

*The Man From*  
**SUFFERN**  
 ON THE  
**STEPPEES**  
 OR 1984 AND ALL THAT

Why is the 8:02 late? Why? I been waitin' a hour!

But it's early, Commissar. It's hardly April yet.

Early? But I had this checked last week...

Could be it's plugged up with sand fleas, sir.

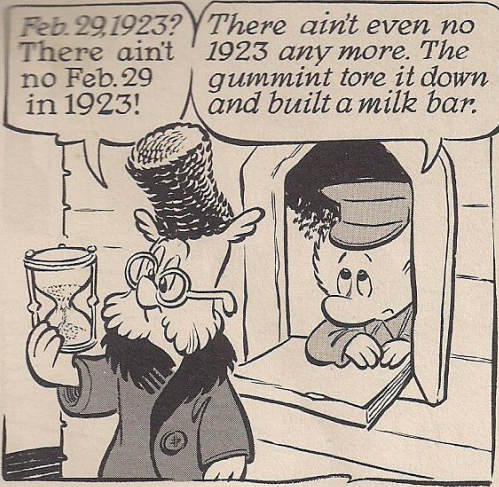
Phaw!

Quite right, sir, phaw, as you say... First of all the 8:02 is been changed to the 10:39 so if it comes in at all today it'll be early.

How could it be early if it comes in at all? S'pose it comes in at 10:45?

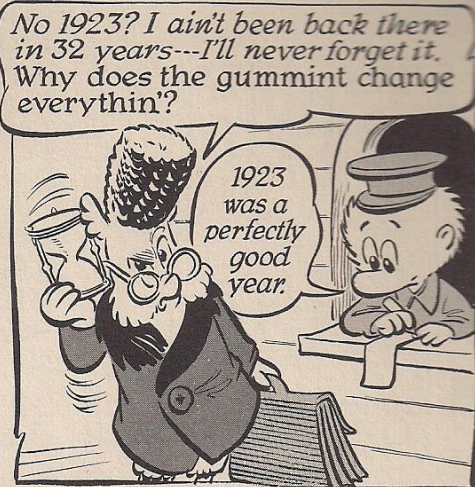
It's not scheduled to run except on Feb. 29, 1923.





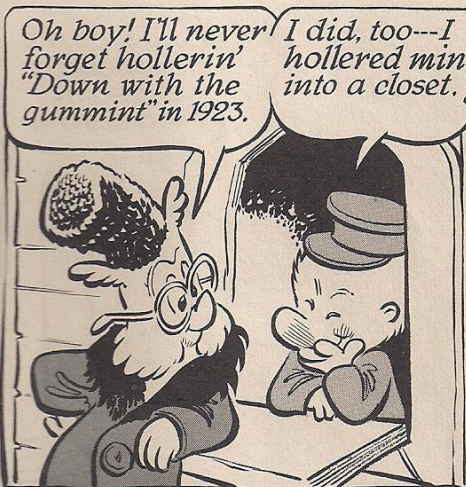
Feb. 29, 1923? There ain't no Feb. 29 in 1923!

There ain't even no 1923 any more. The gummint tore it down and built a milk bar.



No 1923? I ain't been back there in 32 years---I'll never forget it. Why does the gummint change everythin'?

1923 was a perfectly good year.



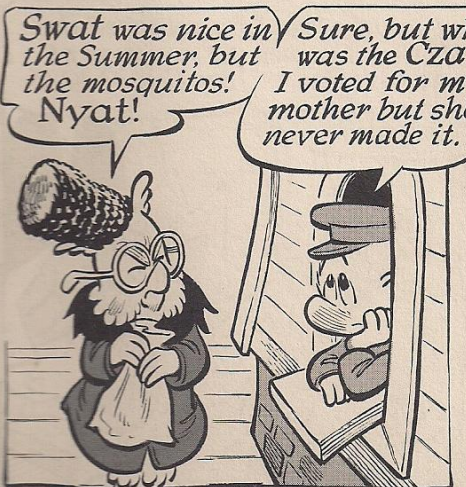
Oh boy! I'll never forget hollerin' "Down with the gummint" in 1923.

I did, too---I hollered mine into a closet.



I hollered mine into a paper bag---got it here somewheres.

Who was the Czar that year---? Babe Roose? No, he was the Sultan of Swat.



Swat was nice in the Summer, but the mosquitos! Nyat!

Sure, but who was the CZAR? I voted for my mother but she never made it.



The Czar---I think: Kenesaw Mountain somebody---it was somebody, I'm sure of that.

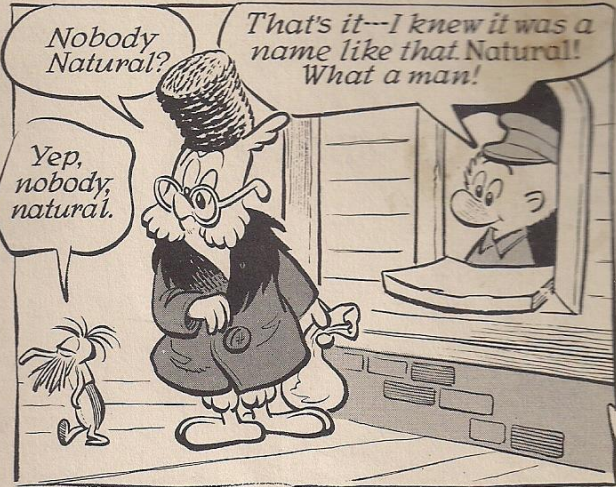
K.M. Somebody?





Who was Czar in 1923, Comrade? While you're up.

Nobody, natural!



Nobody Natural?

Yep, nobody, natural.

That's it--I knew it was a name like that Natural! What a man!



What did you say was in the bag?

My holler.



Since 1923 I was a rebel--- fought hard!

Right! You spoke up!



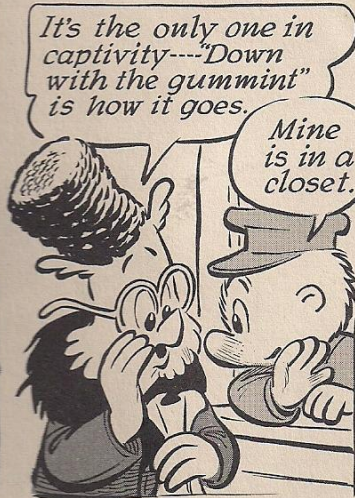
When others was knucklin' under, I hollered, "Down with the gummint!"

Into the bag!



Which way'd the bag go--? Hum-- wanna see my holler?

Jus' a peek.



It's the only one in captivity---"Down with the gummint" is how it goes.

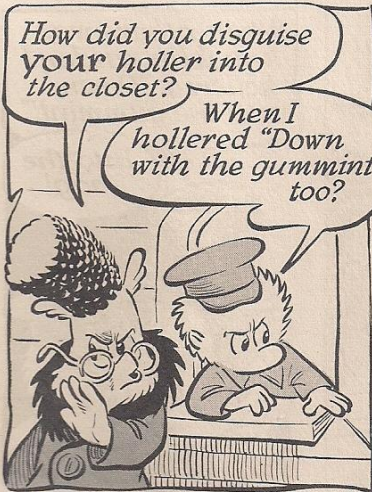
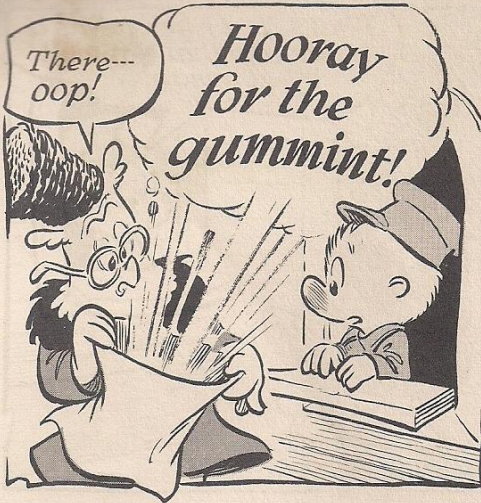
Mine is in a closet.



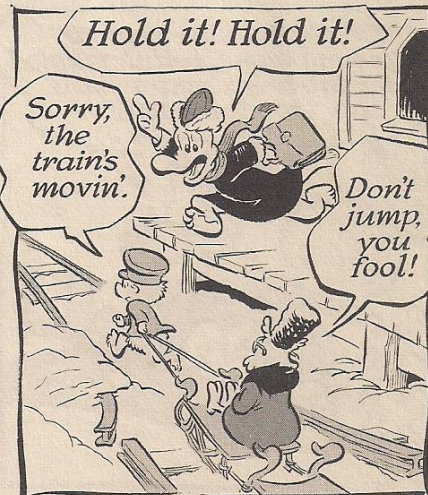
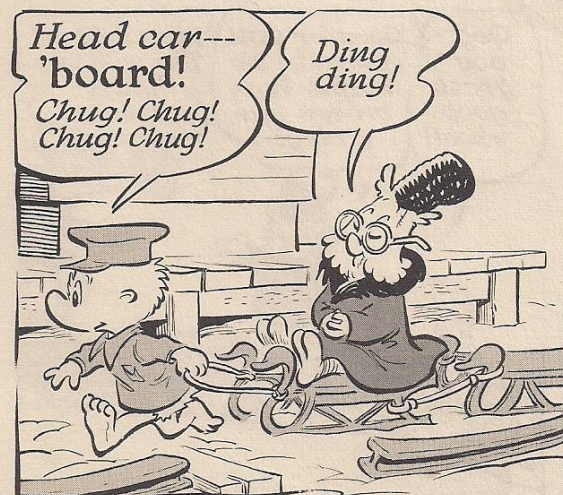
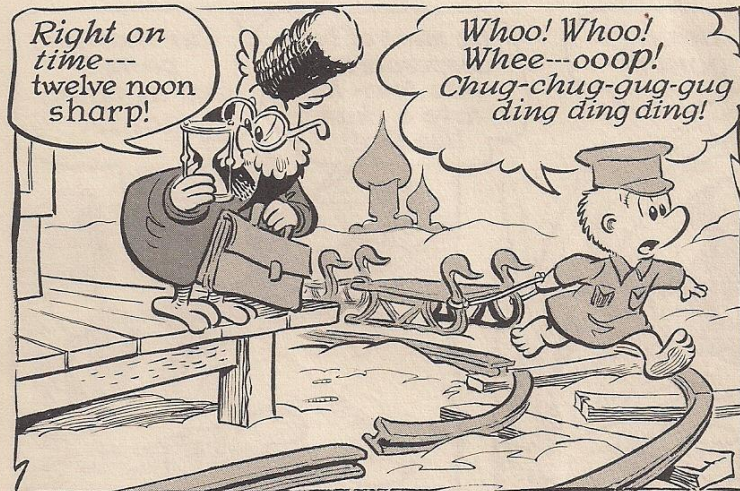
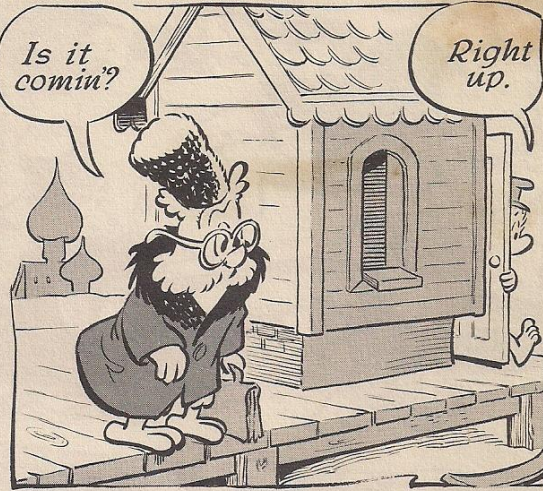
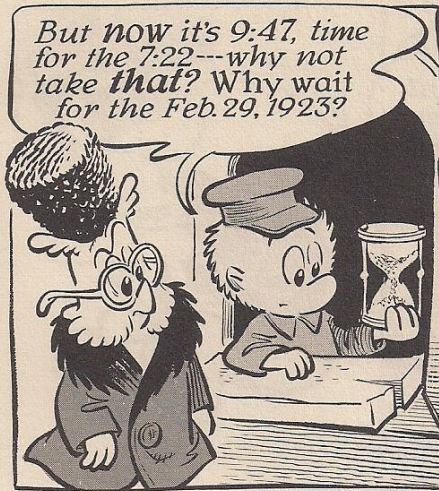
Mine goes the same way. (Outspoke as all get out.)

Quick now!

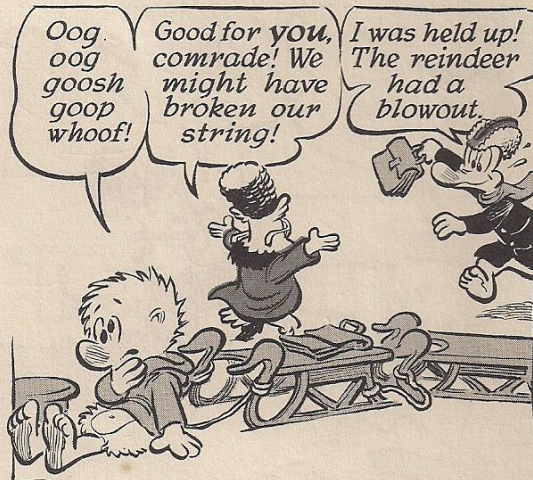
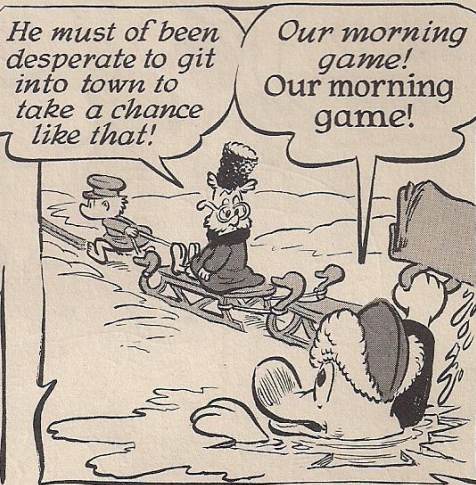
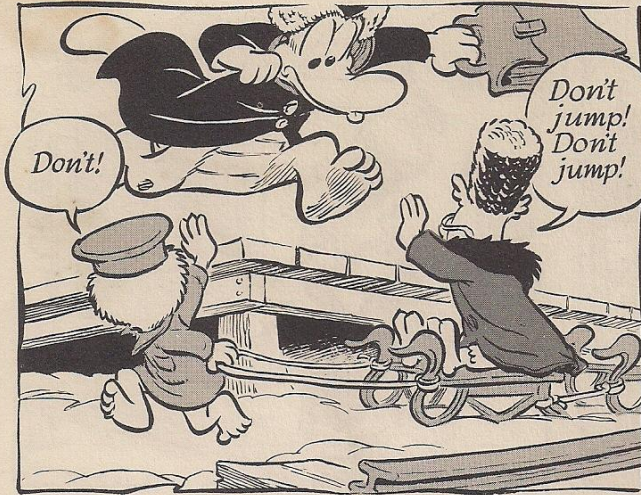




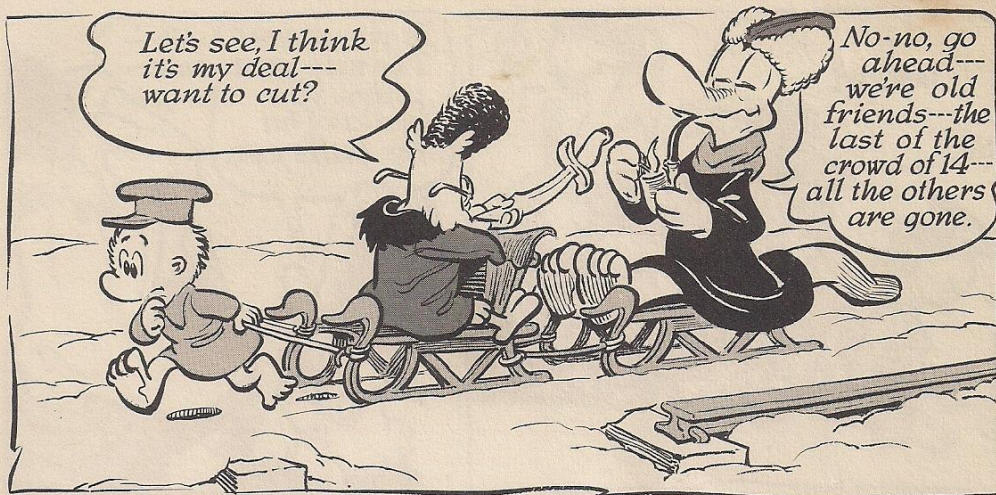






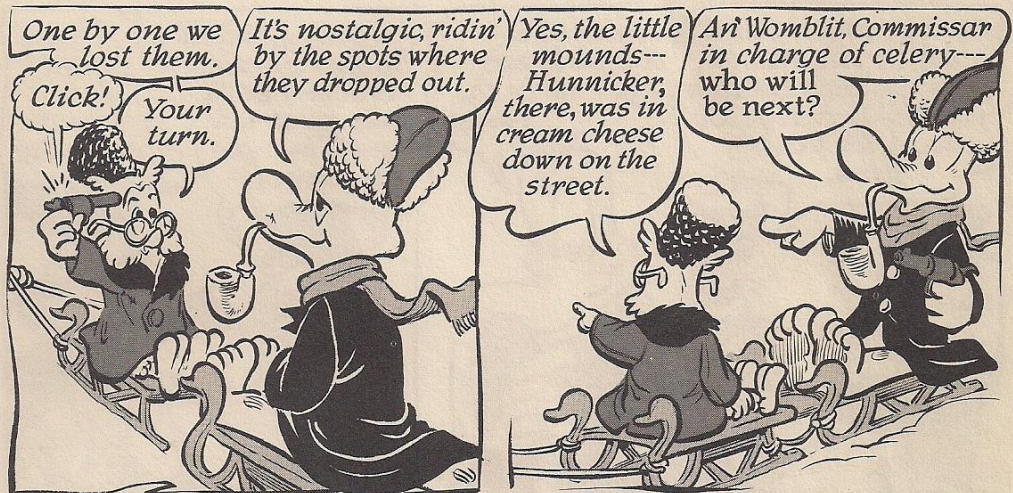






Let's see, I think it's my deal--- want to cut?

No-no, go ahead--- we're old friends---the last of the crowd of 14--- all the others are gone.



One by one we lost them.

Click! Your turn.

It's nostalgic, ridin' by the spots where they dropped out.

Yes, the little mounds--- Hunnicker, there, was in cream cheese down on the street.

An' Womblit, Commissar in charge of celery--- who will be next?



**BAM!**

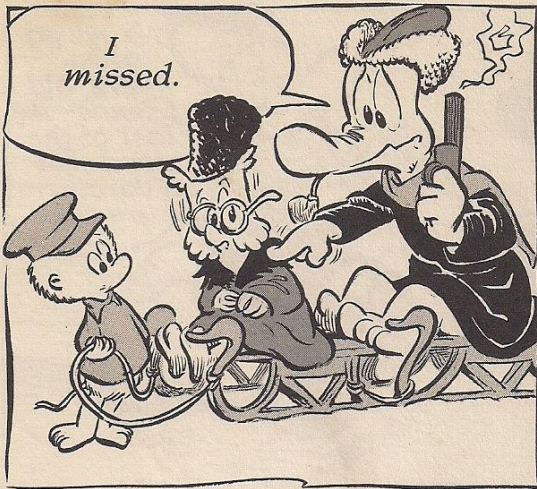
I'm alone!



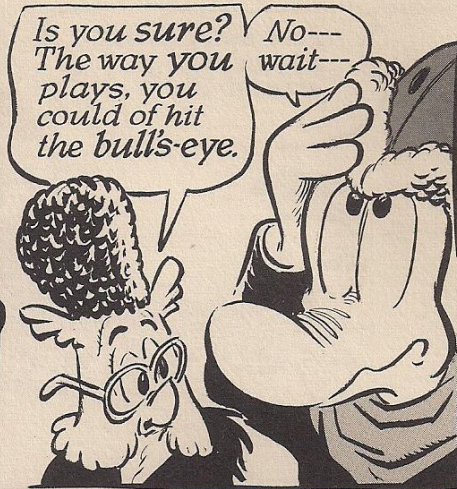
What happen? We run over a cassowary?

No---no---dont look---uh, how'd you like to sit in for my late friend?



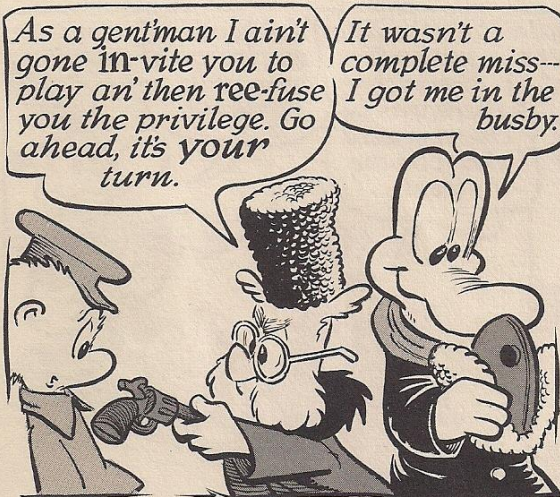


I missed.



Is you sure?  
The way you  
plays, you  
could of hit  
the bull's-eye.

No---  
wait---



As a gent'man I aint  
gone in-vite you to  
play an' then ree-fuse  
you the privilege. Go  
ahead, it's your  
turn.

It wasn't a  
complete miss---  
I got me in the  
busby.



Aw, gosh, gentlemen,  
I'm just a ordinary  
worker---I don't  
want to intrude  
myself into the  
company of---

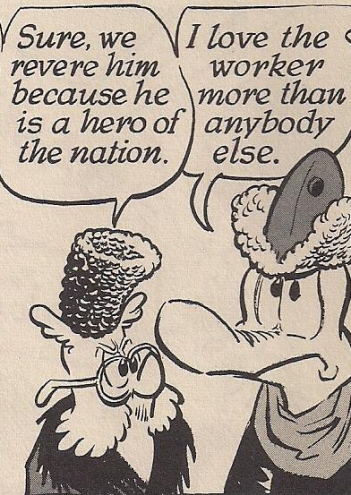
Non-  
sense!  
This is a  
democratic  
oleogarchy.



No, no, I just  
want to pull  
the sledge---  
pull the sledge  
an' retire to  
Siberia.

But you make  
us out to be  
segregationists.  
We love you  
just as if you  
were as good  
as us.

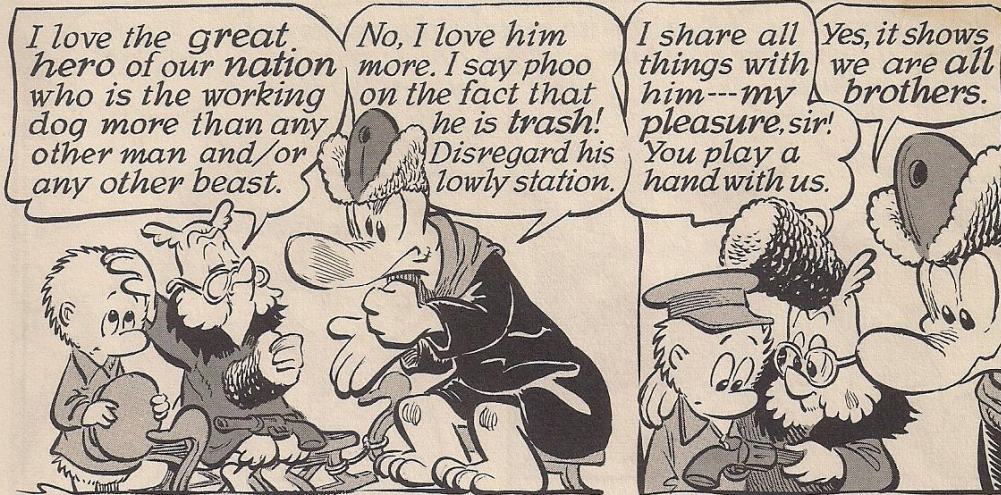
We don't care  
if you're ugly  
or stupid.



Sure, we  
revere him  
because he  
is a hero of  
the nation.

I love the  
worker  
more than  
anybody  
else.



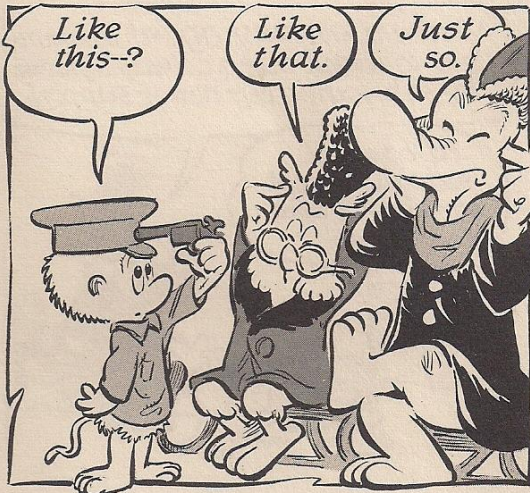


I love the great hero of our nation who is the working dog more than any other man and/or any other beast.

No, I love him more. I say phoo on the fact that he is trash! Disregard his lowly station.

I share all things with him---my pleasure, sir! You play a hand with us.

Yes, it shows we are all brothers.



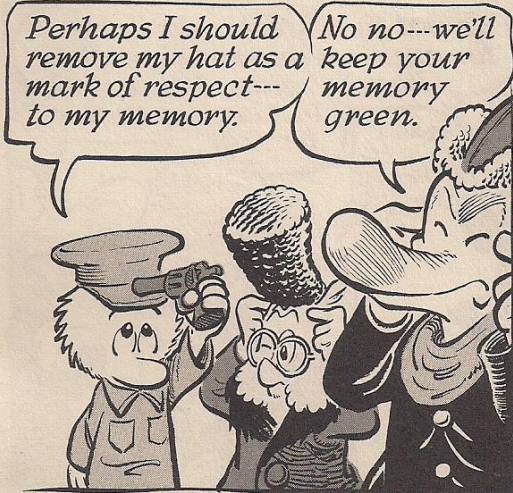
Like this--?

Like that.

Just so.

It's nice to be accepted in the upper circles. This is a real thrill, believe me.

Pull it!



Perhaps I should remove my hat as a mark of respect---to my memory.

No no---we'll keep your memory green.

But my memory is more plaid, an' besides, the hat is gummint property.

What! Saboteur! Remove it at once!



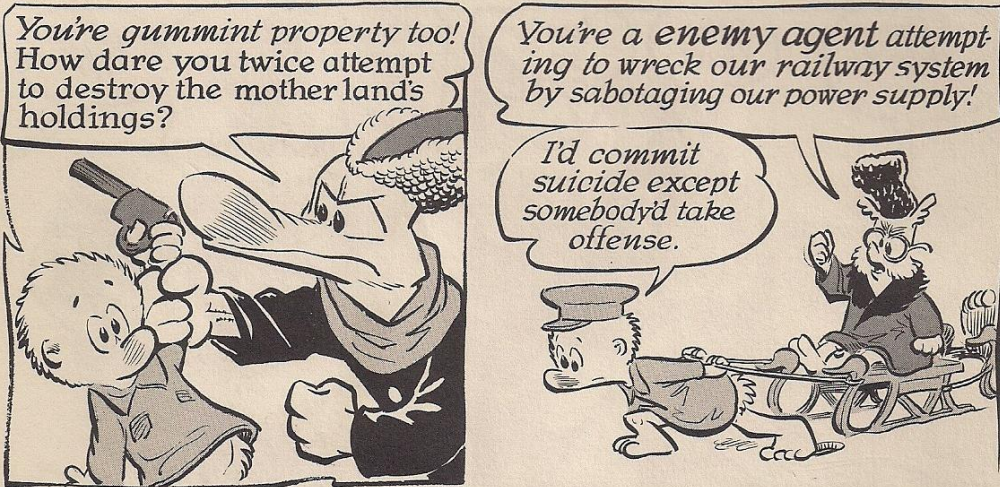


How thoughtless of me! If I had blew a hole in the hat I'd of lost my job.

Exactly--we must play fair.

If this works out like it might, uh--who will pull the sledge?

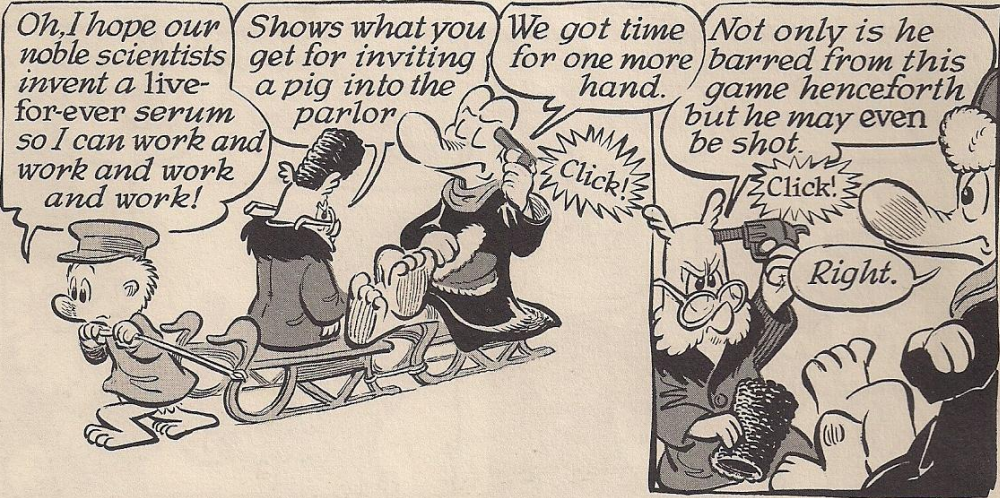
That's right!



You're gummint property too! How dare you twice attempt to destroy the mother land's holdings?

You're a enemy agent attempting to wreck our railway system by sabotaging our power supply!

I'd commit suicide except somebody'd take offense.



Oh, I hope our noble scientists invent a live-for-ever serum so I can work and work and work and work!

Shows what you get for inviting a pig into the parlor

We got time for one more hand.

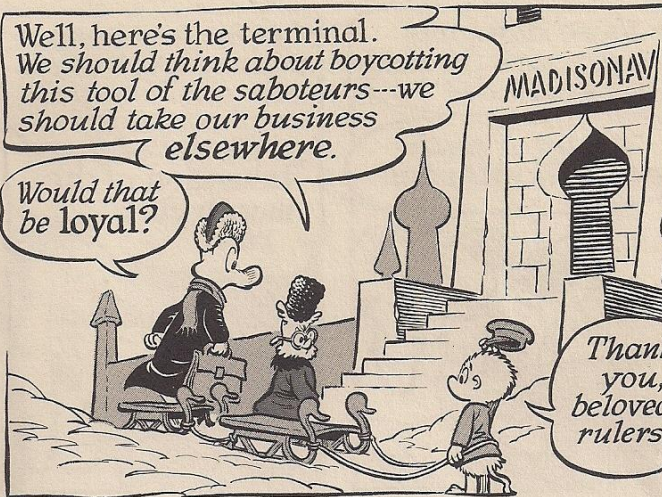
Not only is he barred from this game henceforth but he may even be shot.

Click!

Click!

Right.





Well, here's the terminal. We should think about boycotting this tool of the saboteurs---we should take our business elsewhere.

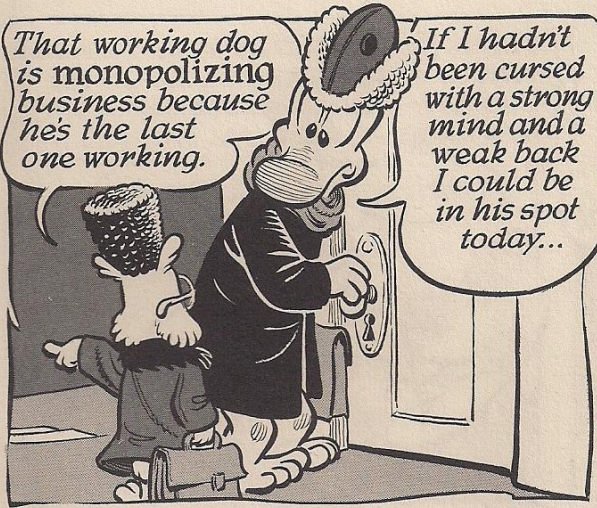
Would that be loyal?

Thank you, beloved rulers.



We'd have to take our business to America. Here we only got one railroad--no competition.

That's our trouble.

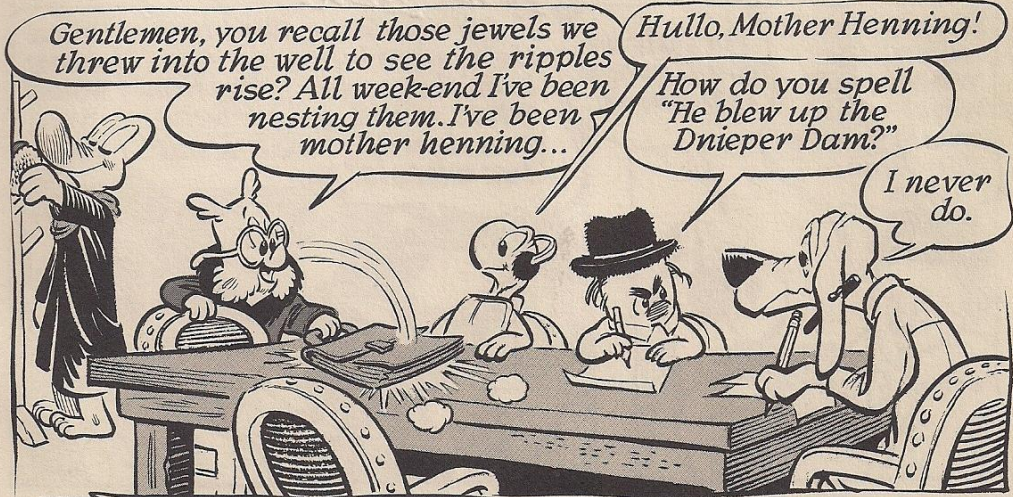


That working dog is monopolizing business because he's the last one working.

If I hadn't been cursed with a strong mind and a weak back I could be in his spot today...



Well, into the conference room! I've been incubating a nest of gilt edge eggs. I've given our ideas the full mother hen treatment.



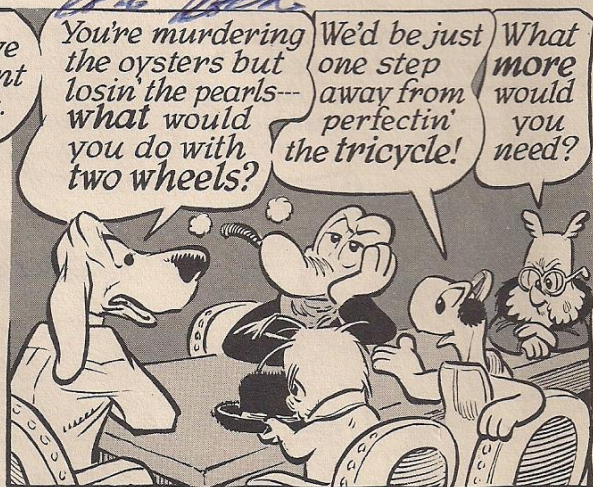
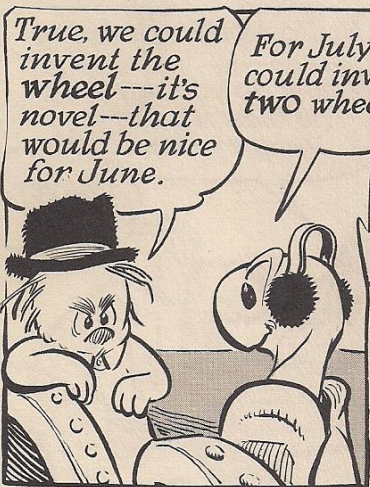
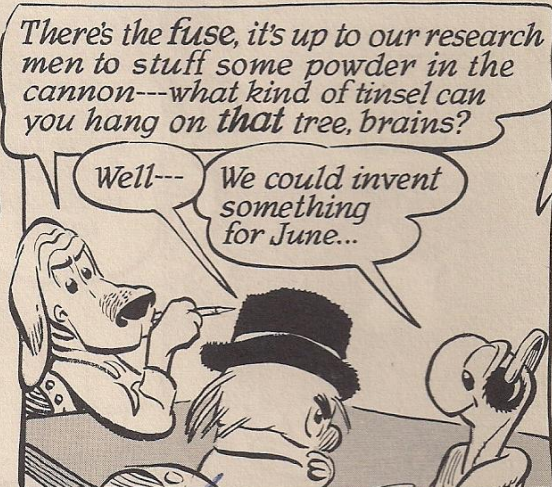
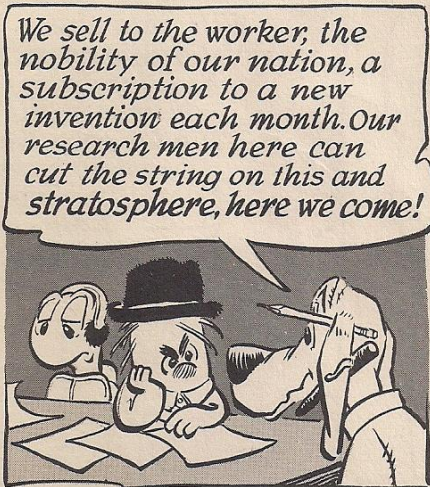
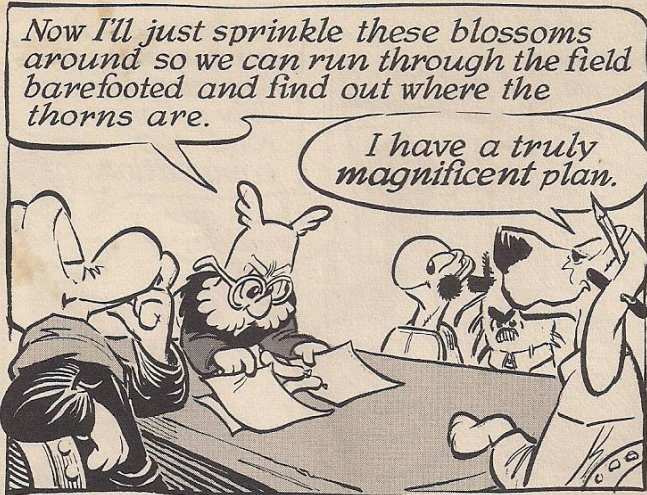
Gentlemen, you recall those jewels we threw into the well to see the ripples rise? All week-end I've been nesting them. I've been mother henning...

Hullo, Mother Henning!

How do you spell "He blew up the Dnieper Dam?"

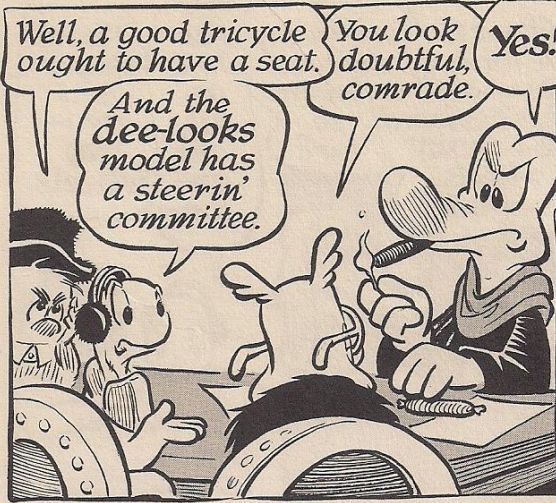
I never do.





*Joe Ueh*





Well, a good tricycle ought to have a seat.

You look doubtful, comrade.

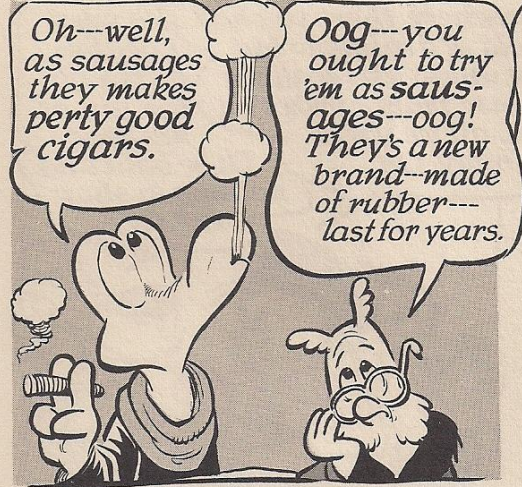
Yes!

And the dee-looks model has a steerin' committee.



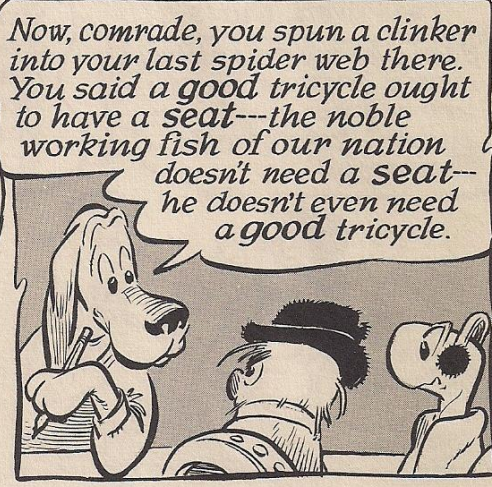
These cigars you spread out smokes like sausages.

Well, they is sausages! Mixed with the ideas I tossed at you was my lunch.

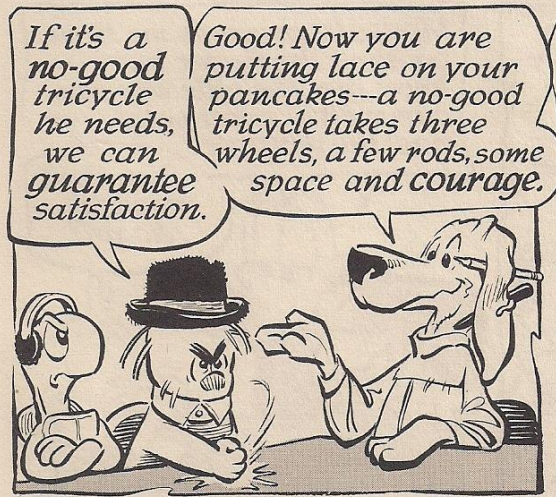


Oh--well, as sausages they makes perty good cigars.

Oog--you ought to try 'em as sausages--oog! They's a new brand--made of rubber---last for years.

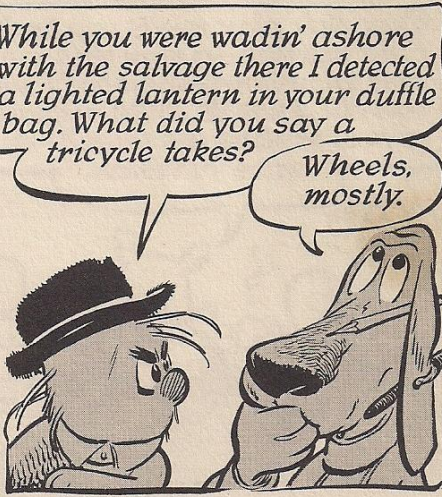


Now, comrade, you spun a clinker into your last spider web there. You said a good tricycle ought to have a seat---the noble working fish of our nation doesn't need a seat--he doesn't even need a good tricycle.



If it's a no-good tricycle he needs, we can guarantee satisfaction.

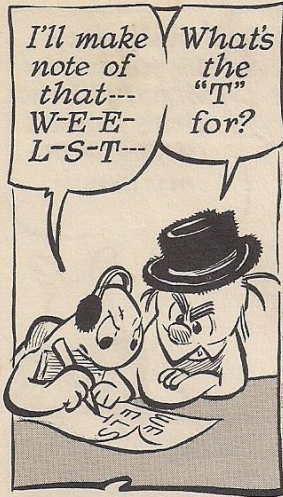
Good! Now you are putting lace on your pancakes---a no-good tricycle takes three wheels, a few rods, some space and courage.



While you were wadin' ashore with the salvage there I detected a lighted lantern in your duffle bag. What did you say a tricycle takes?

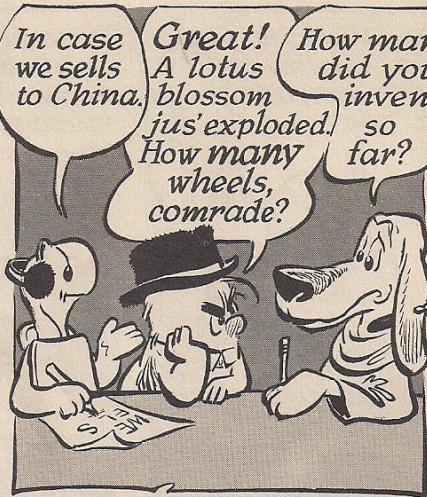
Wheels, mostly.





I'll make note of that---  
W-E-E-  
L-S-T---

What's the "T" for?



In case we sell to China.

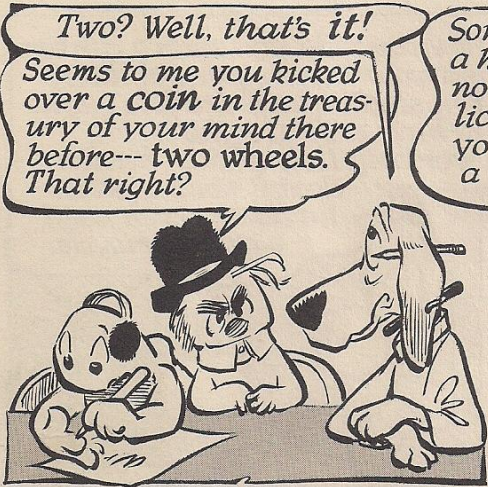
Great! A lotus blossom jus' exploded. How many wheels, comrade?

How many did you invent so far?



For June an July, one and um---

That finger is a two---two wheels.



Two? Well, that's it! Seems to me you kicked over a coin in the treasury of your mind there before--- two wheels. That right?

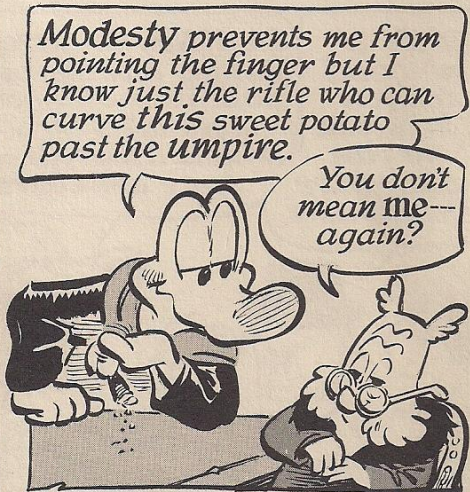
Somewhere there you had a hold of a rainbow but now, unless we recall the license plate of what hit you, all we got is a empty pot.



It's what I get for talkin' off the top of my head--- I'll be bald and nothing to show for it.



What this play needs is a broken field runner---a man with savvy and know-how---somebody who can fill a whole dyke instead of just wetting his thumb---a man of vision.



Modesty prevents me from pointing the finger but I know just the rifle who can curve this sweet potato past the umpire.

You don't mean me---again?



P.Z., you never been *righter!*  
 You know how we all look to  
 you to raise the shade when a  
 idea goes past the window---  
 an' this time, you really  
 said it, kiddo!

Heh  
 heh!

You is right as rain---I  
 don't mean you---I means  
 M-double E-I-E! Me!

First we need a slogan to get this  
 two wheeled tricycle off the ground  
 ---a slogan like what made  
 a household word of  
 "Ekibastuzugol  
 water--drink it  
 and ha-ha!"

Ain't tricycles  
 got three  
 wheels?

Not 'til  
 we invent them  
 that way they  
 don't.

Q.T., you work the warts off  
 this bonanza---use P.V. to  
 help---X.Y. and O.R. come  
 with me. I got a idea what's  
 too big for indoors.

Check, V.O.  
 Czech, I.Q.

SLAM!

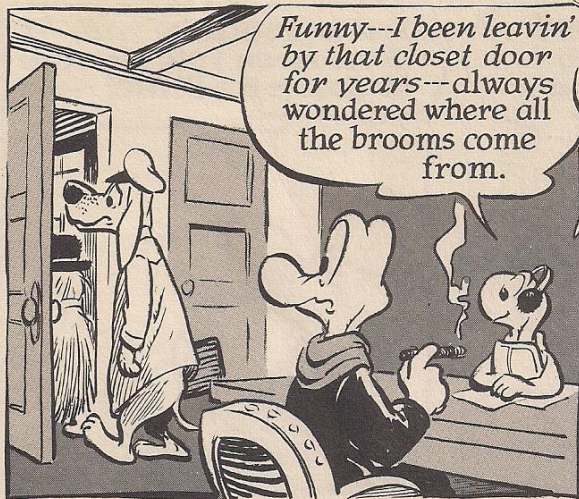
Are you  
 thinkin'  
 or sleepin'?

In  
 betweenly.

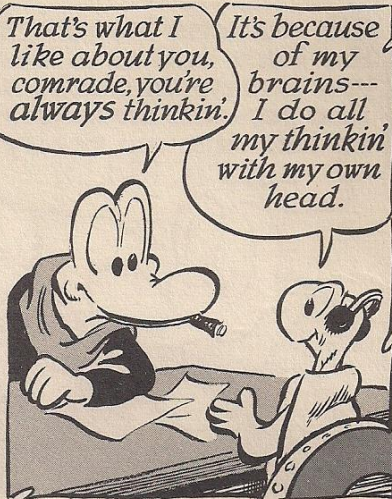
Why didn't you  
 tell me that  
 was a closet?

I'm sorry, N.T., I went  
 out that way last night.  
 I wondered why it was  
 such a short trip  
 home.



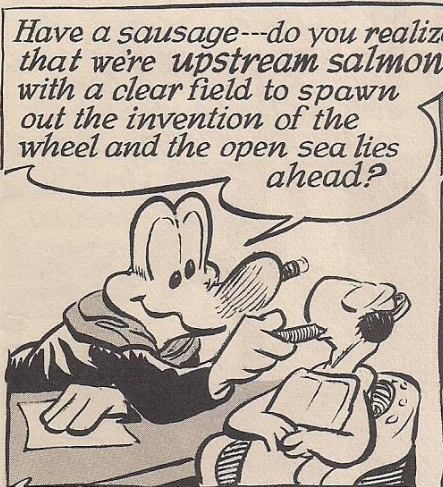


Funny--I been leavin' by that closet door for years--always wondered where all the brooms come from.

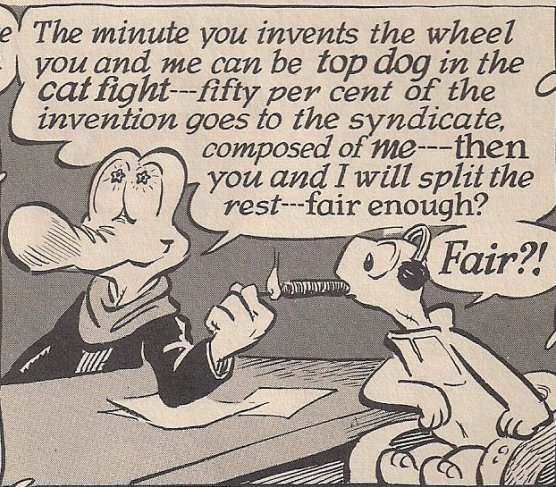


That's what I like about you, comrade, you're always thinkin'.

It's because of my brains--- I do all my thinkin' with my own head.

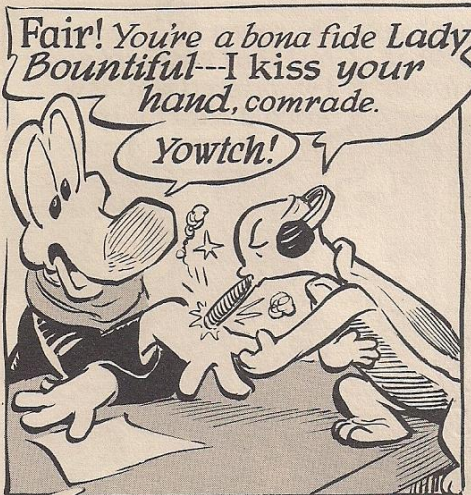


Have a sausage---do you realize that we're upstream salmon with a clear field to spawn out the invention of the wheel and the open sea lies ahead?



The minute you invents the wheel you and me can be top dog in the cat fight--fifty per cent of the invention goes to the syndicate, composed of me--- then you and I will split the rest--fair enough?

Fair?!



Fair! You're a bona fide Lady Bountiful--I kiss your hand, comrade.

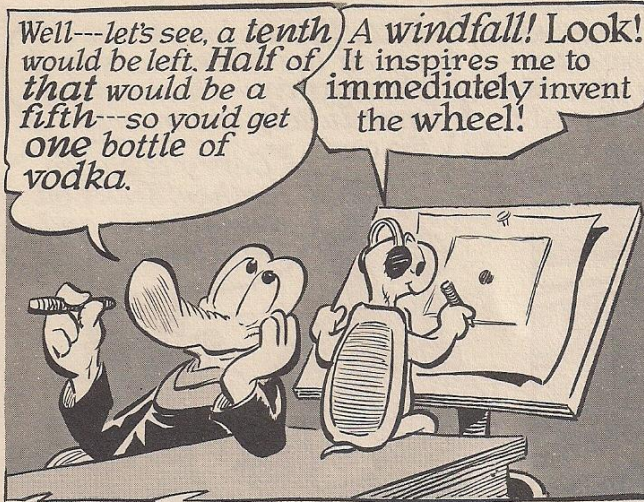
Yowtch!



Next time take off your cigar!

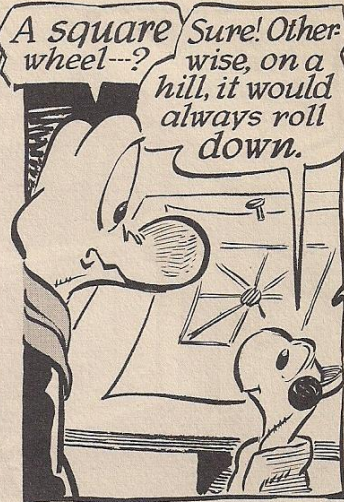
Gosh---if the syndicate takes fifty per cent-- an' we split the rest--- I'll be rich! How much is left after the fifty per cent comes out?





Well---let's see, a *tenth* would be left. *Half* of *that* would be a *fifth*---so you'd get *one* bottle of vodka.

A windfall! Look! It inspires me to immediately invent the wheel!



A square wheel---?

Sure! Other wise, on a hill, it would always roll down.



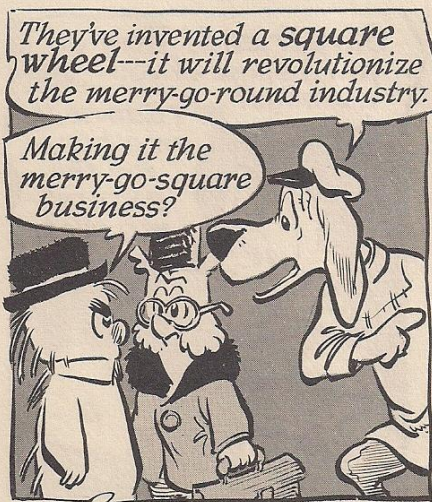
Let me stick a fork into that before you take it out of the oven, comrade---maybe some people **want** to go down hill.

In this country, everything is up hill! There is no down hill.



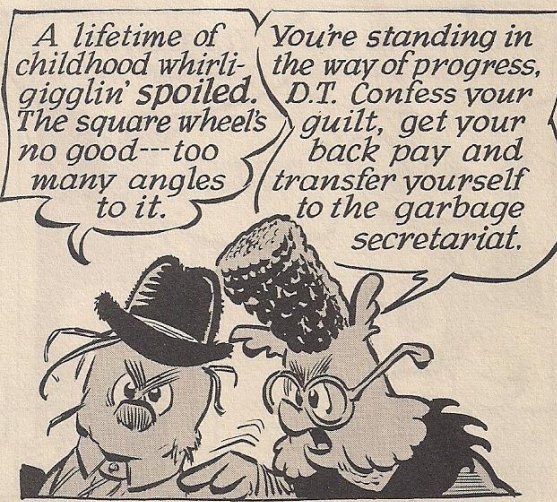
Psst, comrade, what do you hear?

They got it!



They've invented a square wheel---it will revolutionize the merry-go-round industry.

Making it the merry-go-square business?



A lifetime of childhood whirli-gigglin' spoiled. The square wheels no good---too many angles to it.

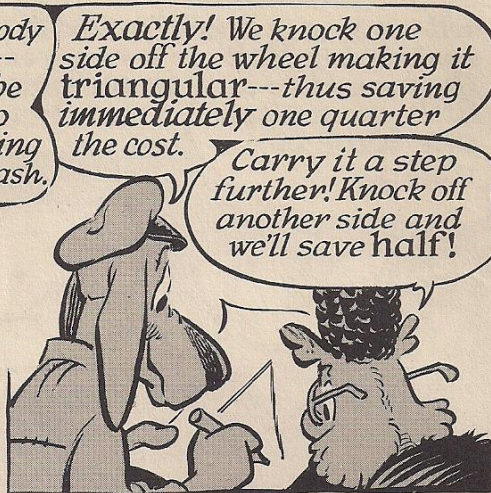
You're standing in the way of progress, D.T. Confess your guilt, get your back pay and transfer yourself to the garbage secretariat.





We can put that wheel out cheaper'n they can.

Right! There's nobody cheaper'n US--- they should be transferred to counting succotash.



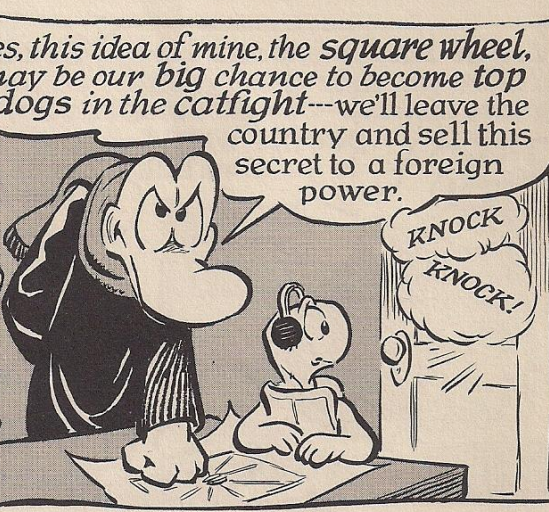
Exactly! We knock one side off the wheel making it triangular---thus saving immediately one quarter the cost.

Carry it a step further! Knock off another side and we'll save half!



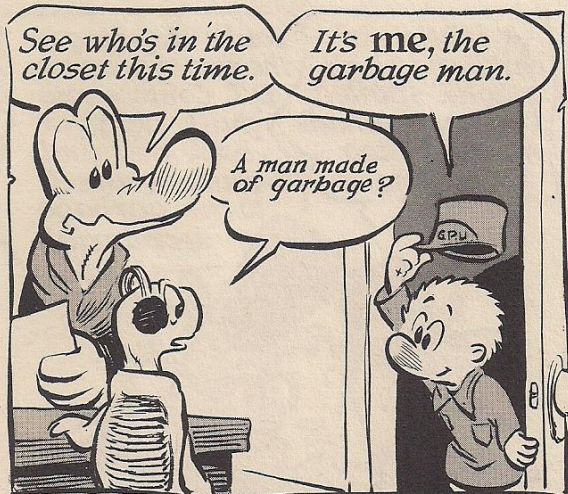
This may be our big chance to become top dogs in the catfight---we'll leave the country and sell this secret to a foreign power.

Ha!



Yes, this idea of mine, the square wheel, may be our big chance to become top dogs in the catfight---we'll leave the country and sell this secret to a foreign power.

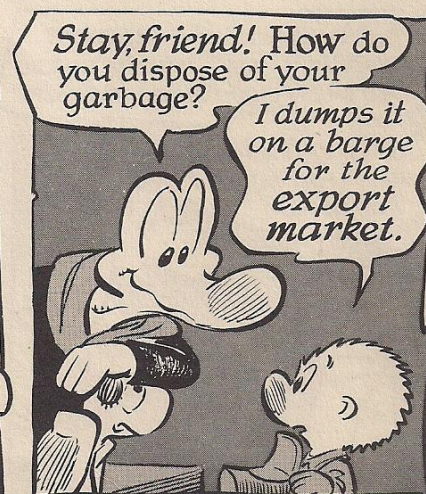
KNOCK  
KNOCK!



See who's in the closet this time.

It's me, the garbage man.

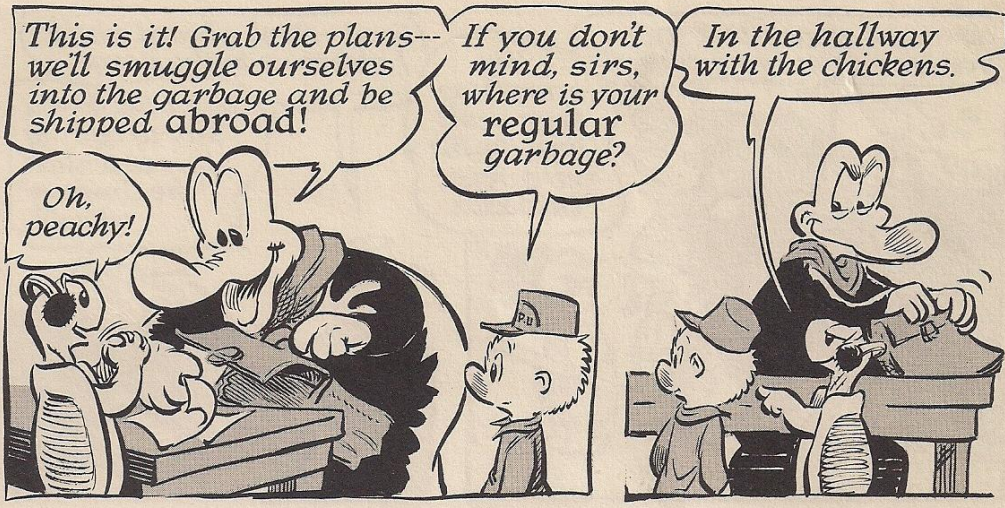
A man made of garbage?



Stay, friend! How do you dispose of your garbage?

I dumps it on a barge for the export market.



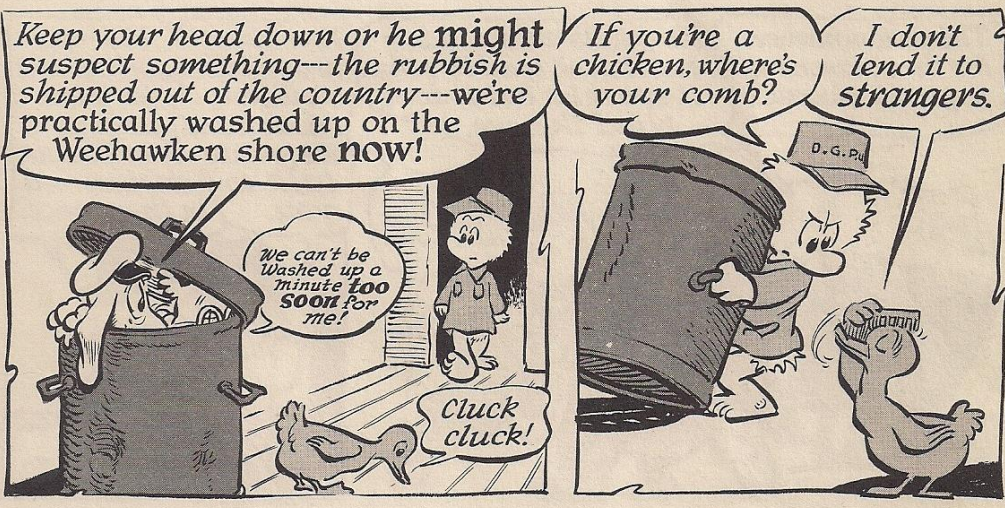


This is it! Grab the plans--- we'll smuggle ourselves into the garbage and be shipped abroad!

If you don't mind, sirs, where is your regular garbage?

In the hallway with the chickens.

Oh, peachy!



Keep your head down or he might suspect something--- the rubbish is shipped out of the country---we're practically washed up on the Weehawken shore now!

If you're a chicken, where's your comb?

I don't lend it to strangers.

We can't be washed up a minute too soon for me!

Cluck cluck!



Oh, Mamie minded Mama ♪  
'Til one day in Singapore ♪  
A sailor man from Turkestan  
Came knockin' at the door.

Here he comes--- hide! You got the plans?

Yes---they're wrapped around the sandwiches.

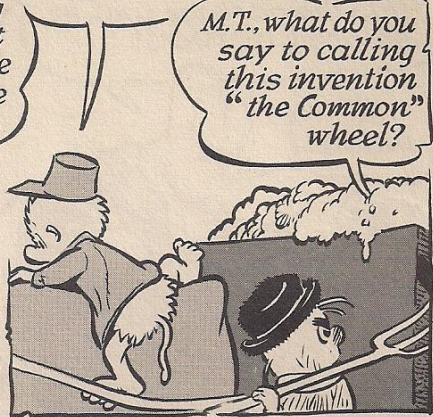


Howdodoo, sir, you look sad---  
you been down in the dumps?



Yes,  
everything  
there is just  
fine---I'm the  
new garbage  
inspector.

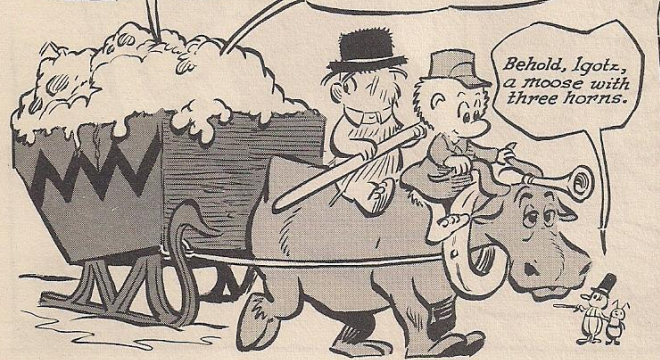
Good---climb aboard whilst  
I steers us to the barge.



M.T., what do you  
say to calling  
this invention  
"the Common"  
wheel?

"The commonwheel  
for the commonweal."  
A great slogan!

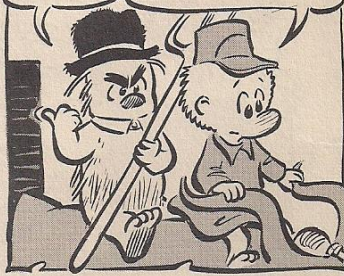
It's got its charm, R.S.,  
but it can't send its song.  
It sparkles but it don't  
blind the eye.



Behold, Igotz,  
a moose with  
three horns.

You hang  
around this  
stuff long  
enough and  
it seems to  
talk to  
you.

Yes--- all  
garbage aint  
jus' plain  
garbage---I  
found a fine  
clarinet reed  
in there once.



Somebody in  
here got  
mighty  
cold feet!

This whole conception will  
be a ninety-story gold mine  
with a pent house on every  
floor---there's the fanfare  
of trumpets in  
every graceful  
finger of its  
corporeal  
being!

You spread  
stuff like this on  
a field an' thingsd  
really grow.

Yes, an' if you  
help pitch-  
fork it  
onto the  
barge you'll  
find it  
fairly  
amusing  
work.

