

POUND

by
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SOUND TRACKS

TRACK 1	19:21	OLD TIME RADIO PROGRAMMING
TRACK 2	0:26	OLD TIME RADIO PROGRAMMING
TRACK 3	0:38	OLD TIME RADIO ECONOMICS
TRACK 4	0:32	WAR IS PENDING
TRACK 5	0:47	ITALIAN ANNOUNCER
TRACK 6	0:50	AMERICAN ANNOUNCER
TRACK 7	1:15	EZRA IN PRISON
TRACK 8	2:38	TODAY'S HEADLINES
TRACK 9	0:32	THINGS ARE OMINOUS

PROP LIST

1920/30 ERA RADIO MICROPHONE

2 CHAIRS, BLOCK TO REPRESENT
TABLE

COPY OF PROGRAM

NOTE FROM AUDIENCE MEMBER

PAPER FOR USE AS LETTER AND
JUDGE'S NOTES

SCARF

GLASSES FOR GINSBERG

AUDIENCE VOTE CARD

Playwright's note: This piece should be played as a dark, satirical political comedy rather than a straight piece. Think late night comedy show with offensive comedian. You'll know if it works by the audience reaction. Listen to the audience. In places where they are starting to laugh, where they want to laugh but are not sure, give them time to laugh. Milk the laughter. This is true both of Pound and Hemingway (who also has funny lines). Remember, this is an audience

involvement play from the git-go. For example, after Pound recites his poetry, I would imaging he would expect, no...make that demand, some applause by the audience. Feel free in moments like that to go off script. Remember, there is no third wall. All of the characters are fully aware of the audience, but Pound in particular is both aware of the audience and interacting with the audience. He can feel free to say things like, "Hey, are you guys asleep out there?" and so on.

ACT ONE

The stage is empty.

SCENE ONE

Ezra is full of energy, and self-confident to the point of arrogance.

POUND

(offstage)

What the ever lovin' elllll is going through the serbo-croatian head of this god damned putrid seahorse of a printer!? Does he have a personal grudge against the twelfth letter of the alphabet!? Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Sacrobosco di Satanas. Of course, if if if bloody well if this blasted program is printed with anything like one thousandth part of these errors, we are done and I shall never be able to get

(enters)

a fair trial out of this damn...

Looks up from the program and notices the audience for the first time.

POUND

Oh....Uhhhh...Just a minute...

Exits

POUND

(Offstage, use actual show start time in place of 8:00)

There's people out there! What the hell are they doing out there already? What do you mean it's after 8:00? Fer Christ's sake what do I care if it's after 8:00 or not? What? What!? Oh bloodywell, that's just perfect! Don't push me, you go out there! What do I care? Make something up!

(Beat)

Oh great, like crying's going to fix the problem.

(Beat)

Look, it's going to be OK. I don't have a handkerchief. Here, use this.

We see the curtain pulled from behind, then here the sound of a nose being blown.

POUND

Just sit down here, I'll take care of it.

Enter Pound

POUND

Uhhhh, Welcome to the

(Fill in name)

theatre's production of Pound. Please turn off all cell phones, and...and... well, all of that stuff.

Sticks his head through the curtain to backstage.

POUND

There, everything's back on track and OK. No one even noticed that anything was wrong.

To Audience again as he walks in amongst the audience, working to ingratiate himself with the audience.

POUND

I'm really quite a lovable guy. Just a fuzzy, wuzzy, woozy, sloozy, lovable little bear.

(Looks at the program again.)

It's really not all that terrible, just a little typo on the second page.

Turns to the page with his photo, holds it up next to his face.

POUND

The photo's not bad, but I am not so beautiful in a picture as in real life. The real drama about my face is its play of expression.

Continues making expressions to illustrate his point until the audience laughs. If necessary, hold an expression and stare at the audience without saying anything until they laugh, even if very long.

POUND

Well, it's not the same when I demonstrate. You've got to picture me at a party in London, wearing custom made trousers of green billiard cloth, a pink velvet coat with blue glass buttons, a glorious tie that Wyndham Lewis hand painted for me, my beard cut to a point and the crowning touch, a single turquoise earring. Oh yes, you gay guys think you invented that but I was way ahead of you.

OK, so here I am at a party, I'm talking to this gorgeous lady, looking into her eyes with my deep green eyes, and maybe I tell her

He hams it up during this, delivers these lines to a particular woman in the audience, standing her up and holding her in a slow dance as he talks.

POUND

You came in out of the night
 And there were flowers in your hand,
 Now you will come out of a confusion of people,
 Out of a turmoil of speech about you.
 I who have seen you amid the primal things
 Was angry when they spoke your name
 In ordinary places.
 I would that the cool waves might flow over my mind,
 And that the world should dry as a dead leaf,
 Or as a dandelion seed-pod and be swept away,
 So that I might find you again,
 Alone.

(Looks up.)

Yep, I got lucky on a regular basis.

Pretends to receive a paper from the audience member as she sits down.
 Reads it. Is somewhat shocked. Places the paper in his pocket.

POUND

(Whispers to audience member)
 I can't right now, but later.

Sits on the edge of the stage

POUND

It's really the secret to my success as a poet.

Think about it a minute. Women are the conservators of tradition, practical and clever...

(Beat)

...but not suited to abstract projection or invention. Man is the spermatozoid...

Imitates a sperm swimming

POUND

...charging the female chaos head-on. We're naturally inventors and originators because our brains are bathed in residual sperm, the real source of original thought. It is more than likely that the brain itself is, in origin and development, only a sort of great clot of genital fluid held in suspense or reserve.

This brings us to the one true sexual perversion...

Pound returns to the stage, beat, then pulls out the note, rereads it, speaks to the woman from the audience.

POUND

No, I wouldn't call this...

(Indicates note))

sexual perversion (beat, then aside) although most people would.

POUND

No, the one true sexual perversion is

(Beat)

-abstinence. The release of spermatozoic pressure within the brain, and then the subsequent replenishment, is the true source of creativity, so abstinence is really turning our back on great art.

Mr. Frankson is the head of the Department of Justice, a slow talking Texan whom one instinctively dislikes.

FRANKSON

Don't let that weasel Pound fool you, folks. You all seem like decent people. God fearing people. My name's Mr. James Frankson, and I head up the U.S. Department of Justice. And I emphasize the word justice, because that's what this little shindig is all about. Ezra Pound calls himself a poet, but you're going to discover that he was really nothing but a traitor to everything decent about America. Don't be fooled by his clowning around. Don't be taken in by his "ol' Ezra your buddy" routine. If you're taken in, you won't be able to do your duty as American Citizens at the end of this performance. Ezra Pound needs to hang as a traitor to everything that's decent about the United States of America.

And don't let Hemingway fool you either. He may know how to write, but he don't know dick about right and wrong.

Ernest Hemingway is slim and athletic, with the back and shoulders of a football player. He is every bit a "man's man," involved in hunting, sports, warfare, and the conquest of women.

HEMINGWAY

I took an instinctive dislike to that Frankson character the first time I met him. It's the eyes that give a person away. He had the eyes of an unsuccessful rapist.

I'm the last person to claim that Ezra was perfect. Ezra Pound was right half the time, but when he was wrong you were never in doubt about it.

He was also one of the first people to really encourage me to write, not just the newspaper articles but literature. There he was, a major poet, but he devoted one-fifth of his time to his poetry and spent the rest of his time trying to advance the fortunes of his friends. "The Sun Also Rises," "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "A Farewell to Arms," I don't know if I would have written any of them without that early encouragement and support by Ezra.

Any poet born in the twentieth Century who can honestly say that he has not been influenced by or learned greatly from the work of Ezra Pound deserves to be pitied rather than rebuked. It was from Pound that I learned more about how to write and how not to write than from any other son of a bitch alive, and I've always said so. Pound was the man who taught me to distrust adjectives as I would later learn to distrust certain people in certain situations.

FRANKSON

You watch it, boy. You're on a few anti-American lists yourself. You get messed up with this Ezra character and it's not going to look good for you. If I remember correctly, it was you who first got him interested in living in Italy. Very interesting, if you ask me.

Camilla (a sophisticated and sexy woman) is an official at the Italian Ministry of Propaganda, Miniculpop.

CAMILLA

There is no doubt that Ezra considered himself a friend of Italy, but there is also no doubt that he always considered himself to be a loyal citizen of the United States. In my role with the Italian Ministry of Propaganda, or Miniculpop, I tried many times to convince Ezra to read the statements that we wrote, but he insisted on only reading his own speeches. He was a friend to everyone, the poets, the citizens...

(beat)
the fascists, and even Mussolini.

HEMINGWAY

Ezra just took people the way they were. I remember one evening I met up with Ezra after I'd been out boxing and then swimming in the ice-cold Seine. "You go on and learn everything you can about myth and history", I said, "I can't, I'm limited.

(Beat)
But I'm going to know everything about fucking and fighting and eating and drinking and begging and stealing and living and dying."

Ezra just looked at me and winked.

He took what he liked about his friends and ignored what he didn't like.

I'm going to be looking for you to do him the same courtesy. Sure, he had his faults, and they were as wide as the Grand Canyon. But his good points were as deep as that same canyon.

CAMILLA

It was never about the money with Ezra. Did you know he once received a \$2,000 Dial Award, and promptly gave the money to the writer John Cournos to help him pay for an operation? Before the war his wife asked him to return to England and take care of disposing of her mother's things after she died, and Ezra, well, he just opened up the house and gave everything away to anyone who wanted anything. He was a kind man, a caring man. He couldn't have really meant those awful things he said on the radio.

FRANKSON

Let's get back to the reason we're all here. We're here because Ezra's been moaning and groaning that he never got his jury verdict on the charge of treason. Instead of being grateful that the government locked him in an insane asylum instead of hanging him, which he deserved, he's been telling the big guy upstairs that a jury of his peers would have found him innocent. Well, he gets his chance and you

(indicates the audience)

are the jury. At the end of this complete waste of time you'll all be able to reach in your program, pull out that red card,

(Shows one to the audience)

and indicate your vote of guilty by holding it up. Simple as that. Just remember, red card as in red, white, and blue.

HEMINGWAY

Not so fast Frankenson, or Frankenston, or Frankenstein
(imitates a monster)

or whatever the hell your name is. No one's going to vote on Ezra's guilt or innocence without understanding who he was. The big picture. I couldn't even begin to name all of the writers and poets who owe at least a good part of their success to Ezra. I mean, just to name two of the most obvious examples neither James Joyce nor T.S. Eliot would have ever made it without the support of Ezra. Eliot in particular owed a huge debt to Ezra.

POUND

(Writing)

Dear Hariet:

(To Audience)

Hariet Monroe was the editor of Poetry Magazine. Quite a woman. I used to feed her work from the writers I knew in Europe.

(Writing again)

Dear Harriet: Eliot's poem about this bloke named Prufrock is the best poem I've yet seen from an American. I will not ask Eliot to dumb down his writing just so that stupid people will understand his writing. And I will not give you Eliot's address so that he can be insulted. Find smarter readers for your magazine, and in the meantime, publish the poem without changing a word.

POUND

(To Audience)

Eliot was perhaps the greatest poet writing in English, but his life was nothing but distractions. His wife was a constant drag on him, he hated his job as a clerk at the bank but he was afraid to quit, he insisted on continuing to see the quackiatrists even after it was obviously doing no good. My wife Dorothy and I always felt he was wrestling with a devil or an angel, working in a kind of prison from which his works of poetry were his only escape. Hemingway and I knew he was a homosexual, but Eliot denied it.

HEMINGWAY

Ezra told me about Eliot's problems. His wife, the boring job at the bank, the brain specialist, his lack of money...all of it. I told him that if Eliot would strangle his wife, rob the bank, and bugger his brain specialist, everything would be fine.

POUND

(Writing)

Dear Harriet. Have just discovered another poet for your magazine, this one Amur'kn, vurry Amur'kn. His name is Robert Frost. I'm booming him and his work about town to give him a boost. His poetry is as dull as ditch water, maybe even as dull as Wordsworth, without tragedy or any metrical interest, but he's trying to capture his corner of the country accurately and it will someday be real literchure. For my part, I just don't see how life for a man living in New England differs greatly from that of the horses and sheep.

Dear Harriet:

If this sniveling flea in the world's pubic hair will tell me exactly what he doesn't like about James Joyce's dialog in the book, I will talk to James about it. But I will not, I absolutely will not, pass on the insults of an imbecile to someone of James Joyce's capabilities. If you need to deal with sea spawn like this all day, God help you.

(Another letter)

Dear Harriet. No matter what else you do, you absolutely must not give the poetry award to Amy Lowell.

(To audience)

Have you ever seen Amy Lowell? Well, of course not, she must be dead by now. But she was a fireball. Five feet tall, five feet wide, puffing on one of those huge cigars she liked so much, and always yelling about this and that. I told her she was our pet hippo-poetess, and that it was nice to have a woman around to write pretty poetry for other women.

(Beat)

We didn't get along very well.

HEMINGWAY

We all saw Ezra as a sort of teacher. Of course, not everyone wanted to be taught. Gertrude Stein used to say, "Ezra Pound was a village explainer,

(Beat)

excellent if you were a village, but if you were not, not."

LIGHTS FADE DOWN AS

SOUND TRACK 2, OLD TIME RADIO
PROGRAMMING BEGINS

SCENE TWO

LIGHTS UP

(To audience)

Whether I was writing poetry or finding new talented artists, I never worried about what the public would like or not like. Art that the public likes is always bad art. It's bad because the artistic taste of the public is, well, it's awful. In fact, I can guarantee that if an artist is widely popular, his art is crap. The idea of art for the masses, of bringing art to the ordinary people, is nonsense.

Of course, the artists who make the money are the artists who create art that is not art. But I know, not from theory but from practice, that you can live infinitely better with very little money and a lot of spare time, than with more money and less time. I struggled for years to own nothing that I can't pack in a suitcase.

O generation of the thoroughly smug
and thoroughly uncomfortable,
I have seen fishermen picnicking in the sun,
I have seen them with untidy families,
I have seen their smiles full of teeth
and heard ungainly laughter.
And I am happier than you are,
And they were happier than I am;
And the fish swim in the lake
and do not even own clothing.

Now let's talk about the immorality of bad art. Bad art is inaccurate art.

If an artist falsifies his report as to the nature of man, as to his own nature, as to the nature of his idea of the perfect, as to the nature of his ideal of this, that, or the other, of god, if god exist, of the degree in which he suffers or is made glad; if the artist falsifies his reports on these matters or on any other matter in order that he may conform to the taste of his time, to the proprieties of a sovereign, to the conveniences of a preconceived code of ethics—then that artist lies. If he lies out of deliberate will to lie, if he lies out of carelessness, out of laziness, out of cowardice, out of any sort of negligence whatsoever, he nevertheless lies and he should be punished or despised in proportion to the seriousness of his offence.

POUND

Bad art is immoral. Good art can not be immoral. By good art I mean art that bears true witness, I mean the art that is most precise. Good art bears witness and defines for us the inner nature and conditions of man.

POUND

Of course, this is difficult. But if a man writes six good lines he is immortal.

(Beat)

Isn't that worth trying for?

SOUND TRACK 3, OLD TIME ECONOMICS

SCENE THREE

POUND

Don't imagine that I think economics interesting—not as a Botticelli or Picasso is interesting. But at present economics is as interesting as a gun muzzle aimed at one's own head is interesting.

POUND

Last count, every baby that's born in the United States is born owing \$30,881, and that doesn't even count long term obligations the government has taken on. About 10% of all of the money the government receives goes to pay interest on the national debt. That's about \$240 billion dollars that doesn't do anybody any good.

Ooops, dating myself again. Must be about double that by now. I try to do the research but it's always out of date before I'm even done.

CAMILLA

Ezra was so passionate about his economics, more even than his poetry. I never understood his theories, but I loved his passion in trying to describe them.

POUND

Productivity in the United States is going up every year. It always has gone up, probably always will. And the population is going up every year. Always has, probably always will. Combine these two facts together and you'll understand why the amount of money in circulation needs to go up every year. More people, more productivity, and we need more money in circulation to avoid a depression.

So what happens now to get that money into circulation? Comes from two places. First, the national deficit. The government gives treasury notes to the federal reserve bank and they give the government money in exchange. The government spends that money, and the amount of money in circulation goes up. Now most people don't know this, but the federal reserve bank is a privately owned network of banks that is not a part of the government at all. So who benefits? The bankers.

Second, the banks loan out more money than they have on deposit. The difference is called bank credit. So banks basically charge interest on money that's not even theirs, but the process increases the amount of money in circulation. And who benefits? The bankers.

Workers are more productive, banks profit. There are more workers working, banks profit. So who should benefit from that growth? The people who made it possible. The American workers. That's the whole idea behind social credit. When new money needs to be put into circulation, the government should create that new money. No debt. No interest. They should just do what the banks do now, what the constitution says they should be doing, and create the money. Then what do we do with it? If we consider the United States of America as a giant corporation with every U.S. Citizen a shareholder, then it becomes obvious. As the corporation grows and prospers, what the corporation needs to operate, it uses internally for the benefit of everyone. What's left over is distributed to the shareholders as a dividend. Using today's numbers, we're talking \$9,616 per family. This social dividend isn't a hand-out. It's our fair share of compensation for the hard work of everyone in the country.

POUND

(Folksy dialect)

Dearly beloved brevrem, this is ole Ezry speaking. You probably do not doubt it. You probably have derived that belief from the intrinsic nature of the discourse even if you came in and took your seat late.

SCENE FOUR

Lights up with Ezra speaking to Camilla.

POUND

Camilla, even if America declares war on the Axis, I see no reason why I should not continue to speak on the radio, so long as I say nothing that can in any way prejudice the results of American military or naval action, the armed forces of the USA or the welfare of my native country.

Lights down on Ezra, lights up on the radio microphone as we hear a flat formal voice with an Italian accent read a station identification.

PLAY SOUND TRACK 5 (ITALIAN ANNOUNCER) DURING WHICH EZRA APPROACHES THE MICROPHONE

ITALIAN ANNOUNCER

(voiceover)

Good evening. This is the Italian Broadcasting System, transmitting a special program for the Western United States and Canada, the Pacific area, New Zealand and Australia. We open our program this evening with a talk by Ezra Pound.

Ezra approaches the microphone lovingly.

POUND

My politics are not that complicated, and they should make sense to everyone one of you out there in America. You, America, are an empire. You may not want to be, but you are. Now, my idea of an effective empire is one that is like a porcupine, chunky and well-defended. Why would you want to be an octopus, with tentacles stretched over the globe to places that you really couldn't care less about? I mean, for most of the places in the world that cause you grief, who cares what happens to them. Let them fight their own battles, blow themselves up, who gives a damn as long as you stay out of it. You should not be involved in wars, giving yourself ulcers and chronic gastritis not to mention financial diarrhea for something that's happening on the other side of the world.

Oh sure, you were sold a bill of goods when this whole thing got started. Our President was a verbal masturbator and you let him diddle you. I personally think that if a committee thinks him mentally responsible he should be put in jail, and if they think he's insane or just too intellectually stupid to stand trial, then they should lock him away in a high walled gook house.

But don't shoot him. Whatever you do, no matter how much you'd like to...no matter how much he deserves it...no matter how much the world would be a better place...do not under any circumstances shoot him. We all know that he's a dumb cluck, a goof, a forked tongue two faced liar. But don't shoot him. Di-ag-nose him. Diagnose him.

When I carefully consider the curious habits of dogs
I am compelled to conclude
That man is the superior animal.
When I consider the curious habits of man
I confess, my friend, I am puzzled.

You should not be fighting on the other side of the world. You should not care what happens on the other side of the world. I have no objection to the US absorbing Canada, Mexico, and all of the little islands in the Caribbean. You can annex those countries with a minimal amount of effort, and then defend the American heritage on the American continent. Hell, finish what you started with Mexico and take that plus all of South America if you want.

I'm telling you what to do, and here's my John Hancock.

This is Ezra Pound speaking to America from Rome, speaking as an American citizen, and hoping to God that there are some real Americans left over there, as opposed to the foreign importations.

CAMILLA

Anyone in the regime who knew about the broadcasts was thoroughly puzzled by Ezra's motives: Those in authority more than once asked me: But what does the fellow want? Can we be really sure that there isn't a code of some sort in what he says? Can you guarantee that he is not a spy? To which I would reply that it would require an entire university course to explain what was going on in the head of Ezra Pound.

POUND

Ezra Pound speaking from Europe for the America heritage!

Will you folks never wake up and realize that the only reason you are fighting these battles over here is for financial reasons? You are fighting to get into debt, and you are fighting to protect the interests of large companies. Think about it. Who has been making record profits? You are sending over your money and your children to fight battles so that you will get into debt and so that the large corporations can sit back and make their profits. Wars are made to make debt for you and profits for corporations.

CAMILLA

He told me once about his efforts to return to the United States when the war first broke out. He visited the US Embassy in Rome to have his passport renewed. The US Charge d'Affaires not only wouldn't renew it, but confiscated it on the spot. Ezra later tried to board the last train leaving Rome, a diplomatic evacuation train, but he was refused permission. The United States did not want him, it seems to me.

POUND

(Folksy drawl)

Dearly beloved brevrem, this is ole Ezra speaking to you from Europe. Ezra Pound trying to tell you. The danger is not that you will be invaded. It is that you have been invaded.

(No longer drawl)

Don't believe me? Then open your eyes people, and look around you. The next time you see a sign with a foreign language on it, the next time you hear someone next to you talking in a foreign language, the next time you hear a radio program broadcast on your soil in a foreign language—you remember that you are looking at the foreign invasion that's happening right under your noses.

CAMILLA

None of us had any doubt that Ezra Pound was insane! He was a pleasant enough madman and he was certainly a friend of Italy, but he would get off on topics and say the most outlandish things.

POUND

This leads me to a discussion of the race problem. Now here, I'm not talking about the foreigners but of the people who have some legitimate claim to be United States citizens. I believe that the race problem only exists in situations where personal friendliness ceases. I personally have never had any racial issues whatsoever. I do not believe in the idea that the black man, just because his granddaddy came here unwillingly as a slave, cannot be a friend to the white man. We are all human beings, right, and the key is to treat each other with the proper respect.

(Beat)

I can tell you that in my own experience, I have found that there are ninety nine different ways to say 'damn nigger.' The problems all come up when you fail to use the right ones. So many of you don't understand that the nigger, like any other fine animal, is quick to perceive tones of voice, body language, and other indications of your emotions not by cerebral analysis but by instinct. Some men don't get on with horses or dogs for the same reason, that instinctive sense of distrust by the animals, but I get along fine with them. I don't have a race problem.

CAMILLA

Of course, when people talk about Ezra's faults, anti-Semitism is often near the top of the list. Italy mostly ignored the whole "Jewish issue" thing during the war. We are by nature a tolerant people and even when our German allies insisted that we pass laws aimed at the Jews, we did not enforce them. But Pound was reading the newspaper published by your radio priest, Father Coughlin, and over time he became more and more convinced of a Jewish conspiracy.

POUND

I've heard rumors that people think I hate Jews. Who says I hate Jews? I hate some Jews, but I have a greater contempt for Christians as a group. No Jew ever came up to my door and hassled me about my religion. Am I right? And I don't hear about Jewish cults stealing children by brainwashing them.

But let's be realistic here. No one will deny that Jews have racial characteristics. Oh, I'll be the first to say that some of those characteristics are good, but we've got to admit that some are bad too. But still, it's not until you have a group of Jews, a flock of Jews, a gaggle of Jews, or whatever they're called that you have a problem. Very few Americans know about the inside dealings between Free Masonry and it's central controllo, Jewry.

CAMILLA

We were playing tennis once and he pointed at the hills around the tennis courts. He told me that agents of the international Jewish bankers were watching him, watching us.

POUND

(To audience)

Germany wanted to get rid of the Jewish problem, and their first choice was to send them to other countries, but no-one would take them. The United States turned away 20,000 Jewish refugee children. Sent them back to Germany. I've always recommended that the solution to the Jewish problem was a Jewish homeland.

POUND

(On the radio)

Don't start a pogrom. The Jewish problem is not an impossible one. Don't kill 'em. They need a homeland. They deserve a homeland. By God, let's give them a homeland. I say, sell the Jews Australia. That's right, don't give them a homeland, sell them a homeland.

|
Now you ask, why Australia? I'll tell you. It's because the Australians are not an Ancient people, not really anything other than the grandchildren of a bunch of criminals.

When's the last time you walked into an art gallery and saw one damn painting by an Australian? I mean, can you even name any famous Australian painters or sculptors or poets or writers? The kangaroo criminals have had their chance and they blew it, so give the country to the Jews and see what they can do with it.

POUND

(On the radio)

You know how I feel about President Franklin Frankfurter Jewsfeld, right? I think it might be a good idea to hang old President Jewsfeld. Better yet, I'd say that if you could round up a few hundred Yidds and hang them and President Jewsfeld from the same tree today, the world would be a better place tomorrow. Of course, I want to emphasize that you should only do this by legal process, not otherwise. Law must be preserved.

Read the Protocols of Zion. If you want to know what they're up to, read the Protocols!

CAMILLA

I told him once that, "Everyone knows that the 'Protocols of Zion' are a forgery."

POUND

Certainly they are a forgery,
(Beat)

and that is the one proof we have of their authenticity. The Jews have worked with forged documents for the past twenty-four hundred years, namely ever since they have had any documents whatsoever.

CAMILLA

Italy never really supported the whole war against the Jews thing. That was the Nazis. Oh, we gave lip service to it when we had to, but no Jew was harmed in Italy during World War II. No, no that's not true. After Mussolini's government fell and the Nazis took over we had our dark period. Our concentration camps. Our extermination camps. But it wasn't us! It wasn't the real Italy!

POUND

As to the Hitler program, it was simply that the breeding of human beings deserves more care and attention than the breeding of horses and dogs, or even the breeding of sheep, goat, and the larger livestock. That is point one of the Nazi program. Breed good, and preserve the race. Breed thorough, that is for thoroughbreds, conserve the best of the race. Conserve the best elements. That means eugenics: as opposed to race suicide. And it did not and does not please the Talmudic Jews who want to kill off all the other races whom they can not subjugate.