Sayonara,
or,
The Testing of the Poet.

A One-Act Play, by
Ernest Hervilly,
Engleared and Edited by
Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie,
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This is the Copy, specially inscribed for

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Copyright, 1912, by Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie.
The scene represents the suburbs of Yeddo (now Tokyo), under the ancient copses of Shiba, on a clear summer's night, in a thatch-roofed hut.

At the rising of the curtain it appears, in a frame of vast dark foliage, standing out from the starry sapphire of the night sky.

In the interior, furnished by several delicate and fragile pieces, are objects of art, and flowers, on mats, before a very low table; beside the table burns a high lamp, in a paper lantern. Beside it is crouching the poet Kami; a thick roll of spangled paper, a fine ink palette in a lacquer box, and brushes, lie on the table.

At the back, a large bay window formed by shutters of trellised bamboo, arranged in original fashion.

To the left, entrance formed by movable shutters; to the right, portiere of strung pearls, opening into another room. Rustic wooden sandals are set on the threshold.

SCENE I.

KAMI. (Enthusiastically, with raised brush)
Such, on the sandy shore, the restless waves Hasten and surge!—such, from my brush flow forth
Stanzas: eight thousand, two hundred, sixteen!
My poem progresses, to my delight!

(Not without some regret.)
Alas! Only ten thousand lines—no more?
Yet, in the fields, ten thousand flowers please, And dissipate the wanderer's dismay.
There! Let us rest! And let us smoke a pipe!
SAYONARA

(He takes and opens a fan which, folded up, was stuck in the collar of his robe, near his ear. After having fanned himself, he closes the fan, and sticks it in his belt, from which hang a miniature silver pipe and tobacco pouch. He fills his pipe, and while rising to light it from the fire of a little brasier, says:)

The sultriness, the inspiration's glow,
Choke me: More air! The casements must be oped!

(He slides in their grooves the casements which form the back bay-window, and puffing a little on his pipe, contemplates for a moment the poetic picture of the landscape, which reaches to the majestic form of the sacred volcano, Fusijama.)

Fair Night! The radiant stars shimmer as if
Eyes of the brave, and glances of the fair!

(His pipe finished, he puts it back in his belt, takes out his fan, fans himself, returns to his dear poem, which he unrolls to its whole immensity, by a light tap of his fan. Kneeling down again before his table, he sticks his fan again behind his ear, and takes a brush; but before tracing a letter, he cries with joy:)

Here, fleeing from the town, where rascals prowl,
I am, of all Japan, the happiest man.
Beloved Solitude! * * *

(Three charming female heads appear, one at the entrance, one at the back in the bay-window, the third from among the pearls of the portiere of the inner door.)

Silence beloved!

(Here, three ironical bursts of laughter, answering each other like echoes, interrupt him; and the three female heads disappear suddenly; while the poet, astonished, turns; and seeks to guess what could have produced these singular sounds, so unexpected at this nocturnal hour. He does not guess, but he smiles, and says with a nod of an expert:)

Twittering birds, awaked by moonlight dreams!

(Then he continues his soliloquy:)

Each week I have been able unto this
Great poem written for Sayonara,
To add some lines which shall immortalize
Both her I love, and mine own ardent flame!
’Tis I, merchant of bronze and ivory,
I, Kami, who for love of two black eyes
Each week have made myself the gen’rous gift
Of one short blessed day of poetry;
Leaving Yeddo to find beneath this thatch
In solitude forgetfulness of earth,
And glory for the one I love so well!

(After a silence:)
But this has lasted—Woe is me!—two years!
And, without pity of my burning griefs,
Sayonara, with her companions proud,
Laughs at the sighs I breathe within these
bowers.

But what care I? My love shall last till death;
If constancy of mine should vanquish Fate,
’Twere not the first great miracle of Love!
’Tis only for the sower tireless
That harvests ripen at the proper time.
Wherefore, I shall resume my poem’s task.

(Contemplating his poem with satisfaction:)
Truly, this evening’s verses are quite fair;
Indeed, it is my last and only hope,
That, some fine day, while I am reading them,
The fair one, who at present scorns me still,
In passing, may then condescend to say,
“Charming! Myself in them I recognize!”
I’ll be the happiest man in all Japan!

(He fans himself.)
My faith! In this my portrait of my love
Is not the poet faithful painter too?

(He takes his manuscript.)
Sayonara!—Cruel, though seeming sweet,
Timid and gentle;—these are the burning words
By lover scorned, proclaimed about thyself:
(He reads:)
Thy tender foot, when bathing in the stream
Amidst the pebbles on the velvet sand,
Rouses the lilies to such jealous dream,
They murmuring nod in slumber on the strand.
Thy slender hand, so fair and delicate,
Hovers above the strings of thy light lute
Like some winged bird that flutters near its mate,
And chirps in timid intimate salute.
The nails upon thy tapering finger-tips
Are rosy like the sacred cherry bloom,
Wherein the butterfly the honey sips
Sparkling with dew, swaying in forest gloom.
Thy mouth is gate of deathless joy and might,
Welling from stream of mysteries unseen:
Guarded by teeth of innocent delight,
Within the scarlet mantle of a queen.
Thine eye shoots fire, like th' immortal glows
That, from the lunar crescent's beaming, shake
Their airy billows' shimmering overflows
Upon the bosom of some rippling lake.
(He seems to question his poet's conscience.)
Come, let us see! This latter simile,
Is it correct? The crescent of the moon,
May not be glowing when the lake reflects;
The poet must observe with keest truth!
(At the circular window appears the pretty
head of Masmay.)
What if I went beside the lake, to make
Myself quite sure my simile is true?
Yes! I shall contemplate the lunar glow;
And worship in its magic mysteries!
(He goes out, fanning himself, by the left,
after having slipped on the wooden sandals
that look like small wooden benches.)
SCENE II.

MASMAY, KAMI (Later)

(Her hair charmingly arranged, has passed her mischievous head through the back window, while the scrupulous poet announces his project to go and contemplate the reflection of the moon in the lake; and she follows all his motions with interest. When the poet disappears, she says:)

He's gone! My dear, the time is fav'rable;
We'll enter!

(She climbs through the window and jumps into the empty room, light as a falling leaf. She wears the graceful costume of a Japanese professional dancer.)

Now! This entrance is quite strange—
So much the worse! 'Tis now or never! Act!
Hindered by fear, I've watched at least one hour;
Mine is this one occasion that I sought!

(She kneels, takes the brush left by the poet, and hastily traces some letters on the manuscript, from top to bottom and from right to left.)

My name is Sazhima; But here I sign, Masmay.
(She signs and says to the public, as if to herself:)

Prudent Sayonara has planned to test
Our Kami thrice in trials for his soul.
(She puts the brush back in its place and fans herself.)

I first—
(Making a grimace:)

How unaccustomed this for me!
Kami's fidelity I am to attack
With all the woman's wiles at my com-
mand;
Can he resist me? Well, Sayonara,
Will, with herself, give him a full reward!
Then Djouros, as a soldier fierce disguised,
Will pick a quarrel with the rhymster saint;
Let him but hesitate to choose an hon’rable death,
Sayonara to him is adamant,
Withering him with scorn of cowardice;
But, if in this rude test, he gain the prize,
If, in that moment fatal, he be brave,
A third ordeal must he weather yet;
Sayonara will come, with urgent claim,
Which she’ll invent, demand from him some cash;
Money—this very blood of business men!
Kami, dealer in bronzes, you must bleed,
Or all unwedded languish evermore!
(Rising.)
How warm it is, e’en though the sun have set!
(She notices the prepared tea-kettle, takes it and pours herself a cup of tea.)
The tea of good Kami may be quite good!
(She makes a pretty grimace.)
Oh, what a brew! But then whoever heard
Of tea, by bachelor prepared, as good?
Nay, nothing is so bad as bach’lor’s tea!
(She listens.)
But here he comes! This way, however rude!

KAMI. (At the entrance, satisfied, and taking off his sandals).
Rightly I wrote; my simile was good!
And thus I do not sin against the law
Of Sacred Truth.
(He fans himself.)
Lord Buddha! What a heat!
Happy the fish imprisoned in the sea!
A cup of tea!
(He notices that his tea has been drunk.)
Well now! What would you think?
Since when have ghosts taken to drinking tea?
What can it mean? Nonsense! 'Tis common-sense.
To put more water on the guardian flame.
(He returns to his manuscript.)
And now, the picture must be finished, quick!
Sayonara the Beautiful! Thy nose,
Quiv'ring with laughter, shall next be my theme.
How comfortable, and how calm I feel!
Nature was made for poets when in love!
(He discovers the characters traced by Masmay on his manuscript.)
What! Am I dreaming? On this sheet of mine
Someone has written: "How I love thee!"
Heavens!
Let me recover from th' unwonted word
'I love thee!'—See, the signature 'Masmay.'
(Knocking is heard at the door.)
Hallo? Who knocks at this late hour?
MASMAY. (From outside).
'Tis I! Open, I pray.
KAMI.
Can I be hearing right?
MASMAY. (With trembling voice).
Open, my lord.
KAMI. (With annoyance).
Some mischief-maker, sure.
(He opens the door, and cries with amazement.)
A woman! And within a house of mine?
(Masmay enters, and feigns the deepest agitation.)
SCENE IV.

KAMI, MASMAY.

KAMI. (Politely, bowing low before the stranger, rubbing his knees as sign of respect). Deign to be seated, madam, in my hut.

MASMAY. (With feigned embarrassment). My lord, it is about to rain—I seek—

KAMI. (Astonished). What do you mean? The starry sky is clear, The moon is shining—

MASMAY. O, my lord Kami,—

KAMI. (Astonished, aside). She knows my name?

MASMAY. It is about to storm; And all alone I dare not go back home.

KAMI. Permit me then—

(He strikes his head with the closed fan; then he strikes his hand, and says:) You enter in my house, And from my bosom wells this humble thought; 'To me the evening wind has blown a rose!'

MASMAY. (Dazzling him with lively glances). A compliment apparently? My thanks!

KAMI. Why should my silly heart be beating? See, Her eyes appear to scintillate!
SAYONARA

MASMAY.

My lord,
I am Masmay—
KAMI. (Pointing to his poem).
I tremble! I!

MASMAY.

I am Masmay, my lord; a dancer, I;
(Masmay dance.)
KAMI. (Masmay dances.)
Beside you, awkward, lazy, seems the bee!
'Tis known to all Japan!

MASMAY.

You are a flatterer!
KAMI.

I tell the truth.

MASMAY. (Dancing).
Perhaps, indeed, you're right;
Excuse my vanity because of youth!
This is the dance that won me wealth and fame.
My foot is weightless; lighter than a ray
Of moonlight on the sleeper's countenance!

KAMI.

'All Yeddo says that. (Apart). What does she want of me?
This butterfly that comes into my hut
To wave her brilliant wings? (Aloud.) Madam?

MASMAY. (Quickly).

Oh, no!
Count me among the Misses, please; for, know,
Of three rich wrestlers I've refused the hands.

KAMI.

Three wrestlers?

MASMAY. (With a little gesture of pride).
Yes, three wrestlers—such great men,
That they were patroned by the Emperor.

KAMI. (Still gracious).

Just as you please—my dear young lady,
Their hearts were bronze, or broke at your disdain!

MASMAY. (With a sigh of regret).

Alas, they’re still alive! (She dances.)

KAMI. (Apart).

Oh shameful grief!

This gay attire shows doubtful character.

MASMAY. (Joining her hands).

My lord—

KAMI. (Severely).

Explain yourself, gay visitor.

MASMAY. (With volubility).

Protect me, lord! This eve, while in the cool
I lost my way,—and as I stood beside
The neighb’ring lake, sudden appears a man
Ferocious, furious, threatening,—and in short
Trembling, unreasoning, I fled to you.

(With confusion:)

But what is my surprise, my joy, to find
My savior is the modest poet whom
Sayonara,—how wrong she is!—detests—

(Mostly:)

Although, by other girls he is admired,
And more than that——

KAMI. (Blushing).

Madam!

MASMAY. (Tenderly).

Nay! Say Masmay!

KAMI. (Troubled).

Madam!
MASMAY. *(More tenderly).*
Once more I pray, call me Masmay.

KAMI.

Well, well, Masmay, this passes modesty!

MASMAY. *(Lowering her eyes).*
I am a dancer, as you know full well;

(Laughing.) Come now; why feign to be a chest-

nut-burr?

Why cruelly reject me so? *(She dances).*

KAMI.

Masmay,
I am an honest man—

MASMAY. *(Fans herself.)*
Well, even so?

KAMI.

Within my heart, before its inner shrine
Burns the dim candle of one girl's pure love;

MASMAY. *(Overwhelming him with glances).*
But I am also young! My eyes still shine!

KAMI. *(In torture).*

Madam, you’re right!

MASMAY. *(Tenderly).*
RATHER call me Masmay.

KAMI.

Madam—

MASMAY. *(With passion.)*
Oh, no; call me Masmay!

KAMI.

Great Heavens,

How beautiful she is with flashing eyes!

MASMAY. *(Very lively).*

Kami, I love you!

KAMI. *(Troubled).*

What ordeal this!
I love you! (She points to the manuscript.)
This avowal I have writ
Even upon your poem there!

KAMI. (Returning to reason).
No doubt;
But never will my heart sing out but one,
One only name—

MASMAY.
Which is—

KAMI.

Sayonara!

(Violent knocking at the door. The two young people stand terrified. Outside is heard a voice.)

TAI-PHOON. (From outside).

Open!

MASMAY. (With terror).
I'm lost! It is that fearful voice
Of him who followed me beside the lake—

KAMI.

May Buddha judge me if I save thee not

MASMAY! (He opens the portière.)
Quick, enter here; you've naught to fear!
So long as I shall live, be well assured,
The threshold of this door shall be inviolate!

TAI-PHOON. (From outside).

Open the door, farmer! To hell with thee!

(Masmay disappears into the inner room, after having blown a passionate kiss with her finger-tips to Kami. Tai-Phoon still knocking.)

By thunder, Open!

KAMI. (Going to the door).

What a brutal bore!
SCENE V.

KAMI, TAI-PHOON.

T. P. enters in costume of a Japanese noble with two swords in his belt, whence swings a silver pipe. (His fan in his hand, angrily, marching furiously.)

TAI-PHOON.

If I should offer you three depths of steel Into your breast, what would you say to me? (Tai-Phoon fans himself. Kami prostrates himself.)

KAMI.

Forgiveness let me beg; I was asleep.

TAI-PHOON. (Sits down).

Beloved, thou sleepest yet.

KAMI.

I am awake
My lord; to serve my guest am I prepared. (He rubs his knees and bows.)

TAI-PHOON.

All right—so much the better—, for be sure I do not like to rage.

KAMI. (Politely).

Permit, my lord— (He strikes his head and then his hand with the fan.)

'The noble warrior treads the poet's house Just as a bullet whizzes by a flower'—

TAI-PHOON. (With deep scorn).

Ah! You are a rhymester? No rhymes for me! If only books were fed unto the flames, Seeing that book-worms feed on them too slow; You say that life is cheered by verses and
By albums of artistic portraiture!  
I have my pipe, am soldier of the King—  
My sword, my horse, and my dancer Masmay—  
These are my joys—the rest is foolishness!
(He stretches out on a cushion.)

Come on! Be quick! And bring a saké—flask!
(Kami offers him a flask of this liquor, and a cup on a tray.)

Is it good?

KAMI.

From Nagasaki straight it comes.

TAI-PHOON. (After having drunk).

Rather too sweet,
(With, regret.) Much better saké—far,
Had I last year when I returned, all bronzed,
From punishing that fierce Chinese brigand,
Whose bones I crunched as if they had been nuts!
That saké was good! Victory and death
Were its companions—(he drinks again).

KAMI. (Aside as if bored).

Good! He's going to tell
All his campaigns—Politely must I list.
(Sententiously:)

For courtesy is duty; even in
A den of tigers, one must not forget
One's breeding; but call 'grandfather' e'en that beast;
So say the sages; we must stay polite.

TAI-PHOON.

But let us speak of something else!—

KAMI. (With a sigh of relief).

Oh joy!

TAI-PHOON.

You look upon a lover who is desperate.
I lost near here all trace of my Masmay;
SAYONARA

KAMI. (Feigning surprise).

Masmay?

TAL-PHOON.

Yes, the famous artist-girl;
A dancing-girl whom I am willing to
Honor with glances of favor; for unless
I err most grievously, me she adores.

(Kami laughs and points to Manuscript.)

But like a bird, she escaped from out my hand
Beside the lake which gleams beyond thy gate;
I followed her by that sweet perfumed scent
Her hair left on the breezes as she fled;
Wherefore, O poet, I arrive in here
The only house that stands beside the lake;
Answer!

KAMI.

(With the gesture of a man who regrets to
have no information to give:)
My lord. (Apart). Politely now!

TAL-PHOON.

(Suddenly sniffing the air.)
Young man! Patchouli scent I clearly trace;
Tell me no lies—that woman—is she here?

KAMI.

I swear to you——

TAL-PHOON.

I'm sure of it—you lie!

KAMI. (Animatedly).

And I, I will implore your generosity
Not to forget, O stranger of high rank,
That you at present are within my home;
That I have here no sword; and that it suits
No noble, powerful, chivalric knight
To insult a man inferior, as you do.

TAL-PHOON.

Well, I don't care; give up Masmay, that's all.
KAMI.

My lord, my name's Kami; a poet I,
Feeble my merits; but I am aware
What honor claims; its rites I'll carry out!
Should those your swords dismember these my limbs,
I shall not answer your unworthy words.

TAI-PHOON. (Closing his fan noisily).

Tai-Phoon's my name!—you recreant!—you lie!
In vain you would deny
(As if by chance he reads the words Masmay wrote on the poem.)

Those words of love
Upon those wretched rhymes accuse thee—fool!
They're signed 'Masmay.'
(He strikes him with the fan.)

Coward, take that from me!

KAMI. (In fury... He closes his fan).

He strikes my cheek! He has dishonored me!
I am disgraced! Lord——
(Controlling himself.)

You're a nobleman;
Your very aspect makes men kneel and cringe——
But I shall know how to withdraw myself
From insults——

TAI-PHOON. (Sneering).

Watch the man of honor rant!

KAMI.

At present, lord, my life is wearisome!
For with dishonor, in Japan, none lives;
Thy crime I cannot in thy blood revenge!
It is the law. (He bows).

I am thy lowest slave;
But law permits me to indulge myself
With death as consolation, last and best; 
Do you suppose a poet would with shame survive?
Like any other I know how to die.

Tai-Phoon. (Sneering).

Splendidly spoken—but I strongly doubt the action!

Kami.

Well, to-morrow, enemy,
Come see how Kami shall his promise keep!

Tai-Phoon. (Ironically).

Then, when the sun salutes each budding flower,
And smiles upon the mountains—then, I hope,
My good young man, to see you stretched full length,
Upon the ground, bathed in your own black blood—
But it will be by this, my sword, I think!

Kami.

(Kami, at end of patience:)

Drive not thy insults further than my strength
Of self-control will bear—

Tai-Phoon. (Going towards door).

The poet see,
Fervently loving life! Poet, farewell!

(With ferocity.)

While seeking further for Masmay, I go
To choose the place where Kami, poet, proud protector of the ladies, shall be laid.

Kami. (Proudly).

Be sure I will not wait for help of thee
And thy two swords to die!

Tai-Phoon.

Poet! Farewell! (He goes out).

(Tai-Phoon crosses the threshold; in a terrible tone.)
SCENE VI.

KAMI.

(He goes towards the inner room in which is Masmay.)

I was mistaken; for not even here,
On Nature's breast, may poetry find peace!

(He draws aside the pearl-curtain.)

Madam, he's gone. Come out! For, panther-like, The soldier swears and swagger further out.

(He notices that the room is empty.)

Empty! The window open! She has fled!
A pleasant journey!

(With melancholy.)

O Sayonara!
Sweet would be death for thy sweet cherry-lips,
But for some other one, to shed my blood
Upon this matting, at my happy age,
Seems sad enough!—And so, by my own hands, I am to end?

(With resolution.)

'Tis hard! But time flies fast; My poem must be finished, and be found Complete, upon the heart of my own corpse.

Beloved Sayonara the beautiful, Will you thereby be moved the least small bit? And who will publish this, my fancy's child?
(He sits down and prepares to write.)

Brushes! Musk-scented ink! fragile palette!
You silent helpers of my nimble thoughts,
At least this evening, serve me faithfully!
In this last hour I would elaborate
Characters perfect, chaste and elegant,
Such that the sages, after my decease,
Shall vainly seek to equal or surpass.

(Affectionately, to his brush.)

Dear brush, the poet's only friend, come on!
Only the dawn shall stop thy voyages!
To-night, as ever light and tender, full of joy,
Hover upon the silky watered sheets,
Thy arrow-point transfixing words as prey.

(With a little fan gesture.)

Such, o'er a pond of velvet surface sheen
Hovers the lark, a beetle in its beak.

(Sadly.)

To-morrow I am dead, and thou are dry——
(He kisses his brush. A knock is heard in
the inner room.)

Again!—This goes beyond endurance just!
Anger is justified! Yeddo itself
It not more populous than this my hut.
I'll open—but who will finish you, my lines?
(He opens the entrance casement.)

Nobody!
(Knocks are heard again in the inner room.)

Ah! Again it is Masmay!
(He opens the pearl-curtain, and steps back-
ward, overwhelmed.)

Sayonara!
(Sayonara enters, dressed modestly, in ex-
quise harmony.)
SCENE VII.

KAMI, SAYONARA.

SAYONARA.

'Tis I, Sayonara!

KAMI. (Dazed).

Pardon, O Madam, my profound surprise.
Impossible! She who has scorned me e'er,
My verses and my flowers, who flouts my grief,
At last she deigns to come——

SAYONARA. (Gaily).

Just like a thief!

Yes, that's the very word that would describe
My entrance by the window;—yes, perhaps,
It is a prank of questionable taste;
But why should you invite and tempt a thief
With windows open in the middle night?

KAMI. (Smiling).

The following such a road makes not a thief;
And any way you please you may come in
To me, at any time, Sayonara——

(With a gesture of the fan.)

Like flower's fragrance, and like a song of birds!

SAYONARA. (Sweetly).

Kami——

KAMI. (Transported.)

Sayonara, and you are here,

Beauty of beauties?
Sayonara.

Truce to foolish words.
For I have come to you alone, by night,
Only for serious cause—for time flies fast——

Kami. (Apart, darkly).
For time flies fast; I had forgotten it.
Let me be firm; let me enjoy unto the full
A happiness whose end arrives so soon.

Sayonara. (Astonished).
What mean you, poet?
(With mock modesty.) Nay, imagine not
Because I dared this step—that I at last
Would smile on dreams and fancies over-bold—
For me you are no more than brother best.

Kami.
Why lull me, Madam, with your honeyed words?
My soul, my fate, my sorrows, knows too well;
Since two long years the matter is too plain——
What I inspire you with, 'tis only hate.

Sayonara. (Embarrassed).
Did I say hate?
Kami.
Yes, you feel hate for me!

Sayonara.

I said not so——

Kami.
Nay, but you think that hate.
I read it in your eyes!

Sayonara. (As if annoyed.)
Oh, very well!
Speaker of solemn phrases, in my eyes
Read, in addition, I’ve no time to lose,
And leave this place—You need no longer look
Upon my hateful glance——
SAYONARA

KAMI.

Sayonara!

SAYONARA. (Feigns departure).

Nay, nay, my glances grieve you so, you say,

Good night, O Kami! Elsewhere goes my hate!

KAMI.

O stay, Sayonara. (Holding her back).

SAYONARA.

You really wish

That I should stay?

KAMI.

Have pity upon me!

Forgiveness, O Sayonara!

SAYONARA.

'Tis well;

This further sacrifice my friendship makes,

I'll stay.

KAMI. (Overwhelmed with joy).

Of all my days, this is the best,

Most beautiful and sacred—Nay, permit!

(He makes his favorite gesture.)

'A smile dawns slowly from among my tears——

As, by some stream, the iris blossoms out'—

SAYONARA. (Seriously).

This is the reason for my coming here.

KAMI. (Interrupting her).

O rare and charming night!

SAYONARA. (Impatiently.)

Listen, Kami!

KAMI. (Intoxicated with joy).

O let me compliment you once again.

(He strikes his forehead, and the palm of his hand.)
Only I see you; to myself I say:
A white camelia suddenly has bloomed!

Sayonara. (Half satisfied).
A gallant still, my lord?

Kami.

Forever more
I love you—Ah, have you forgotten this?
Sayonara.

Yes, this I know, and on it I presume.

Kami.

What would you have? Speak out?
Sayonara. (Seriously).

Tomorrow morn.

Kami. (Apart, sighing).

Tomorrow morn, indeed. (Aloud). You want
Sayonara.

Kami, you surely know my uncle Tash?

Kami.

I know him! well!—too well, perhaps; he is
Quite certainly not too agreeable.

Sayonara.

Perhaps; but on this coming morn, this Tash
Whom you dislike, will wholly ruined be,
Unless, before the dawn, you manage to
Save him from his misfortune and his debts.

Kami.

But what to do? O flower of my youth?
(Sayonara fans herself rapidly.)

Sayonara.

You'd have to lend eight hundred itzibous.
(Kami violently closes his fan.)

Kami.

Is so much money found on bamboo-stalks?
Eight hundred itzibous—that makes almost
One hundred twenty heavy bags of rice!
SAYONARA

SAYONARA. (Piqued).
Kami refuses?
   Kami.
No; but——
SAYONARA. (Dryly).
Very well,
My lord;—we will not speak of it again!
   Kami.
Slowly, dear sun whose beams illume my life!
Sayonara the beautiful!
   SAYONARA. (Shaking her head).
No, no!
   Kami. (Grieved).
Yet let me speak! (This time will
the last.)
SAYONARA. (Sulks).
This is enough for me;—
I go.
   Kami.
My love!
   SAYONARA. (Her fan over her eyes).
No, no, my uncle dies!
Poor Tash!
   Kami.
He shall not die, but live, my love!
Let me explain—I have, there in my hut
The hundred twenty bags of rice——
   SAYONARA. (Feigning that she weeps).
   Alas,
Poor uncle! He must die!
   Kami. (Continuing, with emotion).
   Pray listen, first;
These bags were to have payed the publisher
Of these my verses, which were writ for you;
Thanks to my work, the universe entire
Would, madam, have adored your sovereign charms——
But even this shall go; your name shall die,
If only these your tears may cease to flow!
Your uncle Tash becomes my father, now;
I love him; he no longer needs to die;
My itzibous are his! A kindly deed
Is surely worth far more than even fame!
But, O Sayonara, remember it,
For see——

(He looks at his manuscript; a gesture with his fan.)

Permit me once again: 'Some time
Upon the border of a distant pond
A fox lay dying of starvation's pangs;
A weasel heard his groans, and, pitying,
Sudden, to him she sacrifices all
Her young, and with them hopes of future life.'
These verses, fallen from your lover's heart,
Shall bide unpublished. Gladly I agree;
But, Madam, love them well, for when it dawns
Breathing your name, I shall resign my soul.

**Sayonara.**  *(Smiling, with unbelief.)*

You mean that you will die?

**Kami.**

You laugh at me;
And yet I tell the truth; unto this hut
With hasty steps approaches bitter Death.

**Sayonara.**

Death, come to you!  *(Knocking outside).*

**Kami.**

Listen!
**Tai-Phoon.**  *(Outside).*
Rhymster, hallo!
Sayonara. (Apparently troubled).

What do I hear?

Kami. (Bitterly).

I'm charitably warned

The dragon of the Day o'ertakes the Night,
The hour of rest for me, Madam, has ceased——
And I must die——

Sayonara.

You, die?

Kami (Overwhelmed.)

I swore that oath!

Sayonara.

(With passion, slowly, Sayonara says:)

But if I begged you to live?

Kami. (Jumping up furiously).

Love confessed!

You love me? Do you love me?

Sayonara. (As if conquered).

Yes, Kami.

I love you! Oh, do not die!

Come! let us fly! while still the kindly night
Scatters its stars like seed of living gold——

Kami. (Wringing his hands).

She loves me, and I must——

Sayonara. (With love).

There yet is time

Come, for I know neath immemorial pines
A shelter where can never reach the wrath
Of demons leagued, or cruelty of fate!

Come, here is earth; 'tis heaven in that place!
Come, love, unto the shores of azure lakes
Haunted by fragrance of wild tamarinds,
Come, for I yield unto my heart, too long controlled;
Come, live obscure, but happy—will you not?

KAMI. (In ecstasy).
O joyful destiny—
(He has gradually sunk down on his knees,
head bowed, holding Sayonara’s hands over his head.)

SAYONARA. (With emotion.)
Under the trees
That there will shed their flowers on our heads
We, joyful, will await the hour of death—
Come, let us fly!

TAI-PHOON. (Threateningly).
Rhymester, hallo!

KAMI. (Escaping the allurement of Sayonara’s words).
Nay, nay,
You love me not, who dare propose this deed
So infamous, all honor-less to live!
Depart, for as I promised, so I die,
Respecting spotless names of Kami’s race;
Farewell! Within my hut, let me expire.

SAYONARA. (Bursting into laughter).
Ah, ah, ah!
(He goes and pushes aside the casement.)

KAMI. (Grieved, with surprise).
You laugh?

SAYONARA. (Calls).
Hallo! There, Djouros! Come in!

Sazhima! Enter also!
(Sazhima (Masmay) followed by Djouros
(Tai-Phoon) appears. Masmay enters by the door, and Tai-Phoon steps over the sill of the window in the bay.)
SCENE VIII.

KAMI, SAYONARA, TAI-PHOON, MASMAY.

KAMI.
(Overwhelmed by astonishment.)
Unless I am deceived, it is Masmay!

MASMAY. (Graciously).
Oh, no; call me Sazhima!

KAMI. (Shaking his head, as if in negation).
Nay, Masmay!

MASMAY.
Darling, call me Sazhima!

KAMI. (Frightened, seeing Djouros).
Nay, but here
Arrives Tai-Phoon! and before his time!

TAI-PHOON.
Nay, nay, I now am Djouros, in thy hut.

KAMI.
Djouros! Sazhima! Have I lost my wits!
What means all this?

SAYONARA.
Within thy hut thou seest
Two city-ladies, yes, two friends of mine.
(Ever polite, with a gesture of the fan, Kami says:)

KAMI.
Yet, at this hour, all flowers are asleep.'

MASMAY.
Thanks!

TAI-PHOON.
Thanks!
SAYONARA

SAYONARA. (Smiling gently).
And thanks from me. We tested thee,
These ladies, and myself——

KAMI.

Why, then, I dreamed——

SAYONARA.
Nay, nay; my uncle Tash alone was dream.

KAMI.

What? Shall I not be stretched upon the ground
My sword in hand, and drenched with blackening gore?

SAYONARA.
My husband shall you be! For Kami, lo,
With jealous eye I watched about thy path,
I wished a husband, but a model one;
Who should be faithful, generous and bold;
Now, conqueror, beloved, thou hast shown forth
These virtues trine; and pure thou comest forth
Out of ordeals, whose prize is my heart!

KAMI.

(He has, during the last speech, stretched out his hands, and passing them upwards on either side of Sayonara, at the last moment, embraced and looked into the eyes of the yielding Sayonara.)

My poem, O my wife, at last I wake!

MASMAY.

Thus ends the comedy——

TAI-PHOON.
Which we have played

This summer-night——
SAYONARA

KAMI.

'(Crazy with joy, makes his favorite gesture.)'

Permit!

'(Then he thinks better of it, and says simply:)

Come, let us drink a cup of tea!

'(He turns to his little table, to pour tea; Sayonara helps him to serve the ladies. Then, receiving her own cup, she says with an engaging smile:)

SAYONARA.

Come, let us go and drink our tea beneath
The moonlight arbor, by the rippling lake,
While Kami shall to us, the very first
His beautiful immortal poem read.

ALL THE LADIES.

With pleasure! Charming!

'(Kami is delighted. He seizes his poem under the left arm, and holding Sayonara by the hand, leads her to the door. They both stand aside, bowing, while Masmay and Tai-phoon pass out; then, with a bow to each other, and joining hands, they pass out. No curtain is necessary).