

Two Plays

By MINA LOY

I

COLLISION

Huge hall—disparate planes, angles—
whiteness—central arc-light—blaze

Emptiness—

But for one man—

A dependant has shut the door—

Man: "Back! Bang door! Succession
— incentive — ejection — idea — space
—cleared of nothings—leaves everything—
material—exhaustless creation!"

Stares blankly into arc-light—presses
electric button—shattering insistant noise
surrounds room—intermittently arc-light
extinguishes—vari-colored shafts of light-
ning crash through fifty-nine windows at
irregular heights—the floor worked by pro-
pellers—rises and falls irrhythmically—the
disymetric receding and incursive planes
and angles of walls and ceiling interchange
kaleidescopically to successive intricacies—
occasional explosions irrupt the modes of

DISHARMONY.

Man rushes floor—with gesture of vet-
eran mariner in hurricane—

As the pandemonium of sound and mo-
tion increases—he calms—

Man: "At last—vibration is intensified
to the requisite ratio—for every latent con-
scious and sub-conscious impulse to respond
to automatically — completely — virility
ceases to be implicated in disintegrant auto-
stimuli—leaving the Nucleus free for self-
activity—

Expansion—Extension—Intension—

CREATION—"

The vibrations accelerate to super—
velocity—reach the static—the light is uni-
form—the planes uniplane—motion repose
—din silence—

The man rigid—his mind concentrated—

Out of the attained unison—a new tre-
mor produces itself—as it graduates to the
primary celerity—in a secondary Incep-
tion—

the curtain falls—

the curtain falls—

II

CITTÀBAPINÌ

Scene 1

NOON

A greenish man stares blankly at the city
—the city stares back at him—

EVENING

He smiles at the city—the city roars with
laughter—

MORNING

He makes grimaces at the city—the city
puts out its tongue, a dawn-reflecting tape
of river, at the greenish man—

The greenish man—battling—"You are
too big—I must eat you—"

The city swallows him—

The greenish man—stifling—"I am not
at home in you—"

The city spits him up—

The greenish man—execrating a passing
woman—"You are not a man—"

A man passes—

ROGUE

Two Plays

The greenish man—"Horrific resemblance to myself—I am not—unless—disparate to the neighbors—I am—to prove myself unique—"

The greenish man climbs to mountains vertex—to meditate on differentiation—prior to conclusion—

The mountain shakes him off—

The greenish man—rolls down into the city again—

The curtain falls in the mud—

Scene 2

The city is fast asleep—

The greenish man—wide-awake—

The greenish man—with a stylograph and a bouquet of manuscript—is spreading himself over the city—feverishly—"Now I shall never see anything but myself—"

He drops a tear into the river—

The river washes him away—

He smiles into the sun—

The sun receives the greenish man—
And burns the city up—

The curtain does not fall

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