

# THE MAN WHO WANTED TO EXPERIENCE EVERYTHING

## ACT 1

Let me tell you a little story  
About a man named Rory  
Who thought that he could  
And indeed he would  
Become the King of Glory

When Rory was still a growing lad  
Here's the question he had to face  
"What are you going to BE my boy  
When you finally get out of this place?"

And Rory would always reply  
By singing this song:  
*'I'm going to be a hero, a lover, and an artist  
A teacher and a radical too  
A man of reason, spirit and emotion  
Just give me the biggest jobs to do  
I'm going to be a realist, an idealist  
A custodian, a criminal  
A hunter and a gatherer  
A wise man and a fool  
A playboy,  
A monk  
A saint and a punk  
That's what I'm going to be  
How's about you?'*

'It's not that I'm trying to be greedy  
There's so much to Life I want to bring  
And it seems that the world is so beautiful  
I just want to experience everything.'

They listened and told him he was mad  
Said they, "whatever you want takes know-how, my lad  
You can't do anything on this here Earth  
'Till you've read some books and proved your worth."

So Rory took up studies at a fancy book-filled College  
Where his teachers said: "son, there's exclusive categories in knowledge  
What you know is all a myth, doubt all you think you find  
Say goodbye to your soul, son, start living in your mind."

The ideas from the books he read made his mind expand  
So that sights and sounds and smells were more than he could stand  
Like Faust his quest for knowledge grew to an insatiable greed  
But Rory gave up eating and on books began to feed

He starved his sense and soul and became very weak  
Through stuffing every orifice to prevent a hair-line leak  
But this was not too smart because he had forgotten  
That if you don't express yourself, then your ideas - they go rotten

At last, and just in time, he spotted his grave mistake  
"Ideas are just specters, like the Lady of the Lake  
If I'm to find the real thing and mould it into me  
I need to get out there and *live* it - but first I'll have some tea."

So he burned all his books, took a laxative for his mind  
And those ideas began to pour out, like diarrhea of the very worst kind  
He wrote them, he spoke them, he couldn't help but choke on 'em  
But slowly he began to breathe again as he felt his head unwind

When Rory's mind was cleansed again, pure as the Queen of Hearts  
There remained but one thought - 'The Whole is the sum of its Parts'  
'But God is the whole,' thought Rory, 'of all there is to know  
So if I experience every part, into God I must logically grow.'

The first thing that Rory decided to do was to work like a working-class man  
To see why they voted labor, then went on strike before labor began  
"I'm certain it's not that they're lazy, I'm sure they're the same as me  
But I know that if I work at their kind of job, I'll soon find if we agree."

So Rory got a job in a warehouse loading lorries with cartons of wine  
But soon discovered, in spite of his hopes, there really was a dividing line  
It could have been dress or inflection, or maybe the questions he asked  
But whatever the case, he knew something was wrong 'cos his tea was always  
served last

They all seemed the same as far as clothes and talk of cars  
But different when supporting teams or comparing their local stars  
Then one day in an argument, they asked Rory who he backed  
And Rory, red and blushing, said "if you don't mind, I'd rather not get sacked."

The truth was that he had no side, he supported everyone  
But he felt he couldn't tell them this for fear they might think he meant fun  
"You know what I think," said one worker, "he could be one of the boss's spies"  
"Not a chance", replied his partner, "I'd say that guy's a loner until the day he dies"

## ACT 2

Rory became very sad not to attain the first stage of his goal  
To see the world like a true worker, and so gain another part of the Whole  
But one day he saw his mistake and realized what would have to be done  
"To really be, not just *play* the part, is the only way the Whole can be won."

"First I must make sure to cut myself off from my past  
I don't think I need the institutions of the bourgeois middle class  
I'll say goodbye to relatives, and friends and school and money  
And then create myself anew, as a gay black Playboy bunny"

"Rory!" exclaimed his elders, "whatever did you say  
How on earth could you even think of acting in this way?  
"Well you know, it's getting clearer and clearer to me  
That I really need to experience the opposite of the middle class bourgeoisie."

"I've been reading that the U.S. of A. is a nation of exploitation  
To be a woman is bad, to be gay is worse, and to be black is an utter negation  
Now if I'm a black chick in a playpen, on top of a woman who's gay  
I'll see the other half of creation, so make a whole from the half I'm today."

After a week in bed, the change was complete and Rory had now become Gloria  
The effect that it had was so incredibly great as to induce a mad state of euphoria  
"The time has come," said Rory, to get a job as a bunny in Georgia  
I've experienced what life's like in Britain, now I'll do the same in the U.S. as Gloria"

When Gloria arrived at the airport and went to the counter to purchase a ticket  
The clerk said, "single to Jamaica dear, back home to the sun and the cricket?"  
After Gloria politely explained and said she was going to the States  
A Customs man shouted across and said, "she a darkie, she gets special rates"

Once this business was cleared up, Rorygloria boarded the plane  
But by the time they finally reached Georgia, a confusion had grown in her brain  
"I must remember I'm Rory and English, and keep up my habits and customs too  
Like having crumpets with tea on Sunday, and at bedtime reading Winnie The Pooh."

The U.S. Immigration man asked Gloria, "what y'all gonna do over here?"  
And Gloria mumbled and fumbled and sang her song, sounding none too clear:

*I wanna be a hero, a lover, and an artist  
A teacher and a radical too  
A man - I mean a woman of reason, spirit and emotion  
Just give me the biggest jobs to do  
I'm going to be a realist, an idealist  
A custodian, a criminal  
A hunter and a gatherer  
A wise man and a fool  
A playboy,  
A monk  
A saint and a punk  
That's what I wanna be  
How's about you?*

The immigration man didn't smile and said, "lady, I'll only ask once more  
I wanna know if you've got a job over here, we don't need more blacks who are poor  
So Gloria, swallowing her pride said, "I really wasn't trying to be funny  
Come on sir, it wasn't a sin so please let me in, I'm gonna find work here- as a Bunny"

Now Gloria soon found a Playboy club, and straight away she was given a job  
They told her at all cost, demand must be met, by pleasing the executive mob  
In fact, as it turned out that evening, the executive mob were all white  
And when they saw Gloria, they whispered and talked and then they began to fight

They all seemed so keen to attract her that Gloria asked the girl she was with  
"Is it really true that blacks are exploited, or is this just another myth?"  
The girl who was white and called Betty, said, "hey kid, where you bin?  
Everyone knows black is beautiful now, but if you're both, babe you're really in!

Well, I guess if they just want to be friendly, there's no harm in being friendly back  
If they're really not out to exploit me, hey, it don't matter if I'm white or black"  
So when later that evening she was asked if she wanted to go out on a date  
She responded quite warmly by saying, "sure, as long as I'm not home too late."

The friendly executive man took her to an exclusive place  
He ordered drinks, dinner and wine, and promised not to talk about race  
In fact he didn't talk about anything and seemed in a hurry to pay the bill  
When Gloria asked what the matter was, he winked and said, "I live just up the hill."

Next day Gloria went up to Betty and said, "look I really think you were wrong  
These guys just want sex with a black to check out if their cocks are as long  
He didn't want to know me the person, or to hear what I felt or thought  
He just wanted to try out my body, motherfucker, they think we're easily bought!"

"O.K. kid," said Betty, "so you've got a body that turns men on  
But any exploitation's 'cos you're a woman, not a black who they're trying to con  
Don't reject men 'cos they're white, reject them because they are male  
In any case you'd do better with women, men are usually too frail."

### ACT 3

Gloria remembered her plan to experience being black but also being gay  
And as it was clear what Betty was after, she thought she might as well give it a play  
"Being gay will help me know another part of women, at least a man who's a woman now  
I'm sure, well I think, all this experience is helping fulfill my original vow."

Now Betty was a member of the Gay Lib Front and was keen that Gloria join too  
And Gloria remembering her bourgeois past agreed it was something she should do  
That evening they went along to a meeting but Gloria was surprised to see  
As many young men as women drinking cups of coffee and tea

"But you said men were exploiting the woman in me, that it wasn't because I was black"  
"Well what I meant sugar, was it's hetero 'gainst homo, queens dig the ideas we back."  
Gradually Gloria was getting more confused, and it wasn't long before things got worse  
It all started one day in the launderette when she discovered she had lost her purse

As she was searching around on the floor, a black guy and a chick walked in  
And the guy said, "hey sister, if you're drying don't lose this again in the spin  
You dropped it right out on the sidewalk, and when we saw you was one of us  
We said, 'that sister needs assistance, we don't want her to get in all of a fuss.'

"Well, that's real nice of you," said Gloria, why don't you come to my place for a chat?"  
And she described her relationship with Betty, and walked them back to her flat  
Well it turned out this guy was a Panther and the woman belonged to a Muslim sect  
And by the time they'd finished with Gloria, she just didn't know what to expect.

They couldn't understand how a sister  
Was working at a Playboy club  
Or living with a white girl who was gay  
Instead of giving her political consciousness a rub

While they were trying to persuade her to join each one of their groups  
Who should come in but Betty, holding a can of tomato soup  
"Oh, I hope I'm not interrupting," she said, "I just came home for a bite to eat,"  
"That's cool, " said the Panther rising, "we three are off to a Black Power meet"

"Hey, wait just a minute," cried Gloria, "I never promised that I would go  
I feel in a bit of a dilemma, and right now, well, I just don't know."  
"What's the matter," asked Betty sarcastically, "having doubts about being gay"  
"Oh no," said the Panther to Betty, she's just a black taking the Uncle Tom way."

"Oh God, oh no, oh no! - you really just don't understand,  
All I want is to experience everything, not be stamped as one particular brand  
At least, I think that's what I wanted, but now I'm not sure any more,  
I can't seem to remember, you see I'm not ... oh God, please let me out of the door."

"Not so fast, not so fast," snarled the Panther who held the door key firm in his hand,  
"I'm kind of anxious to hear what you've got to say, little sis, besides ain't no free  
speech here that is banned,  
*What* exactly the hell are you, and in what exactly do you believe,  
What game are you really playing, what *really* are you trying to achieve?"

"Yeah, I've got a few things I'd like to know about a chick as diverse as you,"  
And with this, the black girl moved in closer with a look that was sharp but true  
"You said you've only bin in town for a while, you said you ain't staying long,  
The question is *who* were you before, who are you now, & *where* do you really belong?"

Betty, who'd been listening with interest, pushed Gloria back into a chair  
Saying, "Baby these folks want some answers to questions that are in no ways unfair  
And while you're at it, you might tell me why you decided to live here  
And why your accent's so funny, and *why* you're showing so much fear?"

Gloria put her hands to her head and uttered incomprehensible sounds  
Then suddenly screamed as her mind burst past the last remaining bounds  
As she fell to the floor she whispered, while her body straightened stiff as a rod  
"I'm black and I'm white and I'm Glory and I'm classless and I'm cosmic and I'm God."