

Production Book of
THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT

by 7214

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requirements for the degree

MASTER OF ARTS

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Approved by:

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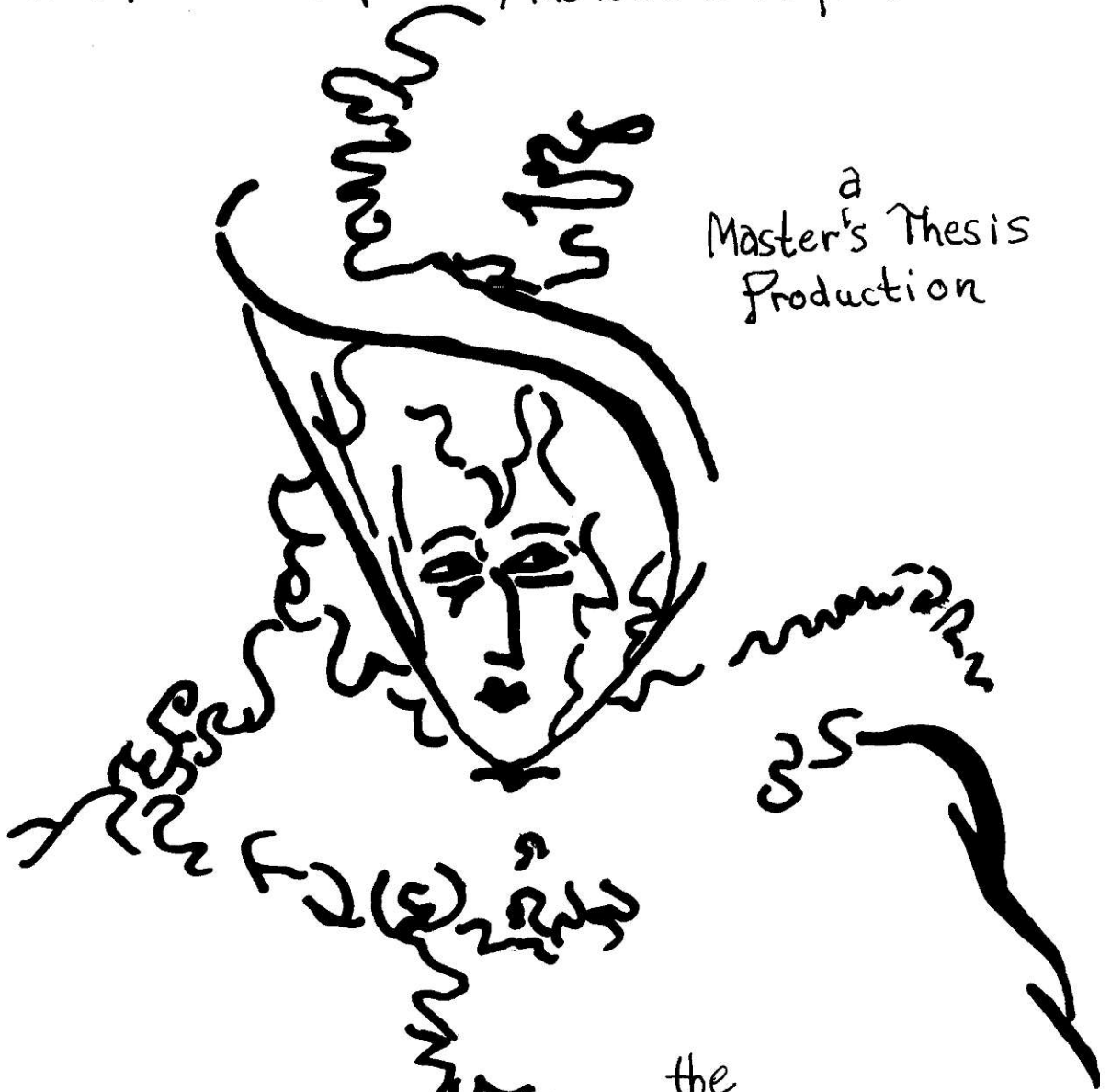
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PLATE I. PROGRAM

The Department of Speech & The K-State Players Present:

a
Master's Thesis
Production



the
MADWOMAN
of
CHAILLOT

by
jean giraudoux

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT

December 4,5,6,7, 1968

Purple Masque Theatre

8:00 p.m.

by Jean Giraudoux
TRANSLATED BY Maurice Valency

Directed by Betty Morgan*

Scene Design by Betty Morgan

Costumes by Betty Morgan

Lighting by Steve Butterworth

TIME: THE PRESENT

ACT I 12:00 noon at the Cafe Francis, Rue de Chaillot, Paris, France.

ACT II 3:00 p.m. that afternoon in the basement of the Countes' house.

CAST (in order of appearance)

Waiter.....Bob Briscoe
Prospector.....Jeff Danielson
Sergeant.....Rick Smethers
Therese.....Joni Johnson*
President.....Berney Williams
Baron.....Bill Jackson
Singer.....Steve Eustace
Flower Girl.....Nancy Tipton
Ragpicker.....Dennis Karr*
Paulette.....Vicki Soppe
Deaf Mute.....Hal Knowles*
Irma.....Patty Moore*
Shoelace Peddler.....Larry Gilbert
Broker.....Dan Cofran
Little Man.....Bill Sine
Aurelia (Madwoman of Chaillot).....Jan Allred*
Policeman.....Larry Bilbert
Pierre.....Bill Henry
Sewer Man.....Bill Kammer

STUDENT PRODUCTION STAFF

****Crew Head**

DEPARTMENT OF SPEECH THEATRE STAFF

Norma D. Bunton.....Head, Department of Speech
Wallace Dace.....Director of Graduate Studies in Theatre
Joel Climenhaga.....Director of Theatre
Elizabeth Cleary.....Director of Children's Theatre
Carl Hinrichs.....Associate Director of Theatre
Letitia Dace.....Associate Director of Theatre
Michael McCarthy.....Associate Director of Theatre
Lydia Aseneta.....Costumes and Makeup
Mary Horton.....Graduate Teaching Assistant
Harold Knowles.....Shop Foreman
Leanna Lenhart.....Graduate Teaching Assistant
Mary Elizabeth Morgan.....Graduate Teaching Assistant

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thesis advisor: Wallace Dace, Professor of Speech

KSDB	Bill's Campus Bookstore
KMAN	Manhattan Police Department
KSRH	K-State Union
Mercury	Millers Pharmacy
Tempo	Virginia Mansfield
Trading Post	Mr. John Egar

"THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT" IS PRODUCED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH
THE DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE

Next production is "GNADIGES FRAULEIN" and "CASE OF THE CRUSHED PETUNIAS"
January 15, 16, 17 in the Purple Masque Experimental theater.

PART I. ESSAY

INTRODUCTION

The play is the only moral or artistic education of a nation. It is the only evening course available for adults and the aged, the only means whereby the most humble and least literate members of the public can find personal contact with the highest conflicts, and create for themselves an undenominational religion, a liturgy and its saints, sentiments and passions. Some people dream, but for those who do not dream, there is the theater. 1

Jean Giraudoux, in this passage, states more than his defense of drama's existence. He also defends the role of the playwright and reveals a microcosm of his personal philosophy. Just as the play is educational and artistic, Giraudoux considers the playwright a teacher, an artist, and a philosopher. The playwright is a teacher of the "evening course," the play, because he explains his philosophies through his dramatic works. He is a "means whereby the most humble and least literate members of the public can find personal contact with the highest conflicts . . ."² The playwright is an artist for he incorporates characters, scenery, costumes, dialogue, action, and ideas into a single coherent presentation. Because the playwright deals

¹Frederick Lumley, Trends in Twentieth Century Drama, (London, 1956), p. 40.

²Lumley, p. 40.

with problems and events, he advocates moral, social, or psychological premises in his plot solutions. The playwright thereby creates an undenominational religion. He presents saints in the characters of heroes, sentiments in the discussion of values and philosophical ideas within his plays.

Giraudoux's interpretations of the playwright's role was influenced by his study of German philosophers. The purpose of this paper is to describe the effects of these philosophers on Giraudoux's philosophy of the playwright, on his personal philosophy seen in his plays and on his themes and style in presenting these ideas. The German philosophers presented six premises which Giraudoux developed into his plots, themes, and style. These premises included the concepts of ego and essence, the use of the dialectic method, the vision of life as an ever-changing process, the concept of the absolute, and the essence and mission of a poet. The Germans, then, form a basis, a springboard from which Giraudoux worked.

As a teacher, artist, and philosopher, Giraudoux develops and advocates two basic concepts. His first concept is the value of individual, subjective ideas. That is, ideas which result from one's character. Second, Giraudoux sees a need for individual actions, that is, actions whose motives arise from one's ideas. Giraudoux reflects and records ideas he has analyzed according to his philosophy through the media of the novel and the drama. These two concepts form the basic divisions

of this paper.

In order to understand Giraudoux's concepts and his incorporation of the six German premises, it is necessary to know Giraudoux and his milieu. Thus, a short biographical sketch preceeds the discussions of Giraudoux's philosophy, style, and themes. These discussions form the final stage in the selection, production, and analyzation of Giraudoux and his play The Madwoman of Chaillot.

Two criteria were used when reading various plays as possible choices for a thesis production. First, the play had to contain a timely message. In The Madwoman of Chaillot, hereafter known as The Madwoman, three of Giraudoux's minor themes were present: love versus deception, antagonism against the establishment, and past values as a saving force of present conditions. These minor themes could be directed to reveal either the historical connotation of 1945 or the current situation. Since the current, 1968, interpretation of these themes was desired, two characteristics of The Madwoman were especially appealing for a production at Kansas State University.

First, the play would be presented for a university audience whose interests included current events and humanitarian problems, class revolution, and love versus the exploitation of mankind. The notions of revolution and change within educational and social systems were much debated on university campuses. A number of campuses erupted in violent demonstrations,

sit-ins, and other forms of social protest. In addition, many cities experienced racial disturbances, marches, and strikes. Educational and political administrators, students, and individual citizens became alarmed by these revolutionary situations. Most importantly, young people, both revolutionaries and love-preaching hippies, were actively involved in these circumstances.

Thus, a play about class and ideological revolution, explaining one man's reasons for their necessity, would presumably be popular with a young university audience. However, other more conservative Kansans also compose the university community. Therefore, the fiery nature of Giraudoux's answer to the class problem, social upheaval, necessitated a mask before it could be accepted by the general Kansas audience. Because Giraudoux's mask of fantasy, especially his use of paradox in irony and metaphor, is unique and exciting, it was felt that the play and its message would be accepted by all. Lastly, Giraudoux's use of metaphor in defining and explaining human interactions is similar to the author's personal analysis. Therefore, the timeliness of the topics in The Madwoman and the use of fantasy in the presentation of these ideas fulfilled the first criterion.

The second consideration used in selecting a play was its creative challenge. The Madwoman offered this creative challenge by requiring artistic solutions to problems in character portrayal, costume design, and set design. Character portrayal posed a challenge because a smaller cast was desired. In an effort to reduce cast size, there was a challenge to retain

meaningful lines and characters. The numerous male roles required by the play posed an especially difficult problem because past observation had shown only a small number of males reading for parts. Thus the elimination of characters, plus the possibility of females playing certain male parts were considered. The division of lines from deleted or changed roles were then geared to develop more distance personalities in the remaining minor roles. Character portrayal in general was challenging because it was necessary to retain the dialogue but update its meaning. Costumes, actions, and delivery were the answers to this problem.

The costumes were challenging because of the variety of period styles in the play. Costume designs included four 1890 gowns and both mod and conservative 1968 dress. The actions and delivery of the characters were challenging due to lack of knowledge and experience in directing.

The set design for The Madwoman posed another artistic problem. Within the limits of the Purple Masque Theatre, two sets, an exterior and an interior, were required. The design necessitated an easy, economical set change, enough active area on each set to accommodate a large cast, and a trap in the interior set. In addition, the colors of the two sets were designed to coordinate with each other and with the costumes. Thus, the artistic challenge offered by The Madwoman fulfilled the second criterion for a thesis production. The Madwoman was

chosen, then, for its timely message and for its artistic challenge.

Since the direction of the play emphasized the current interpretation of social problems, little research was done prior to the December production. However, an understanding of Giraudoux's personality, occupation, themes, purposes and style is necessary to understand his messages. Underlying both the metaphor and irony of his dialogue, and the realistic-fantasy of his style are ideas based upon his German influence. The following essay includes: a discussion of Giraudoux's philosophy as it was influenced by German philosophers, those premises which Giraudoux advocates that mankind personalize, Giraudoux's style and themes and an analysis of Giraudoux's play The Madwoman. These discussions incorporate analyses of the following Giraudoux plays: The Madwoman of Chaillot, Amphitryon 38, Judith, The Enchanted, Tiger at the Gates, Duel of Angels, Siegfried, Electra, Apollo of Bellac, and Ondine. The discussion of The Madwoman encompasses Giraudoux's themes and purpose in writing this particular play as well as the approach used in directing this play as it differed from Giraudoux's.

INDIVIDUALITY OF ACTION

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Jean Giraudoux was born the son of a local government administrator on October 29, 1882, in Bellac, Haute Viene, France. He lived in this south-central French town for seven years and then moved with his family to various towns throughout France. These numerous moves were significant for Giraudoux in both his schooling and, later, in the provincial settings and metaphorical descriptions in his literary works. In his early schooling, Giraudoux attended the Lycee at Chateauroux where he spent most of his time in diligent study. Since he considered himself superior to his peers, being first in his class seemed natural to Giraudoux.³ Furthermore, through constant moving, Giraudoux established few close or lasting friendships. Understandably, he was a good but reserved student. One important move his parents made was to Cerilly and into a residence next to the humanitarian writer, Charles-Louis-Philippe. From him, Giraudoux received his first introduction to writing about human conditions, a topic with which he was later openly concerned. The two writers exchanged letters and chatted informally together during Giraudoux's summer vacations. The subjects they discussed included the condition of the French peasants prior to World War

³Agnes Raymond, Jean Giraudoux, the Theater of Victory and Defeat, (Amherst, 1966), p. 69.

I and injustices inherent in the bourgeois treatment of these peasants. Since Philippe was one of the few writers of that time who was of peasant descent, he had personal insight into the peasant's conditions.⁴ Giraudoux's concern for the peasant and for middle class life, which he gained from this association with Philippe, emerged later in such plays as The Madwoman, Duel of Angels, and The Enchanted.

Upon graduation from the Lycee at Chateauroux, Giraudoux attended the Lycee Laconal in Paris. Here he became more interested in writing and associated with such writers as Claudel, Edmond Joloux, and P. J. Roulet. These writers wanted to break away from the traditional realistic approach to literature and return to the poetic use of imagery, fantasy, and irony.⁵ During this time, Giraudoux spent much time visiting Paris sights while half-heartedly studying for entrance to the German Agregation. The Agregation was an advanced educational degree in the German Ecole Normale Superieure. While studying for his entrance exams in 1904, Giraudoux was a student of German literature under the noted history professor, Charles Andler. Although Giraudoux did not agree with Andler, he did receive inspiration for further study as well as a desire to see Germany. In 1905, Giraudoux traveled to Munich to learn the

⁴Larunet Le Sage, Jean Giraudoux, His Life and Works, (Pittsburg, 1959), p. 4.

⁵Larunet Le Sage, Jean Giraudoux, Surrealism, and the German Romantic Ideal, (Urbana, 1952), p. 12.

German language more fluently, to study the German Romantics and philosophers, and to understand German culture and thought. Giraudoux did learn about the German people, philosophy, and literature, but his fluency in the language proved insufficient to pass the German entrance exams. Instead, Giraudoux left for the United States in 1909 to spend a year at Harvard teaching French and writing for the French paper, Le Figaro.

With his return to France in 1910, Giraudoux embarked upon his literary career, selling publishing rights for his first book, Provinciales, to the publisher Bernard Gasset. On June 14, 1910, Giraudoux commenced his political career as Vice-Council-in-training in the political and commercial division of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. From 1910 to 1914, Giraudoux rose first to Attache and then to Vice-Council, third class. From these positions he received firsthand knowledge for two of his major dramatic themes, war and Franco-German relations. Giraudoux's concern and interest in Franco-German relations began prior to World War I. However, this theme was not used until after 1928 when he wrote Siegfried, Judith, and Tiger at the Gates. To facilitate an understanding of this theme, a short discussion of the relations between France and Germany during this century is necessary.

In the four prewar years, 1910-1914, France was growing increasingly uneasy about Germany. This suspicion was not unfounded, for wars between France and Germany had occurred

three times within the previous 100 years, 1814, 1815, and 1870. After the Prussian victory in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871, Prussia annexed Alsace-Lorraine and exacted reparations payments from France. Since the reparations payments were completed within three years, some Prussian officials feared French rearmament and wanted to start a preventive war in 1875. Thus, it was natural for France to be suspicious of Germany.

In 1910, Germany feared Russia as a potential aggressor. Due to Russia's large population, high birthrate, and semi-Asiatic, war-like background, Germany feared that Russia could and would conquer all the peoples and lands from her border to Berlin. Due to Germany's anxiety about the ills of occupation and the devastation of her land and property, she wanted to occupy France and defend herself from the vantage point of French soil.

When the war did break out in 1914, Giraudoux entered the French infantry as a sergeant and served at Leon, Clermont, and Ferrand. He was wounded twice and decorated for his bravery on July 31, 1915, when he received the Legion of Honor Medal. Giraudoux saw and felt the suffering and pain of war, but he preferred to remember and concentrate on the landscapes and people. As a result, his diary, Lectures Pour Une Ombre, and his book, Lectures Pour Lydia, undramatically described marches, countermarches, towns, and people. No horrible scenes were recalled, only his personal reactions and descriptions of light

casualties were recorded.⁶

After the War, Giraudoux advanced in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs from a third class to second class embassy secretary. Then he became an aid to diplomat Philippe Berthelot and then head of the Services of French Oeuvres in 1921. Later Giraudoux rose to War Inspector General of Diplomatic and counselor posts, and ultimately, to Commissioner of Information and Propaganda from 1935 to 1939. Thus, from 1919 to 1939 Giraudoux could again watch changes in Franco-German relations. Concern for these international relations forced him to speak through Siegfried, Judith, Tiger at the Gates. The milieu which surrounded Franco-German mistrust is based on the following circumstances.

Relations between France and Germany from 1918 to 1939 were characterized by mutual skepticism. During the tense peace between the world wars, both countries contended for world recognition, but for different reasons. France wanted recognition and help to bolster her feelings of insecurity about possible future German attacks, while Germany wanted recognition as a European power. The French attitude from 1918 to 1939 may be summarized as follows:

For France, the primary fact underlying victory was invasion; the first and greatest result was the deliverance of the sacred soil of France from

⁶ Le Sage, Life and Works, p.6.

pollution.⁷

Although France had, in effect, defeated Germany, she knew Germany retained certain inherent advantages which could enable her to invade France and "pollute" her soil at some future date. Germany's advantages included her central position in Europe, her greater population, her military and technical talents, and the military orientation of her social and political organizations. Consequently, the French believed, "the peace of Europe must be secured by making it impossible for Germany to wage a war."⁸ Using the Versailles treaty to cripple Germany, France and the other Allies demilitarized the Rhineland, freed the Saarland from Germany, and effectively reduced German land and sea forces. The Versailles Treaty, however, did not give France security. The Treaty fostered mistrust among the Allies and created small states on the south and east borders of Germany. The French insistence on German demilitarization caused suspicion among all the Allies, but Britain was France's chief critic. French over-protectiveness was interpreted by Britain as "recurring Napoleonic dreams."⁹ Thus when the United States dropped out of the Versailles Conference, Britain tried to withdraw from what she considered unwise agreements. With British withdrawal, the

⁷Dennis Brogan, France Under the Republic, (New York, 1940), p.544.

⁸Brogan, p.552.

⁹Brogan, p.554.

Treaty of Agreement, whereby each nation agreed to respect the "territorial integrity of other nations," was left unsigned. This Treaty of Agreement was to have been the basis of the League of Nations.

A second cause of French insecurity was the creation of small states at Germany's south and east borders. By conquering or by annexing any or all of these states, France felt Germany would again be in a good position to attack. As a result, France made a series of treaties with Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Belgium, and Britain. Through these treaties France hoped to gain additional defense in the event of a German attack and loans for rehabilitation. In spite of both the treaties and the French insistence on German demilitarization and disunity throughout the 1920's and early 1930's, France never felt completely secure in her peace with Germany. During this same period, England emphasized unity of German people into one nation and the unity of Europe in peaceful cooperation among nations. France was in favor of peaceful cooperation and unity, but to the exclusion of Germany.¹⁰

Germany was as unsuccessful as France in her attempts to gain recognition as a European Power. Failure to attain this recognition, caused partially by France, contributed to Germany's dislike and mistrust for the France. The results of Germany's vain attempts were humiliation and betrayal at the

¹⁰Brogan, p.552-555.

hands of the Allies at Versailles, the fall of the Weimer Republic, and the rise of Hitler.

The Treaty of Versailles mortified and betrayed Germany for three reasons. First, the Allies forced responsibility for the war on Germany. However, since Germany considered the war one of self-defense, she could not accept the entire blame given her. Yet, she could not succeed in changing the wording of the Treaty.

Second, Wilson's fourteen points were used to satisfy Allied desires. The Treaty, for instance, demanded the demilitarization of Europe, yet after Germany and the Rhineland were disarmed, the other European Powers, including France, did not disarm themselves. Germany's reparation payments also created problems. Since the type and amount of payments were not settled upon until 1922, Germany had paid some debts in kind. These payments, therefore, had to be evaluated to determine their monetary value, a process which caused hard feelings among the Allies and between the Allies and Germany. In addition, several nations who had damages no greater than Germany received some of Germany's overseas possessions. All of these payments caused Germany to feel betrayed.¹¹

Third, Allied assurance that the German people would not be punished for crimes of their Government was not kept. For example, after Germany had been verbally accepted into the

¹¹Brogan, p.554.

League, her proposals for improving it were rejected. In addition, she was not accepted into the League until 1926. The Germans felt betrayed and humiliated by the Allies, including France, and dislike for France naturally increased.¹²

The Weimer Republic, organized by Scheidmann and Ebert in 1919 to quell a Bolshevik push for power and to reconstruct Germany, was Germany's second vain attempt at world recognition. The Republic from its institution was a complete but not wholly acceptable change for the German people. Accustomed to an autocratic monarchy, the Germans could not accept a democratic government. In addition, many Germans did not want Germany to sign the "impossible and dishonoring conditions" at Versailles.¹³ These groups, including Communists, Socialists, and Nazis, fought the Social Democrats and others who favored either the Republic or the fulfillment of the Treaty terms. Opponents of the Republic capitalized on German betrayal by Social Democrats with demonstrations and political campaigns throughout the 1920's and 1930's. Their campaign against the Republic was aided by two severe inflations in Germany, those of 1923 and 1932. The 1923 inflation financially destroyed many of the bourgeoisie and caused fear for their class position. Although loans were made to Germany, the money was used for beautification rather than for

¹²Richard Grunberger, Germany 1918-1945, (London, 1964), p.77.

¹³Grunberger, p.98.

concrete needs.¹⁴

The fall of the Republic was precipitated by the depression of the 1930's. Since the United States needed money, she called for debt payments and decreased loans. The decrease of American funds forced Germany to form the Customs Union, a trade agreement with Austria. France grew fearful of German annexation of Austria and possible subsequent German attack. Thus, France also withdrew funds from Germany and the Republic collapsed shortly thereafter.

Hitler's rise to power caused world fear rather than peaceful recognition and aided Franco-German mistrust. One cause for the increased mistrust during the 1920's and 1930's was the publication of Hitler's book, Mein Kampf. Published in 1925, Mein Kampf distinctly stated Hitler's annihilation policy toward France, and his desire for rearmament of Germany. For Hitler, annihilation of France meant peace with England. Thus his naval agreement with England, to keep Germany's fleet within thirty-five per cent of England's, was a step toward this peace. Although not all Frenchmen knew or realized Hitler's plan, those who knew were alarmed. The Nazi Revolution in 1935 commenced the rearmament of Germany by a direct violation of the Versailles Treaty. When Germany remilitarized the Rhineland, France's fears of attack were increased.

As Giraudoux watched these developments, he analyzed German

¹⁴Grunberger, p. 100.

actions thus: Germany was a land of excess, for she was not finding her true place in the world. Rather than accepting a place within the European community, Germany wanted to dominate it. Giraudoux thought that Germany's excessive pride must be curbed before there could be world peace. Giraudoux's analysis here will be discussed later in the analysis of Siegfried.

In addition to his concern for international relations, Giraudoux was skeptical of the domestic policies of France between 1918 and 1939. Economic and political insecurity, promoted by the oversights of some government officials, caused Giraudoux's skepticism. France's economic problems were caused by inflation resulting from inefficient tax reforms. By the mid-1920's France knew that Germany could not pay all of her war debt. Thus, to acquire more money, a domestic tax reform was needed. However, the Government and the French people would not accept such a tax reform. Workers were striking for better wages and shorter hours. They did not want more taxes to decrease their spending power. As a result, the French government made minor modifications by debasing the franc. On the other hand, two major reforms were enacted to keep France solvent, one in 1927 and another in 1932. In 1927 France had borrowed all she could from the long-term market, so President Poincaré was forced to issue tax levies and make reforms. Poincaré temporarily insured the government's solvency, the people's faith in the government, and the franc. However, he forced the middle class, not the bourgeoisie or Germany, to finance the government and therefore

created some class antagonism and the threat of possible revolution.

The second major tax reform, that of 1932, included a reduction in government officials' salaries and the fixing of a stable price for wheat. Both reforms met with resistance. French officials, especially on the Left, objected to this curtailment in their standard of living and criticized the government for the salary cut. The peasants objected to the reforms because the government, after fixing prices, did not buy any wheat. The peasants were forced either to sell their wheat at less than the set price, therefore obtaining money, or to accumulate excess wheat and have no money. In addition, a fall in world trade in 1932 stagnated industry. Import and domestic prices, which in France had been below world prices since 1928, fell. Peasants and workers grew more discontented.

Internationally, too, some French officials were naive. For instance, France had agreed, and believed, that she would protect the smaller nations against Germany and, in turn, they would help her. However, the smaller countries were insecure about France's real power so they formed alliances on their own. In turn France became involved in the Four-Power Pact and the Franco-Soviet Pact, thus necessitating French efforts to please both Russia and England. Some French officials believed a pact with Italy would convince Germany that a revenge war would be useless. These alliances with England, Russia, and Italy, three

powers who were not on mutually friendly terms, forced the French government to vacillate in her international position. As a result, France was not able to remain on friendly terms with all four powers. Finally, Alsace-Lorraine proved to be another disillusionment to France. After years of German rule, France had hoped that Alsace-Lorraine would return to French rule with little difficulty. However, unity in language and customs with the Germans proved stronger and Alsace-Lorraine resisted French intervention into her affairs.

This French short-sightedness, coupled with numerous economic changes, resulted in continuous political upheavals. The changes in administrative power became so frequent that there were three presidents, Daladiers, Sarroul, and Chautemps, within one three-week period in 1932. As Brogan states:

...there was a lack of responsibility. Ministries came and went, authorizations were given and refused...The horror of trusting to one man, or group of men, any real power of coercion or control over the State, meant that the authority of the State was parcelled out among the mass of politicians and their hangers-on. Most of these politicians were honest, but they were not and could not be critical. 15

Giraudoux, as he watched the national and international situation, expressed himself through the veil of realistic-fantasy plays. Among these plays were: Siegfried, 1927;

¹⁵Brogan, p.557.

Amphitryon 38, 1929; Judith, 1933; The Enchanted, 1933; The Constant Nymph, 1934; Tiger at the Gates, 1935; Electra, 1937; Cantiques des Cantiques, 1939; Ondine, 1939; The Apollo of Bellac, 1942. In addition, the play The Virtuous Island was adapted in 1954 by Maurice Valency from Giraudoux's book, A Supplement to Cook's Voyage. When France surrendered in 1940, Giraudoux left for Switzerland and remained there until 1943. In that year he returned to France and wrote Duel of Angels and The Madwoman of Chaillot. In 1944 he began Pour Lucrese but he died on January 31, 1944, before completing it.

SUBJECTIVITY OF IDEAS

GIRAUDOUX'S PHILOSOPHY

Giraudoux's philosophy as it evolved throughout his life came under the influence of German philosophers. His contact with the Germans began in 1904 with a history course under Charles Andler and continued later with at least two trips to Germany. From his readings and his travels six basic philosophic premises impressed Giraudoux. These premises include: (1) the concept of ego as the center of man's nature, (2) life seen as a continually changing process, (3) the dialectic method as a tool for dealing with life, (4) the search for unity between the spiritual and physical worlds, ultimately revealing truth and idealism, (5) essence as a distillation of meaning behind the existence of things, and (6) poetry as a transmitter of philosophic thought.

The following discussion first explains these six concepts as seen by such men as Goethe, Fichte, Hegel, A.W. Schlegel, Schelling, Schiller, and Novalis. The second part of this chapter discusses Giraudoux's views of these premises within his own philosophy.

The time in which the German philosophers wrote is characterized by individuality, logic, scientific inventions, and a rebellion against traditional laws and conventions.

Individuality and the concept of the ego were of particular interest to the philosophers. Although they perceived ego in various ways, all seemed to agree it is man's subjective nature as it reveals itself in objective nature. Schelling states that ego is all subjective intelligence which is represented objectively. The subjective intelligence, or the faculty whose function is to represent things as it interprets them, is the ego itself. The self perceives things, either physical or mental, and represents them to itself physically and/or mentally. Schelling states further that all things are what we discern and express them to be and their representations reveal the inner self.¹⁶

Fichte defines ego both as continuous conscious activity which unites the Absolute, God, with the individual and as pure, free, unrestrained activity encompassing both the state and the activity. The two components of Fichte's first definition are united under Kant's theory of one absolute fundamental Principle, God, which governs life. However, Fichte separates the Absolute and the individual under his premise of freedom; man's power to have free idea-initiated activity. Fichte never resolved this conflict of separation versus unity because he believed freedom is the more important; that man's power to do what he determines without the interference of God is more important. Because of his power, man's ego can cause a metaphysical idea to be

¹⁶Josiah Joyce, Lectures on Modern Idealism, (New Haven, 1919), p. 107.

represented and thus exist in reality. Man then can act because of that concept. The concept could not exist without the idea and both the idea and the concept reveal the ego.

Hegel seems to agree that the ego is a combination of the spiritual and material. He states that free individuality is naturalism, or the things of nature, which man represents in his mind. Naturalness is then formed into the spiritual qualities of beauty and usefulness. Beauty is created because the natural thing is imitating and honoring the divine, the ultimate concept of that thing. With this honor, then, comes the elevation of the natural thing and its beauty to a divine level. The quality of usefulness enters when the thing being elevated from natural to supernatural helps define and honor the self.

The German philosophers as a group comprehend life as a series of changes. Hegel expresses this idea as a rhythm and a unity in life in which the thing and its opposite are shown. Examples are: the thing and what it is not, the thing and its opposite, an activity and the state which it was or may be. This rhythm in nature is progress, for Hegel believes nature is what the mind perceives it to be. Hegel states that the subjective, the mind, is revealed in its relation both to its objects, nature, and its freedom of self-initiated conscious thought. Life to Hegel seems to be a series of biased partial views held by individuals. Conflict occurs because each individual believes his partial view is more important than that of

the next person. Man's mission, therefore, is to examine these partial views, to understand the various opposing sides of subjects, to distill their essences and to unify these essences.¹⁷

Novalis and Fichte agree with Hegel that man's mission is to unify physical entities, facts, and the interior spiritual being. Fichte says that I, as a man, should:

know myself in all its constraints and then form my own mode of thought through the precepts of my conscience. Eventually these precepts and conduct and the conduct of others will form a unity of all men. ¹⁸

The dialectic method is the German answer for dealing with the changing process of life. This method is a process wherein both the positive side of an object, what it is, and its negative side, what it is not, are examined. Hegel uses this method in his own reasoning because he believes every category has its antithesis, either exterior or interior, and that understanding of some broad area of synthesis could reconcile the difference. Thus Hegel says a person should experience life in all its aspects. Loewenberg states that Hegel believes no idea can be fully understood from without and that one should reduce it to its intrinsic nature by using the imagination. Thus a person becomes what he is resolving and will thereby feel and experience all

¹⁷Hegel, Hegel Selections, ed. J. Loewenberg, (New York, 1929), p. xix.

¹⁸Fichte, Vocation of Man

sides of a certain entity.

To know a subject the experience necessary makes the resulting knowledge a series of changes in roles or ideas. As one is proven "false" and another "true," the knowledge changes. 19

Fichte expresses the same idea when he states that we must consider will and matter as merely different manifestations of the same thing, but that we must be flexible enough to see the subject as well as the object.²⁰ Schiller asserts that man should keep himself constant but accept and adapt to the changes around and "within him in his exterior parts."²¹ The changes around an individual could be easily understood as physical aspects of man's world. The aspects of man "in his exterior parts" are defined as the exterior physical aspects of motion, sight, and feeling. Man's physical body and his environment formulate a definition for the physical part of the world. Man's mind comprises the spiritual part. Hegel expresses these concepts as realism and idealism. Realism includes the objects within the realm of consciousness and idealism encompasses ideas outside the realm of consciousness. The object is the unity of the spiritual and the physical in truth. Hegel expresses truth as the totality of the dialectic process wherein each part is

¹⁹Loewenberg, p.xx.

²⁰Fichte, p.32.

²¹Schiller, "Literary and Philosophical Essays," The Harvard Classics, ed. Charles W. Eliot, (New York, 1910), 32, p.146.

considered true till proven false. He says this truth is elastic and experimental; the reality and purpose of a thing at any given time.²² Novalis defines truth as rational and spiritual thinking combined with the emotions and impulses of man.²³

Some philosophers believe the spiritual is the key to this unity and truth. Novalis says only when we romanticize, intensify the qualitative aspect of something, can we recapture the original meaning, the truth. Fichte states that, because we can accept or reject an idea as it occurs to us, the only true world is in the spiritual, the ideal world, and the unity occurs when we will it to occur. Hegel, Goethe, and Novalis allege that man's logic can not reach spiritual meanings of a subject because logic can not understand the spiritual. Rather, they believe meditation of the spiritual is needed and alone can fulfill spiritual understanding. To them, truth comes after meditation and logical thought. The concept of the absolute is also considered by some to be the unity of the spiritual and the physical. Hegel states that nature is a point of departure in understanding God and the spiritual. It can be suggested that Hegel's term "unifying whole" is a term for God, and because He is the whole, we as finite creatures necessarily see only parts of that whole. Hegel regards the Catholic Church as the embodiment of conscious truth and as an agency for giving truth to men. The Greeks also have special

²²Loewenberg, p.xxxii.

²³Powel Spring, Novalis, Pioneer of the Spirit, (Florida, 1946), p. 146.

significance for Hegel in his concept of an absolute. He asserts that they successfully combined the gods in their lives; they combined the physical and spiritual in one life.

Schelling holds two doctrines of the absolute. His first one denies God's existence other than mere moral perfection and claims man's identity as absolute. He bases his argument on man's goal, self-identity. Schelling's later philosophy places God as the center of existence. God here gives man the meaning of his existence, his essence, without interfering in his freedom of activity.

Schiller also initially denies the existence of God. He finally affirms God's existence, but His place as the Source of truth and beauty is not as important to Schiller as the Greek unity of truth and beauty. Like Hegel, Schiller saw the Greeks as prime examples of spiritual and physical unity.

Goethe, while of Protestant background and possessing Protestant values, belonged to no one sect later in life. He hated the Catholic Church for some of its practices and teachings and admired the Greek idea of gods as forces. He thinks the gods are symbols of a high aesthetic order because they are forces both for themselves and for men and because they are given form by human imagination. Goethe believes these forces apply to the here and now. He lived in and for the immediate and these forces provided adequate guides for this philosophy. Thus, the absolute is seen as the ultimate, the result of the

dialectic method. The interpretation of this absolute differs among philosophers; however, all agree the absolute encompasses a truth in the unity of spiritual and physical. Some further interpret the absolute as the Christian personalized God or the Greek gods of force.

Essence is important to the philosophy of the Germans because it expresses the reason for being, the reason to exist. Hegel states that within any being there is a stable interior condition which is reflected by exterior appearances. It is the stable part of a changeable being in a changing environment. When the changing parts of being and environment have shown their positive and negative sides, this reflection is its essence, its reason for existing. A being for Hegel has three qualities; quality, quantity, and measure. Quality is the character of a being, quantity is the external parts which do not alter the essence, and measure is the relative combination of the first two as a result of the dialectic mediation and a form of truth in the existence of a being.

Schelling describes an essence as a force which moves an object (which has quality in form and quantity in matter) by attraction in space and repulsion in time. Schelling says essence is ultimate truth resulting from the attraction of a partial truth to a premise, as either positive (what it is) or negative (what it is not) and the repulsion of that truth when it is proven false.

The final Germanic premise which influenced Giraudoux was poetry as a transmitter of philosophic thought. But to understand this we must first look at the concept of a poet. Schiller provides one interpretation by stating that a poet is the guardian of nature. Nature provides feelings and sights for our reflection but it is up to men and culture to combine these sights and feelings in such a way as to form thoughts. Nature provides a means whereby man can reflect, interpret, act and thus reveal his inner nature. To Schiller the poet unlocks a door to reflection. Poets keep nature's impulses from becoming trite and stale in the eyes of men, lowering the amount of forms for reflection. The poet prevents this by the use of poetic beauty, the power by which he can abstract ideas from nature yet in the end sense that he can feel his abstraction.

Schiller believes the man who can present the world of ideas and the abstract is uncommon. This man needs to be free to meditate and he must be in a place where activity is done and seen for its beauty. Meditation for the aesthetic man combines thought and feeling, beauty and meaning. It combines the spiritual and the physical which gives truth, essence and ego. In keeping with Schiller's thought, A. W. Schlegel calls the poet an interpreter of life. Novalis, however, gives the poet an added dimension. To him the poet is a philosopher who unifies or idealizes the world in an organized yet moving form. Novalis says the poet "is all knowing; he is an actual world in miniature."²⁴

²⁴Spring, p. 40.

The art of poetry is no more than the active, purposeful and productive use of our organs of perception.

Thus the art of poetry, as Kierkegaard expresses it, is a moment in which idea and actuality unite. He continues:

Poetry is negation of imperfect actuality, it opens up a higher actuality, expands and transfigures the imperfect into the perfect, and thereby softens and mitigates that deep pain which would darken and obscure all things. 25

Poetry in Kierkegaard's view, gives us another side from which to view things. To him, as to Fichte, the spiritual and physical are two different ways to see the same thing. Schiller states that in the reflection of nature and the union of spiritual and physical it is the ideas gained from nature, not nature itself, we appreciate. Schiller charges poetry with the mission of accurately transmitting these ideas:

Before truth causes her triumphant light to penetrate into the depth of the heart, poetry intercepts her rays, and the summits of humanity shines in a bright light while a dark and humid night still hangs over the village. 26

It is Schelling, however, who directly states that art, including poetic art, is the true transmitter of philosophic ideas. His argument is based on poetry's expression:

²⁵Soren Kierkegaard, The Concept of Irony, (New York, 1965), p. 312

²⁶Schiller, "Philosophical Essays," p. 245.

Art is a true organ of philosophic thought because artistic production is directed outward in order to reflect the unconscious by means of products. Philosophy itself goes to the interior to reflect intellectual intuition. 27

Schelling says further that intellectual intuition itself needs a concrete object for thought and reflection. This concrete object stimulates further reflection by philosophers and, more importantly, by all thinkers. Loewenberg says art is seen by Hegel as a method to reduce partly understood ideas to their intrinsic natures by emotional imagination. Thus, art and poetry are considered a vehicle whereby the philosophical ideas seen in and from nature and the self are transmitted to those who lack or have not developed the talent of combining the spiritual and physical, and for those who could not unify the thing and its essence, the real and ideal.

Diverse though the ideas of the German philosophers are, these six are common to their philosophies. The most fundamental to their entire philosophy is the concept of the ego. The ego includes all that is subjective in man's world and the point from which all inner revelations emerge. Life is seen as a changing process, as opposites conflicting and resolving one another. The different aspects of the same idea present themselves through the dialectic method to further explain the essence of that idea. The absolute which results is the ultimate ideal, the

²⁷G.E. Partridge, A Reading Book in Modern Philosophy, (New York, 1913), p.295.

unity of all aspects of life between the spiritual and physical. The absolute reveals the truth. Poetry as a transmitter of philosophic thought comprises the last premise held by the Germans.

Giraudoux undoubtedly read, considered and adopted many of these premises for they occur in his own philosophy as seen in his plays. This section discusses Giraudoux's adaption of German philosophy. First, Giraudoux looks on life as a series of continuously changing situations; second, he uses essence to define the ego or personality of the character; third, Giraudoux sees the unity of the natural and the supernatural as the establishment of beauty and harmony in human relationships while the excess brings destruction; and fourth, the function of the poet and the theater as teachers.

Giraudoux reflected the German Philosophy of life as a changing process through several of his plays. In more than one instance, situations changed during the course of action and characters were forced to adjust. The most obvious example of this change is seen in Tiger at the Gates. Here Hector returns from war and proclaims that it has been the last war among mankind. The Trojan army agrees till Greece demands the return of Helen. Hector, acting as ambassador, tries diplomatically to prevent any provocation of anger, but he fails. Thus he changes his role from ambassador back to war leader and braces for another war. At one point in the conversation between Hector and Ulysses, the Trojan and Greek leaders, Ulysses gives Giraudoux's

most direct statements about war:

Born enemies don't fight. Nations you would say were designed to go to war against each other--by their skins, their language, their smell; always jealous of each other, always hating each other--they're not the ones who fight. You find the real antagonists in nations' fate have groomed and made ready for the same war. 28

Finally the entire conversation between Ulysses and Hector seems merely a ritual, for they can not prevent the war. As they admit, the people themselves want war. Thus, the conversation only enhances the man-made quality of war and Giraudoux's conviction that man creates his own destiny. In The Madwoman the bourgeoisie and the vagabonds are living peacefully, if not amicably, until the bourgeoisie decide to drill for oil. Conflict starts and people brace for an unbloody war. In The Enchanted Isabel, although young, is inquiring about death in order to solve life's mystery and to prepare herself for death. She becomes caught halfway between life and death by enjoying life but wishing to communicate and become part of death. Giraudoux outspokenly states his philosophy of the changing process of life when he says:

A golf course is the epitome of all that is purely transitory in the universe, a space not to dwell in, but to get over as quickly as possible. In a golf course everything is calculated, limited and foreseen, and every blade of grass is registered. 29

²⁸ Jean Giraudoux, "The Enchanted," Plays, trans. Roger Gilbert, (New York, 1967), p. 30.

²⁹ Giraudoux, Plays, p. 98.

These examples illustrate an imperfection or incompleteness in men and in life. All are seeking what they don't have, happiness and peace both in life and human relationships. They don't have the essence of life.

Happiness in life and human relationships is further developed by Giraudoux in his character portrayal. Many of Giraudoux's characters have one characteristic in their personality which predominates. The character has self-identification; he displays the essence of his personality. As the Beggar in Electra states: "The (character) becomes what she truly is."³⁰ The Beggar refers to the importance of men and nature becoming themselves and displaying actively their own personalities when he says: "My phrase (become what she truly is) has no meaning? What do you understand of life if you don't understand that?"³¹ The numerous characters in Giraudoux's plays who possess a self-identification show his understanding of and concern for happiness in life and human relationships. Examples include Aurelia in The Madwoman, whose essence is love of humanity; Judith in Judith, who portrays sexual love; Paola in Duel of Angels, who portrays hate; and Isabel in The Enchanted and Electra in Electra, who both personify truth.

³⁰Jean Giraudoux, "Electra," Three Plays, (New York, 1964), 2, p. 176.

³¹Ibid.

Le Sage agrees that Giraudoux describes essences when he states that Giraudoux considers the imagination the sole guide to reality. Le Sage states that Giraudoux wanted to break away from the traditional, realistic form of early twentieth century drama, so he followed the German techniques as well as the German Romantic philosophy.³²

Giraudoux's use of essence in his characters contains a unity between their natural and their spiritual elements. Their essences are qualities and qualities give them a mission. If their mission is carried out or the symbol is used properly, the result is beauty and harmony in interaction. Several illustrations of missions successfully completed are seen in The Madwoman, Judith, Duel of Angels. Aurelia is successful in her mission of love by destroying the evil which would dehumanize mankind. Judith uses her symbol of love, her body, to seduce Holfernes and to kill him. Her mission, to save her people, is complete. Paola's mission is to show Lucile, and all others who think love disgusting, that love is beautiful and mankind needs to express love. The result of giving each character an essence and a mission is to make an abstract spiritual quality become concrete, to allow it to live for us. Le Sage supports this view and suggests that Giraudoux is interested in the physical only as it represents the spiritual:

³²Le Sage, Surrealism and German Romantic Ideal, p. 87.

One is everywhere struck by the facility of Giraudoux to slip back and forth between the abstract and the physical. Before your eyes, persons are suddenly metamorphosed into the qualities they represent. 33

Giraudoux also unifies the natural and the supernatural to show the effects of their balance. If the two are in balance, harmony and peace result. If one is in excess of the other, destruction occurs. The Madwoman and Amphitryon 38 are representative of a successful balance between spiritual and physical. In The Madwoman love as the spiritual, with friendship as its physical expression, are shown as balanced. Here each character accepts and respects the efforts of others to find a purpose. Therefore the Waiter answers Dr. Jadin's ridiculous question about the condition of his, the Waiter's gall stones and Aurelia responds to "How is your kidney, Countess, still afloat?"³⁴ The atmosphere is acceptance and harmony among the Vagabonds despite their idiosyncrasies. In Amphitryon 38 love is again the spiritual aspect and fidelity and affection are its physical counterparts. In the play Alkmena is uninterested and unwilling to have an affair with anyone other than Amphitryon. Jupiter, as a god, can not persuade her to accept any more than friendship. In Act II Alkmena defines friendship as performing all acts needed or desired for the well being of another person. These acts,

³³Le Sage, Surrealism and German Romantic Ideal, p. 102.

³⁴Jean Giraudoux, "The Madwoman of Chaillot," trans. Maurice Valency, (New York, 1964), p. 19.

she says, should be performed to the limits of the individuals. Alkmena tests Jupiter's acceptance of her definition by asking his silence regarding events of the previous night. Jupiter not only refrains from telling Amphitryon he made love to Linda by mistake and not to Alkmena, he refrains from telling Alkmena he, Jupiter, had made love to her the previous night. Because Alkmena and Amphitryon are portrayed as completely faithful to one another and because they are the only couple in all of Giraudoux's plays who remain faithful, this seems to be his ideal picture of spiritual and physical love.

Examples of excess of either the physical or spiritual are seen in Judith, Ondine, Duel of Angels, and Tiger at the Gates. Judith and Ondine are both lovers out of need or desire. Judith's desire stems from her need to feel womanly, Ondine's need stems from her curiosity. Both end in destruction. Judith has been the Jewish model of purity and has never experienced physical love. She recognized the desire for a love affair and that the temptation may be overwhelming for her. Judith ways to Holfernes upon their meeting in his tent: "My virginity? It doesn't exist... almost at the very moment of coming here, I gave myself to you."³⁵ Later in their conversation Holfernes says, "...women like you don't give themselves the first time for love; they give way to force, because they must." ³⁶ After she kills Holfernes,

³⁵Giraudoux, "Judith," Three Plays, 1, p.21.

³⁶Ibid. p. 41.

Judith says to the High Priests:

Let it (the night she spent with Holfernes)
be called whatever you will, it remains
itself the moment of life in which I, and
only I exist. It has no world, or history,
or guilt, or purpose. Judith has exper-
ienced Judith, and been fulfilled. 37

Judith wants and freely gives herself to Holfernes and thereby fulfills her need to feel womanly.

Ondine also desires a love relationship with a man, but, unlike Judith, her motive is curiosity. Ondine is a mermaid who is curious about the human race and desires contact with them. Hans' love is her method of contact between the two worlds. Her people dislike her curiosity and warn her about the infidelity of man. However, Ondine marries Hans and is ultimately betrayed by him. In Duel of Angels Lucile symbolized the destructive force of man's expression of love. After her pretended rape by Barbette, Lucile feels guilty for her act and destroys her own marriage, the marriage of Paola and Armand, and the life of Marcellus. Thus, Lucile kills romantic love between man and wife, self-love for herself and love for Marcellus.

Love in these three plays receives outward signs of expression, physical love and marriage, but none is lasting. Giraudoux seemed to condemn these motives because they do not balance the spiritual and the physical. Thus they do not last. However,

³⁷Ibid. p.62.

he does admit their existence in society.

Fear of allowing spiritual bonds to exist have caused several character relationships to become falsehoods. Apollo of Bellac is a good example. Apollo tells Angela she should tell every man he is handsome whether or not she believes it, until she can truly say it. Angela's statements, being untruthful, cause her relationships to be falsehoods. In Amphitryon ³⁸ Mercury tells Jupiter to observe merely the shadow of an embrace, thereby suggesting that observing a shadow wife embracing a shadow husband is less painful than seeing the living substance. Because Siegfried in Siegfried didn't know his own identity, his essence, his character and life in Germany are falsehoods. A falsehood lives under the illusion of truth because only the physical or appearance of the physical exists. Truth to Giraudoux, as to the Germans, requires both physical and spiritual.

An example of a spiritual excess is found in Tiger at the Gates. Here Hector speaks about immortality as one of man's reasons for going to war. Priam adds: "A man has only one way of being immortal on this earth; he has to forget he is mortal."³⁸

In his search for unity of the natural and the supernatural, Giraudoux suggests that God is an absolute. Like the German philosophers, he mentioned God in his plays but God takes on several different forms; a force, a harmonizer, an answer to a

³⁸Giraudoux, "Tiger at the Gates," Three Plays, p.132.

riddle, and a person. Giraudoux speaks of God as a force in The Enchanted when the Supervisor states: "We are haunted by an occult presence which is clearly bent on snapping the foundations of civilized society."³⁹ In The Enchanted Isabel speaks of God as a Harmonizer. The term Harmonizer is defined here as the destructive force in nature used to create balance. The term seems to fit not only nature but also men. Men destroy one another to keep or regain balance in spiritual and physical qualities or, when in excess, to further their own ends.

God as an answer to life's riddle is also seen in The Enchanted. The answer to this riddle is an after-life, which presupposes a God of some type. Isabel describes life in terms of an after-life:

I want to see them (spirits) take the world by storm, sweep it clean of the cobwebs in which it is entangled, and make a bright new world in terms of the eternal life which is ours. We are afraid to live because we are afraid to die. But the dead have died; they know the magnitude and meaning of life. How easily they could teach us to live not like clods, but like spirits. 40

Thus, God here is life's originator and life's continuing power. He is, possibly, a state rather than a person here. Finally, God is seen as a human being in Judith and Amphitryon 38. In Judith, God protects, anoints and wills. He also

³⁹Jean Giraudoux, "The Enchanted," Four Plays, trans. Maurice Valency, (New York, 1958), p. 129.

⁴⁰Ibid.

obtains his own ends, which include killing, although He uses men to do it. In Amphitryon 38 the gods take the form of Jupiter and Mercury. They love, are hurt, deceive, and are lonely. Thus, God or an Absolute may be many things, but whatever He is or whoever He is, Giraudoux considers Him the end point of existence.

To Giraudoux the theater was a means of communication. He saw men seeking escape from their own destruction and the theater was a means for their escape. Thus, Giraudoux used the relaxed feeling of fantasy, of escape to teach his philosophical ideas and to "reaffirm and restore the human spirit, even if for a short time."⁴¹ Giraudoux says his theater gives life a new vitality:

We appease it (the audience), cheer it up...We give that automation, a heart of flesh with all its compartments well inspected; with generosity, with tenderness, with hope. We make it sensitive, beautiful, omnipotent. We offer it the kind of death from which it resuscitates. We offer it true equality--equality in the face of tears and laughter. 42

This vitality is conveyed through his style. Like the Germans, Giraudoux wanted to break away from the traditional, realistic approach and to teach through his own style. This style forms part of his personal actions:

⁴¹Lumley, p. 40.

⁴²Stanley Kunitz, Twentieth Century Authors, (New York, 1942), p. 21.

Our age no longer asks writers merely
for books--every street corner is
littered with them-- but above all else
it appeals for its language...Our age
asks that the writer should reveal
his mark of which he is the sole
trustee--style. 43

GIRAUDOUX'S STYLE

Since style was "the mark of which he (any writer) was sole trustee,"⁴⁴ it is important to see how the Germans influenced Giraudoux's style. The Playwright's characterizations, his use of fantasy, spontaneity, irony, and metaphor--all are a result of the German philosophical influence.

Giraudoux adapted the German theory of essence to give main characters a symbol. Examples cited are: Aurelia, Christian love; Judith, sexual love; Paola, hate; Isabel and Electra, truth. All of these women have contradictions in their characters, but one trait is predominant and the predominance allows for character development. Aurelia, for instance, bestows her love on men, animals, invisible people, and causes. Many seemingly insignificant things she does, such as her morning dressing ritual and her daily rounds in the city to feed animals, are actually important for character development. The same type of mundane incidents contribute to the character developments of Isabel, Electra, and Alkmena.

⁴³Laurnet Le Sage, Marcel Proust and His Literary Friends, (Urbana, 1958), p. 41.

⁴⁴Ibid.

Giraudoux also uses his characters as caricatures of living people. Raymond suggests that in an early manuscript of The Madwoman the four madwomen were caricatures of four writers who frequented the Cafe Francais during the Occupation. Of the four, Aurelia is thought to personify the writer Louis Aragon, a friend of Giraudoux. Constance, who has the habit of locking herself indoors and making people meow, is similar to a character described by Jean Peerfeu in a local court case. The names of Andre and Pierre Lestrinquex are also cited by Raymond as two other writers personified by the madwomen in early manuscripts. Raymond also suggests that Aurelia was conceived as a madwoman when Giraudoux and friend Paul Morland frequented the Cafe Francais and noticed M^{me} Bijoux, the Madwoman of Ciehy. At the time, Giraudoux was receiving adverse criticism for his character for his character Judith. The critics gave Judith unfavorable reviews and several called Judith a madwoman. Raymond states that Giraudoux possibly received his inspiration for criticizing society with a madwoman from both instances.

Besides symbolizing men as qualities or as caricatures, Giraudoux personifies men as animals. In The Madwoman men are called rabbits, crocodiles and wolves. In Tiger at the Gates Hector is described as the tiger. Trees walk like human beings in The Enchanted, gods take human form in Amphitryon 38. The result, as cited, is to bring abstract qualities of men into concrete living forms.

In order to make the abstract concrete and to unify spiritual and physical, Giraudoux employs fantasy. For Giraudoux fantasy seems to be an atmosphere where the non-logical can happen. It is a means whereby what seems illogical in reality can easily occur. Giraudoux deliberately uses the seemingly illogical in believable ways; he uses the non-logical. Since man can not see a quality or a ghost, God or angels, Giraudoux gives them forms. Women thus become qualities, men assume animalistic tendencies, ghosts reveal themselves as men and angels appear as drunken guards. Non-logical events, which are understandable if not always logical, are employed in many plays to explain and to unify. The pretended rape of Lucile by Barbette in Duel of Angels, for instance, is non-logical, cleverly planned, and comical in its circumstances; however, it illustrates the hatred, revenge and destruction which can result from guilt, misunderstanding or excessively virtuous principle. The actual plan for Aurelia to destroy the bourgeoisie in The Madwoman is fantastic to the point of being ridiculous and ludicrous, but the destruction is expected to happen. Love, be it sane or insane, conquers the complex businessmen with relative ease and simplicity. To all but the strong believer, the Deus Ex Machina ending of Judith, where she is protected from Holfernes by an invisible shield, was non-logical after Judith seems to freely give herself to Holfernes. However, by its very unbelievable nature the fantasy of the shield suggests the faith man should have in God and the power of that faith. Isabel is

brought back to life in The Enchanted by a litany of everyday events in a church-like atmosphere, but it is these everyday events which make up a secular life. In Amphitryon 38, Jupiter's disguise as Amphitryon and Mercury's disguise as Sosie, a servant, are fanciful and non-logical. Through their actions, however, the essence of Alkmena is shown.

Giraudoux does not use fantasy to the exclusion of reality. To him the theater is a means of escape, entertainment and teaching; however, to improve his dramatic impact, Giraudoux retains some realism in his settings. As Valency has said of Giraudoux:

In the drama, he had an uncanny ability
to create in a completely realistic decor,
the theater of the unreal. 45

Giraudoux's use of a realistic set for dramatic impact is best seen in The Madwoman. Here the Cafe Francais is an actual cafe in Paris and the Madwoman resembles M^{me} Bijoux. Giraudoux's use of the cafe is dramatically important because, for the French in 1943, the idea of civil revolution could more logically occur in a cafe. Le Sage defends this idea because he states that the French bourgeoisie in 1943 saw revolution occurring from a conspiracy rather from social or economic ills.⁴⁶ This concept of war and revolution was understandable because by 1943 the French had gone through more than twenty years of uneasy relations with Germany. Because of the Frenchman's fear of

⁴⁵Giraudoux, Plays, 1, p. x.

⁴⁶Le Sage, Surrealism and German Romantic Ideal, p. 137.

international crisis, internal discord took second place. Thus, to convey the importance and relevance of the bitter message in his first play on civil crisis, Giraudoux inserted a realistic set.

Fantasy in reality is one tool Giraudoux employs for explaining his ideas. Because it enhances reality, and vice versa, both are seen in relief and each is a check on the other. Giraudoux wants both the seriousness and the comedy of life to be seen, the serious to be thought about and acted upon, the comic to be laughed at and enjoyed.

Another stylistic feature Giraudoux uses is spontaneity. Spontaneity is seen in three areas: first, everyday events are raised in their level of importance; second, split personalities who are instantaneously interchanging, occur in several characters; third, impromptu dialogue and characters are employed.

Seemingly mundane events in life take an added importance for Giraudoux as it did for Germans. Like them, Giraudoux uses common events and people to illustrate the spiritual qualities of life. The mundane brings the spiritual to life and brings the audience up to the level of the spiritual. Love, in its constructive and destructive spiritual aspects, is more understandable after reading Duel of Angels. Paola in her contest with Lucile expresses the beauty and unity of love as a physical expression when she describes love in terms of love-making. Lucille expresses these same aspects of love in her loyalty and in small things she does for her husband. Yet the powerful destructive force

love has when misunderstood is seen in Lucile's acts of silence, lying, trickery, and killing. In The Madwoman Aurelia's discussion of her morning activities, her love of animals, and her tolerance of the other madwomen and their invisible friends at her tea party illustrate the love of friendship seen in the mundane. Isabel shows her love of life by teaching appreciation of nature in science class. Since new ways to look at life and its essences are seen in everyday acts, these acts are important choices for new daily experiences. They are part of Giraudoux's teaching method in the theater.

The second technique Giraudoux uses to achieve spontaneity is split personality. In this technique one character can become two different types of individuals. For instance, Aurelia can act sane or insane, Jupiter is, and acts, as both a god and a man; and Holfernes is pictured as merciless and as kind by Egon's impersonation of him and then by himself. Split personalities are result of Giraudoux's belief that the world is a place of continuous change. Each character changes his personality or role as the situation changes. Sometimes the change is simultaneous, as in The Madwoman, and it is difficult to decide which personality Aurelia has assumed. The change of personality is spontaneous, without warning, and increases the tempo of the play. It also allows the audience to see more than one side of a personality and is therefore an illustration of the German's dialectic method. As stated above, the Germans, especially Hegel, believe different sides and aspects of

anything should be experienced to be fully understood. Here different aspects of the character are experienced through different personalities and a more complete personality is seen. Characters and essences are established and the message of the play is revealed.

Impromptu dialogue is the third technique used to establish spontaneity. Some lines in Giraudoux's plays are constructed to sound as if a thought or idea just occurred. The dialogue in Duel of Angels seems to contain a longing in its spontaneity:

Eugene: Here he is back again.
 Armand: Yes, I'm back. When men have been talking to a woman they want to see again, they leave their gloves or their stick behind. I left my life on your table, my dear Eugene, my entire life.
 Eugene: You left your gloves as well. They would have been quite enough.
 Armand: Thank you.
 Eugene: And now I suppose you want to look for your life.
 Armand: I've already seen it. My wife hasn't deceived me.
 Eugene: Dear heaven, what are we talking about?
 Armand: About my wife. She hasn't deceived me. I've come back to ask Madame Blanchard why she won't speak.
 Eugene: Madame Blanchard has to recite two metaphysical poems to the Archbishop's reception tomorrow afternoon. This is the only time she has to go over them in her mind. Don't worry her.
 Armand: I see. And I'm sure Madame Blanchard has also sworn to count up to a million, and she would have to start all over again if she interrupted herself. But my wife hasn't deceived me. 47

⁴⁷Giraudoux, "Duel of Angels," Three Plays, 1, p. 154-5.

Unlike the dialogue in Duel of Angels, the conversation in Amphitryon 38 is comical because human longings, openly expressed, come from two gods:

Mercury: Yes, but what are you planning to do with the part of Alkmena that isn't Amphitryon?
 Jupiter: Embrace it and make it fertile.
 Mercury: I know but how? The main difficulty with respectable women isn't seducing them, it's getting them to yourself in a private place. Their whole virtue depends on half-opened doors.
 Jupiter: What's your plan then?
 Mercury: As a human being or god?
 Jupiter: What would be the difference?
 Mercury: Oh well, as a god one would raise her to our height, lay her on clouds, and then a few seconds later, let her regain her gravity, heavier by weight of an embryonic hero.
 Jupiter: But I should be missing the most splendid moment of a woman's love.
 Mercury: Is there more than one? Which do you mean?
 Jupiter: When she says yes.
 Mercury: Take the human way, then; in at the door, once through the bed, and out at the window. 48

The dialogue here is representative of those found in Giraudoux's other plays as well. In all, they portray an imperfect quality on the part of the characters. Perfection in whatever they are striving for, love, peace or harmony, is the absolute, the goal of their life in the play. This striving is seen in comic or tragic terms but the longing is always present.

At times the plays seem to revolve more around the dialogue

⁴⁸Giraudoux, "Anphitryon 38," Three Plays, II, p.83-84.

than the action. The absence of specific dramatic action is evidenced in the soliloquies of Ulysses and Hector in Tiger at the Gates and in the speeches of Jupiter and Alkmena in Amphitryon 38. None of these utterances suggests any action. Rather, they are philosophical or moral in nature and seem to rely more on metaphor and irony than action to convey ideas and to retain audience attention. When Ulysses and Hector are on a terrace talking about the coming battle, Giraudoux suggests no dramatic action but solemnly predicts World War II through the mouth of Ulysses. Ulysses' discussion of man's desire and rejection of war are thought provoking, timely, and attention-getting. In Amphitryon 38 Alkmena's dialogue with Jupiter defends her humanity, accepts death, defines love, and rejects a divine position all while on her couch munching grapes. Guicharnaud agrees that too much movement will hinder effective delivery of the dialogue by the character and lessen the reception of the message.⁴⁹

Irony and metaphor are two of the principal verbal tools Giraudoux uses in his dialogue. Irony, according to Kierkegard, is saying the opposite of what is actually meant. Kierkegard explains the process of irony as a revelation of essences. If irony is understood, the words are heard and the meaning is simultaneously known as the opposite of those words. Or, the physical phenomenon of the words is the opposite of their physical essence. Giraudoux uses irony as a tool to accentuate his ideas.

⁴⁹Jacques Guicharnaud, Modern French Theater, (New York, 1967), p. xviii.

By placing words in antithesis to their meaning and events in antithesis to the dialogue, Giraudoux's ideas are more sharply revealed. His criticisms of society are clearly seen. Irony, therefore, aids in creating atmosphere and action in the play. It creates atmosphere because it combines fantasy and reality. Aurelia's basement is the setting for a tea party at which the plan for bourgeoisie destruction is finalized. The basement is then turned into an imaginary courtroom for the imaginary-looking but real trial of humanity.

Irony can also create a pleasant atmosphere in which to express a biting, unpleasant message or it can create anti-lyrical and anti-poetic settings to cut excess emotion. The pleasant atmosphere created by the moonlit balcony scene in Tiger at the Gates is contrasted with the depressing dialogue between Ulysses and Hector about the inevitability of war. The atmosphere in Judith was ended by Judith's homicide. Judith's emotional response to the High Priests' homage of her sainthood was cut by the appearance of the angel in the form of a drunken guard. An anti-poetic setting is created in Amphitryon 38 when Jupiter tried to entice Alkmena to seek divinity and then to make love to him while lounging on a couch at noon munching grapes. In Electra the gardener spoke about love and joy being the goal in life while he was alone on his wedding night. Electra, who was to marry him, left for Orestes.

Irony is also seen in dramatic action. Here irony accented

the meanings behind the events and the essences of the characters. In Electra Agatha, the Judge, Electra, and Clytemnestra all express their conception of the king's essence to the Beggar. Aegisthus is described as impious, unfaithful, perjured, and as a wife-stealer. As the play reveals more of Aegisthus' character, he is seen as possessing these qualities; however he is repentant of the first and third and suffered because of the second and fourth. The Beggar chided the group when they describe Aegisthus by stating ironically but truthfully that he is merely a king, merely a man. In Judith, Judith feels she has been destroyed by God, yet she says she has lived for the first time; she is lustful yet a saint. She brings peace by winning a private war. Love breaks Siegfried's silence after politics and war creates silence, thus breaking his first love and his identity. In Tiger, the love of Paris for Helen results in Trojans hating Greeks.

Since his dialogue and action are masked by irony, accurate theme analysis is hard for critics to achieve. Two possible analyses, submission to reality and advocacy of hope in the face of despair, have arisen. Various critics think that through his irony, Giraudoux is submitting his idealism to what he sees as reality. They think Giraudoux is losing the fight for a good, pleasant life and he knows it. Le Sage says of Giraudoux's irony:

It is the natural corollary to an art of transcendental pretensions. It is born out of the poet's despair to rise above his human condition...It is a means of

reasserting his dignity, his mastery
over himself and his world. 50

Giraudoux uses irony in dialogue versus action and action versus setting to shock audiences into action. As irony places his ideas in relief, Giraudoux can excite emotions of the thoughtful. If he does view the world as "a demoralizing place,"⁵¹ then he may want to create action to change the present condition.

Giraudoux's use of irony for action may be a submission to reality and to despair, a negative, but he also interjects the positive, hope. In the second more positive view, his irony describes the inconsistencies of life with much consistency. Giraudoux may have tried to exchange the despair with hope in knowledge that inconsistencies can be dealt with both lightly and successfully. With his irony Giraudoux gives life a sense of delightful happenings along with the nightmarish turmoils. He allows his characters to trust, accept, and willfully interact with one another despite their differences in class and in forms of existence. The four madwomen portray this spirit. Each woman has her own world: Constance has her Dickie, Gabrielle has her spirit friends, Aurelia has her Adolphe Bertaut, and Josephine has her law and diplomatic friends. Aurelia recognizes each woman's world and, however frustrating, she accepts each and interacts with each. Aurelia can vacillate instantaneously

⁵⁰Le Sage, Surrealism and German Romantic Ideal, p. 25.

⁵¹Kunitz, p. 21.

among two or more worlds and willingly does so. The Vagabonds in The Madwoman also portray this acceptance of each man's individuality and thus foster the search for the ego.

Judith's fate is changed from despair to hope when she is told by the Angel that God has protected and guided her; that she should have more faith. Siegfried's inconsistencies in life styles, one German one French, amalgamate into one man and his fiancée loves and accepts both sides of him. The play holds out hope for tolerable if not good international relations among all nations if there is trust and acceptance. The playwright's positive view while not present in every play, illustrates that Giraudoux's irony attempts to "reaffirm and restore the human spirit."⁵²

Giraudoux uses metaphor mainly as a tool to convey his irony. Epaphoric metaphor, the comparison of a well known or understood object to a less well known object, is frequently used in personification and allegory. With this tool Giraudoux describes an essence of an event or of a person in concrete terms. His metaphor, however, is sometimes double instead of single. For instance, a battlefield is described in Judith as thus: "(It) calls and cries, dreams aloud and weeps, and, imperceptibly, it also moves."⁵³ The chaos, loneliness, fear, and despair which accompany any war are personified here in

⁵²Ibid.

⁵³Giraudoux, "Judith," Three Plays, p. 18.

human terms and these terms metaphorically describe a battlefield. The dead in The Enchanted are also pictured in this dual way: the dead are given the forms of ghosts and the ghosts are given human forms. Allegory is applied in Tiger at the Gates when Cassandra describes war through the allegory of a tiger arousing to stalk his prey:

Hector has come home in triumph to the wife he adores. The tiger begins to rouse and opens one eye. The incurables lie out on their benches in the sun and feel immortal. The tiger stretches himself. Today is the chance for peace to enthrone herself over all the world. The tiger licks his lips. 54

The plot of Amphitryon 38 can be an allegory of Giraudoux absolute. The gods here are Greek: the Greek gods are actually forces given human forms, human desires, and human feelings. If taken seriously, Amphitryon 38 portrays a lovely god who desires human love.

The plot of Siegfried is an allegory describing the question of alliance for the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine in the post-war period. Alsace and Lorraine had been French possessions till 1871. Then, as part of the factory settlement, Germany took possession of their territories. The peoples of Alsace and Lorraine gradually adopted the German customs, language, political system on local levels, and state financed religious system of education. Thus, in 1919 when Alsace-Lorraine were again under

54Giraudoux, "Tiger at the Gates," Three Plays, p. 69.

French rule, there were many differences in life-styles and a growing resentment to change. The situation worsened when Germany started to rearm and the possibility of Alsace-Lorraine's return to German rule increased. Siegfried is Giraudoux's interpretation of Alsace-Lorraine's dilemma in adopting French rule. Siegfried is a French soldier who is wounded and taken to a German hospital. Amnesia results from these wounds so Siegfried is re-educated by Eva as a German. As the play progresses, Zelton reveals to Siegfried part of his past and forces Eva and Genevieve, Siegfried's French fiancée whom Zelton has asked to come to Germany, to confirm that Siegfried is a Frenchman. Thus, Siegfried has to decide between the France in which he grew up and the Germany in which he now lives. Genevieve in the play represents both his fiancée and France while Eva represents his German love and Germany. Genevieve wants to bring Siegfried back to France and Eva tries to persuade him to remain in Germany where he is needed. Both women love him and Siegfried loves both of them. Thus, Giraudoux explains his interpretation in allegory.

When Giraudoux places dialogue, scenes, and entire plots in irony he intends irony to serve a purpose in the theater. Because the theater is a tool for learning to Giraudoux, these ironic situations may be a teaching method for him. Giraudoux rejects ugliness and wickedness or masks them with comic highlights from his own world. Life was neither tragedy or comedy, but both. As Lumely said of him: "Laughter could either follow

or lead to tears."⁵⁵ Giraudoux recognizes few, if any, borders between tragedy and comedy, realism and fantasy. He thought one was intertwined with the other and both the tragic and the comic were objects of learning. The Madwoman is a good example of his tragic-comic mixture as an object of learning. Underneath the humorous lines and unique ending there is an underlying message of possible destruction of mankind by big business. This tragic prophecy plus the delightful Utopia of Aurelia are both intertwined and, as presented by Giraudoux, are courses of life from which the audience can choose. Because choice is possible, either option can be a learning experience. Giraudoux shows the tragic destruction accompanying the extreme actions of big business and, therefore, tries to prejudice the audience's choice. However, the final decision is left to the audience.

Metaphor and irony united the spiritual or the less understood idea with the physical or better known idea. These two techniques explain ideas in a dialectic method by displaying at least two facets of the idea. Le Sage says Giraudoux employs rhetorical polarity of words to bring about the paradox of life. However, Giraudoux's polarity extends into irony of scenes and of life. Essences of characters are personified in fantasy and reality to bring the spiritual into the physical. Fantasy is a key element in this process because as unexpected actions occur, an essence, however one-sided it sometimes appears or how

⁵⁵Le Sage, Marcel Proust, p. 43.

confusing its portrayal, is believed. Giraudoux used spontaneity to illustrate essences and changing situations of life. Characters move in and out of roles, events change quickly and impromptu sounding dialogue give what Giraudoux considered a true picture of life. The audience can examine roles, essences, and situations in life and thus learn more about themselves and the world. Then with choices of action and of essences known and understood by the audience, they can, hopefully, choose what they consider best for themselves. Giraudoux's style is his philosophy; his "mark for which he is sole trustee."⁵⁶

GIRAUDOUX'S THEMES AND HIS PURPOSE FOR THE MADWOMAN

Giraudoux's plays, when seen as a whole, deal with three major themes: Franco-German relations, France's class problems and war. Being caught up in the changing world situations, Giraudoux's three themes are defined and described by a number of minor themes. These include: love-politics as an ironical destructive force, the bourgeoisie as a destructive force, past values as the saving force, and fate or destiny as ironical destructive forces. This section discusses the minor themes for they further illustrate Giraudoux's philosophy. The last part of this section discusses Giraudoux's purpose in writing The Madwoman.

Love-politics was considered one minor theme because they are intertwined in irony throughout Giraudoux's dramatic works. Giraudoux creates a paradox with love being the desirable and

⁵⁶Ibid., p. 41.

politics being the undesirable. Love is usually portrayed by women, for Giraudoux considers the capacity for feminine love large enough plus willing and forceful enough to conquer the evils of society. All the women portraying feminine love also possess the quality of spontaneous action to right the wrongs. Giraudoux says of woman and her actions:

She lives in the present, makes quick solutions--retributions. She has a natural horror of suffering and injustice and because of this makes the fast, however partial or temporary, decisions. 57

Giraudoux again utters this idea of women in Electra when the Judge states that, of two groups, one can live in peace and another can not. The latter fails because they have a group of women who can not leave well enough alone. Crestes retorts:

Ten or fifteen women who can't leave well enough alone have saved the world from self-interest. 58

Isabel and Judith are two representative examples of feminine love and feminine action. Isabel, considered a picture of innocence and freedom by the citizens of Aix, uses her symbol to attempt unification of this world with the spirit world. She desires to give life meaning and exuberance to man by dispelling his fear of death. Although she did not succeed in unifying the

⁵⁷Agnes Raymond, Jean Giraudoux, The Theater of Victory and Defeat, (Amherst, 1966), p. 131.

⁵⁸Giraudoux, "Electra," Three Plays, p. 167.

two worlds, she did succeed in increasing men's awareness of life. If Judith is taken from God's point of view, Judith is also feminine love provoking feminine action. Judith is commissioned by men and by God to save Israel. God symbolizes her love as a:

"naked body . . . a weapon; sharp as nails and gleaming teeth; . . . (her) forehead as white as the smoke of fire; . . . (her) ears sang with the sound of a holy war." 59

God turns Judith's love into hate and then gives her strength and desire to kill Holfernes. Thus, Giraudoux may suggest in Judith that feminine love resulting in feminine action is God-approved and at times God-sent.

Politicians are seen as undesirable because they hate, are narrow minded, try to preserve the status quo and are egotistical. Zelton tells Siegfried that he is an unusual politician because he does not hate anyone else in politics. According to Zelton politicians hate one another, but no one else. In The Enchanted the officials are seen as narrow-minded and suspicious. Since they can not see the ghost and can not elicit their desired response from him, although he does in fact respond to their call, the officials do not recognize or understand the ghost. They fear him.

Politics is described by Aegisthus in Electra as an establishment to preserve the status quo. Aegisthus describes the

⁵⁹Giraudoux, "Judith," Three Plays, p. 59.

actions of the gods as inexact and rough. Instances include: one town commits evil and another receives the punishment by mistake; wars occur when people become degenerate and vile and the war destroys the best of the decent and honest. Therefore, Aegisthus maintains that politicians fear the disturbance of the god's lethargic state, because to do so may result in the destruction of the state and/or the loss of the politician's power. Aegisthus also fears politicians within his own country for he avoids provoking anyone to criticism. To this end he treats all crimes and misdemeanors equally.

In Tiger at the Gates, politicians' actions result from self-honor or national honor rather than concern for lives of the citizens. While Hector may have wanted peace, Demokos and other politicians create war poems and war songs to maintain honor during battle. The war is actually provoked by Demokos demanding revenge for being hit by Ajax. Self-honor and national honor are superior moral positions to life.

As the plots in these plays unfold, love and politics meet, clash, and create irony. In Siegfried love and language are broken by war between two political powers; political affiliations are later broken by love. In Electra politics tries to save itself from destruction by the marriage of Electra and the Gardener. However, fraternal love unites Crestes and Electra and they in turn destroy politics and the city. In Tiger at the Gates love creates hate and war between Greece and Troy with politicians

conducting cursing parades which intensify this hate. Honor then supersedes a love of life. In Judith love must do what politics is unable to do, create peace. However, love wins peace by killing.

Thus, love and politics are portrayed as forces working ironically against each other, each destroying what the other has just built. Love is portrayed as desirable in romantic or fraternal love and politics is either the self-centered lover or the hater. As the Second Executioner says in The Enchanted: "Ah, love, the only true executioner," and the First Executioner adds: "Ah, the lover, the only true condemned man."⁶⁰ What the lover has built love destroys and the process begins again.

The second minor theme occurring in Giraudoux's plays was a condemnation of the bourgeoisie as a destructive force in society. Again, ignorance or self-pride were the causes Giraudoux gave them. The Enchanted demonstrates how narrow-mindedness and ignorance of ghosts leads the bourgeoisie to kill one and to destroy Isabel's chances of finding the answer to life's riddle. The bourgeoisie in Tiger at the Gates consider self-honor and national honor over life and peace. They create hate by their war songs and cursing parades and later actually declare war. In Duel of Angels the Judge and his wife, considered bourgeoisie, destroy the harmony in which the people are living by condemning the citizen's policy of free love. Husbands and wives become suspicious,

⁶⁰Giraudoux, "The Enchanted," Four Plays, p. 142.

deceive and kill. Peace and harmony are restored when the Judge and Lucile are destroyed. In Judith the bourgeoisie actively force Judith to go to Holfernes and, in her immediate opinion, destroy her because she ruins her self-image. Thus, people with money, power or position, considered bourgeoisie, destroy society because of their own interests.

Fate or destiny was also considered a destructive force by Giraudoux. Fate is portrayed as unconcerned with man's destiny or happiness but works for its own ends. Fate is seen mostly as the Christian God and is referred to in human terms. Judith considers Fate as the Christian God who has abandoned her during her mission. She feels betrayed for she has destroyed her symbol of purity and has killed for love not hate. Furthermore, she knows what her fate will be when she leaves for Holfernes' tent. Judith seems to be destroyed until God reveals His protection. The angel explains God's intervention and guidance as if He were more interested in His own ends, not what humans consider His ends to be. Before Judith is told the truth by the Angel she says to the High Priests:

I killed in another god's name, not His,
but He is unwilling for that to be known.
He will dissemble and take the credit
with my being his chief representative
in the city adjusting the truth for Him-
self afterward. 61

⁶¹Giraudoux, "Judith," Three Plays, p. 55.

In Tiger at the Gates, Cassandra also pictures Fate as unconcerned with human love or human destruction. Paris claimed to have kidnapped Helen out of love, but Cassandra says:

Do you think it will matter if Paris
and Helen don't care for each other any
longer? Has destiny ever been inter-
ested in whether things were still
true or not? 62

As she predicted, Fate was not concerned, for Helen freely agreed to leave Paris and Troy, but war still occurred.

The Gardener in Electra speaks of love and joy as the goals of life but love and joy are at that moment denied him. Furthermore, the impression remains that fate has decreed that he will always be denied love and joy. In The Enchanted the Inspector contends that men were never meant to be happy on this earth; that men have "a few compensations, such as fishing, love, and dotage."⁶³ Isabel admits that men are afraid of living because they are afraid of their destiny, death. Yet Fate will not allow her to know about death. Rather, she discovers life by being brought back to life from half-death. Siegfried describes fate as the solution to problems men are unable to solve. Fate for him solves the mystery of his identity through love, but in the process forces him to give up something else he loves. However, here alone fate seems to bring more happiness than unhappiness in

⁶²Giraudoux, "Tiger at the Gates," Three Plays, p. 67.

⁶³Giraudoux, "The Enchanted," Four Plays, p. 118.

the end. Fate describes loneliness, death, and misery--all created out of a lack of concern of the gods for men. The irony is that the gods sometimes reveal their help or help although men are unaware.

Many misconceptions arose concerning Giraudoux's third theme, the desire to return to the past. He was not against progress in relation to machinery or scientific experimentation. Rather, he was against the destructive progress of human values. Order, harmony and peace constituted the past values to which Giraudoux was referring and to which he wanted to return. Siegfried illustrates Giraudoux's concept of past values as saviors. Siegfried admits he feels out of place in German society and only after he discovers his French origin, to which he returns, does he feel free. Germany says it needs him in politics because politics is in the beginnings of a revolution, but he needs France to be himself. The Germans and the French in Siegfried ultimately unite, but they unite in the atmosphere of love and past values. In Tiger at the Gates Hector wants peace to return and remain for himself and for his family. Peace is the only way he sees for successful rearing of his son. Friendship and trust, virtues exhibited in The Enchanted, extend beyond mere human relations to relationships between men and the dead and men and nature. Isabel wants the dead to teach the living how to love, but the living and dead must trust each other enough to communicate. She also wants men to understand the process of nature's balance. However, most

of her efforts are confined to her classroom; the results are limited.

Amphitryon 38 describes a need for a divine-human relationship in human terms. Although he is a god, Jupiter's human characteristics illustrate a need for some type of relationship. Possibly an attempt to understand essences and to have more love is all that is meant. Understanding and love would create the faith and hope some critics advocate as one of Giraudoux's messages.

Past values represented stability for Giraudoux in an ever-changing world. Stability was, therefore, a possible cause for Giraudoux's preference for past values. These values succeeded in keeping man from losing both self-identity and mission in the past so possibly they could continue their guidance. Stability also gave a person confidence to venture into life's changes. For either reason past values and the security they provided is an important theme for Giraudoux.

Giraudoux wrote numerous plays between 1928 and 1943 concerning the destructive forces of love, politics, the bourgeoisie class, and fate. Past values is the only hope Giraudoux included in his plays. His audience, however, did not listen to him because conditions worsened both nationally and internationally. After war broke out and France had been defeated by Hitler, Giraudoux wrote another play, The Madwoman of Chaillot.

What, then, was Giraudoux's theme and purpose for writing The Madwoman of Chaillot? Two answers were seen. First,

Giraudoux presented in The Madwoman a culmination of all the themes discussed. Secondly, as a government official, Giraudoux was in a position to watch the possibility of French civil war occurring. He therefore wrote The Madwoman as a warning and as a protest play.

The love-politics theme is developed in The Madwoman to represent a civil war. Aurelia, with her symbol of love, is the desirable choice. What Giraudoux said of Môme Bijoux he could also have said of Aurelia:

She's mad . . . that's just what I mean--mad, from seeing men bungle their lives and throw everything into confusion . . . She is the envy of the abstract, speculating breed, makers of all manner of corporations in the sense that we say "maker of angels." She is a living indictment, a revenge that is brewing, the embodiment of disdain. She knows the paths of wisdom and her age is a conspiracy. But also a salvation. We must propagate her sensibility. 64

Politics is portrayed as greedy, money-loving animals who want to destroy humanness in man. The men want to tear up parks and whole cities, to destroy human sentimentality, and to create people-machines. The President advocates "one composite drudge grunting and sweating all over the world."⁶⁵ Because of the picture Giraudoux drew of the bourgeoisie, there is no alternative for the vagabonds but to destroy them. The vagabonds, lead by

⁶⁴Raymond, p. 149.

⁶⁵Giraudoux, The Madwoman of Chaillot, p. 18.

Aurelia's feminine action, hold the trial to convict the bourgeoisie and then destroy them. With love's destruction of politics, Giraudoux condemned the bourgeoisie.

Fate decrees the bourgeoisie would die through Aurelia's words, "We'll drive the whole machine into a ditch."⁶⁶ Death itself is not unique; it is expected. Rather, the unique, unbloody manner Giraudoux devises to destroy them is typically feminine in contrast to the bloody, aggressive and destructive acts of the bourgeoisie. The place of death provides the irony in fate, for the center of the earth is what the bourgeoisie want to excavate. Love destroys politics by driving them into the very earth they want. The despair shown in this theme caused some critics to predict the destruction of Utopia. In The Madwoman Giraudoux projects the fate of the world as one of eventual destruction due to lack of love. Giraudoux held the idealistic view of world unity because he saw France as a symbol of charity, order, logic, and peace. He thought she was to be the power-keeping force in the world; the one to keep men from total destruction. However, with the growing class split in the 1930's and 1940's, Raymond says Giraudoux projected little hope in the future of mankind.

This feeling of hopelessness is expressed in the character of Adolphe Bertaut. Adolphe never has the courage to marry Aurelia till it is too late. His timidity in expressing his feelings leads to his downfall. Raymond and other critics suggested

⁶⁶Ibid., p. 33.

that Adolphe is Giraudoux's personification of the force leading to France's downfall in 1940 and her trouble thereafter. Giraudoux saw the French government and bourgeoisie, both of whom were in a position to effect change, never act. This was only a projection by the critics, for Giraudoux died before he could speak again.

Raymond suggests that Giraudoux wrote The Madwoman as a bitter war pamphlet. Raymond states:

It is a play of revolution, written for free men. He did more than write about the liberation of France from Germany. That he considered a detail of the immediate. He looked to the revolution of the French (working) class from the profiteers. 67

Raymond believes Giraudoux was concerned to the point of accusing big business and profiteers of causing civil war and called for their immediate extermination. The entire plot of The Madwoman supports this view for it does call for immediate action.

Adolphe states at the end of Act II that he will no longer be timid. Perhaps Giraudoux was saying the same thing to the audience.

Giraudoux uses various themes to convey his philosophy: Love-politics as an ironic destructive force, the bourgeoisie as a destructive force, fate or destiny as an ironic destructive force and past values as a saving force. These themes display

⁶⁷ Raymond, p. 127.

essences, the peace and harmony that unity of physical and spiritual bring and the destruction resulting from an excess of physical or spiritual. His hope lies in past values and the security, the stability they bring.

THE WRITER'S APPROACH

Since the initial production of The Madwoman of Chaillot by Jouvet in Paris, December, 1943, the basic concerns for free subjective thought and for individuality have not changed. They seem to be timeless universal themes whose outward expressions are the only changes seen. The Madwoman expressed for this writer the result of stifled individuality and subjective ideas sensed in the young of 1968. For an accurate and telling description of the 1968 milieu, I have selected several poems written by junior high and high school students from two midwestern schools.

People, lights, people, honks, people,
darkness, people, ridicule, people
embarrassment, people, whistles, people
anger, people, exhaust, people, disgust,
people, drizzle, people, pain, people
segregation, people, hate, people, distrust,
people, people, people, Loneliness!

They played with it.
They used it for a cape
They made a tent of it
And fought within its shelter.
They they tore it to rags
And threw it on the floor.
Old Glory they had ripped to shreds.
It's gone, they quickly realized,
And all cried frantically,
For they destroyed their plaything
And now they seek its comfort.

The time of cold and unmannerly existence has come,
And the chill of the night and death it accompanies
will stay.
Until we can live and work in cooperation
and faith.

Free, free at last; But what good is freedom
if you're alone? What is freedom if everyone
is dead? Everyone you ever cared for is dead,
gone! The world, once a sunny place, has
become a dark cruel jungle.

Don't...
touch me
with words or with actions
I bite and bare my teeth
with the least agitation
Aliens stay away
Can't you read the signs?
Beware...
of ferocious teenager.

Look at the flower growing peacefully.
Look at the weeds creeping endlessly closer.
Soon the flowers will cease to exist, as all
things do.
For the weeds will strangle them.
Thus the flowers will be choked to their
doom.
Why must good cease to exist,
And why must evil conquer good endlessly?

Life is a river flowing smoothly until nature
causes it to become harsh.
Life is a river, full and parting.
Life is a river happy, dancing, sad, or rough.
Life is a river flowing continually,
until death ends it.

Ah, Death, you overstayed your visit.
Are you pleased now?
He was young for your kingdom, selfish king,
I have cried an ocean, but
Go now, Death, I have my memories,
My heart is heavy with grief.

Life is an optical illusion,
A dream,
It fades away,
Deteriorates,
As death takes over
With reality.

He will talk no more
About his longing for peace.
Death has come at last.

It runs behind you, reaching, grasping,
 pulling at your mind,
 Stifling your screams with a slippery hand,
 gnawing at your sanity,
 What is it? A monster? A murderer? Or
 incarnated fear?

I had a friend once
 A long time ago,
 He would talk to me
 Yes...
 We would talk hours and hours.
 And we ran and giggled,
 We didn't care about old ladies
 Or the nasty names they called us.
 Yes, we had fun
 A long time ago.
 Now we just sit and stare.
 There isn't much to talk about...
 Except those damn kids next door.

Suburban homes are life rows of crackerjack
 boxes,
 Except there isn't even a surprise inside.

Trade-marked
 Bell-bottomed trousers,
 Commercialized, silver-
 Rimmed shades, Grumbacker Paint
 And Cars.
 Ban the
 Establishment?
 Hypocrisy is the Store-bought
 Hippie 68

The atmosphere created by these poems includes unrest, dissolutionment, fear, and reaction. They portray a generation concerned about life, death, love, communication, freedom, individuality, peace, but they are in the midst of a society engaged in civil war. Incidents of police confrontation and war with students have spread from Berkeley to San Francisco State,

⁶⁸Images on the Wind, ed. Joan Schulz, (May, 1970). 50. p.
 Happenings, (Spring, 1970), p. 25.

Harvard, Purdue, Dartmouth and other campuses. Students are demanding more rights in university legislation, increased teacher excellence, and inclusion of more courses they want. The students who wrote these poems are the future's college students. Students in general are demonstrating for an end to war, discrimination, pollution, and the draft. They condemn work for profit at the expense of human lives and money spent for fashion or other luxuries while people are starving. They indeed have a fashion which seems workless, but it is not costless. However, their fashion enhances their anti-war-for-competition philosophy. They work if and when they wish. The young advocate free love and communal living to counteract Victorian views of sex and slovenly clothes, sandals, love-beads, and long hair as symbols of their new life.

Communication is important to the young in all of its forms. Communication with both men and nature is more enjoyable with increased awareness so drugs are used to provide the necessary aid to awareness. The trials and anxieties of reality are lessened when the senses are sharpened by drugs and a pleasant trip. Communication with authority or people who do not share the same views is by force. The peace-loving, life-loving young find peaceful means do not advance their cause. Destruction and possible death confrontations with an emphasis on actively, aggressively expressing views seems more effective to them.

This general picture is offset by dollar-hungry business which still seems unconcerned with the ordinary citizen's welfare

if they affect business' interests in competition and in technical progress. Business and Government want peace, in the views of the young, but not at the cost of losing face or harming dollar income.

With minor changes these two groups coincided with the two groups in The Madwoman. A change of dress for the street-singer and flower girl produced a hippie and a flower child. The remainder of the group was representative of the people adopting the love-love, love-life policies of the hippies. These people included: waitresses and waiters, Jo-college students like Pierre, and young-hearted of the older generation like Dr. Jadin and Aurelia. The Ragpicker illustrated the hippie philosophy of work only for the beauty and usefulness of it. The group representing big business remained the same. It included: a banker, broker, upper class person, a man looking for quick money, and women looking for fast lovers.

Big business and hippies clashed in the play as they had in reality 1968, with force. The Madwoman was an unbloody representation of the civil war erupting in the United States in 1968. In the play as in reality, the writer felt the war was not on the individuals, but on the values and institutions they held. Like Giraudoux's love-politics theme, love-loving hippies fought self-loving politics. Since the two seemed incompatible at their present extremes, both in reality and in the play, revolution is inevitable in both. But hopefully revolution brings resolution. The Madwoman illustrates the effects of true resolution in the

interrelations among the vagabonds. Peace and harmony prevail there because tolerance is present. Individual idiosyncrasies are overlooked or tolerated. Characters act as they see their self-identities. This idea of tolerance is the message seen by this writer as necessary for 1968. The group possessing tolerance is more united and more successful in their plan. Intolerance and unconcern for one another is shown as the destructive force between the groups in the play; tolerance the saving force. If individuality and free subjective ideas are to exist in reality at all, at any time, tolerance must be developed by all. The Madwoman is an anti-war, pro-tolerance play. The destructive victory is not what saved the vagabonds in The Madwoman nor will it save the hippies or business in 1968. Tolerance for the values of other men will be the key to victory for both the establishment, the bourgeoisie, and vagabonds, the hippies. If a measure of tolerance is not achieved, civil war instigated by hippies will worsen as is prophesied in The Madwoman of Chaillot.

CONCLUSION

Giraudoux's philosophy as seen in his style and themes reveal a direct influence by German philosophers. The six basic premises which Giraudoux adapted were: first, life is a series of changing situations to which man should adapt and learn from. Two, the dialectic method is one way to deal with life's changes as well as learn from these changes. Three, from the dialectic method, man should seek a unity between physical and spiritual aspects of things to find truth and beauty. Fourth, essence, the spiritual and subjective side of human nature, is man's ego, his self-identity. When essence is discovered, man will find his reason for being. Fifth, the unity of physical and spiritual in man and nature reveals an absolute; an ultimate truth which is the endpoint of all life. Sixth, the poet is a philosopher who has the ability to see the spiritual within the physical. He possesses a duty and responsibility to reveal these unities of truth and beauty through his works.

Life is seen as a process in Giraudoux's plays, for events change which in turn force characters to change roles. Some roles, like Hector's and Siegfried's are political while others, like Electra's and Lucile's, are personal. Split personalities, as in Jupiter and Aurelia, are seen interchanging instantaneously to achieve two effects: one, they increase the tempo of life's

changes and two, it stresses the on going process of life.

The changes of life imply an imperfection or a search for a constant, a truth. The German Romanticists and Giraudoux advocate the use of the dialectic method as a means of dealing with life and learning from them. Hegel suggests taking various roles to understand a subject fully, for the best way to know and understand anything is to see it from its various sides. Giraudoux employs the dialectic method in his plays through his use of split personality. A character may also be forced to assume two or more roles or different characters in one play to illustrate different sides of a concept. Giraudoux's irony also enlists the dialectic method. Two sides of an idea are seen simultaneously in environment versus dialogue, action versus dialogue or words versus meaning. Entire plots are sometimes ironies as realism contradicts fantasy. The dialectic method is an important tool Giraudoux uses in creating light fantasies with important realistic philosophic messages.

The unity of spiritual and physical in man is his essence. Hegel describes essence as the meaning for which we exist. Giraudoux expresses it in Electra as becoming what we really are. To find essence in man is to discover his ego, his subjective nature, his mind. Man's ego to Giraudoux is the stable part of him; the basis from which he discovers and deals with the externals around him. Essence is a prominent part of this ego for it is a result of the searching for itself. Illustrations of essences

are: Christian and sexual love, hate, revenge, and greed. Spontaneity is employed to establish essence and fantasy illustrates these essences in believable fashion. Impromptu dialogue and the importance of daily actions aid in developing the essence of a character. Giraudoux gives his principal characters essences to convey his message in irony or fantasy more clearly.

From the use of the dialectic method, Giraudoux wanted to unify the spiritual and physical aspects of men and nature into truth and beauty. This premise seemed to be Giraudoux's most important message for it underlies the action of all his plays. The plots of Giraudoux's plays concern human interrelationships from which harmony and peace or destruction results. Giraudoux believed a union between the spiritual and physical aspects of life, the recognition of essences, and the acceptance of one's mission in life are keys to a balance of the physical and spiritual. This balance in turn creates unity. Amphitryon 38 and The Madwoman of Chaillot are examples of this unity. When either the spiritual or the physical is in excess imbalance and destruction occurs. Examples of the destructive force due to excess physical essence include: Judith, Ondine, Duel of Angels, and The Enchanted. Tiger at the Gates cites incidents in war where the spiritual is in excess. Fantasy is employed by Giraudoux as a tool for illustrating this unity. In fantasy non-logical events not only add to the play's uniqueness but aid in explaining the spiritual. Fantasy enables ideas which are not understandable but probable to become believable to the audience. When the

physical and spiritual are combined and in balance, the truth which results is labeled an absolute. Giraudoux defines this absolute as the Christian God or a Greek force. The Christian concept describes God in human terms. God can talk, work through men to obtain His own ends, protect, and become lonely. As a force, god is one which we contend with, is the answer to life's riddle, or is the balance of nature. Whatever Giraudoux's concept of God was, his concept of an absolute is an end-point of men's lives.

To exhibit these philosophical premises, Giraudoux and the Germans looked to art. Giraudoux looked particularly to dramatic art for a vehicle to present his ideas. As a philosopher Giraudoux thought it an obligation to convey his thoughts to the French. His many attempts are proof of his obligatory feeling. He chose the medium of the theater because it combined the escapism the French of the early twentieth century desired and the visual facet which no other form of literature contained. Giraudoux presented his ideas in fantasy and irony to appeal to the escapist feelings of his audience. Irony, however, brought his ideas into relief and, hopefully, forced the more thoughtful to think and act. His plays revealed choices from which the audience could choose. The choices resulted from the irony and the dialectical method Giraudoux uses. The audience could see the results of these choices as unity or destruction. Although Giraudoux seemed to try to prejudice the audience by making one more appealing, he left the final decision to the audience.

Thus Giraudoux took his philosophy to the theater and worked with theater to present "an evening course (in philosophy) for adults and the aged. The . . . means whereby the most humble and least literate members of the public can find personal contact with the highest conflicts, and create for themselves an undenominational religion, a liturgy and its saints, sentiments and passions."⁶⁹

⁶⁹Lumley, p. 48.

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PART II. PRODUCTION MATERIAL

CHARACTER ANALYSIS

As The Madwoman of Chaillot unfolded, two groups of characters emerged, those representing the bourgeois and those representing the common man. All characters in the bourgeois group were molded by the same values, namely money, position, and tradition. They represented all that was traditional until the time of World War II. Likewise the common man, called Vagabonds in the play, possessed similar values. Their desire for love, peace, and individual acceptance, was manifested in their interactions, dress, and attitude towards life. This section of the production book discusses these groups in two parts. The first division describes each character, his personality, his appearance, his essence or symbol, and his development throughout the play. The second division describes the costume and make-up of each character and lists the actors appearing on stage by acts. The characters are grouped and described according to the bourgeois and the common man, respectively.

CHARACTER DESCRIPTION

President.--The President was a typical representation of a proud, egotistical, self-assured, and dominating tycoon; Giraudoux's typical picture of a modern businessman. Because of his wealth, he had grown to be a greedy, yet an easily

excitable and ruthless operator. He was a true leader of destructive forces. His leadership abilities were amplified because his personality did not change throughout the play, but merely increased in intensity. He was the type of man who had learned early in life to find what he wanted and get it regardless of cost. Thus, he had little regard for anything or anyone outside the realm of his own interests. As seen in the play, he would become excited and upset either when someone was the center of attention against his wishes or when his desires were not fulfilled. His excitement did not spontaneously generate to others, but it was forced upon them. The President was a unique blend of Hitler's brutality and bourgeois urbanity,

Baron.--The Baron was an aristocratic playboy turned poor.

He represented the traditional bourgeois class of France between the world wars, all of whom were threatened by the possible loss of money and position. Due to his inherited wealth and power, he was naïve to the ruthless modern business practices. However, he was eager to learn them in order to regain his former state. Thus, the Baron's ideas about wealth and its accumulation became akin to the President's as he learned. His personality, then, did not change in its basic characteristics. The traits were merely revealed and emphasized. For instance, the President's treatment of the Little Man taught the Baron to be more smooth, suave, and ruthless in his interpersonal relations. He learned to use others for his own ends, but to trust few of them. The Baron was a potential leader. He only

needed to learn the rules.

Broker.--The Broker represented the typical hard working slave who used his knowledge and skill as a tool in serving his master. He was as egotistical as the President and bolstered his pretended power whenever possible. Thus, as a protector of their power, money, the Broker dramatically and elaborately described daily workings of the stock market. He inferred that the bourgeois were wealthier because of his trading skills. Like the President, he grew only in intensity as the play progressed. The Broker's appearance was a copy of the President's, a dark fashionable suit and tie. His voice and mannerisms were business-like, being nervous and high strung and single-minded, and showed pleasure in the power he possessed.

Prospector.--The Prospector, like the Broker, was a tool used by big business bourgeois. He represented the secret societies or "in" groups through which business made its money. These societies found profit-making projects for big business and were supported by them in carrying out these projects. As ruthless as the President, the Prospector was savage in his dislike of civilization. He had no respect or affection for people. Rather, his love was poured out in a glass of water and piled in a heap of slag. He resembled the cannibalistic Tiger-men from Africa whom Giraudoux described in the play Tiger-men. His likeness to them was revealed in his soliloquy condemning civilization in Act I and in his animal-like sniffing

at the end of Act I.

Therese and Paulette.--These two prostitutes represented sex as yet another way of acquiring money. For them it was a successful, enjoyable, and easy way of living within their lifestyles. They thoroughly enjoyed their work and, by their sexy dress and alluring manners, showed every sign of continuing in this fashion.

Pierre.--Pierre was a young, clean-cut, innocent boy who was on the verge of deciding his vocation in life. Being raised by the modern society, Pierre had never been exposed to the small enjoyable and beautiful things in life which were valued by the Vagabonds. However, he was sensitive and thus open to ideas uncommon to his society. He first showed his concern for human life and property when he refused to plant the bomb in the City Architect's office. Later the Vagabonds introduced Pierre to the ideals of love, peace, beauty, and individual acceptance. His decision was to accept or reject these values. He accepted them. His personality never changed but was merely brought out for what it really was. Pierre wore sporty, college type clothing which was a cross between the slovenly clothing of the Vagabonds and the smart sophisticated suit and tie of business.

Waiter.--The Waiter represented the unhurried, conscientious worker who always carried out his responsibilities to the best of his abilities. He was kind and understanding and did what

he could to help others. He did not change in direction or intensity during the play, but remained a loving, inconspicuous character.

Singer:--This guitar playing Hippy represented the peace loving individual who sung his philosophy to others. He thought modern society was disintegrating with its wars and greed for money and position and must return to the ideals of peace and love. His appearance, being unstylish, uncoordinated, and dirty, portrayed his individuality and his interior feeling of disgust for modern society. He, too, remained constant throughout the play.

Flower Girl:--A sweet, innocent picture of freshness, beauty and love, the Flower Girl was a living example of the Hippy philosophy. She shared her philosophy of love for all by passing out flowers. She, too, never changed her image, but remained constant and stable throughout the play. Her costume portrayed her philosophy in a modern, faddish way and thereby appealed to the young, modern audience.

Irma.--As another representative of young love, Irma's philosophy was akin to that of the Flower Girl but on a more personal level. Whereas the Flower Girl represented universal love, Irma represented romantic love. Here was Giraudoux's ideal of feminine love and feminine action described above. Irma was not only exteriorly beautiful, but interiorly beautiful, too. She was simple, sweet, kind, and thoughtful. She hated

ugliness, loved beauty, hated wickedness, loved kindness. Irma was a typical idealistic metaphor painted by Giraudoux.

Deaf-Mute.--The Deaf-Mute represented minority groups, especially Blacks, who were oppressed. He tried to be an individual and help himself, but was suppressed by big business. He was smart, alert, talented, yet kind, understanding, and loveable. He was pitiable, but did not want pity. Rather, he wanted help. He was dressed all in black to represent the Black race and wore a peace symbol as a sign of peace between races. In finding half of his goal, that of love, the Deaf-Mute was able to speak once at the end of Act II. However, his final goal, that of racial equality, showed only the potential of being achieved. Love and acceptance, the keys to true equality to him, now needed to be extended to all mankind.

Shoelace Peddler.--The Shoelace Peddler was a simple man who worked on a simple job for simple wages. He accepted and was content with his life such as it was. He was the type of man who probably loved little inexpensive nick-nacks, such as his yo-yo, and delighted in such things as listening to birds sing in the park or feeding pigeons. His pretended power, his feeling of self-worth, came from his contentment of being a common man. In Act I his pretended power was contrasted with that of the Broker's by simultaneous demonstrations of their skills. The Broker displayed his trading skill while the Shoelace Peddler performed with his yo-yo. The Peddler's appearance was worn and

a little shabby, but his attitude was positive and cheerful.

Dr. Jadin.--After vainly trying various medical jobs, Dr. Jadin became overbearing and domineering. Moreover, he was probably not a doctor at all but lived in a fantasy world of successful medical ventures. Despite his overbearing character, the Doctor was respected and accepted by the other Vagabonds. To them he was doing what he liked best and that was most important. This demonstration of acceptance and the harmony this acceptance brought about, was the purpose of Dr. Jadin's character. He also added comic relief through his eccentric mannerisms. Therefore, Dr. Jadin's character did not change in its traits or in its intensity. He was a constant reminder of love and acceptance.

Policeman.--An insecure, naive young man on his first day's work, the policeman was concerned about doing his job well. However, his naive attempts only accented his stupidity. Only his desire for success kept him from giving up and made him an admirable character. His purpose was comic relief in a potentially frightening plot. His entrance, for instance, following the Prospector's sililoquoy against civilization kept the audience from becoming so serious and empathically involved with the play's message that they would reject it. His knowledge of first aid and medicine and his reasons for saving Pierre were ludicrous. The Policeman was a symbol of awkward mankind.

Sergeant.--The Sergeant was a businesslike and efficient man who looked at life from a very rational viewpoint. In

contrast to his fellow officer, he was too practical and logical in his judgements. For instance, his attempt to defend life by mentioning taxes and the military in Act I and his substitution of a scarf for the boa were both practical, almost too practical, to be persuasive. However, he too was concerned for and accommodating to others. His logical ways continually accented the policeman's stupidity and thereby heightened the comic relief. In keeping with his practical, efficient air, his uniform was well fit and clean. His character did not change in the play.

Sewer-Man.--The Sewer-Man was typical of Giraudoux's use of irony. Here was a man who worked on possibly the lowest job on the social scale, yet had the highest sense of personal pride. His self-pride, self-worth, and high ideals were displayed in his immaculate work clothes, tie, white shirt, and socks. He was the height of politeness during his short scene with Aurelia and gave the impression he would always be that way. Because sensationalism had been considered undesirable both in 1943 and in 1968, the Sewer-Man's censure of sensationalism further accented his irony. Here the social inferior was accusing the press, part of the bourgeois, of being base, thus placing himself higher than them in principles. Thus, the personality of this character was used solely for contrast and condemnation of the bourgeois.

Little-Man.--The Little-Man was the bourgeois counterpart of the common man. Although naive, simple, and gullible, this

middle class man, by the nature of the society in which he was a part, refused to accept his position. Unlike the Peddler, he wanted to get ahead so he could have money, material possessions, and position. He was willing to sacrifice all he possessed for the chance of getting rich. Thus, because of the pressures and anxieties he had, he was nervous and high strung. His appearance was typically middle class, a working man with his shirt sleeves rolled up ready to plunge into any money-making job available.

Ragpicker.--The Ragpicker was the Baron's counterpart and the Vagabond's spokesman. Like the Baron, the Ragpicker saw what was happening in the world of money-grabbing people and feared his position. He was naive to modern business practices, giving the President the hundred franc note without hesitation, but was willing to learn how to stop these operations. Like the Baron, too, he was learning from a master, Aurelia, and had potential for being a future leader. For instance, the Ragpicker was picked by the Vagabonds in Act I as their representative when Aurelia asked them to describe the world's state. In Act II Aurelia herself chose him as representative of the bourgeois in the mock trial. Thus, both the leader and the followers respected and admired him. These attitudes plus his two successfully persuasive performances gave him the capacity for leadership. Through Aurelia's lines stating that all men should be represented by their opposites, the Ragpicker was labeled as a true counterpart to the bourgeois. As their contrast, he was easy going, unpretentious, kind, understanding,

and helpful. He was the symbol and ideal of the common man. In appearance he was about the same age as the bourgeois conspirators, wore a suit, had a flower in his buttonhole, wore a hat, and carried a "briefcase" for his important occupational papers. However, his flower was artificial, his suit was old, his hat was sloppy, and his briefcase was a gunnysack. This irony created through costumes further emphasized his likeness-in-contrast to the bourgeois.

Aurelia.--Aurelia was an idealistic old woman who best exemplified Giraudoux's irony between sanity and insanity, old age and youth, love and hate. Aurelia's sanity was indirectly shown to the audience, for it resulted from her seemingly insane actions. By living in her own rose-colored dream world, the countess epitomized Giraudoux's dream of a utopia through the appearances of near insanity. This utopia was represented through two of Aurelia's characteristics. First, by enjoying such things as feeding animals, mending clothes, and looking at flowers, the Countess expressed the same characteristic love of trivialities as did Giraudoux. In his novel Siegfried, for instance, Giraudoux describes the French and German problem in trivial metaphors--blooming flowers, landscapes, and animals. He seemed to realish these metaphors as bearable explanations for the present problems and, hopefully, as areas of interest in future solutions. In her love of trivialities, Aurelia was Giraudoux's explanation in making present problems bearable. Second, Aurelia had a humanitarian concern for both people and animals. This,

too, was part of Giraudoux's character as described above. Because she respected and accepted the idiosyncrasies of and the worlds created by others, she was a mellowing figure in society, a mother or a savior. To make Aurelia's character acceptable, however, Giraudoux gave her the guise of insanity. Her actions seemed odd, even hilariously ludicrous at a superficial glance. However, the two characteristics above made her actions appear sane and logical. The irony of old age and youth was seen in her chronological old age and in her young ideals. Aurelia had basically the same ideals as did the Singer, Flower Girl, and other Vagabonds. For instance, Aurelia expressed her humanity and hate for forces destructive to people. This was a just polarity of values, for her sincere love of something demanded her defense of it and thus her hate for its enemies. Only her ways of fighting against the hated destructive business machine was youthful and idealistic. Aurelia was, in otherwords, Giraudoux's symbol of a savior through love and a mother through age. Her appearance in her 1890 costume in 1968 was one of near insanity, of individuality, and of irony. These were her dominant characteristics.

Constance.--Constance was a grown up child who lived in a self-centered romantic utopia. Being very opinionated, moody, and domineering, she represented a typical selfish woman. However, her childishness was seen in her love of animals, dreams, adventure, and talk. Childishness made communication with anyone outside her dream world difficult for Constance. Aurelia

treated her with childish care and understanding in order to communicate with her. Aurelia was, therefore, mediator between Constance and Gabrielle. Always complaining when things did not go her way, Constance proved to be a hard person to be friendly with. The purpose of her character was, then, to illustrate how childish, unrealistic, and very different people can be and how much patience may be needed to tolerate them.

Gabrielle.--Gabrielle was an artificial picture of innocent simplicity and shyness. She was extremely gullible but was also potentially very calculating. She represented the woman desirous of love and affection but who never actually had it. However, she was the type who would sip tea and make a pass at a man while trying to make her friends believe she did not care. Her pitiable situation, however, was satirized through her insanity. By talking to her friends, most of whom were probably male, she was able to feel her own worth while providing a comic relief for the audience. Dressed in a low necked satin and lace dress with fur trim, she was a picture of coquettishness and naivety.

Josephine.--The picture of logic, order, and calculation was the eldest woman, Josephine. She was Giraudoux's epitome of feminine action for she was quick and definite in her decisions, yet concerned for justice. Being proficient in law and military matters, Josephine was the Vagabond's version of authority and power. She was judge of the revolution to save the world. Like Aurelia, Josephine was an irony of ages. Chronologically she

PLATE II. PRESIDENT, BARON, BROKER, DR. JADIN

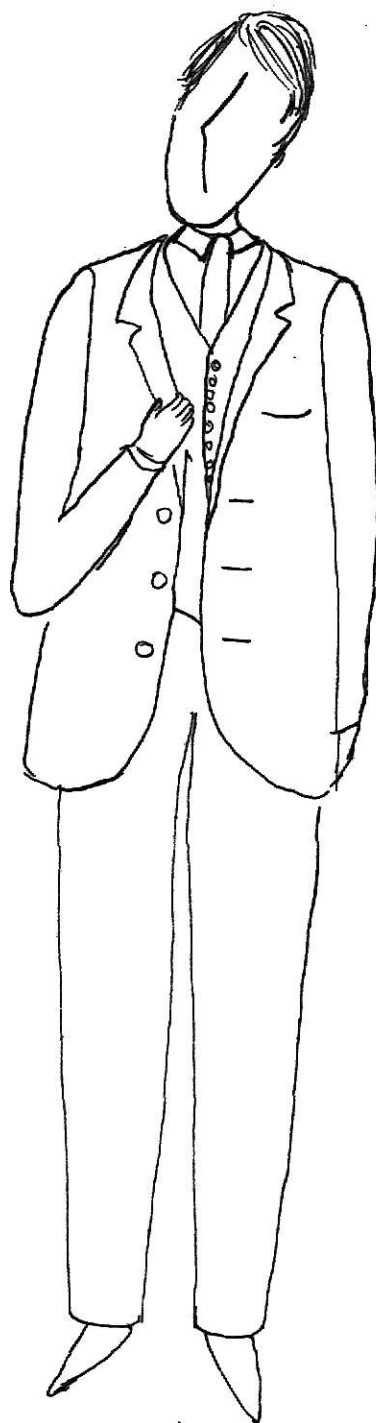
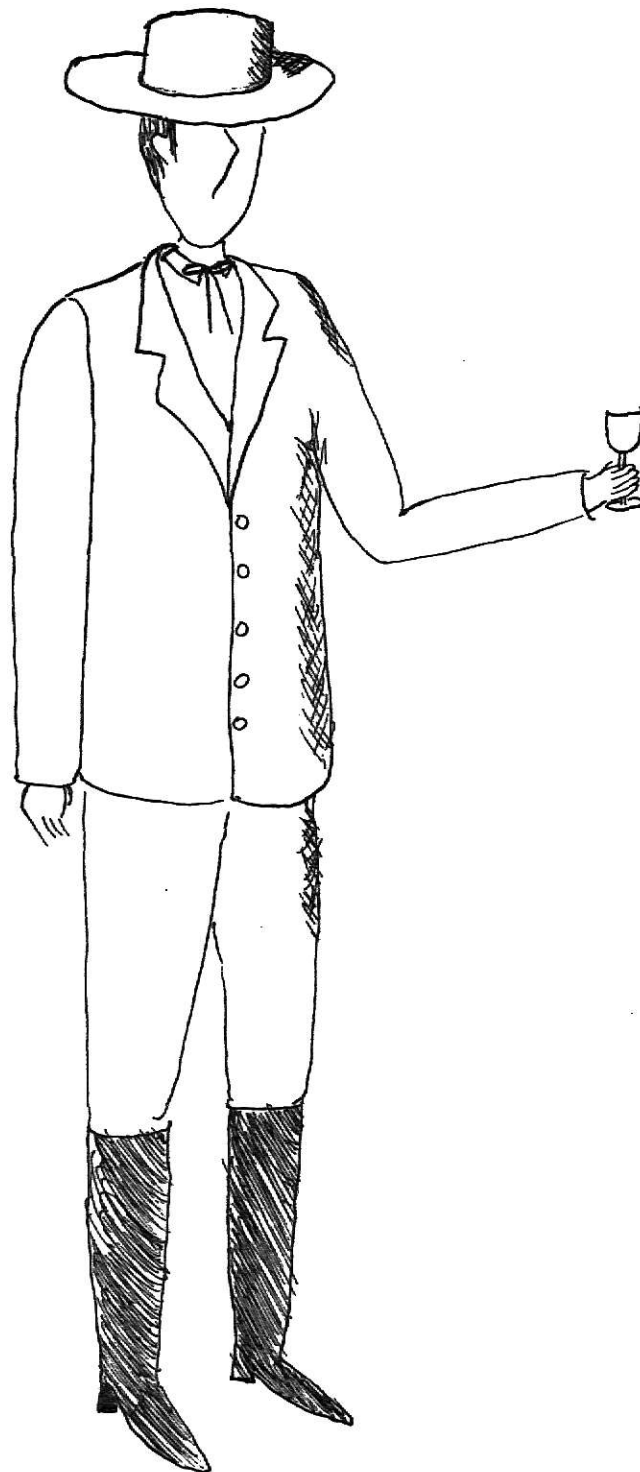


PLATE III. PROSPECTOR



was old, eighty, but idealistically she was akin to the Vagabonds and their radical young movement. She added the dignity and stature they needed for their cause. Her character did not change, for it was the justifying force the Vagabonds needed. Her costume and appearance were a blend of old age actions and attire and young determinism and militance.

COSTUME DESCRIPTION

President.--To portray the President's suave oily personality and his rich social position, he wore a black tailored suit and vest, white shirt, long black and white tie held by a diamond stick pin, jeweled cuff links, black shoes and socks. See Plate I for all businessmen.

Baron.--To portray a naive, but basically ruthless person, the Baron wore a medium blue tailored suit and vest, white long sleeved shirt, bow tie, black socks and shoes, jeweled cuff links. Blue was worn to convey his naivete in modern big business deals.

Broker.--As the President's tool or slave, a green suit was chosen instead of black. The olive color showed a hope of freedom sickened and dying because of work such as the Baron was doing. The costume consisted of: dark olive green tailored suit, white shirt, black tie, black socks and shoes.

Prospector.--A western theme portrayed his name, Prospector,

PLATE IV. THERESE



PLATE V. PAULETTE

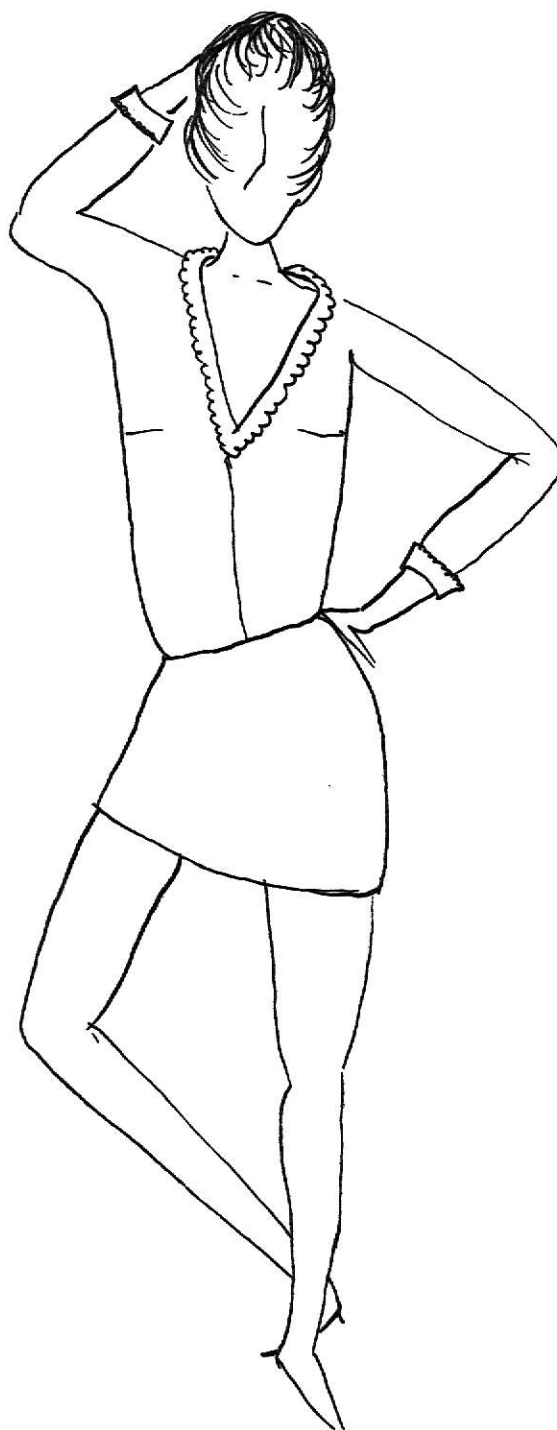
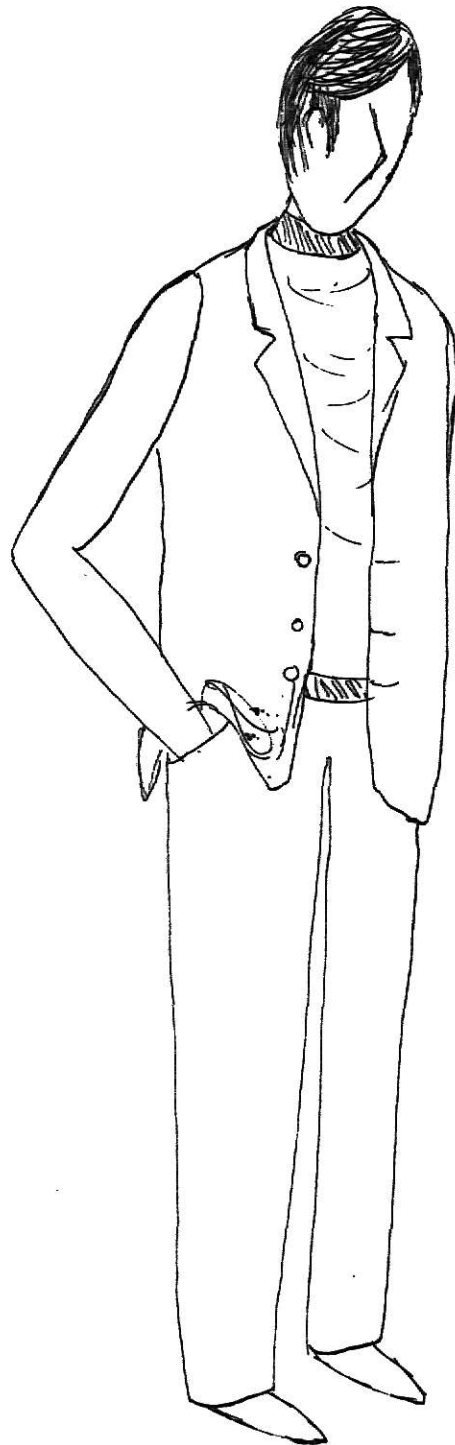


PLATE VI. PIERRE



and identified him as a special money-finding member of the bourgeois. He wore a black tailored suit, yellow western shirt, black formal "V" tie, black cowboy hat, black cowboy boots.

Therese.--Her character was carried through in the black, sleeveless, low necked lace dress, black heels and black purse. Black conveyed the particular death she brought to the world through prostitution.

Paulette.--Costumed to be a slight variation of Therese yet carry out the same character lead to a short blue skirt, sexy white, long sleeved, low necked, ruffled blouse; black heels, and red garter on her left leg.

Pierre.--As a youth at the turning point of his career, Pierre was wearing a light brown wool jacket and slacks, light brown wool turtlenecked sweater, dark brown socks, brown shoes.

Waiter.--A typical costume for easy identification was chosen for this minor character. It consisted of a white shirt with rolled up sleeves and black arm bands, no tie, black cotton slacks, short white cotton apron, black socks, black shoes.

Singer.--To coincide with the Hippie theme, the Singer's wore an old army shirt with open neck and rolled up sleeves, love beads, peace symbol, jeans, sandals, guitar. The army shirt was chosen because it is typical dress of a 1968 Hippie.

Flower Girl.--To illustrate exteriorly how she felt inside,

light gay materials and colors were used in this costume. It included a yellow long sleeved blouse, red, yellow, and white floral mini skirt; a flower painted on her leg, and low heeled shoes.

Irma.--To identify her as a servant as well as a youth the costume for Irma included a black wool dress with white lace trim, short white cotton apron, neutral hose, and black shoes. The black color identified her with the Waiter and other servants as well as with the Deaf-Mute. The white was a symbol of love or purity.

Deaf-Mute.--As a representative of the Blacks and other minority groups the Deaf-Mute's costume included black cotton turtle-neck shirt, black cotton slacks, black socks, black shoes, and a peace button.

Shoelace Peddler.--This typical common man wore long, baggy slacks, a long sleeved white shirt, a wide red and blue print tie, brown and orange socks, and old brown shoes.

Little Man.--Being the business society's counterpart to the Shoelace Peddler as a common man, the Little Man wore a dark cotton pair of slacks, white shirt with rolled up sleeves, bow tie, belt, white socks, and black shoes.

Dr. Jadin.--The fastidious Doctor wore a black fedora, black wool tailored suit and vest, white cotton long sleeved shirt, black tie, black socks, black shoes, a watch on a gold

PLATE VII. RAGPICKER



PLATE VIII. AURELIA



chain hung at the waist.

Policeman.-- A typical representation was used for easy identification. A typical blue uniform, blue European policeman's hat, policeman's badge and belt, blue cotton long sleeved shirt, black socks, and black shoes were worn. The blue uniform was actually an air force uniform with the insignia taken off of it.

Sergeant.--The Sergeant wore the same costume as did the Policeman. However, his had a better fit.

Sewer-Man.--The Sewer-Man's costume blended the high ideals of his character with his low social position. It consisted of a pressed dark olive coverall, white cotton long sleeved shirt, black bow tie, white socks, black fisherman's boots.

Ragpicker.--Typical of an old ragpicker who saw the light and dark sides of life was the old crumpled gray beret, old and torn brown and rust tweed jacket with a small orange flower in the buttonhole, yellow and white checked cotton shirt, wide yellow, red, and blue tie; old, brown houndstooth slacks with patches on the knee and seat; old brown and white oxfords of the Ragpicker.

Aurelia.--Because of her delight in the old-fashioned and in the small things in life, Aurelia donned a large straw hat with green, gold, and pink feathers on it and a large green veil covering the hat and tying under her chin. She wore a green

PLATE IX. CONSTANCE



PLATE X. GABRIELLE

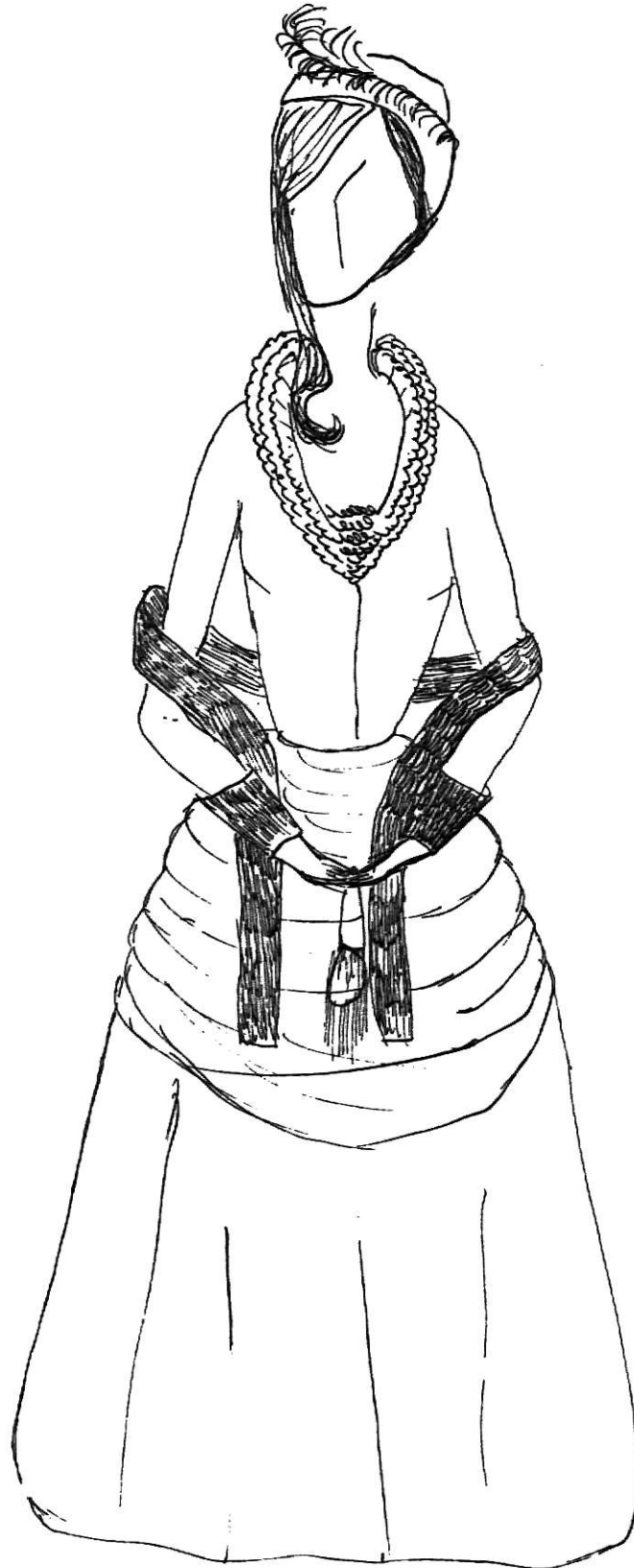


PLATE XI. JOSEPHINE



bustle dress of the 1890's which had a military collar, a diamond shaped cut out at the neck area where she would place her flower and pull out her bell, and long sleeves. She wore a long bustle skirt with three cords hanging at her right side, a gray-violet lace over-skirt, a green corduroy purse with three feathers in it. The purse was attached to her skirt by a clothespin. This clothespin also held up her train. For jewelry she wore three gaudy broaches, a triple strand of large fake pearls, a blue and white floral print scarf for Act I and a red boa nine feet long for Act II. She also wore black hose and black shoes. See Plate VIII.

Constance.--A naive, self-centered and proud character such as Constance would only wear a yellow and white floral hat, a yellow and white bustle dress of the 1890's, a fine white linen scarf, a yellow and white purse, white hose, white shoes.

Gabrielle.--The fiery desire for sex plus the hesitation of actually having sex led to the use of rust in her costume. Gabrielle wore a rust felt hat with a rust feather in it, peach lace over beige silk for her bodice, fur cuffs on the sleeves, and a triple rust ruffle on the v-neck. She wore a rust satin bustle skirt with a lace flower at center back, fur stole, rust hose, rust shoes, and rust beaded purse. The color also set off Gabrielle's auburn hair. See Plate IX.

Josephine.--Josephine's military ideas were carried out in her costume in a black cotton hat with a military insignia

PLATE XII. THE MADWOMEN



and an American flag in it, a black velvet shawl, and a royal blue taffeta v-necked, long sleeved bustle dress. The dress had black velvet trim around the neck and down the bodice front, around the waist, hanging in three black cords down the skirt front, in a fashion similar to those on Aurelia's skirt, and in three rows at the hemline. There was a black lace dickie forming a high neckline. Her skirt was raised on the left front side to reveal a red petticoat below the black velvet and lace trim at the hemline. She wore black hose and black shoes. For jewelry Josephine wore military insignia down the front of her black velvet trim and at the top of the raised portion of the hemline. See Plate XI.

MAKE-UP

The make-up used for the production could have been realistic or theatrical. Although the play was basically realistic, the fantasy created by the madwomen, Sewer-Man, and others in Act II, gave the director the option of using some theatrical make-up. For three reasons, however realistic make-up was chosen. First, the set and the costumes were realistic, thus making the dominant mood in the play realistic. Second, the majority of the characters needed realistic make-up due to their character portrayals. However, Aurelia vacillated between realism and fantasy. The spontaneous nature of the vacillations necessitated the use of either theatrical or realistic make-up. The use of both was impossible. Third, the close proximity of

the audience to the stage demanded subtle handling of realistic make-up. Therefore, using theatrical make-up for the fantasy side of Aurelia's dual personality would have clashed with her equally dominant realistic side. Thus, realistic make-up was used for all characters.

The discussion of make-up will be divided into groups of characters having similar ages and therefore similar make-up. The groups are: the madwomen, the other female characters, the machine, the Ragpicker, Pierre, and the minor male characters.

The madwomen. -- The basic make-up for the four madwomen consisted of "Twilight Blush" panstick for the base, blue and white rouge blended to highlight the cheekbones, and lines of the forehead. Cheeks, temples, underneath the eyes, and in the wrinkle lines were hollowed by blending brown and maroon rouge. Wrinkles were abundant and quite distinct. Eyebrows were darkened with eyebrow pencil, eyes were lined and shadowed with blue-green eye shadow. Nose and jaws were shadowed with moist brown rouge, and red rouge was used for lipstick. The individuality in these four women came in their hair styles and the abundance of wrinkles on their faces. Aurelia, at seventy-five, was the second eldest in the group. Therefore, her wrinkles and hollows were quite pronounced. Her overall facial make-up was neat for she fussed over the little things of life. However, to further accent her madness, her grayed hair was messy. In Act I she tried to keep it up under her hat, but a few strands of hair

always fell. With no hat worn in Act II her vain attempt to pile her hair on top of her head was clearly seen. Whitening was accomplished with white hair spray and white shoe polish. Josephine at eighty was the eldest. Her face was very wrinkled and heavily lined and her white hair was pulled back to a bun at the nape of her neck. Constance was the second youngest at sixty-five. Her make-up, therefore, had fewer wrinkles and lighter shadows. Her hair was pulled back into a French twist and was neatly kept in place. Her hair was streaked with white shoe polish. Gabrielle was the youngest of the four women. At forty she had a few light wrinkles, hints of shadows, and some graying. Because she used her eyes for major character expressions, her eyes were accented by using more eye liner.

The other female characters.-- Irma, Flower Girl, Therese, and Paulette were the other female characters in the play. Irma, at twenty, used very few lines, "Twilight Blush" panstick, brown rouge for eyebrows, brown eye liner, blue-green eye shadow and red lipstick. This make-up was used lightly to give Irma a natural look. Her long red hair hung in soft curls around her shoulders. The Flower Girl used the same make-up as did Irma. At eighteen, the Flower Girl's individuality was in her hair and her special effect make-up. The Flower Girl's long blond hair was kept straight and long, natural without being curly. On her leg just above her right knee she wore a small painted pink and yellow flower. Therese and Paulette also used "Twilight Blush" panstick, dark brown eyebrow pencil, black eye liner, blue eye

shadow, and red lipstick. Therese wore long auburn hair in a flip and Paulette wore short brown hair. The women in Act II wore the same make-up as did Therese and Paulette.

The Machine.-- The Machine, President, Baron, Broker, and Prospector wore middle age make-up. All wore panstick number four for a base, blended brown and maroon rouge for cheek and temple shadows, moist brown rouge for nose and face shadows, Clown White mixed with light blue rouge for nose and chin highlights, brown eyebrow pencil for eyebrows, dark brown rouge for eye liner, and maroon rouge for lipstick. Their individuality came in the grayness of their hair. The President had gray streaks in his hair while the Baron had grayness at the temples and on one lock on his forehead. The Broker and the Prospector had light gray streaked hair and the Prospector also had a lightly streaked light brown full beard. These men wore the same make up as the Presidents and Prospectors in Act II.

Ragpicker.-- At fifty-five, the Ragpicker wore the same make-up as the machine. However, his face was made to look dirtier by smearing a little brown rouge on it. His hair was long and curly and streaked with white shoe polish.

Pierre.-- At twenty, Pierre used number four panstick, brown eyebrow pencil, dark brown rouge for eye liner. He had very light shadows and highlights and maroon moist rouge for lipstick. His hair was medium length and combed in neat waves.

Minor male characters.--The minor male characters who used straight make-up were: Waiter, Little Man, Street Singer, Deaf-Mute, Policeman, Sergeant, Sewer Man, and Press Agents. They wore a base of number four panstick, a blend of maroon and brown moist rouge for cheeks and temples, eyebrow pencil, moist brown rouge for jaw and nose shadow, blended Clown White and blue moist rouge for jaw and nose highlights, dark brown moist rouge for eye liner, and maroon moist rouge for lipstick. The Shoelace Peddler and Doctor Jadin also wore this make-up but had wrinkles, deeper shadows and grayed hair for middle age.

LIST OF CHARACTERS
(in the order of their appearance)

Act I

The Waiter
The Prospector
Therese
The President
The Baron
The Street Singer
The Flower Girl
The Ragpicker
Paulette
The Deaf-Mute
Irma
The Shoelace Peddler
The Little Man
The Broker
Doctor Jadin
Countess Aurelia, The Madwoman of Chaillot
The Policeman
Pierre
The Sergeant

Act II

Countess Aurelia
Irma
The Sewer Man
Mademoiselle Gabrielle, The Madwoman of St. Sulpice
Madame Constance, The Madwoman of Passy
Madame Josephine, The Madwoman of La Concorde
The Vagabonds
The Presidents
The Prospectors
The Press Agents
The Women
Adolphe Bertaut

PLATE XIII. SETS 1 AND 2

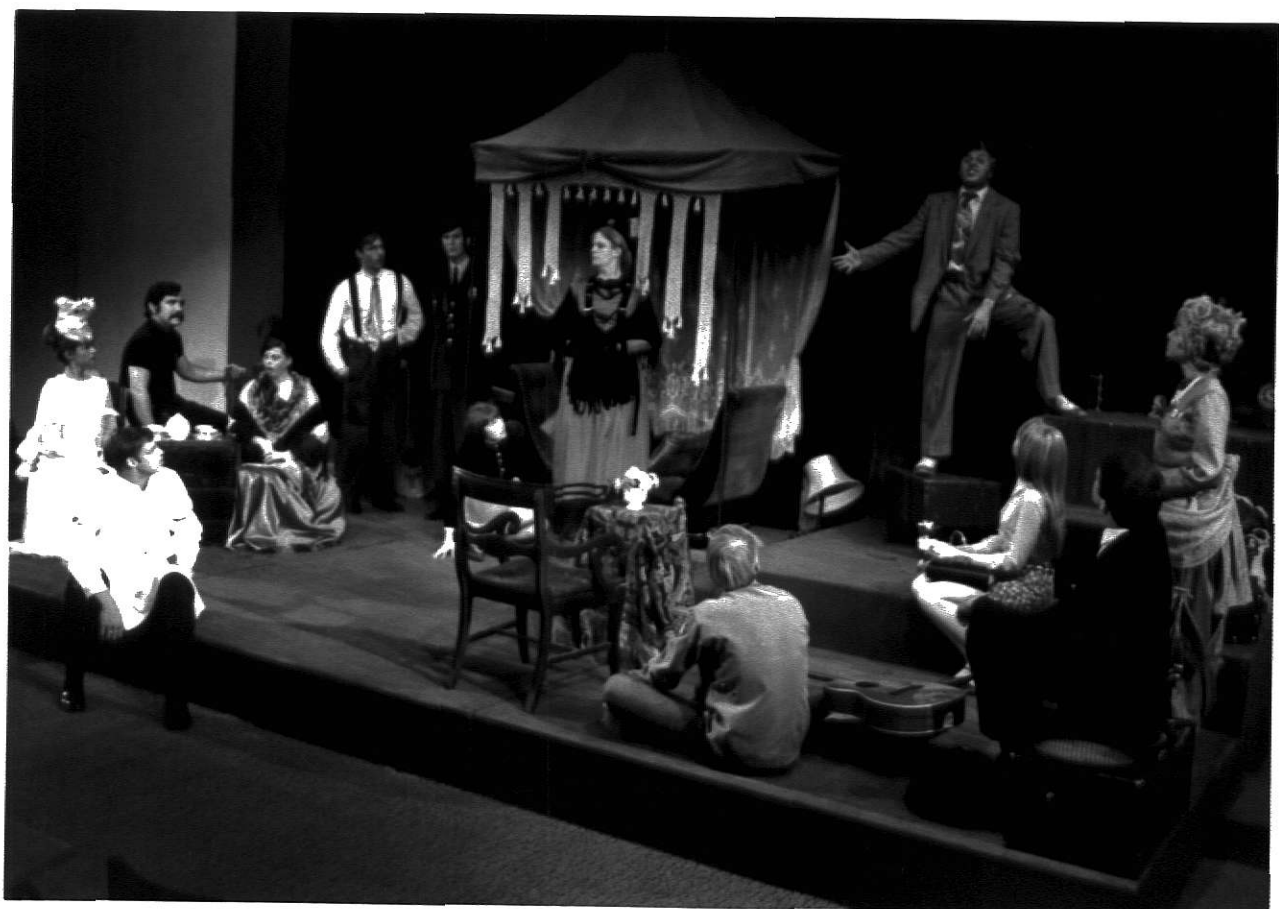
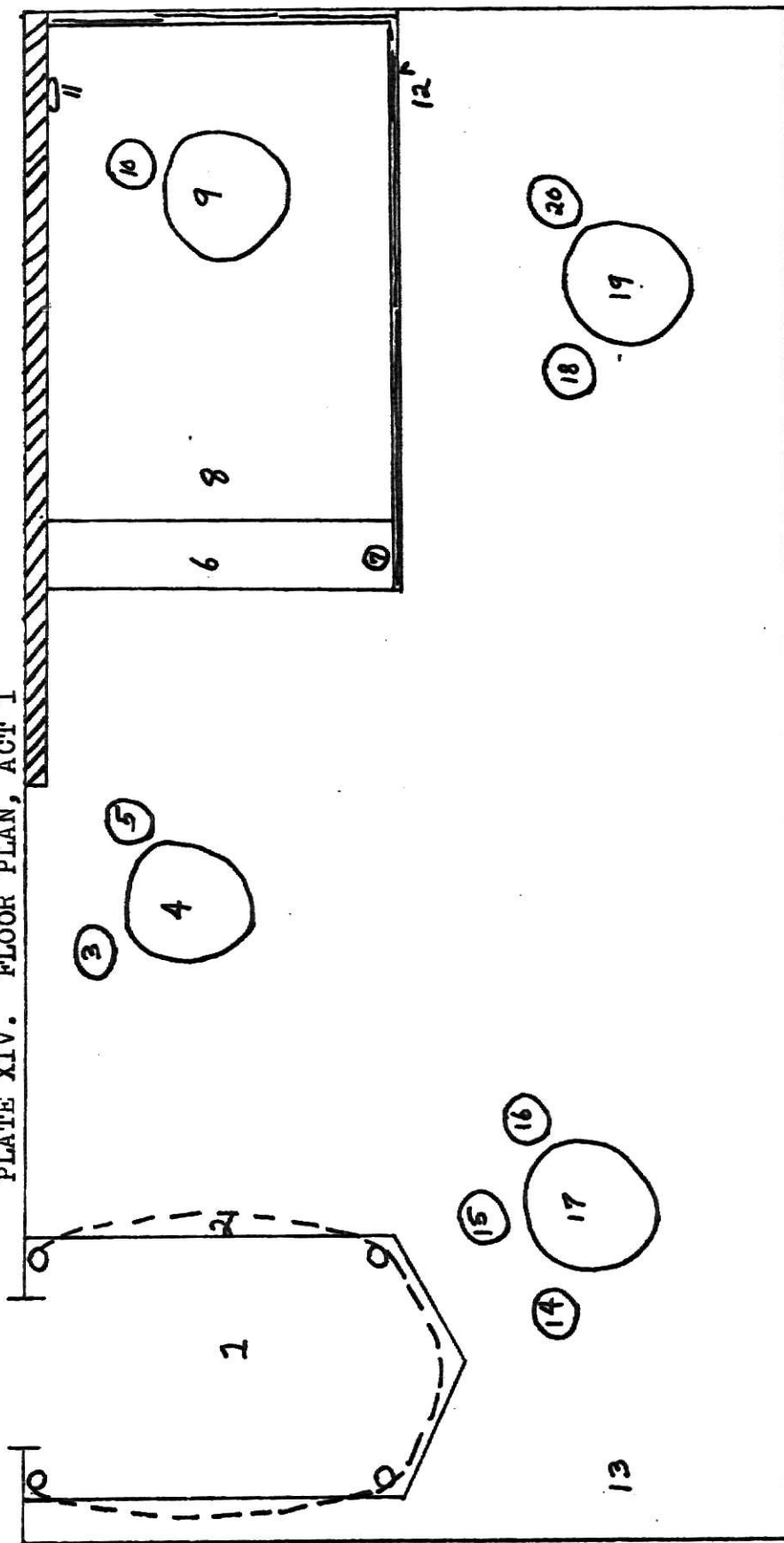


PLATE XIV. FLOOR PLAN, ACT I

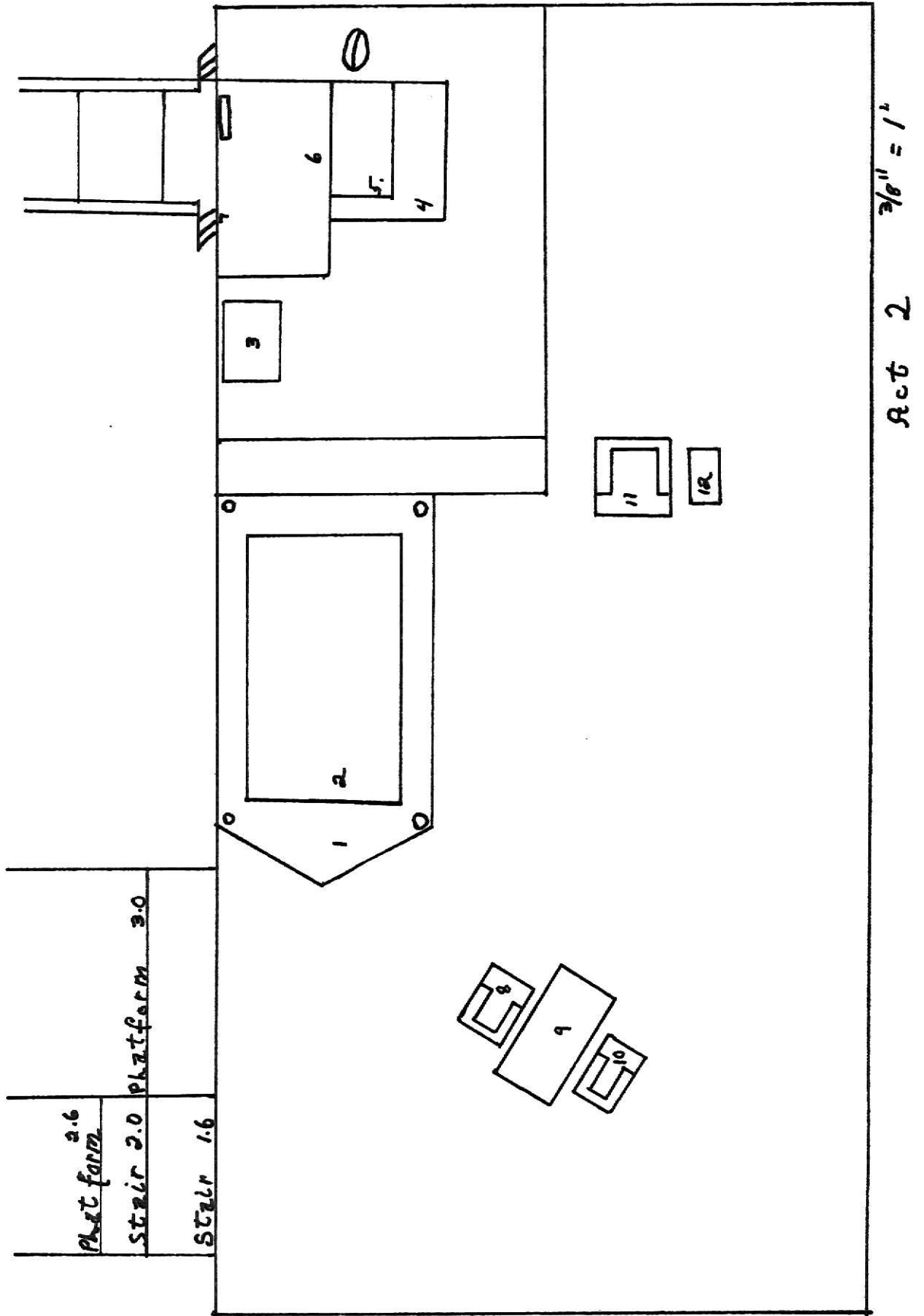


21

22

Act 1 $\frac{3}{8}'' = 1'$

PLATE XV. FLOOR PLAN, ACT II



KEY FOR STAGE SETTING

Act I

1. Cafe porch
2. Cafe canope
3. Therese's chair
4. Table
5. Paulette's chair
6. Stairs
7. Mum plant
8. Countess's platform
9. Countess's table
10. Countess's chair
11. Hanging green plant
12. Railing
13. Stage proper
14. Baron's chair
15. President's chair
16. Broker's chair
17. President's table
18. Chair
19. Prospector's table
20. Prospector's chair
21. Park bench
22. Park bench

Act II

1. Canopied platform
2. Love seat
3. Small square box
4. Large square box
5. Small square box
6. Large oblong box
7. Lever to open the trap
8. Easy chair
9. Trunk
10. Easy chair
11. Easy chair
12. End-table

SETTING

Former presentations of The Madwoman were produced on a procenium arch stage, for this seemed ideal for the elaborate Giraudoux settings. However, the physical facilities for the current presentation included: an intimate theater of one-hundred fifty seats, a stage in three-quarter round six feet from the audience, four possible stage entrances and no trap facilities.

This discussion of setting explains how the basic art principles of variety and unity, used especially in the levels and colors, expressed Giraudoux's thesis of revolution for freedom. The use of levels and colors form the two major topics here. However, each topic is again divided into an explanation of the separate acts. The set description will cover the arrangement of levels followed by a general set description. The color description will include color choice and progression. The stage areas will be designated as the audience's left or right side as they face the stage.

Four levels were used in Act I to give variety and emphasis to both character movements and to dialogue. The lowest to the highest levels were : the apron or ground level on all three sides of the stage proper, the stage proper, the cafe porch on stage left, and the countess' platform on stage right.

Characters walked and sat on various levels according to the meaning and/or importance of the speech and the importance of the character. For example, the Ragpicker spoke of the state of the world today primarily from the apron, for this level denoted the base state of the world and the Ragpicker's feelings of dejection as he spoke. He used the stage proper merely for variety in his movements. The Countess, during this same scene, spoke from the highest platform. Her image, one of being in a dream world separated from the Vagabonds and one of authority, necessitated this separation between her and the Vagabonds. In addition, Giraudoux's concept of the Countess as a savior worthy of praise demanded a higher level. Thus the symbolic separation was accomplished by a platform surrounded by a fence.

Although all levels were used, the cafe porch and the Countess' platforms were reserved for special uses. Though lighted from underneath, the center and back of the cafe porch was not used in long blocking sequences because of the shadow. However, a pointed end did enable actors to stand beyond the edge of the canopy. This level was used, then, merely for variety in stage positioning and for subtly showing the contest between the Vagabonds and the Machine for ultimate supremacy. For example, early in Act I Irma, while standing on the end of the cafe porch, calmly told the President, who was standing on stage proper, that the day was nicer before he stuck his face

in it. Her biting jab was a moderate attempt to lower her opponent and raise her own position. Later in the same act the President was debasing the Vagabonds and suggesting their extermination. He delivered his indictment from the cafe porch as Irma had. The Countess was the first person to stand on the highest level. Because of the reasons given above, this was, in essence, her table. This was her dream world, separated from and above the real world. She had almost exclusive use of this level and only once let another person, Pierre, remain on it after she had descended to a lower level. She watched the Machine planning their destruction from her perch and sat on this level as judge listening to the Vagabond's condemnation of the human race.

Upon these levels the set was designed in the following manner: a far left exit which gave the apron an illusion of a street and a closer left exit, on stage, which led into the cafe. The interior of the cafe was symbolically represented by a poster of Talouse la Trec. A red and white canopied porch lead from the cafe door down left to the President's table and thus introduced and defined the outdoor cafe. This first table was covered with a red and white checkered tablecloth and had three chairs around it. Down from it and on the apron was a small bench. Up center was Therese and Paulette's table with a yellow checkered tablecloth and two chairs, while up right from it was the Countess' railed-in platform backed by an irregularly shaped backdrop of a yellow brick wall. On

the platform was the Countess' table with a red and white checkered tablecloth and one chair, a hanging planter with a green plant trailing from it, and a standing potted yellow mum plant. Down right was the Prospector's table with a yellow and white checkered tablecloth and two chairs. Down from the table and on the apron was another small bench. Because the apron was a street, additional seating area was available on the "curb," the edge of the stage. (see plate II)

To facilitate the basic set change from act one to act two, the set pieces were light weight, easily detachable, or on rollers. After the removal of set properties, the basic set change consisted of shifting the positions of the levels, changing the canope and the upright drop, and removing the iron railing of the highest platform. Then the process of rebuilding began.

For Act II the levels were moved or added to achieve a stairstep effect of height culminating at the trap--the point of decision. To achieve this, the porch level was moved center and connected to the bottom step of the Countess' platform. The cafe canope was replaced by one of Victorial style, inspired by a Victorian lampshade. The reason for the position of the canopied platform was two-fold. First, because of its physical size and weight, it helped balance the set. Second, with its centered love-seat, the platform setting played a significant part as a seat of justice--the seat of hope and justice found in the seat of

love. This, indeed, should be of central focus. The heights of the other levels were exaggerated by adding four boxes to the highest level. These boxes were the most important properties in Act II for they enabled the thematic idea of salvation by revolution to be shown through movement of the lines and through character movement. This movement of line led down from the "real" world into the Countess' basement, her world of reality which made revolution or destruction possible; up to a point of decision on the top of the boxes at the trap door. The line made its last and final descent when, after the decision was made, it led into the trap. This signified destruction after revolution.

The trap itself was made by blocking off the lower two-thirds of a doorway on stage right with a backdrop of a masonry wall and then cutting out a section of the backdrop. The trap was placed there because of feasibility and of the line described above.

In front of this canopied level and trap was a mock Victorian sitting room. The Countess' armchair and orange-crate end-table covered by an old Persian shawl were stage right center. Across from it were two Victorian chairs separated by a large old trunk. The weight of these two chairs and trunk, plus the odds-and-ends added for effect, helped equalize stage balance and provided more variety of sitting and moving positions.

The colors of the set were red-orange, yellow, green, and

black. Red-orange and yellow dominated the first set because of the exterior location and because of the firey feeling developing between the Vagabonds and the Machine. The red checkered tablecloths were on the countess' and the President's tables for they were the group leaders. The yellow brick backdrop brought attention to the Countess' table, the leader and source of light in Giraudoux's world, and helped equalize the set balance.

The red-orange set blended with the orange carpeted street and orange side curtains. Green was introduced in the various green plants, decanters, and costumes to tie the coloring of the first and second sets together. The dark gray stage cover and black back wall not only added a subtle note of gloom to the fire, foreshadowing part of Act II, but also facilitated the set change from outdoors to indoors.

The cold stone basement in the second act carried through the red-orange and yellow in subtle splotches of color. Red was introduced in the red light which shown out from the opened trap door, in the Victorian chairs, and in the hat box lids. Yellow and beige were introduced subtly through the odds-and-ends of small boxes, the end-tables and the Persian shawl cover, and the canopy curtains. Along with gray, the principle color here was green because it occupied the place of importance--the canopy cover and love seat. Green was chosen to dominate for two reasons. First, it symbolized Giraudoux's hope of

freedom through revolution. Second, the canopy and love seat were focal points in the most important hope scenes in the play, the trial and the dream scenes.

The set and the colors, then, gave a unified variety to the set through their placement. Unity came through a progression of movement, thematic idea, and color which led the audience smoothly through the play. Variety allowed for a large number of people and a complicated set to be staged interestingly and successfully within a small area. Both of these principles, variety and unity, were needed and both were equally important in the successful design of the stage sets.

LIST OF SET PROPERTIES

Properties on stage during the entire acts.

Act I

4 tables
8 chairs
1 plant in a planter
1 hanging plant
2 red checkered tablecloths
2 yellow checkered tablecloths
1 red and white striped canope
2 benches

Act II

3 Victorian chairs
1 Victorian love seat
8 pillows
1 green canope with fringe
2 trunks
2 suitcases
3 hat boxes
3 picture frames
1 table phonograph
2 small lamps
1 hooked rug
1 mandolin
1 popcorn popper
1 table clock
2 small statues of elves
1 wicker basket
1 feather duster
1 small wooden box with a
ratty wool blanket
2 fireplace irons
1 birdcage
2 platforms of different
levels
3 large boxes on higher
platform; one marked
"Fragile"
1 orange crate-end table
draped with an old
Persian shawl
1 vase of flowers

Properties brought on stage by the characters in order of
appearance.

Act I

1 water glass
1 decanter of wine
2 wine glasses
1 glass of wine
1 small tray
small pieces of string
1 hundred-franc-note

Act II

1 tea pot
4 tea cups
1 dish of cookies
1 decanter of water
4 water glasses
1 law book
1 boa nine feet long

Act I (continued)

1 decanter of water
 4 water glasses
 1 beer glass with beer
 1 beer glass with beer
 1 small pillow
 1 small dirty bottle
 1 fountain pen
 1 piece of stationery
 1 envelope
 1 mink collar
 1 flower

Act II (continued)

1 fountain pen
 1 contract
 1 gold brick wrapped up
 1 fountain pen
 1 contract
 1 fountain pen
 1 contract
 1 pencil
 1 notebook
 1 melon
 1 note
 1 basket with bones

Properties carried by actors, in order of appearance.

Act I

1 cigar case
 1 basket of flowers
 1 guitar
 1 newspaper
 1 burlap sack
 1 package of envelopes
 1 "T" frame with shoelaces
 and post-cards on it.
 1 yo-yo
 1 newspaper
 1 sack of money
 1 doctor's bag
 1 parasol
 1 dinner bell
 1 basket
 3 scarves: yellow, blue,
 green
 1 pencil
 1 pad of paper
 4 calling cards
 1 small mirror
 1 tube of lipstick
 1 night stick
 1 letter

Act II

1 pair of boots
 1 basket of mending
 1 fan
 2 cigarettes in holders

PLATE XVI. LIGHTING PLOT, ACTS I & II

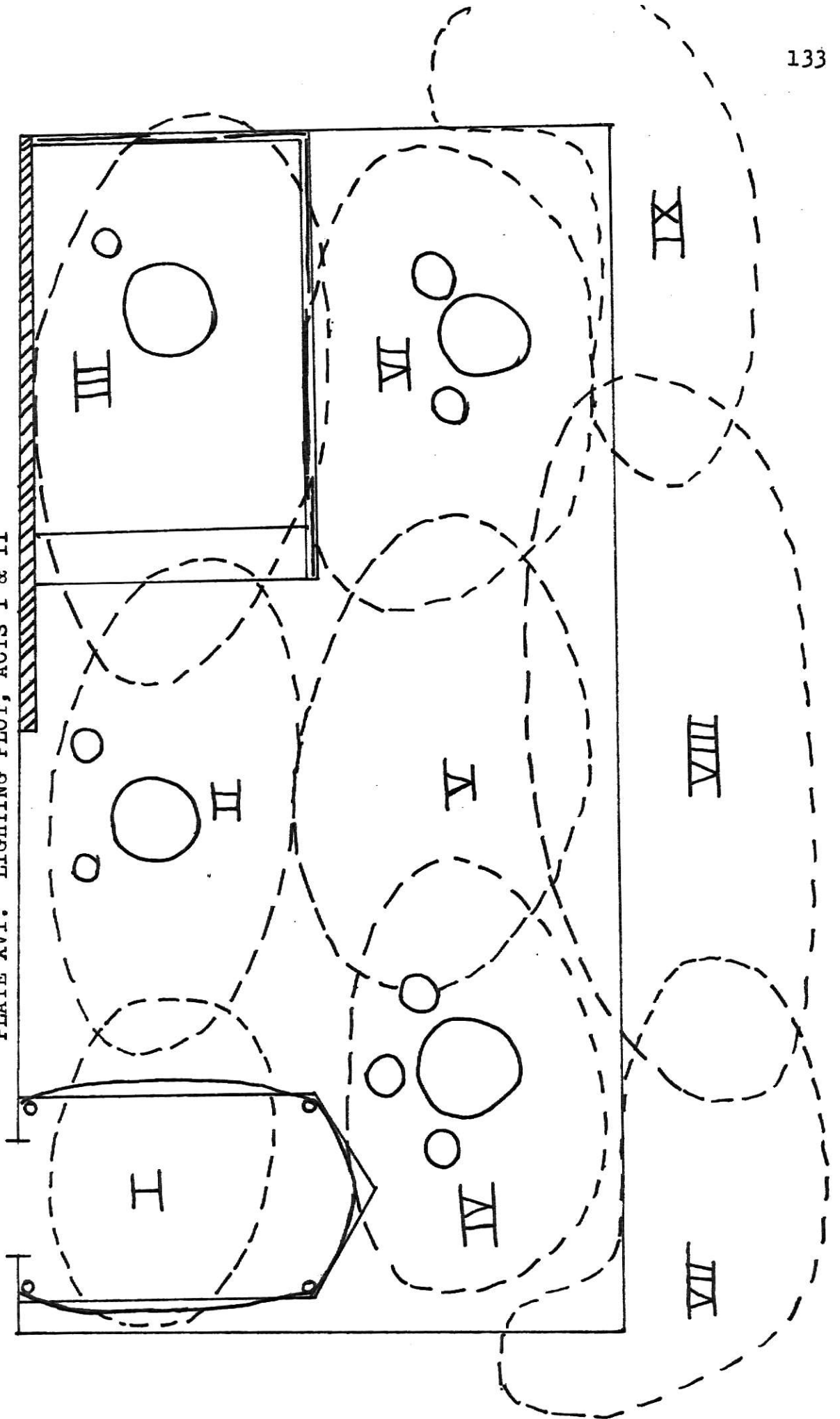
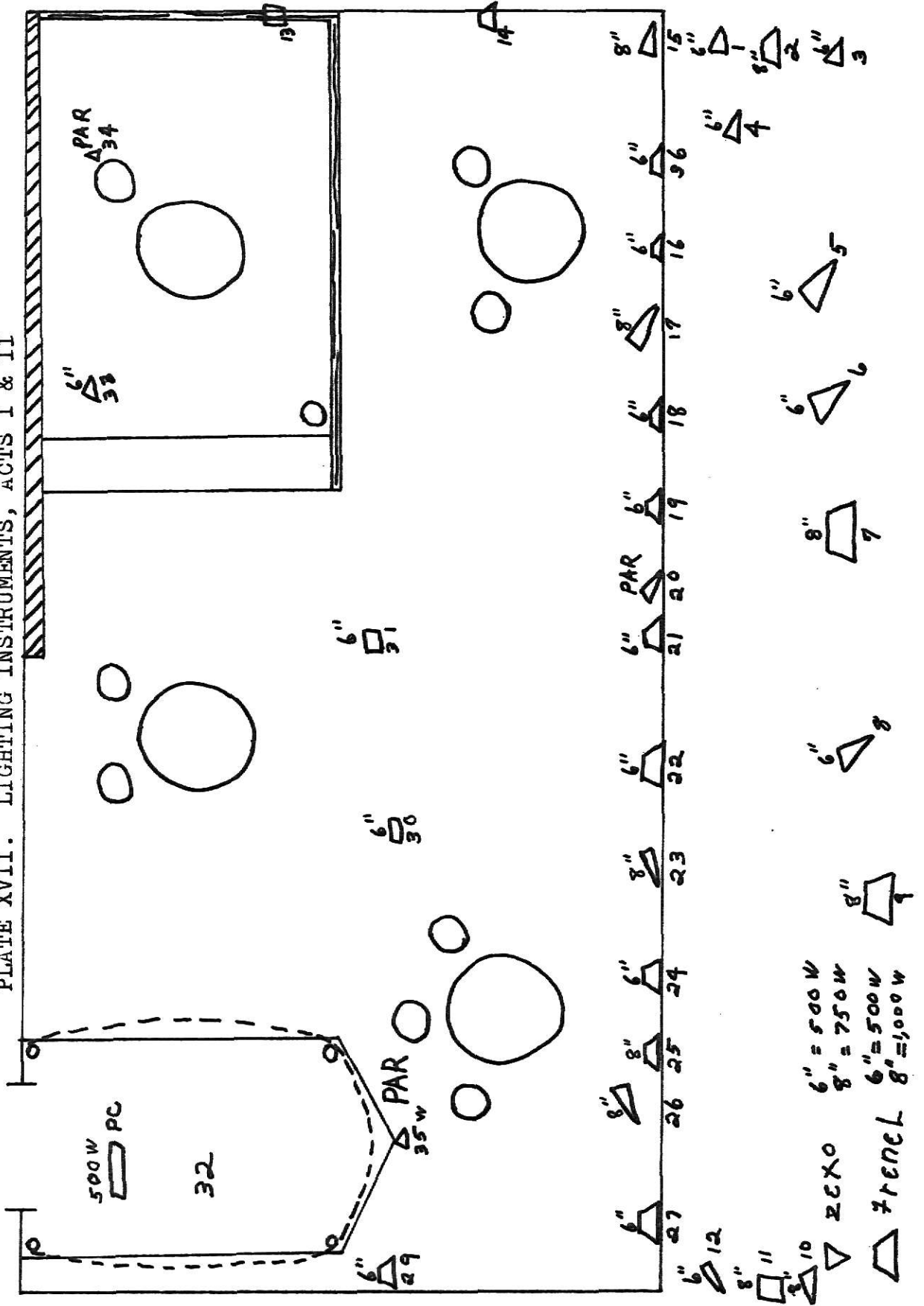


PLATE XVII. LIGHTING INSTRUMENTS, ACTS I & II



DESCRIPTION OF THE STAGE LIGHTING

DIMMER	AREA	INSTRUMENT NUMBER	TONALITY
E-1	1,3	12	Daylight Blue
	4	29	Daylight Blue
	5	27	Daylight Blue
E-2	2	25	Daylight Blue
	5	24	Daylight Blue
E-3	3	30	Daylight Blue
	6	21	Daylight Blue
E-4	3	1	Daylight Blue
	6	3	Daylight Blue
E-5	2	5	Daylight Blue
	1,5	6	Daylight Blue
E-6	4	8	Daylight Blue
E-8	4	31	Bastard Amber
	4	22	Nocolor Pink
E-10	3	16	Nocolor Pink
	2	18	Nocolor Pink
	5	19	Nocolor Pink
E-11	3	13	Bastard Amber
	4	14	Bastard Amber
	4	36	Nocolor Pink
A-1	9	2	Bastard Amber
	9	7	Nocolor Pink
A-2	a) Hood sp.	35	Nocolor Pink
	b) 5	17	Straw
	c) Melon sp.	26	Straw
	d) Dream sp.	20 with high hats	Medium Blue
	e) 2	28 with high hats	Medium Blue
A-3	7	9	Nocolor Pink
	7	11	Nocolor Pink
A-4	8	10	Nocolor Pink
	8	4	Nocolor Pink
A-5	8	23	Nocolor Pink
	8	15	Nocolor Pink

Description of the stage lighting (continued)

DIMMER	AREA	INSTRUMENT NUMBER	TONALITY
A-6	a) Trap sp.	33	Red
		34	Red
	b) Entrance	32	Light Straw

LIGHTING CUE SHEET

Act I

1. House lights fade-out to a blackout for 15 seconds on an 8 count.
2. Left dimmers E-1, 2, 3 and right dimmer E-8, 10, 11 come up to an intensity of 10 on an 8 count. Auto transformers lighting the apron come up to 8.5.
3. Blackout for 15 seconds.
4. House lights up for a 15 minute intermission.

Act II

5. House lights fade-out for 15 seconds.
6. Dimmers E-1, 2, 3, 4 come up to 10 on an 8 count. Dimmer E-5 comes up to 9 and dimmer E-6 up to 8.
7. As the trap opens, A-6#a comes up to 10.
8. As the trap closes, A-6#a fade-out.
9. During the Countess' dream, there is a cross fade: E-1, 2, 3, 4 fade-out; E-5 and E-6 remain the same, A-2#c comes up to 10 on an 8 count.
10. The lights return to their original settings in a cross-fade: E-1, 2, 3, 4 come up to 10; A-2#c fade-out.
11. A-6#a comes up to 10 on an 8 count. All other lights remain the same.
12. The lights cross fade: E-1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 down to 5.5 and E-8, 10, 11 up to 4.0 instantly. A-6#a fade-out.
13. All lights come down to 8.00 on a 5 count.
14. Lights quickly return to their original setting of 10.
15. The lights fade quickly to the same lighting as the dream scene: E-1, 2, 3, 4 fade-out; E-5 and E-6 remain at 9 and 8 respectively; A-2#b comes up to 5.0.
16. The lights come up to their original setting instantly: E-1, 2, 3, 4 up to 10 and A-2#b fade-out.

17. Fade-out all lights quickly with a 30 second pause.
18. Lights up, except E-4, 5, 6; to 10 for a Curtain Call.

SOUND CUE SHEET

1. Background music is heard for twenty minutes. Recordings were repeated as necessary.
2. Chimes are heard striking noon.
3. Chimes are heard striking one o'clock.
4. Intermission music is heard.
5. Trap opening is heard.
6. Presidents' entrance music is heard.
7. Presidents' exit music is heard.
8. Prospectors' entrance music is heard.
9. Prospectors' exit music is heard.
10. Press Agents' entrance music is heard.
11. Press Agents' exit music is heard.
12. Women's entrance music is heard.
13. Women's exit music is heard.
14. Trap closing is heard.
15. Voices talking to the Countess are heard.
16. Adolphe Bertaut's voice is heard.
17. Background music is heard for ten minutes.

RECORDING DATA

PAGE	RECORDING	TAPE REVOLUTIONS
19, 36	Chimes*	0-21
40, 60	Trap opening*	21-25
61	Presidents' entrance	25-29
61	Presidents' exit	30-41
62	Prospectors' entrance	42-44
62	Prospectors' exit	44-54
62	Press Agents' entrance	54-58
63	Press Agents' exit	50-64
63	Womens' entrance	64-73
63	Womens' exit	74-81
65	Trap closing	82-93
66	Voices to Countess	94-120
66	Adolphe Bertaut	120-160

* repeated

BACKGROUND MUSIC DATA*

Impossible Dream	2:25
Moon River	3:20
Alfie	3:30
Days of Wine and Roses	2:25
Impossible Dream	2:25
	<hr/> 14:30

*taken directly from records

(As the music, Impossible Dream, fades out, the house lights go down and stage lights for day light come up. Therese, a sexy red head, enters right and comes into the cafe, is seated by the Waiter, and pulls out her cigarettes. The Waiter then returns to his post next to the cafe door. The Sergeant walks from left through the cafe, making his rounds of the local area. The President then enters, right, ushering the Baron into the cafe.)

President

Baron, sit down. This is a historic occasion. It must be properly celebrated.

(He snaps his fingers and holds up two fingers. The Waiter nods and exits into the cafe for drinks.)

The waiter is going to bring out my special port.

Baron

Splendid.

(He offers the Baron a cigar from his cigar case.)

President

Cigar?

Baron

Thank you.

(Flower Girl and Peddler enter left and walk to the bench, up right, and talk for a minute. The Peddler then walks off right and the Flower Girl goes into the cafe. The Policeman walks across the stage, left to right, and stops to greet the Flower Girl as she starts to exit into the cafe.)

President

My private brand.

(He puts his cigar case away and leans back, surveying his surroundings.)

Baron

You know this all gives me the feeling of one of those enchanted mornings in the Arabian Nights when thieves foregather in the market place--thieves--pashas--

(He sniffs his cigar judiciously and begins lighting it. Street Singer enters, left, strolling and softly playing his guitar.)

President

(chuckling)

Tell me about yourself.

Baron

Well--where shall I begin--?

Street Singer

(singing)

Do you hear, Mademoiselle,
Those musicians of hell?

President

Waiter! Get rid of that man.

(Waiter advances toward the President's table from his post next to the door.)

Waiter

He is singing La Belle Polonaise.

President

I didn't ask for the program. I asked you to get rid of him.

(Waiter motions to the Street Singer to stop singing and pats him on the shoulder as he re-enters the cafe. The Waiter takes Therese's order and exits into the cafe.)

As you were saying, Baron--?

(Flower Girl enters from the cafe and offers Therese a flower. She then looks at the other flowers growing in various hanging or standing pots within the dining area.)

Baron

Well, until I was fifty my life was relatively uncomplicated. It consisted of selling off one by one the various estates left me by my father. Three years ago I parted with my last farm. Two years ago I lost my last mistress. And now--all that is left me is--

Flower Girl
(sweetly to Baron)
Violets, Sir?

President
Run along, please.

(Flower Girl slowly moves back to Therese, giving the President a dirty look as she does so. She then offers the Prospector a flower, is refused, and exits left.)

Baron
(staring after her)
So that, in short, all I have left now is my name--

President
Your name is precisely the name we need on our board of directors.

Baron
(nodding)
Very flattering.

President
You will understand when I tell you that mine has been a very different experience.

(He walks up center and a little left of the table.)

I came up from the bottom. My mother spent most of her life bent over a washtub in order to send me to school. I'm eternally grateful to her, of course, but I must confess that I no longer remember her face. It was no doubt beautiful--

(He walks around behind the table and stands between his chair and a vacant chair.)

but when I try to recall it, I see only the part she invariably showed me, her rear.

(The Waiter brings in two wine glasses and a decanter and sets them in front of the men.)

Baron
Very touching.

(He walks up right to the corner of the stage, looking off into the distance as he remembers his past.)

President

When I was thrown out of school for the fifth and last time, I decided to find out for myself what makes the world go round. I ran errands for an editor, a movie star, a financier--

(He turns to the Baron. The Waiter brings out a wine glass full of wine for Therese.)

I began to understand a little what life is. Then, one day, in the street, I saw a face--My rise in life dates from that day.

Baron

Really?

President

One look at that face, and I knew. One look at mine, and he knew. And so I made my first thousand- passing a box full of counterfeit notes. A year later, I saw another such face. It got me a nice berth in the narcotics business.

(Ragpicker enters, right, looking carefully for stray junk.)

Since then, all I do is look out for such faces. And now here I am--president of eleven corporations, director of fifty-two companies, and beginning today, chairman of the board of the international combine in which you have been so good as to accept a post.

(Ragpicker passes the President's table, spies something and stoops to pick it up. The President stands up and leans over the front of the table.)

Looking for something?

Ragpicker

(looking to the note)

Did you drop this?

President

I never drop anything.

Ragpicker

(starting to rise)

Then this hundred-franc note isn't yours?

President

(grabbing the note)

Give it here.

Baron
Are you sure it's yours?

President
(sharply)
All hundred-franc notes, Baron, are mine.

(He puts the note into his pocket and sits down.)

Baron
Mr. President, there's something I've been wanting to ask you. What exactly is the purpose of our new company?--Or is that an indiscreet question--?

President
Indiscreet? Not a bit. Merely unusual. As far as I know, you're the first member of a board of directors ever to ask such a question.

Baron
Do we plan to exploit a commodity? A utility--?

President
My dear sir, I haven't the faintest idea.

(Paulette, a sexy brunette, enters right followed by the Deaf-Mute. The Deaf-Mute offers her an envelope he is passing out. She refuses, turns haughtily, and joins Therese. The Deaf-Mute, who is standing on the porch, shrugs, and enters the cafe.)

Baron
But if you don't know--who does?

President
Nobody. And at the moment it's becoming just a trifle embarrassing. Yes, my dear Baron, since we are now close business associates, I must confess that for the time being we're in a little trouble.

Baron
(sadly yet anxiously)
I was afraid of that.--The stock issue isn't going well?

President
(reassuringly)
No, no--on the contrary. The stock issue is going beautifully. Yesterday morning at ten o'clock we offered 500,000 shares to the general public. By 10:05 they were all snapped up at par. By 10:20, when the police finally arrived, our offices were a

President (continued)
shambles--you never saw anything so beautiful in your life!

(Both girls flirt with the Baron.)

Baron
But in that case--what is the trouble?

President
The trouble is we have a tremendous capital, and not the slightest idea of what to do with it.

Baron
(astonishingly)
You mean all those people are fighting to buy stock in a company that has no object--?

President
(reassuring yet slightly irritated)
My dear Baron, so you imagine that when a subscriber buys a share of stock he has any idea of getting behind a counter or digging a ditch? A stock certificate is not a tool, like a shovel, or a commodity, like a pound of cheese. What we sell a customer is not a share in a business, but a view of the Elysian Fields. A financier is a creative artist. Our function is to stimulate the imagination. We are poets!

(He leans back in his chair with an air of importance.)

Baron
(leaning forward)
But in order to stimulate the imagination, don't you need some field of activity?

(President rises and walks to the center.)

President
Not at all. What you need is a name. A name that will stir the pulse, a trumpet call, set the brain awlirl, a movie star, inspire reverence, a cathedral.

(impressively)
United General International Consolidated! Of course that's been used. That's what a corporation needs.

Baron
And do we have such a name?

(President leans on his chair and on a vacant chair; his head bowed.)

President

So far we have only a blank space. In that blank space a name must be printed.

(He stands straight and walks over behind the Baron.)

Baron, in the course of my life, I have personally organized eleven great corporations on the basis of eleven magnificent names. I have a reputation at stake. This name must be a masterpiece.

(He walks back to the side of the Baron, looking at him.)

And if I seem a little nervous today, it's because--somehow--I've racked my brains, but it hasn't come to me.--But somehow, I wish--

(The Prospector slowly turns his head to the right and looks at the President and then slowly turns away. The President sees him.)

Oho! Look at that! Just like the answer to a prayer--! You see? There's one. And what a beauty!

(The Baron does not see the direction in which the President is pointing because his arm is above the Baron. He looks at Therese instead, and flirts.)

Baron

You mean that girl?

President

No, no, not the girl. That face. The one that's drinking water.

Baron

(disgustingly)

You call that a face? That's a tombstone.

President

(adamantly)

It's a milestone. It's a signpost. But is it pointing the way to steel, or wheat, or phosphates?--That's what we have to find out.

(The Prospector turns slightly to the right again.)

Ah! He sees me. He understands. He will be over.

(President sits in his chair.)

Baron

And when he comes--?

President

He will tell me what to do.

Baron

You mean business is done this way? You mean, you would trust a stranger with a matter of this importance?

President

(leaning forward)

Baron, I trust neither my wife, nor my daughter, my closest friend, nor my confidential secretary. But a face like that I would trust with my inmost secrets.

(The Deaf-Mute enters from the cafe and attempts to hand an envelope to Paulette as she exits. Again he is rebuffed. He turns a complete circle in his attempt to give an envelope to Paulette.)

Though we have never laid eyes on each other before, that man and I know each other to the depths of our souls. He's no stranger--he's my brother--he's myself. You'll see. He'll be over in a minute.

(The Deaf-Mute goes to the President's table and tries to hand him an envelope.)

What is this anyway? A conspiracy? We don't want your envelopes. Take them away.

(The Deaf-Mute makes a short but pointed speech in sign language.)

Waiter, what the devil's he saying?

(Waiter advances to the President.)

Waiter

Only Irma understands him.

(The President turns and rises.)

President

Irma? Who's Irma?

Waiter

(calling)

Irma!--It's the waitress inside, sir.--Irma!

(The Shoelace Peddler enters, left, as Irma comes out of the cafe. She is twenty and has the face and figure of an angel.)

Irma

Yes?

Waiter

These gentlemen would...

President

Tell this fellow to get out of here, for God's sake!

(The Deaf-Mute makes another manual oration and Irma comes to the end of the porch to see him.)

What's he trying to say, anyway?

Irma

He says it's an exceptionally beautiful morning, sir--

(The Little Man enters, right, and sits on the left front bench to read the paper.)

President

Who asked him?

Irma

But, he says, it was nicer before you stuck your face in it.

President

Call the manager!

(Irma shrugs and goes back into the cafe. The Deaf-Mute tries to give more envelopes to Therese and to the Prospector. He exits.)

Peddler

Shoelaces? Shoelaces? Post-cards?

Baron

(calling)

I think I could use a shoelace.

(The President grabs his arm and pulls him back.)

President

No, no--

Baron

Sorry!

(The Peddler goes to the Prospector and offers him a post-card. He then comes back to the center of the apron and sits on the stage. He faces the Little Man. The Broker enters, left, runs to the President and grasps his hand with enthusiasm.)

Broker

Mr. President! My heartiest congratulations! What a day! What a day!

(The President rises and presents the Baron to the Broker.)

President

Baron Tomnard of our Board of Directors. My broker. Well? What news?

(They shake hands and the Broker sits down. He signals for a drink. The Waiter exits into the cafe. As the Broker speaks the Peddler demonstrates his skills with the yo-yo to the Little Man. He provides a counterpart to the Broker's words.)

Broker

Listen to this. Ten o'clock this morning. The market opens. Half million shares issued at par, par value a hundred, quoted on the curb at 124 and we start buying at 126, 127, 129--and it's going up--up--up--132--133--138--141--141--141--

(The Baron rises.)

Baron

May I ask--?

(The President rises and takes his arm.)

President

No, no--any explanation would only confuse you--

(He says to the Broker.)

Go on--

(The Broker talks as if in a trance. He rises slowly.)

Broker

Ten forty-five we start selling short on rumors of a Communist plot, market bearish.--141--138--132--and it's down--down--down--102--and we start buying back at 93. Eleven o'clock, rumors denied--95--98--101--106--124--141--and by eleven thirty we've got it all back--net profit three and a half million francs.

(He sits down with an air of importance.)

President

Classical. Classical.

(winking at the Baron)

And how many shares do we reserve to each member of the board?

Broker

Fifty, as agreed.

(The President nudges the Baron.)

President

Bit stingy, don't you think?

Broker

(nonchalantly)

All right--three thousand.

President

That's a little better.

(winking at the Baron)

You get the idea?

Baron

I'm beginning to get it.

(As the Broker begins his second report, the Little Man becomes more interested in what they are saying. The Peddler is still displaying his yo-yo skills to him, but he slowly loses interest.)

Broker

And now we come to the exciting part--Listen carefully: with 35% of our funded capital under section 32 I buy 50,000 United at 36 which I immediately reconvert into 32,000 National Amalgamated two's preferred which I set up as collateral on 150,000 General Consols which I deposit against a credit of 150,000,000,000 to buy Eastern Hennequin which I immediately turn into Argentine wheat realizing 136% of the original investment which naturally accrues as capital gain and not as corporate income thus saving 12,000,000 in taxes, and at once convert the 25% cotton reserve into lignite, and as our people swing

Broker (continued)
into action in London and New York, I beat up the price on greige goods from 26 to 92--114--306--404--

(The Little Man rushes over to the table and heaves a sack of money over the shoulder of the Broker and onto the table. The Peddler exits left.)

Little Man
Here--take it--please take it!

Broker
(haughtily)
Who is this man? What is this money?

Little Man
(nervously)
It's my life's savings. Every cent. I put it all in your hands.

(The Broker flips his hand at the Little Man, turns his head, and sits.)

Broker
Can't you see we're busy?

(The Little Man kneels and holds up his hands.)

Little Man
But I beg you--It's my only chance--Please don't turn me away.

(The Broker looks back at the Little Man.)

Broker
Oh, all right.

(He sweeps up the sack of money, pauses, and then looks at the Little Man again.)

Well?

Little Man
I thought--perhaps you'd give me a little receipt--?

(The President leans back, picks up his wine glass, and looks at it with an arrogant smile on his face.)

President
My dear man, people like us don't give receipts for money. We take them.

Little Man

Oh, pardon. Of course. I was confused. Here it is.

(He scribbles a receipt and hands it to the Broker.)

Thank you--thank you--thank you.

(He exits as the Street Singer reappears from the cafe. The Waiter brings a drink to the Broker.)

Singer

(singing)

Do you hear, Mademoiselle,
Those musicians of hell?

President

What, again? Why does he keep repeating those two lines like a parrot?

(The Waiter answers as he finishes putting down the drink.)

Waiter

What can he do if he doesn't know any more and the song's been out of print for years?

(Doctor Jadin enters from the cafe and slowly walks to the end of the porch. He surveys the people in the cafe and sniffs the fresh air as he walks.)

Baron

Couldn't he sing a song he knows?

Waiter

He likes this one. He hopes if he keeps singing the beginning someone will turn up who can teach him the end.

President

Tell him to move on. We don't know the song.

(Doctor Jadin, who has overheard the last of the conversation, addresses the President.)

Doctor Jadin

Nor do I, my dear sir. Nor do I. And yet, I'm in exactly the same predicament. I remember just two lines of my favorite song as a child. A mazurka also, in case you're interested--

(The President turns away.)

President

I'm not.

(Doctor Jadin walks up right to the corner of the stage.)

Doctor Jadin

Why is it, I wonder, that one always forgets the words of a mazurka? I suppose they just get lost in that damnable rhythm.

All I remember is:

(singing)

From England to Spain

I have drunk, it was bliss,

Singer

(singing)

Red wine and champagne

And many a kiss.

(Doctor Jadin turns, pauses, and then rushes to the Singer.)

Doctor Jadin

Oh, God! It all comes back to me--

(They both come to the President's table, lean over the men, and serenade them. The men hold their ears.)

Red lips and white hands and warm hearts I have known--
Where the nightingales dwell--

(They stroll off, Doctor Jadin's arm around the Street Singer.)

President

This isn't a cafe. It's a circus!

(The Prospector rises and slowly crosses to the President's table. He looks down, arms folded, without saying a word. The Broker follows the dialogue with his eyes and head, getting more excited as it progresses.)

Prospector

Well?

(The President looks straight ahead while talking to the Prospector.)

President

I need a name.

Prospector
I need fifty thousand.

President
Immediately.

Prospector
Before evening.

President
For a corporation. Something--

Prospector
Unusual?

President
Something--

Prospector
Provocative?

President
Something--

Prospector
Practical.

(The President nods his head.)

President
Yes.

Prospector
Fifty thousand. Cash.

President
I'm listening.

(The Prospector crosses right and stands behind the Broker. He raises his hands and says in an impressive voice.)

Prospector
International Substrate of Paris, Incorporated.

(The President snaps his fingers and addresses the Broker.)

President
That's it! Pay him off. Now--what does it mean?

Prospector

It means what it says. I'm a prospector.

(The Prospector puts the money in his pocket.
The President rises and pats him on the back.)

President

A prospector! Allow me to shake your hand.--Baron. You are in the presence of one of nature's noblemen. Shake his hand.--This is Baron Tommard.

(The Baron rises and they shake hands.)

It is this man, my dear Baron, who smells out in the bowels of the earth those deposits of metal or liquid on which can be founded the only unit of which our age is capable--the corporation. Sit down, please.

(The President gives the Prospector his chair
and gets one for himself from a vacant table.)

And now that we have a name--

Prospector

You need a property.

President

Precisely.

Prospector

I have one.

President

A claim?

Prospector

Terrific.

President

Foreign?

Prospector

French.

Baron

In Indo-China?

Broker

Morocco?

President

In France?

Prospector
(matter-of-factly)
In Paris.

President
In Paris? You've been prospecting in Paris?

(The Baron leans over to the Broker and quips.)

Baron
For women, no doubt.

President
For art?

Broker
For gold?

Prospector
(confidently)
Oil.

Broker
He's crazy.

President
(commandingly)
Sh-----He's inspired.

Prospector
You think I'm crazy. Well, they thought Columbus was crazy.

Baron
(in disbelief)
Oil in Paris?

Broker
But how is it possible?

Prospector
(confidently)
It's not only possible. It's certain.

President
Tell us.

(The Prospector leans forward and begins his
tale mysteriously.)

Prospector
You don't know, my dear sir, what treasures Paris conceals.
Paris is the least prospected place in the world. We've gone

Prospector (continued)
over the rest of the planet with a fine-tooth comb. But has anyone ever thought of looking for oil in Paris? Nobody. Before me, that is.

(The President leans back in his chair and addresses the others in an I-told-you-so manner.)

President
Genius!

(The Prospector pushes his hat back with his thumb.)

Prospector
No. Just a practical man. I use my head.

Baron
But why has nobody ever thought of this before?

(The Prospector rises and stands with one foot on his chair.)

Prospector
The treasures of the earth, my dear sir, are not easy to find nor to get at. They are invariably guarded by dragons. Doubtless there is some reason for this.

(He walks left around the table to center stage.)

For once we've dug out and consumed the internal ballast of the planet, the chances are it will shoot off in some irresponsible tangent and smash itself up in the sky.

(He walks back to his own chair at the President's table. He shrugs.)

Well, that's the risk we take. Anyway, that's not my business. A prospector has enough to worry about.

(The Baron leans toward the Prospector.)

Baron
I know--snakes--tarantulas--fleas--

Prospector
Worse than that, sir. Civilization.

President
Does that annoy you?

Prospector

Civilization gets in our way all the time. In the first place, it covers the earth with cities and towns which are damned awkward to dig up when you want to see what's underneath. It's not only the real-estate people--you can always do business with them--it's human sentimentality. How do you do business with that?

President

I see what you mean.

(The Prospector walks up right.)

Prospector

They say that where we pass, nothing ever grows again. What of it? Is a park any better than a coal mine? What's a mountain got that a slag pile hasn't?

(He walks back to the chair and, with one foot on it, leans over the President.)

What would you rather have in your garden--an almond tree or an oil well?

President

Well--

(The Prospector stands on both feet.)

Prospector

Exactly. But what's the use of arguing with these fools? Imagine the choicest place you ever saw for an excavation, and what do they put there? A playground for children! Civilization!

(He sits down.)

President

(excitedly)

Just show us the point where you want to start digging. We'll do the rest. Even if it's in the middle of the Louvre. Where's the oil?

Prospector

Perhaps you think it's easy to make an accurate fix in an area like Paris where everything conspires to put you off the scent?

(He points out the following examples in his immediate surroundings.)

Women--perfume--flowers--history.

(He stands.)

Prospector (continued)
You can talk all you like about geology, but an oil deposit, gentlemen, has to be smelled out.

(He walks left until he is between the President and the Broker. He addresses the Broker and points to his nose.)

I have a good nose. I go further. I have a phenomenal nose.

(He walks center.)

But the minute I get the right whiff--the minute I'm on the scent--a fragrance rises from what I take to be the spiritual deposits of the past--and I'm completely at sea. Now take this very point, for example, this very spot.

Baron
You mean--right here in Chaillot?

Prospector
Right under here.

President
Good heavens!

(The three men look under their chairs. The Prospector walks around the table, surveying them, and then walks to stage right.)

Prospector
It's taken me months to locate this spot.

(Baron turns to him.)

Baron
But what in the world makes you think--?

(The Prospector crosses and leans over the Baron.)

Prospector
Do you know this place, Baron?

(The Baron turns away.)

Baron
Well, I've been sitting here for thirty years.

Prospector
Did you ever taste the water?

Baron

(defiantly)

The water? Good God, no.

(He takes a sip of wine. The Prospector taps him on the shoulder and walks away, stage right.)

Prospector

It is plain to see that you are no prospector. A prospector, Baron, is addicted to water as a drunkard to wine. Water, gentlemen, is the one substance from which the earth can conceal nothing. It sucks out its innermost secrets and brings them to our very lips. Well--beginning at Notre Dame, where I first caught the scent of oil three months ago, I worked my way across Paris, glassful by glassful, sampling the water, until at last I came to this cafe.

(He walks back to the table.)

And here--just two days ago--I took a sip.

(He picks up an empty wine glass and slowly lifts it above his head.)

Prospector

(as if making love to the glass)

My heart began to thump. Was it possible that I was deceived? I took another, a third, a fourth, a fifth. I was trembling like a leaf. But there was no mistake. I had found it. And each time that I drank, my taste-buds thrilled to the most exquisite flavor known to a prospector--the flavor of--petroleum!

(He slowly sits. The President jumps up and calls to the Waiter.)

President

Waiter! Some water and four glasses. Hurry. This round, gentlemen, is on me. And--I shall propose as a toast--International Substrate of Paris, Incorporated.

(The Waiter brings a decanter and glasses partially filled. The Prospector gulps down his water; the President drinks fast but not quite as fast as the Prospector; the Broker drinks slowly and questions the taste; the Baron takes a sip, makes a face of dislike, and takes a sip of wine.)

Well--

Yes--
Broker

Get it?
Prospector

Tastes queer.
Baron

That's it. To the unpractised palate it tastes queer. But to the taste-buds of the expert--ah!

(The Prospector takes more water. The Baron rises and walks right.)

Still, there's one thing I don't quite understand--
Baron

Yes?
Prospector

(The Baron turns.)

This cafe doesn't have its own well, does it?
Baron

Of course not. This is Paris water.
Prospector

Then why should it taste different here than anywhere else?
Broker

(The Baron agrees and walks back to his seat.
The Prospector stands to defend himself.)

Because, my dear sir, the pipes that carry this water pass deep through the earth, and the earth just here is soaked with oil, and this oil permeates the pores of the iron and flavors the water it carries. Ever so little, yes--but quite enough to betray its presence to the sensitive tongue of the specialist.
Prospector

(The Baron sits.)

I see.
Baron

I don't say that everyone is capable of tasting it. No. But I--I can detect the presence of oil in water that has passed within fifteen miles of a deposit. Under special circumstances, twenty.
Prospector

President

Phenomenal!

(The Prospector sits.)

Prospector

And so here I am with the greatest discovery of the age on my hands--but the blasted authorities won't let me drill a single well unless I show them the oil! Now how the hell can I show them the oil unless they let me dig?

(He addresses the Baron as the Baron makes a questioning face.)

Completely baffled! Eh?

President

(disbelievingly)

What? A man like you?

Prospector

That's what they think. That's what they want. Have you noticed this extraordinary convocation of vagabonds buzzing about protectively like bees around a hive? Do you know why it is? Because they know! They're all in league together--it's a plot to distract us, to turn us from our purpose. Well, let them try. I know there's oil here. And I'm going to dig it up, if necessary, even if I--

(He smiles and wrings his hands.)

Shall I tell you my little plan?

(The Flower Girl enters and crosses right to left. The Waiter enters from the cafe.)

President

By all means.

Prospector

Well--For heaven's sake, what's that?

(The Madwoman enters from the right. She walks with great dignity to right center and looks at her yellow flowers. She gives them a drink from Therese's water glass. The girls are very surprised. She then walks to center stage, extracts a dinner bell from the bosom of her dress, and rings it sharply. Irma appears from the cafe.)

Countess

Are my bones ready, Irma?

Irma

There won't be much today, Countess. We had broilers. Can you wait while the gentleman inside finishes eating?

Countess

And my gizzard.

Irma

I'll try to get it away from him.

Countess

If he eats my gizzard, save me the giblets. They will do for the tomcat that lives under the bridge. He likes a few giblets now and again.

Irma

Yes, Countess.

(Irma goes back into the cafe. The Countess takes a few steps and stops in front of the President's table. She examines them with undisguised disapproval, turns, and goes to her own table on the platform. The President motions for the Waiter.)

President

Waiter! Ask that woman to move on.

(Waiter advances to the President.)

Waiter

Sorry, sir. This is her cafe.

President

She's the manager of the cafe?

Waiter

She's the Madwoman of Chaillot.

President

A madwoman? She's mad?

Waiter

(irritatedly)

Who says she's mad?

President

(also irritated)

You just said so yourself, stupid.

Waiter

(very impatiently)

Waiter (continued)

Look, sir. You asked me who she was. And I told you. What's mad about her? She's the Madwoman of Chaillot.

President

(infuriated)

Call a policeman.

(The Countess whistles through her fingers.
At once, the Sergeant runs out of the cafe
with three scarves in his hand.)

Sergeant

Yes, Countess?

Countess

Have you found it? My feather boa?

Sergeant

Not yet, Countess. Three scarves, But no boa.

Countess

It's five years since I lost it. Surely you've had time to find it?

(The Sergeant shows her the scarves.)

Sergeant

Take one of these, Countess. Nobody's claimed them.

Countess

A boa like that doesn't vanish, you know. A feather boa nine feet long!

(The Sergeant shows her the yellow scarf.)

Sergeant

How about this yellow one?

Countess

With my pink rose and my green veil? You're joking! Let me see the blue one. How does it look?

(She tries it on and walks a few steps right
to pose.)

Sergeant

Terrific.

(As the Countess assumes another pose she up-
sets the glass of water the President is about
to drink from. As he rises in protest, she

walks, without a backward glance, to her own table.)

President

(exasperated)

Waiter! I'm making a complaint.

Waiter

Against whom?

President

Against her! Against you! The whole gang of you! That singer! That shoelace peddler! That female lunatic! Or whatever you call her!

Baron

Calm yourself, Mr. President.

(The Waiter goes back to his post. The President walks to center stage, talking to his friends in a low sharp tone.)

President

I'll do nothing of the sort! Baron, the first thing we have to do is to get rid of these people!

(He walks down center.)

Good heavens, look at them! Every size, shape, color, and period of history imaginable. It's utter anarchy! I tell you, sir, the only safeguard of order and discipline in the modern world is a standardized worker with interchangeable parts.

(He walks to down right corner of the apron.)

Here, the manager--And there--one composite drudge grunting and sweating all over the world. Just we two.--Ah, how beautiful! How easy on the eyes! How restful for the conscience!

Baron

Yes, yes, of course--

(The Flower Girl enters and goes to the Countess, offering her a flower. She takes an iris. The Sergeant goes to her with a pad and pencil to find out more about her boa. The Waiter seats her at her table and waits to take her order. The President walks up to the cafe porch.)

President

Order. Symmetry. Balance. But instead of that, what? Here in

President (continued)

Chaillot, the very citadel of management, these insolent phantoms of the past come to beard us with their raffish individualism--with the right of the voiceless to sing, of the dumb to make speeches, of trousers to have no seats and bosoms to have dinner bells!

Baron

(disgustingly)

But, after all, do these people matter?

(The President stands on the porch and hangs on to one of the canopy poles.)

President

My dear sir, wherever the poor are happy, and the servants proud, and the mad are respected, our power is at an end. Look at that! That waiter! That madwoman! That flower girl!

(He comes off the porch and stands behind his chair.)

Do I get that sort of service? And suppose that I--president of twelve corporations and ten times a millionaire--were to stick a gladiolus in my buttonhole and start yelling--

(yelling)

Are my bones ready, Irma?

(The Flower Girl, Waiter, Sergeant, and Madwoman look at the President.)

Baron

(reprovingly)

Mr. President--

(The Flower Girl exits. The President calms down and slowly sits down.)

President

You see?--Now.

Prospector

We were discussing my plan.

President

Ah, yes, your plan.

(He glances in the direction of the Madwoman's table.)

Careful--she's looking at us.

Prospector
Do you know what a bomb is?

President
I'm told they explode.

Prospector
Exactly. You see that white building across the river.

(He points off left. The Madwoman and the
Waiter and the three men look in that direc-
tion.)

Do you happen to know what that is?

President
I do not.

Prospector
It's the office of the City Architect. That man has stubbornly
refused to give me a permit to drill for oil anywhere within the
limits of the city of Paris. I've tried everything with him--
influence, bribes, threats. He says I'm crazy. But now--

(Doctor Jadin re-enters right and doffs his hat
politely.)

President
Oh, my God! Now what's he trying to sell us?

Doctor Jadin
Nothing but health, sir. Or rather the health of the feet.

(He stands straight and holds up his left hand.)

But, remember--as the foot goes, so goes the man. May I present
myself--?

(He hands each man a card.)

Doctor Gaspard Jadin, French Navy, retired. Former specialist in
the extraction of ticks and chiggers. At present specializing in
the extraction of bunions and corns. In case of sudden emergen-
cy, Martial the waiter will furnish my home address. My office
is here, third table, week days, twelve to five. Thank you very
much.

(He moves left and tips his hat to the ladies;
they giggle. He sets his bag on his table and
addresses Martial and the Countess.)

How are your gallstones today, Martial?

Waiter
Fine. Fine. They rattle like anything.

Doctor Jadin
Splendid. Good morning, Countess. How's the floating kidney?
Still afloat?

(She nods graciously.)

Splendid. So long as it floats, it can't sink.

(He sits at his table and reads the paper lying there. The Waiter comes and clears away the glass and gets the Doctor a beer. He then goes back to the Countess.)

President
Gentlemen, this is impossible! Let's go somewhere else.

Prospector
No, no--it must be nearly noon.

President
It's five to twelve.

Prospector
In five minutes' time you're going to see that City Architect blown up, building and all--boom!

(He laughs.)

Broker
Are you serious?

Prospector
That imbecile has no one to blame but himself. Yesterday noon he got my ultimatum--he's had twenty-four hours to think it over. No permit? All right. I'm sorry. Within two minutes my agent is going to drop a little package in his coal bin. And three minutes after that, precisely at noon--

(The Broker gestures.)

Broker
Voom!

Baron
You prospectors certainly use modern methods.

Prospector
The method may be modern. But the idea is old. To get at the treasure, it has always been necessary to slay the dragon that

Prospector (continued)
guards it. I guarantee that after this, the City Architect will be more reasonable. The new one, I mean.

(He laughs.)

President
Don't you think we're sitting a little close for comfort?

Prospector
(reassuringly)
No, no, no. Don't worry. And, above all, don't stare. We may be watched.

(The chimes strikes noon.)

Why, that's noon. Something's wrong! Good God! What's this?

(The Deaf-Mute runs in right. He tries to tell the Countess something in sign language. He then runs down and pulls the two benches together. The Policeman staggers in, bearing a lifeless body, Pierre, on his shoulders in the "Fireman's Lift". He places the body on the bench and starts to give artificial respiration. Girls rise to see what has happened. Countess goes over to the rail to see.)

It's Pierre! My agent!

(He rises and crosses to him.)

I say, Officer, what's that you've got?

Policeman
Drowned man.

(The Waiter moves down and looks at him. The Deaf-Mute kneels beside him and he addresses the Deaf-Mute.)

Waiter
He's not drowned. His clothes are dry. He's been slugged.

Policeman
Slugged is also correct. He was just jumping off the bridge when I came along and pulled him back. I slugged him, naturally, so he wouldn't drag me under.

(He stops artificial respiration and kneels up straight, still hanging on to Pierre's hands. He recites the following as if memorized word-for-word.)

Policeman (continued)
Life Saving Manual, Rule 5: "In cases where there is danger of being dragged under, it is necessary to render the subject unconscious by means of a sharp blow."

(He looks down at Pierre.)

He's had that.

(The Prospector goes back to the President's table. He addresses the President.)

Prospector
The stupid idiot! That's what comes of employing amateurs! But what the devil did he do with the bomb?

President
You don't think he'll give you away?

Prospector
(reassuringly)
Don't worry.

(He walks back to the edge of the bench.)
Say, what do you think you're doing?

Policeman
Lifesaving. Artificial respiration. First aid to the drowning.

Prospector
But he's not drowning.

Policeman
But he thinks he is.

Prospector
You'll never bring him round that way, my friend. That is meant for people who drown in water. It's no good at all for those who drown without water.

(The Policeman gets off the bench and faces the Prospector.)

Policeman
(bewilderedly)
What am I supposed to do? I've just been sworn in. It's my first day on the beat. I can't afford to get in trouble. I've got to go by the book.

(He shines his badge.)

Prospector
Perfectly simple. Take him back to the bridge where you found him and throw him in. Then you can save his life and you'll get a medal. This way, you'll only get fined for slugging an innocent man.

(He pulls the Policeman toward Pierre.)

Policeman
(defensively)
What do you mean, innocent? He was just going to jump when I grabbed him.

Prospector
Have you any proof of that?

Policeman
Well, I saw him.

Prospector
Written proof? Witnesses?

(The Policeman scratches his head.)

Policeman
No, but--

(Prospector takes his arm and pulls him toward Pierre.)

Prospector
Then don't waste time arguing. You're in trouble. Quick--before anybody notices--throw him in and dive after him. It's the only way out.

Policeman
(protesting)
But I don't swim.

President
(irritatedly)
You'll learn how on the way down. Before you were born, did you know how to breathe?

Policeman
(convinced)
All right.--Here we go.

(He starts to lift the body when Doctor Jadin rises.)

Doctor Jadin
One moment, please, one moment.

(The Policeman pauses. All look at the Doctor as he walks left.)

I don't like to interfere, but it's my professional duty to point out that medical science has definitely established the fact of intra-uterine respiration. Consequently, this policeman, even before he was born, knew not only how to breathe but how to cough, hiccup and belch.

President
Suppose he did--how does it concern you?

Doctor Jadin
(continuing as if he didn't hear the President)
On the other hand, medical science has never established the fact of intra-uterine swimming or diving. Under the circumstances we are forced to the opinion, Officer, that if you dive in you will probably drown.

(The Policeman steps back.)

Policeman
You think so?

Prospector
(exasperatedly)
And who asked you for an opinion?

President
(also exasperated)
Pay no attention to that quack, Officer.

Doctor Jadin
(offended)
Quack, sir?

Prospector
See here. This is not a medical matter. It's a legal problem.

(He puts his arm around the Officer.)

The officer has made a grave error. He's new. We're trying to help him.

(The Broker says to the Baron.)

Broker
He's probably afraid of the water.

(The Officer stiffens and answers defiantly.)

Policeman
Nothing of the sort. Officially I'm afraid of nothing. But I always follow doctor's orders.

(Doctor Jadin steps down to the Officer and puts his arm around him. He laughs in triumph.)

Doctor Jadin
You see, Officer, when a child is born--

Prospector
Now, what does he care about when a child is born? He's got a dying man on his hands--Officer, if you want my advice--

(The Policeman turns his head to the Prospector.)

Policeman
It so happens, I care a lot about when a child is born. It's part of my duty to aid and assist any woman in childbirth or labor.

President
(in disbelief)
Can you imagine! Prospector--

(The four men huddle around the table while the Policeman and the Doctor walk left.)

Policeman
Is it true, Doctor, what they say, that when you have twins, the first born is the youngest?

Doctor Jadin
Oh, quite correct.

Policeman
God! The things a policeman is supposed to know! Doctor, what does it mean if, when I get up in the morning sometimes--

(The Prospector spies the Countess looking at them.)

Prospector
The old woman--

Broker
Come on, Baron.

(The Broker and Baron invite the ladies to join them; they all exit right.)

President
I think we'd better all run along.

Prospector
Leave him to me.

President
I'll see you later.

(The President steals off right with the Baron and Broker. The Policeman is still in conference with Doctor Jadin.)

Policeman
Don't you think it's a bit risky for a man to marry after forty-five?

(The Broker runs in breathlessly.)

Broker
Officer! Officer!

(Irma enters from the cafe with the Waiter, who places a pillow under Pierre's head. Deaf-Mute exits right.)

Policeman
What's the trouble?

Broker
Quick! Two women are calling for help--on the sidewalk--Avenue Wilson!

Policeman
Two women at once? Standing up or lying down?

Broker
You'd better go and see. Quick!

(He pulls the Officer toward stage right.)

Prospector
You better take the doctor with you.

Policeman
Come along, Doctor, come along--

(He starts out right, the Doctor following. The Policeman points back to Pierre.)

Oh, tell him to wait till I get back.

(The Prospector moves over toward Pierre, but Irma crosses in front of him, and takes Pierre's hand. The Prospector sits down at the President's table.)

Irma
How beautiful he is! Is he dead, Martial?

(Martial hands her a pocket mirror.)

Waiter
Hold this mirror to his mouth. If it clouds over--

Irma
It clouds over.

Waiter
He's alive.

(He holds out his hand for the mirror.)

Irma
Just a sec--

(She rubs it clean and looks at herself intently. Before handing it back, she fixes her hair and applies her lipstick.)

Oh, look--he's opened his eyes!

(Pierre opens his eyes, stares intently at Irma, murmurs: "How beautiful!" and closes them again with the expression of a man who is among the angels. A voice comes from within the cafe.)

Voice
Irma!

Irma
Coming.

(She runs off into the cafe with the Waiter. The Prospector moves toward Pierre, but the Countess crosses him from the left. She stomps her umbrella on the ground as she does so. The Prospector shrugs and exits right. The Countess at once takes her place on the bench, and takes Pierre's hand. Pierre sits up suddenly, and finds himself staring not at Irma but into the iris the Countess bought from the Flower Girl. His expression changes.)

Countess
You're looking at my iris. Isn't it beautiful?

Pierre
Very.

(He drops back, exhausted.)

Countess
The sergeant was good enough to say it becomes me. But I had to tell him quite frankly that I no longer trust his taste. Yesterday the flower girl gave me a lily, and he said it didn't suit me.

Pierre
(weakly)
It's beautiful.

Countess
He'll be very happy to know that you agree with him. He's really quite sensitive.
(calling)
Sergeant!

(Pierre struggles to get up.)

Pierre
No, please--don't call the police.

(The Countess gently pushes him down.)

Countess
But I must--I think I hurt his feelings.

(Pierre struggles harder.)

Pierre
Let me go, Madame.

Countess
No, no. Stay where you are. Sergeant!

Pierre
Please let me go.

(The Countess pushes him back on his stomach.)

Countess
I'll do nothing of the sort. When you let someone go, you never see him again. I let Charlotte Mazumet go. I never saw her again.

(Pierre feels his head.)

Pierre

Oh, my head!

(The Countess seems to be reminiscing. She looks up with a far away look in her eye.)

Countess

I let Adolphe Bertaut go. And I never saw him again.

Pierre

Oh, God!

Countess

Except once. Thirty years later. In the market. He had changed a great deal--he didn't know me. He sneaked a melon from right under my nose, the only good one of the year.--Ah, here we are. Sergeant!

(The Sergeant enters left and crosses right on the apron in front of the Countess. He is in a hurry.)

Sergeant

I'm in a hurry, Countess.

Countess

With regard to the iris. This young man agrees with you. He says it suits me.

(The Sergeant keeps going on his way.)

Sergeant

There's a man drowning in the Seine.

(The Countess turns her head in his direction while still holding on to Pierre.)

Countess

He's not. He's drowning here.

(The Sergeant stops.)

You needn't hurry. Because I'm holding him tight--as I should have held Adolphe Bertaut.

(The Sergeant slowly walks to the Countess and Pierre.)

But if I let him go, I'm sure he will go and drown in the Seine.

(The Countess looks closely into Pierre's face.)

He's a lot better looking than Adolphe Bertaut, wouldn't you say?

(Pierre sighs deeply.)

Sergeant

How would I know?

Countess

I've shown you his photograph.--The one with the bicycle.

Sergeant

Oh, yes.--The one with the hare-lip.

Countess

(indignantly)

I've told you a hundred times! Adolphe Bertaut had no hare-lip. That was a scratch in the negative.

(The Sergeant takes out his notebook and pencil and walks left to Pierre's head.)

What are you doing?

Sergeant

I am taking down the drowned man's name, given name and date of birth.

Countess

You think that's going to stop him from jumping in the river? To tell him the date of his birth?

Sergeant

I'm not going to tell him. He's going to tell me.

Countess

I wouldn't tell you mine. Don't be silly, Sergeant. Put that book away and console him.

(The Sergeant scratches his head.)

Sergeant

Console him?

Countess

When people want to die, it is your job to speak out in praise of life. Not mine.

(The Sergeant walks right and surveys him.)

Sergeant

I should speak out in praise of life?

Countess

I assume you have some motive for interfering with people's

Countess (continued)
 attempts to kill each other, and rob each other, and run each other over? If you believe that life has some value, tell him so. As a guardian of the state, surely you must have some idea of the value of life?

(The Sergeant walks up on the stage and bends over Pierre.)

Sergeant
 You're right, Countess--Now look, young fellow--

(The Sergeant points his night stick in Pierre's face.)

Countess
 His name is Roderick.

Pierre
 My name is not Roderick.

Countess
 Yes, it is. It's noon. At noon all men are called Roderick.

(The Sergeant stands up straight.)

Sergeant
 Except Adolphe Bertaut.

(The Countess is reminiscing again. She looks up with a far away look in her eye.)

Countess
 In the days of Adolphe Bertaut, we had to change the men, when we got tired of their names. Nowadays, we're more practical--each hour on the hour all names are automatically changed. The men remain the same. But you're not here to discuss Adolphe Bertaut, Sergeant. You're here to convince the young man that life is worth living.

Pierre
 (dejectedly)
 It isn't.

(The Sergeant taps him on the shoulder with his night stick and leans over him again.)

Sergeant
 Quiet. Now then--what was the idea of jumping off the bridge, anyway?

Countess
 (matter-of-factly)
 The idea was to land in the river. Roderick doesn't seem to be at all confused about that.

(The Sergeant stands straight.)

Sergeant
 Now how can I convince anybody that life is worth living if you keep interrupting all the time?

Countess
 (meekly)
 I'll be quiet.

(The Sergeant walks right.)

Sergeant
 First of all, Mr. Roderick, you have to realize that suicide is a crime against the state. And why is it a crime against the state? Because every time anybody commits suicide, that means one soldier less for the army, one taxpayer less for the--

(The Countess turns to the Sergeant.)

Countess
 Sergeant--are you a lover of life--or a tax collector?

(The Sergeant walks forward off the stage and scratches his head.)

Sergeant
 A lover of life?

Countess
 (irritatedly)
 Well, surely, in all these years, you must have found something worth living for. Some secret pleasure, or passion. Tell him what it is. Don't blush.

(The Sergeant turns his face away.)

Sergeant
 Who's blushing? Well, naturally, yes--I have my passions--like everybody else. The fact is, since you ask me--I love--to play--casino.

(He walks left to Pierre's head and puts one foot on the stage. He leans on his raised leg and says softly to Pierre.)

Sergeant (continued)

And if the gentleman would like to join me, by and by when I go off duty, we can sit down to a nice little game in the back room with a nice cold glass of beer. If he wants to kill an hour, that is.

Countess

He doesn't want to kill an hour. He wants to kill himself. I defy anybody to stop dying on your account.

Sergeant

Go ahead, if you can do any better.

(The Sergeant goes to the down left table and sits.)

Countess

(gleefully)

Oh, this is not a difficult case at all. In the first place, why should he want to die when he's just this minute fallen in love with someone who has fallen in love with him?

(Pierre sits up.)

Pierre

She hasn't. How could she?

(Countess gently pushes him down.)

Countess

Oh, yes, she has. She was holding your hand, just as I'm holding it now, when all of a sudden--Did you ever know Marshal Canrobert's niece?

Sergeant

How could he know Marshal Canrobert's niece?

Countess

Lots of people knew her--when she was alive.

(Pierre starts to struggle energetically and the Countess pushes him down and sits on him.)

No, no, Roderick--stop--stop!

Sergeant

You see--you won't do any better than I did.

Countess

(challenged)

No? Let's bet. My iris against one of your gold buttons? Right?

Sergeant
Right.

Countess
(matter-of-factly)
Roderick, I know very well why you were in such a hurry to drown yourself.

Pierre
You don't at all.

Countess
It's because that prospector wanted you to commit a horrible crime.

(The Waiter enters from the cafe with a beer for the Sergeant. He stands at the rail and listens to the Countess. Pierre turns his head around fast and has a look of guilt and surprise on his face.)

Pierre
How do you know that?

Countess
He stole my boa, and now he wants you to kill me.

Pierre
(with a sigh of relief)
Well, not exactly.

Countess
It wouldn't be the first time they've tried it. But I'm not so easy to get rid of, my boy, oh, no--Because--

(As the Sergeant takes another big swig of beer, the Waiter becomes alarmed.)

Waiter
Take it easy, Sergeant.

Sergeant
I'm busy saving a drowning man.

Countess
--They can't kill me because--I have no desire to die.

Pierre
(ironically)
You're fortunate.

Countess
To be alive is to be fortunate, Roderick.--Of course, in the

Countess (continued)

morning, when you first awake, it doesn't always seem so very gay. When you take your hair out of the drawer, and your teeth out of the glass, you are quite likely to feel a little out of place in this naughty world. Particularly if you've just been dreaming that you're a little girl on a pony looking for strawberries in the woods.

(She stands and walks left. Pierre sighs a sigh of relief and sits up to watch her.)

But all you need in order to feel the call of life again is a letter in the mail giving you your schedule for the day. You write it to yourself the day before--that's the safest.

(She takes a letter from the bosom of her dress.)

Here are my assignments for this morning: to mend my petticoats with red thread, to curl my ostrich feathers, to write my grandmother, etcetera, etcetera.

(She gives the letter to Pierre and crosses to stage center.)

And when I've washed my face with rosewater, and powdered it, not with this awful ricepowder they sell nowadays, which does nothing for the skin--but with a cake of pure white starch--

(She walks right.)

and put on my pins, rings, brooches, pearls, bracelets and earrings--in short, when I am dressed for my coffee, and have had a good look at myself,

(She walks back center.)

not in the glass, naturally--it lies--but in the side of the brass gong that once belonged to Admiral Courbet--then, Roderick, then I'm armed, I'm strong, I'm ready to begin again.

(Pierre slowly rises.)

Pierre
Oh, Madame--! Oh, Madame--!

(The Countess continues in her fantacizing.)

Countess

After that everything is pure delight. First the morning paper. Not, of course, these current sheets full of lies and vulgarity. I always read the Gaulois, the issue of March 22, 1903--it's by far the best. It has some delightful scandal, some excellent

Countess (continued)

fashion notes, and, of course, the last minute bulletin on the death of Leonide Leblanc. She used to live next door, poor woman, and when I learn of her death every morning, it gives me quite a shock. I'd gladly lend you my copy, but it's in tatters.

Sergeant

Couldn't we find him a copy in some library, maybe?

Countess

I doubt it.

(Pierre rises and crosses to her.)

Pierre

Go on, Madame. Go on!

(The Countess takes his arm and leads him right. She walks away from him for a few steps and then returns.)

Countess

And, so when you've taken your fruit salts--not in water, naturally--for no matter what they say, it's water that gives you gas--but with a bit of spiced cake--

(The Deaf-Mute enters right and sits on upper right corner of the stage.)

and put on your rings, earrings, brooches and pearls--then, Roderick, then in sunlight or rain, Chaillot calls and it is time to dress for your morning walk. This takes much longer, of course--without a maid, impossible to do it under an hour, what with your corset, corset-cover and drawers, all of which lace or button in the back. I asked Madame Lanvin a while ago to fit the drawers with zippers. She was quite charming, but she declined. She thought it would spoil the style.

(She leads Pierre back center.)

Waiter

I know a place where they put zippers on anything.

Countess

I think Lanvin knows best.--But I really manage quite well. What I do now is, I lace them up in front, then twist them around to the back. It's quite simple, really. Then you choose a lorgnette, and then comes the usual fruitless search for the feather boa that your prospector stole--I know it was he: he didn't dare look me in the eye--

Countess (continued)

(The Ragpicker enters left and sits on upper left bench.)

and then all you need is a rubber band to slip around your parasol--I lost the catch the day I struck the cat that was stalking the pigeon--it was worth it. I earned my wages that day!

Ragpicker

Countess, if you can use it, I found a nice umbrella catch the other day with a cat's eye in it.

(Countess crosses to the Ragpicker.)

Countess

No, thank you, Ragpicker. They say these eyes sometimes come to life and fill with tears. I'd be afraid--

Pierre

(impatiently)

Go on, Madame, go on--

Countess

(with curiosity)

Ah! So life's beginning to interest you, is it? You see how beautiful it is?

Pierre

Oh, what a fool I've been!

(The Countess takes Pierre by the arm; they walk in a large circle leading around stage right, on to the apron, and back to stage center.)

Countess

Then, Roderick, I begin my rounds. I have my cats to feed, my dogs to pet, my plants to water. I have to see what the evil ones are up to in the district--those who hate animals, those who hate flowers, those who hate people. I watch them sneaking off in the morning to put on their disguises--to the baths, to the beauty parlors, to the barbers. But when they come out again with blond hair and false whiskers, to pull up my flowers and poison my dogs, they can't fool me. I'm there, and I'm ready. All you have to do to break their power is to cut across their path from the left.

(She demonstrates how she does it.)

That isn't always easy. Vice moves swiftly. But I have a good long stride and I generally manage--Don't I, my friends?

Countess (continued)

(General agreement from the others.)

Yes--the flowers have been marvellous this year. And the butcher's dog on the Rue Bizet, in spite of that wretch who tried to poison him, is friskier than ever--

Sergeant

That dog had better watch out. He has no license.

(The Countess moves to the Sergeant.)

Countess

He doesn't seem to feel the need for one.

Ragpicker

The Duchess de la Rochefoucauld's whippet is getting awfully thin--

Countess

What can I do? She bought that dog full grown from a kennel where they didn't know his right name. A dog without his right name is bound to get thin.

Ragpicker

I've got a friend who knows a lot about dogs--an Arab--

Countess

Ask him to call on the Duchess. She receives Thursdays five to seven.

(She turns and addresses Pierre.)

You see, Roderick, that's life. How does it seem to you now?

Pierre

It seems marvellous.

(The Countess holds out her hand to the Sergeant.)

Countess

Sergeant. My button. Alle.

(The Sergeant gives her a button and exits right.)

That's only the morning! Wait till I tell you about the afternoon. In the--

(The Prospector enters left; in a determined manner.)

Prospector
All right, Pierre. Come along with me.

(The Countess pushes Pierre behind her.)

Pierre
I'm perfectly all right here.

Prospector
I said, come along now.

(Pierre comes out from behind the Countess.)

Pierre
I'd better go, Madame.

(The Countess pushes him back behind her.)

Countess
No!

Pierre
It's no use. Please let go my hand!

Countess
Stay where you are. I'm holding your hand because I shall need your arm in a few minutes to take me home. I'm very easily frightened.

Prospector
Madame, will you oblige me by letting my friend go?

Countess
I will not oblige you in any way.

Prospector
All right. Then I'll oblige you--!

(As he starts to grab for her arm, she hits him over the head with her parasol.)

Pierre
Countess--

Prospector
(calling)
Officer, officer!

(The Countess whistles and the Street Singer

enters left, the Flower Girl and Irma enter from the cafe, and, lastly, the Sergeant enters left.)

Sergeant
What's the trouble here?

Prospector
Officer! Arrest this woman! She refuses to let this man go.

Sergeant
Why should she?

Prospector
(indignantly)
It's against the law for a woman to detain a man on the street.

Irma
Suppose it's her son whom she's found again after twenty years?

Ragpicker
(gallantly)
Or her long lost brother? The Countess is not so old!

Countess
(graciously and very much pleased)
Thank you, Ragpicker, thank you.

Prospector
Officer--this is a clear case of disorderly conduct.

(The Deaf-Mute interrupts with frantic signals while moving back and forth in front of them.)

Countess
Irma, what's the Deaf-Mute saying?

Irma
He says the young man is in danger of his life. He mustn't go with him.

Prospector
What does he know?

Irma
(defensively and proudly)
He knows everything.

Prospector
Officer, I'll have to take your number.

(The Countess looks closely at the Sergeant's badge.)

Countess

Take his number. It's 2133. It adds up to nine. It will bring you luck.

(The Sergeant takes the Countess and Pierre aside.)

Sergeant

Countess, between ourselves, what are you holding him for, anyway?

Countess

I'm holding him because I want to hold him. He's the first man I've ever really held, and I'm enjoying it. And I'm holding him because as long as I hold him he's free.

Prospector

Pierre--I'm giving you fair warning...

Countess

And I'm holding him because Irma wants me to hold him. If I let him go, it will break her heart.

(Irma blushes and Pierre looks back at her.)

Irma

Oh, Countess!

(The Sergeant starts pushing Prospector off left.)

Sergeant

All right, you. You're blocking traffic.

Prospector

(menacingly)
I have your number.

Sergeant

Nobody's holding you. Move on.

(The Prospector addresses Pierre.)

Prospector

You'll regret it, Pierre.

(The Prospector exits left.)

Pierre

Thank you, Countess.

(The Ragpicker sits on upper left bench and

faces the stage; the Deaf-Mute sits up right at the feet of Irma, who is sitting at the President's table; the Waiter also sits at the President's table; the Flower Girl sits at the up center table and the Singer stands behind her. The Countess lets go of Pierre and walks up right; Pierre walks toward up left center.)

Countess
They're blackmailing you, are they?

(Pierre nods.)

What did you do? Murder someone?

Pierre
Oh, no.

Countess
Steal something?

Pierre
No.

Countess
What then?

Pierre
I forged a signature.

Countess
Whose signature?

Pierre
My father's. To a note.

Countess
And this man has the papers, I suppose?

Pierre
He promised to tear it up if I did what he wanted. But I couldn't do it.

(The Countess goes up to her own table.)

But the man is mad!--Does he really want to destroy the whole of Chaillot?

(Pierre follows her onto the platform.)

Pierre
He wants to destroy the whole city.

Countess

(laughs)
Fantastic.

(Pierre seats her. The Waiter puts another chair on the platform for Pierre.)

Pierre

It's not funny, Countess. He can do it. He's mad, but he's powerful, and he has friends. Their machines are already drawn up and waiting. In three months' time you may see Paris covered by a forest of derricks and drills.

Countess

But what are they looking for? Have they lost something?

Pierre

They're looking for oil, Countess. They're convinced that Paris is sitting on a lake of oil.

Countess

Suppose it is? What harm does it do?

Pierre

(determined to convince her of the danger)
They want to bring the oil up to the surface, Countess.

Countess

I never heard of anything so silly! Is that a reason to destroy a city? What do they want with this oil?

Pierre

(intensely)
They want to make war, Countess.

(The Countess fiddles with her basket nervously.)

Countess

Oh, dear, let's forget about these horrible men. The world is beautiful. It's happy. That's how God made it. No man can change it.

(The Waiter shakes his head.)

Waiter

Ah, Countess, if you only knew--

Countess

If I only knew what?

(The Waiter looks at the others.)

Waiter

Shall we tell her now?

(The Countess rises and walks over to the rail.)

Countess

What is it you are hiding from me?

Ragpicker

Nothing, Countess. It's you who are hiding.

(The Waiter rises and crosses down left toward the Ragpicker.)

Waiter

You tell her. You've been a pitchman. You can talk.

All

Tell her. Tell her. Tell her.

(The Waiter sits down again and the Ragpicker rises and goes to the rail.)

Countess

(concerned)

You're frightening me, my friends. Go on. I'm listening.

Ragpicker

Countess, there was a time when old clothes were as good as new,--in fact, they were better.

(He walks right to the porch.)

Because when people wore clothes, they gave something to them. You may not believe it, but right this minute, the highest-priced shops in Paris are selling clothes that were thrown away thirty years ago. They're selling them for new. That's how good they were.

Countess

Well?

Ragpicker

Countess, there was a time when garbage was a pleasure. A garbage can was not what it is now. If it smelled a little strange, it was because it was a little confused--there was everything there--sardines, cologne, iodine, roses. An amateur might jump to a wrong conclusion. But to a professional--it was the smell of God's plenty.

Countess

Well?

(The Ragpicker makes a large circle to stage right.)

Ragpicker
Countess, the world has changed.

(The Countess goes to the stairs.)

Countess
Nonsense. How could it change? The people are the same, I hope.

Ragpicker
No, Countess. The people are not the same. The people are different. There's been an invasion. From another planet. An infiltration. The world is not beautiful any more. It's not happy.

Countess
Not happy? Is that true? Why didn't you tell me this before?

(The Ragpicker jumps onto the bench, center, and crosses to her.)

Ragpicker
Because you live in a dream, Countess. And we don't like to disturb you.

Countess
But how could it have happened?

(The Ragpicker makes a large circle to stage right above the table and onto the apron, to center, and back on stage.)

Ragpicker
Countess, there was a time when you could walk around Paris, and all the people you met were just like yourself. A little cleaner, maybe, or dirtier, perhaps, or angry, or smiling--but you knew them. They were you. Well, Countess, twenty years ago, one day, on the street, I saw a face in the crowd. A face, you might say, without a face. The eyes--empty. The expression--not human. Not a human face. It saw me staring, and when it looked back at me with its gelatine eyes, I shuddered. Because I knew that to make room for this one, one of us must have left the earth. A while after, I saw another. And another. And since then I've seen hundreds come in--yes--thousands.

(The Countess walks back left on her platform.)

Countess
Describe them to me.

(The Ragpicker crosses to the railing.)

Ragpicker

You've seen them yourself, Countess. Their clothes don't wrinkle. Their hats don't come off. When they talk, they don't look at you. They don't perspire.

Countess

Do they have wives? Do they have children?

Ragpicker

They buy the models out of shop windows, furs and all. They animate them by a secret process. Then they marry them. Naturally, they don't have children.

Countess

What work do they do?

(The Ragpicker walks off left onto the apron and crosses to the center and back on stage.)

Ragpicker

They don't do any work. Whenever they meet, they whisper, and then they pass each other thousand-franc notes. You see them at auctions--in the back. They never raise a finger--they just stand there. In theatre lobbies, by the box office--they never go inside. They don't do anything, but wherever you see them, things are not the same. I remember well the time when a cabbage could sell itself just by being a cabbage. Nowadays it's no good being a cabbage--unless you have an agent and pay him a commission. Nothing is free any more to sell itself or give itself away. These days, Countess, every cabbage has its pimp.

Countess

I can't believe that.

(The Ragpicker crosses right to porch.)

Ragpicker

Countess, little by little, the pimps have taken over the world. They don't do anything, they don't make anything--they just stand there and take their cut. It makes a difference. Look at the shopkeepers.

(He addresses the Waiter.)

Do you ever see one smiling at a customer any more? Certainly not. Their smiles are strictly for the pimps. The butcher has to smile at the meat-pimp,

(He addresses the Flower Girl.)

Ragpicker (continued)
the florist at the rose-pimp,

(He addresses the Waiter.)

the grocer at the fresh-fruit-and-vegetable pimp. It's all organized down to the slightest detail. A pimp for birdseed. A pimp for fishfood. That's why the cost of living keeps going up all the time.

(He crosses left to the Sergeant.)

You buy a glass of beer--it costs twice as much as it used to. Why? 10% for the glass-pimp, 10% for the beer-pimp, 20% for the glass-of-beer-pimp--that's where our money goes.

(He crosses down left.)

Personally, I prefer the old-fashioned type. Some of those men at least were loved by the women they sold. But what feelings can a pimp arouse in a leg of lamb?--Pardon my language, Irma.

(Irma shrugs at the Deaf-Mute.)

Countess
It's all right. She doesn't understand.

(Ragpicker crosses to the center on the apron
and crosses to the porch right.)

Ragpicker
So now you know, Countess, why the world is no longer happy. We are the last of the free people of the earth. You saw them looking us over today. Tomorrow, the street-singer will start paying the song-pimp, and the garbage-pimp will be after me. I tell you Countess, we're finished. It's the end of free enterprise in this world!

Countess
Is this true, Roderick?

(Pierre, who was looking down, looks at the Countess.)

Pierre
I'm afraid it's true.

Countess
Did you know about this, Irma?

Irma
All I know is the waiter says that faith is dead.

(The Countess walks to the stairs of her platform.)

Waiter
I've stopped taking bets over the phone.

Singer
The very air is different, Countess. You can't trust it any more.

Flower Girl
My flowers don't last over-night, now. They wilt.

Singer
Have you noticed the pigeons don't fly any more?

Ragpicker
They can't afford to. They walk.

(The Countess crosses down to stage center.)

Countess
They're a pack of fools and so are you! You should have told me at once! Why are you complaining instead of doing something about it? How can you bear to live in a world where there is unhappiness? Where a man is not his own master! Are you cowards? If these men are the cause of the trouble, all we have to do is to get rid of them.

(Pierre rises.)

Pierre
How can we get rid of them? They're too strong.

(The Countess crosses up left to the Sergeant, smiling.)

Countess
The Sergeant will help us.

(The Sergeant acts nervous; fiddles with his glass of beer. The Deaf-Mute wigwags a short speech.)

Sergeant
Who? Me?

(Irma stands.)

Irma
There are a great many of them, Countess. The Deaf-Mute knows them all. They employed him once, years ago, because he was

Irma (continued)
deaf. They fired him because he wasn't blind.

(He gives another flash of sign language.)

They're all connected like the parts of a machine.

(The Countess crosses down center.)

Countess
(merrily)
So much the better. We can drive the whole machine into a ditch.

(The Sergeant crosses to her and then down left onto the apron. He stops in front of the center post in the audience.)

Sergeant
It's not that easy, Countess. You never catch these birds napping. They change before your very eyes. I remember when I was in the detectives--You catch a president, pfft! He turns into a trustee. You catch him as trustee, and pfft! he's not a trustee--he's an honorary vice-chairman. You catch a Senator dead to rights: wham! He becomes Minister of Justice. You get after the Minister of Justice--bango! he is Chief of Police. And there you are--no longer in the detectives.

Pierre
He's right, Countess. They have all the power. And all the money. And they're greedy for more.

Countess
(cunningly)
They're greedy?

All
Yes, Countess.

Countess
(triumphantly)
Ah, then, my friends, they're lost. If they're greedy, they're stupid. If they're greedy--don't worry, I know exactly what to do. Pierre, by tonight you will be an honest man. And, Martial, your beer will flow freely again.--Come on, let's get to work.

Ragpicker
What are you going to do?

Countess
Have you any kerosene in the house, Irma?

Irma
Kerosene? Yes. I'll put some in a clean bottle for you.

(Irma and the Deaf-Mute start to leave. The Countess turns and walks up center.)

Countess
I want just a little. In a dirty bottle. With a little mud. And some mange-cure, if you have it.

(She addresses the Deaf-Mute.)

Deaf-Mute! Take a letter.

(Irma interprets in sign language. Irma and Deaf-Mute exit into the cafe to get paper and pen. The Countess addresses the Singer.)

Singer, go and find Madame Constance.

Singer
Yes, Countess?

Countess
Ask her to be at my house by two o'clock. I'll be waiting for her in my cellar. You may tell her we have to discuss the future of humanity. That's sure to bring her.

Singer
Yes, Countess.

Countess
And ask her to bring Madame Josephine and Mademoiselle Gabrielle with her. Do you know how to get in to speak to Madame Constance? You knock twice and meow three times--do you know how to meow?

Singer
(apologetically)
I'm better at barking.

Countess
Better practise meowing on the way. And, Singer, remind me to ask Madame Constance, I think she knows all the verses of your mazurka.

(Singer exits right.)

Singer
Yes, Countess.

(Irma comes in with the Deaf-Mute. She is

shaking the oily concoction in a little perfume vial, which she now hands to the Countess. The Deaf-Mute sits at the up center table and prepares to write.)

Irma

Here it is, Countess.

Countess

Thank you, Irma. Ready, Deaf-Mute?

(The Countess sniffs the potion and staggers backward. Pierre catches her. Irma speaks to the Deaf-Mute.)

Irma

Ready.

(Irma wigwags the questions and statements to the Deaf-Mute. It is all done so deftly that it is as if the Deaf-Mute and Irma were actually speaking.)

Countess

My dear Mr.--What's his name?

Irma

They are all called Mr. President.

Countess

"My dear Mr. President: I have personally verified the existence of a spontaneous outcrop of oil in the cellar of Number 21 Rue de Chaillot, which is at present occupied by a person of unstable mentality.

(The Countess grins knowingly. General amusement is heard. Fondly looking at the bottle, the Countess continues.)

This explains why, fortunately for us, the discovery has so long been kept secret. If you should wish to verify the existence of this outcrop for yourself--you may call at the above address at three o'clock today. I am herewith enclosing a sample so that you may judge the quality and consistency of the crude--Yours very truly.

(She puts the vile down on the table next to the letter.)

Roderick, can you sign the prospector's name?

Pierre

(surprised)

Pierre (continued)
You wish me to?

Countess
One forgery wipes out the other.

(Pierre crosses to the table and signs the letter. The Deaf-Mute addresses the envelope.)

Irma
Who is to deliver this?

Countess
The Waiter, of course. And as soon as you have delivered it, run over to the Prospector's office. Leave word that the President expects to see him at my house at three.

Waiter
Yes, Countess.

Ragpicker
But this only takes care of two of them, Countess.

Countess
Didn't I understand the Deaf-Mute to say they are all connected like the works of a machine?

Irma
Yes.

Countess
(triumphantly)
Then if one comes, the rest will follow. And we shall have them all.--My boa, please.

Waiter
The one that's stolen, Countess?

Countess
(irritatedly)
Naturally. The one the Prospector stole.

Waiter
It hasn't turned up yet, Countess. But someone has left an ermine collar.

Countess
(intrigued)
Real ermine?

Waiter
Looks like it.

Countess

(lovingly)

Ermine and iris are made for each other. Let me see it.

Waiter

Yes, Countess.

(He exits into the Cafe for the collar.)

Countess

Roderick, you shall take me home. You still look pale.

(She pinches his cheeks.)

I have some old Chartreuse at home. I always take a glass each year. Last year I forgot. You shall have it.

Pierre

Anything I can do to help you, Countess--

(The Waiter enters with the collar. Countess and Pierre walk down center.)

Countess

There is a great deal you can do. There are all the things that need to be done in a room that no man has been in for twenty years.--You can untwist the blind and let in a little sunshine for a change. There's the door on the wardrobe--You can take it off and deliver me once and for all from the old harpy that looks at me out of the mirror. You can let the mouse out of the trap. I'm tired of feeding it.

(She says to her friends.)

Each man to his post. See you later, my friends.

(The Flower Girl goes out right with the Deaf-Mute, the Singer, and the Waiter. The Sergeant exits left. Irma starts to clean off the tables. The Ragpicker spies the Countess' parasol and basket and runs to get them. The Waiter puts the collar around the Countess' shoulders. They start to exit right.)

Countess

(She addresses the Waiter.)

Thanks very much. It's rabbit.

(The chimes sound one o'clock. The Countess addresses Pierre.)

Countess (continued)
Your arm, Valentine.

Pierre
Valentine?

Countess
Didn't you hear one o'clock strike? At one, all men become Valentine.

(Pierre offers his arm.)

Pierre
Permit me.

Countess
Or Valentino. It's obviously far from the same. But they do have that much choice.

(The Ragpicker gives the Countess the parasol and the basket. Pierre gives Irma a flower.)

Thank you, my boy.

(They exit. The Ragpicker exits left. Irma starts to clear the table.)

Irma
I hate ugliness. I love beauty. I hate meanness. I adore kindness. It may not seem so grand to some to be a waitress in Paris. I love it. A waitress meets all sorts of people.

(Irma crosses left to the other table.)

She observes life. I hate to be alone. I love people.--But I have never said "I love you" to a man. Men try to make me say it. They put their arms around me--I pretend I don't see it. They pinch me--I pretend I don't feel it. They kiss me--I pretend I don't know it. They take me out in the evening, and make me drink--but I'm careful, I never say it. If they don't like it, they can leave me alone.

(She sits at the down left table.)

Because when I say "I love you" to Him, He will know just by looking in my eyes that many have held me and pinched me and kissed me, but I have never said "I love you" to anyone in the world before. Never. No.

(She looks in the direction in which Pierre has gone, she whispers softly.)

I love you. Irma (continued)

 (A voice from within the cafe.)

 Voice
Irma!

 Irma
Coming.

 (She exits into the cafe.)

Ten minute intermission.

SCENE: The cellar of the Countess' house. An ancient vault set deep in the ground, with walls of solid masonry, part brick and part solid black wall. Stage left corner of the cellar is piled with: a packing box, marked "Fragile," on the end of the platform against the wall; above it, unobservable to all, is a trap door; packing cases, a bird cage, an old lamp, a wicker basket, a feather duster, suit cases, an old wooden box with a ratty wool blanket in it for Dickie, an old clock, an old popcorn popper. At stage right are: a mandolin, several picture frames, an old floor lamp, an old hooked rug rolled up, a small phonograph,--the accumulation of centuries. The whole effect is utterly fantastic. Stage center has some furniture arranged to give an impression of a sitting-room of the 1890's. There is the venerable bed on a canopied platform, piled with cushions that once were gay, and three armchairs, with an old trunk between two of them and a table with flowers on it next to the third.

(The Countess is sitting in her armchair, right, doing a bit of mending. Irma appears at the cellar door, right.)

Irma
Countess! The Sewer Man.

(The Countess rises and puts down her mending.)

Countess
You found him, Irma! Send him down.

(The Sewer Man enters carrying his boots and bows.)

Sewer Man

Countess!

(The Countess crosses to him and leads him to stage center.)

Countess

How do you do, Mr. Sewer Man. But why do you have your boots in your hand instead of on your feet?

(The Sewer Man looks straight ahead; he is stiff and very polite.)

Sewer Man

Etiquette, Countess. Etiquette.

Countess

How very American! I'm told that in America people apologize for their gloves when they shake hands. As if the human skin were nicer to touch than the skin of a sheep! And particularly when they have sweaty hands.

Sewer Man

My feet never sweat, Countess.

Countess

How very nice. But please don't stand on ceremony here. Put your boots on. Put them on.

(She motions for him to sit. He does so and starts to put on his boots.)

Sewer Man

Thanks, Countess.

(She walks down left.)

Countess

I'm sure you must have a very poor opinion of the upper world.

(The Sewer Man stops putting on his boot.)

The way people throw filth into your territory is absolutely scandalous!--I burn all my refuse, and I scatter the ashes. All I ever throw in the drain is flowers. Did you happen to see a lily float by this morning? Mine. But perhaps you didn't notice...?

(She notices he has stopped and motions for him to continue with his boots.)

Sewer Man

We notice a lot more down there, Countess, than you'd think. You'd be surprised at the things we notice.

(He stops putting on his boots.)

Lots of things come along that were obviously intended for us-- little gifties, you might say--sometimes a brand new shaving brush--sometimes The Brothers Karamazov--Thanks for the lily.

(He slips on his boot and rises.)

A very sweet thought.

Countess

Tomorrow you shall have this iris. But now I have two questions to ask you.

Sewer Man

Yes, Countess?

(They walk down center.)

Countess

First,--and this has nothing to do with my problem--it's just something that has been troubling me--tell me--is it true that the sewer men of Paris have a king?

Sewer Man

(laughingly)

Oh, now, Countess, that's another of those fairy tales out of the Sunday Supplement. It seems to me these writers just can't keep their minds off the sewers! It fascinates them. They think of us moving around in our underground canals, like gondoliers in Venice, and it just sends them into a fever of romance. The things they say!

(laughs)

They say we have a race of girls who are never permitted to see the light of day. It's completely fantastic! The girls naturally come out every Christmas and Easter. And orgies by candlelight with gondolas and guitars! With troops of rats that dance as they follow the piper. What nonsense! They're not allowed to dance. No--no--no. Of course we have no king. Down in the sewers you'll find nothing but good Republicans.

(The Countess walks left.)

Countess

And no queen--?

(He walks down center.)

Sewer Man

No. We may run a beauty contest down there once in a while. But no queen, what you call a queen. And as for the swimming races they talk about--possibly once in a while in the summer--in the dog days--

(She walks to center and motions to him.)

Countess

I believe you, I believe you.... Now, I must come to my second question, and I have very little time...

(He walks up center to her.)

Sewer Man

Yes, Countess.

(She leans up close to him and says softly in his ear.)

Countess

Do you remember that night I found you here in my cellar--looking very pale and strange--you were half dead, as a matter of fact, and I brought you some brandy?

Sewer Man

Yes, Countess.

Countess

That night you promised to tell me the secret of this room--

Sewer Man

The secret of the moving stone?

Countess

I need it now.

(The Sewer Man steps back.)

Sewer Man

Only the King of the Sewer Men knows this secret, Countess.

Countess

(smiling)

I'm sure of that. I have three magic words that will open any door that words can open. I have tried them all--in various tones of voice. They don't work.--

(She whispers in his ear.)

And it's a matter of life and death.

(The Sewer Man crosses left to the trap door.)

Sewer Man

Look, Countess--

(He locates a brick in masonry on the wall and pulls it up. A huge section of wall moves back and uncovers a trap which leads to the center of the earth. The Countess looks into the trap.)

Countess

Heavens! Where do those stairs lead?

Sewer Man

Nowhere.

(She looks back at him.)

Countess

They must go somewhere.

Sewer Man

They just go down.

(She starts to get on top of a box to get into the trap.)

Countess

Let's go see.

(The Sewer Man pulls her back and leads her off the platform to stage center.)

Sewer Man

No, Countess. Never again. That time you found me I had a pretty close shave. I kept going down and around and down and around for an hour, a year--I don't know. There's no end to it, Countess. And once you start, you can't stop--your head begins to turn--you're lost. No--once you're down there, there's no coming up.

Countess

You came up.

(He crosses down left.)

Sewer Man

I--am a special case. And I stopped in time--

Countess

Couldn't you have--shouted?

(He crosses to her and whispers in her ear.)

Sewer Man
You could fire off a cannon.

Countess
Who could have built such a thing?

Sewer Man
Paris is old, you know--. Paris is very old--

(Countess crosses up left.)

Countess
You don't suppose, by any chance, there's oil down there?

Sewer Man
There's only death down there.

Countess
I should have preferred a little oil--or a vein of gold-- or emeralds.

(She turns to the Sewer Man.)

You're quite sure there's nothing?

Sewer Man
Not even rats.

Countess
How do you close this stone?

(He crosses back to the stone he used to open the trap.)

Sewer Man
Simple. To open, you press here--And to close it, you push there.

(He presses the brick and the stone closes. He crosses back to her.)

Now there's two in the world that knows it.

Countess
I won't remember long. Is it all right if I repeat my magic words while I press the stone?

Sewer Man
It's bound to help.

(Irma enters.)

Irma

Madame Constance and Mademoiselle Gabrielle are here, Countess.

Countess

Thank you very much, Mr. Sewer Man. Send them down, Irma.

(He crosses, right, to the door.)

Sewer Man

Like that story about the steam laundry that's supposed to be running day and night in my sewer. I can assure you, it's pure imagination--they never work nights.

(He exits and Constance and Gabrielle enter and cross to the Countess, up center.)

Constance

Aurelia! Here we are! Don't tell us they've found your boa?

Gabrielle

You don't mean Adolphe Bertaut has proposed at last? I knew he would.

Countess

How are you, Constance?

(shouting)

How are you, Gabrielle? Thank you both so much for coming.

(Gabrielle holds her ears and steps back.)

Gabrielle

You needn't shout today, my dear. It's Wednesday. Wednesdays, I hear perfectly.

(Constance turns with a disgusted look on her face and walks down right to her chair and sits.)

Constance

It's Thursday.

(As Gabrielle sits, with a hurt look on her face, Constance looks down to the imaginary Dickie.)

Constance

Come along, Dickie. Come along. And stop barking. What a racket you're making! Come on, darling--we've come to see the largest boa and the handsomest man in Paris. Come on.

(The Countess walks down to Constance.)

Countess

Constance, it's not a question of my boa today. Nor of Adolphe. It's a question of the future of the human race.

(She crosses to her chair, right.)

Constance

(ironically)

You think it has a future?

(The Countess sits.)

Countess

Don't make silly jokes. Sit down and listen to me. We have got to make a decision today, which may alter the fate of the world.

Constance

(complaining)

Couldn't we do it tomorrow? I want to wash my slippers. Now, Dickie, please!

Countess

(irritated)

We haven't a moment to waste. Where is Josephine? Well, we'd better have our tea.

(calling)

Irma, our tea please. And as soon as Josephine comes--

Gabrielle

Josephine is sitting on her bench by the palace waiting for President Wilson to come out. She says she's sorry, but she must see him today.

(Constance looks down at Dickie.)

Constance

Dickie!

(Irma brings in the tea and hands the tray to the Countess.)

Countess

What a pity she had to see him today! She has a first-class brain.

(The Countess crosses right to the old trunk to serve the tea and cakes.)

Constance

Well, go ahead, dear. We're listening.

Constance (continued)

(She looks at Dickie.)

What is it, Dickie? You want to sit in Aunt Aurelia's lap? All right, darling. Go on. Jump, Dickie.

(As the Countess is crossing to the trunk, she abruptly side-steps to avoid stepping on Dickie.)

Countess

(starting to lose patience.)

Constance, we love you dearly, as you know. And we love Dickie, too. But this is too serious a matter. So let's stop being childish for once.

Constance

(offendedly)

And what does that mean, if you please?

(Countess crosses to Constance.)

Countess

It means Dickie. You know perfectly well that we love him and fuss over him just as if he were still alive. He's a sacred memory and we wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world. But please don't plump him in my lap when I'm settling the future of mankind.

(The Countess crosses left to her chair and points to Dickie's basket in the corner.)

His basket is in the corner--he knows where it is, and he can just go and sit in it.

Constance

(more offended)

So you're against Dickie, too!

(The Countess crosses, right, behind the chairs to Constance and bends down to pet Dickie.)

Countess

I'm not in the least bit against Dickie. I adore Dickie. But you know as well as I that Dickie is only a convention with us. It's a beautiful convention. But that doesn't mean it has to bark all the time. Besides, it's you that spoil him. The time you went to visit your niece and left him with me, we got along marvellously together.

(She pets Dickie.)

Countess (continued)

When you're not there, he's a model dog--he doesn't bark, he doesn't tear things, he doesn't even eat. But with you around him, one really can't pay attention to anything else.

(She walks to her chair, stepping over Dickie as she does so.)

I'm not going to take Dickie in my lap at a solemn moment like this--no, not for anything in the world--and that's that!

(She sits.)

(Gabrielle leans over the trunk to get Dickie's attention.)

Gabrielle

(very sweetly)

Constance, dear, I don't mind taking him in my lap. He loves to sit in my lap, don't you, darling?

(Constance shakes her fan at Gabrielle.)

Constance

Kindly stop putting on angelic airs, Gabrielle. I know you very well. You're much too sweet to be sincere. There's plenty of times that I make believe that Dickie is here, when really I've left him home, and you cuddle him just the same.

Gabrielle

(sweetly but offendedly)

I adore animals.

(Constance shakes her fan at Gabrielle again.)

Constance

If you adore animals, you shouldn't pet them when they're not there. It's a form of hypocrisy.

Countess

(correctively)

Now, Constance, Gabrielle has as much right as you--

(Constance crosses to the Countess.)

Constance

(indignantly)

Gabrielle has no right to do what she does. Do you know what she does? She invites people to come to tea with us. People whom we know nothing about, people--who exist only in her imagination.

Countess
You think that's not an existence?

Gabrielle
(sweetly but still offendedly)
I don't invite them at all. They come by themselves. What can I do?

(Constance crosses down left to her chair.)

Constance
(haughtily)
You might introduce us.

Countess
If you think they're imaginary, what do you want to meet them for?

Constance
Of course they're imaginary. But who likes to have imaginary people staring at one? Especially strangers.

(Gabrielle leans over to Constance.)

Gabrielle
Oh, they're really very nice--

Constance
(suspiciously)
Tell me one thing, Gabrielle.--Are they here now?

Countess
(losing patience again)
Am I to be allowed to speak? Or is this going to be the same as the argument about inoculating Josephine's cat, when we didn't get to the subject at all?

(Constance stands, picks up Dickie, and walks, right, behind her chair.)

Constance
(mad and almost crying)
Never! Never! Never! I'll never give my consent to that.

(She pets and talks to Dickie.)

I'll never do a thing like that to you, Dickie sweet.

(She begins to weep and the Countess crosses to her.)

Countess
(exasperated)

Countess (continued)

Good Heavens! Now she's in tears. What an impossible creature! Everything will be spoiled because of her. All right, all right, Constance, stop crying. I'll take him in my lap.

(Constance jerks away and crosses to center around behind the chairs.)

Constance

No. He won't go now.--Oh, how can you be so cruel? Don't you suppose I know about Dickie? Don't you think I'd rather have him here alive and woolly and frisking around the way he used to? You have your Adolphe. Gabrielle has her birds. But I have only Dickie.

(She puts Dickie down.)

Do you think I'd be so silly about him if it wasn't that it's only by pretending that he's here all the time that I get him to come sometimes, really? Next time I won't bring him!

(Constance fans herself.)

Countess

Now let's not get excited over nothing at all! Come here, Dickie. Irma is going to take you for a walk.

(calling in a determined tone)

Irma!

(Irma appears in the doorway. Constance crosses behind the chair.)

Constance

No. He doesn't want to go. Besides, I didn't bring him today. So there!

(She fans herself in an air of triumph. The Countess crosses to Irma.)

Countess

Irma, make sure the door is locked.

(Irma nods and exits. Constance stops fanning herself, turns, and leans over the chair.)

Constance

What do you mean? Why locked? Who's coming?

(The Countess crosses to center.)

Countess

You'd know by now, if you'd let me get a word in. A horrible

Countess (continued)
 thing has happened.--This very morning, exactly at noon--

Constance
 (joyfully)
 Oh, how exciting!

(The Countess points to Constance's chair, stands stiff, and commands Constance.)

Countess
 Be quiet!--

(Constance crosses meekly to her chair.)

this morning, exactly at noon, thanks to a young man, who drowned himself in the Seine--. Oh yes, while I think of it--do you know a mazurka called La Belle Polonaise?

Constance
 Yes, Aurelia.

Countess
 Could you sing it now, this very minute?

Constance
 Yes, Aurelia.

Countess
 All of it?

(Constance leans forward and teases the Countess.)

Constance
 Yes, Aurelia. But who's interrupting now, Aurelia?

Countess
 (embarrassed)
 You're right. Well, this morning exactly at noon, I discovered a terrible plot. There is a group of men who want to destroy the whole city.

(Constance slouches in disappointment.)

Constance
 Is that all?

Gabrielle
 But I don't understand, Aurelia. Why should men want to destroy the city? It was they themselves who put it up.

(The Countess walks around the chairs, right.)

Countess

There are people in the world who want to destroy everything. They have the fever of destruction. Even when they pretend that they're building, it's only in order to destroy. When they put up a new building, they quietly knock down two old ones. They build cities in order to destroy the countryside.--They destroy space with telephones, and time with airplanes. Humanity is now dedicated to a task of universal demolition!

(She walks back to her chair and sits.)

I speak, of course, primarily of the male sex--

(Gabrielle gasps and turns her head, her hands over her mouth. Constance tries to console Gabrielle as she talks to the Countess.)

Gabrielle

Oh---!

Constance

Aurelia! Must you talk sex in front of Gabrielle?

Countess

After all, there are two sexes.

Constance

Gabrielle is a virgin!

Countess

Oh, she can't be that innocent. She keeps canaries.

(Gabrielle crosses left to the Countess.)

Gabrielle

I think you're being very cruel about men, Aurelia. Men are big and beautiful, and as loyal as dogs. I preferred not to marry, it's true. But I hear excellent reports of them from friends who have had an opportunity to observe them closely.

(The Countess rises and puts her arm around Gabrielle.)

Countess

My poor darling! You are still living in a dream. But one day, you will wake up, as I have, and then you will see what is happening in the world.

(The Countess crosses down left center and Gabrielle crosses up center, imagining how beautiful men are.)

Countess (continued)

The tide has turned. Men are changing back into beasts. I remember a time when the hungriest man was the one who took the longest to pick up his fork. The one who put on the broadest grin was the one who needed most to go to the bathroom.

(The Countess crosses left.)

I remember, it was such fun to keep them grinning like that for hours. But now they no longer pretend. Just look at them--sniffing their soup like pigs, tearing their meat like tigers, crunching their lettuce like crocodiles!--A man doesn't take your hand nowadays--he gives you his paw.

(She demonstrates. Constance crosses to her.)

Constance

Would that bother you so much if they changed into animals? Personally, I think it's a good idea.

Gabrielle

Oh, I'd love to see them like that. They'd be sweet.

(Constance kneels in the Countess' chair.)

Constance

It might be the salvation of the human race.

(The Countess crosses to the back of the chair.)

Countess

You'd make a fine rabbit, wouldn't you?

(Constance sits down, puzzled.)

Constance

I?

Countess

Naturally. You don't think it's only the men who are changing? You'd change along with them. Husbands and wives together. We're all one race, you know.

Constance

You think so. And why would my husband have to be a rabbit if he were alive?

Countess

Remember his front teeth? When he nibbled his celery?

(Constance walks down right to her chair.)

Constance

I remember, I'm happy to say, absolutely nothing about him. All I remember is the time that Father Lacordaire tried to kiss me in the park.

(She sits and fans herself. Gabrielle giggles.)

Countess

(bored and unbelieving)

Yes, yes, of course.

(Constance turns abruptly. She is offended.)

Constance

And what does that mean, if you please? "Yes, yes, of course"?

(The Countess crosses to Gabrielle's chair, right.)

Countess

Constance, just this once, look us in the eye and tell us truly--did that really happen or did you read about it in a book?

(Constance rises. She is very much offended.)

Constance

Now I'm being insulted!

Countess

We promise faithfully that we'll believe it all over again after, won't we, Gabrielle?

(Gabrielle agrees. The Countess crosses down center.)

But just tell us the truth this once.

(Constance crosses center to her in a very determined manner.)

Constance

How dare you question my memories? Suppose I said your pearls were false!

(The Countess feels her pearls.)

Countess

They were.

(Constance waves her fan at her.)

Constance
I'm not asking what they were. I'm asking what they are. Are they false, or are they real?

Countess
Everyone knows that when you wear pearls, little by little they become real.

Constance
And isn't it the same with memories?

(Constance crosses down right with a righteous air and the Countess crosses left.)

Countess
Now, let us not waste time. I must go on.

(Constance flies around behind the chairs to back of Gabrielle.)

Constance
Furthermore, I think Gabrielle is perfectly right about men. There are still plenty of men who haven't changed a bit. There's an old senator who bows to Gabrielle every day when he passes her, in front of the palace. And he takes off his hat each time.

Gabrielle
(excited and pleased this is mentioned)
That's perfectly true, Aurelia. He's always pushing an empty baby carriage. And he always stops and bows.

(The Countess crosses to Gabrielle and shakes her finger at her.)

Countess
Don't be taken in, Gabrielle. It's all make-believe. I warn you, Gabrielle, don't let this senator with the empty baby carriage pull the wool over your eyes.

Gabrielle
(innocently trying to justify herself)
He's really the soul of courtesy. He seems very correct.

Countess
Believe me, those are the worst ones. Gabrielle, beware! He'll make you put on black riding boots,

(She dances a modified can-can.)

while he dances the can-can around you, singing God knows what filth at the top of his voice. The very thought makes one's

Countess (continued)
blood run cold!

Gabrielle
(connivingly)
You think that's what he has in mind?

(The Countess crosses slightly left.)

Countess
Of course. Men have lost all sense of decency. And besides, they're disgusting. Look at them in the evening,

(She crosses down right to Constance's chair, sits, and imitates.)

sitting at their tables in the cafes, working away in unison with their toothpicks, hour after hour, digging up roast beef, veal, onion--

Constance
They don't harm anyone that way.

(The Countess rises and crosses to her chair.)

Countess
Then why do you barricade your door, and make your friends meow before you let them come up?--Incidentally, we must make a charming sight, Gabrielle and I, yowling like tomcats on your doorstep.

(Constance crosses down right behind the chairs.)

Constance
There's no need whatever for you to yowl together. One would be quite enough.--And you know perfectly well why. It's because there are murders.

(The Countess crosses and sits in her chair.)

Countess
I don't quite see what prevents murders from meowing like anyone else. But why are there murders?

(Constance crosses to down right corner.)

Constance
Why? Because there are thieves!

Countess
And why are there thieves? Why is there practically nothing

Countess (continued)
but thieves?

Constance
Because they worship money. Because money is king.

(The Countess rises and crosses to Gabrielle.)

Countess
(emphatically)
Ah--now we've come to it! Because we live in the reign of the Golden Calf. Did you realize that, Gabrielle? Men now publicly worship the Golden Calf!

Gabrielle
How awful! Have the authorities been notified?

(The Countess crosses up on the platform.
Constance sits.)

Countess
The authorities do it themselves, Gabrielle.

Gabrielle
Has anyone talked to the bishop?

(The Countess sits on the end of the couch.)

Countess
Nowadays only money talks to the bishop. And so you see why I asked you to come here today. The world has gone out of its mind. Unless we do something, humanity is doomed!

(She rises and crosses to the right edge of the platform.)

Have you any suggestions, Constance?

(Constance rises and crosses up right of the platform.)

Constance
I know what I always do in a case like this--

(The Countess sits down again.)

Countess
You write to the Prime Minister.

Constance
He always does what I tell him.

Countess
Does he ever answer your letters?

Constance
He knows I prefer him not to.

(She fans herself.)

It might excite gossip. Besides, I don't always write. Sometimes I wire. The time I told him about the Archbishop's frigidaire, it was by wire. And they sent him a new one the very next day.

Countess
(ironically)
There was probably a commission in it for someone. What do you suggest, Gabrielle?

(Constance stops fanning herself.)

Constance
Now, how can she tell you until she's consulted her voices?

(Gabrielle rises and is about to leave.)

Gabrielle
I'll go right home and consult them, if you want, and we could meet again after dinner.

(The Countess rises and crosses to center stage.)

Countess
There's no time for that. Besides, in my opinion, your voices aren't real voices at all.

(As the Countess cringes because of what she just said, Gabrielle, deeply offended, leans over her chair.)

Gabrielle
How do you dare say a thing like that?

Countess
(trying to smooth things over)
Where do your voices come from? Still from your sewing-machine?

(Gabrielle crosses down left.)

Gabrielle
Not at all. They've passed into my hot water bottle. And it's much nicer that way. They don't chatter any more. They gurgle. But they haven't been a bit nice to me lately. Last night they

Gabrielle (continued)
 kept telling me to let my canaries out: "Let them out. Let them out. Let them out."

Countess
 Did you?

Gabrielle
 (dejectedly)
 I opened the cage--but they wouldn't go.

(The Countess crosses to Gabrielle.)

Countess
 I don't call that voices. Objects talk--everyone knows that. It's the principle of the phonograph. But to ask a hot water bottle for advice is silly. What does a hot water bottle know? No, my dear, all we have to consult here is our own judgment.

Constance
 Well then, tell us what you've decided. Since you're asking for our opinion, you've doubtless made up your mind.

(The Countess crosses to center stage.)

Countess
 Yes, I've thought the whole thing through. All I really needed to know was the source of infection. Today I found it.

Constance
 Where?

Countess
 You'll see. I've baited a trap. In just a few minutes, the rats will be here.

(Gabrielle gasps and jumps on the suitcase down left.)

Don't be alarmed. They're still human.

Gabrielle
 Heavens! What are you going to do with them?

(The Countess crosses up on the platform.)

Countess
 That's just the question---Suppose I get all those wicked men here at once--in my cellar--have I the right to exterminate them?

Gabrielle

To kill them?

Constance

That's not a question for us. Better ask Father Bridet.

(The Countess crosses right on upper platform.)

Countess

I have. Oh, yes. One day, in confession, I told him frankly that I had a secret desire to destroy all wicked people. He said: "By all means, my child. And when you're ready to go in- to action, I'll lend you the jawbone of an ass."

Constance

That's just talk. You get him to put that in writing.

Gabrielle

What's your scheme, Aurelia?

Countess

That's a secret.

(Constance rises and crosses to her, left.)

Constance

It's not so easy to kill them. Let's say you had a tank full of burning oil all ready for them. You couldn't get them to walk into it.

(She shakes her fan at the Countess.)

There's nothing so stubborn as a man when you want him to do something.

Countess

(cunningly)

Leave that to me.

(Constance crosses up left.)

Constance

But if they're killed, they're bound to be missed, and then we'll be fined. They fine you for every little thing these days.

Countess

They'll never be missed.

(Gabrielle and the Countess say the next lines simultaneously; Gabrielle talks to her voices and the Countess talks to Constance.)

Gabrielle

I wish Josephine were here. Her sister's husband was a lawyer. She knows all about those things.

Countess

Do you ever miss a cold when it's gone? When the world feels well again, do you think it will regret its illness? No, it will stretch itself and smile--and that's all.

(Constance crosses up left to the Countess' chair and looks suspiciously at Gabrielle.)

Constance

Just a moment. Gabrielle! Are they here? Yes or no?

Countess

(irritatedly)

What's the matter with you now?

Constance

I'm simply asking Gabrielle if her friends are in the room or not. I have a right to know.

(Gabrielle struts haughtily back to her chair.)

Gabrielle

I'm not allowed to say.

Constance

(matter-of-factly)

I know very well they are. Otherwise you wouldn't be making faces.

Countess

May I ask what difference it makes to you if her friends are in the room?

Constance

(defensively)

Just this: If they are here, I'm not going to say another word! I'm certainly not going to commit myself in a matter involving the death sentence in the presence of third parties, whether they exist or not.

Gabrielle

(sulkingly)

That's not being very nice to my guests, Constance.

(The Countess crosses down right off the platform.)

Countess
Constance, you must be mad!

(Gabrielle sits, knowing the Countess is about to lose her temper. The Countess crosses down left.)

Or are you so stupid as to think that just because we're alone here, there's nobody else in the room? Do you consider us so boring or so repulsive that of all the millions of beings, imaginary or otherwise, who are prowling about in space looking for a little company, there's not one who might possibly enjoy spending a moment with us?

(She crosses down right behind the chairs.)

On the contrary, my dear--my house is full of guests, always. They know that here, at least, is one place in the universe where they can come when they're lonely and be sure of a welcome and a pleasant hour. And for my part, I'm delighted to have them.

(She waves to one and offers him her chair. She crosses to her chair, pats him on the head, and places her hands on his shoulders.)

Gabrielle
Thank you, Aurelia.

Constance
You know perfectly well, Aurelia--

(The Countess crosses to Gabrielle and defends her.)

Countess
I know perfectly well that at this moment the whole universe is listening to us--and that every word we say echoes to the remotest star. To pretend otherwise is the sheerest hypocrisy.

(Constance crosses down left.)

Constance
(hurt)
Then why do you insult me in front of everybody? I'm not mean. I'm shy. I feel funny about giving an opinion in front of such a crowd. Furthermore, if you think I'm so bad and stupid, why did you invite me in the first place?

(The Countess loses her temper. She slowly crosses to Constance and tells her off as she forces her to walk backwards, in fright,

around Aurelia's chair to her own chair.
Constance sits, open mouthed, and listens to
Aurelia's lecture.)

Countess

I'll tell you. And I'll tell you why, disagreeable and quarrelsome as you are, I always give you the biggest piece of cake and my best honey.--It's because when you come there's always someone with you--and I don't mean Dickie--I mean another Constance, who resembles you like a sister, only she's young and lovely, and she sits modestly to one side and smiles at me tenderly all the time you're bickering and quarrelling, and never says a word. That's the Constance to whom I give the cake that you gobble, and it's because of her that you're here, and it's her vote that I'm asking you to cast in this crucial moment. And not yours, which is of no importance whatever.

(Constance rises and is extremely offended.)

Constance

I'm leaving.

Countess

Be so good as to sit down. I can't let her go yet.

(Constance crosses up right toward the exit.)

Constance

No. This is too much. I'm taking her with me.

(Irma enters and Constance stops abruptly.)

Irma

Countess. Madame Josephine.

Countess

(much relieved)

Thank God.

Gabrielle

(also much relieved)

We're saved.

(Josephine hobbles in and crosses down right.)

Josephine

My dear friends, today, once again, I waited and waited for President Wilson, but he didn't come out.

Countess

You'll have to wait quite a while longer before he does. He's been dead since 1924.

Josephine
(unconcerned)
I have plenty of time.

(The Countess crosses to Josephine.)

Countess
In anyone else, Josephine, these extravagances would seem childish. But a person of your judgment doubtless has her reasons for wanting to talk to a man to whom no one would listen when he was alive.

(The Countess ushers Josephine to stage center.)

We have a legal problem for you.--Suppose you had all the world's criminals here in this room. And suppose you had a way of getting rid of them. Would you have the right to do it?

Josephine
Why not?

(The Countess sits down and emphatically says to the others.)

Countess
Exactly my point.

Gabrielle
But, Josephine, so many people...

Josephine
(Turns to Gabrielle, pauses, looks down, and dramatically says to her.)

Josephine
De minimis non curat lex. The more there are, the more legal it is. It's impersonal. It's even military. It's the cardinal principle of battle--you get all your enemies in one place, and you kill them all together at one time. Because if you had to track them down one by one in their houses and offices, you'd get tired, and sooner or later, you'd stop.

(She crosses up left to the Countess.)

I believe your idea is very practical, Aurelia. I can't imagine why we never thought of it before.

Gabrielle
Well, if you think it's all right---

Josephine
By all means.

(She crosses up to the bed.)

Your criminals have had a fair trial, I suppose?

Countess

Trial?

Josephine

Certainly. You can't possibly kill anybody without a trial. That's elementary. No man shall be deprived of his life, liberty, or property without due process of law.

Countess

(bitterly)

They deprive us of ours.

Josephine

That's not the point. You're not accused of anything. Every accused--man, woman or child--has the right to defend himself at the bar of justice. Even animals.

(Constance cuddles and pets Dickie and Josephine crosses right, behind the chairs.)

Before the Deluge, you will recall, the Lord permitted Noah to speak in defence of his fellow mortals. He evidently stuttered. You know the result. On the other hand, Captain Dreyfus was not only innocent--he was defended by a marvelous orator. The result was precisely the same. So you see, in having a trial, you run no risk whatever.

Countess

But if I give them the slightest cause for suspicion--I'll lose them.

(Josephine crosses behind Aurelia.)

Josephine

There's a simple procedure prescribed in such cases. You can summon the defendants by calling them three times--

(Bending over, she whispers in Aurelia's ear.)

mentally. if you like. If they don't appear, the court may designate an attorney who will represent them. This attorney can then argue their case to the court, in absentia, and a judgment can then be rendered, in contumacio.

Countess

But I don't know any lawyers. And we have only ten minutes.

Gabrielle
 (excited and worried)
 Hurry, Josephine, hurry!

(Josephine crosses up left with great importance.)

Josephine
 In case of emergency, it is permissible for the court to order the first passerby to act as attorney for the defence. A defence is like a baptism. It's absolutely indispensable, but you don't have to know anything to do it. Ask Irma to get you somebody. Anybody.

(The Countess crosses up right to the door.)

Countess
 The deaf-mute?

Josephine
 Well--that's getting it down a bit fine. That might be questionable on appeal.

Countess
 (calling)
 Irma!--What about the police sergeant.

Josephine
 He won't do. He's under oath to the state.

(Irma appears in the doorway.)

Countess
 Who's up there, Irma?

Irma
 All our friends---

Countess
 And the Ragpicker?

Irma
 Yes.

Countess
 Send down the Ragpicker.

Constance
 Do you think it's wise to have all those millionaires represented by a ragpicker?

(Josephine crosses to center.)

Josephine

It's a first-rate choice. All criminals are represented by their opposites. Murders by someone who obviously wouldn't hurt a fly. Rapists by a member of the League for Decency. Experience shows it's the only way to get an acquittal.

(The Countess crosses to her.)

Countess

But we must not have an acquittal. It would mean the end of the world.

Josephine

Justice is justice, my dear.

(The Ragpicker enters with an air of importance.
The other Vagabonds are behind him.)

Ragpicker

Greetings, Countess. Ladies, my most sincere compliments.

(She crosses to meet the Ragpicker.)

Countess

Has Irma told you---?

Ragpicker

She said something about a trial.

(The Countess brings the Ragpicker up center.)

Countess

We're about to summon before the bar of Justice all the wicked people of the world. You have been appointed attorney for the defence.

Ragpicker

Terribly flattered, I'm sure.

Josephine

Do you know the defendants well enough to undertake the case?

Ragpicker

I know them to the bottom of their souls. I go through their garbage every day.

Constance

What do you find there?

(The Ragpicker steps forward to see her.)

Ragpicker

Mostly flowers.

Countess

Are you trying to prejudice the case?

(Josephine crosses up right to get some tea.)

Ragpicker

Oh, no, Countess, no. Permit me to make a suggestion. Instead of speaking as attorney, suppose I speak directly as defendant. That way it will be more convincing, and I will be able to get into it more.

Josephine

Excellent idea. Motion granted.

(The Countess and Ragpicker move down stage.)

Countess

We don't want you to be too convincing---

Ragpicker

Impartial, Countess, impartial.

(Josephine crosses left to them.)

Josephine

Have you had time to prepare your case?

Ragpicker

How rich am I?

(Josephine crosses up center to the bed.)

Josephine

Millions.

(The Countess crosses up left.)

Countess

Billions.

Ragpicker

(cunningly)
How did I get them? Theft? Murder? Embezzlement?

Countess

Most likely.

Ragpicker

Do I have a wife? A mistress?

Countess

Everything.

(Excited but disapproving reaction from the Vagabonds. The Ragpicker turns and crosses up center.)

Ragpicker

All right. I'm ready.

Gabrielle

Will you have some tea?

Ragpicker

Is that good?

Constance

Very good for the voice. The Russians drink nothing but tea. And they talk like anything.

(He picks up the cup Gabrielle offers him.)

Ragpicker

All right.--Tea.

Josephine

Officer, you will conduct the prisoner to the bar. Come in, come in. You may all take your places. The trial is public.

(The Sergeant escorts the Ragpicker to the platform. The Singer and the Doctor turn the Countess' chair to face the platform, its back to the audience. The Flower Girl turns the box-table.)

Your bell, if you please, Aurelia.

Countess

(protesting)

My bell. But suppose I should need it to ring for Irma?

Josephine

Irma will sit here, next to me. If you need her, she can ring for herself. Prosecutor, take your place.

(Josephine sits on the bed, the Countess sits in her chair, the Ragpicker stands, straight, on the platform, and the Vagabonds sit around the room.)

The court is now in session. You may take the oath.

(The Ragpicker puts his hand on the law book offered him by the Flower Girl.)

Ragpicker
I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Josephine
Nonsense. You're not a witness. You're a lawyer.

Ragpicker
All right. I swear to lie, conceal and distort everything, and slander everybody. So help me God.

(Everyone laughs and Josephine rings the bell.)

Josephine
Quiet! Begin.

Ragpicker
(sweetly)
May it please the honorable, august and elegant court---

Josephine
Flattery will get you nowhere. That will do. The defense has been heard. Cross-examination.

(The Countess rises.)

Countess
Mr. President---

(The Ragpicker bows with dignity.)

Ragpicker
Madame.

(The Countess walks down center.)

Countess
Do you know with what you are charged?

Ragpicker
(innocently)
I can't for the life of me imagine. My life is an open book. My ways are known to all. I am a pillar of the church and the sole support of the Opera. My hands are spotless.

(He shows his hands to the Vagabonds.)

Countess
What an atrocious lie! Just look at them!

Constance
You don't have to insult the man. He's only lying to please you.

(The Countess looks at her disgustingly)

Countess
Quiet! You still don't get the idea.

(She says to the Ragpicker while passing back and forth in front of him.)

Countess
You are charged with the crime of worshipping money.

Ragpicker
Worshipping money? Me?

Josephine
Do you plead guilty or not guilty? Which is it?

(The Ragpicker comes down on the steps.)

Ragpicker
Why, your honor---

Countess
Yes or no?

(The Ragpicker crosses onto the platform, again, and stammers.)

Ragpicker
Yes or no? No! I don't worship money. Why, it's just the other way around. Money worships me. It adores me. It won't let me alone.

Waiter
Listen to that.

Ragpicker
(defensively)
It's damned embarrassing, I can tell you.

Countess
Defendant, you will tell the Court how you came by your money.

(The Countess sits and the Ragpicker begins to pace as he tells his story.)

Ragpicker
Certainly. The first time money came to me, I was a mere boy, a little golden-haired child in the bosom of my dear family. It

came to me in the guise of a gold brick which, in my innocence, I picked out of a garbage can while playing.

(He demonstrates this.)

I was horrified, as you can imagine. I immediately tried to get rid of it by swapping it for a little rundown one-track railroad which, to my consternation, at once sold itself for a hundred times its value. In a desperate effort to get rid of this money, I began to buy things. I bought the Northern Refineries, the Galeries Lafayette, and the Schneider-Creusot Munition Works. And now I'm stuck with them. Everyone knows that the poor are alone to blame for their poverty. It's only just that they should suffer the consequences. But how is it the fault of the rich if they're rich? It's a horrible fate--but I'm resigned to it. I don't ask for your sympathy, I don't ask for your pity--

(He crosses up to the box marked "Fragile," sits on it and cries.)

All I ask for is a little human understanding---

Countess

Dry your tears. You're fooling nobody. If, as you say, you're ashamed of your money, why is it you hold on to it with such a death-grip?

(He immediately stops crying.)

Ragpicker

Me?

Peddler

You never part with a franc.

Singer

You wouldn't even give the poor Deaf-Mute a sou.

(The Ragpicker crosses to right of the platform.)

Ragpicker

Me, hold on to money? What slander! What injustice! What a thing to say to me in the presence of this honorable, august, and elegant court!--It's just the other way, ladies and gentlemen. I spend all my time trying to spend my money.

(He crosses to the right of the platform.)

If I have tan shoes, I buy black ones. If I have a bicycle, I buy a motor car. If I have a wife, I buy--

(General reaction of alarm or amusement quieted by Josephine's bell.)

Josephine

Order!

Ragpicker

I despatch a plane to Java for a bouquet of flowers. I send a steamer to Egypt for a basket of figs. I send a special representative to New York to fetch me an ice-cream cone. And if it's not just exactly right, back it goes. But no matter what I do, I can't get rid of my money. If I play a hundred-to-one shot, the horse comes in by twenty lengths.

(He crosses right around chairs.)

If I throw a diamond in the Seine, it turns up in the trout they serve me for lunch. Ten diamonds--ten trout. Well, now, do you suppose I can get rid of forty millions by giving a sou to a deaf-mute? Is it even worth the effort?

Constance

He's right.

(He pauses and then crosses in front of Constance and kneels.)

Ragpicker

(slyly)

Ah, you see, my dear?--At last, somebody who understands me! Somebody who is not only beautiful, but extraordinarily sensitive and intelligent.

(Constance flutters both her eyelashes and her fan. Countess stands up.)

Countess

I object.

Josephine

Overruled.

(The Countess sits.)

Ragpicker

I should be delighted to send you some flowers, Miss--directly I'm acquitted. What flowers do you prefer, may I ask?

Constance

Petunias.

Ragpicker

You shall have a bale every morning for the next five years.
Money means nothing to me.

(Constance and Gabrielle become childishly excited. The Ragpicker crosses to left center.)

Constance

And amaryllis.

Ragpicker

I'll make a note of the name.

(He crosses down left and continues lyrically.)

The little lady understands, ladies and gentlemen. The lady is no fool. If I gave the deaf-mute a franc, twenty francs, twenty million francs--I still wouldn't make a dent in the forty times a thousand million francs that I'm afflicted with! Right, little lady?

Constance

He's right!

Ragpicker

Money sticks to me like mustard plaster.

(He crosses left and addresses Doctor Jadin.)

Like on the Exchange. If you buy a stock, it goes down like a plummet, but if I buy a stock, it turns around and soars like an eagle. If I buy a thirty-three---

Peddler

I know. It goes up to a thousand.

(He crosses to the Peddler.)

Ragpicker

It goes to twenty thousand! That's how I bought my twelve chateaux, my twenty villas, my 234 farms. That's how I endow the Opera and keep my twelve ballerinas.

Flower Girl

(satirically)

I hope every one of them deceives you every hour of the day.

(He crosses to her.)

Ragpicker

How can they deceive me? Suppose they try to deceive me with

Ragpicker (continued)
the male chorus, the general director, the assistant electrician
or the English horn--I own them all, body and soul. It would be
like deceiving me with my big toe.

Countess
Don't listen, Gabrielle.

Gabrielle
(confused)
Listen to what?

(The Ragpicker crosses left of the platform.)

Ragpicker
No, no, I am incapable of jealousy. I have all the women--or I
can have them, which is the same thing. I get the thin ones
with caviar--the fat ones with pearls---

(The Countess stands.)

Countess
So you think there are no women with morals?

(The Ragpicker crosses to her and gently and
romantically sits her down as he whispers to
her. The Vagabonds become tensely alarmed.)

Ragpicker
I mix morals with mink--delicious combination. I drop pearls
into protests. I adorn resistance with rubies---My touch is
jewelled; my smile a motor car.

(He crosses up center. The Vagabonds relax.
The Countess is dumbfounded.)

What woman can withstand me? I lift my little finger--do they
fall? Like the leaves in autumn--like tin cans from a second-
story window--

Constance
This is going a little far, I must say.

Countess
(desperately and embarrassed)
You see where money leads?

Ragpicker
Yes, of course, because when you have no money, nobody trusts
you, nobody believes you, nobody likes you. Because to have
money is to be virtuous, honest, beautiful, and witty. And to

Ragpicker (continued)
 be without is to be ugly and boring and stupid and useless.

(The Countess rises.)

Countess
 One last question. Suppose you find this oil you're looking for.
 What do you propose to do with it?

(The Ragpicker slowly walks to the platform,
 turns abruptly and declares his aim.)

Ragpicker
 I propose to make war! I propose to conquer the world!

(The Vagabonds become alarmed and upset.)

Countess
 You have heard the defense, such as it is. I demand a verdict
 of guilty.

Ragpicker
 What are you talking about? Guilty? I? I'll have you know I
 am never guilty!

Josephine
 I order you to be quiet.

(The Ragpicker stands on a box so he is taller
 than her.)

Ragpicker
 (commandingly)
 I am never quiet!

(Josephine stands.)

Josephine
 Quiet, in the name of the law!

(He jumps onto the highest box and raises his
 hand.)

Ragpicker
 I am the law. When I speak, that is the law. When I present my
 backside,

(He turns around.)

it is etiquette to smile and to apply the lips respectfully. It
 is more than etiquette--it is a national privilege, guaranteed
 by the Constitution.

Josephine
It's contempt of court. The trial is over.

Countess
And the verdict?

All
Guilty!

Josephine
Guilty as charged!

(The Countess walks to the center.)

Countess
Then I have full authority to carry out the sentence?

All
Yes, Countess!

(The Countess crosses down right.)

Countess
I can exterminate them?

All
Absolutely!

(Josephine rises and rings her bell.)

Josephine
Court adjourned!

(As the Ragpicker descends from the box, the Countess stretches out her arms and gives him a big hug.)

Countess
Congratulations, Ragpicker. A marvellous defense. Absolutely impartial.

Ragpicker
Had I known a little before, I could have done better. I could have prepared a little speech, like the time I used to sell spot remover---

(Josephine crosses up center.)

Josephine
No need for that. You did very well, extempore. Your style is reminiscent of Clemenceau--you have a great future. Good-bye,

Josephine (continued)
Aurelia. I'll take our little Gabrielle home.

(Constance crosses to Aurelia.)

Constance
I'm going to walk along the river.

(The Street Singer rises and crosses to the Countess.)

Singer
Countess--my mazurka. Remember? You promised---

Countess
Oh, yes---Constance, wait a moment.

(She turns to the Singer.)

Well? Begin.

Singer
(singing)
Do you hear, Mademoiselle,
Those musicians of hell?

(Constance crosses up left.)

Constance
Why, of course, it's La Belle Polonaise---

(She does a modified mazurka step while she sings.)

From Poland to France
Comes this marvellous dance,
So gracious,
Audacious--
Will you foot it, perchance?

(Josephine joins Constance in her song and dance.)

Josephine
Now my arm I entwine
Round these contours divine,
So pure, so impassioned,
Which Cupid has fashioned---

(Gabrielle also joins the song and dance.)

Gabrielle
Let's dance the mazurka, that devilish measure,
'Tis a joy that's reserved to the gods for their pleasure--
Let's gallop, let's hop,

Gabrielle (continued)

With never a stop,
Let our heads spin and turn
As the dance-floor we spurn--
There was never such pleasure, sure pleasure as this!

(The Madwomen dance off stage and are followed
by the Vagabonds. The Countess humms the tune
when they leave. Irma prepares the bed for the
Countess' nap.)

Irma

It's time for your afternoon nap.

Countess

Thank you, my dear. Did you ever see a trial end more happily in
your life!

Irma

Just lie down and close your eyes a moment.

(The Countess sits on the bed.)

Countess

But suppose they come?

Irma

I'll watch out for them.

(The Countess lies down and shuts her eyes.
Irma tiptoes out. In a moment, Pierre comes in,
feather boa in his hands. He puts the boa in
Gabrielle's chair and sits on the bed, taking
her hand as he does so. The Countess stirs and
talks without opening her eyes.)

Countess

Is it you, Adolphe Bertaut?

Pierre

It's only Pierre.

Countess

Don't lie to me. Say that it's you.

Pierre

Yes. It's I.

Countess

Would it cost you so much to call me Aurelia?

Pierre

(resigned)
It's I, Aurelia.

Countess

Why did you leave me, Adolphe Bertaut? Was she so lovely, this Georgette of yours?

Pierre

You are a thousand times lovelier.

Countess

She was clever, then?

Pierre

(to reassure her)
She was stupid.

Countess

When you looked into her eyes, you saw a vision of heaven, perhaps?

Pierre

I saw nothing.

Countess

That's how men are. They love you because you are beautiful and clever and soulful--and they leave you for someone who is plain and stupid and soulless. But why, Adolphe Bertaut? Why? Why?

Pierre

Why, Aurelia?

Countess

I know she wasn't rich. Because when I saw you that time in the market, and you snatched the only good melon from right under my nose, your cuffs, my poor friend, were badly frayed--

Pierre

Yes. She was poor.

(The Countess rises and puts her head on Pierre's shoulder.)

Countess

It was on the way home from Denise that I first took your arm. Because it was windy and it was late. I have never set foot in that street again. I go the other way round. It's not easy, in the winter, when there's ice. One is quite apt to fall. I often do.

Pierre
Oh, my darling--forgive me.

Countess
No, never. I will never forgive you.

Pierre
All the same, I swear, Aurelia--

Countess
Don't swear. I know. You gave her the same flowers. You bought her the same chocolates. No, I will never forgive you as long as I live.

Pierre
I have always loved you, Aurelia.

(The Countess lies back down on the bed.)

Countess
"Loved?" Then are you dead, too, Adolphe Bertaut?

Pierre
No. I love you. I shall always love you, Aurelia.

Countess
Yes. I know that. That much I've always known. I knew that the moment you went away, Adolphe, and I knew that nothing could ever change it---But I did want to hear you say it!

Pierre
Don't forget me, Aurelia.

Countess
And now, farewell, Adolphe Bertaut. Farewell. Let go my hand, and give it to little Pierre.

(Pierre kisses her hand and then lets it go and rises. As he picks up the boa the Countess opens her eyes.)

Ah, it's you. Has he gone?

Pierre
Yes, Countess.

Countess
I didn't hear him go. Oh, he makes a quick exit, that one.

(Pierre gives her the boa.)

Good heavens! Wherever did you find it?

Pierre

In the wardrobe, Countess. When I took off the mirror.

(The Countess rises. Pierre helps her up and crosses down right.)

Countess

Was there a purple felt shopping bag with it?

Pierre

Yes, Countess.

Countess

And a little child's sewing box?

Pierre

No, Countess.

(The Countess crosses down left.)

Countess

Oh, they're frightened now. They're trembling for their lives. You see what they're up to? They're quietly putting back all the things they have stolen. But, dear me, how stupid they are! The one thing I really miss is my little sewing box. They haven't put it back? You're quite sure?

Pierre

What was it like?

Countess

Green cardboard with gold braid all around it.

Pierre

It's not there, Countess.

Countess

The thimble was gilt. I swore I'd never use any other. Look at my poor fingers--

Pierre

They've kept the thimble, too.

(As he is looking at her finger, Irma runs in excitedly with a decanter of water and some glasses on a tray.)

Irma

Here they come, Countess! You were right---It's a procession. The street is full of taxis and limousines!

Countess
I will receive them alone---

(Pierre hesitates to leave her.)

Don't worry. I'll take care of myself. Put the boa around my neck. Let them see me wearing it.

(Pierre gets the boa and puts it around her neck.
He then crosses up to the doorway and waits for
Irma.)

Irma--did you stir the kerosene into the water?

Irma
Yes, Countess.

Countess
Don't forget that I'm supposed to be deaf. I want to hear what they're thinking.

Irma
Yes, Countess.

(She and Pierre leave. The Countess adjusts her
boa, crosses, and opens the trap door.)

Countess
I don't have to be merciful--but, after all, I want to be just--

(Irma comes in and addresses the Presidents who
are on the stairs. The Countess crosses to left
center to meet them.)

Irma
Yes, Mr. President. Come in, Mr. President. You're expected,
Mr. President.

(She announces to the Countess.)

The Presidents of the Boards of Directors.

(The three Presidents enter. They all look
alike and walk in time to the music. They stop
at the foot of the stairs as Irma addresses
them.)

The Countess is quite deaf, gentlemen. You'll have to shout.

First President
I had a premonition, Madame, when I saw you this morning, that
we should meet again.

(The Second President crosses left center.)

Second President
Louder. The old trot can't hear you.

(The First President crosses to the Countess.)

First President
I have a letter here, Madame, in which--

(The Third President crosses left center.)

Third President
(shouting)
Louder, louder. Is it true that you've located---

First President
--Oil?

(The Countess nods with a smile and points to the trap. The First President produces a legal paper and a fountain pen.)

Sign here.

(The Countess crosses to her box-table.)

Countess
What is it? I haven't my glasses.

(The First President crosses to the table.)

First President
Your contract.

(The Countess signs it.)

Countess
Thank you.

(The Second President takes the Third President slightly down right.)

Second President
What is it?

Third President
Waiver of all rights.

(The First President hands the Second President the fountain pen.)

First President

Witness.

(He does so and then hands the pen to the Third President.)

Notarize.

(The First President then shows the Countess a gold brick.)

Now, Madame--Just show us the well, and this package is yours.

Countess

What is it?

First President

Pure gold. Twenty-four karat--for you.

Countess

Thanks very much.

(She takes it and almost drops it.)

How heavy it is!

(The Second President leads the First President up center.)

Second President

Going to give her that?

First President

Don't worry. We'll pick it up again on the way out.

(He shouts at the Countess, pointing to the trap.)

Is that the way?

Countess

That's the way.

(The Second President tries to slip in first. The First President pulls him back.)

First President

Just a minute, Mr. President. After me, if you don't mind.

(The Countess crosses up left.)

Countess
Just one moment---

First President
Yes?

Countess
Did any of you gentlemen happen to bring along a little sewing box?

First President
Sewing box?

Countess
Or a little gold thimble?

Second President
Not me.

Third President
Not us.

(The Countess crosses down right.)

Countess
What a pity!

First President
(impatiently)
Can we go down now?

Countess
You may go down now. Watch your step!

(They hurry down eagerly. When they have disappeared, Irma appears and announces the Prospectors.)

Irma
The Prospectors!

Countess
What? Are there more than one?

Irma
There's a whole delegation.

Countess
Send them down.

Irma
Come in, please.

(The Prospectors enter sniffing the air like bloodhounds.)

First Prospector
I smell something. Who's that?

Irma
It's the Countess. She's very deaf.

First Prospector
Good!

(They cross up right to the trunk and pour themselves a glass of water. They belch with much satisfaction.)

Oil?

Second Prospector
Oil!

First Prospector
Traces? Puddles?

(The Countess crosses down center.)

Countess
Pools. Gushers.

(The First Prospector takes another drink.)

First Prospector
Sixty gravity crude: straight gasoline!

(He crosses to the Countess.)

How found? Blast? Drill?

Countess
(calmly)
Finger.

(The First Prospector produces a document.)

First Prospector
Sign here.

Countess
What is it?

First Prospector
Agreement for dividing the profits.

(As the Countess signs it, the Second Prospector takes the First Prospector aside.)

Second Prospector

What is it?

First Prospector

Application to enter a lunatic asylum.

(He crosses to the Countess.)

Down there?

Countess

Down there.

(The Prospectors descend the trap, sniffing the air as they do so. Irma enters.)

Irma

The gentlemen of the press.

(The Countess crosses up center.)

Countess

The rest of the machine. Show them in, Irma.

Irma

The Public Relations Counsellors!

(The Press Agents enter and are stopped by Irma.)

The Countess is very deaf. You'll have to shout.

First Press Agent

You don't say.--Delighted to make the acquaintance of so charming and beautiful a lady.

Second Press Agent

Louder. She can't hear you.

First Press Agent

(aside)

What a face!

Second Press Agent

(shouting)

Madame, we are the press. We fix all values. We set all standards. Your entire future depends on us.

(The Countess shakes their hands vigorously and shouts.)

Countess

How do you do?

(The Press Agents cross down right center.)

First Press Agent

What will we charge the old trull? The usual thirty?

Second Press Agent

Forty.

First Press Agent

Sixty.

(The Second Press Agent shakes his head.)

First Press Agent

All right--seventy-five.

(He fills in the form and offers it to the Countess.)

Sign here, Countess. This contract really gives you a break.

(The Countess takes the paper and pen to the end table. The Second Press Agent looks around the room and takes notes.)

Countess

There's the entrance.

First Press Agent

Entrance to what?

Countess

The oil well.

First Press Agent

(laughingly)

Oh, we don't need to see that, Madame.

Countess

(startled)

Don't need to see it?

First Press Agent

No, no--we don't have to see it to write about it. We can imagine it.

Countess

But if you don't see it--how can you be sure the oil is there?

First Press Agent

If it's there, well and good. If it's not, by the time we get through, it will be. You underestimate the creative aspect of our profession, Madame.

(She shakes her head and hands the paper back.
She crosses up center to the bed.)

I warn you, if you insist on rubbing our noses in this oil, it will cost you ten per cent extra.

(The Countess comes down center, takes the papers,
and signs. As she does, the First Press Agent
takes the gold brick.)

Countess

It's worth it.

(As she is about to hand the paper back, the
Second Press Agent ushers her down right so she
doesn't see the brick being taken.)

Second Press Agent

You see, Madame, we of the press can refuse a lady nothing. Especially such a lady.

(The First Press Agent ascends to the trap door.
The Second Press Agent joins him.)

First Press Agent

It's plain to see, Madame, that even fountains of oil have their nymphs.--I can use that somewhere. That's copy!

(The Press Agents descend into the trap. There
is then a high-pitched chatter offstage, and
Irma comes in trying hard to hold back two women
who pay no attention to her whatever.)

Irma

But ladies, please--you have no business here--you are not expected--

(She addresses the bewildered Countess.)

There are some strange ladies here!

Countess

I think we might let them come in, please, Irma. Who are you?

(They come to the Countess, center.)

First Lady
Madame, we are the most powerful pressure group in the world!

Second Lady
The ultimate dynamic. The mainspring of all combinations.

First Lady
Nothing succeeds without our assistance. Is that the well, Madame?

Countess
That is the well!

Second Lady
Put out your cigarette. We don't want any explosion. Not with my brand new eyelashes.

(They descend into the hole. The Countess rushes over and closes the trap, looking relieved, but sorrowful. After a pause, she turns and looks at her end table.)

Countess
My gold brick! Why, they've stolen my gold brick!

(She crosses center.)

Well--let them take their god with them.

(Irma enters and sees with astonishment that the stage is empty of all, but the Countess.)

Irma
What's happened? Where have they gone?

Countess
They've evaporated, Irma. They were wicked and wickedness evaporates.

(Pierre enters. He is followed by the Vagabonds.)

Pierre
Oh, Countess---!

Waiter
Countess, everything's changed. Now you can breathe again. Now you can see.

Pierre
The air is pure, the sky is clear--

Irma
Life is beautiful again.

(The Ragpicker rushes in waving his arms.)

Ragpicker
Countess--the pigeons! The pigeons are flying!

Flower Girl
They don't have to walk any more?

Ragpicker
They're flying! Countess! The air is like crystal. And young grass is sprouting on the pavements.

Countess
Is it possible?

Flower Girl
And everywhere shopkeepers are smiling--

Sergeant
And on the street, utter strangers are shaking hands, they don't know why, and offering each other almond bars--

Peddler
Countess, we thank you!

(They go on rejoicing as the Countess, center, listens to her voices.)

First Voice
Countess!

Second Voice
Countess!

Third Voice
Countess!

First Voice
Countess, we thank you. We are the friends of people.

Second Voice
We are the friends of animals.

Third Voice
We are the friends of friendship.

First Voice
You have freed us.

Second Voice

From now on there will be no hungry cats.

Third Voice

And we shall tell the Duchess her dog's right name.

First Voice

Countess, we thank you. We are the friends of flowers.

Second Voice

From now on every plant in Paris will be watered.

Third Voice

And the sewers will be fragrant with jasmine.

Deaf-Mute

Sadness flies on the wings of the morning--and out of the heart of darkness comes the light--

(The Little Man enters and gives the Countess a melon and a note.)

Little Man

Countess, a man outside asked me to give this to you.

(The Countess opens the note and reads it. The Little Man sits right.)

Adolphe Bertaut

Countess, I thank you. I am Adolphe Bertaut of the world. I am no longer timid. I am no longer weak. Henceforth, for your sake, I shall hold fast to what I love--I shall be handsome--and my cuffs shall be forever immaculate and new.--Countess, I bring you this melon and with it my heart.--Will you do me the honor to be my wife?

(The Countess crushes the note and gives the Little Man the melon. She moves up left center.)

Countess

(cries out)

Too late! Too late! Too late! Too late!

(The Vagabonds act bewildered.)

Pierre

Too late, Countess?

Irma

Too late for what?

Countess

I say that it's too late for them.

(She turns and crosses up center to her platform.)

On the 24 of May, 1881, the most beautiful Easter in the memory of man, it was not too late. And the day he caught the trout and broiled it on the open fire by the brook at Villeneuve, it was not too late. And it was even not too late for him the day the Czar visited Paris with his imperial guard. But he did nothing and he said nothing, and now--you two will kiss each other this instant!

(Irma is embarrassed and stammers, as does Pierre.
The Countess crosses right to get Irma.)

Irma

But, Countess--

Countess

It's three hours since you've met each other, known each other, and loved each other. Kiss each other quickly.

(Pierre moves backwards.)

Look at him. He hesitates. His happiness frightens him. How like a man! Oh, Irma, kiss him, kiss him. If you let a single instant wedge itself between you and him--it will become a month, a year, a century. Make them kiss each other, all of you, before it is too late, for in a moment his hair will be white, and there will be another madwoman in Paris, and before that moment comes--

(The Vagabonds urge them to kiss. Pierre takes
Irma in his arms and kisses her.)

Bravo! Oh, if you'd only had the courage to do that thirty years ago--how different I would be today!

(She crosses down to the Deaf-Mute who is
speaking in sign-language.)

Dear Deaf-Mute, be still--your words dazzle our eyes. And Irma is too busy to translate for you--

(They kiss again.)

Well, there we are. And you see how simple it all was? Nothing is ever so wrong in this world that a sensible woman can't set it right in the course of an afternoon. Only, the next time,

Countess (continued)
don't wait until things begin to look black. The minute you notice anything, tell me at once.

Ragpicker
We will, Countess.

Countess
Irma. My bones. My gizzard.

Irma
I have them ready, Countess.

(The Ragpicker hands them to the Countess in her basket. The Countess addresses them all after she looks at her watch.)

Countess
Good. Four o'clock. My poor cats must be starved. What a bore for them if humanity had to be saved every afternoon. They don't think much of it, as it is.

CURTAIN

REHEARSAL DATA

Jan Allred	452 Goodnow Hall	9-5486
Oletta Buntz	821 Osage	6-9433
Bob Briscoe	1508 Oxford Pl. Apt. 18	9-6312
Candy Clendenning	329 Putnam Hall	9-4611
Dan Cofran	1015 Sunset	9-2387
Jeff Danielson	138 Goodnow	9-2281
Steve Eustace	1030 Vattier	6-4306
Larry Gilbert	237 Moore Hall	9-8211
Bill Henry	1614 Fairchild	9-7486
Bill Jackson	331 N. 17th	9-4685
Joni Johnson	1126 Thurston	6-8589
Dennis Karr	908 Bertrand	6-6063
Hal Knowles	#30 Jardine Terrace	9-5162
Chris Macho	421 Ford Hall	9-8261
Patty Moore	1500 N. Manhattan Ave.	9-7627
Bill Sine	West Stadium	9-7434
Rick Smethers	737 Moore Hall	9-8211
Vicki Soppe	945 Ford Hall	9-8261
Bill Swinney	602 Marlott Hall	9-5311
Nancy Tipton	241 Putnam Hall	9-4611
Berney Williams	908 Bertrand	6-6063

REHEARSAL RECORD

October	21	All	J-16		7:00- 8:30 p.m.
October	24	All	J-16		7:00- 8:30 p.m.
October	27	All	J-16		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
October	28	All	J-16		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
October	29	All	J-16		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
October	31	All	J-16		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	3	All	J-16		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	4	All	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	5	All	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	6	I	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	7	II	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	8	I	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	10	II	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	11	I	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	12	II	Purple Masque Theater		8:00-10:00 p.m.
November	13	I	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	14	II	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	15	I	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	16	II	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	17	II	Purple Masque Theater		3:00- 5:00 p.m.
November	18	I	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	19	II	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	20	I	Purple Masque Theater		8:00-10:00 p.m.
November	21	II	Purple Masque Theater		8:30-10:30 p.m.
November	22	All	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	23	All	Purple Masque Theater		6:30-11:00 p.m.
November	24	All	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	25	Dress	Purple Masque Theater		7:00- 9:00 p.m.
November	26	Dress	Purple Masque Theater		5:30- 7:45 p.m.
December	1	Dress	Purple Masque Theater		6:30-10:30 p.m.
December	2	Dress	Purple Masque Theater		6:30-10:30 p.m.
December	3	Dress	Purple Masque Theater		6:30-10:30 p.m.
December	4	Perform.	Purple Masque Theater		6:30-10:30 p.m.
December	5	Perform.	Purple Masque Theater		6:30-10:30 p.m.
December	6	Perform.	Purple Masque Theater		6:30-10:15 p.m.
December	7	Perform.	Purple Masque Theater		6:30-10:15 p.m.

PERFORMANCE DATA

December 4, 1968

Prologue music	7:40
Act I	8:00
Intermission	9:05
Act II	9:20
Curtain	10:15

December 5, 1968

Prologue music	7:40
Act I	8:10
Intermission	9:10
Act II	9:25
Curtain	10:10

December 6, 1969

Prologue music	7:40
Act I	8:10
Intermission	9:15
Act II	9:30
Curtain	10:20

December 7, 1968

Prologue music	7:40
Act I	8:05
Intermission	9:05
Act II	9:20
Curtain	10:15

BUDGET

Income

Basic Amount Allowed for Thesis Production by the Department of Speech	\$150.00
Box Office Ticket Receipts	<u>306.50</u>
TOTAL INCOME	456.50

Expenses

Royalty	85.00
Playbooks	44.89
Costume	
Fabrics, Trim, and Patterns	15.00
Cleaning	36.55
Make-up	13.03
Props	15.73
Advertising	
Manhattan Mercury	36.96
Poster Board	13.28
Box Office	
Tickets	16.88
Programs	<u>25.00</u>
TOTAL EXPENSES	302.32

Balance

Total Income	456.50
Total Expenses	<u>302.32</u>
FINAL BALANCE	\$154.18

Production Book of
THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT

by

MARY ELIZABETH MORGAN

AN ABSTRACT OF A MASTER'S THESIS

submitted in partial fulfillment of the

requirements for the degree

MASTER OF ARTS

Department of Speech

KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY
Manhattan, Kansas

1971

In conjunction with the presentation of The Madwoman of Chaillot on December 4, 5, 6, and 7, 1968, in the Purple Masque Theater, this production book serves as a permanent record of the directional approach and process. The evaluation of this play as a Master's Thesis occurs during two phases: first, during its presentation to audiences and critics and second, through critical analysis of this book by its readers. The aim of this production book is, therefore, to explain the director's approach to this play.

To understand the approach, however, the playwright and his background, style, purposes, and themes must be considered. Thus, the book has been divided into two areas, the first dealing with the playwright and the second dealing with the director.

The first section describes Giraudoux's background in reference to its influence on The Madwoman of Chaillot. Included are: a), pertinent biographical material; b), his philosophy of theater and of life seen through his child-like thought process and conservative, idealistic qualities. From this discussion his idea of theater is revealed as being a filter of life so all men can see the world as it should be. So all men can see utopia. This philosophy of life is shown in his plays through child-like fantasies. The world, as he sees it,

has been demoralized by mankind and can be saved only by men who dare to think subjectively and act individually.

Giraudoux's style is the second division of this section. Included are: a), his sentence structure as influenced by the French and German cultures; b), his use of metaphor and irony in presenting fantasy in reality.

His themes and purpose complete the discussion of Giraudoux. His two major themes, the Franco-Prussian controversy and the class struggle in France, are divided here into the smaller, descriptive themes he uses. They include: a), love versus politics as a destructive force; b), the Bourgeois power as a destructive force; c), past values as a saving force; and d), fate or destiny as ironical destructive forces.

The director's approach concludes this section and introduces the second section. Included are: a), how the director interpreted Giraudoux; and b), how and why meanings were adopted to the present audience.

The technical information, which comprises the remainder of the section, includes: a), the director's interpretation and description of the characters; b), a description and illustration of costumes; c), a description of makeup; d), a description of sets and their colors, with an explanation of how they carried out the director's purpose within the physical limitations of the Purple Masque Theater; e), lighting and sound

descriptions and cue sheets; f), a prompt script including stage directions and lighting and sound cues; g), rehearsal and performance data, such as date, time, and place of each rehearsal and performance; and h), a budget of expenses and income.