Dr Memory in the Dream Home

Script for Musical Theatre Piece for the music of Stuart Davies Slate

This script was generated from Stuart Davies Slate's concept and written for his music. Funded by the Music and Literature Boards of the Australia Council, the production of Dr Memory in the Dream Home for the 1990 Festival of Perth was commissioned by Evos, directed by Andrew Ross and performed at the Perth Institute of Contemporary Art with Camilla Sobb as Marseer, Helen Doig as Justina, James Hagan as Barry Rank, Susie Evans as Esta Marvell and Hartley Newman as Dr Memory.

SYNOPSIS:
Marseer, the manic virgin, strays from the confines of her quarter acre plot and the family romance in which she has been trapped. She somnambulates into a Display Home where there's an attempt to deflect her desires towards the consumable vistas of the White Home Dreaming. Barry Rank, Minister for Housing of the New Phantom Corporate Labour Party and Esta Marvell, Real Estate Agent of the Decade are there to seduce her. However, with the presence of Justina, chardonnay socialist and amateur urban ethnographer and Dr Memory, the singing provocateur, the Dream Home becomes a spinning mixmaster of images, a tug of war between consumer and erotic fantasies and the sordid realities its inhabitants would forget. (The R and I Tower sold with the sky-line from the Dream Home is the Pinochet Fix, the Bond link with the Chile Telephone Company and all that this entails.) Marseer tries to reactivate in this new dream space her own fantasy collection of lovers and husbands One, Two, Three. Walking the dog can after all lead one's desires astray.

Dr Memory in the Dream Home

DR MEMORY:

We sell you the gleaming
Pinochet fix
on the sky-line
with the city-line,
the hill-line,
the song-line,
the story-line, all vistas yours to compose from the sweet dream home. Here's a site vacated exclusively for you!

MARSEER: What's the set I've strayed into? You want me to talk? What are these players doing here? What do they think they can coax out with their instruments? I'll not confess. If you like I'll translate whispers from the wings. (Looking at musicians) Whose voices do they think they're channelling? — Doh ray ... and what about me? ... They think they can say what escapes me ... I'll speak but it won't be true, it's simply something I did to give me material.

DR MEMORY: But isn't that life, something we do to furnish a story we can tell about our life?

ESTA MARVELL: Could you tell me how you came to be here? We didn't advertise, after all . . .

MARSEER: I was lying in bed with my third husband . . . The phone rang. (Slides of satellite controlled telecommunication systems . . . Interior: interrogation cell, naked bulb swinging.)

JUSTINA: A phone-call in the night can be terror.

The Phone Rings:

BARRY RANK: That'll be for me.

DR MEMORY: Avaricious Holdings . . . Buy 441
Sell 882 . . .
Greedy Investments . . .

MARSEER (looking at the other actors and then at the audience): I was lying . . .
No this is not a confession. Don't lick your greasy lips. I can see your eyes swivelling their jelly through the dark. I can feel your earholes tuning for hot words straight from me. What are you looking for here? That's what I'd like to know. I never thought it would be like this. I have an appointment too with . . .

ESTA (to Justinia): Do you think she's legit? Or just one of the Sunday cruisers, peeking in all the dream homes, with no intention . . .
(Rising babble as all discuss Marseer . . .)

BARRY RANK: Our government offers medium density developments for the post-nuclear family. We're not after puncturing your dreams. Our party is into dream renovation and accommodation. Yes, this is our Vision, tele, micro and macro. It's got to be the Decade of Introspection. Australians don't want to look outside anymore because, as you know and I know, there's been a 17% erosion in real terms of our dreams be they dry, wet, night or day dreams. Have you got that Harry? Could this woman be an envoy from the Opposition, here to disrupt, a state housing stray? But we've re-sited them in Woopwoop . . . The single mothers, the late developers . . .
(slides of Homeswest ghettos)

MARSEER: The voices won't leave me alone. You'd think it'd be easy, wouldn't you, to take off in a dream but it always leads me to such crowded places . . . This isn't company I want to keep, I don't like their looks at all . . .

ESTA MARVELL (murmuring hypnotically):
Atrium and sauna involving native flora jacuzzi, gazebos and endless placebos for action . . .
With bull-nose verandah
the semi-character home
has instant past appeal
instant past appeal .

**MARSEER: (above heads of audience)**
The babble, the babble, been here before . . . If only I could get beyond the memory line . . . I was looking for Nigh . . . His name has gone just like that! He'd be able to tell me. I was lying with my third husband when . . . It was Nigh's voice . . . He used to do voice-overs for TV. I always loved him most when his voice and body were separate. He lives at the edge of a park unnamed in a suburb unnamed, fleeing in your rear-vision mirrors . . . Perhaps he's here too. (scrutinizing audience) He's a Developer; perhaps he's one of you? (looking at Barry) He's dark like you, has a touch of the Scot in his lilt and always smelled of a sea sweat. Unlike you. In fact, he's well equipped: fork-lift, ditch-witch, bob-cat . . . I won't go on if you prefer your own images. My story is not about torture, it's about the . . . devious nature of desire.

**DR MEMORY (quoting to the spectators):**
You may say the space
between you and her,
between you and
the world of objects
is a no-man's land;
you may state it so,
as Terra Nullis,
if you're up yourselves

...(Beckett with liberties)

**BARRY RANK:** A phonecall in the night can be terror, you say. You know as well as I do that as long as we remain without pasts, without names, there will be no terror. There's nothing to fear, here. Nothing's a good start. This is a free country. We must speak in the future. Yes, we can invent. Take inventories of the new. That's freedom.

**JUSTINA:**
I came here to get away
from the antics of colonists
clutching at the coast,
and what do we have?
Stupid talk of nothing!
There's no blank page,
nothing unsing. *(Notes in pad.)*

*(Silence . . . with structuring music)*

**DR MEMORY:**
This has been a pregnant silence,
but it's the pregnancy of nothing
we'll have to abort.

**MARSEER:**
If nothing's pregnancy that's terror.
But of course you wouldn't know
my phantom pregnancies.
When I met him on the verge,
I knew . . .
JUSTINA (under hot spot light, looking towards spectators):
Terror is waiting
in a lit room
with no-one visible watching.

DR MEMORY:
No, it's the freedom to remember
that counts. Amnesia,
that's the official policy,
remember?

JUSTINA:
You're talking,
that's always from the past.
Words don't spring up new,
they sweat, they drip,
they're fingerprinted,
they carry the rot from before.

BARRY RANK:
(slides of Terra Nullis — bulldozed sites)
Nothing is always what people begin with.
There are infinite nothings.
Nothing, call it desert,
clean sheet, blank page,
call it the great unmapped,
nothing's a beginning.

DR MEMORY sings:
Naive, naive.
That's what you want to be.
Bank, new.

ESTA MARVELL (echoed by Dr Memory):
The semi-character home provides for a reasonable $250,000, five bedrooms all with ensuite, mezzanine dining, breakfast room, formal sitting, casual lounge and formal lounge. All with oregon pine and jarrah skirtings, balustrades and quarterround, saunas involving atrium views and or jacuzzi can be had for a mere $20,000. Orangerie space is provided for . . . The double carport with its turned posts and spindled gables is a basic feature of the New Federation Semi-Character Home . . .

JUSTINA:
Nothing is a cluttered place, no man's land is crowded. Always, always.
I went inside this country once
to get away from shoreline wisdom
I only wanted to hear the spirit maps ringing, welling . . .

DR MEMORY (on tape, voice hushed, fading):
Ringing welling
ringing welling . . .
And now you've been there, 
done that.
Remember before your remembering. 
*(Looking at Marseer, lying in her shades)*

She is pregnant with something, is it life, is it death? My voice will make her
swoon and yet it could be another. She mistakes it, calls the one close at hand, my
love, my love, but wanting developments from the distant one, she finds the words
escaping her. She is confident in her genius for travel. She is pan-sexual; letting the
traffic's hum solely occupy her, she comes.
I am utterly in my body.
My voice is its expression.
But you can sing through me,
I sing me me me *(pitched)* . . .

**JUSTINA:** Doh ray me indeed . . . Just look at our Seer in her raybans there . . .
*(slides: blood drenched zoning maps of real estate developments)*

Nostril dilate, tongue delivers
little sounds that twitch and shiver,
through the blood that rolls forever
*(Tennyson with liberties)*

Trying out a new reclining pose she remembers. Just imagine her efforts to dream
herself out of the state housing plot. Give her a go. I suppose you’re going to tell
her this is the development she wanted all along.

**MARSEEER:** Yes Mother, I’m coming Father . . .

**DR MEMORY:**
She will not readily say this, and indeed, it's enough to put anyone off —
This middle-aged woman lives with her aging parents.
They passed away years ago
but their voices are still in full control.
**ALL (except Justina and Dr Memory):**
There must be something wrong.
There must be something wrong.
With her personal development.
With her sexuality.
Living with her parents
on their quarter acre plot!

**DR MEMORY:** Trust you Real Estate people . . . The blurred edge of her dream
recedes . . .

**MARSEEER:** I dreamed the ending of it all in my suburb: but I had to absorb
its death . . . My companion was a flat man, who strayed from someone else’s
story . . . Perhaps he’s your husband, or yours or yours or yours or yours? Or did
I ever know him?

*(MUSIC THROUGHOUT as Marseer is joined by Barry (who becomes the Flat
Companion)*

It came with no visible agent. It was simply there, about to happen. As my
increasingly flat companion and I came to the top, we were alert to the overstatement
of the sky, deepening beyond bright racing clouds.

**BARRY RANK AND MARSEEER:** *(laughing)*
Just look at that!

**MARSEEER:** In the folds of one of the clouds, there was an intensification of
blackness. We gripped one another in recognition of the shallowness of our laughter.
The cloud organized itself around an anus-like formation, a sucking centre from
which billows issued with unspeakable speed. We waited for the bang, cupping our
ears. We quaked on the path. No shelter. On the tuart before us, each leaf was given shocking definition by a sweeping luminosity. I was pinned to the pavement with the gravity of a paper weight. As if it was up to me to anchor the scene, to keep all the surfaces from final detachment. My companion collapsed softly like a felt figure, like the Little Prince dying. He folded into the pavement slabs, into the disappearance of his own shadow. I took his shape in my arms and watched the radiation ripple from the cloud centre. I saw the full spectrum in frizzy waves. I was reminded of my mother’s hair. Then Father’s cap of white bristles danced before me. Returning home was unthinkable. I knew I was radiant, terribly so. We would have to retire to the cove of green light under the wattles which presented themselves at the edge of the park. I would let unconsciousness lap over me until I fused with my companion.

DR MEMORY (chanting, woman’s voice, mock Scottish): Go on, go on m’lass, take your pleasure but of course y’know where that’ll lead you, no I don’t expect you thought to pick up Father’s drycleaning, so many other things on y’r mind, it’s too much to ask, I’ll go in the morning myself although Doctor says I mustn’t overdo it with my arthuritus, but no my dear, I’ll manage, I’m sure, I did your washing for you by the way, Marseer, that mini-skirt, surely you don’t mean to wear that, it’d be mutton dressed as lamb (masculine voice, again Scottish) . . . Have you seen to your insurance yet, I wish you’d taken a page from our book and not borrowed from the A.G.C., you need your head read, it’s usurious, your mother and I have always paid cash for everything, do you realize we had to suffer the indignity of a summons this morning, a policeman on the mat . . .

(slides of police interrogations from Australia to Chile)

DR MEMORY:
A policeman on the mat!
A policeman on the mat!

MARSEER: With the voices pitching so, my blood would dance and die . . . I was lying in bed with my third husband, not the Sleeping Prince when the phone rang . . .

JUSTINA (fatigued): A phonecall in the middle of the night can be terror.

DR MEMORY: (slides/music)
Terror is waiting
in a lit room
with no-one visible watching.

JUSTINA: Terror is excessive visibility before one disappears. (Writing in pad murmuring.) This must be why locals fetishize the atrium these days. The introversion policy. Zero Visibility to the outside . . .

MARSEER: The phone rang. It turned out to be my man from the park.

BARRY RANK: (Scottish) I have Gaston. Your dog, Gaston. What? You didn’t miss him? Yes, I got your number off his collar. I’ll be waiting for you then. Aye, on the verge.

MARSEER: The man who lay at my side when I took the call said:

BARRY RANK (masc. Australian): Who is it? What does he want?

ALL (mouthing) DR MEMORY sings:
Should she go to the dream companion at the edge of the park?
Is it only the separation
of the voice from the real
substance of the body
that seduces?

MARSEER: You see I’m lying in bed with a man I’d like to call my dream husband, no, he is not my father, a man big like I fancy them big, a man with a
huge barrel of a chest and awesome thighs. And now this voice percolating through
the holes resonates in the body doubling mine and makes me mourn for all men
insubstantial, for all men of my dreaming, for all my flat companions. Will I find
him in the dream home? On the park's edge?

The mirror says in my father's voice:

**BARRY RANK** *(Scottish)*: What does he want? What did he say?

**MARSEER**: He has my dog. He's found Gaston. The mirror man says:

**BARRY RANK** *(again as Marsein's Scottish father)*: Are you doing this to give
him back real volume, because you murdered him in your dream? Let's see if he
gives you more than a glimpse of his biography this time.

**MARSEER** *(scrutinizing audience)*: I will invent an encounter for you... I was
lying in bed with my third husband, a man big like I like them big, a man with
a huge barrel of a chest and awesome thighs. Over the years I had trained him to
accept what I called my intermissions, my absences. He started with the tender facial
careses I needed before the developments he kneened towards.

The phone rang.

*(The phone rings. Again, Barry answers it, this time receiving bulletin on floods,
rising temperatures, melting polar ice-caps etc. He delivers his policy statement to
the phone but also to the fantasized audience before him.)*

**BARRY RANK**: Look, I'll tell you where we stand on the environment. Enough
of saving the wilderness elsewhere. I ask you how Antarctica, Tasmania or Kakadu
is going to change your lifestyle here on this Albino coast. Reduce the wilderness
to bonsai size and import it here, I say! Bring it on home! For each and every West
Australian, his or her share. Carve it up! That's democracy. We're bringing a little
outback into every home: I say let each living room and sleeping zone of every West
Australian have atrium wilderness involvement! By the year 2000 I promise a
Tasmanian tree fern for every atrium and in later developments, your own Tasmanian
Wolf, yes a free Thylacine hologram to complete the picture.

**MARSEER**: My third husband asks me questions, getting me to confess. What
am I imagining, he says, what does this guy think he's doing ringing up so late?
But he's trying to get me to unsheathe myself. Well, I know that exaggerated
confessions preserve something inviolate. I say to him: *(delivers these words to Barry,
who takes up the role)*: Yes, of course, he's my Phantom Lay, waiting for me like
Heathcliff at the edge of the park, his velvet cloak flapping in the black wind, the
dog, of course, just the alibi we agreed upon.

**JUSTINA**: She finds, even in this rehearsal, that she begins to lose herself, saying
*I* is taking her to crowded places, she is the dog, the stranger from the park, stranger
and stranger. Look at her: she's afraid. She's strayed beyond the memory line, into
New Developments. The site has been cleared. The bulldozer dust has settled... The Developer looks squeaky clean. Perhaps this is love's true estate. The dream
opening doors within the dream.

**MARSEER** *(To Barry Rank)*: Oh! It's you!

**MEMORY** *(Sprechstimme)*:
She can see it in his smile
as he walks towards her,
his peignoir flapping open
in the black wind.
Is this a Harlequin Encounter Romance
or an episode hallucinated
in the margins of her story?
She doesn't know.
BARRY RANK (Scottish): I can think about nothing but you since I first saw you walking Gaston.

MARSEER (to the audience): Can I tell him that I dreamed of him flat, nothing at all, the prop my story needed? But your voice . . . Your voice won't leave me alone. (To Barry) I know your voice, I've heard it before, that . . . signature tune.

BARRY RANK (modest): I used to do voice-overs for TV. You probably heard it there.

MARSEER: I must go, here Gaston!

JUSTINA: And did she run back to her car, back to bed. The only problem was the dream husband wanted answers, wanted to weigh the evidence.

RANK: Well, what did that weirdo want?

MARSEER: Just as I told you, sweetheart, he was waiting like Heathcliff at the edge of the park.

BARRY RANK: (Mock American)
I get the picture,
He was waiting for you
in his Birthday suit,
waiting for you to call the toon.

MARSEER (Mock Deep South, à la Blanche):
I can call a toon.
I am Mar-seer,
I am self and other,
am manic virgin sunbathing
in my raybans on my lawn,
I am confident
in my genius to travel . . .

DR MEMORY (singing, to the tune of "In the Mood"):
I'm on the verge,
on the verge of something new.

MARSEER: There's a blown up image: a ruined landscape, fissured, tessellated; it's silver on black, invaginated then, a dark aperture in which something far and close as a sun blazes, torching the distances — I know it's my eye and the wrecked skin around it writ huge against my raybans but it's enough to set me off . . . I send myself along the amorous channels to the point of disappearance . . . Have I come too far? My capacity for love is enormous: I am pan-sexual, letting the traffic's hum solely occupy me, I come; I could make love to a pruned tree, understanding Van Gogh's propensity . . . Oh I am, as they say, just moaning in my birthday suit. Waiting in my skin. Sizzling for a song.

JUSTINA: I've met that type before, these superannuated hippies who think they're Rimbaud as soon as they look at the inside of their shades. The seer, the prophet is a fascist at heart. Rimbaud ended up as a gun-runner in north Africa: it was a logical conclusion to the dream.

ESTA MARVELL: I'll show you what is real. From this exclusive site all citizens can view: the cityscape at night, river and ocean glimpses and the glorious ring of hills, from lilac to lavender: a panorama for every taste.

MARSEER:
It was my eye, thrown back through the cosmos;
it was death inside the raybans,
in me galleons, warships and traders,
white sails fluttering the black insignia.
But now I am an explorer of a different kind:
I refuse to leave my mark.
ESTA MARVELL: What you need darling is an appointment with Esta Marvell. Yes, that's Yours Truly. I am the Real Estate Agent of the Decade . . .

This is what we call the Semi-Character Home.

MARSEER: I follow my goddess Esta Marvell . . . Oh Mango Lady shining, through the skylight there . . . Show me the dream homes you've named after wines, the Verdelho, the Chenin Blanc, the Chardonnay . . . My parched quarter acre, my sundrenched verge has gone . . . I can just make out the albino coast under the sun . . . Is that the last whoosh whoosh of traffic or night insects awakening? . . .

JUSTINA: Just listen to our fake seer using what's available for the Reality Effect.

ESTA MARVELL: Now my dear we can really travel to dream homes, bid at the auctions until desire exhausts itself . . . I'll give you the rub of the realisable on the verge of fantasy.

Look at this one here. The Dutch bonnet gable gives it an instant mature look, don't you think: it belongs, echoing as it does, the colonial lines of the houses around . . . You don't just buy a home, you know, you buy a locality . . . Look at the Federation touches!

BARRY RANK: See, our government is doing all it can to encourage a sense of national identity, a sense of origins now now now . . . And we're looking after the needs of Middle Australia. You might say, what about me, what can Barry do for me? Maybe you think you don't rank with Middle Australia? I say each of you ranks with Barry. Are you the no-spouse, no-lover but the phantom lay, no certainty but in the random, no-pets but the video dog, no-thrills but cheap thrills? Are you swinging or marginal, AC or DC, radical celebrate or marginal voter err I mean virginal martyr? (to spectators) Are you, too, reduced to daydreaming on your verge? Oh yes, you've had in vitro dreams and phantom pregnancies . . . Are your kids and grand kids still ideas in the sperm bank? I say you can Bank on Barry Rank. We've got the plot for you. Multiply your daydreams with the Atrium Policy of New Phantom Corporate Labour.

ESTA MARVELL: First I'd like you to admire the terra-cotta roof tiles, with the distinctive Federation finials on the ridges, and the authentic clay pot topping the Corbell brick chimney! Add to this the panelled oregon front door complete with side lights and finials . . . But wait a minute! Don't miss the imitation shutters which give such a lovely decorative touch to the twin gables, don't they? These yester-year notes are married to the hyper-modern. See, the theme is echoed in the ornate cornices and central roses on the ceilings, the 15 cm moulded skirting . . . Look, even the quarterround is fluted!

MARSEER: But, I still can't get past the Chardonnay Display at Murdoch Fields . . .

ESTA MARVELL: Yes, it was like tasting a good wine, wasn't it?

MARSEER: It was like . . .

ESTA MARVELL (key words picked up by Dr Memory): And the mirrored ORANGERIE! The INVOLVEMENT of atrium and jacuzzi! The mirror gave you two for one, two Babylons for the price of one! And while, as I explained, the namesake in local wine is fruity, a clean drinking beverage that has you looking for more, it was the same overall effect . . . Panache and prestige.

MARSEER: The street elevation really gave me no idea. When you uncorked the Chardonnay Home for me, I didn't want to go back to sobriety . . .

ESTA MARVELL: Yes, it certainly can be a heady experience . . . What a nose, what a palette, what after-taste it had! But let me point out here the Burning Log Video is wittier by far than any real fire . . .

DR MEMORY (picking our syllables throughout the following speech from Esta): Video video is wittier by far
Texture junkies' perfect fix
Suspended from atrium
with greenhouse effect.

ESTA MARVELL: This ecological feature IS audio-visual co-ordination at its most modern, the extensive planters in dialogue with the raked walls, give the Texture Junky the perfect fix: they lend such definition to all transition spaces, don't they? First the dining area seems to be suspended between two gardens — a mirrored atrium complete with skylight while a floor to ceiling window gives view of the greenhouse — effect-ive isn't it! — And this hanging double garden boasts tree ferns especially imported from the wilderness of Tasmania . . .

JUSTINA: I'm just wild about the atrium . . .

DR MEMORY (singing to the tune of I love a Sunburnt country):
I love a bonsai wilderness
Where simulated genes
And holograms of fauna
Lend substance to our dreams . . .

BARRY RANK: What no-one and I repeat, no-one, in this debate has confronted is the real aspiration of the average West Australian to have an inner sanctum, an atrium where they can simply be themselves. Now isn't that the essence of democracy, to be yourself? To hear your voice repeated, in agreement, in unison, with yourself: See your bonsai wilderness go forth and multiply through our infinite mirror play? Who needs Tasmania? Who needs Kakadu? Who even needs a quarter acre plot? Now that's why my party has set in place Amnesia as its Policy: total erasure of the past, a clean slate, tabula rasa, terra nullis, bulldoze the site I say and start from scratch. The New Federation Home keeps you spinning in a blissful Now Now Now.

ESTA MARVELL: Now look at this cathedral ceiling here, you'll think there's no end to it — and extra? — you're wanting to ask, but not at all, a Basic Feature of the Semi-Character Home . . . And the balustrade in blonded oak features, for contrast, turned and fluted jarrah spindles, bringing you back to the bush in all its glowing glory . . . And there appears the mezzanine level: No, no it's more than that, it's an entertainment area for adults with its bar alcove and its 360 degree fresco of sea and clipper ships arriving.

BARRY RANK (to Marseer):
Yes yes yes my dear,
we'll find a little plot
for your own dream home
that's what this government's all about
forget th'expense of quarter acres
and the waste of verge
(triumphant)
We offer the postnuclear family
intro-versions for the nineties
bringing the outside in
bringing the outback down to bonsai size
herewith I'd like to launch
the Decade of the Atrium!

ALL (lead by DR MEMORY who says “They're . . .”):
We're the driven citizens of flash flash flash
we're the freeway citizens
in overdrive and overdraft
we overcome our shoreline angst
and claim our tamed interior
in the sheen of this veneer
where jarrah knows no die back
where mini-nature answers back:
*we're safe for ever here*
a site like god which multiplies
itself
we'll follow the signs and found the site
throw us the line Esta and we will chant
the song of the dream
the song of the sweet sweet
the song of the sweet dream home

**DR MEMORY:**
Have you heard
have you heard
it's enough to knock
the postman off his bike
I am that I am
I am that I am
If amnesia's not bliss well you could've
fooled me
I am I am amniotically buoyed
I hum for them the I poem
in the atrium
and all around the vacuumed
dream
home hear the hum
here the hum of I am
from the atrium!

**ALL (Dr Memory leads with “They’re . . .”):**
We're essentially ourselves
*ousia* is where we are
what easy breathers we can be
no wheezing in the sound track
from the inner shrine
of the atrium.

**DR MEMORY:**
Here's a man who wears guilt
like épaulette braid
a man of dapper dressing
pure silk ties
handstitched shoes

**BARRY RANK:**
A stitch in time saves nine
I can tell you
But I am the Time Collector
Never been a ribbon-snipper, baby-kisser
lacrymose confessor,
I deliver the goods in black and white
call me mortician if you like
between the tick of the beginning
and the tock of the ending
I'll trace your curve in time for you
sweet mortgagees I put your interest first
ALL:
Bank on bank bank on
Bank on Barry Rank
BARRY RANK:
I am the clock collector
time is money money time
in any nation worth its salt
that's the capital philosophy
let dividends mature
let dividends mature my sweets
and I'll say you're worth your salt
MARSEER (wistful, letting go of her fantasies):
He always smelled of a sea sweat.
I can't smell the salt on you.
I left him on the verge at the edge of the park . . .
I can see it now: we've come a long way,
it's a tiny line on the rim of vision . . .
I can see Gaston, his shadow travelling,
pulling Mummy and Daddy on his leash . . .
My third husband snores in his leggo bed,
my second turns in his grave
but since I lost him, my phantom lay,
all my loves develop in the dark
and till all the lakes are salt
I know . . .
BARRY RANK AND ESTA MARVELL:
It's closing time, you'd better sign . . . As for the options we'll let you have the
dark room for the price of a jacuzzi. How about that? A word with your bank
manager will fix the deal. We can even customize a view of the park for you . . .
BARRY RANK: We're sensitive to the needs of virginal martyrs in postnuclear
families everywhere. For girls like you pushed to the verge of your quarter acre plots,
we've a down market version, sans jacuzzi or gazebo but with endless placebos to
supply your needs.
ALL:
And may your sky lights
and dark rooms go forth and multiply
while the atrium projects for you
everything that your heart desires.
JUSTINA (notes in pad)
A dream opens doors within the dream:
and now she's travelling through the space
of the New Federation Semi-Character Home . . .
ALL:
Will she make them an offer on the sweet sweet,
is she doing a deal on the sweet dream home?
DR MEMORY (fading):
They sell you
the gleaming Pinochet fix
on the sky-line
with the city-line
the hill-line
the song-line
the story-line . . .