

We have been afflicted with lice,
 For a hundred years or so we have lived quietly,
 Succeeding in avoiding notice,
 Living and partly living.
 We have heard the mourning of the tui at nightfall
 We have tasted the living pipi, the toheroa, the oyster, and the prawn,
 and they have spawned in our bowels, and our bowels dissolve in the
 light of dawn.
 Oh, mud, mud, mud, mud, mud!
 There is nothing here for us,
 Nothing remarkable in any way -
 It's the end, girls, the end!
 We are lost. We are lost.
 We have heard the confabulations of weasels in the china shop,
 We have received singular warnings in the cough of the consumptive,
 We have seen wisdom in the whorls of the tattoo marks,
 Living and partly living.
 Our chimneys are smokeless; our implements rust in the fields,
 And our tall constructions are felled.
 Living and partly living -
 It's the end, girls, the end.

Miss Hongi I suppose no-one's found the key to the city yet?

Dame Smelly I daren't even look at the city in my present condition.

Maggie Your condition? (Excitedly) My dear, you don't mean that Dr. Weevilbole -

Dame Smelly (Coldly) I was referring to my mental condition.

Miss Hongi Oh well, we always knew there was something wrong with that.

(Enter Dr. Weevilbole. He holds in his arms a basket of apples)

Women Good morning, Dr. Weevilbole.

Weevilbole Good morning, girls. It's time for your morning apple.
 (The girls sulk) Come on dears, they're full of vitamins and iron.

Maggie But we hate iron!

Miss Hongi We're so terribly sick of apples!

Weevilbole Come now, girls! What do you think it is that's been keeping you alive all these years?

Dame Smelly Oh, don't think we're not grateful to you, Doctor, for keeping us alive like this. After all the men had been killed off in the last Great War to end war, we women would have died too, if you hadn't come to the rescue.

Weevilbole A lot of use it was perpetuating a lot of women! I'm reduced to praying for parthogenesis.

Maggie Oh, what's that? Is it a disease?

Dame Smelly Why didn't you get killed off in the war, Doctor?

Weevilbole (Uncomfortable) Well - er - er - I was so busily engaged in research that I - er - didn't realise there was a war on. Come on, now - eat up your apples like good little girls. (He hands out apples as he sings)

SONG - WEEVILBOLE WITH CHORUS

Eat an apple every day
 Apples keep the blues away:
 Munch your apples till you are
 Older than Methuselah!
 Apples have kept people well
 From Adam and Eve to William Tell.

So back it -
This racket -
It's useless to attack it.
Eat them daily - never slip -
Eat them till you get the pip!

Chorus So back it, etc.

It's strange how everyone begins
To praise the apple's vitamins;
The hoardings and the radios
Ensure that everybody knows
That you'll preserve your youthful grace
By paying four and ~~ix~~ six a case.
So back it, etc.

Chorus So back it, etc.

Dame Smelling (To Dr. Weevilbole) Have you found a way into the wonderful city that Woz yet?

Dr. Weevilbole Er - no - not yet.

Miss Hongi If we could only find the key/in the ivory wall! Just look at the city! I wonder what sort of beings inhabit it? I wonder if we know that we few women are living within a stone's throw?

Maggie Provided you throw far enough.

Dr. Weevilbole You know, there is mention in our sacred records of one Stalin, described as the wise and wonderful father of all the world's workers.

(The women all sigh bitterly)

Dame Smolly He must have been wonderful!

Dr. Weevilbole But hardly wise!

Dame Smolly If only the Wizard that Woz would tell us a way into the City!

Dr. Weevilbole Hush! Never mention the name of the Wizard that Woz! He belongs to the City of Woz, and is a great and powerful Wizard, and could do us all manner of harm.

(Enter the Tin Man and the Scarecrow (Fraser and Somple) dancing and singing)

DUET - TIN MAN AND SCARECROW

We want to see the Wizard,
The Wonderful Wizard that Woz!
We hear he is a whiz of a wiz
The wonderful Wiz that Woz!
If ever, oh ever, a Wiz there was,
The Wizard that Woz is one
Beeoz, becoz, becoz, becoz, becoz, becoz,
Beeoz of the wonderful things he's done.

Tin Man Is this the abode of the Wizard that Woz?

Dr. Weevilbole Yes - but where do you come from?

Miss Hongi Men! Some men actually escaped in the Great War!

(The girls cluster lovingly round the pair)

Tin Man It's useless, ladies - I haven't got a heart!

Scarecrow And I haven't got a brain!

(The girls withdraw)

Dr. Weevilbole How did you escape during the Great War?

Scarecrow Well, you see - we stayed at home to fight the capitalists.

Tin Man No - he's a little - (taps his forehead) - that was during the first Great War. In the second war we stayed at home to fight the Communists.

Dr. Weevilbole Do you want to see the Wizard?

Tin Man If you please, your Lectureship! Something happened to me in the great war - I lost my heart! No loving words - no words of kindness - have any meaning for me.

Scarecrow And I - during the great war - I lost my brain! It never was much good, but it was really quite valuable to me because it was the only one I had. Just imagine - I can't make up any new swear words! I can't understand what I'm doing! If only the Wizard could give me a brain!

Tin Man If I only had a heart!

Scarecrow If I only had a brain!

TRIO - WEEVILBOLE, SCARECROW AND TIN MAN.

Weevilbole Said a scarecrow with a horrid glower
To a tin man looking far from gay,
Oh the war put me in power,
But it also took my brain away,
And that is why I weep and sadly say!

Scarecrow I'd be able to do justice
To white ants and snufflebusters
Who are driving me insane
I'd draft some regulations
To hasten their cremations
If I only had a brain!
When with problems I am grapplin'
I'd not be like Charlie Chaplin -
Solutions would be plain!
I'd liquidate the snufflers
And the crawlers and the shufflers
If I only had a brain!
If they could use me I would go to war
On my bulldozer mounted as of yore,
I'd smash the Ziegfield Line and then some more!
Oh, I'd startle populations
With new-found imprecations,
I'd be myself again;
If my moustache were littler
I could be another Hitler
If I only had a brain!

Weevilbole Said a tin man, with a grimace sour,
To a scarecrow in a future day,
"Oh the war put me in power,
But it also took my heart away,
And that is why I weep and sadly say!"

Tin Man I'd distribute warm pyjamas
To the Taranaki farmers -
That would be the start,
And terminate dissension
With an unemployment pension
If I only had a heart!
Lee did his best to baulk us
In the Labour Party caucus
So we asked him to depart;

But I'd express my sorrow
 By writing to "Tomorrow"
 If I only had a heart!
 I'd love each person underneath my sway -
 I'd even try to love the B.M.A.
 I'd give George Forbes a knighthood straight away.
 I'd cease at once from snarlin'
 At the followers of Stalin,
 And I would take their part -
 You will see that I'm inferring
 I could be another Goering
 If I only had a heart!

Tin Man)
Scarecrow) You will see I am inferring, etc.
) If my moustache were littler, etc.

Woevilbole Well - er - ladies - shall we proceed to call the Wizards?

Dame Smelly Please - let's.

Dr. Woevilbole We shall start the hymn to summon the Wizard.

CHORUS

We want to see the Wizard, etc.

(The stage grows dark. A sudden spotlight shoots out on to the top of the altar. Clouds of dense smoke arise above the altar, and a huge head is seen in the middle of it. The head bears a remarkable resemblance to the wise and wonderful Stalin)

Voice I am the Wizard that Woz, the great and terrible Wizard. Who are you, and why do you summon me?

Scarecrow Oh, mighty Wizard that Woz, give me a brain! My lack of a brain's becoming obvious even to my friends! I'm even getting favourable write-ups in the metropolitan dailies!

Tin Man Oh, great and wonderful Woz - I haven't got a heart! The Great War, so many years ago now, took it away! It wasn't a handicap in those days, but now it is terrible! (Beating his chest) Ah, mine is a hard case!

Voice I can see that. And what do you women want of me, the great and terrible Woz?

Whui Tu Oh, mighty Woz, you come from the great city beyond the ivory wall! Can you not give us a key - because we're so terribly, terribly inhibited?

Voice I will grant your demands if you will kill the Wicked Witch of the West.

Tin Man Who is the Wicked Witch of the West?

Voice The Irreverent Stormy Blurtin.

Tin Man The Irreverent Stormy Blurtin?

Tin Man)
Scarecrow) Ah, that name! Remorse, remorse!

Voice Kill the Wicked Witch of the West and I shall satisfy your demands. That is all.

(The lights slowly go up)

Scarecrow Oh dear - I never killed anyone in my life!

Tin Man What shall we do? I couldn't hurt a fly!

(They weep)

Dame Smelly Has anyone ever seen or heard anything of ~~the wicked witch~~ Blurtin?

Dr. Weevilbole No-one ~~is~~ ever gets a chance to hear him. He is a terrible and wicked witch - he actually quotes from the Bible!

(Everyone is horror-stricken)

Tin Man But how are we going to kill him? Ha - an idea! May I use your telephone, please?

(Dr. Weevilbole takes a telephone from his gown and hands it over)

Dr. Weevilbole All modern conveniences.

Tin Man (Dialling) Are you there? Is that the City of Woz? I understand the Wicked that the Wicked Witch of the West is holding a meeting in Spanners Street tonight? What's that? Oh, good!

(To the others) He says a lot of men from Fort Forcot are going to break up the meeting. (To the telephone) Your course is plain, then - you must arrest him in order to protect him from these savage men. Yes - put him in the dungeons for ninety days. Thank you so much.

Scarecrow But how will that help us?

Tin Man We can tell the Wizard he's dead - and when the Witch comes out of the dungeon, it'll be too late for the Wizard to do anything about it.

Dame Smelly Come on, then - let's summon the Wizard again. But what about Hone and Heko? Wouldn't they like to see the Wizard, too?

Miss Hongi Something seems to hxb happened to those moas. When I remember them in the old days they were very different. Hone! Heko!

(Enter right two lawn mowers. They halt in the centre of the stage)

Dame Smelling The wicked witch must have put a spell on them.

Dr. Weevilbole It's just an example of the tendency toward's mechanisation of the modern age.

Miss Hongi (Sobbing) No - take them away - I can't stand it! They're so different to what they used to be!

(The mowers exit left.)

Dame Smelly Come - let us t ll the Wizard the Wicked Witch is dead!

CHORUS

Ding Dong! The Witch is dead!
Which old Witch? The wicked witch,
Ding Dong! The Wicked Witch is dead!
Let the "Evening Roast" rejoice -
Splash it in the "People's Voice" -
Ding Dong! The Wicked Witch is dead!
She's gone where the jail-birds go, below,
Below, below, yo ho! We've captured her at last!
Sing and let the Wizard see
What we've done for Democracy -
Let him know the Wicked Witch is dead!

(The same business of smoke, Stalin's head, etc., as before)

Voice I am the Wizard that Woz, the great and terrible Wizard. Who are you and why do you summon me?

Tin Man We've killed the Wicked Witch of the West, oh mighty Wizard!

Voice Already? Dear me, this is very awkward. Couldn't you come back tomorrow?

Tin Man No - give me a heart!

Scarecrow Give me a brain!

Girls Give us the key to the ivory door.

(They advance towards the altar. There is a sudden crash, and the lights go full on. The screen has fallen down, and Dr. Weevilbole is disclosed standing with a microphone on a table and a complicated looking radio set which he is operating. The denouement is just the same as in the Wizard of Oz)

Dr. Weevilbole Dear dear - that was careless of me.

Whui Tu You!

Dame Smelly You mean to say that Dr. Weevilbole -

Miss Hongi It's been him all the time! He's the Wizard that Woz!

A Pioneer You're a fraud!

A Maori Let's drop him over the cliff!

(The women advance on Dr. Weevilbole)

Dr. Weevilbole Here - just a minute - I'm really not a bad Wizard - though I'm not a very good one either - but I may be able to do something for you. Let's see - you want a brain, don't you?

Scarecrow Oh yes, your lectureship.

Dr. Weevilbole Well, I can't give you a real brain - but I can give you the equivalent of it, - a University Diploma. Come here.

(The Scarecrow goes over to him. The orchestra plays 'Gaudemus')

Dr. Weevilbole By the authority of the Senate of the University of Aotearoa, I John Weevilbole, acting on behalf of the Chancellor do hereby confer upon the Scarecrow the Nth Degree of this University. Congratulations, my friend.

Scarecrow Oh, thank you, your Lectureship. And does this make me really brainy?

Dr. Weevilbole It's considered so in some circles, at any rate, but we'll make absolutely sure. You know that age is equivalent to wisdom, don't you? Well, I'm going to give you a badge to prove that you've lived in Aotearoa for 200 years - that's longer than any of us. So you'll really be the wisest of us all!

Scarecrow Oh - will I really?

Dr. Weevilbole I am glad to present you with this Centennial Ribbon, with the Compliments of the Minister of Infernal Affairs. But don't go yet. There's something else I've got for you. Here's a book of the latest American slang. That'll keep you going for the rest of your life.

Tin Man Now - what about me?

Dr. Weevilbole Oh yes - you want a heart, don't you? Well, come over here, Now, I can't give you a real heart, but I can give you these. (Hands him a bundle of little cards) These are love letters from the penny-in-the-slot

at the Sesquicentennial Exhibition. Read these, and you'll find it'll be just as good as having a heart. And here is a bottle of White Horse Whisky - that'll give you heart for anything. And - or - don't go yet - I've got a special gift for you. This is a book of Emergency Regulations - one for every day of the week and two for Sundays.

Tin Man O; thank you, your lectureship! Your kindness is overpowering! Think of it - I can feel a heart!

Dame Smelly What about us? What about the key to the ivory door?

Dr. Weevilbole Well, that's very simple. I have the key in my pocket.

Dame Smelly You - you've really got the key to the City of Woz.?

Dr. Weevilbole Yes - here it is. Oh, dear, this is awful!

Miss Whui What's the matter?

Dr. Weevilbole I- I'm afraid I've lost it! I've lost the key to the door in the ivory wall. I'm really awfully sorry.

Dame Smelly Well, that's the end, then! We might as well give up the ghost.

Maggie Which ghost, Dame Smelly?

Dr. Weevilbole Wait a moment - I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got the visitors' book of the city here, and you can all sign it. That'll be evidence that you've actually been to the City.

Miss Hongi At last!

Whui Tu Our heart's desire.!

(The women crowd round and sign the book)

Dr. Weevilbole Isn't it a lovely view from the top of the tower? By the way, there's a prize for the 50th person to sign the book - a free copy of my latest book, "The Exploration of my Bach Garden".

Dame Smelly Well, Dr. Weevilbole, we must thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your kindness to us.

Dr. Weevilbole Ha ha - I've got yet another surprise for you! I'm not Dr. Weevilbole at all!

Miss Hongi Not Dr. Weevilbole - then who are you?

Dr. Weevilbole I have been fooling you all these years. Do you know who I am?

Dame Smelly Speak, your lectureship!

Dr. Weevilbole I am Mr. Winston Churchill!

(He takes a nautical pose with a telescope; orchestra plays the last bars of "Rule Britannia")

CHORUS

(Air - "Over the Rainbow")

Somehow over in Europe
Bullets fly.

(Remainder to be written later)