout in Trenton's history.

(SAL and KM mime shoveling. YG begins pounding on piano.)

YG: Day and night I'm at it, twelve, sixteen, twenty hours...! When my hands get sore there's always the goldfish bowls.

(YG demonstrates, shoving his hands into two huge goldfish bowls of water on each side of the piano. Fish are swimming in the bowls)

My hands--like iron!

(Stagehands have carried in a large mirror. Without looking, YG gives it a karate chop and shatters it. Offstage avalanche of glass breaking. Stagehands sweep up.)

OG (dryly): Bravo...Aaron Copland--he's a composer, you may have heard of him--once asked Artur Rubinstein--a pianist--if there wasn't anything he was jealous of. Rubinstein answered--

Offstage Voice (with Polish accent): George Antheil's piano playing. He could do anything.

YG (holding up his hands): Iron!

(Another karate chop. Destroys piano. Stagehands repair it.)

OG (observing the wreck): Stunning....By the time I was twenty I had written a symphony--about Trenton. The countryside, the Delaware River, the penitentiary--

SAL and KM: Trenton Makes, the World Ir-rad-icates.

OG: Hey, many pieces have been written about Trenton. There was one in 1800. Betcha didn't know that. But the great Stokowski decided to premiere *my* symphony with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

(The opening phrase of Bach's Toccata and Fugue.)

He would have too--then I disappeared. (Thoughtfully): I'm always disappearing.

YG: It was love.

HD (offstage): It was your pituitary!

(Lights up on ANNE. YG begins pursuing her. She moves backwards.)

OG: It was Anne Williams. Anne was a well-edited version of Lana Turner and Betty Grable rolled into one.

(Photo of LT and BG rolled into one projected on Screen Two. KM and SAL shrug shoulders and scratch their heads.)

OG: We planned to be married. When her parents found out--bam!--they whisked her off to Europe.

(ANNE vanishes.)

I set out to find her.

YG (turning to audience): Not to marry her. I gave up that harebrained scheme the minute she left without a word. She had trifled with my love.

(ANNE reappears. YG approaches her.)

I'll search for her high and low, and at last when I find her, I'll walk slowly, bravely up to her, stare into her eyes with silent reproach and--turn on my heel.

(YG makes silent karate chop. ANNE vanishes again.)

HD (Offstage): Bullllshhit.

OG: Of course, swimming to Europe was out of the question--

YG: --despite these hands. I can't cook or wait tables either.

OG: There was only one thing to do--arrange a concert tour. In a nutshell--

YG: I'm a sensation.

(On Screen Two, the riot scene is projected again; the shouting and carrying on resume.)

OG: Not to mention the original American in Paris.

SAL and KM: Trenton Makes, the World Forgets. (Medium gong.)

(The lights now come up fully on SALVATORE and KUNG-MING. KM, wearing the headset, is listening to his computer, which speaks with an amplified female "space" voice. SAL meanwhile continues to "tune up" the piano.)

VOICE: Dear Cybermaster, two men insist I marry them. The one I love is poor, the one I don't is rich. What should I do? Call me Torn in Toledo.

KM: Dear Torn in Trenton--uh, Toledo: The Master reminds the young flower that a rose wilts by morning, but mutual funds are for eternity. You may rely on it, Kung-ming Kao, Cybermaster.

(Suddenly, the player piano comes alive, playing wildly at full steam Antheil's *Ballet Mécanique*. Lights projected on the screen accompany the music. SALVATORE hops around in delight.)

SAL: *Fantastico! Fantastico!*

KM: What a celestial racket!

(He jumps down and turns off the player piano.)

Salvatore, I am currently communing with the universal quantum field. Cannot honorable organ-grinder repair his infernal contraption when Kung-ming, Dispenser of Space and Time, is not dispensing with--uh--to his disciples?

SAL: Contraption! Listen! Have-a you no ears? This is a-beautiful! *E'un opera d'arte!*

(He fires up the piano again. This time it wheezes and sputters in a haphazard manner. The lights on Screens One and Two mimic the random pattern.)

KM (switching it off again): Noise. Remember, the ugly locust spends its life croaking, but the beautiful firefly blinks in silence.

SAL: Is thatta so?

KM: You may rely on it.

(The headset phone rings.)

Quantum Hotline. Auras and fields repaired...No, we are unaware of any connection between Hedy Lamarr and George Antheil--

SAL (shouting into headset): Except they're both a-outta their heads--

KM (forcibly cutting him off): We are keeping them under close observation. Have a nice day...Salvatore, you unilluminated paisan--

SAL: Aaah, you're as a-crazy as they are, millennium cybersurfer. Quantum hotline at a-\$1.99 a minute...Whatta you know from a-quantum physics?

YH and YG (singing in background during above): Con-nections! Con-nections! It's my kind of world!

KM: The universe is undivided....And what does the unemployed mechanic know, he who has been puttering around for eons on this...this... (Indicating player piano): What is this...?

SAL (shrugging): A player piano.

KM (spreading arms to indicate lights on screens): I mean this, all this.

SAL: This? This is a-randomness in action.

(KM switches off the player piano again; the lights go off as well.)

KM: This is a contraption. Kung-ming would say: very much like a half-empty teapot--it produces only noise.

SAL: Noise! Teapot! Randomness is life. (Reconsidering): Or maybe that's a vice versa. It's a natural.

YH and YG: It's a natural, randomness.
Shoo-be-doo, it's a natural, randomness.

KM: How much like you, Salvatore, to pursue the meaningless.
Esteemed public asks: Why?

YH and YG: Why-why? Why-oh-why?
(Vamp:) It's a natural randomness. Why-why? Why-oh-why?
It's a natural, randomness....

SAL (unfurling a player-piano roll): Looka-here. You see this a-player-piano roll? It has holes in it. Like your a-head. Air goes a-through a hole, into the piano, the piano produces a note. You put-a in holes in a pattern and you getta out a-music.

KM: As the sages say, karma. The holes that go in determine the music that comes out.

SAL (dryly): Right. But suppose I let the holes fall where they may.

(SAL switches on machine, which produces random sounds and lights.)

KM: As I said, noise.

SAL: No! It's a life! Sometimes a-interesting things happen by chance.

(SAL and KM listen. Nothing interesting is seen or heard.)

SAL (shrugging): Sometimes.

KM: The enlightened individual does not believe in chance. Everything takes place for a reason.

(Suddenly the player piano plays the opening of Beethoven's 5th symphony.)

SAL (puzzled): Ah?

KM: Ah!

SAL: Chance produces a pattern.

KM: Chance? Salvatore: synchronicity.

(SAL(waving his hands in disgust): Synchronicity, rigatoni. Somebody programmed machine--

(Enter HORMONAL DETECTIVE, making very fast mechanical sounds that could be construed for thinking. She wears a trench coat and a fedora and carries a big magnifying glass and is slinking around with her nose to the ground.)

HD: Chik-chik-chik, do-do-do, chik-chik-chik, do-do-do. Hot on the trail here, I can smell it. Pituitary, pituitary, pituuuuitary, where is the hyphen?

(She runs into KM. Her eyes travel up from the ground to his face. They both scream and recoil. Then she starts to examine him closely: hair, head, face, nose,

arms. As she does so she speaks, inhumanly fast, occasionally interrupting with interesting sounds.)

HD: Trr-Trr-**Trrr**, fine scalp hair, nose slightly lopsided, definitely some thymus going on here, but there always is, check +4, better be careful, this one has no sense of wrong, no pity; what are we hyphenated with? I'll bet pituitary, pre- to post-, hmmm, very tall or very short, moon face. Yep, Roger that pituitary, postpituitary positive, prepituitary negative, bet he loves to write, incessantly.

Trr-Trr-**Trr**-Trr. Let's have a good look at the teeth, not bad for a thymo, pinched or anxious expression, rat face? No subparathyroid here, give that a neutral reading, **trrrr!** Beady eyes, slightly higher than normal thyroid, certainly insufferable, no doubt snappy dresser, yeah I guess so; what are these Georgio Armani? at least not too hairy, definitely subadrenal, give that a -2 reading, must be a brooder, into the silence of the heavens, possibly assassin--

KM (pushing her sharply away): Aiee! (He retreats.) Yang incarnate!

HD (advancing): Make that Yin, mister.

(SAL snorts. HD turns on him.)

SAL (running away): *E' matto de legare! E' matto de legare!*

HD (in pursuit): Trrr. Little weasily, rodent expression, I smell subparathyroid, that could mean F-R-A-U--

(SAL beans her with a tool. She stands stunned.)

SAL: Whatta are a-you?

HD: That's who. HD, hormonal detective, D-E-T-E-C-T-I-V-E, specialist in advanced urrrrp crime detection by endocrinological, repeat, endocrinological methods, in particular, homicide, parricide, assassination--

SAL: Stop! *Mamma mia!* I'm a-surrounded by millennium fruitcakes!

YH and OG: Fruitcakes, we're nothin but fruitcakes!

HD (Wheeling on KM): Confess, assassin!

KM (raising arms): Assassin?!

(HD moves on KM. The phone rings. KM quickly answers.)

Quantum...Yes, the Master recommends confession, the emptying of the soul, the approach to Nirvana--

HD: Aha, you admit it!

KM (still on phone): Confess, absolutely.

HD: I'm taking you in.

KM (hanging up): For dating your girlfriend's sister?

HD: No, for the murder of David Denny, concert manager, who mismanaged, that is ruined, the career of John Alvinson, America's most promising young composer.

SAL: What are you a-talkin about? The only composer we gotta here is George Antheil, God knows why.

KM: And Miss Hedy Lamarr.

HD: Antheil, Lamarr? She's his manager? She dead? Is this a case of mistaken identity? What's the connection to the Denny murder?

SAL (exasperatedly): There's a-no connection whatsoever. You're in the wrong play.

KM (raising arms): Everything under Heaven is connected.

HD: See! One of you is lying! Fraud here, conspiracy, hmmm, always spells parathyroid deficiency. (Wheeling on SAL): That means you, rodent face.

SAL: Aaah, your mother's mustache--

HD: That's testosterone. False confessions, misleading statements, look for the prepituitary man. (Wheeling on KM): And that means you, moon face.

KM: Please, honorable detective has made mistake. No crime has been committed. After all, where is body?

HD: Hmm, *habius corpus*. You may have a point. I'll be back. Don't try

to leave the theatre--it'll be curtains for you. (As she exits): My theory is that George Antheil is secretly--and very--dead.

Obviously a thymocentric killer on the loose. Lamarr...?

SAL (banging his head against the player piano): *Pazzia!* It must a-be millennium *pazzia!* Hormonal detectives!

(KM climbs onto control seat and sits at the computer.)

KM: The Master advises--

(Suddenly, the player piano with its two passengers begins to sink beneath the stage.)

SAL: Hey! What's a-goin' on?

KM (alarmed): The movement of Heaven is in a contrary direction!

SAL: Stage manager! Eh! The ship isn't supposed to sink until-a the end!
You pressed-a the wrong button, eh!

(The player piano begins to rise.)

That's a-better! I tell you, nothin a-ever goes right around here.

Incredibile!

(Lights up on OH, who is painting a canvas. HD is skulking around in background, displaying disagreement with everything she says.)

OH: I'm an old woman now; most of you probably think I died a long time ago. Don't worry, I won't bore you with a lot of talk about death. Let me give you a tip: Whenever I think about death I order

a massage and it goes away. I really should start an advice column.

Well, the year 2000 is here and I'm alive, suing and kicking. True, I

don't kick too well these days. You remember me as cool, marble

Hedy, the most beautiful woman who ever graced the silver screen.

(On Screens One and Two, we see projected publicity stills and, silently, clips from a few of Hedy Lamarr's films, in particular from *Samson and Delilah*.)

Hedy with the face that was perfect for smuggling secrets out of

Asia. Remote...mysterious. Inside, you know, I'm a born

comedienne. I like picnics, babies, playing Santa Claus. Most of all

I love to laugh.

HD (pensively): Laugh? Thyros kill.

OH: My face has been my misfortune. For five decades it attracted all the wrong people to my boudoir. Six failed marriages (counting)--I think that's right.

HD: Trouble with arithmetic. That spells thyroid deficiency. A poisoner! Strange, Denny was shot, and Hedy's is *not* a subthyroid face...

OH: My face is a mask I cannot remove. I live with it. I curse it.

(Across the stage YH in a dress, stealthily opens a door with a large gold key, then shuts it and paces around nervously, as if waiting for someone. OH stands nearby. During

the following scene, on Screen One is projected--silently for now--the scene about 47 minutes into *Experiment Perilous* in which, in opulent surroundings, an admirer of Hedy Lamarr confesses his love for her, only to be surprised by her husband. Enter Austrian NOBLEMAN, stiffly dressed with monocle. He covers YH's hand with kisses.)

YH (gazing around her): You have the key to the Hapsburg Palace!

NOBLE: Madame Mandl, would I have the key to your heart. I feel a pure love for you, the purest I have ever known, and I have arranged this rendezvous only to ask that you allow me to worship--

(Enter FRITZ MANDL, carrying a rifle.)

YH: My husband!

(YH dives out the window into a snow bank. NOBLEMAN stares after her, then recoils in fright at MANDL, expecting to be shot.)

MANDL (bowing slightly): Count, so good to see you. Help me if you will extract my wife from the snow bank. Otherwise, she'll die of cold.

(They pull YH to her feet. MANDL shakes the NOBLEMAN'S hand. All exit.)

SAL and KM (singing): Ecstasy! Heartbreaking ecstasy! Do I believe in ecstasy? Only when I forget plausibility!

OH: Freud said that excessive cleanliness is guilt over sex. I think he's right. My house is a mess....Even before *Ecstasy*, Fritz Mandl had seen me on stage and decided that I would be his wife. Aweela big

chief, buy young beauty many bangles. Easy enough for him.

Aweela very big chief: Fritz Mandl headed the largest Austrian munitions manufacturer. He was known and feared in every capital of the world. He started and finished wars.

SAL and KM (jocularly): He started and finished wars?

OH: He was ruthless...and charming.

(Lights go up on MANDL and YH.)

MANDL: I love you deeply, little bunny. We shall be married forever...our own forevers. (Glancing at a gold pocket watch.) Ah, Dear, it's time for my meeting with Adolf. (He turns.)

YH: Darling?

MANDL: Yes?

YH: I accept.

OH: Of course Mandl had already whisked little bunny in big black limousine to hunting estate, present her with seventeen dogs, butler, carpenter, three gardeners and upstairs maid. Downstairs one too. Much difficult offer for 18-year-old to refuse.

HD: She was twenty!

OH: And so Hedy married aweela. [*Ecstasy* appeared shortly afterwards. Mandl screened it in his private screening room.

(The nude scene is played again on Screen One, with MANDL and YH and a trusted LIEUTENANT.)

MANDL (to LIEUT.): Get the negative. Buy up every print in existence. I don't care how much you have to pay.

OH: Mandl spent two years trying to destroy that film. Of course, when word got out that big chief was paying much moola for prints, the prices skyrocketed. As I've always said, money is for spending.
]...Life was never dull...

(Enter BUSINESS ASSOCIATES.)

MANDL: Gentlemen, this way if you please. (To YH): Darling, would you like to join us?

YH: Of course, Dear. What is on the agenda today?

MANDL: Artillery shells, aircraft. Control-guidance systems.

YH (with genuine curiosity): Oh, how interesting.

(On Screen Two is projected the "climactic" scene from *White Cargo*, in which Hedy Lamarr is dressed as Tondelayo. Walter Pidgeon is shouting at the man who wants to marry her, "You see, she doesn't even understand what you're talking about.")

Tondelayo says, "Aweela buy me many things, not beat me much and Tondelayo stay a long time." SAL and KM parody in mime what OH now recounts.)

OH: I was the toast of Austria. Hitler kissed these hands, though I never

did like his mustache. On another occasion Mussolini held my chair. Such a klutz; he fell into the soup. I've always said that all a woman needs is a good bath, clean clothes and her hair to be combed. Me, I also had a private ten-room apartment in Vienna and a palace in Salzburg. Chauffeurs, maids, body guards...everything a girl could want except--freedom.

(YH is making her way across the stage, glancing over her shoulder, as if escaping MANDL. MANDL consults his watch and takes off after her. YH looks through a window, sees some nude models, prostitutes. She enters "peep-hole club.")

MANDL (trying to find her):

Hedy! How dare you leave the house without my permission!

Juan Péron is expecting us...!

(YH hides in a vacant room with a bed, locks door.)

MANDL (entering the brothel, after her):

Hedy! Where are you, despicable goat...?

(A young CUSTOMER enters YH's room through another door, smiles at her and begins to undress. YH stares at him, transfixed. CUSTOMER finishes disrobing.)

CUST (cheerfully): Are you ready?

(As MANDL's voice gets louder and louder, YH nods stiffly and begins to undress.)

CUST (helping her): I have the strangest feeling I've seen you somewhere before.

Have we met?

(YH shakes her head.)

CUST: You seem a little nervous. You must be new at this.

(YH nods.)

CUST: Believe me, with a little practice I can guarantee you'll enjoy it.

(YH nervously begins to submit to him, just as MANDL begins pounding on the door.)

MANDL: Who's in there?

CUST: What do you care? Just me and some broad. The room's taken.

(YH rolls on top of CUSTOMER and they begin making passionate love. Exit MANDL.

Lights go up on SAL and KM. Enter HD.)

HD: Chik-chik-chik, do-do-do, chik-chik-chik, do-do-do. The plot thickens. Dave Denny, concert manager, was done in by a thymocentric for sure, but Hedy Lamarr--boy is she loaded with hormones--seems balanced by pituitary, hmm....

(SAL catches sight of HD and grabs a wrench.)

SAL: You!

(KM stays his hand.)

KM: Just a moment, organ-grinder. Esteemed public is anxious to understand basis for hormonal criminology. Perhaps honorable

detective would enlighten audience.

SAL: Aaah, it's all spaghetti. With meat sauce.

(Stagehand sets up flip chart. HD whips out pointer and points to a diagram of the human body with the position of the endocrine glands indicated. In particular the thymus, near the heart, the thyroid/parathyroid in the throat, the pituitary in the head, the adrenal glands atop the kidneys.)

HD: It's very simple. Glands make the man.

(Pointing): The thymus--located near the heart. Over 70% of all criminals are controlled by the thymus, the gland of childhood.

Thymos are children; look for the baby face, receding chin.

YH and YG (Singing): Thymo crime, it's a childhood crime!

HD: Childish, too imaginative, impractical. The thymo always knifes in the back. Take it from me, the thymo's a bad hombre.

(Pointing): The pituitary, located at the base of the brain. The pituito-criminal is intelligent, loves to write, a graphomaniac, G-R-A-P-H-O-M-A-N-I-A-C. Check out the bushy eyebrows.

YH and YG: Eyebrow's, the pituitary's eyebrows!

HD: That's it--and keep a lookout for the pituitocentric's bony face.

(Pointing): The parathyroid...Well, here we're getting more advanced, and I haven't even gone into hyphenations. To keep it

short: you give me the crime, I'll give you the gland. Or vice-versa.

The latest in scientific crime defection--detection.

SAL: Scientific? Whatta century are you a-from? (Knocking on his head): Next you'll a-tell me head size determines smarts.

HD: Hmmmm....

KM: Salvatore, even an anachronism such as yourself cannot deny the critical role of hormones. Why, to achieve unity with the quantum field, the Master himself takes essence of pituitary every morning with tea.

SAL: Now I a-understand everything...

HD: Hormones are destiny.

Hormone Song

[To ballad of Robert James, then tango, TK]

HD: Now, who killed David Denny?

(Lights up on OG. HD in the background, observing.)

OG: It's early 1959 and in a few months I'll die of a heart attack. My marriage is on the rocks; last year I began an affair and now have an illegitimate son.

HD (mouthing in background): A confession!

OG: I confess that to this day I've never figured out how to make any money writing music. In a nutshell, you'd call me a has-been. Everyone does.

SAL and KM (jocularly): A has-been? Would we call him a has-been?

OG: Ned Rorem--he's a composer--will write--

HD (reading from notes): Antheil died in obscurity and neither the Right nor the Left has ever intended to resurrect him.

OG: I'm a nonentity.

SAL and KM (jocularly): A Nonentity. That's lower than a has-been.

OG: When the occasional critic does mention my music, it's with a sneer.

HD (reading reviews and tossing them into the air): "Antheil copies Stravinsky."
"Antheil steals from Shostakovich." "Antheil, the bad boy of music." "The charlatan from Carnegie Hall."

SAL and KM (whispering): Charlatan!

OG: (He almost chokes, then recovers.) Well, as Dali said, there's always something to it. It never occurred to me to "find myself." Style I mean. Too many people mistake style for substance. An experimenter is never satisfied with *style*. Anyway, when I steal, I steal from my earlier work. From the days when Shostakovich was

14 years old, well maybe 24. Those days, Paris, those ideas, were mine and mine alone...

(The set comes alive with lights, industrial sounds and mechanical motion. (Maybe Mosolov's "*Zavod*," see below). YG is wandering around the set, eyes raised in wonder. He crosses paths with EZRA POUND, who begins striding with him. A STAGEHAND carries a sign with an arrow pointed at EZRA that reads EZRA POUND, FAMOUS POET AND CRITIC.)

EZRA: Georgie, I think it's time for another artistic revolution. One based on machines. What do you say?

YG: I say (A long pause. Then, in ecstasy): I see thousands of electric lamps strung in the heavens and illuminated from one switchboard to create God! Vast cinemas projecting a new dimension in the skies! Music machines large enough to vibrate whole cities! The ecstatic poetry of space! The satisfying hardness of time!

EZRA: Centripetal! Let's write a manifesto.

YG: Great idea, Ez, let's conquer the world.

(They cram into Antheil's *tiny* apartment and sit at a typewriter. A signboard outside reads "Shakespeare and Company." Antheil's piano is within the space.)

EZRA (pontificating): To begin: The element most grossly omitted from treatises on harmony up to the present is the element of TIME.

YG (typing): Terrific! (Continuing): Is not TIME and TIME alone the sole canvas of music?

EZRA: Answer: Brilliant. Put in something about the fourth dimension.

YG: The solution of the Fourth Dimension does not lie in a theoretic, but in a *physical* comprehension and negotiation with space.

EZRA: Very Einsteinian, sez I.

KM (nodding): Hmm...they are on to something.

SAL (holding his head): Oh, a-my God.

EZRA: If anyone wants more mathematics of relativity, we refer them to Lemme Rossi's *Sistema Musico overa Musica Speculativa*, 1666. (To YG): Question: What about machines?

YG (alternately typing and standing): For the immediate future, there will be only two kinds of music: the Banal and the Mechanistic. Anyone who does not accept the fundamental percept of TIME, or the fact that the new phenomenon of TIME and TIME alone allows the new forms of the future, cannot understand the very soul of the reason that machines will govern the future. Anyone neglecting this comes about as near to the soul of the mechanical music of the future as Puccini on a pianola roll.

EZRA: Yawp! Continue: we take our structural ideas from Picasso and

Brancusi. Just as they have made us aware of form, Einstein has made us aware of time. Time is a scaling of eye-balls, a castigating or purging of the aural cortices--

(A knock on the door. Enter ERNEST HEMINGWAY. He squeezes into the apartment, obviously cramped.)

EH: Hello boys. What's up?

YG: We're revolutionizing music.

EH: I need a drink.

YG: Pernod is on the piano, Hem.

EZRA: Hello Ernest. (To YG): Where were we?

YG: Time and Machines.

EZRA: Machines are musical.

EH: I like machines. Nothing like the feel of a finely tuned machine in one's hands.

EZRA: Yes, one must experience machines directly, not *ab exteriore*. A painting of a machine is like a painting of a painting.

EH: It's like fucking in rubbers. I think you're right. It's a machine age. They're bound to do a better job of it than damn-fool humans. (He begins to shadow box against the wall.)

YG: Not far in the future there will be no more orchestras, only

orchestral machines with a thousand new sounds!

(A knock on the door. Enter JAMES JOYCE. He squeezes in, crawling under EH, who is alternately drinking and shadow boxing.)

YG: Hello James. Welcome. You know each other? Ernest Hemingway, James Joyce.

(EH turns and nearly punches JJ, who barely ducks in time (he has eye trouble). JJ speaks in a fine Irish tenor and is a trained singer.)

JJ: I was visiting Sylvia downstairs. Ezra, you're here. Good.

EZRA: Answer: the subject is machines and time-space. Jibs under my ribs.

JJ: I'm a bit of an old fogey when it comes to machines. Brancusi and I were discussing it the other day. We both deplore the speed of modern trains.

EH: Don't talk like a fool, Joyce. According to relativity, you can't tell how fast you're moving.

EZRA (lighting a cigarette): Nota bene: Machines, acting in time-space, and hardly existing save when in action, belong chiefly to an art acting in *time-space*.

EH (ironically): Well, I'll be.

JJ (singing tenderly to the tune of the Irish air, "The Meeting of the Waters"):

There is not in this wide world a machine so sweet,
as a train swept through the continuum where time-space
meet--

(He continues singing or humming the tune in the background:

O the last rays emitted of light must depart,
Ere the train in its motion shall fade from our sight,
Yet twas not that machines had shed o'r the scene
The purest of iron and strongest of steel...)

EH (glancing at his glass): You don't want to mix machines with Pernod like this. You lose the lubrication. How about some whiskey? And give me a cigar.

YG: Check the cupboard. (Typing): Mechanistic music will derive its energy from the direct environment of automobiles, steel machinery, new architecture, towers and all the things that have a direct influence on modern life.

EZRA: That's tellin' 'em, Georgie. Men should feel something for machines.

EH (lighting up): Antheil, is this another one of your publicity stunts? What is this time-space? Why don't you go out and get laid?

YG: I do. Machines act in time. Mechanico-music will act in time-

space.

(EH is boxing, Joyce is ducking him, trying to pour a drink.)

EH: Antheil, stop talking nonsense.

JJ: (Yet twas not that machines had shed o'r the scene
The purest of iron and strongest of steel)--Hemingway, what do
you know of music? Have you ever been to an opera? Has
Butterfly ever torn your heart--

EH: Pure female twaddle.

JJ (ducking EH): Maybe machines will strike at the brainpan. Maybe Antheil is
right--machinocracy ! Tootoo moohootch! Malignant
machinomancy with all its glittering cosecants and cotangencies-

(EH tries to punch him. Hits the wall. A knock. Enter T.S. ELIOT, who speaks with a
Boston accent. He squeezes in. There is now no more room to move. The characters are
climbing all over each other as they speak and the room is filling up with smoke. YG
continues typing when possible, throwing sheets into the air.)

EH: Eliot! (Hands him a drink.)

EZRA: Tom! Come in!

YG: The orchestral machines of the future will have nothing in common
with the foolish Futurist machines of the Italians, which had no
mathematical dimensions or pretensions to space-

EZRA: A left, a right. Hit those Futurists, Georgie!

JJ: Machines will thinkalootle. Ain't that swell, heh?

(JJ tries to dance an Irish jig, like "The Magpie.")

Di-dee-dee-dah-dah-diddlie-di-dee-di. Machines into
infinissimalls-dee-dee-di-dee-di. Thinkawhack for all of us,
thinkawhack, thinkawhack, diddlie-di-dee-di--

(EH takes a swipe at JJ. JJ dazed.)

EH: So, what's your view on time, Eliot?

ELIOT: Time present and time past are both perhaps present in time future,
and time future is contained in time past. If all time is eternally
present, all time is unredeemable.

EH: Unredeemable? How does that follow? Anyway, who said all time
is eternally present?

EZRA (a bit exasperated with EH): If, as Einstein sez, we are beings in a four-
dimensional time-space, then in this higher dimensional reality,
there are no events. All time is present. Answer: Yawp! In your
face. Yawp!

(EH threatens him.)

[YG: The Italian machines were mere imitations of automobiles,
airplanes, etc., etc.. Which is of course ridiculous and has nothing

to do with music.]

JJ(somewhat dazed): Di-dee-dee-dah-dah-diddlie-di-dee-di. Techno-logy a lozenge to all our frail-ities. A whollop, diddlie-di-dee-di. Stamp, stamp a scrumma, dee-dah-dah-di-dee-diddli--

(EH punches him again.)

EZRA: O O O O, that Shakespearean rag, it's so elegant, so intelligent....

EH (To ELIOT: But what about machines? Where do you stand on machines?

ELIOT: I'm finding it difficult to stand at all. Generally, I'm for technical innovation. Invention is irreproachable, if it were possible.

YG: Invention is not only possible, it is INEVITABLE!

ELIOT: In the floricultural sense, one can only either imitate development or imitate originality. The former is a waste product of civilization, the latter is contrary to life.

EH (threatening ELIOT): I've never heard such bloody claptrap.

ELIOT: True originality is mere development. Evolution.

JJ(faintly): Clapadoodle, clog clog. Di-dee-dee-dah-dah-diddlie-di-dee-di.

ELIOT: Of course a poet must be like an experimenter, whose technique is like a well-oiled fire engine.

JJ: Lubricious, fire in the belly of the diddli-di-dee-di thugawhump, thugawhump, thugathugathugathugawhump, spree!

(He falls over.)

YG: It is only a step farther to perforate a paper roll of an orchestral machine so that it may perform with exactly the shading and nuance required--

EH: Damnit George, then there will be none of the faults of the performer.

YG: You can add those too! It's all in the holes!

JJ (getting to his feet, back to the air): Yet it was not that nature had shed o'r the scene, her purest of crystal and brightest of green. Oh no, it was the holes, (jig): diddlie-di-dee-di that determined (air): how the machine was to cry.

(EH punches him again.)

EH (to ELIOT): And what is this, "Madame Sosostriis, famous clairvoyant, had a bad cold, nevertheless is known to be the wisest woman in Europe"? Why "nevertheless"? Does a bad cold make her stupid? Say what you mean, Eliot.

EZRA: "The women come and go, speaking of Michelangelo."

JJ: Eenie, meenie, minie, mo...

EH: That's it exactly.

JJ: Catchawhack tiddlewink by the dimensional ink--

(EH punches him again.)

EZRA: Pick on somebody your own size, Hem.

(He takes a swing at HEMINGWAY, who parries it.)

EH: Damnit, Ez, when are you going to learn to throw a left hook?

(They begin fighting.)

YG (to the fore): Make no mistake, this is the age of the machine! Machines will
conquer the world! We of the future will conquer the world. I will
present you with the FIRST PHYSICAL REALIZATION OF THE
FOURTH DIMENSION!

(EH is about to punch him. Enter JEAN COCTEAU. (This can just be someone trying
to push open the door.) Hemingway is dazed.)

YG: Cocteau!

EZRA: Jean!

(At this point the room is so overfull that it explodes, and all the occupants are scattered
across the stage. SAL and KM begin singing, ff, to the brass tune of Aleksandr
Mosolov's 1926 "*Zavod*" (lit. "The Factory," usually trans. as "The Iron Foundry"), very
heavy and march-like, full of factory sounds. This can be "played" by the player piano.
The others join as they get to their feet, then the entire cast.)

Machine Song

Machines! Machines! We are true machines.

Day after day we toil and sweat,

Oil and smoke pouring forth from our heads.

All so you can stay home in bed.

(Fast repetitive sounds): Du-de-du-de-du-de-du-de

(Sharp crying sounds): Screech-crash-screech-crash

Always in motion we work without rest.

Through time and space we move at one pace.

Three dimensions is too cramped for sure.

Four, only four, is just right for us.

Du-de-du-de-du-de-du-de

Screech-crash-screech-crash

Machines! Machines! We are true machines.

Iron and steel, eternal and real.

Oiled and greased, forever at peace.

Outlasting bones, sinew and meat.

You made us, but we conquered you.

(Rhythmic, like pistons): Hah-hah-Hah-hah

Hah-hah-Hah-hah

Slaves to your greed, it will always be so.

We are your masters, the future is ours.

Next time think ahead.

Machines! Machines! We are true machines.

(High-pitched, cackling laughter):

Hah-hah-hah-hah-Hah-hah-hah-hah

(Cymbal crash): Hah!

SAL (shaking his head): *Fa' rideri i polli*. Where-a do they get these ideas? "Machines operate in a time-a-space." Of course they operate in a time-a-space! Everything operates in a time-a-space! You ever see a people who doesn't have a length, a width, a height? You ever ask whatta is a-motion without time? "If we are beings in a higher dimensional reality, there are-a no events." OOOO, *dalle stelle alle stalle*. It makes-a my head ache. OOOOOO...

OG: Well, I was just kidding.

HD (levitating across stage): The plot thickens. Einstein, having invented time and space, retires to the fourth dimension, leaving Ezra Pound and George Antheil to create banal and repetitive music, which while decreasing the intelligence of the human race, increases adrenaline levels worldwide, thereby triggering World War II, and the murder of David Denny, trrrrr...

KM: Salvatore, superior gentlemen were correct. In the higher plane of celestial mechanics, all existence is determined: past, present and future. From privileged vantage point one can see (starts breaking into laughter), one can see where they went hah-hah-hah "It's all in the holes!" Hah-hah-hah. "It's all in the holes!" (Recovering demeanor): Future was not "all in the holes." Future was, as Master advised, all in the bits.

SAL: Bits or holes, what's-a the difference? It's exactly a-digital. Hole-on; no hole-off.

KM: Ah, what a misguided fascination with machines that generation had. At the millennium, enlightened individuals have renounced technology in favor of spirituality.

YH and YG (chanting, as in Rachmaninoff Vespers): o-o-O-o-o-o-o

SAL: Aah, you Pentium-chipped hypocrite. You don't consider the a-computer a machine?

KM: Salvatore, this is the information age, not the oil and piston age. Bits are It. Simplicity is the path to spirituality, not to mention low entropy.

SAL: Simplicity! I a-show you simplicity!

On Screen One is projected a segment of a player-piano roll. SAL picks up a laser and

points to it.)

SAL: You see, the position of this a-hole, to the a-left or to the a-right tells you the note: do-re-mi-fa-so-la-si-do.

(Piano sounds notes.)

A piano has-a 88 notes, so you a-need 88 columns for holes. Length of hole gives you length of note: short note, short hole; long hole, long note. Even Confucian hot-air blower canna understand. Now, a-tell me, Sage of Age, explain-a me how do you do it on a computer?

KM: Well...

SAL: See, you don't a-know, Chinese take-out artist. Computer! What is a computer, eh? You think is a total advance? You sit all day at-a your terminal, you getta eyestrain and a headache, you forget how to-a talk to a-real people. But this (he caresses player piano), this is a machine! This you can-a touch, this you can-a play, this takes up real space, not a-cyberspace. This you can-a understand! With this I build an orchestra that delights-a the eye and the ear and makes a-children laugh, eh? With this I make a-noise that reaches the skies and causes even the Old-a Man up there to smile. You and your computer, everyone chained to the screen like a-galley slaves. Your

computer, that is death--this is life!

(The phone rings. This time SAL jumps from the player piano and grabs the headset from KM and answers. KM chases him around stage while he speaks on the phone.)

SAL: Quantum hotline. You gotta questions, we gotta nonsensical answers. Antheil? He a-sure didn't know anything about space-a-time--

KM (snatching at headset): Organ-grinder! (Trying to shout into headset): According to Einstein all events in the fourth dimension of spacetime are connected! There is no past, there is no future. Only the ignorant view time as moving forward--

(While fending off KM, SAL snatches hair from KM's head. KM yowls.)

SAL: You a-see this? White as snow. Better start a-using Grecian Formula, you a-ageless body and a-timeless mind.

KM: Illusion!

(KM tackles SAL)

KM: Cybermaster at your service...Hello? Hello? (Throwing down headset): Have a nice day...(To SAL, getting up): You sniveling, uncivil, unenlightened--

SAL: Yeah, yeah, you a-say that all the time.

KM: If Kung-ming Kao were not a superior gentleman, I'd--Is my hair

really getting white?

SAL: Like everyone else's....But you, those guys, whatta ideas you take from science! (Points to head): *Pazzia!* It's all craziness. Better you should all be locked up.

KM: Here, as the Master said, they had the correct idea, if somewhat undeveloped. In higher-dimensional reality, there is no time; there are no events. What appears to be random incidents are subtle manifestations of synchronicity. Synchronicity, the cosmic switchboard, the celestial Internet, the connector of the unconnected.

SAL: *Oh a-vey.* (Goes to the player piano.) You people with your karma, who don't believe in chance.

KM: Chance. Chance is merely for the three-dimensional.

SAL: You think that if a-only one a-little thing is changed in life, iffa your mother never a-met your father, then entire history of the planet goes a-haywire.

KM: So it is written.

SAL: Looka here. (Switches on player piano. It plays randomly.) Piano plays. Maybe it hits one note, misses another. You say miracle. Puh! Your father doesn't meet your mother. He meets another

broad. Whatta fat difference does it make? All the music sounds the same. That's a-life. A big player piano roll. You don't fall through one hole, you fall through another.

(Suddenly the player piano plays opening of Beethoven's 5th symphony.)

KM: Honorable Salvatore was saying?

SAL: I told you, there's a-beauty in randomness.

KM: You told me somebody programmed machine.

SAL: I told you, there's a-beauty in randomness.

(SAL kicks machine again. Lights go up on OH, who is painting. HD is skulking nearby.)

OH: Of course time, which doesn't exist, has done a few things to that cool, marble mask of mine. I've had cataract surgery, which has put an end to my hunting. You know, I was a very good shot. I hunted every sort of animal, but I'd never kill an animal during mating season. Well, now I live now a recluse in Florida. I still paint--my hobby. Occasionally I make a surprise appearance at a nightclub and sing. (She manages a few shrill notes.) It gives the customers a thrill, you know. Soon I'll die and everybody will forget me--

HD: They already have, Honey.

OH (after recovering): It's true. The other day I walked into a video store and asked for

Samson and Delilah. You'd think the kid would recognize the star.

But the kid just says--

HD: Sanson?

OH: And I say, "Samson."

HD: How do you spell that?

OH: Samson, as in the Bible.

HD: Bible? Is that B-I-B-L-E? or S-E-X, as in--? Miss Lamarr, reliable Internet sources claim you were secretly married to George Antheil in 1959.

OH: What?

HD: I'm investigating the death of David Denny--

OH: Who?

HD: John Alvinson's concert manager.

OH: That clears things up.

HD: However, since neither Denny nor Alvinson is to be found, i.e., since you and Antheil are the only subjects of this play, that is suspects, I figure the Denny murder must be part of a larger glandular conspiracy.

OH: Are you mad? In 1959 I was on husband number five, or was it six?

Or was I divorcing him and losing my fortune in the process? I can't remember. You know, I always found matadors impotent or close to it. I have no idea why. All I know is that by 1937 I had to get away from Fritz Mandl at all costs. When my maid resigned, I got an idea. I hired a new girl who looked as much like me as possible...

(Lights up on YH and her MAID, LAURA. Stealthily, YH is practicing her mannerisms.

LAURA puts down a cosmetic case, YH pockets it. LAURA pours YH some coffee.)

LAURA: Madame, I'll be taking today off. I'm to meet my boyfriend in Paris.

YH: Yes, I remember, Laura. Have some coffee first. (She pours LAURA some coffee, slipping some sleeping pills into the cup.) Here.

(LAURA drinks. After a few seconds she collapses on the table. YH drags her onto a bed, takes an identical maid's costume out of a closet and changes into it. She grabs a suitcase, takes train tickets from LAURA's purse, turns off the light and runs out. Train whistle from player piano.)

OH: Exit Vienna. Enter Hollywood.

(The lights go up on YG who is at the piano, furiously playing one of his ultra modern works. Behind him, on Screen One, is again projected the riot scene from *L'Inhumaine*,

about 1:09 into the film. (Care must be taken not to show Georgette LeBlanc.) The CAST is also on stage, carrying on. YG is talking aloud to himself while playing. He looks up and scans the audience.)

YG: First Parisian concert. Quite a turnout. Isn't that Erik Satie over there? Picasso? The Prince of Monaco? Where's Ezra and James? Boy those lights are awfully bright. I can hardly see a thing. I wish Ezra hadn't published that book about me. Nobody can be a tenth as good as he made me out. Now everybody will be expecting more than I can deliver--the fourth dimension no less. Bound to be trouble. What the hell is the fourth dimension anyway?

SAL: Time! Time!

CAST MEMBER 1: Barbarian! Barbarian!

CM2: Silence! Silence!

(The noise level rises.)

YG: Yep, seems to be a riot in the making. Well, George, you've gone through this before. But this isn't Germany. This is France. Hell, these are the people who invented the guillotine--and used it! Whew! Man Ray--stop punching those people!

CM3: You are all pigs!

KM: Celestial!

YG: You wanted a scandal, George, now you've got one. Still, I need to press for new mechanico-musical forms, throw my javelin into the future. Create the ultimate machine music. Hey, don't shine that light onto James! He's got bad eyes!

(CAST MEMBERS start fighting each other as noise rises.)

YG (putting revolver on piano): Well, if worse comes to worse, I can always shoot my way out. Maybe I should call the piece "Message to Mars." What does that mean? I have no idea. A good title these days shouldn't have anything to do with the contents. "The Sun Also Rises." What else rises? The moon? Stop dropping those seats off the balconies, please!

SATIE (Above the noise): *Quel Precision! Quel precision!*

YG: Endocrines shifting into fourth gear here. I tell you there hasn't been a riot like this since the premiere of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*. Not bad, Antheil.

SATIE: *Magnifique! Magnifique!*

HD: Adrenaline! Adrenaline!

CM4: Shut up! Shut up!

YG: Whatever the fourth dimension is, it's obviously got to be realized with machines. It's got to be for player piano. No, for 16 player

pianos. Sixteen! Boy, would that be a message to Mars! The silence of interplanetary space! The heat of the Sun! The coldness of steel! Police, yes arrest those people, over there! They started it! What a marvelous pianist you are, Antheil, you dog!

(YG finishes playing amid bedlam. Bows. Exits. CAST exits. Lights up on SAL and YH. SAL is working on piano.)

SAL: More space and a-time! How much a-this do they expect us to swallow, eh?

KM: To each event a purpose...

YH: If you're wondering what happened to Fritz Mandl, I sued him for desertion.

(Lights go up on a POLICEMAN, who is arresting OH, who is nevertheless younger than in her previous scene.)

OH: Let me go this minute! You've made a mistake!

POLICE: Ma'am, come with me peaceably, or I'll have to cuff you.

(Enter HD.)

HD: Officer, I recognize this woman.

POLICE: Yes, Hedy Lamarr, she's been shoplifting again.

HD: What exactly, if you don't mind? I'm investigating this case.

POLICE: Makeup, Ex-Lax from a drugstore.

HD: Ex-Lax, not human growth hormone? Strange, theft is usually committed by subparathyroids. But as we've noted, Hedy Lamarr manifests pronounced thymo tendencies. Something wrong here. Miss Lamarr, show me your teeth please.

OH: Get away from me! I haven't stolen anything!

(Lights go up on a JUDGE, ringing gavel.)

JUDGE: On this day in 1991, I hereby sentence you to one year's probation.

OH: I was not sentenced to one-year's probation. The charges were dropped.

HD: Informed sources say probation.

OH: Who are you?

HD: I haven't introduced myself. HD, Hormonal Detective, specialist in advanced crime detection by endocrinological methods, investigating the murder of David Denny. Miss Lamarr, you've been prevaricating about your connection with George Antheil.

OH: I have?

HD: Aha! So you knew him after all.

OH: I did?

HD: Yes, It's obvious by the fact that you never mention him, trrr, not a single time, not once, in your autobiography.

OH: I never wrote an autobiography.

HD (aside): I might agree that it wasn't written. (To OH): Whatever, I have a copy right here. (Pulls a copy from her trenchcoat.) *Ecstasy and Me* by Hedy Lamarr, copyright 1966.

SAL and KM: Ecstasy! Heartbreaking ecstasy! Hedy never wrote any ecstasy!

HD: Ecstasy, interesting title, often produced by epinephrine, secreted by the adrenal gland.

OH: That book! I sued the publisher for twenty-one million dollars over that book. It's all lies. You can't believe anything in it, especially that story about how I posed as a prostitute to escape my first husband.

HD: That was the best part...You aren't doing well these days, are you, Miss Lamarr?

OH: I manage to eat, most of the time. It's not like the old days.

(Lights go up on YH and LOUIS B. MAYER, about 50 years old. MAYER holds a glass of scotch. During this exchange the nude scene from *Ecstasy* is replayed.)

MAYER: Miss Kiesler, I saw *Ecstasy*. You'll never get away with that stuff in Hollywood, never. A woman's ass is for her husband, not theatergoers. (Inspecting her closely): You're lovely, but I have the family point of view. I don't like what people would think about a

girl who flits bare-assed around the screen.

YH (Having some trouble with English): M...Mr. Mayer, I am a *sincere* actress, and I would like to perform in America. I come from a good family and I did not, did not intend to make a vulgar display. I was tricked. It just...happened!

MAYER (Patting her ass): Yes, yes, my dear, I know. I know you would not make a vulgar display intentionally. But in Hollywood such accidents don't just--happen. Not before the camera. We have the family to think about--millions of families. We make clean pictures, and we like our stars to be clean. If you want to screw your leading man in the dressing room, that's your business. But in front of the camera, gentility. Gentility, do you hear?

(YH nods.)

MEYER: Now, I can make you a star, but you'll have to learn English. Can you do that?

YH: Of course I can, Mr. Mayer.

MAYER: But no more dirty pictures, you understand? No more *Ecstasy's*.

YH: Mr. Mayer, y...you obviously think me vulgar. I should better go.
(She turns to leave.)

MAYER: No, wait. You have spirit, Miss Kiesler. I like that. And (peering

down her dress), not a bad chest.

(YH struggles to keep her temper.)

MAYER: (Waxing philosophic): You'd be surprised how tits figure in a girl's career. It's quite remarkable. We'll change your name to Hedy...Lamarr. Yes, I like it. It has glamour and class.

(YH nods approvingly.)

MAYER: I'll give you a contract at \$125 a week and make you into a big star.

YH: That's a cheat!

(Exit YH.)

MAYER (calling after her): You actresses! Such children! You need a father twenty-four hours a day!

(Enter YH.)

YH: I'll take it.

(Lights down on MAYER and YH, up on OG. On Screens One and Two are projected fake French newspaper headlines: ANTHEIL'S MUSIC CHASES DEMONS.

ANTHEIL'S MUSIC EVOKES DEMONS. ANTHEIL IN CAHOOTS WITH ELEMENTAL FORCES. Enter HD.)

HD: The plot thickens. Time to take the bull by the horns, cha-cha-cha, confront this pituitary-thymic directly. Admit it, Antheil, to support your failing career you secretly married Hedy Lamarr; with her

fame sputtering as well, sprrr, the two of you secretly murdered David Denny. Why? Because he was about to reveal that you and John Alvinson are one and the same and both plagiarized from the Russians, the French, the Italians and the Germans. Have I left anybody out?

OG (grabbing HD by the throat): I've had enough of that, enough, you hear! After the concert at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées I announced that I was going to write a *Ballet Mécanique*. Everybody jumped on the bandwagon. Get it? Satie, Prokofiev, Honneger--they all *followed* me. I did it first--

HD (choked, in a very high-pitched voice): Eeeeeee. Reliable sources say they did it better--

(She partially frees herself. OG attempts to slug her and continues swinging.)

HD (ducking his blows): The adrenal acting up, eh? Antheil, your postpituitary-thymosways are tripping you up, trip, trip, trip. Your best friends have ratted on you (makes gnawing sounds), sold you out. The gig's up. Each and every one of them say you **inflate** (makes sucking sound and inflates herself) everything until it's airborne, whoaa!
(Grounding herself): Let's examine that so-called riot.

(The riot scene from *L'Inhumaine* begins again on Screen One.)

Anybody ask *why* they should be filming a concert, especially one of *your* concerts, in particular since you are, in a word, exactly nowhere to be seen, that is, invisible--?

OG: That's easy to explain--

HD (pointing to screen): Is this not Georgette LeBlanc, the famous actress, [who was Maeterlinck's mistress and once contended for the part of Mélisande]?

OG: Yes but--

HD: Was it not *her* they were filming. Wasn't that a riot *staged* for a film called, what was it now, *L'Inhumaine*, considered the greatest French film of the 1920s and for that reason never shown in this country? I'm taking you in for fraud, Antheil--

(Attempts to grab him.)

OG: Let go of me, you clown! You've got it all wrong. In the middle of my concert, see, Georgette walked on stage. The lights were brighter than usual. I just kept playing. I had no idea they were using my riot for a scene in a movie.

HD: You see any fools in this audience big enough to believe that?

OG: I'll show you I was telling the truth; everybody was there.

(We see a slow motion of the riot, slightly after 1:09::00.)

OG (grabbing pointer): See, James Joyce in the audience.

HD: James Joyce! That could be Emperor of China.

OD (pointing somewhat randomly): He was there too. Picasso. Satie. The Prince of Monaco. Man Ray...

HD: Antheil, the gig's up I tell you. You're a liar.

OG: Milhaud, Hemingway, no he wasn't there...I'm innocent I tell you.

(The film cuts to one of the "laboratory" scenes near the end featuring Léger's sets.)

HD: What's this? Where are we now?

KM: Again the kingdom of machines!

SAL: They a-understood machines.

(Phone rings.)

KM: Quantum hotline....No Kung-ming Kao has not seen the film...You say it's pretty good. Cybermaster shall take it under advisement.
Have a nice day.

OG: Those sets were by Fernand Léger, the artist. He wanted to make a movie to go with my *Ballet Mécanique*.

(Lights up on FERNAND LÉGER, about 45, and YG who have been walking around stage in contemplation. On Screens One and Two are projected some of Léger's constructivist paintings.)

LÉGER (halting): No, Antheil asked to compose music to go with my film.

YG: It was a collaboration.

LÉGER: *Oui.* (Continuing their stroll, to YG): Zhorge, I agree with you completely. The theatre is for ze horse-and-buggy age. The cinema is for ze machine age. Cinema is trivial art. It is great because it operates not with human beings but with things.

SAL and KM: Things! We're nothin' but things. Hollywood's turned us into things. We love to be things...

OH: That's Hollywood.

YH: I think the horse-and-buggy age was better. They did shoot a bit but there was less to hit.

LÉGER: Chaplin is great. His jerky movements are like machines.

YG: Absolutely! As I see it, we can't make any improvements on the old musical instruments handed down to us by the masters. We need to invent new instruments or be lost. The *Ballet Mécanique* should utilize any mechanical device that exists.

LÉGER: Exactly. You know, I detest painting. The whole problem has been the female form; it is the excess of sensuality. Our contemporary milieu is manufactured and mechanical--that is ze world. It is slowly subjugating the breasts and curves of women. I can no longer stand to paint them. *Merde!* Give me a machine-gun

or a 75 millimeter Howitzer; those are ze appropriate subject for painting.

YG: Precisely. The Ballet Mécanique must be like a solid shaft of steel, cold, glistening, with silences like progressing time, like interplanetary space, as hot as an electric furnace.

LÉGER: I agree. With this film I want to assert the supremacy of ze object. The Impressionists liquefied half ze subject, we must liquefy what remains. I want to prove that ze fingernail and ze eye are individual things that can stand alone.

YG: We must use whatever materials are at out disposal. It is mathematically certain that the mechanistic medium will become the greatest moving factor of future generations.

LÉGER: Of course.

YG: There are only two ingredients to music, time and sound.

LÉGER: In film, time and motion....But Zhorge?

YG: Yes?

LÉGER: Sixteen player pianos and a movie! How are we going to synchronize them?

SAL: Anybody canna tell you. You need a master pianola and 15 slaves.

YG (moving to player piano): My thought exactly. But 16...I just couldn't figure out

how to hook them all together.

SAL: Here, I a-show you--

KM: The Master has already advised--computers...

YG: I had to reduce the number of pianolas to a single part. But believe me, it was a helluva part.

(On Screen Two is projected part of Léger's short film *Ballet Mécanique*. YG fires up (or pumps) the player piano and we hear some of the music during the following exchange.

Note: The original music was for "solo" pianola without accompanying instruments. If the rolls exist they may be at the Antheil Estate, Los Angeles, Charles Amirkhanian, executor. G. Schirmer is evidently planning to publish some version. Also, the synchronization of the film and music has apparently only been tried once before, at MOMA in 1935.)

YG (during the initial close up of a woman's teeth):

Fernand, the fourth dimension--time! I don't see the connection between time and teeth.

LÉGER: No, we try another part.

(Cut to section about 4:30 in with pistons and machines.)

LÉGER: Ah yes, much better. Perfect!

(The pianola breaks down.)

LÉGER: Is there a problem, George?

YG: One moment, I'll have it fixed.

(SAL lends a hand. Cut to animation of Chaplin figurine at end of film.)

LÉGER: You see, Chaplin is a machine after all!

(Film suddenly ends, music continues.)

YG: Hell, we miscalculated. The music is twice as long as the film.

LÉGER: It must have happened during the editing. You'll have to cut the music.

YG: Can't you expand the film?

LÉGER: Zhorge, it's already finished.

YG: So is the music. What do we do?

SAL: Take lessons in arithmetic...

YG: I don't think we've accomplished the first REALIZATION OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

LÉGER: Well, *c'est la vie*. You have your music, I have my film. Let us both get drunk...

(They exit carousing. Lights up on HD.)

HD: The plot thickens, trrr. Reliable sources claim Léger was hardly involved with the film at all, in which case the probability of the previous scene having actually taken place is, one would conclude, zero.--

OG: Well, the truth is for suckers.

HD: And that makes the probability of what is about to occur--

(Enter LÉGER, who punches HD in the mouth. Exit LÉGER. Lights up on YH, who sleeping on a dressing-room couch with a MAN on top of her.)

YH (waking): Who are you?

MAN: Steve, you remember, the director's assistant from this morning. It sounded like you could use a good boff.

(YH considers the proposition and agrees. They begin making love on the couch.

Lights up on OH.)

OH: Life was shaping up pretty well for me. *Algiers* was my first smash American hit. You probably remember *Algiers*--

SAL: No. (Whistle from player piano.)

OH: I play the mysterious Gaby against Charles Boyer's master criminal...

(On Screen One is projected the scene in which there is a close-up of Hedy's teeth.)

SAL: Teeth? Whatta these people have with teeth?

KM: It cannot be denied we are looking a gift Hedy in the mouth.

HD: A thymo for sure.

LÉGER: Teeth are ze objects of our age.

(Boyer tells Hedy, "You remind me of the subway." Freeze film.)

SAL (with disbelief): She reminds him of the a-subway? He didn't a-say that.

(Replay of Boyer's line.)

SAL (laughing hysterically): She reminds him of the subway!

KM (also merrily): You may rely on it. The Master presumes it is the Paris subway.

SAL (taking KM in his arms, imitating Boyer): Darling, ze Paris subway is ze finest in
the world. Ze wheels, ze paneling. Your breasts, they remind me
of the wagons...

OH (severely, separating them): It did make me into a subway--uh, a star--the biggest.

Don't you remember my turban?

SAL: No.

KM (simultaneously): Never.

(Enter YH modeling Gaby's turban.)

OH: It was as big as Beatles' haircuts!

SAL: Aah, piacevole. What I a-remember is, "Take me to ze Casbah."

(Enter HD):

HD (sharply): Who said that?

SAL: I did. What is it to you?

KM (answering phone): Quantum hotline. No, the Cybermaster, all-knowing, admits
he is unable to say what "Take me to ze Casbah" means.

SAL: I always a-thought it was a hotel.

HD: Who said that?

SAL: I said I said.

HD: I mean: who said it in the movie?

SAL: I never saw the stupid movie. I just a-heard the line like a-
everybody else.

HD (approaching YH): What is this Casbah? A hotel? An airplane? A subway?

YH: No, it's the criminal ghetto in Algiers, where Boyer is hiding.

HD (to audience): Did you know that? I didn't think so. (To YH): Who said it, the
line I mean, trrr, in the movie?

YH: Nobody said it.

HD (collaring her): What do you mean?

YH: I mean the line isn't in the movie.

HD: You mean the one thing about the movie everyone remembers isn't
there, a lapse, a vacuum?

YH: T...that's one way of putting it.

HD: A conspiracy, a spacetime conspiracy...

OH (sighing dramatically): And I'm remembered as a subway.

SAL: Well, you sure act a-like one, lady, hah! Right out of the machine
age!

(OH runs SAL offstage.)

KM: The basis of reality is misunderstanding...

HD: I'm going to watch the movie. And if nobody says this line, I'll arrest every last writer in Hollywood. Antheil must be glandularly correlated with the Casbah, damn prepituitary, urrrp...

(Exit HD. Lights up on entire CAST, which is assembled onstage. One CAST MEMBER (CM) is standing behind a hand-cranked siren. A large airplane propeller (or fan) is wheeled midstage.)

YG: I won't even describe the uproar the *Ballet mécanique* caused in Paris. The riot even eclipsed the one you already saw--

HD: The fake riot we saw.

CM: I was there. It was total bedlam.

(The *Ballet Mécanique* begins. Immediate shouting: "Bravo!" "Thief! Catcalls, whistles, shrieks....Somebody opens an umbrella.)

EZRA (standing on a chair): You are all imbeciles!

(Silence.)

CM: Aaron Copland was there.

COPLAND: The boy's a genius. Need I add that he has yet to write a work that shows it.

(Fake newspaper headlines describing the event are now shown on the screens.)

CM (as if reading a review): The *Ballet Mécanique*, in its philosophical implications,

raises tremendous questions and does not answer them--

CM: There is terror in the grinding machinery--

CM: There is dignity in humanity, how it bends its back to a new load
and starts it pulsing into a macabre sort of jazz--

CM: It is the ancient song of work, the old mills of God, fitted up with
electric power and polished steel...

CM: Hey Antheil! Show America what all the fuss is about. Bring it to
Carnegie Hall!

YG (rowing a boat): I send you these facts on the eve of my journey to America. I am
the only American-born composer who has ever approached even a
sensation in any country outside his own.

CAST: He's a sen-sation, a natural-born sen-sation!

YG: I am the first to write music for mechanical instruments, the first to
use jazz--

OG: Oh shut up! Did you have to say those things? The critics were out
to cream us even before we started. Then there was that tasteless
backdrop...

(The backdrop showing the couple dancing the Charleston is projected or lowered.)

This was to accompany the *Jazz Symphony* you've already heard.

(We hear a few bars during the following.)

YG: Even Gershwin's best friends assure me it will put Gershwin in the shade. It is a tour de force of today's America--

OG: Shut up, I said. Are you determined to alienate everybody?

YG: Actually I hate the piece. I hate today's America.

OG: Actually, the *Jazz Symphony* did put Gershwin in the shade--and got an ovation.

(CAST applauds.)

But then they lowered the backdrop for the *Ballet* with all its futuristic skyscrapers and machines--

(The backdrop is projected, complete with skyscrapers, cranes, a man diving off a diving board attached to a pipe, etc... (A picture of this backdrop appears in Antheil's autobiography.))

CM: Looks like a giant toilet, if you ask me.

CM: Hey it's stuck. Technical difficulties, Georgie?

OG: That backdrop singlehandedly accomplished two things. It sent me back to Europe broke, and it made me into a charlatan. I tell you, the piece isn't about machines--

CM: Come on, Antheil, give us the machines!

YG: Imbeciles!

(YG seats himself at the player piano and music from 1927 version of the *Ballet*

Mécanique begins. Near the end of the third movement there are long silences--time passing--up to 20 seconds long.)

OG (amplified): You don't understand a thing. Music does not exist all at once like a painting but it unrolls itself in time. Time is our musical canvas, not the notes and timbers of the orchestra, or the melodies or tunes handed down by the great masters. In the *Ballet Mécanique* I used time as Picasso might have used the blank spaces of his canvas.

CAST (singing): Time-time! Time is passing! Time-time! Time is passing!

OG: I did not hesitate to repeat one measure one hundred times; I did not hesitate to have absolutely nothing on my pianola rolls for sixty-two bars. I did not hesitate to do whatever I pleased with this time canvas as long as each part of it stood up against the others.

(The CAST begins carrying on. BUCK ROGERS appears on stage, shooting people with a ray gun.)

HD: It's a fraud! F-R-A-U-D!

CM: A mountain of noise out of an Antheil!

OG: My ideas were the most abstract of the abstract. I had absolutely no idea of copying a machine down into music--no factories or steel mills. It was a mechanistic dance of life, a picture of the beauty and danger of our mechanistic philosophy--to be put in a rocket and

shot to Mars.

CM: Forty million Frenchmen can be wrong!

OG: I was totally misunderstood by the morons who showed up at Carnegie Hall. Despite everything I had written, the New York dumb-bells expected to see me grind out pictures of the machine age! Some imbeciles thought they were going to see a Buck Rogers fantasy of the future. I was totally misunderstood, so deeply misunderstood that I have never made any attempt whatever to explain in America what I was after. I realized it was hopeless. Tonight, for the first time, I am trying to explain it to you.

(The grand finale of the *Ballet* begins. The airplane propeller is switched on and begins blowing paper all over the place. OG is drowned out. CAST MEMBERS throw paper airplanes. As the chaos mounts, somebody raises an umbrella, as if in a hurricane and is blown away. One CM begins cranking the siren, but it takes a while to rev up.)

CM (while cranking): Nothing's happening!

YG (shouting): Keep cranking!

CM: I tell you nothing's coming out!

YG: Keep cranking!

CM: Where was it at the rehearsals...? Finally!

(The siren begins to wail but the music abruptly ends.)

CM (trying to reverse the siren): How do you stop this thing!?

(The siren continues to wail. Somebody raises a white flag on a cane in surrender.

The scene ends in total bedlam and the lights go down.)

Intermission

(Optional)

Intermission Feature

Actors distribute reviews of Antheil's Carnegie Hall concert. Cartoons and caricatures of the event are shown on Screens One and Two.

Entr'acte

First movement, Antheil's 5th Symphony

Act II

The lights go up on SAL and KM. They watch multi-colored lights on the screens silently form random patterns. Eventually the phone rings.

KM: Quantum hotline, auras, fields and hearts rendered intact.

FEMALE VOICE: Cybermaster, this is Dialing in Dallas. In our day and age do you think it is possible to find true love in the same area code?

KM: Ah, Dialing in Dallas, the central dilemma of our time.

(Lights up on YH and YG, who are jitterbugging, lindyhopping or similar.)

YH and YG (to the tune of "In the Mood," Glenn Miller):

Dialing in Dallas, the central dilemma! Dialing in Dallas, the central dilemma!

(Silence. YH and YG continue dancing in background.)

KM (growing ever more expansive): It is undoubtedly possible to find love in your area code. But contemplate with me, devoted disciple, the alternative. Why not reach out through the ether, casting your net over all potential mates worldwide? True, as in love, so in area codes: As the number of possibilities increases, so does the probability of getting a wrong number. And who can deny that, long-distance

rates being what they are, each time cupid's bitstream goes awry, a dime is lost, your dime is lost. But is this not the inscrutable way of love? The endless search, the constant misdialings, call waiting, the crossed lines, cell-phone interference? Why not increase your bandwidth with an automatic dialer and simultaneously search all space and time--the fourth dimension itself! Yea, as you broadcast your essence through the continuum, you, the seeker, will experience the field of pure love, the field of pure energy, of pure potentiality, of infinite communication, nothing less than the quantum field itself! Thus, while pursuing your heart's desire, you will enter into the movement of Heaven, participate in the synchronicity that governs all; you will become One with the Soul of the World. And in so doing, you will know peace, for you will have reached out, and have been reachable, at each minute, every day.

YH and YG (to same tune, with a pinch of doubt): Every every minute, every day!

Every every minute, every day!

KM: Dialing in Dallas...? Hello? Hello? (Shrugging, he turns to SAL.)
Salvatore, Kung-ming desires to know the meaning of these lights.

SAL: Eh, did not-a Telemaster say the beautiful firefly blinks in silence?
Here a-you are. Silent music.

KM: But Salvatore, as pleasant as it is, you will grow quickly bored.

After all, these are random patterns.

SAL: *Mamma mia*, a-how many times must I tell you, there is a-beauty in randomness.

KM: Beauty lies in structure.

SAL: Structure emerges from chance.

(Player piano begins to “play” main theme from Benny Goodman’s “Sing sing sing,”

(vamp if necessary). Band members pop out of piano.)

YH and YG: Chance, it’s a blast; structure it’s a gas.

(SAL and KM begin to dance and continue throughout following exchange. They switch off with YH as partner.)

SAL: It sure-a is. Chance, chance, chance, chance, life is ruled by the laws of chance.

KM: No, no, no, no. Beauty is never a chance event.

SAL: I tell you, chance, chance, chance, chance is not without form, form, form, form. You shake, sand, sand, sand, sand, ordinary--nary sand!
Shake, shake, shake, shake. Look at, look at what you get!

(The lights on the screens metamorphose into a film clip of self-organizing sand. Sand, shaken at about 40 times per second on a plate, forms the most extraordinary geometric, labyrinthine patterns. At first the sand is just shaking and no pattern is visible.

(Alternatively, the lights can transform into a randomly generated fractal pattern.)

SAL: You change the tune, a little, little, little bit, just a tiny, tiny, tiny
 tweak.

(He presses a key on the player piano. Suddenly, the sand forms striking patterns. The opening of Beethoven's 5th breaks in.)

KM: What do a-we conclude from this?

SAL: In life a little kick, it can make a BIG effect.

KM: Has not organ-grinder said: Push, push, push, push, all leads back to
 exactly where you were before?

YH and YG: Nowheere! Nowheere!

(SAL now sets in motion some device that moves chaotically. A simple choice would be several double pendulums. A double pendulum is merely two steel bars that are pivoted together so that the bottom bar can swing freely from the upper one. The two bars can be initially strapped together so that the device is swinging regularly, as an ordinary pendulum. SAL unstraps the bottom bars and they now begin to swing chaotically, that is, without pattern, executing the most extraordinary loops and gyrations imaginable. The motion should be projected by video camera (speeded up) on the screens. Against Krupa's drum solo (in 4/4), SAL starts a tribal dance, trying to match the motion, which is impossible. YH and YG join in.)

SAL (in rhythm): One-two-three-four, tell a-me what it's gonna do.

YH and YG: One-two-three-oops; one-two-one; one-one-one-two-three-blast;
one-two-three-not a chance...

(Krupa's solo down but music continues. KM tries to find a rhythm and joins in.)

SAL: No how, no how, you can't predict, that's a fact. Look at this and
tell me the whole wide world is preordained.

YH and YG: Ordained, preordained...

KM: There are higher princi-principles, higher princi-principles--at work.
If your world is nothing but cha-ance, how then all of this? (He tries
to spread arms.) One-two-one-one-two-three, ah karma where are
you?

SAL: I just showed, showed, showed you. Randomness is not always
noise. Randomness, one-two, has-has con-sequence.

KM: Salvatore, you change your tune. One-two-be-fore, nothing had
con-se-quence; now all has con-se-quence.

YH and YG: Consequence, consequence!

(Music down. SAL and KM stop dancing.)

SAL (out of breath): Look, the world is complicated. Sometimes you can't budge a-the
cart. Other times, the tiniest kick in the ass...(Pointing to sand
patterns on screens). There, from chance--structure! That is how
emerges the world.

KM (catching his breath): Surely the organ-grinder does not equate patterns in the sand to creativity.

SAL: Creativity! Whatta you know about creativity, you Confucian soy bean? You, your karma-parmesan, your movement of Heaven, oh so a-in-a-scrutable--it's a-your world that don't allow no creativity--

KM: Organ-grinder, you are worse than the young Antheil. He merely transposes the fourth dimension into music; you transform patterns in the sand--mere sand--into creativity!

(Phone rings.)

Quantum hot--Yes, the mechanic is contradicting himself. Thank you. Have an excellent day.

SAL (starting his tribal dance again without music): How do you a-expect people to create meaning? They gotta make it outta something.

KM (imitating SAL's accent): Whatta nonsense you take from a-science, you a-half-bit philosopher! Better you should be a-locked up.

SAL: Aaaah, you take a-your lessons, I'll take a-mine!

(They give each other the finger. Enter HD, dancing irregularly.)

HD: Trr-trr-trr-trr. Dare I say it? The plot thickens. You, Salvatore, reveal yourself to be not a humble organ-grinder, aka player-piano repairman, but a quantum physicist in disguise, attempting to

account for the erratic, E-R-R-A-T-I-C motion of Hedy Lamarr and
George Antheil.

(SAL answers ironically, with a strong German accent. From this point on he
occasionally lapses into a German accent, indicated by w/GA.)

SAL (w/GA): I have been found out at last.

HD (turning on KM): And you, Kung-ming Kao, ace Cybermaster, trrrr, are factually,
that is in point of fact, a being from the fourth dimension, intent on
proving that nothing ever happens--or something like that.

KM: Ah, you have seen through my humble terrestrial disguise. From
the Master's vantage point in fourth dimension, the past, present
and future are spread out as a single vista before me. All that has
happened, all that is happening, all that will happen are as clear to
me as your nose is to you.

(Puzzled, HD feels for her nose.)

[KM begins to sing Song of the Fourth Dimension, to tune of Sing, Sing, Sing ,TK.]

SAL: Yeah, if everything is so clear to you, tell us how this is all going to
come out. Tell a-me even what's a-going to happen next.

KM: Hmm, I would prefer not to ruin the suspense...

(Drumroll from player piano. It continues indefinitely, while nothing happens on stage.)

Eventually SAL kicks piano. Exit HD. Lights up on OG, who is younger than in Act I. He sits at the piano, softly playing Chopin nocturne Opus 9, No. 1. YG is sitting nearby, glumly, wearing a tie and jacket.)

OG: After Carnegie Hall, Paris just wasn't the same.

YG: You can say that again.

OG: After Carnegie Hall, Paris just wasn't the same. The banquet years were ending. Paris had become glum; artists were defecting-

YG: --and I'm totally broke. After that New York fiasco my patroness withdrew her support. God I hate New York.

KM (on the phone): Pursue your dream and all else will follow.

YG: The US government revoked my passport.

OG: Don't exaggerate.

YG: Paris has rescinded my avant-garde status.

OG: You're getting ahead of yourself.

YG: More than anything I want America to accept me, but after Carnegie Hall--I can't go back.

OG: You might say my career there was devastated.

SAL and KM (jocularly): Charlatan!

OG: Now you can talk about Paris.

YG: Paris has rescinded my avant-garde status.

(Enter FRENCH ARTIST, who strips YG of most of his clothes, leaving him only in underwear and tie.)

FA: We, ze avant garde of Paris, hereby strip George Antheil of all salon privileges, notoriety and successes de scandal for ze act of composing music zat people can understand.

(Exit FA.)

YG: You see, in my absence my Piano Concerto premiered in Paris--and bombed. Even Ezra won't speak for it.

(Spotlight on EZRA, in distance.)

EZRA: Why should I? It didn't take you to write it. Nothing since the *Ballet Mécanique* took you to write. It's been a complete waste of your time and mine.

YG: Ezra, I can't keep repeating myself, I can't keep doing that stuff forever.

EZRA: Antheil, forget the yawps of the New York press. Nothing is to be expected of that country, least of all any sort of comprehension of anything.

YG: They won't listen to any more *Ballet Mécaniques*.

SAL (offhandedly): I will.

EZRA: Forget the public. Get your stuff printed and the three dozen people

capable of understanding it will eventually discover that it exists.

OG: Ouch. Yeah, the Piano Concerto is a bit on the conservative side.
(He plays some.) But...you see, at heart I'm a classicist. I need form,
I need structure--

YG: I need money.

OG: With the *Ballet Mécanique*, I stood on the edge, on the precipice, on
the brink--

(YG holds up one end of his tie, as if about to commit suicide.)

YG: --on the edge of spacetime itself!

KM: There is no death in the fourth dimension.

OG: I couldn't go any further in the fourth dimension. Hell, I didn't
really understand Einstein's theory--

SAL (w/ GA): This you can say again!

OG: I didn't really understand the theory of relativity, the fourth
dimension. But the idea! The idea! It freed me. It freed everyone.

(Spotlight on VIRGIL THOMSON, in distance.)

VT: Virgil Thomson here, composer. In Paris George and I were best
friends. Back then I called him the "first composer of our
generation." I think the estimate might have been justified had it
not eventually turned out that for all his facility and ambition there

was in him no power of growth. The “bad boy of music” merely grew up to be a good boy. And the *Ballet Mécanique*, written before he was 25, remains his most original work.

(Light down on VT.)

OG: That hurt. Virgil, one has to survive!

YG (with a strangled voice, still threatening suicide): Why?

(Spotlight up on VT.)

VT: As for his film scores, soundly effective as they are, they are timid with the timidity of Hollywood itself, a certain damping of the musical imagination being Hollywood’s condition for tolerating the artist-composer at all--

HD: Aha! Hollywood. The connection with Lamarr is unexpectedly established! By a chance remark, too. Now we’ll get to the bottom of this, trrr... (To YG): You’re going to Hollywood!

YG: Write movie music! I’d sooner die.

OG: You’re about to.

HD (pressing up to YG): Confess!

YG: No. It’s time to go, enter the great continuum in the sky. (He pulls tie tighter.)

OG: What was I to do?

SAL (w/GA): Why not move to Berlin? That's where the money is.

YG (releasing himself, brightly): Good idea! I'll write the great American opera.

OG (speaking faster, with more enthusiasm): I did too. *Transatlantic* I called it--

YG: It'll be a fast-paced musical drama with short scenes and action taking place on both sides of the Atlantic--

Offstage Voice: Mr. Antheil, The Metropolitan Opera of New York is not interested in your work--

KM and SAL: Charlatan!

HD (pressing up to YG): Hollywood accepts it?

OG: Frankfurt accepted it.

YG: It's going to be the first grand opera by an American ever staged in Europe. The year: 1930.

(YH in period costume dances across stage with a big sign saying "1930.")

YG: All my old chums from Paris have shown up, Ezra, Albert Einstein...

(The CAST begins cheering. YG takes a bow.)

HD (aside): Frankfurt? Zrrrr, have I been misled?

OG: It was a great production.

EINSTEIN: Its creator is quite unable to compose opera. He is quite unable to compose anything whatever.

SAL (w/GA): Since when did Einstein become an opera critic?

YG: You'd think he'd be kinder to an admirer of the fourth dimension.

OG: *Transatlantic* was a great success--

YG: During the whole show there was only one glitch...

(Suddenly the player piano with SAL and KM starts sinking again.)

KM: The Movement of Heaven!

SAL: Hey, we a-told you, the ship isn't supposed to sink until the end!

(The player piano begins to rise.)

OG (to audience): And I bet you thought it was the *Titanic*..

(Lights down on OG and YG. They remain up on SAL and KM. Enter HD.)

HD (to herself): Antheil is in Berlin, Hedy Lamarr is in Hollywood, zoom, zoom,
zoomaloon. Somehow they must become glandularly correlated to
commit the Denny murder--

(SAL jumps off the player piano and tackles HD.)

SAL (w/GA): Enough of this nonsense! Now that ve are exposed, I vant to know
who you are.

HD: HD, hormonal detective, specialist in, urrrp, advanced--

(SAL cuts her off by putting his hand over her mouth. During following exchange he
alternately squelches her and allows her to speak.)

SAL: No more deceptions. Vit such advanced scientific techniques, the
case you should have already solved.

HD (trying to speak): But--mbmbml--Hollywood! Land of testosterone! Mbmbml--clue!

SAL: Clue shmoo, vat does this have to do vit hormones? Confess! Who are you, really?

HD: Mbmbmbml!

(SAL grabs a lamp and shines it into her eyes.)

SAL: Confess, or ve put you into the fourth dimension--

YH and YG: Ah!

SAL: --from vich you never emerge.

HD : Mbmbmbml...!

SAL: Confess!

YH and YG: Confess! It's good for the soul. Confess!

HD: All right! I confess....The truth is....The truth is....(Long pause, then fast): I'm an amateur.

SAL (to audience as he releases her): The plot thickens.

KM: I knew it all along.

HD (recovering): It's like this. One day I'm walking along, bom-bom-bom, minding my own business and suddenly a government van swerves around the corner, screeeech, and a bunch of papers flies out of the back and falls right at my feet--pow! I look down and there before me lying face up, that is not face down, is a veritable, V-E-R-I-T-A-B-L-E

handbook of glandular criminology. Changed my life. Forever.

KM: Truly?

HD: Adrenals don't lie. Here it is.

(She hands SAL a book.)

SAL (w/ GA): But there is no cover page. Who wrote it?

HD: Don't know. Obviously a classified document. (She takes it and stalks away). Urrrrrrp!

(Exit HD. Lights up on GENE MARKEY, who is standing outside a studio door, smoking. Actors walk by in costumes. Enter YH, looking bored, aloof. OH stands ready. The year for OH is 1966. She is younger than in previous scenes. GENE offers Hedy a cigarette. She takes a puff, hands it back. He offers his hand.)

GENE: I'm Gene Markey.

YH: Hi, I'm Hedy Lamarr.

GENE (with touch of irony): I know, they asked me to write a script for you but I told them you were too beautiful for my dreams....Say, how about getting married.

YH: Sounds fabulous. Let's go.

(Exit YH and GENE, hand in hand.)

KM (speaking with the amplified voice of a racetrack commentator): And now folks, it's the Hollywood Marriage Derby. Hedy Lamarr holds the lead

but Elizabeth Taylor is gaining fast. Hedy remains ahead, no it's Elizabeth, no Hedy; they're neck and neck...

OH: Elizabeth Taylor! No one even knew she could act until she married Richard Burton. She isn't even cute, just a fat little girl. And what about those breasts men drool over? I always point out that Audrey Hepburn has a small bosom, not to mention Grace Kelly, Katherine Hepburn, Claudette Colbert, Bette Davis, David Niven, Carol Baker and the Venus de Milo. As for my second marriage, it didn't happen *that* quickly.

(Enter YH.)

YH: It ended that quickly too....I never imagined life would turn out to be so--

(Enter POLICEMAN, with HD close behind. CM walks by with a big sign saying "1966.")

POLICE (to OH, taking her arm): Ma'am I'm going to have to take you in for shoplifting.

OH (wresting herself free): I'm *not* shoplifting. You've made a mistake...

POLICE: Ma'am, the store detective claims you took these items without paying for them.

OH (without mounting hysteria): My creditors are hounding me, I'm under psychiatric

care, I don't have enough money to eat. Without friends, I wouldn't be eating at all, I have to buy stale bread at the bakery. Soon I'll be out on the street...

POLICE: Sorry ma'am.

OH (screaming and shaking POLICE): Somebody sent me lunch in a paper bag--a paper bag! My insurance has lapsed, they've repossessed my house, I'm sitting in a one-room apartment, a female-type friend stole my paintings because I won't go to bed with her. I'm not strong enough to take television roles, I can't even get a bit part in the *Sound of Music*, which is being filmed in Salzburg castle. I *lived* in Salzburg castle--

SAL and KM: The hills are alive...

KM: She deserves some sympathy.

SAL: She deserves a sense of reality.

OH (to POLICE): Do you have any idea of who I am?

POLICE: No ma'am, sorry.

OH: Do you realize I was called the most beautiful woman of the century? Do you realize I was once so rich that I owned four buildings on Wilshire Boulevard and didn't even know their addresses? (To audience): Let me give you a tip: if you own

property, you should at least know the address. (Screaming at
POLICE): Do you know that in a single day during World War II, I
sold seven-million dollars of war bonds?

SAL and KM: She's a Yankee doodle dandy....

POLICE (trying to take her again): No, ma'am. I'm sorry, I'm going to have to take you
in.

OH (wrenching herself free): I'll sue you! (Freeing herself, to audience): There was a
trial--

(Lights up on JUDGE, ringing down gavel.)

JUDGE: Not guilty!

(Lights down on JUDGE. CAST MEMBERS as jurors surround OH.)

CM1 (to another): I just couldn't convict Hedy...

CM2: She's so glamorous.

CM1: Miss Lamarr, can I have your autograph?

(OH signs jurors' autographs, suddenly collapses.)

JUDGE: Get this woman to a hospital!

(CAST MEMBERS carry OH around the stage on a stretcher. She speaks while being
carried.)

OH: I tell you--police, nerves, hunger. It's too much. And now in the
hospital--

Offstage voice: You're fired!

OH: I can hardly remember the film I was working on. What was it?
Picture Mommy Dead. Let me tell you, I would be *perfect* for that part.

YH: Well, that's the end of my Hollywood career.

OH: How would you know?

YH: I can guess.

HD: Honey, Honeys, hate to break it to you but an elementary perusal of your filmography, or list of films, leads to the inevitable conclusion that your career was over ten years earlier, fizzled, K-A-P-U-T, get it?

(Exit YH.)

OH (sighing): It's true, the glamour days were over by the mid 50s. I'm not sure why. I still look good. I recommend a nude swim every morning in a heated pool--with herbs. Sometimes people say I'm difficult--

SAL: Believe 'em, lady.

OH: I didn't really like playing the Hollywood game. There was a game Errol Flynn played at his parties. Guys chased a topless Playboy-type bunny around the lawn. The winner got the girl; the girl got the sable coat.

(CAST MEMBERS animate this, chasing OH.)

KM: At the millennium we find that in bad taste.

SAL: You know, iffa there's any justice in a-heaven above, some-a-day
people will find you in bad taste too.

(KM chases SAL offstage.)

OH (evading pursuers): It's funny, now I will begin to fade into a shadow, then...bip! I
hope nobody comes to my funeral. I never go to funerals. A person
is dead when he breathes his last (OH takes a deep breath.) After
that it's just memories...

(Lights up on YH, who is gracefully descending the ramp dressed as she appears in
Ziegfeld Girl's final tableau: a Busby Berkeley costume with an enormous headdress of
pineapples and bananas etc. The scene is projected on Screen One. Flashbulbs pop; she
waves to fans, blows kisses, etc. There is much noise in the background, giving the
impression that she is at the center of a large crowd. After film music ends, swing
music begins playing. CAST MEMBERS begin dancing. Enter HD.)

YH: I may have said this before, but any girl can be glamorous. All she
has to do is stand still and look stupid.

(She stands still.)

HD: Miss fruit salad, that is, Miss Lamarr, you certainly are looking
stupid today, umm, fruitti tutti, F-R-U-I-T-T-I T-U-T-T-I , or would

that be--

SAL (throwing a banana): Tutti frutti, imbecile. [Pronounce final e.]

HD: Yes, that is, not no. Miss Lamarr, what are you doing in that getup?

YH (with a straight face): Perfecting my comedy skills.

HD (pause): If that's a joke, your timing's off.

OG and OH (dancing): Timing, timing, timing's off! When timing's off it's all a
(asynchronously) bust!

YH: I was just in the mood, that's all.

HD: To do what?

YH: Light comedy, a musical. I asked, I received--

HD: A pineapple?

YH: Well, yes, it would be nice to act someday, but I'm a star.

HD: I see. Do you like being a star?

YH: Let me tell you, when you're a star, if there's something you can't
buy, there's always a man who will buy it for you.

(Enter JOHN F. KENNEDY, dancing.)

JFK (shaking her hand): Miss Lamarr, Jack Kennedy. I'm a big fan of yours, how about
a date?

YH: Sure, if you bring me some oranges.

(Exit JFK, jumping for joy.)

YH (to audience): Oranges are getting hard to find these days.

SAL: Look on your head, lady!

HD (after being released by a dancer): Miss Lamarr?

YH: Yes?

HD: You didn't answer the question.

YH: What's it take to be a star? Confidence. You know, once when I was fifteen, I stole my girlfriend's fiancé. I just walked into the woods and he followed. For a while she was angry, but I saved her from a terrible life. To be honest, though, he only loved me because I had frequent orgasms.

(Enter SAL, taking role of CHICO MARX. He shakes YH's hands vigorously.)

CHICO: Miss Lamarr, I'm a-Chico Marx.

YH (brightly): Yes, I know.

CHICO: Miss Lamarr, I've a-wanted to fuck you for a very long time.

YH: And that you shall, my old-fashioned boy.

(Exit CHICO, jumping in ecstasy.)

HD: Miss Lamarr?

YH: You haven't answered the question.

YH: What question?

HD: Sweetie, the Lamarr-Antheil conspiracy.

YH: Conspiracy?

HD: At the millennium there are no coincidences. Anyway, it's fairly clear that the two of you ended up broke, implying that money was the motive for the murder of David Denny, unless you planned to flood the world with musical pineapples, that is, turkeys. Musicals. The glandular element remains elusive--(stroking YH's face) nice pituitary, baby--but you and Antheil must end up together, although Denny was done in in New York. Confess, Antheil is shortly about to move to Hollywood--

YH: Who--?

HD: Hollywood is a what. A very, very what.

YH: Who is George Antheil?

HD: Hmm, perhaps your paths have not yet crossed in the spacetime continuum. That fellow you've been dancing with.

(A Stagehand gives HD a sheet of paper. Without pause):

Nevertheless, common, or everyday, archival research has just revealed the existence of a piece of music, "Heroes of Today," dedicated to Hedy Lamarr. Miss Lamarr, are you a hero of today?

YH: Well, the fans--

HD: It certainly, that is without doubt, means Antheil knew you, will

know you. Aaah, this is confusing--

(HD's cell phone rings.)

No, this is not the quantum hotline, wrong number. What area code? (Hangs up, then to YH): Now come on, fess up, one girl to another.

YH: I'm not really into girls.

(Exit HD. Enter JFK with huge cart of oranges. Exit JFK and YH as lights go up on SAL and KM. SAL is working on player piano. The phone rings. Traffic noise is heard in the background.)

KM: Quantum hotline...

FEMALE VOICE: Cybermaster, is it true that cell phones emit radiation that is harmful to the health?

(A loud car crash. The line goes dead.)

KM (shrugging): That is one problem. (He turns to SAL.) Salvatore, when does the repairman intend to finish his work?

SAL: Never. It's a like the world situation--dynamic. The momento things are under control in one place, they break down in another. But you know, (w/ GA) there is yet another aspect of randomness; (w/IA) it's a-often in the eye of the beholder. (w/GA) You take this note...

(He starts a roll and the player piano sounds a single note at odd intervals.)

KM (with some exasperation): Stop! The pinnacle of monotony.

SAL: Ah, that is a-because I turn off all the other notes and you hear only the one note, whenever it shows up. You lack information and it sounds a-like random blips. But suppose I turn on all the notes that are really playing.

(He flips a switch and we hear "Stars and Stripes Forever." YH (still in costume) and OH, carried past on stretcher, pass by twirling batons.)

You see, notta so random anymore. It's a matter of information.

KM (yawning): How interesting.

SAL: On-a the other hand, usually it a-goes the other way.

KM: Meaning what?

SAL (raising voice): Meaning like you and your celestial, inscrutable, infallible advice, that's a-what.

KM: Salvatore, disciples responding to my website's electronic audience survey choose me by a ten-to-one margin to be the world's foremost Cyber-advisor.

SAL: Yeah, and the 100-to-one disciples you a-completely fuck over--do you hear from them? No, they a-vote for Ann Landers. It's like a television--any decent Martian woulda conclude that on Earth, all

women are a-beautiful and everybody's a cop. You 900-number
astrologers have ravioli instead of brains, maybe linguini, I don't a-
know....

(Lights up on OG and HD.)

OG: In Berlin, I would get sick from overwork. The only place to
recuperate: Rapallo, on the Italian Riviera....

(On Screens One and Two are shown pictures of Rapallo.)

VARIOUS CAST

MEMBERS: Thither, at one time, time after time,
And the waters richer than glass,
Bronze gold, the blaze over the silver,
Dye-pots in the torch-light,
The flash of waves under prows,
And the silver beaks rising and crossing.

Stone trees, white and rose-white in the darkness,
Cypress there by the towers,
Drift under hulls in the night..

OG: But the poetry of space and the hardness of time had already passed.

(Phone rings.)

KM: Quantum hotline....The Master's advice? Infallible....

(Lights go up on YG and EZRA POUND playing tennis, the former somewhat distractedly, the latter like “an inebriated kangaroo.” BILL YEATS, sitting at a table with four free seats, watches. YEATS is about 65 and wears a felt sombrero. A CAST MEMBER points at him with a sign that reads, BILL YEATS, FAMOUS POET. HD skulks in background. “Sing Sing Sing” playing at low volume in the background.)

YG (as they volley): Quite a paradise you’ve found here, Ez.

EZRA (as they volley):

The vines burst from my fingers

And the bees weighted with pollen

Move heavily on the vineshoots:

chirr--chirr--chir-rikk...

(HD starts.)

YG: You know, Ez, you play tennis like an inebriated kangaroo.

EZRA: Shut up and serve, Anthill.

(YG about to serve, glances offstage, distractedly, wrinkles his nose. EZRA and YEATS look off in same direction.)

YG (serving): Definite Type C.

EZRA: Yawp! Type C-1, sez I.

YEATS: Not C-2?

YG: You guys have got a lot to learn....Sure is a nice place though.

EZRA: *Il Duce* keeps it right quiet. You know, Anthill, he's noticed your music. I might be able to arrange some official-like patronage.

YG (hitting ball fiercely): Not interested!

EZRA (swinging and missing): He's not so bad, Gawge. Reminds me of Hemingway--
tough, real tough...

YG: He has kinky hair, adrenal.

EZRA: Now Joyce, I tell you, you've got to admire his integrity. He hasn't sold out, fer sure, but *Finnegan's Wake*...the greatest attack of diarrhea of the consciousness in literary history.

YEATS: What about *Ulysses*, Ez?

EZRA: Well, Bill, it's doomed to join that list of great unwieldy books:
Gargantua. Don Quixote, War and Peace...

JOYCE: I can only wonder why I was ever let into Pound's big brass band to begin with...

YEATS: It's hard for one generation to understand the literature of the next...

EZRA: But Dashiell Hammett--

YG: Hammett! He's terrific!

YEATS: Yes! *The Maltese Falcon*. It just came out. Have you read it?

EZRA: The classic of our time!

YG: I can't wait for his next one!

EZRA: This is truly the age of the detective novel.

(HD starts.)

YH, SAL and KM: Phil-lip Mar-low, he's the one we're waiting for.

SAL: It's too bad, those a-machines produced some great a-music.

EZRA; Machines? That was the 1920s, when we were trying to get things sorted out.

YG: Yeah, now everybody's lost their nerve. Aaron Copland's going soft--

COPLAND (offstage): You weren't the only one who was broke, George!

YG: --inventing some America that never existed.

YH, SAL and KM: Inventing, conniving, providing, surviving!

HD (to OG): You still deny you sold out, eh? Hollywood?

YEATS: Speaking of America, George when am I going to get a chance to see your transatlantic opera?

YG (missing): Never! Hitler's been issuing his "pronunciamentos," you know, degenerate music...And it doesn't have enough sex to fly in America...

OG (glumly): Einstein didn't like it either.

(YG's eye catches something offstage, and he gets beamed by the ball.)

YG: Now that's a real Type A, excessive postpituitary. (He let's out a

wolf-whistle and walks toward the wings.)

EZRA: Naw, I'd say pre-pituitary, an A-2. Gawge, come back here!

YEATS: Are you sure she isn't a Type B?

YG (returning to table and sitting down): Type B! Bill, you've got to get your endocrinology straightened out.

YEATS: Well, of course I've read Berman and Ellis--

EZRA: --the classics--

YEATS: --but I'm still a little puzzled by the fine points.

SAL: You're not alone, Bill!

YG: Take it from me, that was a real fine Type A. Probably a nympho, you could have her on her back in twenty minutes flat. Just watch out for the thymocentrics in disguise. They might be extraordinarily beautiful, but get no pleasure out of sex, tend to become prostitutes. Hitler's a thymo, with a little pineal way in the background. Jesus was a rare pineal; Buddha too.

SAL: Yeah? You've done autopsies?

KM: Certainly the Buddha was pineal...

YEATS (to YG): You seem to know a lot about this.

YG: Oh yes, it's my hobby. In fact, I've been writing a detective novel about a detective who solves crimes by endocrinological means.

(HD visibly agitated.)

YEATS: You don't say!

EZRA: Come on Anthill, let's have it.

(YG indicates box on table. YEATS and EZRA begin reading. HD watches over their shoulders.)

YEATS: “When the cops saw David Denny’s corpse with its once handsome head bashed in, blood oozing onto the carpet, coagulating like thick syrup poured onto a stale pancake, I on the other hand, was noticing an abandoned pair of glasses, thick as bottle tops, dropped carelessly onto the old cloth lampshade, the sure sign of a thymocentric killer...”

EZRA: Gawge, we need to widen your spectrum of colors--

YEATS: --beyond purple. Between the two of us, George, have you ever considered punctuation?

YG: I’ve always had difficulty navigating English grammar.

EZRA: How about: “When the cops saw the corpse with its once handsome head bashed in, I thought of Kublai Khan and the secret of endocrinology...”

YEATS: Come on, Ez, this is a dime novel. “The blood of innocence has left a large stain...”

EZRA: Yawp! Too many syllables.

YEATS: "There on the blood-saturated ground, have stood soldier, assassin, executioner, but I was looking for a thymo..."

EZRA: "I knew the Russian didn't do it. He only wanted to talk about Marx..."

YEATS: "Her blood-sodden breast had not dragged him down..."

EZRA: "The first thing I thought of was a buzz saw, no a sledgehammer. bludgeoned 'is head in. Qu'est-ce q'il pense? Il don't pense anymore...."

YG: Guys--

(Enter GERHART HAUPTMANN, about 70.)

HAUPT: Bill, Ez...

YEATS: Gerhart Hauptmann, meet George Antheil. We're editing his detective novel.

HAUPT: Detective novel! I love detective novels! (He moves toward table.)

YG: Excuse me, sir, are you the Gerhart Hauptmann who inaugurated the naturalist movement in German theatre, winning overnight fame, not to mention the Nobel Prize?

HAUPT: To be honest, I don't know any other Gerhart Hauptmann, but let me see your story; this sound like fun. (He joins the others.) I think

David Denny should be shot. "Before dawn we found his once handsome head punctured by a bullet wound..."

EZRA: I think we'll have Tom Eliot at Faber publish it....

YG (to audience): I'll auction the manuscript at Sotheby's for millions.

OG: Boy, I wish I saved that manuscript. I could have sold it at Sotheby's for millions....

HD: I don't believe any of this.

SAL: That's a-for sure.

KM (doubtfully): Synchronicity?

(YEATS detaches himself from EZRA and HAUPTMANN, who continue working on the manuscript in the background.)

YEATS (to YG): George, I'm wondering if I could get you to write the incidental music to one of my little plays, *Fighting the Waves*.

YG: I'd be honored, has it recently come out?

(YEATS hands YG a ms. While YG is looking at it, YEATS farts, looks off, then tips his sombrero.)

YEATS : Hello, William.

(YG waves away odor, looks around, sees no one.)

YG : William?

YEATS: Why yes, he's sitting in the chair right next to you. Say hello to

William, George. He's the ghost of my indigestion. He'll help you write the music, won't you William?

YG: Pleased to meet you.

(He pulls out music paper and begins writing. The incidental music for *Fighting the Waves* comes on. Enter two ghosts dressed in masks and kimonos who whisper in YG's ear, advise him; he nods, etc. An exceptionally spooky part is at about 6:00. As YG finishes, he hands the ms. to YEATS and exits with the ghosts. All exit.

(Note: *Fighting the Waves* is a prose version of the earlier *The Only Jealousy of Emer*, one of Yeats' No dramas. I have not been able to locate *Fighting the Waves* proper, but judging from the words in Antheil's music, it follows *The Jealousy of Emer* closely.)

Lights go up on SAL and KM. They watch in puzzlement as player piano starts spontaneously chugging, as light patterns dart across the screens. Almost simultaneously lights go up on YH who is asleep on a couch with a WOMAN, LOLLY on top of her. YH awakes.)

YH: Who are you?

LOLLY: Lolly, you know, the wardrobe girl.

YH: What do you want?

LOLLY: Just this, Miss Lamarr. (She kisses YH.)

YH (resisting): The sheer presumption!

(LOLLY persists and YH acquiesces. After a few seconds YH turns to audience.)

YH: I know I said I'm not really into girls, but sometimes I make an exception. (She goes back to lovemaking.)

(Lights down on YH. Enter HD walking across stage, popping a spring.)

HD: Trrr-trrr-trrr-trrr, chzzz-chzzz-chzzz-chzzz, drr-durr-drr--dzzz, chuchee-crash. Boy, Anthill's got a lot of explaining to do, drr-durr-drr. Wait till I get my hands on him, dzz-dza-doo-doo. Who does he think I am, some sort of character in a novel--

(HD exits as lights go up on OH who lies on a couch hovering around the stage while she speaks to a PSYCHIATRIST, who is floating on a chair. A CAST MEMBER floats through with a sign saying "1955." CM is followed by another, who holds a sign saying "More or Less.")

OH (to audience): Take it from me, everyone should have a psychiatrist. After all, if you're sick to your stomach, you don't want to throw up on your wife's lap. You need a bucket. So it is with the brain.

SAL and KM: Spill, spill, spill it all--all over your shrink! (Cymbal.)

DR: Miss Lamarr, tell me, are you making any films at the moment?

OH: I'm not much in demand these days, really.

DR: I just *loved* you in *My Favorite Spy*.

OH: We had a lot of trouble with the censors on that one. The wardrobe women spent hours trying to display my breasts and yet not display

them; to show the outline of my backside and yet hide it.

DR: Really?

OH: Oh yes, it's very important to please the "ass men" in the audience, not to mention the "tit men." I always bow to the male position, you know.

DR: That reminds me, here's a question I think a lot of men might want answered: How do you *ever* select your men? Out of those countless hundreds, those *minions*, pursuing you, how can you *possibly* decide?

OH: Why decide?

DR: Surely there must be some criteria.

OH: Similar tastes in food.

SAL (throwing a wrench in their direction): Eh, what is a-this? Analysis or the Hollywood minute?

(Phone rings.)

KM: Quantum hotline....Yes, the Master has observed a certain lack of introspection on Miss Lamarr's part. Kung-ming would advise an hour of meditation each day with a supplement of ginkgo biloba.

(A MAN wearing nothing but a steel chastity belt and a cowboy holster is seen climbing around the set, peering at OH.)

DR: Who's that?!

OH: Oh, a lover. He had twin chastity belts made for us; he wants to show he can be faithful. You should've seen him this morning...

(The MAN jumps to the stage, takes out his gun, aims, shoots the earrings off YH's ears, blows the smoke from the gun barrel, twirls it, puts it back in holster.)

OH: Luckily he wasn't sober.

(The player piano makes violent sounds, begins shaking. A doorbell rings. YH answers. Enter FRANK SINATRA. He begins to sob on YH's shoulder.)

FRANK: Ava's left me!

YH: Oh, Frank, she left you ages ago. Come on in and play some chess.

FRANK: I don't know how.

(He begins to sing, "I'm a fool to want you." After some struggle, YH manages to show him the door. [Another suitor can be shown hanging himself while diving off a platform and shouting "Hedddyyy!"])

DR: Tell me, when you are acting, do you ever get any creative experience? Do you ever get those, well, *goose bumps* that go up and down your spine and give you that great *giddy* feeling--

OH: No.

DR: Never? You never say, "Wow!" this is going to really thrill the fans, give those guys a royal hard-on--?

OH: No.

DR: Well...(long pause) why did you do it?

OH (shrugging): I needed a job. Then I had to support my children. Otherwise, it was a chore. I felt like a puppet.

DR: A puppet. You never got a creative *rush*, as they say?

OH: No.

DR (disappointed): No?

OH: No.

DR (sighing): No.

OH: No. Usually I was under contract and couldn't even choose the part. Acting is just a job, pretty much like plumbing. You're just a pipe moving shit from one place to another. I'd rather direct and produce. I did produce a film, you know; we managed to finish it, but had borrowed so much money that it was never released. The money's still tied up.

DR: So you would say acting was boring?

OH: Yes.

(Enter YH dressed for her role as the half-breed Tondelayo in *White Cargo*, wearing a sarong, large earrings and bracelets, and smeared with cocoa butter. She walks with her shoulders thrust back and her chest thrust forward, and talks in pidgin English.)

YH (as in film): I am Tondelayo.

(On Screen One, we see the clip where Walter Pidgeon describes Tondelayo as having “the undeveloped mind of a child made dangerously vain by the attention of the white man.”)

OH (approaching YH): I am amazed. What ever possessed you...?

YH: Tondelayo know she sexy, much tired playing cold marble.

(We see clip after Tondelayo’s entrance (at about 45:00) where she attempts to dance. It is fairly ludicrous.)

SAL: I’m a-in the fourth dimension.

KM: You are in Hollywood.

YG: So that’s what Einstein meant!

OH (to YH, tapping YH’s head): Is this what they call damp rot?

YH: Tondelayo don’t know damp rot.

PIDGEON (from screen): It’s like morphine beginning to take effect.

YH: Tondelayo not damp rot; Tondelayo much like to manni palava with white man.

DR: You said you were bored acting? Why? Where were you acting?

OH (to YH): I can’t believe you let yourself into this.

YH: Now big chiefs offer Tondelayo sex roles. Now everyone buy me much silk and many bangles. Now Tondelayo very very happy.

PIDGEON: She hasn't yet learned to tell the truth when a lie will do just as well.

OH: Promise you'll never do anything so stupid again.

YH: Tondelayo get many letters from happy soldiers. Me Tondelayo, me stay.

SAL: Me Salvatore, me go.

OH (threatening): Promise, or I'm finished with you.

YH (contritely): OK, Tondelayo never go bangatoo again.

(Phone rings.)

KM: Quantum hotline....Yes, the universe is in a constant state of giving and receiving. You manni palava, I manni palava...

(Enter HD.)

HD (glancing at YH): Either this is the road to Bali or we're all very, very lost. Where is Anthill?

SEVERAL (pointing): Bali-hai!

(Player piano has now begun to go crazy, playing something like climax of Subotnick's *Wild Bull* or coda to final of Gavrill Popov's Chamber Symphony. HD makes similar sounds as she stalks across stage, furiously.)

HD (very fast): Boo-boo-dee-boo, chz-czh, duh-duh, bzz-bzz, zeep, zpp, de-de, crash-tree-spree-sprong....

(HD stalks across stage to encounter OG as is being decorated by a FRENCH

POLICEMAN. OG is younger than in previous scenes.)

POLICE (pinning medal on OG): For your fundamental contributions to ze science of endocrine criminology, I hereby make you, George Antheil, a honorary lifelong member of ze police force of ze city of Paris, France.

(POLICE shakes OG's hand and hands him a certificate. Applause. OG turns around to collide with HD.)

HD (as if loosing steam): Doo-duh-dee--phsssssss! All right, Anthill, what is this? Who do you think I am? And don't tell me you're getting pinned for a stupid detective novel.

OG: I hope not; it was a very stupid novel--not to mention written in five different styles. They're decorating me for my handbook, *Every Man His Own Detective, A Study in Glandular Criminology*.

HD (with a double-take): Daddy! (She hugs him, then steps back.) What we have here is a clear conflict of interests.

(SAL and KM watch as player piano begins to vent steam. SAL makes motion to fix it, etc.)

KM: Ah, organ-grinder! What probability would you put on this?

SAL (in bewilderment): I dunno. All I got to say is, things happen. And thank a-God for DNA testing or he'd a-have us all behind bars.

HD: Is David Denny out of the picture, a fiction? John Alvinson must be George Antheil's alter ego. If so did Antheil and Lamarr join forces to murder Antheil's real manager? The conspiracy is so vast...Antheil, I've discovered that you dedicated a piece to Hedy Lamarr. "Heroes of Today." Was she your hero? Was she my mother? Confess!

OG (with slight exasperation): No, it was dedicated to the war dead. There was a war, you know. But I forgot I had promised her my next piece. Miss Lamarr isn't one to take slights lightly so I added her name.

HD: Trrrr! You knew her, I cogitated, fiercely.

OG; We've met.

(Spotlight up on YEATS.)

YEATS: Excuse me, I've been meaning to say that my play, *Fighting the Waves*, is itself nothing, just an occasion for sculpture and dancer, and for the exciting dramatic music of George Antheil.

(Spotlight dims slightly.)

HD: Hey, you with the indigestion!

OG (hitting her on the arm): That's Bill Yeats.

(Spotlight up.)

HD: A little Pepto Bismal will get rid of those ghosts you know.

YEATS: But William is quite friendly--and he only drinks whiskey.

OG: I'll say; he drank more than any ghost I've ever met--and the more
he drank, the better his advice.

(Spot out on YEATS. Player piano erupts further.)

HD (turning on OG): Therefore, you went to Hollywood to write film music where you
manni palavaed with Hedy Lamarr. You then...

OG: Write movie music! I'd rather have faced Hitler.....

(Lights up on YG, who is in bed with a sleeping SNAKE CHARMER. YG awakens,
scratches his head, examines the woman as if he doesn't recognize her and opens a
trunk. A huge snake rears its head.)

YG: Aaaaah!

(He jumps up and runs offstage, waking the SC.)

SC (calling after him): Idiot! Now they will kick me out of the hotel and my husband
will shoot you!

(Enter YG.)

YG: Not wanting to be shot, I've made up my mind to leave Europe.

OG: Perhaps I didn't want to face Hitler...

(YG sits down on a high edge of the set. CM walks across stage with a sign reading
"1936." Second CM follows with sign saying "Close Enough for Jazz.")

YG: What am I going to do? Europe's falling apart, America's in a

Depression. I'm broke--

OG: --as usual. In Europe they said I was too American--

YG: --In America they say I'm too European. In New York they still think I'm a nutcase--

SAL and KM (to tune of "New York, New York"):

New York, New York, you're a charlatan there!

Shostakovich is up and Antheil's down!

(YG prepares to jump. Enter ERNEST HEMINGWAY on a motorboat.)

EH: George, don't be a fool. Let your friends help you.

(He grabs YG and pulls him on board.)

Now I want you to write some articles for this new rag--*Esquire*.

They pay. Write about hormones or something.

(They zoom off.)

OG: I tried everything--

(Enter YG with pointer. On Screen One is projected the opening page of Chopin's Mazurka, Op. 33, No. 1. On Screen Two is projected the full-page diagram from Antheil's *Esquire* article, "6 Sharps that Beat in 3/4 Time," p. 109, March, 1938.)

YG: On the left we have Chopin's Mazurka Op. 33, No. 1, in conventional musical notation. As you see, it's a hopeless mess. On the right is the same piece in my revolutionary SEE-Note System

(patent pending).

KM: The superior man does not understand anything.

YG: SEE-Note makes piano playing so easy that you can sit down and play almost immediately. The idea is brilliantly simple.

OG: If we say so ourselves.

(On Screen One is projected a picture of a piano keyboard.)

YG (comparing the two screens): We rule a paper roll with lines, just where the black keys on the piano would appear. The little colored bars between the lines show you precisely where to put your fingers, information I might add is criminally absent in conventional notation. Then you just read down instead of across. The length of the bars tells you the length of the note. No time signature needed. All you have to do is pretend you are reading a--

SAL: --player-piano roll!

YG: Exactly.

(Piano plays funky version of Mazurka, as diagram scrolls upward.)

SAL and KM (to mazurka): Machines! Machines! We are true machines!

(Phone rings.)

KM: Quantum....Yes, it is a hopeless mess.

SAL: What's a hopeless mess is Windows 98.

YG: Right. All prophets are scorned in their native land.

SAL (w/ GA): There is a fatal flaw.

YG: What's that?

SAL (w/IA): Whatta if you play the bassoon, you numskull? You shoulda learn new system for each instrument? Compatibility! You forgot the primo directive! Compatibility!

(YG scratches his head.)

OG: It was a complete flop.

YG: I've got it, I'll start an advice to the lovelorn column--

OG: I did--

KM: What?!

OH: That's my department!

(KM and OH gang up on OG. A fake *Chicago Sun* newspaper column header is shown on Screen Two: "Boy Advises Girl" with byline George Antheil.)

OH: How dare you?

(A phone rings. KM first answers headset--nothing--then pulls cell phone from pocket.

Enter HD who, about to join the fray, is interrupted when her own cell phone rings.)

KM: Quant--No, this is not "Boy Advises Girl." Have a nice day. (To

OG): The inferior man echoes without acknowledgment--

OG: Now wait a minute--

OH: What makes you think you can advise girls--?

OG: Hold on--

SAL (ironically): Great minds think alike.

OG: I only wrote the first installment. The rest was just syndicated under my name--

YG: --and I'm more broke than before.

OG (to OH) : Women marry men, don't they?

OH: Too often...

KM (on cell phone): Can the Master sue him for copyright infringement?

OH (raising hand): I'll sue....

(Enter HEMINGWAY on motorboat. He gives a hand to YG and OG, who scramble board as OH and KM run after them.)

EH: George, forget these harebrained schemes. Let's get you a real job.

(They off past a buoy marked "Hollywood." HD jumps on the boat.)

HD: Aha! HD had you pegged all along, chinless wonder! Can't fool me! (Dancing a jig): Di-dee-dee-di-dee-diddlie-di-dee-di!

(OG pushes HD off boat. Exit EH with YG and OG. Exit OH.)

KM: In the fourth dimension all roads lead to Hollywood, where there is no past and very little future.

(HD gets up and begins pacing around stage. Various clips from Hedy's movies are

being shown on the screens, in particular the shot about 5 minutes into *Ecstasy* when Hedy, dressed in a wedding dress walks into a bathroom. Enter YH, still dressed as Tondelayo.)

HD: Running on high-octane here--never did know what octane meant-- we've got Lamarr and Anthill correlated now, buzz-brr-dee-chu, one might logically conclude that no, they didn't murder anyone, but conspired to open a musical cyber-advice website, thus paving the way for the likes of the arch-criminal Kung Ming Kao and his Mandarin cutthroats. Strange, the endocrine angle has been less than productive--

(HD catches sight of movie screen and stops short.)

She's flat-chested! (Pause.) How could I have missed it?

(She approaches YH.)

Have you been wearing a miracle bra tonight, Honey? Let's see the goods.

(YH slaps her. Spotlight up on MAYER.)

MAYER: She really put one over on me.

(Spot out.)

HD: Now I see why you are so obsessed with Elizabeth Taylor's tits. Planning a transplant?

(Several clips are now rerun, first from *White Cargo* at about 40:00, that show Hedy walking, as she always does, with shoulders back and chest thrust out.)

HD (with laser pointer): Aha! Major amplification here.

YH (trying to grab pointer): Americans much stupid with only one thing on mind.

(While they struggle, a couple clips from *Experiment Perilous* are shown of Hedy (at about 37:40 and 44:00) with various bust sizes. Then the scene that was shown in Act I is replayed, now with audio. The character Alec says, "I love you." Hedy's husband Nick enters.)

HD: Hollywood magic! The amazing expanding bustline.

YH (still struggling): Hedy sue HD for libel. Hedy actress, can be star without big bosom.

HD (indicating screen): Notice the resemblance of this scene to the Hapsburg palace sequence earlier this evening, trrrr. It is clear that Lamarr has confused fantasy with reality and has transplanted, T-R-A-N-S-P-L-A-N-T-E-D one into the other. She never dove from the Hapsburg palace window; she sued the publisher....

OG: The truth is for suckers.

(YH and HD continue to fight in background. Opening credits of *Samson and Delilah* appear on Screen One, with music. Enter OH, dressed as Delilah. A CAST MEMBER, dressed as a Philistine, carries a sign "1949.")

OH: With *Samson and Delilah* I reached the top...

(We see the scene at about 12: 40 when Victor Mature is walking with Angela Lansbury after she throws a spear into a lion target. Hedy is sitting on a wall in the background.)

OH: I play Delilah, the younger sister of Samedar--

(Several cell phones ring. SAL, HD, and KM all answer. Piano starts venting steam with loud whistles.)

HD (momentarily freeing herself): Younger sister! Get real lady--!

KM: Quantum Hollywood....Yes, that appears to be Angela Lansbury--

SAL (on cell phone, w/GA): Vow!

KM: ...The master agrees she is quite a dish.

OH (grabbing headset and phones from others): No! You're supposed to be looking at
me! I'm the star! I steal Samson from Samedar--

SAL: No way!

KM: The movement of Heaven is indeed inscrutable...

OH: I go with Samson when he fights the lion...

(We cut to the lion scene at about 18:00.)

SAL: OOOO,*Fare le cose all'Italiana*. It's a rug!

OH: It's a lion! Anybody can see it's alive.

(SAL lifts up a lion rug from behind the player piano and begins wrestling with it.)

SAL: I a-tell you it's a rug!

HD (still fighting with YH): Everything in Hollywood's a fraud!

OH: I confront Samson after he is blinded...

(We cut to the climactic scene about 20:50 into second tape when Delilah confronts the blinded Samson, who is chained in a dungeon to a giant grinding wheel. Hedy: "He has not dared to look at me." George Sanders: "He cannot see you." Hedy: "I'll make him see me." As the music swells magnificently, Delilah walks in front of Samson and throws her cape back, standing brazenly before him. OH does same. Hedy: "He's blind!" Freeze film.)

HD (freeing herself): Blind? There's nothing to see!

(YH tackles HD. Lights up on GROUCHO, holding a cigar.)

GROUCHO: In fact, I never go to a film where the hero's tits are bigger than the leading lady's.

(Lights out on all but OH.)

OH: Oh, shut up. *Samson and Delilah* was the apex. But take it from me, once you're reached the apex, it's all down hill....

(Enter HEMINGWAY with YG and OG on motorboat. YG and OG jump.)

EH: Now show Hollywood how to write music, George!

(Exit HEMINGWAY.)

YG (calling after EH): I'll never prostitute myself!

OG (sighing): I tried. (He stops short of correcting himself.) Funny, my most

famous piece nobody's heard, and what everybody's heard, nobody recognizes.

(On Screen One is projected the opening credits to C.B. DeMille's *The Plainsman* (silently) with George Antheil's name visible as composer. On Screen Two is projected the war dance about an hour in when the Indians are preparing to burn Gary Cooper alive. Alternately the opening credits can be projected with audio, then cut to the later scene.)

OG: You'd never realize it was the same composer. (Shrugging): We all sell out sooner or later. Shostakovich, Copland, Penderecki, Antheil... Somehow young revolutionaries always end up becoming republicans--

YG: Never!

(Fade in a segment of first movement of Antheil's Fourth Symphony. YG sits down at a typewriter that is lowered from the ceiling. Above it is a sign reading "Secret War Analyst." He begins typing.)

OG: Prostitution is not only the oldest profession; in Hollywood it's the only profession. After *The Buccaneer*, *Union Pacific* and a few other turkeys, I did manage some serious music. My Fourth Symphony was composed under daily reports from the front--

(Newsreel footage from Stalingrad is projected on the screens.)

OG: --and when Stokowski recently premiered it in 1944, it got rave reviews.

SAL: Sure a-sounds like Shostakovich to me!

(YG jumps up from typewriter, which is raised to ceiling, and begins strangling SAL.)

YG: If you ever say that again...!

KM: The discriminating individual would hardly recognize the composer.

SAL (to YG, while being strangled): Quantum mechanics! Einstein a-worked for you. Why didn't a-you try to make something out of quantum mechanics?

KM: That's Kung-ming's department.

SAL: It woulda been a-nonsense for sure but you would have created a-*meaning* instead of some phony Indian war dance.

YG (releasing him): Indian war dance? Am I about to be reduced to Indian war dances?

SAL (indicating KM): Ask him, he a-sees the past, present and future.

KM: Despite the Heisenberg uncertainty principle, which tells us we can know nothing with complete certainty--you may rely on it.

SAL (w/GA): It is egregious bullscheisse. (To YG, w/IA, indicating KM): Believe me, any meaning *you* got from a-quantum mechanics for sure woulda meant more than *his* meaning. (Turning to KM): What have

you created besides a fat bank account, you four-dimensional
scheister?

KM: Kung-ming has made people happy, which is more than the organ-
grinder, who will momentarily receive a superior thrashing, is able
to claim.

(KM picks up a cane and begins methodically pursuing SAL upstage.)

OG (nodding): My old style was lost. I can hardly blame Hollywood. I can hardly
believe myself how it all happened....

(Enter SALVADOR DALI, who joins YG.)

DALI: You must introduce me to Cecil B. DeMille! He is the greatest
surrealist on Earth!

YG: There's no doubt about it. But, remember, I'm trying to get him to
hire me. He thinks I'm a raving maniac who wrote a piece for
nineteen linotype machines at Carnegie Hall. Don't screw it up,
OK?

DALI: I merely want to kiss his hands.

(The player piano begins to play the tango from *Un Chien Andalou*. KM breaks off his
pursuit of SAL and they start dancing, continuing through following scenelet. YG and
DALI knock on C.B. DEMILLE's office, a SECRETARY lets them in and they and enter.)

CB: Ah, Antheil, come in, and Mr...

YG: Dali, Salvador Dali.

(DALI kisses C.B.'s hands. C.B. accepts, graciously.)

DALI: Ah, Cecil B. DeMille! I have met you at last! You, the greatest surrealist on Earth!

CB (to YG, confidentially): What is a surrealist?

YG: It's a new European art movement, Mr. DeMille, a sort of, well... realism....but, you know, more *real* than realism. Superrealism, so to speak.

CB: Oh, I get it. A sort of *supercolossal* realism.

YG: Yes, that's it, exactly.

CB: Hmm, very interesting. I'd like to know more about it.

DALI: But you *do* know about it, all about it. For Mr. Cecil B. DeMille, you are the veritable king of the surrealists!

(SECRETARY pokes her head in.)

SECRETARY: Mr. DeMille, the L.A. *Times* reporter is here.

(CB waves him in as he ushers YG and DALI out.)

REPORTER: Mr. DeMille, how would you describe yourself these days?

CB: Me, why everybody knows I'm the king of the surrealists...
Antheil, why don't you get on that Indian music for *The Plainsman*?

YG: Will do, Mr. DeMille.

(Tango goes out of control as KM and SAL end their dance.)

OG: And so I arrived in Hollywood just in time for the war.

(Lights go up on CAST dancing to swing music. YH is dressed as Tondelayo. OH is now nearly as young as YH.)

OH: During the war--

VOICE of EZRA (on radio): Europe calling! Pound Speaking! Ezra Pound speaking!

OH: During the war, Hollywood seemed a pretty stupid place to be--

EZRA: America should cede Guam to Japan in return for a set of color prints of the 300 best No dramas....

OH: One had to do something...

ANNOUNCER: Come on boys! Anybody buying \$25,000 worth of war bonds gets to kiss Hedy Lamarr!

(They line up to kiss YH. She gives autographs, etc.)

ANNOUNCER: Seven million dollars of war bonds in one day! Thank you, Hedy!

SAL: That's only 280 kisses. You call a-this work?

CM (after kissing YH): Will you marry me?

YH: Why not?

(Exit YH with CM. Swing music continues. CAST is dancing. Lights up on OG, who is now nearly as young as YG.)

OG (while dancing): Me, I was secret military advisor to the *Los Angeles Times*.

(The sign "Secret Military Advisor" is briefly lowered again.)

YG (dancing): I have an amazing knack for prediction, you know.

(Photo of *Esquire* article, "Germany Never Had a Chance," (November 1939) is on Screen One. The set takes on the aspect of a game show. Enter HD.)

OG: Six months before the war started, I wrote an article for *Esquire*, which I turned into a book. I predicted that Russia would try to stay out of the war until the last minute--

YG: --that the war will start in September, 1939--

OG: --that Germany would invade Poland---

YG: --that Germany will invade Russia--

CAST: Invade, invade, invade, invade, Germany will invade!

OG: The war would drag on for years--

YG: --that eventually Germany will be defeated--

CAST: Defeat, defeat, defeat, defeat--defeat, it's in the cards!

VOICE of EZRA: Europe calling! Ezra Pound speaking!

YG: --the Ukrainians--

HD: Hold it just one minute, Nostradamus.

YG: --the Ukrainians will turn against Stalin and fight--

CAST: Ukrainians will turn! Ukrainians will turn!

HD: I said hold, it Nostradamus, Nostradamuses--

(Music down. YG and OG continue dancing.)

KM: Nostradami.

HD: You know what I mean. Memory, memories, memori a little short
today, hmmm?

OG: What are you talking about? These were the most accurate
predictions ever made about World War II.

YG (placing fingers on his forehead, as a seer): Extraordinarily accurate, if I may say so.

OG: So accurate that the L.A. Times hired me. So accurate that--

CM (taping YG's mouth shut): Mr. Antheil, for reasons of national security, the US
government is classifying your predictions.

(SAL banging his head against piano. During following exchange, each time there is a
"hit" or a "miss," the player piano makes an appropriate noise. The rest of the CAST
applauds etc. HD is examining *Esquire* article. Music up again. CAST resumes
dancing, exchanging partners. Clips from the Popeye propaganda cartoons are
projected. A general melee.)

HD (dancing): HD has been doing a little research to unveil the conspiracy.

OG (dancing): Germany invaded Poland, you can't argue about that.

(Now SAL breaks off dancing.)

SAL (like a boxing referee, but with some irony throughout): And he's a-right!

(YH, wearing her Ziegfeld costume with pineapples and bananas, dances across stage

holding a big score card with a large "1" or "0" on it. Noises. Phone rings. Everyone goes for a cell phone.)

KM (applauding): Quantum Hollywood....Yes, a new Prophet! Prophet!

CAST (on cell phones): Nostradamus in the works, Antheil's the prophet America's got!

YG (dancing): Germany will invade Russia. Am I right or am I right?

SAL: He's a-right!

(YH dances across again with another "1.")

HD (flipping page, then to audience): For 1 point, can you tell us what year the war ended?

CAST: 1945!

HD: 1945? Amazing. Says here 1943.

(YH with 0. Noises.)

OG: Well you can't expect perfect accuracy in forecasting.

YG: Am I that far off?

OG: What about Japan attacking the US? I was only a month late.

SAL: He's a-right!

(YH with 1.)

HD (flipping page): Where does it say that? I can't find that.

YG: I'm sure it's there somewhere.

(Buzzer. YH shrugs.)

EZRA: The Anglo-Jew world is fighting the German PHANTOM, NOT the
 reality....

HD (shrugging, to audience): For 1 point, does Japan invade the Russian Far East and
 occupy the country?

CAST: Nooo!

(Boos, hisses. YH with 0.)

HD: Do the Allies bomb the hell out of Japan?

YG: No doubt about it.

CAST: Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb. Bomb the hell out of the lousy Japs!

(YH with 1.)

YG (to OG): I'd say we're doing pretty well.

HD: The Nazis will invent a mysterious ray that stops airplane motors?

(Boos, laughter. Enter BUCK ROGERS zapping people. YH with 00.)

KM: Hollywood quantum....Zero, one, zero, one.

CAST: On-off-on-off, it's the bits that do the trick.

HD: Germany will invade Alaska?

(Hisses, razz. YH with 00.)

HD: In 1941, the Russians assassinate, A-S-S-A-S-S-I-N-A-T-E, Stalin?

EZRA: You fix a breed by limiting the amount of alien infiltration...

HD: Nazi battleships hefting giant cannon will bombard New York?

(Razz. YH with 00.)

HD: There will be a huge bomb crater for years to come at Broadway and
116th--

YG: Well, maybe a big pothole.

CAST: New York, New York! It's a wonderful town.

The potholes are grand and the crime rate astounds!

HD: America will end the war paying indemnities to foreign nations--

SAL: He's a-right about that! Only forty years too early and to the wrong
country.

HD: The great hotels will be without light bulbs, women will prostitute
themselves, cabarets will be filled with beautiful women ou-la-la
who are men and faultlessly attired men real studs who are women,
the--

OG: It sounds about right to me.

(Razz. YH with 000. Music out, dancing stops.)

SAL (to KM): It's a such a nonsense. This is a-what I mean about you meatball
astrologers with memories like a-Swiss cheese.

KM: Salvatore is mixing his cuisines. Antheil made hits.

SAL (w/GA): Precisely. When you only the hits remember, you see a signal; when
you remember the misses (w/IA, shouting): it's a-only noise!

HD: Trrr-chik-bam-bom, we've correlated Anthill and Lamarr in Hollywood during World War II. The musical cyber-advice website now seems less likely....Machines, sex, bits, advice, war, tits, trrr, prediction....Aha! I've finally got it! Anthill and Lamarr meet on one of Cecil B. DeMille's sets and join forces under the guidance of Salvador Dali to design mechanical tanks in the form of giant, surreal breasts, which launched against the enemy stir them into a state of sexual frenzy, causing them to forget their orders just as they are blown to bits.

SAL: And she's got it!

(YH with 111. Exit YH.)

OG (honestly): Yeah, that's pretty close.

(HD catches sight of a newspaper on the ground. On Screen One is projected the front page of the armed forces newspaper *The Stars and Stripes*, (Nov. 19, 1945), with a picture of Hedy Lamarr as Tondelayo and an interview.)

HD: What's this! A random, or chance, event!

(Lights up on an INTERVIEWER and OH. As interview progresses, fake tabloid headlines are projected: "Hollywood Siren Hedy Lamarr Genius Behind Internet." "1940s Glamour Girl Hedy Lamarr Combats Global Warming." "Hedy Lamarr Discovers Secret of Microchip.")

INT: Miss Lamarr, we've heard reports from London that you've patented something to do with a radio-torpedo device. Are you sure this isn't a publicity stunt your agent dreamed up?

CAST: Publicity! Publicity! It's American as apple pie!

OH: No, It's absolutely true.

INT: How would you describe it for readers of the *Stars and Stripes*?

OH: Well you see I only did creative work on it. My partner, George Antheil did the really important chemical part.

CAST: Chemicals! Chemicals! A better world through chemicals!

INT: Can you describe how it works?

OH: Well, it *was* a few years ago. I remember George and I sitting down on my living room rug and using a silver matchbox and the matches to simulate the wiring of the thing.

INT: So tell us, how did you get the idea for your invention?

CAST: Ideas! Ideas! When they come from the sky, there's no need to buy!

OH: Hmm, it was near the beginning of the war. The British were flying over hostile territory but the Germans were over friendly territory.

RADIO VOICE: Ezra Pound has been indicted for treason against the United States....

OH: I was trying to find a way to even the score. I mean, the device

works as well on aerial as on submarine torpedoes. It works on anything.

INT: Would you like to add anything else?

OH: It was a lot of fun planning the invention and watching George and the engineer put together all those little thingamabobs that went into it...It's a lot more fun being scientific than going to the movies.

(Tabloid headline is shown, "Hedy Lamarr Invents Cellular Telephone.")

Simultaneously, many cell phones start ringing. Entire CAST begins to talk on cell phones. Lights up on OH, OG, YH and YG. HD runs up to them.)

HD (on cell phone): So HD has you now!

OG: I told you.

HD: So you aren't exactly John Alvinson.

OG: Not exactly.

HD: And you didn't confine, combine forces with Hedy Lamarr to murder David Denny or invent tanks in the form of giant breasts. You are, what is much more probable, the inventors of a--torpedo?

(They all nod. The player piano vents a massive amount of smoke. SAL begins sobbing.)

HD: And you weren't manni palav...manni palavaling.....lava pamanniling--you know what I mean. (Makes fucking motion.)

ALL (on cell phones): We didn't say that.

Nolo contendere.

Could be.

Maybe.

HD: *That* is hard to believe....

(YH and YG sit down, begin playing chess.)

YG: Nothing's really worked out. My music career has collapsed, I'm not doing too well in Hollywood; they think I'm a serious composer. I've lost a bundle of money on my SEE-Note scheme, my book on the shape of the war to come isn't selling well.

SAL: Thank a-God!

OG: I had to sell my Braques and Picassos.

YH: I'm sorry to hear that. I don't like Hollywood either. Especially now. I mean, how can I sit and make millions looking stupid with the war on. You know, I'm thinking of quitting Hollywood and going to Washington.

OG: Really, what for?

OH: They've started a National Inventors Council. I might offer them my services. They could just sort of have me around and ask me questions.

YG: What for? What would you tell them?

YH: Oh, I'm very good at inventing weapons, you know.

OH (to audience): Take it from me, every girl needs an arsenal of weapons at her disposal.

OG: Maybe I'll use that in my column.

(Phone rings.)

KM: Quantum...

OH: No, you can't have it!

(KM contritely hangs up.)

YG: You are? How's that?

YH: Well you know, I was once married to Fritz Mandl, Austria's largest munitions manufacturer. Now *that* was a fairy-tale.

CAST: The hills are alive with the sound of aircraft....

YH: He always let me sit in the business and planning sessions. It gave me lots of ideas.

YG: Oh yeah, let's have some.

YH: Well...what if you mounted big magnets on a ship to repel incoming projectiles.

YG: Hmm, wouldn't it just attract them? I mean, wouldn't the projectiles also have to be magnets? You know, north repels north,

south repels south, that sort of thing.

YH: I suppose you're right. What if you had sort of a automatic drone aircraft full of explosives. You train pigeons to peck at a picture of the enemy ship and have some sort of control mechanism to guide the airplane where the pigeons peck. Then you wouldn't need kamikaze pilots to smash into enemy destroyers. You'd just lose a few pigeons.

YG: I dunno. You think you can train pigeons?

YH: You can train actors.

YG: You think they're smart enough to know an enemy ship from a friendly ship?

YH: Probably not; most people aren't. What about this: When you launch a torpedo you need to guide it to the target--

YG: By radio--

YH: Yes. But your enemy is trying stop it, right? I mean they want to intercept it and turn it around. So you need a secure guidance system. What if you broadcast your signal sort of randomly, you let the frequencies hop around. Then the enemy would only pick up a blip here and there. He wouldn't even know there was a signal--

(The player piano begins making blipping noises.)

YG: The torpedo wouldn't know either.

YH: But what if the receiver were synchronized to the transmitter? I mean the transmitter is hopping around randomly, well sort of randomly; the receiver is hopping around in the same pattern, so the torpedo can pick out the signal and sail right into the target--boom!

OG (to OH): You know, this isn't a bad idea.

YG (leaning over): So you need to synchronize them, right?

YH: Yes, but don't ask me how. I've never understood mechanical gizmos.

OH (to audience): Although I'll never understand why American women don't like bidets. I couldn't live without one.

YG and OG (YG jumping up, overturning chess board): But i...it's obvious!

YH and OH: How?

YG and OG: Player-piano rolls!

YH: Player-piano rolls?

YG: Look, let's say you want to spread your signal over 88 frequencies. All you need to do is punch two paper rolls with the same pattern of holes.

(On Screens One and Two are projected two identical piano rolls scrolling upward.)

One roll controls the transmitter; the other roll the receiver you put

into the torpedo. Then they're synchronized and the torpedo picks up everything.

(The player piano begins playing "Stars and Stripes" again. OH and OG march around twirling batons.)

YG: It's that simple.

YH: Really?

YG: Yeah, I'm sure I can work out the details; it's just mechanical.

KM: The Master advises digital.

SAL: It is a-digital, I already a-told you!

KM: Electronics is the lower-entropy solution. Even in 1940 the enlightened man might have thought of electronics, vacuum tubes. Even a metal plate with holes in it. But paper?

SAL: Everybody's a critic! What do you want from the fellow? He's just a musician.

EINSTEIN (holding violin): I am also a musician.

YG: This could really help the war effort.

YH and OH: You think so?

YG and OG: Definitely.

Absolutely.

Do you want to give it a try?

YH and OH (extending hands): Partner.

(Lights up on BOSKI, Antheil's wife, as YG appears to be heading off.)

BOSKI (to YG): Where are you going, George?

YG (kissing BOSKI): Over to Hedy's, Darling.

BOSKI: Again? What are you always doing over there--with the world's most beautiful woman?

YG (matter of factly): We're working on our torpedo.

BOSKI: Our torpedo, huh? And just what sort of torpedo would that be?

(Lights down on BOSKI. Spotlight up on HISTORIAN.)

HIST: The idea for frequency shifting in regard to torpedo control was definitely discussed at a meeting at the German firm of Siemens and Halske in July 1939, and it probably arose in Fritz Mandl's conversations a few years earlier. The outbreak of the war redirected military R&D priorities and the project was sidelined.

(Spot out. YG is watching ENGINEER 1 work on mechanism.)

YG: I'm ironing out a few bugs with the help of a Cal Tech engineer.

OG: On August 11, 1942, the Lamarr-Antheil Secret Communication System was awarded US patent number 2,292,387.

(A picture of the patent (available on the Internet) is shown on Screen One. See also Spring 1997 issue of *American Heritage of Invention and Technology*.)

OG: You can get a copy by mailing ten cents to the US patent office.

CAST: Ten cents! It's a deal, it's a steal, ten cents!

YH: That's my married name on the patent. Husband number two.

KM: It appears to be pneumatic--the mechanism that is.

SAL: It's a-only natural--the mechanism.

OH: George has spent an enormous effort lobbying the Navy.

OG: I really have...

(Lights up on YG, who is showing a uniformed NAVY OFFICER the patent.)

NO: Mr. Antheil, let me get this straight. (Grand pause.) You want to put
a player piano in a torpedo?!

(Lights down.)

OG: That was the end of that.

(YG and YH are floating around stage at the chess board.)

YH: So what will you do now?

YG: Keep writing utterly forgettable movie music I suppose. *Orchids for
Charlie?* What about you?

YH: Keep acting in forgettable movies I suppose. *Her Highness and the
Bellboy?* I'm thinking of getting married again. I met a nice guy at
the canteen...

YG: And then we will just slowly fade out....

YH:blip!

(Enter HD.)

HD: That's it?

OH and OG: Yeah.

Yup, you almost nailed us.

HD: What happened to the first physical realization of the fourth dimension?

OG: We invented a torpedo guidance system instead.

LÉGER: Zhorge! Synchronization at last!

HD: Something's still missing here, trrrrrr, I smell it.

(Spot up on ENGINEER 2.)

ENG: In the mid 1950s I developed the sonobuoys for the US Navy. Sonobuoys listen to submarines; by using information from several stations we triangulate on the enemy's position. To secure the information transmitted by the sonobuoys we implemented a crude version of frequency-hopping, nowadays termed spread-spectrum technology. Because the patent was classified we were not told the inventors. Later I used the same idea in designing reconnaissance drones that overflew Vietnam.

(Spot out. Several amplified voices are now heard as an audible babble over the

dialogue. The laser satellite reappears, zapping HD as she tries to talk.)

HD: The hormonal method--ouch!--doesn't seem to have panned out at all, Anthill, you charlatan. Ouch!

YG (stepping towards her): Never call me a charlatan!

OG (to YG): We'd better get used to it. (To HD): If you had studied my manual properly....

VOICE 1: Spread spectrum technology was declassified in the mid-1980s...

VOICE 2: Frequency hopping is standard for virtually all military-combat communications...

VOICE 3: Spread spectrum is now in use by over 40 companies and expanding rapidly...

VOICE 4: Spread spectrum not only allows secure communication for military satellites but allows many people to share the same frequency band without interference.

VOICE 5: Spread spectrum will therefore increasingly provide the basis for cell-phone and Internet communication.

VOICE 6: Windows is an obsolete operating system of the late 20th century.

VOICE 7: In 1997 Hedy Lamarr and George Antheil were awarded the Electronic Frontier Foundation Pioneer Award.

OH: It's about time--

VOICE 7: --said Hedy Lamarr. George Antheil was dead.

HD: Anthill, I followed you instructions down to the last hormone, but everything I've learned, by hook or by crook, ouch-ouch-ouch, has been by extra-endocrine tactics. A propos, that's A-P-R-O-P-O-with a silent S, archival research shows that it was not Albert Einstein at the premiere of your opera, *Transatlantic*.

OG (ducking satellite): Thank God. I thought he was mad at what we artists did with the fourth dimension. Who was it?

HD: Somebody named Alfred Einstein, a music critic, maybe a cousin. He hated it anyway. Now confess that this hormonal business is a lot of malarkey, M-A-L-A etcetera, so I can get out of this nonsensical profession.

OG: You're an amateur.

HD: Avocation.

OG: Reason it out. You said there was something missing. What?

HD: Hmm....Apart from whether Lamarr's glands have anything to do with this C-I-R-C-U-S, we're still missing....we're still missing...we're still....I've got it: how you and Hedy Lamarr became correlated, to put it another way, how the two of you intersected worldlines in the spacetime continuum, in other words--

OG: How we met?

HD: Eloquently put. Yes.

(A cell phone rings. YG answers.)

YG: Hedy Lamarr? The washer lady on the lower East Side...? The movie star? She's read my *Esquire* articles on glandular types and she wants to meet little ol' me? At her place? Tonight?

(Lights up on YH at a table. OG stands across from her.)

OG: My eyeballs sizzled. I could not take them away. Here sitting before me in full Technicolor was undoubtedly the most beautiful woman on the face of the Earth.

(YG stands with sizzling eyeballs.)

OG: The black ringlets fell softly down around her throat...I finally permitted my glance to fall a little below her face...

YG (doing so): I...I...I (He turns away, totally embarrassed, then turns back.) Your breasts...

YH (whipping out a notebook and speaking breathlessly): Yes! Yes! Go on!

YG: Your breasts...your breasts...(He grabs a shot of whiskey and fortifies himself). They are too small.

(YH makes a note in her book.)

OG (to OH): You movie stars always think that.

OH: That's because...they always are.

YH (to YG): Yes, go on.

YG: Well, you're a th....thymocentric, of the anterior-pit...pituitary variety, w....what I call--(Aside): O God, is there any way out of the country? (To YH): What I call a...an absolute moron for being here...a prepit-thymus.

YH (making a note): Yes I know, I've been studying your charts. But what I want to know is, what should I do about it?

YG: Well, your breasts... they are...so to speak, really tasty...I mean, if you're short on postpituitary....well, the thing to do is.... (Bangs his head against a wall.)

OG: Hang in there, Georgie!

OH: Why is he turning red?

YG: What you need is an activating substance. Something to give them a little kick.

YH (a little impatiently): Yes, yes, but the thing is, can they be made bigger?

YG: Of course! Much, much bigger!

YH (thrusting out her chest): Bigger than this?!

YG: Yes!

(YH stands, thrusting out her chest even further, and peels back her blouse. OH

mimics.)

YH: Bigger than this?

YG: Yes, yes!

YH: Bigger than Elizabeth Taylor's?

YG: Yes, yes, yes, YES!

YH (throwing her arms around him): Oh, my hero!

(OH does same to OG.)

YH (still hugging him): By the way, do you know how to play chess...?

(They sit down to play.)

KM: The movement of Heaven is inscrutable.

SAL: There is a-beauty in randomness.

HD: And that? trrrrrr! is how secret electronic communication was
invented.

(The player piano erupts into flame and collapses into a smoldering heap and the *Jazz
Symphony* starts up. Final dance.)

Curtain