The Faculty Women By Your Pity Please

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By Your Pity Please

translated by Kurt Godden

English, Jr.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:
RICHARD TRICKSON, CHIEF GOD OF THE ADMINISTRATORS
RALPH TRAITO, ONE TIME FRIEND OF THE STUDENTS
HECKOFA, WIFE OF PRESIDENT NARCS, KING OF IOWA STRAIGHT
CHORUS, OF FACULTY WIVES
THETRUTHABUSE, A STUDENT MESSENGER
CASTAWAY, DAUGHTER OF HECKOFA
UNDERARMACHE, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF HECKOFA
MANO'FAILURES, A LEADER OF THE STUDENT MILITANTS
HELLER, HIS GIRLFRIEND

Scene: The ruins of Iowa Straight before sunrise. At first, only the outlines of shattered classrooms can be seen against the red glow and rising smoke of thrown-away marijuana cigarettes; then, as the sun rises, the god Richard Trickson is seen.

Trickson: I am Richard. Iowa Straight and its faculty was my university. I loved it like a dollar until by the aid of Ralph Traitor the students descended upon Weardshear, my temple, in a horde of lead-free gasoline, revamped, 1966 VW buses and demolished its sacred walls. Lake Latrine echoes with the piteous cries of
the faculty wives who have been assigned as girlfriends to the long deprived male students. Here on the steps of my desecrated temple lies Heckofa, not knowing that one of her daughters has been assigned permanent guardian to the tomb of Acneills. Of her children, only Castaway remains, who shall soon be taken away to become the girlfriend of Phil Heresy, the president of the student body. Farewell Weirdshear! You had your day of glorious deceit, farewell! You would still rake in student money were it not for Traitor, the great-grandson of Abraham the Honest.

ENTER TRAITOR.

Trait: You are a great god and my ancestor's successor. Can't we sign a treaty, you're supposed to be good at that? I'm mad at the students and need your help.

Trickson: My help! You have defied me for years now by helping the students organize Traitor's Raiders and by opposing the system. Why do you turn on them now?

Trait: Don't you know of the insult to my temple?

Trickson: When a student cluttered up the office of ISPIRG by throwing his used joint butts on the floor? Yes, I've heard rumors.

Trait: The janitor didn't even clean up the mess, how disgusting!

Trickson: What do you propose?

Trait: Why, that's obvious. I need your help to call in the army and crack down on the blatant drinking at football games; I'll make the students regret they ever insulted me. Besides, they're making a mess with all the empty bottles lying around in the stands after the games.

Trickson: Yes, you're right. By Congress, I will call in the army; we haven't had any good university bloodshed in three years now. I'll order the troops to advance to the cry of "Remember Kent State!"

EXEUNT TRICKSON AND TRAITOR, HECKOFA WAKES AND SPEAKS.

Heckofa: Alas, lift your head from the rubble! This is not ISU; the administrators are banished: bear what you
must. Oh, my husband, you were a king but now all is lost, the dynasty we had planned, gone. How can I bear my sorrow? The music I hear plays a mournful note, the blues! Where are the concerts of classics which I once commanded to cater to the faculty and not to those barbaric students who claim the university as their own? Cursed be the day that wretched Heller seduced my son Peerless! That foul braless girl bred desire and envy in the rest of the faculty who then chased the few coeds on campus and brought the wrath of the male students upon our heads. Now I sit, here in Phil Heresy's tent, a prisoner and slave, my grey hairs showing for lack of fresh dye. Come ladies! Come hither and weep my sad lament with me! I weep of truth; so weep with me, a cry for a cry and a sooth for a sooth.

Chorus: Oh, sad day! What shall happen, my Queen? Are we to become girlfriends of those horny students? My grief! Those students have no credit cards for us to use in their name. How shall we carry on?

Heckofa: I know not, nor do I care. I am the Queen fallen so low, and it is my grief I suffer, not yours. I have called you to weep with me.

Chorus: How can you muster words to derive our pity? So you think we have sorrow left over for you? What shall happen to us? Where will our new homes be? Will they be in the poverty-stricken dorms? Will they be with the haughty pseudo-Greeks, the frats? Or will our homes be in the divers lands of those long-haired freaks, the Gamma Delta Iotas, commonly known as the GDI's or the God-Damned Independents? Oh sorrow! Disaster and destruction is ours if that be our fate! But look! A messenger from the student kegger arrives! What is his message? What have they decided? Stand bold, strong heart, and hearken to his words.

ENTER THE TRUTHABUSE.

Thetruaboutabuse: Heckofa, you know my name. It is Thetruthabuse, and I have news for you and your friends. The lots have been drawn, and each of you has been assigned to a different male student to be his servant and concubine.
Heckofa: Tell me truthfully, Thetruthabuse, who is to have
Castaway, my virtuous daughter who wears bras and
never drinks on Sundays?
Thetruthabuse: Straws were not drawn for her. Heresy
chose her himself to be his mistress.
Heckofa: Heresy? She belongs to the gilt-tongued Billy
Grahamcracker, the heel—a consummated virgin, set
aside by him to live in chastised chastity!
Thetruthabuse: That's the way the grahamcracker crumbles!
Heckofa: What about my other daughter Polly Xanthippe?
Who has her?
Thetruthabuse: Her trouble has been tempered. She is
guarding the tomb of Acneills, who died for lack of
Clearisil. Believe me, she is happy.
Heckofa: What do you mean, happy?
Thetruthabuse: I know these big words are hard for you.
Look up happy in Webster's Seventh New Collegiate
and find out how she is.
Heckofa: And how about Underarmache? She is the wife of
Lecture, that famed professor who talked the students
to death.
Thetruthabuse: She is assigned to the roommate of Acneills
as an award of extinction.
Heckofa: And what of me, who am I assigned to?
Thetruthabuse: You are lucky. You have been awarded to
Odizziness, one of our greatest leaders.
Heckofa: Odizziness? O wretched twist of the Fates! How
you dance and shake to a strange tune, the music of
Chubby Checker. Odizziness is a drunk who speaks
lies of the truth and truth of the lice, he hasn't washed
his hair in a month! His tongue is crooked and slow
from the beer he drinks, a hopeless drunk!
Thetruthabuse: Bring in Castaway! I want to try her out
before Heresy gets her.

ENTER CASTAWAY WITH A BIBLE IN EACH HAND.
SHE SINGS IN HER DELIRIUM.

Castaway: Come sing to the Lord, for I've found a way
The Bible has shown me, what a wonderful day.
Heresy can have me, it's what I want most
He's rich and he's stupid, O what a host!

Come dance with me mother, dance to my song
They'll take me away to a wonderful throng
Of students and parties with never a book,
I'll control him dear mother, Heresy's a shnook!

Chorus: Queen, she's gone bananas! Grab her, or she'll dance
on down to the student kegger.

Heckofa: Give me that damn Bible, Castaway! For all your
punishments, you're still crazy.

Castaway: Congratulate me, mother. I finally have a guy.
Not to his enjoyment, mind you, but mine. I'll spend
every nickel he owns and cause him all the misery you
wish for. He'll regret the day he captured me; but it
will be too late for him. And weep not for your son
Lecture. Had the students never been here, he would
not have been able to hoard up their tuition money and
effect his escape. A bus ticket to Des Moines is not
cheap, you know. Again don't worry about me. By
being awarded to Heresy, I'll destroy your worst enemy
and enjoy myself in the meantime. I'll confuse his mind
so much with Christianity that he'll hate himself for
being a sinner; he'll probably give me his money gladly
so he can enter the kingdom of heaven as a poor man.

Thetruthabuse: If I wasn't aware that Grahamcracker the
heel had driven you crazy, I would have you punished
for those words. Heresy is just as mad as you for wanting you. Heckofa, get ready, Odizziness will be ready
for you soon.

Castaway: Odizziness? Ah, too bad for him. He is also a
sinner, and he will never arrive at his room for a long
time because of his drunkenness. But I shouldn't speak
of these things. Yes! Take me away. Take me to Heresy,
his destruction is near.

EXIT THETRUTHABUSE WITH CASTAWAY.

Chorus: My Queen! You have fallen. Rise up or your eighty-five ninety-nine dress will get dirty!
Heckofa: Rise? Why should I rise? This dress shall soon be rags; I've already worn it twice. Odizziness spends his money on booze and will never buy me the things I want. O that I were rich and powerful again, the hope of all women!

UNDERARMACHE APPROACHES. SHE RIDES IN THE SIDECAR OF A STUDENT CHOPPER WITH HER CHILD ABRATATTACKS IN HER ARMS.

Chorus: Heckofa, smell! Underarmache is drawing near, riding on a student motorcycle with Agrabatattacks in her embrace.

Heckofa: Underarmache, don't draw too close; I can catch the drift of your presence from where you are.

Underarmache: Heckofa!

Heckofa: I weep for your Lecture!

Underarmache: That s.o.b. is mine—

Heckofa: O Congress!

Underarmache: —bought with the money I stole from him, hardly enough to buy my new hat. I wish he wasn't so damn tight!

Heckofa: Once we were happy. We had money!

Underarmache: All gone, our dollar-sign joy, gone. All the money we have lost!

Heckofa: O University, I weep for you. You who gave us our money. You who ravaged the students. All lost! Has there ever been such a pitiful day?

Chorus: I remember last year when my husband failed to get a pay raise . . .

Underarmache: Shut up! Is that worse than no money at all? Lecture bored more students than any other professor and was justly rewarded: the highest paycheck of all. I have here his checkbook; do you see where it's going?

Heckofa: Give it to me. I see only the terrible wheel of Fortune: the rich get poor, and the poor fail to take advantage of it.

Underarmache: I have something else your heart must bear. Your daughter Polly Xanthippe is stoned. The students are burning marijuana scented incense at the tomb of Acneills, and she has breathed the fumes in her vigil.

Heckofa: O horror! That was what Thethruthabuse meant
just now by his evasive answers. And he said she is happy!

Underarmache: I saw her myself. I left the chopper to query her. She is happy, Heckofa.

Heckofa: What? Have you too been defiled? O what can be the end of my suffering? There is no end to my weeping and wailing!

Underarmache: She is high now, and happy. Far happier is she than I, who must be sober and sane to suffer my sorrow.

Heckofa: No, no. To be stoned is far worse. In sanity there is hope; but high, all is madness.

Underarmache: Listen, Heckofa. My fate is far worse. Better, I say, is it to be high and happy as Polly Xanthippe, for in that state one knows the absence of the eternal sorrow which is my condition. As Lecture's wife, I practised extreme moderation and tried to emulate the stereotype of a perfect wife. I stayed at home to avoid the gossip of other women in case they should discover my infidelity. Having by nature a sound mind to school me, I was content; before my husband, I kept a quiet tongue and a sharp eye; I knew in what matters I should rule, and where I should yield to his ignorance.

It seems that the report of my affairs has reached the student kegger and was the cause of my present fate; for when I was captured, Acneills' roommate asked for me as his mistress. What should I do? He knows of my deceit and treachery; how can I ever control him who is aware of my tricks? I cannot delude myself with the pleasant dream of any imaginary happiness as Polly Xanthippe.

Chorus: Your suffering is our suffering; for we share the same tear.

Heckofa: Look! Here comes Thetruthabuse. What words of despair can he bring us this time?

ENTER TETRUTHABUSE.

Thetruthabuse: Underarmache, do not hate me. It is with great reluctance that I make this request of you.

Underarmache: What is the drift of your words? What do you ask of me?
Thetruthabuse: Underarmache, please step to the left of me, the wind catches the drift of you quite aptly where you now stand.

Underarmache: Is this all you have come to say? You seem to be avoiding my look? What else do you want to tell me?

Thetruthabuse: Please understand my position. Move and I'll speak.

UNDERARMACHE MOVES.

It is news of your son, Abratattacks, that I bring. I am to tell you his fate.

Underarmache: Abratattacks? Does another want him? Does a student wish to take him away from me? Oh joy, the little pest is no longer mine!

Thetruthabuse: Nay, no news of joy I bring. How can I say it? I pray to Kiss-slinger, god of messengers and sweet sounding words, to place the proper words on my tongue. Your son, Abratattacks, is to be taken to the Coliseum! There—it's out. I have said it.

Underarmache: The Coliseum! But that is the horrible place where—

Thetruthabuse: Yes. There is a concert now in progress and, as usual, the students defy the rules by smoking grass which the smoke thereof shall enter and putrify the lungs of little Abratattacks. It is against my will that this evil is done, for I believe one should drink first and then work up to grass and hard drugs. Please remember, I am but a messenger and say what I am commanded to.

Underarmache: Then I am not to lose him? I have to take care of the little monster, and he, high on the drugs I am denied! His pleasure is the same as that of Polly Xanthippe, and both are devised to torment me. Oh, do my sorrows never cease?

Thetruthabuse: It is the wish of our leaders that he does not grow up with a sane mind to avenge his father's banishment and gain power for himself; so we will try to violate his mind with drugs. His fate is to become like us: high on a false euphoria of temporary unna-
tural drugs, to escape reality and confuse wild thoughts with truth. He shall become a student!

Underarmache: My child, why do you cry? Do you wish to retain your childhood innocence and remain pure and unscathed by the doctrines of false learning? O come close to your mother! Don't let go. Stay and become an ignorant bore like your father. Do not go to replace your natural wisdom with the fantasies of the student world. You wish to escape from me and the students? Ah, my poor child, that is not possible; you are bound to both of us by the fate of society and structure. You are doomed by the system to a life of knowledgeable ignorance no matter who you join.

EXIT THE TRUTH ABUSE WITH ABRAT ATTACKS AND UNDERARMACHE.

ENTER MANO'FAILURES WITH ATTENDANTS.

Mano'failures: Today is the glorious day that shall see me lay my girl, Heller. I came not necessarily to destroy the University, but to get the man who took my girl. Also, I came to seek out that girl who was mine—I don't want to say her name. And I won't take action here, as planned, but will wait till I get back to her room. (to the students) What are you waiting for? Go in and get her!

Heckofa: If you punish her, do it rightly. Take away her birth control pills. But be careful, don't let her enchant you by her beauty; she has tricks. Take her pills away now!

ENTER HELLER.

Heller: Mano'failures! What is my fate? You've tried to scare me by dragging me out here by force.

Mano'failures: Every man voted to take away your pills. That is your fate.

Heller: Let me defend myself.

Heckofa: Let her speak. I will be her accuser.

Mano'failures: O.K. But let her know, I only do it for your sake.

Heller: Who should I blame first? Heckofa, who gave birth
to the man who was the cause of this trouble? Or President Narc, who allowed his birth in spite of the rumor the child was not his? Should I blame the goddesses, those three congressmen's wives? Peerless judged their beauty, and one of them bribed him to accept me after she bribed me to seduce him. How could I renounce my female nature by refusing money as a bribe? I cannot refuse money, the controller of women's hearts. You should blame that goddess and not me; I just followed nature and the desires of my sovereign goddess. Do you try to defy the desires of the immortals?

Chorus: Speak, Queen Heckofa; reveal her lies!
Heckofa: Why should the goddesses bribe Heller and Peerless? Why should they crave to be thought so beautiful? To gain better husbands? Their husbands now control the country. Why should they risk losing the University which brings them money from students and taxpayers? No, you seduced him yourself, Heller, because he was so beautiful. Besides, where is the bribe money you speak of? You show us no money?

Heller: But, I spent it already, any girl would!
Heckofa: You're lying. Why would you spend your own money when you have a boyfriend to leech off of? No female would spend her own money! You wanted the money of my son, Peerless.

Chorus: Mano'failures, punish your girl; take away her pills.
Mano'failures: Yes, I agree. She deserted me by her own designs. I'll take her now to her room and destroy the pills.

Heller: I'm innocent! Please don't do that!
Heckofa: Don't listen to her! Don't wait to go to her room. Write out a note to the pharmacist to withhold her pills right here! If you wait, she'll seduce you and then you'll not take her pills away.

Mano'failures: No. We shall go to her room; I cannot write. But I'll not accompany her so she won't seduce me. I shall meet her there with my friends.
EXIT MANO'FAILURES WITH HELLER
AND HIS FRIENDS.

Chorus: Weep Iowa Straight! Weep for the ravaged class­
rooms, the lost checking accounts. Weep for poor
Abratattacks who shall become a student! Weep for
Heckofa who has to take care of him and pay his tui­
tion!

ENTER THE TRUTHABUSE WITH
ABRATATTACKS IN A DELIRIUM

The truthabuse: Here is your grandson Heckofa, as deluded
and bewildered as the rest of the students.

Heckofa: Bring the checkbook of Lecture here. Tie it on a
string to put around his neck in memory of his father.
You poor child, deceived and confused by the students.
How was the concert? Oh, you are so stoned you can­
not speak! Poor, poor child! At least, maybe, you'll be
more placid and manageable for me. Nevertheless, I'll
have to fund your tuition when you grow old enough
to go to school. Oh grief! Cruel fate! There is no more
hope!

The truthabuse: When you hear the sound of the student
fight song sung by students leaving the concert to go
to the football game, you shall leave. Depart to your
assigned masters to comfort them in their beds tonight.
(to students) Burn the classroom remains! Destroy the
remnants of this university!

THE RAZED WALLS OF THE BUILDINGS BEGIN TO
BURN AND THE SOUND OF THE FIGHT SONG IS
HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

Chorus: Alas! Our fate beckons and cries!
Heckofa: All is lost!
Chorus: We depart to poverty and hopeless existence!
Heckofa: My life is finished! Gone and no one left to weep
for it!

Chorus: Farewell, Iowa Straight! Students, warm your beds
and notify your laundry service: We come!

EXEUNT.